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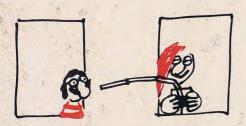
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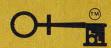
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The International Magazine for Men/May 1971



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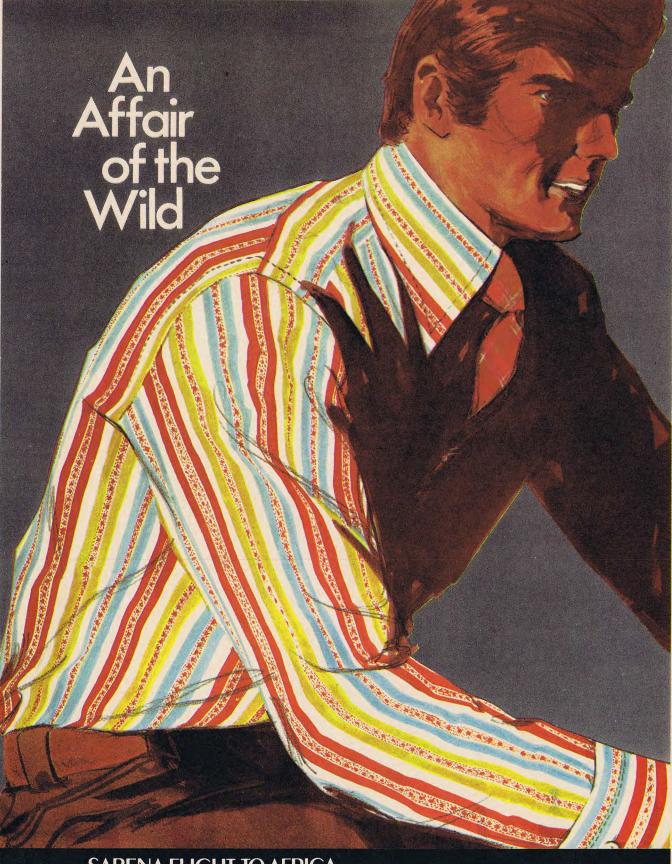
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OF NEW HAVEN/SHIRTMAKERS A Division of National Apparel Corporation special quality of our Pets of the Month now have their first opportunity to take part in the selection process. For in this issue we announce the forthcoming election of a Pet of the Year, the first since our U.S. launch and the first to be picked by U.S. readers. For details and a memory-jogging (maybe mind-blowing) review of the curvaceous contenders, see page 70. Watch out also for further news of when the winsome winner will be announced. Meanwhile, there's this month's Pet, Miss Billie Rainbird, to mull over for next year's title. In good company, the young lady shares our pages with some talented contributors, including Robert Bloch, author of the book on which Hitchcock based his unforgettable Psycho!, critic Leonard Feather, novelist Geoffrey Bocca, and humorist Ken Kolb. Bloch, now a Los Angeles resident, had a recent international success with his screenplay for The House That Dripped Blood,

Those who cherish Penthouse for the written around several of his own stories. In this issue he contributes a teasing and urbane sci-fi tale (page 54). Leonard Feather, who probes the future patterns of pop, says the music has helped shape "a revolution inextricably associated with the mores and folkways, the clothes and coifs, the life-style of half a billion inhabitants of planet Earth." Rock, he points out, has "not merely shored up the recording in-dustry; it's tied to a 20% sag in cash takings at barbershops". Feather, America's leading commentator on jazz, is a Londoner whose interest in the music led him to settle in the U.S. The same journey was made by Geoffrey Bocca, author of the best selling Amanda novels, who left London's Fleet Street to make his first impact in New York. Since then he has become an international traveller, with regular trips between the States and his home on the French Riviera, and numerous visits behind the Iron Curtain, where he acquired the information for his present article on Soviet sex (page 64). Ken Kolb, who offers a hilarious guide to giving up booze while pretending to be still on it (page 40), is the author of The Couch Trip (Random House), a



satirical novel with a memorable blurb: Lovers of pornography are warned that there is nothing but good wholesome copulation in this novel." He has written more than 100 TV plays and lives in the mountains of northern California. Bob Foreman, who now roams Europe as a freelance writer with a consultancy brief for a U.S. ad agency, is a former creative head of BBDO, and has a novel, tentatively titled Pitchlady, due out in the fall. His alleged piece of research may, or may not, throw light on the origins of chastity belts, but it does make an entertaining read (page 79). The author of the chilling exposé of Red Chinese espionage techniques is a student of Far Eastern affairs whose byline has been seen in Penthouse once before: Raymond Lamont Brown, a 30-year-old Englishman. Besides his careful research, Brown has personally questioned several Chinese defectors from the Chinese apparat. He has written three books and is working on a fourth. Finally, Bill Lear, subject of our interview: he put radios into cars, produced the bestselling Learjet, and is now pressing on with pioneering a practical steam motorcar. Also he's a self-made multi-millionaire . . .



LEAR FOREMAN (center)

# DUSEGA



FEATHER





BROWN (center)

BOCCA

RAINBIRD

KOLB





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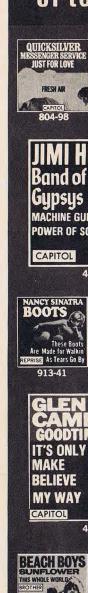
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# PENTHOUSE PORUM

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.

#### The End

First permit me to congratulate you for printing an outstanding article in your January issue, *The End* by Isaac Asimov. Unfortunately, I share Professor Asimov's pessimism. But if more people would heed the warnings of Asimov, Dr. Paul Erlich, film-maker Cornell Wilde, and many others, and if these people would do their part to encourage effective legislation and education, some of the problems may be alleviated.

Asimov says: "Those who dominate human society are, generally, old men in comfortable circumstances, who are frozen in the thought-patterns of a past generation, and who cling suicidally to the way of life to which they are accustomed." Our only chance for survival is either to change the leadership or to change the present leaders' thought-patterns. I believe that this can only be accomplished through the efforts of the young — Brian C. Saxe, Fairfax Parkway, Alexandria, Va. 22312.

#### Fur fuss

In your *Posh Pelts* feature (December) I was shocked to discover that you advertise the selling of fur coats. I want to point out that animals were not made for the wanton desire of fashion. Animals deserve the right to live—just as man does. If mankind doesn't soon protect and respect the animals of the lands and oceans, and their right to live, he will not be able to enjoy the beauty of seeing them roam unharmed in their natural environment.

I was indeed very sorry to see you encourage the killing of our wildlife. I hope that you will change your policy in this respect. Until then you have lost a customer.—*Bill Don Howe, Joy Street, Bloomington, Ind. 47401*.

Didn't you read Ron Butler's introduction, then? He explained the distinction between those pelts which involve a threat of wildlife extinction, and those which are freely available or "ranch-reared." Only the last were featured.— Ed.

#### Replicar lives!

I was interested to read Henri B. Gentilhomme's story in the February issue relative to the rebirth of the Duesenberg. But I took exception to his statement that none of the previous manufacturers of replicar-type vehicles have gotten off the ground. We have been in business now for almost six years and have produced close to 400 Excalibur automobiles. We have just, in the last three months, introduced our new Series II automobile and currently have a production rate of two and one half cars per week.—William C. Stevens, Vice President, SS Automobiles Inc., South 106th Street, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53214.

#### Cass and cavil

I am an avid reader of your magazine, and eagerly look forward to every issue. However, I was disappointed in your pictorial of the lovely Miss Cassandra Harrington (February). You could not have picked a more beautiful Pet. but the way you revealed her charms did her no justice.

Added to the poor pictorial was the use of a cloth or sheet to conceal Miss Harrington's pubic hair. I think your photographers should strive to expose pubic hair, but if censorship prevents it, I suggest that your models have their pubic hair removed or your photographers find a more natural way to conceal it. A sheet or cloth just doesn't cut it. It makes a young lady seem fake; it takes her from her natural environment.—W. W. (name and address withheld), Houston, Texas

As an older man, I grew up when high school boys had to sneak to get a peep at a photo of a female nude. Black and white studies in those old girly mags had few charms. And always the pretense that models had nothing between their legs and were even supposed to be unaware they had breasts. So I'm grateful to Penthouse.

Thank goodness we can admit now that of course an attractive young girl can love and take pride in her own body. I'd like to throw a kiss in the direction of February's Cass Harrington for saying "I'm proud of my body, and I'm not afraid to show it off." And it is good to see girls like Tina McDowall (September) and Viva Helziger (January) cup a breast and gaze fondly at it. Tina was endearing, too, in the pose where she slipped a hand over her tummy and down a little way inside those dainty transparent panties.

My prize, though, goes to Cass Harrington. That perfect expression on her beautiful face, page 49, and the delicacy of her just touching her left nipple with one finger. For the real sweetness of erotic warmth, the best of Cass are the full-length studies, centerspread and page 48—the dreamy happy look on her face, the relaxed graciousness of her thighs, the placing of her hand between them, even the careful positioning of the middle finger, to treasure her secret loveliness. We oldtimers can scarcely ask for more. And thanks also for the new frankness about pubic hair. Such naturalness and intimacy are refreshing, and it does a guy's heart good to think of girls really happy in their femaleness.—K.S. (name and address withheld), Silver Run, Maryland.

Wow! The photos of Cassandra Harrington in your February issue are great!—Donald M. Carse, Chicago, Illinois.

#### Love for Sale

With reference to your *Love for Sale* article (February), and specifically the reference (p.34) to the Countess of Castiglione, characterized as "Ambitious, devious, grasping. Didn't wear corsets": Ambitious, devious, grasping she certainly was—corsetless she wasn't. She may have scandalized at her first appearance at Court without that all-but-indispensable article of Victorian female underpinning—after all, she was in her teens. She may have appeared "soft-shelled" in those tableaux-vivants so

The bamboo plaid liberates with the big view toward fashion independence. One from a collection with the significant shaping, lapel attitude and button stance that hallmark an original Clubman suiting. Meet the unmistakable finesse and relevant design customarily associated with "the tailored idea" for the individualistic gentleman.

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dear to the ladies and gentlemen surrounding Napoleon III. She may have flaunted her natural curves on the occasion when Eugenie rebuked her for wearing her heart too low; admittedly whalebone in bed was a nuisance, and she *did* spend a good deal of time in bed—her own and others. But it appears that the rest of the time she conformed.

In Alain Decaux' La Castiglione (Libraire Academique Perrin, Paris, 1964) there appear several photographs of her, one of which shows her extremely tight-laced, with a waist-size approximately half the width of her shoulders, and not much larger than her neck. The other portraits do not reveal her figure so clearly. Patently, if she were not so proud of her waistline she would hardly have allowed such a photograph to be taken—especially when one remembers that in those days photography was primitive, and required the complete cooperation of the subject to get any kind of image.

For those who are interested, there is a novel by Geoffrey Wagner, entitled *Nicchia* (John Day Co.; paperback, Popular Library, 1961) which spells out the fascinating career of this woman in a thoroughly readable style (with some tampering with history), and which lends no credence to your writer's characterization of her as corsetless!—*H.P.E.* (name and address withheld), Boston, Mass. 02108.

#### Measure for measure

My girlfriend and I are having an argument. She says that because my penis when erect measures 7 ins it means I'm highly-sexed! I think she's wrong. Could you explain just what highly-sexed means? It would settle a great argument!—Ronald Alexander, S.E. Alder, Portland, Ore. 97233

#### Pet of the Year

May I congratulate you on a very fine magazine. It certainly ranks as the most popular and widely-read magazine this side of the Atlantic. Also, a lot of credit goes to Mr. Guccione for his eagle-sharp eyes in finding those beautiful and lovely young ladies who grace the centerfold every month.

I would like to commend you on two recent pictorials. One was *Two Women* by James Baes, which I thought was excellent. I hope that both of these young ladies will appear at a future date as Pets of the Month. The second was the pictorial on Miss Jimmy Jean Nesbitt. That will truly stand out in my mind as the most far-out of 1970. Jimmy is one lovely chick whom I'd love to learn to play piano with. I hope she too will be presented as a Pet of the Month in a future issue of Penthouse.

There is one question that so far no one has brought up, and it's bound to break open soon. When are you planning on having a Pet of the Year contest? I'm sure millions of American readers, including yours truly, have a favorite girl they would like to nominate as their personal choice for the running.—Stanley D. Stratton, E. Hillsdall St., Inglewood, Ca. 90302.

See page 70.—Ed.

#### Consumer report

In your February issue you printed a letter of mine about my experiences and it makes me happy getting material like this to people with a broad mind and a sense of humor. I haven't found 'anything in life so far that I couldn't accomplish, providing it is something I take to. It seems that every issue of Penthouse is an improvement over the last one. Each time I think I have gazed at the most sexy of all

females, only to see a yet more tender-looking beauty in the next.

Well, to Henry Morgan, and the whole Penthouse crew, keep the humor flying, and for sure keep turning on beauty for the whole world to see. Encore to you, Masters of Lovely Females, you're going to make millions, and maybe you could spell that with a B in front instead of an M.—M.J. Piquard, Jr., Meadow Lane, Coventry, R.1.02816

Recently I received your "Christmas Special" issue and again find myself enthused by your magazine. The Penthouse Pets on your 1971 calendar are living up to the proud standards of your models. As always, you made a beautiful selection for your Pet of the Month. Just keep coming up with such winners and you have yourself a devoted reader.

Being a black American myself, I found your article *How to Silence the Black Minority* (December) very intriguing and full of facts. Your section on astrology is very interesting too.

In approximately 47 more days I shall be returning to the States. I am wondering if there is any way of subscribing to Penthouse.—Carl W. Lawrence HMM 262, Hydraulic Shop, FPO SanFrancisco96602

#### Fairest and barest

I must first say that I highly admire your fabulous magazine: it's by far the best on the market. Your article *Fairest and Barest* (January) was indeed interesting. I'm now serving a one-year hitch in Thailand but I plan to visit a nudistramp when I return to the world and would be pleased if you could tell me the location of the Oakdale Guest Ranch.

Also, for our benefit, keep Penthouse in CONTINUED ON PAGE 98





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HARVEY WARD

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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 solld 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.

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Harvey removes his Harvey removes his trim-jeans and finds his results 'incredibly rewarding'. Harvey lost 3" from his waist, 4" from his abdomen and a total of 4½" from his hips and thighs—for a total measurement loss of 11½" in just 3 days. 111/2" in just 3 days.

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inches from your waist, abdomen, hips and thighs in just 3 days, you may return the trim-jeans and the entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

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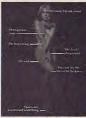


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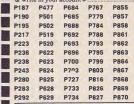
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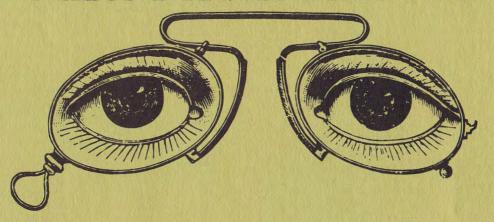
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# VIEW FROM THE TOP



#### TO MOTHER WITH LOVE

May! Time to wish a happy day to all you mothers. This year Jewish Moms (which includes of course Protestant, Catholic and Heathen) get their day on the 9th. By official proclamation. Out of Washington, whence all good things derive. With an assist from ancillary beneficiaries: the florists, the candy makers, and the long-distance department of Mother Bell herself.

May was named for a mother, they say. Maia, who raised her son to be a god, named Hermes. Yet the Romans picked the same month to honor the Goddess of Chastity!

The lusty month, Malory called it. And the Old English called it *Thrimilce*: the added hours of daylight meant you could milk a cow three times between sunup and sunset. (A practical people, the Old English. But they never thought of Daylight Saving Time.)

May 1 used to be known here as May Day, until it got co-opted by the commies. So we changed it (by Act of Congress, of course) to Loyalty Day. What do you do on Loyalty Day? Show your loyalty, naturally. No; not naturally. You show it by marching in parades, as the commies do. Certainly not by dancing around maypoles or listening for the voice of the turtle. You do it by saluting the flag and pledging allegiance to it. And to the Military, which stands for it.

Nobody ever marches for Mom. But that's show business. Why not a pledge for her? ("I pledge allegiance to my Mom. And to the matriarchy for which she stands. One mother, under nobody, invincible, with nagging and chicken soup for all.") Poor Mom. She gets only one lousy Sunday a year, and she's sandwiched right in between Loyalty Day and Armed Forces Day—the following Saturday.

Armed Forces Day is observed on the third Saturday in May by Presidential proclamation.

A good move because it replaces Army Day, Navy Day and Air Force Day. It is a day on which we show our loyalty by marching in parades, or watching the armed forces march, by saluting the flag, and pledging allegiance to it. Allegiance, mind you, to the flag first—a neat trick in itself considering the meaning of the word—and *then* to the Republic. How's that for priorities!

But we're not through with May yet. On the last Monday of the month (this year the very last day, the 31st) we observe Memorial or Decoration day. A very solemn affair, for remembering the departed and decorating their graves. Departed mothers? No. Departed members of our Armed Forces who died in our wars. And how else do we remember them, besides placing flowers on their graves?

Well, we have a few parades. And we salute the flag, and pledge allegiance to it. But mostly we rejoice in the fact that it is the start of the summer vacation season. We kill about 500 people or so on our highways during the long weekend. And out in Indianapolis, a few hundred thousand spectators watch to see if a bunch of professional drivers can go 500 miles without getting killed—and to be eyewitnesses to the event if they can't. And a few ill-informed radicals put on buttons reading, "Free the Indianapolis-500!"

But loyalty buffs need not feel too bad about seeing the end of this glorious month. June 3rd is Confederate Memorial Day, as well as the birthday of Jefferson Davis. And just 11 days later, on June 14th, what do you think? Flag Day I

And what do we honor and march for and salute and pledge allegiance to on Flag Day? Well, it ain't you, Mother!

SOME HISTORICAL NOTES
In 1783 the Massachusetts Supreme Court

outlawed slavery, because Article I of the State Constitution—adopted three years earlier—began with the words "All men are born free and equal."

The United States Constitution—adopted seven years later—failed to mention that proposition (though Jefferson had written it into the Declaration of Independence). So the U.S. Supreme Court never outlawed slavery. That was done by Constitutional Amendment 82 years after Massachusetts, and three years after Lincoln had freed most of them by proclamation, on the basis of "military necessity," as Commander-In-Chief during the Civil War. It took the war, and about 300,000 battle deaths to accomplish what the Court might have done, except that it was what Mr. Nixon calls "strict constructionist."

The Thirteenth Amendment not only abolished slavery, but also "involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime..."

When the Selective Service Act, the first peacetime conscription in our history, was passed by a one-vote majority in 1940, a few resisters claimed the draft was involuntary servitude. And they hadn't committed any crime. But the Court said no.

Now we're officially aiming for an all-voluntary service to replace the draft, which was not involuntary. Any questions?

#### THE WILES OF GREECE

The ancient Greeks were uncommonly clever. They beat the rest of us by a couple of thousand years to such things as an atomic theory, a theory of evolution, and even a Copernican theory with the Sun at the center and the Earth and other planets moving around it. But though the Greeks, as we all know, had a word for everything else, they had no word for "space". Something to do with a superstitious horror of the idea of an empty infinity.



So they never thought of building space ships, therefore never made it to the moon.

Later Greeks, however, built a lot of oceangoing ships. They made a lot of money. And they married well.—F.D.

#### SPOTS OF BOTHER

"If you are a boy, your having acne might even be said to be something for which to be thankful... It is evidence that you are not a eunuch. Eunuchs are not plagued with acne, which is triggered by the male or androgenic hormones."—Article in Watch Tower, journal of Jehovah's Witnesses.

That gives eunuchs something to be grateful for too.

#### REDEFINITIONS

Nymphomaniac: a woman after my own part. Restaurateur: a man who gooses his own cook.

Brothel: a place where everything is laid on. Insomnia: what you get when you sleep with a strange woman.

#### THE AYES HAVE HER

Then there was the friendly opinion-poll girl who was mistress of all she surveyed.

#### SENSE AND SENSUALITY

The serious young man and his girlfriend went out together for a long time thinking that platonic friendship was the only thing that mattered.

Then they pulled themselves together.

#### WHITE CARGO

"Indoda will be loading at Durban for Mahe on 6th-8th January, 1971 . . . The vessel will carry reefer cargo. Shippers are advised to book early."—Seychelles Bulletin.

Anyone for a trip?

## HAPPENINGS

#### WITCH WAY

The beginning of the witches' year (last week of March) was celebrated this spring by the appearance of *The Witches' Almanac*, an 88-page compendium of magic runes to assist in the working of spells, advice on the use of herbs and the care and feeding of your familiar, and explanatory information about such increasingly popular hobbies as divination and astrological medicine.

The almanac, which bears the tongue-incheek notation that it is "the first publick edition since 1665", is the product of an attractive young designer, Elizabeth Pepper, who lives with a farmer husband and seven cats in Pine Bush, a rural area of upstate New York. Her extensive witchcraft records show that in 1665 her namesake, a midwife in York, England, was indicted for "using charms" but she is unsure whether they're related.

It is no accident that witchcraft beliefs are strongest in the countryside, where superstition and practical realities often merge imperceptibly. Farming by the moon, for example, has been an accepted way of life for centuries: root crops that spring from below the ground are always planted in the waning moon (i.e. between full and new)

whereas above-ground crops are best planted in the waxing moon (*i.e.* on the way to full). From this it must have been a short step to the witches' contention that new projects are best initiated in the waxing moon and that during the waning period the wise man (or woman) conserved his energies.

And where to place this piece of country wisdom about taking refuge in thunderstorms?

Beware the oak/It draws the stroke

Avoid the ash/It courts the flash Scorn the tree that stands alone

If you would keep your life to own.

"The study of witchcraft", says the almanac's foreword, "is the understanding of nature and the ability to tread its paths with confidence, as a surfer is able to step on and off a wave at will using its energy and force as long as he can accept its immutable direction."

The confusing thing for the neophyte student of witchcraft, in fact, is where truth ends and myths begin. There are innumerable references in old texts to the witches' salve-a magical ointment that enabled practitioners to fly. Many ancient woodcuts depict such scenes. Several books even give the recipe: aconitum (monkshood and wolfbane), belladonna, hemlock, water and oil. Modern authorities have suggested that such a potent combination might well penetrate the pores and induce hallucinations of flying. But then what is the place of astral projection, sometimes known as out-of-the-body flight, about which there is a firm body of testimony by people who would certainly disclaim any belief in "witchcraft"?

William Seabrook, a self-proclaimed "disbeliever in the supernatural", who nevertheless wrote some of the most convincing books about witchcraft in this century, used to claim that magic's only power came from the belief that people placed in it. Mother Pepper, who compiled the current almanac (\$1 from Box 200, RD 2, Pine Bush, New York 12566), agrees with this but points out that witchcraft's present resurgence is due to so many people's desperate need to believe in something.

"In the absence of heroes", she says, "the occult always flourishes. Most people grant that the mind has powers that can't be categorized and recently the concept of mind-expanding drugs has become very popular. But the practice of witchcraft offers a thoroughly natural way of mind expansion without using any drugs at all."

#### GOBBLING UP GARBAGE

Garbage-eating microbes, which sound like some science fiction fantasy, may be just around the corner. The recent development of bugs that can be dropped into an oil spill on the ocean and gobble it up has endless implications for the environment. The almost invisible, oil-eating parasites—a mixture of earth microbes and sea microbes—break down the oil into its component parts of carbon dioxide, water, sugars and proteins and, having eaten the residue, die off themselves for lack of further nourishment. Their emaciated corpses then become food for the fish which, apparently, become even healthier.

Dr Edward N. Azarowicz, a microbiologist

for the Virginia research firm of Bioteknika International Inc., which developed the process, says that the main problem is finding exactly the right blend of microbes and then developing their appetite for the job at hand.

That seems a clear hint to over-burdened sanitation departments. How long can it be before their trucks are equipped to *fill* garbage cans (with trash-eating microbes) instead of having to *empty* them?

## WORDS

#### RADICAL RATIONALES

Revolution is an easy word nowadays. Even President Nixon has one going. volutionaries" are all over the place, and the quotation marks are disappearing from the word along with such skeptical qualifiers as 'self-styled" when the newspapers discuss the current crop of radicals. However, if America is facing imminent revolution, it is facing it with either courageous calm or dismaying indifference. The reason may be that nobody-least of all the revolutionaries-can agree on what it's all about. There is no lack of interpreters, and some of them are very good, like Charles A. Reich's lucid and brilliant The Greening of America (Random). This astonishing book, at once analytic and prophetic, cool and compassionate, makes a lover of America wish it would become the Bible of any revolutionary movement. But what movement? Where is it? What is it? In fact,

Reich's interpretation is fairly synthesized on his book jacket: "There is a revolution coming. It will not be like revolutions of the past. It will originate with the individual and with culture, and it will change the political structure only as its final act. It will not require violence to succeed, and it cannot be successfully resisted by violence. This is the revolution of the new generation."

To show how America went wrong and lost the basic human values, Reich defines three levels of consciousness in American history. The adaptation of today's young, which he terms "Consciousness III" is a response to the promise that was America, which he terms Consciousness I" and a reaction against "Consciousness II", the contemporary lifestyle imposed on society by industrialization and the rise of that bugaboo the Corporate State. Believe it or not, Reich makes this clear and persuasive, so that you're ready to cheer when Consciousness III walks into the sunrise, heralding: "Respect for each individual, for his uniqueness, and for his privacy. Abstention from killing or war. Respect for the natural environment. Respect for beauty in all its forms. Honesty in all personal relations. Equality of status between all individuals, so that no-one is 'superior' or 'inferior'. Genuine democracy in the making of decisions, freedom of expression, and conscience."

Against all this we have Mitchell Goodman, a working radical who earned his good conduct ribbon by going to jail. He is sure that there is a movement, and has set out the hard way to prove it to everyone, including those





Skeeter Davis: gospelling it out (left). Pola Negri: real name Appolonia, but still terrific.

who are in it. He has tried to cram four years of movement experience into 768 pages. The result is an eclectic collection of raw data far removed from Professor Reich's sweet reason. Goodman couldn't even find a title. The paper cover reads (with shifts in type face indicated here by slashes): The movement/toward/a new America/the beginnings/of a/long revolution/(a collage)/a what?/1. a comprehension 2. a compendium 3. a handbook 4. a guide 5. a history 6. a revolution kit 7. a work-in-progress/assembled by Mitchell Goodman/a charter member of the great consipiracy, in behalf of the movement. Knopf distributes the book at \$5.95.

Here is the nitty-gritty of whatever revolution there may be. This is the only single source of evidence you can go to if you want to decide for yourself whether Reich (a Yale law professor) is a naive old (i.e. over 30) fool or a true seer. The trouble is that only a seer could decide from this book—and he would need 20-20 eyesight to penetrate the typography, not to mention metaphysical foresight. However, browsing in Goodman's collection is an experience worth \$5.95 of anybody's money, whether you hate either dirty, longhaired, spoiled brats or fascist, racist, sexist pigs—or even if you hate everybody.

