

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1971 75 cents



**GIRLS OF THE
ENCHANTED ISLAND:**
11 PAGES OF CANDID
PHOTOGRAPHY

**AN ABZ OF THE
HEGELERS:** DENMARK'S
WORLD-FAMED
SEXOLOGISTS
INTERVIEWED

**JACQUELINE
SUSANN** ON
GAMES WOMEN
PLAY

HOW TO
MAKE YOUR
MISTRESS
TAX
DEDUCTIBLE

**ASIMOV'S CONDUCTED
TOUR OF THE MOON:**
A PREVIEW FOR
TOMORROW'S
TOURISTS

FORBIDDEN TREASURES:
THE KICKS (AND
KINKS) OF
COLLECTING THEM

DON'T GO TO BED:
A DOCTOR'S NEW
PRESCRIPTION
FOR THE SICK

STIRLING MOSS
ON MOTOR
SPORT'S
PAPERWORK
JUNGLE



A man and a woman are sitting on the floor of a room, surrounded by travel-related items. The woman, wearing a red dress and a yellow shirt, is holding a small map. The man, wearing a blue shirt, is pointing at it. They are looking at a globe on a stand. The floor is covered with various travel brochures, including one for 'FRANCE' and another for 'GREECE'. There are also several cigarette packs scattered around, including two 'VICEROY' packs in the foreground. The scene suggests a couple planning a vacation.

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/April 1971



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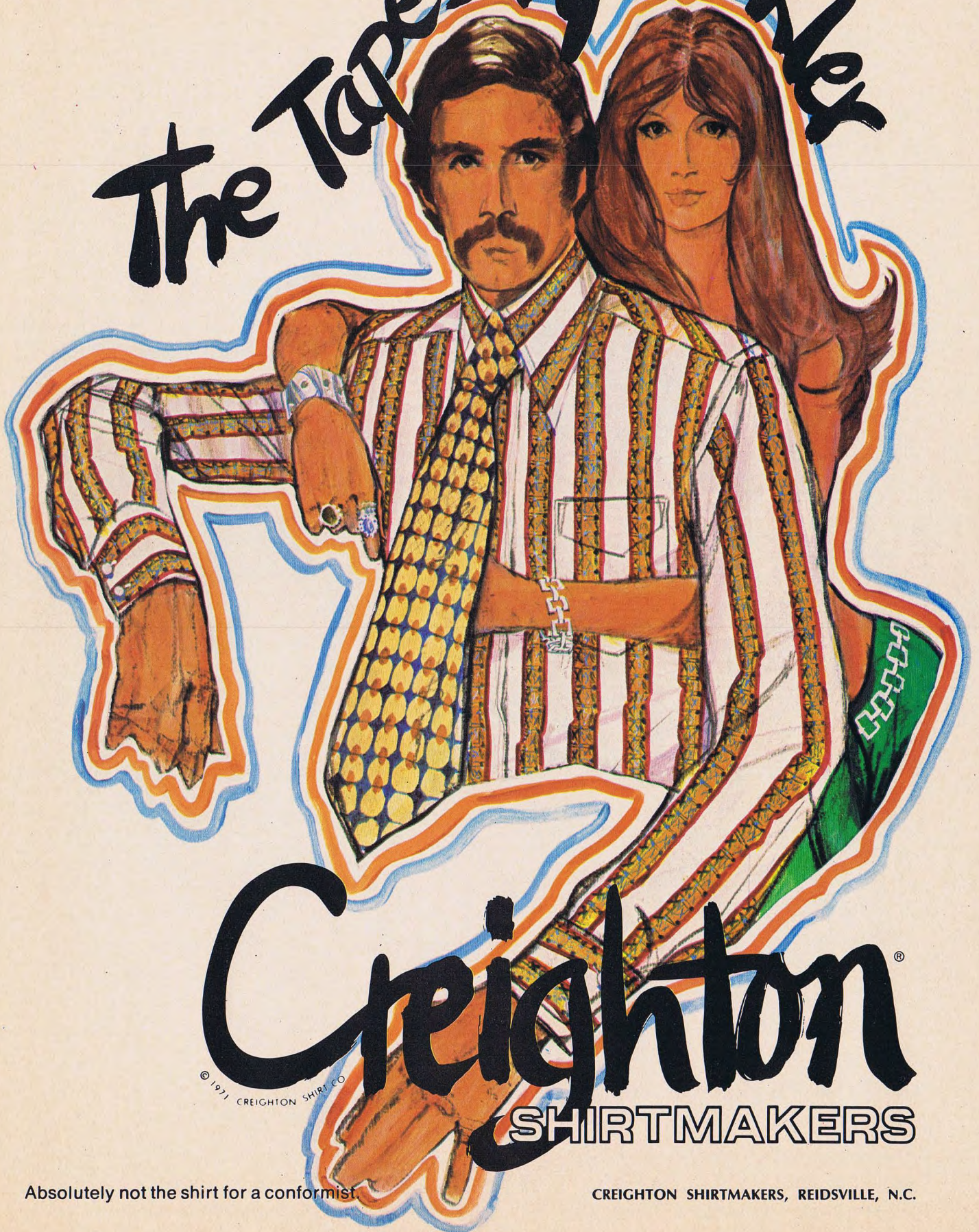
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
RUSSELL



NELSON

Beginning with a look back to the turn of the year, we report in this issue the sequel to **William R. Corson's** arresting two-part article (December and January) on combatting heroin. The first of a series of extracts from comments by readers appears on page 14, and among them are some political names known to every follower of public events. The attention attracted by the controversial Corson proposals on this important national issue is a measure of the growing impact of Penthouse in the land. Keeping up the pace in the present edition we welcome to our roll of contributors eminent cardiologist **Lawrence E. Lamb**, novelist-extraordinary **Jacqueline Susann**, and super-sexologists **Inge & Sten Hegeler**, among others. Dr Lamb, whose patients have included President Lyndon B. Johnson, was in charge of the medical program of the first astronauts, and has also assisted Dr Cooley on heart transplant problems. His book *Your heart and how to live with it* (Viking, 1969), was an alternate

Book of the Month Club choice. For his Penthouse debut Dr Lamb exposes the unsuspected hazards of taking your ailments lying down—don't go to bed, he says, just because you feel ill. The Hegelers, interviewed in London by **Nicholas Swingler**, display the astringent attitudes towards sex that have made their books, like *An ABZ of Love*, international bestsellers. They have lately starred in a sex education film, *Language of Love*, and have yet another book, *Living is Loving*, ready for publication. **Jacqueline Susann**, creator of the *Valley of the Dolls* bonanza, joins a group of Penthouse contributors exploring some offbeat aspects of grown-up games—in her case, inevitably, the female variety. Similarly occupied are **Franz Owen Armbruster**, 42, games expert responsible for Instant Insanity and many others, who sees games as psychological give-aways, and **Lucian Russell**, 28, a Harvard maths graduate now researching computer-science for Bell Telephone Laboratories, who has

some ingenious gambits on how to make your mistress tax deductible. Another sort of game is the one discussed entertainingly by **Howard Nelson**, collecting classics of erotica. Nelson, who says his career has included selling beer and chewing gum in Latin America, Japan and Europe, editing a newspaper in Belgium, and teaching school in Switzerland and Vietnam, has in recent years been translating European erotica, which brought him into intimate contact with his subject. Finally, some featured contributors who will all be welcomed back by regular Penthouse readers: the inimitable **Isaac Asimov**, vividly picturing the moon through a tourist's eyes, the worldly **Frederic Mullally**, evocatively describing the last days of an enchanted refuge, the fast-moving **Stirling Moss**, protesting the paperwork that confuses auto-racing, fictioneer **William C. Abeel**, telling an elegant (and alarming) new story, and cartoonist **Paul Psorakis**, ever more resourceful in his irreverence. 

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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.

Fairest and barest

I really enjoyed the Miss Nude Cosmos feature in your January issue. My congratulations to (1) the Miss Nude Cosmos organization for doing it, (2) the Penthouse staff for covering it, and (3) the contestants themselves for being it, in or out of competition.

My vote, however, goes to contestant No. 19 (pp 60, 63) whoever she is. Despite the reality of that situation, she is extremely elegant! Perhaps the photographer had it covered, perhaps the young lady was in exceptional form that day. In any case, the presentation was superb.—*Gene Gordon, Fallen Leaf Lane, Concord, Calif. 10036.*

The pictorial in your January 1971 issue entitled *Fairest and Barest* contained two pictures of a most attractive chick bearing the tag number 19. In my opinion, it would be an asset to your magazine to see her in the centerfold as a Penthouse Pet.—*Thomas Tynell, New Milford, N.J. 07646.*

Your January 1971 issue has the most beautiful batch of naked ladies that I have seen since the service, back in World War II. I can remember a professional love house in Havana, a block north from Johnnie's Bar, and a quarter of a mile from the boulevard. The most beautiful batch of tender, naked girls formed a half moon around me and my friend. When the madame asked which girl we'd like, we could have stayed all day, all night, and enjoyed them all one by one.

Getting back to your batch of beautiful naked ladies at the Oakdale Ranch, boy, that's my idea of real togetherness! By the way, who is the tender, lovely, blonde in the center of the photo on page 59? I'll bet the only time she wears clothes is for town. She's tan all over!—*M.J.P. (name and address withheld), Coventry, R.I. 02816.*

The End

It was with pleasure that I discovered your magazine with its excellent articles, cartoons, and lovely lassies. Isaac Asimov's excellent *The End*, (January 1971) should be read by everyone because of its alarming logic. He brilliantly tears holes in the arguments of those who say everything will turn out fine because "modern science" will find means to distill the oceans' waters, harness nuclear energy, find enough food in the seas or in hybrid wheats, etc. etc.

Speaking as an engineer, I must say that the people who expect "modern science" to solve the population problem are very wrong. "Modern science" needed almost a decade and tens of billions of dollars to land two men on the moon. This remarkable accomplishment is a relatively simple task compared to the problems which must be solved to feed, clothe, and house the world's population for the next few years *only*.

Let us assume that all the nations finally realize that the population explosion is No. 1

on the survival agenda and decide to work on this gigantic project together. Nothing they do can prevent the end of human life on earth except to limit the population to a reasonable number. No matter how much food (to look at only one of life's essentials) can be squeezed from the seas and land, a population limit is inevitable in the near future. The limit may be reached either through wars and famine or through humane controls on population via voluntary or involuntary contraception. Voluntary means would be preferable but involuntary means are more likely. Putting tasteless birth control chemicals in food or water, for example, cannot be viewed as inhumane. The alternative is mass starvation, which *is* inhumane.

One important stumbling block to population control is the attitude of some religious bodies that an expanding number of humans on earth is a divine wish. They dismiss all intelligent concern with their pat phrase—"God will provide". This attitude will undoubtedly account for millions of deaths in the next few decades, if a new interpretation is not forthcoming quickly.—*M.S. (name and address withheld), Greenbelt, Md. 20770.*

An error of magnitude

I found the Isaac Asimov article in your January, 1971 issue both interesting and comprehensive. There is, however, at least one typographical error of which you should be made aware. In the first paragraph of the 2nd column on page 27, you erroneously state the Sun's weight to be "about 2.2 billion billion tons," i.e., about 2.2×10^{18} tons. This should read 2.2 billion billion *billion* tons, or 2.2×10^{27} tons. Using this correct figure, the product later in the same paragraph, about 3×10^{50} tons, is correctly derived.—*Alan T. Richards, N.E. 73rd St., Seattle, Washington 98115.*

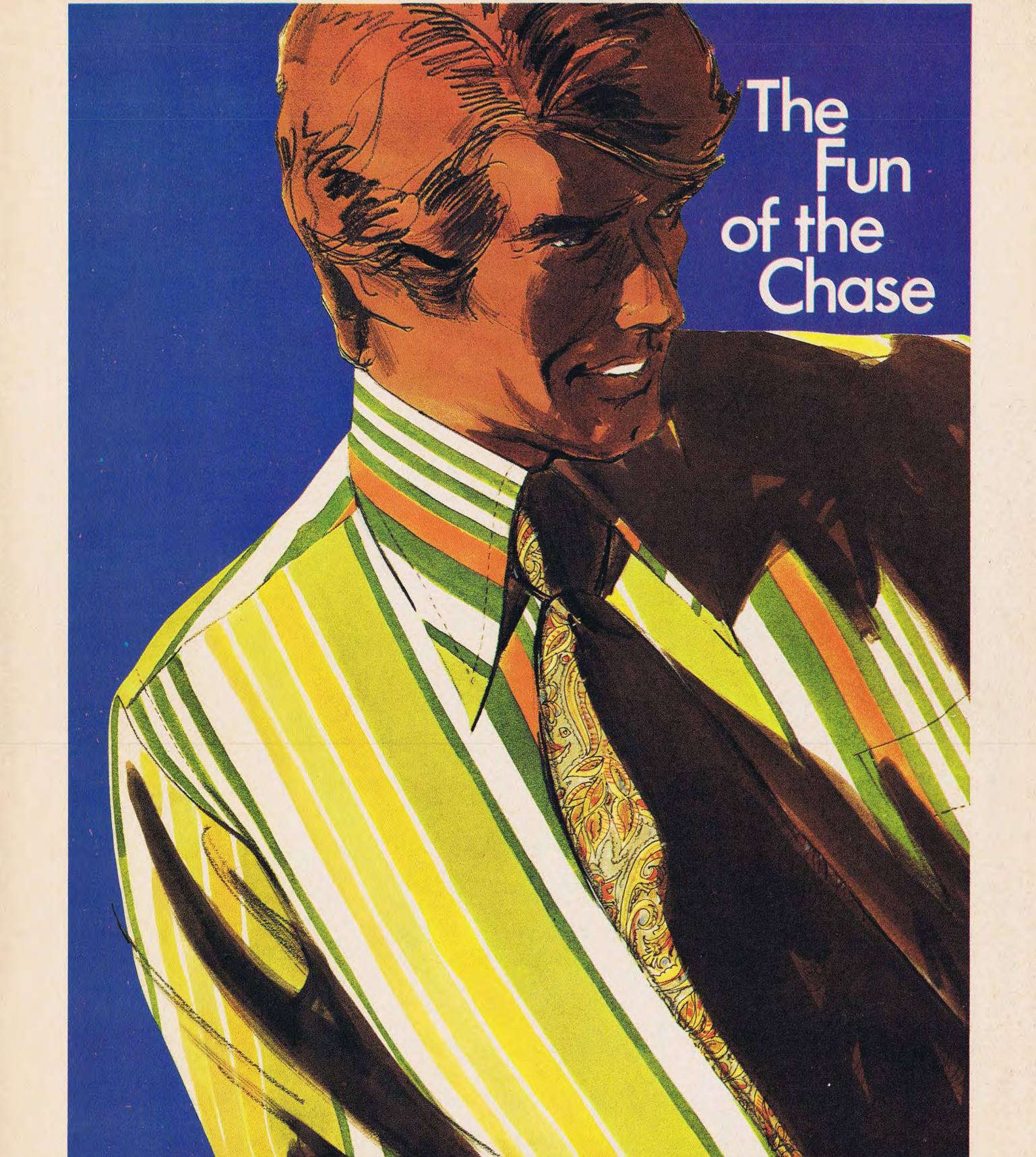
Planetary connections

John Anthony West's article on *Science in the Stars* (January) is an important step and exciting for the people working in the field. We at 800 are generating a project to study possible planetary effect on body chemistry and mental behavior. We'll be studying subjects whose personality breakdown is complete: schizophrenics, as well as subjects with problems in the endocrine glands. It is conceivable that we will be able to establish planetary relationships with both hormone activity and mental behavior of the human being. More specifically hormonal activity might be linked with mental problems through certain consistent planetary factors.

We hope that Mr West and Penthouse will be publishing further excellent articles on the subject, as new developments arise.—*Michael Lutin & David Damaska, 800, Ave. of the Americas, Penthouse, New York, N.Y. 10001.*

Forbidden fleece

Your January Pet, Miss Viva Helziger, is very nice-looking, but why be so modest about her



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

pubic hair? The picture on page 40 should have shown the entire pubic region, or the very nice picture on page 43 could have had some front lighting. Please show the entire pubic display with good lighting and in focus.—*John Hanson, East Illinois Urbana, Illinois 61801.*



New pipe smokers should go right to Masterpiece.

Because you'll never know how good a pipe can be until you smoke the world's finest pipe tobacco.



regular
light aromatic
aromatic

I am a Swede endowed with a penis measuring at full erection $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference. In view of my sexual prowess, I refer to the letter from W.C.P. of Haddon Heights, N.J. in your January issue. I wholeheartedly agree that Penthouse should expose the "beaver" and "split beaver". Beautiful women, stunning, fantastically shaped, every one a breathtaking "beauty queen", should be seen in reality or photographically, by virile men, completely nude in all their glory as nature intended them to be!—*E.S. (name withheld), Terre du Lac, Bonne Terre, Mo. 63628.*

The mating game

Your December issue carries a Forum letter from a Miss R.E. of Miami, Florida, in which she mentions a game called "hide the weenie". I wonder if it would be possible to learn more about this game, and the rules by which it is played?—*R.G. (name and address withheld) Plymouth, Mass.*

Polarization industry

Your December issue featured an article by Norman Schreiber entitled *The Great American Polarization Industry*. I question only one part of the article: the existence of a company called Atlan Formularies and the book entitled "The Militant's Formulary".

Assuming that research was done on the article, could you please tell me: 1) the address of the company; 2) if it markets any other than "polarization" material; 3) the legality of such a book; 4) restrictions on who may receive such information.—*S.S. (name and address withheld), Carle Place, New York 11514.*

As stated in the article a mail-order advertisement from Atlan Formularies, giving a California address, was published in Statecraft, but it is not Penthouse policy to encourage disorder by disclosing further particulars—Ed

Jewish Power

I must protest in the strongest possible manner about Tony Escott's "Jewish Power" cartoon (December) showing Santa Claus with a ridiculous and unusual nose. It is indeed a terrible thing to depict a person of the Jewish faith in such a disgraceful manner. I am particularly surprised and shocked at a magazine of your stature stooping to these depths of anti-Semitism.—*John Garibine, 174th Street, Flushing, N.Y. 11365.*

Emma Peel peeled

I have been an "over-the-counter" buyer of Penthouse for some two years now and was hoping that you could help me in my quest. I have recently read that Diana Rigg, formerly Emma Peel of the TV show *The Avengers* and the Royal Shakespeare Company, is currently rendering a "controversial" performance in *Abelard and Heloise* at the Wyndham Theatre, London. Miss Rigg supposedly performs a good portion of the role in the nude and since I have been a long-standing fan of Miss Rigg's who felt that the "nude fashion" in the arts was made for her sensual style I find myself trying to find out how I can obtain more information on Miss Rigg's performance.

I would appreciate your assistance. In return I promise to "go straight" (i.e. become a subscriber).—*Robert Gass, Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass. 02135.*

Alas, Miss Rigg's peeling—a brief interlude in a serious play—is a thing of the past. She left the play last year and now only the male lead is glimpsed starkers.—Ed.

Seeger's system

When Pete Seeger, your January interviewee, uses phrases such as "national planning", "a planned America", and "we need controls", it is well to remember that the planning he so ardently desires will be done by parasitic bureaucrats and the controls he worships are ultimately those of the police. Seeger isn't really opposed to slavery; he merely wants to see it nationalized.

Isn't it a bit odd that a man who is supposedly an advocate of freedom has consistently called for more government (i.e. less freedom) as the "solution" to every conceivable social and economic problem? A governmental "solution" is the solution of the gun. The one word that really sums up Seeger's basic attitude toward his fellow man is: "Oink!"—*J. Ronald Courtney, Richmond, Virginia 23220.*

Your interview with Pete Seeger (January) is one of the best I have read in your magazine or your older competitor's. Mr Seeger tends to discount the various "over-and-under-30" theories. My only complaint is that the photo of Viva Helziger, opposite the last page of the interview, made it hard for me to finish the article since my eyes involuntarily wandered to that page.—*Michael B. Klaus, HHC 18th Engineer Brigade, APO 96377.*

Black and white facts

I have followed the letters discussing the sexual prowess of the black male and would like to make several comments. First, it is ironic that myths invented and perpetuated by insecure white males as further reason for black suppression (supposedly to protect the white female from black lust), are facts to some white girls. For the white male to demand sexual equality with a myth he created only adds to the irony.

Second, I found my own feelings on this matter revealing. I am disturbed when a black man even admires a beautiful white woman. The fact that some white girls acknowledge black sexual superiority only increases my resentment. Is this an indication of racial prejudice? A lack of confidence in my own virility? Fear that the black male may be sexually superior? Perhaps a combination of the above? Regardless of the reasons, I feel it is an attitude quite common among white males.

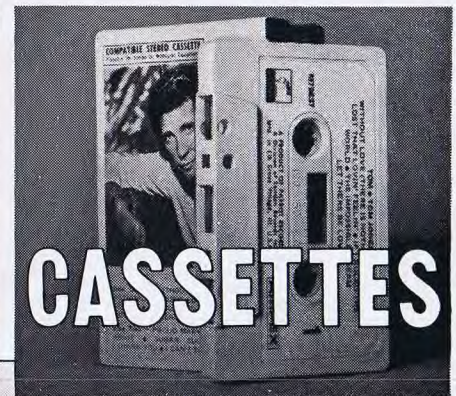
Third, according to an article which appeared several months ago in a national weekly magazine, an increasing number of white girls (primarily the young and college educated) believe the black male may really be sexually superior to the white male. Among reasons cited were aggressiveness, fewer hangups, and strong individual masculinity. I think this is probably an accurate assessment of many of today's black males. I admit these are the qualities of a sexually competent male, but they are neither unique nor inherent in the black male. There are sexual giants and sexual boobs, black and white. As to whether the black male is more likely to be sexually competent, only women having considerable experience with black and white males could accurately comment.

Finally, if you take this letter as a personal indictment of your own virility, you probably should take a close look at yourself. I did and was disturbed by what I found.—*R.B. (name and address withheld), Newington, Conn.*

I must comment on the letter entitled "White is beautiful, too," from Harvey B. in your October issue. It has been scientifically proven that the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

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erect human penis has some predictable limits as to size, and as the female vagina can contract or expand as necessary to accommodate any size of penis, size has nothing to do with satisfaction. About the only thing that determines satisfaction is technique.

Speaking from personal experience, I would say that any woman is as good a lover as her experience and emotions dictate. I myself had many different lovers prior to marriage. I have had several bad lovers, of all colors. I have had several excellent lovers, also of all colors. When you put a man, of any race, and a woman, of any race, together they are going to make love. If each knows how to make the other feel good, and if each wants to make the other feel good, then they will make *superior* love.

I have one simple question for Harvey B. Aside from skin pigment, would you please tell me what, if any, difference there is between one man and another? Don't fall into the biological trap, Harvey. The only biological difference is in skin pigment. Besides that, what (if any) is the difference?—J.T. (name and address withheld), Vietnam.

Measure for measure

In recent issues of your great magazine readers have discussed penis size in your Forum. This discussion has led to various questions on my part. I find myself embarrassed when undressed in front of other men and often when I'm with a woman. The cause of embarrassment is the size of my penis in a flaccid state, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. However, at full erection it measures $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference. Is the difference between the flaccid and erect stages unusual or extreme?

I would like to join the nudist scene but am faced with the above embarrassment and that of another sort. I'm sure that during my first few hours in a nudist camp no-one would know the size of my flaccid penis. Are erections in such a place taboo or laughed about?—J.M. (name and address withheld), Edmonds, Wash.

Ellis on Kinsey

From his comments on the Kinsey data (January

issue), it is apparent that Dr Ellis is unfamiliar with certain terminology currently in use in the behavioral science field. In discussing Dr Kinsey's "misjudgment of normality" he quotes psychoanalyst Lawrence S. Kubie: "It is incorrect and misleading to assume that because something is widespread in human behavior it must therefore be regarded as normal."

The point is that the *only* valid assumption concerning behavioral phenomena that occur with a particular statistical frequency is that they are normal or abnormal. The term "healthy" implies some moral or medical judgment. An individual may at the same time be described as both "normal" and "sick", since one has no bearing on the other. To use Dr Ellis's example as an illustration: if 50% of the population—the percentage is arbitrary—had colds, a member of this population could justly be classified as both "normal" and "sick"—Jerry Goldiez B.A. (Psychology), Braddock, University City, Missouri 63132.

Sexual Politics

After reading your article on Kate Millett and Sexual Politics (November), I think the chick is a real *freak*. A lot of my friends read it too, and we wonder why these women cannot put their fighting spirits to a more constructive use, like helping the GI's here in Vietnam. We think a lot of the women back home, and not just the idea of making a quick score: we want to be united!—Randy Cooper, 114th Aviation Co., APO San Francisco 96357.

Forum and fantasy

I question whether you believe that the numerous letters published in the Forum expressing the most banal sexual fantasies are written in sincerity. Assuming that you believe the opinions expressed in such blatantly "blue" prose, what purpose does it serve to reproduce them in the pages of your magazine? In most cases, these letters pertain to nothing in the rest of the periodical. Indeed, it becomes obvious that certain writers are using the Forum merely to carry on a form of serial "chain-

letter" about his or her pet (if you'll excuse the term) fantasy. Such letters do little to add to the stature of your worthwhile Forum section.

I do hope to be seeing more serious and meaningful matter in future issues of Penthouse.—Russell J. Ferris II, Eighth Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94118.


All the way

This is my first year in philosophy and I'm backing Penthouse all the way. It is the most classical magazine ever to hit the market, and the articles are heavy with information.

Any model should be photographed naturally—and I mean *naturally* with pubic hair, vagina and the mons veneris forest. Art is this, and not those smutty so-called sexy poses in cheap low-class magazines. Show the vulva in its full beauty. This shame should come to an end, and I'd like to see Penthouse be the pioneer in this field. The Commissioners' Report on pornography made it clear that a woman photographed in the nude by herself is *not* pornographic. So if you ever have any doubts about whether you are in the right or wrong, remember this letter. Everything is on your side, Penthouse (even Him up in heaven, I hope!).—R.H. (name and address withheld), Inglewood, Calif. 90303.

Under the Forum heading "All the Way" in the January 1971 issue, Penthouse printed a letter from reader Warren C. Peirce which this reader heartily endorses, and, having referred it to a number of other readers—both female and male—finds they enthusiastically second it as well. With this in mind, it would seem proper that the steps reader Peirce proposes should be adopted by Penthouse as quickly as possible. Your photo-article *Fairest and Barest* (January) would make a good starting place.

These are nudes as nudes should be, complete and unembarrassed by any aspects of pubic hair display and, hopefully, ready for more graphic body presentation if desired. Certainly many of your readers sincerely believe that our times now demand much more advanced body, including vaginal, displays and that these are warranted and healthy and enjoyed by the distaff posers as well. Unfortunately, in *Fairest and Barest* your cameraman was so far from his subjects (particularly in filming the line) that the girls' beauty was almost totally diluted. In any event, it is a tribute to Oakdale Guest Ranch that it had as many contestants as it did and perhaps with Penthouse publicity it can grow to much larger proportions and take on national stature as the *true* beauty contest of America.

Not to be overlooked, however, are the other nude beauty contests including Miss Nude America, held at Naked City, Roselawn, Indiana, and Miss Nude Southlands, held at Lake Como Club, Tampa, Florida. Both warrant photo coverage from a news standpoint and both certainly deserve it from a beauty one. Indeed, most of the nudist resorts—both East and West Coast and North and South—can generally be counted on to cooperate and provide natural and wonderful outdoor locations for the photography of their own girl members or models brought in for special assignments. Therefore it is almost redundant for this or any of your readers to say they hope to find these and many other displays of *total* female pulchritude in forthcoming issues of Penthouse. Permit me at least to phrase it another way: for 1971, let's try to go all the way!—David W. Clark, West End Avenue, New York, NY 10025. 



"I think I'm on to something!"

On his last outing, Studs Merkel wowed the gang with his own special, triple-filtered cigarette.

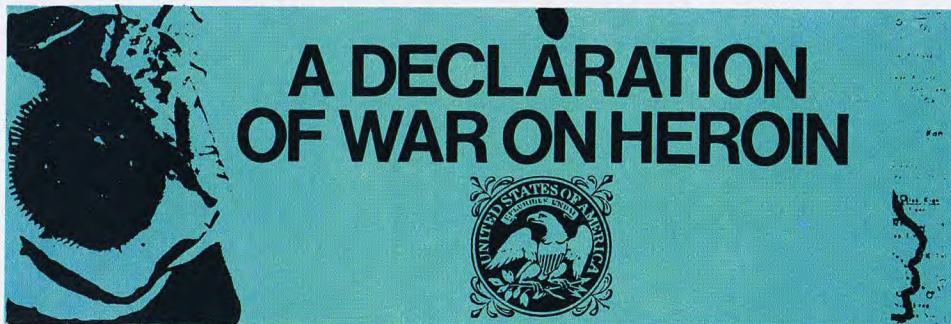
Now everybody will be smoking special, triple-filtered cigarettes.

...almost everybody



Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)





Support for curbing the heroin plague, as urged in the outspoken two-part Penthouse article "How to silence the black minority", in the December and January issues, has come swiftly from Members of Congress, government officials, leading citizens and ordinary readers. While some demurred at contributing editor William R. Corson's advocacy of wiping out the source of illegal supply by, if necessary, napalming the foreign poppy plantations, there was general endorsement of the necessity for positive measures. The following are extracts from the heavy correspondence attracted by this controversial Penthouse campaign:

From Senator Edmund S. Muskie (U.S. Senator for Maine) Washington D.C.: The proposal which Col. Corson has offered is indeed interesting, although certain portions of it are unacceptably extreme. You may be interested to know that in Turkey money provided as part of the U.S. aid program is being used by the Turkish government to subsidize farmers who are diverting their farms from the production of opium to other crops.

From Senator Jacob J. Javits (U.S. Senator for New York) Washington D.C.: As you may know, the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970, which I supported, has been enacted into law, Public Law 91-513. The law will provide not only a more enlightened penalty structure and more improved enforcement procedures regarding possession and sale of drugs of abuse, but it will make a tremendous change in direction and substantially increase funding for special project grants for treatment and rehabilitation.

From John V. Lindsay (Mayor of the City of New York): Col. Corson's proposal that a declaration of war be made against heroin is something no concerned person could deny support. His efforts to mobilize our efforts in this direction are well founded, applauded and endorsed.

From Senator Howard H. Baker Jr. (U.S. Senator for Tennessee) Washington D.C.: It is obvious that more and more effective measures will have to be enacted to combat the growing problem of heroin addiction. I will certainly keep Col. Corson's comments in mind when the Senate takes up legislative remedies to the problem again.

From Senator B. Everett Jordan (U.S. Senator for North Carolina), (Chairman of the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration), Washington D.C.: I share the concern of our citizens about the rising use of all kinds of drugs and the resulting addiction and dependency, and you may be sure I will keep the recommendations and suggestions of Col. Corson in mind as I review drug legislation coming before the Senate.

From Senator John Sparkman (U.S. Senator for Alabama), (Chairman of the Senate

Committee on Banking and Currency), Washington D.C.: I have consistently supported efforts to control the drug traffic and consider it to be a major problem facing the United States. You may be assured that I will support reasonable measures to end this dangerous drug traffic.

From Senator Charles H. Percy (U.S. Senator for Illinois) Washington D.C.: I found the article interesting and informative. I assure you that I shall keep these thoughts in mind as I consider legislation in this area.

From Congressman Roman C. Pucinski (Member for 11th District, Illinois) Washington D.C.: Col. Corson's proposal is not as extreme as one may think. On December 9, by a record vote of 249 yeas to 102 nays, the House passed H.R. 19911, a bill to amend the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961. The House agreed to an amendment that requires the President to suspend economic and military aid to any country who fails to take steps to prevent narcotic drugs from entering the United States. Many of us believe that the health and welfare of our youth is more important than the earnings foreign countries derive from growing and exporting debilitating drugs to the United States.

From Congressman Peter W. Rodino Jr. (Member for 10th District, New Jersey) Washington D.C.: The problems of the international control of narcotic drugs have been a matter of great concern to me. For a long time I have been advocating legislation to authorize the President to suspend foreign aid to the government of any country which fails to cooperate with us by taking adequate steps to stamp out the illegal production of narcotics. On December 9, 1970, when the Foreign Aid Bill, H.R. 19911, was considered by the House of Representatives, I offered an amendment embodying this proposal. It was gratifying to me that the House adopted my amendment. Although the provisions do not appear in the Senate version of the Foreign Aid Bill, I am hopeful that it will be retained as the result of a joint House-Senate conference.

Among other members of Congress and prominent citizens who expressed interest in the feature were Governors Nelson Rockefeller of New York, Forrest H. Anderson of Montana, and John Dempsey of Connecticut, Senators Strom Thurmond, William Proxmire, Herman E. Talmadge, Edward J. Gurney, and Daniel K. Inouye, and Congressmen Wm. Jennings Bryan Dora, Clement J. Zablocki, Jerome R. Waldie, and Spark Matsunaga. Reaction was also forthcoming from government circles in Washington:

From Egil Krogh Jr., Deputy Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs, The White House, Washington D.C.: We are very much in

agreement with the need to eliminate the traffic in illicit narcotic drugs by striking at its foreign sources. The importance which Col. Corson attaches to this approach is entirely justified. For the first time in history, this Administration has made this goal a major concern of American foreign policies. The President himself has made his personal interest known to the heads of key nations involved.

The problem of attacking the foreign sources of illicit drugs is an extremely complex one. This is particularly true since it requires procuring the cooperation of nations and peoples over whom we have no legal jurisdiction. In this sense, it cannot be equated with the passage of new legislation or the adoption of regulations such as those which govern commercial advertising on radio and television. In many cases, cultivation and production of the opium poppy is woven deep in the cultural fabric of these people. It has been the sole cash crop of marginal farmers in areas of Turkey for centuries. Even given the desire and dedication of the governments of these nations, it is no simple matter to reverse the mores established over so great a period of time.

