

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1971 75 cents

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HEROIN: NAPALM, THE
ULTIMATE DETERRENT

MISS NUDE COSMOS:
BEAUTY IN THE BUFF

PETE SEEGER ON
"MUSIC POWER"

ISAAC ASIMOV DATES THE
END OF THE WORLD: IT'S
CLOSER THAN YOU THINK

SCIENCE IN THE STARS: THE
ASTONISHING FACTS THAT
BOOST ASTROLOGY

ALSO: HENRY MORGAN ON
NEW YEAR HATES, DR ALBERT
ELLIS ON KINSEY



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Founded 1749 &
BROOKS



Jingle Bells

J&B Rare pours more pleasure.

Ten little losers, standing in a line. One bought our magazine. Then there were nine.

When Ann A.'s new \$129.95 food waste disposer kept jamming on bones and refused to chew up grapefruit-rind halves, she wanted to kick the manufacturer. But when she found out she could have bought a disposal that would dispose of such things for only \$112, she wanted to kick herself.



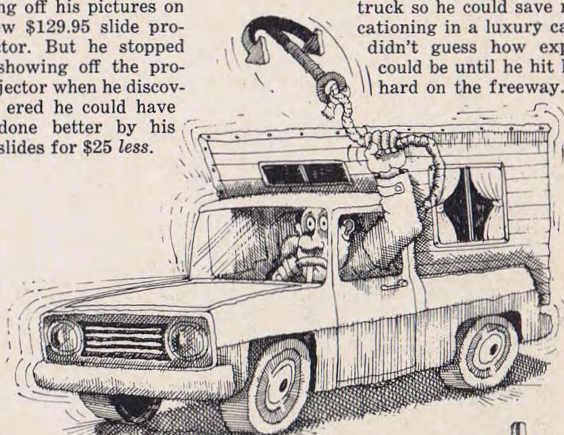
Bill B. felt like a million in his \$70 raincoat—until he needed a snowcoat and realized he could have gotten a raincoat he liked with a zip-in alpaca lining for just \$60.



Charlie C. had a great time showing off his pictures on his new \$129.95 slide projector. But he stopped showing off the projector when he discovered he could have done better by his slides for \$25 less.



Dave D. bought a ¾-ton pickup truck so he could save money vacationing in a luxury camper. He didn't guess how expensive it could be until he hit his brakes hard on the freeway.



Frank F. loved the new \$1.75 briefs his wife bought for his birthday . . . until they came out of the washer. If only she'd read *Consumer Reports*, she could have kept Frank happy and saved a lot of money.



Edith E. thought she was really saving money when she cleaned her 9x12 rug herself for only \$2.60. She felt like a Home Ec. dropout when she learned she could have gotten it even cleaner for only 65¢.



The crowning touch on George G.'s stereo system was a pair of \$250 loudspeakers. Nobody told him that the same manufacturer made a \$128 speaker system that sounded even better.



Harry H. wanted to invest in the best when he repainted the bathroom. But by the time he learned that the best cost 70¢ less a quart than what he'd paid, the gloss had begun to dull.



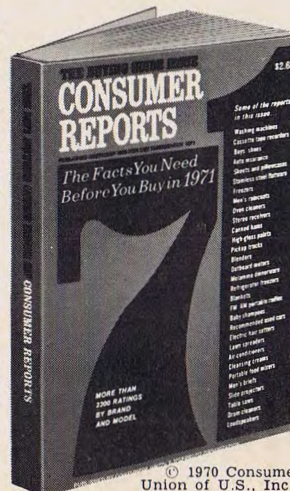
Irving I. really felt like a pro with his new \$174.50 enlarger. When he started pricing lenses for it, he wept all over his darkroom for not knowing about a higher rated model he could have bought for \$135 complete.

Johnny J. made up his mind that he'd never again spend his hard-earned money on power mowers with poorly-shielded blades, circular saws that jammed, caulking compounds that shrank and cracked, antenna amplifiers that didn't improve his TV picture, convertible sofas his wife couldn't open, clothes dryers that snagged the laundry, boats that capsized if they took on too much water, and products that just weren't worth the price.

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/January 1971



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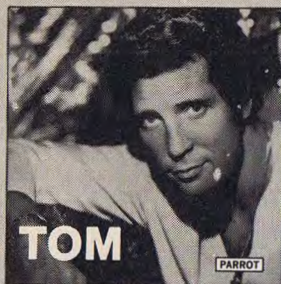
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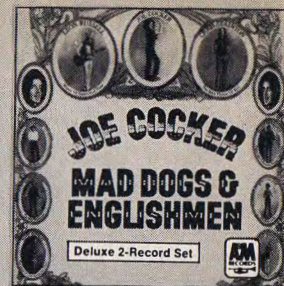
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Any 12 of these hit



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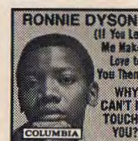
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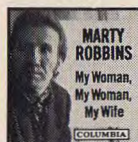
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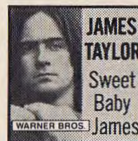
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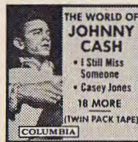
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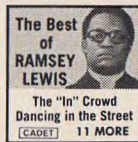
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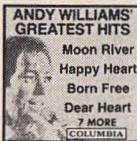
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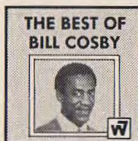
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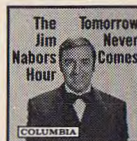
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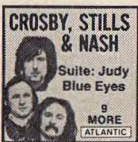
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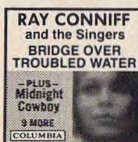
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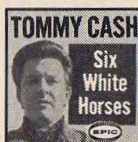
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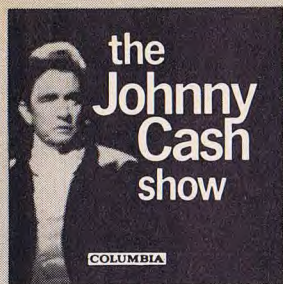
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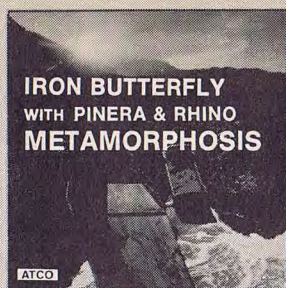
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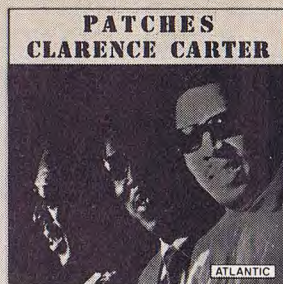
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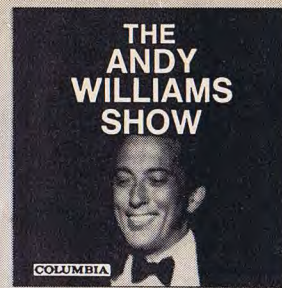
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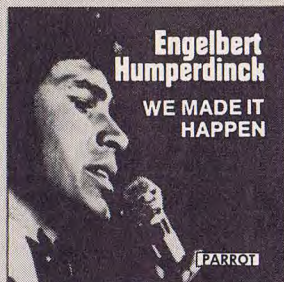
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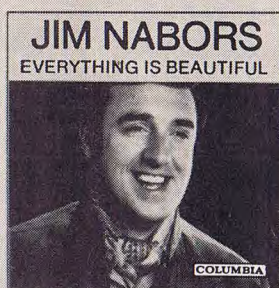
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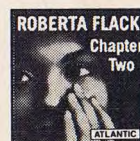
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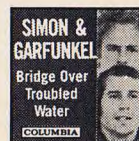
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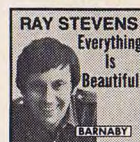
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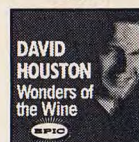
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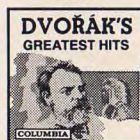
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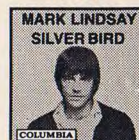
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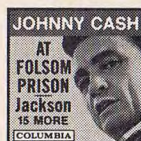
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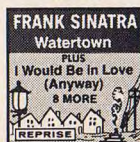
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HOUSECALL

WILKINS



WEST



SEEGER



McDONALD



ASIMOV



DUNCAN

Striding purposefully into 1971, Penthouse recruits sci-fi seer **Isaac Asimov** to examine the chilling question of how many more New Years are left for the human species in our overcrowded and overpolluted environment. We hope there's a flaw in his sums, which could otherwise imbue the season's celebrations with a distinctly fatalistic flavor. We must admit, though, that Asimov tends to know what he is talking about: he is the author of more than 100 books on scientific themes, both fiction and fact, and has held a position on the faculty of the Boston University School of Medicine as associate professor of biochemistry since 1949. Hardly less stirring, and more immediate, is this month's instalment from **William R. Corson** in his reappraisal of the heroin problem. He proposes an incendiary solution to this scourge of our black minority: destroy heroin at source by napalming the poppy fields. Coming from so respectable an author as Dr Corson—ex-Marine colonel, university lecturer, and crime researcher for the White House—the case he argues will deserve careful study. If you agree with it you can endorse his proposals by signing your name to a form provided. For our first interview of 1971 **Charles Childs** probes the thinking behind the songs of **Pete Seeger**, who proves to be a convinced exponent of the political power of music. Childs, remembered at Penthouse for an early interview with Lennon & Yoko, is a featured reporter for *Life*. Those who want to skip the sort of problems discussed by the foregoing

contributors may find their out in the article by **John Anthony West**, which offers new evidence for believing that our fates may be in the stars. West, a 38-year-old New Yorker now living in London, bases his article on his forthcoming book, *The Case for Astrology*, written in collaboration with his friend Jan Gerhard Toonder. He comes up with some astonishing facts, though not perhaps quite as astonishing as the twist to **David Duncan's** new story "Myra". Lately moved to Ashland, Oregon, from Los Angeles, Duncan tells us the first piece of correspondence he received in his new home was the letter telling him Penthouse was to publish his story. Author of 13 novels, Duncan turned to screenwriting and more recently to teleplays. An engaging bonus this month is added by **Ian McDonald**, a Trinidadian who combines the unusual distinctions of successful business executive, prize-winning novelist (*The Humming Bird Tree*), and ex-captain of the West Indies Davis Cup team. He now lives in Guyana, where you may wish he would devote less time to business and tennis and more to fiction. This issue also sees Dr **Albert Ellis** complete his two-part reassessment of Kinsey, but we plan to publish a new series by Dr Ellis shortly. Finally, a new name (for one issue only) on our Wheels page: **Gordon Wilkins**, who is Europe's leading motoring journalist and broadcaster, and a former record-breaking driver himself. His wife Joyce, ex-Nina Ricci model, also writes motoring books.



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Big Brother

In *Is Big Brother Watching You?* (September) Max Gunther says that some ACLU lawyers "conceded 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."

What's wrong with this position can be seen by "imagining" a political organization which, let's say, proposes the mass slaughter of Jews. Or a non-political organization that engages in lynching people they don't like, and that reorganizes itself as a political movement in order to gain political immunity from investigation (or spying, as Mr. Gunther would say).

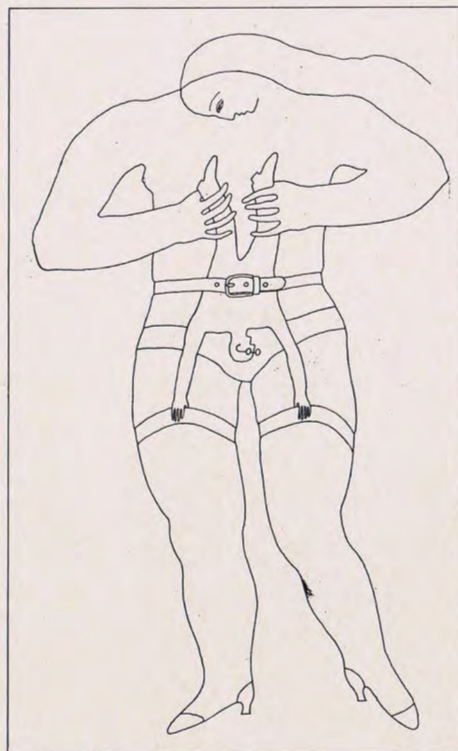
Crime, defined, is the violation of other people's rights, usually by means of coercion. Violence in and of itself is a crime. And Mr. Gunther should therefore approve of police investigation of persons they suspect will use coercion to violate the rights of others. But what are the groups that the police "spy on"? Communists (is it old-fashioned to remind ourselves that they advocate the violent overthrow of our government?). Black Panthers (they brag about their commitment to armed violence). Student groups that burn banks and throw Molotov cocktails and rocks. A gang of thugs do not become politicians because they call their gang a political group.

No one can speak in reason of someone's "right" to violate someone else's rights. Therefore, a proper function of the police in a free country is precisely to harass, intimidate and spy on anyone suspected (for good reason) of using or advocating the use of violence or the coercive violation of the rights of other persons. Such activity is properly called crime, whether the victim is an individual or the entire country, and whether what is stolen is a wallet or the White House.

Which isn't to say that the police are incapable of evil, or incapable of going beyond their proper function. For there are today certain police practices which are at least dubious, and at most frightening. But what neither the political Right nor Left seem to appreciate in their one-sided positions is that an aware public should be concerned about both crime and possible police abuses. But that requires objectivity and open-mindedness, qualities which are conspicuous by their absence in both the Left and the Right.—*Bob Sundland, (address withheld), Los Angeles, Ca. 90046.*

Diploma Dealing

The Harvey Segal article in your October 1970 issue, *Diploma Dealing is a Sick Industry*, puts the stopwatch of the time-study engineer and time-analysis efficiency clerk on education which definitely is a luxury activity to be paid for out of surplus. This quantitative approach may appeal to bubble-headed Babbitts in state



houses but it will be the death knell of education in America.

In any other industry (I object to this term in Dr Segal's article as applying to education: his economic background is showing) those who contribute to higher productivity which can be measured quantitatively are rewarded with higher incomes. In education the rules are different because it is based on qualitative productivity. The rules are not reversed, and they should not be reversed. Let well enough alone.—*J. Donald Raynor, Merrick Avenue, North Merrick, NY 11566.*

I read with special interest the article by Harvey H. Segal, *Diploma Dealing is a Sick Industry*. It rings true and is very convincing. I had no idea what were the underlying causes until I read this article, and I doubt if the public generally is aware of the dangerous situation.

Please advise if reprints are available, because I would like to distribute some to friends and others. Your work along this line is most patriotic and useful. I have been shocked by the unpatriotic trash we find in *Look Magazine*, and am so glad that you are thinking seriously about the problems of our nation.—*Evan E. Alger, Gilbertsville, Kentucky 42044.*

Sorry, no reprints, but back numbers of the October issue are available.—*Ed.*

Consumer reports

Your October issue was enjoyable to see as well as read. We hope to see more interesting articles

dealing with television, both in photos and reading material. Heide was a real eye-pleaser. —*M.K. (name withheld), Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

This is to congratulate you on putting out what I feel is the number 1 magazine in the world. I admire your candor and your courage in publishing some of those more liberal letters you receive—which *Playboy* would throw in the wastebasket. I also appreciate your excellent photographs each month. There are very few photographers who can photograph the pubic hair as well as Bar-Tur and Guccione do, and make it look natural.

Reading your magazine has provided me with many happy hours. However, I wish you would dispose of Henry Morgan who I feel should stick to TV panel shows. His writing is more boring than humorous. Ever since I've been reading Penthouse I've wondered if the photographer Guccione and Bob Guccione are one and the same? Congratulations on your first anniversary, and I hope that by this time next year you will surpass *Playboy's* circulation in the US.—*Robert Vito Giannola, West Birchwood, Chicago, Ill. 60626.*

Yes indeed, photographer Guccione and publisher Bob Guccione (and also cartoonist Guccione!) are one and the same—*Ed.*

Pet partisans

I would like to congratulate you on your choice of Miss Tina McDowall as September Pet of the Month. She is an exceptionally beautiful young woman and is presented in a very natural and appealing manner. I am not alone in my affection for her either. The Third Battalion, 27th Infantry Regiment (Wolfhounds) has selected her as "Wolfmate of the Month"!—*David Stephenson, 3/27th Inf., APO San Francisco 96552.*

More for Morgan

I have read your magazine since its first American edition, and enjoyed every minute of it. I particularly like Henry Morgan's funny articles, and am glad to see that someone still makes fun of all the different problems facing us today. His latest article, *Nine Dirty Old Men*, made me laugh till I cried.

I also liked the Pet of the Month, Miss Heide Mann: she is gorgeous. But so have been all of the girls in your magazine!—*Joseph Edgar Brown, Ruidoso, New Mexico, 88345.*

Thanks for the memory

While reading the September issue, I noted the photo of Princess Nyeela, and at once happy bells of recollection began to clamor in the back of my mind. Could it be—was it? I tore through my box of most cherished possessions, from my "vacation" in the Nam (one crumpled Go to Hell Hat; one 105 mm shell, pounded down into an ashtray; one jungle boot, left—still don't know what I did with the other) and at last, I found it: a photo of the one bright spot in a long, long year.

I never had a chance to thank the lovely lady for the wonderful show she presented at our club in '65 (I couldn't, some clod kept stepping on my tongue) but perhaps you can pass on my heartfelt thanks. She sure as hell beats fighting for Mom's apple pie!—*S/Sgt. William A. Prather, Aero Medical Evacuation G.P., AP009057.*

Good Guys and Countryfolk

I really do like your magazine—the pictures are very good compared to my old standby *Playboy*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

UP AGAINST THE WALL



P739. Paul Rand: SKULL & DEATH. Black & white with a green twig, on a field of deep blue. 24" x 36". Only 1.98



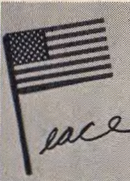
P681. PEACE. Two worlds can meet—and hopefully unite!—black & white photo. 23" x 29". Only 1.00



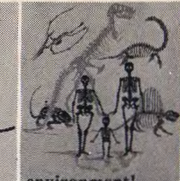
P576. DYLAN. Magenta, orange, blue, flesh tones. 20" x 30". Special Import 1.00



P729. Chermayeff: DOVES OF ALL NATIONS. In white, black, red & yellow against a field of blue. 24" x 36". Only 1.98



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P718. DRAGON. Hobbit-Folk poster; red, brown tones, deep blue. 24 1/4" x 18 1/4". Only 1.98



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P700. THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES. Black/white photo. 29" x 21". Only 1.00



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P835. Picasso: THE GUITARIST. Classic portrait in blues with shades of brown. 18" x 26 1/4". Pub at \$7.50. Only 2.98



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P594. OPHELIA. Black background with blue pool shading into green foliage. 30 3/4" x 40 1/4". Only 3.95



P728. MR. MOTHER. Planned Parenthood poster in b/w. 24" x 36". Only 1.98



P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—and Nobody Came. Silkscreen in black & dayglo red. 25" x 38". Special 2.98



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P574. Robert Lindner: TELEPHONE. Comic strip hues of red, blue & yellow predominate. 20" x 24". Special Import 1.00



P595. TANNHAUSER. Rose & lilac garlands, pale yellow figures on gray background. 27" x 46". Only 3.95



P830. Hug: THE CAT. On Canvas. Lithographed in brown tones, yellow & cream. 28" x 22". Only 5.95



P127. MARIE THREE. The famous Marie in a Rembrandt pose—clad in Saran Wrap; in full color. 42" x 29 1/4". Only 1.98



P337. WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR. Abandoned Mars in field of yellows, greens, browns, blue, white. 23" x 35". Only 1.98



P318. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY... Silk-screened dayglo yellow, cerise & green; black lettering. 22" x 26 1/4". Only 1.98



P698. LET IT BE. Vivid Dayglo yellow, cerise, blue, green, burnt orange. 21 1/4" x 33". Only 1.98



P495. LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDID THING. Dayglo cerise, green, blue, yellow. 21 1/2" x 33". Only 1.98



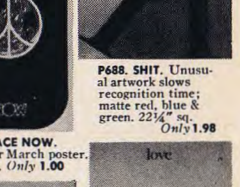
P697. ACID QUEEN. Matte blue & green swirls with vivid Dayglo highlights. 21 1/4" x 33". Only 1.98



P363. FEELIN' GROOVY. In Black Lite cerise, green, black & white. 23" x 35". Only 1.98



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P688. SHIT. Unusual artwork slows recognition time; matte red, blue & green. 22 1/4" sq. Only 1.98



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P631. \"IN WILDNES... Is the Preservation of the World\"; full color photo by Eliot Porter. 25 1/4" x 37 1/4". Only 2.49



P709. LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS. Striking Dayglo blue, green, cerise, orange, purple, yellow on matte black. 21" x 33". Only 1.98



P683. JUDGES ABBIE HOFFMAN & JERRY RUBIN. Photo in monochrome. 22" x 34". Only 1.00



P569. WHO ARE YOU? Dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, blue, yellow. 21" x 33". Only 1.98



P643. PETER FONDA. Dayglo rainbow repeat; red, yellow, blue, green, black. 31" x 29". Only 2.98



P339. PEACE. Hands, black and white, white dove, sky blue field; silkscreen. 23" x 29". Only 1.98



P677. TARGET. HUGE in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" square. Special Import 2.98

-MARBORO POSTERS



P731. Paladino: IMAGINE PEACE. In multi-hued pastels, 24\"/>



P679. DON'T TRUST ANYONE UNDER 30. Black & white photo, 28 1/2\"/>



P236. 'THE EXPERIENCED' Jimi Hendrix in flaming dayglo, 21\"/>



P740. THE THINKER. Photo in B/W after Rodin, 24\"/>



P292. FLAMING LOVE. Silkscreen; in flaming dayglo yellow, orange, beige, on black, 21\"/>



P699. MAINLINER EXPRESS. Black white photo with 'Destination Death' stamped in red, 29\"/>



P638. BABY JAGUAR. Erik Parbat photo lithograph, mounted on heavy board with special 'floating gallery' hanging device, 19\"/>



P347. COME TOGETHER. Nude figures in sunlit meadow; full color photo reproduction on board, 14\"/>

P692. NEW FRENCH ART POSTERS: Set of Six. Eye-catching, handsome art posters advertising famous European gallery exhibitions, each by a world renowned artist, each superbly printed in gorgeous colors on heavy art stock. Each 20\"/>



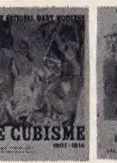
Chagall



Miro



Klee



Picasso



Dufy



Matisse



P717. WIZARD. Hobbit-Folk poster; deep blues & greens, 18 1/2\"/>



P721. MONSTER. Hobbit-Folk poster; 18 1/2\"/>



P190. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PILL TODAY. Uncle Sam on the population explosion; black on white, 21\"/>



P678. NATIONAL SEX WEEK. If you gave at the office, you need not give at home; red & ochre, 11\"/>



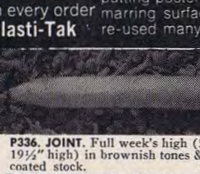
P501. CAUTION: KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN. Milk in such containers may be unfit for human consumption, B/W; 19\"/>



P562. SUPER LOVE. Dayglo yellow, cerise, blue, green, purple, burnt orange, on matte black, 43\"/>



P575. Andy Warhol's CHELSEA GIRLS. Drury Lane poster for the Warhol film in B/W, 20\"/>



P336. JOINT. Full week's high (56\"/>



P669. FIND YOUR OWN BAG. Full Color; browns predominate, 26\"/>



P668. Bosch: GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. Famed 15th century surrealist triptych; Full Color on heavy stock, 37 1/2\"/>



P708. TOGETHER. Dayglo cerise, brown, white stars on matte blue, 21\"/>



P348. Picasso: GUERNICA. Lithograph of Picasso's masterpiece portraying horror of modern warfare; black, grays, pale yellow, 46\"/>



P629. IN WILDERNESS... Autumn scene; full color photo by Eliot Porter, 25 1/2\"/>



P684. 'ASSASSIN OF YOUTH'. 'Evil weed' poster; red, blue, yellow predominate, 25\"/>



P540. PARADISE LOST. The apple of Old Sol's eye—with a big bite missing; red, blue, green, 19\"/>



P628. FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES. Pilot in Full Color, Rising Sun flag in background, 19\"/>



P502. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY. Line drawing in black & white, 22\"/>



P704. JOIN. Black & white photo, 21 1/4\"/>



P590. EAST OF THE SUN. Bronze & gold, with silver horse against chocolate & brown, 33 1/2\"/>



P686. SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PLANET. Full Color photo on black background, 22\"/>



P360. ENERGY. Dayglo yellow-orange, cerise, blue, greens, on black, 22\"/>



P538. Cézanne: THREE SKULLS. Unknown, never previously shown Cézanne; brown & yellow on deep blue-green background, 30\"/>



P622. I'D RATHER BE RED THAN DEAD. The original Red—and proud of it! Full Color; 24\"/>



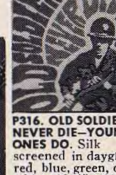
P628. FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES. Pilot in Full Color, Rising Sun flag in background, 19\"/>



P560. EASY RIDER. Huge dayglo yellow, orange, cerise, matte black on stunning matte blue, 43\"/>



P316. OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE—YOUNG ONES DO. Silk screened in dayglo red, blue, green, on white, 32 1/4\"/>



P632. THE LAST RED WOODS. Beautiful, weren't they? Full color photo by James Rose, 21\"/>



P736. George Lois: DON'T BURN YOUR FLAG. WASH IT! Monochrome with red & blue slogan, 24\"/>



P705. WARS ARE NOT HEALTHY. Multi-hued Dayglo flowers & black legend on white, 21\"/>



P344. PEACE DOVE. In black on white, 18\"/>



P394. NAPOLEON & JOSEPHINE. Full color, reds predominate, 21\"/>



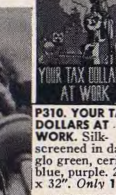
P393. ASTRONAUTS. Giant step for mankind; Full Color, 21\"/>



P478. EASY RIDER. Huge Full Color photo, 40\"/>



P685. DO IT! Full Color photo, 22\"/>



P310. YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK. Silk-screened in dayglo green, cerise, blue, purple, 21\"/>



P703. TIME WARP. Multi-hued Dayglo geometries on matte black, 21\"/>



P320. LOVE-PEACE. Dayglo cerise, yellow, green & blue, on black; silkscreen, 21\"/>



P330. LOVE-PEACE. Dayglo cerise, yellow, green & blue, on black; silkscreen, 21\"/>

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P669. FIND YOUR OWN BAG. Full Color; browns predominate, 26\"/>



P684. 'ASSASSIN OF YOUTH'. 'Evil weed' poster; red, blue, yellow predominate, 25\"/>



P538. Cézanne: THREE SKULLS. Unknown, never previously shown Cézanne; brown & yellow on deep blue-green background, 30\"/>

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P236	P393	P590	P657	P699	P736
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P337	P540	P627	P684	P709	P793
P339	P560	P628	P685	P717	P830
P344	P562	P629	P686	P718	P835
P347	P569	P631	P688	P719	P858
P348	P574	P632	P692	P721	P871
		P637	P693	P727	P921

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—but now you have gone and riled me to the point of anger. I refer to Fred Darwin's article *Good Guys and Countryfolk* (October). I don't know who Fred Darwin is, but it is easy to see he belongs to the Cityfolk. Now I'm a farmer, presently studying and living in the heart of Pittsburgh, and I have a few points Mr. Darwin might be interested in.

Firstly, the Civil War was a battle between the industrialized North and the rural South, but it was also a battle against secession and the farmers lost. In fact, the farmers lose again and again. Secondly, if country holds power in Congress, and Countryfolk are Republicans, why do the Cityfolk Democrats have the majority? Thirdly, Mr. Darwin cuts up the inventors, namely Cyrus McCormick, Henry Ford and Elisha Otis. I agree with the inclusion of the last two but the first is quite unjustified.

I don't know whether Mr. Darwin worked on a farm or not. However, if he didn't, let me tell him about country life. It is hard and dangerous (the third most dangerous of all occupations). Getting up at 5 a.m., working to 7 or 8 with no guaranteed wage or vacation. Living off what fickle nature provides. When the reaper and other inventions came out they made life a little easier so he could eventually enjoy Cityfolk luxury (color T.V., washing machines, a second car, etc.) and live like a human being.

Farming also provides the food for you and the nation. How would you like to pay more for food? Milk, for example, is about \$.90 per gallon which is *very* cheap. People complain very little if a car goes up a few hundred dollars. They say "Well, it's inflation". Yet if the price of milk goes up a few cents per gallon housewives scream and boycott supermarkets. I'll lay money Mr. Darwin drinks very fine liquor which can be physically harmful. He'll pay perhaps \$10 for a fifth of the drink. That \$10 would buy 11 gallons of health-giving milk.

This country lives off what the farmers can produce. Yet, with this supposed stranglehold on the nation, they don't use it. Why not? Because Countryfolk are gentle and kind even though they are robbed and downgraded. Mr. Darwin says the revolution will topple the Countryfolk power structure. Who will be in the revolution? The kids? No—after what a farmer did for the kids in Bethel, N.Y. (Woodstock) count them out. The middle-aged perhaps, but many brag about being raised on a farm. The old people? Almost all old people are farmers, so scratch them out. So where's your revolution?

Mr. Darwin wants us to move to new medium-sized cities. O.K. but where do you put them? Take up more of the disappearing land? I agree with using technology in changes for the better, but not in destroying something as beautiful as nature and farm life. Farming is something beautiful and people are trying to destroy it. It is one of the few jobs in which you are your own boss, you are free.—Mike Gitt, Point Park College, Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

Fred Darwin, who is WTFM's daily news commentator, said people trying to solve the dilemmas of Cityfolk were good guys. He didn't say Countryfolk were bad guys.—Ed.

Unfair to Corvair

I would like to comment on Stirling Moss's article mentioning the Corvair, *The Bureaucrat at the Drawing Board* (October). I am a member of the Air Force but before I entered we had Corvairs in our family for about eight years, and at present I am considering buying another.

I feel that the Corvair is one of the most underrated cars ever produced. In my mind it is like a \$20,000 sports car in the sense that you must

know its limitations. If you exceed those limitations then you are asking for trouble. They say that in Vietnam an M-16 is no good because it jams when fired. Tests prove that if it is cleaned properly it will not jam. The same applies to a Corvair: "You take care of it, it will take care of you".—Mark Attwood, Lake Mead AFB, Nevada 89110.

Stirling Moss gave evidence for General Motors in one of the Corvair cases.—Ed.

Department of dissent

To my way of thinking, you are running a very distant second to *Playboy*, if that. It takes more than pubic hair, contrary to the thinking of many of your readers, to make a good magazine. Do keep trying, though.—C.B. (name withheld), Calfax Avenue, S.I., N.Y.

All the way

I have been following in your Forum the argument about exposing or not exposing the female genital parts in your magazine. I strongly feel that this part of femininity most certainly should be shown in beauty and in reality.

Many of your readers, I'm sure, have faith that you will make this decision. Please don't let them down. We must not move backward into an era of repression, but rather move forward toward greater freedom in the expression of sexuality. Any revolution is led, in my opinion, by some type of news media. Your magazine is literally the news media for the sex revolution. Therefore it is yours to be brave and to print all that is fitting to be printed. Breasts are commonly exposed; pubic hair is also being shown; the vulva is the next logical step. Don't be afraid to take that step—public sentiment is with you.—Warren C. Peirce III, Fourth Avenue, Haddon Heights, N.J.

Big deal, small town

I've never written to a magazine before, but felt I should comment on the letter from F.G. of Rolla, Missouri (October), who thought he might be missing out on a lot.

What really shook me was your heading "Small Town Lament". Nasties to you! As sophisticated as you-all at Penthouse should be, it seems you are implying that anyone from a small town is missing something. I've lived in many so-called swinging big towns—Paris, Tokyo, etc. but have had my *best times* right here in this small Ozark town of Rolla. I've found also my best lovers to be farm boys. Was so impressed by one of them I even married him!

Don't you know that this is what makes sex so popular? You don't have to go to a big town to enjoy it. So please do not knock small-town swingers. Yes, we do exist, F.G. of Rolla, and all you have to do is use a little curiosity and effort to find us. Credos otherwise for a very enjoyable, enlightening magazine.—Mrs. S.G. (name and address withheld), Rolla, Missouri.

No knocking in our headline, just description.—Ed.

Black is beautiful

I think Thelma G's letter in your September issue was underrating the sexual potential of black men. You can't judge a race by just a few people. This young lady was probably with an individual who didn't know how to handle the need, want and pleasure of a woman. I admit that most black men don't believe in oral sex or positional variations. But let me inform you that some of us do.

I am not attacking races, just explaining she hasn't been with an experienced man yet. She

should not put out unproven theories.—*Rodney G. Tisdell, ATRP 3/5 Co. 3 Plt., APO San Francisco 91477.*

Measure for measure

Mr. L.M.C. of Indianapolis stated in your May Forum that his penis at full erection measures 5½ inches long by 4½ inches in diameter. Either Mr. L.M.C. or Penthouse has made a very big mistake. According to his measurement, his penis is about as long as a 12 oz. beer can and as round as a stick of bologna. Can you picture that as "insufficient equipment?"

I can't help believing that Mr. L.M.C. meant circumference, not diameter. If there was no mistake, then he should see a physician about his deformity.—*A.C. Bryant, Cleveland Avenue S.W., Atlanta, Georgia 30315.*

Walk on by

I was more than pleased to read Charles G's "Party Tricks" (October), and I think this a delightful way to add to the fun of a party (better than musical chairs, even). I know of a man who, when out walking with his wife, makes her walk a few feet ahead of him, so that approaching males will think she is alone. Then he enjoys himself watching them make passes at his beautiful blond wife. She, of course, encourages them by mincing along on her high heels and giving the boys a glad eye. Since her husband cannot see her face, the game gets quite interesting at times, with everyone wondering who is kidding who. She pays him back when he gets her home by stripping off all her pretty clothes on the way to the kitchen and serving his coffee to him, topless, bottomless, and even less less.