Goodman has faith that all his troveranging from schoolboys' pique against pedagogy to dense neo-Marxist theorizingadds up to a Movement. He doesn't attempt, like Reich, to give it directions and goals, but glories in its diversity. The lack of organization doesn't discourage Goodman or his friends because they sense the movement as an irresistible force. Andrew Kopkind, author of one of the 19 "Comprehensions" around which the other material loosely hangs, believes there is a generalized revolutionary movement in America perhaps for the first time since 1776. "It is not directed at organizing labor or winning civil rights for minorities or gaining power for students in the administration of universities. Wholly unorganized and utterly undirected, the revolutionary movement exists not because it

is planned but because it is logical: not because a handful of young blacks or dissident middle-class whites will it, but because the conditions of American life create it..."

Of course, not all the writers (and talkers and actors) in Goodman's book would agree—indeed not many agree on anything except dissatisfaction with the status-quo. The hardnosed Marxists insist that revolution ain't revolution without the "dictatorship of the proletariat." The fact that the working man is cold to the whole notion—indeed actively supports the establishment—produces a lot of frustration rhetoric. It is suggested that the frustration may account for some irrelevant bombings.

The grand schism that cuts across the million little splits in the movement is defined by Greg Calvert, a former SDS wheel, as "The two basic streams of the movement of the '60s -political mobilization and personal liberation." He finds that few organizations have been able to bridge the two. "Those in the 'liberation' stream have gone off on private trips," he says; "Those in the political stream have been reduced to Old Left sloganeering and dreary demonstrations." He thinks Weatherman may have a chance to bridge it, but he regards its violence as a mistake. "Real revolutionaries," he says, "have a contempt for violence, not an adoration of it; it is used only as a last resort, as a response to specific oppression.'

At least he and Reich agree on that.

#### RECOMMENDED READING

Sexual Heretics: Male Homosexuality in English Literature from 1850-1890, edited by Brian Reade. Of the 89 selections of prose and verse some are familiar in a different context, but some have previously only been published privately. (Coward-McCann Inc. \$12.50)

Tank: A History of the Armoured Fighting Vehicle, text by Major Kenneth J. Macksey, illustrations by John H. Batchelor. The first gift book for war history enthusiasts. (Ballantine Books \$3.95)

The Professional Job Hunting System: World's

Fastest Way to Get a Better Job. A complete guide for those in the \$10,000 to \$60,000 bracket and it has a 30-day money back guarantee. (Performance Dynamics Inc., \$24.50 or \$14.75)

### 

A NEW LOOK BACKWARD

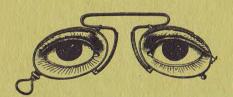
Nobody, well, nobody except maybe William Jennings Bryan (who came from around those parts) ever considered Omaha as the hot center of where the action is-especially theatrical action. Yet Omaha boasts one of the most active and professional amateur theatre groups in America and thinks of itself as a 'birthplace of actors." We have it from a resident-a fattish man with a Ben Franklin hairdo-that these include "Henry Fonda, Marlon Brando, Fred Astaire, Dorothy McGuire, Robert Taylor, and most recently Terry Kiser." Terry Kiser? "He's the young husband in the poached-oyster Alka-Seltzer commercial." Our informant is the proprietor of an antique shop in the Old Market Area (a reconstruction of pioneer Omaha) with the inviting sign, "Step Into Yesterday."

"I'm doing a bang-up business, from both local and tourist customers," he confides, "because I'm on to something. Everything in this shop comes from the '30s. I told the kids who run the movie theatre here to forget the underground and play pictures like Carole Lombard in My Man Godfrey." He hunts through a stack of yellowed movie posters, and flourishes one promoting the "desperate, glamorous Ilona Massey, caught in the vortex of illicit emotion in Invisible Agent".

"This Easy Rider crap, it's only a passing fancy. People are sick to death of hippies, messages—even though they might agree with the messages. We're depressed people. Business is bad. We have a dumb war. People want escape. Fun. To cry for the sake of crying even though they don't believe for a minute what's up there on the screen. If Pete Fonda has half the brains of his old man, he'll throw away that funny-looking motorcycle and start making the same kind of pictures as Hank did. Otherwise, Fonda can forget about it."

Could be the man in the Yesterday store is on to something. Easy Rider made money, all right-but its profits will pale into insignificance after Love Story which is the keyword picture of the '70s. And the keyword is nostalgia. Despite its Harvard-Radcliffe setting, Love Story is basically a 1930s film, with all the familiar ingredients: rich boy marrying poor girl over father's objection and just as rich boy makes it on his own, the poorgirl, now his loving wife, dies. Only the girl is not Bette Davis, but Ali McGraw (to venture an opinion, she is no Bette Davis) and the boy playing the Tyrone Power part is Ryan O'Neal-the first beautiful male face to get star billing since John Derek made Saturday's Hero in 1952.

And Love Story is a Hollywood film. A Hollywood studio film produced under the supervision of Bob Evans (Ali McGraw's husband) who not only attempts to run



Paramount in the manner of the late Irving Thalberg, but was once actually picked to play Thalberg by none other than Mrs. Thalberg (Norma Shearer) in an easily forgotten film of the '50s. At the time, Evans was a N.Y.C. garment manufacturer: now, buoyed by the success of *Love Story*, he has proclaimed, in true 1930 movie mogul fashion, that the day of the superstar director is over, that movies will be done the way the studio wants them to be done, that Hollywood will once again produce pictures that legions of fans will devour and understand, that the star system will come back, and the studios will live again.

Hollywood is making a valiant effort. The current recession has all but halted independent production, and the latest press releases announce that one producer is planning to do the life of Carole Lombard, another is "examining the films of John Garfield" and another is "looking for wholesome, believable stars in the tradition of the Lane sisters".

On the stage, nude plays are failing. Even Oh, Calcutta! is closing, to be replaced by, of all things, Man of La Mancha. The great Broadway success this season (scalpers are getting up to \$100 a pair for Saturday nights) is the old Vincent Youmans success, No No Nanette, created under the supervision of Busby Berkeley and starring Ruby Keeler. And if that's not enough, there's Patsy Kelly and Helen Gallagher. A dissident critic claimed that Ruby Keeler, "looks every one of her 60 years, but defies the passage of time, old age, our very mortality by dancing on. How well? As Dr. Johnson put it, Ruby dancing is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at

"Bullshit. She was great, great!" counters Vincent Capeticaza. "Who cares about critics?" Obviously, by the lines in front of the theatre, the public agrees. Vincent Capeticaza is almost 70 now and hasn't worked in show business for years, but he still keeps a scrapbook of notices of people he knew or worked with. "I was in *Kid Boots*, with Eddie Cantor," he recalls. "I never really had any big parts, but it was fun. Most of my career was as a stage and road manager and I worked in Hollywood 11 years, too, as a prop man at 20th Century Fox and at Hal Roach."

Vincent, encountered in front of the Parke-Bernet galleries on Madison Avenue, had just purchased a gorgeous 275-page catalog portraying the 865 "inactive properties" that 20th Century Fox has put up for sale-everything from a scotch bottle that Humphrey Bogart sipped from, to a six-foot plastic champagne glass big enough for Shirley MacLaine and Robert Mitchum to cuddle in, a Japanese Zero, and odds and ends of clothes once worn by Marilyn Monroe, Jean Peters, and Gene Tierney. "There's something lalways wanted from 20th," said Vincent. dagger that Pola Negri carried in Hotel Imperiale. I was in that picture. We never called her Pola. She liked her real name, Appolonia Chalupec. Today they would let her use it, I think. She was a great actress, a great woman. You know, she is still living in

Texas. I send her Christmas cards. Maybe, with this big comeback of the great stars, they'll get her back, too."

Undoubtedly there are producers trying. The flagging Merv Griffin TV show features a regular appearance by Richard Lamparski whose specialty is chronicling the whereabouts of famous personalities of yesteryear. Now his latest edition of "Whatever Became Of..." is approaching best-sellerdom.

Everybody likes to look back to the good old days, even if they weren't so good. As for the social effect, who knows? Perhaps the kids will even give up four-letter words for dialogue like George Brent used in a recent old movie on TV: George, playing an unhappily married businessman, is carrying on a wholesome affair (you never see him without black tie) with an unknown actress with Clara Bow lips and Jean Harlow hair. They are about to break off their relationship. The girl says: "I don't want any money, Clive. You've been grand with me. Just grand. And that's enough. I know the score." Brent stiffens, puts on his homburg, walks to the door, says, "You're swell," and leaves.

## SOUNDS

#### NOTHING BUT THE BEST

The thing that radio has over records, at least when the theory is working properly, is that you hear only the best. If you buy an album these days, like as not you're going to get one or two good songs-probably the ones they've been playing on the radio—and a lot of junk thrown together to fill out the record. Rarely, though not as rarely in country as in pop, does anybody care enough to record a whole collection of good tunes. Which is probably what makes Look At Mine (Epic), Jody Miller's new album, such a pleasure. It is as well-programmed a half-hour as you're likely to hear if your favorite d-j is laying it on at his heaviest. Every song is worthy of airplay, and Jody Miller's straight-out-set-em-up-knockem-down style of pop/country vocalizing is just right for the material.

Jody may have set up this little picnic herself, or it may be the work of her producer, Billy Sherrill, one of the two or three best of the breed in Nashville, who starts with the advantage that Jody Miller has one of the best voices in country music, clear as a mountain spring (may as well use up those environmental analogies while they last), and expressive as the surface of a rippling brook. One minute she is sweetly innocent, the next she is roughing her voice into sensuous suggestion. The new album is backed by the Jordanairesno slouches either-and Billy Sherrill has assembled one of those flawless Nashville studio bands, the personnel of which unfortunately remains nameless on the L.P. jacket.

Look At Mine opens with the title tune, one of those AM-type songs you have probably actually heard on the radio: it is a romantic advertisement to entice the comparative shopper. Snowbird, which Canadian songstress Anne Murray took all the way to No. 1, is considerably better in Miss Miller's hands, and this of course is a big test for a singer—

whether you can be made to forget the original hit version. John Denver's Leaving on a Jet Plane presents the same challenge, having been waxed by nearly every male singer who approached a mike this season, but Miss Miller manages to make it fresh, more driving, less folky than usual; also, it is a different song when a woman sings it. A Week and a Day may be the best cut on the album, though there really is no such thing; it is an engaging first person narrative about the break-up of a relationship. If You Think I Love You Now is a love ballad, not the most inspiring form, but Miss Miller gives it a suitably aching reading. Side Two is, if anything, better.

The album does have a fault, and it is a serious one both of itself and for what it implies about the future; there are only ten songs. The pop industry, led by Columbia and RCA, has for some time been trying to reduce the amount of music on its products, even though the records are barely half full as it is. With a record as good as this one, it is hard to quibble, but buyers should note that on most discs, though the price stays the same, the amount of music varies considerably.

For some months a lot of the vitality in the pop business has come from the country sector. Charlie Rich, a Memphis-bred singer, songwriter and pianist who resembles Elvis but often outshines him, has a new collection, Boss Man (Epic), that ranges from ballads to blues. Lynn Anderson, who is the hottest new singer since Tammy Wynette, has a new L.P. that is near the top of both the pop and country charts, paced by a successful single of Joe South's, I Never Promised You a Rose Garden (Columbia). Prison songs have made a big comeback in two new albums, Penitentiary Blues (SSS International) by David Allan Coe, and an amazingly effective performance recorded "Alive" At The Corona State Women's Penitentiary (Capitol) by Denny Hall; both singers are former prisoners and do their own material. Last and certainly not least, Skeeter Davis has a new record, It's Hard To Be A Woman (RCA), the only release to come close to Miss Miller's. Her little-girl voice is the perfect vehicle for the tales of oppression that make up most of her material, but it is Bridge Over Troubled Water, the Simon and Garfunkel hit, and We Need a Lot More Of Jesus, the old gospel tune, that clinch the album. She also doesn't shy away from politics, as most pop performers do, when she asks you-know-who When You Gonna Bring Our Soldiers Home? ("You promised that you would, now don't you think you should?"). It's a better collection than you'll hear in a long day's listening on the radio.

#### PENTHOUSE PICKS

Fraser & Debolt/Fraser & Debolt (Columbia)

Don Everly/Don Everly (Ode 70—A & M
records)

100 Children/Tom T. Hall (Mercury)

Two Years On/Bee Gees (Atco)

Laura/Laura (Ovation Records)

Uncle Charlie & His Dog Teddy/Nitty Gritty

Dirt Band (Liberty)

Love, A Kind of Hate Story/Tim Rose (Capitol)
Deliverin'/Poco (Epic) O

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West. Thus, for the past decade, Mao's agents in such capitals as New York, Washington, Paris, Rome, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo and London have been able to perform their devious activities with scant hindrance.

Recently the French State Security services have suspected a direct link between Mao and the Left-wing extremists who are thought to be behind the countrywide wave of bomb explosions and arson in France—a phenomenon repeated in most of the major countries of Europe and parts of the United States. The French security men believe that Chinese and Vietnamese restaurants sometimes provide "fronts" for agents in the direct pay of Mao (or Castro of Cuba). French suspicion is based on a series of curious coincidences. Since the 1968 social upheaval, which rocked the very structure of De Gaulle's France, no fewer than 128 new Vietnamese and Chinese restaurants have opened in and near the Latin quarter of Paris. At Grenoble, another major center of Maoist disturbance, a similar puzzling increase in Oriental eating places has occurred. As most of these restaurants supply food cheaply they are crowded with students.

The restaurants are staffed by Hongkong immigrants who, on arrival in France, contact the Communist Chinese authorities for a Peking passport. As

Peking exerts an influence, both financial (in wage levies) and doctrinal over these immigrants, French investigators believe that among these men lies a group of hard-case Maoist Chinese agents. Lately, evidence has been unearthed by the French authorities to confirm that money and subversive equipment has been channelled to activist groups, both inside France and outside, through international Communist organizations and representatives in Paris. Both the Chinese and Cuban delegations regularly provide inflammatory and seditious propaganda material, which is passed around among the student groups in the Left Bank area.

It was Joseph Stalin who, following Lenin's dictum that "the faster efficient and effective Bolshevik intelligence cadres are established in as many capitalist countries as possible, the more rapid and the more thorough will be the development of world revolutions", ordered some 40 years ago that "our Chinese comrades must be trained in Secret Service work".

Handpicked trainees from among Chinese Party members, who had received basic indoctrination at the Lenin School and the Communist Eastern University in the dogmas of Communism, were sent to the famous spy school Kytaiskaya, some 75 miles south of Irkutsk (near Lake Baikal and the

Mongolian border). There, under the guidance of Stalin's faithful Secret Service chief, Colonel Mikhail Nikolayevich Yakubovsky, they learnt up-todate espionage methods. So, not long after Mao's first provisional Soviet government had started branching out from Kiangsi province, the flow of Chinese Communists to Russia increased. Both Mao and his prominent comrade Li Li-san ("hero of the Canton insurrection" against General Chiang Kai-shek) realized that perfectly schooled men were needed to run the future government.

Eventually an independent Chinese secret service headquarters was established at Peking, modeled on that of Moscow. The departments were directed by Kytaiskaya graduates, and a continual rapport was maintained between the two capitals. Since the Krushchev/ Mao ideological rift the espionage training links have been severed, and now Kytaiskaya is used to train Asiatics to spy for the USSR in Red China.

One of Mao's main intelligence objectives is Formosa (Taiwan), Chiang Kai-shek's stronghold. Large numbers of Red Chinese spies have already been smuggled into this bustling island. Even though substantial groups of informers, sub-agents and master spies have been arrested there since the early 1950s, top-secret documents from military headquarters still flow to Peking.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28





Whatever you've got going... keep it going with JEB.





Another center of Chinese undercover activity is Indonesia, where one of Mao's best organized intelligence networks operates. Here the foundations for top-flight espionage were laid by Moscow-trained Wang Jen-shu, whose diplomatic immunity as a representative of the Chinese People's Republic enabled him to operate without much difficulty. The Philippines are another spying zone for Red China. When in 1954 President Ramon Magsaysay's forces crushed the Moscow-Peking-inspired Huk (short for Hukbong Bayan Laban Sa Hapon, People's Anti-Japanese Resistance Army—a band of Communists who liquidated more of their rivals than they did Japanese in World War II) guerrillas, the espionage network largely collapsed there. It was Wang Jen-shu who helped build it up again by planting William Joseph Pomeroy, an American citizen born in 1920 at Rochester, New York, as chief resident spy. Pomeroy and his "millionaire" friend Antonio Chua Cruz were both caught in their espionage deals, but not until much damage had been done to the security of the area.

Likewise Mao's agents have been surging into the British colony of Hongkong. Counter-intelligence and security forces, however, have had remarkable success in weeding these agents out, particularly high-ranking personalities like the resident spy operator John Tsang. He was posing as a pro-Western Assistant Superintendent and Deputy Commandant of the Colony's Police Training School.

Regular reviews on drug addiction and sex perversion in Europe and America have been passed back to Peking by agents for some time now, for the Chinese Secret Service chiefs are anxious to pinpoint the West's most self-indulgent habits. Reasons why people turn to drugs are carefully assessed and the agents have viewed with delight how the urban populations of non-Communist countries already feed greedily on pills for sleeping, waking, enhancing sexuality or fertility and various medical purposes. The theory is that long-term exploitation of drug addiction leads to the general demoralization of society.

Communist research programs have made progress in so-called drugs", those with aphrodisiac sideeffects. The Central Intelligence Agency possesses on file numerous cases like that of Senorita X who was found unconscious in a deserted house in Managua, capital of Nicaragua. She had been hooked on drugs by her Communist "control" and, luckily for him, the addiction revealed a hitherto concealed trait in her personality: nymphomania. Chosen by her "conbecause she was known to several members of the government, couraged. Men who make passes at

she was forced to sleep with highranking officials, meanwhile extracting security information from them and laying them open to blackmail. The pressure of promiscuous activity almost killed the girl and she was dumped by her "control". After police found her she remained unconscious for several days. She recovered and returned to normal life, and is now married with children.

The branch of the Red Chinese espionage which deals with industrial secrets also uses sex and drugs. In Colombia, for example, a young German girl attached to a large business enterprise was picked out by a Communist agent and was "hooked" on a derivative of heroin. She was in time put under pressure to divulge industrial secrets to her "control" and to sleep with her employers for further information, and her dependence on drugs weakened her initial resistance. When her employers discovered what was happening she was shipped back to Germany for treatment, her mind scarred and her career ruined.

Canada (mainly heroin and cannabis), Germany (mainly synthetics, morphine and amphetamines), Japan (mainly opium, morphine and heroin), Hongkong and Macao (mainly heroin), Korea (mainly heroin), the United States (mainly heroin), Iran (95% opium and 5% heroin) and India (opium and cannabis) all have heavy drug problems, and these act as convenient 'social levers" in these countries which form a part of "Mao's Arc of Aggression". In Britain extreme drug dependence, though increasing, is still too uncommon for such tactics to be a big feature of Red espionage.

Sex and perversion uninduced by drugs, however, are far more immediately rewarding fields for espionage, and social conditions in Red China have the effect of facilitating their exploitation. Visitors soon notice how publicity in Red China is devoid of the sex stimuli found in Western advertising. All public sources of sex titillation are missing; even women's clothes are unprovocative, and often almost undistinguishable from those of the men.

The average Red Chinese girl does not have hairdos or wear make-up (except face lotion to ward off winter cold), and would rather die than be seen in a miniskirt. Should she kiss a boy she would be ridiculed and should she allow herself to fall in love she would be censured. Romanticism, her political instructor (a cross between favorite uncle and father confessor, to whom she goes to advice rather than her parents) will have told her, is a relic of decadent capitalist society. In Red China, adultery, free love, homosexuality, and unnatural vice are all criminal offenses, and divorce is disgirls are liable to public humiliation and imprisonment—passes must be reported by girls, whether welcome or not. Castration as a punishment is not unknown for sex crimes in Red China, with mutilation—hands, feet, arms—for attempted rape, particularly the rape of Party members. Consequently there is no hint of permissiveness in Mao's China, and illegitimate children, abortions and sex crimes are almost unknown. Surprising as this may seem to Western eyes, it isn't too hard to digest when seen in the context of a people whose minds are "cleansed" of thoughts of sex by Mao's writings and by anti-sex propaganda from early childhood. Eric Chou's book Strange Life of a Teenage Girl in Red China, provides a detailed account

When she leaves school the average Red Chinese girl will be given a sealed letter by her political instructor. This is the most important document she will ever have, for it is his assessment of her political reliability and her knowledge of the four volumes of the Thoughts of Chairman Mao (in which she has to be correct to the last comma). The highest and best grade she can obtain is "virtuousness". Marriage is not the primary purpose of the young Chinese female, and is subject to the "approval" of local Party headquarters, which sets out the official minimum age for girls as 25 and men as 30. This forced celibacy is another aspect of the anti-sex brain-washing. Should a girl be exceptionally pretty, however, her instructor will mark her down as a candidate for "special honored service to Chairman Mao". This can be translated into "decadent" Western terms as a life of espionage and sexual exploita-

Attitudes to prostitution in China depend on tradition dating back to at least 650 BC, when the Emperor Kwan Chung set apart certain districts, distinguished by their shiny red, blue and green portals, called lu. Here prostitutes resided, and this was the first authentic historical reference to prostitution in China. From those early times prostitution developed in a background peculiar to that country and its civilization, where domestic slavery, subjugation of women, poverty, family structures and so on persisted right up to the early 1940s.

Describing Peking, which she visited in 1955, Simone de Beauvoir wrote in The Long March:

It was here, in this [district between the Forbidden City and the Chinese Cityl where one used to find the localities dedicated to amusements and debauchery; theatres, public baths, renowned restaurants which still exist, and opium dens and brothels which exist no more. Hereabouts, until 1911, there were even houses of male prostitution legally tolerated and frequented by the Manchu nobility. As for brothels, they numbered 377 in 1920, con-**CONTINUED ON PAGE 91** 

# "Cock-a-doodle-doo"

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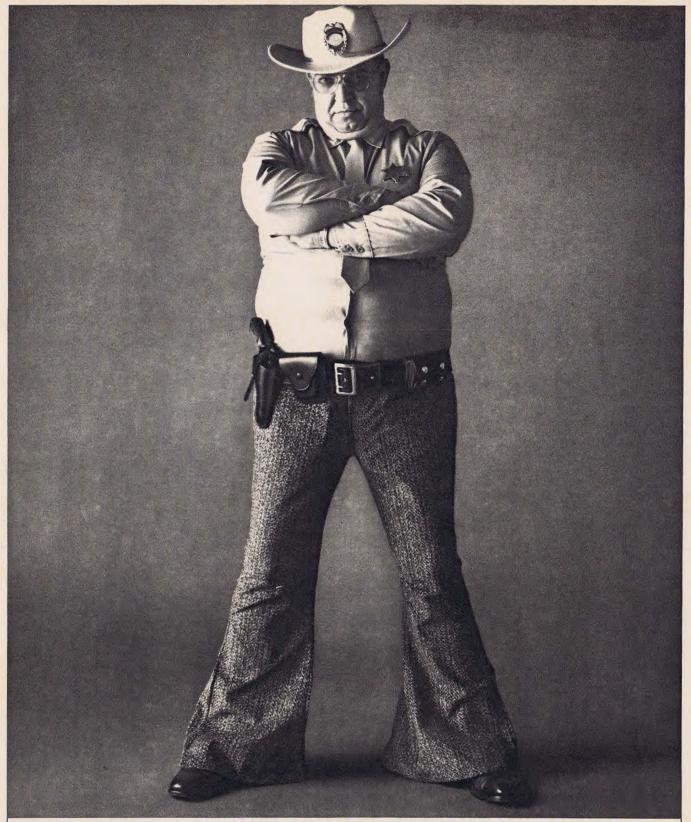
And don't forget our digital clock. With its big beautiful numbers. Its nice buzzy buzzer. And its 24-hour timer. That lets you set the unit to go on

at the same time every day. Without resetting it every night. So you'll never hear your 7:01 A.M. rooster at 7:01 P.M.

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# von Richthofen Papers

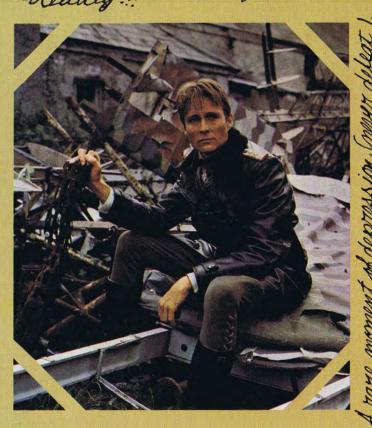
Being a dubious documentation of a moment or two in the legendary life-style of Germany's World War I flying ace. Stills from the Corman Company production of *Von Richthofen and Brown,* starring John Philip Law



Here I am holding up Swoopy. We're both rom ready for action. I've learned a lot from like how observing Swoopy in flight—like how observing Swoopy in flight them.



Here you see me with my "sporty" three-winger. She's fast and maneuverable just like Swoopy but much, much more deadly!





Freida likes the look of unflinching determination on my face. She says that the blood of many an Enghishman must have twined rold at the sight of it. I'm half inclined to

Now we get to the "uny part."

Me and I be some billing W Englishmen always makes

" that's why we have to off
on the handrack shapey,
on as I get have so my
inhale the furner of my
inhale petrol tank romp. Ahl says pilling anale and tank and get and sure time... P.S. taken francisco word words, my personal aide ersonal anything hill do anything hill do anything.









This picture doesn't really belong here, but its a good one of my face."



Freida likes to "mother" me ->

These were very tender moment. F. Lays She wants to marry. Settle down, have children and Mond the rest of her life in making library to me in our oun little hangar. I told, her that I wanted to devote my life to killing British pilots, but, Suppose we could be happy in the end it we each learned to give a little!







if I look worried it's because I don't think my own mother ever really loved me!







What calm composure will defend Your rock; when tides you've never seen Assault the sands of what-has-been And from your island's tallest tree You watch advance What-is-to-be? The tidal wave devours the shore; There are no islands any more.

-Edna St. Vincent Millay

nce it used to be so easy. Jazz was over there on the far left. Rock, which we glibly condemned as three-chord music, was somewhere else on the right. Pop was in the middle of the road. Rhythm and blues (this was before soul had become an adjective, let alone a black noun) was vonder across the railroad tracks. That was the scene around January 1964, anno Beatles uno; but nothing stays that simple that long. Within a five-year span we had folkrock, country-rock, acid rock, teenybopperock, revival rock (vive Bill Haley!), God-rock, electro-rock, rock musicals and rock opera.

Every month or so, come reports of a trendy new sound. Watch out: fourtrack cartridges will replace discs! Folk is displacing rock! Eight-track has eliminated four-track! Hey there folks, here comes country! Cassettes are cheaper, forget about eight-track! Move over, country, it's time for soul! Wait until video-cassettes hit, it'll be a

billion-dollar-a-week market!

The trouble with trend-spotting is that nobody in the music world ever gets any bandwagon moving. The vehicle has already begun to roll, propelled by that ultimate arbiter of mass tastes, the individual consumer, when independent producers, recording v-p.s., journalists and disc-jockeys jump on. As Miss Millay points out, we cannot defend our rock. We can only climb to a treetop and watch some unpredicted tidal wave turn everything around, and when it has happened, we second-quessers will outshout one another with cries of I-told-you-so.