Nevertheless, substantial progress has been made. The degree of cooperation which we have been able to secure from major source nations, such as France, Turkey, and Mexico is without previous parallel. The Justice Department's Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has practically doubled its overseas staff and opened new offices in many important cities around the world such as Frankfurt, Barcelona, Kuala Lumpur, London, Madrid and Ankara.

Both the French and Mexicans have increased the numbers of their own enforcement personnel assigned to the problem of combatting the illicit drug traffic. The reduction of Turkish opium production which we have achieved through negotiation is of genuine significance in that it serves to establish a pattern on which we can build in the future.

Besides a heavy mail of signed declarations of support clipped from the magazine, Penthouse has also received numerous letters of encouragement:

Col. Corson's article is without doubt a stunning piece of literature. It brings to the surface a variety of reasons why the United States does not bring about its full power against this disease of mankind. This problem is the key to many ills in this country. It is time for the United States to start a "get tough" policy on the countries that permit the poppy plants.—*Michael A. Burwell, Brenton Road, Drexel Hill, Pa. 19026.*

For the first time I believe I have read a sound, reasonable and very possible way to end heroin addiction. I have seen young people like myself (23) go down the drain under the pressure of addiction. I acknowledge and accept your "War on Heroin" and would be glad to become active in any way I can.—*E.L.C. (name and address withheld), Mass. 01101.*

As always, Col Corson makes extraordinary good sense, and I enthusiastically endorse his call for a declaration of war on the sources of heroin traffic.—*Joseph C. Goulden, 22nd Road North, Arlington, Va. 22205.*

I am entirely in favor of stronger action against poppy-growing. Whether all the stringent measures proposed by Col. Corson are practical, I doubt, but I would support pressure in that direction.—*Erwin D. Canham, Editor in Chief, The Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Mass.*

A FURTHER SELECTION OF LETTERS WILL BE PUBLISHED, INCLUDING COMMENTS FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE AND THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE.



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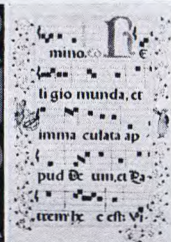
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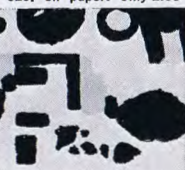
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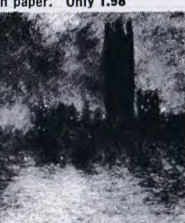
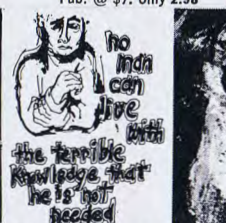
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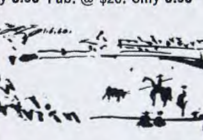
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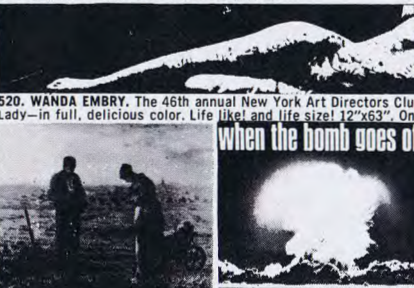
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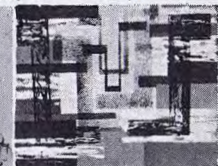
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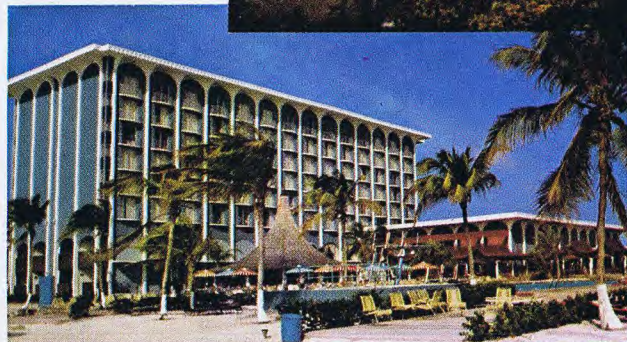
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Pulses quicken to the Goombay beat. Bahamian chatter in the Straw Market plays against the clipped British accents in the imported shops just down the street. The Sheraton-British Colonial sits happily in the midst of it all.



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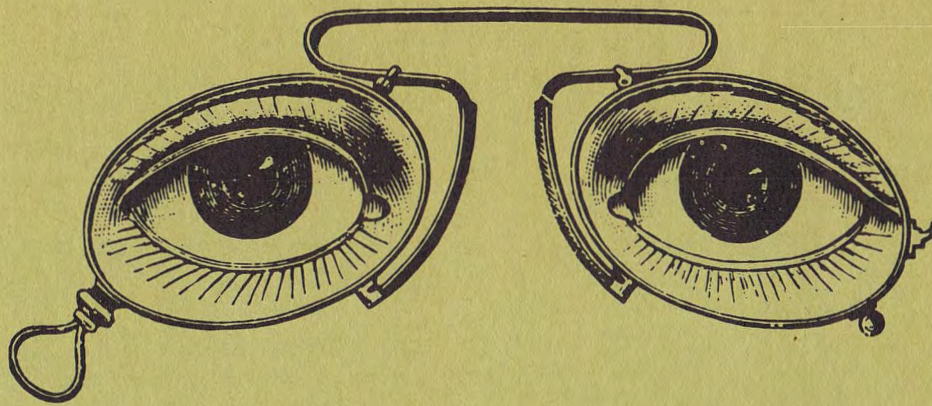
Hot blooded? Not here. It sears. It's Spanish. And it's wild. Music brings everybody to their feet and laughter rings out of control. A space-age palace gleams in the sun and glitters at night. The Puerto Rico-Sheraton is alive.



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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SWITCHED-ON SHEEP

The person who watches television is a strange kind of animal. He has eyes and ears, taste buds and an olfactory system, a complete set of emotions and a highly developed sex drive. But no mind. No mind at all. He is totally incapable of making decisions for himself. Even those involving his own survival and the welfare of his family, friends and community.

This is obviously the opinion of the broadcasting industry, its regulators at the F.C.C., the Advertising Council, and the Democratic and Republican National Committees. It is also the opinion of all the avowed enemies of the above.

Take, for example, the matter of cigarette smoking.

Before the ban on broadcast advertising of cigarettes became effective, you'll recall, a controversy had already flared over whether the networks and stations should be required to continue airing anti-smoking announcements. After all, said the electronic media men, since we're no longer telling the schnooks how great it is to smoke, we should no longer be required by the Fairness Doctrine to tell them how bad it is. The anti-cigarette people claimed it would take many more years of don't-smoke spots to make up for the harm done by all those years of go-ahead-and-smoke commercials. The F.C.C. sided with the broadcasters.

I say, a plague on them both. Both operate on the hideous-if-true assumption that if you watch TV, you must be so stupid, so lacking in judgment, that the only reason you smoked until now is because they *told* you to; and that the only way you'll stop in the future is by being told now—by the same broadcasters—to stop! They assume, apparently, that the only reason you don't spend an hour each evening hitting yourself on the head with a five-pound hammer (assuming, of course, that you don't) is that *they* haven't yet *told* you to!

Or, take the business of voting. You remember last fall's election campaign? The Big Stink, as it was called, over spending for TV spots? The Democratic-controlled Congress even passed a law to limit campaign spending on television to approximately seven cents per vote. And the Republican President vetoed it. The Democrats argued that since their opponents had all the money for TV spots, they would be in a position to

buy the election. The President, who, according to Joe McGinnis and a few thousand other observers, owed his own election to shrewd use of the electronic medium, said with a perfectly straight face he vetoed the bill because it discriminated against the broadcasters, with no similar restrictions on newspapers, billboards, bumper stickers and watermelon feasts. By which he was generally interpreted to mean: "This time, boys, we Republicans have got the dough, and we're not about to cancel out our own advantage." And who in their right mind could logically expect them to?

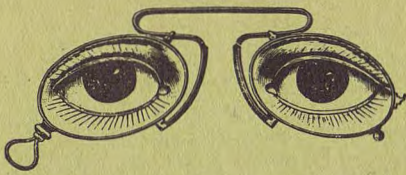
The point, however, is that both the Democrats and the Republicans were solidly in agreement on the major premise; namely, that *people will vote the most for the candidate they are most often TOLD to vote for, on television*. That being, of course, the guy with the biggest potential television budget. Which is, in turn, the one with the biggest personal bank account or the richest wife or the most friends in the oil business.

Not all the results have borne out their theory. There is a countervailing force, whereby a negative impression made by an obviously artificial or obnoxious candidate is merely reinforced with each repetition of his pitch. But campaign managers are percentage players, and they still figure they're on to a good thing with the automated idiot box.

Even worse in many ways than the engineers of consent who are merely out for your vote or your business are those who practice the new witchcraft in the sincere belief that what they're doing *really is* for your own good, and for the good of society. These are the characters who, with aid of pressure from the F.C.C., require the TV stations to add to the already unbearable clutter of commercial "messages" an additional clutter of so-called "public service" announcements. How do they serve the public? By annoying hell out of the public, of course.

"FIGHT CANCER WITH A CHECK-UP AND A CHECK, YOU IDIOT!" "DRIVE CAREFULLY, YOU JERK!" "DROWN THAT CAMP-FIRE, STUPID! YOU WANNA START A FOREST FIRE AND BURN UP THAT MANGY HELPLESS BEAR?" "WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF A MISER? GET OFF YOUR ASS AND BUY SOME EASTER SEALS, YOU MISERABLE CREEP!"

Did you know that the station owners



are required to total up all those minutes of exhortation on a score sheet and submit it to the Federal Communications Commission at license renewal time? They are. And the figures are filed away as evidence the license was renewed because the station proved thereby they had used their channel not just for profit, but to serve the public. Isn't that nice?

And everybody is happy. Because everybody knows you would never give a buck to fight cancer or tuberculosis, or drive carefully, or refrain from starting forest fires unless they TOLD you to.—F.D.

AUTO-SUGGESTION

"Students in the Institute of Human Relations of Yale have learned that drivers of automobiles with passengers to whom they are related drive faster than drivers with passengers related to them."—*Schenectady Gazette*.

Proving, if nothing else, that speed is relative.

REDEFINITIONS

Matron: A woman who believes that life is just one big gigolo.

Undress rehearsal: Bride and bridegroom coupling the night before the wedding.

Marriage: Not so much a word as a sentence.

Nymphomaniac: She who laughs last when he lasts longest.

Nag: What a wife is when her husband starts horsing around.

Falsies: Such stuffing as dreams are made on.

HAPPENINGS

STEAL-IT-YOURSELF

Eighty thousand words devoted to that fast-growing revolutionary concept, the rip-off, promises to give bookstores across the country a problem they've never faced before. Packaged between eye-catching covers and enticingly titled *Steal This Book*, the manuscript, assembled by Abbie Hoffman, will inevitably be the most popular book of the year with the freak generation. But how many copies will be *bought*, as opposed to smuggled out of the stores, is the kind of imponderable likely to give booksellers nightmares.

For years the underground press has been detailing such minor frauds as how to mail letters without postage (put the addressee's name in the top left-hand corner) or how to siphon gasoline from parked Cadillacs with a handy piece of rubber tubing, but *Steal This Book's* yippie authors have now assembled all the data in one place to provide a guerilla handbook for those living off the affluent society's surplus.

Making free phone calls, flying without an airline ticket, forging IDs, freeloading at weddings and bar-mitzvahs, sneaking into theatres without tickets, remaking credit cards, shoplifting, collecting for charities and political candidates with their official canisters and pocketing the proceeds—all are dealt with in specific detail. Such anarchistic yippie tactics as filling locks or parking meters with epoxy glue, setting up guerilla radio stations, making stink bombs, foraging behind supermarkets and calling congressmen's

offices with fake messages from hustlers also get attention.

But though the bulk of the book is devoted to action, with chapters on first aid for street-fighters and protecting yourself in demonstrations (antidotes for tear-gas etc.), *Steal This Book* also offers a guide to would-be larcenists too lazy to stir from home. A proven tactic, one chapter explains, is writing to companies about their products. A letter saying, "Your frozen asparagus has given me a whole new lease on life" has been known to work, but, adds Abbie, "In general, nasties get the best results."

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

The Clear Head is an internal newsletter put out by the 200-member Underground Press Syndicate (Box 26, Village P.O., New York 10014) for its members. It lists all the papers, details current hassles and reports on advertising and attitudes. Anyone seriously interested in the alternative press will be sent a copy for 50¢ despite non-affiliation . . . Underground papers are so flooded with free LP records by a score of different companies that very few get played, virtually none get reviewed, and one Mid-West paper recently admitted that reselling the records—at 50¢ to \$1.25 apiece—had netted the paper's record "reviewer" a steady \$50 per week for the past year . . . Washington's *Quicksilver Times* and numerous other papers have recently been including labels reading THIS COULD HAVE BEEN A BOMB which readers were advised to cut out and stick onto "pig institutions and enemy outposts" . . . *Berkeley Barb* carries ads for crossbows slingshots and blowguns with the selling pitch "LEGAL" . . . *Other Scenes* reports that airlines are working on standardizing a computer checking system for airline tickets because so many "yippies, canned airline clerks, dopefreaks and professional heisters" have been stealing endorsed ticket blanks and selling them in the black market, sometimes offering round-the-world flights for as little as \$300 . . . Vancouver's *Georgia Straight* points out that Canadians consistently get robbed in the U.S. when their dollar bills are discounted by as much as 10 or 15% (the Canadian dollar is officially worth about 98¢ on the U.S. market) . . . Stuffed Human Heart, White Man with Soy Bean Sauce, Funeral Pie and Roast Neck Bones are among the recipes listed in the *Cannibal Cook Book* (\$2 from United Sales Company, P.O. Box 636, Reading, Penna.) Acapulco Gold cigarette papers are about to go on sale, reports the *Marihuana Review*—profits to be devoted to organizations trying to legalize the benevolent herb . . . Bob Dylan's foremost interpreter, the self-described "Dylanologist" A. J. Weberman, reported in the *East Village Other* on a week of sifting through the folksinger's garbage cans. "Although D has a lot of bread his family didn't gorge themselves much. The garbage was definitely on the modest side. A typical shopping list contained items like cookie mix, liverwurst and granola" . . . Miami's *Daily Planet* is urging young freaks to register for jury duty. "If one member of the jury refuses to convict there's a hung jury—and the pot-smoker goes free" . . . Political frustration is

driving some of the radical left to witchcraft, avers *Other Scenes*, the rationale being that only the forces of nature are stronger than a militarily-entrenched government. "Can the forces of nature be controlled? No, but witchcraft can teach how far they can be channeled and diverted" . . . Meanwhile ads have been appearing for a do-it-yourself mail order witchcraft course—with a graduation certificate offered to those who complete their test papers and send back to Mother Persley, Mildmay Hall, Chelmsford, Essex, England.

SEX WITH UNCLE SAM

"Under the perfectly innocuous guise of sauna bath and massage parlors" reveals Saigon's *Overseas Weekly*, the U.S.-managed post-exchanges operate almost 50 places in Vietnam where military men "can have all their sexual worries taken care of in private at a low cost and in a clean and informal atmosphere". UNCLE SAM SELLS SEX reads the headline on the tabloid's story, which goes on: "In typical military fashion there are separate houses for officers and enlisted men".

BOX OF TRICKS

Now that triplescreen TV sets are on the market so that you can watch all three networks at once, engineers are busy devising models that can be color-controlled and blended from across the room. Still to come: sets on which you can overlay one program (or more) on top of another. In *Videa 1000*, an industry newsletter that deals with "facts and forecasts . . . about the next 1000 days", Bob DeHavilland predicts that by 1973 black and white films will be on videotape cassettes in color—having been "electronically painted" during the transfer.

WORDS

LET'S ALL SWING TOGETHER

Americans are incorrigible joiners. There is a club, lodge, association, society or other sodality for *everybody*. So it comes as no surprise to find that adultery (which used to be a messy disorganized personal affair) has now been organized into a solid, respectable group activity, complete with by-laws, instant traditions, and the inevitable chatty mimeo-smudged newsletters. The worthy participants eschew such crude labels as "wife-swappers", and prefer to call themselves simply "swingers". "It's as American as cherry pie," confirms sexologist Edward M. Brecher.

Needless to say, such a well-established and intrinsically interesting new sport cannot go unrecorded, and anthropologists and sociologists are pouncing on it with their notebooks and tape recorders. First of the reports of serious scientists to be published as a popular book is *Group Sex* (Wyden) by Gilbert Bartell, an anthropologist who traded the study of spouse exchange among the Eskimos for the swinging scene of the Midwest. He and his attractive wife made the scene for three years, and he claims they observed all they needed without actually swinging themselves by using the simple



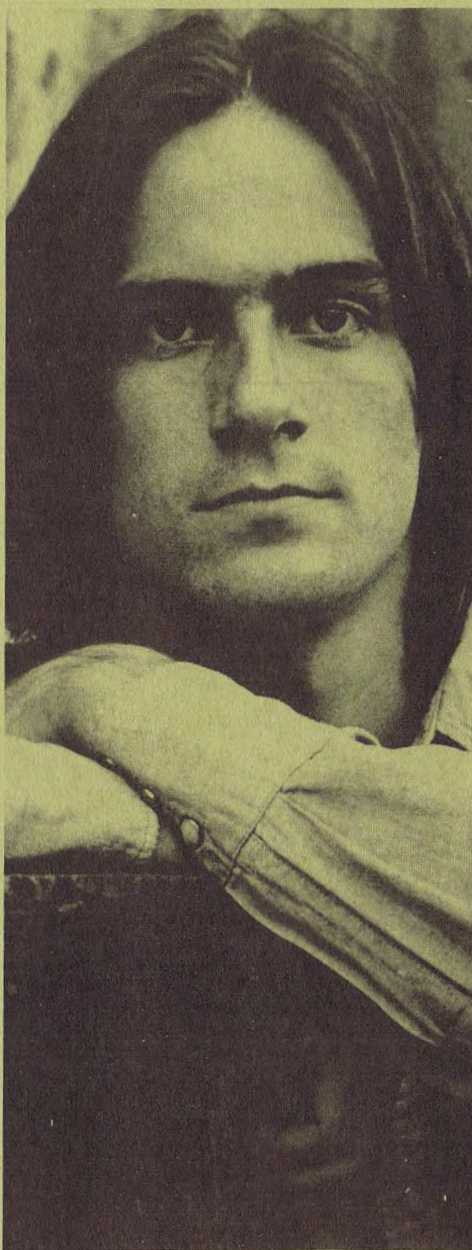
Hall (right): greed makes a big Deal. Taylor (below): comeback for crooners—kind of.

cop-out, "It's my wife's period." This, according to swinging etiquette, eliminated the husband's participation too.

Bartell's swingers turned out to be a perfectly homogeneous slice of Middle America, white middle-class suburbanites, deeply conservative and non-intellectual. The men talk about taxes and TV sports, the women about babies and beauty. They dress carefully and all alike in fashions five years old, and their bodies are fetishistically clean—as are their ranch houses. They hate Negroes, hippies, beards, long hair on men, drugs other than alcohol, sadists, masochists, and homosexuals. "Their swinging, in fact, appears to be their only significant deviation from the norms of their contemporary society," Bartell says, and he suggests: "Rather than being innovative, they may be acting out an ideal image of American society. By swinging they see themselves as 'in' with the international jet set."

The etiquette of swinging is rigid and hedged by taboos, all designed to lock out emotion. The unspeakable sin is to murmur anything resembling "I love you" to your partner. Any sweet nothings have to stick strictly to a carnal theme, e.g. "You've got a terrific body". Refusal of a prospective partner at a party must be indirect, and one must never persist when refusal is hinted. Any expression of jealousy (yes, it does happen) is considered disgusting. There is no rough stuff. Sado-masochism is generally specifically ruled out in the first exploratory contact.

Once the obligatory small talk—usually conducted by the men and the women separately—is out of the way and everybody is undressed, swingers may choose among several basic styles: couples in private (closed swinging, the most common), couples together (open swinging, more popular among the young), and threesomes (or more-somes). Couple sex is usually the same and includes cunnilingus, fellatio (both called "frenching" in the Midwest), and coitus, "with the male either dorsal or ventral", as scientist Bartell says. The man usually tries to bring the woman to orgasm by cunnilingus. Then, having discharged that awesome responsibility, he can be



readied, usually with some fellatio, for coitus.

The awful fact of the matter is that, while men enthusiastically initiate swinging, they have a hell of a time achieving and maintaining an erection in the circumstances. This has led to the most striking finding of Bartell's study: the almost universal prevalence of homosexual relations among these nice suburban housewives. At open parties, the Bartells observed that 92% of the women became involved with one another, and two-thirds of their informants admitted to private sex with other women, often indicating they preferred women to men in the swinging situation. The men, on the other hand, while encouraging female ambisexuality, are horrified if a man touches another man, even accidentally.

The situation is fraught with irony. The male, acting out his fantasies, cajoles and bullies his wife into swinging and actually barters her body for new sexual prizes. The little woman reluctantly goes along, and then finds that *she* is the one equipped with the sexual stamina for an orgy (a word swingers don't use). The man, on the other hand, may fail when faced with the competitive sexual situation, and if he fails once, the consequent anxiety is likely to make him fail again.

Maybe, after all, the P.T.A. is more fun . . .

SHOWS

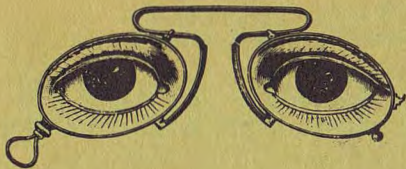
THE GAME IS UP

Herman Kahn, futurologist, master gamesman, and self-admitted "one-fourth of the prototype of Dr. Strangelove," predicted in a recent conversation with David Frost and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, that we were in for a period of looking backward. "I believe the networks are even reviving the quiz shows," Kahn said, to make his point. "And most of us remember the scandals that surrounded them."

Revival isn't exactly the right word. The game show never really died, despite the end of the era of rigged big-money network shows in the late 1950s. Only particular shows died—*Twenty-One* and *The Sixty-Four Thousand Dollar Question*. Just turn your TV on some morning and you can treat yourself to three and one-half hours of successive game shows—among them *Concentration*, *Beat the Clock*, *Sale of the Century*, *You Don't Say*, *The Dating Game*, *The Movie Game* and *Jeopardy*.

The producer of *Jeopardy* is Bob Rubin and he's known as one of the great experts in radio triviaology. He hoards arcane bits of knowledge like that John J. Anthony was not John J. Anthony at all, but Lester Kroll. (For the uninitiated, John J. Anthony's program was called *The Goodwill Hour* where he dispensed public advice on personal problems, continually admonishing his tearful guests not to "touch the microphone" and to use "no names please.")

Rubin has been in the T.V. game business since its heyday: in fact he worked on the most popular show of the '50s, *Twenty-One*. When the bomb burst, and the truth was out, Jack Barry and Dan Enright, the producers, were in disgrace—but nobody doubted



Rubin's innocence, and he was as shocked as any viewer by what *Variety* called "The Revelations". Nonetheless, Rubin remained loyal to the game show format, and his current brainchild is an intelligently produced, fast-paced show, whose guests display more wit than is usual on daytime T.V. shows.

Jeopardy probably would do better on nighttime T.V. than three game shows chosen for prime time Monday night viewing by ABC, *Let's Make a Deal*, *The Newlywed Game*, and *The Reel Game*. Jack Barry, the aforementioned tycoon of rigged T.V., has come out of retirement to MC the Reel Game, and why not? The problem is that the reel game doesn't have much "reality" to it, and against *Gunsmoke* and *Lucy*, not much chance. *The Newlywed Game* is as embarrassing at night as it is in the afternoon. It's a wonder how producer Chuck Barris can convince couples to reveal their ineptitude and sneaky little dirty secrets week after week ("Tell me, on your wedding night was your husband the Big Bad Bear, A Shy Little Rosie, or Ivan the Terrible?").

Monte Hall's *Let's Make a Deal*, is reputedly the most popular afternoon game show, and no wonder. It's based on greed. Young women dress themselves up in outlandish outfits and carry cutesy-pie signs hoping Hall will choose them to make a deal. If they win the money or the merchandise, he will tantalize them with a bigger offer. ("Would you give up your 14 \$100 bills to take a chance on winning what's behind that curtain?") About one out of three "behind-the-curtain" prizes is what Monte calls "a Zonk!" A recent zonk was two huge pigs and a broken-down sled, and the audience screamed with delight as the lady contestant burst into tears and handed over the fur coat she'd traded for the pigs. Hall picks the two top winners of the evening and gives them a chance to trade their prizes for one of three curtains. On the night we watched, a lady dressed as a chicken, carrying a sign, "I'm clucking to Win", traded a washing machine and a piano for two snow buggies, and the winning couple, a red-headed girl and her red-headed husband traded two minibikes and \$500 worth of Franco-American Spaghetti for the big deal . . . \$10,000 in cash. "What are you going to do with the money?" Hall asked, over the screaming of the audience. "We're from Ireland," the young man said, in a rich brogue. "And we're taking this money so we can get the hell out of here and back to Ireland." Hall, a Canadian immigrant to our shores, winced and said, "Tune in to daytime *Let's Make a Deal* tomorrow . . ."

The T.V. quiz shows aren't the only "looking backwards" in show business these days. New York *Times* critic Clive Barnes predicts that "nostalgia may prove the overriding emotion of the '70s with remembrance of things past far more comfortable than the realization of things present". No fewer than five "remember when" presentations are scheduled for Broadway this Spring, including a super-musical called *Follies* with Fifi D'Orsay and a possible musical version of *The Grapes of Wrath*. The silver screen will not be free of the nostalgia game. Several

films to be released this Spring have 1930s and 1940s themes. So, it looks as if our double-breasted suits and Al Capone hats will be in style for a few more years.

SOUNDS

MOOD OF THE MOMENT

Mood music once upon a time helped America while away the hours between shifts at the factory. In dimly lit lounges and uptown cafes, romance flourished in an alcoholic haze as ethnic crooners sold drinks, records and a creamy kind of comfort. Today many of us look back, perplexed, and call it schlock. Sinatra, Jerry Vale, Al Martino, Tony Bennett, Johnny Mathis and their friends and imitators were the only alternative to jazz.

Time passes and moods change. But the need for them, and for a music that reflects them, never goes away. The Broadway musical genre, which peaked with *My Fair Lady*, began its slow tolerable decline with Wilson's *Musical Man*. Today even *Hair* has been with us long enough to qualify for old-age benefits. New York, except for a few institutions like The Plaza, has surrendered to the rock emporia, while the rest of the country presumably watches TV. At least there they can get for free the South's ultimate revenge for 100 years of cultural condescension: countrified schmalz, the mood music of the '70s.

There are doubtless dozens of Woodstock/Altamont generation crooners available within the eminent domain of traditional c & w. The amazing statistic, however, is the large number of rock- and pop-bred urban cowboys. Their albums tend to illustrate two facts: that the impulse for the sentimental, graceful cliché persists; and that it has been brought to a level of refinement that often equals the performers of the 1950s.

It all may have started with Bob Dylan's *John Wesley Harding* and its Hoosier declaration, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight". As a movement, it was certainly reinforced by the whole-hearted embracing of c & w styles by groups which either had always had a bit of country (The Grateful Dead, The Youngbloods) or were formed (or bent) to exploit the market for it (Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, The Flying Burrito Bros., Poco). As usual, early clues to the new direction were detected by Dylan and The Beatles: *Nashville Skyline* and the two Paul McCartney contributions, "Let It Be" and his solo lp *McCartney*, extended the mass appeal. These all represented, however unconsciously, an effort to emulate the tone and style of the Nixon era. The volume, literally, was turned down. The rhetoric of drugs, sex and change was tempered: "There will be an answer, let it be." The pop stars of the 1960s isolated a few standard, familiar sentiments, situations and pastimes. The general psychological edginess, which subsequently culminated in the deaths of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, only intensified the desire to get back to a more sedate and "natural" environment, all of

which dovetailed nicely with the ecology movement.

It is therefore hardly surprising that new crooners should emerge and that, in place of city bar-rooms, their milieu should be more outdoors. James Taylor is an example. His rise to fame and record sales was impeded only by a brief and unhappy stint at Apple Records. He has seen his first Warner Bros. album, *Sweet Baby James* spark sales of his first-ever one on Apple, *James Taylor*. Meanwhile, brother Livingston, on Atlantic's Capricorn label, has begun his own ascent at an even earlier age.

Other crooners for our time include Neil Young, who went from The Buffalo Springfield, where he had carefully polished his arresting drone-like vocal style, to Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young as well as soloing with another group, Crazy Horse. His Canadian background hardly hurt his western ranchero image and probably encouraged fellow Springfield alumnus Stephen Stills to record his own solo lp for Atlantic. Even that acknowledged master of light pop, John Sebastian, began the circuit of club, hall and festival, where he perhaps crossed paths with an even longer-in-the-tooth golden oldie, Rick Nelson. George Harrison got into the act and onto the singles charts with "My Sweet Lord", a far cry from even middle-Beatle and not unlike the god-rock of McCartney, Paul Simon and Norman Greenbaum.

All of which goes to prove that there is ever and always a market for the solo dreamer. Hard rock and teeny-bop pop hardly provokes the honest romantic to his best flights of fancy. So the understandable result is soft intelligent songs, done up in down-home or far West music and presented by performers who differ from the heart-throbs of the '50s mostly in the length of their hair.

PENTHOUSE PICKS


Elton John (UNI 73090). Sometimes he sounds like somebody else you've heard and sometimes the flourish of publicity around him nags, but the talent is there and deserves your attention.

No Dice/Badfinger (Apple ST 3367). Their second album, again under the light-fingered auspices of Paul McCartney, but so what. This is the best of those groups discovered and/or supported by one of the biggies.

Washington Country/Arlo Guthrie (Reprise RS/6411). Perhaps the only artist to come out of the folk scene and retain a consistency of style and essential concern. A fine, often touching album.

WATT/Ten Years After (Deram XDES 18050). Alvin Lee and company can be boring. But their first album was very much a new profile on the horizon and this one recollects much of that.

Lola versus Powerman and the Money-ground. Part One/The Kinks (Reprise RS 6423). "Lola" was the first single of the 1970s, offering more testimony concerning the durable and ever-astute sensibility of Ray Davies.

The Archies' Greatest Hits (Kirshner KES 109). Buy it. Listen carefully. This is one, quite brilliant, way to make a fast buck. 

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Official Rules Kent Castle Contest

1 Using only the letters from the words "KENT MICRONITE FILTER CIGARETTES," make as many English words as you can consisting of four letters or more. Ex.: RENT, SCENT. Use letters appearing in the phrase "KENT MICRONITE FILTER CIGARETTES" as often as you wish. Ex.: MINIMAL, KNOCK. Winners will be judged by highest total of eligible words made.

2 You may NOT use proper nouns, abbreviations, contractions, words with a hyphen or apostrophe. Decisions on word eligibility will be made by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Only words appearing in the main body of Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary are eligible.

3 Word lists must be legibly typed or printed by hand on paper of your choice. You must also show total number of words made, plus your name, address and zip code. This is your entry.

4 Include with your entry the bottom flaps from any two packages of KENT or KENT

MENTHOL cigarettes. Mail your entry and bottom flaps to KENT CONTEST, P.O. Box 1, Murray Hill Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Enter as often as you like; each entry must be mailed separately with two bottom flaps enclosed and postmarked by May 15, 1971, and received no later than May 25, 1971. Entries become property of Lorillard. Winners will be notified by mail.

5 Entries for this contest of skill must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entries are submitted and winners will be determined on the basis of the highest totals of eligible words.

6 In case of ties among potential Grand Prize Winners, a new phrase will be developed and will be supplied as needed to break the ties. Tie-breaking phrases will be sent by June 15, 1971 and must be returned by July 5, 1971. In case of ties among Second Prize Winners, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

NOTE: In the event of tie-breaking runoff further proof of purchase is not required.

7 The fifty Grand Prize Winners will each receive a one week stay for two at the ele-

gant Churchill Hotel in London including a fabulous Castle tour and medieval feast in Kent, England. Trips will commence on August 8, 1971 and run through September 5, 1971. Each Grand Prize includes round trip air transportation for two and spending money of \$500.

One thousand Second Prize Winners will each receive an attractive golden toned set of Kent Castle ladies' brooch and men's tie tac specially created by famous Trifari. ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. No substitutions or cash exchanges of prizes. A Grand Prize winner who cannot take the trip may transfer it to another individual of his choice.

8 Contest open to all residents of U.S. over 21 years of age, except employees of LORILLARD and their families, its advertising and promotion agencies. Winners may be required to execute affidavits of eligibility and releases for the sponsor's publicity purposes. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is sole responsibility of the individual winners. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Local laws and void wherever prohibited or restricted by law.

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1989: *Permanent colony established on the Moon.*

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No, it isn't all! Far from all! There's a show put on by the skies of Luna that's nothing like anything ever seen here on Earth. A planetarium might put on an imitation of it, but it would be like a wax orange compared to the real thing. Just to be on the Moon and take one good look at its night-sky—even with a space helmet on, or from behind the protective glass of a Lunar observatory—will reveal at once that what we call a night-sky on Earth is nothing but a pale, washed-out substitute.

There are no clouds on the Moon, no mists, no fog, no city lights; nothing to hide the stars, nothing to dim them, nothing to drown them out. There is no atmosphere to absorb starlight, so that each star shines nearly half a magnitude brighter than it does on Earth, and keeps its brightness from zenith all the way to horizon. This means

making the little sparks constantly shift position. This gives the stars a soft beauty but it wearies the eye. On the airless Moon, each star, however faint it might be, is fixed. The eye can follow the patterns of the constellations; the mind can create associations and pictures in those patterns in endless variations.