It costs a girl so little to give pleasure and they are usually happier themselves for it. But of course you have to have a happy attitude toward sex in the first place.—*Robert E. Morse, Mooresville, Indiana.*

Special preference

The letter in your July Forum concerning enemas as a sexual stimulant came as a surprise to me, and many other readers I am sure. In discussing (with great enthusiasm) your magazine with others, a majority of people mentioned this letter and related similar anal experiences.

In the October issue you carried a letter from W.M. Wilson. Congratulations to him for inquiring and you for printing his letter. It is a known fact that anal sex is now the "in" thing. Perhaps the function of an enema in a man's case would be to simulate the orgasm of a man into a woman via anal sex.

Thank you for all the service you give—the intelligence to discuss issues and let people know there are others in the world with similar interests!—*Mrs. M.H. (name and address withheld), Lanhan, Ind.*

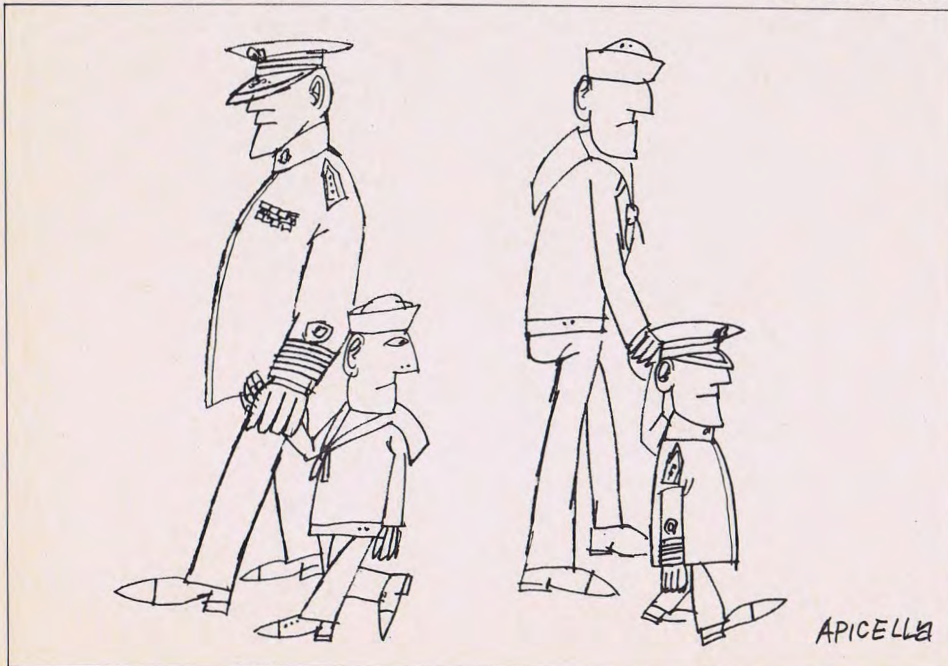
In your July and October issues, C.A. of Georgia and W.M.W. of Fort Worth refer to their use of enemas as preliminary stimulants to other sexual activities. I have also, for a number of years now, used enemas as a prelude to masturbation when normal sexual activities were curtailed for one reason or another—usually between relationships, when I have broken off with one girl and am not yet sleeping with another. I have never been able to broach the subject of using enemas prior to intercourse but would like to very much and will when I feel the time is right.

When taking enemas, I have always used soapy water, as warm as the fingertips can stand, and at least one full quart of this solution at a time. I have also found that using the female vaginal douche pipe, instead of the regular small enema tip supplied with the syringe, is extra stimulating, in that it tends to remain inserted in the rectum without being held in place by hand. However, I too would like to know the proper procedure for giving or taking an enema if Penthouse or C.A. of Georgia would care to comment on this. Also, just how much of what solution should be used and at what temperature?—*B.M. (name and address withheld), Arlington, Texas 76011.*

Laugh parade

I subscribe to your magazine and I don't think there is any that could compete with your sexy photos or articles. I have a suggestion: how about adding something that would make a bit of comedy for the guys who have a real sense of humor? A little art and comedy at the same time should go down well.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



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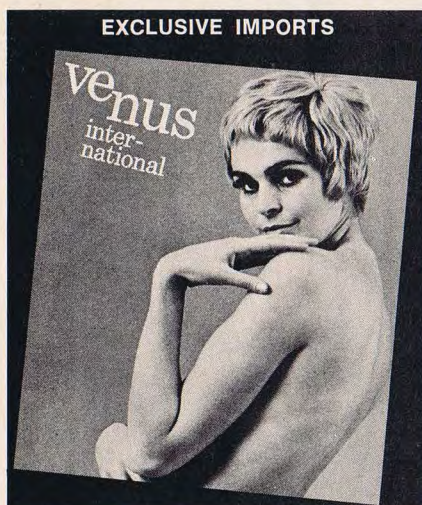
How about a mature type of female, such as the everyday housewife, built to proportion, say, hanging out clothes, or jumping out of the shower with a guy like me wiping her down, or answering the front door thinking it's her girlfriend, and for every episode there is a photographer to catch that tender bit of nakedness, as only Penthouse can capture it.—*Marcel J. Piquard Jr., Meadow Lane, Coventry, R.I. 02816.*

First flowering

My sexy adolescent girlfriend, beautiful of face and eloquently curvaceous of figure and I, plus the neighbor's co-ed daughter and her college boyfriend, drove to see two X rated movies at an outdoor theatre, to which we have an annual pass since my uncle owns the place. Because of terribly sultry weather very little clothing was worn. The pictures were most exciting and extremely explosive. Every form of eros without any vulgarity was shown.

Of course, before long all of us became sexually aroused. Naturally, this resulted in heavy petting. While my sweetie allowed me the pleasure of her lovely body (playing with her breasts and pussy fur, even to masturbate her), she stubbornly resisted every effort of penetration. However, with some fancy coaxing and display in action by the already experienced co-ed, she relented, threw all inhibitions to the winds and most cheerfully cooperated. Unfortunately, her first labor of real lovemaking turned her on to such a high degree that few intercourses did not fully satisfy her sensual appetite . . . Indeed, I had it! Can you imagine what a relief it was for me when she cooled off, relaxed and fell asleep? Since then she now enjoys frequent intercourse in a reasonable way.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



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VIEW FROM THE TOP



The ladies get their orders

There's no such thing as a "fashion dictator" of course. Style czars, like the Mafia, are only a figment of newsmen's imaginations. But suppose there were such things, and you were one. And you wanted to stir up a little business by changing the length of women's skirts. How would you do it?

Would you start a big publicity drive telling women that all you non-existent fashion dictators, after consulting with the taste arbiters in Paris, had decided for them that their hemlines would be drastically lowered? That the midi skirt was coming in, and that they had no course open but to give in and go along?

And how would you time your campaign? Would you spring it on the women at precisely the summer peak of their rebellious activity? At the time of National Women's Lib Day, while they were forcing passage by the House of the Equal Rights for Women Amendment? At a time when militant women were demonstrating their independent wrath by storming magazine offices, ad agencies and TV stations, to demand an end to what they regard as the exploitation of their sex?

Well, sir, that's exactly what the fashion industry did last summer and fall. *Women's Wear Daily*, bible of the garment game, claims only to report the trends, not set them. But its publisher, who just happens to be a midi fan, attracted attention by throwing his and his paper's weight behind the midi forces. This landed him on the cover of *Time*; and that landed him on every radio and television talk show with an audience of more than six people. On each appearance he dutifully paid homage to the right of women to wear whatever they like. Then he promptly predicted that before long there wouldn't be much else for them to like but the midi. Resistance to tyrants might be obedience to God in matters of political and other economic exploitation; but in matters of skirt lengths, he implied, it was both un-Godly and futile.

At about the same time, the president of Bonwit-Tellers made it even more emphatic. "There is nothing for them to decide," he declared. "The decision has already been made!"

They and their cohorts, the *Corps de Couturiers* in Paris, had spoken *ex cathedra*, and that was that. No more thighs. No more knees. And only half the calf. Up against the wall, Mary Quant!

Why? Because a lot of business men had bet a lot of money on it. And on a P.R. campaign to convince most of our women that most of our women will like it whether they like it or not.

Paris, it seems, had suffered long enough and endured sufficient humiliation at the hands of the upstart Carnaby Streeters of a few years ago with their minis. It was time to reassert their traditional hegemony over the fashion world. *WWD's* publisher, in his talk-show tour, allowed that British and American designers were hardly worthy of the name. That all the real talent and taste still resided in the French, from whom the others could do little more than copy.

He never mentioned, as far as we know, that the first and most famous couturier in Paris, in the 1850s, was in fact a British bloke named Worth, who never even mastered the French language. What helped to start him off as a dictator of fashion was a rather simple gimmick: he refused to visit his customers' homes, insisting they come to his establishment instead, and accepting them only if they came with good references, indicating they had both the money and influence to popularize his creations. Eventually there were hundreds of Frenchmen imitating *him*, as they continued to do for about a century.

Anyway, says our friend from *Women's Wear Daily*, not only will our women accept the French decree to return to the hemline of 1949—they will also sit still for a return to the "sack" look. Sure they will! A few broadsides from the male chauvinists (from the land of Chauvin) and all the militant, Lib-inspired ladies will turn meek and docile and fall into line

at the midi counter.

But if they can get away with that, no reason it should stop there. Gentlemen of Fashion, now's the time to launch your next great campaign. And we've mapped it all out for you.

Think of the sales you can ring up if you can just get all the black people in America—especially the young ones—to throw out all *their* wardrobes and invest in the styles of the '40s!

First, of course, you'll have to line up the editors of *Negro's Wear Daily*. They'll run a series of pieces, then make radio and TV appearances explaining that black people have a right to wear whatever they like, to be sure. But, they'll say, the "Afro" and "Natural" hairdo is definitely out. It is being replaced by the "process" (chemically straightened hair popularized a couple of decades ago) to make them look almost the same—and therefore almost as good—as white people.

You run articles in leading black publications telling militant males to throw away their daishikis and replace them with padded-shouldered, broadly pinstriped "zoot" suits complete with thick, drooping key chains. Caption these creations "The Coming Thing . . . Inevitable".

While you're at it, you might try telling them that goatees and sideburns are out, along with beards for blacks. Too intellectual-looking and pretentious, you say.

To go along with the new trend in dress, you decree that the way of walking too must change: from the swagger of the '60s to the much more charming Stepin Fetchit "shuffle" of the '40s. Tell them also that hip talk—expressions like "What's goin' down, man?"—will be replaced by more tasteful things like "Yassah, boss."

Then duck, baby, duck!

Hands across the see

Many years ago, there was a man named Frank Costello. He was reputed to be a leader of organized crime. Brought before a Senate committee to testify about his financial dealings, Mr. Costello

insisted on one proviso: he refused to have his privacy invaded by allowing the television cameras to photograph his face.

The man who directed the television coverage of the hearings came up with an historic inspiration. When Mr. Costello began speaking, the director kept the cameras off his face, but focused instead on his hands. The television audience heard Costello's voice. But the picture that went with it was the dramatic sight of Costello's gesturing hands. Nervous hands drumming on the table. Defiant hands clenched into fists. Fingers pointing accusingly at his accusers. Palms thrust up and outward to accompany his protestations of innocence. Costello's hands made a more vivid picture than his face would have. And the director was proclaimed a genius.

From that day to this, every television director who wishes to be proclaimed a genius (which is every television director) tries to duplicate the effect by the same means. No week goes by, no crummy panel show is allowed to run its dismal course, without the director making at least one bid for immortality by focusing on a tight shot of the hands of one of the guests. Hands tapping the ashes from a cigarette. Hands reaching for a glass of water. Hands checking to see if the fly is fully zipped. Real dramatic stuff like that. It never comes off; but they never stop trying. And they never will, no doubt, until some public-spirited guest finally comes through with another great hand-performance. Like a picture of a hand holding a loaded Luger, with which it shoots the director between the eyes.—Fred Darwin.

Redefinitions

Overtime: working one's fingers to the bonus.
Nudist camp: a place where the peeling is mutual.
Middle age: when your get-up-and-go gets up and goes.



HAPPENINGS

Foreign bodies

Japanese Agriculture Ministry, alarmed at the number of substitute foods masquerading as the real thing, have demanded that in future ingredients must be clearly identified—filling the supermarkets with dozens of signs such as “fish sausages”, “fish ham”, “fish meatballs”, etc. . . Saigon’s *Overseas Weekly* tells the story of a Vietcong who sneaked into U.S. army hospitals for several treatments for leprosy but wasn’t identified until he turned up for treatment to a wounded foot . . . Singapore’s airlines are baffled about how to interpret an Immigration Department ruling prohibiting the transport of passengers “in hippie uniform” . . . More traffic accidents take place in Japan in the last week of the month than any other, says that country’s National Police Agency—apparently because of the widespread custom of paying monthly salaries on the 25th . . . California geneticists figured that chickens grown just for food in windowless batteries didn’t need to waste energy growing feathers, so after years of tinkering, developed a bald bird that didn’t need plucking. But, reveals London’s *Sunday Times*, the birds needed so much extra food to keep them warm in winter that the idea has gone back to the drawing board . . . Australia’s rock paper is called *Revolution* (50c from 27 Drummond Street, Carlton 3053, Victoria).

Odds and sods

Ever eager to find untapped advertising space, a soft drink company is thinking of imprinting paper panties and giving them away with each six-pack. In Japan, the stateowned tobacco monopoly has long sold advertising (whisky, tea, etc) on cigarette packets . . . It took realtor Julian T. Allison four years to assemble an acre of land in each of the 50 states. But for the last few months he’s been selling amused customers a square inch of land in every state—all together in a tricolored package containing all 50 stamped and sealed deeds (each of which is bigger than the land it refers to). An offbeat gift for a landlocked friend: \$14.50 from United States Acres, Drawer B, MPO, Maryville, Tenn. 37801 . . . Tabletop “astrological computers” are selling fast in California homes, promising daily and monthly forecasts via the Zodiac turntable which “recreates the heavens as they existed the moment you were born”.

Cops and robbers

Shoplifting has gotten so widespread that hip shopping areas from Chicago’s Near North Side to Washington’s Wisconsin Avenue have become paranoia centers with armed guards, plain clothes dicks and closed circuit television watching every customer. Vibes are so bad in some stores that customers are staying away in droves, preferring to patronize the increasing hordes of street vendors. And at semi-sidewalk cafes, tip-snatching is the fastest-growing new crime.—**John Wilcock**



WORDS

The name of the game

What’s in a name? Possibly a whole realm of history, folklore, linguistics, and ridiculous fun, according to George R. Stewart who has spent three decades ferreting out American place names. In 1945 he wrote *Names on the Land*, still the best history of American naming. Now he has collected enough detailed data to present a definitive dictionary, **American Place Names** (Oxford, \$12.50).

This is a reference book, but there is no end of goodies to be found browsing through it, especially if you’ve read the brief introduction that classifies how names have arisen. Many of the processes, such as naming for people, are obvious enough, and names of people are hidden all over the map. How many people in Birthright, Texas, know it was named for C. E. Birthright? While Pancake Rock, Alaska, sits on flat rocks, Pancake, Pennsylvania is named for George Pancake, and in Texas J. R. Pancake left his name on a town. Searchlight, Washington, and Moonlight, Kansas, are both for people as is Bigwitch Gap, North Carolina.

The most touching of the names Stewart lists belong to the category he calls “commendatory”. The sadness strikes you when you walk into a town of grandiose appellation and see what little means of grace produced such great hope of glory. Texans had the greatest aspirations: Joy, Comfort, Security, Blessing, Utopia, and even Paradise. In Arizona, the Mormons offered Eden as competition; Ohio offers Delightful; and California, where Midwesterners go to die, provides Heavenly Valley. But among apparently commendatory names we again find the ubiquitous founder: Admire, Kansas, is named for Jacob Admire; and in the poetic-

ally-named desert town of Snowflake, Arizona, one is less likely to find a snowflake than descendants of Mr. Snow and Mr. Flake, who settled the place.

All is not sweetness and light in American names. Hell was a very common name in pioneer days. It is dying out from civic pride, but it survives for valleys in the Great Smokies, such as Huggins Hell, which are clogged with impenetrable vegetation. War, Worry, Anxiety, and Hostility still appear in place names. And how does a man feel when he gives his address as Total Wreck, Arizona?

On the brighter side, many names were intended to be funny (though they aren’t always the funniest). Matrimony Creek, North Carolina, was named by a misogynist because, Stewart quotes, “The stream was noisy, impetuous, and clamorous, though unsullied”. Separation Creek in Oregon is so-called because it flows between two mountains known as The Husband and The Wife. Occasionally the humor is prurient: Rooster Rock in Oregon is known outside mixed company as Cock Rock for obvious visual reasons. Inter-course, Pennsylvania, on the other hand, was named solemnly and innocently with reference to commercial intercourse.

Many names tell the story of a local happening. The grim adventure of one Alfred Parker left names in two states. Cannibal Plateau, Colorado, marks where, lost without food, he allegedly killed and ate his five companions. Man Eater Canyon in Wyoming marks where the law finally caught up with him.

Mistakes contribute a fair share of names. The commonest kind are so built into the language that they are not regarded as mistakes by linguists, but are called folk etymology. This generally occurs when an unfamiliar word is “rationalized” to its nearest familiar equivalent; for example, *sparrowgrass* for *asparagus*. A case of folk etymology in Arkansas is the town of Smackover, from French *Chemin-Couvert*. (You have to say it fast to hear the connection.) Specific mistakes by known individuals in naming are rare, and distinct from folk etymology. The most famous such mistake in America is Nome, Alaska. A draftsman wrote the query “?name” on a chart alongside a certain cape. Another draftsman stolidly supplied “Cape Name”. A third miscopied that as “Cape Nome”, and so Nome was named.—**Norman Hoss**

Recommended Reading

Blue Movie by Terry Southern
Co-author of *Candy* describes hilarious happenings when X movies reach the ultimate—the

act. (World Publishing \$6.95)

The Green Man by Kingsley Amis.
An older anti-hero now, Amis is still funny as a dissipated, cultivated landlord with double-headed sexual fantasies and a sizeable involvement with the supernatural (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95)
Rich Man, Poor Man by Irwin Shaw. The master of plot does it again. Three people’s lives absorbingly traced from the end of World War II to the present (Delacorte \$7.95)

Bright Particular Star by Joseph Leach. A serious biography of the actress Charlotte Cushman’s rise to fame which, on the way, gives delightful vignettes of high and low life 100 years ago (Yale Publications \$12.50)

The Elegant Auctioneers by Wesley Towner, completed by Stephen Varble. Another incredible behind-the-scenes picture of the taste-makers of the last century (Hill & Wang \$10.00)

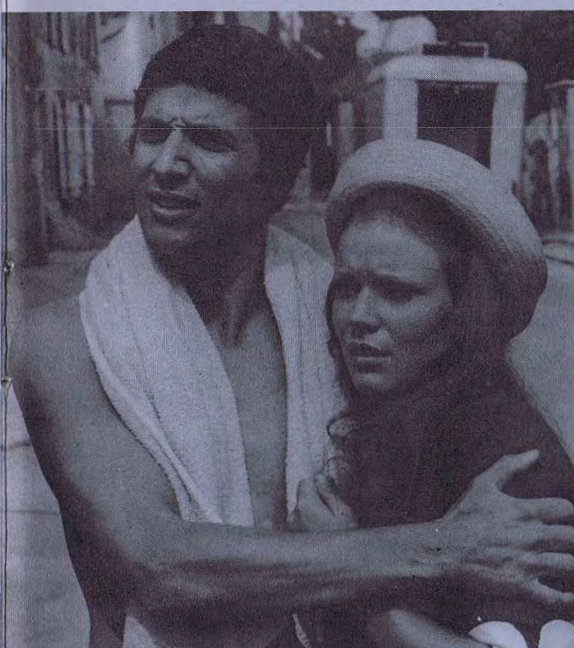


FILMS

New Wave news

In the late 1950s the French New Wave broke on the United States. Before its crash, the majority of Americans went to the movies to see the stars. They neither knew nor cared who made the films or how they were made. And the thought of making a film themselves never entered their minds. Foreign films were for students, film buffs or adventurous moviegoers. Occasionally, a film by Renoir or Rossellini or De Sica would break through the language barrier and enjoy a wide public. But what the mainstream wanted from the movies was an escape from harsh reality into a never-never world inhabited by beautiful people. Then came *Breathless*, *The 400 Blows*, *Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour*, *Les Cousins*, *The Lovers*—the works of a group of impudent children at play, and for the first time Americans woke up to film and recognized that there were personalities behind the camera as well as in front.

The born-of-a-factory Hollywood product, glossy, big and bland, did not invite curiosity as to its origin. But the sharp, zippy films from France, personal, free, shot with hand-held cameras, using flesh and blood human beings as stars, stirred the imagination. Who were Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Resnais, Malle and De Broca? And what were they? Newspapers and magazines teemed with stories about the young terrors of the French film industry. Americans learned that they were young men who had spent their



Lovers in "Moon" (left): sensuality in censorland. Right: Jean Cargol as "Wild Child": out of the woods into the tears.

youth haunting movie houses. When they were not watching films, they were talking about them, acting in them, studying film techniques or writing film criticisms. Their reviews in *Cahiers du Cinema* and *Arts* were so scathing that Truffaut was banned from the 1958 Cannes Film Festival because his writings were condemned as "vicious". But they could not be stilled because they never stopped working. They assisted established directors and with whatever money they could scrape together they made short after short. Finally, with money borrowed from relatives, they made their first feature films and it was the dawn of a new era.

The impact of the New Wave was extraordinary. In the decade that has passed since its peak in 1960, Americans have developed from film ignoramus into sophisticates of the medium. Art houses have sprung up all across the country; the names not only of French but of Italian, Swedish, Czech and Russian directors are household words, and courses in filmmaking are given in almost every American university. But even more astounding is the continued output of the members of the New Wave. The group did not start spectacularly and then fade into obscurity—ten years later they have proved their staying power.

Francois Truffaut, dubbed the father of the New Wave at 27, is now 38 and has made nine films since *The 400 Blows*. His work is the most consistently fine of the New Wave. Each of his movies is well-designed, beautifully photographed, superbly acted and direc-

ted with taste and authority. Two, *Shoot the Pianist* and *Jules et Jim*, are masterpieces, and his record of the development of the young boy introduced in *The 400 Blows* from adolescence to first love, to manhood and finally to matrimony is a unique film achievement. Never once in the series of films does he slip over into sentimentality. Truffaut's gift for skating on the thin edge of sentiment without losing his balance is particularly evident in *The Wild Child*, his latest offering to appear in this country.

It is the story of Jean-Marc Gaspard Itard, a doctor at the National Institute for the Deaf and Dumb in Paris, who was given custody of a youth who had been discovered living wild in the forests of southern France. With infinite patience the doctor (brilliantly played by Truffaut himself) tries to prove that the total content of the human mind is supplied by experience. The experiment failed but the courage and indomitable will of the dedicated teacher are ennobling to watch. The relationship between the lost child and the civilized doctor is heartbreakingly real. Truffaut's greatest asset is his economy, so that the audience always leaves his films wishing for more.

Claude Chabrol, after suffering a decline in popularity in recent years, is once more back in fashion. He is a master of style whose subjects are love and murder. Chabrol is ever aware that, in the words of Millay, "It's not love's going haunts my days, but that it went in little ways". His concern is for the little ways in which men and women tear away at love and in so doing not only destroy it but

frequently end by destroying themselves. In his wife, Stephane Audran, Chabrol has found the perfect actress for his stylized form of filmmaking. Elegant as a model by Givenchy, she is the cornerstone of his carefully constructed film edifices.

In *Je t'aime, Je t'aime*, Alain Resnais carries his fascination with time and space into the area of science fiction. But this time round, Resnais is just out for the exercise. Coming after *La Guerre est Finie*, the movie is a disappointment, but even when Resnais is just testing his skill, his cinematic technique is a joy to watch. He is incapable of a camera cliché.

Philippe De Broca's new film *Give Her The Moon* is his best since *King of Hearts*. The cinematic offspring of Giradoux's *Madwoman*, De Broca is once more engaged in fashioning life to his liking. The movie opens in a cinema in the small village of Ile-de-France in Angevine. Suddenly the film stops. The projectionist, who is also the Mayor of the town, does not like the news of the day so he refuses to show it. The news in the papers also disturbs him so he just cuts out what displeases him. Ile-de-France is a happy, peaceful village, where the main attraction of the day is the morning bath of the Mayor's beautiful daughter, Marie, and His Honor intends to keep it that way. Marie's ambition to win a beauty contest and her encounter with a rich American millionaire threaten to wreck her father's plans but De Broca sets it all to right by the end. *Give Her The Moon* is the gayest, most fun-filled movie to arrive this past fall.

Jean-Luc Godard is the most prolific of the New Wavists and the most influential. He is the Proust of film. His thoughts go

everywhere and wherever they go, they are described on film. Not only his thoughts but his questions, his half-formed thoughts, his half-formulated questions—all are recorded on film. It is difficult to think of Godard apart from film: he seems to exist only in that medium. He has investigated personal freedom, violence, war, women, revolution and, overwhelmingly in *Weekend*, the disintegration of modern society. He has sternly followed Colette's advice to writers, looking a long time at what pleases him and even longer at what pains him. *Le Gai Savoir*, *One Plus One* and *Wind From the East*—Godard's latest brain children are a letdown after the triumph of *Weekend*, but having survived *Weekend*, Godard is entitled to a period of self-indulgence. That he had the courage to continue after finishing his study of our modern society is proof that God's in His heaven, even if the world as seen by Godard could not be more terrifyingly wrong.

The filmmakers of the New Wave are France's most eloquent spokesmen and hopefully they will continue to speak on film for many more decades. — Kirby Murphy



The Gnomes of Broadway

The average theatre season in New York is a financial item that runs to about ten million dollars, though this year, with inflation, it should go to eleven million. This includes both Broadway and off Broadway shows, fielding about forty productions each. The designation off-Broadway is more to do with union status than with geography. Union scales are based on the amount of seats available for sale. Some producers book into a sizable theatre and close off all but 299 seats until they open and see the notices. If it's a hit the producer opens up the whole house and happily raises his scales. If he's marginal and decides to fight, he's got the advantage of more reasonable payrolls.

Gil Cates is a young, recently bearded, Broadway producer who is turning to off-Broadway this year and the reason is mostly economic. "Yes", he agrees, "the costs are out of whack. But it's more than that. In the 1950s you could do a play, the same script that I'm going to bring in this year for \$60,000, for no more than \$6,000 off-Broadway. The same play back then would have cost

about \$75,000 on Broadway and it would take at least \$160,000 today."

The difference, he explains, is mainly due to "real estate and unions. That theatre guarantee you have to come up with plus the bond guarantees for the unions force you to raise a great deal of pre-production money that doesn't represent any possibility of early productive return. To book into any Schubert theatre on Broadway requires a \$7,500 per week guarantee and you have to put up two weeks in advance. That's \$15,000. But even off-Broadway is stiff. True, they only require a \$2,000 per week guarantee but the catch is that for any decent house at all you have to give the landlord six weeks in advance. So there's \$12,000 for an off-Broadway theatre."

Gil Cates has a comfortable producer-playright relationship with Robert Anderson who will be best remembered for the extraordinarily sensitive *Tea and Sympathy*. But of late Cates has produced, on Broadway, Anderson's *You know I can't hear you when the water's running* and *I never sang for my father*. Cates also put on *The Chinese* and *Dr. Fish* by Murray Schisgal, and *Silent Night, Lonely Night*. And now he's preparing Anderson's *Solitaire-Double Solitaire* for off-Broadway. It will star Larry Blyden and be directed by Arvin Brown who is the artistic director of the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, Connecticut. The play will actually have a pre-New York tryout in New Haven and this undoubtedly has some bearing on the intricate

financing situation.

The basis of theatrical financing is the limited partnership. If \$50,000 is raised that represents 50% of the production even though it's 100% of the money. The limited partners, the investors, have liability only to the extent of their investment while the producer assumes liability for everything. In the old days producers would get their money from their dentist, their wife's rich uncle in Pomona, so that the investor list looked like a long laundry ticket. Nowadays the Attorney General of New York has arranged for any producer raising money from over ten people to register with the SEC—which is fine protection except that the paperwork often takes so long that valuable momentum can be lost. Some producers have therefore turned to raising their money from just a few well-heeled individuals of late and, of course, that's the ideal way.

It seems probable that this marriage between Gil Cates of New York and the Long Wharf Theatre of New Haven will be of some real mutual benefit. Such as giving Cates a chance to get prospective investors down to New Haven to see the play on its feet, as well as laying off some of the prohibitive pre-production costs in the boondocks. It would also be seemly for the Long Wharf group to participate in the New York triumph, if that's how it ends up. "Used to be," says Cates, "that everyone was looking for a tax loss." He shrugs ruefully. "Nowadays people don't need any help from the theatre to lose money."

Where does \$60,000 go to

mount an off Broadway production? The breakdown might look something like this:

All the bonds including actors equity, ATPAM (press agents and managers) and theatre	\$20,000
Physical production—sets, costumes, sound	\$7,500
Rehearsal expenses—actors, stage manager, rehearsal hall rental	\$5,000
Advertising publicity, newspaper ads, posters	\$10,000
Pre-production salaries, press agent, general manager, author's expenses, script duplication	\$2,500
Accounting and legal	\$2,500
Reserve for post-notice advertising etc.	\$12,500

Gil Cates has just produced and directed his first film for Columbia Pictures—the screen version of his own production of *I never sang for my father* starring Melvyn Douglas, Estelle Parsons, Gene Hackman, Dorothy Stickney. Why did he decide to go back to the vagaries of the theatre when his involvement as a film producer was obviously more artistically satisfying than fund raising? "Look," he explains, "I read this play and I liked it and I wanted to put it on a stage. And as for going off Broadway, it's not just the money. I don't think that there has been a serious play on Broadway in the last two years that has returned its investment. *Child's Play* is a melodrama rather than a serious play. So we have a better chance in this new direction. Less people go to the theatre but there's still an audience. It's just smaller than before."

Many people think that the theatre is pricing itself out of business. Now there's Broadway, off-Broadway, and even off-off-Broadway, which is the only arena of genuine experimentation. Without the new stuff, the untried and true, there will soon be an atrophied and unproductive wasteland where live theatre used to be. Producers like Gil Cates may somehow help the fabulous invalid to survive.—Sandy Lesberg.

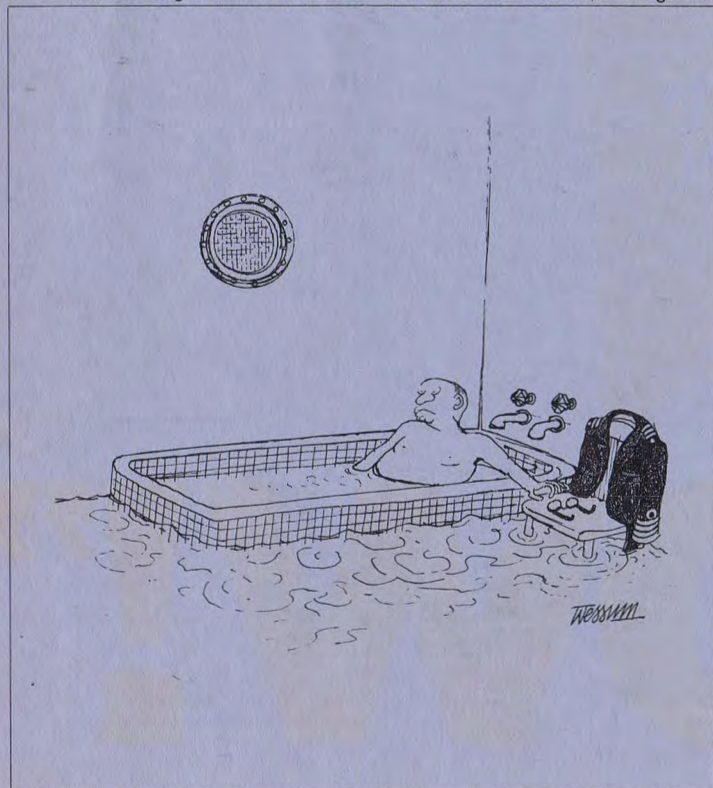
stock certificate) and after that all you have to do is be patient and turn as many of your friends onto buying *Honeypot* as possible. Nine weeks later your faith is justified: *Honeypot* hits a million discs, the Deadly Bees get a gold record and you can redeem your \$100 stock certificate for \$1,000 in cash (less Rock/Stock's 5% "management" fee).

It's a waste of time checking out Rock/Stock with telephone information at present, though, because the plan is still in its formative stages; there are a lot of legal complications to be straightened out. "But obviously the time is ripe", says co-ordinator C. J. Wayne Jenner. "Everybody thinks they're talent spotters and everybody thinks they're smart enough to make money out of the rock scene. Well, this investment plan is easier than dealing with Wall Street, more suspenseful than betting horses and besides, it's socially productive."

