

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242
AUGUST 1971 75 cents

CC
WHY I'M CHALLENGING NIXON BY
CONGRESSMAN McCLOSKEY — AN
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW/PROFESSOR
EYSENCK ON WHEN YOU CAN'T HELP
WHAT YOU'RE LIKE AS A LOVER/
ALIMONY BE DAMNED! — TIME TO
CHANGE THE LAWS/THREE'S COMPANY:
A SCRUTINY OF TROILISM/SECRETS OF
A NUDE SUNBATHER



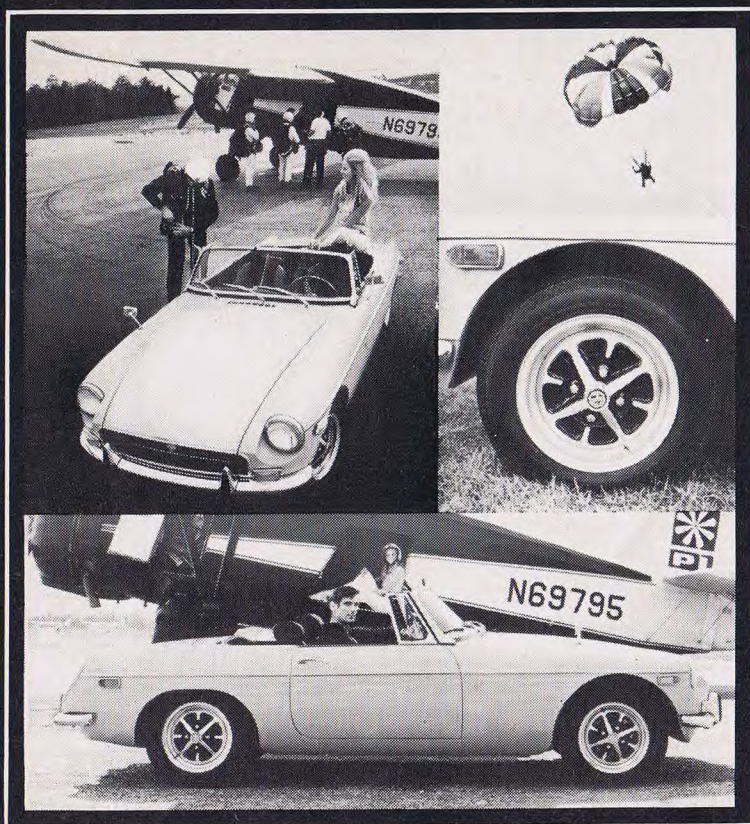


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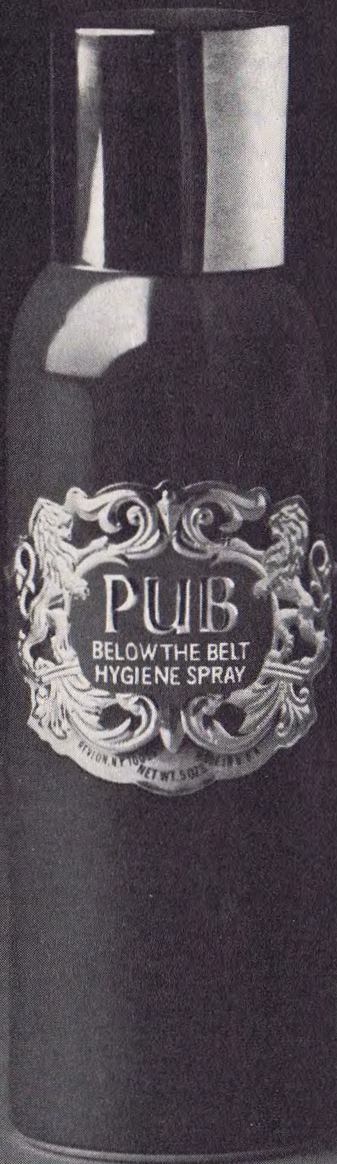
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The International Magazine for Men/AUGUST 1971



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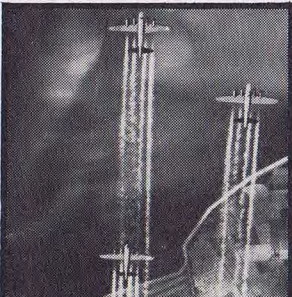
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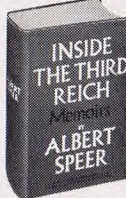
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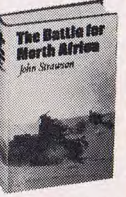
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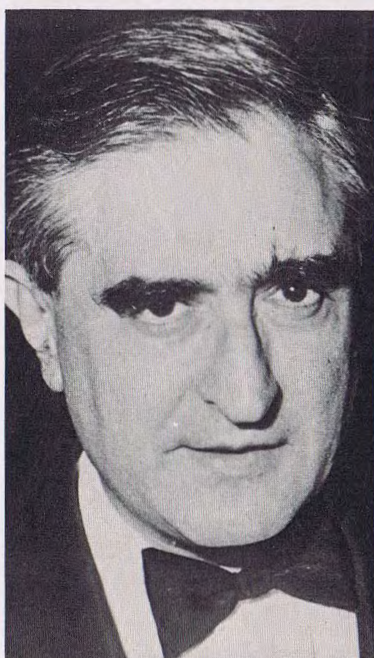
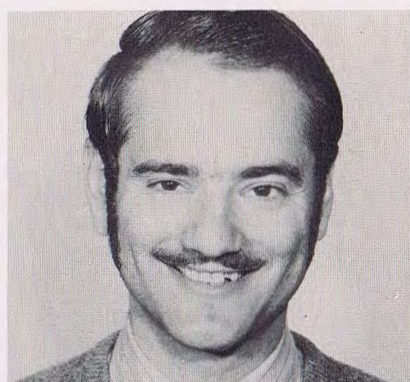
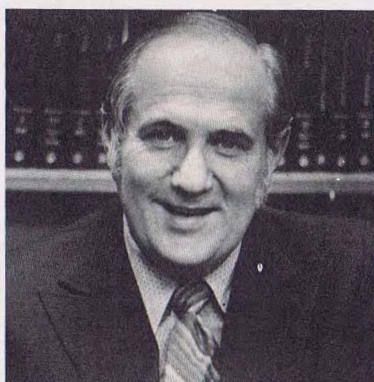
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HOUSECALL



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CANTOR

With an edition that really gets down to the nitty-gritty, Penthouse this month not only plunges into such pressing personal issues as the iniquity of alimony, how heredity affects what you're like as a lover, and the appeal of threesomes, but also interviews an exceptional Presidential challenger, Congressman "Pete" McCloskey. To conduct the interviewing (page 34) of this energetic Californian, Penthouse assigned another Californian, David Shaw, an award-winning Los Angeles journalist. Last year Shaw, 28, carried off no fewer than three journalistic prizes awarded by the L.A. Press Club—for 1970's best story (\$1000), best law story (\$250), and best business story (\$250). He is a staff reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, specializing in public issues. Which brings us to the emotive question of alimony, an issue both public and private, and to Sidney Siller, who wants it reformed (page 24). In fact Siller, New York lawyer and general trial counsel, has a book on the subject ready for publication, called *Splitzville U.S.A.* He was also instrumental, way back in 1965, in forming the Committee for Fair Divorce & Alimony Laws, whose activities, including the picketing of Alimony Jail, led to New York's 1966 Divorce Reform Bill, creating five additional grounds for divorce. So far as divorce is due to sexual behavior, it could be that an incompatibility is inborn—or so says Professor Hans Eysenck, Britain's world-renowned behaviorist psychologist (page 30). Dr Eysenck reports on recent research linking psychological traits with sexual

habits: this indicates that if your personality type is known, the pattern of your sex life can be predicted. Dr Eysenck, an upholder of the scientific, as opposed to subjective, study of psychology, will be contributing further controversial articles to Penthouse. Harlan Ellison, 37, author of our short fantasy story (page 44), was recently hailed by the sci-fi magazine *Analog* as the "all-time champion" in sci-fi awards, with two Nebulas and five Hugos of the World Science Fiction Convention. A prolific penman, producing novels, stories, and scripts, he also has TV credits for *Star Trek*, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, and *Batman*. A political militant too, he has been jailed for involvement in the Delano grape-pickers' strike, the march on Montgomery, Ala., and the peace demonstration at Century City. Another fiction writer, this time concerned with fact, is perennial Penthouse contributor William Fifield, author of a seasonal guide to starters sunning (page 54). Long resident in the Balearic isle of Ibiza, Bill Fifield has lately been revisiting his native America, and he delivered his typescript en route. He reports that in the Mediterranean, as elsewhere, prices are going up and population is exploding—with deplorable effects on nude sunbathing hideaways. Finally a notable addition to our roster of regular contributing editors: Arthur Cantor, prominent Broadway producer, theatre operator, and author (*The Playmakers*, W. W. Norton & Co), joins Penthouse to strengthen our showbiz coverage. He will conduct the Shows column in View from the Top, beginning in this issue.



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KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



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'N JOHN LEE HOOKER
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STILLS
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



66709 ORSON WELLES
Begatting of the
President Media LP



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Feather: for and against

The Leonard Feather piece, *Goodbye to Rock Island* (May), is extremely informative and amazingly accurate. My main reaction to this article was that, for a man not directly involved in the day-to-day rock scene, who has for years been considered to be a jazz expert, Mr. Feather has an uncanny perception of "where things are at" in rock today.

Perhaps it is the very fact that he is not strongly allied with rock that gives him his most valuable objectivity. Too many "rock" critics are both unqualified as music experts and too emotionally involved to present an accurate, unbiased viewpoint. Mr. Feather, whose credentials have been established over the years, who has seen musical fads come and go, presents a reasoned "overview" of the whole popular music scene with rock as only one piece of the pie. Although he says that no single spectator can "achieve a panoramic view of the entire scene", I feel Mr. Feather has come remarkably close.

His comments on "acid" rock, folk, jazz/rock, the trend to R&B, skyrocketing demands of rock superstars and other trends are very much in keeping with my own observations. I congratulate Mr. Feather on this fine, well-

researched article.—*Bill Graham, Fillmore West, San Francisco, Calif.*

The Leonard Feathers, the Albert Goldmans, etc. would like to do everything they can to kill rock music. They've been prematurely announcing its death for the last three years. And what are they, and where are they? Nowhere. Maybe they'd like to see all the kids cut their hair short and sit around in jazz clubs while they relayed intimate stories of what the Mileses and Dizzys whispered in their ears alone on a cold and rainy night in 1947.

Feather hasn't been a part of the current music scene for the past 10 years, and I can well understand his need to get back in it. It's too bad; when it came time to go to people in the music industry to find out what was going on, he didn't even know where to go. Mike Curb indeed. And I'd like to find 10 other people who agree with him that "Cannonball Adderly right now has the finest musical group in the world." What the hell does Cannonball Adderly have to do with current music anyway?

As for your own statement that Mr. Feather is America's leading pop music critic, that only shows that you don't know a damn thing about what's going on either. So the whole article (to

use an old jazz expression, since that's where you're at) is jive. And your readers are now in need of an education in what's really going on—which I'll someday tell you, when I'm a little less angry.—*Michael Goldstein, the Goldstein Organization, Inc., 57th Street, New York, N.Y.*

War game

Reading *The Games Women Play At* (April) my amazement was topped only by my amusement as "feminist spokeswoman" Sandie North was quoted as saying: "The goal of the game is to push the man beyond his own limits, and the object is dominance in a relationship." At face value the statement looks like an open-ended puzzle. It is hard to decide whether it was meant as a disguised rallying credo for a fanatic faction of the Women's Liberation Movement or whether it was a Freudian slip escaping from a deeper motive of personal vendetta.

It sounds like a dissonant tone of shrieking decibels at the least opportune moment, when many among the very best of the male half of humanity sincerely try to render honest service for equality of the sexes in rights, opportunities and individual considerations. Some WLM fanatics, it appears, would like the married man to believe that he entered an onerous alliance with his most implacable enemy when he vowed loyalty to the female half of the partnership. Fortunately, that faction of WLM is fundamentally erroneous. The search for a satisfactory *modus vivendi* between the contestants in the patriarchal-matriarchal game would be doomed to failure if the Movement could be simplified to the equation where "liberation" of the women would mean submission of the males.

What is the purpose of all this ballyhoo about social justice in WLM if one half of mankind is to be perpetually domineered by the other half, and the only question now open is which half? —*Lewis L. Incze, Ph.D. (Sociology), Biron Street, Lewiston, Me.*

Hot spies

I am writing to express my outrage at your printing of Raymond Lamont Brown's scatological article on the Red Chinese "intelligence" system, *The Spies Who Come in From the Heat* (May). Mr. Brown takes a prejudiced approach to all Communist affairs and consistently betrays his ignorance of basic Chinese history and practice. To give only one of numerous examples, the discussion of Mao, Li Li-san and the Kiangsi Soviet is entirely erroneous. First of all, Mao hardly "branched out" of Kiangsi, but rather was driven out by pressure from Chiang Kai-shek's armies—what followed is generally known as the Long March. Secondly, Li Li-san was hardly a "prominent comrade" of Mao Tse-tung, but a bitter rival in the pre-Kiangsi period. He was not the "hero of the Canton insurrection" (a title usually reserved for Chang T'ai-lei who died there). He was purged and went in disgrace to Moscow and remained there for the next 15 years. Such gross errors with the most elementary facts cast the veracity of the entire article into serious question.

In light of recent developments in Sino-American relations and heightened interest in China, Penthouse has done its readers a great disservice by passing off this collection of misinformation, prejudice and hearsay as an "authoritative account" by an "Oriental specialist".—*R.L.S. (name and address withheld), Manhattan, New York, N.Y.*

Raymond Lamont Brown writes: "To take the only specific points first: (i) Mao himself referred to his policy as 'branching out'—see

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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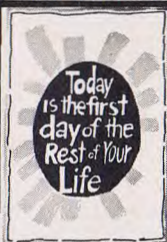
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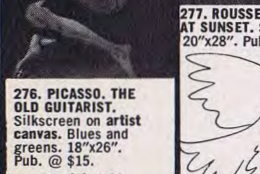
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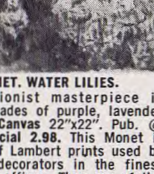
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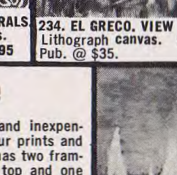
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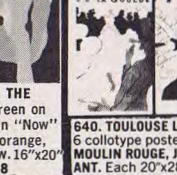
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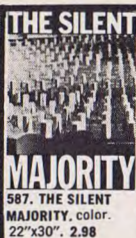
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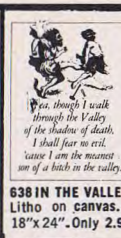
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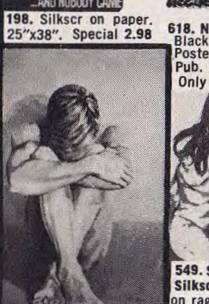
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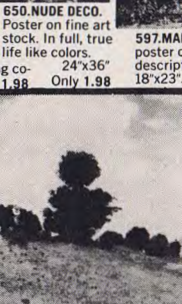
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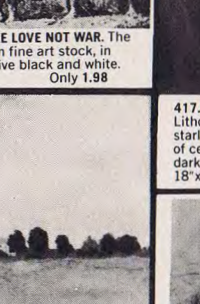
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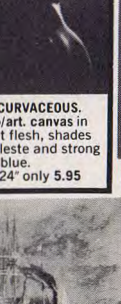
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393	395	399	401	405	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418
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'Problems of Strategy in China's Revolutionary War', Selected Works, vol 1 pps 129-134. The republic of Kuangsi adopted an offensive line in resisting Kuomintang encirclement, making 'attacks on all fronts', the object being to 'branch out to victory' as was eventually done via the northwest, where the Party had other 'revolutionary bases' less easy to encircle (see P. Devilliers Was Mao Wirklich Sagte, Vienna 1967, and Edgar Snow, Red Star Over China). After this came the Long March; (ii) Li Li-san was certainly 'prominent'. He dominated the Central Committee from the Sixth Party Congress (Moscow 1928) and his line prevailed directly or indirectly in the Party from 1930-34, during which time Mao suffered something of an eclipse. He and Mao were 'comrades' in ideological belief, whatever their personal rivalries; (iii) Li may not deserve the title of 'hero of the Canton insurrection' but he was nevertheless often called this among his supporters and in Soviet circles—see L. Bianco Les origines de la révolution chinoise; (iv) in his key work Problems of Strategy in China's Revolutionary War (December 1939) Mao, along with a précis of strategy in armed resistance widely used in the Third World, clearly stated that he would 'attack . . . harass and subvert' his enemies. Why then is this reader 'outraged' at my description of Mao's methods? I personally welcome the thawing of the political climate in Peking, which will at least give us a chance to get to know the Chinese better. But it must be remembered that even in 1971 six-year-old children in China are taught how to use rifles and hand grenades, housewives are daily employed in constructing air raid shelters, and Mao's 'thought' warning of 'coming war with America and Russia' is placarded freely."—Ed.

No thanks for the Cold War propaganda. Obviously, your editors took their last political science courses during the 1950s and carefully learned who were the "good guys" and the "bad guys".—Mary Arendt Bruekelman, Dover, Del.

Encore!

Just to let you know Penthouse, May 1971, is a great issue: something for everyone. How about more of the same?—M.P. (name and address withheld), Chicago, Ill.

How about this issue?—Ed.

Halpern on heroin

I read William Corson's fine articles (*How to Silence the Black Minority*, December and January) and the petition, *A Declaration of War on Heroin*, while I was representing the US Congress at a United Nations Conference in Geneva.

While at the conference, I was fortunate to have long negotiations with high officials from Turkey and other countries on the subject of stopping heroin traffic. As you may know, I sponsored a bill in the last session of Congress to institute economic sanctions against those countries which fail to take effective steps to prevent the smuggling and exportation of poppy plants and their derivatives.

Naturally, such a measure is a major concern of Turkish officials, whose government receives many millions in US military and foreign assistance each year, and they do not want such assistance stopped for any reason.—Rep. Seymour Halpern (R-N.Y.), House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

Law lady

Wow! Your May issue arrived today and I was really turned on by the pictures of John Philip

Law (*The von Richthofen Papers*). I am one of these women who would very much like to see more pictures of the gorgeous male body. How about it?—Mrs. John C. Manton, Denencourt Street, Marlboro, Mass.

This is the International Magazine for Men, lady. Any male nudes are by the way, but you're welcome to enjoy them as a bonus.—Ed.

Girl appeal

I, as a girl of 18, wish to agree with Leslie W. of Boston in her statement (*Forum*, May) that Penthouse has a female readership that perhaps you people or, for that matter, your entire audience cannot conceive of, and a very good number of them are lesbians. However, also among your female audience are girls or women enjoying a heterosexual relationship with a man who equally enjoy appreciating the beauty of a lovely girl in pictorial form. I place myself in this category, and dare say that if you were to show every female the absolutely captivating portfolio of, for instance, Viva Helziger (January), the majority of them would be to varying degrees sexually aroused. At the same time, they wouldn't think of having an actual relationship with another female.

I am not at all ashamed to say that a Penthouse Pet like gorgeous Viva Helziger can sexually excite me and that I cherish every picture of her, because I do not think it is as unusual as some would say. Perhaps the day will come when this can be fully accepted. You may want to reconsider your subtitle "The International Magazine for Men".—Doreen Linionni, Hedge Street, Providence, R.I.

Oldies but goodies

I am a married male of 44 years who is stimulated highly, not by rubber garments, but one rubber item in particular, a medical device known as the "condom". For over 13 years I have used a rubber contraceptive during our marital relations and can assure you that we have experienced as good a relationship as any couple. According to statistics, 80 million couples still use this age-old device. I need not go into details, but can only say that I think all users of the condom on a regular basis will agree with me that we know secrets non-users would never guess, as to the true value this device offers. To those of you who have never tried this common device, well, don't knock it, Jack. After all, variety is the spice of life. Enough said?—C.J.L. (name and address withheld), Lexington, Ky.

Pain and pleasure

Would you allow three girls who share a flat, whose boyfriends all read Penthouse, and who all think it marvelous, to comment on your pain/pleasure controversy? We just can't understand men who want to be caned by their wives. None of us has found anything of the sort necessary to assist in lovemaking! But as we're all under 20 and away from home we've felt the need for some sort of discipline among ourselves, and since nine months ago, at the suggestion of our friend John, who's a teacher and lives upstairs, we've had a cane for this purpose.

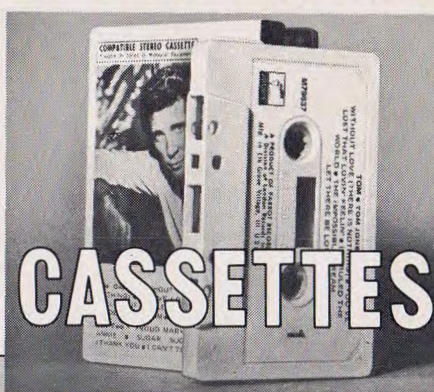
John got it for us. He says it is the lightest available in the education service. It's 21 inches long, has a bent-over handle and is barely 1/4" thick at the other end. But it has a terrifying swish and stings like hell. Those cuts from each of the others across briefs or pajamas—touching toes or bending over a chair—are not something any of us looks forward to, and usually keep the

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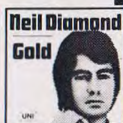
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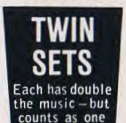
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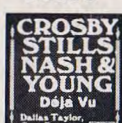
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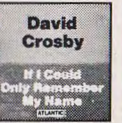
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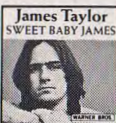
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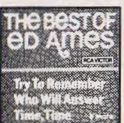
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culprit on the straight and narrow for some time to come.