And there will be ample time to study those patterns, too, for the Lunar night lasts 348 hours—or just over two weeks.

Then the Sun rises in the east. It's the same Sun we see from Earth and appears to be the same size—but it's a lot more dangerous. There's no air to soften the radiation-blow and to absorb the x-rays and far ultra-violet rays long before they reach us. There's no ocean to absorb the heat and keep the temperature rise moderate. There are no winds and currents to spread the heat. At the Lunar equator, the temperature at noon reaches that of the boiling point of water.

But that's just on the surface, of course. In Luna City, underground, the temperatures will always be moderate. And through television cameras, one can still watch the sky. On the Moon, where there is no air to scatter the light, the daytime sky remains black; utterly black. The Sun's light, reflected brightly from the Moon's crunchy surface, would dazzle the eye and limit the clarity with which one could see the

A TOURIST'S VIEW OF THE MOON

A CONDUCTED TOUR OF THE COMING CENTURY'S "IN" RESORT,
WHERE SUNBATHING IS A NON-STARTER,
BUT YOU SHOULD SEE THE HEAVENLY BODIES . . .

BY ISAAC ASIMOV

that many stars just under the threshold of visibility, seen from Earth, are bright enough to be clearly visible in the skies of the Moon. The unaided 20/20 eye on Earth, under the best conditions, can make out perhaps 2,500 stars in the sky at any one time. On the Moon, the same eye would make out nearly 6,000 stars. These hordes of dim stars not seen on Earth by the naked eye, would lend the familiar constellations a richness undreamed of here.

What's more, the stars of the Lunar sky wouldn't twinkle. It is the temperature differences in air that bend the tiny starlight-beams this way and that,

stars. But suppose you watch from inside the dome, with the television cameras turned to a section of the sky. The brilliant ground would be invisible and, if the Sun itself were not in the field of vision, the stars would be as visible by day as by night.

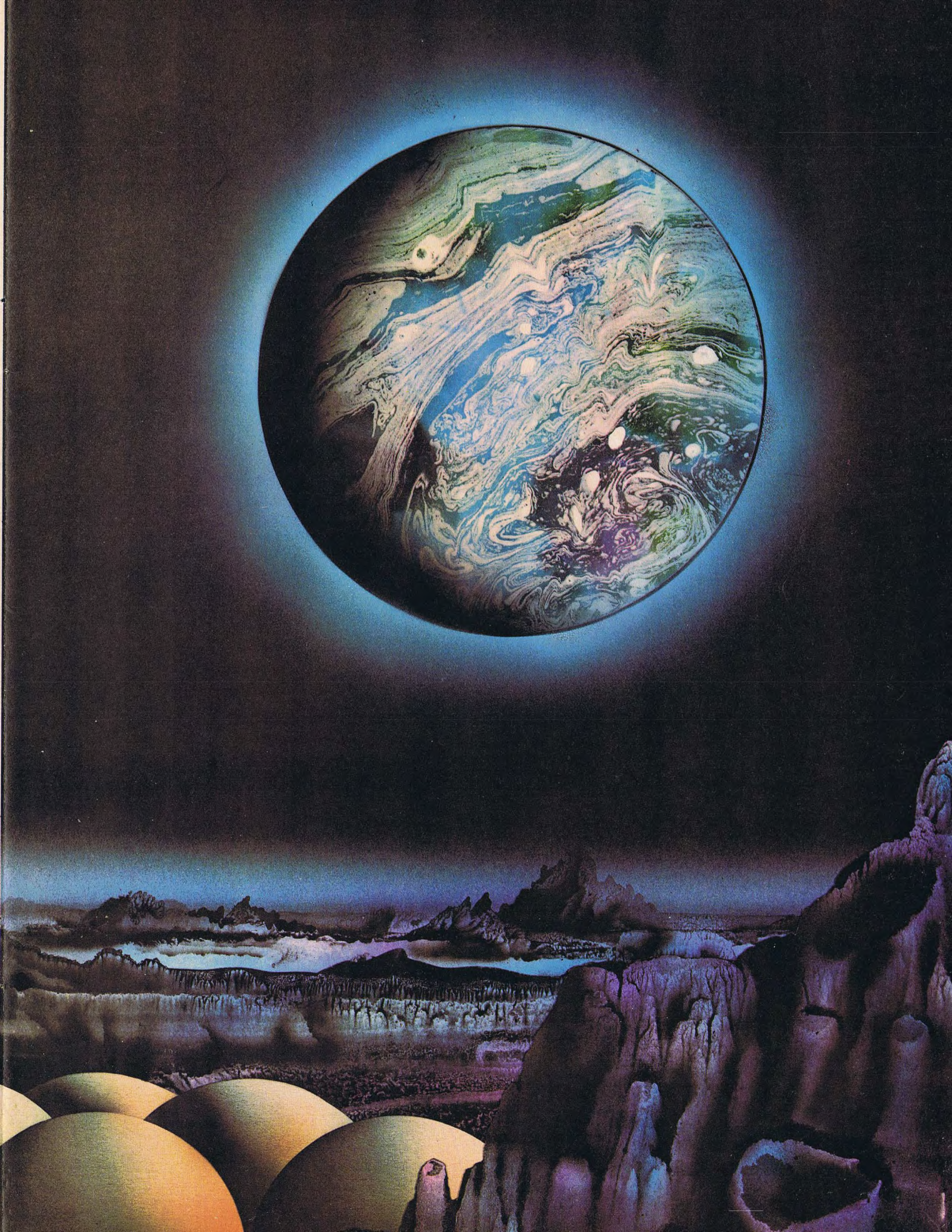
The Sun itself would be a rare sight to behold—though not directly, of course. It is easy to imagine an opaque region on the television screen just large enough to cover the shining disc of the Sun. Suppose this opaque region were an exact fit and were shifted by a timing mechanism so that it continued to stay in front of the Sun as that body moved slowly across the heavens.

On Earth, this would make no differ-

*Always assuming civilization is still in existence in 2009—see my article "The End" (*Penthouse*, January, 1971.)

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BIRKBECK





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ence. The atmosphere would remain full of light; the sky would remain blue; the stars would remain invisible. On the Moon, however, with no air to scatter light, hiding the disc of the Sun would give the effect of having no Sun at all in the sky—except that if the opaque region were an *exact* fit, the bright red rim of its atmosphere would be visible. The corona would be seen. The Sun would be in total eclipse for as long as the opaque cover is maintained, with all the beauty that can be seen only so rarely on Earth.

The Moon's sky offers us something we couldn't see at all from the Earth under any conditions—something so remarkable it is worth travelling the distance for. In the Moon's sky there is the Earth! The Earth is, so to speak, the Moon's "Moon". But what a difference! The Earth is nearly four times as wide as the Moon, and so it appears, in the Moon's sky, four times as wide as the Moon does in ours.

The brightness of an object in the sky depends, not on its width but, all things being equal, on its area, which is the square of the width. On that basis the Moon's Earth ought to be 14 times as bright as the Earth's Moon. But all things are not equal. The Moon's visible surface is bare rock that absorbs most of the Sunlight that falls on it. Only about 7 per cent of the Sunlight falling on the Lunar surface is reflected back into space. The Earth, on the other hand, has an atmosphere more or less filled with clouds, and these are much better mirrors than bare rock is. Some 28 per cent of the Sunlight that falls on the Earth's atmosphere is reflected back into space. The Earth, square mile for square mile, reflects four times as much Sunlight as the Moon does. Combine this with the Earth's greater visible area and the Earth would be 56 times as bright as the Moon.

Remember, though, that there is no atmosphere on the Moon to absorb the Earthlight. Adding 30 per cent for that reason allows us to end with the fact that the Earth as seen from the Moon is just about 80 times as bright as the Moon is seen from Earth. If the brightness of the stars, as seen from the Moon, offers a romantic and beautiful sight, what are we to say of the large "Moon" presented by Earth, and the brilliance of Earthlight?

The Earth, as seen from the Moon, passes through phases, just as the Moon does, as seen from the Earth—and in the same period of time. The Earth phases are exactly opposite to those of the Moon, however. When it is the time of the new Moon on Earth, it is the time of the full Earth on the Moon and vice versa. At full Earth on the Moon, with the Earthlight at its maximum (80 times as bright as the brightest full Moon any Earthman has ever seen

from the surface of our planet), the Lunar landscape is lit by light without heat, throwing the surface into soft highlights surrounded by black shadows—like Sunlight but without any of its harsh and dangerous effects and with a glow nothing on Earth can duplicate.

Nor is this something we need just imagine; we can see the Earthlight on the Moon when the Moon is new. Then Earth is full (as seen from the Moon). When the new Moon's crescent is thick enough to linger in the sky for an hour or so after Sunset, so that the sky is dark, we can see beyond the pale crescent the faint outlines of the rest of the Moon lit by Earthlight.

Since the Moon always presents nearly the same face to the Earth as it circles us, the Earth seems nearly motionless in the Moon's sky. If we were standing on some point on the Moon near the center of its face (as seen from the Earth), the Earth would appear directly overhead and would more or less stay there. If we were to stand north of the central point on the Moon's face, the Earth would appear south of the zenith. The farther north we were standing, the farther south the Earth would appear. If we were standing east of the central point, the Earth would appear west, and so on.

But wherever the Earth appeared, there it would stay, and through the month we could watch its phases change from new to full and back again. Nor is it only the slow phase-change we could watch. The Earth's face is far more variegated than the Moon's is. The Moon presents us only one face forever and that smooth expanse of light is unbroken by water, untroubled by air. Not so the Earth's face, which has ever-shifting clouds forming their curling faint-blue patterns. And through the clouds, one can glimpse the deeper blue of ocean, the faint tawny of desert, the touch of mild green that is the evidence of life. Occasionally, the outline of a continent might be made out. Those parts of the outline most often seen would be the desert areas where clouds are few—the bulge of African Sahara, the polygon of Arabia, the curve of Australia or the Chilean coastline, the thin extent of Lower California.

The Earth rotates, too, once in 24 hours, so that each part is presented to the eyes of the Moon-tourist in turn.

Because the variations are endless, the interest can never fail.

Additional interest arises out of the fact that the Earth does not hang *quite* motionlessly in the sky, because the Moon's orbit about the Earth is not an exact circle. The Moon moves in an ellipse, and moves more slowly at some parts of its orbit than others. Without going into detail to explain why, this

uneven speed results in the Moon not presenting quite the same face to us at all times. During part of its orbit, it turns a little so we can see just a small way beyond its eastern edge, and during the rest of its orbit it slowly swings back so that we can see just a small way beyond its western edge. This is called the Moon's "libration."

The effect to someone standing on the surface of the Moon is to make the Earth swing back and forth over a one-month period about its average position in the sky. In some conditions it would shift as much as 16 degrees this way or that. This means that if its average position were at the zenith, it could shift one-sixth of the way toward the horizon before swinging back. This shift would not be very spectacular if the Moon were high in the sky, but suppose it were low in the sky. Suppose a tourist on the Moon were standing near the eastern (or western) edge of the face of the Moon turned towards us. If we imagine ourselves watching this tourist through a telescope, we would see the Moon's libration carry him beyond the visible edge and then back again, over and over. What the tourist on the Moon would see would be the huge globe of the Earth sinking toward the horizon, then vanishing below it, and then rising above it eventually, only to begin sinking again—over and over.

There remains one spectacle involving the Earth that would be a must for any tourist. This involves the combination of Earth and Sun. The Sun, as seen from the Moon, moves across the sky more slowly than when seen from the Earth, for the Moon rotates about its axis only once in 29½ Earth-days. The Sun rises, spends 14 days crossing the sky, then sets, and spends 14 more days making its way back to the point of Sunrise again. What would happen when Sun and Earth were in the same part of the sky?

The path followed by the Sun in the Moon's sky is such that ordinarily it passes either above or below the Earth. The Earth's narrow crescent shifts position from east to west, around the northern or southern edge of the Earth. The amount by which the Sun misses the Earth's disc as it crosses from east to west varies. Every once in a while, in the process of passing first on this side, then that, the Sun manages to make a direct hit, so to speak, and passes behind the Earth's disc. When that happens, Sunlight cannot fall on the Moon, and what we see from Earth's surface is a Lunar eclipse. The bright face of the full Moon (a Lunar eclipse always takes place at full Moon) is bitten into by Earth's shadow. If the Sun passes behind the Earth well away from the edge of Earth's disc, the entire face of the full Moon is hidden.

How does this appear as seen from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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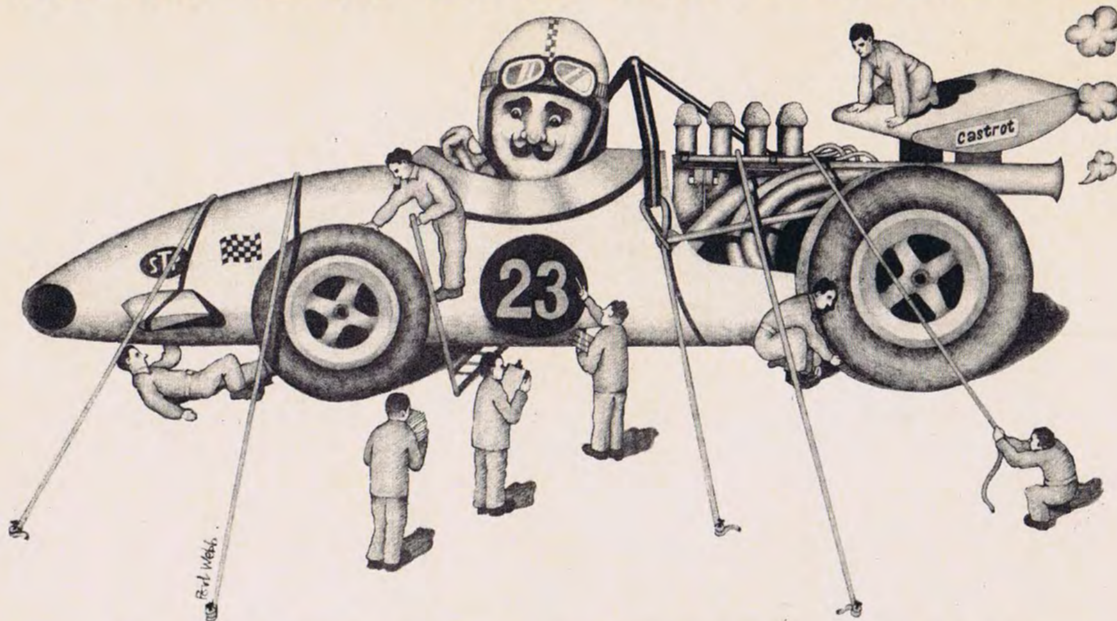
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MOTORSPORT'S PAPERWORK JUNGLE



RULES FOR AUTO RACING SHOULD KEEP THE COMPETITION FAIR,
BUT TOO OFTEN THEY BAFFLE DRIVERS AND
IMPEDE TECHNICAL PROGRESS, SAYS A FORMER CHAMPION
BY STIRLING MOSS

AN essential item of equipment for the aspiring competitive driver these days is something you won't find in any speed shop or accessory store. It often seems to me that no driver should climb into the cockpit without his lawyer! The paperwork involved in modern motorsport is such a jungle that it takes a lawyer—not to mention a linguist, an accountant and an experienced negotiator—to carve a path through it. The documentation runs to millions of words annually, and it's increasing. Rules are necessary of course, and to attempt to run motor sport, whether nationally or internationally, without them would produce chaos. But when they become so complicated that winning or losing hinges on their interpretation the paperwork is out of hand.

I remember the 1966 Monte Carlo Rally, when the Mini-Cooper team, after sweeping the board, was disqualified because of a minor lighting infringement. Then last July the result of the British Grand Prix was in doubt for painful hours after the race because of some doubt about the correct way to measure the height of an airfoil on the winning Lotus.

The trouble is that when regulations become complicated they invite exploitation. When I was driving I always made a point of reading the small print, and usually it didn't take too long to find a loophole. Occasionally I could capitalize on it, though probably only for one race, until either the loophole

was plugged or others followed my example. Perhaps the classic example of clever exploitation of "loose" regulations was Colin Chapman's ruse in the early days of the Lotus. He put pieces of metal covered by asbestos into the siamesed ports of his car's Austin Seven engine, which gave him the power increase of a divided-port head without contravening the rule against replacing the normal cylinder head. Eventually, embarrassed by his long run of wins, the organizing club changed the rules.

I believe motorsport rules should be simple and straightforward, even if they do restrict mechanical modifications. In fact contests for what are basically road cars (as distinct from pure racing cars, single or twin seater) need a minimum of technical chopping and changing, and I see no reason why saloon cars should not be raced, rallied, hill-climbed or whatever in standard trim. The only exceptions would be items like brake pads and linings, wheels and tires, and fire-safety modifications to the fuel system. In no circumstances should engine and transmission components be allowed, though perhaps it should be permissible to modify them, if only to overcome the problem of where polishing stops and reprofiling starts. Under these rules the phrase "the same as you can buy" would at least have some semblance of reality, which is more than can be said now.

How does it come about that motor-

sport is beset by so many unsatisfactory regulations? To understand this it is necessary to know how motorsport is governed. It has its own U.N. in a building in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, the headquarters of the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile. This body is an association of national motoring clubs around the world and was formed to coordinate, regulate and develop motoring activities, such as touring and motorsport. The FIA assigns to an agency called the Commission Sportive Internationale (CSI) the control of the sporting side, the CSI comprising delegates from the motor clubs of 18 nations, though an inner council of about eight people meeting several times a year is the effective cabinet.

The CSI controls the series of international sporting rules known collectively as the FIA International Sporting Code, a vast document that lays down the framework and much of the detail of motor competitions. It also "recognizes" attempts on world speed records, draws up an annual international calendar of sporting events, runs the world championship for racing drivers and constructors, and distributes the flood of paperwork involved in all this to member clubs.

In individual countries motorsport is administered by the FIA member club (Automobile Competitions Committee of the U.S. in the U.S., Royal Automobile Club in Britain) which also enforces FIA regulations by licensing all lesser clubs.



NICK WILKINS

"... Now I'd like to sing a work song, so any of you cats
of a nervous disposition ..."



Ideally, the only reason why a healthy man should take to his bed is because what he has in mind cannot comfortably be undertaken standing up. Bed is a superb place to sleep; and an equally good place for erotic romps. What bed is bad for is rest and recuperation. Even though bed is still commonly prescribed for a cold, 'flu, or other minor ailments, and hospitals continue to use bed as standard convalescing equipment, there is reason to regard it as a positive hindrance to speedy recovery.

When we're in bed, and especially when we're in bed on our own, we degenerate. Physically, that is—not morally. Even healthy people, when resting in bed, will experience degeneration of their bodily functions and develop a condition that is serious enough to be called "bed disease". Of course, there are some medical con-

ditions that require bed rest, or placing the body in a horizontal position; but normal rest can be obtained without going to bed.

The recognition of bed rest as a harmful factor was a direct spinoff from the Apollo space program. Until the Cape Kennedy physiologists began their intense research into the effects of gravity on the human body, there were only two minor studies on bed rest, and the value of this treatment had been more or less taken for granted traditionally. Most of what we knew about bed rest was learned, after all, from people who were already sick. Even the most virile of lovers was not staying in bed long enough to give doctors an example of what happened to a healthy *corpus* if it was allowed to languish in a horizontal attitude.

Gravity is the key to bed rest effects.

When you are standing erect, it causes blood to pool in your legs, in the same way that water from a water tower runs downhill. Your bones and muscles also have to be strong to keep you upright against the pull of gravity. When you lie horizontal, the blood no longer pools in your legs, and your muscles and skeleton have no weight to bear. The effect is the same as weightlessness in space. The deterioration of the body during space travel also occurs in bed rest.

Let's examine this degeneration in detail. Essentially, our bodies are adapted to the force of gravity, particularly our bloodstreams. As upright animals, we tend, during the day's activities, to accumulate blood in the lower parts of the body. More importantly, the pressure from this pooled blood causes water to accumulate in the muscles and other tissues of the legs.



Don't Go To Bed

The human body is built to function best when it's upright. Lying down when you're unwell may make you worse, says a doctor

by Lawrence E. Lamb M.D.

Every muscle cell is like a tiny canvas bag, and gravity causes water to fill these up. When the cells are full, the muscles in the legs are firm and offer support to the large deep veins in the legs. Without this support there would be nothing to stop the veins expanding more and more as blood pooled into the legs. If the veins were allowed to expand in this way, too much blood would accumulate in the legs and there would not be enough blood returned to the heart. This in turn would decrease the heart's ability to pump blood to the brain, resulting in fainting.

Usually, when you're upright and active, there are about five pounds of water in your legs. When you stay in bed, this water pours out of the muscle cells and enters your bloodstream. The body, in many remarkable ways, begins to adapt to this influx of water. As the

water pours into circulation and increases the volume of blood, the upper chambers of the heart are stretched. Tiny nerve receptors are sensitive to this change and relay a signal to the brain that the blood's volume needs adjusting. Immediately, the brain relays the message to the small pituitary gland that rests underneath it and is directly connected to the brain.

One of the normal functions of the pituitary gland is to release a chemical that prevents the kidney from pouring too much water into our urine (anti-diuretic hormone). When the signal is received from the brain that there is too much blood in circulation, the pituitary stops releasing this chemical; this leads to the kidney's releasing enough water from the bloodstream to lower the volume again. The process continues until all the body water necessary to

adapt to a gravitational situation has been released. Usually a healthy adult will lose five pounds in 48 hours. Some can lose that much in 24 hours.

Once the water is lost, the body is no longer adapted to standing upright. The amount of blood in the circulation usually decreases by more than a pint because of the water loss. The muscles in the legs, now soft, do not provide enough support for the deep veins, so that when you eventually stand up, excessive amounts of blood pool in the legs. Water pours out of the circulation into the water-thirsty muscle cells, decreasing even further the amount of blood available for pumping to the brain.

Apart from trouble in the veins, the arteries change too. Ordinarily, when you stand up, the arteries below the heart—in the legs—constrict. It is just like turning off the valves to a plumbing

system. Pressure rises in the rest of the circulation, and is maintained at a sufficient level to pump blood uphill, against gravity, to the brain.

The opening and closing of the arteries is controlled by a nerve reflex which is kept active by our changing exposure to gravity as we get up or lie down. During prolonged bed rest, this nerve reflex mechanism is, of course, not stimulated, and so does not function as well as it should. When you finally do get out of bed, its response to the stimulation of gravity is sluggish. The result: too much blood pumped by the heart runs down relaxed arteries to the legs, and there is insufficient pressure to send enough blood to the brain.

The combined effect of these changes in muscles, veins and arteries is to make you more liable to faint. Many quite healthy young men, after several days' bed rest, will faint if they have to stand still. The same thing happens to you when you go to bed with a minor illness. When you get up you feel faint from bed rest—not from the illness.

Most of the astronauts who have been on prolonged space flights have experienced similar problems when they first returned to earth. After you have been up and about awhile, the tissues refill with water, causing the body weight to return to its usual level. The reflexes return to normal function and you become re-adapted to the earth's gravity force.

Normally a certain number of red blood cells are destroyed each day from simple mechanical wear and tear. The bone marrow manufactures just enough new ones to maintain the right number of red blood cells. During inactivity, fewer cells are destroyed and the bone marrow activity slows down. The rich red marrow becomes pale and yellow. There is a gradual diminution of red blood cells. When activity is resumed the old red blood cells are quickly destroyed and the bone marrow isn't ready to replace them. It may take as long as three weeks to readjust the proper balance between cells destroyed and manufactured. During this period an anemia develops, which in some instances is fairly severe. This is one reason why physical activity should be increased slowly.

Bed rest causes gradual changes in the heart. Slowly the heart gets smaller in size and the resting heart rate increases. This combination means that the heart pumps a smaller amount of blood with each beat and beats more often to circulate the same amount of blood. The heart, quite simply, begins to lose its previous level of efficiency.

Ordinarily, the excess products from released adrenalin are burned up by the increased metabolism caused by physical activity. During bed rest these chemicals accumulate in the heart muscle and brain, and in many ways

they affect these organs like the build-up of excess carbon in an engine. They decrease the heart's ability to utilize oxygen economically, further decreasing the efficiency of the heart muscle. These chemicals also contribute to a gradual increase in the resting heart rate. Of course if the heart is already overworked this does not occur, and then rest is beneficial for the heart. You can, however, rest the heart as well, or better in many instances, by sitting up as opposed to lying down. If one remains inactive there is actually a little less work for the heart to do sitting upright than lying down.

A complete network of small arteries normally interconnects the branches of the large left and right coronary arteries to the heart muscle, and these are essential in delivering blood in large amounts to the heart muscle during exercise. During prolonged bed rest these interconnections begin to close—significantly impairing the capacity to increase blood flow to the heart muscle when it is needed. One of the beneficial effects of proper exercise is to develop the circulation to the heart muscle. Bed rest and inactivity tend to have the opposite effect.

The combination of effects of bed rest on the circulation seriously impairs a person's ability to exercise. After prolonged bed rest the heart is not able to pump as much blood while exercising in the upright position. The smaller size of the heart after bed rest appears to be one limiting factor. The heart has to work much harder to enable the body to do the same amount of exercise. This is probably related to changes in the circulation within the skeletal muscles, and is evidence of loss of circulatory efficiency. It is another effect that has also been observed in astronauts after prolonged space flight.

The bony skeleton maintains its strength and calcium stores because of the constant stress of gravity on the upright body. Exercise in the gravity field tends to increase the density and strength of the bones. Bed rest negates the effects of gravity and the bones begin to get soft because they lose their calcium stores. Over a few days' time this isn't important in normal people, but as time goes on the loss of calcium can become significant. If you have a broken bone the loss of calcium is more rapid. In sick people at bed rest for long periods of time the calcium mobilized from the bones may clump together in the kidney and cause a kidney stone. The upright position, even if you are inactive, helps to prevent loss of bone calcium.

Your daily activity affects your amount of muscle mass. A weightlifter or a heavy laborer will have large strong muscles that feel firm to touch. An inactive office worker will have soft


underdeveloped muscles. Even a muscular person will begin to lose his muscle mass at bed rest. First there is the pouring out of water, then with disuse the muscle tissue literally turns to fat. We know that fat tender meat is produced by heavy feeding of inactive or penned animals or birds. Bed rest does the same thing to us.

When I first started studying the influence of bed rest on people I was startled to see that on a high-calorie diet most of the young men lost weight. This didn't make sense, because they shouldn't have been using many calories at bed rest. The answer was that their muscles were being converted to fat. Five pounds of muscle contains only as many calories as one pound of fat. Obviously for every five pounds of muscle converted to fat tissue the body weight would decrease four pounds—even if there had been no loss of stored calories. The difference in calories in muscle and fat tissue is explained by the fact that muscle contains much more water than fat tissue, and fat contains more calories than proteins. A pound of lean muscle is over 70% water while a pound of fat tissue contains less than 20% water. The actual amount of protein in lean muscle is less than one-third of its weight while there is four-fifths of a pound of fat in a pound of fat tissue.

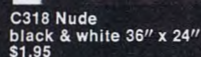
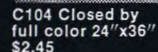
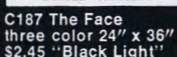
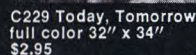
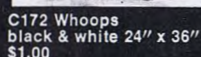
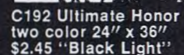
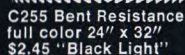
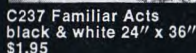
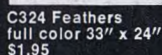
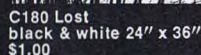
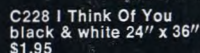
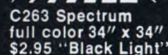
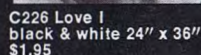
After several weeks of bed rest, the leg muscles are weak. Prolonged standing, barefoot, causes pain in the feet. The normal strength of the muscles in the feet is lost and allows strains on the bony joints.

Another effect of lying down is increased difficulty in breathing. The diaphragm rises in the chest—decreasing the usual upright lung capacity. In healthy people at sea level this doesn't make much difference, but in individuals with respiratory problems or those exposed suddenly to altitude, it can be important.

In sum, if you are inactive—even if you are upright—gradually the body functions begin to deteriorate. There is a slow loss of body mass as muscle is converted to fat. The heart is affected, the bones, the bone marrow and the red blood cells are affected. This is why the office worker with limited activity needs an exercise program. That fatigued feeling at the end of the day is caused by inactivity. Bed rest accelerates the loss of body function from inactivity.

Knowing what we now do about bed rest and its harmful effects, I think you should not go to bed for minor illnesses. You might be wise to stay at home but, if you need rest, you should get it sitting up and not lying down—except for the normal night's sleep. Bed rest for some sick people is an added hazard, not a help. Far from being a panacea, it can be part of the problem. 

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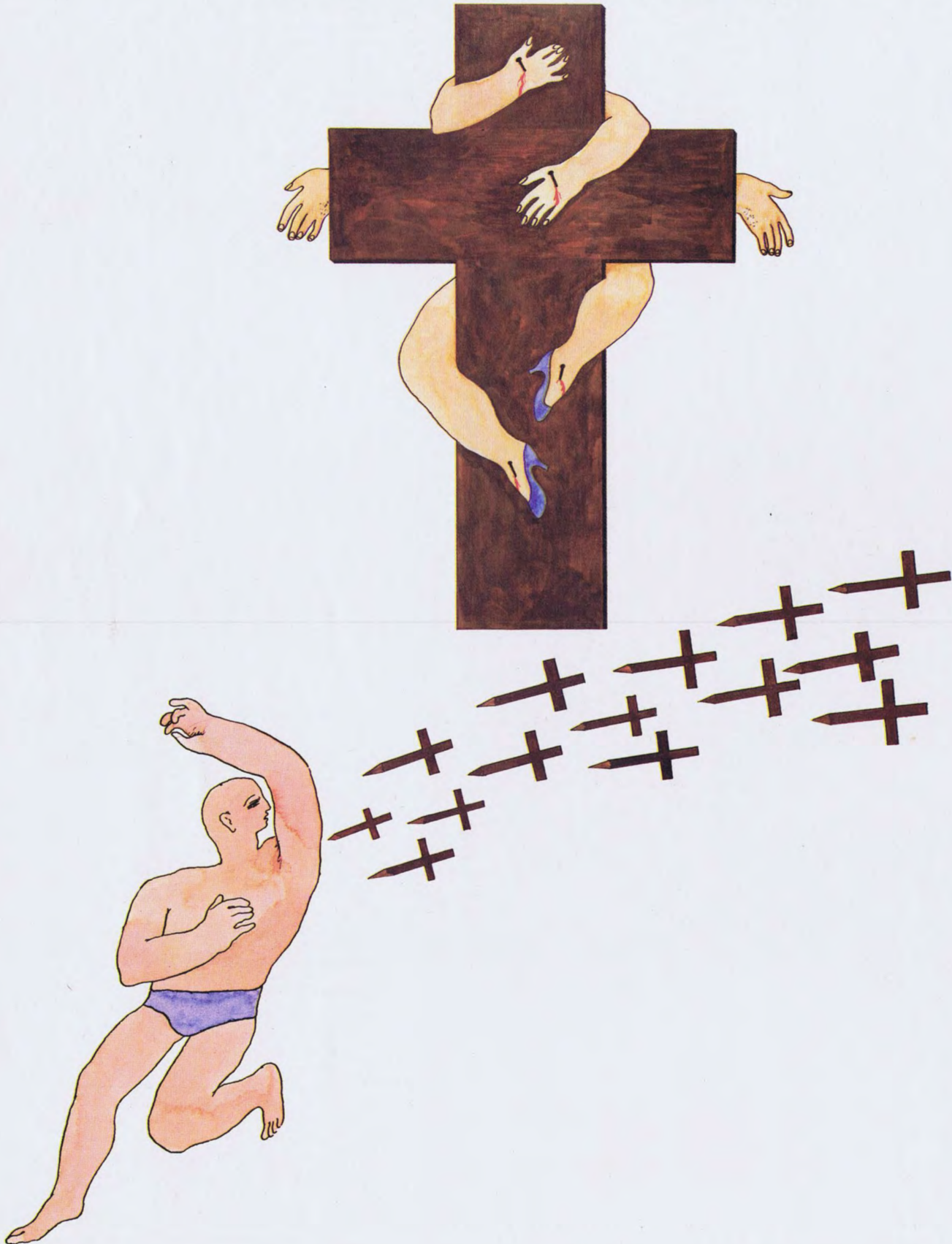


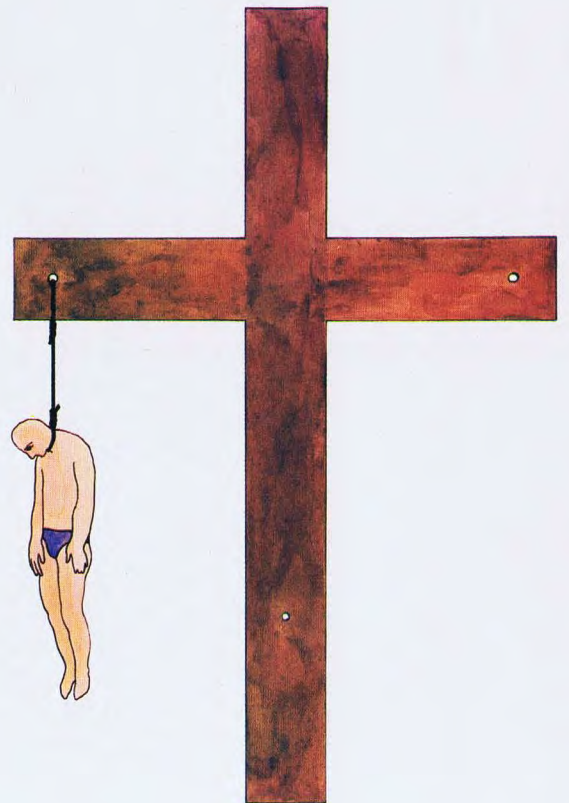
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INGE & STEN HEGELER

—SEX MECHANICS

Sten Hegeler and his wife Inge are the authors of two sex dictionaries that have become bestsellers and made a controversial impact in every country where they've been published: *An ABZ of Love* and *An XYZ of Love*. The Hegelers are Denmark's leading sexologists, and both in their books and in the newspaper advice column they run back home they approach their subject with the openness to be expected of an uncensored nation. When *ABZ* was first published outside Denmark it caused a stir as much for its explicit illustrations as for its frank text. In England, where it appeared eight years ago, some of the sketches were replaced with portentous black panels explaining that the original illustration had been omitted on legal advice. Both Inge and Sten Hegeler are doctors, but sex consultancy now fills their time, and they receive up to 1000 letters a week. They met as psychology students and it was a second marriage for both of them—Inge was previously married to an American Marine. Today they have two children, a boy of seven and a girl of 13, and assert that their mutual fidelity has never wavered in 19 years of wedlock. At the same time they admit to having "our problems in bed", adding "the only reason for our success is that we are just ordinary people being frank." In their books they make no claims to expertise, nor do they set themselves up as authorities, though Sten, who is a psychiatrist, lectures in sexology at Copenhagen university. In this exclusive Penthouse interview, conducted in London by **Nicholas Swinger**, the Hegelers discuss their subject with their usual candour, substantiating Inge's unpretentious description of themselves: "We are sex mechanics to make love better."