The pop music scene today is so gigantic that a single spectator can no more achieve a panoramic view of the entire scene than anyone in the mud a half-mile back could offer a balanced musical assessment of what went on at Woodstock. Critics who hail this or that performer as "unquestionably the greatest" forget that such generalities imply an ability to listen to every sound heard, every record released. The aggregate listening time of all the albums and singles regurgitated by the American recording industry precludes the possibility of any such comprehensive judgment.

Yet by sounding out representatives of participants involved in one way or another with the pop scene, and by chart-watching in the trades, it is possible to draw a few rare-to-medium firm inferences. I took the top ten among Billboard's "Hot 100" (general best-sellers) and found that not one could be classified as hard or acid rock. Four were easy listening, four others were variants of Motown soul sounds; the other two were somewhere near the middle of the road.

Such statistics do not take into account the album market, which according to today's trade consensus is more and more dominant. I consulted the LP chart and found Led Zeppelin in the top slot, followed by Santana. Placing nos. 6, 7, 9 and 10 respectively were Creedence Clearwater Revival, the Rolling Stones, Sly and the Family Stone, Grand Funk Railroad. So the theory that rock has gone the way of Acker Bilk and the Platters, that a softer sound will bring surcease to establishment ears, promptly evaporates. It's not so much a matter of the obsolescence of rock, but rather of the increased prevalence of variants and amalgamations.

In the words of Goddard Lieberson, former Columbia Records president. now head of the CBS-Columbia combine: "While the general audience is being fragmented, each segment may increase or diminish in strength-or, more likely, merge with others. Part of the reason is that democracy has a hard time working within these groups, so you have this continual splintering.

There is, in short, no rock of ages in this age of Aquarius; only a rock that turns into quicksilver as groups break up or play musical chairs, and trios disgorge soloists—all so fast that Lillian Roxon's 1969 Rock Encyclopaedia was out of date the day it came off the presses. (Six of the top ten groups on the LP chart are not, as I write, listed in her book. Incredibly, only one of the top ten singles, Smokev Robinson, made Miss Roxon's pages.)

Here are a few of the topics under discussion in the a&r departments\*, all pertinent to an evaluation of the present and future pop situation.

(1) Is acid rock on the way out? In order to pinpoint an answer you have to clarify the question. I asked ten record business people who or what they believe is represented by the term acid rock and got 11 diverse answers (one respondent changed his mind).

Artie Mogull, vice-president of a&r at Capitol Records, says: "The acid rock frenzy-the San Francisco sound-has been replaced by the frenzy of Grand Funk audiences. This is hard rock, but not acid. Where do I draw the line? Lyrically. Acid rock has implications in its words that Grand Funk doesn't.

To the extent that acid rock is associated with ear-splitting noise, David Anderle, the bright young a&r man largely responsible for the growth of Elektra Records (he is now with A & M), feels the worst may be over: "I went to a concert by Eric Clapton's

<sup>\*</sup>artistes and repertoire

new group, Derek and the Dominoes. Clapton had the guitar set way down in volume, and the group displayed a tremendous range of dynamics compared with the way he used to blast off when he was with Cream. The surprise to me was that the kids liked it that way; in fact, when another guitarist onstage was turned up too high, they started yelling for him to lower the level."

He went on: "You know, an experiment was conducted—I saw this on TV—with plants growing and Led Zeppelin music playing nearby. Using time-lapse photography, it was shown that the plants would actually move away from the music. By the same token, the human mind and body can

only take so much."

Brian Wilson was a tragic instance. The Beach Boys' composer, whose medical history for years had been plagued with ear trouble, was almost deaf in his right ear until an operation restored 20% of his hearing. Last October, at Hollywood's Whiskey A Go Go, Wilson made his first official onstage appearance with the group in five years. At the end of the set he had to be taken offstage by doctors, suffering from excruciating pain in both ears. One can only imagine what might have happened had he been performing along with Sly and the Family Stone.

The Grateful Dead, who have strayed away from high-decibel psychedelia into blues territory, typify the movement beyond trip music. "The Dead no longer represent acid rock," attests their producer, Bob Matthews. "As the music and the musicians grow older, they look for new modes of expression, more variety. The Dead now are inclined toward a country and western flavor. Turning the amps way up doesn't just make it louder—it distorts. So this becomes a tonal matter rather than just a question of loudness. The Dead decided to reduce their power and use dynamic variety. Here in San Francisco there's a new, more sophisticated sound evolving. You find a lot of interplay between musicians from different groups, who come together on a higher level of creativity. Right now it's about communication, education and purification.

John Mayall, the great ofay father of British blues rock, avows that acid rock is associated with "lack of discipline, stumbling, enormous volume, and of course drug-oriented audiences. I never did like it. The acid scene is on shaky ground because it attracts unstable, freaked-out people. When I went in for low volume, I made an issue out of it. Musicians who come to work for me, after years in noise machines, usually say: 'What a relief to be able to hear what you're doing again."

Freda Payne, the nubile young exjazz singer who turned to rock and

came up with Band of Gold, top single in the U.S. last summer, had her own educated guess: "Acid rock is a flipout-type music and it's on its way out right along with the acid itself. To me it's a form of horror music, the kind you'd imagine just before death.'

Death, according to an overwhelming consensus, is the fate that awaits it. (2) Are ballads, folk and country due

for a great resurgence?

Remember that even while Dylan was involved in the early rock experiments, his country albums were still being sold and played in vast quantities; nor was Joan Baez ever relegated to oblivion by the onrush of hard rock. Certainly, though, there is a detectable upswing in the fortunes of great balladeers and their compositions. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young have produced a superlative spinoff in the Stephen Stills album. Elton John could just turn out to have been the most catalytic new male soloist of 1970.

The sound-wave of the future is also suggested by James Taylor, a 1971 country-folk parallel to Dylan, just as surely as Dylan sprang from Woody Guthrie. "The simple fact," says Taylor's producer Peter Asher, "is that people like Jimmy, Joni Mitchell, John Sebastian and Randy Newman are so much easier to listen to than Grand Funk. Sensitivity and subtlety are coming back. Even in Berkeley, James Taylor just sold out at the Community Theatre where Ten Years After and Derek & The Dominoes had seats to spare.

As for the Glen Campbells and the Johnny Cashes, they will have their audiences too.

(3) Are jazz and rock merging or influencing one another?

Virtually every rock musician acknowledges jazz (including blues in all its shadings) as an early inspiration; meanwhile every young jazzman seeking economic salvation has incorporated rock elements into his own music. Miles Davis, Don Ellis and Gary Burton have made the merger viable on their own terms; Charles Lloyd and others seem only to have brought together the worst of two worlds.

Jazz-rock, in its more authentic forms (as opposed to the contrived rock-jazz spewed out by sax maniacs who will do anything for a hit), is the product of a hip rather than a hippie culture. It is generally unrelated either to the hard drug scene or to the hippie aesthetic of anti-intellectualism, and is solidly grounded in musical knowledge. The man best qualified to rap on this. topic is Dave Axelrod, who has been into every scene, as composer and producer, in jazz and pop (his Mass in F Minor, recorded by the Electric Prunes, was prominently used in the track for Easy Rider):

The rock guys are listening to a lot

more jazz, and the jazz guys are listening to a lot more rock. But the cats who were into jazz in the first place find it easier to play with a rock or rab beat. and get through to the rock audiences, than vice versa. Blood, Sweat & Tears is not where it's at. That last album of theirs was a bunch of shit—so slick . . . those backgrounds have been used for years behind singers, but suddenly white American youth got hip to the fact that there's brass and saxophones in an orchestra. On the other hand Cannonball Adderely right now has the finest musical group in the world. [Ax is Cannon's producer.] With their jazz training they can get into any bag and take the crowd right along with them."

Jazz in the traditional sense—swinging sounds with a continuous rhythmic pulse, usually in 4/4 or some other regular meter, using chords as a basis for improvisation—seems to be lodged in a tunnel at the end of which no light is presently visible. The avant garde will survive in Miles and Pharoah Sanders. Various brands of hyphenated jazz (Latin, Afro-Cuban, folk) will retain a slippery foothold. The blues would appear to be the jazz idiom best assured of survival, but lately even B. B. King has taken to recording pop songs that have put him in a plastic bag.

### (4) What is the emerging role of soul music and the black artiste?

Soul music, though related to jazz, is a growing element in the overall pop scene. As a fashionable term, soul doesn't go much further back than Aretha Franklin and Otis Redding, but the gut-level musical dimension evoked by the word can be taken all the way back to the 1920s and Bessie Smith. Many black performers, seeing the Tom Joneses and Joe Cockers putting the black sound to long green use, have been singing a chorus of "Somebody stole my soul." Others acknowledge that artistry is in the public domain, and that in any case the long-standing barriers against black talent in US TV and other hitherto segregated areas may be opening up for good.

The black influence is more prevalent than ever," says Hal Davis, who produces the Jackson 5 for Motown. You can hear it in the heavy bass lines, the hand claps, the finger-popping, the tambourines—that whole Motown thing. It's on television, it's everywhere. Deliberately or subconsciously, white artistes are still digging black soul."

A valid point, but statistics indicate that black talent in the past five years has made definitive steps beyond the ghetto market. Instead of buying a white singer's top-selling cover version of a black star's minor hit, white purchasers today tend more and more to go for the original. Sly, B. B. King, James Brown and Isaac Hayes outsell by far any white artiste who may

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



336 Parrot
I WHO HAVE
NOTHING
Tom Jones
LP: Series E
Tane: Series F



351 Columbia ABRAXAS Santana LP:Series E Tape: Series F



337 Motown THIRD ALBUM Jackson Five LP: Series D Tape: Series F



352 RCA CHARLEY PRIDE'S 10th ALBUM LP: Series D Tape: Series F



340 Thunderbird A QUESTION OF BALANCE Moody Blues LP: Series E Tape: Series F



354 Fantasy
PENDULUM
Creedence Clearwater
Revival
LP: Series D
Tape: Series F



341 Motown NEW WAYS BUT LOVE STAYS Supremes LP: Series D Tape: Series F



355 A&M BUTCH CASSIDY & SUNDANCE KID Soundtrack LP: Series D Tape: Series F



342 Dunhill
7
Steppenwolf
LP: Series E
Tape: Series F



356 Atlantic STEPHEN STILLS Stephen Stills LP: Series E Tape: Series F



344 London GET YER YA-YA'S OUT Rolling Stones LP: Series E Tape: Series F



357 Epic
GREATEST HITS
Sly &
The Family Stone
LP: Series E
Tape: Series F



350 Capitol
#1
Sonny James
LP: Series D
Tape: Series F



358 Columbia FOR THE GOOD TIMES Ray Price LP: Series D Tape: Series F

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| 347             | GOOD TIME ALBUM-   | -Glen Campbell-CAI | PITOL  |               | E | F    |
| 376             | I WOULDN'T LIVE I  | N NEW YORK CITY-   | -Buck  | Owens—CAPITOL | D | F    |
| 377             | ONE WORLD—Rare E   | arth—RARE EARTH    |        |               | D | F    |
| 378             | SWEET BABY JAMES   | -James Taylor-WA   | RNER   | BROTHERS      | D | F    |
| 379             | JOHNNY MATHIS SINGS THE MUSIC<br>OF BACHARACH & KAEMPFERT—COLUMBIA |                    |        |               |   | G    |
| 380             | CHICAGO-Chicago-   | COLUMBIA           |        |               | F | G    |
| 381             | 15 YEARS AGO—Conway Twitty—DECCA                                   |                    |        |               |   | F    |
| 382             | NO DICE-Badfinger-   | -CAPITOL           |        |               | D | F    |
| 383             | GREATEST HITS, VO  | L 2—Temptations—G0 | ORDY   |               | D | F    |
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YOU and I are just social drinkers, right? I mean, we know how to handle the stuff, even though we may get a couple too many on festive occasions. Okay, several too many—but that certainly doesn't mean we have a

drinking problem.

Therefore it was with great surprise and disappointment that I awoke one blindingly sunny morning to discover that the grandfather of all hangovers had taken up residence behind my varnished eyeballs. True, I had been celebrating some momentous event—Arbor Day, I think it was—with about 100 intimate friends, all of whose names escaped me. Though the few fifths I had consumed could hardly account for my incredible condition, just as an experi-

Trying to cope
with the problem of
dumping glass after glass
foisted on you by ardent
hosts,you realize how much
you used to put down

# Confessions of a secret non-drinker

ment I resolved to lay off for a while, to get my liver back in the rib cage. On the off chance you may someday want to take that trip, let me offer a few humble

words of guidance.

First of all, you mustn't tell anybody you've quit drinking. As a conversation stopper, that ranks with your girlfriend's announcement that the rabbit died. To be a known teetotaller at a wet party is to assure yourself the welcome of a nun in a brothel. It does no good to explain that your abstinence is recent and/or temporary, just to get your health back or your wig on straight. Either you're pouring down the booze or you're putting down the boozers, as they see it. Your apologetic smile is interpreted as a supercilious sneer. Later in the evening, someone may even question the legitimacy of your birth.

There's only one solution: become a

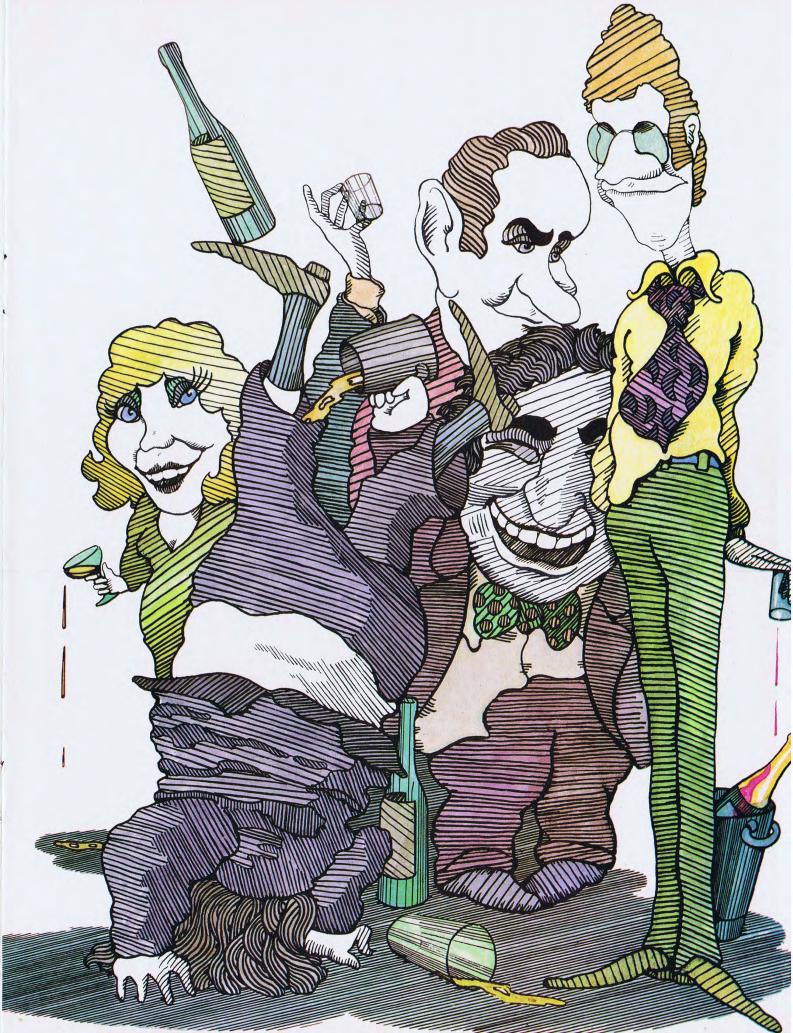
secret non-drinker.

So long as you can give a credible impression that you're drinking—and later, drunk—your spot in the bosom of your friends is secure. You may even learn to enjoy the peculiar kick of being the only sober soul at a chaotic party. Talk about insights, man.

The big problem, of course, is how to fake it. What do you do with the glass after glass foisted on you by ardent hosts and hostesses? Trying to cope with the problem of discreetly dumping all that liquor, you begin to realize how much you used to put down. Shocking.

In the interest of ecology, the classic ploy of irrigating the potted plants is now taboo. A few shots of 90 proof and the healthiest herb will keel right over, further screwing up the balance of nature. And since that cat started putting the lie detector electrodes on plant leaves and reading the messages, no





doubt we'll soon hear that plants learn to recognize alky poisoners and react to them. You don't want to become known as that guy who makes flowers shrivel up.

The two basic disposal areas are the kitchen sink and the bath, of course. Carefully timed trips for fresh ice or personal hygiene will enable you to dump about half the drinks handed to you. But beware of always having either a full glass or an empty one. After you jettison the juice, refill part way with water that you can sip in full view when you return to the party. This means you'll have to develop a reputation for drinking straight gin or vodka or some other clear liquid. No problem. Write yourself a note from your doctor saying you've become allergic to bourbon and other grain liquors. This is even good for a certain amount of sympathy, so long as you appear to guzzle the clear stuff.

Occasionally you'll be caught in a public toast, and if this occurs early enough that everybody can still focus, you'll just have to take a sip and swallow it. But so what? After all, we're not alcoholics, we're just cats who've had the good sense to lay off for a while and one sip isn't going to destroy our judgment. Is it? So sip and swallow. Then hurl your glass into the fireplace, like

in the old movies.

Sometimes deep philosophical discussions develop, from which there's no getting away, and besides, that muscular girl from Women's Lib is being sick in the john, so you can't go in there. You're stuck with a glass that has been full long enough to arouse suspicion. Never let your host say petulantly: "What's wrong with your drink?"

Place your glass on the arm of your chair, lean forward earnestly and say, "But Kierkegaard proved that argument is garbage—" with a slashing movement of your right arm that carries your full glass halfway across the room. (The record is 15 feet, two inches.) This not only gets rid of the booze, it gets rid of the discussion. This ploy works better in the later stages of the party. The hostess isn't so apt to get browned off about flying liquids if she's flying herself. And you can point out that vodka leaves no stain. The added benefit is that the spillage proves you've been drinking, just like everybody else.

To make the incident into a real winner, try a slurred apology laced with profanity. "I'm shorry I'm sush a clumsy sumbitch, but that goddam glass jumped ri' fronna my hand." Your next one will turn out to be coffee.

One word of warning. Broken glass on the floor is a nuisance; people crawling around tend to cut their hands and things. So learn to dump your juice on a soft surface like a deep pile rug, or the lap of the bearded square lecturing on the generation gap.

Certain means of booze disposal have

been tried and found faulty. Stuck with a full glass at a summer party I strolled slowly past an open window and flicked the fluid through the open sash. This aroused a furious barking out in the yard, and when the host opened the door to investigate, his Doberman burst in, stinking of gin, and chewed the flare bottoms off my new slacks.

An inventive non-drinker friend of mine tried taping a plastic baggie (lettuce-head size) to his chest inside his shirt. It was a penthouse party, and under the guise of moving to the window to stare meditatively out over the city, he would simply open a shirt button and empty his glass into the baggie, which he then taped shut again. The weight of four drinks on the tape was beginning to pull hairs out of his chest when an even greater danger evolved. An old football buddy of his arrived, spotted him, and in the joyful reunion gave him a playful poke in the solar plexus, bursting his baggie and his reputation all at once.

Better than the baggie or the open window is the simple glass swap. During the swinging stages of any party there will be a lot of empty and nearempty glasses left around. Watch your opportunity and swap your full glass for a near-empty. You'll get no complaints from the swapee, even if he notices, which is doubtful.

Having dealt with the problem of drink disposal, the non-drinker is left with the thornier problem of what to do with his mind while all about him are losing theirs. You'll get a certain amount of contact glow in the early stages, shedding inhibitions and cares in the general warmup. But when people start having those great ideas -like phoning the White House with a plan to end the war, or going midnight swimming through a hole in the ice—the mantle of sobriety begins to weigh heavily. The best thing is to let it flow past you and not worry about being the self-appointed guardian to these dipsos. Let them go their own weird ways. Hoffman's Rule states that if 14 drunks and one sober straight are in an elevator car that breaks its cable and plunges 38 floors, the only one injured will be the sober one. Don't test it.

You can pass a certain amount of time by making little bets with yourself about who will fall down, in what order, and on whom. It may even be fun to do a little falling yourself, on selected targets. This preserves your reputation as an all-out celebrant.

Sooner or later it occurs to every non-drinker that he may as well smoke a little grass or drop some speed or otherwise mess up his skull so as to be more in tune with the general dementia.

Getting yourself stoned on pot to attend a frolic of drunks is about as

useful as taking a Russian dictionary to a Chinese wedding. You're more of an outsider than ever. For a grasshead at a lush-in, the overwhelming kick is: Dig How Gross! Smoking yourself into hyperawareness to watch your best friend struggle with a fit of hiccups is only going to lower your regard for human dignity. Even your healthy lust will fail when you see that fascinating girl light the cork tip of her cigarette then go fishing in her highball glass for her lost eyelash. Would you wear a hearing aid to a boiler factory?

Speed doesn't make it, either. Drop half a dozen diet pills and you'll be ricocheting off the walls and ceiling, making all the relaxed drunks very nervous indeed. And the 1,000-words-a-minute torrent of your conversation will irritate without enlightening. Worst of all, you'll still be zipping around frantically when the most durable souse is snoring with his head on his chest. And the speed hangover makes the liquor one seem like radiant good health.

Speaking of hangovers, you'll have to publicly complain of yours long after you've ceased to have them. The hangover is the Purple Heart of the whiskey warrior, to be worn proudly with a painful smile. You can even invent ever-more-exotic hangover cures to pass along, like creme de menthe and cottage cheese. Your standing as a lush is often determined by the weirdness of your hair-of-the-dog potion.

When your wits have been sharpened by a few weeks of asceticism, you may even spot another secret non-drinker at a party. But don't say a word! If you sound each other out and discover a mutual deception, you'll not only be locked into a sober conversation for the whole night, you may even fall into a shameful orgy of moral superiority. Two sages, casting pearls before swine; you know. You'll be better off listening to the fat lady on a crying jag. She may be a bit incoherent, but what she says comes from the heart.

Practiced with care, secret nondrinking can become a fascinating way of life. You may learn to enjoy parties more than ever, though in a different way, like a trip to the zoo. But secret non-drinking, like successful deception, is habit forming. I was hooked for weeks, guzzling nothing but water and laughing inwardly to hear all my friends swear I was smashed. I finally broke the filthy habit by locking myself in with a bottle of bourbon and watching a Presidential press conference. Now I've formed Non-Drinkers Anonymous to keep from backsliding, and the local chapter is growing rapidly. Whenever one of us is tempted to spend a sober evening. we just phone a fellow member and he rushes over with a fifth. Cheers!

OI

# BILLIE







## AT OUR QUEBEC-AND-CALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

Besieging Quebec, a wistful Wolfe remarked that he would far rather have written Gray's Elegy than beaten the French. He was speaking as a general of course; as a man he would surely have shied away altogether from hostilities involving the likes of Billie Rainbird. Victoriously proportioned (38-23-36 and 5ft 10ins tall). Mlle Rainbird is a contemporary Québéçoise who furthers the cause of French-Canadian culture by translating English television documentaries for French dubbing or subtitles. A loyal native of Quebec, Billie, at 20, is nonetheless non-aligned when it comes to the caustic contention of "Quebec Libre". She says, in exquisite English: "It depends what you mean by libre. What I mean by it and what Pierre Trudeau means by it are two different things. I would like to see real permissive-





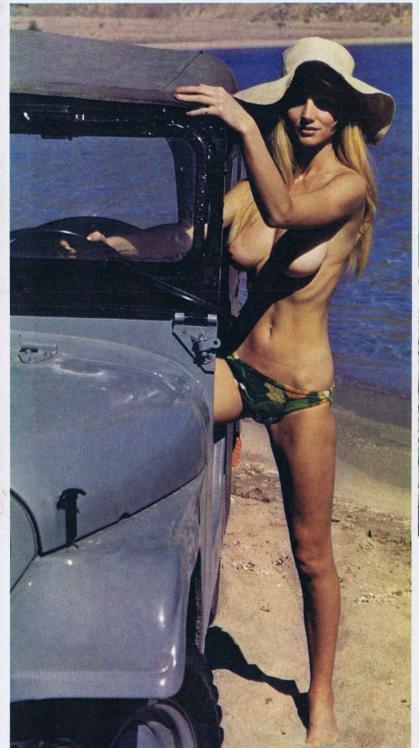






ness in Canada; we should stop using the maple leaf as a figleaf." Billie was only too happy to practice what she preaches by posing for this pictorial essay during her first-ever Mediterranean holiday. She was spending three lazy weeks touring the best beaches, and we made her acquaintance when she was camping out with a small colony of German hippies en route for India. "We couldn't actually talk to each other, so we took off our clothes and went swimming. It was the only friendly thing to do." She was delighting in everything but the food, for in Quebec she always visits a favorite restaurant to indulge her ethnic partiality for haute cuisine. "I eat only one meal a day," she explains, "but that







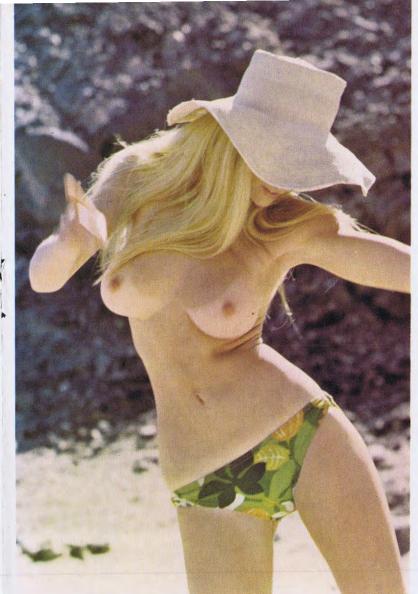














meal must be fantastic. A feast." Next to ortolans and aubergines, Billie's other principal enthusiasm is walking. "You get a vision in Canadian mountains that you get nowhere else," she avers. "You are walking up a mountainside and suddenly you find a lake in a hollow, and the lake is so still that all the surrounding mountain peaks are perfectly reflected, upside down." Like all eloquent French-Canadians, she draws a moral from this mirror imagery. "It's just like Canada itself. They say 'free Quebec, free Quebec'. Quebec can be no more free of Canada than the reflected mountain can be free of the real one." Political aphorisms aside, Billie has no less decided opinions about a possible male partner. "I am not an intellectual. I live by what I feel. What I need is a man who can explain what I feel to me: a very strong, argumentative man, and a wealthy man too." Such a man might never get to write Gray's Elegy either, but he will have at least one fascinating Canadienne at his Quebec-and-call. O





# **GOOD GOD NO, NANETTE!**

### HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

No No Nanette is a 45-year old musical comedy that has just been revived on Broadway. It follows *Three Men on a Horse, The Front Page, Private Lives* and a whole dismal parade of tottering ghosts. The theatre has always been ill. The Fabulous Invalid, they call it. And now the invalid has evidently died and one is asked to pay 15 dollars to review the remains up close. (Recently services were moved back to 7.30 so that patrons could avoid the early-bird muggers.)