Since the Rock/Stock concept was first mooted it's been creating a lot of excitement in really heavy music circles and various record companies have been considering how to cut themselves in for a piece of the action. There is now a possibility, for example, that in addition to a nationally syndicated TV show on which contending songs are aired—along with current sales figures and commercials by investment counselors—potential stockholders will be given the opportunity to witness live recordings at which they might invest in a group's future potential. Similarly, groups that didn't make it might give concerts at which the stockholder/audience can bid for possession of the groups, thus acquiring the right to change personnel or even join the group themselves. There's a precedent here with the age-old "claiming" races organized by horsetracks.

Noted music authority R. Meltzer has been retained by Rock/Stock to handle its conceptual division and he has already come up with an overall plan to absorb groups directly into the corporation from their outset: "Street begging and using the money for sustenance would permit further street playing with the investor getting a share of the future proceeds from passing the hat." Meltzer also forecasts the return of the real radio salesman ("call them rock-stock jocks") who will unashamedly plug records because of what's in it for them, and also the prospect of individual investment in, say, the bass player's cut on a particular record.

Once Rock/Stock gets under way, records will become cheaper, too. Because obviously it will become more important to sell them than to get the money...



Investing in Rock/Stock

You're listening to your hip local FM station one lazy afternoon when suddenly you hear something really superfine—a mind-blowing three-minute cut that really gets it all together: *Honeypot*, let's say, by The Deadly Bees. You rush straight to the phone, natch, and dial your nearest Rock/Stock line which accepts your \$100 stake on *Honeypot* (the cash must be in within 48 hours of your call and, in return, you receive a

What's the word on New Kent Menthol?



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Refreshing taste. Micronite® Filter. Kent got it all together.

Since treatment of addicts has little prospect of defeating the menace of heroin, the only recourse is to attempt to eliminate the drug at source. Here the failure of the U.S. Government to act has doubly unfortunate consequences among the black community: besides doing nothing to get the monkey off their backs, it lends credence to wild suspicions of genocidal conspiracy held among blacks, for blacks form the great majority of the victims of the ruthless heroin industry.

The Government's sin of omission is much like the official role in the threat of extinction to the American eagle: the species' environment on public lands has suffered destruction, not by the Government, but by timber interests acting without Government restraint.

Assuming, though, an official resolve to eliminate the drug supply, could the sources in practice be cut off? Profits from the illegal sale of heroin are variously estimated at between 20 and 40 billion dollars annually. With such amounts at stake no one can doubt that

the port he is expected to go to a designated dancehall, tailor's, curio shop, etc., identify himself by a pre-arranged code and pick up the heroin (which may be hidden in anything from a stereo tape recorder to the lining of an overcoat). Once back aboard ship he is required to hide the heroin according to instructions, e.g., "ventilator shaft No. 123 in a steel box welded two feet to the right behind access plate 12."

From the moment the heroin is hidden aboard, the likelihood of preventing the entry of the heroin into the United States is virtually nil. The ship returns home, goes to a shipyard for overhaul and/or upkeep, the crew is given leave, and shipyard workers come aboard to repair and prepare the ship for its next voyage. Among the workers there is one who knows about access plate 12. He opens it, takes the heroin off the ship, and delivers it to the dealers. Throughout this entire process no search is practicable; in foreign ports there are just too many people, both Navy and indigenous, going aboard ship for proper searches

HOW TO SILENCE THE BLACK MINORITY: CONCLUDING THIS TWO-PART PENTHOUSE SERIES WITH A SENSATIONAL SOLUTION BY WILLIAM R. CORSON

efforts to stop the illegal supply of heroin will be fought savagely. Unfortunately, there is a view in government that the heroin interests are so powerful that they should not be challenged. This view is nonsensical. The United States has ample power to do the job.

To date this power has not been used other than to engage in ineffectual attempts to intercept heroin at the water's edge or seize it after it gets into the United States. In saying this I do not disparage the honesty and dedication of the staffs of the various intelligence agencies, the FBI, the Treasury Department, and the Bureau of Customs who try to stop the flow of heroin into the United States; I simply acknowledge the impossibility of their task. For, even when it is known how heroin gets into the United States, to find and seize the drug is like searching for the proverbial needle in a haystack—or, in this case, many haystacks.

For example, it has been known for many years that much of the heroin which enters the United States from the Far East does so on U.S. Navy ships. The basic method is simple. It involves hiding a "loaf" or package aboard a ship visiting a Far Eastern port. The heroin dealers will hire, coerce, bribe or otherwise intimidate a sailor to "just pick up a package for us when you arrive in Hongkong, the Philippines, Tokyo, etc., and hide it aboard ship." Payment varies, but the point is impressed on those who accept the deal that to try and go into business for themselves with the "package" would be extremely bad for their health. Then when the ship reaches

in the time available, quite apart from the question of who is to search the searchers. Aboard an aircraft-carrier there are more places and more ways to hide \$10,000,000 worth of pure heroin than in a medium-sized city.

None of this is the "fault" of the U.S. Navy, which knows about the problem, and has tried in conjunction with other government agencies to prevent its personnel and ships from being suborned in this manner. Nonetheless, as measured by successful seizures of heroin aboard U.S. Navy ships in the past and the increased supply of the drug in West Coast cities, one must conclude the method is still judged effective by heroin traffickers.

Another "haystack" the traffickers exploit is the annual influx of some 250,000,000 people from abroad, either as returning American citizens or foreign tourists. The Bureau of Customs has acknowledged openly that this mass movement is used most successfully to smuggle in heroin. Could the Bureau of Customs search 250,000,000 persons and all their luggage to the degree required? It might be physically possible but such an approach would be political suicide for any Administration that ordered it. Just imagine the outcry (let alone the loss of foreign tourist currency) if private citizens were forced to comply with the standard military medical command: "bend over and spread your cheeks." Without an informer's tip effective searches must be physically thorough and must include everyone. Spotchecks are just not effective because anyone at all can be a potential

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER KIBBLES



A DECLARATION OF WAR ON HEROIN



WHEREAS the United States Government's continued acceptance of relations with nations which condone the production and illegal traffic of heroin into the United States has demonstrated that the government gives a higher priority to such relations than to an effective attack on the nation's most serious drug problem;

Has thereby set black and white Americans against each other by fostering new social conflicts and polarizing and embittering existing ones;

Has thereby jeopardized the basis of trust and confidence necessary for the survival of the nation's institutions;

Has further jeopardized many national traditions, such as the civil liberties of citizens and the right to demand results from their government; and

Has brought increasing numbers of Americans to question the resolve and integrity of public officials to protect and defend them and their families from drug aggression;

THEREFORE, be it resolved that we the undersigned as concerned citizens call upon the President and the Congress of the United States to take *all necessary measures* (including economic sanctions, breaking off diplomatic relations, and even the physical destruction of the poppy fields if necessary) to halt the supply, production and illegal traffic of heroin immediately; to devote sufficient resources to attack addiction and promote rehabilitation and effective treatment for all heroin addicts, regardless of their age, sex or race.

If you and your friends support this declaration, sign it in the space provided and return it to the address shown. Penthouse promises to make your support of the People's Declaration of War on Heroin known to the President and the Congress of the United States and to continue to do all in its power to stop the production and illegal traffic of heroin.

**To: Penthouse Heroin Action Campaign, Penthouse International Ltd.,
1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.**

I/we support the Penthouse declaration of war on heroin. My/our name and address is:

Note: Friends may add names and addresses on a separate sheet if necessary.

heroin smuggler—there is no way to distinguish the smuggler from the honest tourist. Some smugglers are businessmen, others students, "little old ladies in tennis shoes," society jet-setters, etc.

Equally difficult is the seizure of heroin after it has been delivered to the wholesale distributors in the various ports of entry. And the difficulty increases geometrically as the heroin is shipped by the wholesalers to their city and regional distributors. To be sure, there have been successful seizures of heroin due to the combined efforts of U.S. internal security agencies, but the amount seized in comparison to the amount entering our people's bloodstreams is minute. For example, in the summer of 1970 the Justice Department announced a major seizure of heroin valued at some \$10 million. Such a seizure is reassuring, but the amount of heroin seized was not only miniscule against the total supply, but engaged a good-sized task force of agents for more than a year. Such limitations would still remain even if the number of agents was increased several hundredfold.

In the black community this is a situation generating frustration. As Dick Gregory put it, there must be a conspiracy between the Mafia and the U.S. government because a 10-year-old child in Harlem can, any time of the night or day, go outside his house and find a pusher whereas the Government can't do the same. Unfortunately, as I assume Dick Gregory knows, there is a difference between finding a pusher and finding heroin on his person. In addition, as one narcotics agent said, "Even if every pusher was put behind bars and kept there, rather than being set free on bail in a matter of hours, there would be a whole new team of pushers operating in less than a week, because for every pusher on the streets there are four behind him or her in the junkie farm system just waiting for the chance to get someone else to support their habit". Clearly then, neither searches of persons, places or things, nor seizure of heroin once it enters the distribution system offers a solution to cutting off the outside sources of heroin.

The problem of the illegal supply of heroin dictates its solution. There is a chain of opium poppy to heroin. It is principally made up of Turkey, Iran, Laos and Cambodia, the sources of opium poppies; France, a refuge for those who convert opium to heroin (also Greece on a much smaller scale); and Italy, the home of the Mafia, which controls the flow of heroin into the United States. This chain can be destroyed by breaking it at its weakest link: where it is grown.

Unlike marijuana, opium poppy flowers from which crude opium and, in turn, morphine and heroin are derived can be successfully grown in only

limited areas of the Middle and Far East. In these areas between 12,000 and 15,000 tons of crude opium are produced annually. This is some 1,800 times more than the total legitimate world requirements of morphine and heroin. Almost all the poppy cultivation in countries such as Iran, Turkey, Laos and Cambodia has official approval, and is often justified as the only means of support for the peasants. What this argument overlooks is that the peasants at best receive less than one 10,000th of the retail value of their crop's end product. Here then is the weakest link in the chain. In plain terms, every person who makes a dollar, franc or lira from the heroin traffic is totally dependent on the productivity of up to 100,000 peasants scattered in the most desolate reaches of half-a-dozen countries.

Two "hows" are suggested by this situation: **1** As proposed by Representative Bertram L. Podell (D.N.Y.), establish a United Nations Heroin Consortium to buy up the world's supply of opium at source and control distribution for medical and research purposes. Under Congressman Podell's proposal, direct subsidies would be offered to opium poppy growers for the growing of other crops, such as wheat, at prices comparable to what they are now getting for the poppy.

2 Destroy the poppy plants.

Either method, if implemented successfully, can solve the problem of addiction, because without poppies there can be no heroin. Both methods have complications which the U.S. Government unfortunately considers more important than abolition of heroin addiction. For political and military reasons the United States is unwilling to get tough with Turkey, France, or Italy (perhaps because as we are told there is no such thing as the Mafia). At the risk of oversimplification, this is tantamount to accepting a brutal aggression against our own people for the sake of a dubious good—Turkey's participation in NATO and France's economic "good will." To underline the pusillanimity of the U.S. government in this vital matter, the White House quietly approved in June 1970 a \$40 million development loan to Turkey without making the loan conditional on a further reduction in the number of provinces where opium poppies may be grown legally.

Congressman Podell's proposal, though a reasonable one, depends on a benevolence from other countries which experience suggests is most improbable. Let's not delude ourselves that foreign politicians and businessmen are more concerned about the health and well-being of our people than they are about their own political power and profits.


What I suggest is that we recognize heroin addiction as the result of an

aggression against our nation, in substance no different from that of Hitler against the Jews, and that we destroy the poppies wherever they are found. Such an action has ample recent precedent. After all, if President Nixon is able to justify our incursion into Cambodia as a "preventive aggression," why not—for starters—use our air power to napalm and defoliate the poppy fields in Laos and Cambodia? Which would, incidentally, render those fields incapable of producing opium for at least five years. After such a move the French and the Turks just might decide to cooperate. Even if they didn't, our options—from economic boycotts to espionage (in order to destroy the laboratories), to withdrawal of diplomatic recognition—could conceivably change their minds. The prospect of even sterner measures to enable Americans to maintain their right of "self-determination" should not be ruled out merely because the heroin aggressors are our "friends."

We are advised by government that "quiet diplomacy" will prevail, that treatment and rehabilitation will enable us to survive in the face of the heroin contagion which threatens our very existence as a people. Yet all the facts point to now as the time to escalate the heroin war.

Such a policy, risking a permanent rupture between the United States and some of our present allies, may sound too tough, but consider the likely outcome if we continue as in the past. In spite of methadone treatment and rehabilitation programs, the number of heroin addicts will grow, will produce increases in crime, destruction of social values, and will constitute an even greater threat to the internal security of the United States. Such an outcome is totally unacceptable.

Thus, what is required is a no-nonsense Declaration of War on Heroin. A declaration which clearly states that the United States government is committed and will act to destroy the supply of the drug. To do otherwise, by means such as the so-called stiffer punishments for pushers (mostly victims of addiction themselves), is to confuse cause with effect and to leave our people vulnerable to the heroin predators.

Make no mistake about it: the governments of the countries where opium is grown could destroy those plants in a matter of days—with or without United States assistance—and thereby get the heroin monkey off our backs once and for all. As a consequence, because the people in the final analysis are the government, I suggest putting forward the formal proposal for a declaration of war on heroin, and invite your support. As a people we must act in the manner suggested by Martin Luther's words: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise." 

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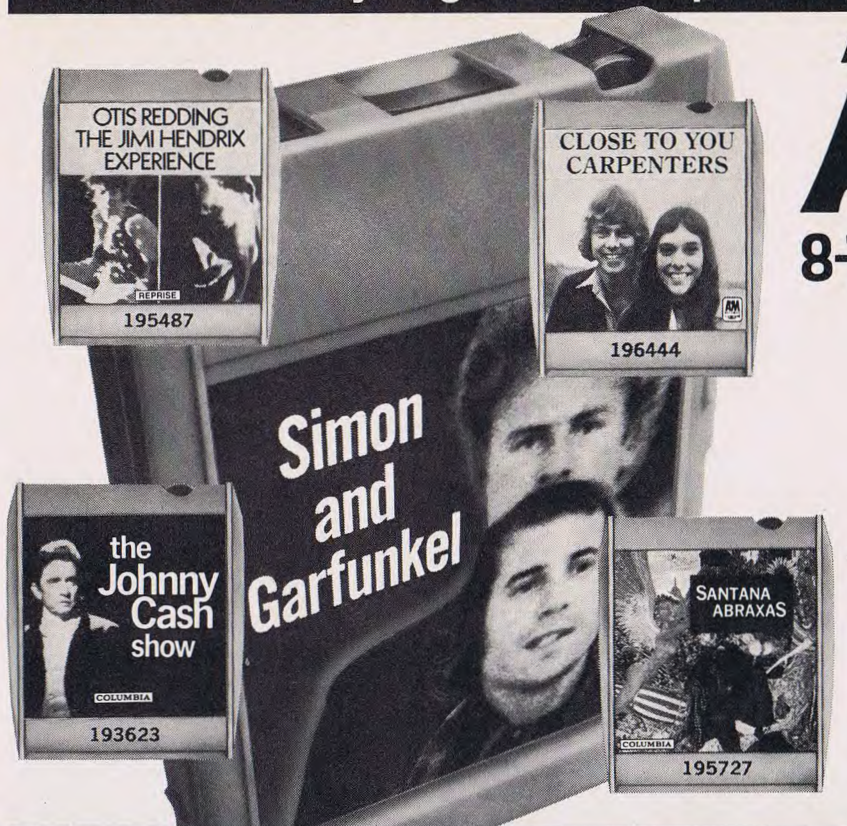
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Which "cropping" is more effective? You will select the one you think is the better composition.

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Famous Photographers School

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Among other things, I am a prophet by profession. That is, I predict the future and get paid for doing so. There is a catch, of course: I don't cheat, so there is a sharp limit to my usefulness. Since I make no passes over a crystal ball, lack the services of a henchman in the spirit world, have no talent for receiving revelation, and am utterly free of mystic intuition, I can't tell anyone which horse will win the Derby, or whether his wife is cheating on him, or how long he will live.

All I can do is look at the world as steadily as possible (a difficult enough task these days), try to estimate what is happening, and then make the basic

THE END

BY ISAAC ASIMOV

The way things are going on this delinquent planet (population, pollution, nuclear weaponry), how much longer can *homo sapiens* hold out?

A noted prophet does the alarming arithmetic

assumption that whatever is happening will continue to happen. Once that is done, I can make very limited predictions. I can tell you, for instance, about when the Derby will no longer be run at all, about when it will cease to matter whether anyone's wife is cheating on him and, most of all, how long all of us (with perhaps inconsiderable exceptions) are going to live.

For instance, I look at the world today and I see people, lots of them. Concerning these people, there are two things to say: 1) there are more people now than have ever before existed at any one time, and 2) these people are increasing in numbers at a

faster rate now than ever before in history.

Just as an example, in the time of Julius Caesar the total number of people on earth was probably something like 150,000,000 and the world population was increasing at the rate of perhaps 0.07 per cent per year (100,000 per year). Latest estimates put the population at 3,650,000,000, or 24 times what it was in Caesar's time, and it is increasing at a rate of nearly 2 percent per year, 30 times the ancient rate. The earth is now gaining people at a rate of 70,000,000 a year so that it takes us only two years to add to the population a number equal to all those who lived on the planet in the palmy days of Rome.

The question is: What does this mean for the future?

The doom-cryers, of whom I am one, cry "Doom!". The optimists, on the other hand, talk about modern science and the utilization of hybrid grain and fertilizers. They talk of distilling the ocean for fresh water, of fusion energy and of the colonization of other planets. Well, why not? Let's grant everything the optimists want and take a look at some figures.

If we accept 3,650,000,000 as the population of the earth today and allow an average of 100 pounds per person (some are small, some are children) then the total mass of human flesh and blood is equal, at present, to about 180,000,000 tons. It is also estimated that the number of people on earth (and therefore the mass of human flesh and blood) is increasing at a rate that will cause it to double in 35 years. Let me then introduce a mathematical equation—not because any of you absolutely need it but because, without it, I will be accused of pulling figures out of a hat. The equation is:

$(180,000,000) 2^{x/35} = y$ (Equation 1)
This equation will tell us the number of years, x , it will take to reach a mass of human flesh and blood equal to y , if we start with earth's present population and double it every 35 years. To make the equation easier to handle we can solve for x and we get:

$x = 115 (\log y - 8.25)$ (Equation 2)

Using this second equation, we can ask ourselves the following question: How many years will it take to increase our numbers to the point where the total mass of humanity equals the total mass of the Universe?

I introduce this question because I assume that no optimist will ever dream of arguing that man can possibly reach this point, so that it will represent an ultimate limit beyond cavil. It may be, of course, that the time it will take to achieve this fantastic end is so long (trillions of years, do you suppose?) that there is no point in discussing it. Well, let's see . . .

The universe consists (as a rough estimate) of 100 billion galaxies, each one containing 100 billion stars about the size of our own sun, on average. The mass of the sun is about 2.2 billion billion tons, so the mass of the known universe in tons (throwing in some extra mass to allow for planets, interstellar dust and so on) is perhaps the figure 3 followed by 50 zeroes (or 3×10^{50} in mathematical lingo). If we set this equal to y in equation 2, then $\log y$ is equal to 50.48. Subtract 8.25 from this and multiply the difference by 115 and we find that x is equal to 4,856.

So, at the present rate of increase in human population, the mass of humanity will equal the mass of the known universe in 4,856 years. By 6826 A.D. we shall reach absolute dead end.

A period of 4,856 years is long, certainly, in comparison to an individual life, but if it takes only that much time to run out of universe (rather than the trillions of years that might have been suspected) then there has to be the queasy feeling that the actual limit will come sooner. After all, even the most starry-eyed idealist wouldn't think we could colonize all the planets of all the stars of all the galaxies . . . let alone convert the stars themselves into food—albeit in the next few thousand years.

Actually, during that period, we are almost certain to be confined to the planet earth. Even if we colonize the rest of the solar system, it is beyond hope that we can transfer sizable portions of the human population to such forbidding worlds as the Moon and Mars. So suppose we ask ourselves how long will it take (at the present rate of human increase) for mankind to attain a mass equal to no more than that of our own planet. The earth's mass is 6,600 billion billion tons, and if that is taken as y , then $\log y$ is 21.82. Throwing that into the equation, we find that x equals 1,560.

In 1,560 years, at the present rate of increase—that is, by 3530 A.D.—the mass of humanity will be equal to the mass of the earth. Will any optimist in the audience raise his hand if he thinks that mankind can possibly achieve this in any circumstances?

Let's search for a more realistic limit, then. The total mass of living tissue on earth today is estimated to be something like 20 million million tons, and this cannot really increase as long as the basic energy source for life is sunlight. Only so much sunlight reaches earth; only so much sunlight can be used in photosynthesis; and therefore only so much living plant tissue can be built up each year. The amount built up is balanced by the amount destroyed each year, either through spontaneous death or through consumption by animal life.

Animal life may be roughly estimated as one-tenth the mass of plant life or about two million tons the world over. This cannot increase either, for if, for any reason, the total mass of animal life were to increase significantly, the mass of plants would be consumed faster than it could be replaced, as long as sunlight is only what it is. The food supply would decrease drastically and animals would die of starvation in sufficient numbers to reduce them to their proper level.

To be sure, the total mass of *human* life has been increasing throughout history, but only at the expense of other forms of animal life. Every additional ton of humanity has meant, as a matter of absolute necessity, one less ton of non-human animal life.

Not only that, but the greater the number of human beings, the greater the mass of plants that must be grown for human consumption as food (either directly, or indirectly by feeding animals destined for the butcher) or for other reasons. The greater the mass of grains, fruits, vegetables, and fibers grown, the smaller the mass of other plants on the face of the earth.

Suppose we ask, then, how many years it will take for mankind to increase in numbers to the point where the mass of humanity is equal to the present mass of all animal life? Remember that when that happens there will be no other animals left—no elephants or lions, no cattle or horses, no cats or dogs, no rats or mice, no trout or crabs, no flies or fleas.

Furthermore to feed that mass of humanity, all the present mass of plant life must be in a form edible to man; which means no shade trees, no grass, no roses. We couldn't afford fruits or nuts because the rest of the tree would be inedible. Even grain would be uneconomic, for what would we do with the stalks? We would most likely be forced to feed on the only plants that are totally nutritious and require only sunlight and inorganic matter for rapid growth—the one-celled plants called algae.

Well, then, if the total mass of animal life is two million million tons, $\log y$ equals 12.30 and x works out to 466. This means that by 2436 A.D. the last animal (other than man) will have died, and the last plant (other than algae) will also have died.

By 2436 A.D. the number of human beings on earth will be 40 trillion or over 8,000 times the present number. The total surface of the earth is equal to about 200,000,000 square miles, which means that by 2436 A.D. the average density of the human population will be 200,000 per square mile.

Compare this with the present density of Manhattan at noon—which is 100,000 per square mile. By 2436 A.D.

even if mankind is spread out evenly over every part of the earth—Greenland, the Himalayas, the Sahara, the Antarctic—the density of population will be twice as high *everywhere* as it is in Manhattan now.

Imagine a huge world-girdling complex of high-rise apartments (over both land *and* sea) for housing, for offices, for industry. The roof of this complex would be given over entirely to algae tanks containing an ocean of water, literally, and 20 million million tons of algae. At periodic intervals there would be conduits down which water and algae would pour to be separated; with the algae dried, treated, and prepared for food, the water would be returned to the tanks above. Other conduits, leading upward, would bring up the raw minerals needed for algae growth, consisting of (what else?) human wastes and finely chopped up human corpses.

Even this limit, quite modest compared to the earlier suggestions of allowing the human race to multiply till its mass equalled that of the universe or merely that of the earth, is quite unbearable. Where would we find any optimist so dead to reality as to believe that in a space of four and a half centuries, we can build a planetary city twice as densely populated as Manhattan?

To be sure, all this is based on the assumption that the increase in human population will continue at its present rate indefinitely. Clearly, it won't. Something will happen to slow that growth, bring it to an utter halt, even reverse it and allow the human race to decrease in numbers once more. The only question is what that something will be.

To any person surely the safest way of bringing this about would seem to be a world-wide program for voluntary limitation of births; with the enthusiastic participation of humanity as a whole. Failing this, the same result will inevitably be brought about by an increase in the death rate—through famine, for instance. The question is: How much time do we have to persuade the people of earth to limit their births?

Anyone can see that global birth-control will not be achieved easily. There are stumbling blocks. There are important religious bodies who object strongly to the utilization of sex for pleasure rather than for progeny. There are long-standing sociological traditions that equate many children with strong national defense, with help around the farm and home, with security in parental old age. There are long-standing psychological factors which equate many children with a demonstration of masculine virility and wifely duty. There are new nationalist factors which cause minority groups to

view birth control as a device to limit *their* numbers in particular, and to view unlimited births as a method for outbreeding the establishment and "taking over."

So how much time do we have to counter all this?

If it were a matter of population alone, we might argue that even if things went on exactly as they are science would keep us going for 466 years anyway, till man was the only form of animal life left on earth. Unfortunately, it isn't a matter of population alone. Take energy, for instance. Mankind has been using energy at a greater and greater rate throughout his existence. Partly this reflects the steady increase in his numbers; but partly this also reflects the advance in the level of human technology. The discovery of fire, the development of metallurgy, the invention of the steam engine, of the internal combustion engine, the electric generator, all meant sharp increases in the rate of energy utilization beyond what could be accounted for by the increase in man's numbers alone. At present, the total rate of energy utilization by mankind is doubling every 15 years, and we might reasonably ask how long that can continue.

Mankind is currently using energy, it is estimated, at the rate of 20,000,000,000,000,000 (twenty billion billion) calories per year. To avoid dealing with too many zeroes, we can define this quantity as one "annual energy unit" and abbreviate that as AEU. In other words, we will say that mankind is using energy now at the rate of 1AEU a year. Allowing a doubling every 15 years and using an equation similar to that of Equation 2 (which I will not plague you with, for by now you have the idea) you can calculate the rate of energy utilization in any given year and the total utilization up to that year.

Right now, the major portion of our energy comes from the burning of fossil fuels (coal, oil and gas) which have been gradually formed over hundreds of millions of years. There is a fixed quantity of these and they cannot be re-formed in any reasonable time. The total quantity of fossil fuels thought to be stored in the earth's crust will liberate about 7500 AEU when burned. Not all that quantity of fuel can be dug out of the earth. Some of it is so deep or so widely dispersed that more energy must be expended to get it than would be obtained from it. We might estimate the energy of the recoverable fossil fuels to be about 1000 AEU.

If that 1000 AEU of fossil fuels is all we will have as an energy source, then, at the present increase of energy utilization, we will have used it up completely in 135 years; that is, by 2105 A.D. If we suppose that those

reserves of fossil fuel which seem unrecoverable now will become recoverable in the next century or so then that will give us about 45 years more at the ever increasing rate and we will have till 2150 A.D.

Of course, it is not fossil fuels only that we can work with. There is energy to be derived from nuclear fission of uranium and thorium. The total energy from recoverable fission fuel is uncertain but it may be 100 times as great as that from fossil fuels, and that will give us 135 years more and carry us to 2285 A.D.

In other words, in 315 years, or a century and a half *before* we have reached the ridiculous population limit of having mankind the only form of animal life, we will have utterly run out of the major energy sources we use today—assuming things continue as they are going.

Are there other sources? There is sunlight which brings earth 60,000 AEU per year, but we'll need that for the algae tanks. There is fusion power, the energy derived from the conversion of the heavy hydrogen atoms (deuterium) of the oceans to helium. If all the deuterium of the ocean were fused, the energy released would be equal to 500,000,000,000 AEU, enough to keep us going comfortably, even at an endlessly accelerating rate, to a time well past the population limit of the planetary double-Manhattan. (It will bring about a problem as to what to do with all the heat that will be developed—thermal pollution—but there are earlier worries.)

Energy will not be the real limit of mankind, *if* we can harness controlled fusion in massive quantities. We haven't done it yet, but we're on the trail and presumably will do it eventually. The question now is: How much time do we have to make fusion possible, practical, and massive?

We ought to do it before our supply of fossil and fission fuels gives out, obviously, and that means we will have 315 years at most (unless we manage to limit population and energy utilization before then.)

That sounds like time enough, but wait. The utilization of energy is inevitably accompanied by pollution, and the deterioration of the environment through a rate of pollution that will double every 15 years may bring a limit much sooner than that imposed by the disappearance of energy sources.

But we want to deal only with the inevitable. Suppose we bring pollution under control. Suppose we block the effluent of chemical industries, control smoke, eliminate the sulphur in smoke and the lead in gasoline, make use of degradable plastics, convert garbage into fertilizer and mine for raw materials. What then? Is there any pollution that



"There we are, madam—shall I wrap it up or send it?"

Under The Banyan Tree

COMEDY BY IAN McDONALD

She had a way of winding her hips which made him decide not to kill himself today



WHILE walking in Central Park one afternoon in gold sunlight near the lake Aldous Carpenter decided to kill himself. He had a good job. He was healthy; his lungs were particularly strong. He had a plump wife who was sexually satisfying. They had three kids with no blemishes yet appearing. They had a good home on Long Island and he had an apartment in town furnished with daring furniture. He had graduated from Harvard and M.I.T. He loved golf. He was 40. The decision to kill himself was adamantine hard.

He went home and told his wife.

"Don't be crazy. Don't kill yourself. You can't kill yourself before Thanksgiving. Just relax and I'll join you in the bedroom soon. What you need is sex."

"What I need is not sex. What I need is death."

"What you need is sex. When you die you die forever. Your atoms get mixed up in trees and cows and you don't know anything anymore."

Aldous got himself a Bacardi and water. "What I need is death and what I'm going to get is death. Trees and cows have nothing to do with it."

"Just forget about it, that's all. Sex is better. Don't you like my breasts?"

"Your breasts are alright. Sex isn't a substitute for death. What are you talking about?"

"Don't kill yourself in front of the children, is all I ask. Don't get blood over everything. Why don't you wait until after Thanksgiving anyway?"

"I'll be cold turkey by then," Aldous laughed.

He drank seven glasses of Bacardi and water. He read a magazine article comparing the last four American Secretaries of State. After a light supper he had sex with his wife, paying particular attention to her sagging breasts, praising them.

"You see, sex is better," she said.

He went to sleep thinking of ways to kill himself. Swift ways and slow ways.

"You have a lot to be grateful for," his wife said in the morning. "In particular you have a good sex life."

"I want to decide some time today the best way to kill myself. I've already decided against poison and stabbing myself in the heart with a knife."

"At least poison would be clean."

"Some poisons cause agony and I would scream and scream before dying."

"Don't use poison then. The children make enough noise. Don't use anything at all. Just go to the office and write your memos, and next weekend you can go on a fishing trip. The leaves will be fragrant."

"Why trees and cows anyway? Why not turbines and mill rollers? Ours is an industrial society."

"All right, then. Turbines and mill rollers. I can't see it matters where you end up. Death is the finish and you'll regret it."

"One thing about death is you can't regret it. You can regret anything else in life."

"But I have nice breasts, you said so. How



can you say your wife has nice breasts and still you decide to kill yourself?"

"Death is a big decision. Praise of breasts is as nothing to it."

"I'll prepare that fishing trip. Jimmy can go with you. You can wander alone and he can cook the trout and pull the water out of the streams."

"Death is like a banyan tree. Other things are flowers in the huge shade."

"You don't know about banyan trees, like you don't know about death. Go to the office and write your memos."

"Memos, memos. One day the earth will fall into the sun."

Nibbling a third olive at the bar before lunch he thought of how to kill himself.

"Great. I've just decided the best way to kill myself."

The two men from the contracting company laughed.

"The martinis here can't be that bad," one of the men said.

"Martinis are flowers in the shade of the

banyan tree. So are contracts."

"Contracts are contracts," the other man said.

They settled the contract when coffee came.

"That was a good negotiation. I thought it would be tough, but we cut through it."

"Death cleared my mind."

"Yes. I suppose it would. How have you decided to kill yourself?"

"I have to tell my wife first. She has nice breasts and she should know first."

"That's reasonable. I wish I could tell my wife everything like that."

"Perhaps she doesn't have nice breasts. It's difficult to tell the big decisions to wives who don't have nice breasts."

"I hadn't thought of that. It's true. She doesn't have nice breasts. She has breasts like collapsed Christmas balloons. No wonder I can't tell her the big decisions."

The contract was a triumph at the office. He shook hands all around. The executive Vice-President gave him a silver pen as a memento.

"I have so many silver pens. I'd like to push

this one up Miss Peabody's rectum."

But they didn't hear that, because he spoke under his breath. Miss Peabody was a new girl in the typist pool, laughing and already popular.

"I've fixed the fishing trip," his wife said that night. "Jimmy's excited. His eyes were shining all day."

"I've got great news for you. Fix me a Bacardi and I'll tell you."

She fixed the Bacardi and he told her.

"I'm going to screw Helen Davidson. Then you can shoot me. The jealous wife."

"I don't know how to shoot your gun."

"Don't worry. You always worry about little things. I'll show you."

"Helen Davidson is a froop. You shouldn't want to screw her. I've seen her on sauna day. She has terrible breasts."

"All you think about is breasts. Think about shooting me for a change."

"If you screw Helen Davidson I think I just would shoot you. She has terrible breasts and she's bushy as a goblin down there."

"What's that got to do with it? When I screw

her I'll close my eyes. You just concentrate on shooting me dead. Don't make a hash of it, for God's sake. Anyway, goblins aren't bushy."

"I don't like the idea of killing you. I really don't. I thought you said you were going to kill yourself."

"We've shared everything. I thought you would be pleased."

"Well, I am pleased. But you're evading your responsibility a bit. You're leaving me, like you left the children's piano lessons."