Penthouse: Now that you have reached XYZ in your lexicons of love, does it mean that you've come to the end of the subject of sex?

Sten Hegeler: No, there are more letters in Danish after Z. When we called our first dictionary *An ABZ of Love* we were trying to put a bit of sex into the alphabet of love. The A and the B and the Z are the bits—the Z was meant to suggest it was for people later on in life, in their thirties, forties and fifties. Also, we thought *ABZ* sounded a little French, which is the right language for an alphabet of love.

Penthouse: Wouldn't your titles be more accurate as "ABZ of Sex" and "XYZ of Sex" rather than "Love"?

Sten Hegeler: Sex is a part of love life, and an essential part. There was a doctor who accused us of the same thing; he said we ought to call our book "What to do with your penis". That would have frightened off a lot of readers.

Inge Hegeler: We're often accused of forgetting about love. But that's silly. Who the hell can forget about love? People are always falling in and out of love. You can't fight nature

that way and you shouldn't try. On the other hand, the mechanics of love are neglected. We get 500 to 1000 letters every week, mostly from Scandinavia, but also from all over the world, saying: "We are very much in love, but we can't find out about the sex life". But we never receive a letter saying: "We have a lovely sex life, but we can't find out about love."

Penthouse: Do you believe that promiscuous people, those who sleep around, sometimes aren't able to fall in love though they want to?

Inge Hegeler: I don't think that's caused by promiscuity in itself. I think it's caused by a bad conscience rather than by promiscuity. Some girls might say to themselves: "I've been to bed with 20 men—isn't it time I fell in love? Perhaps I never will." I think when you do more than your emotions have cover for, you get the feeling that you're going to be punished. But people shouldn't be ashamed at all of training themselves or trying themselves out. It's much more shameful to marry a man not knowing if you can live happily together.

Penthouse: In the sexual activities that go on

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We can't send people with a sex problem to a doctor—doctors don't know. They're never told about sex during their studies

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in many communes growing up in Denmark, in the U.S. and elsewhere, do you see a prospect that falling in love will become a problem?

Sten Hegeler: I don't think most communes are as your question assumes. Members soon find out promiscuity and group sex doesn't work, though they may start off that way. In communes too they still tend to form pairs. Love gets in the way.

Inge Hegeler: There are fewer communes with group sex, even in Denmark, than without. Mostly in group sex two or three people are dissatisfied. They don't get the partners they wanted, and they get jealous. So when people write to us asking if they should go in for group sex we always say: "Do it if you want, but you must be aware of the problems that arise. There will always be emotions that you didn't think were there, and they will come to the fore when you start on group sex." Besides, I feel that most people of our generation—I am 43 and Sten is 47—aren't conditioned in the right way to be able to take group sex properly. At the moment I wouldn't risk raising emotions that might bring unhappiness to us. Sten wouldn't like me to go to bed with another man, so I don't. But knowing human nature, we made a gentleman's agreement: if one of us should fall, please do it discreetly—not in our own circle—and don't come home crying on the other's shoulder saying "I know I've been a naughty boy (or girl), please forgive me." I never have done it. I don't think we're mature enough in our emotions to do it. Nor are most people who do. We may try sometime, I don't know.

Penthouse: Do you approve of wife-swapping? Many see it as an honest way of holding marriages together when passion is a bit dulled.

Inge Hegeler: We know of some couples who do swapping, but we wouldn't recommend it for our own generation. Our conditioning isn't suited to it. For us the word "love" is too magical. For the young it's different. For them I think it's good as an experiment. I'd like my own daughter—she's 13—to live in a commune. She should try herself out with various men before she settles down to have children. But I believe it's a deep desire in human beings to

have one partner—at least for the time being, not necessarily for their whole life. They need to feel security. Perhaps a different way of raising children—as in a group—may produce adults who feel security and loyalty in a group themselves. In a kibbutz, for instance. There was a recent book by Bruno Bethelheim—an American sociologist—which said that children brought up in the Israeli kibbutzim, although they're rather emotionless and apathetic in many ways, are particularly good at tasks done in a group. Perhaps that might be an alternative to love as we understand the word. We can be too romantic. It's silly that we teach our girls that they only go to bed with a man if they love him. How can she know before she has been to bed with him? And falling in love certainly isn't enough for a marriage. The divorce rates—at least in Denmark—prove that. A large percentage of them are because of sexual difficulties.

Sten Hegeler: There's a nice Chinese saying about western and eastern marriages: "You in the West put two hot pots on a cold stove and hope they don't freeze. We put two cold pots on a warm stove and probably they'll get warmer".

Penthouse: Sten, you're a lecturer in sexology at Copenhagen university. That's unusual isn't it?

Sten Hegeler: Yes, I lecture to 30 or 40 psychology students at the Philosophical Faculty. But why don't doctors and psychiatrists hear one word about sex during their studies? We can't say to people with a sex problem: "Go to your doctor about it". Doctors just don't know. In Sweden at the moment—that "enlightened" country—they're discussing whether to have lectures for medical students on sex. Yet sex has been with us for thousands of years.

Penthouse: You can walk into sex shops now and see sex manuals and instruction books galore. Many of them say they are written by doctors of medicine with "qualifications." Do you advocate minimum qualifications laid down for people who write such books?

Sten Hegeler: At the moment it's impossible to demand qualifications. What qualifications are there? We have none ourselves. What university could we have studied sex at? Of course now it's different, and we could go to Masters & Johnson or to the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research in Indiana. I studied seven years' psychology and six years' medicine—Inge did only the psychology—but we both regard ourselves as laymen. Not one word of sex did we hear during all our studies at university. So you cannot condemn a man who writes about sex for calling himself an MD, an FRZS or whatever, because these letters are at least some indication that he has studied something.

Inge Hegeler: In their forewords, sex authors should stress that the book is just their opinion, nothing more. In our own books you have noticed that we never say that something is ever definitely right or wrong. If a book of ours ever does say this it is the translator's mistake. What is in our books is only our opinion, our contribution to the field of sexology. Often too, we put alternative suggestions forward that are really not our opinion, but add a choice for the reader. Certainly no one can be objective in a subject like sexology, and it is wrong to pretend to people that you can be.

Penthouse: As you have called yourself "squares", your own experience would hardly seem to qualify you to write about sex.

Sten Hegeler: No. Other people expect us to live in promiscuity, to have intercourse in

between the chandeliers or through the key-holes of doors! But we're not so far from ordinary people.

Inge Hegeler: That I think is our strength. We are a family like most families in Denmark, like most families in the western culture in fact. We are a quite ordinary family, and the only difference is that we have dared to speak up. Maybe that's why people understand us. As with everybody, personal experience helps a lot—we have certainly been through a lot ourselves—but it isn't the sort of experience you mentioned, swinging from the chandeliers. It has been ordinary experience. Of course we did learn something at university: we learned how to interpret statistics, but that's not the important thing.

Penthouse: When did you start writing about sex?

Sten Hegeler: I started in 1948 with a book called *Peter & Caroline*, a children's sex book. It was published in England in 1957.

Inge Hegeler: That was when it was really taboo to put out a book like that. Nobody then accused you of being commercial. You had to find new friends. You had to find a new grocer to buy your food from. Nowadays you can make money out of it and it's not taboo. There's a gramophone record of *Peter & Caroline* out now on which the wife of the former Danish Prime Minister—she's an actress—talks with her daughter about sex. That shows how respectable sex is now. Things are quite different. We had to start by bringing sex as the black sheep of the family of love out into the open. At first we had to shout very loud. We had to put sex on the table and shout "This is your cousin". And then even louder. It was done consciously, and overdone, but then people heard when we threw the brick through their windows. We made it compulsory but we think we were right.

Penthouse: Despite much public discussion of sex education, would you agree that the subject is still at a very experimental level?

Inge Hegeler: If you go to a restaurant and have spaghetti for the first time, you see other people also having difficulty eating it. That's therapeutic. But with sex you can't do that. You don't talk about it to your neighbours. We are the only animals in the world who don't show our children how to copulate. A small dog sees its grandmother with another dog. So do monkeys and goats. But children—at least in the western culture—never see this. They're usually not taught anything by their elders. There was an experiment with a monkey, that was raised completely alone for several years. It retained its sexual urge—for it was seen masturbating—but it was quite unable to copulate. Well, that is almost how we bring up our children, sexually speaking. We never fondle each other in front of the children, just kiss each other on the cheek or so on.

Penthouse: Should parents have intercourse, then, in front of their children?

Sten Hegeler: No, that would be too hard—on the parents! But we have to show them books, films—even shock them sometimes. We could never have a satisfactory sex life "in front of the children", intercourse in front of them could be too much of a shock, especially to unenlightened children. They might think the father was about to murder their mother or something like that.

Penthouse: *XYZ of Love* seems very pro-women. You say men are thickheaded. It may be right, you say, for a woman to leave "an ignorant and unsympathetic man." Are the same comments applicable to men?

Sten Hegeler: Sexual problems mainly belong to women. It's the men who must be sympathetic. Men have orgasms easily but it's a problem to most women. Men are usually clumsy having intercourse with a woman. Most of them don't mind being clumsy, either.

Inge Hegeler: Yes, men have a rather easy sex life, but they forget the woman. Most adult men are still ignorant of the clitoris, for instance, which is silly. You shouldn't have to think about the functioning of the body when you start love-making. It should already be natural. But it certainly isn't now.

Penthouse: You say also that "emotionally, men seldom grow older than 8 or 12 at most." Can you substantiate that claim?

Inge Hegeler: The bringing-up of boys is different from that of girls. Girls are allowed much more freedom in expressing their emotions than boys. Boys aren't allowed to cry, for instance. They're taught to repress feelings. Men, I'm sure, often become intellectually superior to women—but not emotionally. Emotionally women grow up better than men. We should certainly pay special attention now to the way we bring up boys. We should make sure that we allow them to cry when they are hurt.

Sten Hegeler: Many of our women correspondents write to us: "I thought I'd married a man, but now I see him he's a cry-baby". These women were brought up to think that all men are like John Wayne, Humphrey Bogart, or Gary Cooper. It's the price men pay for having a male society. But it's a crisis for the woman: she thinks she's the only one to have a cry-baby. She isn't.

Penthouse: So you blame society, which encourages men to be "logical" and "technical" at the expense of emotion?

Sten Hegeler: Yes, in a way. But there's no reason why we shouldn't encourage emotion in men as well as logic and technical ability. We could help in this by giving more money to projects that are concerned with people living together rather than making elevators, rockets to the moon and so on. But mothers must help too by bringing up their children differently.

Inge Hegeler: We have thousands of letters from women complaining that their husbands

cannot get emotional—about anything. Immediately a subject is emotionally tinted, their husbands are no longer in communication. They go into the tool-room or somewhere out of the situation. And it is such a disappointment to the wife, such a pity.

Penthouse: You would say men have a harder time emotionally in their adult lives?

Sten Hegeler: Yes, the pressures on women are simply sexual—"I'm not getting the orgasms, so I am frigid"—but the pressures on men are what image they should project in different situations. The man often doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Penthouse: In the Consumer Guide you include in your book you give some intercourse positions. One of these you describe as the "most effective" but you then say it isn't in itself very satisfying for the man. Isn't this taking the woman's satisfaction too far, at the expense of the man's?

Inge Hegeler: No. Fully 50 percent of the letters we get—however you analyse them—are from women or men asking something about female orgasm. That's a lot of letters considering we get from 500 to 1000 letters a week. There are a lot from very young people about masturbation, a lot too from men and women over 50 about the man's erection. But female orgasm is easily the biggest problem. So in the Consumer Guide we catered for the problem, perhaps going a bit too far.

Penthouse: Isn't sex meant to be enjoyed by men just as much as by women?

Inge Hegeler: Yes, of course, but men must realize that a woman has a right to orgasm. Besides, if a woman gets excited a man gets excited too. No?

Sten Hegeler: And after the woman has reached her orgasm, they can change to a position more charming for the man.

Penthouse: There's an editor's note to your latest book...

Inge Hegeler: Oh, we didn't know about that...

Penthouse: . . . which states that the recent researches of Masters and Johnson in their *Human Sexual Inadequacy* have ended the controversy of vaginal versus clitoral orgasm by proving there's no physiological difference between them. The clitoris is stimulated either by the penis or the pubic area during intercourse. Yet you constantly stress that there's no such thing as a vaginal orgasm.

Inge Hegeler: Let me give an example: If you rub a man's scrotum, you can bring him to orgasm that way. But no one in the world would dream of calling it scrotal orgasm. So why should we have two different names for women's orgasms? Really, there's not just one orgasm—there are hundreds of kinds of orgasms. But we say the clitoris is more sensitive than the vagina.

Sten Hegeler: The point is that Masters & Johnson express themselves as *scientists*, we as *teachers*. We want to stress that if you wish to ensure the female has an orgasm, you should concentrate on the clitoris. Masters & Johnson accurately say that when a female reaches orgasm, it can occur directly, on the clitoris, or indirectly—for example, by stimulation of the clitoris via the vagina, labia minora, stroking of the anus, or fondling of the breasts. Many areas can be involved. But certainly many women aren't satisfied with indirect stimulation, and this is the point we as teachers wanted to put across.

Penthouse: You say in your last book that "frigidity" in women doesn't exist. What about vaginismus?

Sten Hegeler: Frigidity means lack of sexual feeling. Vaginismus on the other hand is intense

sexual feeling. The woman is frightened about intercourse. If she were "frigid" she wouldn't have this contraction. On the contrary, she would say quite blandly: "Why don't you fuck me?"

Penthouse: Can you say why women get vaginismus?

Sten Hegeler: It's psychological and there are lots of reasons. It may be fear due to ignorance of the sexual organs, or fear of becoming pregnant, or simply an upbringing that has made her afraid of sex. A recent English study *Virgin Wives* showed that 100 wives with this complaint were mainly fearful—not at all sexless. I am a psychoanalyst as well as a psychologist, and I have a lot of letters from women who have been married for five, 10 or 15 years, and have never really been to bed with their husbands. But it isn't that they're uninterested, they are simply afraid. Impotence in men is the same usually, after all: the man usually thinks too much is expected of him by the woman.

Penthouse: Albert Ellis has written that a man without a penis can make a woman an excellent lover. Would you concur?

Sten Hegeler: Yes, as we've said in our *ABZ of Love* and many times. With the fingers, the tongue, a vibrator, and so on, a man can be quite potent. Actual intercourse—the penis in the vagina—is mainly for men. We have letters from many women who say their husbands with their big penises jump up and down on top of them for hours until they're worn out. Often they wish their husbands dead because of their crude idea of lovemaking. Sometimes these wives try telling him that there are other ways of doing it, but he thinks he's a genius of course. "All the girls except you have been so grateful," he cries!

Penthouse: Throughout your book you praise masturbation, especially in women, almost as though you advocate an auto-erotic society?

Sten Hegeler: Masters & Johnson say—and we agree—that masturbation is more enjoyable than intercourse both for men and women. But most of us prefer to be with a partner when we reach orgasm. Masturbation is the fish-and-chips sort of meal when we're hungry, but real satisfaction, after all, comes from better meals. The desire for companionship will keep intercourse popular.

Penthouse: Some women say that using a vibrator themselves is sexier and less involving than sex with a man.

Sten Hegeler: I still think it's a *biological* urge to have company during sex.

Penthouse: Will the "clumsy men" who make women prefer masturbating ever disappear? Can sex education and sex manuals do the job?

Inge Hegeler: In a way, they'll disappear when women make them disappear. A woman's orgasm has been regarded traditionally as the man's problem, but in fact it's the woman's. The woman should guide the man and tell him when it's not right for her. Then men will become less clumsy and sex in pairs will be happier.

Penthouse: You mention in your writings a case of a brother and sister having intercourse. In your answer you say the mother treated it too seriously. Incest is one of the most ancient of taboos. Don't you consider it valid?

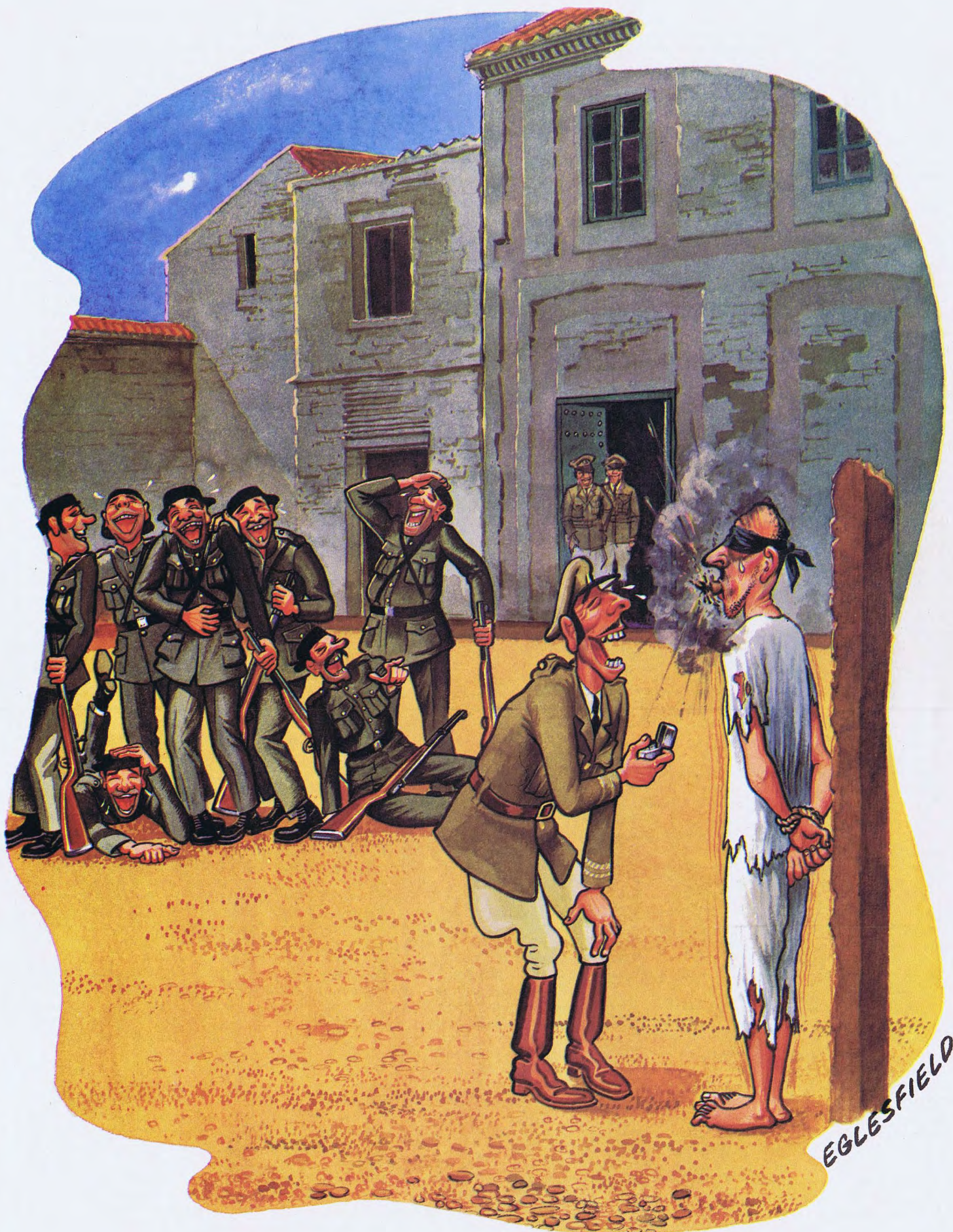
Sten Hegeler: We'd like to see the law of incest changed. We'd like a law that does not punish. The offenders should talk to psychologists voluntarily. The laws today make a mountain out of a molehill. The taboos within the family themselves would enforce the rules. Genealogists make too much play of the unhealthy children who came out of the incestuous royal marriages in Europe. There have

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Emotionally women grow up better than men.

Boys are taught to repress their feelings. The pressures on women are simply sexual, men are worried by their image

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EGLESFIELD

also been healthy children.

Inge Hegeler: In Sweden recently a brother and sister brought up in different parts of the world met and married. In Denmark a father and a stepdaughter were allowed to marry. The laws are becoming gradually more liberal already. Our writings may have had some effect on this position.

Penthouse: What are your views on marriage for homosexuals?

Inge Hegeler: The idea is becoming more and more acceptable. A priest of the Danish State Protestant Church said on TV recently that he'd be prepared to marry homosexuals. There's a bigish pressure group in favour of this. With such overpopulation in the world homosexual marriages should even be encouraged, as Desmond Morris says in *The Naked Ape*. It would give some protection to the partner in the flat who's thrown out when his partner leaves or dies, and where other contracts are signed. As it is, certain Danish local councils are now giving homosexuals the chance to live in council housing and to go on housing lists. That still doesn't solve the problem of hostile neighbours because Denmark is little more advanced on this than most other western countries. Recently there was a case in Denmark of two men in a small district who were being hounded by their neighbours and they dared to go to the police for protection. And they got it. I like that image. It reminds me of the British bobby, honest and impartial.

Penthouse: A British sociologist writing not long ago in the magazine *New Society* said that the headline "Danmarks voerste stillede borgere" (Denmark's worst-off citizens) was an equation for unmarried mothers. In the most permissive society in the world, how come?

Inge Hegeler: I would not like to be an unmarried mother in Denmark. Attitudes have not changed much. In the countryside, people still turn up their noses. The fathers can get away with a lot in the way of payments. The opportunities for getting the child looked after and going out to work are still small. The plumber is less likely to call too, if he thinks there's a single woman in charge of the house.

Penthouse: The same sociologist has said that despite the loosening of the sexual situation in Denmark, most teenage girls in Denmark still lean on the opinions of their parents and girl friends when it comes to deciding whether to go to bed with someone. Is that true?

Inge Hegeler: Yes, I think so. There's certainly more promiscuity—I don't like that word—in Danish youth today, but they take advice about love because they still really want to be in love. It's the same group as 25 years ago who go to bed with strangers. I doubt if there's a bigger proportion of them now than then. That's why GIs and other foreigners in Scandinavia are so often disappointed.

Penthouse: Are the laws ahead of the people in Scandinavia?

Sten Hegeler: Yes, it's probably one of the few places in the world where that is true! I should say Denmark is two years ahead of other Scandinavian countries, perhaps five years ahead of Britain and 10 years in front of the United States as far as laws on sexual and social reform are concerned. Usually it's the other way about. People haven't changed fast enough. Women are still shocked if they find pornographic photos in their husband's pockets, just as wives in England would be. The average Copenhagen won't even have seen any of the public copulation shows—though they've been on for more than a year. They're for the tourists.

Penthouse: Squares or not, have you been to



Sex shows in Denmark are mainly for tourists and lonely middle-aged men.

So are the porn magazines.

The laws are ahead of the people



any of these shows?

Inge Hegeler: Yes, but they're rather dull if the couples haven't been living together for several years. Their techniques are poor because their feelings are poor. We saw at a boat show two homosexuals having coitus. It was unbelievably clumsy and we found out afterwards they'd only just met.

Penthouse: Don't Copenhageners accept going to one of these shows like going to the cinema or the pub?

Inge Hegeler: Certainly not! It's still very new of course, but apart from the tourists, 98 in 100 of the audience are middle-aged men, many of whom go alone. It's still not accepted as realistic art. The shows are fantasies for the men and are used for masturbation later, or for stimulation when the men are in bed with their wives. The next stage is to allow masturbation simultaneously, but until the shows reach that stage they will remain something not to talk about the following morning.

Penthouse: Is it also true of the neighbourhood porn shops in Denmark that the "neighbours" rarely use them?

Inge Hegeler: Yes, it is! We have talked to many pornography sellers—mainly in Copenhagen—and their customers too are mainly middle-aged men, either single, or married but alone. In student circles the whole thing is accepted, mainly because students are used in producing the material. The students become models for the magazines to earn money—but they laugh about it after! It's true though that young people are starting to use porn pictures in their sex life just a bit more than their elders. For instance, we gather that Mogens Toft's book *Sexual Techniques: an illustrated guide to love*—which is mainly a picture book of sexual intercourse positions with live photographs—is greatly used by young people in search of satisfaction.

Penthouse: With so much porn about now, a guide seems to be needed. Is there a bibliography of 20th-century pornographic literature and illustrations?

Inge Hegeler: No, but if you could get someone moving on that it would be excellent! At the moment in the Royal Library in Copenhagen there are 19th-century bibliographies covering several centuries back, in several languages and civilizations. But there's nothing covering 20th-century erotica. Erotica doesn't get into count-

ries' national bibliographies—which is bad. There ought to be a scientific librarian involved in such a bibliography project, perhaps a sociologist or a sexologist, but the "human" approach should be there too. Denmark of course would be a good place to start such researches.

Penthouse: You aren't thinking of doing this yourselves?

Inge Hegeler: Oh no! But I know what it involves. I used to work at the Royal Library in Copenhagen, where there are plenty of closed shelves, catalogues of "dirty books"—stuff by Swinburne and so on. But still the librarian looks closely at you to see if you are dependable before you're allowed to take them away. I'm not sure I was regarded as dependable!

Penthouse: What sexual aids would you recommend apart from pornography?

Inge Hegeler: We're currently working on a Consumer's Guide on them with the help of some of our students, and we'll probably bring out a book on them. Certainly the electrical vibrator for women is a must. For men there's the "Rabbit"—a ring of rubber with a knot, which can be tied round the penis if there's a bit of an erection, so it stops the blood from getting out. This is doing well on the market in Denmark. Dildoes aren't essential, though there's lots of fun with a vibrator on the clitoris and a dildo in the vagina. Outlandish French letters are more of a stretch on the facial muscles than anything else!

Penthouse: What's the relationship between your work as columnists helping those with sex problems and the work, say, of Masters & Johnson's Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis in curing sexual malfunctioning?

Inge Hegeler: Really we are only a "first aid unit". There are many problems we can't deal with even if we met the people concerned. One big one is the woman who for 10 or 20 years hasn't had an orgasm and whose husband stubbornly thinks that the penis in the vagina is a good enough formula. Usually it's the woman who writes but the problem is the man's. We can't deal with the basic communication problems.

Sten Hegeler: Scandinavia has no such clinics as in America, only one in Aarhus where you talk to a social worker and that's not much. If you go to the government and say "I can make a rocket go to the moon", you get all the money you want. If you say you want to study how to make two people live more happily together, you won't get a penny. Nor are doctors any good because they've never been taught about sex.

Penthouse: Do you anticipate that people will be sexually happier in, say, 20 years' time?

Sten Hegeler: I was lecturing on sex to some Danish soldiers recently—they were aged perhaps 18 or 20. I asked them if men and women should be sexually experienced before marriage. All in a chorus they said "Yes" for men but "No" for women. Well, that's how advanced Denmark really is!

Inge Hegeler: Still, they will be just a little bit happier, I think.

Penthouse: If there haven't been many changes in behaviour and attitudes even with all Denmark's reforms, there doesn't seem much incentive for other countries to make the same reforms.

Sten Hegeler: I hardly think Britain, say, would notice the difference. In Denmark the changes have not been enough.

Inge Hegeler: It would be of little consequence.

Penthouse: Mr & Mrs Hegeler, thank you.



J.J.





Jude The Obscure

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

Thomas Hardy's ill-starred hero, *Jude the Obscure*, believed that when a man was educated, he was happy. But, confronted with a teacher like Jacqui Simmons-Jude, even he would have been forced to admit that the means could be just as pleasurable as the end. One of the most desirable denizens of London's Knightsbridge, where wealthy young ladies dwell in luxurious squalor, 19-year-old Jacqui gives private riding lessons for the children of her busier friends. Petite (5ft 5ins) and racing-formed (36-22-36), she can frequently be seen on razor-sharp spring mornings, surrounded by her small cavalcade of pupils. Jacqui ("J.J." to her friends) was brought up in semi-rural Sussex, where a horse takes priority over a second car. With the All-England jumping course at Hickstead just a few minutes away, and the Crawley & Horsham Hunt leaping through the end of



her garden after foxes, it is small wonder that J.J. mounted so readily into the saddle. But though she has a burgeoning collection of rosettes and silver cups from local gymkhanas, she emphatically rejects the implication that she is a "typical haw-haw horsey person." She says seriously: "I started riding not because I wanted to join a county 'set'. I wanted to ride because I'm in love with the idea of humans and horses working sympathetically together. There's an awful lot of instinct between a rider and her horse; I feel now that I have as much ability to communicate with horses as some of those frontiersmen you see in films. Of course you can communicate to some extent with a car, but even a Bentley won't sense when you're tired, and try and go more easily for you." There is almost a *Last of the Mohicans* look about Jacqui as she leads her little team of horses and riders close by the rumbling traffic in London parks. "It must have been gorgeous here when there was nothing but horsedrawn carriages and buses," she says. "I'm not a reactionary by any means, but I like to try and




show the children I teach that there's more to life than rushing around in cars. Riding horses is a natural, dignified way to travel. You can draw up your reins and talk to people walking past, or you can gallop at top speed with the wind in your face and the leaves brushing your hair." J.J. proves her liberalism by owning a bright yellow Mini-Moke, which she treats with the exuberance of one who is glad to be alive and even more glad that there are well-heeled parents to pay for the occasional accidental dent in the bodywork. After her riding lessons, she returns in this pint-size jeep to the flat she shares with "a very debby girl who's never here" and prepares herself a vegetarian lunch. "Don't misunderstand," she asserts, "I like meat as much as anyone else. Just because I ride animals doesn't mean I feel guilty about eating animals." Apart from riding and eating, J.J.'s principal occupation is working as clerk to a charity that builds adventure playgrounds for city-bound children. "I suppose it's just one more extension of my basic philosophy in life," she suggests. "I want to see children





getting back to natural things. I want them to get used to animals. I want them to dig in the earth and watch things grow. You know," she continues determinedly, "I sincerely believe that a great deal of the pollution and desecration of the countryside that goes on today could be minimized by educating children to love natural land and animals. What chance has a child got when he's educated in a school surrounded by cement, when he goes out to play in the street or a small square of tarmac? What is he going to care for the countryside? He'll either fail to understand it, resent it or fear it. Whichever way he feels, he's not going to make a sympathetic town planner or a careful industrialist."

J.J.'s life is not entirely devoted to environmental and ecological crusades, however. "I have time for men," she states categorically. "And contrary to popular opinion, girls who ride horses are not domineering towards their lovers. I wouldn't dream of using a riding crop on a man." She adds, laughing: "Not unless he'd been very, very bad indeed." We believe that this opinion alone is ample commendation of this month's Pet—but then we're preJudeiced. 





MISS JACQUIE SIMMONS-JUDE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE TOAD AND HIS PARTY

A FABLE OF OUR TIME BY RORY HARRITY

It was a warm spring day in the Piney Woods, a day for dreaming—which was how the fox, the badger, the rat and the toad were idling their time away as usual. What they were dreaming about this time was how they would spend a huge sum of money, if it should ever come into their possession.

"I'd buy a yacht and a couple of jazzy Italian cars and a helicopter and a private jet," squeaked the rat with visionary excitement, "and then I'd marry a beautiful and famous female many years my junior and the two of us would spend our time sailing and driving and hovering and flying all over the world. And wherever I'd go," he added, "from Bangkok to Borneo, from New York to Medicine Hat, Nebraska, people would point at me and say, 'There goes Mr Rat, the richest rodent in the whole wide world!'"

"If you're so goddam rich," said the fox, "what the hell are you doing in Medicine Hat, Nebraska?"

"Fer chrissake, that was just an example," said the rat with irritation.

"Anyhow, you've got it all wrong," continued the fox. "The whole point of having lots of money is that it buys you privacy and mystery. For example, if I were rich I'd live in a luxurious penthouse atop a huge hotel that I owned and I'd surround myself with luscious yes-women, who, when they weren't ministering to my voracious sexual appetites, would pass along orders to my financial empire. They would also pass along," he added, "conflicting rumors about my health, goings-on and whereabouts so that newspapers and magazines would be forever carrying dramatic articles about my activities. That way," the fox concluded, "I could always be reading exciting stories of my illnesses and exploits in the safety and comfort of my own home."

"If I were suddenly to become rich," said the badger soberly, "I should pay off my overdraft and mortgages at the bank, make a few improvements to my home, and perhaps buy a new tweed jacket and a meerschaum pipe. Whatever remained after that," he pronounced with great dignity, "I should give to charity."