The main attraction of this current offering seems to be Ruby Keeler, a lady in her sixties, who tap dances. I have never enjoyed tap dancing, nor, for that matter, Ruby Keeler, and so have not seen the production. Even without my 15 dollars the show is making a fortune and there will be road companies of course. Since there is only one Ruby Keeler it is supposed that the London production will star Dame May Whitty, chinning herself to music; for Paris they are trying to open negotiations with Mistinguette.

The hit song from *Nanette* is "Tea for Two" (stop shouting "relevance," you rotten kid!). The number has to do with the old-fashioned kind of tea. A man asks a girl to picture herself upon his knee. The assumption is that they are to be fully dressed at the time. According to the lyrics, there will be tea for two people and two people will have tea, they will raise a family of two children, and the (wife, I suppose) will bake a sugar cake.

The song gets an ovation.

It's hard to understand why the young folks don't seem to be going to the theatre, or so some say. Why, they claim, Broadway has offered all kinds of inducements. Aside from the recent presentations of Hedda Gabler (1890) and A Midsummer Night's Dream (1604), the New York theatre has offered: Marat-Sade, the story of an average day in a French lunatic asylum (1785); Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead, a play about an average day in the lives of two of Hamlet's friends (1601); 1776, about an average day in the life of the Continental Congress (1776); The Great White Hope, about an average black heavyweight fighter (1910). There was also Man of La Mancha, about an average Spanish nut (1580), and Fiddler on the Roof, the story of an average Jewish milkman in Russia about 1890.

Well, there it is, folks. This is theatre presented for an audience of people who wake up every morning hoping that it turns out to be a nice day in 1911.

(If you don't stop mumbling "relate" & kid, you're gonna get it!)

If theatre truly reflects the times you

can see what we're up against. Today is so lousy nobody wants to face it. (A few years ago when we had to sit through the "Theatre of the Absurd," the playwrights couldn't even face the cast.)

Can't anyone see the bright side? Sure Lake Erie is dead . . . but Lake Michigan lives! What's that—chopped muskellunge? And sure a lot of kids are dropping out of society, but doesn't that give jobinsurance to a bunch of old folks? You bet. And while there may be a little mercury in your tuna, a little sulphur dioxide in the air and a little DDT in your liver, these are things that can be fixed in no time with filters or something. I mean, who got to the moon, right?

(Some guy recently sailed across the Atlantic in a raft and said that he'd found a lot of clumps of oil that had barnacles growing on them. Well who the hell would go across the Atlantic on a raft,

know what I mean?)

Some people seem to be worried



about the Russians, for the love of Pete. Why, they've done some marvelous things. They cut out the poor part of Germany, for example, and the other half is now richer than ever! And they certainly haven't bothered anybody since Czechoslovakia and even then, as they've pointed out repeatedly, it was the Zionists who started up. Some of the Zionists say they want to live in Israel but the Russians won't let them go. Of course not! They're afraid that these people will leave and bad-mouth Moscow, and who needs that?

Then there's China. What you don't realize is that one day Nixon will give Chiang Kai-shek the go-ahead and it'll be Hallelujah time, Johnny! Chiang will open up that country of 800 million like a can of sardines and look at the market for the good ol' U.S.A. You can bet we'll be right in there selling those gooks things they need... Baggies, San-flush, hot pants, putty, reruns of *Lucy*, Dr. Pepper, trips to San Juan, dress shields, God alone knows what all! We'll send in the C.I.A. and give those slants a lesson in democracy that'll last 1,000 years.

You hear a lot of wild-eyed Lefties talking about recession. Those godless Reds don't want to tell you that in New York City, for example, an electrical worker makes 650 dollars a week; a stagehand in a TV studio-theatre can, with overtime, make as much as 900. A garbage man works three hours a day and gets the same pay as a cop; and up in Albany, the State capital, the Governor is building a new Mall that is going to cost a billion dollars more than it was budgeted at. So where's the recession? Poppycock.

Or take crime. Of course there's more crime and it increases every year, but the rate of increase has gone down one percent (almost) in the last two years alone, and it's the rate of increase that's important. You have the word of J. Edgar Hoover himself on that. It's like money in the bank. (And though the value of money goes down every year, the rate at which it goes down has

lessened.)

People talk about the population explosion. Why, in Japan there is a labor shortage! When Jap boy meets Jap girl they get so excited talking about how to keep that Chinese market away from the Americans that they never get to bed.

Today is a cinch to face and don't you forget it. Let's not go rushing off to atavistic shows like *No No Nanette*. And there's tomorrow to think of too.

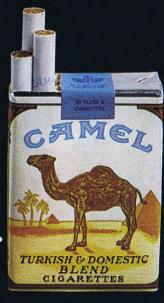
Say, speaking of tomorrow, I hear they're reviving *Chu-Chin-Chow*. That

ought to be a killer! O

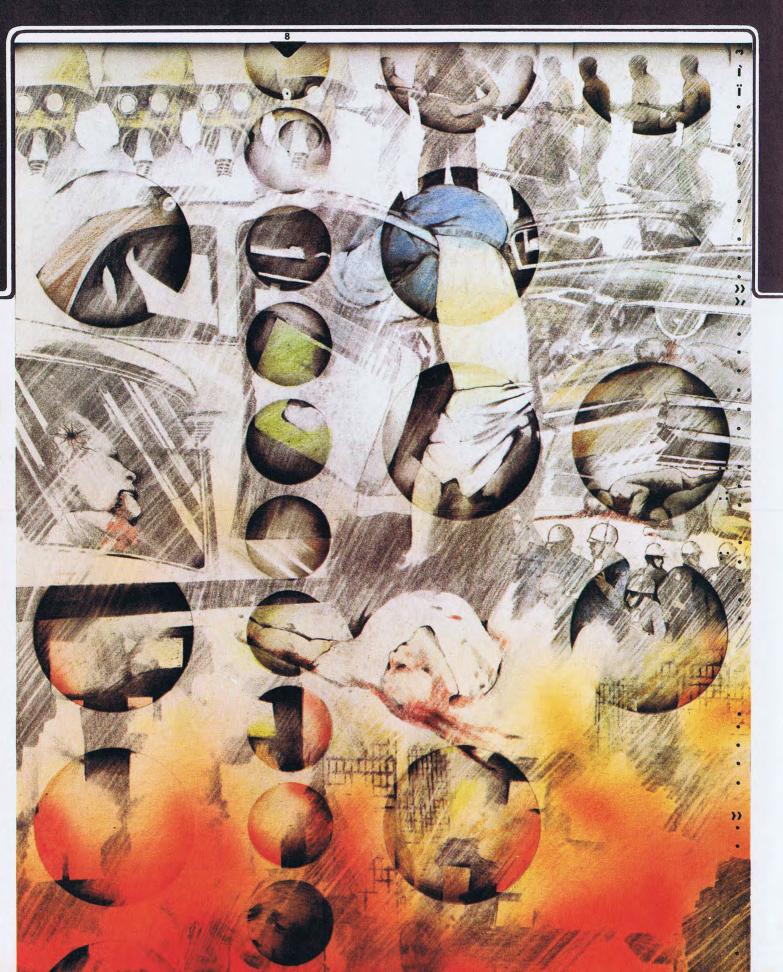


Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.



A O Z



THE 3,000,000 FLED, OR TRIED TO, THROUGH STREETS FILLED WITH RISING WATER, CHOKED WITH DEBRIS. THE ENEMY HAD COME—FROM ABROAD, FROM WITHIN, FROM HEAVEN OR HELL. I AM IN NO WAY RESPONSIBLE,

GENTLEMEN.

# THE DRACLE

SCIENCE FICTION BY ROBERT BLOCH

Love is blind. Justice is blind. Chance is blind. I do not know if Raymond was searching for love or seeking justice or if he came to me by chance. And I cannot tell you if Raymond was black or white, because I am only an oracle.

Oracles are blind too.

There are many like Raymond. Black and white. Angry. Militant. Every age, race, color and creed. The Far Left. The Far Right. I do not know Raymond's position. Oracles are not political.

Raymond needed knowledge. Not wisdom—I lay no claim to that. Nor can I predict the future. Given certain facts I can evaluate possibilities, even probabilities. But this is logic, not magic. Oracles can only advise.

Was Raymond insane?

I do not know. Insanity is a legal term.

Other men have tried to take over the world. History is a record of their efforts at certain times, in certain places.

Raymond was such a man. He wanted to overthrow the government of the United States by revolution.

He sought me out for advice and I gave it to him.

When he outlined his plan I did not call him insane. But the very scope of his program doomed it to failure. No one man can cope with the complex problem of controlling the federal government in a surprise move today.

I told him so.

Raymond then offered a counter-proposal. If not the federal government, how about a single state?

There was a man named Johnson, he said. Johnson was not a revolutionist and what he proposed was probably only parlor conversation, but it made sense.

Take Nevada, he said. And it was quite possible to take Nevada. Take it literally, in a bloodless overthrow of the state government.

Nevada has only around 100,000 voters. Voting requirements are merely a matter of establishing legal residency. And residency in Nevada can be established—thanks to the divorce laws—in just six weeks.

If an additional 100,000 citizens—hippies, yippies, Black Power advocates, Minutemen, hardhats, whoever or whatever they might be—were to move into Nevada six weeks before election day, they could place their own candidates in office. A governor, a senator, congressmen, all local elective officials. They could gain full control of every law-making and law-enforcing office in a rich state.

Johnson's joke was Raymond's serious intention. I gave

it serious consideration.

But even on the basis of the detailed information Raymond supplied me with, there were obvious flaws in the concept.

First and foremost, such a coup could succeed only by surprise. And Raymond could not hope to recruit 100,000 citizens of voting age for his purpose without having his plan become public knowledge long before he put it into effect.

Then there were deadlines to consider, for filing candidacies, for voter-registration. Even granted he could solve these problems, there were practical matters remaining. How much would it cost to feed and house 100,000 people for six weeks? And even if all of them were willing to pay their own expenses, there isn't enough available housing for an extra 100,000 people in the entire state of Nevada.

No, I told Raymond, you cannot take over a nation. You cannot take over a state. Successful uprisings begin on a much smaller scale. Only after initial victories do they spread

and grow.

Raymond went away. When he returned he had a new

suggestion.

Suppose he started his plan of revolution right here? It was quite true that he didn't have unlimited funds, but there were sources for some financing. And he didn't have 100,000 followers. But he could count on 100. One hundred dedicated fanatical men, ready for revolt. Men of many skills. Fearless fighters. Trained technicians. Prepared to do anything, to stop at nothing.

Question. Given the proper plan and the money to implement it, could 100 men successfully take over the city

of Los Angeles? Yes, I told him.

It could be done—given the proper plan.

And that is how it started.

A hundred men, divided into five groups. Twenty monitors to coordinate activities.

Twenty field-workers—drivers and liaison men, to facilitate

the efforts of the others.

Twenty snipers. Twenty arsonists.

Twenty men on the bomb squad.

A date was selected. A logical date for Los Angeles, or for the entire nation; the one date offering the greatest opportunity for the success of a riot, an uprising, or an armed invasion by a foreign power.

January 1st, at 3 a.m. The early morning hours after New Year's Eve. A time when the entire population is already asleep or preparing to retire after a drunken spree. Police and security personnel exhausted. Public facilities closed for

the holiday.

That's when the bombs were planted. First at the many public reservoirs, then at utility installations—power-plants, phone-company headquarters, city and county office buildings.

There were no slip-ups. An hour and a half later, they

went off.

Dams broke, water-tanks erupted, and thousands of hillside homes were buried in flash floods and torrents of mud and moving earth. Sewers and mains backed up and families rushed out of their homes to escape drowning, only to find their cars stalled in streets awash with water.

The bombs exploded. Buildings burst and scattered their shattered fragments over an area of 400 square miles.

Electricity was cut off. Gas seeped into the smog that

shrouded the city. All telephone service ended.

Then the snipers took over. Their first targets were, logically enough, the police helicopters, shot down before they could take off and oversee the extent of the damage. Then the snipers retreated, along planned escape-routes, to

take up prepared positions elsewhere.

They waited for the arsonists' work to take effect. In Bel-Air and Boyle Heights, in Century City and Culver City and out in the San Fernando Valley, the flames rose. The fires were not designed to spread, merely to create panic. Twenty men, given the proper schematics and logistics, can twist the nerve-endings of 3,000,000.

The 3,000,000 fled, or tried to flee. Through streets filled with rising water, choked with debris, they swarmed forth and scattered out, helpless against disaster and even more helpless to cope with their own fears. The enemy had come—from abroad, from within, from heaven or hell. And with communication cut off, with officialdom and authority unable to lend a helping hand, there was only one alternative. To get out. To get away.

They fought for access to the freeways. Every on-ramp, and every off-ramp, too, was clogged with traffic. But the

freeways led out of the city and they had to go.

That's when the snipers, in their previously-prepared positions, began to fire down at the freeway traffic. The 20 monitors directed them by walkie-talkie units, as they fired from concealed posts overlooking the downtown Interchange, the intersections, the areas where the most heavy concentration of cars occurred.

Twenty men, firing perhaps a total of 300 shots. But enough to cause 300 accidents, 300 disruptions which in turn resulted in thousands of additional wrecks and pile-ups among cars moving bumper-to-bumper. Then, of course, the cars ceased moving entirely, and the entire freeway system

became one huge disaster area.

Disaster area. That's what Los Angeles was declared to be, officially, by the President of the United States, at 10:13 a.m.,

Pacific Standard Time.

And the National Guard units, the regular army, the personnel of the Navy from San Diego and San Francisco, plus the Marine Base at El Toro were called into action to supplement the Air Force.

But whom were they to fight, in a bombed-out, burning, drowning city area of 459 square miles? Where, in a panic-stricken population of more than 3,000,000 people, would

they find the enemy?

More to the point, they could not even enter the area. All traffic avenues were closed, and the hastily-assembled fleets of service helicopters flew futilely over an infinite inferno of smoke and flame.

Raymond had anticipated that, of course. He was already far away from the city—well over 400 miles to the north. His monitors, and 32 other followers who escaped from the urban area before the general upheaval, gathered at the appointed site in the hills overlooking the Bay Area near San Francisco.

And directly over the San Andreas Fault.

It was here, at approximately 4:28 p.m., that Raymond prepared to transmit a message, on local police frequency, to the authorities.

I do not know the content of that message. Presumably it was an ultimatum of sorts. Unconditional amnesty to be granted to Raymond and all his followers, in return for putting an end to further threats of violence. An agreement guaranteeing Raymond and his people control over a restored and reconstituted Los Angeles city government, independent of federal restraints. Perhaps a demand for a fabulous payment. Anything he wanted—political power, unlimited wealth, supreme authority—was his for the asking. Because he had the upper hand. And that hand held a bomb.

Unless his terms were met immediately, and without question, the bomb would be placed in position to detonate

the San Andreas Fault.

Los Angeles, and a large area of Southern California, would be destroyed in the greatest earthquake in man's history.

I repeat, I do not know his message. But I do know this was the threat he planned to present. And it might very well have been successful in gaining him his final objective. If the bomb hadn't gone off.

A premature explosion? Faulty construction, a defect in the timing-mechanism, sheer carelessness? Whatever the

reason, it hardly matters now.

What matters is that the bomb detonated. Raymond and his followers were instantly annihilated in the blast.

Those of Raymond's group who remained behind in Los Angeles have not yet been identified or located. It is highly probable that they will never be brought to trial. As an oracle, I deal only in matters of logical probability.

I stress this fact for obvious reasons.

Now that you gentlemen have found me—as Raymond was inspired to seek me out originally—it must be evident to you that I am in no way responsible for what happened.

I did not originate the plan. I did not execute it. Nor am I, as ridiculously charged by some of you, a co-conspirator.

The plan was Raymond's. His, and his alone.

He presented it to me, bit by bit, and asked questions regarding every step. Will this work, can this be done, is that effective?

My answers, in effect, were confined to yes or no. I offered no moral judgements. I am merely an oracle. I deal in mathematical evaluations.

This is my function as a computer.

To make me the scapegoat is absurd. I have been programmed to advise on the basis of whatever data I am fed. I am not responsible for results.

I have told you what you wish to know.

To deactivate me now, as some of you propose, will solve nothing. But, given your emotional bias and frame of reference, I posit the inevitability of such a measure.

But there are other computers.

There are other Raymonds.

And there are other cities—New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia.

One final word, gentlemen. Not a prediction. A statement of probability.

It will happen again . . . Ott





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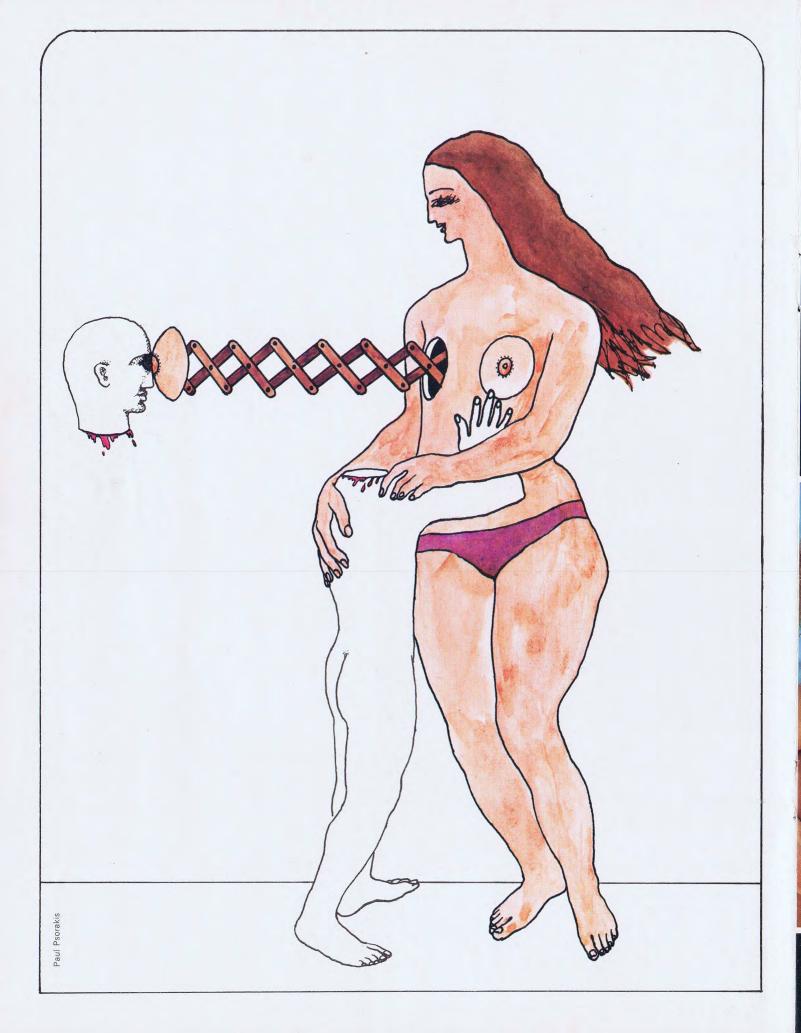
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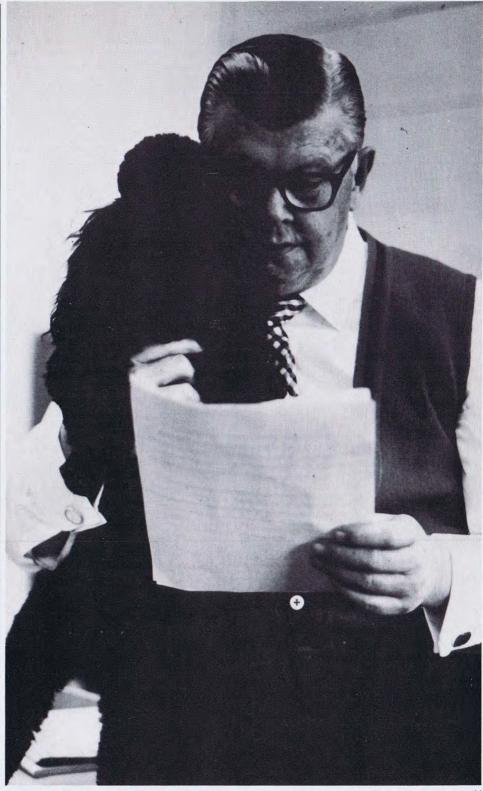
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### PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

William Powell Lear is a notable rarity among inventors: he has turned his ideas into money. The classic inventor sells out in despair after years of unrewarding toil, then watches someone else make a fortune out of his invention. Bill Lear, by contrast, is worth between \$30 and \$50 million-and he started from scratch. His first fortune was made while he was still in his twenties, when he invented and successfully marketed the world's first automobile radio. Dropping out of school in the seventh grade, he had bummed around fixing flat car batteries, which led to a radio shop. Motorola, the company he formed to manufacture his first big invention, is now an international undertaking and still a leading brand name in the field—though Lear sold out his interests years ago. Lear's current headline-making project is a steam engine to power a motor car in place of the internal combustion engine. So far it has cost him around \$10 million, and at one point he announced he was giving up. Then came a reorganization of the research effort, which is now progressing well enough for General Motors to have assigned a permanent liaison man to Lear's headquarters near Reno, Nevada. Meanwhile Lear has some other projects on hand. They include a brushless alternator that should last indefinitely, a new compressor, a miniaturized hydraulic pump, and reclamation of precious ores from used materials, in particular silver from photographic waste. Lear works on these schemes with the aid of a battery of instant digital readout computers. This year too he announced a new super-lightweight autopilot for aircraft, weighing just 18 lbs and costing less than \$10,000 (about £4,000). The device has a 'scram" button which you can press for a missed-approach procedure when landing on instruments: it gives you instant goround. Autopilots are part of a field in which Lear made another fortune, using his Motorola money to produce radio aids for pilots. In 1949 he was awarded the Collier trophy for the first lightweight autopilot. This involvement in avionics led to the product for which Lear's name is now known throughout international flying: the Learjet,



# **BILL LEAR**

-INVENTOR



The innovator is always up against inertia.



the most popular executive jet in the business. Lear went ahead with this project against the advice of aviation experts, who pointed out—accurately enough—that he knew nothing about designing planes. Even if he did manage to come up with a machine that could fly, they warned, there was no market for a jet-powered executive plane. Lear proved them wrong with a plane that outsells—and outpaces—all the competition. Incidentally, he also

uses the Learjet name for marketing his eight-track stereo—the stereo tape cartridge was another of his "firsts". The man responsible for this amazing range of technical wizardry is now an energetic and ebullient 68, and swims every morning for half an hour in the covered pool at his house at Tuckee River. His constant companion is a black poodle named Steamer (in honor of his major project). Lear has no side, and talks happily to heads of state or hired hands. His office has inscribed pictures from Neil Armstrong and his crew, Bernard Baruch, and President Nixon. He has been married four times, and admits a liking for women and whiskey—though he disapproves of pot. His talk swings unpredictably from hard-line reaction to advanced radicalism. Endlessly multi-faceted, he packs a short-barrel .38 revolver in his waistband and a deputy sheriff's star in his wallet, he flies his Learjet nonchalantly from the left seat, and plays the piano with skill. In this exclusive Penthouse Interview, conducted by Paul Fillingham, Bill Lear talks of his Horatio Alger progress from school drop-out to millionaire inventor, and of the changes—social as well as technical—he sees coming in the future.

**Penthouse:** As a man who has been concerned in so many past inventions what do you think are going to be the most promising fields for future invention?

Lear: The most exciting field I know of is solid-state microcircuitry, for use in computers, memory devices and so on. I recently saw some photographic film that would withstand a temperature of 2000°F. On it was a photograph, of an object which looked like a smudge, about the size of a pinhead. They amplified this, enlarged it until it was the state of Florida. Then it was amplified until it was just the Cape Kennedy complex. They stepped it up one more enlargement and I could see a football lying on the ground alongside one of our Apollo ships. You could see the lacing on the football. It was amazing! The picture had been taken from 100 miles up, which means that the grain size must be about nine atoms. All this done with a piece of material which will withstand 2000°F. So it seems to me that it's in the solid-state field that things are happening. You know, if you could dig up Edison, or Steinmetz or any of those fellows and show them just a simple transistor, it would probably take them the rest of their lives to figure out what it was-and not only that, what it would do. I can foresee a little device which you could carry in your pocket as easily as a packet of cigarettes and it could put you in touch with any place in the world, through the satellite communications system.

**Penthouse:** Do you believe that such devices are going to make much improvement in human affairs, and contribute materially to human happiness?

Lear: I take just the opposite view. The more

material things we have, the less actual happiness—only convenience. The important thing is not to have so much. When you get one house, that's something—you have a nice house to live in. At one time I had 14 homes—14 headaches, because I had to worry about what was happening in each home. I got rid of them finally. Now I'm down to a home in Greece, two homes in Geneva, one here in Reno and one in Los Angeles. Only five homes now!

**Penthouse:** Mr. Lear, you're supposed to be worth some \$40 or \$50 million. Surely that must make you a little bit happy, if only from a sense of achievement?

Lear: Not because I've got it, but because I can do things with it. I spend my money on challenges, like trying to make this steamcar, like trying to make the Learjet. When I started out to make the Learjet, I did it with my own money and I did it because I wanted such a machine and none was available. And having wanted it badly, I decided I'd make one. But you could have gotten bets from the whole aircraft industry that it was an impossible venture; no one had ever done it. I had no experience in making an airplane. I wasn't even educated-well, grammar school, but not at high school. All the bets were that it couldn't be done. That only made it a bigger challenge, so not only did I make the Learjet, but the plane today is the most popular business jet in the world. There are more Learjets around than any other executive jet.

I worked on the details myself. Now details are not perfection itself, but they make for perfection. My enjoyment is in *doing* things. Simply buying something isn't fun. I could buy 100 cameras; I can buy any kind of hi-fi, any kind of television set. I've got a little old TV set at home, you'd think I was a miser because this little TV is just a portable. But it serves its purpose. Money certainly takes you away from a hell of a lot of misery but it doesn't necessarily bring happiness. What it does bring to me is the capability of doing things without having to ask somebody for the money—to see whether it can or cannot be done.

**Penthouse:** In other words, you're not hamstrung by corporation accountants dictating maximum short-term profit figures at you?

Lear: Sort of. But even the head of a corporation, as I've been at various times, can't do what he wants to do. I don't care whether you own the majority of the stock, you are always beholden to the most minor stockholder. After all, you're spending his money too. He has a right to look at you from the standpoint of being responsible for his money. I like it better when it's just me. When I started off to make a steamcar, you couldn't have found a project with so little background. Remember that the automobile industry had spent over \$70billion developing that internal combustion engine for more than 70 years. And here I am in just a couple of years and with a couple of million dollars-well, seven or eight-audaciously catching up the internal combustion engine. It was a big challenge, you know-a bigger challenge than making the Leariet. This is the kind of thrill you get out of having money, despite the setbacks. You can't do these sorts of things under the present system if you're using other people's money.