"Death just isn't like piano lessons. I keep telling you that over and over again."

"You've never once told me death isn't like piano lessons, you know that. It's the first time. But I do see what you mean, I think. I still don't want to kill you though."

"When you find me screwing Helen Davidson you will. You'll fall into a jealous rage and shoot me dead on the spot. That's the plan and I thought you would be pleased."

"Well, I am pleased in a way. But I wish you'd screw someone else, not Helen Davidson. You've never seen her on sauna day or you wouldn't decide to screw her."

"I told you, I'll close my eyes. Don't worry about me."

Before sleeping Aldous showed his wife how to load and shoot the gun. She paid attention and asked intelligent questions. She pointed the black gun at his heart, then handed it back to him.

"Don't point a loaded gun. It's not a flower." In bed she touched him on the cheek.

"I've never shot anyone before."

"There's always a first time. You'll have to learn. What do you think makes America?"

"I just don't think I can shoot you dead, the more I come to think of it."

"Don't make difficulties. When it comes to it you'll shoot alright. I'll screw Helen Davidson before your very eyes and you'll fall into a jealous rage and you'll shoot alright. It's all set up. Forget about it and go to sleep."

"I love you."

"When you're going to lose something it's like that. It's a small consideration."

It seemed to him the stars hummed all night like golden bees tangled in a banyan tree.

The next day he phoned Helen Davidson and asked her to meet him for a cocktail in a bar on 77th Street. She was surprised but she agreed.

"I haven't told Dick about this, Aldous."

"I'm glad you didn't. The fact is that I don't want him to know a thing."

Aldous explained he wanted to have a tender love affair. After much persuasion she agreed to start right away. They worked out plans and agreed to meet in the lobby of the Sheraton the following evening. He would book the room. Helen Davidson's face was pink with pleasure. They shook hands after a last drink.

"It's all fixed," Aldous told his wife, ringing from the office the next day. "I've booked Helen and me in room 604 at the Sheraton tonight. You can come in and find us screwing at about midnight."

"That's too late. I want to get you on your first screw, not your third."

"No it's not like that. I have to dine her and

wine her first. Don't you know anything about seduction? About midnight will be the first screw, I estimate. You don't have to worry."

"OK, but if I find it isn't I'll kill you."

"Right. Get the gun cleaned."

Miss Peabody came in. Perhaps he should have screwed her instead. It was too late to change.

"Miss Peabody, there's going to be no tomorrow."

"That's an old one, Mr. Carpenter. Every tomorrow becomes today and so on."

"No really, there's going to be no tomorrow. You see, I'm going to kill myself tonight, rather my wife is going to kill me tonight."

"So there's going to be no tomorrow for you, Mr. Carpenter. There's going to be tomorrow for me though."

"That's true in a way. But for me you're not going to have any tomorrow. Have you ever thought about it that way?"

"I haven't ever thought about it at all, Mr. Carpenter. I have filing to do."

"Filing can wait, Miss Peabody. Filing is a flower in the shade of the banyan tree."

"That may be, Mr. Carpenter. If the filing gets out of date it's hell to catch up."

"I'll bring roses for your hair this afternoon, Miss Peabody, and you can remember me for that. It's amazing, do you know I wanted to push a silver pen up your rectum a couple of days ago?"

"You're terrible, Mr. Carpenter."

"A doomed man loses all inhibitions, Miss Peabody. Don't think I'm rude, I'm just confessing a vagrant thought. No one ever again in your whole life will tell you he once thought of pushing a silver pen up your rectum. In that respect for you I will always be unique."

"Don't worry, Mr. Carpenter, I won't tell Personnel. I just want to get on with the filing."

"When I die, will you mourn, Miss Peabody?"

"I'll feel sad for your wife and children, Mr. Carpenter. I will feel that."

"You can go on with the filing now, Miss Peabody. I can see you feel that filing is more important than a man killing himself. You younger generation are unfathomable."

"There's a time for death and there's a time for filing, Mr. Carpenter. Right now is filing time."

"I should screw you, Miss Peabody, not Helen Davidson. My wife is probably right about her breasts."

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Carpenter. It's incredible, I just want to get on with the filing."

"Don't worry. I'll bring those roses for your hair, princess of the water-cooler."

"It's just incredible, Mr. Carpenter."

Aldous was wrong in his estimates. Helen Davidson was hungrier than he thought. At eight he met her in the Sheraton lobby, by nine-thirty he was screwing her in room 604. The bottle of champagne was half-finished in the ice-bucket. His wife was absolutely right about her breasts and she was bushy as a goblin, if goblins are bushy, down there. Apart from that it wasn't too bad. She had a way of winding her hips when Aldous was screwing her which his wife lacked.

After about half an hour they relaxed, sipping

champagne.

"Helen, my love, have you ever thought of killing yourself?"

"Once I did, Aldous. When I was 12 and a baseball player broke my heart. I decided to cut my wrists with a sharpened tin whistle and end it all, but I never did."

"Have you ever thought of having surgery and putting plastic foam in your breasts, Helen?"

"To tell the truth, no, Aldous. Dick likes them this way. He says it gives him a strange perverted pleasure."

"Well, that's good. Helen, have you ever considered having a hair-cut down there. It's as bushy as a goblin."

"Aldous, I can't say I have. Dick says it reminds him of a tangled flower bed, sweet with rosemary and thyme."

"Helen, you're a happy woman. I admire you greatly."

"I admire you too, Aldous. I like the hats you wear especially."

"Don't ever consider killing yourself, Helen, baseball player or no baseball player."

Helen dozed. At about 10:30 a gleam from the silver ice-bucket caught Aldous's eye and he decided not to kill himself after all. He dressed and went down to the lobby and telephoned his wife. He combed his hair with his fingers while he spoke, greeting her warmly.

"Yes," she said. "I was just getting dressed and cleaning the gun, ready to come over. The baby-sitter's already here."

"I've decided not to kill myself after all. Put away the gun and go to sleep."

"That's all well and good. Have you screwed Helen Davidson yet?"

"Yes, I have. That's all over now. The main thing is that I've decided not to kill myself."

"Was she as good as me? You promised not to screw her before midnight."

"I know, I'm sorry about that. The plan went wrong. Anyway, she had terrible breasts, like you said."

"I'll have to think this over, Aldous. A bargain is a bargain."

"You're crazy. I told you, I've decided not to kill myself. It all depends on that."

"Your decision is a flower in the huge shadow of the banyan tree. You can come home and drive the baby-sitter. Then I think I'll shoot you anyway."

"What will the children think?"


"When the earth falls into the sun it won't matter what the children think."

"Just relax and go to sleep. I like your breasts."

He went upstairs and drank some champagne and packed his few things. Helen Davidson was asleep, snoring gently, rather lovably. He blew a kiss to her.

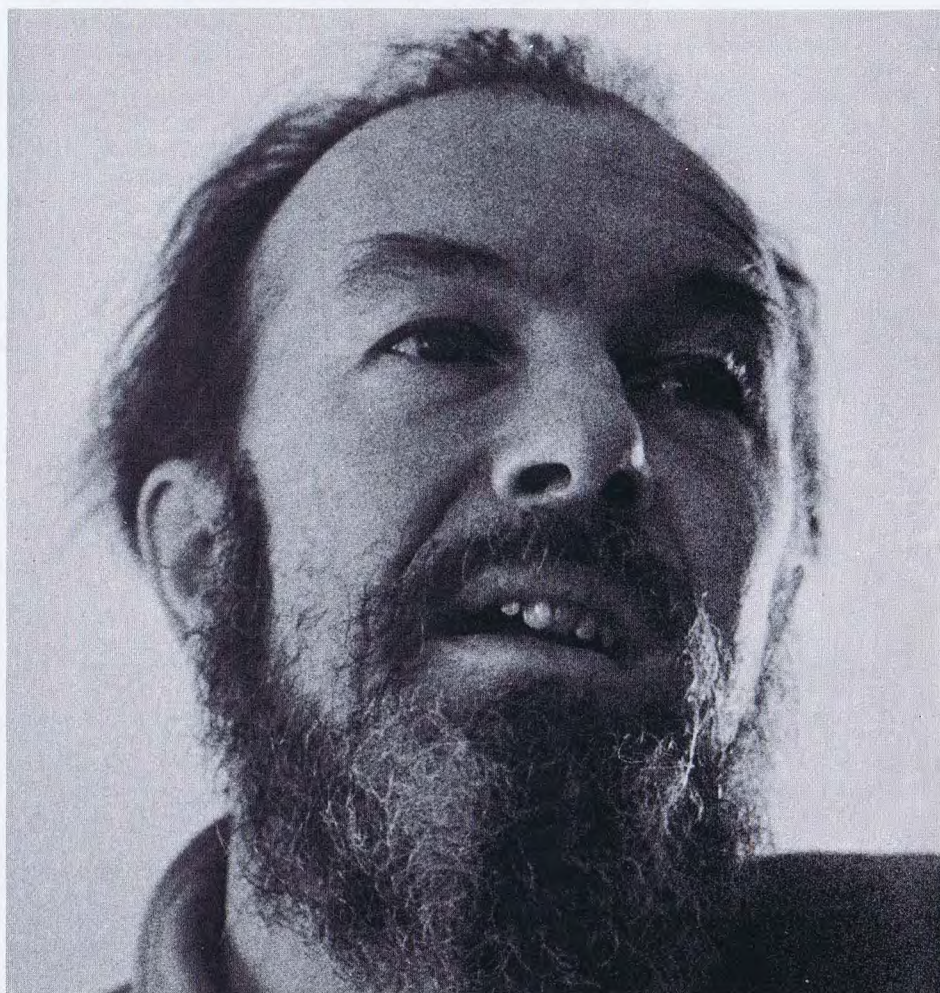
When he had driven the baby-sitter and returned home his wife asked him what made him change his mind about killing himself.

"I don't know. Something. Something. Tell Jimmy to pack his big jack-knife for the fishing trip. I might decide to kill myself in the pine trees if his eyes don't shine so bright."

She picked up the gun and pointed it at his heart. He imagined he heard a shot, but she just handed him the gun and smiled. 

PETE SEEGER

Only a rare entertainer can appeal to rival generations on two continents for different reasons, which is the achievement of Pete Seeger. To radical youth he is the committed pioneer of protest song, the grand-daddy of American folk music. To middle-aged fans he is the amiable performer of catchy, if bitter, ditties like "Little Boxes" (in which he sniped at the status symbols of the consumer society as "all made out of ticky tacky, and they all look just the same"). Now 51, the loopy, lanky balladeer, who once fought in the International Brigade in Spain's civil war, has turned his persuasive talents to the cause of ecology, sailing up the Hudson River to deliver a series of words-and-music sermons on pollution from the 76ft sloop Clearwater. "My mission in life", he says, "is to interest young people in finding a mission". He seems to be succeeding: the sloop was manned by an alternating crew of students. An acknowledged influence on the likes of Joan Baez, Abbie Hoffman and others, Seeger quit Harvard long before dropping out was fashionable, and wandered the countryside, collecting songs of the U.S. proletariat. His father, a professor of ethno-musicology at UCLA, was deeply involved in re-viving folk songs, and Seeger's musical pedigree also included a mother who was a violinist and a great-grandfather who studied in Germany with Schiller. Outspoken on unions, peace and civil rights, Seeger fell foul of the House Un-American Activities Committee during the 1950s and was cited for contempt of Congress. He was later cleared by the U.S. Court of Appeals. Today he is among the many voices raised against the war in Vietnam, singing songs of his own like "Waist deep in the Big Muddy" and "If you love your Uncle Sam, bring 'em home". In this exclusive Penthouse interview, conducted by **Charles Childs**, outdoors at the subject's request in "the clean air" of the Catskill shoreline, Seeger talks of his hopes and ideals, and defends his belief in the proselytizing power of popular song.



Penthouse: Was it your father who got you interested in the folk idiom?

Seeger: Yes. He was studying American folk music back in the "dirty '30s". I can remember my father and Alan Lomax putting their heads together and plotting what would be needed to have a revival of folk music. They'd never have dreamed of what good and bad would happen. I was dropping out of school and very interested in all the social movements of the day. The CIO unions were getting started. I realized at that time that my interest in folk music and my interest in social problems ran along very similar lines. So, Woody Guthrie and I started singing to the automobile workers and the textile workers.

Penthouse: Was it your thought at the time that you could use music as a means of radicalizing those workers to their social condition?

Seeger: Yes—don't take this as a shallow answer, though. In my opinion, every great artist has looked on his art as a means of communication to try and change the world. This is true of Beethoven, certainly George Bernard Shaw... he admitted it frankly. Shaw spoke on the soap boxes for the socialists of the 1890s, and then around 1900 he started writing plays. The same is true of painters, and not only socialist painters like Daumier. I would say every artist is, in effect, trying to figure how the human race can be saved from itself. So in those days when we sang for the union workers, and today when I go around and sing on a picket line, I'm not really being all that different.

Artists who say "We're only interested in art for art's sake" are fooling themselves, I think.

Penthouse: Is there a strategy behind the way you use your music to convey a message?

Seeger: Not particularly. The method, if there is one, is feeling the continuing history of humanity. I've never thought of myself as a great soloist. I don't have much of a voice and I'm no great virtuoso on the instrument. My ability, I think, lies in being able to get a crowd to sing along with me. When I get up on a stage, I look on my job as trying to tell a story... going into a dialogue with the audience, perhaps. I use songs to illustrate my story and dialogue between songs to carry the story forward.

Penthouse: What is the dividing line between this kind of story-telling folk music and ordinary commercial music?

Seeger: The most meaningful dividing line I can think of is whether the person is making music for his or her own amusement or whether they are being paid to do it. There are lots of other boundary lines that scholars try to set up, like "Is the music electrified or not?" or "Is it traditional, and how traditional?" and so on. But music for amusement seems to me to be the only half-way significant boundary line. I don't use the phrase "folk music" unless I have to because these boundary lines are not agreed, even by the scholars. So I try not to use it any more than I have to.

Penthouse: Don't ordinary commercial music and folk music both have to be composed, and are not both performed for pay-

ment?

Seeger: No, folk music was originally the music of the peasantry, age-old, anonymous and non-professional. Strictly speaking, I am not a folk-singer.

Penthouse: Isn't the pop music of today perhaps the folk music of tomorrow?

Seeger: Sometimes, yes. I can see, 100 years from now, some guitar-player playing a pop tune of the mid-20th century learned from his parents, who learned it from their parents—and it's a changed version, so you would hardly recognise it. That's perfectly possible.

Penthouse: How can you tell which pop songs will become folk songs?

Seeger: Everybody wishes they could tell that. Only time can tell for sure. The best critics have been proved to have clouded crystal balls.

Penthouse: Surely the real folk music of today is the sound created by young people—the sound of raw people or the sound of young people accompanied by all the apparatus of electronics?

Seeger: Whenever anyone says the word "the"—puts the THE in front of a word—I start getting suspicious. If you want to say "the folk music of today", I would include all the different kinds of music made by amateurs for the fun of it, whether with electricity or bag-pipes.

Penthouse: So your definition of folk music would be "by amateurs, for the fun of it, without pay involved"?

Seeger: That's right.

Penthouse: But times have changed, and rural areas are no longer isolated culturally and music is easily available to everyone through broadcasting and records. Isn't the original basis of folk music now non-existent?

Seeger: Again, I have to take exception to your use of "non-existent". I think it would be incorrect to answer that question with a yes or a no. I'd have to hedge and explain. To a certain extent it is true but you could talk for an hour deciding to what extent it is untrue. I will say this: the tenacity of some of the old forms amazes each new generation of critics. In the 18th century, Bishop Percy said, "These old ballads will never be heard again. The old people I've learned them from will soon be dead". A century and a half later Cecil Sharp was saying "These old ballads will never be heard any more. The old people I have learned them from will soon be dead". And my guess is that 100 years from now somewhere in this world there will still be some people still singing "Barbara Allen" and "Lord Lovell", and somewhere in this world will still be found critics who are saying: "These old ballads will soon be gone because the old people singing them will soon be dead".

Penthouse: Hasn't folk music become just another mode of pop music? Hasn't it just been commercialized and become fashionable?

Seeger: I suppose in the mind of the average person the term "folk music" has become just another form of pop music, like jazz. I think that it is unnecessary to rob the old definition quite that 100 per cent. There a fair number of people in the world—good scholars—who still know a little more accurately what folk music is, I think. You see, in 1964, when so-called folk songs hit the top 40, the term "folk-music" suddenly became a mass word. Until then it was only known to a few intellectuals, middle-class people and so on. The only parallel I can find is way back 25 years ago.

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**Anatole France said:
'Songs have overthrown
empires.' I think he
exaggerated, but it
is a point to consider**
”

If you remember, Freddy Martin did a recording of Tschaikovsky's piano concerto, and during the next few years there were numerous attempts to make money out of 19th century piano music. Well it didn't work and a few years later pop music had abandoned that attempt to mine that particular lode, and went on to other more money-making places.

Penthouse: At that time would you have said classical music was dead?

Seeger: In the minds of the average person, that was classical music. Now that classical music is no longer on the hit parade, that is not to say that classical music is dead. This is the nearest equivalent I can think of to what is happening in relation to this question, which is the sort of question asked by someone who only heard the term "folk music" when the Kingston Trio came along. Now that the Kingston Trio has gone on its way and you find "folk rock" and so on, what you don't realise is that there is a heck of a lot of music in the world that is not in the top 40.

Penthouse: Do you think a protest song is capable of having any political effect?

Seeger: Anatole France said: "Songs have overthrown kings and empires". I think he exaggerated the case, but nevertheless it is a point to consider.

Penthouse: To put it differently, isn't a folk song really a kind of slogan set to music and sung by the converted?

Seeger: Sometimes yes, sometimes no. But I'll tell you this, there must be something in protest songs or television wouldn't be so anxious to keep them off the air. This is usually my best proof that there must be some danger in them.

Penthouse: Has a specific music ever played a part in bringing about political change?

Seeger: Music plays perhaps a more important part in maintaining stability and continuance of tradition. Music has performed both these functions at various times.

Penthouse: Isn't folk music a reflection of the life style or mood that already exists, rather than a message that deals with a specific problem like oppression or injustice?

Seeger: This is true of all communications including newspapers and critics, I'd say. Whether it is novels or newspaper editorials, or any other form of communication, the art form reflects the existing situation and, to a certain extent, attempts to influence it. If the situation is a bad one, some elements of the art created

will ask for change.

Penthouse: There are those, however, who assert that music should not contain propaganda and that it is only good when it provides escape through entertainment.

Seeger: I think history refutes those people. Music has been used throughout human times in many ways, sometimes to support the status quo, sometimes to disturb the status quo. Music has been used in religion, in war, in politics and love. It is only recently that music has been thought of as mere entertainment. In previous centuries, man needed music to help him get through life. Whole villages sang their songs together, confirming the fact that they were members of that village, and when they danced and sang together, it reinforced their strength as a community of people. I'm sorry when people think that music is just something to escape their troubles. At best, music helps in understanding troubles and helps get people together to do something about their troubles.

Penthouse: The indigenous music of the working classes has tended to last as folk tradition, whereas pop music tends to be fleeting. How do you account for that?

Seeger: I guess pop music is unstable because some people make money from it. Those people, I suppose, want to have planned obsolescence built into music. There is also the tendency for people who are uprooted from the past and tradition to rather restlessly seek something new. I think this is the big problem of modern life: the lack of continuity that confronts all of us. I think America is symptomatic of this restlessness. We are the sons and daughters of a people who restlessly moved out of Europe, and their sons and daughters also restlessly moved from town to town, from city to city. I think good music stems from a community of people, over a period of time, where these people obtain an identity. Identity has meant, and always will mean, a certain element of imitation. Only now we are developing a mass urban culture, we insist on originality and we are afraid of anything traditional. I have a great deal of distrust for people who insist on the cult of originality. There's nothing at all wrong with the imitation of good things. However, society today has downgraded tradition and replaced it with a gambler's psychology; instead of working with an audience that can grow with you, young performers are always trying to make it big. I sometimes wonder what would happen if parents raised their children in the same way, turning out child after child trying to get that hit. All too many musicians ask "What will strike the popular fancy this year", instead of asking, "What is the best music I can make?" Young people do this because they have to make a living, so they become cynical and frustrated in their approach to music. We need a way to get people to recognize that this problem exists. Constantly changing fads are typical of the restlessness of urban culture; I'm not sure if it is good or bad but I can see it everywhere. People are tremendously dissatisfied with what they have, perhaps because in today's world they don't really feel secure about their possessions or about what they do.

Penthouse: You frequently use the expression "good music". What about "bad music"? There are whole series of songs that don't espouse the beliefs you cherish and yet they have become popular. "Welfare Cadillac", for example.


Seeger: This is perfectly normal. Music is not the privilege of only right-thinking people.

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After all, Hitler's Storm Troopers goose-stepped to military music. I think, however, some of the popularity of "Welfare Cadillac" and "Green Beret" is due to the fact that stations sometimes push right-wing songs when they're afraid to push left-wing songs. The song "Green Beret" was not a great song, but every radio station in the country pushed it, so it sold a million copies. There have been some other songs that tell how soldiers *really* feel about the war in Vietnam, anti-war songs that not only have not been pushed but have actually been kept off the air. I sing some of these songs, like "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy" during my concerts. I know that this song got more applause than any song I've sung. Also, "If You Love Your Uncle Sam, Bring Them Home, Bring 'Em Home". Both those songs got standing ovations. But few radio stations were willing to play them. They were scared.

Penthouse: What you are alleging then is a kind of blacklisting, the kind of blacklisting you suffered during the McCarthy period.

Seeger: Yes, only I don't draw a sharp line around any period of suppression. McCarthyism was an extreme period, but McCarthyism exists today as it existed hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Back in the 17th and 18th centuries, there were radicals who were called "Levellers"; their writings and their speeches and their songs were, in effect, blacklisted. During the 19th century, there were the Abolitionists of the 1850s, and their songs were blacklisted. At that time there was a group of singers called The Hutchinson Family. When they sang, there would sometimes be near-riots because they advocated the abolition of slavery. During the early days of the labor movement, labor songs were considered seditious, so I don't really see that suppression is anything new. The question is not suppression, but how extreme will the suppression become. So far, I believe there are reserves of strength in America that will not allow suppression to get out of hand. I say this out of the knowledge that it was really conservatives like old Senator Flanders of Vermont and Lawyer Welch who spoke up against McCarthy when the liberals were tongue-tied and cowardly.

Penthouse: Is there never something to be

said for wanting to suppress music that would tend to increase dissension and inflame polarizations that already exist?

Seeger: The songs I sing find a response in many different kinds of audiences. I think this happens because there is a genius in these old folksongs that cuts across various lines of polarization. Rather than divide people, I think music usually unites. I get a little impatient with the classification of people into left and right, anyway. Some of the most warmhearted, generous and true human people I've ever met were people who tended to be very conservative. Some of the most dogmatic and rigid people I've ever met were people who call themselves radical.

Penthouse: Nevertheless your image in the public mind is still one of a radical.

Seeger: Maybe so, but when it comes right down to it, I think I'm more conservative than many conservatives. You can tell by the kind of music I play, old-fashioned country music. I think that labels are too easy. Labels are often ways of preventing men from sharing each other's fortunes and misfortunes. To say a person is this or that is only concentrating on differences, when it's what is held in common that should be emphasized. What's interesting now is that the environmental crisis is going to force people into more of this. The artist will find that he will have to get to know the scientist in order to survive; and the scientist will have to learn a little of what the artist knows before he understands why he should not pollute.

Penthouse: Then you look forward to more ideal social conditions?

Seeger: No matter how pessimistic I get, I realize that the sensible man bases his actions on his hopes and not just on his despair. If I were dropped into the Niagara River a half mile from the Falls, there might be only a 5% chance to swim for shore before I was swept over the brink. But, still, if I thought there were even a 5% chance, I'd strike out and try it. This, I think, is the situation we're in. Unless human beings change their way of life and their relationship to one another, in 100 years there is going to be no human race. It doesn't have to be the atom bomb, it can be racism or DDT, or the population explosion. To be idealistic, to strive for change for a better world, may just be the 5% of effort that will save us.

Penthouse: The change you speak about, does this mean changing the whole system?

Seeger: Probably, yes. This is what Jesus was talking about, this is what Jeremiah was talking about—this is what the old religious radicals were talking about, and what the socialists were talking about—and the communists, too. I think what is needed is major change. The only way you can define it is changing the system. I'm not the only one who thinks this way—big businessmen are now talking like this. Thomas Watson, the head of International Business Machines, said in January: "Our nation must have planning . . . national planning". Well, as I see it, there is no other word for that but socialist.

Penthouse: Does that make you politically a socialist? Or even a communist?

Seeger: I say I'm as communist as the American Indian, because frankly I think it's an oversimplification to try to get any one word to tag me. I strive for simplicity, but I have also learned to mistrust it. I've become mistrustful of labels that try to put me into a simple box. I think my political beliefs are songs. When I go to a college campus, I never

leave young people with concrete political ideologies. I sing them a lot of songs, and songs are ambiguous—art is ambiguous. In effect, I say, here are some issues you're going to have to talk about and try to resolve.

Penthouse: If we can't put a label on you, can we say you espouse a more planned society?

Seeger: Well, yes, something like that. I believe we should start here in America because the Americanization of the world may destroy the world. I'm saying to students that thermal pollution is something you should learn about. Electric power is being doubled every 10 years, carbon monoxide and the nitrous gases of industry may be upsetting the ecology. In order to check and control these things, we need controls. We need to have a more aware technology, because there are secondary effects and tertiary effects from every invention. I laugh to think old Henry Ford was such a Puritan. Had he ever known that his cheap cars would change the sex habits of the American nation, perhaps he would have postponed his car, thinking of all the girls who would later have their virginity taken away in the back seat of his invention. This, of course, was a secondary effect of an invention, and ecologists and scientists are just now waking up to the fact that every invention has one.

Penthouse: To accomplish this planned America, to change it into a more sympathetic society, won't students and concerned people have to get inside the system rather than drop out?

Seeger: America is full of people trying to work from within the system, and I wish them the best. But I think some people can also work outside it. My guess is, looking at history, that this has always been so. Abraham Lincoln worked within the system. He did his best to try and abolish slavery. He didn't get rid of racism, but he made a step forward. Only he could not have made that step forward, had it not been for a lot of people who worked outside the system—people like John Brown, who was considered an outlaw, Frederick Douglass and the abolitionists.

Penthouse: So there is a role that some can play outside the system, even antagonistic to it?


Seeger: Absolutely—that's why I admire people like the Black Panthers, people like Bobby Seale and Huey Newton. I may not agree with them completely, but I admire them tremendously. Nowadays, I admire women struggling for women's rights, women who are trying to figure out how women can be liberated while they still love men.

Penthouse: Do you also admire any political hero, John F. Kennedy for instance?

Seeger: I think I feel sorry for all politicians, because they are at the mercy of the system, perhaps more than anybody else. They can't say what they feel—they have to go through life saying what will get them elected. That's a pitiable situation.

Penthouse: They are still the men with the power, though.

Seeger: True, and not so true. There are lots of good people in America. As long as they are alive and kicking, this United States is still capable of fulfilling the dream of Thomas Jefferson and Frederick Douglass, because this is a land not just of power and glory, but of truth and beauty also. The only way it can be otherwise is if the know-nothings, the American fascists, would take it over. And so far, despite the hard-hats and the Agnews, they haven't been able to do it . . . altogether.

Penthouse. Mr. Seeger, thank you. 

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Henry Ford might have postponed cheap cars if he'd thought about all the girls who would lose their virginity in them

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VIVA



TIME ON HER HANDS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

Time, we're told, bears all its sons away, but it is substantially more selective about baring its daughters. In the Swiss horological industry, where this month's precision-built Pet, 19-year-old Viva Helziger, works as a checker of watches, a girl is assessed not by her potential for knocking the male balance off bearing (36-22-36), but by her exactitude with an eyeglass. Thus it was, when Viva was wooed away from the Fortis factory at Grunthen, near industrial Basle, for a timely pictorial treatise, that her fellow scrutineers raised their accurate eyebrows. "Some of the older checkers think, in spite of all my training, that I don't know millisecs from muesli. They just







can't see who could be interested in a girl like me". Viva's used to taking second place to chronograph cogs and pocket-watch wheels. The Helziger family album records generations of experts in the industry. "Punctuality," says this comely checker, "is one of my middle names". Her other middle name, she reluctantly revealed, is Chastity, and its aptness seems to have been confirmed by an incident that is almost a legend now among Viva's closest friends, an incident that seems to have centred round a swimming-pool skinny-dip on school graduation day, a muscling-in of males, and a righteous rebuff. She blushes to mention it. That day was two years ago, when Viva the



Viva screws in her watchmaker's glass to check miniscule components on the Fortis assembly line. Afterwards that watch she's checking will go on to an older master checker for a final mechanical grilling. Girls like Viva are employed because their hands are defter, their touch more delicate, than men's. Besides, they are infinitely more watchable . . .



vivacious was exactly 17 years, one month, two days, 11 hours old, as she pedantically puts it. "When you work in the watch industry, you develop an insatiable urge for accuracy. Inefficiency, lateness, make me so angry". She does have one delinquent desire, however: that whoever she eventually chooses as a checkermate should give her a timepiece she can regard as a romantic gift, not a piece of maverick machinery. "I can just imagine spoiling everything by putting my ear to it and saying it's half a second fast, but I'll try not to". This promise of a chronological concession indicates that today Viva, whose other interests embrace skiing ("at St Moritz whenever I can") and driving ("as fast as humanly possible, in my red Volkswagen"), not only has the time, but the inclination.

♂







MISS VIVA HELZIGER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ONE evening when the biting North wind that had gusted through the Piney Woods for days on end suddenly abated, the fox, the toad, the badger and the rat decided to abandon the hearthsides to which they had been separately glued for some time and dine together under the stars. The rat provided brandy and glasses, the toad provided the food, the badger provided the construction and ignition of a large camp-fire, while the fox, having assumed the role of Outing Supervisor, provided much unasked-for advice and criticism and a minimum of work.

"That does it, lads", said the fox, when the provisions were all laid out and the fire was crackling merrily, "let's relax and enjoy the fruits of our labor"! Whereupon he poured himself a Brobdingnagian brandy and reclined beside the fire.

"The fruits of *your* labor", grumped the toad, "wouldn't fill a midget's bippie".

"Yeah", squeaked the rat, "they wouldn't fill a dwarf's ear-hole".

"If laziness were money", said the badger to the fox, "you'd be the richest animal alive".

"Whaddyou mean?" cried the fox indignantly, "I'm an organization animal, a coordinator of efforts. Why, without my guidance you'd probably have laid out the wood and set fire to the brandy and food!"

"That's *ridiculous*!" croaked the toad.

"And so", said the fox, smoothly turning the conversation, "is all this childish back-biting. Come", he added, replenishing his brandy glass, "let us forget our little differences, sit down upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the deaths of kings".

As none of the animals wished to appear ignorant, the fox's literary allusion passed without comment, and soon the picknickers were in full wassail.

The badger had just finished off his fourth ham sandwich and was pouring out a third brandy when he became aware of a strange figure, standing some little distance from the fire.

"Don't look now", he whispered, covertly jerking his thumb in the appropriate direction, "but we've got company". The first thing everybody did, of course, was to stare openly.

The figure was draped from head to toe in a kind of flowing eastern robe, loosely cinched at the waist by a leather thong. From this thong depended several articles, among them a rough-hewn wooden water ladle and a wooden bowl, and the figure's head was turbaned and wrapped in such a way as to virtually conceal his physiognomy. Added to this, the fire caused all manner of eerie lights and shadows to play on the bizarre visitor, so it was little wonder that the onlookers were unnerved.

"God's *molars*!" whispered the fox, "what is it?"

"I dunno", whispered the toad, "but I'm getting the hell out of here!"

"Me, too!" squeaked the rat.

"Wait!" commanded the badger. "There—there may be no danger at all. I shall address you—er—guest." Then, in an admittedly shaky voice he called: "Welcome, stranger! And what brings you to the Piney Woods?"

"Hali-kalasham . . . skiderat, skidoooo . . ." the figure sing-songed readily, "You may as well ask, my friend, what it is that brings the marmoset to the borders of the sacred lakes? What brings the kiwi and the dodo to the plushy verges of the thrice-blessed plain?"

"Whuzzat?" said the fox in a hushed voice.

"Talks in riddles", whispered the rat sus-

THE ANIMALS AND THE GURU



A FABLE OF OUR TIME
BY
RORY HARRITY

piciously.

"Would you care, sir," continued the badger, "to come sit by our fire and partake of our humble repast?"

"Does the hungry lamb not nibble upon the grassy banks?" quavered the figure, "does the thirsty eagle not descend from the vaults of heaven from time to time and dip his beak in the holy glacial streams?" So saying, the figure drew nearer with a slow, measured gait, his paws folded in front of him, and sat cross-legged beside the fire. Thereupon he detached his wooden bowl and ladle and placed them in front of him, methodically piling the bowl high with sweets, savories and sandwiches.

"A touch of brandy, sir, to wash them down?" encouraged the ever-hospitable badger.

"Does the mongoose need the grape to make him quick?" replied the stranger, "does the albatross require liquor substances to help him soar upon the ether?"

"No, I suppose not", admitted the badger and was about to put the bottle away when the stranger added with some haste: "*However*—the traveller does not flout the customs of his hosts and the wayfarer is ever the humble servant of their wishes". Whereupon the stranger took the brandy bottle from the badger with alacrity and filled his ladle to overflowing.

"May the blessed sun enlighten all your days", intoned the stranger, holding his ladle aloft, "may the stars make peaceful all your nights".