"If I got rich," croaked the toad, "the first thing I'd do would be to get a whole new bunch of friends."

"If I may say so, Toady," pointed out the badger, "that is *not* a very polite ambition."

"Oh, don't get me wrong," the toad said. "I mean, I'd still keep you guys around . . . I'd probably even put you on some kind of payroll—but you'd all have to stay in the background because my new friends would all be famous movie stars and titled persons and financiers and jet-set types and top artists and writers and, after all, they really couldn't be expected to hobnob with the likes of you."

"We'd prove a hindrance, would we?" said the rat.

"We'd drag you down, would we?" said the badger.

"We'd be an embarrassment, eh?" said the fox.

"I don't want to put too fine a point on it," said the toad, "but yes. For one thing, animals of position could hardly be expected to tolerate your appearance. Look at yourselves."

"And look at *yourself*!" barked the fox angrily. "Popeyes, stubby legs, a ridiculous hop, horny skin and an outsize mouth—if you

think that adds up to a passport to the *haut monde*, buddy, you've got another think coming!"

"Ah, but none of that makes the slightest difference when you're rich," said the toad airily.

"But you're not, and it does," rejoined the fox. "In fact," he added, "you're such a terrible-looking excuse for an animal that I'm going to box your ears for offending my visual sensibilities." And the fox was just about to fetch the toad a blow on his unprepossessing pate when he was halted by an authoritative voice which croaked out nearby: "Sir, I'll thank you to unhand that toad this instant!"

All the animals looked round and there, to their surprise, stood another toad, carrying a gold-headed cane and wearing a black silk top hat, spats and a fur-collared black astrakhan coat. A gold watch-fob glittered at his waistcoat and a gold-trimmed monocle was screwed firmly into his left eye. In a phrase, this new toad radiated prosperity and position. After the fox, somewhat chagrined, had sat down, the newcomer began to speak.

"Gentlemen," said the newcomer, as the fox slunk back to his seat, "I am Adolphus B. Toad, founder and sole owner of Toad Amalgamated Enterprises, which, as you may know, is one of the largest and richest industrial complexes in the world." Indeed, the animals had heard of the organization and were impressed that its director should be in their midst.

"What has led you, sir," inquired the badger, "to forsake the corridors of power and visit the Piney Woods?"

"I have come," said Adolphus Toad, "in search of an heir. Despite nine marriages, 22 engagements, and innumerable mistresses, Providence has not blessed me with a son or daughter. Accordingly, I have returned to the sylvan haunts of my youth, convinced in my heart that some toad now living in these woods must be a blood relation. And the moment that I have established his identity to my satisfaction I shall make him the inheritor of all I possess."

"If you will permit me to say so sir," said the fox thinking quickly, "there is a very strong resemblance between your goodself and this, my lifelong friend." Here the fox patted the toad gently on the head and gave him the smarmiest of smiles.

"Yeah," croaked the toad to his potential benefactor, "we're practically doubles!"

"All toads look more or less alike," said Adolphus, shaking his head. "It is in the demonstration of character and personality that I shall ascertain my heir."

"How do you plan to go about that, sir?" inquired the badger.

"By asking each toad I've met in the woods to give me a party," was the answer. "Everything is revealed in the way a creature entertains. During my sojourn in the Piney Woods, I have thus far been feted by many toads in many different ways."



"If I know my little friend here," said the fox, putting his arm around the toad, "he'll give you a shindig that'll eclipse them all!"

"I sure will!" said the toad, his head spinning at the prospect of instant wealth. "I'll pull out all the stops, I'll bring on the dancing girls, I'll spare no expense and together we'll paint the forest red!"

"Indeed, indeed," said the magnate with some reserve. "And when, pray, are the festivities to take place?"

"Tomorrow night at eight o'clock sharp in this very clearing," cried the toad.

"Splendid," said Adolphus. "Until tomorrow night, then, gentlemen, I bid you *au revoir*." And he turned on his heel and disappeared.

As soon as he was gone the four animals held a conference, at which it was decided that each would invest a portion of his bank balance in the toad's party against equal shares in his inheritance. The next day was spent in delivering invitations and assembling vast amounts of drink and food, and festooning surrounding trees with candles and flowers. By the appointed hour a string orchestra was playing under the direction of the bear and myriad refectory tables groaned with goodies of every description.

At 8.15 Adolphus B. Toad arrived and, after a brief speech of thanks to his potential heir, proceeded to enjoy himself along with everyone else. The wassail continued long into the night, with much singing and dancing and merrymaking. Round about four o'clock in the morning certain of the revelers noticed that Adolphus B. Toad was no longer seated in the place of honor. Nor could they see him dancing, nor was he helping himself to food or drink. A brief search by the fox, the rat, the badger and the toad confirmed that the great man had quit the festivities.

"God's *instep*!" cried the fox, "he's gone without a word—we're ruined!"

"He *seemed* to be having such a good time," observed the badger. "He drank at least two bottles of wine and danced on a tabletop."

"Perhaps," said the toad a little wistfully, "I shall be notified by post."

Three days later a letter duly arrived for the toad. It read as follows:

"Dear Sir: As private secretary to Mr Adolphus B. Toad, I am writing to extend his heartiest thanks for the recent entertainment with which you so kindly provided him.

"It is with regret, however, that I must inform you that Mr Toad has not designated you his heir. The grounds for his decision were that no toad so different from him in demeanor could be any relation of his. Mr Adolphus Toad himself has never diverted any of his valuable funds towards parties, entertainment, or frivolities of any kind whatsoever, and he relies entirely on the good offices of others, such as yourself, for the pleasure he takes in such revels.

"In thanking you again, he inquires whether you would care to donate to the Adolphus B. Toad widows' and orphans' fund."

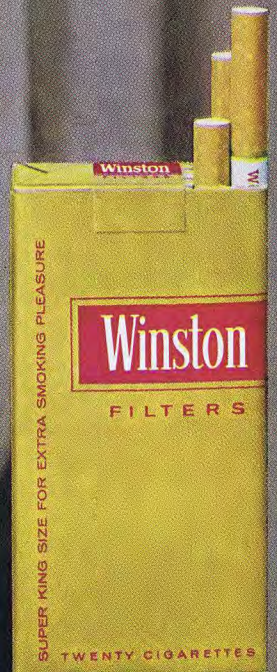
The animals read this letter with ever-deepening depression, and it was many months before their respective finances had recovered from the bankrupting bacchanalia.

MORAL: When it comes to cultivating relatives, far more is offered as bait by the poor than is ever parted with by the rich.

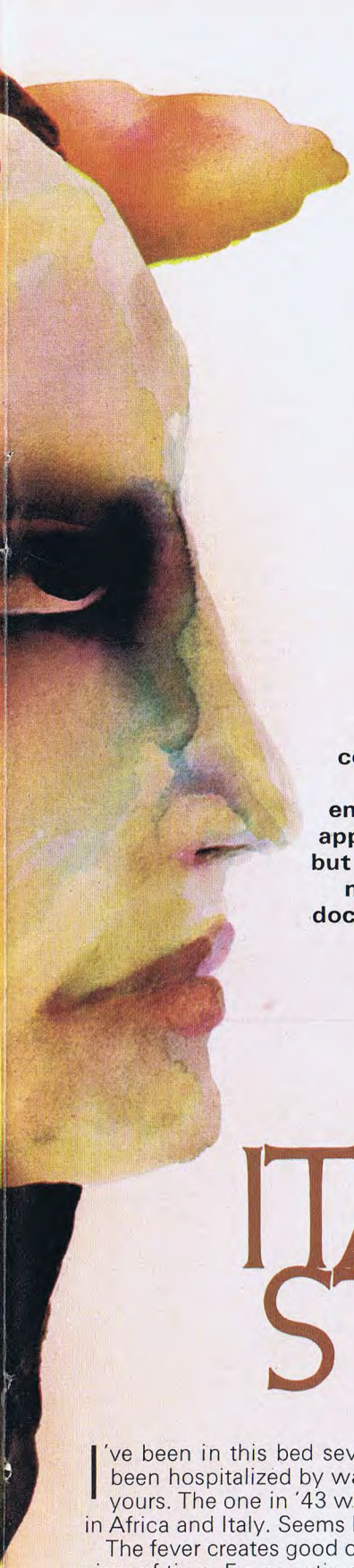
WINSTON'S DOWN HOME TASTE!



Real and rich and good
In the Super King size.







The burning sensation confirmed something was wrong with me. It embarrassed me to think of appealing to Elena's husband, but he was on hand and seemed most understanding. Ball doctor, friend, clap doctor!

**FICTION BY
WILLIAM C. ABEEL**

AN ITALIAN STORY

I've been in this bed seven days now. One might say I've been hospitalized by war wounds. I speak of my war, not yours. The one in '43 with Germany. Except for me, it was in Africa and Italy. Seems late to be downed by that war.

The fever creates good color in my face, but a hallucinatory view of time. Fever or time seems to have burned out spaces in my memory, leaving the events and mistakes of my life connected by sagging, looping gaps. When I try to think how it all started I first recall meeting her on the Via Veneto. I clearly see myself as a young lieutenant, white parachute silk at my throat, filled with a hunger born of being shut away from life a year.

I had only recently walked back over the Apennine passes into the safety and luxury of Rome's rest camps. My tour had

ended automatically. Having been shot down in enemy territory, I would not be allowed to fly again. Falling again north of the lines would have made me a spy. It was a decent war. Orders would come; I would soon go home.

As I stood in Rossi's doorway at the top of the Via Veneto, its interior seemed to reach out for me, to suck me in among the softly mirrored walls and draped pillars. I was willing. Prisoner-of-war food and stony mountain paths had cocked me like a gun. Among those Italians who still had unfrayed collars, two young girls sat at a table on the left. The older, in a dress I can still see, toyed in her glass with a straw. Books and papers she'd been carrying were stacked on the table's edge and partially covered by her scarf. Her well turned legs were crossed at the ankles. The drink before her was pink, and the white marble table on which it sat appeared to float above her bare knees. Somewhere in the back of the cafe, an instrument played *Lilli Marlene*.

Forced to move aside for arriving clients, I realized I'd been standing staring. Her hair, coal black and warmed by traces of red, contrasted with eyes of startling blue, the blue of water reflecting a clearing sky—a color I later learned turned flat cobalt just after she'd made love. I could describe her tender touch, or her passion—not yet awakened, and afterwards masked by calm mannerisms—but it suffices to state she was everything I'd dreamt about that year in prison. The music from the cafe's depths became a part of my happiness, its melody centering on those beautiful knees.

Like a pilgrim in a palace doorway, I stood waiting, hoping for a signal to enter, to become a fragment of the pageant. The younger girl kept glancing at me nervously, speaking with short rushed phrases, the older stirring the pink liquid in her glass, studying the swirls, refusing to look up.

Then I got my sign. The older girl lifted her drink and took the straw to her mouth (a mouth that made the letter M when she drew on the straw). When the younger one whispered that all eyes were on her and the smitten officer, the corners of her mouth came up saying, yes, young officer, I know you're there, and my sister tells me you're very handsome, distinguished, not like the others.

In retrospect, I see the room's lighting, the old mirrors, the stemmed glasses in reflecting rows (their bases making circles from underneath on the glass shelves), the lieutenant hoping his uniform was unwrinkled as he carried three glasses of pink Campari. I can hear the girls' laughter when he tried to speak to them in Italian.

"But we speak English." Not an invitation, but a fact, a clarification. Then I see again picnics in the Pincio, dancing at the Catacombs Club—lamps guttering in niches, a horse-drawn calèche passing in the spray of fountains—rainbow mists drifting in the sunlight. Maybe I really wasn't such a shit then. Or my fever makes it seem that way.

Was Elena flattered by the uniform? I don't think so. I remember her saying "Tom" (she always pronounced the O as in Rome) "You can't hear what they say."

"What who says?"

"The boys and the men, when we pass."

"To you?" I had the conqueror's arrogance.

"No, to each other, but it is for me to hear."

"What do they say?"

"Terrible things, Tom."

"What terrible things?"

"About Italian girls who go with American soldiers."

There was a long pause while I decided there was nothing I could do. "I'm sorry," I said.

"I don't care, Tom . . . I am not ashamed."

When I smiled she took my hand. "But they think I am very bad," she added.

That was before we found the room. Fall in love during a war; try to find a room! "IT IS FORBIDDEN TO LET UNAUTHORIZED ROOMS TO ARMY PERSONNEL." They are very sorry. "We would like to serve the lieutenant but it is against the law. The lieutenant's law." But when the time

ILLUSTRATION BY GRAHAM MCCALLUM

came—when the time of kissing on the Spanish Steps and the time of nearly making love on the turning staircase matured—she was the one who found the room.

"I've talked to a woman, Tom. She will let us have a room. She knows me, and she will not tell my father. She is a . . . how would you say . . . a *romantica*?"

When we sat on the edge of the bed, she put her hand in mine. "Oh, Tom, I've never been in bed with a man before."

"Do you want to change your mind?" I asked. It's true—in those days I wasn't so much of a bastard!

She looked down as she had that first afternoon at Rossi's. "No," she said slowly, then up at me, "I want it too, Tom."

At 25 I'd banged a lot of girls, rumble-seated them, car seats on the ground, tourist cottages, coke douches, held a couple of them down till I got it in and they quit struggling. But she was different. It can be.

We had a hard time. When I saw it hurt, I offered again to stop, then I got my arms under her so I could lift her hips up and spread her out a little more. Funny, she wasn't at all like the others. It's hard to describe how. It was like being in a darkened hall and part of an audience who had waited a long time. At first the music's soft, then it takes flight like soaring bird's wings. No . . . more like a voice, a woman's voice, far away, crying . . . crying very softly. Then you find you're holding your breath. You find your eyes are blurred and the perspiration is running in little rivers down your chest. That's the way it was. A different thing, each time until she told me she was pregnant. Then the roof fell in.

I paid for the job. Butcher's work. She'd never go to bed with me after that. I got tired of sitting at Rossi's drinking Campari, and was already looking at other girls when my orders came. After an exchange of letters, I'm afraid she took her place in my mind with the back-seat jobs and tourist courts. When I got out of the Air Force, I married a rich girl. Knocked her younger sister up while my wife was in the hospital. But I found another right away. This one's my third.

The fever! That's where the fever begins to jumble things. Nothing's clear until last summer when my wife took me and the rest of her family to Italy.

It would never have occurred to me to look up Elena. On the boat at Portofino, the night I drank all the wine, I made the mistake of saying I'd once known a girl in Rome. Our friends were Romans too and had known her family. Knew her father in pre-war politics. "She's married to a doctor now," they said. "Signor Dottore Lorenzoni. He is famous for his research in experimental medicine."

"Ah." It seemed to be the only thing to say.

"Yes, with the Medical University of Rome. He does injections to restore men's regenerative powers."

"His treatment's successful?" I was skeptical, but intrigued.

"Yes, at first with animals . . . monkeys, I believe, and goats . . . then with human volunteers."

"Had no trouble getting *them*, I imagine," I laughed. My wife cleared her throat.

"An article in a medical magazine around Christmas brought him much publicity, as well as inquiries from cinema personages and oriental potentates."

"I can imagine." Ex-girlfriend's husband a ball doctor. "Can't tell, might come in handy some day," I remarked.

"You don't need it," my wife said, in a tone I've come to disregard.

"Who knows. Some day I may come to it at your request."

"Mine or others?"

Conversations with women are won by silence.

"If you've an old girlfriend in Rome, let's look her up," my wife said.

My misgivings were overcome by curiosity, by the idea of seeing Elena again. After all, time had passed, wounds heal. I would be showing good faith by getting in touch with her. And I was tiring of the whores in the villas behind Portofino.

When we moved into the Hassler, where the concierge had always provided good-looking women for me, I sent a note

inviting Elena and her husband to dine with us: "My apologies for not having written before. I am here with my wife, her sisters, and a brother-in-law. It would be a pleasure to have you and your husband with us tomorrow evening. We have been in Portofino with friends of yours who send their regards." For insurance, I added: "I've thought frequently of your Rome."

When we descended into the lobby to receive them, the Lorenzonis proved to be no strangers to the hotel. The concierge came forward to greet the doctor with warmth and courtesy. I trusted that, if he saw the doctor often, I could count on his discretion. The manager also came from behind his desk and took their hands. "Your American friends will receive the best of everything here," he assured them.

"Tom, I thought you would be a fat old man!" Elena said. Her fingertips over her smile, her face older, fuller, a middle-aged woman of 45 but still beautiful. Direct, guileless, a manner difficult to carry off. Perhaps it was because her voice never carried rancor. "I want you to meet my husband, Giovanni." Giovanni was shorter than I, square shoulders, greying, handsome.

The evening was a great success: flat, white mushrooms, *Orvieto secco*, *cappolini al dente*, candlelight and the noises of Rome in the streets below. One of my sisters-in-law spoke Italian, the other French; they found Giovanni entertaining. For one instant, when I looked into Elena's eyes, I saw her as a young girl, and could hear her voice saying: "No, Tom, I want it too."

The doctor was taking Elena and their two daughters to Porto Ercole at the end of the week. Had we been there?

"No."

"Why not come while we are there?"

It had been a grand evening; the invitation was timely. There was no explanation for the doubts that crossed my mind, but I should have heeded them.

"We'd intended . . ." I started to say.

With a movement of her head, Elena indicated Giovanni, who was speaking to my wife, smiling, gesticulating warmly. "He is telling her of his motorboat," Elena said.

I saw we were going to Porto Ercole, and relaxed to enjoy it. In the meantime, the concierge could fill in my afternoons. Old affair to new friendship. Good transition!

At Porto Ercole, we dined together in the evenings, sometimes with their friends. Festive. My wife and sisters-in-law were treated as family and returned the affection. Perfect.

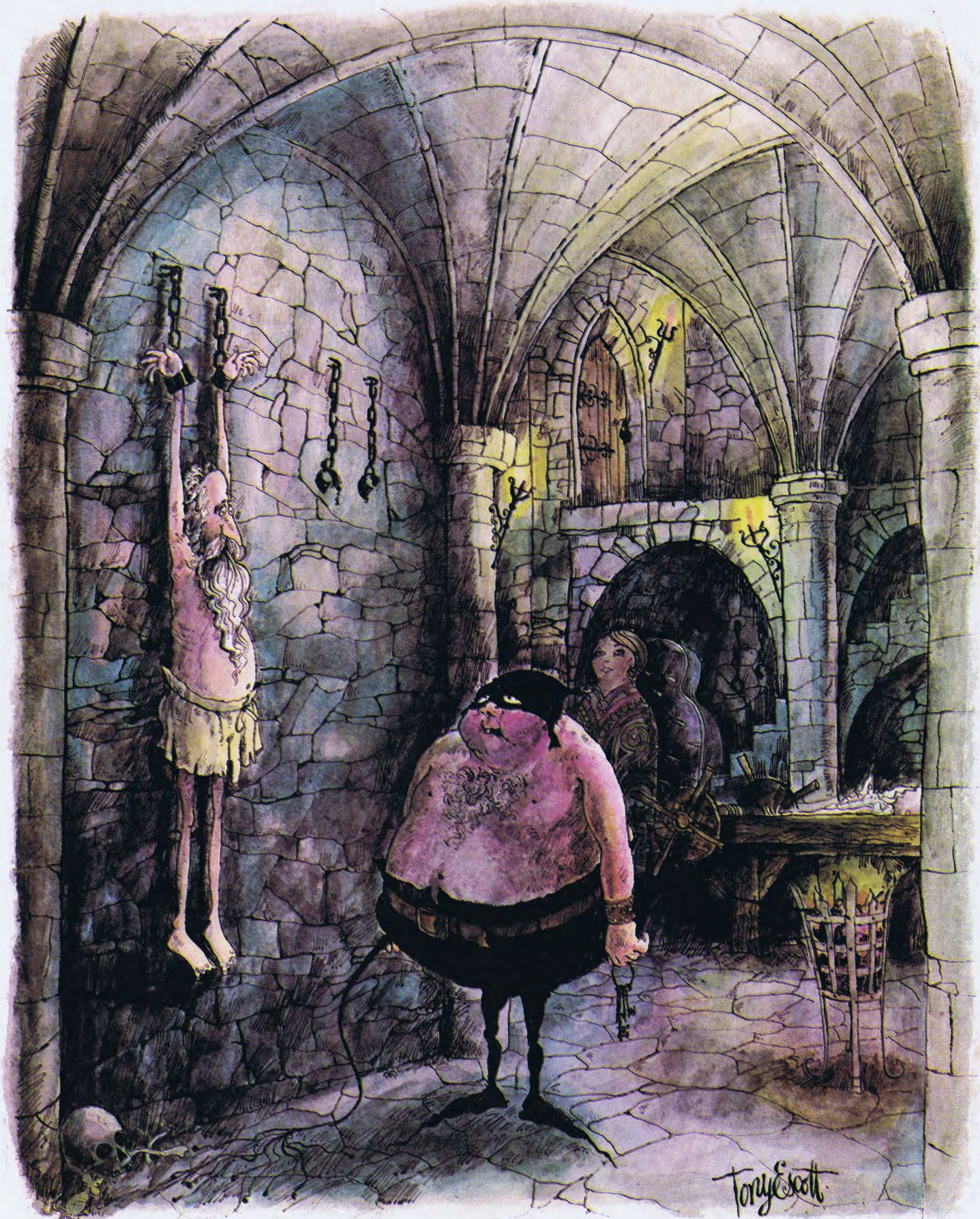
If I failed in my gracious pose, it was because her daughter looked so much like Elena had. Maria was the same age Elena had been when we met—17. Her stance, her long legs, her figure in a bathing suit, the corners of her mouth when she smiled. The second day, tussling alone on the sand with Maria, I lost my balance and fell so that her thigh dropped open against my arm, making me tremble with excitement. For a split second, I could hear her mother's voice saying: "All of that, Tom? Does it all go in me?" Then I rolled away and lay back in the wet cool sand. A vibration started in me that—try as I would—I could not get rid of.

In the evenings, we all strolled together under the pepper trees, the Mediterranean stretching dark and blue off toward Sardinia. Sometimes I walked ahead with Giovanni and my wife. At other times, I would follow with Elena or Maria.

As an old acquaintance, I was impervious to suspicion and, in the custom of Italians promenading together, sometimes took Elena's hand. If Giovanni noticed it, I felt certain he accepted the friendly gesture for what it was intended to be. Perhaps that was my mistake, but after all, I owed her attention. Pay your debts if you can afford it.

Once during these evening walks, a surprising recognition struck me. It came to me that all my manufactured courtesies, clever words, the charm I'd become known for, were really based on feelings I'd had, dreams I'd projected, and things I'd said to Elena when our love affair was young and the world was full of poetry.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



"Looking on the bright side, you've stopped biting your nails!"

This sudden revelation brought an expression to my face that triggered in Elena a look of total tenderness and gratitude. "You remember, Tom, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I'd love to know what reminded you, and what you'd thought of . . . Is it the time of day that took you back?"

"Yes, the time of day," I answered. "I remembered all of it, and want to thank you." I could not remember how long it had been since my voice rang in my own ears with sincerity. "Thank you," I said. "I don't think I ever thanked you, did I?"

"No, but it doesn't matter, Tom. It's more important now." She looked at me the way she had before, and I glanced ahead at Giovanni.

He was smiling, looking back, observing the sea, speaking to Maria.

"Does Giovanni know about us?" I asked.

"No. But I told him the story after we were married. I had to. After all, Tom, he is a doctor and I had to have an operation to be able to have a baby. I told him I'd been abandoned by a soldier. When you arrived, I had to lie that it was not you. He trusts me. I've never lied to him before. He is a fine person, Tom, and does not blame a whole country for one man . . . I wanted to see you," she added.

We were half-way up the esplanade, and had caught up with Giovanni who assured us tomorrow would be a good day. Gradually, I walked ahead with Maria.

"My mother likes you very much," Maria observed. We were nearing the end of the waterfront, where we generally stopped for *ghiaccio*.

"We were friends," I said. "I hope your father likes me too." Some of my Italian had come back, and I was speaking well tonally, if imperfect in grammar.

"I'm not always sure what my father likes. You like Italy?"

"I love it."

"You were here during the war, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"I wasn't born then."

"I know," I said, and thought how much her eyes resembled her mother's. We were at the elevated pavilion and grouped together now. "*Sempre cioccolato?*" I asked her.

"*Sì*," she said with enthusiasm, "*cioccolato*."

Walking back, Elena said to me with no warning, "You must not make her fall in love with you."

"Maria? Don't be silly."

"She is already a little in love with you."

"I am an old man."

"Such things are not unknown in Italy. You don't look so very different from when I knew you, Tom."

I did not want any change in our new relationship. "You can't think I would hurt her?"

"She is at the age when young Italian girls like older men. In a year she will be too old for you. I know her affection is flattering, but you do not wish to hurt her." Here her tone began to change, and I experienced vestiges of the irritation I'd felt when she'd told me she was pregnant.

I had not wanted to articulate my feelings, or in fact, hear them phrased, but since it had been done, I felt freer to consider the situation.

"Have you ever seen the temple of Diana?" Maria asked, the next evening along the same promenade.

"No. Where is it?"

"In the hills above the port. Tourists never go there. It is very beautiful."

I thought I'd picked it up, but wasn't sure. "Would you take me there some time?"

"Tomorrow afternoon?"

"We're going boating tomorrow afternoon."

"It is not necessary to go with the others."

Now I was sure. "Perhaps their feelings would be hurt."

"If we do not tell them?" Twenty years! Just like before. Would it be the same? "Oh, Tom," I could hear her say, "you know what I like . . . don't make me say it, don't make me

say the word, just . . . yes, Tom. Yes!" I'd find out. We would beg off, then meet beyond the port.

The next day, while dressing, I became aware something might be wrong. At first I attributed it to my excitement, but the burning sensation while urinating told me another story. After all, I'd had gonorrhea before. Must have been the port whores. Or was it that place in Rome? How long had it been? I wasn't sure. Could it have been that expensive girl in Rome? I'd been sent to her by the hotel concierge who had seemed so friendly with Giovanni, but I still hadn't put it together. I was failing to realize the doctor had divined more than I thought he had.

I'd be magnanimous with Maria. "I've decided we'd hurt their feelings," I explained. "We can still catch them on the dock."

She hesitated, looked disappointed, then swept the hair off her forehead and turned to pick up her bathing suit.

"*Ecco*," I put my hands on her shoulders. "It's better." She did not answer. "You know how much I care for you, but you're very young. I want you to think it over." Make the most of it. Play it big! Put in a reservation for later; I'd be back. The inner corners of her eyes glistened. "Don't be hurt." She smiled bravely.

I tried to think whom I could go to. It embarrassed me to think of appealing to Giovanni, but he was on hand and seemed most understanding. "I had to accompany business acquaintances," I explained. He borrowed an associate's office for the occasion. Taking one vial from a cabinet and a second from his pocket, he held a syringe to the light and filled it from both. "I'm fortunate men's problems are your specialty." He smiled. "While I have the opportunity, I'd like to congratulate you on the article in the *Medical Journal*," I said. He looked puzzled. "The one at Christmas," I added.

"Ah, yes." He did not seem inclined to take it further. I could understand his modesty. "You will pardon me," he said, slipping the needle in with extraordinary gentleness.

Ball doctor, friend, clap doctor! "You're most kind."

"It is nothing," he said, "but I suggest a blood test when you reach home. To assure yourself it's all cleared up."


I won't say it took the bloom off the last day, but when we left, I was ready to go.

At home I called on my own doctor; the fever had not yet set in. "Perhaps a Wasserman would be in order," he said, and left me to wait for the laboratory nurse. Sitting there, I picked up and put down one magazine after the other. All the periodicals were badly out of date; so I glanced through a *Medical Journal*—whatever information was readable would at least be constant. On a page towards the middle of the magazine, I was surprised to see the name Lorenzoni. "Doctor Lorenzoni." The research report! I began to read. "Doctor Giovanni Lorenzoni, M.D., Ph.D., R.C.P., R.A.P., eminent physician and head of Rome's noted Medical University's research program, has experienced a serious reversal in his research into rejuvenation." Could this be the article? I checked the date on the cover: July! This must be a subsequent report.

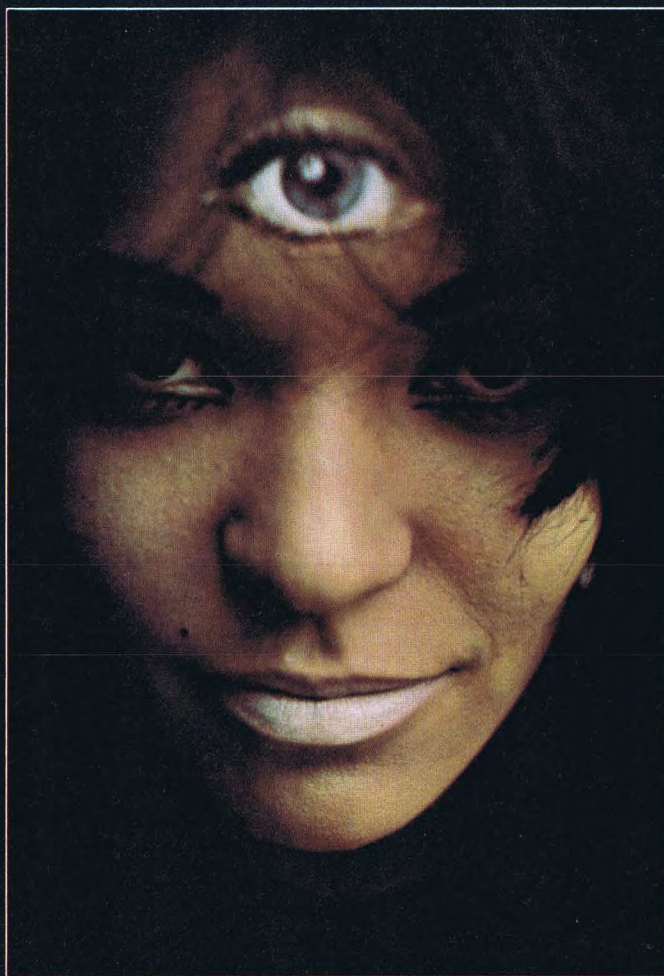
"As reported in an earlier issue, Doctor Lorenzoni had established that medication might, after all, alter the decline of the male regenerative powers. It was only after some months that the dangers of the medication became evident—first in the animals, then in the human volunteers.

"Approximately three months after Doctor Lorenzoni's initial success, the testicles of some goats and all of the monkeys began to shrivel—a side effect that continued unabated until the testicle sack held two pea-sized kernels."

Even while reading, I ran my fingers down between my legs. They were okay! Good old marbles. He wouldn't have done such a thing to me—didn't know about us anyway.

"No discomfort was evidenced in the animals during the shriveling process. The only symptom signaling the onset of this unfortunate side effect was a high, related fever lasting seven to ten days." 

LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS



*"England is gone
forever. America is slowly
bleeding to death.
This little
island is the end of
the world . . . the old world.
It could be the
beginning of a new one."*



BEFORE they built the airport, the way to get there—if you hadn't your own yacht—was by the Transmediterraneo ferry-boat from Barcelona. A 162-mile overnight voyage. Uncomfortable. Smelly. Badly provisioned. It is still the best initiation into the "other" Ibiza: the Ibiza they don't tell you about when you book a package holiday by charter plane; the Ibiza some say they are trying to kill.

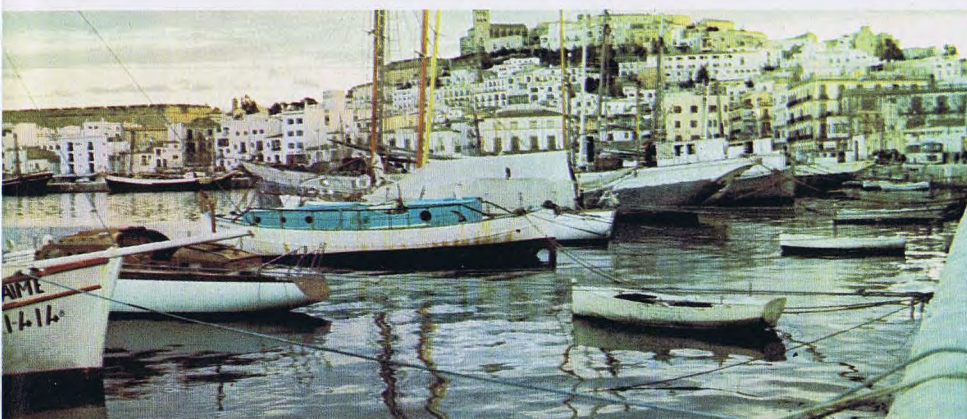
Take the boat. Be up there at dawn on the starboard deck as the sun's first rays begin to illuminate a spatter of white villas sloping to the sea, a wooded headland glowing greenly out of the melting gloom, necklets of stone-walled terraces draped delicately across the grey foothills. Skip the airport. Be at the ship's bows as she eases on quarter-steam past the lighthouse on a sweeping starboard course around the breakwater and into the ancient port of Ibiza. And

there it is, rising back from the harbour out of its foundation rock: the higgledy-piggledy white-walled *casbah* of Ibiza town, topped by its castle and the cathedral's belfry.