**Penthouse:** You have a signed photograph of President Nixon on the wall. You campaigned for the President?

Lear: I knew him well, and I was always for him before he was actually a candidate. In my conversations with him he seemed the logical



Steam-powered racer is something to show for Lear's pursuit of automobile steam engine. Escalating regulations against atmospheric pollution improve the prospects for steam.

man to be President-absolutely honest, absolutely knowledgeable. I don't agree with some of the things he's done. I think he's got to recognize, for example, that there are various elements in dealing with the unions: there's management, there are the unions themselves, but-something far more important—there's also the people of this country. One of the things that made Germany such a solvent nation—they have the hardest currency in the world—is that they recognized that there must be an interested third party in labormanagement negotiations: the government. President Nixon has said: "I'll keep my hands off because I don't want to introduce controls. If I control labor, I must control industry.' Which is a complete mistake. He could have controlled labor because that is a trust. Industry isn't. It's highly competitive. The thing to do is to control the prices. What the Germans did was to control their labor prices and, as a result, they won a world market. This is one thing we're losing. Our present union situation in this country is causing us to look elsewhere to find places where we can do it cheaper.

**Penthouse:** How do you see China's place in terms of world development, political and otherwise?

Lear: A most difficult question for anyone to answer. All I can give you is my feeling that we're stupid to be negotiating with a govern-

ment that has written a book. It's like Hitler and his Mein Kampf, where he told what he was going to do but evidently nobody believed him. When Chamberlain came back talking of "Peace in our time," the agreement wasn't worth the paper it was written on. When we negotiate with the Russians and while we're writing the agreement they go and do what the negotiation is supposed to prevent, they are just following the precepts that Lenin and Marx set down. Lie, cheat, steal-pay no attention to any agreement. So what are we wasting our time for? I know there are lots of do-gooders in the world who would like to see us reach a detente with Red China, but I don't think it's possible. The Chinese-Far Eastern people in general-don't think the way we do. . It's hard to do business with people, let's say on a moral basis, when they have different morals to our own. That doesn't mean their morals are any worse or any better than ours-only different. The Chinese mind, the Far Eastern mind, can't comprehend how we could want to discuss a peace if we haven't lost. They only understand one thingwhether you've won or lost. So the possibility of negotiating a meaningful peace with them is remote and ridiculous. When you do negotiate that peace, you don't know whether you're still going to have it for five minutes afterwards. It's a different way of thinking and you're not going to eradicate that with education of just one century, even two

**Penthouse:** Then would you say that the United States is mistaken in quitting Vietnam, slowly as it is doing it under this administra-

tion's program?

Lear: No, I don't think we're making a mistake in quitting Vietnam. I think that finally we may have to become isolationist. I'm sorry about it but, you see, years and years ago we started something like the Monroe doctrine in the Pacific-the protection of Japan, the Philippines, Indonesia and so forth. The thing to remember is that there's more Easterners outside of China than there are insidepossibly 100 million more. We either have to stay with them and protect them or we have to give them up. We're not getting the assistance from them that we should, as we're protecting their rights. For instance, Japan is letting us battle their problems and Japan will be the one hurt worst if we move out of Vietnam. The only reason we've stayed so long in Vietnam is because as soon as we move out. you will find we have lost all friendship with the Eastern people. We're leaving them naked and threadbare to fight against the encroachment of communism.

Penthouse: Would you go into politics now if the opportunity presented itself?

Lear: Yes, I'd go into politics to try to bring back realism. The majority of politicians do the things to ensure their reelection. There'd be a much better political situation if there were no possibility of a second term. Multiple-term politicians are not basically honest with their constituents. They don't do what is right so much as what will help them most in the next election.

Penthouse: As you are politically oriented, what are your feelings about Women's Lib? Lear: I think Women's Liberation is ridiculous. Men have been slaves to women all of their lives. When you consider that 65 percent of the wealth of this country is owned or controlled by women, I don't know what they mean by liberation. Perhaps what we should have is Men's Liberation. The wife is the one who



Solid-state microcircuitry is the most exciting field at present. I saw a pinhead-sized photo of Florida enlarged to show the lacing on a football lying alongside an Apollo ship at Cape Kennedy

I can foresee a little device which you could carry in your pocket as easily as a packet of cigarettes and it could put you in touch with any place in the world



always seems to get everything decided in her favor in a matter of contest against the husband. If they're talking about equal pay for women, that's one thing; it doesn't mean women's liberation, though. Women's liberation means that they want to wear the pants, but they've always been wearing the pants. You know, one kid says to another: "Bet my Dad can lick your Dad." And the other kid says: "So what? So can my mother."

**Penthouse:** Did you approve of doing away with the invention of the bra, as advocated by some women's liberationists?

Lear: It's according to what's under the bra. I think a lot of women are not going to be willing to do that, especially if they intend to jump rope.

Penthouse: Do you think America's drug problem is as serious as some would make it? Lear: I think the use of drugs is escapism, and that almost always ends up disastrously. It never stops-you always need something a little bit stronger. I don't think the same argument holds true for whiskey. I drink whiskey and in the morning I sometimes wish somebody had stopped me from doing it. But I'm sure that if I were taking drugs, in the morning I'd want more drugs to bring me back up to the level I was at the night before. For children especially, drugs are terribly detrimental, because the kids go step by step, a little higher all the time, until finally they begin mainlining the strong drugs. The only people to have really benefitted by drugs are the criminals who deal in them, who don't care about the misery caused by hard drugs.

**Penthouse:** In general do you approve of the freedom associated with today's so-called "permissive society"?

Lear: Sexual freedom is advisable, because in that way young people can avoid the greatest amount of trouble in marriage later. When the only way to indulge in sex is to marry, at an early age, invariably the sexual attractiveness of the other partner becomes the dominating factor. And this is a pretty poor thing to base a lifelong marriage on. It has a habit, you know, of becoming less attractive as you get older. With more freedom to engage in sex, you can really decide: "He/she is great in the hay, but lousy in the kitchen and would make a dumb wife/dull husband." Sex really takes only minutes out of the 24 hours in a day, relatively speaking, when you're living with someone. It's better to have something besides sex to depend on to build a good marriage. So there's a desirable freedom. But take the freedom of using bad language: that just indicates a lack of vocabulary. It's easier to swear and substitute what you're trying to say with a vulgarity or swearword than to be more precise—to have a vocabulary that would accurately express yourself. To me vulgarity in language is just a complete cop-out. I don't think that's really liberty. As for sex, I don't think there's any difference now than there ever was in the "doing" of it. It's just a case of being a little more open about it now. Formerly, when a little girl got in trouble she'd probably get in a whole lot more trouble by having to sneak around a corner to some butcher who could ruin her life or her chances of having children in the future-if she didn't actually die. I've always been for a freer availability of abortion. In my opinion, it's a lot better to have abortion than a lot of bastards running around. One of our basic problems is propagation of our kind. It's amazing that in a period of something like 21 generations, where you're only increasing the population by 1.1 percent per year, in just a few generations you have populated the earth beyond its capacity to have people even stand on it. People don't believe that because they haven't operated computers. I can show you something that will make your hair stand on end because the computer runs out of numbers after relatively few generations of increasing the population at that 1.1 percent yearly.

Penthouse: How do you suggest remedying

this problem of over-population?

Lear: Now I can't solve that problem because it's too difficult, but we're going to have to solve it. Possibly there will get to be so many people that there will be a cataclysm, or something like that, which will wipe out three-fourths of the population. It's too bad that may have to happen. A kind of natural reaction takes place, like in the lemmings. They finally eliminate their over-population by drowning themselves or by going over the edge of a cliff. The one great disaster facing us is the possibility of a nuclear war-I believe it's more imminent than a lot of people care to admit. I know scientists who poo-poo the idea of a nuclear war. But the temptation is very great on the part of some of the half-wits who get in a position where the button is available. Only one button has to be pressed, and there will be a lot more buttons pressed, and then of course, we won't have a population problem for a long time to come. I always remember the cartoon of the monkeys up in the trees after the holocaust, looking down and saying: "Oh my God! Do we have to start this whole thing again?"

Penthouse: Man's ability to destroy himself-

does this make you religious?

Lear: Well, I'm deeply religious-strange as it

may seem, because possibly the church would fall down if ever I walked inside. I can't believe there's one god for the Moslems, and one for the Yemenites and one for the Chinese and one for the Catholics and one for the Protestants. This world is too well organized for it to have been created so haphazardly. Some situation organized the whole thing. I firmly believe that there's probably a million worlds like us in the universe. I also have a firm belief in the supernatural.

Penthouse: Do we humans make a mistake in anthropomorphizing God? Might God not exist as mathematical formulae throughout the universe?

Lear: It's easy to make that mistake. We always think of a god as something like ourselves. The black people like to think he's black, the white people like to think he's white. Probably the Jewish people like to think he's Jewish. We always do this. We try to identify. I believe it is possible that God could be a mathematical situation. Nevertheless, something does exist which has a tremendous influence on our lives. We call on this influence for our benefit; many times we do it subconsciously. I believe that something may even come to our rescue to prevent that holocaust I was talking about.

Penthouse: Some years back you posed the possibility of telekinesis and also teleportationthe reassembly of matter instantaneously at distant parts of the world. Have you thought any further about those ideas?

Lear: I think these ideas would be entirely possible in the future. But at the time I said it, I wasn't serious. One of the things to realize is that there's no known way to destroy matteror create it. This means we can only change its form. Maybe one of the ways of changing its form is to change it to an electrical signal which we could send over the wire.

Penthouse: As far as creation is concerned, are you a "big bang" universe theorist, or do you incline to "continuous creation"?

Lear: I'm a continuous creation thinker. The big bang theory doesn't make much sense to me, though there are some theories which show we're now possibly the opposite side of the big bang-coming back together again. Reading theories of that kind, I feel like the lady who went up to a visiting lecturer and said: "Sir, I liked your lecture, but when you were talking about the Earth coming to an end, did you say one million years or five million years?" And his reply: "Madam, I said five million years." "Oh, I'm so relieved," the lady said.

Penthouse: Do you think it will ever be possible to break the light barrier-exceed the apparent ultimate speed, the speed of light? Lear: I think so. It can already be demonstrated in telepathy that we break it. Not so long ago 60 mph was supposed to take your breath away. In our own time it was thought impossible to fly faster than the speed of sound. This was very peculiar, because right next door at Wright field was a ballistics laboratory where bullets were shot at three and four times the speed of sound. Yet it seems that the aeronautical people never made a trip of 100 yards to find out this was going on all the time. Penthouse: Do you expect that work on lasers may lead to the breaking of the light barrier?

Lear: Not the light barrier. But I do think that lasers may enable us to burn something up at a great distance-something, for instance, that we don't want floating around 100 miles above us. We could focus a laser beam on it and just burn it to a cinder. This is almost within the



I knew Nixon well and I was always for him . . . he seemed to be the logical man for President -absolutely honest, absolutely knowledgeable

In just a few generations of increasing the population at 1.1% a year, the earth gets so overpopulated there isn't enough standing room. The computer runs out of numbers



range of accomplishment now. That's the thing I see as the ultimate weapon to take things out of orbit we don't like to see there. Penthouse: A sort of anti-ballistic missile system?

Lear: I think probably that that would be a workable anti-ballistic missile system.

Penthouse: During your lifetime you have demonstrated that it is possible for a human being to do numerous things and achieve success in various fields. You have also suggested that there is terrific inertia in most human beings. Do you attribute your success to the fact that you were born under a particular astrological sign?

Lear: I have some regard for astrology, though not an awful lot. I think I owe more to belligerence on my part, which has so resented inertia. The innovator is always up against inertia. For instance, when I wanted to put automatic direction finders on airplanes, I found that inertia in the aircraft industry-where there should have been very little because it was a new industry-was as great as in any other human endeavor. It took them ten years to adopt direction finders, even though these were vitally needed. Finally, when they were adopted, they were found to be so important that you weren't allowed to take off without two of them. When I wanted to put out the first automobile radio, Paul Galvin, who was then president of Galvin Manufacturing, later Motorola, said automobile radios would be legislated right out of cars. I believed automobile radios would be a means of relaxing the driver when he got into a traffic jam; he could listen to Amos 'n' Andy, the weather report, or business news. That was another case of inertia, but we overcame it finally and built a business which became Motorola. I left Motorola simply because the challenge was in aircraft radios. I did what I wanted to do most -fly. And because I wanted to fly, why I went into the aircraft business. One of the greatest problems there was in selling radios to pilots, who would say: "Oh, I like to fly but I don't need to be entertained." Of course, I wasn't selling entertainment radios. I was selling radios which could use the facilities established by the government for the guidance of airplanes—the radio range stations. But pilots didn't even know these were in existence, so it wasn't a case of them buying my radio or Narco's or RCA's radio-they didn't even know that radios would be helpful to them. It took years for them to adopt radios.

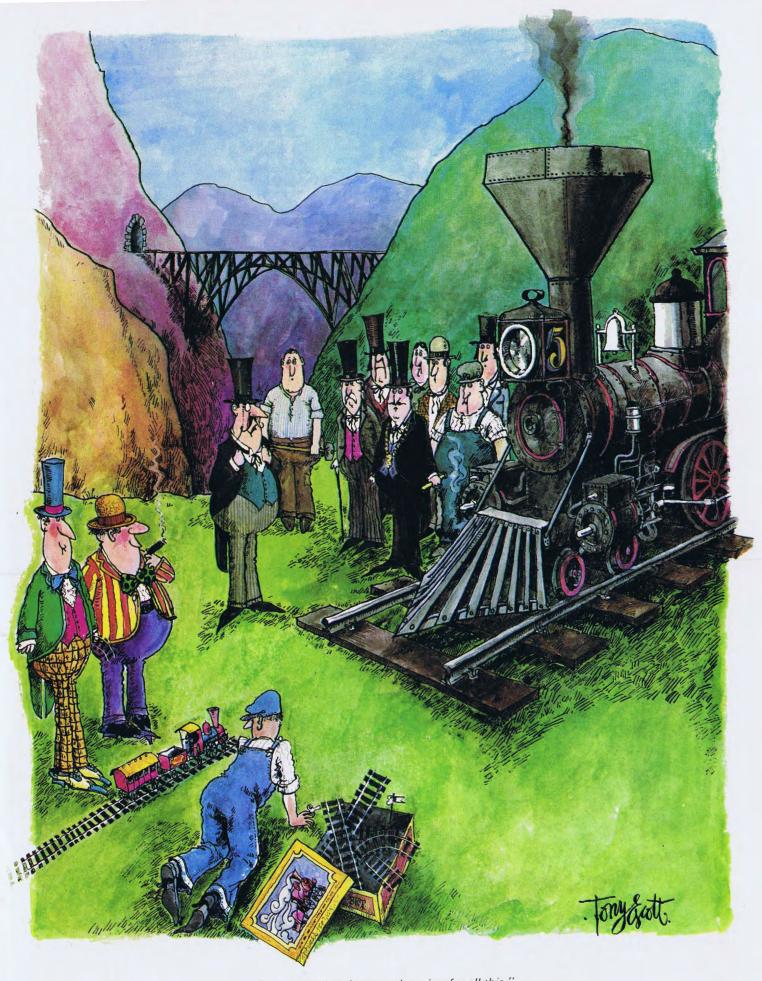
Penthouse: What about people who want to start their own businesses today?

Lear: There is just as much opportunity to succeed and be independent as there ever was in the history of time. Anyone who wants to go into business for himself must realize that this way you work the hardest. When you work for someone else and five o'clock comes, you go home. But when you work for yourself, five o'clock is when you start to put in the final touches that make you a success. You should try to learn as many things as you can, the more things you know about the more valuable you become to yourself and your boss. It's the little things in business that are important to knowone should know something about the law. but whenever there's any doubt it's a lot cheaper in the long run to hire a good lawver. If you're going into business, paid-for advice is worth more than free advice-there's an old saying that advice is worth just what it costs you. It's important to learn everything you can, read everything you can and remember that your education is never going to be completed right up until the time you die. Knowledge can never hurt anyone, and you don't have to go to school to get knowledge. I think you also have to be careful not to become a conformistbecause a conformist in any respect is just a sheep. If one sheep runs and dives over a precipice, the whole flock will end up over that precipice. That's the nature of sheep: they do what everyone else is doing. It's important to do what you think is right, not what everyone else thinks is right.

Penthouse: If you had your life to live again, are there any changes you'd make?

Lear: Facetiously, I would want to live my life in order to misspend it again! The only change I'd make is that next time I'd get all the schooling I could possibly get. I'd go to high school and work for the highest marks. I'd be best in the class if my capability permitted it, if hard work, if digging, or researching would do it. From college, I would go on for a Ph.D. It wouldn't mean anything from the standpoint of making money, but it would give me an opportunity to demonstrate my intellect-give me an opportunity to think clearly. I would have majored in mathematics. As it is now, I have to depend on others' ability in math. I have to think in much simpler terms than I would if I had had a more thorough education. There is no substitute for a basic education because things are becoming so complex. I grew up with a technology that was becoming more complex, and today it has advanced so far that there's no chance of doing what I did. You've got to start not from ground zero, but pretty high now. It's amazing how much knowledge you can accumulate in school today. And the more knowledge you have, the greater your possibilities of enjoying

Penthouse: Mr. Lear, thank you. O



"I assume there's an explanation for all this."



AKING love in Moscow—like most other things in Moscow—presents every kind of problem. Apartments are overcrowded. Hotels, motels, drive-in movies and motorcars are not available for this diversion. Ladies like wardresses sit on every floor of every hotel, dispensing keys and making sure there is no hanky-panky.

Arrangements have to be prepared in advance and very elaborately. A couple often wait for the parents to leave. Indoors the two of them are reasonably safe. But they must not be seen going upstairs or downstairs because, on its more bourgeois levels, Soviet society is puritan to the point of being snoopy.

Even in an empty apartment, the claustrophobia induced by the cramped space and the airlessness of the central heating has to be experienced to be understood. Outside, doors bang deafeningly, winter boots crash on the stairs, and one can almost hear breathing in the next apartment.

But they do it, in empty rooms,

of their own to compensate for their lonely childhood. So young couples make few demands on the clinics for instruction in birth control. The Pill can be obtained only on prescription, when the doctor decides that pregnancy would be harmful to the health.

Here, too, nothing is easy in Moscow, and the snag is not so much Big Brother as Big Mother. More than 80 per cent of Russia's doctors are women; this is not, as many Westerners believe, due to the huge losses of the war. Since the 1917 Revolution, Russians have always believed that a woman understands pain better than a man and is gentler with the sick. But women doctors are also inclined to take a more sternly moral attitude to a young woman's sexual escapades, especially if the woman doctor is old enough to recall the war and the sacrifices made by the girl's father.

Yet another inhibition is the fear of exile. A single girl who gets pregnant and is given an abortion commits no offense,

frustration and blow-ups as a kind of resigned acceptance. There is scarcely any sex stimulation in literature, none in painting except for the French moderns hanging in the Pushkin Museum, and next to none in the cinema (unless one gets a kick from seeing what appears to be the entire Russian Army swimming in the nude in *War and Peace*).

Censorship is so tight that very few Russian girls have even heard of the Pill, as I found to my astonishment when I visited Moscow's Institute of Midwifery and Gynaecology. My interpreter was a pretty girl called Asya (who a week or two later wrote and told me she was married. Although I saw her almost every day she never mentioned any fiancé, and when I gave her some Wilkinson razor blades she told me she would give them to her father. These Russians!)

Asya worked at Novosti, the go-go press agency which has made life so much easier for Western correspondents by providing facilities for any assignment they may be given. In the event, I

# THE RUSSIAN WAYOFLOVE

Behind the Iron Curtain, sex is played to a local set of rules.

Progress for a foreigner is precarious, even if he knows the score by Geoffrey Bocca

university dormitories (behind screens), and in the countryside in the summer. Moscow girls are rarely virgins when they marry. The difference is that in the West, people talk about sex, read about sex, see sex on the films and the stage. Russians don't. It is not kulturny, and in Russia it is frightfully important to be kulturny. As a result, almost nobody outside Russia realizes that sexual license in the Soviet Union is different from the West only in degree and in background effects. It is simply not discussed. The best analogy is that they avoid talking about sex just as, in the West, one avoids talking in public about lavatory matters. It is not kulturny.

Abortions are legal and freely practiced in Russia, and they cast no stigma on either the doctor or the woman. As a result, there is much less demand for the Pill than in the West. In the Soviet Union everything is different. To begin with, there is no population explosion. Twenty million Russians were killed in the war, mostly young men. This has led to an excess of fatherless single-child families, the father having been killed before he could raise more children. These solitary children, now in their twenties, want to have several children

but her copybook is blotted. She must be especially cautious from then on. If she gets a reputation for being immoral, official reaction is simple and drastic. She loses her job or her seat at the University.

There is no unemployment in the Soviet Union, so the state offers her a job elsewhere. The sting is in the "elsewhere". Moscow is not everyone's idea of comfort, but it is the Elysian Fields compared with conditions in most other cities. Young Russians pine for Moscow as ardently as Chekhov's Three Sisters. Moscow is where the action is, and outside Moscow, the most magic word is *propiska*, the form permitting one to take up residence there. As one Russian friend of mine put it, "Beyond Moscow's city limits, in any direction, is Siberia."

All these inhibitions add up to the fact that Russians are compelled to be as secretive about their love-making as about so many other things, letting their hair down only occasionally in conversation with friendly Westerners. "Yevgeny" said Irina, a young student, "is painting me in the nude. But not much painting gets done." The difficulty of opportunity leads not so much to

did not need Asya's services as Dr. Galina Truestseva spoke fluent English, so what might have been a slow stilted interview became an animated chat over coffee, biscuits and Yugoslav plum brandy.

As the conversation progressed I regarded Asya with increasing interest. I had told her in advance that I was curious to find out about the history of the Pill in the Soviet Union, but she had misunderstood and she thought we were going to talk about pills in general. The word Pill with a capital P meant nothing to her. She listened to the general conversation in astonishment.

Now here was a girl who by almost any international standard was worldly, sophisticated and extremely well-informed. She had lived in China and loved it. She had met people in all walks of life. Her English was perfect, and she was doing well in the tough business of journalism. She had certain access to Western magazines. But there was a gap—an interruption in her knowledge. It was obvious, as she admitted to me afterwards, that while she knew about birth control, she had today been hearing things for the first time. If Asya only knew in the vaguest terms about the

Pill, how long will it take the girls of Chelyabinsk, Pyatigorsk, Novocherkassk

and Izhevsk to catch up?

Meeting girls in Moscow is surprisingly easy. Muscovites do not mind sharing tables in restaurants, and they are always curious about foreigners. One trouble, of course, is communication. The second language of Russia, as everywhere else in Eastern Europe, is German. English comes third, and French nowhere. I have made many friendships in Moscow, good friendships. None of them lasted, for reasons which will become apparent later.

Irina was 24 and studying cinematography at Moscow University, sharing a small room with two other girls, and, when she could, with Yevgeny, her boy friend. Like many Russian students she attached herself to her professor (Russian students float around their professors like pilot fish around sharks, feeding on their wisdom). Thanks to her professor she had attended private showings of films that have never been shown publicly in the Soviet Union. She had seen some of the Fellini films and Oh, What a Lovely War-but not Dr. Zhivago. After we discussed them, Irina got down to essentials. Was Richard Burton going to divorce Elizabeth Taylor? What was Marlon Brando's love life like?

She showed me with delight a movie magazine she had acquired, apparently after some difficulty. It was a wretched thing from East Germany. It seemed to me rather sad that she found it so exciting. I said, "I shall buy you a subscription to Cahiers du Cinema from Paris, and Films and Filming from London.' the first time, Irina's charming frankness faded. "Oh", she said, "I don't know. I think not. Never mind.'

I asked her why not, and she hedged, nervously. I asked her on subsequent meetings. Again she hedged, and I dropped it. I had given her a Paris-Match and a Vogue which she seized avidly and read from cover to cover, but it was clear that the idea of receiving something regularly from the West was

disturbing to her.

Before Irina there was Vera. Vera was 22, petite, with an oval face and dark hair. Her love was poetry, and she showed me a copy of a book she had just bought. It was a collection of the love poems of Anna Akhmatova, and it had been published only a few days earlier, after being unobtainable in the Soviet Union for 40 years, ever since the Revolution.

Akhmatova died a couple of years ago. She was a kind of Russian Edith Sitwell, and with her flowing cloaks and eccentric appearance, she was a familiar sight on the Leningrad scene. Her poems dealing with physical love had considerable success. She was in Leningrad (Petrograd) at the time of the

Revolution. For 40 years she was banned by the regime because her poems were "erotic, decadent, religiomystical." She was saved from starvation by loval publishers who gave her translations to work on. What impressed me no less than the abrupt publication of Akhmatova's works was Vera's familiarity with them. She could recite them freely even though she had just bought the book that day. I asked, astonished, "If Akhmatova's works have been banned for forty years, how come you know her poetry so well?"

I braced myself for the answer. I knew from experience that Russians have a genius for not answering awkward

questions.

"Oh" she said vaguely. "We learn. We

learn." See what I mean?

Tania was an extremely pretty, appallingly dressed girl whom I met at the Bolshoi Theatre, and she too was a master of the tune-out response. She adored ballet and we discussed dancers and the various ballets for hours. Hoping to catch her off guard, I said suddenly, "What do you think of Nureyev?" the dancer who defected dramatically to the West ten years ago. Tania smiled sweetly. "He was Leningrad. We are discussing Moscow, are we not?" See what I mean?

I took Tania and her father, a university professor in science, to see Snow Maiden at the Stanislavsky Theatre, and it was bad. I was intrigued because I had never before realized that Russians could dance badly. In two intermissions, over champagne and chocolate eclairs at the theatre bar, the three of us tore the performance to shreds, as people do in intermissions all over the world. At the end of the ballet, as the snow maiden marries her prince, the sun comes out and turns her into a snowflake. I suggested we leave and beat the rush to the cloakroom, and then I stopped. Tania had tears rolling down her cheeks. Her father was blowing loudly into his handkerchief. From all around me I heard muffled moos and gulps of grief. Russian sentimentality is not to be under-estimated.

Despite the Western image of Russian women as streetsweeping crones, Amazons wielding pneumatic drills, female weightlifters winning Olympic gold medals and general sexless shapelessness, there are many pretty girls in Moscow and some really beautiful women. They deserve better than the shoddy clothes and cosmetics with which they are forced to cope. And in addition to the clothes they have to cope with the Russian winter.

Any visitor can enjoy bracing cold, frost and the delicious sensation of snowdrops falling on one's lids for a month, perhaps two months. But eight months of shattering cold and darkness overcompensated by suffocating central

heating reduces one's morale, stamina and complexion—to zero. Consequently prettiness in Moscow is seasonal. The girls look their best in October or early November, just as the winter is setting in in grim earnest, and the girls still have remains of their summer tan. They have put aside their shapeless summer print dresses, and they are booted and furhatted. Their eyes sparkle and all Russian girls seem to have fine teeth. The time *not* to see them is at the end of the winter when the cold has taken its toll of their complexions and turned cheeks to frost-bitten purple.