When one of us does anything really disgraceful—it's only happened once so far—our rules provide a much more severe penalty. Then we call in John to wield the cane; he has agreed to administer whatever punishment the other girls decide on. When I (Jennifer) got stewed just over a month ago and brought home and took to bed a perfectly horrible man, the girls applied this rule. They held a "court" and awarded "12 of the best" to be administered by John across my bare buttocks. John was more than willing when he heard the story—he told me I was disgusting, and believe me I felt disgusting.

John made me kneel on a dressing stool in my nightie in front of the others and support myself on my palms on the floor. My nightie was pulled up above my waist. You could hardly imagine a more humiliating posture for a girl to be in, but I knew the humiliation was part of my punishment and that I richly deserved it, as I did the 12 agonizing cuts with the cane that followed. I very quickly found out that wielded by a muscular young man and applied with all his vigor, it hurt far worse than when used by the girls. I writhed and sobbed and ended by bawling like a two-year-old. But it has taught me a lesson! We all think our system is a good one. Let those who need a cane to titillate their sex lives carry one. We'll keep ours for its proper purpose.—Jennifer, Pat & Suzanne (names and address withheld), London, England.

When I was in hospital recently, the nurses used to give us sponge baths in bed, and naturally it was always something I really looked forward to. One cute little blonde, who used to let her

boobs bounce around without a bra inside her starched white uniform, obviously took much more pleasure than the others in performing this chore.

The first time she gave me a bed bath in my private room I couldn't hide the fact that I had a hard-on, but this little cookie didn't mind; on the contrary! Next time, as I was lying on my stomach, she ran her hand up between my legs, squeezed my balls and gave me a couple of hard slaps on the butt. Christ, I was so surprised I came off right then!

From then on we balled every day without fail, and believe me she really had an appetite for sex. If it hadn't been for her I probably would have been out of that hospital in half the time. But all I needed was to see her waltz into the room in her tight little uniform and my pecker would immediately stand up to attention!

She thought of all kinds of variations, and naturally since I was stuck in bed with my leg in a cast she always played the dominant role.

What I particularly liked was when she thrashed me on the butt with a stethoscope, or used it to tie around my genitals and then stuff one of the earplugs up my anus. Since leaving hospital, my sex life just hasn't been the same.—J.F.S. (name and address withheld), Cambridge, Mass.

Humiliation quirk

Not too long ago I placed an ad in a "sex club" type of magazine. Being submissive, I requested that a female (20 to 40 years old) answer in order that she might dominate me. In time I received a reply from a 38-year-old divorcee who is 15 years my senior. Since then I have submitted to her domination, but I also got something I hadn't quite expected.

It so happens that she is an advocate of humiliating subservient males by emptying her bladder onto various parts of their anatomy. In fact this is her prime motive for seeking them. She often liked to urinate on me in the tub, in bed, or even in a public place where exposure is possible. Perhaps I have surrendered my manhood in allowing such treatment, but I have achieved orgasms of an intensity I never thought possible.—J.T.S. (name and address withheld), Haddonfield, N.J.

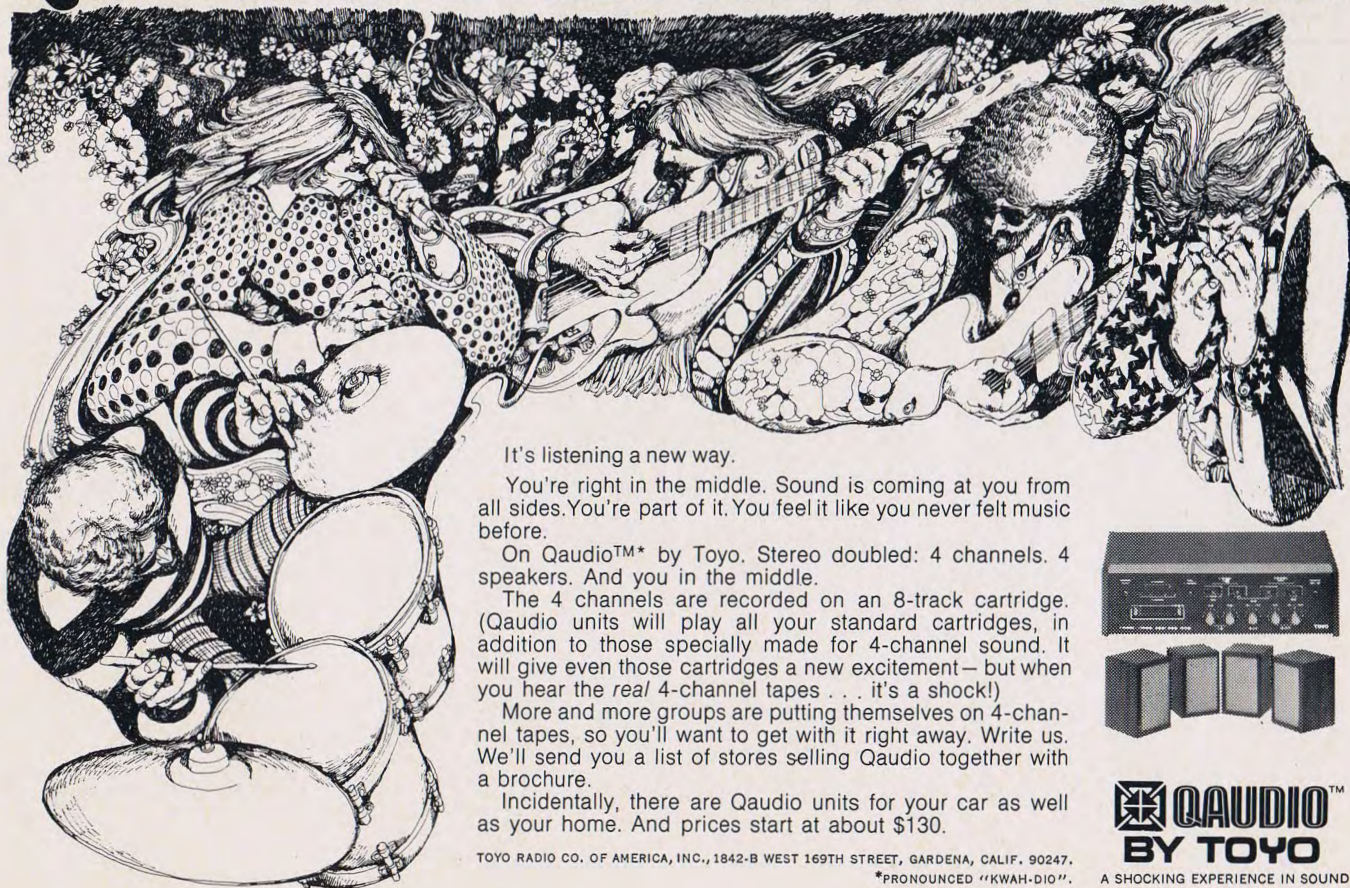
Once and future sultan

I am a man of 40, happily married to a girl 10 years younger than myself, with two nice children and a very good job in an international company here in Brussels. Until a few months ago, my sexual life was quite normal but nothing unusual happened.

For years, a cousin of my wife has been visiting us one Saturday each month. She is a nice girl of 26, still single but very modern; her name is Monique. One evening three months ago we were all sitting in the living room after a good dinner. Some of your magazines were lying on the table. My wife took one of them and with Monique started to read. They were very surprised to learn from your readers' letters that some males take pleasure in being dominated by females. Monique mentioned that one of her secret daydreams was to be a slave in a harem, and my wife said that she has always been very excited by that idea—so I told them that if this was their secret wish, I could be their sultan for one night.

Monique and my wife burst out laughing but I noticed that they were anyway very aroused by my idea. I started to pinch and caress my wife's legs, and she didn't stop me, although it was in

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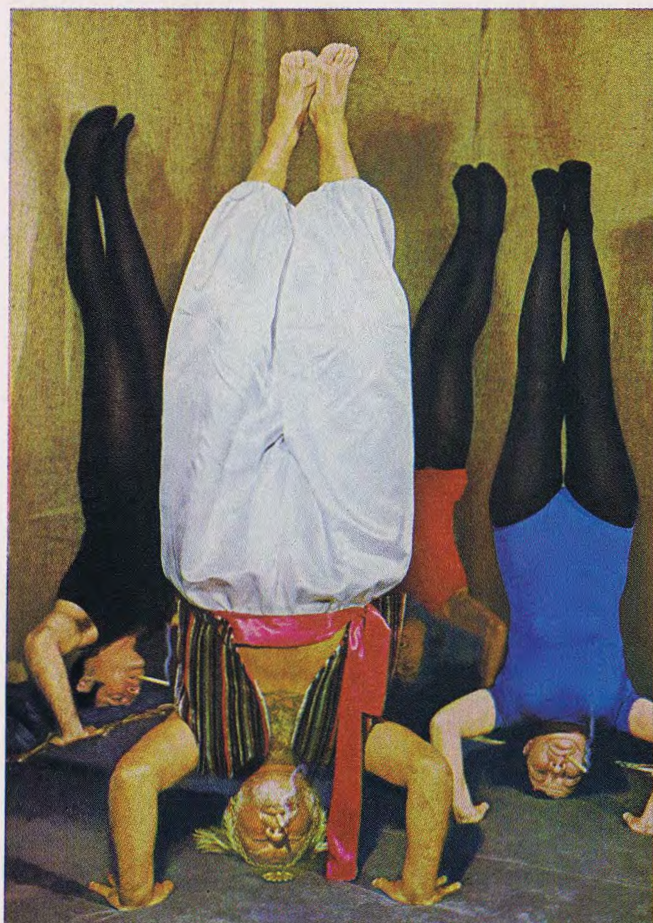
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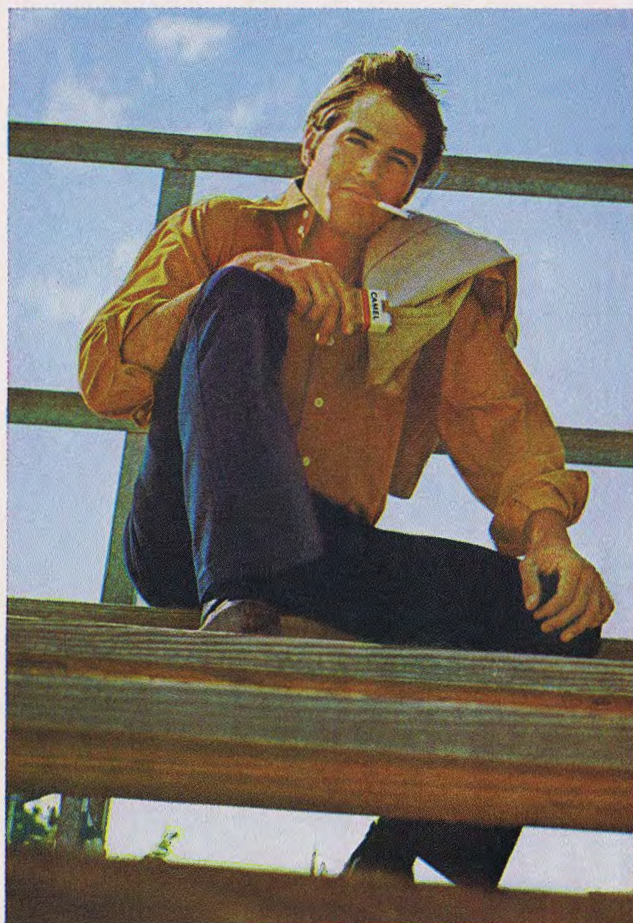
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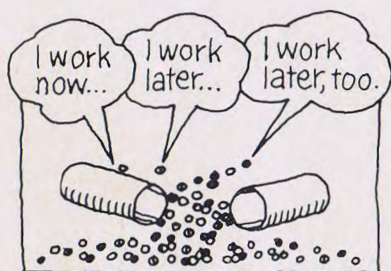


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front of Monique. I then decided to do the same to my wife's cousin. Soon I had undressed the two females completely. When they were naked, I told them that they were from that moment my slaves, and ordered them to kneel. Life being a mixture of pain and pleasure for a harem slave, I decided to submit them to my desires. I took my belt and started to whip them both. They didn't ask me to stop; on the contrary, I realized they were becoming more and more aroused.

Then I decided to sit on the sofa and asked them to do a belly dance, after putting on an appropriate record. They were so excited they began to dance immediately, one trying to surpass the other in erotic poses, and the spectacle was so fantastic I only ordered them to stop after more than a quarter of an hour.

When the dance was over I told my slaves to join me on the sofa. Monique said she did not want sexual intercourse but she said she was ready for anything else, so I did "all the rest" to Monique and had intercourse with my wife. Afterwards, we agreed that none of us before had such satisfaction in our sex lives. Since that memorable day, one Saturday each month we have had the same session. The two females like so much this new game they have improved the décor. We have a special "harem room" in our apartment and they wear (at the beginning at least) very exciting harem pajamas. For my birthday, I even received a whip. Once a month now we can forget we are civilized people of the 20th century and realize our most secret desires.—T.F.P. (name and address withheld), St Giles, Brussels, Belgium.

Forbidden fleece

I do congratulate your honesty in at last printing photographs of girls as naked as nature intended. Admittedly, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but is *natural* beauty necessarily the best? Cannot it be improved on? When photographing a frontal nude this should show the girl's clitoris that would be normally covered by pubic hair. I am a bachelor who has enjoyed relationships with many girlfriends but only two have been really exciting through their having kept up depilation. For one thing, this greatly increased our enjoyment of cunnilingus. So, girls, pick up your razors. You will soon see how beautiful you can really be, and consequently how satisfied.—Tony Robinson, Latymer Court, London, England.

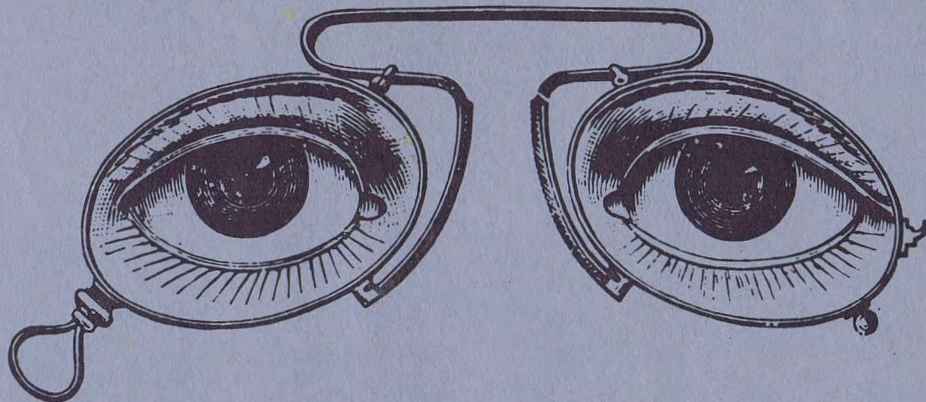
I never thought the day would come where it's possible to buy an "above-the-counter" magazine in which the female's pubic hair is publicly displayed. I've just enjoyed reading your April issue and if I'm not incorrect, there were seven such shots portrayed. Perhaps if the girls are a bit modest about showing off, they could be persuaded to pose in see-through panties. We'd get the same effect and they wouldn't be entirely nude.

In case it's of any interest to you the type of pubic triangle I most prefer is like the one shown by J.J., the Pet of the Month. Her triangle is very lovely in that it is high in the center at the top and tapers downwards on the sides. All in all a very nice portrayal of female flesh indeed.

It would be nice to see more and better pictures of the models' beavers and even give us clear, well-lit unimpeded views of their split beavers as well. Let's see some vaginal lips soon!—S.E.R. (name and address withheld), Torrington, Cal.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

VIEW FROM THE TOP



AN INTERVIEW WITH GOD

Sir (or Madam), before we proceed, may we first express our thanks for this opportunity to ask You a few questions on behalf of our readers. We are deeply grateful.

God: Well, that's quite all right. And if I may open on a light note (borrowing if not plagiarizing from one of My favorite authors) I trust this interview will reveal, if nothing else, that the reports of my "death" have been greatly exaggerated.

Is that Your purpose, in granting this interview? To disprove the theories of the so-called "Death of God" movement?

God: Oh, My Me, no! I've no wish to discredit any of those folks. Like Me and so many of My prophets, the Death of God people are much misunderstood. For one thing, in claiming I have died they are at least acknowledging that I existed in the first place — something the average atheist refuses to do. And secondly, philosophers like Nietzsche and Sartre have not been trying really to downgrade Me, but to upgrade humanity. They are not saying so much that I am dead, but that humanity has come of age, and can get along without relying on My constant intervention. I am no authority on theology of course, but as I interpret Albert Camus, for example, he seems to be arguing less for a dead God than for a silent or absent one. And that is an idea which I must confess holds some attractions for Me.

Sir (or Madam), if theology means the "study of God," how can You say You are not an authority on the subject?

God: Well I'm afraid you are mistaken on two counts. First, no one need necessarily be an authority on himself. Not even Me. But more important, theology, as the term is used in practice, applies to the study of religious

doctrine — to matters involving form and ritual and the differences between various denominations as to "proper" interpretation of the Bible. It has to do more with the operation of churches, temples and synagogues, and with the kinds of singing, praying and preaching to be done in them. The whole business is much too sectarian for Me. I became disillusioned with theology thousands of years ago. But then, I never was very religious. Justice is My main concern. And mercy. To some theologians, I would be considered a heretic.

Have You gone to any trouble to express this feeling before?

God: Now, surely you must be joking. Of course I have, many times. But I will give you a few examples anyway. Do you remember Amos, that shepherd, from the region of Tekoa, near Jerusalem? A marvelous writer, that fellow! He wrote the first books of prophecy in the Old Testament, you know. I was already disgusted with the way his people thought of Me as more concerned with ritual than with justice. So I gave him an in-depth interview. And I sent him to a gathering at the Beth-el sanctuary to deliver a personal message from Me. It ran like this: "I hate, I despise your feasts, and I take no delight in your solemn assemblies. Even though you offer Me your burnt offerings and cereal offerings I will not accept them . . . Take away from Me the noise of your songs. To the melody of your harps I will not listen. But let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like an everflowing stream." I shouldn't have thought those words would require any priestly interpretation. And what happened to Amos?

God: What do you think? Amariah the Priest declared him a dangerous character and

ordered him out of the country. Later, there was an interview with Hosea in which I gave essentially the same message: "I desire mercy," I said, "and not sacrifice, knowledge of God rather than burnt offerings." But it didn't help. Then there was Isaiah. I appeared to him in the Temple. He quoted Me quite accurately afterward: "'Of what use is the multitude of your sacrifices to Me,' says the Lord . . . 'Your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth . . . And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you . . . When ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.'" Of course, they didn't believe Me. I had Jesus express the same message on the Mount: "Do not your alms before men." Pray in your closet, I had him say. In secret, where only I can see — not with vain repetitions like the hypocrites. You know what happened to Jesus! But those things are all in the past. That's not what I came here to talk about. I'm concerned with the future.

Are we to infer from that last remark that there definitely will be a future?

God: No, that is precisely the problem. On the whole, I would prefer to see man survive. But I am also concerned about the survival of all the other creatures with whom I ordered him to share your planet. I want to give them all a chance, by showing that the Bible does not contain My last words (since as you see I am not really dead) and the time has come to make some needed revisions in a few earlier oft-quoted sayings of Mine.

Could You be specific?

God: Well, two in particular. There's the one about My giving man "dominion" over the fish, the birds, the wild beasts and the reptiles and every creeping thing that creeps on the earth. By "dominion" I did not mean the



right to destroy these species of life haz-
 ardously to the point where many would
 become extinct. On the contrary, what I meant
 was that man would have the chief *re-*
sponsibility for their preservation. Something
 got lost, as they say, in the translation.
 Second, there is that line in Genesis, in which
 I said, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the
 earth." Now, those words were spoken at a
 very early stage, when underpopulation was
 the problem. Now they *have* filled the earth,
 and the problem is overpopulation. Times
 and circumstances do change. I'm planning
 to meet with the Pope to explain that to him.
 What would You say to him?

God: For one thing, I would explain the
 economic factors along with the humanitarian.
 You see, until the turn of the century (the
 20th, I believe you call it) most people lived
 on farms, and children were an economic
 asset. Now that they are crowded into cities,
 children are an economic liability — a luxury.
 Children no longer support the parents in
 their old age; that's now largely a function of
 government. Every minority group that has
 moved into the cities has escaped from
 poverty by lowering its birth rate and reducing
 the size of its families. An excess of children
 in a family now condemns that family to
 poverty. I regard it as a terrible disservice to
 Me and My people to urge such misery on
 them in My name, and in the name of the
 sanctity of Life. Especially when it is so
 obvious that overcrowding threatens the
 existence of all Life. By Me, I will never
 understand such logic!

Is there anything else You would care to
 comment on?

God: Yes, there is. It has come to My
 attention that in the midst of all you're doing
 to destroy My favorite little planet, your
 country claims to be saving it from Me-less
 Communism by killing about a million yellow-
 skinned people, to say nothing of thousands
 of your own. As in so many of these things,
 each camp claims to have Me on its side.
 I am on the side of Peace.—F.D.