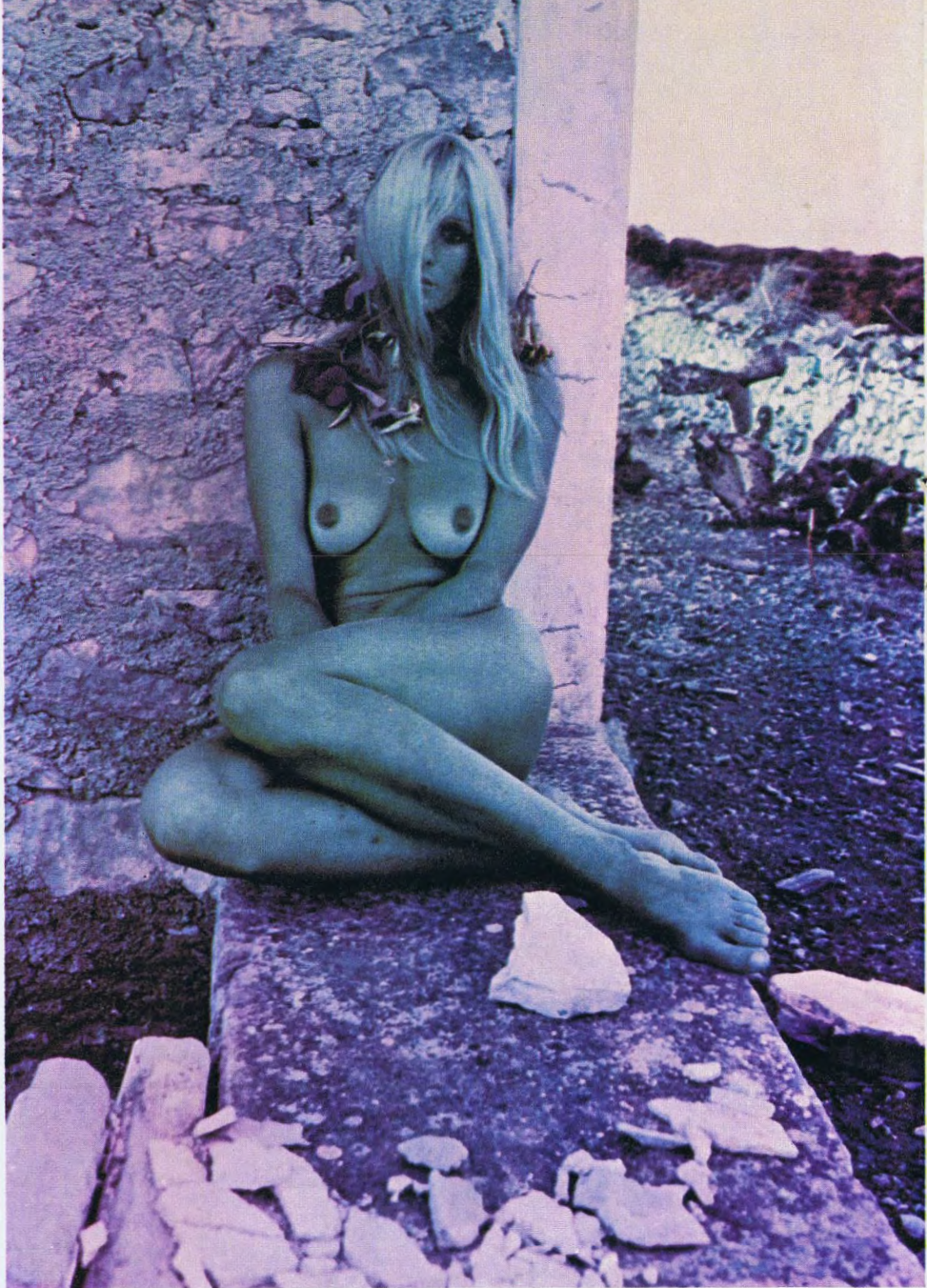
Seven miles across on the other side of the island is the Ibiza of admass pre-paid Balearic rapture: a sterile Miami of hotels girdling the huge bay of San Antonio Abad. Elsewhere—from Punta Grossa at the northeasterly tip to Cala Llentrisca at the island's southwesterly extreme (a span of 25 miles)—are the spendid villas of the rich, like Reynolds tobacco heir Gerald Albertini, and the famous, like Terry-Thomas and British TV's Jon Pertwee. Forget them, too. There's where it's at, right in front of you. Up those narrow tortuous streets connecting the lower town (La Marina) to the upper—known to Ibizans as Dalt Vila.

There, behind the crumbling stone walls of lime-washed terraced dwellings and patched-up Moorish palaces, live and love the in-

"Some ratty little French magazine called us the Children of Paradise. Maybe we are. Paradise is a time as well as a place. In the end they'll throw us out. The tourists will come looking for us because we're pretty and free and colourful, and soon more tourists will come and more until they forget what they came for and the fuzz will hustle us away for giving the place a bad name."



"We're not hippies and we're not revolutionaries I don't want to change the world and I don't want the world to try and change me. I've got everything I need here. I'm young and I'm happy and for the first time in my life I know where I'm at. Now I don't give a damn about anyone or anything."

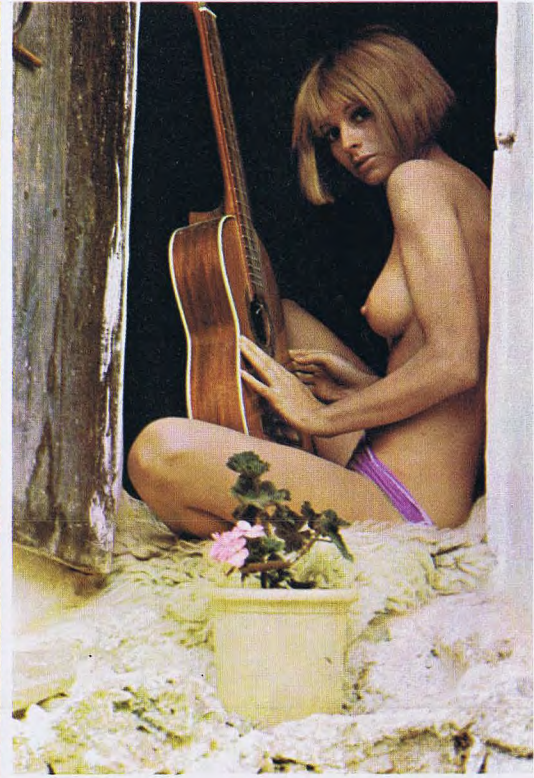


heritors of that *dolce far niente* paradise first discovered 25 years ago by a handful of painters, writers and remittance-men.

In those days a couple could house, feed and wine themselves in the island's capital for \$12, or £5, a week and still have enough left over for coffee-and-cognac every day at "Dirty" Domingo's on the Vara de Rey. The word got around and the invasion began. They crossed from the mainland by the boatload—British, French, Scandinavian, even Americans. They formed colonies in the old town and in the village of Santa Eulalia, up along the east coast. And cliques within the colonies. And during those long hot summers, while

expatriate wives and girl-friends changed hands and a dozen "great" novels got talked into the ground, the people of Ibiza—fishermen and farmers for the most part—came to realize that here, for the first time in their island's blood-drenched history, were invaders who came without fury and would leave without plunder. After the artists, *soi-disant* and genuine, came the beatniks. Then the hippies. And, suddenly, there was trouble Paradise. It was spelt H-A-S-H.

For years a delicate equilibrium had been held between those on the island who cried "Forward!" (hoteliers, tradesmen, property developers) and those who cried "Back!"





(the Bishop, the Military Governor and the Falangist old guard). The battle of the bikini had been won but the right to sunbathe in the nude on secluded rock *playas* was denied. A blind eye was turned to adulterous heterosexual liaisons but homosexuals were sometimes beaten up by the local lads and occasionally deported by the police. Ibiza was becoming, if not permissive, at least discriminatingly tolerant of the strange manners and mores of their alien guests.

When the local police first noticed that a curiously high proportion of longhaired *estranjeros* and their bead-strung birds seemed to grow paler of visage with the passage of each scorching summer month,

they probably put it down to all-night *vino-jags* and daytime recuperation behind closed shutters. When they tumbled to the real reason, they reacted vigorously. Pads were raided. Caches of pot—and sprinklings of the harder stuff—were seized and destroyed. Hippie communities were broken up and there were wholesale jailings and deportations—sometimes of an entire family that might have made its home, years back, in the capital.

Now, most of the junkies have gone. Reefers are still passed around by security-conscious little groups, forever seeking safer trysts. But Ibiza's appeal as a hash haven and freak-out *nirvana* has ended. The package-tour hotels continue to proliferate around the

"Ibiza is the last soul-pool. Everybody grooves together. No one tries to change the system if you can call it that. You can make it big and you can die . . . no one really cares."





coast. The organized hordes of Germans, Scandinavians and British holidaymakers are an ever-swelling annual torrent from June to September. And up there behind the thick stone walls channelling the *souks* of the capital, another breed of lotus-eaters is staking its claim to *la vie en rose*. Like the beatniks and the hippies before them, these are neither holidaymakers nor birds-of-passage but small expatriate groupings who have found, they believe, a way of life so much more agreeable than that of the big cities that, as one of them puts it, "Just being here, it's like making a voyage of discovery—into oneself."

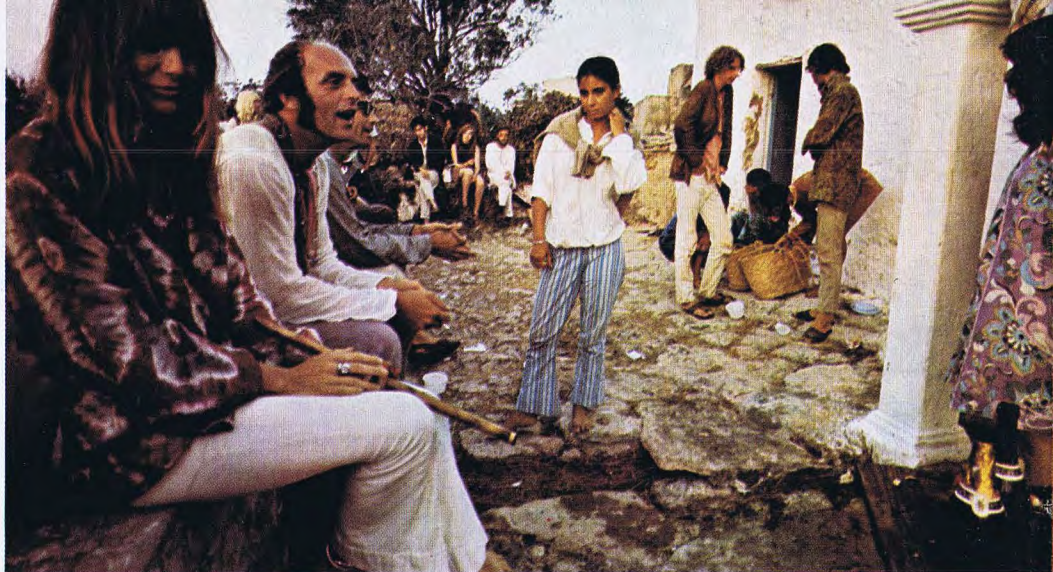
The phrase is perhaps a key to the difference

between this new class of hippie and the class it is replacing. All the evidence is that these young people are neither drop-outs nor social revolutionaries. They have dropped *in* to a way of life that beckoned and seduced visitors to Ibiza when most of the present crop of happy exiles were still babes in arms. They do not want to change the outside world. They would just like it to leave them alone, please, to their crumbling little *casbah* houses with the flagstone floors, built-in stone benches and primitive Moorish ovens; to their morning descent on the markets of La Marina and the slow climb back with the Ibizencan straw *cesta* tugging at their shoulders; to afternoons soaking up the sun-



"You come down here looking for nothing and you expect nothing and suddenly you find yourself in the middle of a crazy community where everything goes . . . where no-one really notices who you are or what you are. There are no rules and the whole scene is spontaneous. Your time is your own and you can spend it all on yourself."





"You live on about 10 dollars a month and all you can scrounge. Everyone contributes something . . . money, love, food, clothes. Every once in a while one of the kids makes it with a tourist and everybody eats. Boy . . . girl . . . it doesn't make much difference. We act like a family but we don't really live like one. We share everything but we keep our own identity. But if you've got any serious hang-ups you either share them or work them out or you leave. The only thing you're really allowed to own is your own head."





shine on flat roofs or in some secret cove; to weaving long indolent nights out of talk, music, wine and lovemaking.

Soon, another summer-season will sound the non-stop drone of charter-flights. White winter bodies will swarm like lemmings over the sands of Cala Bassa, Figueretes, Cala Canya. Sharp at one o'clock (*que barbaridad!*) a hundred hotel foyers will echo the peremptory tramp of hungry Teutons. In the evenings the bars and *bodegas* of the port-capital will ring with holiday laughter, fractured Castellano and the *rascado* of mercenary guitars. Delicacies like crayfish and swordfish will vanish from the municipal markets—sucked into the insatiable maw of San Antonio Abad.

September will come around again. The



tourists will go, the big hotels close their shutters and the island will be restored to *les enfants du paradis*. But for how much longer? Their mini-incomes make up an ever-diminishing fraction of Ibiza's burgeoning income. Their life-style—reaping not, nor sowing—is anathema to a Church long out of sympathy with its founder's charming tribute to the lily in the field. Their sublime self-sufficiency is too easily—and irritably—equated by the local police with the copped-out apathy of the junkies and their stereotype beatnik predecessors.

Perhaps, one day, they too will be badgered and hustled out of their gentle paradise. If that day ever comes, Ibiza will have trampled on its fairest carnation.—Frederic Mullally

MARTHA WASHINGTON-SEXPOT?

HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

"*Behind every successful man stands a woman.*" A woman said that, of course. And she wasn't too bright. A moment's reflection, friends, and we realize that most men are *not* successful, and guess who's standing behind the losers? You bet. And in front of them too.

It turns out after just a couple of thousand years of experimenting that marriage is for people under 20 and over 80. For the young it's a great way to let off steam. Sex is a great glue—it can hold a marriage together long enough for the participants to find out that marriage isn't about sex. This simple message is usually banged home between the ages of 17 and 20. After that a number of things become terribly clear, chief among them being the fact that the stupid broad can't talk. About anything. Ever. She can bitch pretty good but it's not the same thing. And it also becomes evident that the guy in the next house has a much better wife and so does the guy down the block and the one across the street. And that you're a young fellow and there must be 50 million girls you haven't even *met* yet. By the time you're 40 your wife will look 65 and still have the brain of a child of 12.

Now according to Kinsey and according to Masters and according to me a guy should be able to make out until he's 79. After that he should look around, find some chick of 50 who's a good cook and handy with a wheelchair, and make some permanent arrangement. It's very important for the man not to lie and say that he's 73. She's liable to expect too much attention. By the time you're 80 you should have so much to remember that all you can use is a bit of peace and quiet and a fireplace you can smile into. Your new bride should understand that for excitement you plan to take her once a week to a good TV show in the living-room. She should have been married at least twice and have a good working knowledge of first-aid. Be sure to give her whatever she wants . . . pots and pans, a closet for her stuff, Thursday afternoons off . . . whatever. And keep the bank account in your name.

All right, what *did* Martha Washington do? "George, boy, you can become anything you want, even President. Don't look at me like that, George. And stop whining, dammit. Now you go down there to that meeting with those farmers and you take charge. They don't know succatash from running a country. Now put your teeth in, button up your coat, and here's a hankie. Go, Georgie, go!"

Did you read Washington's expense account? He had a wagonload of wine following him around all war long. I don't know what woman was behind him and history doesn't say who was under, but that old boy was right on.

Who was behind Shakespeare? He *had* to marry Miss Hathaway because nobody had thought up the Pill in those days and whatever they were using didn't work. "Here's your quill, dear . . . now get in there and write down what you told me. It's a great Italian story but who the hell around here knows Italian? Switch the names a little and you've got it made."

And consider the home life of the de Gaulles. Do you really believe that

she had anything to do with his life? She knew nothing about the Army and less about politics. Well, what was her value to him? "My General, would you care to step into my boudoir?" Are you kidding? She wouldn't *dare*.

President Harding was interesting, at least in the context we have at hand. He had a woman behind him and another one in the closet.


And who, may I ask, is the woman behind J. Edgar Hoover?

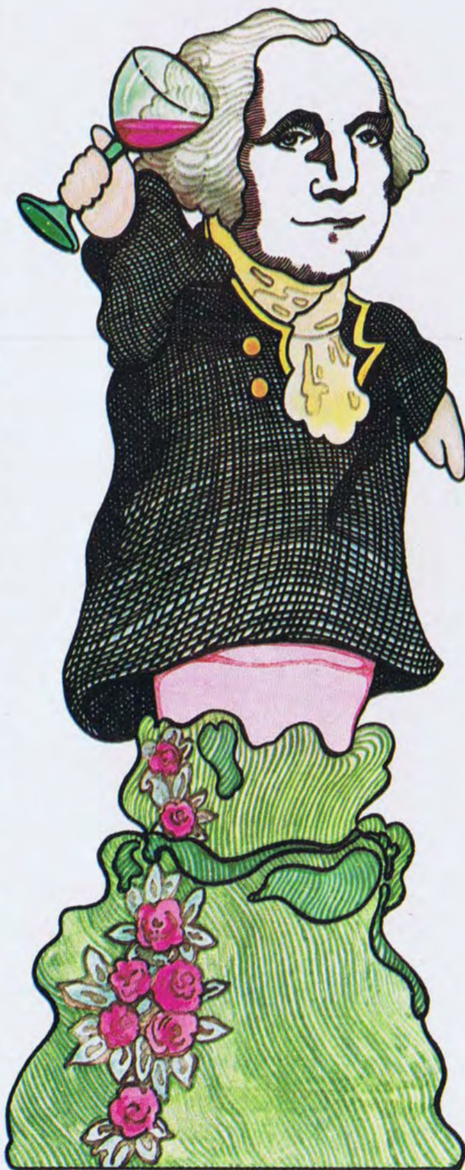
It will be more rewarding, in searching for truth, to consider the case of Schlemiehl J. Prufrock, an average man. Married at 25, Prufrock was then employed as a Bunab tester at Plant no. 7 of the Pettifog Company. By the time he was 30 he was head of the division. At 40 he was in charge of all overseas operations, was executive vice-president at 50 and two years later became head of the whole shebang. Mrs. Prufrock had died when he was 26.

Or consider Connecticut C. California. Married at 22, he stayed in the same job for 10 years. His wife nagged him, pushed him, wheedled and deedled and finally he forced himself to change firms at a somewhat better salary. The Mrs. shoved him, bumped him, flailed at him, and finally he worked his way up to senior something-or-other at 20,000 a year. She was not happy with this and she huffed and puffed and threw tantrums until the poor man achieved a vice-presidency at 46 and died of a heart attack.

Moses O'Bannion married early and his wife had twins. Then she had Deirdre, Mary, Margaret, Timothy, Brian, James, Francis, Frances, Moses Jr. and Kevin. Then she had Sean, Padriac, Matthew, Mark, Luke and Abraham. At this time Moe Senior had achieved foreman and owed \$3,800.

Harrison L. Peehurst married at 17 and his wife got a job so that he could finish college. She became head file clerk and he took his Ph.D. She became office manager and he went on to graduate school. She became part-owner and he went on to post-graduate school. At the age of 34, he got a job as a teacher at Bliksop Academy, Wayne Grove, Idaho. She bought out her partner and became sole owner. Her husband switched to a teaching job at Flingerman's Junior College, Moose Foot, Louisiana. She sold her company to Gowanus Combined Industries for four million dollars cash and six million in stock. After the divorce, she rented a Hungarian Count and lived happily ever after.

Q.E.D. This way to the Egress. 



Colin Mier

THIS MAN IS REDUCING HIS WAIST, ABDOMEN, HIPS AND THIGHS

with the Fabulous New **SAUNA BELT™**

TRIM-JEANS

The Amazing Space Age Slenderizer that is so sensationally effective it is...

GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST, ABDOMEN, HIPS AND THIGHS A TOTAL OF FROM 6 TO 9 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

THIS SUPER PRODUCT IS PRODUCING SUPER NEW SLENDERIZING FOR A HOST OF MEN. HERE ARE JUST A FEW:

David Medeiros: "Just 3 days on the trim-jeans program and I trimmed off 13 excess inches; 5 inches from my waist, 4½ inches from my abdomen, 1 inch from my hips and 2½ inches from my thighs. No dieting—and my appearance has improved 100%."

Richard Martin: "I trimmed a total of 10¼ inches off my midsection, hips and thighs in 3 days with trim-jeans—actually lost 7½ inches in one 30 minute period first time I used them. During the 3 days my waist came down from 36 inches to 33½ inches and my abdomen from 41 inches to 36½ inches."

Martin Dunn: "It was an extremely satisfying experience to spend 3 rather brief periods using the trim-jeans and to discover that my waist, hip and thigh measurements had decreased by a total of more than 10 inches. I find that my entire physique has assumed a much trimmer, more athletic appearance."

HARVEY WARD

"These trim-jeans are without doubt the fastest method of trimming excess inches off one's physique that I have ever seen. I used them for just 3 short sessions during which I reduced my waist by 3 inches, my abdomen by 4 inches, my hips and thighs by several inches for an overall reduction of more than 11 inches. While using the trim-jeans I didn't change my normal living habits or follow any special diet. For the amazingly small amount of time and trouble involved, the results from this product are incredibly rewarding."

TRIM-JEANS—THE SPACE AGE SLENDERIZER WITH RESULTS THAT ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD. The trim-jeans are a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency. Once you have slipped them on, you are ready for the most astounding experience in rapid slenderizing you have ever known. Only trim-jeans has the unique features of design, including the exclusive super sauna-lock that permits the constant snug fit and solid support in all 4 areas—waist, abdomen, hips and thighs—without which truly sensational results are not possible. We recommend that the trim-jeans be used a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first receive them and then several times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential inch loss. After that, for maintenance you can use the trim-jeans about twice a month or as often as you feel the need.

Here is how it works:



Harvey Ward, after putting on his trim-jeans, is inflating them with the handy pump provided. He is now ready to perform his 'Magic Torso' movements, an exercise program designed specially for trim-jeans.



After a few pleasant moments—about 10 minutes or so—doing his 'Magic Torso' movements, Harvey is now relaxing around the house for an additional 20 minutes while keeping his trim-jeans on. That is all there is to it.



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WH♦'S G♠ME?

Polish your plays if you want to keep out front in the sort of game that separates the men from the boys. **A Penthouse compendium . . .**

GAMES ARE WORTH PLAYING

[by F. O. Armbruster]

Part of everyone's intellectual equipment should be the ability to play at least one game to a degree approaching excellence, and several others passably. Man, after all, is a social animal, and games are social devices. One of the best ways to get to know someone new is to invite him or her to play a game—try it next time you have a first meeting. Instead of the old weather gambit, say "Do you play . . . ?"

Let's try it now, shall we? Hello, dear Penthouse reader, you look like a . . . —player—are you? Rate your response on the following list, from 0 to 5 according to enthusiasm.

Chess	Bridge
Hearts	Checkers
Scrabble	(draughts)
Monopoly	Yahtzee
Gin rummy	Go
Mah-jong	Kalah
Bingo	Keno
Poker	Blackjack
Diplomacy	Continental
Dominoes	Chinese checkers
Acey-Ducey	Ship, Captain
Liars dice	and crew
Risk	Cribbage

If you don't rate yourself at least two or three fives, you're not much of a gamester, and probably not very social. That's not to say you're *anti*-social, just that your S.Q. (Social Quotient) could stand to be pumped up a bit. To be about right for today's society I'd say you should have scored 2-6 fives—not superior, mind you, but about average. You should, however, make it a personal goal to learn at least one new game from the list and teach it to at least one new friend. On your rating there ought not to be more than a few games (five at most) that you don't have at least some familiarity with. If there are, seek out someone who can teach you.

If your total score is from 40-60, people will invite you to parties, but won't be particularly enthusiastic about you unless you have some other exceptional personal qualities. Your intellect is probably slightly above average if you spend a couple of hours a week in head-to-head combat. If you spend less than a couple of hours, your head's gonna get soft from inactivity, unless your occupation involves a lot of problem-solving.

If you gave yourself more than six fives on the list, you're an exceptional person. And if you spend more than two hours a week playing one or more of these games, you probably fall in the high IQ range. You're a winner socially whether you win at the game or not—provided that you divide your time and play among several different types of games, and

several different opponents (some chance, some skill). People seek you out and you're popular at parties. You are well read. Don't stop trying to improve yourself, you have great potential. If you're a computer, I like you.

By this time you're probably asking how this guy can make such statements about people just from the information on that list of games. The answer is simple: I believe it! I *do honestly believe* that I can tell some significant things about a person just by knowing: (1) how much time he or she spends in game-playing; (2) what kind of games he or she plays; (3) how enthusiastic he or she is about entering into a game-playing or game-learning situation; and (4) what games or kinds of games he or she does not or cannot play.

I also believe that the intellectual or cognitive skills that get a work-out during play are the same skills that make a person more or less effective as a functionary in our society. Just as calisthenics will exercise and strengthen body muscles for tennis, golf, or football, so will the mental gymnastics of game-playing exercise and strengthen our head muscle for the more serious game of personal decision-making.

But you do have to take it slightly seriously. You have to try to get better. I don't mean you have to sweat over whether you win or lose, but you ought to try to win. You ought to have enough respect for your intellect to believe that you can improve your skill.

What makes a good game? I believe that one of the qualities it must possess is elegance. I can't define it, but I've invented a way to measure it. You take your game or puzzle, see, and you study the rules and instructions. Then imagine, if you will, a Richter scale of magnitude running from one to 10. One is simple, 10 is complicated. Then, score how difficult it is to understand what you're supposed to do. Example: for the puzzle "Madagascar Madness" the rating would be a one, because all you have to do is make a square, using all five pieces. For checkers (draughts) the basic rule would read: "Capture all the opponent's pieces". Checkers would rate two on the scale. Now, call this Richter scale number "Mag. I" (mag-one). Remember, Mag. I is *not* a rating of how difficult it is to play the game—it's a measure of how difficult it is to understand the basic idea of the game.

Now, consider another Richter scale, this time related to strategies. The question now is how difficult it is to actually *play and win* the game; or how complex can the strategies become? Or, in the case of a puzzle, what are the probabilities? This rating we'll call Mag. II (mag-two) and it represents the amount of intellectual effort that goes into actually *accomplishing* the thing we rated under the heading of Mag. I. Before assigning this second number you must actually play the game or try to solve the puzzle. In order to give you a standard by which to judge, chess rates a Mag. I of four and a Mag. II of 10.

To arrive at the figure of elegance we merely make a ratio of the two numbers, dividing Mag. II by Mag. I. And I guess that shows up what I

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THE GAMES WOMEN PLAY AT

[by Claudia Dreifus]

Games can be something people play in lieu of real emotions and experiences, like George and Martha in *Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, with their "Hump the hostess" diversion. Women play particular games with their lives, and here novelist Jacqueline Susann (*Valley of the Dolls*) and feminist spokes-woman Sandie North discuss some of them.

1. My husband is my life game

Susann: My husband *is* my life but I don't devote my existence to playing wifey. Frankly, I can't think of a decent existence without Irving [Mansfield], my husband—he's everything to me: friend, lover, advisor, and husband. To please him when I learned he was a golf enthusiast I took up the sport. I thought I was doing him a big favor. Then I discovered that I was wild about golf! In marriage you try things because you love somebody and often it works out well. On the other hand, if Irving wants to do something that I just don't have any interest in, I tell him to just go ahead and do his thing . . . but to do it alone. As for becoming domestically obsessed, I've barely managed to master instant coffee. What I believe about this game is that emotionally a woman should make her husband her life, but not say "Here, step on me" just because she's married.

North: I don't believe in this game because I don't believe in the institution of marriage. I do believe in a kind of monogamy where a person is called a "husband", but I disapprove of the law and custom that makes him a meal ticket. I still see a lot of this game being played even among political people—within the feminist movement. Instead of cooking and cleaning for hubby like bourgeoisie women do, they run the mimeograph machine for him while he becomes Maximum Leader. But frankly, I can understand why women play My Husband Is My Life. A wife knows that economic discrimination makes her husband the only one of the couple with a chance to make something of himself, so why not live life vicariously through him? It's better than diapers and dirty dishes—which is all that she can have.

2. The creative hausfrau game

Susann: I'm not opposed to it if a woman likes that kind of thing. Some women do. I have a very wealthy friend who can afford no end of domestic help, but digs the ritual of being a mother. She gets her kicks by going to the park, rapping with other mothers about the latest mumps epidemic. I know there are also many women who play the hausfrau game and hate it—that's a real tragedy.

North: I know the game well. A lot of my friends play it. There's a kind of semi-sick gratification to the men in this game: the ultimate height in conspicuous consumption. These days, you can't really afford to hire servants, so instead there's a pretty wifey who cooks like Escoffier, cleans like a Swiss char-woman and chatters intelligently about Michelangelo at the dinner table.

3. The female competition game

Susann: I usually try to avoid this one: women have a tough enough time in this world without bitching on each other. I know

in my field, acting, the competition was always really vicious. There were 900 females for every available part on Broadway. I've seen women in casting offices misadvising their competition about what to do when they get inside the producer's office. That's fierceness, I'll tell you.

North: No one objects to *men* being competitive with each other. That's good, that's creative, that's capitalism in the works for you. But when women get competitive with men they are suddenly cast as weird, castrating bitches. In my own field, magazine publishing, more good jobs have to be opened up to women. That should put an end to the Female Competition Game.

4. The dumb blonde game

Susann: I think women only play this because men encourage them to. I know one prize example: the late Broadway producer and millionaire Billy Rose. To him women were either ugly and brilliant, or beautiful and dumb. There were no female in-betweens. Sometimes he'd have supper parties and invite Lillian Hellman types—brilliant women playwrights whom he admired—but he'd also invite lots of Marilyn Monroe types who played at being stupid. I think the Dumb Blonde Game in both of its versions, the Dumb Idiot and the Dumb Sweet Defenseless Baby, came about because men don't want girls around them that are too smart.

North: When I was a reporter for the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*, people would blab all kinds of things to me, thinking I was a chickee. Because I was young and blonde, quiet, and on the job, guys wouldn't think of me as competition. To them I was a piece with a press-card. The result was that I would pick up all kinds of scoops the guys would inadvertently slip out in front of me. I could have been a waitress, as far as they were concerned. It was fine with me, but I'd rather get news by working for it than conning guys with my face. It's less guilt-producing. By the way, I think there's a new game men are playing, an inversion of the Dumb Blonde Game. I call it the "Breaking A Tougher Horse" Game. A lot of guys believe they are too bright for the light-haired moron with the IQ of 60. They

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TAX-DEDUCTING A MISTRESS GAME

[by Lucian duPont Russell]

Outwitting the Internal Revenue Service is as universal a game as keeping a mistress, but few realize that the two can be combined. This of course adds to the excitement and satisfaction of both diversions.

Your starting point is to appreciate that the tax laws provide loopholes only for those clever enough to find them. The procedure for tax-deducting your mistress has purposely been made obscure. A quick glance at American history and tradition reveals why. Washington has always had a strong pro-marriage lobby, composed of rice and flower growers, wedding caterers, limousine rental agencies, and ring manufacturers. This lobby has sought to impose economic sanctions on unmarried Americans to force them to change their status. In the days of Ben Franklin there was a bachelor tax; in modern times there is the Single Taxpayer Withholding Rate. Clearly this lobby op-

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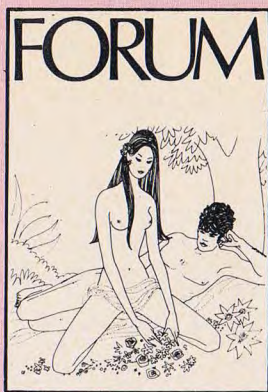
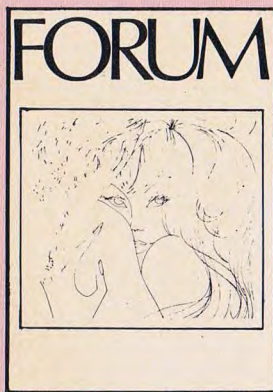
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Michael De-La-Noy, former press secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury (the Anglican equivalent to the Roman Catholic Pope), was fired by the Church of England for contributing an article to Forum. The ensuing controversy between the religious establishment and the free-wheeling permissiveness of Forum and the intellectual establishment that supports it, made the front page of every newspaper in Britain. De-La-Noy, like scores of other leading intellectuals who regularly contribute to Forum, found in its pages "*a fundamentally new concept of freedom that dwarfs every effort at candor, truth and meaningful information that has gone before.*"

Forum, unlike so many other books and periodicals, is *not* a medically orientated, pre-digested manual of sexual conduct and technology, nor is it a simple, sociological study of life in our time. Forum *is* life—a living pulsating amalgam of the lives of thousands of men and women who recount through the most uninhibited letters columns ever published their private activities and relationships, their innermost thoughts and fantasies on every conceivable level of psycho-sexual behavior. Forum, as its name implies, has all of the sparkle and spontaneity of an open dialogue between the sexually aware. It also contains the most comprehensive and far-reaching personal advisory service to be found anywhere in print. A panel of noted authorities ranging

from legal to theological, medical to philosophical—each a specialist in his own field—answers questions on every possible subject in the human sexual spectrum. There are articles by world-famous authors on love, sex and marriage, interviews with priests, prophets and prostitutes, social surveys on male, female and group sexuality.

Apart from the many, many pages of personal letters, advisory columns, candid interviews and case histories, here is a brief sampling of the type and variety of article Forum publishes:

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DO-IT-YOURSELF APHRODISIACS—the *real* truth.

SEXUAL AIDS—a comprehensive, illustrated, and availability survey.

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TROILISM—variations in marriage.

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FINNAN HADDIE, CROWDIE, HAGGIS
AN' A', SCOTTISH SERVINGS
ARE "HALESOME FARIN"
FOOD BY LIONEL BRAUN

"When James the sixth turned England's king and left for aye Auld Reekie, man a bonny lassie he did bring. To make his cockieeekie, man. "And if it's true, historians tell, this king so wise and waggish, man, he flanked his English beef and ale. Wi' guid sheepshead and haggis, man."—Robbie Burns.