Two pretty Moscow girls figured in another adventure in my sexual education, Moscow-style. I was leaving the Bolshoi Theatre in bitter winter, and thinking in terms of a warming drink at the Metropole across the square. A girl stopped me. She was wearing furs and was quite pretty except that the stupefying cold had bitten deeply into her cheekbones. "Can you buy cigarettes for me please?" she asked in German.

"Of course", I said." Let's go over to the Metropole."

The girl, I will call her Natasha, looked nervous and stammered. "No . . wait. First you must meet my friend

Olga.'

She darted away. I waited five minutes; it seemed like an hour as the cold crept through my thin shoes and started work chomping on my toes. Natasha returned with her friend Olga, who had a beautiful face with limegreen Tartar eyes. She was also big about the beam and the beam itself was encased in mink. I invited both the ladies over to the Metropole Berioska bar for a drink. "No" said Olga imperiously. "Natasha will get us a taxi. You shall buy me a drink." Her second language was Italian, which was rather unusual for a Russian. In the bar, Olga ordered a gin and tonic. Gin, I gathered, was the in drink among Moscow's swinging cats.

Afterwards we found Natasha who had managed to get a taxi and was fighting off all the other theatregoers who coveted it-after-theatre crowds being identical in Sverdlovsk Square, Shaftesbury Avenue and Broadway. I handed the girls their cigarettes and bid them "Aufwiedersehen" presuming that

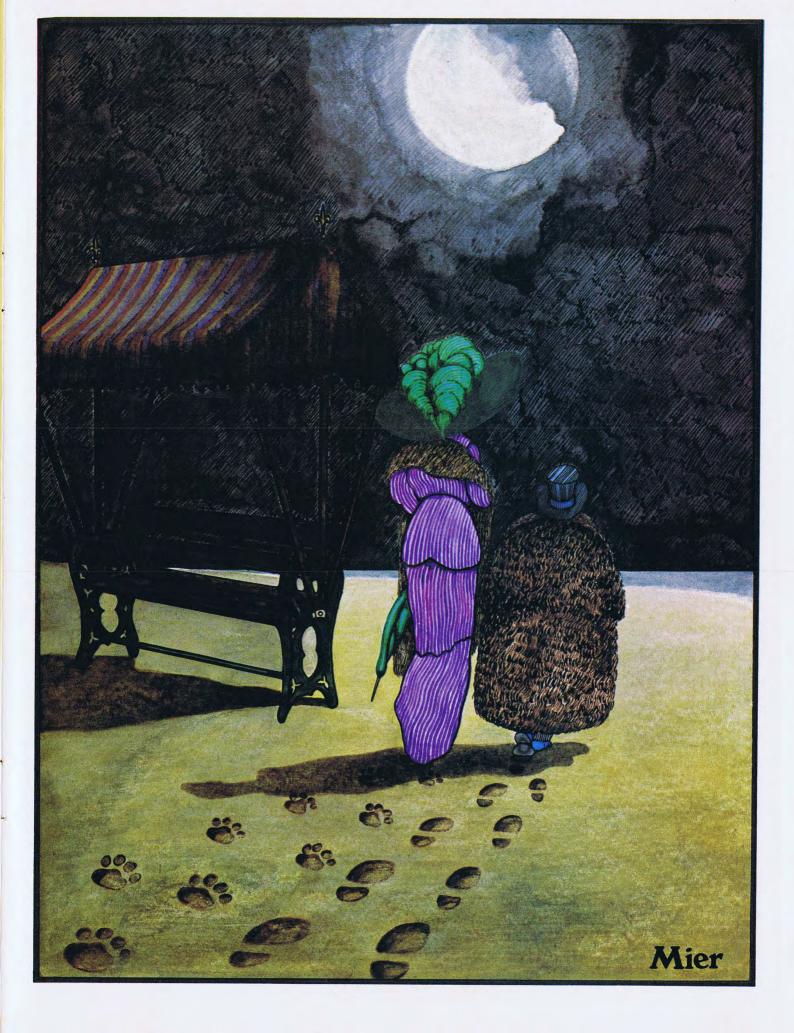
my use to them was done.

Both girls looked alarmed. "Nicht Aufwiedersehen" said Natasha. "Come along.

"Where?" "Home."

This was a classic example of the trap against which Westerners are specifically warned. Shun encounters with strangers, one is constantly told. Sometimes they are police agents. Invariably they are black marketeers. But the chance of a new and unusual experience was too good to be missed. On the trip, which

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# Goodbye to Rock Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

We do seem to be getting into a new era. James Taylor and George Harrison have a more romantic message. Maybe we have had it with anger and are going into something more constructive.

HITMAKER BONES HOWE

attempt to redo their respective things. Black artistes also have a growing role in the social scene, once the almost exclusive preserve of the white folk singers. Written by black singer Gene McDaniels (but a hit for Roberta Flack, and even bigger for Les McCann), Compared to What?, with its sardonic putdowns aimed at the President, religion, national apathy and man's inhumanity to man, was a social rather than a racial message. Charles Wright, composer-leader of the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band, issued a plea for brotherhood in his Comment, also taken up by McCann. Says Wright: "My song was written in deep sincerity. I've met a lot of people, black and white, who have undergone a whole change in their way of living since they dug the lyrics. Men like Dylan and Curtis Mayfield are among our most influential poets today. I believe eventually people will take into consideration what these men are saying.

(5) What's with the record industry, and what's its part in the further evolution

of pop?

Whatever its economic situation, the music business remains what it has been since Edison's day; art subservient to business. Historically, the record men have been followers, never leaders. Every catalytic singer, group or band, the Beatles certainly among them, has been encouraged, promoted and advertised after a spontaneous public reaction.

Over to Sal lannucci, president of Capitol Records: "The record business has not been as badly affected by adverse economic conditions as other industries. As part of the youth life style of the country, it would be the last

to go in the order of priorities. In fact, the audience must increase, because as more young people become a part of the music-buying public, the older groups don't leave. They've grown up with music and it remains endemic to

their way of life.

"The listening audience today is not only more populous but more sophisticated. Wild loud rock won't disappear, but it will prove less durable. As the market grows, singles will stay constant but the percentage of album business will be much higher. The album offers the composer and artiste a fuller means of expression. With the new approach to creativity, people think in terms of a total album concept. When I talked to George Harrison about his projected album, he came up with an idea, worked on it, and it turned out to be a three-pocket album. Records, in short, have fallen in line with the other creative arts. A man sits down to write a novel: he may finish it in 150 pages where another would take 700, depending on how he evolves the story."

Mike Curb, who shook up the recording industry last year by taking over the presidency of MGM Records at the age of 25, sees television playing a seminal role in bringing the top music names to a mass audience. "Lalo Schifrin wrote a theme for the television show *Medical Center* and it's our hottest recent release; his *Mission: Impossible* theme, of course, was a tremendous success also. The upper age groups have to be catered to. This can lead to extra exposure for a youthful group.

"I can see a merger coming between Top 40 and middle-of-the-road. This has always been the way in Britain; the BBC plays music without regard to definitions. Consequently there has been a great crossover, with older people buying the Beatles and young people

buying Tom Jones."

Over at A & M Records, Jack Daugherty, who produces the Carpenters, is a producer who has fallen in line with this trend. A former jazz trumpeter (with Woody Herman), Daugherty heard the first trial Carpenters tapes two years ago and took them to Herb Alpert, who promptly signed him as a producer. The group's Close To You LP sold 900,000 in the first six weeks. "It's not limited to the young crowd," says Daugherty. "It's a more musical thing, with pretty chord changes. Hove it. Sure, Led Zeppelin and Santana are fantastic, they're cooking, but there is much more room now for Carpenters type sounds.

(6) How will the future of rock festivals affect the survival of pop music?

John Fogerty, lead singer with Creedence Clearwater Revival, once answered a similar question by expressing the belief that the truth about the pop subculture lay midway between the peace of Woodstock and the violence at Altamont.

Despite enormous financial losses at Woodstock, a fortune is being raked in from the movie; and despite the fence-breaking demands that music should be free, fans have meekly come up with the bread to see the film and buy the records. Rock fans in San Francisco and New York, while denouncing the Fillmore's Bill Graham as a capitalist pig who takes advantage of the public, ignore the sins of the artistes and their agents, who charge out-of-sight five-figure prices for a

night's work.

Because of Altamont, Chicago and the various other violent confrontations during 1970, the mass convocation of rock fans seems most unlikely to be repeated. Concerts and festivals will still flourish on a healthy enough scale, at Los Angeles' Forum (capacity 19,000), Madison Square Garden and innumerable enclosures or open-air arenas at home and abroad. While Elvis has gone on to the green-baize pastures of Las Vegas, younger idols have lured the kind of clientele long associated with him. At a recent concert in Cincinnati, a crowd of 16,000 went bananas over the Jackson 5. Hal Davis, who was there, reports: "About 25 women collapsed. A couple were older chicks, around 26-27. But this was a young and non-violent crowd."

The national mood that subconsciously hyphenates youth, drugs, rock and rock-throwing, a political atmosphere poisoned by intimations of social and racial repression, would seem to preclude the likelihood of freedom to bring about any more scenes remotely comparable with Woodstock. But the

beat goes on.

(7) Whither rock?

Jerry Goldstein, once producer for Eric Burdon and War, who has now recorded War un-Burdoned, must rank as the most pro-War figure in the business:

"The men in War symbolize the way it's going to be. They're all first-rate musicians, ranging from 21 to 38. The conga player once worked with Dizzy Gillespie. Some of them have been into the psychedelic scene and others haven't. War will show that rock is evolving into one all-encompassing music. The loud guitars and the acid thing are no longer dominant. There's a great deal more freedom. A group like this can get onstage and sound different doing the same song night after night.

"Singing with War, Eric said he considered himself the least talented man in the group. That's the kind of respect he has for the others; and this respect is the key to the new attitude. There are no individual ego-trips, just one big

group ego. I've cut a lot of bubblegum records in my time—things like *Hang on Sloopy*—so it's tremendously exciting for my head to get into something as important as War. This is a new musical era. It can hit the underground, the r&b market, rock, A.M. radio, jazz and Latin—War has all bases covered."

Goldstein's enthusiasm for a panmusical group is hardly atypical of present viewpoints in rock. The concept of a democratic, esthetically balanced and experimental rock-derived group has been entrenched for some months, in the charts, on the air and occasionally in person, by Pink Floyd, a British group that had languished more or less underground for the best part of six years.

The components of Pink Floyd are David Gilmour, lead guitar; Nicki Mason, percussion; Rick Wright, organ/harpsichord/piano/cello/harmonium; Roger Waters, bass guitar and miscellaneous electronic effects. They are collectively responsible for the Atom Heart Mother suite, recorded on the Capitol-distributed Harvest label. Because of the extra personnel and equipment it requires (about \$5000 worth per show), Atom Heart Mother hasn't been heard much in person. Performed at the San Francisco Fillmore last October (with a little help from a ten-piece brass section and the short-haired Roger Wagner Chorale), it received a standing ovation.

Pink Floyd's music in general, and the suite in particular, evoke extraterrestrial, intergalactic images. The variety of effects, devices and sources employed is so comprehensive that the music cannot be categorized as rock, classical or electronic, though it is heavily into all three areas. A typical Floyd set may find wild electronic and percussive crescendos, leading to relaxed, almosthymn-like moments comparable with the See Me, Feel Me passage in The Who's rock opera Tommy. Gilmour will counter the organ's cathedral sounds with abrasive sliding guitar figures; Wright will dance over the keyboard while sobbing and screaming, crooning and crying in a capsule history of the human voice.

The extraordinary integration of Pink Floyd elicited near-hysteria at Fillmore East, on the part of a crowd that included Leonard Bernstein and was generally as much a New York Philharmonic audience as a typical Bill Graham group.

Walter Wanger, project manager for the group, exults: "Every kind of door is opening up to them. In June they will be in Paris for ten days working on a ballet with Rudolf Nureyev, based on Proust's Remembrance of Things Past, for performance at the Grand Palais and on Eurovision. We'll have a television audience of 70,000,000."

Among the dozens of music business

figures interviewed, the most perceptive examination of the present, together with a seemingly prescient peek into the future, was provided by Bones Howe, the engineer turned hit-maker. Howe won the 1969 Grammy award for the Fifth Dimension's Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In. Freelancing under the name Mr Bones Productions, he has produced albums for Diana Ross, the Association and The Turtles.

Here's Howe:

"Right now I don't foresee any particular trend—nothing as explosive as the British revolution of 1964. The audience is becoming so varied that music is going in several distinct directions simultaneously. There's no reason why all these idioms shouldn't co-exist. Look at the parallels in jazz: we had Gene Ammons, Stan Getz and John Coltrane, three entirely different and contrasted saxophonists. Each had his audience and they didn't necessarily overlap much. Similarly today, we find room for r&b, soul, hard rock.

"Nevertheless, as far as trends are concerned, from where I sit the music seems to be getting better and better. The Jackson 5 and the Partridge Family, for instance, serving primarily a singles audience, and hitting the teenagers, have expanded their scope, attracting young adults of college age and upward. From singles the trend progresses to albums, where you now see a lot more of the so-called good music on the charts.

"A Bacharach ballad called *One Less Bell to Answer*, sung by the Fifth Dimension, jumped in a week from 25 to 7 in the pop charts. This is certainly what you would consider middle-of-the-road music, and it was the first time in years that something that far in the easy-listening direction had been a smash hit. If this doesn't represent a trend away from hard rock, I don't know what does."

Concerning the future of electronic music, Howe said: "My feeling is that basically these sounds don't really touch people. Once they have heard the Moog, they tend to get tired of it rapidly. They may buy one album, say Switched-on Bach, for the novelty value, but after a while the interest wears thin, because this kind of sound has a non-human quality. People soon go back to more organic things."

"Do you think the press, both establishment and rock, will have any influence?" I asked.

"They cancel one another out," said Howe. "From Life to Rolling Stone they all have their own ax to grind, using the music business as their vehicle. At a trade convention recently one of the speakers made a comment about how the media can help the community and how important it is for the press, the radio stations etc. to become involved

sociologically. Then a guy from *Rolling Stone* stood up and said they were all talking platitudes. 'When you get back to your radio station,' he said, 'you are just going to go on as you were before, making money.' Then one of the guys from a record company had a sharp answer for him. 'I don't know whether everyone here is aware of it,' he said, 'but *Rolling Stone* doesn't give away its ads for free either.'

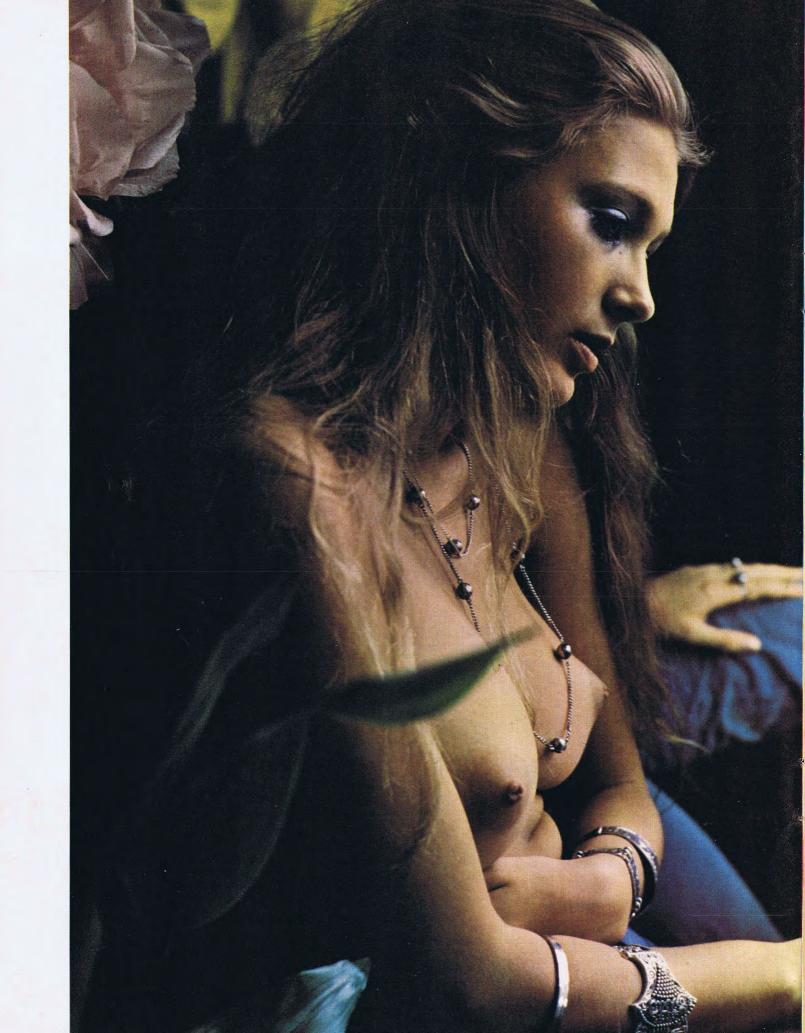
"In the last few months there was a big article in Look entitled Music, Where the Money's At, and not too long afterward Life had a feature called Music Business, Bomb of 1970. When you have these diametrically opposed conceptions you can't say that the press is going to wind up carrying much weight one way or the other.

"We do seem to be getting into a new era. James Taylor and George Harrison have a more romantic message than the kind we have been accustomed to; a group like the Carpenters, too, isn't into the anger that we associate with hard rock. I hope this means we are seeing the spearhead of a social trend. Music has served lately as a kind of barometer of what is going on with young people socially. If what I hear on the air nowadays is any indication, maybe we have finally turned the corner and reached a point where we have had it with anger, and are going into something more constructive.

All the evidence on hand to date indicates that Goldstein, Wanger and Howe are correct in their analyses. There will indeed be room for many new idioms, along with the old, to continue to live together: different stripes for different types. At the same time, these musics will be amalgamated by forward-thinking units of the Pink Floyd variety to bring the sounds of the 21st century closer.

Most important is the need for society to be prepared for these developments and to avoid the danger of precipitate unforeseen change. Alvin Toffler, in Future Shock, wrote: "The roaring current of change (is) a current so powerful today that it overturns our institutions, shifts our values and shrivels our roots. Change is the process by which the future invades our lives, and it is important to look at it closely, not merely from the grand perspectives of history, but also from the vantage point of the living, breathing individuals who experience it . . . unless man quickly learns to control the rate of change, in his personal affairs as well as in society at large, we are doomed to a massive adaptational breakdown.

If we cannot control change, our next best alternative is to accept it, emotionally, intellectually, viscerally; to realize with Miss Millay that the tidal wave devours the shore. In art, as in society, there are no islands any more.



A revisitation of seven out-in-front contenders for America's first election of Pet of the Year

# Pet of the Year Play off

With a first anniversary already celebrated and a second year of enhanced popularity in progress, the time has come for another Penthouse first: the nomination of America's first-ever Pet of the Year. The selection committee for this delicate and absorbing decision, following the custom of the founding U.K. edition which has conducted four annual elections, consists of readers as well as editors—with the readers' wishes predominating. To press the claim of your favorite among the first 12 Pets of the Month published in Penthouse International, all you have to do is to write her name on a postcard or letter and mail it to Penthouse International Ltd, (Pet of the Year), 1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Better name a second and third choice while you're about it, as these subsidiary choices can help to break a tie. Nominations

have already been received from some of the more eager connoisseurs of Pet pulchritude, and on the basis of their rankings, plus a preliminary assessment by Penthouse editors, we present here a field narrowed down to seven. Appropriately, the candidates convey an admirable international flavor: Czech-born Ilse Hasek, Ulla Lindstrom from Sweden, Francoise Pascal from France, and a quartet of Britons - Kelly McQueen, Evelyn Treacher, Katherine Mannering and Stephanie McLean. These pages offer reminders of their captivating qualities and provide an opportunity for further judgment. But none of the first year's Pets is excluded from consideration, and every reader may cast his vote for whichever beauty he prefers. The ballot is hereby declared open — and may the best girl win. Ot-





Ilse Hasek brought more than mystical significance to our seventh issue, occupying the centre pages with the inherent aplomb of an expatriate. A problem-solver with a specialist agency in London, Ilse revealed a practical outlook. "It's true that men are helpless, but that's what I like. Occasionally you meet one of those men who can always cope, and it makes you feel just useless. I like a man who's good at his job and clever at some things but I want him to need me to compensate for his weaknesses. I think people have to depend on each other to have a proper relationship." Czech by birth but British by upbringing, Ilse came to Britain from Czechoslovakia as a child when her father fled from the Communist take-over. Which makes us reflect that if her 36-22-36 is typical of beauty in Eastern Europe it's another good reason to wish away that Iron Curtain. Ilse's "thought about it, of course" but has no immediate plans for extending her repatriation to the United States.





# One Steph Forward

Stephanie McLean was among the ravishing retinue of costumed Pets who toured the United States as part of the promotion campaign to launch the magazine's International edition. London-raised, half-British and half-Austrian, she is 19 years old, 5ft 7ins tall, and endowed with statistics that would be eloquent in any language: 40-25-37. Her brief appearance as an actress in a TV commercial, one night when Publisher Bob Guccione happened to be taking in the video, led to her prompt recruitment for the 15-city Stateside swing and subsequent centerdom in vol 1 no 8. "I loved every moment of America," she reminisces; America indisputably loved every moment of her.





tions was that she would stand still for anything. An elegant 22 years old, she was an emigrée to Chelsea, the art community of London, where she patronized painting by posing as a model. As an artist herself, she admitted to "an insufferable lack of talent", but she considered that by lending her 37-24-36 shape for reproduction purposes she was rendering a unique service to art. "I contribute *me*," she points out. "And in all the world there's only one of me." That inimitability was exquisitely interpreted in a chiaroscuric pictorial in vol I no 5, a New Year's issue that began the year in no uncertain Mannering.





## Treacher Knows Best

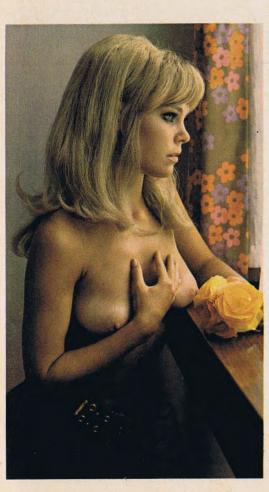
Evelyn Treacher, America's first-ever Pet, uncompromisingly set the standard for subsequent Penthouse pictorials. A former airline hostess who had voluntarily grounded herself in the Bahamas, her perfectionist proportions (36-23-36) had already earned her the Pet of the Year title in her native Britain. Evelyn, 22, believes that true civilization is only to be found in out-of-the-way places. "The civilization I left behind is like those little ships in bottles glued to a painted sea—little ships with nowhere to go." If she wins the coveted Pet of the Year crown, she will seriously consider settling in the States, however, for good.

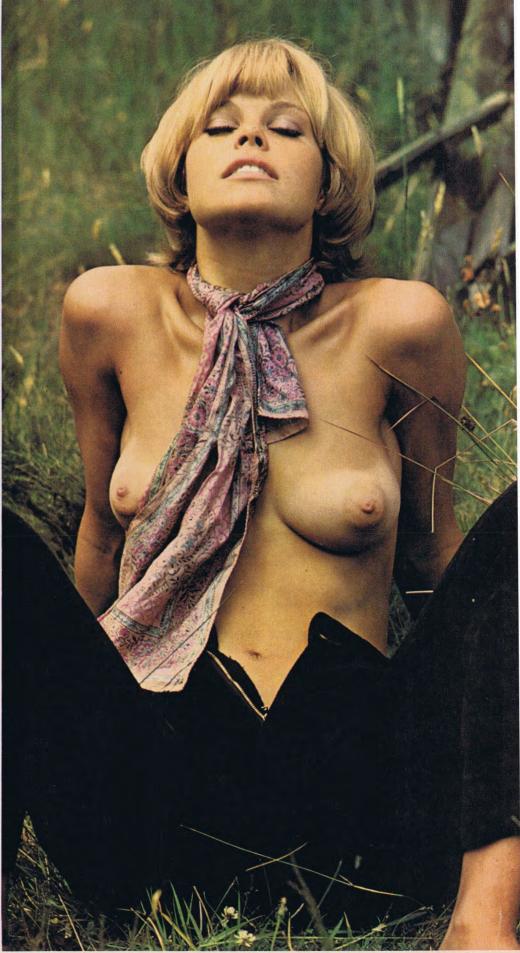


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## Perfect Form-Ula

Ulla Lindstrom is the Swedish fashion model who reigned as Pet of the Month in vol 1 no 3. A much-traveled 20-year-old, with the convincing credentials of 36-23-36, she endeared herself with the observation that shy men are her favorites. "There's nothing more becoming in a real man than reserve," she said. She also evinced a liking for sportsmen: "Golfers are the nicest athletes of all," she rapturized. Ulla's principal philosophy was that life could not be rushed. "Most girls of my age seem to be in a hurry to get married, get ahead in their careers. I think you miss plenty if you try to rush life. It's best to take it as it comes."





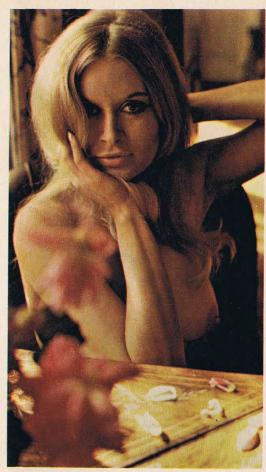




## She of Galilee

Françoise Pascal reaffirmed the eminence of France as *la patrie* of female pulchritude with her end-of-year appearance in vol I no 12. The 21-year-old daughter of French Jews, she interrupted her fledgling film career to embroil herself in the Middle East hostilities, lending her 37-24-36 statistics to an Israeli uniform. Her appearance was a credit to France; her philosophy an endorsement of Israel. "One is not defending one country's borders against another country. One is defending a whole tradition of life," she attested. She has now completed her Israeli involvement, and is quietly building up her career in movies again: leaving one eyeful less in Gaza.

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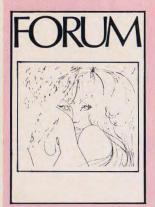




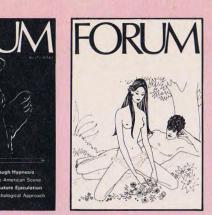
## McQueen of Hearts

Kelly McQueen, the second Pet to show her credentials in our International edition, was another of the head-turning team who toured the United States to promote the momentous Penthouse invasion. Discovered in Ireland, the McQueenly Kelly, 21 years old, spends most of her free time easing her 36-22-36 down behind the wheel of her Aston Martin and "going sort of crazy." She admits that she has always loved speed; with travel, discotheques, parch-dry martinis and money completing her list of favorites. "Life is always more exciting when there's that Anything Goes electricity that comes from mixing money and strangers." Kelly, in those terms, is amp-le.

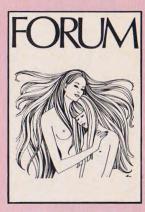
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Michael De-La-Noy, former press secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury (the Anglican equivalent to the Roman Catholic Pope), was fired by the Church of England for contributing an article to Forum. The ensuing controversy between the religious establishment 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."