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 Box 29280, L.A. Calif. 90029 . . . Eight
 thousand men are going to Canada each
 year to avoid the draft. Induction refusals
 have passed the 10,000 mark, and half of
 those due for induction failed to show up in
 Oakland, California, last year. Recognized
 conscientious objectors have increased by
 more than a third over the past two years.
 Figures from Chicago Area Draft Resisters
 . . . The Reserves too are looking for ways out.
 Of more than a million Reservists and National
 Guardsmen there are enough who do not fit
 the mold to predict a wide sale for *Backward
 March! A Handbook of Guerrilla Tactics for
 the Reserve Soldier* (\$6.95 from Jupiter
 Press, 105 W 55th St. NY).

EXIT X

According to the bigwigs of the movie
 industry, there's been a backlash from the
 graphic overindulgence and permissiveness
 on celluloid. "Permissive films might have
 been successful six months ago, but they
 aren't now. The country has undergone a
 remarkable reversal in taste," claims James
 Aubrey, president of MGM.

What has actually happened is that through-
 out middle America intense pressure has
 been brought on theatre owners and
 distributors by sheriffs and DAs who in turn
 have been badgered into action by the local
 Chambers of Commerce, churches, and other
 civic groups. Big cities are the exception, of
 course, but since nearly 95% of the country is
 affected, the industry has had to give way.
 Another and perhaps more honest reason
 why big money will not flow into X-rated
 films is the availability of hard-core porno-
 graphy.

Plain titillation for the masses? There's no
 such thing. When it comes to sex films, it's
 either black (oops, blue) or white.

TAX OF NO RETURN

"If I paid every tax that I owe, I'd have to pay
 110% of my income." This is the familiar
 complaint heard in the more affluent parts of
 Rome. So what does the Roman do about it?
 Nothing. That's right, nothing at all. It's
 been estimated that some 8,000,000 firms
 and individuals don't ever file a return. And it
 isn't even too dangerous. Maximum fine if
 caught is \$800. And if there is to be any
 catching it has to be done within three years:
 after that you're home.

DING DONG BELL

The Other Telephone Company sees itself
 as serving a Don Quixote function for New
 York consumers. One day in 1969, a telephone
 operator told Phil Katz that he wouldn't
 accomplish anything by complaining about
 the service because Ma Bell had a monopoly.
 Phil Katz agreed and formed his own phone
 company. While his company has yet to
 string a single line around town, he's made a
 thriving business out of combating AT&T's



Ellen Peck: *motherhood? babies? who
 needs it?*

monopoly. Very simply, The Other Telephone
 Company exists to challenge the Bell
 company's accounting system.

Among the services The Other offers its
 customers (companies and individuals) is an
 explanation of the public's right vis-a-vis
 Bell. Also an attempt is made to solve a
 variety of problems. The theory is that when
 the president of The Other Company
 threatens to sue he is listened to whereas
 John Doe isn't. Charges are \$10 annually
 plus half of whatever funds are returned to
 the consumer.

Trouble is, when we wanted to check some
 facts the other day, we couldn't get to The
 Other Telephone Company. Bell's Tele
 Information Service doesn't have a listing
 for them.

SATELLITE SUBURBS?

At the First General Assembly of the World
 Future Society in Washington were 700
 scholars, scientists and government officials
 dedicated to "the shaping of what lies
 ahead". They planned for things like cities of
 25,000 people built under earth or ocean;
 extension of normal lifespan by 50 years
 through chemical control, and colonization
 of the moon using surplus Apollo hardware.
 The biggest hand on the first day of the
 assembly went to the only black delegate
 who demanded to know if inner cities and
 suburbias would be allowed to develop on
 the moon.

WORDS

QUEER PITCH

Is there any man who hasn't felt a twinge of
 pride at being called a sexist pig? If Women's
 Lib did nothing else in its first years, it
 braced many a sagging family man who
 thought he was a victim and discovered he
 was the master pig. He was braced just in
 time to be hit by a new charge of sexism from
 a hitherto silent minority (how minor nobody
 knows): the homosexuals. Gay Liberation has
 mushroomed into a "movement" substantial
 enough to be the subject of a big fat book.
 In *The Gay Militants* (Stein & Day, \$7.95),
 Donn Teal, a solemn gay militant, has traced
 the growth of the movement from the
 spontaneous riot two years ago in Greenwich
 Village.

The discovery only yesterday of sex as politics produced the first really new political "ism" in centuries. Sexism was, of course, conceived by analogy with racism to describe the crimes of the straight male, but it properly applies to the sexist protest politics of women and gays as well. It offers something for everybody. Monarchism is stuck with monarchs, fascism with fuehrers, communism with commissars, but sexism gives everyone an equal opportunity to be a pig. *Vive la difference* is its natural slogan. The Gay Liberation movement set out to wipe out *la difference*, incorporating Lesbians and male homosexuals under the banner of "Unisex". But again and again the girls had reason to complain that they were getting the same sexist treatment from their male unisexist comrades as they got from male heterosexual pigs. Finally one veteran Lesbian worker in the movement, Del Martin, blew the lid off after "15 years of . . . mediating, counselling, appeasing, of working for coalition and unity". "The female homosexual", she charged, "faces sex discrimination not only in the heterosexual world, but within the homophile community." And she proceeded to blast every gay institution from gay bars and Hallowe'en balls to "homophile publications that look more like magazines for male nudist colonies." (She went on to find sisterhood in Women's Lib.)

But sexism is also rampant within the Lesbian movement itself. The sexism between butch and femme has been publicly and contritely confessed. Martha Shelley writing in *The Ladder: A Lesbian Review* said that she discovered: "I didn't really like women. In bed, yes — but all my friends were men. In rejecting the woman's role, from knitting and cooking to wearing mascara, I had also rejected women — except for women jet pilots, executives, and astronauts . . . I snobbishly (and self-destructively) treated women as sex objects and men as intellectual companions."

The situation that invites the most virulent sexism is not explored in Teal's book: namely the "trade queen", the male homosexual who has eyes only for straight guys and seeks to humiliate himself by paying money or getting beat up. His very existence negates the positive attitude of the movement: that gay is good, that homosexuality is not sick, that it only looks sick to a sick society. There is something to be said for the contention that violent reactions by "straights" may be sick. There is more to be said — and it should be shouted — about the brutal exploitation of gays by crooked cops, corrupt courts, blackmailers, organized and disorganized crime, and by any sick hoodlum who may feel like beating somebody up. There is no redress since gays are outlaws. Unlike blacks and women, they have no civil rights at all.

It was to this basic problem that the first homosexual organizations addressed themselves. The Mattachine Society for males and the Daughters of Bilitis for Lesbians, despite their literary names, worked for civil rights for homosexuals the way the NAACP worked for blacks. But, of course, when the fashion for street protest prevailed, their efforts for



Stones: an indelibly standard rock band with a never-ending ability for instant excellence

integration and tolerance were reviled. Edward Sagarin in the *Realist* taunted their position: "If only society could be convinced that the homosexuals were really good boys and good girls, not promiscuous, very loving, always law-abiding, forever the victim and never the victimizer, they would be accepted. They were loyal, excellent security risks, were no sissies and bull-dykes, and would make good soldiers and sailors if only given the opportunity."

Despite their scorn, the revolutionaries are well aware that they don't represent the majority of homosexuals, who tend to be politically conservative if they are political at all. The president of a defense industry or a high officer in the FBI is not likely to feel that a demonstration that includes a chorus line of transvestites is representing his political concerns. Even those in the movement get tired of the sexual obsessiveness of the gay community. Marty Robinson of Gay Activists Alliance told an interviewer: "Sexuality is not the end-all, be-all . . . life has some other problems that matter a little more than getting laid — *any* homosexual can get himself laid and laid well!"

RECOMMENDED READING

Marihuana Reconsidered by Lester Grinspoon, M.D. A psychiatrist's analysis of marihuana in America — its psychological, physiological, and social effects — and the implications of its continued presence. Comprehensive and balanced. (Harvard University Press, \$9.95; paperback \$2.45).

Capone by John Kobler. The life and world of Al Capone, masterfully written. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$8.95)

They Became What They Beheld by Edmund Carpenter. An exploration of the new culture, from an anthropological perspective. (Ballantine Books, \$3.95)

Robert, Earl of Essex by Robert Lacey. New insights into the "affair" of Elizabeth I and Lord Essex. (Atheneum, \$8.95)

Freakshow by Albert Goldman. A pop-culture history, with superstars and super-victims. (Atheneum, \$10)

The Baby Trap by Ellen Peck. Childless-by-choice author torpedoed the motherhood myth and explores the rewarding alternatives to childbearing and raising. (Bernard Geis, \$5.95)

SHOWS

WILL FAILURE SPOIL EDWARD ALBEE?

Moss Hart, one of the most successful playwrights in Broadway history, never forgot his failures. "For every morning I woke up to find myself famous," he would say, "I can name you two other mornings when I woke up to find my name was mud." He also used to say that failure in the theatre was longer-lasting than in almost any other business. First of all, there is the charnel-house of opening night and the reviews in the daily papers. A few days later, the Sunday notices replay the agony. But the parade of pain has only just begun, for then there are the magazines — the weeklies, the monthlies, the quarterlies, and the annuals. And then, one morning two or three years later, as one sits waiting in a dentist's office, in Hart's words, "There are those goddam magazines again, with those goddam reviews".

Those goddam reviews! Nobody ever complains about good reviews, but almost everybody finds bad reviews unfair. Most theatre people swallow hard on bad reviews, but not Edward Albee. Looking like Prince Valiant with dyspepsia, he gave a remarkable interview from his sauna-equipped summer house in Montauk to a New York *Times* reporter soon after his latest play *All Over* had been savaged this spring by a majority of reviewers. "The critics", he said, "set somebody up, *maybe* too soon — and then they take great pleasure, the only pleasure critics *do* take — except possibly with their wives and mistresses — in knocking them down." Albee has always treated critics with disdain, particularly after bad notices. He stated that "The majority of our critics are best qualified to cover brush fires in New Jersey", and, waxing *ad hominem*, accused Walter Kerr of the *N.Y. Times* of "thinking playwrighting stopped with Pinero", and Martin Gottfried of *Women's Wear* of having hang-ups on homosexuality.

Further, said Albee, widening his free-fire zones, America has no theatre culture, Maxwell Anderson and Robert E. Sherwood wrote "crap", and Christopher Hampton's recent play *The Philanthropist* (which 19 New York drama critics voted the "best play of the 1970-71 season") was "a fifth-rate



British play directed by a fourth-rate British director with third-rate British actors."

Albee did not quite say that he would never write a play again for Broadway. But two other major dramatists have been vocal and unequivocal — at least, so far — in exiling themselves from the rookeries of Schubert Alley. Paddy Chayefsky, who wrote three hits in a row — *Middle of the Night*, *The Tenth Man*, and *Gideon* — suffered his first flop in *The Passion of Josef D.* in 1964 and vowed to fight no more. He has not written a new play for Broadway since. Frank Gilroy, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1965 for *The Subject Was Roses*, had two subsequent failures — *That Summer*, *That Fall*, and *The Only Game in Town* — and in 1968 announced he was forsaking the theatre until the rules were changed, by which he obviously meant until he was assured in advance of favorable reviews.

Does all this mean that the nature of failure is changing in the American theatre? Probably. Failure has always been the name of the game in this curious world, and over the years, with steady precision, approximately 77% of all plays and musicals fail — some with bangs, others with whimpers. Failure is endemic and show business clichés emphasize the poignancy of defeat. ("There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway", etc.)

But if the rate of failure remains steady, the quality of failure is being transformed speedily and cruelly. The bangs far outweigh the whimpers in the yearly balance-sheet of disaster. Over-communication and inflation have made failure more sudden, more costly and consequently more feral. Alexander H. Cohen's musical, *Prettybelle*, recently closed out of town costing some \$800,000; Alan Jay Lerner's *Lolita* likewise, costing some \$900,000. Archibald MacLeish's *Scratch*, which would have cost \$50,000 to fail 20 years ago, cost \$200,000 to fail this spring. The number of one-performance closings in New York increases geometrically every season. And where Moss Hart once complained about the endless after-life of bad notices, today's playwright can complain about the instant impact of the media explosion: impact that sends failure shooting outward and downward with the ferocity of shrapnel. There are the newspapers and the magazines, but there is also television — merciless and immediate. "You can't fight anymore," remarked one middle-aged producer (who has not given up on the theatre). "When you lose, you lose right away, just as you win right away when the show makes it."

Unquestionably, the list of self-exiled writers will grow. But for every Dramatists' Guildsman who surrenders, there are bound to be others for whom failure will act as a crucible. Remember David Merrick, storm-petrel of producers and pragmatist incarnate. In 1966, 12 days before the scheduled Broadway opening, he shut down his musical *Breakfast at Tiffany's* at a loss approaching \$750,000. He said: "I have decided to close *Breakfast at Tiffany's* to avoid subjecting the drama critics and the theatregoing

public to an excruciatingly boring evening. The idea of adapting *Breakfast at Tiffany's* for the musical stage was mine in the first place, and should not be attributed to the three top writers (Nunnally Johnson, Abe Burrows and Edward Albee) who had a go at it. It is my Bay of Pigs."

Did Merrick abandon Broadway and sulk in Montauk? Not a chance. He has produced 18 plays since that particular shipwreck, and has said that when the theatre finally disintegrates (doubtless in a pile of self-pity), he will be on "the last plane out". Surely, he will not be sitting next to Edward Albee.

SOUNDS

THE BEST OF BRITISH

The Rolling Stones have made 15 albums in the past seven years and could probably coast all the way down the mountain on the momentum they have already built up. Yet every time the call to battle sounds, they rise to the occasion. They moved smoothly into gear following the death of original member Brian Jones in the summer of 1969. Since then they've toured the United States and Europe, provoked a Great (and/or Meaningful) Event at Altamont and renegotiated and reorganized their record production and distribution network. They've been through disasters, official photographers, press conferences and even a wedding, and retained through it all their distinctive flair.

They have not only survived the shock of death but maintained their peculiar unanimity in the face of the mundane pressures of living, as the Beatles could not. And still they dominate the commercial record-buying market simply by keeping their musical enthusiasm alive and well. While they may explore real estate in southern France, they rarely issue policy statements. Few others on the far side of success possess the security and attraction of an institution without becoming like the grey people they warned us against. And unlike many suck-sesses, they maintain a statesman-like attitude to the press: mild contempt. They even show signs of having let their attention slip on the "burning issues" of the radical '70s!

For all that, what they put on record still defines the experience of popular music. Where they used to be in fashion, they are now rather beyond it, able to survive even their own excesses. And the working relationship between Mick Jagger and Keith Richards has proved, in song after song, to be unique in its longevity and resourcefulness. Whereas Lennon and McCartney went their separate ways almost from the beginning, Jagger and Richards always appear to be converging on a point of near-total understanding.

Under the supervision of Marshall Chess, son and nephew of the co-founders of Chess Records, The Stones have put in order their recording and marketing organizations. They're now prepared to release albums on their own label through the distribution network of Atlantic Records. The first number

is entitled *Sticky Fingers*. It contains, in fact, no major departures in material, arrangement or performance. The Stones began as careful imitators of the Chuck Berry/Bo Diddley persuasion (both original Chess artistes). They moved from the postures of rhythm and blues to the flourishes of 1960s super-popdom. They have tended, from time to time, to engage in all manner of contrivances, theatrics and, along the way, hi-jinks.

Sticky Fingers has a cover "conceived and photographed" by Andy Warhol. Fair enough. That kind of cultural sponsorship does everyone a world of good. The album inside shows The Rolling Stones to be in control, entrenched enough not to fret over their pre-eminence and not too far above us that we resent it. There are no modifications on *Sticky Fingers*. Here as elsewhere, when all the props and masks are packed away, there remains an indelibly standard rock band, well-organized and perfectly confident in its ability to satisfy the deadly simple demand for instant excellence.

The Stones are super, but for arresting originality we should turn to Rod Stewart with *Gasoline Alley*. Stewart, a British singer with upper-case style, has displayed a willingness to accept big tests hardly approached in the current market. His recording history is circuitous: he was a vocalist with the Jeff Beck Group, then for Faces (formerly Small Faces) and he has done two albums on his own with personnel from Faces. Both those groups are excellent recording bands, but Stewart really meshes with the latter. Their latest effort, *Long Player*, is worth hearing. On his two solo albums, Stewart has sung tough stuff, competing with original versions of classical songs by Jagger, Dylan, Elton John and Eddie Cochran, among others. He provides a dimension of interest and personality you would not have imagined possible.

Still, because of the timing of his arrival on the commercial scene, in the wake of British flash-men Clapton, Beck and Page, his style, and a taste for it in the music audience, developed gradually and Stewart's had less attention than his abilities merit. Unfortunately, the British scene, except for periodic intruders (Dylan, San Francisco, James Taylor), sets the pace for pop and rock. It's hard for anyone over there to step out of line. In contrast to the furore of Cream/Blind Faith, the Jeff Beck Group and Led Zeppelin, Stewart seems a rather temperate musical personality. Do not be deceived. There is a magnificent abandon to him; the well-spent coin of the cavalier pays his way. He could dine at ease in the home of Jagger, the two smashing drunk, civil and a bit aloof. Two hours after that, they'd each be in a studio, recording three minutes' worth of what, in this mortal domain, passes for excellence.

So, to help the stability of the pound sterling and give yourself a treat, try: *Sticky Fingers/The Rolling Stones* (Rolling Stones Records, dist. by Atco) *The Rod Stewart Album* (Mercury 61237) *Gasoline Alley/Rod Stewart* (Mercury 61264) *Long Player/Faces* (Warner Bros. 1897)

Kent got it all together

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an anathema on alimony

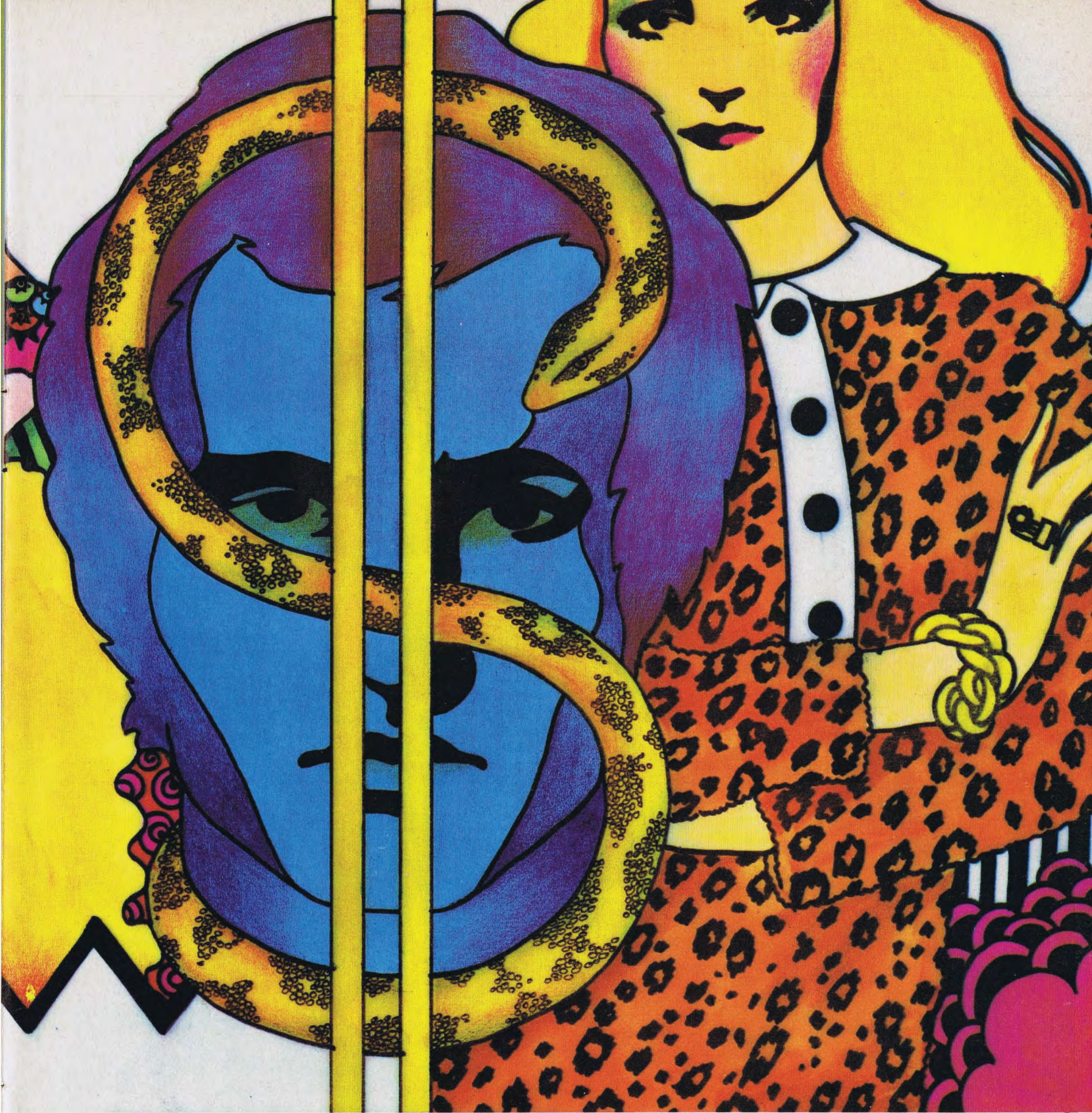
IF WOMEN ARE SO DAMN
EQUAL ISN'T IT ABOUT
TIME MEN STOPPED BEING
PAUPERIZED TO PAY THE
BILLS FOR ABLE-BODIED
EX-WIVES?
BY SIDNEY SILLER

The Winter Garden Theater in New York. Broadway's latest smash hit, *Follies*. The theater is hushed as beautiful Alexis Smith looks across an empty stage toward her husband and sings Stephen Sondheim's acid words. Listen:
Could I leave you? No, the point is, could you leave me? Well, I guess you could leave me the house, Leave me the flat.