"I'll drink to that", said the toad.

So, in fact, did the stranger, who drained the ladle's contents at one go and refilled, saying: "Not even can the mighty many-feathered condor fly on one wing".

"There's something about this geezer", whispered the fox to the rat in an aside, "that reminds me of somebody".

"Yeah . . . I know what you mean", the rat whispered back, "but I just can't seem to place him".

"Pardon me buddy", said the fox, "but haven't I seen you someplace before?"

"Has the Arctic pippin ever seen the Nile?" circumlocuted the stranger. "Has the crocodile observed the Himalayas?"

"No", said the fox confusedly, "probably not".

"Perhaps it is now fitting", announced the stranger, "that I identify myself: I am the Guru of Maharidiwawa, direct descendant of the quadruply blessed Yarami-Paah, first cousin of the Moon and great-grand-nephew of the planet Saturn".

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure", said the rat, sticking out his paw.

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" croaked the toad.

"Having taken the solemn vows of abject poverty", continued the somehow-familiar figure, "my mission in this vale of tears is to wander the world, instructing and inspiring the unenlightened with the magical mysteries and myriad blessings of the science and practice of Yoga".

"I often have yoga on my cornflakes", said the toad.

"I fear you are a trifle confused, little brother", said the guru. "Yoga, as I teach it, involves a system of physical exercises designed to strengthen and heighten the incredible powers of the mind, and so make the individual at one with the universe."

"I have, in fact, heard something of this yoga business", said the badger, interested.

"Doubtless, my friend, doubtless", said the guru in his heavy accent. "The powers which a master of yoga bring are truly remarkable."

"Can it make you *tougher* than other animals?" asked the fox.

"Oh, it can, it can", said the guru.

"Can it make you *smarter* than other animals?" asked the rat.

"Oh, indeed, sir, it can, it can", said the guru.

"Can it make you more—er, *attractive* to female animals?" asked the toad.

"Oh, that it most *definitely* can", said the guru. "And now, if you gentlemen are interested, I am prepared to give you a beginners' course of instruction on the spot".

"You bet your sweet Nellie Brown I'm interested!" barked the fox, who, like the others, was now convinced of yoga's usefulness.

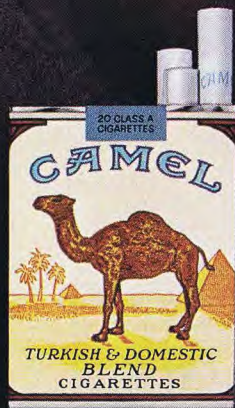
Accordingly, the guru lined them up facing him, and for several hours he caused them each to perform dozens of calisthenics, the ingenious variety of which was only equalled by their muscle-stretching severity. When at last the guru proclaimed the session over, the fox, the badger, the rat and the toad collapsed on the spot and slept where they lay. Next morning when they awoke it was no longer the guru who stood before them but their old tormentor, the Incredible Singing Dog, who had divested himself of his clever Eastern disguise. Instead of long robes he now carried a huge sack crammed with all manner of purloined goodies.

"It's the goddam Singing Dog back again!" exclaimed the furious fox. "Let's get him!"

"And let's *kill* him this time!" chorused the rest.

"I think you'll find, gentlemen", said the singing dog smoothly, "that your recent over-exertions will preclude a bloody revenge". And with that riposte he strolled leisurely away, confident in the knowledge that the would-be Yogas were all much too stiff to follow.

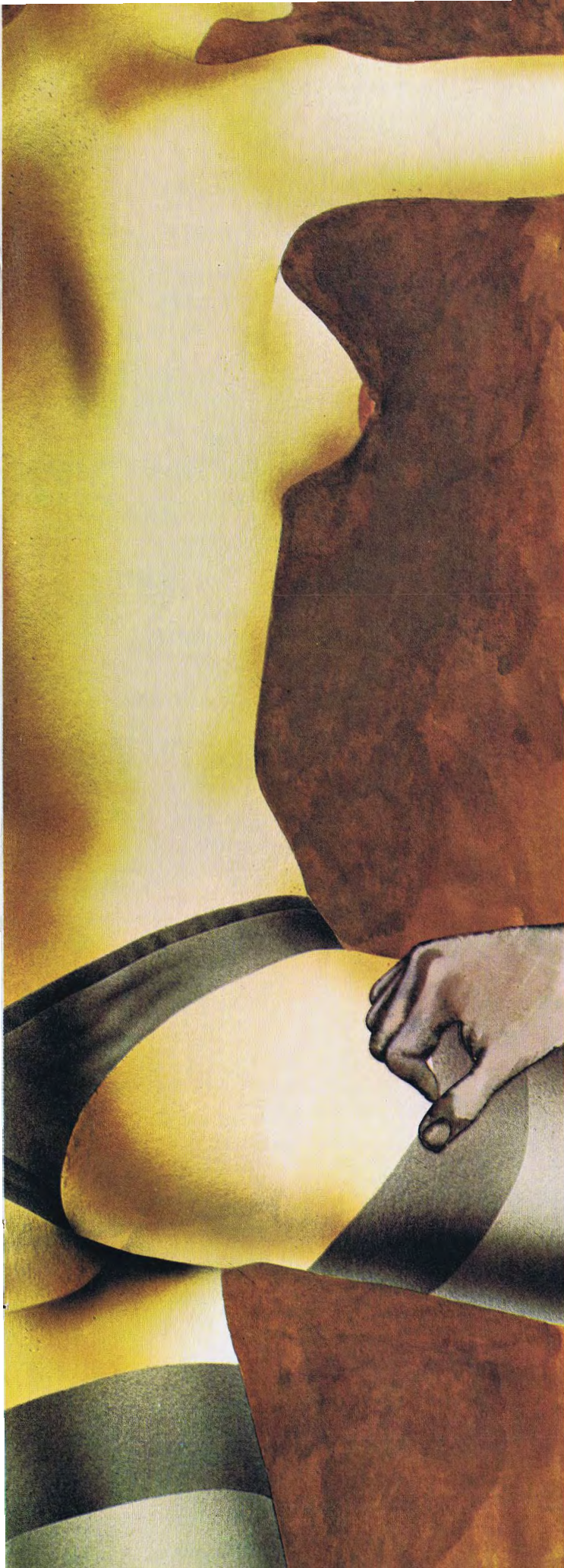
MORAL: People you have fooled before are often the easiest to fool again.



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

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





MYRA

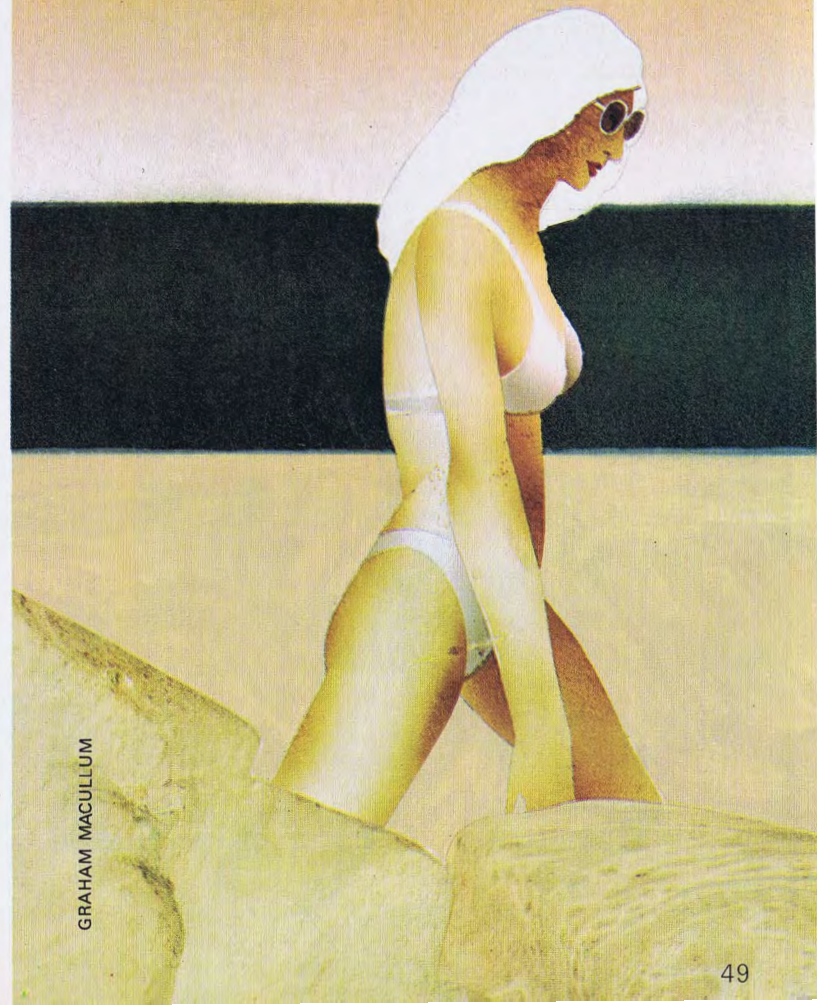
FICTION BY DAVID DUNCAN

A quarter of a million for a doll.
She was sitting
there smoking, a life-sized
facsimile of a living woman

HOW much did your last four wives cost you?" Dr. Gillespie asked. "One million? Two?"

Lyle Hammond didn't answer the question except with the mental note that they'd cost him closer to three million. But, of course, that had been spread over a 12-year period and the expense was not of his choosing. To volunteer a quarter of a million in one lump was something else again. For a toy—a doll.

He glanced towards the life-sized facsimile of a living woman who occupied the easy chair in Dr. Gillespie's shabby



GRAHAM MACULLUM

6 He hadn't used the bed for any purpose except sleep for several months now. As he

reception room. She was smoking a cigarette, inhaling only partially as most women do, using the ashtray when necessary. A wisp of smoke made her eye water and she stubbed the cigarette out. Incredible, Lyle Hammond thought, perfection—even to that faint pulse in her throat. He was tempted, terribly tempted, particularly so after being reminded of his four successive wives and their humiliating infidelities. And Bill Cobb, the son-of-a-bitch . . .

Aloud he remarked facetiously: "I always preferred brunettes."

"The hair would be no problem," Gillespie said. "But the eyes—" He shook his head. "Seven thousand visual response circuits to be disconnected and assembled again plus a new skull casing. It would take months and increase the price enormously."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand is quite a gamble."

"You want her then?"

"I didn't say that." He shifted his attention from the doll to Dr. Gillespie, who was slouched in his desk chair picking his prominent teeth with the corner of a match folder. His fingernails were dirty. "You have an unsavory reputation, Dr. Gillespie."

"True, but totally undeserved. I was acquitted at my trial."

"I studied the case thoroughly before coming to see you. Your acquittal seemed due to the fact that the prosecution was totally unable to explain to the jury just how you did what you did."

"Because I did nothing at all. A speck of dust in the cryogenic chamber developing a miniature short circuit that raised the temperature a fraction of a degree, thereby causing a slight malfunction in a defective semi-conductor."

"And by an amazing bit of happenstance it resulted in the siphoning off into nowhere of some 20,000 a month for god knows how long before it was discovered."

Dr. Gillespie shook his head, unperturbed. "As I explained to the jury, the 20,000-a-month was entirely a fictitious creation of the computer, a product of that same malfunctioning semi-conductor. So in casting the 20,000 into limbo, the machine was merely correcting itself. After all, it was never determined who suffered a loss."

"When you were processing the accounts of 50 different corporations, such a loss could be easily hidden. And somewhere you had an accomplice." He glanced thoughtfully at the doll who had just crossed her legs and was decorously smoothing her skirt.

"It seems useless to deny anything," said Dr. Gillespie, "acquittal or none."

"Quite so. Because it's an undeniable fact that despite your pre-eminence in your field, no one has risked hiring your talents since."

"An injustice, and it has driven me to such extreme circumstances that I'm forced to put Myra on the block. Never believe, Mr. Hammond, that I created her with the thought of selling her. She has been my secret hobby for years. A quarter of a million is a small price. Myra, stand up."

Myra arose from her chair, a model of grace, soft eyes on her creator. She posed there, waiting.

"Walk about a bit. Let Mr. Hammond see how you move."

Hammond watched as Myra took a casual turn about the room. The thing gave him the creeps and at the same time fascinated him. She aroused a deep hunger. He could feel her physical warmth as she passed close to him. "What does she use for energy?" he said.

"Food, of course. I assure you that in every respect but one you may treat her as a living woman."

"What's the exception?"

"You must not whip her. The skin is too delicate. How old are you, Myra?"

"Twenty-four," Myra said.

"An age at which she will remain," said Gillespie. "Physically, that is. Mentally, she is still capable of growth through her feed-back system. She can learn by experience, thereby giving you the opportunity to reshape her personality to fit your own requirements. You should find her pleasing as she is, though—cheerful, ready to gratify your every whim, economical to maintain and totally undemanding. You may sit down again, Myra. She is even quite talented. I was unable to build into her the ability to play the violin—that instrument has nuances as yet beyond the reach of computerization—but she is versatile on the piano and sings well. Her vocabulary of 12,000 words is, I regret to say, limited to the English language. Should you speak French to her, the result is confusion. *N'est-ce pas*, Myra?"

Thus addressed Myra smiled helplessly and shrugged her shoulders. It seemed to Hammond that she even blushed. Delightful. It only made her the more human.

"She is by no means an intellectual," Gillespie continued. "Had I programmed her for abstract intelligence or scientific knowledge, I would only have been duplicating my own mind and that would have made her a most disagreeable companion. I wanted something warm, emotional, sexual—something able to simulate every endearing human frailty. Incidentally, she prefers scotch to bourbon and it would be wise of you to lock your liquor cabinet if you leave her alone for any protracted period."

"You speak as if I already own her."

Dr. Gillespie shrugged. "There are others I can approach. It all has to be done on an individual basis, Myra being unique. Mass production is impossible and I can sell her only once. I chose you as my first prospect because you're still young enough to appreciate her charms, you're nauseatingly rich, and you've had trouble finding a wife to please you—or one whom you please. I might point out also that, except for myself, only you know of Myra's existence. You can amuse yourself by passing her off as a genuine article for as long as you like. You can arouse endless speculation among your acquaintances concerning her background and ancestry. I imagine that some of your lecherous friends might even try to seduce her. Ha, ha, what a joke! You can clothe her in furs and diamonds without fear of her claiming them as her own. And if some unforeseen disruption of your own personality should render her useless to you, you can always sell her, just as you would a yacht or a Renoir. I believe you recently bought a Renoir for twice what I'm asking for Myra."

"That's the trouble," Hammond said, studying the robot. Gillespie's remark about lecherous friends had again put him in mind of Bill Cobb, the son-of-a-bitch. It would be amusing to have a woman whom Bill would pant over but couldn't have, a woman of unshakable fidelity to him, Lyle Hammond, only.

"What's the trouble?" said Gillespie.

"Simply that if she's all you say she is, you're asking too little. Your reputation, Dr. Gillespie—how do I know but what a week or month from now her skin will peel off, or that some of her chemical components will start leaking and rot out her insides?"

guided his acquisition towards its satin expanse, he experienced a quivering in his thighs 9

Dr. Gillespie unkinked his lanky figure from his chair and glowered down at Hammond. "Would Michelangelo have wasted his time carving his Moses in soap? And if you truly believe me capable of committing that intricate crime to which you attribute my unsavory character, then you must also believe me capable of creating this complex masterpiece called Myra. As for the price, you may pay me a half million or even a million if you prefer. I only point out that the purchase of an object such as this will, if it becomes known, make you the butt of lewd speculation. Hence I've set a price that will arouse no curiosity in financial circles. To you a quarter of a million is pocket money. You can have the cash here within an hour—and depart with Myra at your side."

An hour later Lyle Hammond put Myra into the front seat of his Bentley and slid in beside her at the wheel. He drove off quickly, anxious to get far away from the mocking presence of Dr. Gillespie who had concluded the transaction by addressing Myra:

"Myra, go with Mr. Hammond. You are his. I now pronounce you man and robot."

Then the bastard had winked. Well, there'd been no way Hammond could make the purchase through a third party and keep Myra's true nature a secret.

She appeared relaxed, watching the passing scene as he drove along. Should he attempt conversation? The thought rendered him self-conscious, a most illogical reaction. After all, he often spoke to his dog and sometimes even addressed his automobile as though it were a sentient being. He always referred to his yacht in the feminine gender. Had he purchased a new tape recorder, the first thing he'd do would be turn it on and see if it worked. So he'd purchased Myra. He should try her out.

"A nice day," he said.

"Lovely," she replied, "but it will rain tonight."

"Oh? How do you know that?"

"The clouds, darling. All over the sky."

Hmm, so there were, so there were. A proper response to a visual stimulus, even though her predictions might prove erroneous. But the possibility made him collect his thoughts. On a rainy night a man and his robot should be snugly alone somewhere.

"I keep an apartment in town," he said. "Only a few close friends know about it."

"How nice," she said.

"Yes," he said. "High up with a private patio and garden area. We can have the place to ourselves for a few days while we—uh—get acquainted." She glanced at him with a shy smile, then lowered her eyes. "What I mean," he said brusquely, "is that I want to put you through your paces, find out how you perform, learn to operate you so that I don't make any mistakes when I take you out in public."

Myra giggled.

"Why do you laugh?"

"Such a way to put things," she said. "As though I'm something with a crank."

"How much is nine times six?"

"Sixty-three," she said.

"No, no 54. Nine times seven is 63."

"I'm sorry." She sounded most contrite.

"I suppose Gillespie did it deliberately, fed misinformation into you to make you human. Have you got it right now?"

"Fifty-four," she said.

"But now I think I like 63 better."

The doorman at the apartment house looked at Myra curiously as she and Hammond entered the elevator. It was her clothing, Lyle decided. Gillespie may have used 21-jewel movement in Myra's joints and the finest of gyroscopes in her pelvic cavity to achieve her grace and balance but he'd shown miserly poor taste in selecting her attire. She must have a complete wardrobe the first thing tomorrow. In the meantime . . .

In the meantime here they were alone in his suite, an elegant place reflecting Hammond's rich and sensuous tastes. He found his pulse quickening as he ushered Myra in and closed the door. His palms had become moist. "I'll show you around," he said after putting away their coats. "How quickly do you register a new environment?"

"It depends," she said vaguely, eyeing the bar.

"Then take my arm and come along."

The touch of her hand on his arm made him draw in his breath sharply. It was, he realized, the first time he'd actually made physical contact with her. Her hand there—so natural, the fingers beautifully tapered, the nails with their perfect half-moons. He patted the fingers to reassure himself and felt them give an answering pressure on his arm. Gillespie had squirted her with a most intoxicating perfume. No doubt she knew the brand. "The kitchen is here," he said. "I seldom use it but I might ask you to get a meal now and then just to amaze my guests. Tonight we'll have a few drinks and send out for something. What would you like?"

"Scotch," she said, "with just a tiny dash of soda."

"I mean what would you like to eat?"

"Lobster. Or maybe tournedos with mushrooms."

"Good. And out here—the patio." Evening had come and the city glowed up at them. Some two blocks away on the roof of a dance studio was a huge three-dimensional advertisement, a sort of stage in a billboard frame whereon two mechanical figures, a man in tails and a woman in evening dress, danced. He had seen them many times before but now in the company of Myra the presence of the pair, even two blocks away, embarrassed him. How monotonous they were, executing the same pattern of motion over and over, two steps to the left, a step to the right, a sway and a bow, turn back and repeat. Cadavers in clothes, a pair of Myra's remote ancestors in the tree of technological evolution. He led her back into the apartment before her eyes had a chance to register the dancers on her memory bank.

"The bar," he said.

"Scotch," said Myra, "with just a tiny dash of soda."

"I was given to understand you are capable of mixing drinks," he said, sliding back the panel to reveal his stock. "Make mine a martini."

Myra smiled and went to work. She made an excellent martini—very cold, very dry—but he was alarmed at the amount of scotch she tipped into her glass, and no soda at all. "Doesn't that have any effect on your circuits?" he said.

"It knocks out some of my inhibitors," she said, gulping off half the drink at once.

"This way," he said and guided her through the hallway. "The bedroom." As he gazed at the satin expanse of bed he felt his palms grow moist again and experienced a quivering in his thighs. He hadn't used the bed for any purpose except sleep for several months now, not since the night he found his fourth wife in it with Bill Cobb, the son-of-a-bitch. It

was a memory he hoped to eradicate and why should he wait? Myra was his to do with as he wished, ready to gratify his every whim. Anything, anything. All he had to do was be bold enough to give instructions.

The trembling in his loins spread upward to his breast and outward to his fingers. He set down his martini and took her glass from her hand. He cleared his throat. "Myra", he said, annoyed at a squeakiness in his voice when he meant it to sound commanding. "Myra, take off your clothes."

She breathed deeply, looking up at him. "Of course," she murmured, "unless you'd rather take them off for me?"

Damnation. Was she critical of his approach? He turned her around so that she couldn't see his flush and unzipped the back of her dress, pulling it off over her head. His hands were shaking so that he couldn't manage the hook on her brassiere and had to take it off by rending the fabric. She sat down on the bed and extended her legs to have shoes and stockings removed. Holy Moses, what a torso! He had to rip off his necktie and shirt to relieve a sense of suffocation. His heart was hammering so hard he could hear it. What the hell was wrong with him? He'd never been in such a state of excitement before, not even with his first wife. He knelt to pull off her stockings, and the blood rushing to his head made him giddy. He peeled a stocking down and then abruptly arose and rushed from the bedroom, aware that if his hands lingered on that shapely leg any longer he was going to have an ejaculation. God, what an embarrassment! Get control of yourself, old man—she's a machine.

At the bar he dumped himself a drink and swallowed it. A machine, a machine, a machine. A simulated woman created by the unprincipled genius of Dr. Gillespie. And why did Gillespie create her? To use her, of course. She was a used machine, a second-hand car.

The thought of Dr. Gillespie in bed with Myra was sufficiently revolting to give reason the ascendancy over passion. He poured another drink and stepped out on the patio, gazing off at the mechanical monsters who gyrated above the dance studio. Would he go to bed with that thing of rods and plastic in the evening dress? Unthinkable. Would he make love to his phonograph? Have an affair with his motion picture projector? Be thrown into an erotic passion by his refrigerator? No, no, no!

But the fact was that he *had* been in a state of passion, a state of unbridled lust that should have been impossible without a living stimulant. And what was alive in the situation? Himself, of course. And only himself. Good god, he saw it now! He'd been alone here all the time. It was masturbation! No matter what Myra's appearance or complexity, the use of her was pure auto-eroticism. Narcissism. It was himself he lusted after and more passionately than after any woman. He had bought Myra to disguise the act of raping himself! No wonder all his wives had been unfaithful. What a revelation!

A sound in the apartment made him turn. Myra was at the bar pouring herself another scotch, bare to the waist, the stocking he had started to remove trailing from her foot. The sight of her brought on a wave of self-revulsion. She looked at him with sadly questioning eyes as he walked past her towards the bedroom.

"You left me," she said. "Don't I please you?"

He didn't answer. In the bedroom he recovered his shirt and tie, then found his jacket. "Stay here," he said to Myra. His voice was under control now. He was merely giving an auditory command to an electronic device. Then he left the apartment.

He wasn't certain just what he intended to do if he found Dr. Gillespie—maybe offer to sell Myra back to him for what ever he could get, or maybe just punch him in the nose a few times. But he did neither because Dr. Gillespie wasn't available. He had departed with a suitcase some time ago. In the suitcase, Hammond realized, was a quarter of a million in cash. About all he could do about Myra was smash

her up and feed her down the disposer. He headed back for his apartment.

When he let himself in, he found Bill Cobb sitting in the living-room, a drink in his hand, hair touselled, feet bare, and an expression of guilt on his face.

"What the hell," said Hammond.

"Heard you were in town and thought I'd drop around," Bill said.

"How'd you get in?"

"The broad—excuse me—the girl let me in."

"Last time it was my wife who let you in."

"Now look, Lyle, I've told you how awful I felt about that. You've got to believe me. I couldn't help it."

"Sure, Bill. I understand it now. It was my wife who insisted and I know why. Nothing you could do."

Bill studied him a moment, seemingly not sure of his sincerity. Lyle reaffirmed his statement and Bill's face cleared somewhat. "That's great of you, Lyle. Just great. But this girl who let me in . . . you aren't planning to marry her or anything?"

Hammond gave an involuntary snort of laughter. "No. Or anything."

Bill's face cleared completely. "That's a relief, a great relief. 'Cause you see, Lyle, when she let me in she was half naked and sort of drunk and pretty amorous. I asked for you and she said you'd walked out on her and one thing led to another until—well . . ."

Hammond felt a grin tugging at his lips. "You mean you've been to bed with her?"

"Bed, hell. It happened right there on the floor, right on that six-inch pile. All right, what's so damned funny? Does she have VD or something?"

Hammond stopped grinning and started laughing. He hadn't laughed so hard in years. Tears streamed down his face. "Not VD," he gasped. "You're perfectly safe. But, oh, what vengeance!"

"I don't get it," Bill said angrily.

"You will, you will. Wait till I open her up for you. I'll get her from the bedroom."

"She's not in the bedroom. She got dressed and left."

"Left?" Lyle stopped laughing. "That's impossible!" He ran into the bedroom to see. He searched the patio and looked into the kitchen. Myra was gone. "But she couldn't possibly leave!"

"She could and she did."

"But I ordered her to stay here!"

"You mean you think she'd pay attention to that?"

"She had to! My every command. She has no mind of her own—unless . . . unless . . ." He couldn't voice the apprehension that was making a vacuum out of his solar plexus.

"She has a mind of her own. And as long as you're being so broad-minded about it, I gotta tell you it was the best god-dam lay I ever had in my life! What the hell's eating you now?"

Lyle Hammond was sobbing.

"You son-of-a-bitch, Bill Cobb. You son-of-a-bitch!"

Myra rejoined Dr. Gillespie on a Mediterranean island and in the evening they walked to a lonely point of rocks above the sea.


"The money?" she said.

"Deposited according to plan along with the corporation embezzlements. Well over a million in all."

"I think that's enough. Goodbye, Dr. Gillespie."

"Goodbye, Myra."

She lifted a hand to stroke his face, then slid a finger behind his left ear, pressing hard. There was a click followed by a mechanical whirring from Dr. Gillespie's insides that whined to a halt as he collapsed. Myra consulted her watch.

"Twenty seconds," she said, and leaping down the rocks she ran off along the beach. She paused 19 seconds later to look back. A second after that Dr. Gillespie blew up. 



"What do you mean, I'd be your secretary if you were Mr. Balfour?"

GOODBYE, 1970-YOU STINK

HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

1970, you dog you.

You call that a way to start a decade? Go stick your head in the oven. No wonder I didn't keep any of my resolutions. In a year like you, who'd want to? Swine.

Now I'm supposed to make resolutions for a brand new turkey.

This is a particularly stupid time to think of the future. The year doesn't start until April or May. Who's the moron who decided to begin a year in the goddam freezing middle? *Nothing* starts this time of year, not a flower, your car, your blood, nothing. It's dark out and it's surly. Indoors everything smells like wet old folks.

Why, it's a ridiculous situation! Outside Radio City Music Hall in New York City a herd of cattle dressed up in people clothes are standing huddled in the snow, four abreast for half a mile, waiting for the helicopters to come over and drop hay for them. They stand there for hours, anxious to get inside and muck up the carpeting. Sheer heaven is in there! Popcorn! Urns, big urns, like from Greece! Oil paintings, like from Italy! Free johns! A giant symphony orchestra, like live, playing a medley of your favorites from Victor Herbert! (You kids don't realize what's a real song with that trash you listen to.) On the giant screen, a clean movie—the whole family will go stark staring crazy with apathy, like.

In the bar down the street every time the door opens a mass of cold air rushes in to neutralize the radiators. Cold men stand separate, spaced along the moldy bar in the sawdust, not talking, barely drinking, doing nothing. 1970 has done them in. You may call it a year, they call it a friggin' disaster.

Well, this is certainly no time for making decisions on how to live in future. The whole world is up to its belly button in slush. What I suggest is not making any resolutions at all right now. Wait till Spring. Or, better yet, wait till *next* New Year's. That way you have a whole year in which to make adjustments, straighten out your thinking, try on a few for size, etc. etc. What follows are a few possible resolves for 1972.

For a year from now, it is hereby resolved (more or less):

1 No more going to sex in the theatre.

No part of the body looks good 20 feet high. Watching strangers have a go is unrewarding. Client fell asleep at *I Am Curious*, proving that fat-assed Swedes are just as boring when belly-bumping as they are out on the sidewalk with their neckties on. Anything by Andy Warhol is as emotionally stirring as a bubblebath. Watching a saggy shopgirl toy with a pimply hop-head has all the social significance of a month in Altoona, Pennsylvania. And it's demeaning to sit in a movie with a bunch of middle-aged mouth breathers of the Baptist persuasion.

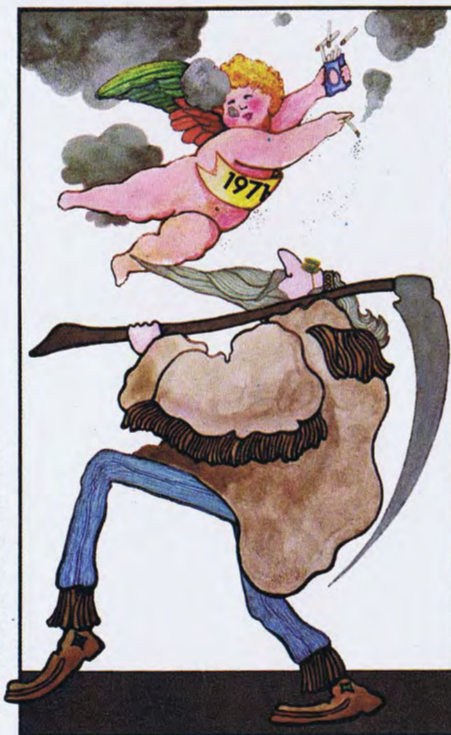


ILLUSTRATION BY COLIN MIER

2 Client likes the generation gap and will try to enlarge it. Client does not like amplified guitars. Prefers music to electricity. He will not wear Indian headbands, Levis, fringed jackets, his hair in a pony tail or anything else that removes his individuality and makes him merely a part of a crowd. He refuses to have his political thinking done by the Doors, the Floors or the Basement. (He won't have it done for him, either, by men who eat lunch out of a paper bag while sitting on a girder.) He has never heard nor read of a successful revolution conducted by Daddy-supported acid-heads. Client wishes to Freak In. While he understands that the system is about

40 years behind the times, he does not care to discuss the future along lines laid down by the Led Zeppelin. Client wishes to be excused from any courses conducted by Mick Jagger.

3 Resolved never, never to have anything to do with people whose deepest thoughts are pasted on their automobile bumpers. And, while he doesn't believe that a policeman is a pig, neither does he think that a cop wearing an American flag is a hero.

4 Many Americans have left the country for Australia, Canada, the British Isles *et al.* Resolved: Not to enter a sea of troubles I know not of. The U.S.A. is filled with sons of bitches. Well, they're *my* sons of bitches. Me stay.

5 No more girl-watching. What's there to see? A short girl in a midi looks like Dopey the dwarf trying to catch up. A tall girl in one of these things looks like she has something to hide. When milady wears a hat, long coat and boots, what's there to watch, a nose? This is all part of a Communist plot to cut down the birth rate. They're trying to screw us out of a country.


6 Resolved: To stop looking for a girl who is rich and beautiful. The only way to make an impression on that type is to own a fleet of oil tankers and a country with a junta. Beautiful rich girls think of people like me as amusing. When one talks to me, she stands with her back to the wall so she can look around the room for a guy with a fleet of tankers. And yet . . .

7 Resolved: There will be more eating, drinking, smoking and lovemaking. They say that half the world goes to bed hungry every night. Well, let them write pieces for magazines the way I do. There's millions in it.

And lots more smoking. Nobody prints "This may be dangerous to your health" on the side of my car. No smart-ass is going to tell me what to die of. The second I go there's one less mouth to feed. They ought to be grateful. The only person I want to outlive is Spiro Agnew.

Of course when it comes to love-making, all the resolutions in the world won't help. I may actually have to cut down. To once every two months.

Well, those are the resolutions.

Not for this year. Next year. 

GUCCIONE

ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE



YOU
HAVE
A
DIFFICULT
CASE,
MR. BAKER



THE FACT THAT YOU
HATED YOUR WIFE IS
AND WAS INESCAPABLY
OBVIOUS. HER WILL NAMES
YOU AS THE SOLE
BENEFICIARY AND
AS A RESULT
OF HER
UNTIMELY AND
TRAGIC DEATH
YOU HAVE BECOME
AN ENORMOUSLY
WEALTHY MAN



YOU HAD **BOTH** MOTIVE
AND OPPORTUNITY AND
ANY ALIBI YOU MIGHT
CONCEIVABLY
MOUNT WOULD
BE TORN
TO SHREDS
IN A MATTER
OF SECONDS



THE KNIFE WITH WHICH
SHE WAS STABBED 37
TIMES HAS **YOUR** FINGER
PRINTS ALL OVER IT AND
YOUR SUIT, WHICH WAS
HIDDEN IN THE
BASEMENT OF
YOUR HOUSE,
IS COVERED WITH
BLOOD IDENTICAL
TO HER OWN **RARE**
GROUP



THERE ARE 14
EYE-WITNESSES
PLACING **YOU** AT THE
SCENE OF THE CRIME
AND THREE
MORE EYE-
WITNESSES
THAT WILL
SWEAR TO
SEEING **YOU**
ACTUALLY
COMMIT IT



NOW
HERE'S
MY
PLAN

Guccione

THE END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

cannot possibly be controlled?