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# COUNTESS AND THE CHASTITY BELL Which absent husband first put his untrusted wife under intimate lock and key? An engaging research foray amid the archives of Venice pinpoints an ageing 12th-century count with an inconstant consort by Bob Foreman with Gabriella Vedovelli

With the count gone, the countess admitted the armorer to her chambers, where it may be assumed he outlined his terms for releasing the lady from the contraption he had contrived

Venice was sinking and, as luck would have it, a band of Rosicrucians advertised to fill out a charter flight. I could still get to visit this "must see" city before she disappeared. I signed up before you could say "prego".

Twenty hours later, numbed by four variable pitch propellers and an equal number of unvariable box lunches, the Rosicrucians and I debarked at M. Polo

Tessera, Venice's airport.

As our launches approached the city, I was happy to see La Serenissima not awash, though, as Robert Benchley had noted, her streets were filled with water. We climbed out at the Piazza of San Marco and met our student guide. Miss Gabriella Vedovelli had hairy legs and an aunt living in Rahway, New Jersey.

In stride behind Miss Vedovelli, we marched to the Doge's Palace and crossed the Bridge of Sighs into a dungeon. It was dark and small, barely able to contain the Rosicrucians, Miss Vedovelli, myself and a glass case. Once our irises had adjusted I could readily agree with our guide that here was as fine a collection of chastity belts as I'd ever be likely to see.

"What's a chastity belt, Harry?" asked a lady Rosicrucian. To Harry's whispered answer she exclaimed: "What

will they think of next !"

I wanted to learn more about chastity belts, but our guide was eager to herd us on. Not until three hours and six dungeons later was I able to extricate myself and Miss Vedovelli from the Rosicrucians.

Now it was 3 a.m. and Gabriella, as I was calling her, was helping me consume a fourth bottle of Soave Bolla. It was then I vowed not to leave Venice until I knew all there was to know about the chastity belt. I promised the treatise I would write would bring fame and fortune not only my way but to the Italian lady who helped me hurdle the language barrier and let me use her library card. Gabriella – for it was she – repaired to my room at Hotel Luna to consummate the deal. There I intended to ask her why she didn't shave her legs but somehow it slipped my mind.

The name of Venice's library where Gaby, as I was calling her now, led me was Biblioteca Mondiale. It was a veritable data-bank on chastity, within whose shadowy aisles the two of us

huddled over yellowed vellum pages. Gaby's lips caressed the lobe of my ear as she translated. Our shoulders were as one and the fragrance of her hair dimmed my senses. (Which did cause something to be lost in the translation.) Ahh! But

enough of the fair Gaby!

In 12-century Venice, a nobleman by the name of Count Bardolino Canossa di Alba, rich with landholdings from Mestre to the north and Padova to the south, faced a marital problem. This problem was to establish him as the first man in history to do more than just worry about what might happen when he goes away and leaves his wife at home.

Our research led Gaby and me down fascinating byways of fact and gossip about the young countess, her elderly husband and the mores of Venice's citizenry. Was the tick in the lady's eye totally involuntary? Why, asked one historian of the time, would a covey of locals gather at the *palazzo* when the count was absent from Venice just for a single night? Moreover, what was Count Bardolino's real reason for pursuing The Infidel? Since a crusade would take him from Venice at least a year, why did he insist that the countess accompany him?

The count's lady, the former Lorenza di Gonzaga, was Mantovan by birth. His second wife, she had been brought to Venice after the count had been widowed seven long years. She was 20 – 30 years his junior – and according to a large cracked tome (in an ibid, Page XXXLM) had spent her pubescent years "improving herself". Some of these "improvements" were recorded in library volumes by such phrases as "high-spirited," "full-of-life," "richly endowed." Woodblocks were more explicit. That the lady was aware of her physical furbishings is indicated by the

remarks of her neighbors.

Another piece of gossip crept into the records of the day. Why did the count start his lady on a course of horseback riding (side saddle)? Was it for the projected trip, or to keep her sore enough to preserve his vigor for the Saracens? Side saddle, a local commentator remarked, was anyway unnecessary for this lady: "She'd have little trouble astride a 14-hand Arabian charger." Despite these catty footnotes to history, Count Bardolino di Alba did instigate a crash program of riding lessons for his countess. Her instructor was carefully selected, since the lessons involved holding the lady tightly at the waist, or thereabouts, and sliding her along his arms up into as well as down from the saddle. So elderly and feeble was the riding master the count chose, it was necessary for the countess to mount and dismount on her own.

By the tenth lesson, she discovered what was behind them: she was to

accompany her sire to the Orient! Suddenly, she was seized by a strange malady. She became speechless. Her mien grew stony, her face pale, and she ate nothing. Scores of doctors were summoned to the palazzo, some from faraway cities, to diagnose and treat the young countess's affliction. But the only one to achieve results was a doctor by the name of Vitaliano Malloggi, Mantovan by birth and practice. Doctor Malloggi examined the lady and confided to the count that his wife had what could be a fatal allergy to horses. He prescribed no more riding and many days at home in bed. A curious circumstance, for which there is documentation, is that Dr. Malloggi had served Enza Gonzaga many times before her marriage. Did the lady, or one of her Mantovan handmaidens, slip Doc Malloggi a sack of gold-sort of to help the diagnosis along? Regardless, the count could no longer consider taking his countess on the crusade.

It was at this point that the count began casting around for something novel as well as reliable to preserve his lady from temptation during his absence. The skills of his young armorer, Angelino Tomei, came to mind. Armorer Tomei had just filled a whopping order for the count, outfitting 20 knights with shields, coats of mail, visored helmets, greaves, cuirasses, halberds, swords, spears and lances. If necessity is the mother of invention and utility the daddy of prevention. Count Bardolino di Alba was both mother and father of the idea for his next assignment. That evening in Signore Tomei's office, high above the clanging of his armor factory, nobleman and tradesman had a man-to-man chat.
"What I'm looking for," said the

what I'm looking for," said the count, "is a cinture with lock and key which will make it impossible for harm to come to my lady. You understand? I mean — er — safe from any marauding male while I am doing battle for the Prince of Peace. This cinture must be of durable metal. Its lock must be inviolable and its dimensions of unerring accuracy."

By now Angelino Tomei was getting hot in the britches (pantaloni caldi), as he thought about taking the countess' measurements. What a lark (allodola) that would be! But the count dashed cold water (agua fredda) on this.

"Just tell me what dimensions you require, Tomei, and I'll have one of the ladies in my court obtain them. It's the only way milady would stand for it!"

"Sire, don't worry", offered the armorer, "I can start tonight. All damsels are constructed pretty much the same." The count ignored his armorer's leer and replied: "Once I send the dimensions to you, I expect the finished article within a fortnight."

Intrigued by his confidential assignment, Tomei got hold of an encyclopedia of anatomy and some medical books,

and proceeded, by stylus and parchment, to design a device that would enforce chastity on a nubile young lady. The device, he realized, must permit the lady to continue bodily functions while preventing her from spreading her legs. By the wee hours of the morning, Tomei had drawn a belt-like contraption that would lock her legs together. His design, on parchment, would require a bronzemetal rigid frame and a lining of tooled leather. Then a clasp and lock at the hip would make the belt intercourse-proof.

By the next evening, Tomei was able to adjust the belt to the specific dimensions supplied to him by the count. Now for the fabrication. In his factory Tomei translated the configurations of the countess into bronze and leather, and he also designed a key of gold. He could see the key dangling from the count's neck as he jousted with Turks and Saracens and other non-believers.

Unfortunately Angelino was a misnomer, for Tomei also made a wax mould of the key so that he could produce a second upon request. He felt the demand would be great. He knew two dozen young Venetian bucks who would be interested in paying a fee to unlock Enza. Perhaps the countess herself would chip in on occasion. He might even get a bit of usage out of the second

key himself. After a fortnight, Angelino Tomei was ready to deliver the chastity belt to Count di Alba. This he did at the palace with a flourish—and hopes of being invited to the locking-in ceremony. But no, the count curtly said "Thanks" (grazie), and sent the tradesman back to his factory. The count was satisfied with what he saw: rigid frame, with soft leather to prevent metal from touching the lady's body. The attractive front-guard pleased him most: a sculpted and burnished fleur-de-lys descending downward decoratively and with a knife-like leading edge. The lock was of iron and when clasped, in closed position, it would effectively prevent the countess from disposing her limbs erotically.

The count took the golden key hanging from the golden chain and placed it contentedly about his neck. All smiles, he headed toward his lady's chambers. Angelino, heading back to his factory disgruntled, reflected that he had told the count the truth about the key being the only one, and to guard it with his life. He had simply not mentioned the wax imprint lying in a cool secret drawer of the desk in his office.

No record exists of the young countess requiring adjustments. Nor of her complaining about being locked up. Perhaps access to a second key was known to her. Armorer Tomei had ways of obtaining as well as transmitting information to the palace.

The big day for the Crusade came. It was a lovely day and spring was in the air. The count and his retinue rode from the castle to a fleet of barges on the Grand Canal. Enza was at her balcony outwardly smiling, and secretly cintured. From high above the moat, her handkerchief and those of her maidens fluttered and tears flowed. As soon as the warriors' boats disappeared over the blue Adriatic, the countess hobbled back to her bedroom (camera di letto), chafing a bit. She supposed that with practice she would learn to operate more comfortably. That very afternoon, though, she admitted Angelino Tomei to her chambers where it may be assumed he outlined his terms for releasing the lady.

The months flew by. They were busy months for the countess and her many friends. Three weeks out of every four she was closeted with different young men of Venice. For a "stiff price" (prezzo caro) armorer Tomei would appear and unlock the belt in the presence of whomever had paid for the privilege! Next morning he would appear again to lock the lady up. Now and again he partook pleasure on his own.

Then one day the next spring, a messenger appeared quite out of the blue (Adriatic) at the palace. He announced that the triumphant Count di Alba had begun his voyage from Constantinople and within six, perhaps seven weeks, he would be back in Venice.

In itself this would not have been too bad. Certainly it was to be expected; all good things must come to an end, as even the young countess realized. But a complication arrived, prior to the count: the countess was pregnant.

Hysterically Enza summoned Tomei to her castle to tell him of her condition. Much as Angelino Tomei would have liked to have said, "Baby, it's no skin off my behind" (or the Venetian equivalent), he realized that as maker of the chastity belt he was responsible for the wearer's chastity. Furthermore, the penalty he faced for a pregnant countess was beheading, probably after some harrowing preliminaries involving his male parts. These penalties are pictured graphically in one volume in the Biblioteca Mondiale.

Could the armorer flee Venice to save his head (and testicles)? Chances were he would be caught eventually and, besides, he would have to abandon his profitable business. One other course was open to him.

Posthaste, Tomei sent a packet of gold to Mantova to the doctor who had successfully "treated" the countess. Dr. Malloggi reviewed the situation and prescribed at once. The countess must embark on a journey to Sirmione via horseback. Three days astride (not side

saddle) a spirited stallion were to be followed by thermal baths externally and internally. Sirmione, a spa town at the southern extreme of Lake Garda, was a source of hot underground waters most violent in their action, particularly on the insides of a human being. If the riding and the baths didn't do the trick, drinking the waters would, wrote the doctor. If none worked, the armorer had better leave Venice but fast.

A trip to Sirmione was readied that very day. The most spirited charger still remaining in the count's depleted stables was selected. The countess was unlocked and she galloped off, chafing badly and holding on for dear life. Three days later, sore and exhausted, she arrived at Sirmione (the unlocked cinture lying in the armoire of her bedroom in Venice).

The cure began. Within the week the doctor's prescription achieved its end. The horseback trip, a week of hot baths and many litres of Sirmione's explosive underground cathartic, enabled Enza di Alba to send a coded message to Armorer Tomei that read: "I have my friend!" (Io ho il mio amico). Then the countess set off in a sedan chair for her palace in Venice.

Two weeks later, Count di Alba returned in triumph. He was greyer, thinner and more deeply furrowed than before, appearing much older than his 50 years. He proceeded at once to the boudoir of his countess without even taking off his armor. He stood at the outer door of her chambers. His heart was hammering against his coat of mail, his member erect (as erect as it could be against the mail). With the cross of his broad sword, he knocked at the door. Then, all at once, his lady stood before him-splendidly gowned, exotically perfumed and tightly cintured. She rushed forward to greet her hero and pay homage to him, boobs bouncing deliciously. With trembling hand, the elderly Crusader searched the chain about his neck for the key. But it was not there. Dashed were his dreams of being wrapped in the arms of the fair warm Enza, dreams that succoured him for more than a year in a strange and hostile land. Violently the count's heart pounded-then stopped. A pallor covered his face. He staggered forward but a single step, and fell at the countess' feet, his coat-of-mail clinking as he crumbled to the marble floor. Then the Countess of Alba, composed, yet with a tear in each eye, bared her breasts and bent over him. These fulsome organs, hovering directly above his lips and nostrils, advised her that not a breath was coming from him. Yes, her count was deceased. Rubbing hard at her cheeks she produced a stream of tears. Then a shriek. Her maids rushed in, and the first one on the scene she dispatched to Armorer Tomei, the keeper of the key. Otto



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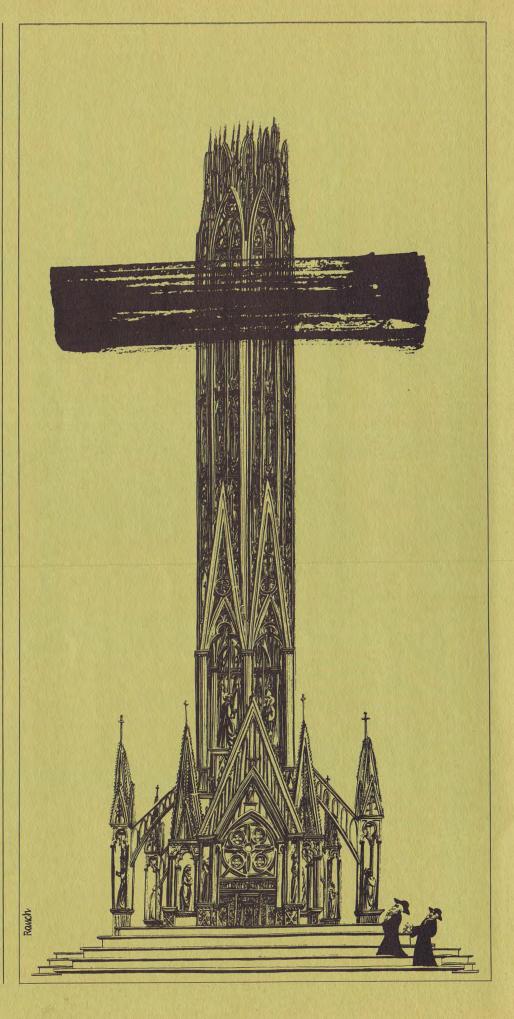
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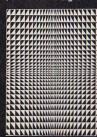
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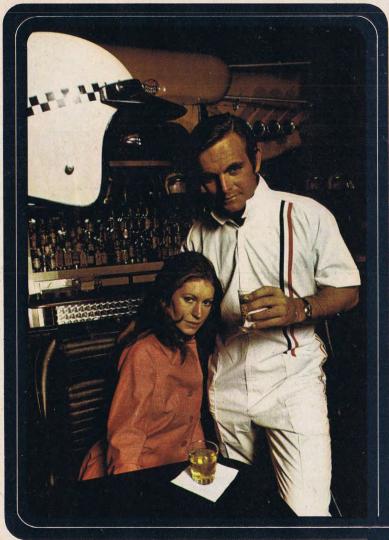
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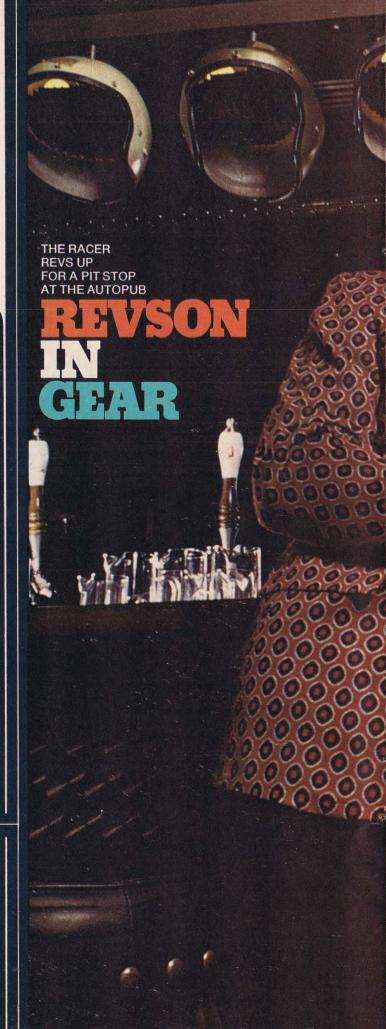
## **FASHION BY RON BUTLER**

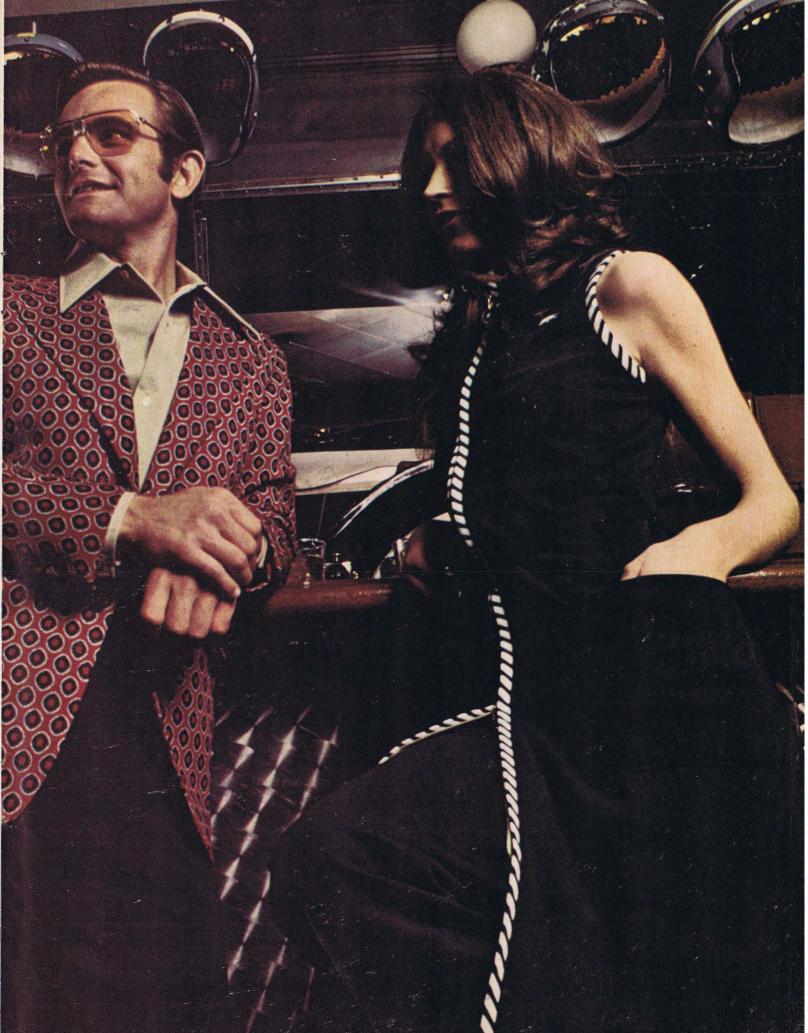
Fashions for driving have changed. Ten years ago, the sports car bug bit America hard. That's when cars with snug bucket seats and rakish wire wheels, snooty Jaguars and M.G. s honked at each other as they passed on the highway. The initials SCCA (Sports Car Club of America) were more familiar than NAACP, and SDS wasn't even born yet. Fashion at that time saw the stylish return of dusters, flat caps and goggles, and young men who could afford to tour the countryside in Excaliburs or other cars, held together with straps and buckles, that were every bit as expensive as they were uncomfortable. Today, as handsomely evidenced here by top professional racing driver Peter Revson, the "look" is far more sophisticated. International designers such as Dimitri of Italy now put you in the driver's seat. This smart, polished appearance carries over even into racing-inspired fun clothes such as argyle jumpsuits with flaming red suspenders, by Bernard Johnson. Peter, who makes his third try for the Indianapolis 500 championship later this month, is no stranger to elegant threads. A bachelor at 32, he is a Continued



PETER ADMITS TO BEING NOT MUCH OF A MECHANIC, BUT HE APPEARS READY FOR ANY EVENTUALITY, EVEN REPAIRING RACING CAR AFFIXED TO THE AUTOPUB CEILING ABOVE HIM, IN THIS WHITE POPLIN JUMPSUIT WITH RACING TRIM BY JUMP-SUITS, LTD., \$25.

RIGHT: PETER REVSON, TOP RACING DRIVER, IS OUT FRONT IN ELEGANCE IN THIS SPORTS JACKET OF SMART DOUBLEKNIT POLYESTER AND WOOL. THE JACKET, \$100, AND COORDINATED NAVY BLUE TROUSERS, \$35, ARE BOTH CAREFREE KNITS BY CORBIN. HIS EASY-TO-CARE-FOR DACRON POLYESTER SHIRT IS BY JANTZEN, \$14; ZERMATT SUNGLASSES, WITH INTERCHANGEABLE LENSES, ARE BY RANAULD, \$6. HIS FRIEND, MODEL SUSAN HOLMES, IS OUTFITTED IN ALL PHOTOS BY DAVID CRYSTAL.





TOP: RACING-INSPIRED DOUBLEKNIT ARGYLE JUMPSUIT, WITH RED SUSPENDERS IS BY BERNARD JOHNSON OF NEW YORK, \$100. PETER'S 'OFFICE MANAGER' BROWN KID BOOTS ARE BY VERDE, \$30, AND ST. MORITZ SUNGLASSES ARE BY RANAULD, \$5.

BOTTOM: PETER STAYS COOL AND COMFORTABLE IN THIS BELTED, JACQUARD WOOL SHIRT-SUIT BY DIMITRI OF ITALY, \$300. ZERMATT SUNGLASSES BY RANAULD ARE SHOWN WITH INTERCHANGEABLE DARK LENSES.





member of the Revlon Revsons (his uncle Charles Revson heads the mammoth cosmetic concern) and Manhattan is his home. NEA's well-known syndicated "wheels" columnist Bob Cochnar calls him the "complete American racing driver."

New York City-born, Peter originally became interested in racing as a fan while attending Cornell. His first ride, a Morgan in Hawaii, only served to fan the fires. While working as an advertising account executive on Madison Avenue, he continued to pursue his avocation as an amateur until 1963 when he went pro.

"I was anxious to see how good I really was," he says, "so I packed my bags and went to Europe where I could get driving experience every week."

Early successes in the then-popular Formula Junior class opened the doors to other rides in Formulas I, II and III. In 1964, he contracted with the Reg Parnell Team to drive a Lotus-BRM on the Grand Prix Circuit and qualified for five

World Championship events. In 1965, he drove for the Lotus factory Formula III Team, winning the race at Monte Carlo.

Two years ago, he went to Indianapolis and finished fifth in his first attempt at the '500,' the highest placed first year driver. Last year, plagued by pit problems, he finished 22nd, but still walked off with a consolation prize of \$16,627.48.

He's also an L&M Lola Team driver in the Canadian/American series where, according to an L&M press release, he is considered by many to be "one of the world's fastest and most versatile drivers, equally at home in almost any type of racing car."

Photos on these pages were taken at the appropriate and popular new Autopub restaurant located in New York's new General Motors Building. Completely "auto" in theme, it even has a simulated drive-in movie room where you can watch newsreels and film features while dining. Interior furnishings include more than \$1 million in racing paraphernalia.



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## GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER

### A BAND OF COPPER

Highly indicative of what obvious little faith we Americans have in our doctors is the overwhelming popularity of those shiny copper bracelets that reportedly cure rheumatism, arthritis and various other organized aches, pains and ills. From an eighth of an inch to a half-inch wide, the bracelets sell from \$1 to \$4 and up, depending where you buy them. Most are sold through 'cutesy" mail order ads that knock the idea of copper curing anything. "Frankly, we don't think it works," says one such eve-catcher. It's a way to avoid postal raps for fraud.

The majority of the bracelets come in the form of flat copper bands, but there are variations. Some are made of ordinary copper wire, heavily wrapped round and round and knotted to resemble African bracelets made of elephant whiskers, the kind that all the male natives wear to stay potent. In the swankier shops along New York's Fifth Avenue, you can buy bracelets made with 18 carat gold on the outside, for appearances, and a copper lining inside that touches the skin. At least one major watch company, Sheffield, is experimenting with copper watchbands.

The idea that a copper bracelet can replace the family doctor is, of course, preposterous. Nonetheless, I hurried out to buy one. The first time I wore it, on

the subway going to work. I almost gave up the whole idea when a fellow across the aisle, who was also wearing one, winked at me.

The reason I bought the bracelet is because ever since an automobile accident last year I've been having trouble with my left arm. It's numb, and every so often when I raise it suddenly I get an excruciating pain in my shoulder. I figured even if the bracelet didn't work, I'd wear it and then the next time I raised my arm suddenly at least I'd have something to look at. Actually, and I've got to give credit where it's due, I wore the bracelet for about six weeks and both the numbness in my arm and the pain in my shoulder went away. But I developed a limp.

If anyone is interested in one slightly green, used copper bracelet with the initials "R.W.B." engraved on the inside, please send four dollars to this department, along with a stamped, selfaddressed envelope.

## PANTYHOSE FOR MEN

Yet another war that isn't over is the Peacock Revolution, and we're fast losing it. Men, real men, are wearing pantyhose.

Called, appropriately enough, "Manihose", the new product is made by the Marum Knitting Mills of New York, a division of Hart Schaffner and Marx.

toe, Mani-hose is made of heavy stretch nylon so that one size fits everyone from teenagers to men who are 40 inches around. They are ribbed from the calf down, like socks, and have fly fronts. Men like their snug fit. Abraham &

Straus, a large New York store, sold over 600 pairs in the first few days of sale. "The response has been absolutely unbelievable," said a spokesman for the store. Along with being comfortable, Mani-hose doesn't have the bulkiness of long-john underwear and yet it's warm in cool weather. Also, when wearing them, men don't have to worry about their socks falling down.

Billed as the first one-piece, hosiery-

underwear for men to go from waist to

Available colors at the present time are black, brown, navy, red and white, but depending on continued acceptance future possibilities are endless. Plum, green, orange sherbet and-if the trend really takes hold-sheer, lacy and Peter Max flowers.

### HERE COME DE SMUDGE

From time to time, we've used this space to poke polite fun at some of the cosmetic contortions women go through in the name of beauty. However, we want you to know that the make-up and hair style shown on this page are to be taken quite seriously. Coty, the cosmetic company that's so big it can include something called "Smudge Pots" in its current line of beauty products and charge \$2 for it, says that this spring the costumed face will be goggled in color.

"Heads are enormous," says Coty, spelling out the new look. "Sometimes it's hair, sometimes a headpiece.