*Leave me the Braques, and Chagalls and all that. You could Leave me the stocks for sentiment's sake And ninety per cent of the money you make.**

Which is not so far wrong as a description of the vicious contemporary operation of the antique matrimonial penance known as alimony. The dowry, or marriage settlement, is a thing of the

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past, but alimony, or the unmarried settlement, is still entrenched. Why, even Women's Lib admit — and they're not ones to lightly deprive their own sex of any established advantage — that alimony is a historic hangover that ought to be abolished. They object, and here's where we can agree with their case for once, that it perpetuates the oppressive centuries-old view of woman as a chattel, owned totally by her husband, and totally dependent on

him — "for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, for as long as we both shall live". Not only that, some women have contrived to claim alimony even after a long-divorced husband's death.

A far cry from the original concept! In the middle ages, there was no absolute divorce. Husbands owned all domestic property, including their wives. Jobs for women? Who would ever have thought of it, except for domestics

like the serving wenches at taverns and such. If it came to a parting of the ways, a woman who could no longer live with her husband had but one recourse: to apply to the ecclesiastical courts for a legal separation. If it was granted to her, she was also awarded *alimonia*, in those days considered essential to keep a woman from starving. After all, under the law at that time, a woman thrown out by her husband, and even one who walked away in disgust, left *all* her

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ASTROP

property behind. If it came to it, she could seek support from some third party — another man — who could, in turn, sue her husband for money to provide her with the basic necessities.

From the basic medieval necessities to the support of duplex penthouses, expensive tastes in jewelry, exotic vacation resorts and similar excesses is a big jump. As a cigarette commercial used to say, "You've come a long way, baby." And along that way, there has been deprivation, aggravation, emotional chaos and financial destruction to many a helpless male who has fed the voracious appetites of "the little woman."

Let's put it in the most basic terms. Alimony today is a vicious racket, abused by conniving women, abetted by some greedy lawyers and enforced by the nation's unfeeling judicial system. The woman is the goddess on the pedestal, unable to do any wrong. Even when she is the legally guilty party, and has committed adultery in the marriage — by today's standards not such a great hang-up — judges are still liable to insist that alimony be part of the divorce decree. The wife may be independently wealthy, a national figure and earning a healthy annual income, yet she can still have the gall to demand alimony, whatever the grounds for dissolution of the marriage.

Remember Bess Meyerson, 1945's statuesque, dark-haired, flute-playing Miss America? Some 26 years later, and still a handsome woman, miniskirted and white-booted, Bess remains in the public eye as protector of the poor put-upon consumer. She is New York City's Consumer Affairs Commissioner, earning \$35,000 working for handsome John V. Lindsay. She lives in a swank Sutton Place cooperative apartment, and had been married since 1962 to Arnold M. Grant, a highly successful lawyer. Then the Grants had a marital falling-out — something which attorneys had tried to keep from reporters. Beautiful Bess went into a Manhattan court and demanded \$3500 a month in temporary alimony. This claim was indignantly resisted by her husband and not surprisingly, since he insisted that Bess is worth at least \$1 million in her own right. At last report we understand that Commissioner Grant withdrew her claims for alimony and secured a divorce.

Nothing causes more bitterness in or out of court than the piece of paper demanding that the husband surrender anywhere from one-third to a half of his income. Most husbands see red when presented with the costs of temporary alimony, separate maintenance, or support demands at the initial meeting with a wife's lawyers. Those who enter the meeting with a desire to work out a conciliation with their wife are apt to

find the desire soon evaporating in a cloud of anger.

And the divorced woman who pulls off a large property settlement is rarely reluctant to let the world know. There was Pamela Mason, the former wife of movie actor James Mason. Ironically, the fear of washing their dirty laundry in public brought about an agreement that Pamela would waive alimony — but her \$1,500,000-plus settlement was "more than half of James's assets". Said Pamela: "More than I had asked for. In fact, we turned back a few properties we couldn't be bothered to keep track of."

Attorney Stanley Rosenblatt, in his book *The Divorce Racket*, declares that "alimony is, without doubt, essentially immoral. No self-respecting woman in good health should want alimony. This is especially true in a marriage of five years' duration or less." Rosenblatt tells the story of John Jacob Astor who, for 46 days in 1954, was married to Dolores Fullman. A Florida jurist, Circuit Judge Vincent Giblin, giving judgement in the action brought by Dolly (as she was called), used some of the toughest language ever written by an American judge. He was "convinced," he said, that the plaintiff "is a scheming, conniving and lying girl who is motivated and dominated by a greed for money. She has resorted to tactics which in recent years have been frequently employed by goldiggers to coerce wealthy husbands into submission to exorbitant financial demands, or to prejudice naive judges against unsubmitive spouses."

Judge Giblin noted: "The parties lived together only six weeks. They spent this time journeying about Europe on their honeymoon. Before the parting of their ways, they had established no home; they had fixed no standard of living. Her maximum salary had been \$65 a week. To me it seems fair that the husband supplant the father as the provider, but merely because the husband is possessed of considerable wealth I do not feel he should be required in the circumstances revealed by the evidence to provide enough money for her to live a life of luxury to which she has never been accustomed. I shall not gratify her greed. To do so would be, I think, a gross abuse of judicial power."

But he did order Astor to pay her \$75 a week support and maintenance, at a time when his net worth was some \$4,750,000. Appeals succeeded in raising Dolly's weekly income to \$250. And it was made retroactive. So when the complicated legal proceedings were over, some 671 weeks had elapsed from the time Giblin first granted a divorce and the time the final decree was entered. As Rosenblatt pointed out: "Six hundred and seventy-one

weeks at the rate of \$250 per week comes to the sum of \$167,750 in alimony. Since John and Dolly lived together for the grand total of 46 days, this averages out to more than \$3,646 per day, more than she could have earned in a year at the salary she was making before she married Astor. Nice work if you can get it."

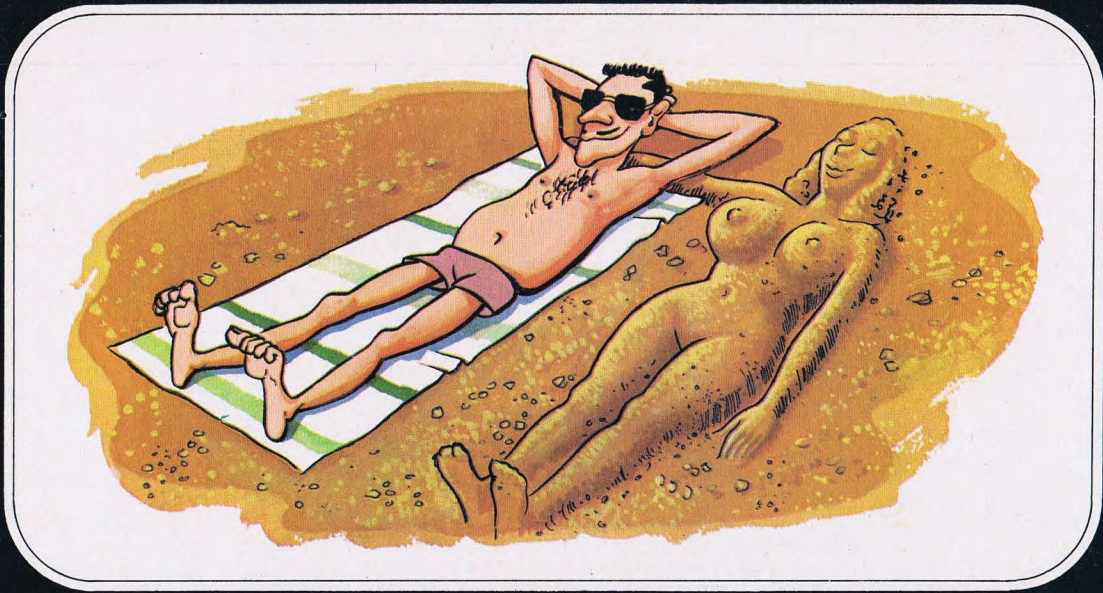
Sure, John Jacob Astor and his millions came from an era when words like "goldiggers" evoked a way of life later known as the "jet set" and now the "beautiful people". But whatever the level of living, the problem of alimony remains a constant drain on the life force of men who have — for any number of reasons — broken up their marriages, and tried to build new lives for themselves. Working at two jobs — as many men do — to support an ex-wife and children, just for the right to live as his own man, is asking too much.

The alimony law must be changed even if it requires a change in the life-style of the nation. Let Lucy Komisar, national vice-president of the National Organization for Women (NOW), take the stand. "Generally," she deposes, "we don't think that in the society we want to see, alimony would be necessary. We don't want women to be dependent on a husband after marriage has ended, just as we don't want them to be dependent during their marriage. We want to change the system so that women are not housewives, and are not taking care of children, so if marriage dulls they've each got their own jobs. They don't change life styles, except that they don't live together any more. Changing the status of women will do away with the whole system of alimony. If there is child care, women will work. If there is a way for her to earn money, she will not be so dependent. There may be some child support the husband will want to pay for."

Most of the time in divorce trials is spent on money, investigating the husband's ability to pay and the wife's assets, if any. The judge is supposed to study carefully the figures presented to him, and if the wife's demands are exorbitant during the preliminary stages, he is supposed to pare them down to some sense of "normalcy". That is, if the judge is conscientious in wanting to reach an equitable solution. Not all judges, though, seem to want to reach an equitable solution. Many still feel they are imposing biblical standards of retribution for breaking up a marriage.

And it is not only in the United States that this is happening. An organization called Defense Against Women's Maintenance & Alimony, of Brighton, Victoria, Australia, supplies this horrible example from as recently as last year. A 20-year-old woman, married only six months, applied for alimony.

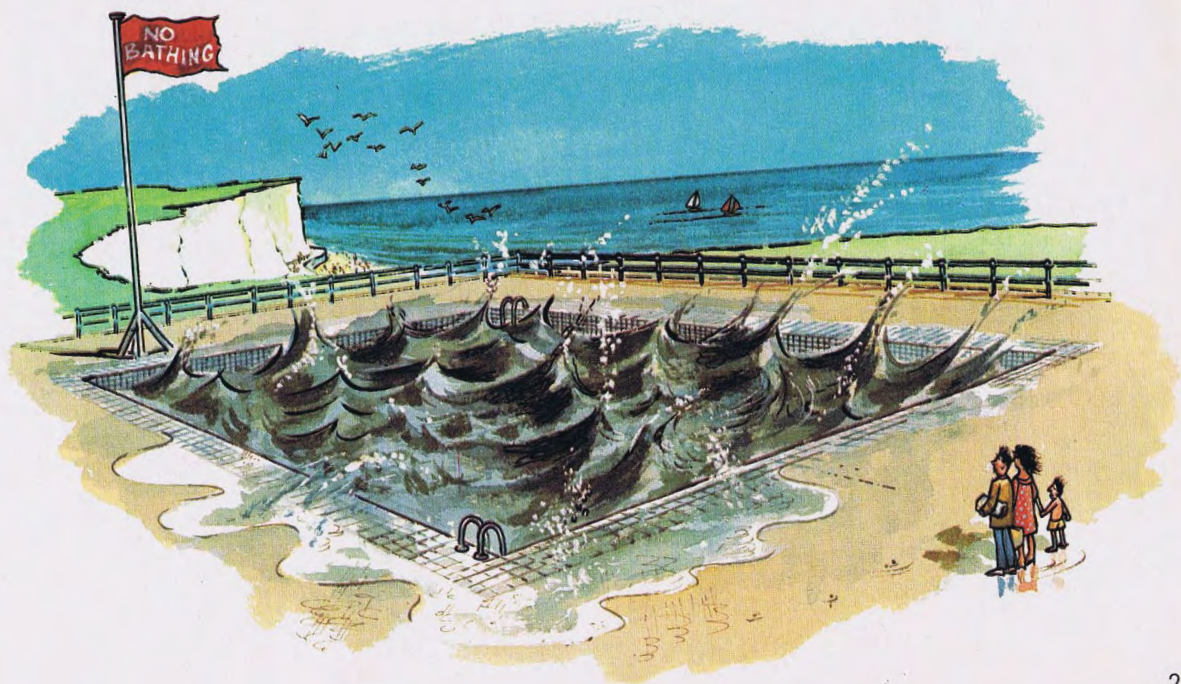
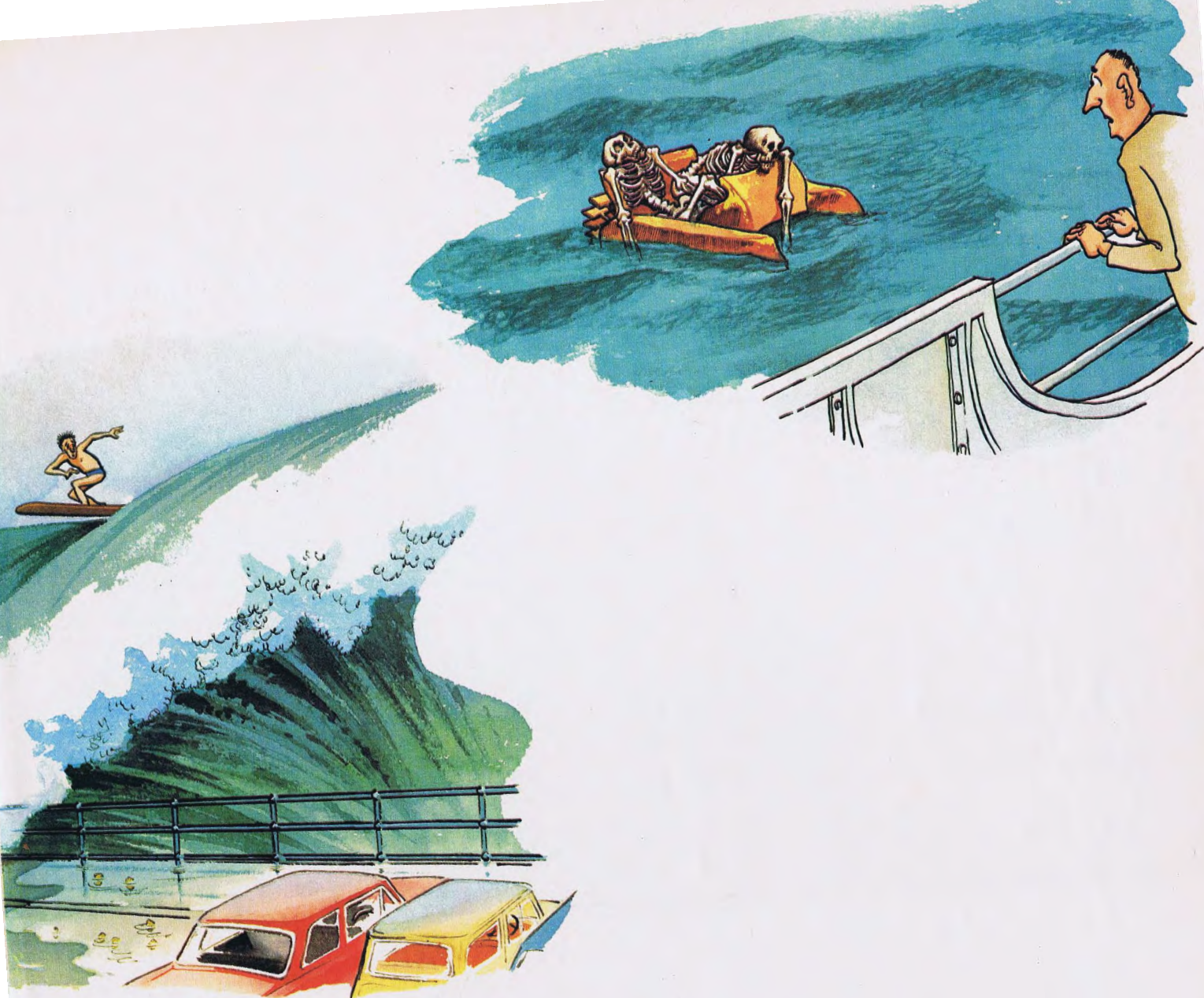
Magistrate: When did you leave your husband?



SON OF A BEACH

Seaside vacations are the last resort. By Mike Eglesfield









Paul Birkbeck

A famous British research psychologist reports new findings linking sexual inclinations with hereditary character traits

sex & personality: **CAN YOU HELP WHAT YOU'RE LIKE AS A LOVER?**

by Professor H. J. Eysenck

The sexual adjustments and behaviour patterns of human beings are probably more varied and divergent than almost any other aspect of their diversity. Scientific interest has hitherto centred either on abnormalities, which have been exhaustively studied in the form of case histories and anecdotes by psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, or a census-type data collected on large samples, "broken down", as the saying goes, by age and sex—Kinsey's work is an example of this type of approach. We learn from published data that Americans on the average have intercourse two to three times a week, but this kind of information is almost useless when it is realized that some people have intercourse once a month, while others have intercourse several times a night—the wife of the "Boston strangler" complained that her husband insisted on having intercourse something like 14 times a day! ("Complained" is the operative word—some women might have welcomed such dutiful attendance.)

While differences in behaviour and attitudes are well documented, there is little knowledge about the *causes* of these differences, or about the rôle which personality plays in all this. Kinsey studied social class as a possible causative agent, but did not find this terribly useful. Age accounted for more of the differences found, but apart from the obvious discovery that people are more easily aroused at 20 than at 60 this variable did not prove very useful either. In recent years several studies have been made of the relationship between personality and sexual behaviour, using interviews and questionnaires; these have produced fairly clear-cut results which are of some interest. This article attempts to summarize these studies, and point out the conclusions which can be drawn from them.

On the personality side, three main traits or dimensions have been studied. The first of these is *extraversion-introversion*. These terms are widely known nowadays, and the popular understanding of them is quite close to their scientific meaning. Extraverts are sociable, impulsive, physically active, playful, outgoing, optimistic, emotionally responsive, changeable, and lively; introverts are quiet, passive, introspective, mentally active, reserved, careful, unsociable and pessimistic. These are of course extremes; not everybody is a typical extravert or a typical introvert, and there are plenty of people who are "ambivert", i.e. lie somewhere in the middle. Nevertheless, most people tend in one direction or the other, and quite a few are markedly situated near the extremes. Most studies measure the *degree* of a person's extraversion, calling

the most extreme 33% extraverts, the middle 34% ambiverts, and the 33% at the other extreme introverts; this serves well enough for descriptive purposes.

The second trait or dimension may be called emotional instability, or *neuroticism*, as opposed to stability. There is no implication here of psychiatric abnormality, or pathology; the people investigated were of course quite normal, in the sense that they were not undergoing psychiatric treatment. Neurotics, however, are not people who differ in some qualitative way from normals; they form the end of a continuum, and there are many "normal" people who are less stable emotionally than the average (BBC television often calls them "nervous persons" when warning them not to see a particularly gruesome play), and it is these we shall be talking about. Again, the 33% most "nervous" will be opposed to the 33% most "stable", with 34% of very average persons in between. The sort of traits which characterize our "nervous" subjects are anxiety, mood-swings, worries, touchiness and restlessness, boredom, and the like; "stable" people, on the other hand, are calm, even-tempered, reliable and unemotional. Follow-up studies have shown that these traits can already be diagnosed in children, and when these children are looked at again after 30 years or so it is found that those with high instability scores tend to succumb to neurotic disorders (if they are also introverted), or become criminals (when they are also extraverted).

The third trait studied is related to another type of abnormal behaviour, although again we are dealing with a continuum not including actually pathological people as far as the experiment is concerned. The abnormality concerned is *psychotic and psychopathic* behaviour, and the traits characterizing our subjects who show this type of behaviour are emotional coldness, an impersonal attitude to people, hostility, lack of concern, egotism, cruelty, and a general lack of human feeling altogether. Again people are divided into rough thirds for the purpose of the analysis. We shall call the extremes P+ and P— scorers, in order to avoid the use of possibly misleading psychiatric terms; similarly we shall talk about neurotics as N+ and N— scorers, for the same reason.

The so-active extravert

As it happens, we know most about the sexual behaviour of extraverts and introverts; several studies have included personality questionnaires dealing with this personality dimension. In one of these, some 6,000 male and female German students were investigated; I shall quote some representative data from these unmarried young people. It

will become clear that extraverts, as one might have expected, are much more active sexually; this fits in well with information on other habits of theirs. Thus extraverts drink more, smoke more, and eat more; altogether they are more oriented towards the pleasures of the outer world, as indeed the term "extraversion" already implies. The only variable on which introverts score more highly is masturbation; of these unmarried students, 86% of the male introverts and 47% of the female introverts masturbate, but only 72% and 39% respectively of the male and female extraverts. (Ambiverts are in between, with 80% for the men and 43% for the women; in what follows I shall not give figures for the ambiverts as these make it more difficult to follow the argument, without adding anything very much, as they tend to fall between the extreme groups in practically every case.) To go on to actual dealings with the other sex, however, extraverts are in every respect in advance of the introverts. Take petting; at 17 years of age, 16% of male introverts and 40% of male extraverts have started petting, and so have 15% of female introverts and 24% of female extraverts. By the age of 19 the percentages have increased to 31% (male introverts) and 56% (male extraverts); for women the figures are 30% and 47%. Intercourse shows the same picture, but at a lower level of course. At 17, 5% of male introverts and 21% of male extraverts have had experience of intercourse; 4% of female introverts and 8% of female extraverts have had intercourse. By the age of 19, the percentages for the men have increased to 15% (introverts) and 45% (extraverts), and for the women to 12% (introverts) and 29% (extraverts).