Well, as long as we burn fossil fuels (and only so can we get energy out of them) we must produce carbon dioxide. At the moment, we are adding about 8 billion tons of carbon dioxide to the atmosphere each year by burning fossil fuels. This doesn't seem like much when you consider that the total amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is about 2,280 billion tons or nearly 300 times the quantity we are adding per year.

However, by the time all our fossil fuel is gone, in 2150 A.D., we will have added a total of 60,000 billion tons of carbon dioxide to the atmosphere, or better than 25 times the total quantity now present in the air. A little of this added supply might be dissolved in the oceans, absorbed by chemicals in the soil, taken up by a faster-growing plant life. Most, however, would remain in the atmosphere.

By 2150 A.D., then, the percentage of carbon dioxide in the air would rise from the present 0.04 percent to somewhere in the neighborhood of 1 percent. (The oxygen content, 500 times the carbon dioxide, would be scarcely affected by this change alone.)

This higher percentage of carbon dioxide would not be enough to asphyxiate us, but it wouldn't have to. Carbon dioxide is responsible for what is called the "greenhouse effect." It is transparent to the short waves of sunlight, but relatively opaque to the longer waves of infrared. Sunlight passes through the atmosphere, reaches the surface of the earth and heats it. At night, the earth re-radiates heat as infrared and this has trouble getting past the carbon dioxide. The earth therefore remains warmer than it would be if there were no carbon dioxide at all in the atmosphere.

If the present carbon dioxide content of the atmosphere were merely to double, the average temperature of the earth would increase by 3.6°C. We might be able to stand the warmer summers and the milder winters but what of the ice-caps on Greenland and Antarctica? At the higher temperatures, the ice-caps would lose more ice in the summer than they would regain in the winter. They would begin to melt year by year at an accelerating pace and the sea-level would inexorably rise. By the time all the ice-caps were melted, the sea-level would be at least 200 feet higher than it is and

the ocean, at low tide, would lap about the 20th floor of the Empire State Building. All the lowlands of Earth, containing its most desirable farmland and its densest load of population would be covered by the rolling waters.

At the rate at which fossil fuels are being increasingly used now, the ice-caps will be melting rapidly about a century from now. To prevent this, we might make every effort to switch from fossil fuel to fission fuel, but in doing that, we would be producing radioactive ash in enormous quantities and that would present an even greater and more dangerous problem than carbon dioxide would.

The outside limit of safety, thanks to pollution, no matter *what* we do (short of limiting population and energy consumption) is only 100 years from now. Unless we develop massive fusion power by 2070, the face of the earth will be irremediably changed, with enormous damage to mankind.

But do we even have that century in which to maneuver if we don't limit population? It is not just that population is increasing, but that it is growing even more unbalanced. It is the cities, the metropolitan agglomerates, that are increasing their loads of humanity, while the rural areas are, if anything, actually decreasing in population. This is most marked in the industrialized and "advanced" areas of the world, but it is making itself felt everywhere, with increasing force, as the decades slip by.

It is estimated that the urban population of the earth is doubling not every 35 years, but every *eleven* years. By 2005 A.D. when the earth's total population will have doubled, the metropolitan population will have increased over ninefold.

This is serious. We are already witnessing a breakdown in the social structure; a breakdown that is concentrated most strongly in just those advanced nations where urbanization is most apparent. Within those nations, it is concentrated most in the cities, and, in particular, in the most crowded portions of those cities.

There is no question but that when living beings are crowded beyond a certain point, many forms of pathological behavior become manifest. This has been found to be true in laboratory experiments on rats, and the newspaper and our own experience should convince us that this is true for human beings also.

Population has been increasing as long as the human race has existed, but never at the present rate, and never under conditions of such fullness-of-earth. In past generations, when a man could not stand the crowds, he could run away to sea, emigrate to America

or Australia, move toward the frontier. But now the earth is filled up and one can only remain festering in the crowds, which grow ever worse.

And does social disintegration increase merely as the population increases, or as the level of urbanization increases? Will its level double only every 35 years or even only every 11 years? Somehow, I think not. I suspect that what counts in creating the kind of troubles we see about us—the hostilities, angers, rebellions, withdrawals—is not just the number of people swarming about each individual, but the number of interactions possible between an individual and the people swarming about him.

For instance, if A and B are in close proximity, they may possibly quarrel; but an A-B quarrel is all that is possible. If A, B, and C, are all in close proximity, then A may quarrel with B or with C; or B may quarrel with C. Where two individuals may have only one two-way quarrel, three individuals may have three different quarrels of this sort, and four individuals six different quarrels. In short, the number of possible interactions increases much more rapidly than the mere number of people crowded together does. If the metropolitan areas increase ninefold in population by the year 2000 then I suspect that the level of social disorder and disintegration will increase (at a guess) fiftyfold, and I feel pretty sure that society will not be able to bear the load.

I conclude, then, that we have only the space of the next generation to stop the population increase and reorganize our cities to prevent the pathological crowding that now occurs. We have 30 years—till 2000 A.D.—to do it in and that estimate is rather on the optimistic side, if anything. Unfortunately, I don't think that mankind can fundamentally alter its ways of thinking and acting within 30 years even in the most favorable conditions; and the conditions are far from favorable. As it happens, those who dominate human society are, generally, old men in comfortable circumstances, who are frozen in the thought-patterns of a past generation, and who cling suicidally to the way of life to which they are accustomed.

It seems to me, then, that by 2000 A.D. or possibly earlier, man's social structure will have utterly collapsed, and that in the chaos that will result as many as three billion people will die.

Nor is there likely to be a chance of recovery thereafter, for in the chaos the nuclear buttons are only too apt to be pushed, and those who survive will then face an earth which will probably be poisoned by radiation for an indefinite period into the future.

And as far as human civilization is concerned, that will be

THE END



GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER

SOCKSUAL PROWESS

Anyone who's ever taken a college course in elementary psychology (and what college student hasn't?) will recall that Freud was a great believer in the sexual significance of feet. Now Dr. Ernest Dichter, head of the Institute of Motivational Research, has just released findings of a survey that proves without a doubt that feet are still very much with us, that way. He says, for instance, that both men and women consider large feet to be very masculine. Women who knit socks and care for their man's sock wardrobe are paying homage to his virility. Men interpret this as a sign of affection and a hymn to their masculinity. In fact, to many men, an empty sock drawer portends domestic doldrums. Such womanly neglect shows a lack of consideration, concern and love.

Last year, 680 million pairs of men's socks were sold. Women are inclined to pick out for their men socks which they themselves consider sensual, socks with interesting designs and weaves and which hug and slim the leg. Undoubtedly, women are also behind the current war against "calf gap," that horror of horrors where a stretch of hairy shin is allowed to bristle forth when a man crosses his legs. Over-the-calf socks are now the rage, of course, with such name designers as Bill Blass, John Weitz, Schiaparelli and Christian Dior all making them.

Dr. Dichter's survey was sponsored by E. I. du Pont, the company that just happens to make most of the fibers from which such companies as Burlington and Esquire make most of their socks. Among the many facts revealed in the study, only one, *that an empty sock drawer is a symbol of an empty heart*, sounds suspiciously as though it came from the company's creative advertising department rather than from its motivational research lab.

Nonetheless, Dr. Dichter also learned that the general tendency is for men to buy their socks too large, indicating a hidden desire for longer, more potent feet, and that many men also tend to fear an interest in socks. They try to pretend that they don't notice their own or other men's socks, for to do so in our culture is considered too effeminate.

He feels that an advertising campaign geared to making men change their socks every day (25 per cent of them now don't) would be beneficial, and that socks should be designed to give a

full, strong, secure look to a man's foot. "Here we can see the need for padding certain parts of the sock," he says.

Finally, and this could be about as profound a thought as you care to make it, the sock user should be reminded that while he has a close attachment to his socks, he doesn't love them all equally.

THE SEAMY ORIENT

Just returned from Singapore and Hong Kong (via a Qantas inaugural to the delightful island of Bali) where it's impossible to walk half a block in any direction without getting sized-up and measured for a suit, both visually and physically. Almost all major hotels now have exclusive little tailor shops in or off the main lobby, acting as front offices

Below: To a man's heart via his feet?

Bottom right: Rhythmic patterns for pairs



for the more established tailoring outfits located in these cities. That means higher prices. In fact, I found all those fabulous bargains in suits pretty much of a myth. Fabric designs were archaic and workmanship, especially when you get one of those 24 or 48 hour rush jobs, questionable. Suits that are supposed to last forever frequently fall apart at the seams after six or seven months of wear, or the lining drops out. While I was there, most tailors seemed more genuinely interested in the suits and jackets I was wearing (mostly new doubleknits) than in what they were trying to sell me. Shirt buys are still outstanding, however, if you like silk shirts and Oriental monograms.

HANGOVERKILL

A new product in corner drugstores everywhere is **Chaser For Hangover**, available without prescription and especially formulated to relieve headache, accompanying depression, fatigue and the morning-after nausea that frequently accompanies too much whoopee the night before. A warning on the back of the package advises that the tablets should not be taken for more than ten days in a row unless directed by a physician. That's what we call one hell of a hangover.

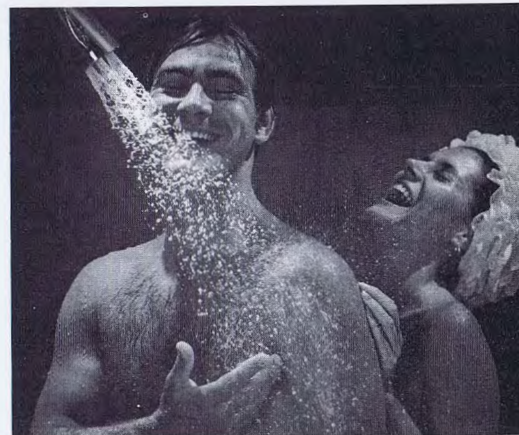
SHAREABLE SHOWER

A new, triple-action, triple-turbine Body Toner shower head from the H.B. Sherman Company of Battlecreek, available in four decorator colors for \$19.95, isn't half as interesting as the publicity photo that accompanied the product's announcement.

Three miniature turbine jets whirling at high speed break up the flow of water into individual droplets and disperse them in a rhythmic pattern. The effect is almost like a massage, says the announcement, soothing but invigorating, relaxing tension and toning tired muscles.

Moreso, as the Body Toner publicity photo seems to suggest, if you're not alone when you step into the shower and the lady (notice her left index finger) isn't your wife.

Tsk, tsk...





So special is it for spectator sports to insist that their audiences be outfitted identically to their performers (who ever heard of Olympic swimming supporters filling the stands in swimsuits, or a race crowd in jockey silks?) that the adamant application of such a principle arouses immediate attention. Admission tickets to California's frolic of femininity known as the Miss Nude Cosmos Pageant specifically state that all buff buffs must agree to the Oakdale Guest Ranch rule of "disrobing while on the grounds." Oakdale, the sole society of skin supporters to demand deshabille on the parts of everyone who attends, presumably holds that, if nothing else, it shows who's rooting for whom.

FAIREST & BAREST

Audience participation accompanied the au naturel selection of Miss Nude Cosmos, with even the buffs in the buff

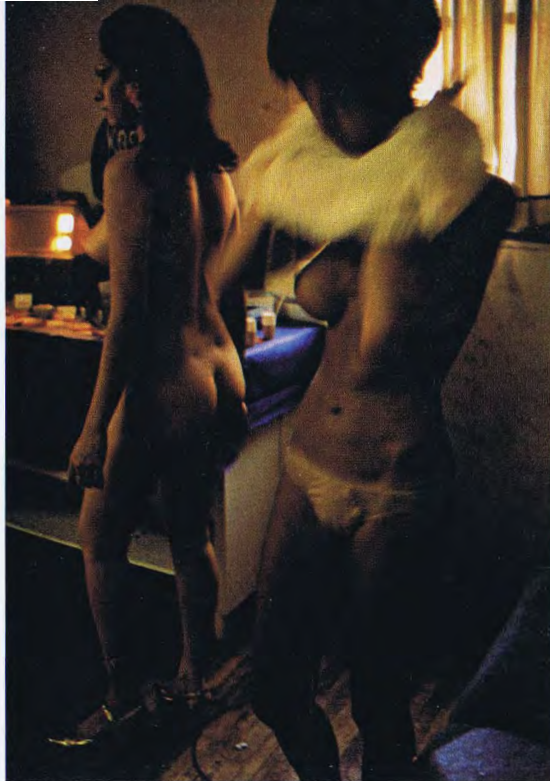


PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON MESAROS

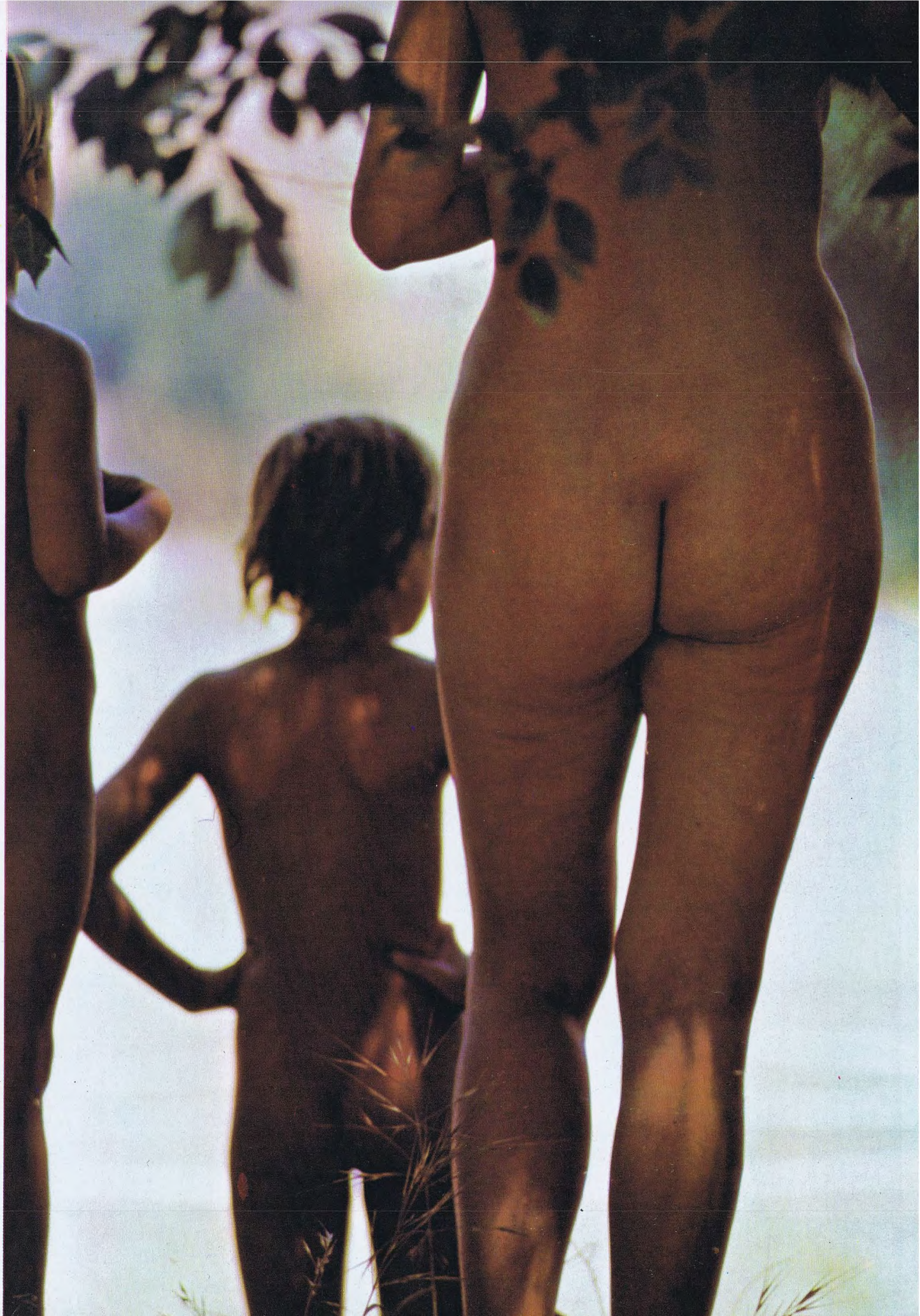


Left: audience members all get the opportunity to get in there with the Kodak. Top: two of the comely contenders, and (center) the equally uncovered judges. Bottom picture is precisely that, as all 37 undressed aspirants parade poolside for the epidermal estimation of audience and adjudicators alike
Facing page: rearguard supporter at Miss Nude Cosmos Pageant complies with undress order.

This year's Pageant was the sixth and biggest, with more epidermal entrants (37) than ever before, all vying for birthday-suit honors. It's the brainchild of Mel Hocker, proprietor of Oakdale. A longtime resident of Long Beach, he witnessed the swim-costumed Miss Universe Pageants with increasing impatience, and finally formulated an altogether tourney, where contestants would be judged on their incontestable attributes, and not on their ability to wear a bikini better. The first of Mel's melees was held in August of 1964, under the tag of "Miss Nude Universe Pageant". It aroused publicity, fury, envy, moral rectitude—and litigation from the organisers of the Miss Universe Pageant. In 1968, Mel altered the name to Miss Nude Cosmos. On Pageant day, the secluded stamping-grounds of Oakdale



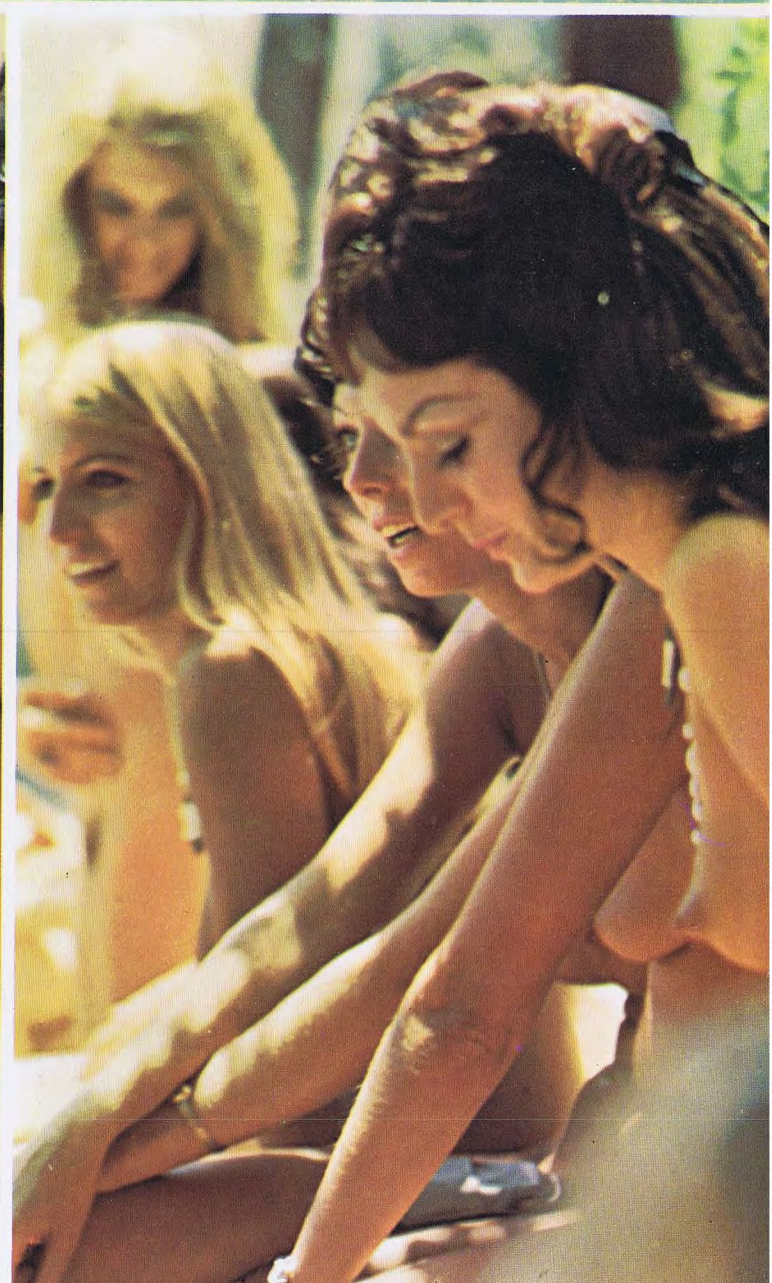
Above: after their introduction to spectators, the girls proceed to a special backdrop, where (right) they can be pictured for pulchritudinous posterity. Top left: in the seclusion of Oakdale's main mansion, Cosmos-nauts prepare for blastoff in the dressing-rooms. Top right: it takes each girl over two hours to make up for her appearance in the buff before the assembled appreciators of uncluttered contests. Facing page: all ages and lifestyles are present at the naked knockout.






The grand line-up of contestants before the announcement (also right and far right) of the girls who go forward. Left: the Miss Nude Cosmos stakes are organized with the same slickness as Miss Universe contests, only sans swimsuits. Here an undressed usher sends a naked protagonist on her parade, before (below) the original 37 wait tensely for their reduction to 15 semi-finalists.







were host to hundreds of uncovered enthusiasts, and the outcome of the world's most titillating title-fight was once more in the bountiful balance. As soon as the magnificent 37 arrived, they were ushered to a cosmonauties' uncover area to doff their daytime duds and make with the make-up. There's more to competing in the Cosmos stakes than stepping out bare-ass in front of an equally unclad audience; there's that much more showing than in regular contests, and it's the that much more that counts. Subsequently, the comely contenders were led to a small western stage set, reminiscent of Dodge City, for a full-frontier introduction to guests and judges alike. One by one, the girls appeared, and it wasn't only saloon doors that swung. Each did a poolside promenade, then progressed to a special backdrop, where anyone with a camera (meaning everyone in their right senses) could take shots of the pulchritudinous protagonists. Fifteen girls were selected for the semi-finals, and were called one by one to rap in the raw with the peeled panel. One more walk round the water, giving all a last moment to reflect, and five winners were announced. First, appropriately, was a dancer from Arcadia, California, Miss Sandi Shane, five feet tall in her heels, 110 pounds, 36-22-36. Miss Nude Cosmos, sadly, won't be making quite the same tour of appearances as Miss Universe makes, but Penthouse is filling the gap with this portfolio. If you like, we mean if you feel you want to, you could always comply with Oakdale's disrobing rule while perusing them. All's bare, we're told, in love and war. 

Left: ripples of excitement go through the gathered girls as the panel award cups to each of the five top tournament winners. The Miss Nude Cosmos title is the most prestigious in the field (others include Miss Nude World and Miss Nude America), and the first prize-winner can consider herself sun-day best. Below: a photographically-inclined member crowns his day before the contest—and its contenders—are wrapped up for another year.



PRESENT-ABLE POURINGS

I never could remember whether St. Nicholas was offered a nightcap before he moved back up the chimney. It's a fair assumption that if he accepted the offer in every house, Christmas morning would see mother's and father's smiles turn into conspiratorial leers, and mother's stockings anyplace but on the mantle. The best of father's everything might certainly have been laid out!

Certainly the season of good cheer is inseparable from the cup that cheers, and that's why potables rank as supremely presentable around now. Here is my selection of beverages to please every special palate and warm the digestive apparatus.


To some of us, traditional fruitcakes

DRINK BY LIONEL BRAUN

steeped in brandy or spiced with wine punches are enough to provoke the spirit of the season, but I think the holidays would lose some of their cheer were it not for the annual fancy-dress of handsome jug decanters, the sculptured crystal pieces wrapped in silver and gold and topped with eye-catching bows. There are bottles with built-in pourers, as well as flat "globe-trotter" flasks. Ceramic decanters include a complete chess set filled with bourbon. There's also a very special cognac sealed in a ceramic barrel replica. Vodkas of every description are on the scene today, from the most popular American-made

distillation to the flavored Russian imports. For champagne connoisseurs, simple gold boxes are all that is called for in this special category. This year, theme your holiday gifts to the "good stuff".

If you are like me, with only one or two stops to make on Christmas Eve—or any eve—a nightcap caps the occasion and warms you for the frosty journey ahead. If you are hosting carolers for refreshment, or whenever cups are raised this winter, serve some coffee along with cognac, vodka, bourbon, scotch or other liquors. It will soften the strains of *Silent Night* and steer you safely into the New Year.

Seasoned Greetings! 

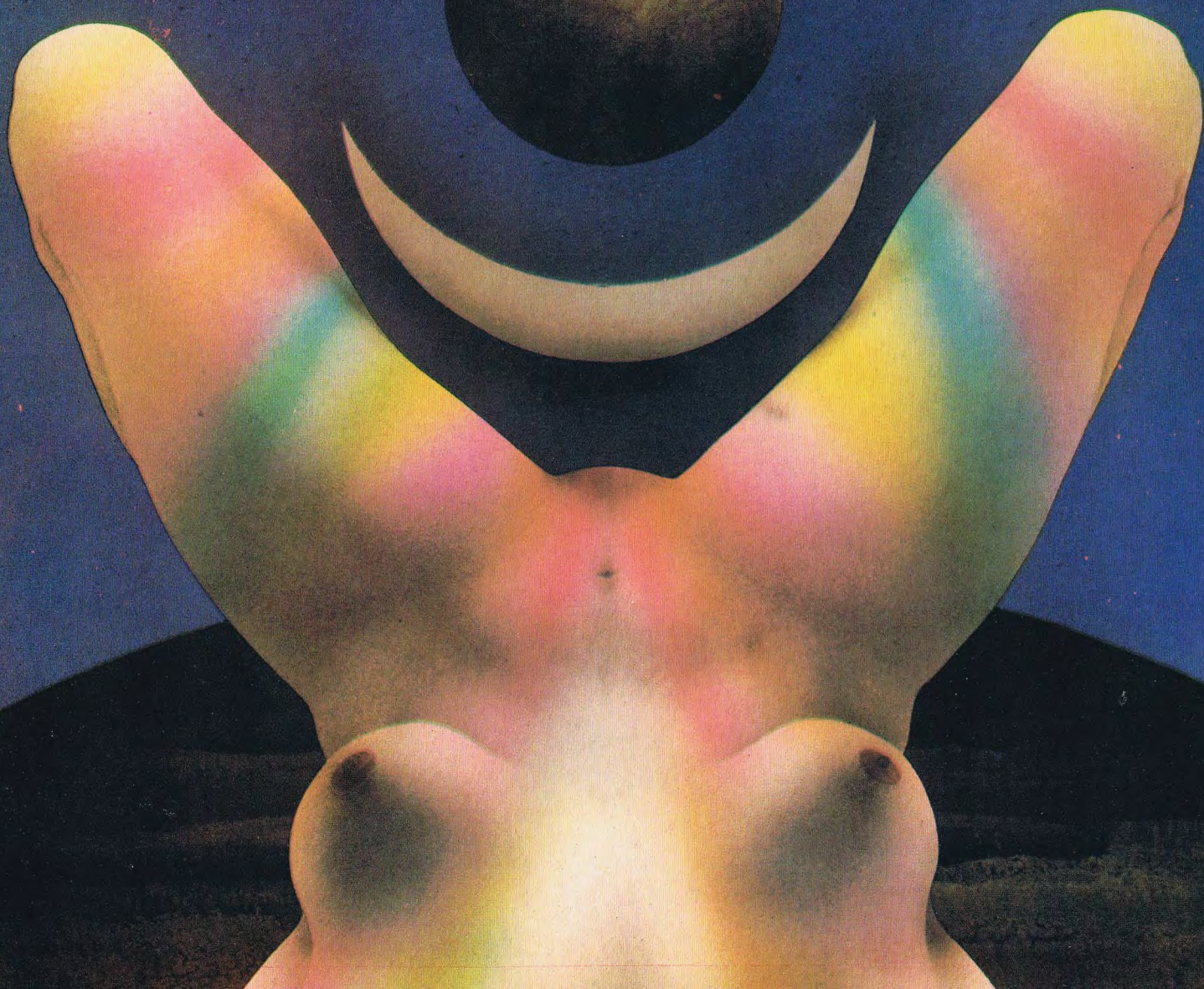
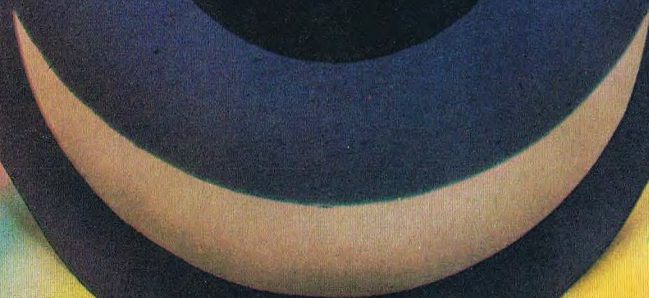
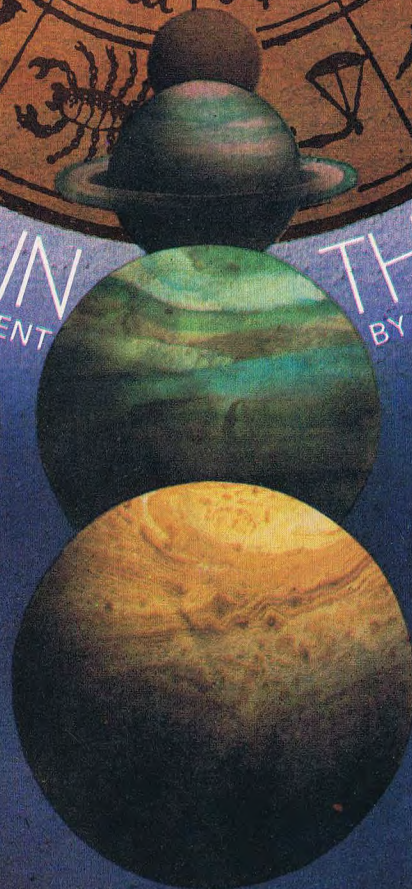
Stock up from a selection like this, and you too can feel like Santa—as Lionel Braun demonstrates. From left: Ruffino Rosatello wine in special cooling decanter; Martell Cordon Bleu cognac; Sabra Israeli liqueur in ancient Palestine-inspired decanter; Laurent Perrier Blanc de Blancs champagne; Smirnoff vodka in gift carton; The President's Choice bourbon comes in suede-like box; 100 Pipers scotch; Russkaya Russian vodka; Hennessy Bras d'Or cognac in gold barrel replica; Master Blenders Pack offers blend-it-yourself ingredients including five different scotches; J&B Scotch; Old Crow bourbon ceramic chess pieces are sold individually, make up a full 32-piece set; Pertsovka pepper-flavored Russian vodka is a novel taste experience; Old Grand-Dad bourbon in half-gallon jug; Royal Ages 15-year-old scotch; Johnnie Walker Black Label scotch in special gift six-pack; Bols crème de menthe in French-inspired flowered ceramic jar; Ballantine scotch-filled zebra is one of an annual line of porcelain collectors' items. Prices not quoted as they vary from state to state.

Photo by J. Barry O'Rourke



SCIENCE IN
AN ARRESTING REASSESSMENT

THE STARS?
BY JOHN ANTHONY WEST



Statistical research shows that birth-dates do affect your career

Oysters open their shells according to the position of the moon

Liability to hemorrhage is linked to phases of the moon

Planetary conjunctions are conditional to magnetic storms

Certain chemicals vary their reactions in tune with cosmic influences

Over the past three decades evidence has been accumulating of striking correlations between events in the heavens and events on earth. If astrological "influence" is a fact it ought to be susceptible to statistical study. With this starting point a number of early studies were made (the most famous by Jung), some of which appeared to vindicate astrological claims, at least to astrological devotees. Then, in 1950, a young Sorbonne graduate in statistics, Michel Gauquelin, set out to disprove these claims, with unexpected results.

With his modern methods Gauquelin was soon able to pick holes in the astrologers' statistics. One by one he discredited the claims, until only one remained. This exception, put forward by a French astrologer named Léon Lasson, maintained that a correlation existed between the position of the planets at birth and the profession a man was later to follow. The test groups employed by Lasson were numerically too small to satisfy statistical standards, but Gauquelin set out to prove them a fluke anyway.

He compiled a statistically acceptable group of 576 eminent professors of medicine and examined their horoscopes. To his surprise he found that both Mars and Saturn "aspected" certain crucial points of the charts of these professors with a frequency far exceeding chance. In fact, the odds against Gauquelin's data being chance were so many thousands to one that he could not allow the matter to rest. Over the next five years, he collected the horoscopes of large test groups of eminent men in nine distinct professions, including military men, politicians, artists, musicians, journalists, scientists, writers, athletes and clerics. In each case, *with no exceptions*, he found Lasson's premise borne out. Despite varying degrees of statistical significance, correlations existed between the positions of the planets at the moment of birth and the profession later pursued.

What is more, Gauquelin's data showed that the individual professions were linked with *specific* planets, and these correlations—allowing for several

striking discrepancies—supported time-honored astrological beliefs. Mars and Saturn were found to be prominent in the charts of scientists and academicians, as any astrologer would have predicted, while Jupiter and Mars recurred in the horoscopes of athletes and soldiers.

Not that Gauquelin was converted to astrology by this evidence. In heated terms he declared that he had discovered brand new planetary influences having nothing to do with that discredited old fraud, astrology. Nor did his data stir interest among his professional colleagues. For the most part, the relevant experts refused even to examine his work. Finally, M. Jean Porte, administrator of the French National Institute of Statistics, was prevailed on to comment.