Scots food is essentially a pastoral cuisine that may have been to Paris only to take on a slight French personality. If you would deny a French presence, then you must answer for *tassie* (a small cup) from *une tasse*; *kickshaw* (a dainty) from *quelques choses*; *ashet* (a platter for meat) from *assiette*; and even haggis is just a Highland way of pronouncing *hackis*, which is the French word for "chopped" meat. French influence in Scotland's kitchens dates from 1115 when Alexander the Fierce founded the church at Scone. Alex's sister married the Count of Boulogne and a series of kings of Scotland sought French wives. As French ladies-in-waiting joined these French queens, both skillet and sceptre were wielded with a French hand. In describing this French influence, Hall, Henry VIII's English chronicler, wrote, "The Frenchmenne victayled the Towne."

The haggis is probably Scotland's most-discussed dish and I quote Mistress Meg Dod's recipe from the 1826 cookbook and household guide named after her. Some Scots say that Sir Walter Scott wrote the preface and the notes:

"Clean a sheep's pouch thoroughly. Make incisions in the heart and liver to allow the blood to flow out, and parboil the whole, letting the windpipe lie over the side of the pot to permit the discharge of impurities; the water may be changed after a few minutes' boiling for fresh water. A half hour's boiling will be sufficient, but throw back half of the liver to boil till it will grate easily; take the heart, half of the liver, and part of the lights, trimming away all skins and black-looking parts, and mince them together. Mince also a pound of good suet and four or more onions. Grate the other half of the liver. Have a dozen of small onions peeled and scalded in two waters to mix with this mince. Have some finely ground oatmeal, toasted slowly before the fire for hours, till it is of a light brown color and perfectly dry. Less than two teacupfuls will do for this quantity of meat. Spread the mince on a board and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt and a little cayenne, first well mixed.

"Have a haggis bag (sheep's paunch) perfectly clean, and see that there is no thin part in it, else your whole labor will be lost in its bursting. Some cooks use two bags, one as an outer case. Put in the meat with a half pint of good beef gravy, or as much broth will make it a very thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon or a little good vinegar; press out the air and sew up the bag, prick it with a large needle when it first swells in the pot to prevent bursting; let it boil slowly for three hours if large."

Near Loch Lomond, The Buchanan Arms on the outskirts of Drymen calls visitors to this peaceful village. Here is a country inn that has earned the patronage of the most demanding epicures. Founded a couple of centuries ago, it is now completely modernized into a gabled white roadside inn. The food is exceptional, with a broad choice of fish dishes, curries, Solway salmon steaks and glorious roasts of Angus beef. The bar is a friendly place with a bartender who makes the best martinis in Scotland. The excellence of their soup is another reminder of lingering French influence—though the typical soups of each country, France's *pot-au-feu* and Scotch (barley) broth, have no resemblance. All in all—as long as he is permitted to go abroad occasionally for mulligatawny—any man who loves his soup can live and die happily in Scotland.

Scottish cuisine excels mainly in the preparation of dried and smoked fish, and one of my table guests told me that the English could learn

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COCKALEEKIE & BUCHANAN'S

Truss a 5 lb cock in a soup pot with 2½ quarts of clear cold water. Add the giblets, and salt and pepper to taste. Bring the water to a rapid boil, then let it simmer with the fowl for about 2 hours. Keep skimming the soup to keep it clear. Wash 6 leeks thoroughly, split them and cut into 1-inch pieces, adding them to the soup with 3 tablespoons of rice. Simmer the soup slowly until rice is done and chicken appears done. The Buchanan usually adds a dozen pitted prunes and a few sliced carrots to the pot 25 minutes before serving time. Remove bird and giblets from the soup, cutting them into pieces. Place pieces in a tureen, skim off all fat from soup, before pouring soup over bird. Sprinkle tureen lightly with parsley.



PLAID PROVENDER

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THE POET



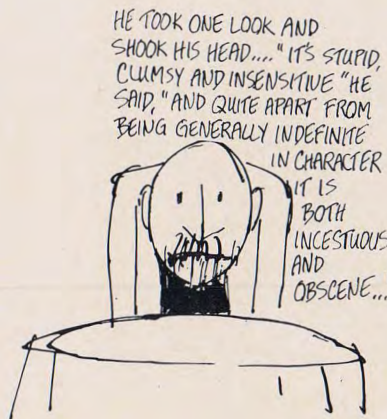
THE
OTHER
NIGHT I
WROTE
AN EPIC
POEM
ABOUT
MY
MOTHER



IT WAS
MY MOST
AMBITIOUS
WORK TO
DATE... I
PUT
EVERYTHING
I KNEW,
FELT AND
BELIEVED
ABOUT HER
INTO WORDS



THEN I
BROUGHT
IT TO MY
PUBLISHER
AND SAID,
"HERE,
MR. CEPPOS,
THIS IS
MY MOTHER"



HE TOOK ONE LOOK AND
SHOOK HIS HEAD.... "IT'S STUPID,
CLUMSY AND INSENSITIVE" HE
SAID, "AND QUITE APART FROM
BEING GENERALLY INDEFINITE
IN CHARACTER
IT IS
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INCESTUOUS
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YOU'D
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GUCCIONE

GAMES ARE WORTH PLAYING

FROM PAGE 72


think elegance is—the dual characteristics of a thing, its apparent simplicity on the one hand and its far-reaching implications on the other. Any really good game will have elegance as one of its attributes. I'm in the game business, and there's one mistake that amateur game inventors make more often than any other: they over-complicate their rules without a corresponding improvement in the strategic implications of play.

So you see, sociability, personal growth, appreciation for elegance—all these things can be discussed from the viewpoint of games and gaming. There is some good solid psychology behind most adult games as anthropologists since as early as the 1800s have recognized.

Each and every move or play in a game represents sophisticated problem-solving and decision-making. Also, the mental processes are merely a sub-set of some much larger process called life. Suppose the players in the game happen to be a husband-hunting young woman and a not-too-bright but eligible young bachelor. He's playing Chess, but she's playing Catch. And they're both winning.

People can get almost fanatic about games. Have you ever been part of a group that stayed up all night playing Monopoly, or Bridge, or Poker? Psychologists call that kind of seemingly irrational behavior "persistent" behavior. And research has shown that for this to occur "reinforcers"—or what laymen call rewards—have to come at *random* intervals, at unexpected and unpredictable times. Hypothetical case: suppose there is a cigarette machine, and right beside it is a slot machine, Nevada-style. The slot machine has a *random* reinforcement schedule—you never know when you'll get a payoff. The cigarette machine has a *continuous* reinforcement schedule: every time you make a deposit, you get a payoff. Now, without telling anyone, we disable both machines so that neither one of them will ever pay off again.

You know what will happen? Sure you do. The cigarette machine will collect a few coins and then someone will hang a sign on it and people will stop putting money in it. But the one-armed bandit will continue to make money until somebody comes and hauls it away! That's where persistent behavior comes from: random payoff, or a random reinforcement schedule.

So when you play games it isn't necessary to win every time to enjoy the fun and keep playing. You'll persist as long as every once in a while there's that unexpected payoff. The occasional sweet shot on a golf course, or the surprise birdie putt turns many a full-grown intelligent human being into an avid golfer, and *that's* what I mean by persistence! 

THE GAMES WOMEN PLAY

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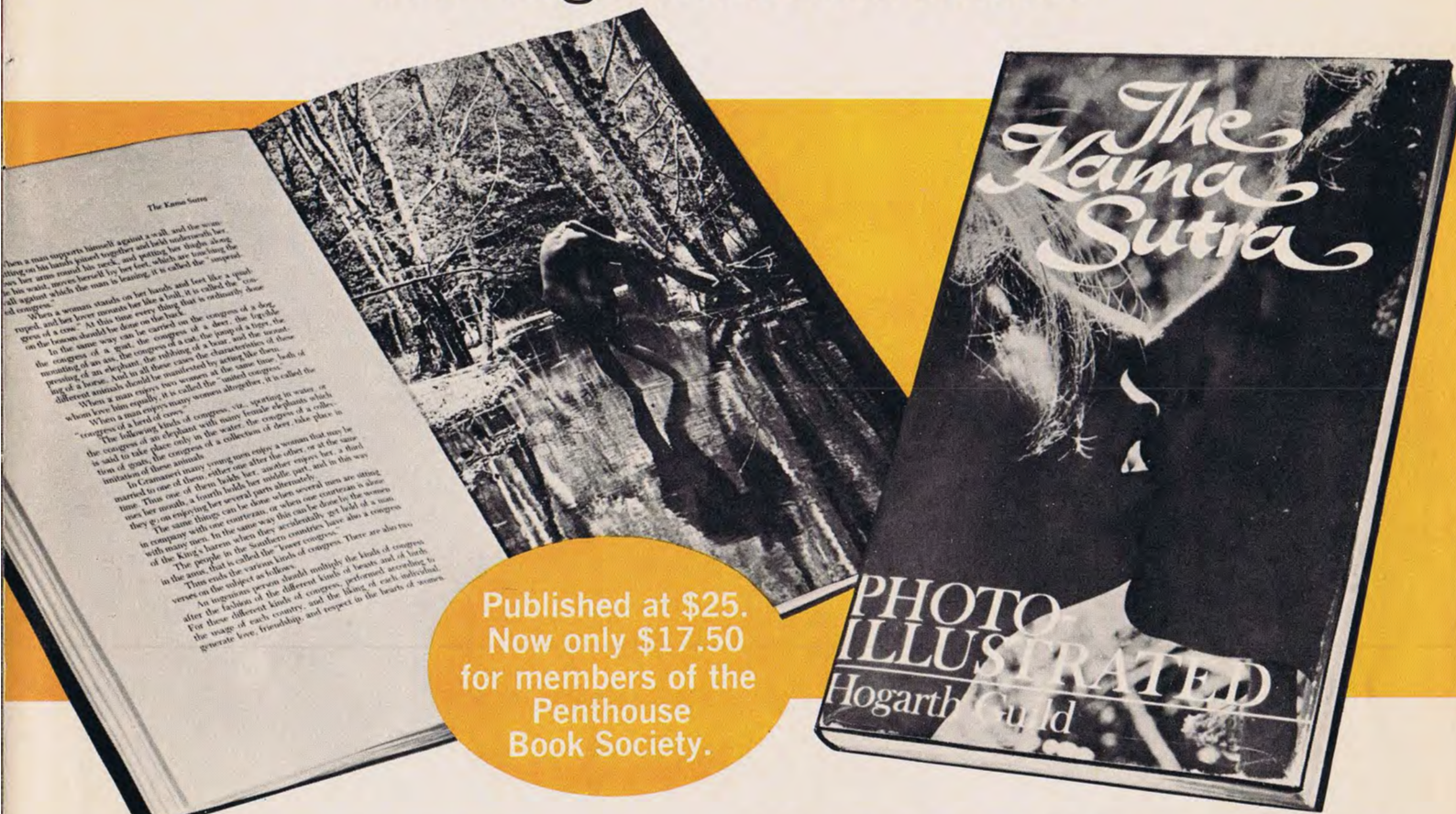
now say they want a brilliant woman of independence and worldly accomplishment—she provides them with a tougher horse to break. Their crowning achievement is to conquer the most independent female around—to take her to bed.

5. The female Don Juan game

Susann: Female Don Juans are latent lesbians. Male Don Juans play their game to prove their virility. If a guy believed in his own virility, he wouldn't have to boast about his latest conquests. Female members of the species, almost always, are women who, even if they are especially beautiful, do not believe they are feminine. If a man flips over

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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THAT BANNED BOOKS
MAKE AN EXPENSIVE HOBBY.
ANOTHER DIFFERENCE IS
THAT THE ILLUSTRATIONS
AREN'T FOR SCHOOLCHILDREN.
BY HOWARD NELSON

When, on the death of a benefactor in 1900, the British Museum was bequeathed a library of more than 15,000 rare and much sought-after works of fiction, the authorities were unusually reluctant to accept the gift. The testator, however, had imposed a condition that changed the learned gentlemen's minds: he had also bequeathed them the world's finest collection of editions of *Don Quixote* and required that the Museum could not accept the one collection without the other. And so London's sedate storehouse of learning came into possession of a pornographic library that ranks with those in the Vatican, the National Library of France, the Library of Congress, and the late Dr Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research at the University of Indiana.

The British Museum's benefactor was one Herbert Spencer Ashbee, an Englishman noted as the amateur *par excellence* in the field of erotica. He lifted himself to wealth as a London merchant by early middle age, and then applied his affluence to travel in pursuit of his hobby of collecting literary curiosa. For erotica is a branch of literature where rare, first and deluxe editions can fetch extremely high prices. Even today, good pornography is extremely dear, for it is still prohibited in most countries. A complete set of the famous Olympia Press paperbacks—some hundred altogether—changed hands recently for \$5000 (£2,083).

Being myself something of a diletante in *sub rosa* literature (I earn my living by translating the stuff), I was delighted to read through *The Memoirs of an Erotic Bookseller*. Every serious scholar, collector, and amateur of erotology knows the identity of the author who goes under the name of Armand Coppens. It suffices to say that his shop is in a northern European city, and his wares are not publicly displayed. The work is a delightful blend of anecdote and erudition for Coppens probably is the world's expert on contemporary erotica and pornography.

He tells about an actor named Reynolds who was selling his collection of books on costumes, dresses, and uniforms. It was of interest to Coppens since garments often have sexual undertones. During the transaction Reynolds, who enjoyed a reputation as a prankster, reminisced about some of the tricks he had played. One concerned a diva so arrogant that she had her own private toilet which was off-limits to the rest of the troupe. It stuck in Reynolds's craw, and he determined to do something about it. So, buying some gingerbread at a bakery, he went to the theatre early, where he chewed the bread until it was a brown soggy mash and smeared it all over the walls of the inviolate water-closet.

When the actress discovered the outrage, her indignation was tempestuous. "Shit! Shit!" she screamed. "Somebody has used my toilet and put shit on the walls." She invited other performers and stage hands to see the profanation for themselves, whereupon Reynolds dipped a finger in the mess, tasted it lingeringly and pronounced calmly: "You're right. It is shit." She fainted.

Let's take a look at what would make a collector's mouth water. Coppens had just purchased a collection of the works of Alera, an author who wrote prodigiously about all aberrations, particularly shoe and glove fetishism. (In the general talk that followed, the seller's wife confided that her middle-aged husband's pleasure was to don a little girl's dress and perform cunnilingus on her while she beat him—it was only then that he could reach orgasm—with a specially equipped teddy-bear.) Just as Coppens was about to leave, he was offered another volume. When he looked at it, he turned pale, for it was a work whose "fame is as legendary as its appearance on the market is mythical." In trembling hands, he held *Gynecocracy*, the classic novel on transvestism and a masterpiece of English erotica.

Who buys books like these? Collectors, as we have seen, have to be men of means. Undoubtedly the second largest collection of erotica ever amassed was that of Richard Monckton-Milnes, later Lord Houghton, who put together the first edition of Keats's letters. About him the poet Swinburne wrote to Rossetti: "His erotic collection of books, engravings, etc. is unrivalled upon earth—unequalled I should imagine in heaven... There is every edition of every work of our honoured Marquis." Swinburne, by the way, is remembered in erotica for his epic poem on flagellation *The Whippingham Papers*, and through Houghton, he met Sir Richard Burton, the explorer and translator of *The Perfumed Garden*, who was working on a *History of Farting*.

Coppens's first venture in erotic book-buying occurred in Paris when a dealer showed him a fine copy of *Manual of Erotology*, the best guide to the sexual practices of classical antiquity, with stunningly lascivious illustrations in the manner of Giulio Romano, of whom we shall hear more later. It is a veritable reference work for sexual activity, divided into sections for coitus, pederasty, irrumatio, masturbation, cunnilingus, tribadism, sodomy, and sprintriae.

Coppens was surprised at the relatively low price asked. While he was leafing through it, the seller took it from his hands, saying he needed it for a short time. Then he invited Coppens into a rear room, where he found a photographer with his equipment and a pretty Vietnamese girl taking off her clothes. Opening the volume, the dealer leafed

through some of the lubricious copulatory scenes and pointed to one. "We'll begin with this," he said. It depicted a voluptuously rounded woman on her hands and knees being had from behind by a man. The bookdealer, now also in the nude, and the young woman assumed the same position while the bored photographer snapped them. All in all, some 18 exposures were made, during which time Coppens was sure that the man had ejaculated twice. Afterwards the dealer gave Coppens the book with the comment that he was letting it go so cheap because he had no further need for it.

Pornography that can be read with pleasure is scarce, for the subject matter is limited. There are only so many ways to do the sex act. Also, as Steven Marcus, the scholar who made a penetrating study of the Victorian classic *My Secret Life*, noted, "the prose of a typical pornographic novel consists almost entirely of clichés, dead and dying phrases, and stereotypical formulas."

Erotica often is a mirror of the times and in antiquity there was a good deal to reflect. One has only to read the historian Suetonius to learn of the high jinks of the Roman upper crust, or Burckhardt for the Borgias. Procopius tells of the Byzantine Empress Theodora who "though she made use of three openings, used to take Nature to task, complaining that it had not pierced her breasts with larger holes so that it might be possible for her to contrive another method of copulation." And Plutarch mentions Diogenes publicly masturbating on the street.

Practically every Greek and Latin writer of note dabbled in erotica. According to Eugene O'Neill jr., Aristophanes "wrote just as obscenely as he could on every possible occasion." Perhaps the best-known name is Ovid who penned the classic manual of love techniques, the *Ars amatoria*, in which he declared: "I discuss nothing but the lascivious." (*Nil nisi lascivi per me discuntur.*)

Coppens tells about coming across an original 1780 edition of *Monuments of the Private Lives of the Twelve Caesars* in a London bookshop, a rare find. The owner asked an exorbitant price, claiming he could make more by snipping the exquisite reproductions of the cameos and selling them singly, and he promptly ravaged the volume before Coppens's grief-stricken eyes. Concerning the work, I quote Coppens: "Many scholars have claimed that d'Hancarville, a famous archaeologist of his day, faked the whole work. The basis for this claim is simply the variety of positions shown. The refutation further maintains that d'Hancarville provided false illustrations to fit the text and that the positions are altogether too inventive and diverse to have been practised at the time. In my opinion, the splendid collection of

bronzes and figurines in the Royal Museum of Naples quickly gives the lie to this academically postulated 'limitation' of sexual activity in classical antiquity."

One reproduction portrays Tiberius with three prostitutes—the first rests on his uplifted knee and head while he performs cunnilingus, the second is kneeling before him and committing fellatio, and as for the third, even with the aid of a magnifying glass I have not been able to make out what she is doing. Another shows Nero with a harlot and three catamites in a grouping that defies description.

The Christian church itself produced an enormous amount of obscenity in the guise of theological studies of evil. Alfons di Liguori, a Jesuit priest said to have been so virtuous that he never saw a woman's face, not even his mother's or sister's, devoted his life to the composition of a *Moral Theology* listing every conceivable variation of the sex act about which confessors were to ask their parishioners.

A worthy predecessor of the Marquis de Sade was the 10th-century nun Roswitha of Gandersheim whose plays run the gamut of torture. In *Sapientia* the virginal heroine refuses to yield her fair white body to a powerful lord who has her flogged until her skin is in shreds. A miracle occurs when milk flows from where her breasts had been amputated. Following this, she is roasted alive, boiled in a caldron of wax, and finally decapitated. In the '30s, an American collector paid \$15,000 for a scarce 16th-century volume of her dramas.

Along with the other arts, pornography flourished in the Italian Renaissance, but most of the surviving works are of the ribald variety, on the lines of the dirty joke. "The addiction of the Renaissance to rank obscenity is remarkable," commented D. B. Wyndham Lewis, mentioning Martin Luther's fondness for filthy table-talk. A popular subject of humor was cuckoldry, though the punishment for fornication and adultery was no laughing matter, as witness what happened to Heloise's Abelard. An old Nuremberg print shows an adulterous woman about to be buried alive and her lover to be castrated over a barrel, his genitals hanging through the bung-hole.

The *Novelli*, or short stories, formed the frame of much of Italian prose of the period. As Jacob Burckhardt states, "the novelists habitually show a sympathy for all the ingenious, comic, and cunning features which may attend adultery"

Firenzuola, in one of *The Dialogues concerning the Beauties of Women*, tells of the lecherous priest who seduces a married woman by promising her money. When he breaks his word, she lures him to her house. On the unexpect-

ted appearance of her husband, she tells the holy man to hide in a chest. When the box is closed, his genitalia are caught and he has to castrate himself to escape. In his *Facetiae*, Poggio gives the story of Felfo or Hans Carvel. The simple-minded soul, worried about his wife's fidelity, had a vision that offered him a ring during his sleep. It promised wifely chastity as long as he had it on his finger. When he awoke the next morning, full of joy, the reader can guess what ring he had on his finger.

The Italian Renaissance produced the figure considered to be the greatest of all erotic writers, Pietro Aretino, who wrote the famous dialogues *I Ragionamenti*.

The work won its notoriety because of the so-called 36 positions, and a number of libertines boasted that their entire library consisted of that single volume.

Equally infamous are *The Lewd Sonnets* with the engravings of Giulio Romano. As one critic put it, they have to do with lewd men dealing with lewd women in lewd positions. The distinguished art historian Vasari wrote of the opus as follows: "Giulio Romano commissioned Marcantonio Raimondi to engrave 16 plates of figures whose character was highly offensive. What was still worse, Messer Pietro Aretino wrote a most indecent sonnet for each. I do not know which was the more revolting, the spectacle presented to the eye by the designs of Giulio or the affront offered to the ear by the words of Aretino."

Dr. Paul Englisch, with all justice, has called the *Aloisia Sigaea* the greatest work of erotica after the *I Ragionamenti*. It was written in Latin by a prominent Grenoble jurist, Nicholas Chorier, who attempted to foist the authorship off on a very proper and erudite Spanish lady of the same name. According to the French critic, Alcide Bonneau, "the author exposes in six dialogues of ever-increasing interest, in which the perfection of the language is superior to the charm of the subject, the mysteries of love and the arcane refinements of pleasure. Two young women in bed initiate each other into the science of life by a series of indiscreet confidences, passionate scenes, and voluptuous stories. The Latin, a learned and complicated Latin, throws a veil of gauze on the lascivious tableaux, while at the same time the gracious babble of the two interlocutrices gives a delicacy generally missing in works of this kind."

The French 18th century, or the Rococo, sometimes called the Golden Age of Love, produced more erotica than all countries and periods put together and superior in quality to the assembly-line smut turned out by the Scandinavian and American factories. These works reflected the general licentiousness of the era which considered love a libertinism of the mind.

In their penetrating *The Woman of the 18th Century*, the De Goncourt brothers pointed out that "in the days of Louis XV love was desire and its ideal pleasure. Pleasure—there is the word for the 18th century—its secret, its soul, its charm—and woman is its vessel . . . The 18th century, when it said 'I love you' meant merely 'I desire you'. To possess for a man, and to capture for a woman, there lay the whole sport and ultimate goal of this new love."

The brothers went on to mention the corruption in this game that culminates in the works of Sade. "Into the relations of the sexes there enters something like a pitiless game of policy, a deliberate plan of destruction. Seduction becomes an art equivalent in treachery, faithlessness, and cruelty, to that of tyranny." Iwan Bloch stated that this century reserved the right to set up a code of immorality for itself. Laclos's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is undoubtedly the best analysis of the code of vice triumphant.

One of Madame de Pompadour's favorite books was *Dom B . . . The Carthusian Porter*, a copy of which she had printed on parchment and illustrated with 28 hand-painted miniatures. This classic of anti-clerical pornography was considered so obscene, even in that period, that one wit remarked that it could be read only with one hand. Restif de la Bretonne recalled that after he read it, he ran out and seduced the first two women he met on the street. The anonymous author's purpose in writing the work was the following: "I come to tell you how to purify the morals of France, to prevent the bastardization of the human race, and to exterminate adultery, buggery, and other vices that have been corrupting France for five or six generations."

The most prolific author of erotica is the above-mentioned Restif de la Bretonne, sometimes called the popular Petronius. An erotomaniac like Casanova, he boasted that at the age of 15 he had had 12 mistresses and at 21 at least 20 bastards. And in *My Calendar*, he states he is surprised to find that he has had exactly 365 amorous encounters in one year. (Guy de Maupassant calculated that the average man should have enjoyed the favors of 400 different women in the course of a lifetime.)

Bretonne's reputation rests on his *Nights of Paris* on which he worked for more than 20 years. It is more or less a diary in which he recorded faithfully everything he had seen and experienced the previous night in his nocturnal perambulations, forming an accurate night tableau of the Paris of before the Revolutionary period. George Saintsbury commented that "could Bretonne ever have taken holiday from his day and night devotion to Aphrodite, he might have been a most remarkable

novelist, and, as it is, his narrative faculty is such as by no means every novelist possesses. He counts in the advance toward real things in fiction." His works were praised by Goethe and Schiller.

Philosophical Theresa, author unknown, has maintained a surprisingly long-lived popularity. Like Sade's Juliette, Theresa is a wanton who prospers. She is philosophical as the title implies and her theory of life is the following: "What stupidity to believe that God has given us life in order not to do what is natural and that we should be discontented by turning our back on all that which satisfies the appetites He has given us." In a planned novel to have been called *The Life of a Great Sinner*, Dostoevsky was going to devote much space to the teachings of the work. The protagonist was to have owed his degeneration to having read it.

Coppens divides pornography into three classes: gallant, which leaves something to the imagination; erotic, which is explicit description; and hardcore, which descends to the pathological such as in Sade. The master of the gallant genre is Crebillon *fils* from whom Benjamin Franklin took the comment that a young man should prefer an elderly mistress because she is so much more grateful. Crebillon also composed one of the most notorious *œuvres* of all erotica, *The Tableau of the Customs of the Time in the Different Periods of Life*, which traces the career of a genteel girl from the convent to the marriage couch. The first edition consisted of a single copy later lost in Russia. If it could be found, it would fetch a staggering price.

Andrea de Nerciat, who might be called the archetype of the Rococo man, is remembered for his *Felicia or My Frolics*. At the age of 12, Stendhal came across the book in the library of his rakish uncle, and in his biography Matthew Josephson wrote: "He declared that the work made him absolutely mad with excitement, and that 'the possession of a living mistress, then the object of all my desires, would not have plunged me into such a torrent of amorosness.'" If a poll were held to determine the ten best pieces of erotica of all time, Nerciat's *The Aphrodites* and *The Devil in the Flesh* would certainly be included.

A happy work is the *Priapic Ode*, a youthful effort of the later respected dramatist, Alexandre Piron, who regretted it when it cost him election to the French Academy. As can be imagined, it is a long poem in praise of you know what, and it reflects Baron Grimm's opinion of the author: "Piron was a machine for making epigrams. No one could defeat him in repartee. Even Voltaire feared his wit."

The level of English pornography is

shown by the extremely popular Victorian *A Night in a Moorish Harem*. The narrator, Lord George Herbert, the handsomest man in England, is a commander in the Royal Navy. While his ship is moored off the Moroccan coast, he goes swimming to cool the hot memories of his London belles, and then falls asleep in his skiff which drifts to a wall. When he awakes, he finds a rope of shawls tied together. On climbing it, he finds himself in a seraglio of nine voluptuous beauties. He satisfies them all with copious seminal ejections, and they all swoon with equally abundant vaginal discharges. Between bouts, they tell him of their Sapphic diversions. When he takes the loveliest of the girls, "the other ladies gathered around us, their kisses rained on my neck and shoulder, and the pressure of their bosoms was against my back and sides . . . I had stirred the womb of Inez with but a few thrusts when the rosy cheeks took on a deeper dye, her eyes swam, her lips parted, and I felt a delicious baptism of moisture on my shaft."

John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London, member of Parliament, and staunch friend of the American revolutionists, composed an indecent satire on Pope's *Essay on Man* called *An Essay on Women by Pego Borewell*. "Awake, my Fanny, leave all meaner things; / This morn shall prove what rapture swiving brings! / Let us (since life can little more supply/Than just a few good fucks, and then we die)." Wilkes incidentally is remembered for his riposte to the taunt of Lord Sandwich (who gave his name to the culinary delight): "Wilkes, you will die of a pox, or on the gallows," to which Wilkes replied, "That depends, my Lord, on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress."

The greatest contribution of England to prohibited literature and probably the only one that can be read and heard with pleasure is the bawdy limerick. It matters little that the printing of limericks was banned, for their devotees, like the troubadours of old, hand them down orally from generation to generation.

Naughty Norman Douglas (yes, the author of *South Wind*) collected some 50 of the old favorites with a wonderful introduction and serio-comic notes. The title is *Some Limericks, Collected for the Use of Students, & Ensplendoured with Introduction, Geographical Index, and with Notes Explanatory and Critical*.


It is surprising how many writers of note have turned their hand to the erotic or bawdy. Robert Burns's "indelicate" poems, as Walt Whitman termed them, were collected in *The Merry Muses of Caledonia*. The children's poet and Latinist Eugene Field turned out those minor masterpieces *The Piddling Pup* and *When Willie Wet the Bed*—"Closely he cuddled up to me, / And put his hands in mine, / When all at once I

seemed to be / Afloat in seas of brine. / Sabeian odors clogged the air, / And filled my soul with dread, / Yet I could only grin and bear / When Willie wet the bed." In an idle moment, Felix Salten, the author of *Bambi*, produced *Josefine Mutzenbacher, the Memoirs of a Viennese Whore*, one of the few readable works of German pornography.

Not to be forgotten is Mark Twain's *1601*, which begins with a fart. And Jonathan Swift, the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, is a classic case of the individual unable to differentiate between the sacrament and excrement. His preoccupation with the scatological is shown in his *The Lady's Dressing Room* into which he peeked: "Thus finishing his grand Survey / Disgusted Strephon stole away / Repeating in his amorous Fits, / Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia shifts."

It was once said of the French poet Paul Verlaine that he had the soul of a genius and the tastes of a swine. Like Casanova, he apparently suffered from satyriasis. Man, female, or boy, respectable woman or cheap harlot, he just did not care with whom he had intercourse. He wrote two thin volumes of poems entitled *Hombres* and *Femmes*, which, considered as pure literature, are the most masterful works in the entire realm of erotica. "With them, Verlaine placed himself in the ranks of the greatest pornographic writers of all time," wrote Stefan Zweig. "He has broken away from the tradition of the lovable *cochonnerie* of a Grecoir or Piron to write subjective *cochonnerie* of an unprecedented shamelessness. Though polished and skilful, they are the most repugnant self-revelations conceivable, the final word in a dictionary of perverse arts, the most brutally realistic representations . . . And the same with the poem *Le Trou du Cul* (The Ass-Hole), written jointly with Rimbaud and printed in the pederastic book *Hombres*."

Why is pornography read? Havelock Ellis thought adults needed obscene literature as children need fairy tales to escape oppressive reality. Jules Renard was bluntest. "Sometimes a man has to wallow like a pig in these stupidly written and physiologically inept pieces of filth."

To my mind, Coppens comes closest to explaining the continued interest in erotica among men and the relative indifference to it among women. "In the case of the male, sex desire outruns performance time and time again. In my opinion, the experience common to nearly all men, of always falling short of their expectations, explains the continual popularity of erotic literature. Here, at least, the hero never fails and is, consequently, worthy of the name. In the final pages of the novel, he invariably casts a contemptuous glance at the bodies of his bedraggled women victims who beg exhaustedly for mercy." 



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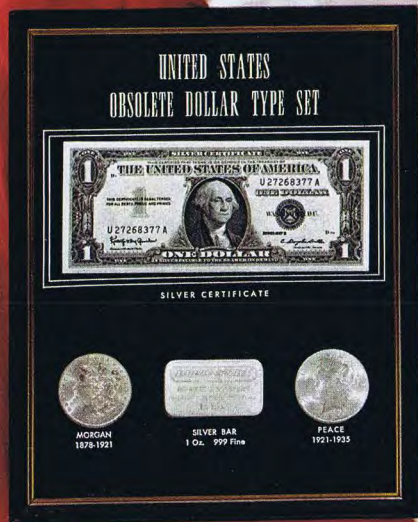
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TAX-DEDUCTING MISTRESS

FROM PAGE 73

poses tax benefits for mistresses. Another factor in the government's policy of silence is its desire to encourage initiative in the private sector. The search for tax loopholes is an integral part of the traditional entrepreneurial spirit which has made our country strong and free.

When you prepared your tax return last year, in claiming your mistress you probably made one of two common errors. These should be discussed in detail before the correct approach is described.

ERROR NUMBER ONE: FILING JOINTLY
You have filed jointly with your mistress. The IRS says your claim is invalid because she is not your wife. You concede that sex alone does not constitute marriage. If it did, many married couples would have to file singly. Yet your mistress provides all the other services of a wife, so yours is a case of *de facto* marriage. In recent school desegregation suits Federal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



FURNISHMENTS BY DAWN STEEL/PHOTO BY BRUCE WAYNE

experiments. Urban Systems Inc., \$6 ea.

9. **Computamatic Football:** Two players (offense vs. defense) attempt to outguess each other's moves. Full range of plays and penalties. Electronic Data Controls Corp., \$34.95. (Overlay boards for other sports, \$9.95 each.)