More partners, more times

When it comes to average number of times that extraverts and introverts have intercourse per month (taking into account only those who have had intercourse, of course!) we find that this figure is over double for the extraverts as compared with the introverts. So is the number of different partners people have slept with during the past 12 months. Seven % of introverts, but 25% of extraverts have slept with four or more different partners during this time, as far as the men are concerned; for the women the figures are 4% and 17%! These are very large differences indeed. Differences become rather smaller for various aspects of sexual behaviour preceding and during intercourse, and in some cases they disappear altogether for the women. Thus long pre-coital sex play is reported by 21% of male introverts, and 28% of male extraverts; for women the figures are 21% and 18%, i.e. almost identical. "Oral sex", i.e.

cunnilingus and *fellatio*, is reported by introverted men in 52% of all cases, by extraverted men in 67% of all cases. For the women the difference is between 55% and 64%, i.e. much smaller, although in the same direction. More than 3 different coital positions are reported by 10% of male introverts, 26% of male extraverts; for the women there are no differences, the figures being 12% and 13%.

Women who didn't enjoy it

Why are the differences between extraverts and introverts so much smaller for women in the case of pre-coital love play, "oral sex", and number of different positions? The answer lies probably in the fact that it is the man in our society who tends to dictate the course that lovemaking takes; it is the woman who follows. Consequently the personality of the male can express itself in the choice of coital position, use or non-use of oral sex, and length of pre-coital love play; the woman's personality affects the issue much less. If this were true, then we would expect quite strong differences between men and women when we put the question of whether they enjoyed the particular form of lovemaking which they have been indulging in; men should say "yes" much more frequently than women, because if the men did not enjoy a particular form of lovemaking, then they could stop using it and employ a different kind. Women would not have the same liberty, at least not to anything like the same extent. This is indeed what was found; men enjoyed what they were doing in 98% of all cases, women only in less than 50% of all cases. These figures should make one think!

The English studies give very similar results to the German one as far as extraversion-introversion is concerned. Extraverts are found to be in favour of promiscuity, to be satisfied with their sex lives, and to be entirely lacking in nervousness with respect to it. There is an emphasis on social facility with the opposite sex, on liking for sexual activity as such, ease of sexual excitement, and endorsement of pre-marital sex. There is no hint of pathological involvement in all this; the extravert is not particularly interested in pornography, homosexuality offers no problem to him, and he has no sexual worries or troubles. The picture is that of a happy philanderer, gaining satisfaction from his mode of life, and not worried about anything. This picture agrees well with his general active, optimistic, sociable outlook and behaviour. Introverts, of course, show the opposite picture. They do not favour promiscuity, do not endorse pre-marital sex, are not anything like as easily aroused sexually, and in general do not attribute such overwhelming importance to sex as the

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"What do you think made him do it, chief?"

Paul ("Pete") McCloskey, Republican congressman, lawyer, and much-decorated former Marine officer, has committed the political heresy of challenging his party's leader, Richard Nixon, for the 1972 Presidential nomination. He takes issue with Nixon on the Vietnam war, and pledges, if elected, to end the war "now". His challenge dates from February this year, after the President refused to answer five personal letters from McCloskey all asking for an explanation of the Administration's Vietnamization program. McCloskey, 43, first suggested a "national dialogue" on the impeachment of President Nixon as a means of ending the war. Encouraged by popular response, and offers of financial aid, he was soon telling reporters that he would challenge Nixon in the 1972 primaries, if no other "more experienced, better qualified" Republican came forward. From many a congressman such an assertion might command scant attention, but McCloskey is the hero of 1967's stunning upset victory over Shirley Temple Black, former child movie star and heavy favorite, for the congressional seat left vacant by the death of Rep. J. Arthur Younger. Beating her and 10 other candidates, he left behind his law practice and went to Washington to represent California's prosperous San Mateo County (just south of San Francisco), specializing in conservation and the preservation of open space. He

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW



CONGRESSMAN McCLOSKEY

PRESIDENTIAL CHALLENGER

“
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with this insane Vietnam policy
”

Penthouse: When your outspoken opposition to the Vietnam war began attracting widespread attention last December, you said it was "absurd" to even suggest you'd run against President Nixon in 1972. Three months later, you were doing just that. What changed your mind?

McCloskey: Well, I certainly had no idea of personally challenging him until it began to appear that no one else would. If any reasonable, experienced Republican came forward to challenge him, I'd drop out right now. I'm really not experienced enough yet to run for President. I'm still a wet-behind-the-ears Congressman. But nobody else has come forward, and it seems to me that it's essential that some Republican challenge President Nixon. An awful lot of people are going to be killed, a lot of South Vietnamese, Cambodian and Laotian villages destroyed if he keeps that bombing going until November '72. That's the option he has unless some Republican challenges him. The beauty of a Republican challenge is that the issue is determined in early March, in the New Hampshire primary, eight months before the Democrats can challenge.

Penthouse: Do you believe President Nixon sincerely wants to end the war in Vietnam, or is he stalling until after the 1972 elections when—in the words of one critic—"We'll just see the old 1950s Cold War, 'Don't-give-the-Communists-an-inch' Nixon"?

McCloskey: I think he sincerely wants to have a generation of peace. But he believes that's possible only if we make confrontation costly for them, and hold the line hard at all costs. He has a perfectly reasonable and understandable view. The only difficulty is that he's concealed

that view from the American people. They think he wants out. He doesn't want out at all; he wants to defeat the Communists. He wants victory.

Penthouse: Is it the President's policy in Vietnam or what you see as his deception about that policy that prompted you to challenge him?

McCloskey: Both. This Administration's record on truth and candor is miserable. They think they have the right to lie over Laos, for example. That's why President Nixon is going to have primary opposition—because he runs a government the style of which is to deceive, and not deceive the enemy, deceive his own people. That speech he made last year where he said: "I turn now to the precise nature of our assistance to Laos." I don't recall him mentioning the CIA was running a clandestine army over there. I don't recall him saying we doubled the bombing in Laos. I don't recall him saying we were destroying the villages. He did say one thing that was a direct lie: he said no American stationed in Laos had ever been killed, and that was simply untrue. Again, recently, when I went to Laos, our State Department threw every conceivable roadblock in the way of my learning about the war. They deliberately concealed and withheld facts from me. When we went over there, we were told by the American ambassador that the reason one-quarter of the country had become refugees was because they feared communism, not because of our bombing. We asked if they had made a study of this, and they said they hadn't. The next day, we learned they had such a study, and right in the middle it said: "Clearly, bombing was the compelling reason for their moving." The same thing happened with congressional debate on the

became disturbed, however, by America's growing presence in Indochina, and since he began speaking out against the official policy he has been in endless demand for public meetings. Everyone, it seems, wants to hear McCloskey lash the President. Since early March he's been criss-crossing the continent almost every weekend, speaking up to six times a day to students, politicians, women, blacks, veterans, civic leaders, financiers—and seeing so little of his attractive wife Cubby and their four children that he says he's beginning to feel like a stranger when he goes home. Great-grandson of an Irishman who sailed round Cape Horn to San Francisco in 1853, McCloskey grew up in the Los Angeles district, where his father was a well-to-do attorney. He inherited both his nickname, "Pete", and his Republicanism from his father. He was a cadet at a military academy as a boy and served as a combat Marine in Korea. This exclusive Penthouse Interview was conducted by **David Shaw** during one of McCloskey's typical whirlwind weekends, with sessions snatched in cars driving from one engagement to the next, or while McCloskey changed for and after tennis (he competes fiercely, as well as engaging in such sport for essential exercise). Regardless of the pressure—and his annoyance at losing the tennis match—McCloskey answered questions readily across a wide political spectrum.

SST. The Administration had in its possession facts and reports that were favorable to the SST; they also had certain reports that were adverse to the SST, prepared at taxpayer expense by government consultants. They deliberately refused to reveal those adverse reports to members of Congress. How can we do our jobs without all the facts?

Penthouse: Your resentment of these tactics notwithstanding, you still say you would drop out of the race, if another Republican entered?

McCloskey: Yes.

Penthouse: What Republicans would you consider stepping aside for?

McCloskey: Well, I think John Lindsay and Mark Hatfield are the two that come closest to mind. There are a lot of men I would like to see try it—John Gardner, Bob Mathias of Maryland, Chuck Percy. There are really some outstanding Republican senators around; not all of them have been in the sun too long.

Penthouse: How long can you wait for one of these men to step in before you'll feel your own commitment is irreversible? How long can you keep running more or less as a stalking horse?

McCloskey: I'm not running as a stalking horse for anybody. All I've said is that if no one comes forward and if the President keeps his bombing policy going and if Congress doesn't end it, I just want Richard Nixon to know that he is going to have a tough Republican opponent in the primaries. What I am doing now is preparing to be able to run next year if no one else does. There is a lot for a man to do to become a credible Presidential candidate.

Penthouse: Such as...

McCloskey: For one thing, you have to do a lot of quiet study on issues you ordinarily don't zero in on when just trying to do a competent job in Congress. In Congress, we try to attack the issues as they come before us. Right now, we're looking at health and welfare and revenue-sharing, but if you run for President, you also have to try to understand the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks, the seabed treaty, the World Environmental Conference in Stockholm in 1972 and a lot of other things. I'm now trying to broaden and deepen my own knowledge of international and national issues. And I want to put together a nucleus of Republican organizations, and then make a hard fight in the primaries.

Penthouse: What happens if you run in New Hampshire, and run very well, and then a Lindsay or a Gardner or a Hatfield comes in?

McCloskey: I really don't want to reach that decision until I'm faced with it. I think the worst thing about the whole political business is that most people in it spend most of their time at cocktail parties speculating about what will happen if 48 different options open up in the future.

Penthouse: Senator Hatfield says a "dump Nixon" drive has no chance of success, and at least one Congressman—Dixon Arnett, a Republican from a district near yours in Northern California—notes with glee that neither Hatfield nor any other prominent Republican dove has publicly supported you.

McCloskey: I don't think Dixon says that with "glee" exactly. He just points out that other Republicans of a like frame of mind do not want to be identified as challenging the President. A lot of Republicans agree with me privately, but there is a loyalty factor in the Republican Party that makes other Republicans reluctant to speak out with alternatives to the present leadership. Many men who feel almost as strongly as I do would just prefer not to have to commit themselves yet. The White House and the Republican leadership are entirely capable of punishing severely any Republican who disagrees. I intend to see what I can do without asking other Republicans to embarrass themselves. Then, after New Hampshire...

Penthouse: The comparisons between your challenge to Mr. Nixon and Senator McCarthy's challenge to President Johnson in 1967 seem inevitable.

McCloskey: To be candid about it, I don't really know what Senator McCarthy was doing in 1967. I know he felt very strongly about the war. He, more than any other man, was instrumental in forcing Lyndon Johnson to stop the bombing in North Vietnam. I'd be glad to try to accomplish the same result McCarthy did—stop the bombing of these villages in Laos. That would make it well worth the effort, no matter what else happened.

Penthouse: There are certain striking similarities to what McCarthy's supporters considered his unique strengths—your low-key disdain for political machination, a quixotic, almost don't-give-a-damn attitude toward the conventional political amenities.

McCloskey: I don't really want to make those comparisons. You know, it really bothers me that your profession is so interested in speculating about comparisons. The comparisons between myself and Senator McCarthy are apparent—where we differ and where we agree. I really don't want to comment on it. The hell with it!

Penthouse: You do skip out, though, on the expected little political meetings sometimes—the meetings every politician has to attend, no

matter how boring. You may not show up if you'd rather go fishing with your wife. Or you'll come, and say something that obviously could hurt you.

McCloskey: I didn't notice this until somebody said, "You're deliberately saying things these people don't want to hear." I think that's true. I like to challenge people.

Penthouse: Were you motivated by that same instinct when you told your prospective father-in-law he shouldn't take too long deciding whether to give you his daughter's hand because she was already pregnant? That was the story in the *New York Times*.

McCloskey: That's my crazy brother-in-law's story. I wouldn't have dared to say that to Mr. Wadsworth. It's just Charlie and my friends getting drunk and telling funny stories.

Penthouse: When you and your wife get time, what kinds of things do you like to do together, away from politics?

McCloskey: Well, I like competitive athletics. I love to bang heads in tennis or golf. I like to play my friends for small sums of money, like a dollar a game or something. I play softball and baseball whenever I can. The first year I was in Congress, the only thing I did was hit a home run in the Republicans vs. Democrats baseball game. I guess my favorite relaxation is back-packing and trout-stream fishing, but we've also taken up canoeing in the rivers of Virginia, the Rappahannock and the Roanoke in Maryland, the Susquehanna in Delaware—we hope to go up and canoe the Beaver Kill and maybe fish the upper Delaware in New York. My main interest in being in Congress is to preserve the wilderness areas and save some of the beauty of outdoors. Most of my real effort in Congress has been on the two conservation subcommittees I'm on—Fisheries & Wildlife Conservation and Conservation of Natural Resources.

Penthouse: What do you regard as the most critical threats to conservation of the environment?

McCloskey: We haven't solved in any sense the recycling questions and the readjustment of prohibitions and incentives to make recycling economic. The second one, the one that really is my favorite, is the land-use question. How do you restructure the tax load so that local government has an incentive to preserve coastlines, scenic ridges and meadows? That issue, to me, is the major challenge, and if I weren't involved in this war issue, I'd be spending all my time trying to save trout streams, meadows and ridge lines. We've done well in air pollution and water pollution. Those are things you can get a grip on, and it's just a question of how much money you spend and what you want to do. We've certainly got lots of things to figure out, but at least the course is clear. In land-use and recycling, though, you're talking about restructuring the whole system of law, and that challenge is really a substantial one. Another big problem is overpopulation. But I realize that when you have four children, like I do, and you start talking about cutting down the size of families, it's a little like saying: "OK, we're aboard. Pull up the ladder."

Penthouse: Still, it's really the war issue that brought you to the fore, isn't it? And weren't you originally, if not a hawk, at least far from a dove?

McCloskey: No, I tell you, when I first ran for office, a congressman had died, and I was suddenly thrown in and I had to say where I stood on issues. I had been practicing law, and not worrying about it much. My first statement went almost like this:

"I have great reservations about our policy in Vietnam, and as a lieutenant-colonel in the Marine Corps, I feel I have no option but to remain loyal to the Commander-in-Chief who is conducting the war as authorized by Congress in the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution."

Then, about a week later, the President came out and said: "If you don't think what I am doing in Vietnam is right, then speak to the Congress." I immediately realized that as a man running for Congress, the primary obligation is to state your views on Vietnam, and I then began to speak and say we should get out of Vietnam. Remember, I'd studied Vietnam and counter-insurgency warfare for about eight years at that time. In the Marine Corps, we had started preparing to be a counter-insurgency force in the late '50s. We read every book on counter-insurgency. As a lawyer and military man—the only two areas I've ever claimed any expertise in at all—I didn't think we could win this war.

Penthouse: And then you got mad.

McCloskey: I saw the tactics we used were outrageous because we got into cluster bombs and white phosphorus; the war crimes—the destruction of villages and the forced relocation of civilian populations, both were named by us at Nuremberg as war crimes, and yet we have pursued that policy deliberately in both Vietnam and Laos. That to me is an appalling tragedy.

Penthouse: But the Gulf of Tonkin resolution...

McCloskey: The President didn't take the repeal of the resolution as any limitation on his power at all, and I think this is the real confrontation between President and Congress. There's never been a case in history that I have found where immediately after Congress gave him the authority, then withdrew the authority, a President in effect expanded the use of military force. That's what happened in Cambodia in January when he sent close air support 60 miles inside Cambodia. After that he furnished this massive air support for Laos when the Vietnamese ran Lon Nol 719.

Penthouse: What do you think would happen if the United States pulled out of Vietnam now—or by the end of the year?

McCloskey: I think within a year the South Vietnamese government would probably fall. But that's just a guess.

Penthouse: And you're prepared to accept that?

McCloskey: Sure. I don't see anything in whether it stands or falls that makes that much difference to us as Americans.

Penthouse: Yet you were a much-decorated Marine combat officer in Korea. What differences do you see between the Korean War and the Vietnam War?

McCloskey: I don't see any comparison between the two. We fought in Korea with 16 nations and the United Nations Peace-Keeping Force to try to reestablish a balance between the two Korean governments. Korea had been divided inadvertently, a happenstance drawing of a line at the 38th Parallel. The Viet Minh fought all over Vietnam to have an independent country. It was promised they'd be reunified in 1956. We stepped in and prevented the reunification. One of the great problems is that people originally said we were doing in Vietnam what we did in Korea—helping the South resist aggression from the North. That's a basic fallacy. The North in Vietnam is like the North in our own Civil War. They're trying to reunite a country where the South is trying to secede. There is no American interest any longer in trying to preserve an independent South Vietnam.

Penthouse: What is your answer to claims

made implicitly by the President and explicitly by a number of other conservatives that "precipitate withdrawal" from Vietnam would result in wholesale massacre of the South Vietnamese?

McCloskey: It doesn't need to result in massacres. If the South Vietnamese are as desirous of preserving their nation as we contend, then they'll be able to preserve it. Presumably those who are faced with massacre will have to decide whether or not to leave the country. I suspect a lot of the lieutenant-colonels and above, civil servants who have grown fat on this war, will be observed vanishing to Geneva, to their bank accounts there.

Penthouse: Do you think South Vietnam is strong enough to resist an invasion from the North?

McCloskey: If their cause is just and their ability as good as we now say, why can't they hold off a much smaller number of North Vietnamese? They have 2 million men under arms. The "enemy" has fewer than 300,000.

Penthouse: How do you respond to the argument that withdrawal from Vietnam would undermine America's word and her commitments elsewhere?

McCloskey: We haven't given any word or made any commitments in Vietnam that I can see.

Penthouse: Not even implicitly, just by being there this long despite all the resistance at home?

McCloskey: We said we would assist them. The degree of our assistance is something we determine.

Penthouse: There appears to be a conflict between these statements and your hawkish statements after the seizure of the Pueblo.

McCloskey: No, I just don't go for leaving prisoners behind. Leave a prisoner behind? After 23 years in the Marine Corps? That's absurd. I said on the Pueblo that if they didn't return our men in 30 days, and the President asked for a declaration of war, I'd vote "Yes."

Penthouse: How about the prisoners-of-war held by the North Vietnamese?

McCloskey: I think the President has drawn the PW issue as a red herring. We are not keeping troops in Vietnam to get the PWs back; we're keeping troops in Vietnam to prevent the humiliation of the South Vietnamese government falling before the 1972 elections. He's trying to save face, not lives. They have made it very clear: no PWs back until you're out. If I were them, I'd do precisely the same thing. The best way to keep from being bombed is to scatter those PWs so that we're not quite sure where they are. For every PW location that is known or suspected, we draw a five-mile circle around it, and no Americans bomb it.

Penthouse: Then how does the United States get its PWs back?

McCloskey: By withdrawing all its forces, and giving the North Vietnamese 30 days from the final withdrawal date to return them.

Penthouse: And if they refuse? Would you, as President, consider an invasion?

McCloskey: I don't know what I'd consider as President. I know that I would exert very strenuous pressures, every pressure I could exert, to get them back. I think the United States has enough power at its disposal to make the case because I've watched the Vietnamese very carefully, and I don't find them an unresponsive or a cruel or harsh people. The North Vietnamese to me look like a tenacious, I might say humane, people. Certainly, the war they have fought is far less cruel and vicious than ours.

Penthouse: What did you think about the Calley trial, and its aftermath?

McCloskey: I thought the six officers who rendered the verdict did the only thing they could in the circumstances. The proof was clear. The evidence was clear. Calley's own statements were clear—that he had permitted these civilians to be shot, and that he had probably participated in the shooting himself. That means he had to be convicted of murder. I think the reaction of the public, at least the initial reaction that showed such a tremendous outpouring of support for him, indicates just how public opinion in this country has begun to accept killing as a necessary part of the American search for peace. That's one of the reasons why I'm going to be provoking this national debate in the next few months. I want to try to present the opposing view that if the country is supposedly leading the way toward peace, we can't afford to sanction that kind of violence. The second thing I think is that it makes it almost mandatory now for Congress to investigate the series of policy decisions that led to this and to the deliberate wiping out of villages and the relocation of civilian populations—which, as I said, is a war crime. We've got to investigate the process by which this happened, and make awfully sure American power is never again used in a way that, in my judgement, is illegal and immoral.

Penthouse: Once the United States has left Vietnam, what do you see as her world role?

McCloskey: As a contributor to the United Nations peace force. I don't think that withdrawing from Vietnam means withdrawal from the whole idea that we will fight to prevent one country from being invaded by another.

Penthouse: You strongly favor, then, the kind of international accords that require a United Nations and a World Court?