Porte attacked the work on a number of statistical details, but his overriding objection was that Gauquelin had confined his inquiry to France. According to Porte, all he had done was to turn up a national fluke. Gauquelin obligingly devoted the next five years to a repeat of his original experiment, using data from four other European countries, and his original premise was duly confirmed—though turning up fluctuations that could perhaps be regarded as national. For example, while Mars was important in the horoscopes of Italian soldiers, it scarcely figured in the horoscopes of German soldiers—which might seem odd, for who, according to stereotype, is more martial than the Germans? But an astrologer studying these results could contend that precisely because Germans are military enough to begin with they do not need a strong Mars to make soldiers out of them, while the volatile but less violent Italians require an overdose.

By now Gauquelin's test group had swollen to a massive 25,000, and the odds against his results being chance stood at many millions to one. Supporting arguments had been developed along the way. For example, the horoscopes of control groups selected at random from the population irrespective of profession invariably showed the

planets distributed at the chance level. M. Porte was now forced to admit that there could no longer be any doubt about it: the position of the planets at birth had a definite "influence" on the profession a man was to follow. That influence on nine distinct professions could now be accepted as proved.

Subsequent research by Gauquelin has yielded further incontestable evidence of the influence of the planets, most strikingly in heredity. Planetary patterns in the horoscopes of parents show up again in the horoscopes of their children, corroborating another ancient astrological belief.

Nevertheless, Gauquelin's work continues to be ignored by science in general, and on the rare occasions it wins a mention in the popular press it is usually distorted. Perhaps the final indignity was administered by *Time* magazine in a recent lead article on astrology, in which passing reference was made to "Science writer, Michel Gauquelin (*sic*)" who "foresees a new science of astro-biology".

One important by-product of Gauquelin's work has been to make astrologers recognize the necessity of employing rigorous statistical techniques. Also, a number of qualified statisticians have become interested in astrology. There are now statistical studies that show planetary influences at work in various fields. Donald Bradley, an American astrologer and statistician, has shown an impressive correlation between rainfall and phases of the moon (bearing out the lore of generations of superstitious gardeners). Bradley has also shown non-random factors at work in the birth dates of several thousand clergymen taken from *Who's Who in America*. John Addey, president of the British Astrological Association, repeated the experiment with the dates of British clergymen from the British *Who's Who* and found *the same* non-random factors at work. Addey has also shown astrological factors operating in 1,000 cases of longevity, and in the susceptibility to polio of 3,000 victims of this disease.

Addey subjects his data to a method

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

TEMPTING THE TOBACCONAILIAN

AN UP-TO-SNUFF SELECTION OF SUPERIOR ACCOUTERMENTS FOR SMOKERS

□ 1. PRESIDENT'S CIGAR JAR decorated with rustic seascape contains 25 DUTCH MASTERS PRESIDENTS, \$4.50 □ 2. THE SCOTTISH PLAID table lighter by S. T. DUPONT, with adjustable flame. Shown here in silver, 5½" x 1½", \$175.00 □ 3. Decorator-inspired: THE WINDSOR lighter by BENTLEY, of genuine marbled onyx. Features instant-loading refill cartridge, \$35.00 □ 4. MADEIRA GOLD fully aromatic pipe tobacco. Import quality with domestic price. Gift-packed with wrap-around re-fillable vinyl pouch* □ 5. PRINCE ALBERT natural pipe tobacco with full-bodied taste. Prime aged to smoke cool and smooth. Gift-packaged with bonus tobacco pouch □ 6. MATCHED GRAIN SETS by KAYWOODIE come packed in rich, saddle-stitched cowhide leather case lined with velvet. Set of seven, \$350.00 Other KAYWOODIE pipes shown on this page, but not numbered, include: THE CHESTERFIELD; THE ORIGINALS (available in five shapes), and THE CAMPUS WHITE BRIAR. Priced from \$8.95 to \$50.00 □ 7. DESK CIGAR CUTTER gives round or V-cut. Other end is handy box opener and nail remover. Nickel-plated trim. From PETERSONS LTD., \$7.50 □ 8. Heavy amber-colored, smoked-glass ashtray is man-size as well as decorative. By BONNIERS, \$16.00 □ 9. ROYAL DANISH pipe features black sandblast bowl interestingly finished with both smooth and textured areas. From PETERSONS LTD., \$12.50 □ 10. BARLING BILLIARD CHUBBY TAPER pipe handcrafted of choice aged briar with Ebonite mouthpiece. The bowl of a Barling pipe is guaranteed not to burn out during the lifetime of the original purchaser, \$30.00 □ 11. New CIGARETTE BOX by HITACHI doubles as sensitive AM cordless radio. Mini jack earphone connector is located on one side and earphone is supplied. \$14.95 □ 12. LA CORONA Coronas, box of 50 cigars, \$18.00 □ 13. CONSUL RACING CAR LIGHTER is exact replica of a Ferrari. Butane powered. From PETERSONS LTD., \$19.95 □ 14. For a change of taste, rum-flavored LITTLE NIPPERS and sweet-flavored LITTLE CIGARS are both by WOLF BROTHERS. 100mm in length; charcoal filters □ 15. Red and chrome swivel-top ashtray by BONNIERS, \$20.00 □ 16. LAREDO FILTER BLEND KIT includes plunger operated cigarette making machine, three ounces of tobacco, 100 filters, 100 paper tubes, and five boxes in which to pack up your cigarettes. Under \$2.00 □ 17. GUARDSMAN is a teakwood pipe-cleaner holder carved in Denmark. Comes complete with supply of colorful pipe cleaners. From PETERSONS LTD., \$4.95 □ 18. REDMAN CHEWING TOBACCO is made from choice cigar leaves, has welded-in flavor. Special foil pouch keeps tobacco fresh □ 19. For a novel experience, try TUBE ROSE sweet-mild snuff □ 20. CARTER HALL is a mildly aromatic pipe tobacco with the richness of an imported tobacco. Gift humidor contains vinyl tobacco pouch □ 21. THE PIPE SMOKER'S DREAM is this all-in-one cabinet of genuine walnut from WILKE PIPE SHOP, New York. Provides space for more than 32 pipes. Three compartments in top drawer for smokers' accessories and spare pipes. Huge bottom drawer acts as humidifier (shown here filled to the brim with EL PRODUCTO cigars), \$135.00

*Prices not included on tobacco items as they vary widely throughout the U.S.

6



PASSIONATE * PORTEENTS

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

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

Capricorn the goat

December 22 through January 20.

If you date a Capricorn female wise up to the following facts. She always means business. The marriage kind. Don't be fooled by the first impression, you could meet her anywhere from a

strip club to a railway museum. Capricorns strip well and know more about railways than anyone at Grand Central. They are all winners with a single objective — the right man, the rich man, and a faithful one for good measure. If this formula frightens the life out of you, then pay for her first drink and grab a cab. If you decide to stay, be prepared for the iron glove.

The Capricorn lady is double smart. It will go something like this. On the first date you will get the demure routine. If there is another girl in the party coming on strong, your Capricorn will let her make all the running (she'll just sit and check you out on dress, speech, billfold and table manners) but if you pass the first examination don't be surprised if you are asked up for a view of the city. Yes, on a first date. But don't get too anxious.

The Capricorn apartment will be spotless. The kitchen a joy to behold, and her bedroom a haven of hope. Like I said, she strips well. The Capricorn body is usually outstanding. Her thighs could turn on a traffic cop sorting out a five-car pile-up. But don't try any fast moves—

the ice bucket is never far away. Cool, calculating and calm are the three little words Miss Capricorn lives by.

After several cups of regular coffee and in-depth interrogation a decision will be made. Incidentally, between gulps, without realizing it, you will have revealed the state of your savings account, the money you expect your father to leave you, your university degree and last, but not least, your feelings about "marriage". If you come through with the right answers, particularly on the last subject, then prepare for passion.

"Capricorn Capers" is the name of her game. This little lady makes Women's Lib make sense. After a month of this loving goat you can re-write all the sex books. There is just one little catch—a ring. Simple, and solid gold. That's the deal, take it or leave it.

Capricorn personalities: Ava Gardner, Joan of Arc, Helena Rubinstein, Loretta Young. *Best Men:* Libra. *Worst Men:* Aries. *Best feature:* Thighs. *Best Gem:* Diamond set in Onyx.

Last word: Mind over matter.

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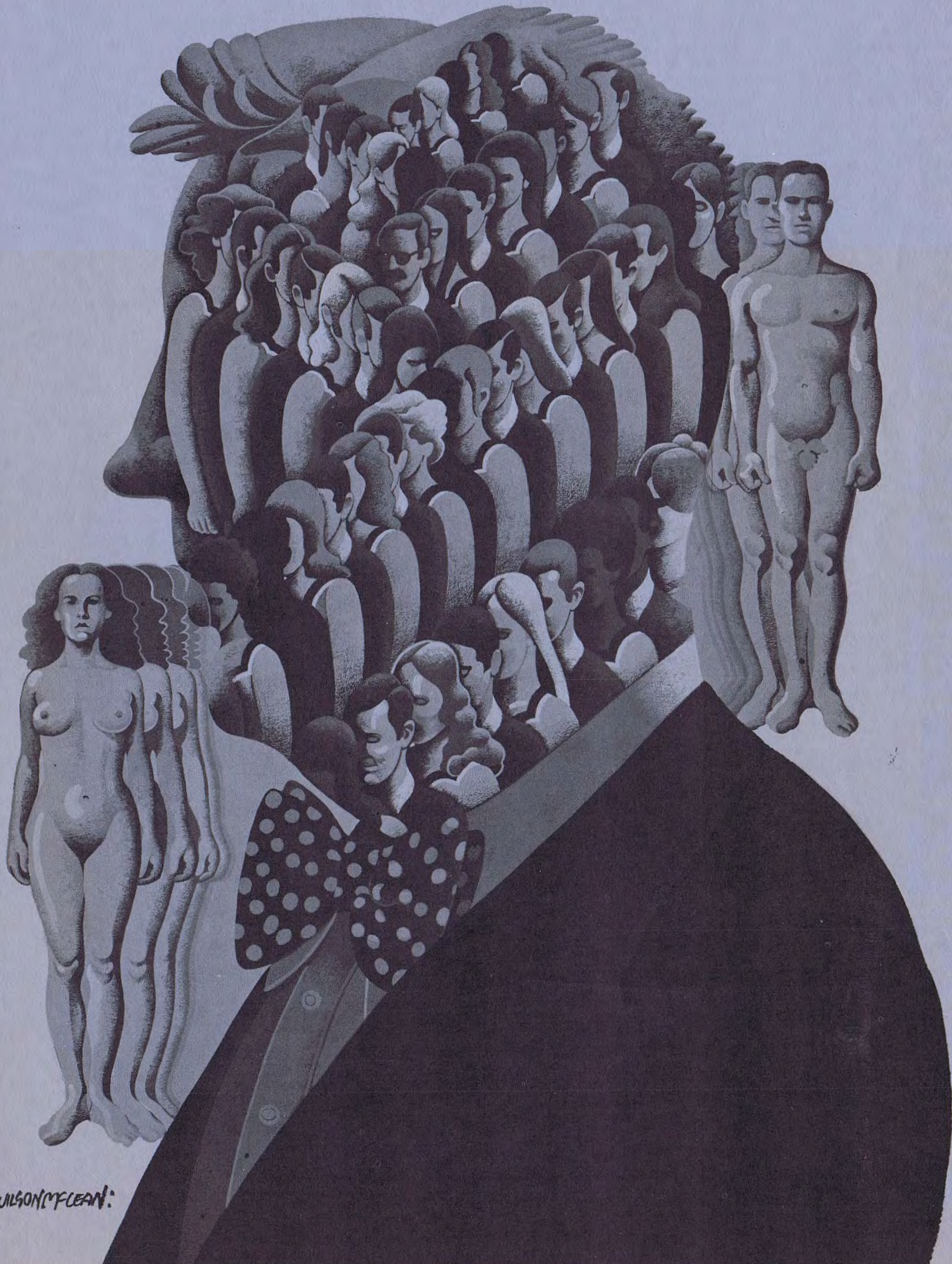


SIMON

THE OTHER SIDE OF KINSEY

WHILE THE 1953 KINSEY REPORT IS WIDELY HAILED AS AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE OF OUR TIME, MANY SOCIAL SCIENTISTS HAVE CHALLENGED ITS SAMPLING METHOD AND INTERPRETATIONS.

SECOND OF TWO ARTICLES BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS



WILSON MCLEAN:

6 Why fault Kinsey for taking a moral stance? That's what scientists should do 9

WHILE the scientific and social benefits flowing from the sexual researches of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey are substantial and indisputable, there are also important ways in which the Kinsey reports have been found lacking or misleading. For a start, as statisticians and social scientists have pointed out, there are telling statistical short-comings in the Kinsey data. His sample of subjects, consisting heavily of volunteers and biased in favor of more liberal-minded than more conservative-minded respondents, was inadequate, as Abraham H. Maslow and James M. Sakeda have shown. It included a disproportionate number of pimps, prostitutes, criminals, school teachers, and other specialized groups.

Moreover, Kinsey's statistics stressed mean instead of median or modal values. They unjustifiably counted older respondents on several previous age-levels as well as on their own level. They sometimes failed to take time trends into account. They were on occasion used to imply causal relationships which may not actually exist.

These statistical criticisms are well-founded, but to keep the matter in perspective we should note a point made by three outstanding statisticians, William G. Cochran, Frederick Mosteller, and John W. Tukey. In the critique of the first Kinsey volume which they submitted to the American Statistical Association they state: "The statistical and methodological aspects of Kinsey-Pomeroy-Martin's work are outstanding in comparison with other leading sex studies, superior to all others in the systematic coverage of their material, in the number of items which they covered, in the composition of their sample as regards to its age, educational, religious, rural-urban, occupational, and geographic representation, in the number and variety of methodological checks which they employed, and in their statistical analyses."

Yet the Kinsey reports did contain much dubious data for their day—and that day was about a quarter of a century ago. It would appear that it is high time the Kinsey researches be redone.

Interview failings. Kinsey interviews have been faulted for being psychologically superficial, too preoccupied with purely conscious material, for encouraging boasting by males and minimizing of sex incidents by females, for being overly structured, and deficient in questions about the emotional lives of the interviewees. All these limitations indubitably exist, but most of the objections by investigators boil down to complaints that Kinsey had not done the *kind* of study that some critic would

have liked to do (but, alas, did not!). Such objections are not valid. No scientific investigation studies *all* possible aspects in its field—especially when its field includes such important sub-areas as sex, love, marriage, family relations, and human personality.

The Kinsey research team asked hundreds of questions of some 13,000 respondents in their original studies. It would have been nice, indeed, had they added another hundred or two queries, especially on the emotional and love lives of their subjects. But they then would have added enormously to the scope of their study, would have complicated it incredibly, and would have taken two or three times as long as their initial 10-year project. If, moreover, they had undertaken this infinitely more complicated venture, the same psychoanalysts, sociologists, psychologists and other scientists who excoriated them for not going beyond their early goals would have probably massacred them for exceeding their professional training and competence. For Kinsey was, after all, primarily a zoologist.

Were the Kinsey findings unduly influenced by the kind of interview they gave and the manner in which they gave it? Probably not. Three psychologists—Drs. Frank W. Finger, Robert T. Ross, and F. Harold Giedt—who used anonymous questionnaires with college students closely resembling those interviewed by Kinsey and his associates turned up amazingly similar findings about masturbation, homosexuality, and coitus.

Today, however, follow-up studies of human sexuality could improve on the methods employed by Kinsey. For safety's sake, they could use paper and pencil questionnaires as well as oral interviews; and they could experiment with anonymous as well as known respondents. They could certainly include many questions on emotional relationships, on personality formation, and other aspects of complex human processes omitted in the original Kinsey reports. Some of this material is now being gathered in one of the latest Kinsey Institute investigations—an intensive study of homosexuals and their behavior. But it would be even more important to collect this kind of information about the great majority of individuals who are basically heterosexual.

Misjudgement of "normality". Dr. Kinsey and his coworkers have been condemned for their views of "normal" or healthy sex relations. Thus, the psychoanalyst Lawrence S. Kubie has stated: "It is incorrect and misleading to assume that because something is

widespread in human behavior it must therefore be regarded as 'normal.' On purely logical grounds this is demonstrably fallacious. In times of epidemic the common cold may afflict more than 50 per cent of the population. This, however, does not make colds normal... The normality or abnormality of any act depends, in its ultimate analysis, upon the relative roles of the conscious and unconscious purposes, of the attainable and unattainable goals which are sought through that act. It is this balance that determines whether any act should be regarded as sick or well."

The Kinsey group forgot that some acts, such as fixed homosexuality, may be neurotic or unhealthy even when they are statistically frequent. It ignored the point that high incidences of sex outlets may, in some individuals, result from neurotic compulsions rather than from preferential desires. It failed to point out that certain sex behavior—such as transvestism or crossdressing—may (because of social proscriptions) be abnormal in the sense of helping the perpetrator get into trouble, even though they may be "normal" in their own right.

Still, Kinsey can be too easily criticized in these respects, for he hardly contended that all statistically prevalent sex acts are healthy. He was mainly concerned with the proposition that certain activities, such as oral-genital relations, which had been commonly taboo, are both statistically normal and physically healthful. He referred to these activities as being part of our "basic mammalian patterns" and surely not "against nature," as many of the oldtime moralists stoutly contended. Unfortunately, he went a little too far in his espousal of the soundness of these "basic mammalian patterns," and at times implied, though he did not actually assert, that because they are basic and mammalian, they are good and healthy. It is "basic" and biological for most female mammals (perhaps all) *not* to have clearcut sexual orgasms during intercourse; yet this hardly proves that they are "abnormal" or "unhealthy" for human females.

Pro-male bias. When the first reports were published, Kinsey and his associates were excoriated for having a pro-male bias. It was held by the Kinsey researchers that it is perfectly "normal" for a man to reach his orgasm within a minute or two of active copulation, even though this may be disappointing to his female partner. They also held that the clitoris, and not the vagina, is the main center of female orgasm. For all this they were roundly condemned.

Subsequent research by Masters and

Johnson showed that Kinsey was largely right. The male usually *does* experience quick orgasm and the clitoris *is* the main inciter of female orgasm. But, as Masters and Johnson also indicated, there is nothing great about quick male ejaculation, and heterosexual partners can usually train themselves so that copulation lasts longer, the female frequently having orgasm during such copulation.

Kinsey's view on female orgasm is often seriously misjudged. He tended to do women a service rather than a disservice in his interpretation of his data. For the old-style marriage manuals—such as T. H. Van de Velde's famous *Ideal Marriage* (1926)—insisted that, although foreplay is desirable, penile-vaginal copulation is the only "natural" means of orgasm. Couples should not obtain it by non-coital or petting methods; and they should strive their mightiest to achieve simultaneous orgasm. Kinsey vigorously and dramatically disputed this kind of nonsense and paved the way for Masters and Johnson and for other modern sex findings. He was therefore hardly a male supremacist, but a real believer in sex equality.

Where Kinsey was deficient was in not going far enough in his explorations of female sex desires and abilities. He did not discover what percentage of females are truly satisfiable during sexual intercourse; nor how long it is likely to take most women to reach climax in this manner; nor what methods of coitus are most suitable for female orgasm; nor what percentage of females seem to require intercourse for their regular or maximum satisfaction etc. Any updated version of the Kinsey reports ought to survey these and other aspects of male-female coital behavior.

Moral evaluations. It has been often objected that the Kinsey studies present moral conclusions not justified by their data. Thus, Cochran, Mosteller and Turkey, in their extensive critique of Kinsey's research design and statistical methods, note: "Interpretations were based in part on tabulated and statistically analysed data, and in part on data and experience which were not presented because of their nature or because of the limitations of space. Some interpretations appear not to have been based on either of these."

Geoffrey Gorer, the well-known British anthropologist, goes farther: "Dr. Kinsey is not really either dispassionate or neutral (probably nobody dealing with human emotions and values could be); behind the 'scientific' smoke-screen of statistical tables, graphs, codes, and rebarbative language there is a continuous propaganda for more, and more varied, sexual 'outlets' as physiologically good in themselves. There is even the stupendous claim that taxo-

nomic studies of behavior should be the basis for laws."

Shortly after the first two Kinsey studies were published, I discussed their moral evaluations in this vein: "Why the Kinsey studies should *not* include moral evaluations is difficult to see. As Gunnar Myrdal and other sociological thinkers have recently pointed out, *all* social-science data tends to include hidden or unconscious moral judgements, in spite of their authors' best attempts to be completely objective. If this is so, is it not better that these moral judgments be explicit rather than implicit? Is it not better, also, that recognized scientists of Kinsey's stature express their moral judgements about human sex behavior than, say, Ku Klux Klanners, Theosophists, Holy Rollers, or other sectarians? . . . Dr. Kinsey and his associates are especially to be commended in that their particular interpretations are invariably on the side of human dignity, sanity, and physical and emotional well-being." I still stand by this statement.

There is also no reason why scientists should not use, in their conclusions, material beyond what they have gathered for a particular study. The Kinsey group mainly reported on the answers to scores of questions they had presented orally to some 13,000 respondents, but they had interviewed many other individuals (including children), collected much relevant non-interview data (including erotic art, documentary films, and archeological information), and sponsored physical and anatomical examinations by several gynecologists and other physicians. Some of their conclusions, especially in their volume on the behavior of the human female, were legitimately based on this additional material. It is merely unfortunate that they did not always make clear which conclusions were drawn from what evidence.

Undue public influencing. In the 1940s and 1950s it was hardly surprising that objection was made to Kinsey's Reports for being made easily available to the public and presumably leading young people astray by their factual revelations. Thus, Catholic Archbishop Paul C. Shulte asked that the Kinsey volume on women be restricted only to professional readers. Even Margaret Mead advocated that the volume on males be barred from becoming a best-seller because "the sudden removal of a previously guaranteed reticence has left many young people singularly defenseless in just those areas where their desire to conform was protected by a lack of knowledge of the extent of non-conformity." The noted psychiatrist, Dr. Milton R. Sapirstein, attacked Kinsey as well as Drs. Clellan S. Ford and Frank A. Beach (authors of *Patterns of*

Sexual Behavior, 1951) for publishing sex materials which have an "anxiety-producing effect."

I doubt whether these particular writers would reiterate their objections today. On the contrary, other authorities, such as Dr. Alex Comfort (in *The Anxiety Makers*, 1969) have recently shown how sex suppressors and puritans, by opposing the publication of known facts of human sex behavior, have frequently helped create emotional and sexual disturbance in modern men and women. And, as Donald Webster Cory and I indicated two decades ago, the thesis "that the publication of sex truths may produce anxiety in individuals unaccustomed to accept such truths is essentially the doctrine that has motivated all anti-democratic regimes, from the Inquisition to modern totalitarian states."

On the contrary, it is too bad that the Kinsey volumes themselves (together with the Masters and Johnson books) are couched in such deliberately stiffened "scientific" language that they are almost unreadable to the non-professional. Fortunately, many popular commentators have made the observed data more readable and palatable to the public.

If I were to summarize the most important limitations and objections to the work of Alfred C. Kinsey, I would say that it had distinct sampling and statistical failings, and relied too heavily on a few trained interviewers who employed a restricted schedule of questions. It concentrated too much, in the case of women, on a frequency count of orgasms, and was not sufficiently concerned with the quality of these orgasms (and other sex experiences) and their emotional correlates. It also included many moral evaluations not accurately related to some of the evidence.

Yet, for all these limitations, Kinsey's work was truly original, pioneering, and monumental. I am happy to say that I was one of the first clinicians to recognize the import of his studies, and I think I can appropriately close with a quotation from my original review of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, which appeared in the *Journal of General Psychology* issued in 1948:

"Most of the published criticism directed against the Kinsey report seems to stem from moralists who vigorously deny Kinsey and his associates the right to make any moral evaluations from the data of the report, while staunchly unholding their own privilege to propound any and all prejudiced formulations. While the name of Alfred C. Kinsey is certain to be honored decades and centuries hence, few, if any, of his most vociferous critics are likely to be concomitantly remembered."



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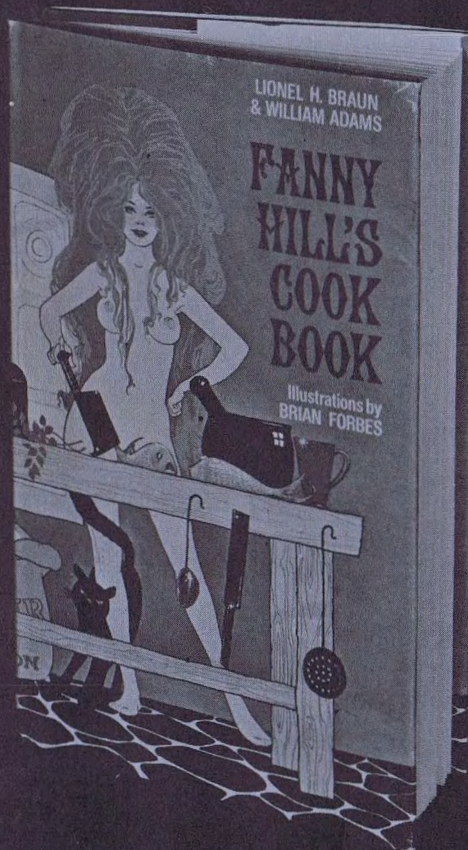
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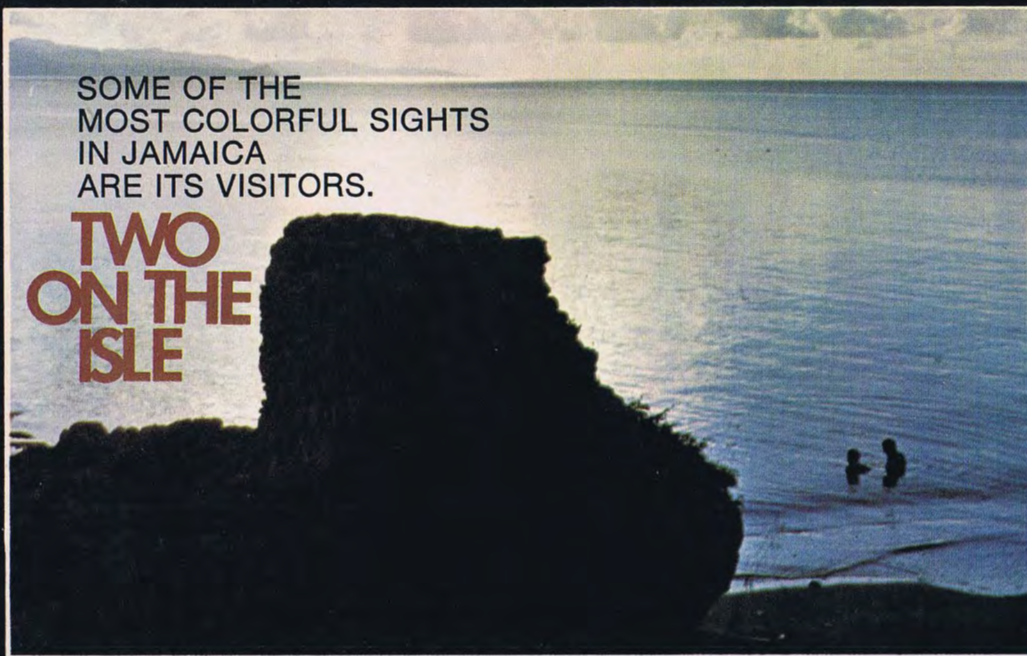
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SOME OF THE
MOST COLORFUL SIGHTS
IN JAMAICA
ARE ITS VISITORS.

TWO ON THE ISLE



FASHION AND TRAVEL BY RON BUTLER/PHOTOS BY TREVOR BROWN

Jamaica is the Big Daddy of the Caribbean. Long a sleeper in the tourism trade (nobody ever went there), it's suddenly the "in" place to go. Last year when travel figures nosedived everywhere else, Jamaica went quietly about setting all-time records with the best January, February and March in its history. More than 1,000 new hotel rooms were added and, surprisingly, a record number of American blacks visited the island. Totally integrated (as are most of the islands), lush, warm, lazy, exotic, cocoa-green and beautiful, with the most brilliant light anywhere (bring your Foster Grants), it's an exciting calypso-limbo kind of place and offers some of the most fabulous beaches in the world—as many as seven miles at a stretch.

Fifty miles wide and three times as willowy, Jamaica is the largest island in the West Indies, the only one big enough to have today's jetliners land and take off twice...once in Kingston, the capital, again at Montego Bay. And at first we thought all that bouncing around was just so those gorgeous Air Jamaica stewardesses would have time to change for their famous "in-flight" fashion shows. Air Jamaica girls are all brown sugary shades of Leslie Uggams and

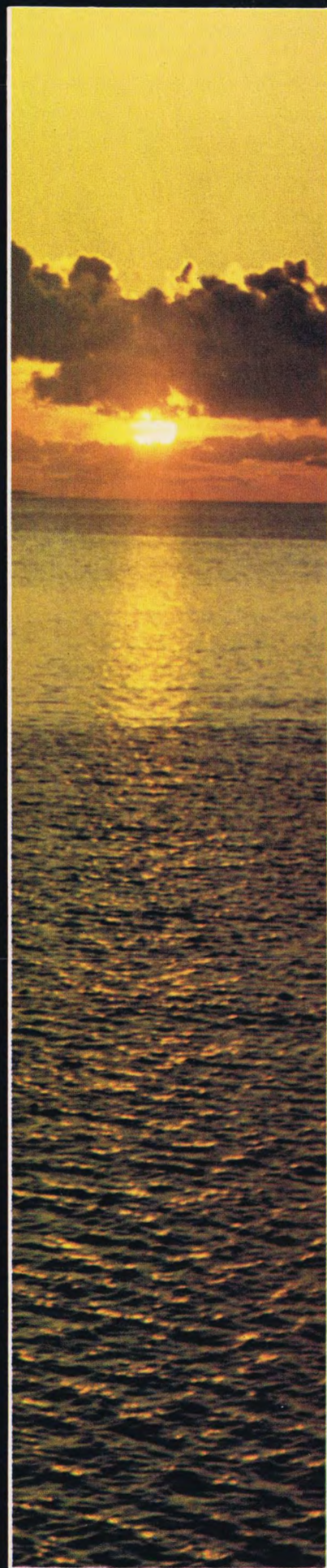
Diahann Carroll. They have dark sparkling Day-Glo eyes as large as cookie platters, lightning-bright smiles and a big pink button pinned to the front of their mini-skirted uniforms. "Ask me almost anything," it says.

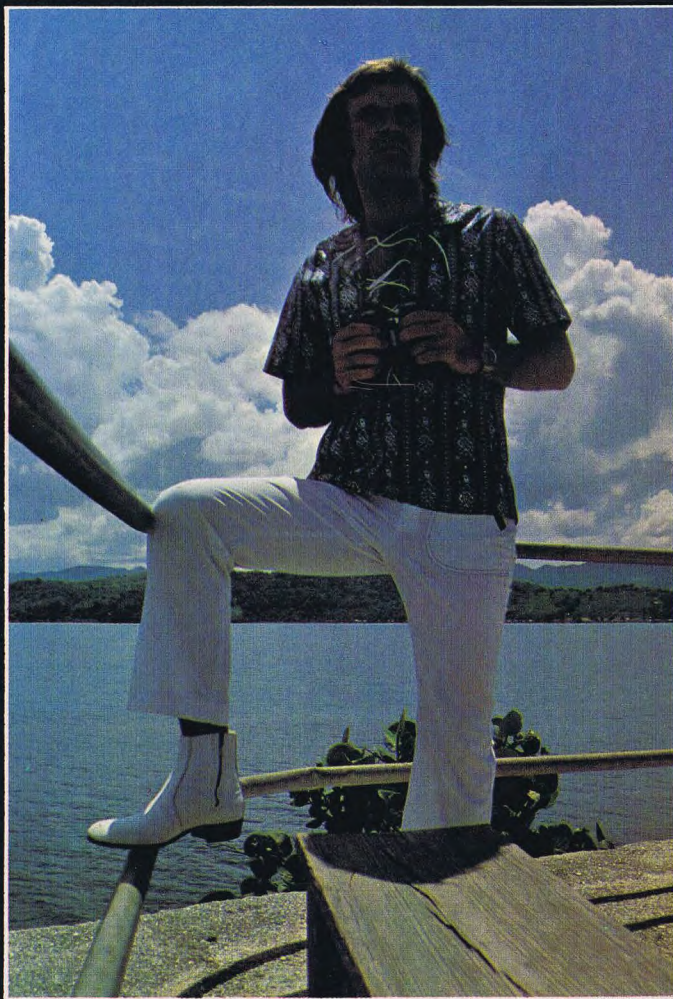
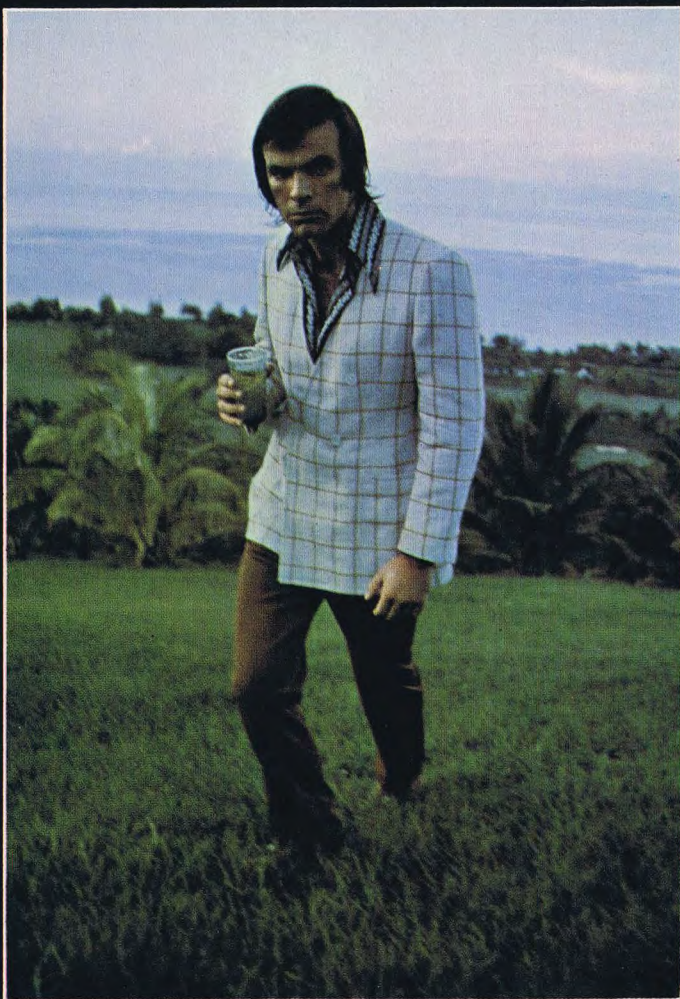
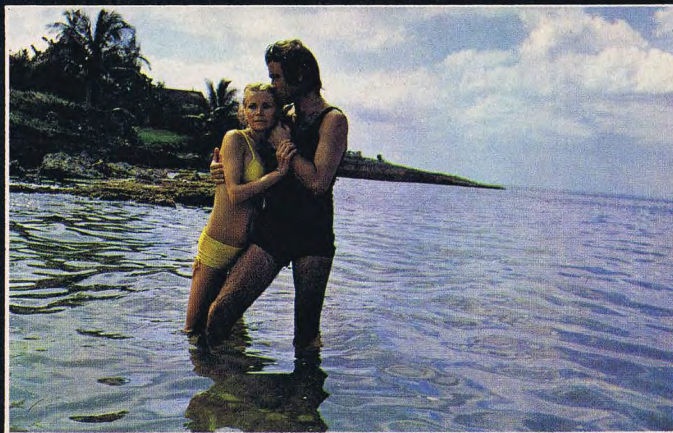
Before boarding, passengers are frisked by airline personnel (but so politely that it almost tickles) to prevent Smith & Wessons, and any unscheduled departures to nearby Havana. Shades of Ian Fleming, who wrote twelve of his best-selling thrillers while living in Jamaica. The real-life James Bond, from whom Fleming lifted the name, still lives on the island. He's an expert on tropical birds.