10. **Ploy:** Strategic game of maneuver and capture. 3M Co., \$8.95

11. All-time favorite **Monopoly** offers deluxe set with sturdy plastic-handled box, molded banker's tray, unusual "moving" pieces. Parker Brothers, \$20

12. **The Love Computer.** How do you rate

as a couple? Each pair answers questions, the computer lights up and you find your compatibility rating. Multiple Toymakers, under \$8

13. **Class.** Spoof game for the social climber. Humor cards dictate movement up and down status ladder. American Iguana Inc. \$10

14. **Golf Game.** Foldout 18-hole golf course offers 3-D realism including hazards. Choose club, determine hitting distance with cards. Samsonite, \$10

15. **RSVP.** 3-D crossword game. Words, you make on one side of board block

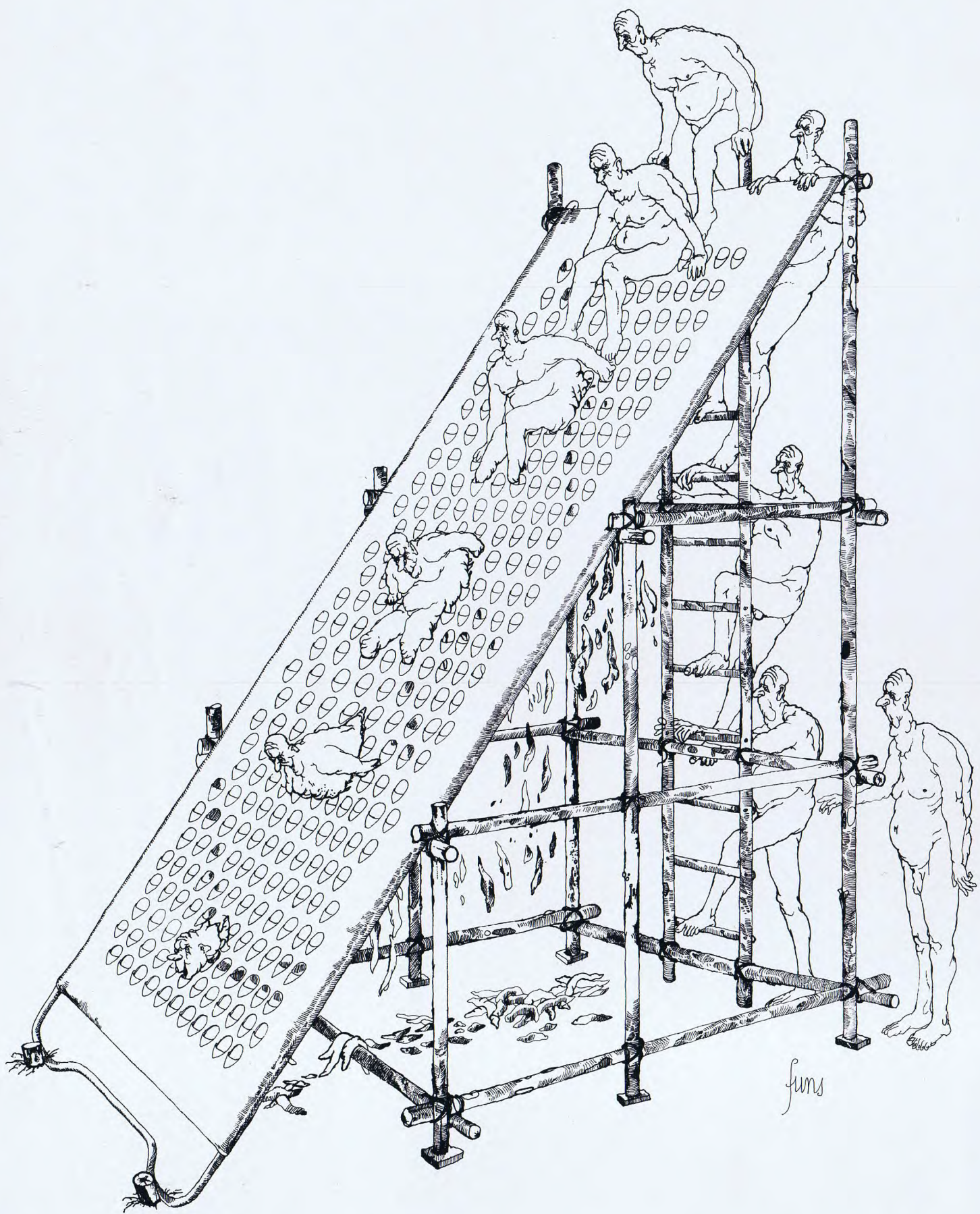
formation on opponent's side. Selchow & Righter, \$4

16. **Bridgeeveryone.** Learn the Goren method as you play prepared hands right to the last trick, with help of patented Automatic Dealer, color-coded lessons. Everyone Products, \$30

17. Object of **Ad-Lib** is to build 3-D crossword fashion plastic letters for highest score. E. S. Lowe, under \$4

18. **Opinion.** Party card game lets you rate fellow players. Voice secret opinions, lose points if wrong. Selchow & Righter, \$6





RAINED OUT



JIM BOUTON NEVER STRIKES OUT WHEN IT COMES TO FASHION.

FASHION BY RON BUTLER

The setting is Yankee Stadium and the gentleman is Jim Bouton, a handsome young man who knows his way around *that* stadium as well as any man could. He won 21 games for the New York Yankees in 1963 and 18 more the following year, plus two World Series contests. Today, at 32, he's a top television sportscaster (a member of ABC's celebrated *Eyewitness News* team) and author of *Ball Four*, a sizzling bestseller that reveals a lot more of baseball than what's written on the back of bubblegum cards. In the book, called the most incisive, candid, revealing and fun-

PHOTOS BY BRUCE WAYNE



niest ever written about baseball and the people who make their living at it, Jim tells it like it is. On these pages, when the weather goes from fair to foul, he shows it like it is. Who says raincoats have to be dull? Here, Jim sports all lengths from fingertip to maxi and all styles from a traditional all-cotton trenchcoat to a doubleknit that's so dress-up in style it can also serve as a topcoat. Jim, whose second book, *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*, will be out any day now, lives in suburban New Jersey with his wife and three children. A perfect choice for rainwear attire, he was born March 8th, which makes him a Piscean. Pisceans are fish. They love water.





GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER



"Hair" star Allan Nicholls between Scintilla sheets [left] and Valmy method of saving face [right]

SLEEP SLEEKER

We have it on good authority (one of our advertisers, and you can't get a much better authority than *that*) that people spend one third of their lives sleeping. This information comes from Scintilla, a Chicago firm that's more or less in the sleep business; they produce satin sheets. Made of easy-to-laundry acetate satin, the sheets fit all popular bed sizes and are available in a full range of colors—gold, lilac, black, pink, orchid and such. They cost from \$17.50 for a regular double set with two pillow cases to \$23.99 for a king-sized set with cases. Prices are slightly higher for a "fitted" bottom sheet. Monograms on both pillows cost \$1.50.

You're probably wondering why we're talking about satin bedsheets in a column on men's grooming. Actually, it's because the new long hair styles for men have caused an unexpected boom in the sale of satin sheets. It seems that men are learning something that women have known for years—that satin, when you sleep on it, won't disturb a hairdo. Also, it won't wrinkle your face.

SAVING FACE

The occupational hazards of this column are many and dreadful. Last month a fellow named Monsieur Jacques pulled out a fistful of my hair, studied it under glass slides in a capiloscope machine

and informed me I had dandruff, oily scalp and roots that were buried too deep down in my head for proper nourishment. This month a Christine Valmy esthetician in New York analyzed my face for acidity, alkalinity and such, and told me it was a disaster area—large pores, blackheads and broken capillaries. She said it in such a solicitous way I thought perhaps I might have to have my entire head amputated.

Fortunately, Madame Valmy, like Monsieur Jacques, is in a business that offers quick solutions to such dire, ego-shattering pronouncements. As a leading cosmetologist, European born and trained, she heads a highly successful skin care center where men as well as women have been flocking lately like Ponce de Leon in search of rejuvenation. I went there purely in the line of duty, of course, but not with total reluctance. "Miss Valmy," said one leading magazine, "walks in beauty with skin as smooth as polished ivory." I almost fell up the stairs going into the place.

Miss Valmy, who is indeed a doll, admits she is somewhat surprised by the great number of men now going in for facials and skin treatments in a big way. "But why not?" she says, with only flattering traces of a Roumanian accent. "Men are the ones who are outdoors all day with no protection at all for their

faces." What's more, women who look worn and haggard at the end of the day can resort to creams, goos and make-up to perk right up again, while men still look worn and haggard.

Miss Valmy's basic treatments begin at \$20 and involve exposure to a sophisticated electronic apparatus, developed in Europe where cosmetology is an established science. My 30 minutes began when a young esthetician (Miss Valmy never does the treatments herself these days) led me into a small, private room with rose petal wallpaper and told me to remove my shoes, for comfort, and my shirt, so it wouldn't get sprayed on. Then, with me leaning back in a big, comfortable foldaway lounge chair, holding my hand over a big, suddenly-discovered hole in my T-shirt, the young lady steamed, creamed and sprayed my face, opened pores and closed them, gave me a high-frequency facial massage and a low-suctioned vacuum. When it was all over my skin was bright, clear and refreshed.

The Christine Valmy salon, which became nationally franchised this year, also removes wrinkles and old ugly skin through more complicated and costly techniques. Special treatments for problem conditions such as acne are also available.

THE GROOM WORE BLACK

The following deadpan report, culled from the *Illinois Valley News*, has special significance in this age of Women's Liberation:

"Leland was beautiful in a black suit of wool with matching lapels pressed down sharply against the chest. Peering out of the left breast pocket were four tips of a cleverly folded white linen handkerchief, while on the left lapel, quaintly held by placing the stem through an unusual buttonhole and securing it with a small silver hatpin, was a white carnation.

"He wore a shirt of white nylon, severely plain, which was held together at the front by little buttons of plastic. Around the neck and under the shirt collar was a tie of black jersey, knotted in a decorative style, and held to the shirt front with a clamping device of gold-plated brass. The cuffs of the shirt sleeves were closed with links of the same plated metal. . . . The bride wore the customary white."

HOPE AND SPRAY

It's difficult to imagine that not so very long ago men wouldn't dream of using hairspray on their hair. Today, I'm inundated with news of new hairsprays, and no self-respecting high class men's room in any fancy hotel or nightclub is without a ready selection. Sometimes the air is so thick with mists and sprays you can hardly find the john. Poof . . . Poof . . . Poof . . .

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THE GAMES WOMEN PLAY

FROM PAGE 76

them, they say: "Oh, he'd flip for anyone". They deliberately entrap men into falling in love with them, just to prove they can do it. Then when these girls get around to their own sex, they kid themselves about their motives. They tell themselves things like: "Well, I'm such a great lover with men, let's see if I can cut the mustard AC - DC!" I've known several actresses who were that way. North: Female Don Juanism is a symptom of sexual immaturity. I'm not saying that a woman should be monogamous, but a woman who goes out and compulsively screws every guy she meets is really into another number. Frankly, I don't think female Don Juans happen too frequently. For the most part, women demand symbols of deference other than sexual from men—society dictates it that way. Women dig public conquests. She likes having a man put her coat on for her in public. She's getting her homage and he's paying his dues. Women want public deference because they get so little of it in private. As for female Don Juans—Don Juanitas—it is socially impractical for women to play the game. They break some strong taboos when they do. Women are encouraged to be passive sexually.

6. Oh, you're such a great lover/ faked orgasm game


Susann: A woman who fakes an orgasm is insane. The whole game is self-defeating. If you do it to marry the guy, you are going to be stuck with a man who doesn't make very good sex with you. I mean, if he can't make you come before you're married, he's not going to bother afterwards. If you're faking it before the wedding day, you're going to be faking it for the rest of your life.

North: A lot of women are forced to flatter inept guys in the bedroom just so that they can hold on to them. It's part of the New Morality that's so liberating to men, but not to women. This is one game that Women's Liberation is going to put a swift end to. When the feminist revolution comes, one of the first liberated areas is going to be the bedroom.

7. Some other games women play

Susann: There's the "I'll do anything to get my man game". I know a woman who loved a wealthy man with a huge interest in art. She took courses at the Metropolitan Museum of Art just so she could talk with him. Once they got married, she went back to watching movies on the Late Show. They hated each other. I know another girl with milk-white skin and a boyfriend who loved bronzed females. So she went to Jamaica and actually con-

tracted *sun poisoning* in an effort to look like the tanned athletic type. She married him, but she spent the rest of her life sitting in a *cabana*, never going near the sun. I think people have to be brutally honest with each other before they marry.

North: How about "Absorbing the Conqueror"? This is a game for the so-called enlightened female. A guy comes into a relationship with a set of moral presumptions. He presumes that a woman will be morally outraged if he pushes her beyond a certain point. The woman plays the Great Land Mass of Asia. She absorbs all his licentious intents, by doing them bigger and better than he can. The guy says: "I've always wanted a nymphomaniac all my life. Let's screw for the next three days." She looks at him coyly and answers: "Great! Let's make it five!" The goal of the game is to push the man beyond his own limits and the object is dominance in a relationship. 

TAX-DEDUCTING MISTRESS

FROM PAGE 84

courts have ruled that segregation *de facto* is the same in the eye of the law as segregation *de jure* (by statute), you point out.

Unfortunately, in recent years the government has begun to license many activities heretofore considered rights, e.g. parking. The principle is that you may not claim tax benefits for your activities until licensed and paid for.

ERROR NUMBER TWO: FILING AS HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD. You may be reasoning that you rent an apartment for your mistress, buy her clothes, and provide her with food for those nights you are unable to see her because you are working late, seeing your wife, or seeing your other mistress. You therefore furnish well over half her total support, and are well on your way, you figure, to being "Head of Household", with her as a dependent.

But to qualify you must be unmarried, legally separated, or married to a non-resident alien, which sounds rather unpleasant anyway. What's more, if your mistress is not an American citizen, you couldn't qualify anyway. This restriction has caused severe problems in International Relations. In addition your mistress is not classifiable as a dependent if she earns more than \$650 a year, usually requiring that she become your mistress by early spring (hence the popularity of Valentine's day).

Your claim to Head of Household status is invalid, however, mainly because the IRS requires your claimed dependent to be a relative. It is also explicit about which relatives are admissible, and there is no mention of long-lost kissing cousins.

THE CORRECT APPROACH. Your mistress

should be claimed as a business loss. This involves setting her up in a business to which you lend enough money to cover her expenses for a year, but which makes no money, so this loan cannot be repaid. Your lawyer can incorporate her, and your accountant, the treasurer, can set aside her weekly allowance (salary) which you can leave on her dresser as usual. The difference is that now her apartment is semi-professional and tax-deductible, as is the new car leased for her. So too are the entertainment expenses, restaurants, shows, and night-clubs which are indispensable to any business.

What's more, as your mistress must look her best at all times, she can deduct such necessary items as expensive clothes, perfume, furs and jewelry. At the end of the year, having made no money, this company folds and the money you loaned it becomes a bad business debt, deductible as a long-term capital loss. This is only proper, as a girl does not qualify as a mistress unless kept at least six months.

You now must decide what business to put your mistress into. Your choices are severely limited. Whatever it is, she must like to do it, and must do it very badly. A good suggestion is art. Every woman knows that there lurks an artist in her inner soul. Let it be revealed with a portrait studio. At first she may be reluctant to start such a venture. It may well be that some early attempts at sketches, done perhaps of friends in High School, were laughed at, and since that time she has been reluctant to try again. Let her sketch you. Assure her that her efforts are promising, and their lack of representational fidelity is caused by her perception of your true inner self, not merely your superficial image. Next bring your accountant to a session. For \$25 he will rave that her talent is rare in quality, and for an extra \$25 he will promise even to buy the work from her. This purchase will build her self-confidence so that when you tell her you've decided to back her efforts with a studio of her own she will be thrilled and ready to start immediately. This purchase will also help her qualify for a semi-professional apartment from a legal standpoint.

What about the rest of the year? As weeks go by and no customers come to her door she is likely to get discouraged. When this happens, suggest that she take some classes at the local art school. These courses, you explain, are only to "maintain and improve an existing skill" (and as such are tax deductible), and are no reflection on her talent. After all, you point out, you yourself continually take courses on how to make money in the stock market. These art courses will occupy her spare time, and so keep her from being bored, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

PLAID PROVENDER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

from Scotland nothing but the art and science of fish for breakfast. "Who'll buy my caller herrin", they're bonny fish and halesome farin." Scotsmen never doubt for a moment about their own *chef d'oeuvre*. The good nutty taste of oatmeal is as characteristic of Scotland as garlic of Provence or tomatoes in southern Italy. Oatcakes have made of Scotland a "land o' Groats", and the "halesome parritch" of Burns is "the chief of Scotia's foods." Aye, 'tis oatmeal that hae made Scotland's bone and flesh.

At the Central Hotel in Glasgow, I enjoyed some of the possible variations on the oatmeal theme. Consider crowdie, the universal breakfast during Burns's time.

O that I had ne'er been married

I would never had noe care.

Now I've gotten wife and weans

And they cry "crowdie" ever mair.

As you'd expect, there are many crowdies but the best is the simplest: buttermilk stirred into oatmeal until it reaches the consistency of flapjack batter. When you add a dollop of sour cream you have sour dook

crowdie, or milk 'n' meal. Butter crowdie is made with coarse oatmeal, salt and sugar to taste, and butter fresh from the churn that has been beaten in. My favorite was cream crowdie, made with whipped cream and raspberries, though my dining partner laced his with J & B scotch.

Scottish fare covers a host of hot dishes—finnan haddie, grilled trout, sweetbreads, scones, crisp oatcakes, and honey, jams and marmalade. H. V. Morton, the noted English writer, described a Scottish breakfast as "perfectly sincere." The modern tearoom in Scotland is reminiscent of tea served in the "auld hoos". You just know the owner stakes a reputation on what is served. My favorite teashop is Fullers, where you'll find a variety of scones, and light-textured sponge sandwiches, buttery shortbread, rich Dundee cake covered with almonds, and dark chocolate cakes iced with a thick layer of chocolate cream.

There is a cult of high tea in Scotland, where the cakes are outstanding: petticoat tails and the Queen's tea cakes, variations on shortbread related to Mary Stuart, and black bun, described as "inimical to life" by Robert Louis Stevenson, a richly spiced fruit cake matured over a long period of time. On New Year's Eve, the Scots eat a slice of black bun with a glass of whisky just before the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."



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 - **MARIJUANA AND SEX**—A University Professor reports on interviews with 200 users.
 - **ELDRIDGE CLEAVER RAPS**—A no-holds barred interview with the Black Panther Minister of Information.
 - **THE NEW EROTICISM**—A noted art critic surveys and illustrates the new sexuality in the world of painting, sculpture and dance.
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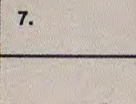
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A TOURIST'S VIEW OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

the Moon's surface? A Lunar eclipse seen from Earth's surface is a Solar eclipse seen from the Moon's surface. But the Moon's version of a Solar eclipse is different from ours in two ways. It is slow-motion—it takes as much as one full hour for the Sun to pass entirely behind the Earth and it can take up to nearly three hours before it begins to appear again at the Earth's other edge. (Compare a three-hour Solar eclipse on the Moon with one that lasts for an absolute maximum of seven minutes as seen from the Earth.) Also, the Earth's disc is so huge that it covers not only the Sun itself but much of its corona. So the corona of the Sun is never as spectacular a sight during the Solar eclipse on the Moon as it is during the Solar eclipse on the Earth.

There is something else, though, that more than makes up for this. The Earth has an atmosphere, which the Moon hasn't. When the Sun is behind the Earth's disc, its light shines *through* the atmosphere all around the Earth. Most of that light is absorbed or scattered by the atmosphere but the longest light-waves survive. This means that the

invisible black circle of the Earth's disc is surrounded by a rim of bright orange and what we see is, in effect, a curve of Sunset all around the Earth.

Picture, then, the Solar eclipse as seen from the Moon. The black sky is covered with a powdering of stars much more thickly than here on Earth, and somewhere in that sky is a perfect circle of orange light beyond which is what can be seen of the pearly white of the Sun's outer corona. And the surface of the Moon itself is lit for a while not by the harsh and brilliant white light of the Sun, nor by the cool and soft white reflected light of the Earth, but by the dim and orange light of another world's Sunset.


Is this just imagination? Not at all. We can actually *see* that Sunset light from the Earth, for during a total eclipse of the Moon, we generally don't see the Moon disappear. It remains visible, shining with a dim copper color in the distant Sunset-glow.

The Solar eclipse by Earth is the supreme sight of the Lunar skies. That is what the tourists will wait for confidently, since the moment of such eclipses can be predicted centuries ahead of time.


Some things cannot be predicted, however. It can be that at the moment of the eclipse, those sections of the atmosphere rimming the Earth are

unusually full of clouds so that little light will get through. The orange circle will be dim, or incomplete, or even virtually absent, and the tourists will be disappointed. (On certain rare occasions, the fully-eclipsed Moon *does* just about disappear, and we know the distant Sunset circle has failed.) Will there be "eclipse insurance" taken out by tourists travelling to the Moon, to guard against total loss of passage fare in case of this happening?

What is left in Earth's sky the Moon cannot match? A shooting star, perhaps? Many meteors hit the Moon, but they must pass through atmosphere if they are to glow. The beauties of our Sunrise and Sunset depend on the presence of an atmosphere and the same phenomena on the Moon are dull and colorless in comparison. Then there are the ever-changing cloud patterns in the sky; the mist, the fog, the rain, the snow. None of this ever appears on the Moon.

There is even the sight of the calm, deep, unbroken blue of the sky of a peaceful summer day, when a person can find himself in open air stretching for endless miles in all directions and with no need for any protective garment or any curving dome to protect him against the environment. We have all about us the infinite disregarded wonder of the Earth. 

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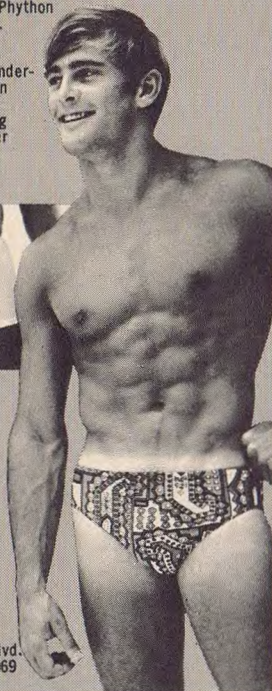
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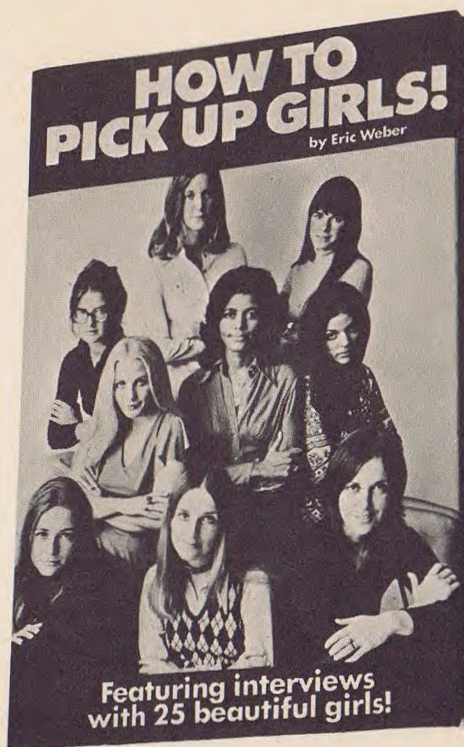
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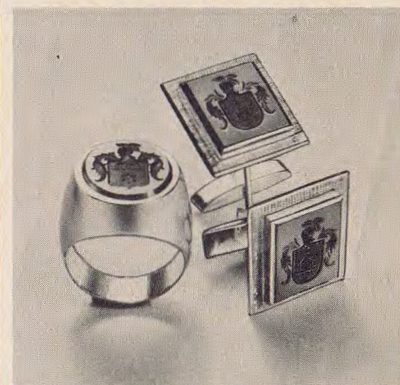
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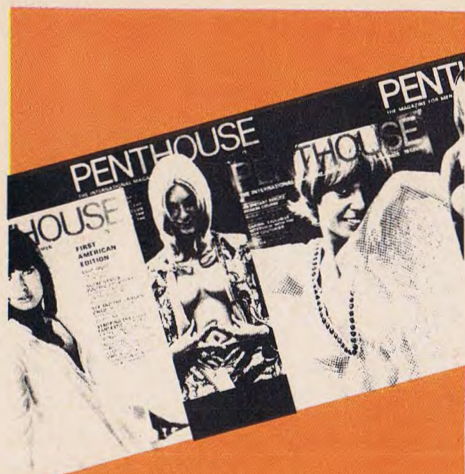
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PAPERWORK JUNGLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Competitors—driver or entrant—similarly require an official competition license, which forbids taking part in motorsport organized by any outside body. Clubs or competitors infringing FIA rules risk having their license revoked. This way there is a direct chain of command from Paris through to the humblest recognized club and competitor, with the authority of the FIA maintained down the line by paperwork.

Where I quarrel with this elaborate structure is in the regulations it produces, which are generally over-complicated and ambiguous, sometimes ill-conceived and frequently badly timed. On occasion they can even cause instant heartache and technical strangulation! Ambiguity and misinterpretation is compounded by the fact that the FIA's regulations are written in French and translated into other languages. I would say that ambiguity is perhaps the biggest problem of all, because any competitor will prefer bad regulations he can understand to sensible rules which he cannot.

Another big complaint I would make is that differences occur in basically similar regulations framed in different countries, and for this I blame too inadequate collaboration. This can happen because the FIA lays down standards but leaves it to individual countries to draw up their own detailed regulations for national and local formulae and classes. Formula Ford, for example, was started in Britain and has become popular almost world-wide, yet an FF car in the U.S., where racing tires are permitted, can be different from an FF car in Britain where production-car tires are obligatory. There are also subtle differences between Formula A (U.S. style) and Formula 5000 elsewhere, though basically the cars are the same.


Similarly there has been a history of differences between the regulations governing saloon car championships in Britain and on the European continent. At one time you had to have different cars if you wanted to compete in both contests—the cars were not even convertible from one formula to the other. For saloon car racing across the Atlantic the rules were different again, and still more permutations were operated in other parts of the world.

Especially frustrating is the timing of regulation changes. Formula 3 has never been more popular, but for this year it goes up from 1 litre to 1.6. In

1972 it will be Formula 2's turn—up from 1.6 to 2 litres. Changes seem to be made purely for change's sake. The very successful 5-litre sportscar class of endurance racing is in its final season this year, after which 3 litres will be the limit—yet the current brand of 5-litre Porsche and Ferrari sports-cars will have had only a two-year active life. This looks like a policy of planned obsolescence for competition cars, as if motorsport costs were not astronomical already.

I'm never sure whether the situation is worse in Europe, where the policy seems to be "If it works, change it", or in the United States, where the rule is "If it works, ban it." A turbine-engined car permitted by the regulations gave the runaround to all others with conventional engines in the U.S. So what did they do? Reframed the regulations so that the turbine would no longer be competitive—an effective ban. They also put a stop to four-wheel drive when that too was seen to work. Now the ground-effect device on the Chaparral is in the firing line—this is the skirted rear end with two fans sucking out air for greater downward pressure on the rear wheels, in a reverse of the hovercraft principle. Fortunately this is mainly an American problem or we would probably find one ruling applying in the U.S., another in Europe, and yet another in South Africa and so on. At least the U.S. authorities ran contrary to form over the ban on airfoils for single-seaters, which they decided to ignore on the Can-Am sportscars.

With such elaborate international control through the FIA it doesn't seem so much to ask for effective international coordination that would standardize formulae in every country. And why shouldn't the safety regulations for competition cars—built-in safety equipment, safety clothing etc—have to be the same everywhere too? It would make life both easier and safer for competitors.

Meanwhile, the mountain of paperwork will no doubt continue. Even the FIA's Appendix "J", covering the classification, definition and specification of cars, runs to more than 100 pages of close-typed verbiage, and the full FIA yearbook runs to hundreds of pages. In Britain, the RAC's rules governing competition events provides hundreds more pages of essential reading matter, and that's in addition to their fixture lists, details of all the event-organizing clubs, and the shoals of extra paperwork—application forms, supplementary regulations, and the like—which flow through letterboxes of active competition license-holders every season. Come to think of it, the aspiring young driver needs more than just a lawyer beside him; he could do with a librarian as well! 

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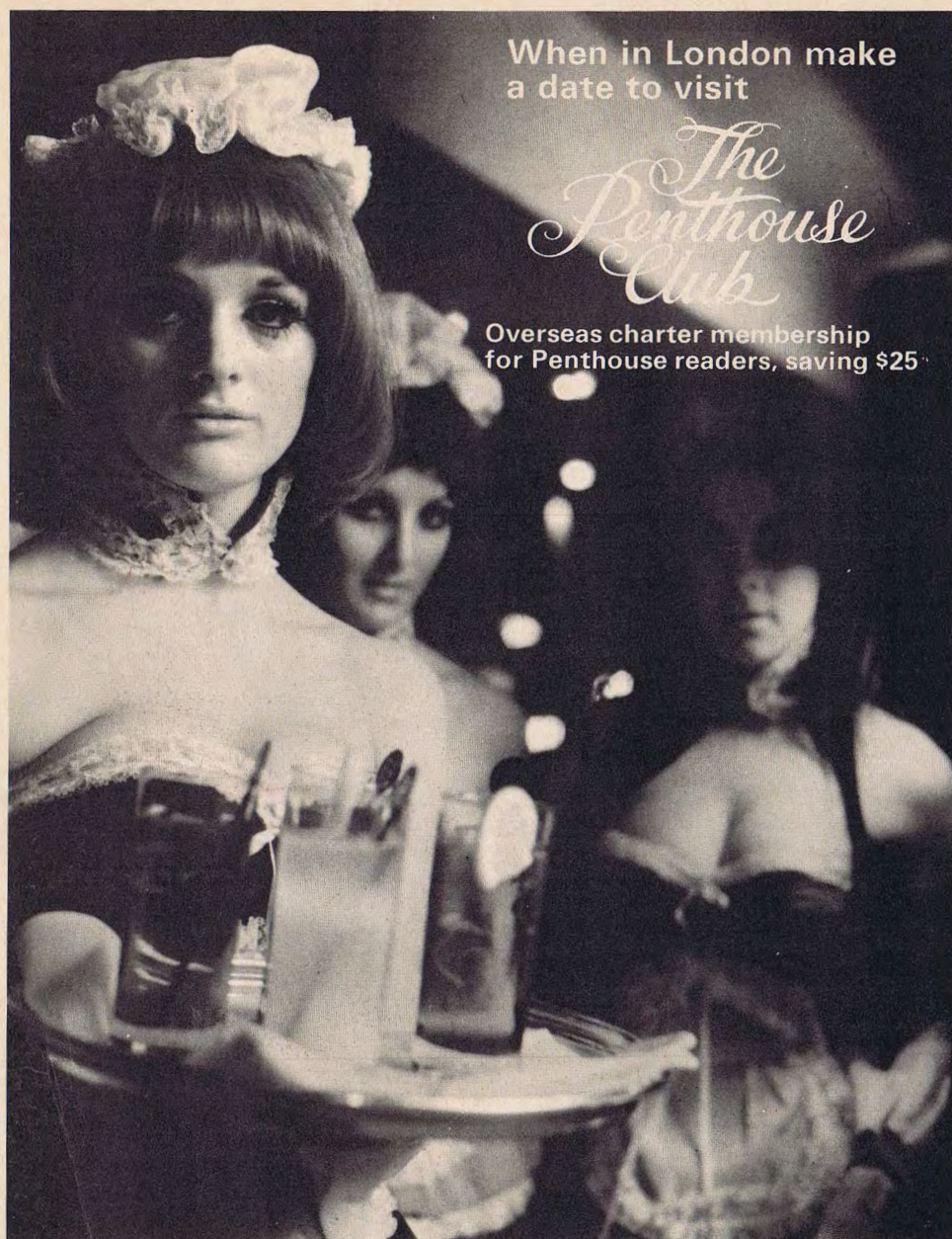
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TAX-DEDUCTING MISTRESS

FROM PAGE 92

as most art students are women, she will have no chance to meet anyone who could take her mind off thinking how to please you.

Eventually, after six months or more of art classes, you will have to get her a subject. Since she is not good enough to paint a real portrait, you must hire someone to sit for her. As the sessions must last a long time, payment for the work must be conditional on complete satisfaction with the portrait. Thus the ideal subject must be incredibly vain, have lots of free time, and need the money. The best place to look is at an open casting session at your local professional theater. Sit in the audience as all the actors try out and note the one whose performance is the most atrocious. He's the one you want. Is he gay? This too is a must, as he will be spending many hours alone with your mistress while you're away.

At the year's end, fire the actor and total up the amount spent on the portrait studio. As it is a 100% loss of all the money you invested in it, have your lawyer gently fold it up and place it in your capital loss column. Then take your mistress gently by the hand, tell her you have faith in her anyway, and suggest she try something else, perhaps composing modern music for tape-recorder and wooden blocks. Assure her that you will help by providing her all the equipment she needs, and your new tax-deductible enterprise is under way.

CONCLUSION. Congratulations! You have now mastered the technique for making your mistress an income tax deduction. What happens next? Unfortunately you must expect some scrutiny of your return by the IRS. They will want to disallow it, and since it is legal they will bring it up before a Congressional committee on tax loopholes, asking that your loophole be eliminated. There, however, the matter will end, for once your scheme is understood it will draw bi-partisan support and acclaim from both sides of the aisle. On the right, Republicans, ever concerned about our nation's economic growth, will note with pride your contribution to the following burning issues:

Creative Use of Tax Incentives: You have turned a discretionary luxury, a mistress, into a tax loss, a piece of financial wizardry unrivalled since the invention of the expense account.

Gross National Product: Your actions have stimulated the economy by providing work for your lawyer, your accountant, and one gay part-time actor.


Capitalism: You have invested your money in an American business rather than see Big-Government use it in some give-away program.

On the left, Democrats will note with pride your contribution to alleviating the following social ills:

Slum Housing: By being very particular about where you let your mistress live you encourage landlords to upgrade their slum housing to luxury apartments.

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