McCloskey: Yes. I think the whole effort should be to build up trade and a body of world law with a growing willingness to tender disputes to the World Court for resolution. I think the great element of United States democracy is that we have a court and a ballot box to settle disputes other than by combat. I think if we have sort of a multi-national corporation where, say, we own half of Russia and they own half of the United States, we'll be less willing to bomb each other. It has to be that way. It's the only way we can prevent contesting our issues by nuclear war, and we're not going to win or lose that war. Nobody's going to win.

Penthouse: How about the Mideast?

McCloskey: I have no quarrel with what Nixon's doing in the Middle East. I think it is an eminently reasonable policy.

Penthouse: So you oppose American presence in Vietnam, but support a pledge of American military aid in the Mideast?

McCloskey: You guys always try to draw parallels. I don't draw any great principles from Korea that apply to Vietnam, and I don't draw any great principles from Vietnam that apply to the Mideast.

Penthouse: You would not automatically resist military involvement in the Mideast?

McCloskey: I wouldn't automatically resist American military involvement anywhere, if the circumstances required it.

Penthouse: Because of your strong antiwar stand, don't you risk being dismissed as a one-issue candidate—and a no-issue candidate if the President pulls out of Vietnam?

McCloskey: I don't think I'm a one-issue candidate. Take the race issue, environmental issues, truth in government, intrusion into the judicial process. I disagree on all these at the present time—not violently enough to challenge in a primary, but certainly if we get into a fight,

there are an awful lot of things we disagree on. **Penthouse:** Would the President's "black capitalism" program be one of them?

McCloskey: I don't think he's done anything with that. There's no visible sign I've seen.

Penthouse: Are there any specific kinds of civil rights legislation you would advocate to ease the plight of the black man?

McCloskey: We've screwed 'em for over 350 years. But I don't think this generation is going to discriminate. I think they're going to end it. I think we'll go through 25 years of pain and suffering, and we'll end up with no more discrimination. I can't think of a single law that I would pass now that would improve the situation of the blacks. I can see ending the moral insult that occurs when you turn a guy away from a house, and say: "I'm sorry, but when we listed this publicly, we didn't mean you." That's an insult I would try to combat. But I can't really think of any new laws. The enforcement of the existing laws, yes. The tacit acquiescence in the violation of those laws, I would change that; but the primary thing we need right now is not further legislation but moral leadership from the White House. We lack moral leadership from the man in the White House, as he tends to follow the Southern strategy.

Penthouse: As you think the President has a Southern strategy, are these basically political decisions he's making, or is that the way his convictions lie?

McCloskey: I don't think he has any real convictions in this field. I think it's political.

Penthouse: Would you say the same is true in other fields?

McCloskey: Well, I'd say more often than not, that is so. I think his opposition to communism and his desire to have a generation of peace in his own way are sincere feelings certainly. That's the one area where he appears to be handling his own decisions. There's a whole obsession he has with making the manly decision—his whole staff is scurrying around to find out what decision will make him appear more manly. I think he has a sincere desire to appear manly.

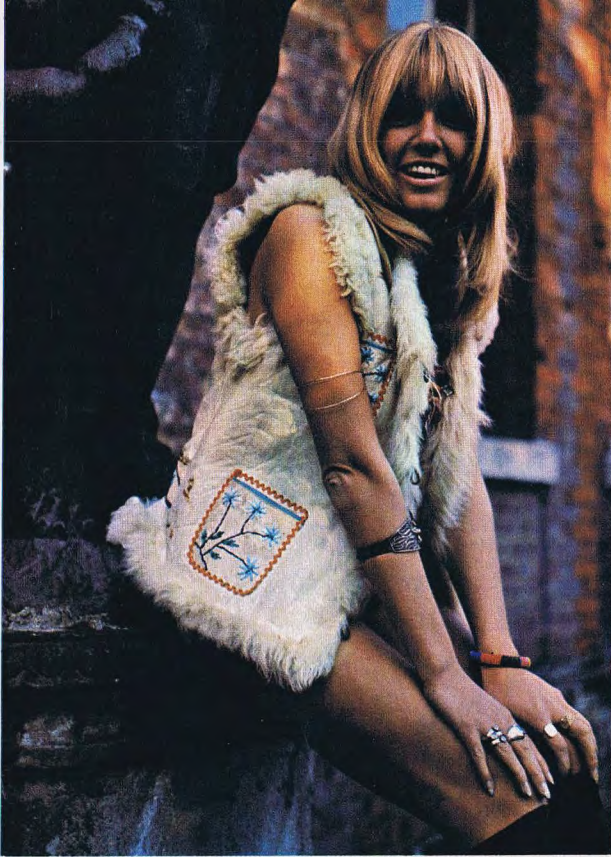
Penthouse: Having come this far do you begin to feel that running for President would get into your blood, and you'd find it difficult to pull out even if the President's policies changed?

McCloskey: I don't know. I've observed others in this situation, and I've noticed that a man is commonly compelled to feel that he is indispensable and somehow smarter than he really is when he gets into this campaign situation. I have consciously tried to avoid forming any ambition to become President of the United States. I have always felt that it would take about 10 years as a congressman before you are competent to become, say, Secretary of the Interior or Secretary of Defense. These are two jobs I would like someday to have. But I think it's a great danger to say, "I want to become Senator in 1976 or 1984, and Vice-President in 1992", because a man starts adjusting his performance and the steps that he takes until he will be good for higher office. I think, quite honestly, I would rather serve in the House of Representatives than as a Cabinet officer or even in the Senate. The real job in this country has to be done in the House of Representatives. There's more incompetence there. And the things we do in secret committee meetings are a crime. I love being a congressman, and I think it's really a historical accident if a man happens to have the qualities or the combination of qualities, at a given time, that causes the people to elect him President. If he searches it out, seeks the office, then his own ambitions



•FORBES•

"That's my name, lady - Cool Hand Luke!"



JUDY



We're Judy bound to tell you about the Jones girl, if only to register our disbelief that some men think she's too much of a good thing. When this 22-year-old native of Liverpool (the city of the Beatles) was unanimously elected Miss Manchester University, the Student Union attempted to have her stripped of the title, since, according to their spokesman, "Miss Jones was considered to be too sexy to properly project the student image." The controversy reached national proportions and was taken up by the press, notably by London's massive *Daily Mirror*, which crusaded for her crown. Agreed that Judy's 5ft 4ins are moulded in a manner (36-23-35) that hardly puts us in mind of rowing eights and debating societies, but who goes to university for *that* these days? The incident did little to strengthen

A SENSE OF JUDY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE






a love of English men that was already shaky, and when Miss Jones completed her course in art, graphic design and interior decoration, she went out into the world with a distinct lack of liking for Limeys. "I despair of the English man," she avers, "particularly after 30. His sex appeal dwindles away to nothing. I think Englishmen accept their age defeatistically—much more than, say, Americans do. They seem to stagnate." Since working in London, Judy's encountered a number of American men, and contends that they age far better. "In fact the older they become, the more devastatingly sexy some of them seem to be. They make me go weak at the knees." The judicious Miss Jones is a caustic critic of Women's Lib. "I'd like to meet Kate







Millett head on. I think she's kidding herself. I think they're all kidding themselves. It appears to me that militancy in the women's lib movement increases in direct proportion to a woman's lack of desirability. How dare a bunch of sexless old biddies resent young, attractive girls getting preferential treatment in life because they happen to take a pride in their appearance or because they know how to press whatever advantages their looks might give them? That's life; it's always been that way and it will always *continue* to be that way. I happen to be a cocktail waitress at the moment and I earn extremely good money. Well, they resent women waiting on men but no one says anything about waiters or bartenders waiting on women. What's the difference? As for equal pay... how naive can you get? There's no such thing as equality; it's a philosophic gesture we make to the inadequate and the underprivileged. I believe that people should be employed on the basis of individual merit." On the subject of herself, Judy is a little less uncompromising: "As a woman, I naturally try to get my own way with men. I make an effort to dominate them. I think all women do. But in the end I want to be the one that is dominated. As a sex, we try to take control, we *really* do. Men must learn this about women and never give in—give in all the way I mean." Judy's ambition is to be a successful actress, though she is not prepared to sacrifice too much for it. Just enough we would guess, to satisfy her sense of Judy. 







Because of the backwardness of some Red godless Communist countries, many folks in Peking, Leningrad and Split didn't get to see the Academy Awards again this year. Here was the free world lavishing honor on its Special Effects people, on its God-fearing Set Designers and its Best British Supporting Actors and not a word leaked through the celluloid curtain. Just another proof, friends, that the dirty Reds don't *dare* show their slave peoples what it's like to live in the pure air of freedom where individual accomplishment counts and the State is withering away.

Every four minutes in the Western (free) world, somebody receives an award for something. Scrolls are passed out for the First Black to be Elected Head of a Kibbutz; The Guy Who has Lived the Longest with an Artificial Thumb; the Best First Novel by a Dwarf. And yet, these gestures of approval and jealousy don't even begin, as the fella says, to scratch the surface. Hundreds of fields of human endeavor are being neglected, and it's only right that we show those Commie b*****s that we intend to *win* this one! I append a suggested additional list of awards and their recipients. It is by no means complete because space is limited, but we'll do the best we can.

The Chemy. This is to be given to the scientist who can come up with the biggest number of harmful foods eaten by man in his day-to-day existence. Last year it went to the chap who discovered that cranberries are lethal. This year we suggest it for the enterprising scientist-piscatorialist who discovered mercury in swordfish. He has successfully, in the United States at least, wiped out the swordfish trade and is singlehandedly saving the lives of countless people who will die from tuna.

The Stulty. This is gained by those who set records in the marital bliss field. The family that stays together stays together. This produces in many people a feeling akin to drowsiness and an intellectual stimulation technically known as stupidity. The winner is H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, a man who has stuck with the same swinging bird for 35 years. The only triangle in the life of this splendid couple is that formed by their endless travels to London, New York, Paris, London. To some wretched bearded longhair living in a Mexican commune this may seem like a waste of time, but to those of us who understand the Good Life and the Things that Count, and Sloth and Indolence, this pair deserves a monument. Take the Stulty and run.

It was a commonplace among the Indians of the New World that the white man spoke with a forked tongue. What the simple aborigine had in mind

THE NINNY AWARDS

HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

was that whenever the shifty-eyed Old World refugee offered the Indian a treaty, a contract, or just a deal, the Indian had to lose. It seemed to the ignorant savage that the European was unable to tell the truth. With this in mind we have created another wonderful award, the Forky. As its first recipient, we suggest the President of a certain large country which serves to separate Canada from Mexico.

The Me-Me. For Norman Mailer.

The Mouthy. This would go to the wife of an Attorney General of the United States who shall be nameless.

And again we have with us the celebrated Hubert Humphrey, the man who would be King. It is many years since Mr Humphrey has kept quiet long enough for the people to find out what he's talking about. Mr Humphrey will soon graciously consent to run once again for the Presidency. Mr H., a Democrat, will be, if he wins, the first man to talk himself out of and then into the White House. His special prize is to be called the Demmie.



While our lovely ladies are running around jawing about their rights and breaking into men's rooms, a hard-working example of what a lady can do when she puts her mind to it is Golda Meir. If you want to use the Suez Canal for anything you had better clear it with Golda. Since she's far and away the first to do whatever it is she's doing, she shall be awarded the first Mommie.

A special. For the first American to sell a transistor radio in Tokyo, a So-nee.

Another special. In New York City there is a militant group of Jews who have decided to fight against something or other by breaking up meetings and contributing to the general chaos. They are led by a young rabbi who seems to feel that the whole world is a Nazi camp and he and his followers are going to straighten things out by becoming Jewish Panthers. To them goes the aluminum-plated Oy Vay Maria.

The folks who know about these things tell us that the population of the world will double in 35 years. Ever since he got up from the mud and down from the trees, man has had no trouble whatsoever in procreating himself. He's been doing it for thousands of years without textbooks, just sort of winging it, and today all cats are safe from swinging. No room. In spite of this a spate of books has appeared to tell him what to do in bed. He's been doing it behind barns, in phone booths, beneath the stars and in igloos, but things like *The Sensuous Woman* and *The Sensuous Man* are selling in the hundreds of thousands. Apparently what is wanted is to double the population in 10 years. To the people who thought up the great idea of telling man *How To Do It*, a special award. The Weenie.

A few professional baseball and football players have quit their teams in order to write exposés. The books have explained to a stunned public that the athletes in the various clubs are actually playing for money. Not only that, but some of them chase women. These revelations, a slap in the face to every decent American boy, are further evidence of the decline of the West. To the first of these authors, Jim Bouton, goes another new prize. The Catty.

We are no longer allowed to refer to the Mafia as the Mafia. This is because under the doughty leadership of one Joe Colombo it has been brought to the attention of the republic that many kinds of ethnic peoples are engaged in the stealing business, not just Italians. Mr Colombo says that the U.S. Government "harries" people of Italian extraction. Nobody can recall the harrying of Renata Tebaldi or of Gucci or Pucci, but there it is. For being the first to have a word officially banned by the U.S. Dept. of Justice, Mr Colombo gets our final award. The Sicily.

WINSTON'S DOWN HOME TASTE!

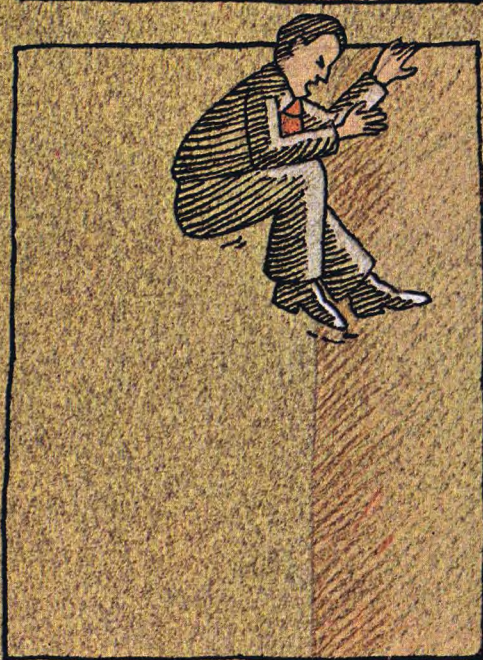
Real and rich and good
like a cigarette should.

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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.





Erotophobia

Terrified by an adoring world that threatened to love him to death, there was only one way for Nate Keiser to turn . . .

Fiction by Harlan Ellison

"It began with my mother," Nate Kleiser said, hating every word of it. The ignominy of it, oh. Not only here in a psychiatrist's office, not only lying on a forest green Naugahyde chaise, not only suffering every literate man's embarrassment at speaking those lines Roth had portnoysed into the ground, but to be speaking those lines to a *female* shrink, to be speaking them with choked-up emotion, to have started with Mother . . .

"Do you play with yourself much?" asked Herr Doktor Felicia Bremmer, graduate of the Spitzbergen *Kopfschmerzenklinik*, 38-21-35.

"I don't have to, Doctor, that's the trouble," Nate said. His head was beginning to ache, just behind the right eye. He heard the fingers of his left hand, quite independent of the directions of his brain, scrabbling at the forest green Naugahyde.

"Perhaps you'd better go over that part again, Mr. Kleiser," Dr. Bremmer urged him. "I'm not entirely sure I have the problem."

"Okay, look, it's like this, for instance." He tried to sit up and she placed a soft, but firm hand on his chest and he lay still. . . .

"Your reputation for handling uh, well, sex-oriented problems like mine is widespread, right? Right. So I get on a plane in Toronto, and I fly down here to Chicago to see you. So on the plane there're these two stewardesses, nice girls, and first this one, Chrissy Something, she offers me pillows and little bootie-socks, and then her partner, Jora Lee, she brings me a big glass of champagne—before anybody else gets served *anything*—and when she leans down to put it on the tray-table, she bites me on the ear. So in about ten minutes the two of them are fighting over me in the galley, and everybody's pushing those service buttons to call the stewardesses, and they aren't coming out of there except every few minutes to ask me do I like my steak well-done or rare, or to offer me little cocktail mints . . . it really gets embarrassing.

"And it goes on like that all through the damned flight, and they're just about on the verge of using those demonstration oxygen masks with the plastic air hoses to strangle one another, just to see which one will lay over with me in Chicago, and I don't think I'm going to get off the goddam

advanced paranoia — people plotting to kill you . . . yes, that problem I know quite well, Mr. Kleiser. Paranoia. It's terribly common, particularly *these* days. But what *you're* telling me, well, that's something different, something exactly opposite. I've never encountered it. I wouldn't even know what to call it."

Nate closed his eyes. "Neither do I," he said.

"Perhaps erotophobia, fear of being loved," she said.

"Dynamite. Now we have a name for it. A lot of good that does me. Nomenclature isn't my problem, sex is!"

"Mr. Kleiser," she said softly, "you can't expect results instantaneously. You'll have to cooperate with me."

"Cooperate? Hell, I shouldn't even belying on this sofa with you!"

"Now, please, take it easy, Mr. Kleiser."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"You're unbuttoning your blouse. I can hear the fabric. I know that sound!"

Nate sat straight up on the sofa, throwing the psychiatrist's leg off his lower body. She was half-undressed; had, in fact, cleverly managed to rid herself of miniskirt, half-slip, shoes, pantyhose and bikini briefs without his knowing it. Nate knew instantly that he had met a master of the art. In a pitched panic

“
Dr. Bremmer, her breasts now bare, was hanging
from the 18th-floor window. "If you leave me, I'll kill
myself," she yelled. Some people have alternatives,
Nate thought, and ran
”

plane in one piece, when we come in to land and they *still* haven't served anybody, and the whole plane wants to kill me except they love me too much, and I know I'm going to have to fight my way down the ramp, and the only thing that saved me was that a little black kid who was with his mother—who kept winking at me—puked all over the seat and the aisle and everything. I slipped past while they were trying to pour coffee grounds on it to kill the smell, and I got away."

Dr. Bremmer shook her head slowly. "That's just terrible. Terrible."

"Terrible? Hell, it's frightening. If you want to know the simple truth, Doctor, I'm scared out of my mind I'm going to be loved to death!"

"Well . . ." Dr. Bremmer said. "Isn't that a bit, just a bit overdramatic?"

"What are you doing, Doctor?"

"Nothing, Mr. Kleiser, not a thing. Just concentrate on the problem."

"Concentrate? You've got to be kidding, Doctor; I can't think of anything *else*! Thank God I make my living as a cartoonist; I can mail my work in. If I had to go actually out and mix with people, it'd be all over for me in ten minutes."

"I think you may be overstating, Mr. Kleiser."

"Sure, easy enough for *you* to say, you aren't *me*. But it's been like this since I was a kid. I was always the most popular one in the class, the first one picked at dances when it was ladies' choice, the one both teams wanted when we played choose-up baseball or red rover, most likely to succeed, straight As: the teachers all wanted my body. . . ."

"In college", added Dr. Bremmer.

"College, hell; in *kindergarten*! I'm the only male I know who was forcibly raped in a girl's locker room before he was out of the fourth grade! You just don't *understand*, dammit! I'm going to be loved . . . to . . . death!"

Dr. Bremmer tried to quiet him. Nate's voice had grown frantic, strident. She said: "Fear of being watched, of people wanting to hurt you, even — in extreme cases of

he bolted from the forest green Naugahyde chaise, and lurched toward the door.

Dr. Bremmer hurled herself sideways, hanging half off the chaise. Her arm swept the desk, knocked files of *Psychology Today* to the floor. She grabbed and connected.

"Jeezus!" screamed Nate, doubling over.

"Oops, sorry, darling," Dr. Bremmer murmured, scrabbling for him. He was in flight. She crawled after him, got her arms locked around one ankle. "Take me with you, please, please, do with me what you will, hurt me, use me, abuse me, I love you, I love you! Hopelessly, desperately, completely."

"Oh my God oh my God . . ." mumbled Nate, clinging to the doorknob in an effort to keep his balance. Then the office door opened inward, catching Nate in the shoulder, knocking him off-balance so he stepped on the psychiatrist's back. "Yes, yes," she said huskily, "yes, dominate me, hurt me. I've denied myself all these years, I never knew what it was to love a man like you, take me, the Story of O, yes . . . yes. . . ."

The open door now admitted Dr. Bremmer's nurse, a pimply woman of 50 who had watched Nate when he had waited in the reception room. Her eyes widened as she saw the supine Dr. Bremmer and in a moment she was pulling the half-naked psychiatrist's arms from around Nate's ankle.

Before she could join in, before her astonishment could turn to lust, Nate hurtled through the door, caromed off two walls, hit the outer office door at a dead run and barely managed to get through before shattering the glass panel.

He was down the hall, into the self-service elevator, and safe before the two women could get to their feet. Nate Kleiser knew what fate befell those who were not fleet of foot.

As he ran down the street toward Michigan Avenue, he heard screaming and, looking up, saw Dr. Bremmer, her breasts now bare, hanging from the 18th-floor window. He could barely make out what she was yelling.

"If you leave me I'll kill myself!"

"Some people have alternatives," Nate thought, and ran.

Having gone straight from O'Hare Airport to Dr. Bremmer's

office, Nate had no hotel in which to hide. It was, in fact, the first time in six years he had been out of his isolated Toronto house for more than two hours. He needed a drink desperately. Imps of Hell prodded the soft *optic chiasma* with fondue forks.

A neon Budweiser beer sign and a dark-thick doorway presented themselves, and he slipped inside. He was lucky. It was eye-of-the-hurricane hour between the closet alcoholics who needed three swift ones straight up before they could face the crabgrass and waiting ladies in Wilmette, and the bar vampires who hung by their curled toes from the bar-rail till closing time. The bar was deserted, nearly deserted.