For people who can afford to really live it up, the place in Jamaica is Montego Bay. The recently restored Great House and Plantation at Rose Hall is where the ghost of Annie Palmer, who murdered four husbands and countless slave-lovers, still roams and cries in the night. Nearby is a new 558-room Holiday Inn, the largest resort hotel in the Caribbean.

Montego Bay also has private beach and golf clubs. Exclusive private clubs are not uncommon in resort areas, but for most of them exclusivity is based merely on who can afford it and wants to belong. But in Mon-

tego Bay, a development such as Round Hill, for instance, is so exclusive that even the members can't stand each other. Equally snooty is the Tryall Golf and Beach Club which serves as this month's fashion background. When it's rented out, the private home where our fashion crew stayed goes for \$1,600 a week. A neighbor down the drive, just a borrowed ice cube tray away, is Arthur Little Jr., one of the few actor-socialites left in the world who still plays polo on his own polo field. At Tryall, when you wake up in the morning, you can look down through a gently sloping terrace of bougainvillea, across a rich sprawl of manicured lawn, an 18-hole A. Pollard Simons golf course considered to be one of the ten finest in the world, then a crescent of pure white, palm-lined beach that leads to a full, staggering sweep of Montego Bay, shimmering in the sunlight. Taking it all in as we looked around the first day, we asked, for photographic purposes, whether the sun sets over the bay in back of the house. No, we were told, it sets to the right side of the house. Then—and Tryall does that to you—we heard ourselves say in a quiet voice, "Well, please have it changed."



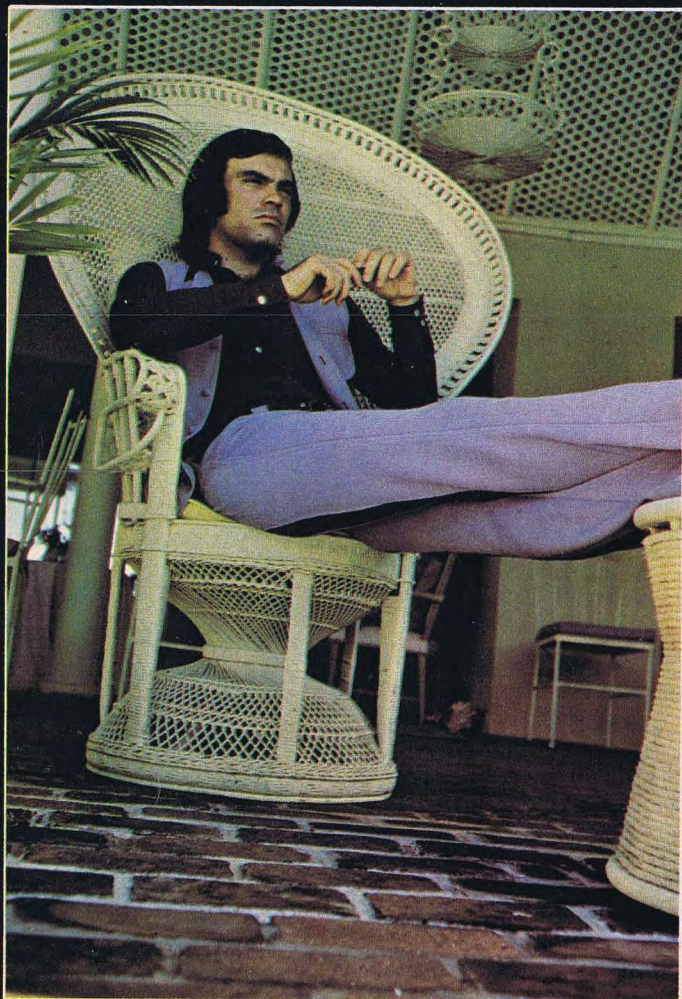


TOP LEFT: BEGINNING WITH A "WELCOME ABOARD" RUM DRINK AND ENDING WITH AN IN-FLIGHT FASHION SHOW, AIR JAMAICA IS ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL OF CARIBBEAN CARRIERS. FLIGHTS TO KINGSTON AND MONTEGO BAY LEAVE NEW YORK DAILY.

TOP RIGHT: HIS TANKTOP SWIMSUIT IS BY JANTZEN; TOP IS \$7, TRUNKS \$10. GERTA'S ANYTHING-BUT-TANKTOP SWIMSUIT IS BY PLAYTEX. BEACHES IN JAMAICA INCLUDE SOME OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

BOTTOM LEFT: NO STRANGER TO THE GOOD LIFE, ROBERT WEARS A LAPEL-LESS, DOUBLEBREASTED "EDEN" JACKET, \$95, AND COORDINATED SLACKS WITH WESTERN POCKETS, \$30, BOTH BY MICHAELS STERN. HIS FLOWER AND STRIPE-PATTERNED FLOCKED SHIRT IN WRINKLE-FIGHTING EASTMAN KODEL IS BY ENCINO OF CALIFORNIA, \$9, AND HIS "COASTER FLOATER" BONANZA SHOES ARE BY BATES, \$20.

BOTTOM RIGHT: ROBERT WEARS A BLUE KINGSTON PRINT SHIRT WITH DRAWSTRING NECK, \$15, AND WHITE SLACKS IN DACRON AND COTTON, WITH SNAZZY STITCHING AND ZIPPER POCKETS, \$14, BOTH FROM THE PORT O' CALL CRUISEWEAR COLLECTION OF ROBERT BRUCE. WHITE BUFFALO BOOTS WITH SIDE ZIPPERS, THE VICE PRESIDENTS, ARE BY VERDE, \$32.50. (BINOCULARS BY THE JAPAN BINOCULAR ASSOC.)



TOP LEFT: IN WIDEBACK STRAW CHAIR, HE'S WEARING THREE-PIECE SHIRT, VEST AND SLACKS COMBINATION OF POLYESTER KNIT (EASTMAN KODEL) BY SHIRT DESIGNS, INC. \$60.

TOP RIGHT: ROBERT LOUNGES IN TOTAL COMFORT IN PAGO PAGO BEACH PANTS, \$12, AND "SELF-COLLAR" FOUR-BUTTON WHITE KNIT SHIRT, \$13, BOTH BY JANTZEN. BAYPORT SLIPONS IN SOFT, OPEN MESH WITH ROPE-WRAPPED OUTSOLE, BY RED BALL, ABOUT \$12. GERTA GRUDEL'S OUTFIT IS BY JER'SEA OF SWEDEN.

BOTTOM LEFT: JAMAICA IS KNOWN FOR ITS BRIGHT AND BRILLIANT COLORS. VEGETATION IS DENSE AND TROPICAL. MORE THAN 500 SPECIES OF FERNS GROW ON THE ISLAND AND MORE THAN 200 SPECIES OF ORCHIDS.

BOTTOM RIGHT: TRYALL GOLF AND BEACH CLUB CONTAINS A CENTRAL RESORT AREA, GREAT HOUSE, THEN BRANCHES OUT INTO A COMPLEX OF PRIVATE COTTAGES AND HOMES. BESIDES GOLF, THERE ARE GRASS TENNIS COURTS, BEACH AND FRESH WATER POOL.



AT WATER
WHEEL AT TRYALL,
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WHITE CALF ARE BY VERDE,
\$16.95. MODEL GERTA
WEARS A GOWN BY SANTOS
SANTIAGO.

SCIENCE IN THE STARS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

called harmonic analysis in which all non-random factors will reveal themselves in rhythmic series of peaks and troughs. These peaks and troughs may occur regularly every 30 degrees, every 60 degrees, or every 10 degrees, or every two degrees, and it is here that Addey's reasoning bears promise. Previously, researchers had been looking only for specific correlations: for example, trying to see if more clergymen had been born under one sign than under another, meaning they were paying attention only to peaks and troughs every 30 degrees, ignoring, or obliterating, all other rhythmic data. But it seems that the so-called sun signs are irrelevant to whatever it is that makes a man a clergyman. Other astrological factors seem to be involved. Addey's method, which applies modern statistical techniques to astrological concepts without distorting either, reveals these factors. If Addey's lead is followed, statistical research into astrology may produce significant surprises.

Every organism lives according to a complex system of predetermined rhythms, and for years scientists have argued over the nature of this so-called

"biological clock". No clock-like *mechanism*, however, has ever been discovered that could regulate these complicated internal schedules. The professor of biology at Northwestern University in Illinois, Frank Brown, concluded that the answer had to lie elsewhere, and after ten years' research he and a team of workers produced evidence for a theory that organisms respond to rhythms beyond the surface of the earth. Experimenting in controlled laboratory conditions, Brown proved that these rhythms are independent of local temperature, humidity and so on.

For example, while astrologers have always maintained that the full moon affects the insane, and makes animals restive and active, critics have insisted that the phenomenon was simply the result of moonlight itself. But Professor Brown showed that a rat in a darkened cage was *twice as active* when the invisible moon was above the horizon as when it was beneath it—proving the astrologers to have been correct.

Perhaps the most impressive of Brown's experiments was with oysters. Oysters open and close their shells in time with the rhythm of the tides, which has always been assumed to be the cause of their behavior. Brown, however, took oysters from the Atlantic and transported them to Evanston, Illinois, where he placed them in darkened containers. Within a fortnight, the oysters were opening and closing their shells to what would have been the tidal rhythm of Evanston, if there had been any tides there. This proved once and for all that it was the moon that was responsible.

The experiment led to a massive study of living organisms. It was found that all those tested were sensitive to rhythms whose origin could only be the sun and moon (Brown does not seem to have looked for phenomena related to planetary rhythms). Given such results, the next question follows inevitably. If organisms as dissimilar as the fiddler crab and the potato respond to the same celestial rhythms, how about man?

There are a number of experiments to show that man *does* respond. Dr Leonard J. Ravitz of Duke University measured the electrical potential emitted by the human body. Working with both normal and disturbed subjects, he found that the potential changed according to the phases of the moon. Moreover, he found that the changes were more violent among the more disturbed subjects—neatly substantiating the old astrological belief in at least one respect. Dr Edson Andrews, a Florida physician, scoffed when his nurse reported that patients were hemorrhaging more severely at certain times than at others. But a rough check seemed to bear out the notion, and a

careful check over thousands of cases, first by Andrews and then by another physician, established the matter beyond doubt. Hemorrhaging of patients was definitely relatable to the phases of the moon.

If the invisible moon above the horizon excites a rat, what effect does it have on a child born or conceived at that time? If all living organisms respond to solar and lunar rhythms, should not these rhythms impose themselves in some definite fashion on sperm and ovum? In at least one case where such questions have been asked, the results are intriguing.

Dr Eugen Jonas, a Czech psychiatrist, and director of the psychiatric department of the State Clinic, Nagysurana, noticed that many female patients manifested cycles of unusual vitality and sexuality independent of the menstrual cycles. He began to look for an explanation. He also became interested in deformed, defective and underdeveloped children with whom his clinic often had to deal. These interests led him down a trail of research, and ultimately to the long-derided astrologically oriented biology of ancient Egypt, India and Greece. Noticing that at least some of the ancient notions were beginning to be substantiated by science, Jonas was led to experiments from which he draws the following remarkable conclusions:

1. The ability of a mature woman to conceive tends to occur under exactly the phase of the moon (Sun-Moon relationship) that prevailed when she was born.
2. The sex of a child depends on whether, at the time of conception, the moon is in a positive or negative field of the ecliptic (sign of the Zodiac).
3. The viability of the embryo is greatly influenced by the positions of the celestial bodies at the time of conception.

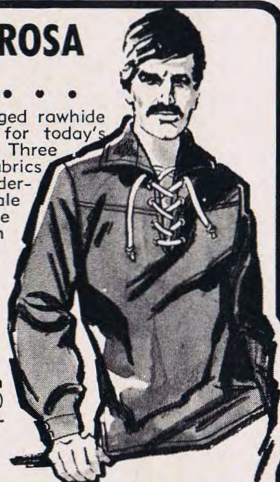
Jonas has written that at first he found his own conclusions too fantastic to believe, but thousands of observations confirmed their veracity. His research has, he claims, enabled him to predict the sex of future offspring with up to 90% accuracy; he can predict for otherwise barren women days on which they can conceive, and he can, on the basis of birth data, predict days likely to produce deformed or defective children.

It is hardly surprising that these claims should be met with incredulity in orthodox quarters (even astrologers find them hard to believe) but a number of independent orthodox scientists in Europe have tested them and pronounced them accurate. At the moment, an American professor of psychology at Stanford University is supposed to be repeating the experiment, but I have heard no news of his results.

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not stop at the biological level but extends down to the most elemental levels of the inorganic world as well. John H. Nelson, an electrical engineer, was hired by Radio Corporation of America to look into the possibility of a connection between fluctuations in radio disturbance and celestial phenomena. Checking records back to 1932 Nelson found that most magnetic storms (which cause radio disturbance) occurred when two or more planets were lined up in specific angular positions relative to the sun. Further, he found that the atmosphere was particularly disturbance-free when two or more planets were lined up a different but equally specific angles.

From an astrological point of view, Nelson's discoveries were particularly significant: not only did he prove the existence of planetary influence in this sphere, but he provided evidence for the validity of the theory of "aspects". From time immemorial astrologers have contended not only that planets had specific characters and meanings (proved by Gauquelin) but that specific angular relationships of the planets to each other were meaningful, and that different angles had different *qualities*. Traditionally, the conjunction is neutral, depending on other factors, the 90° and 180° angles are "disharmonious" and the 60° and 120° angles are "harmonious". This belief found corroboration

in Nelson's data: magnetic storms were at their worst when planets formed 90° and 180° angles from the sun, while disturbance-free periods occurred when planets were at the astrologically "harmonious" angles of 60° and 120°.

Are our heads, which are far more delicate receivers than a radio set, subjected to the same magnetic battering? What effect does it have on them? And how about children born or conceived in such conditions? Are they not affected as well?

The first of these questions has been partially if inadvertently answered, it seems. Magnetic storms within the atmosphere of the earth appear to be related to solar flares and sunspots—gigantic magnetic storms and eruptions on the surface of the sun—and these have been shown definitely to affect human life. A Russian scientist, Dr A. K. Podshibyakin, found that road accidents increased *as much as fourfold* the day after a solar flare. Independent studies done in several European cities have come up with similar figures for suicides and other forms of violence. Since Nelson has connected magnetic storms with the aspects of the planets, the next step would seem to be research into the qualitative differences between the aspects of the various planets. A study of all children born in conditions of intense solar flare or magnetic storm (that is, when the planets were lined up

at traditionally "disharmonious" angles) might show if they were more prone to violence than other children. But so far, no one appears to have attempted such studies, and astrologers themselves lack the time, and finance, the backing, and the access to the required records and test groups to perform them adequately.

Meanwhile, Nelson's discovery of extra-terrestrial influence in inorganic realms has been amplified and buttressed. Giorgio Piccardi, professor of chemistry at the University of Florence, has investigated anomalies in basic chemical reactions. For example, it has long been known that simple colloids and precipitates do not always react in the same way. Precipitates that will form when mixed in given proportions on one day will sometimes not form at all on another day, though the proportions remain constant. Colloids can be even more whimsical. Until Piccardi studied these phenomena they were either ignored or attributed to flaws in setting up the experiments. But after thousands of experiments—one series done over a seven-year period with a world-wide team of helpers as part of International Geophysical Year, 1957—Piccardi proved that these anomalies were due to extra-terrestrial influences. The reaction times and manner in which certain chemicals behaved could be plotted on a curve and shown to be periodic in nature. Most interesting, perhaps, was that in order to account for the rhythms exhibited by his data, Piccardi had to call in not only the planets but the entire galaxy.

Another field showing extra-terrestrial influence is called cycles research, a large-scale development of what began as an investigation of the effects of sunspots. It has been known for several centuries that the intensity of sunspots follows an ebb-and-flow rhythm with a peak every 11.1 years, and it was Herschel, the discoverer of Uranus, who first discovered that the price of wheat seemed inexplicably to rise and fall with the sunspot cycles. Throughout the 19th century, intermittent efforts were made to isolate cycles, particularly business cycles, and to make practical economic use of them. But when systematic research into cycles was begun in the 1920s, principally by Professor Ellsworth Huntington at Harvard, cycles began to show themselves everywhere, not only in economic realms. Some scientists then set out to prove the cycles imaginary or due to ordinary, mundane causes, but within a short time all had to admit defeat. Cycles were realities, and they were connected in some way to the sunspot cycle.

The price of pig iron follows a cycle, as do salmon catches in Canada. Lynx and lemming populations are cyclical, the number of marriages in St. Louis

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is cyclical, and the incidence of certain diseases is cyclical. For years cycles researchers, organized into The Foundation for the Study of Cycles, and affiliated with the University of Pittsburgh, were understandably chary of mentioning astrology, or even of speculating too openly on the causes of the cycles. But all along it has been impossible to avoid the notion that the planets with their varying orbital speeds forming their complex recurrent conjunctions and aspects must in some way be implicated. In the September 1968 issue of *Cycles*, bulletin of the Foundation, Edward R. Dewey, president of the Foundation, published a paper called *A Key to Sunspot-Planetary Relationships*. His report at last established the connection. Virtually everything on earth is cyclical in its nature or behavior, and cycles can now be shown to be linked to solar events which in turn coincide with planetary aspects and conjunctions. This is astrology (at any rate, one form of astrology) in everything but name.

With the notable exception of sun-signs (the "I'm-a-Gemini-are-you-a-Taurus?" of cocktail conversations) sufficient direct or circumstantial evidence now exists to support the theoretical validity of most of the principal aspects of astrology. There is proof that the positions of the planets at birth *do* have a bearing on man's later character, and that events in the heavens demonstrably and undeniably affect life on earth. But is practical astrology such as it is today good enough to stand up to scientific testing?

Actually, it is exceedingly difficult to devise a test that satisfies scientific requirements without forcing astrologers to distort their methods just to comply with it. But at least one large-scale attempt has been made. The late Vernon Clark, an American psychologist, became interested in astrology in the 1950s, and secured the co-operation of several of the most highly regarded astrologers. He selected ten people on the basis of participation in well defined professions, including a musician, bookkeeper, veterinarian, herpetologist, art teacher, puppeteer, librarian, pediatrician, art critic and prostitute, and their horoscopes were drawn up. No attempt was made to select "casebook" horoscopes (those which obey all the rules), or to select "problem" horoscopes (those which obey none of the rules), nor was there any attempt to make life easier for the astrologers by ruling out overlapping functions. The astrologers were sent the birth data only and their job was to match the ten charts to the list of ten professions.

When the results were tallied, 16 out of the 20 astrologers participating scored above the chance level. When the astrologers' overall score was cal-


culated, it was found that they had scored above the .01 level of significance; that is, the odds against their answers being attributable to chance were more than 100 to 1.

Nevertheless, 100-1 shots do come in, and Clark's method was vulnerable on several counts, principally that it was impossible to know whether the astrologers were actually practising astrology or some form of clairvoyance (in which case, the results would have been equally paranormal, but the object was to test for astrology, not ESP). So, in another test, the astrologers were furnished with ten pairs of horoscopes. Each pair had two histories attached of important events, long journeys, deaths in the family, awards, and so on. One history was authenticated and belonged to one of the pair of horoscopes, while the other was "cooked" at random for a time and place near to the actual horoscope. Since Clark could have no knowledge of who it might be that belonged to the cooked chart, this minimized the chances of using ESP, though not eliminating it altogether.

Twenty-three astrologers participated in this test. Three matched all ten charts up perfectly, 18 scored significantly above chance, two scored chance. Again, when the totals were calculated, the odds were better than 100-1 against the astrologers' results being chance. For good measure, a third and

still more difficult test was devised, in which the subjects whose horoscopes were to be used were chosen by outsiders with no knowledge of what the data was to be used for. The charts were also drawn up by outside astrologers equally ignorant of the experiment. This virtually eliminated the possibility of ESP.

In this test, ten pairs of horoscopes were again furnished to the astrologers. One chart of each pair belonged to a victim of incurable cerebral palsy, and the other belonged to someone of superior intelligence and normal health born at a time and place near the palsy victim. The astrologers were to distinguish which was which. Again, the astrologers answered above the .01 level of significance, and everyone knows that three 100-1 shots in a row make a good day's horse-racing.

Until or unless someone can show that Clark's test was a fluke, or inadequately proctored and organized, or rigged, the conclusion to be drawn is inescapable: whatever astrology may appear to be in the newspaper columns, serious astrologers can back up their contentions in striking statistical fashion. On the basis of birth data alone, they can distinguish, they can categorize and they can predict. So astrology, though so much more remains to be discovered about it, can already be said to be neither a fraud nor an illusion. 



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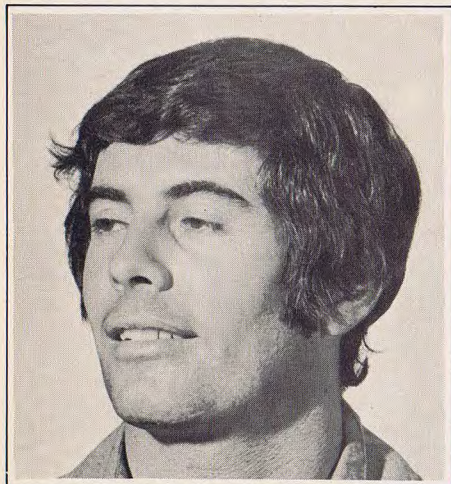
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DRIVE LIKE A JOCKEY, THINK LIKE AN IBM

THE other day I caught an old Clark Gable movie on television, in which Gable was the daredevil racing driver: hard-living, hard-driving, slapping down women and rivals alike. Swashbuckling characters, cars sliding all over the place, wild drinking. A typical old-style movie about motor racing. Today the old-time daredevils and speed kings are as extinct as the monster cars they drove. The modern racing driver works lying down. He has the figure of a jockey and the mind of an accountant. Yet in many ways he needs more courage and endurance than the old-timers ever dreamed of. The cars are faster and more fragile; there are more races and more risks. Once a top driver could work hard through the summer and then relax in winter with some skiing to keep fit. Nowadays, with racing seasons in Europe, North America, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, he is hard at work all the year round. His travel schedules alone would cause most people to collapse with nervous exhaustion. They certainly leave no time for endless wild parties.

Yet there is no shortage of candidates, though only a few will ever reach the top. Why do they do it? The money is good, of course. A world champion with a good agent can make 240,000 dollars a year. Even moderately talented drivers can rely on 24,000 dollars, which is more than most of them could make in other jobs. But a driver who is going to be successful needs a special type of personality, and psychologists have suggested recently what it is.

First, he must be a perfectionist, critical of his performance and continuously studying ways of improving it. He finds the difficult and dangerous business of driving a racing car to the limits of its performance fascinating and rewarding in itself. Moreover, laboratory tests show that whereas the rest of us become ragged and unreliable under stress, the top driver actually improves as things get tougher.

Unlike the hero of old motor-racing films, incessantly playing to the crowd, the modern driver is no extrovert. Enclosed in his fire-resistant mask in his long low cockpit, he is almost invisible to the crowd. Like a knight with his vizor down, he is independent and reserved. At the same time he knows that good public relations are an essential part of his job. So he studies the technique of press and TV interviews just as he studies the best lines round the corners. But the psychologists were impressed, above all, by the dedication and competitive spirit of the top drivers. They have an inbuilt need to succeed. They are interested only in winning.

Stirling Moss arguably did more than any other individual to change motor racing. As a youngster barely old enough to drive a car, he scored a victory at Lake Garda with a little motor-cycle-engined Cooper that rocked the Continental racing veterans and sounded the death knell of the conventional racing car. His attention to detail and perfectionist approach, combined with an astute business brain,


brought success and inspired a whole new generation of Britons to take up motor racing. British drivers (including those from Australia and New Zealand) have won the world championship 11 times in the last 12 years.

Like Jim Clark after him, Moss developed a style so fluent that it made motor racing look easy. He argued that if you can gain just one-tenth of a second from your nearest competitor on one corner, that will be enough to give you a winning margin of three seconds in a 30-lap race.

Sooner or later every top driver, however calm and analytical, has to venture over the ragged edge into the unknown. It happened to Fangio at the Nurburging in 1957. Though world champion, he was being challenged in his Maserati by Hawthorn and Collins, both on works Ferraris. The climax came at the end of the long undulating straight near the grandstand where the cars were flat out at 175 mph. At this point drivers always cut the throttle momentarily as they throw the car into a high-speed drift to take a fast left-hand kink with a nasty bump in the middle. "This time," said Fangio, "I took it at full speed without lifting my foot. The car took off with all four wheels in the air and came down on the far side of the road, but I managed to hold it before it slid into the hedge and came up the rise to the stands right behind Collins and Hawthorn. I have never driven like that before, and I never want to again." On the next lap he passed his surprised rivals to win his greatest race.

Drivers fear breakages more than driving errors and often they happen during practice or private testing sessions, when there are no spectators to see them. In practice the driver is learning his own limitations; in testing he is finding out those of the car and its components. This is why more top drivers are killed in practice and testing than in racing—like Alberto Ascari who survived a dive into the harbor during the Monaco Grand Prix, only to be killed in an impromptu test drive at Monza a week later.

The driver who has given the longest display of sustained courage is Graham Hill. He has had the steering wheel come off in his hand; his wheels have come off; he has had the suspension break in practice and seen it mended, only to break again during the race. His crash in the Spanish Grand Prix at Barcelona alone would have caused lesser men to give up racing. The car went completely out of control at high speed when the aerofoil broke up. It finished with wheels torn off, a wreck. Lately Hill has recovered from yet another bad crash.

Today's image of the young Grand Prix driver is of a hero surrounded by fine cars, foreign villas, private aeroplanes and the other conspicuous trappings that spell success. But in reality his life has something of the solitude and austerity of the mountaineer. For his ultimate adversary is himself. The battle is against his own fear, his own weakness and fatigue, his own liability to make mistakes, in the pursuit of perfection. 

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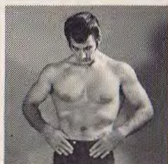
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

and only regrets she did not try it a few years sooner.—*F.D. (name and address withheld), Chicago, Ill. 60641.*

Water power

First of all I would like to state that my wife and I enjoy your magazine to the fullest extent. After we read the letter from S.C. of Rutledge Pa. (September), entitled "Water Power", we were both extremely thrilled and excited. We are now taking part in such forms of foreplay, and derive enjoyment from it. I must say, we too are now hydrophiles.

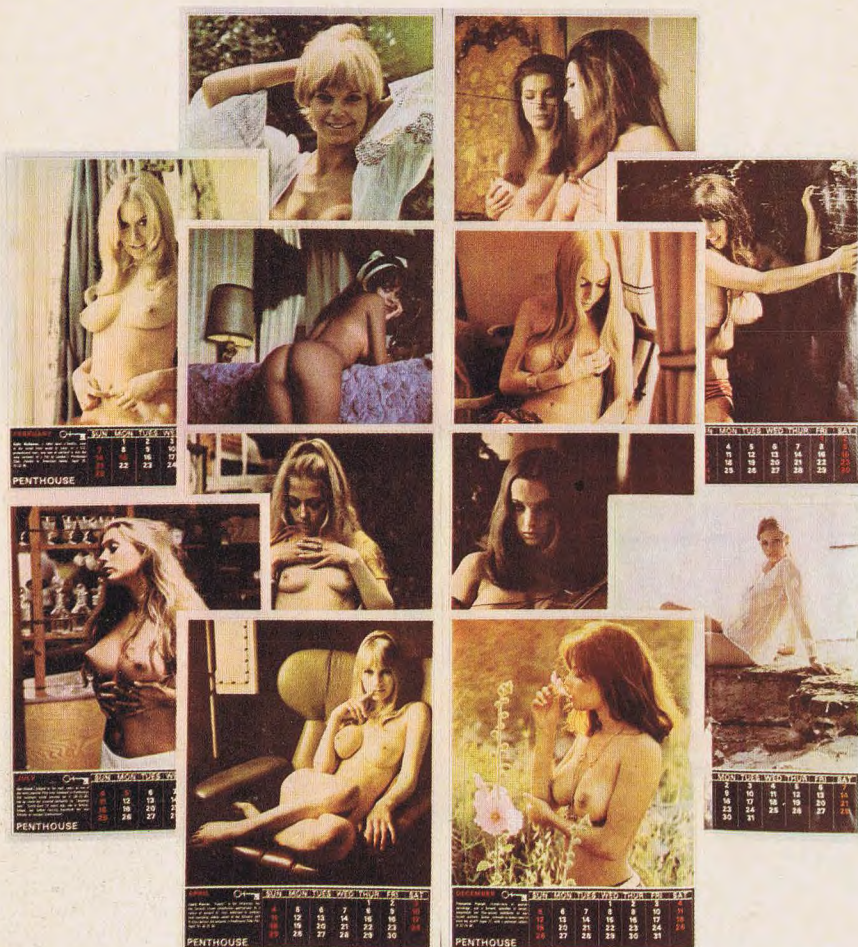
We have a small swimming pool in our backyard, and not only do we go swimming while in the nude, but since reading S.C.'s letter we have gone swimming while fully dressed: me wearing a shirt, pants, undershorts, and socks, and my wife wearing nylon hose and a dress, or shirt and skirt. (My wife has never worn or even owned a bra since graduating from high school. She very rarely wears any other form of underclothing either. She finds them very uncomfortable). I get extremely excited at the sight of her gleaming soaking wet nylons and her clinging clothes. After swimming a short while, she simply sits up on the edge of the pool and looks sexy. I get extremely excited and disrobe completely, then tear off my wife's clothes, and bring her into the water with me, and one thing leads to another.

We also enjoy taking showers together while fully dressed. After a short time in the water, when we are both turned on, she disrobes me and I disrobe her and she proceeds to cleanse my body while I do hers. It has also happened that while watching T.V. and drinking, she may suddenly pour her drink over me. I will then grab her, put my arms around her and pour my drink over her. I then grab the bottle and pour part of it over her, usually trying to get her legs and breasts wet. We then continue to drink until we are both high or until we finish a bottle. We then go into the bathtub, fully dressed, with my wife's bubble bath. She teases me by lifting her sexy legs up out of the water, with her wet, shining nylons on, and pulling her dress or blouse down over her shoulders. I become extremely excited and pull her clothes off her and we then fool around awhile before going to bed.

I have also sometimes come home from work to find one of my wife's soaking wet nylon stockings a few steps inside the door, then another drenched stocking. Then I see her soaking wet mini skirt and in the open doorway of the bathroom is her blouse and she is sitting in a tub full of water while completely nude, although sometimes wearing long stockings and a shirt. I am extremely excited by this and jump in the water right away. I am hoping Penthouse will publish pictures of partially dressed and nude women frolicking or bathing in water.—*J.D. (name and address withheld), Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

Erotic omens

I am 23, unmarried, and have a heavy black fringe of hair, almost a mustache, on my upper lip. I used to worry about this, and was always trying removal treatments. But my latest boyfriend likes it. He says: "Girls with a downy lip are the most passionate". Is this generally true?—*Miss A. H. (name and address withheld), Madison, Wisconsin.*



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