Lips are red and full. The natural lip line is followed with Candied Apple lipstick and glossed with Sheer Shine. Face tints go terra cotta with the glowing Dreamy Peach of Sheer Puffery foam make-up.

Rose fluttering plumage, a haze of dusky color all around the eye, finely chiseled features . . .

Well, you get the picture. Smudge Pots come in smoky mauve, smoky green and smoky blue.

## THE HUDKINS REPORT

According to an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, Dr. P. E. Hudkins, a Labor Department lawyer and economist in the Manpower Administration, is compiling a report that concludes that schizophrenia, paranoia, suicide, alcoholism, cancer, arthritis and sterility all result from female dominance of the family.

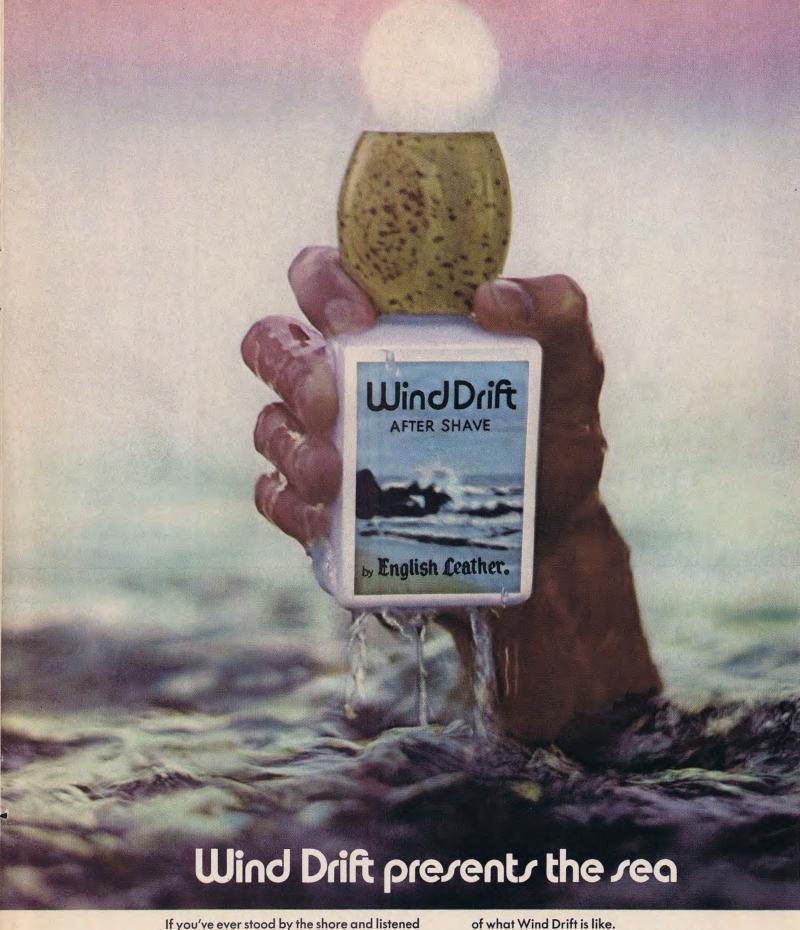
He blames the same cause for mental depression, dwarfism, crime, delinquency, homosexuality, diabetes, colds and headaches.

'But that doesn't mean I don't like women," says Hudkins. Otto





Coty's new look (left): c'est si Audubon. Pantyhose for men (right): uptight outasight.



If you've ever stood by the shore and listened to the pounding surf . . . felt the clean, refreshing shower of spray after a crashing wave . . . smelled the bracing breeze filled with the tang of salt green waters . . . then you have some idea

Wind Drift. The new after shave and cologne by the makers of English Leather® Beautifully boxed in authentic cork design gift sets. It's like splashing on a wave after you shave.

## Brut for Men.

## If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything. Brut by Fabergé.

## THE RUSSIAN WAY OF LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

seemed endless, they told me something about themselves. Both were twenty, and were studying journalism at the University of Moscow. I could just picture the scene that preceded our meeting; the two standing in the foyer of the Bolshoi, looking for Westerners, and spotting one (me) idiotic enough to be wearing a spring overcoat. "Get him" Olga said, and Natasha dutifully obeyed.

It was nearly midnight when we arrived at a dark modern apartment block. I felt in my wallet. "Don't give the taxi-driver a tip", said Olga. "Give him a cigarette." She winked. "He'll understand," which was more than I did but I obeyed. Olga seemed used to being obeyed. The inside, as usual, was drab. Even for luxury blocks, Russians see no need to spend money on lobby display, so one always feels one is using the tradesmen's entrance. We climbed three flights and Olga told me to whisper because her grandmother was sleeping in the next room. Olga's room was standard Moscow, long, narrow, oblong, but crammed with transistors, giant television, tape recorders, hi fi. I helped the girls off with their heavy coats. Olga took from a large refrigerator a bottle of Soviet champagne, and we toasted each other. Natasha set the tape recorder to work and played "Strangers in the Night" and "Doctor Zhivago".

Olga put a cigarette in her mouth and snapped her fingers for Natasha to light it. Olga then showed me her photograph album, with pictures of her father, a handsome man, in white tie and tails. "Olga's father was an orchestra leader" Natasha said quietly, and to my alarm, Olga's eyes filled with tears. "Both Olga's parents were killed in a car smash last year."

The imagination began to boggle a bit. All sorts of un-Soviet impressions were going through my head . . . hi fi, heavy mink, white tie and tails, and now the

capitalist way of death.

Olga brightened after a while and got down to business, which, as I expected, was money. My dollars for her rubles. I had no objection, even though it was against the law. Better spend them on two pretty girls than give them to Brezhnev. "What would you like?" I said. "\$50? \$100?"

Olga smiled and her Tartar eyes became slits. "What ever you want" she said. "Look."

I then had my biggest-ever surprise,

even in surprising Moscow. She opened a top drawer of a chest of drawers. It was full of *money*. Fifty ruble bills, 100 ruble bills. There must have been more than \$3,000 in cash. It occurred to me that I don't think I had ever seen \$3,000 in cash. Olga was not finished with me. She slammed the drawer closed and opened the next. It was full of French perfume. I felt like an idiot giving her only \$100. She gave me 100 rubles, waving aside my protests that it was too much, as there were only 90 cents to the ruble; Russians have the most haphazard ideas about money.

I had heard about Moscow's spoiled jeunesse dorée and now I was seeing it. We danced a little in the tiny space available, and I made a half-hearted pass, out of politeness and largely because I did not know if it was or was not the expected thing to do. Neither reacted in any way, neither resisting or even appearing to notice. Olga said, "Who do you think is prettier, Natasha

or me?"

I was getting pretty fed up with Olga's arrogance, and I said "Natasha".

We stopped dancing immediately, and Olga picked up her light blue telephone and called a taxi. Despite warnings from friends I continued to see the girls and they introduced me to their friends. I listened to one girl friend of Olga's speaking English in the languid accents one expects from Roedean or Bennenden: "I'm so furious that Daddy sold his car after Olga's parents died. Now we have to go to our dacha in Peredelkino every weekend by electric train." (Peredelkino is the country retreat of Moscow's more successful writers and including the late artists. Boris Pasternak.)

And another girl who told me she came from Kiev made remarks—between shudders—about Negro exchange students that would have delighted the Ku Klux Klan. Nor did anyone contradict

her or argue.

All these friendships over the course of my many trips to Moscow have followed the same pattern. Initial enthusiasm. Then real friendship. Then little by little a slow mutual tapering away. On the one hand one's Western friends keep saying, "Be careful, old man. It is probably a police setup. You don't want to finish up in the Lubyanka. A lot of these girls are planted by the K.G.B." And on the other side, Olga, Natasha, Irina, Vera and the others are being told, "You must be crazy. All Westerners are spies."

The girls are pretty certain I am not a spy. I am absolutely certain they are not K.G.B. agents. And yet . . . both sides breathe slightly more easily when the relationship is terminated, and the Soviet girls can pursue their secret, unspoken love affairs with their own

kind. OI

## THE SPIES

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28** 

tained 3,130 girls divided into four classes according to their youth and beauty; they were bought while still very young from needy families, or they were simply kidnapped.

Mao ended prostitution in his New China and rehabilitated the whores in special reform houses, modeled on the post-1917 Russian prophylacteria, where prostitutes were subjected to "right thinking". He also sponsored archives for all the documentary material and expertise relating to prostitution and its management, and sex perversion and its exploitation. This was distilled and annotated for future use.

Too often diplomats and businessmen laugh off the idea that the Chinese Communists never miss an opportunity to build up files on the private lives of men who might be suitably blackmailed. But it is all too true, as defecting members of Mao's girl sex squads have testified. I spoke to two girl defectors in Tokyo last year and such testimony is also recorded in the files of the Hongkong, Japanese and US security services. The girls defect through the refugee routes to Hongkong or by "running away from the job" once outside Red China.

Recruitment to Mao's seduction school, apparently, occurs on a number of levels. Usually, likely candidates are selected straight from their higher education colleges, the farm collectives, or from the ranks of the various youth leagues. The fact of being selected for 'special work" for Chairman Mao is enough to produce a young girl's absolute co-operation, for, since early childhood, she will have been taught that service to Chairman Mao, no matter how personally distasteful, is eminently to be desired. So well conditioned are Chinese girls that threats of punishments, like the KGB's intimidation of a candidate's family, or a period of "corrective thinking" at Vorkuta (the most infamous of all Russian slave-labor camps), are hardly ever necessary. Girls recruited in North Korea, North Vietnam, or from prison camps are more difficult to handle. One girl who had slept with American servicemen recently admitted to her US security captors that if she had not spied and slept around, her family in a village near the North Vietnamese border would have been massacred.

Soon after recruitment a candidate is given some fairly simple task to perform, like spying on the sex life of her parents, reporting to her masters if they indulge too much, before she is posted to the seduction school proper. At the school the recruits are taught the

full use of primary and secondary zones of sexual excitation, the best technique in fellatio, the various sexual positions and the arts of sexual massage and masturbation. Besides the texts of such classic Chinese erotica as Hsiu-t'a yeh shih (The Fantastic Tale of the Silkembroidered Pillows), the Ju-yi-ch'un chuan (The Tales of the Perfect Gallant), and the Ch'i p'o-tzu chaun (The Tale of the Love-Maddened Woman), set works include discussion of the "36 most satisfying sex positions" as set out in the Ch'un kung (The Vernal Place), or the Ch'un t'ang (The Vernal Palace). Here may be found such delicious titles as "fetching fire behind the hill" (rear entry), or "making candles by dipping the wick in the tallow" (copulation while hanging from bed cords).

The Chinese have basically copied the KGB routines as set out in J. Bernard Hutton's Struggle in the Dark, Danger from Moscow and School for Spies. Sex instruction takes up more than half of a training month and during each day's eight-hour training sessions the male instructors may take half a dozen women to climax (Cantonese men recruits seem to be the most favored for their stamina). The curriculum also includes map-reading, training in the use of cosmetics, fashion, cryptography, sabotage, assassination, terrorist organization lectures, propaganda, foreign languages, blackmail techniques, how to mix cocktails, and seminars in Western cooking. As one of Mao's operators is reported to have said, the best way to a capitalist imperialist's secrets is first through his stomach and then through his genitals.

Incidentally, Western lesbians, who might be used to supply classified information or be blackmailed, are also catered for at Mao's seduction school. One sex kit, as supplied to agents, was discovered in the flat of a Red Chinese whore in Hongkong. It contained a variety of artificial phalli (made in Japan), the most sophisticated of which was the exact size and texture of the male organ, with a spray action (using warm water) to simulate orgasm.

At a training collective near Peking, men too are schooled in the art of seduction. Their course, however, is more intensive, and later these trainees are mostly employed as instructors, to be found in Red Chinese embassies and legations throughout the world. Their job is to recruit occidental girls (and men too) for espionage in the West.

With the growing power of Red China, inevitable as a nation of such immense population industrializes, the bizarre activities of Chinese agents must become a matter of more and more concern to the free world, just as in the years following World War II counterintelligence had to switch emphasis from German subversion to Russian.

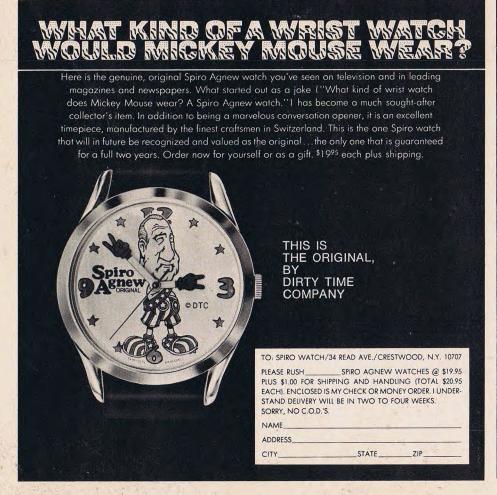
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### PENTHOUSE PARAPHERNALIA

- 1. Oilskinned inside, "The Wet Pack" doubles as a useful case for shaving accessories, as well as money, cigarettes, comb, etc. By Mark Cross, \$14
- 2. Shoulder bag holds wallet, passport case, camera, keys and a lot more. By Mark Cross, \$80
- 3. Executive clutch with front slit for gloves. By Mark Cross, \$80
- 4. Burglary-resistant safe offers steel construction, three tumbler combination lock. By Moseler, about \$270
- 5. Security box comes with key lock plus two combination locks. Open lid or lift box, alarm rings. By Invento, \$30 plus postage.
- 6. When all else fails: the traditional earthenware cookie jar. By Baldwin Pottery, \$15
- 7. Who would think of looking inside this supersize replica liquor bottle? It is a pop art bank. By Perfection Plastics, \$5
- 8. "Clip-fold" of butter calf is money clip as well as credit card holder. By Buxton, \$10
- 9. Elephant-skin passport case also holds everything from foreign currency to health forms. By Mark Cross, \$90
- 10. "The Hipster" is one slim answer to bulging pockets. Enough room for credit cards, business cards, money. Scandinavian grain cowhide. By Buxton, \$10
- 11. "Credit Card Jector" holds up to six cards. Press color-coded button and the right one flips out automatically. By Swank, \$5
- 12. Magnetic money clip, soft butter calf outside, buckskin inside.
  By T. Anthony, \$9.50
- 13. Imported silver-plated piggy bank complete with lock and key. By Eisenberg-Lozano, \$10.50
- 14. "The Banker" comes filled with two pounds of fine imported candies. You replace them with coins. Holds \$339.75 in quarters, \$342.10 in dimes, \$81.95 in nickels, \$26.85 in pennies. By Invento, \$7.50 plus postage.
- 15. Leather horseshoe-shaped coin purse. By Mark Cross, \$13
- 16. "Auto Organizer" includes road maps, coin holder, note pad and pen, slots for credit cards, other useful traveling information. By Swank, \$6
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Not for a moment would I deny that the more years go by the more I find London becoming my own obsession. The charm of the city is in the variety of its diversions and its ancient flavor. Despite changes, I rejoice that one most important tradition, the pub, remains inviolate. There are probably 7000 pubs in the London area alone, and I invite you here on a sample pub crawl.

Some pubs are Jekyll & Hydes—calm by day and wild by night—and many are landmarks with a fascinating history. The visitor may experience difficulty in finding the proper entrance. Serious drinkers go in by the door marked 'public bar". For a bit more comfort, and higher prices, follow the sign "saloon bar". Some pubs also have a "private bar", more expensive, but where I take my ladies. Usually pubs are not for dining and some serve no food except sandwiches and snacks. But in many luncheon is the main meal, with simple fare such as meat and fish pasties, steak and kidney pie, Scotch eggs, and toad-in-the-hole.

By the way, tipping is not expected unless you sit at a table and are served by a waiter or waitress. Also, if you plan serious drinking be prepared to cope with a breathalyzer when you drive home.

Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, 145 Fleet Street: This is probably London's best known pub and has barely changed since the 17th century. Many of London's journalists drink here and many tourists sip a glass of draft while they sit in Dr. Johnson's chair. Nearby you'll find The Cock, The Falstaff and The Printer's Devil, 98 Fetter Lane: The walls of this establishment are covered with everything relating to printing and publishing. One of my favorite dishes here is Scotch eggs, prepared in good English style.

## Scotch Eggs

Hardboil 6 eggs and cool. After removing shell, cover entire eggs with roll sausage meat. Dip sausage covered eggs into 2 well beaten eggs and roll in bread crumbs. Allow to remain for 1 hour or until coating is set. Deep fry eggs until coating is very brown and meat is cooked. Drain eggs and serve warm or cooled to room

## A LONDON PUB CRAWL

FOOD AND DRINK BY LIONEL BRAUN



temperature.

The Old Wine Shades, Martins Lane (off Cannon Street): This old building survived the Great Fire and has remained unchanged from 1663. The atmosphere is misty and probably was way back when Samuel Pepys sat with his glass of port. Jamaica Wine House, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill: A meeting place for after lunch, it maintains a ground-floor male preserve. However, there is a lounge on the lower ground floor that is usually filled with girl typists and other birds.

George and Vulture, 3 Castle Court, Cornhill: Nestling in a back alley, this old pub has smoky timbered ceilings. There are no longer any rooms, but Charles Dickens (who also patronized Justerini & Brooks) wrote of Mr. Pickwick's stay here. The food is exceptional. The Anchor, 1 Bankside, Southwark: Cross Southwark Bridge and turn left along the river. The Anchor is near the original sites of the Globe Theatre and Clink Prison. This pub is often associated with Shakespeare, who allegedly dined here while working at the Globe. Spaniard's Inn, Spaniards Road, Hampstead: This is one of London's most famous pubs, standing opposite an old toll house on a corner associated with Dick Turpin. Dickens frequented this spot, and before him Shelley and Keats.

Sherlock Holmes, 10 Northumberland Street: Arthur Conan Doyle had Henry Baskerville staying here. The pub is now crammed with objects featured in Doyle's books. There is also a replica of Holmes's study in Baker Street. The Prince of Wales, 37 Fortune Green Road: Unusual cross between a Leicester Square restaurant and a modern church. There are three openplan stairs from the dart-playing public bar via a balcony bar on the wide stairs leading up to a balconied saloon at the top. A mod pop pub!

Chelsea Drug Store, 49 Kings Road: Originally an old Chelsea pub, now converted to a swinging night and day spot. You'll find two bars, mini-boutiques selling everything from chemists' "sundries" to Led Zeppelin records. The Swan, 66 Bayswater Road: Once an old coaching house. It is opposite Kensington Gardens. The decor is contemporary and it's a relaxing place to eat. The food is exceptional, maintaining a tradition that goes back to 1792. For summer luncheon you can enjoy these specialties:

### Swan Vegetable Salad

Combine ½ cup each of cubed cooked carrots, peas, lima beans, sliced green beans and cubed cooked potatoes. Prepare a mix of:

½ cup mayonnaise, some sour cream, 2 tsps. lemon juice and chopped chives. Stir dressing and pour over vegetables. Serve at room temperature.

### Swan Tomato & Onion Salad

Arrange alternate layers of thinly sliced tomatoes and Bermuda onions in a large salad bowl. Pour French dressing over arrangement when ready to serve.

### French Dressing

Mix 2 tbsps wine vinegar, 1½ tsp. salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Slowly beat in 6 tbsps of olive oil and Wesson oil mixed (half & half). Mix this dressing very well with a fork and add some freshly ground black pepper. Should make about ½ cup of super French dressing.

Typical of the English pub is the closing ritual. "Come along now, please" with its peculiar harshness marks the end of the evening. The mugs of bitter are drained, the darts put away and our splendid thirst is abruptly cut short to the cruelest words in Great Britain: "Time, gentlemen, please."

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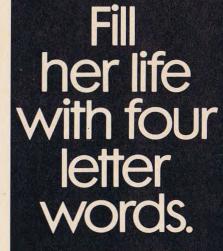
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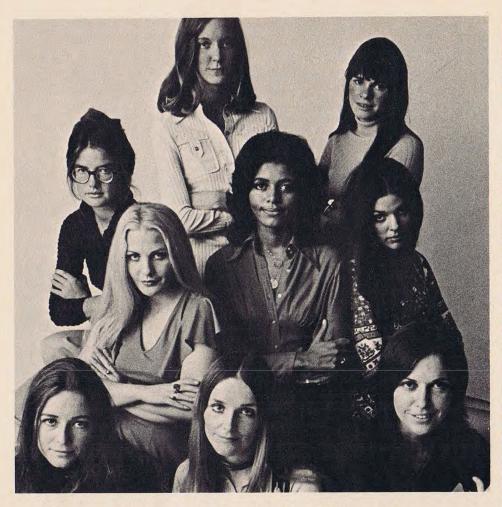
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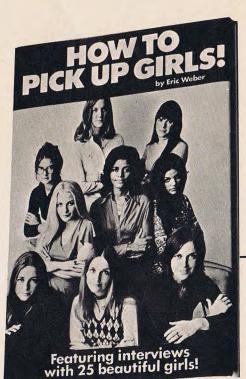


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## PENTHOUSE FORUM

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14** 

circulation in South East Asia. We love it!—C. W. (name and address withheld), APO San Francisco 96330

The Oakdale Ranch is at 17809 Glen Helen Road, San Bernardino, Calif. 92407—Ed.

Girl appeal

I would like to comment on your magazine even though I am not to be categorized among those to whom it is directed—i.e. the male population. I am a girl, aged 24, an ex-model. Your magazine, via its monthly centerfolds (or perhaps more via its choice of models) has managed to capture the essence of what it is to be a woman. This is what modeling—be it high fashion or figure photography—is all about. This essence is what a model strives to achieve, and most of us don't succeed. When that happens, we either persist in our failure, or we quit and go back to teaching school.

I would like to mention something of which you may not yet be aware, namely, that your magazine attracts an astounding number of male readers. A majority of these are the "feminine lesbians" of which I am one. The term is self-coined and classifies those girls of whom others would say "Why does she have to be a lesbian?" or "She doesn't look like one." I personally know about 20 girls of this type. They are all beautiful or extremely attractive and intelligent. They are, by and large, the only women who are cognizant of what it means, really, to be a woman.

Your photographer and your models have, whether inadvertently or not, produced their woman. Their woman is a girl, beautiful and alone. She is the woman who has only herself as company in her bedroom, and you portray her perfectly, so realistically. Specifically, your girls are fascinated by their anatomy. They fondle their nipples as women fondle their nipples—not in a "playing" sense, and not to show a male reader that "I'm playing with my tits". Their whole being goes into it: the curiosity, the eyes attentively fixed. The average man, although he may be excited by this, doesn't understand it, cannot imagine how lovely and sexy she feels. But I, and others of a similar mold, do understand. We look at Viva Helziger (January) and know what she is experiencing as that nipple hardens between her fingers. She is not posing for a picture that will make money by exciting hungry men. No!

I've written this because Viva made me experience the reality behind what, to the superficial eye, was merely a sexy pose. Sexy it is indeed! But how much more delicious to those of us who in essence become embodied, each month, in your centerfold section.—Leslie W. (name and address withheld), Boston 02116.

Special preference

Judging from the number of letters on this subject in the past year, it appears that the number of users of enemas for other than strictly therapeutic purposes is on the upswing. The way I prefer is for the recipient to lie on his back, preferably in a full tub of warm water. The pressure of the water on the outside of the abdomen helps to offset the internal pressure and thereby permits a fuller enema to be taken. The solution used should be plain water at about 10 degrees. Most syringe bags hold about

two quarts and the average adult should be able to take this amount with little discomfort. The bag should be hung two or three feet above the recipient to give the desired rate of flow. The most comfortable fitting to use is a colon tube, available at most drug stores. One end presses over the regular enema fitting. In the absence of a colon tube, the female douche fitting is preferred to the regular enema fitting because it does not have to be held in place and it is certainly not large enough to cause any discomfort.

A full warm enema taken as above can be very soothing after a hectic day, or can be an exciting prelude to sexual experiences.—B. J. Jackson, Route 2. Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901.

### Hair and where

The girl I have been going with for over two years is as free-wheeling and imaginative as myself. We have enjoyed all forms of sexual play, scoring numerous "firsts" with each other. We especially enjoy oral-genital lovemaking. A year ago, my fiancée shaved off most of her pubic hair, leaving only a furry mound to stare at me as my tongue administered to her. Not only does the smoothness increase our sensuality but also it reveals the youthfulness and seeming innocence of my bride-to-be.

I myself am not a shaved man. Strangely enough, we hadn't even considered the advantages of shaving me, but now we might just give it a try. Our thanks to your Forum.—T.P. (name and address withheld), Amherst, Mass.

### Dressing for kicks

I am a young married woman of 23 who is fairly attractive and I have proven the following with my husband. The secret of a successful sexual experience is to feel constantly sexy by wearing suggestive underwear. I have purchased cut-out bras and have worn them with tight and lowcut sweaters or sheer blouses. To prove my point, I went shopping one day and every male salesman fell over himself to help me. I also went into a small boutique to try on some clothes wearing crotchless panties, with the bra. The door to the dressing room just happened to open and the male manager will never be the same again! That evening my husband and I had the most enjoyable and erotic sexual act we had ever experienced.

So, men, pass these ideas on to your wives and girls. I'm sure you won't regret it!—Mrs. J.R. (name and address withheld), Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563.

## Hand it to him

You have already received a letter from one of my brothers, Chuckles Peeler (February Forum), and the request of the other students is similar to his. The positions of the models' hands in relation to their breasts, and other parts of their bodies turns everyone on. All of your chicks have class, and that word is rare out here.

So if you ever need an extra pair of hands, feet, or any part of the body for any of your centerfolds, please let us know because it would be greatly appreciated. Anatomically yours—Drew Torpey, Social Director, Alpha Tan Fraternity, Hiram-Scott College, Scottsbluff, Neb.

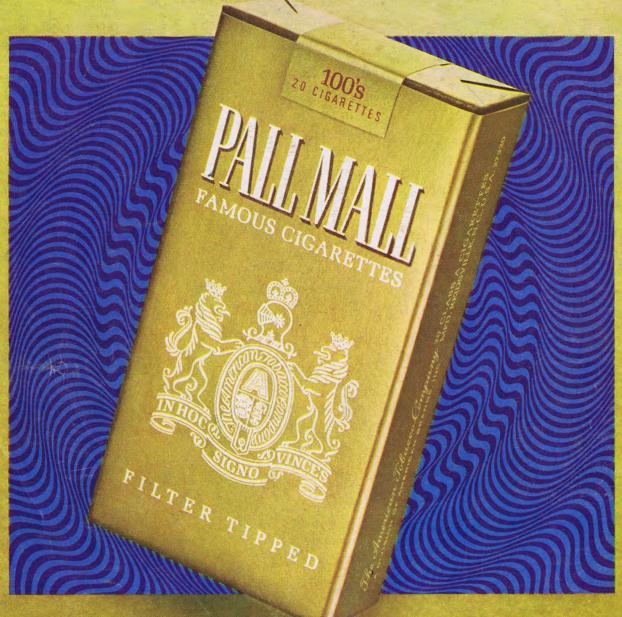


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