He slid into a shadowed booth, blew out the candle in its metal shell, and waited for the waiter, hoping it would not be a waitress. It was a waitress. Pouf skirt, net-mesh opera hose, spike heels, quiet good taste.

He hid his face and ordered three doubles of McCormick bourbon, no water, no rocks, no glass if possible, just pour them in my hands. She stared at him for a long moment, started to say "Don't I know you from some—"

And Nate croaked in a frog-like, hideous voice, "You couldn't possibly, I just got out of Dannemorra, serving 18-to-life for raping, killing and eating a choirboy, not necessarily in that order."

She fled, and the bartender brought the drinks, standing well back from the booth as Nate slid the bills across the table.

It went that way for the next three and a half hours, till Nate's buzz was sufficiently nestled-in to permit conversation with the odd little man whose yogurt-soft eyes preceded him into the booth. Nate found himself unburdening his woes, and the little man, who matched him drink for drink, offered various unworkable solutions.

"Look, I like you," said the little man, "so I'll try and help you out. See, I'm something of a lay analyst myself. I've done just a whole *lot* of reading. Fromm, Freud, Bettelheim, Kahlil Gibran, that whole crowd. Now what I'd say is this: see, everybody has both male and female in him, you know what I mean? I think the female part of you is trying to assert itself. Have you ever thought of having sloppy sex with a man?" Nate felt a hand crawling up his thigh. It was impossible. Nobody had arms that long, to reach across a booth, under a table. He yelped and looked down. The waitress was crawling around down there on hands and knees.

Nate bolted from the bar and didn't stop till he'd reached a crowded intersection.

When the light changed, and Nate stopped on the curb, he knew he was in trouble. It was State Street, and the clubs were letting out.

They chased him 15 blocks and he lost the last two women—a gorgeous black girl with an enormous natural and a fiftyish matron who kept trying to use her Emba Cerulean mink stole to lasso him—in a pitfall-riddled construction site. He heard their shrieks as they dropped from sight, but he didn't slow down.

There was a motor hotel on the corner of Ohio and the Shore Drive and he pulled the tattered remnants of his clothing about him, making sure his wallet with the credit cards had not been lost when the Girl Scouts—*Girl Scouts!*—had ripped the arms off his jacket.

Inside, safe for the moment, he registered. The desk clerk, a whispery young man with white-on-white shirt, white-on-white tie, white-on-white face, looked at him with undisguised affection and offered the key to the bridal suite.

"A single, away from everything," Nate insisted, and went up in the elevator, leaving the desk clerk breathing heavily.

The room was quiet and small. Nate pulled the drapes, locked the door, wedged a chair under the doorknob, and slumped on the edge of the bed. After a while he felt moderately sober, moderately relaxed, and thoroughly sick to his stomach. He undressed slowly and took a hot shower.

Soaping himself, he thought. It was a good place to think,

in the shower.

Life had been at least supportable in Toronto. He'd devised a way to live. It was a ghastly way to live, but it was at least—well, supportable. But after Lois and the three bottles of Dexamils, he knew he had to do something, to try and arrest this hideous condition that had been getting worse and worse as he'd grown older. Only 27 years old, and my life is hopeless, he thought. He'd thought that every year since he had reached puberty.

Then he'd heard of Dr. Bremmer and he'd been dubious. She was a woman, after all. But desperation knows no rationalizing deterrents, and he'd long-distanced an appointment. Now that had gone bananas, and he was thoroughly peeled. It was getting worse. The trip to Chicago had been a lousy idea. Now what will I do? How the hell will I get safely out of this enemy territory?

He turned and looked in the full-length mirror.

He saw himself naked.

He *did* have a good body.

And he *did* have a pleasant face, really quite a handsome and compelling face.

As he watched, his image began to shimmer and flow. His hair grew longer, more blond, even *blonde*, and breasts began to bulge as the hair vanished from his body. The image altered, as he stared, into the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The words of the little man in the bar skimmed across his mind and were gone in an instant, lost in the adoration he felt for the fantastic creature in the mirror.

"I love you," he said, finding it difficult to speak coherently.

He reached for her, and she drew back. "Don't you put a hand on me you lecher," she said.


"But I love you . . . I really love you!"

"I'm not that kind of a girl," she said.

"But I don't just want your body," Nate said. There was an imploring note in his voice. "I want to love you, to have you with me all my life. I can make a good home for you. I've been waiting for you all my life."

"Well . . ." she said, "maybe we can just talk a while. But keep your hands to yourself."

"I will," Nate promised, "I will. I'll keep my hands to myself."

And they lived happily ever after. 



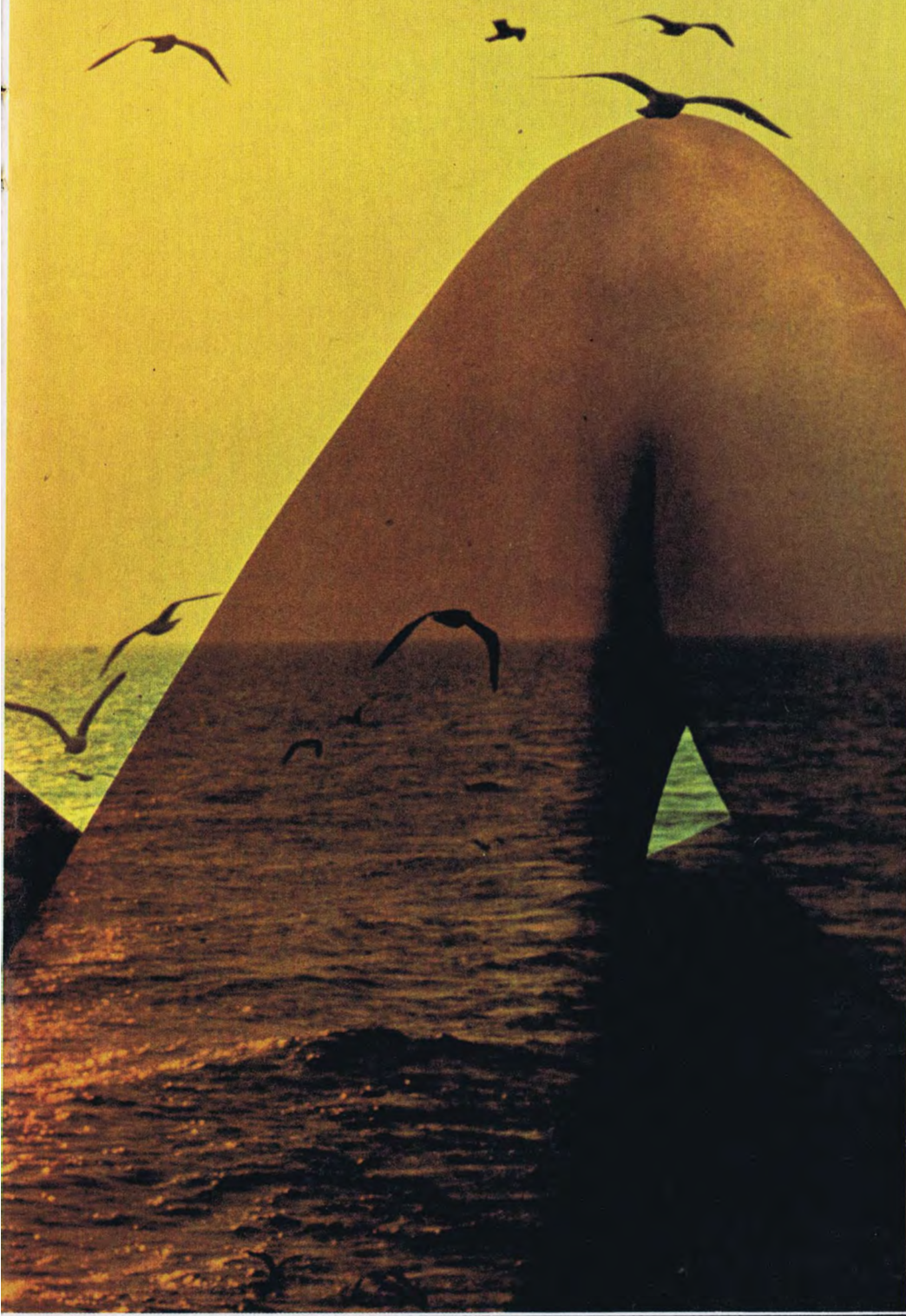
"The trouble with me, Dorothy, is, I am curious—but yellow!"



Sunrise Strip

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN YOU NEED KNOW-WHERE FOR SUNBATHING SANS SWIMSUIT. BE GUIDED BY A SEASONED PEELER IN THOSE PARTS

BY WILLIAM FIFIELD



The second day the boy showed no outward sign at all — he had been immunized. It was where the erector set met. This Italian kid was 16 or so. A humorous French girl dropped her hat over it, that first day.

It was a decade ago I first went there. Alone. Strange. I wanted other men to show their women naked to me but I did not want to show mine naked to them. Besides, I was a novelist and thought a writer ought to know whereof he wrote. I *had* known a few bodies, but in half a dozen novels and half a hundred short stories I had pretty well used them up. To get the fresh observations I needed *bouche et bonne main*, I thought I might well not have the strength left to write the novels. But in a single afternoon at Levant I could observe enough *mons veneres* &c. to let me stock a library.

So I stationed myself somewhat below the pubis of an English girl of about 20 — on which grew tangled briar but with no thistle in it so far as I could see — and, up across it, chatted with her husband. Thus I found out something which is bugging everybody now. This sort of thing is *not* erotic.

"Do you, well, you know, more often, owing to all this — the sun and all?" I asked the husband up over the *vade mecum* of his wife.

"No. Less."

That Italian kid turned out to be the only one who, on that little slip of beach at Agde, reacted at all. It was amusing to watch the waiter bending to serve between two pairs of lima beans *a poil* at the outdoor restaurant at Levant, but it was no more than that.

St. Tropez: On the Ile de Levant you wore the *cache sexe*, except on the beach. The shopgirls in the provisions stores would *cache* their sex and *rien de plus* except the groceries. You sat at a "sidewalk" cafe (there were no sidewalks and the roads were dirt) and watched the waggle. Time was when we used to turtle at St. Tropez. It wasn't very comfortable, but it was naked. There was an area between Pampelone Beach and Tahiti Beach on the sandy side out from St. Tropez and down from Ramatuelle, and it was accepted that here could be the nudeniks, provided that they got down in foxholes and so put themselves below the level of decent people. So we would burrow a hole in the sand big enough for two and around the rim of it put dried palm frond as additional cover, and these fringes looked like eyelashes, and so we were lying starkers more or less like images in eyes, and you could, if you kept an innocent look on your head, which you had to keep up at the edge of the pit in order to get air, do more or less this or that. But not *that*.

There were inconveniences. If anyone officially complained, then the gend-

There are some really beautiful girls here—goblet breasts,
thighs the ivory of elephant dream, and all this in
what can be frantically beautiful weather

armes had to come. They walked in slowly. Decent chaps. *Flics* usually are, unless they choose not to be.

There was a fellow who would come in his helicopter out of the hills suddenly from over Gassin. He had a quick-developer and he would stroll the beach hardly an hour later and you could buy back the photo of yourself and girl, including negative, for 1000 francs. Oh, and you understood why the mother turtle lays her eggs in depressions like this. The heat would hatch an alligator. I am just setting down bits of the record of the pioneer days.

There were Levant and Agde.

This year at *Voile Rouge*, St. Trop, the monokini was in. Worn everywhere. Bars, restaurants.

In France you had and have the whole Côte d'Argent from Bordeaux to Biarritz. It wasn't legal but isolation was your advocate. And you crossed a French bird melba on her back, she wouldn't even open her eyes to see who you were. The French are a pretty indifferent lot, you know. Then, *Camargue*, east of Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer on the digue. How those lonely stretches call — mosquitoes, though. In the bracing open there seems little inclination to *do*. I did see a pair do at Levant back in '61. But in nine years that was the only time.

Spain: I have lived here off and on for 24 years. I guess I am an expert. If you want to go to the Playa de Castilla between the Guadalquivir and Palos, from which Columbus sailed, you will be on the *last big unspoiled beach of Europe* — 40 miles of absolutely pure white sand and not a soul present. But you'll have a job getting there. You have to go up to Seville and cross the river, then get down through the marshlands in some sort of vehicle — Land-Rover is the usual — and then the last leg by horse, which you can hire in one of the lost *cortijos* (stark-white ranch-houses with Arab arches), through sandscrub and maquis thick with wild boars. At last — if you are not tusked, unhorsed, lost or trampled — you come to a tidal, pristine beach. *So white*. It's not the Med, though. It's the Atlantic — you are west of Gibraltar, or to be exact Tarifa. The place is so pristine that

Marbella, Torremolinos, Estepona are slubby muck by comparison. The Med is tideless, and it does not wash. Much of Castilla belongs to my friend Manuel Maria Gonzalez of Gonzalez Byass. Not too short of money, the sherry men keep it as a hunting preserve, which is why it's depopulated. You can do anything you like — ride, maned, naked, into the surf; run naked for miles; love on scalding sands while the surf cracks up.

Ibiza: I used to walk naked all the way out the left side of Cala de San Antonio to Punta Chicho, and never saw anybody, though sometimes I sunburned my ass. Well, that's a long time ago. On Playa Figueras, if you knew how to get down there through the wash, you could be absolutely alone with your girl 1963-67 (and before '63 of course). Then in '67 a Belgian development went up on the overlooking headland of Playa San Vicente, which is three miles off; you always wondered if those Belg-a-bitches had binoculars. I *know* I am straight about this. But in '69 an amazing thing happened. On Playa Figueras *everybody* started bathing naked — Swedes, Germans, hippies. Astonishing, because this is Spain. You could get expelled from the country for sunbathing naked *alone*. I think you still *can*.

You watched for the tricorn patent leather hat of the Guardia Civil around every bush. But this is a damned peculiar country. They enforce the law — or they don't. You can't, except infrequently, find out what the law *is*. So everybody bathed naked confidently because it was so open at Figueras that the Guardia must know, and since they did nothing about it it must be condoned. Just the same, in the summer of '70 they ran a whole herd in — went out to Figueras and made a regular raid. Then they threw 400 hippies off the island, and closed the pot bars. (Six years and a day in this country if you get caught *possessing* pot.)


Still, they foxed the Guardias. From a high place, Cala Olivera was sighted. A tiny road ran down there. A deserted house, roof stoven in, styes empty. Olive trees. *Higueras* (fig). They swam and sunned there naked all of '70. The

hippies have found another naked beach, Cala Boix. It appeared by end of season '70 that the Guardias do not know about it.

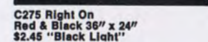
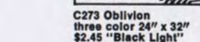
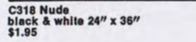
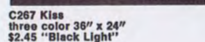
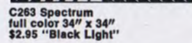
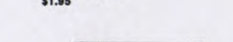
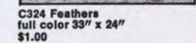
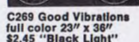
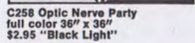
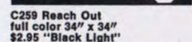
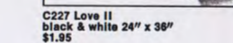
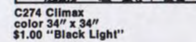
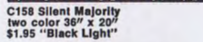
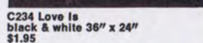
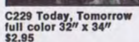
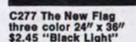
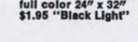
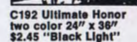
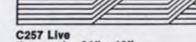
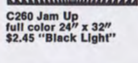
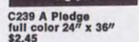
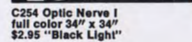
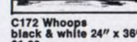
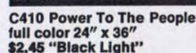
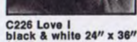
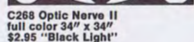
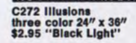
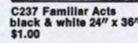
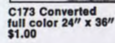
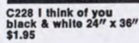
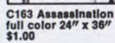
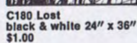
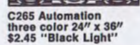
If you turn off the macadam Playa St. Vicente-San Juan Bautista to Iglesia St. Vicente you reach the last Ibicenco *fonda* on this island. We used to go there in petroleum light and drink Ibicenco wine tramped out on the premises and it was 25 pesetas a night (say two shillings or a quarter) but then they installed electricity and prices began to go up. You may pursue a very high road from there rounding the hills, then piercing the pinewoods in such *tierra incognita* as is left on this island, and in four kilometres you arrive at the sheer brow, pine-wild, of the north face of this island. Climb down the perpendicular descent of the road (I have not dared try it even in my Land-Rover) and you may be assured of privacy, and can be naked. No beach though. Just pools in rock, filling, emptying, with the slow lap of the non-surf sea. *Escull del Pas*.

Formentera: The hippie preserve. But the head of the secret police of these islands tells me Formentera will not be safe in '71. Till now it's been a highland of pot, with nude beaches, and hippie kids even walking naked on the roads. What occurs to nobody is to drive on *past* the airport on the small way, soon dirt. The airstrip does seem to meet the sea, so everyone turns left and passes Las Salinas and goes to Playa Godola where the road ends. This is a fine beach with Formentera fully in front two miles off, and was lonely and naked till '68 but has now become fashionable. But if you do go beyond the airport you reach the one large unknown beach in the Balearic Islands where you have a good chance of being alone — between Punta Puerto Roig and Cabo (Cape) Llentrisca. It is pebbly.

It might be worth inserting that we have some really beautiful girls here — goblet breasts footed in stems of eager coral, thighs the ivory of elephant dream, and all this in what can be frantically beautiful weather.

Since writing the above lines, hearing the repeated cruuumps and everyone saying it was the bombardment of the Hotel Insula Augusta which was imperiling the airstrip and had got Ibiza airport blacklisted, I went out to see the ruins of the "bombardment". The hotel was still standing, but I went on down to between Puerto Roig and Llentrisca — and a huge construction called *Apartamentos Juan* stood there. It looked terribly desolate and you could certainly have bathed naked (in your fur coat) on that freezing, clear 31 January. But I suspect that, come summer, all those blank glass eyes in the walls will be open. The space is narrowing. 

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FOR THE LOVE OF GOTH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUNO BERNARD

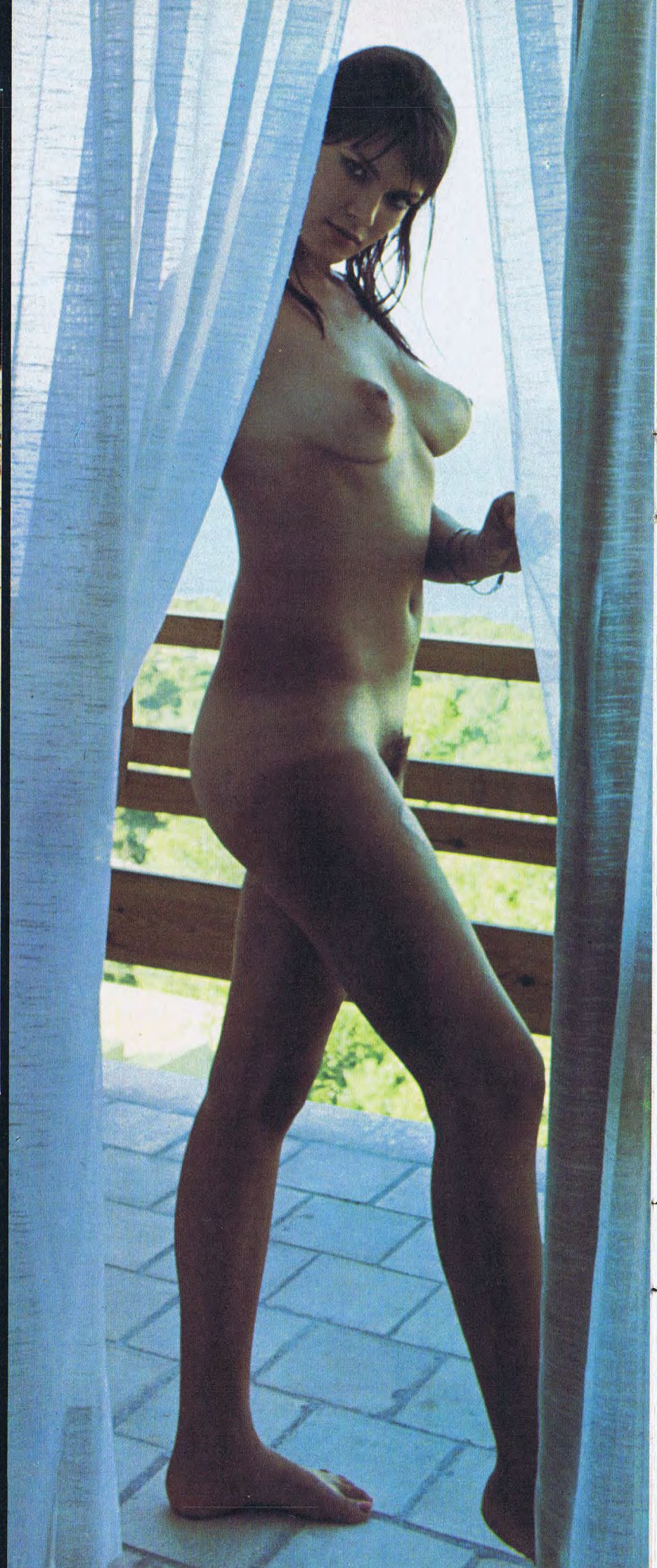
Provided their appreciation is optical only, striplings under 35 are welcome to savor the *möglich* measurements of German model Barbara Klinger.

Looking, however, is a whole different pile of pumpnickel from touching: as far as the young lions are concerned, Barbara remains a visi-Goth only. She is a dedicated aficionado of *die Alter*: the worldly, seasoned men who treat a woman with depth and maturity. "It is the difference



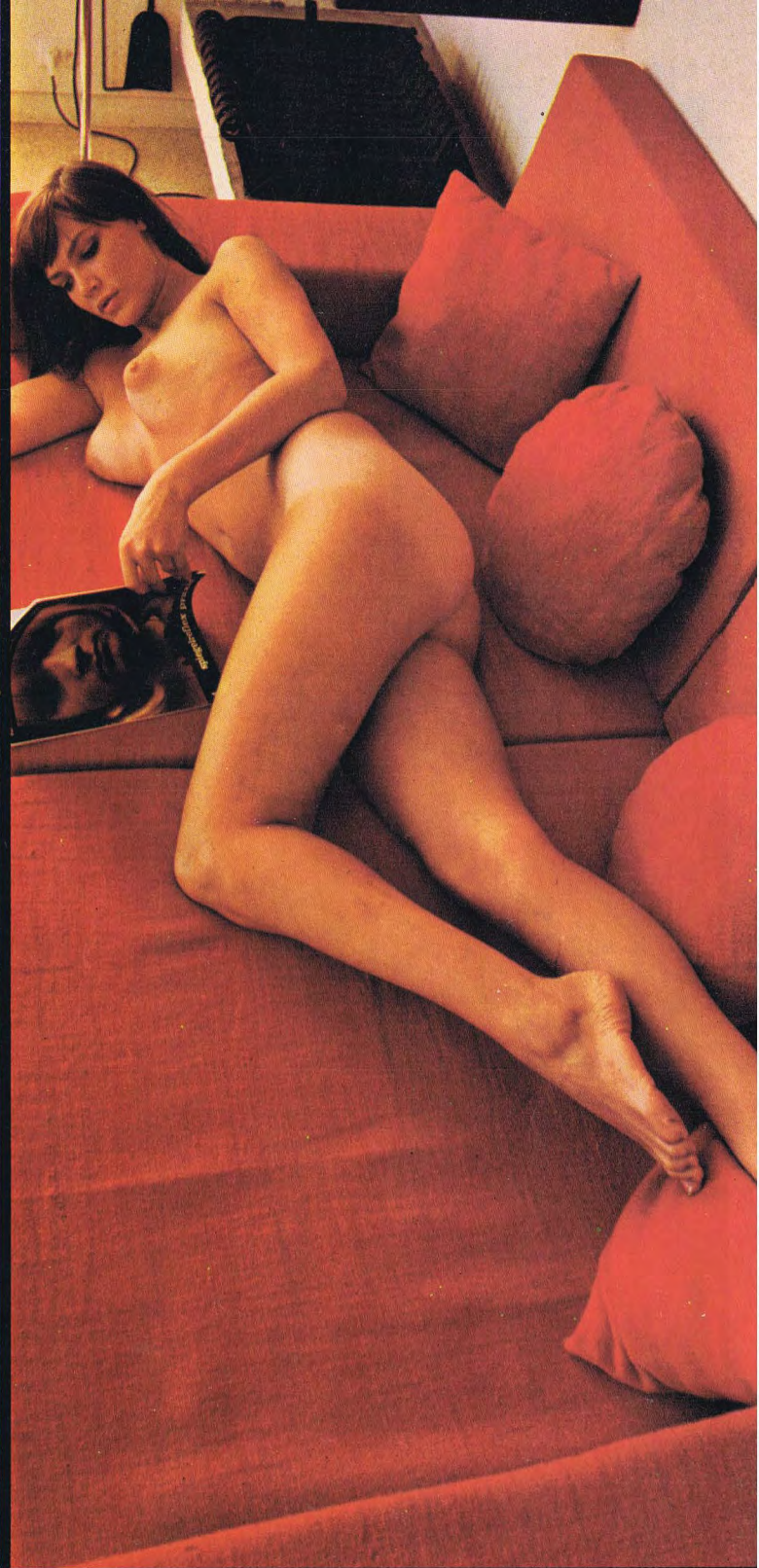
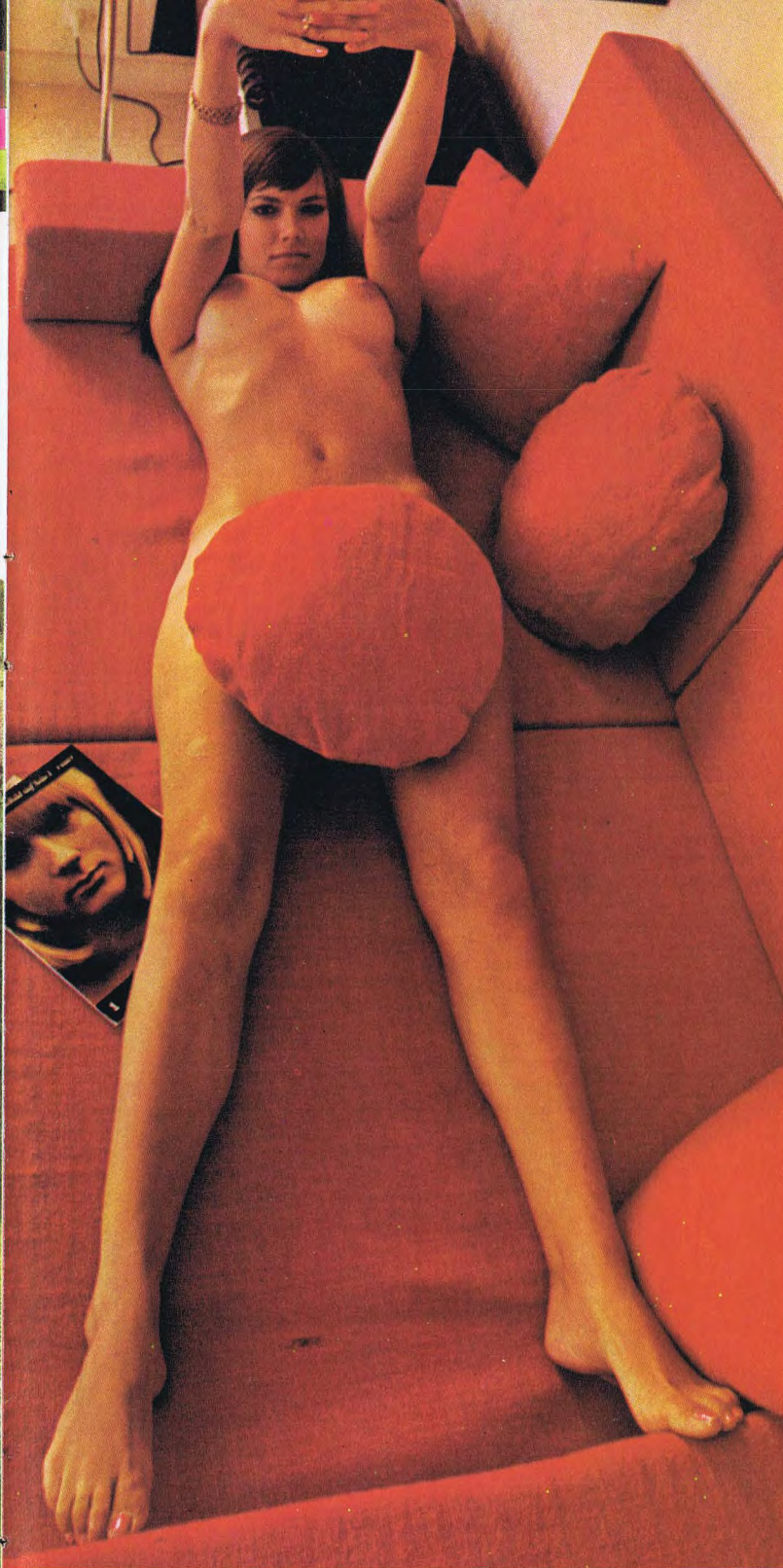


between a Volks driver and a Mercedes driver," she muses metaphorically. "One is an amateur, buzzing *herein und heraus*; the other is calm and professional and understands not only what he is doing, but why he is doing it." Barbara, rapidly forging a reputation for herself as one of the Fatherland's favorite photographees, eschews the attentions of any man who has not had "at least a dozen affairs. There's nothing like experience." Even with these qualifications, prospective Klingereds-on stand a considerably better chance with "iron-gray hair and plenty of *Deutschmarks*." Dollars or sterling, she affectionately avers, will do nearly as well. This finicky *fraulein's* philosophy is based on first-hand observation of Western approaches. "When a young man comes up to you and asks you out, you can see his









self-interest shining right out of his eyes. He sees you like a climber sees a mountain; he sees the evening's entertainment as the time he has got to work his way to the top; and he sees his own orgasm as the summit. His *own* orgasm, mark you. Not yours. What does a climber care about the mountain's feelings when he gets to the top? All he wants to do is stick his flag in it." Conversely, "A man who has loved and lost knows how to treat women," and that is why this Teutonic treat is an unshakeable supporter of the older *Mensch*. Seasoned satyrs are therefore advised that, whatever the young society says, you've got a good thing going for you.

HOW YOUR TYPE RULES YOUR URGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

extravert does. In addition, they have difficulties in contacting and dealing with members of the opposite sex. No wonder they masturbate more! However, there is nothing pathological about their reactions either; when they marry these difficulties will iron out, and in fact by the time middle age is reached it may be they who make the better sexual adjustment, with the extraverts suffering from "seven-year itch" if married, or laughed at as middle-aged Casanovas if not.

When we turn to high N scorers (our nervous and relatively unstable subjects), we do find rather abnormal and indeed pathological behaviour. These people show a strong conflict in their replies; they are strongly excited by sex, but also have strong fears about it. Thus they are simultaneously attracted and repulsed; they very much wish to indulge in sexual adventures, but are afraid of the consequences. When they do indulge in sexual behaviour, such as petting or intercourse, they have strong feelings of guilt and worry. Altogether, there is a lack of satisfaction with their sexual exploits; blame is often attached to the inhibiting influence of the parents, of religion, and to "bad experiences". There are fears and difficulties associated with contacts with the opposite sex, and sexual behaviour is seen as both troublesome and disgusting. Homosexuality is a problem for many high N scorers, and they also show a tendency to feel hostile to their sex partners. They like pornography, blue films, and the thought of "orgies"; no doubt these are substitutes for the unattainable sexual contacts with real life partners.

Neurotics and frigidity

This is not the end of the troubles of the high N scorer. If the person concerned is a man, he is liable to suffer from impotence and from *ejaculatio praecox*; if a woman, from lack of orgasm and from frigidity. It is interesting to note that these are precisely the complaints which are made by very many neurotics who come for treatment to the psychiatrist (even though the main reason for their visit may be quite a different set of symptoms); neurotics are extremely prone to sexual disorders of this kind, and there are good reasons for the association. The sexual parts of


men and women are governed in their reactions by the autonomic system, which is also concerned very much in the expression of the emotions, and the over-reactivity of the autonomic, which is responsible for the many anxieties and worries which are characteristic of the neurotic, as well as for his mood-swings, also plays havoc with his or her sexual reactions. Masters and Johnson, in their latest book entitled *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, have shown that appropriate psychological treatment can be given for these conditions, with good success; *ejaculatio praecox* yielded to treatment in well over 90% of all cases, through the use of a very simple physical method making use of a little known penile reflex. Psycho-analytical treatment, on the other hand, has proved pretty useless; Freudian notions in this as in other fields simply do not correspond to reality. Unfortunately few physicians, in the U.K. at least, are trained in the appropriate treatment of these sexual difficulties, and there is still social opposition to the setting up of proper clinics serving both training and treatment functions. Until they are set up there will continue to be much unnecessary suffering by N+ men and women whose troubles could so easily be cured.

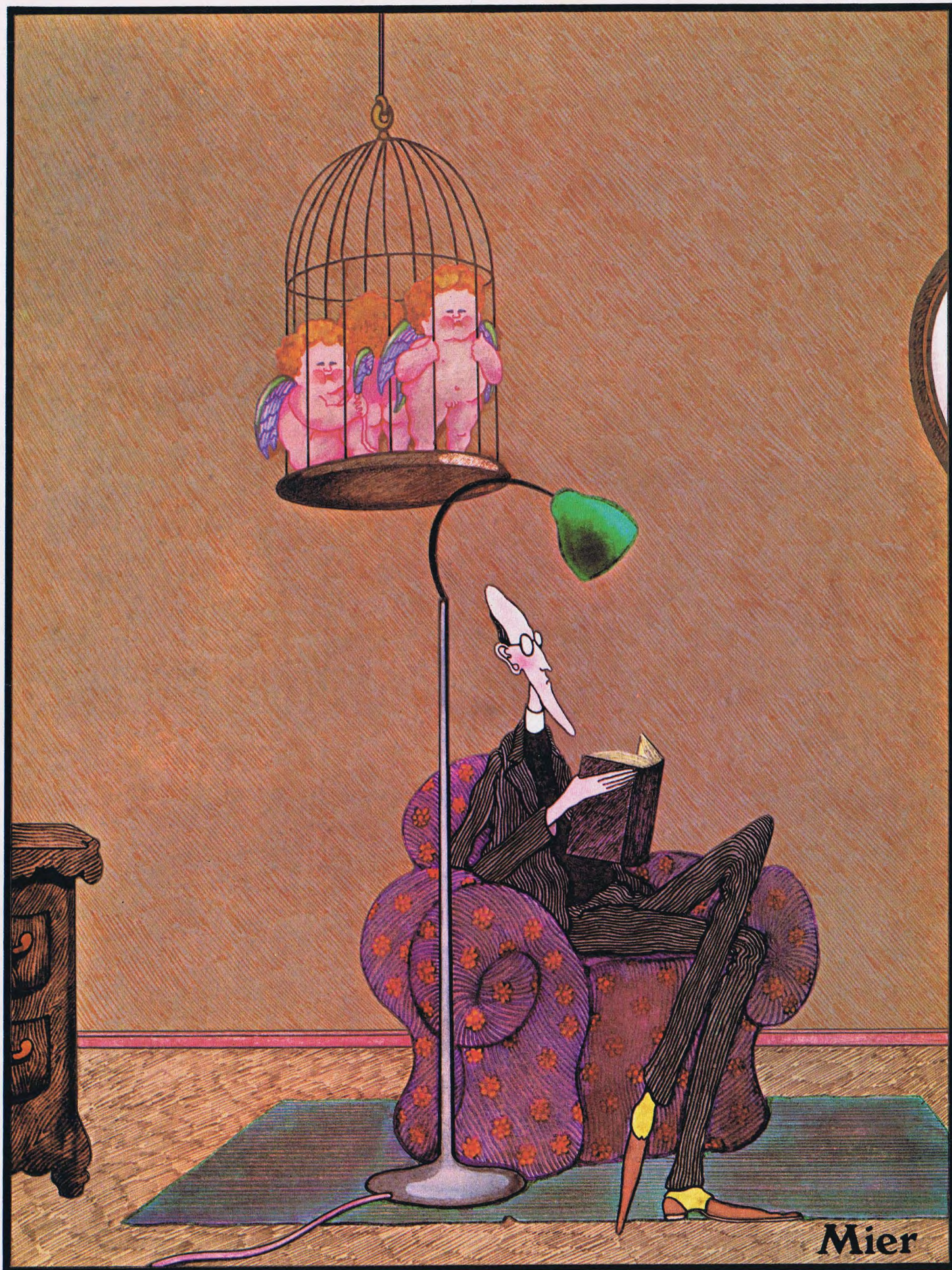
High P scorers also show a pathological picture, although it is quite different from, and in some ways opposite to, that presented by high N scorers. Superficially, high P scorers might seem to resemble the typical extravert; like him, the high P scorer is promiscuous (even more so than the extravert), enjoys pre-marital sex, is not concerned with, or interested in, virginity, and has a strong liking for impersonal sex (i.e. he is only concerned with his own satisfaction, and is quite ready to derive this from prostitutes, or anyway women he cares nothing about outside the sexual sphere). His strong sexual excitement emerges also in his liking for pornography, voyeurism, blue films and "orgies", but unlike the high N scorer these do not serve as substitutes for live sex, but as additions to it. This is one slightly pathological feature which sets the high P scorer off from the extravert; but the main difference comes when we turn to the degree of satisfaction he derives from his sex life. Where the extravert is happy and contented, the high P scorer considers himself deprived sexually, and is very dissatisfied with his sexual life; such dissatisfaction shows clearly that something is very wrong in such a person's adjustment. High P scorers also often feel hostility to their sex partners (sex criminals were found in another study to have exceptionally high P scores), and they are troubled by perverted thoughts; of all the groups they are most likely to indulge in perverted practices. However, such persons are

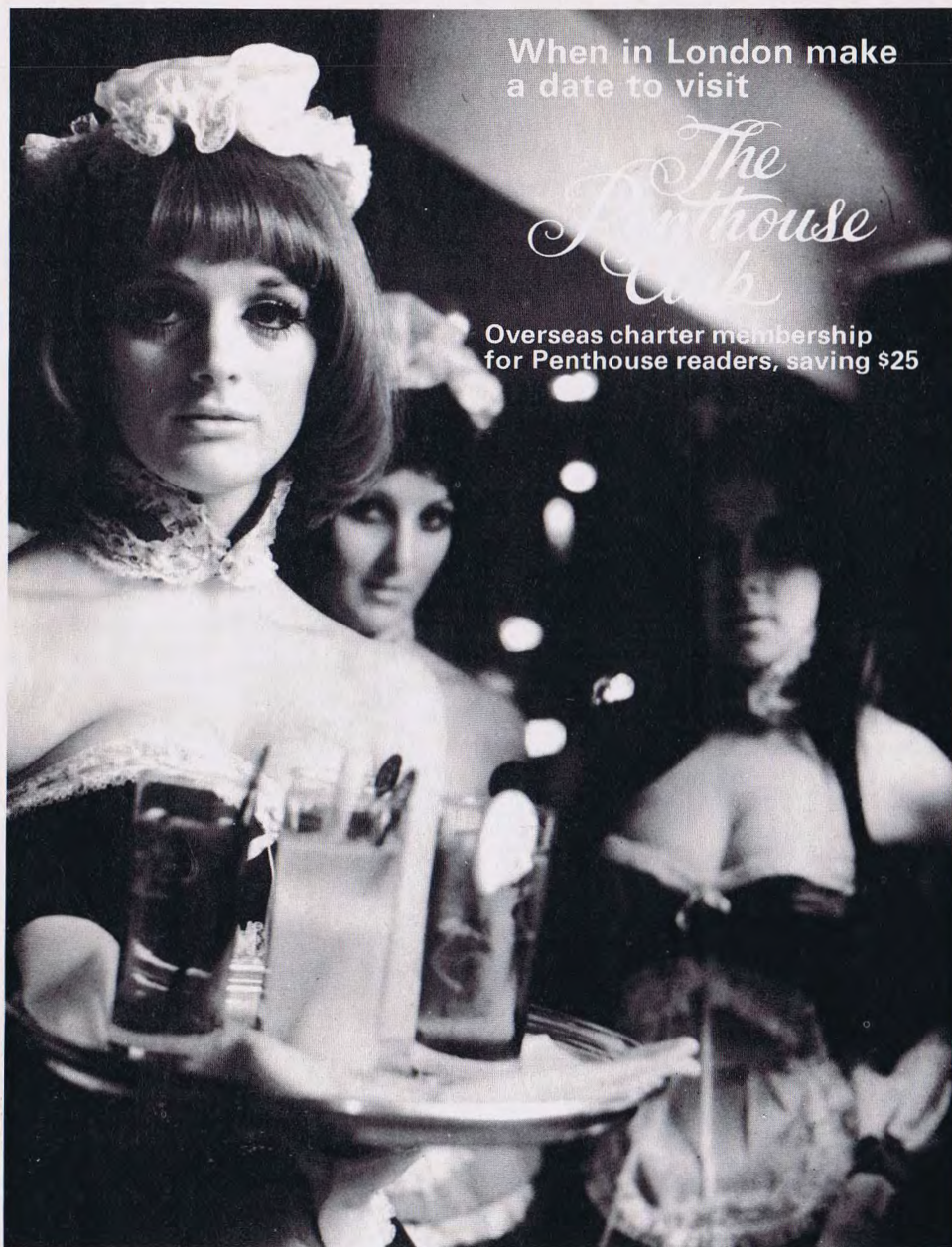
not troubled by the neurotic difficulties of frigidity and impotence; they seek only biological sex, and they function quite adequately at that level. Their trouble derives from the fact that for human beings biological sex alone does not seem to bring happiness.

We thus find that there are two "normal" and two "pathological" types of adjustment, as far as sex is concerned. The "permissive" adjustment of the extravert and the "restrictive" adjustment of the introvert are both quite normal and viable; one may prefer one to the other, depending on one's character and temperament, but one cannot say that the other type of behaviour is "wrong" in any meaningful sense. Both the N+ and the P+ types of adjustment, however, are clearly pathological—not in the sense that society disapproves of the types of conduct indulged in by persons of that type, but simply because clearly high N scorers and high P scorers are very unhappy with the life they lead, feel dissatisfied and deprived, and may even be carried into strictly pathological fields—impotence and frigidity in the one case, sexual criminality in the other. It is for these reasons that I call these types of adjustment pathological; they do not lead to personal satisfaction.

Is impotence inborn?

One last point should be stressed. Personality traits like extraversion or neuroticism are largely innate; they are physiological and neurological structures within our nervous system and our cortex which predispose a person to one or other kind of personality, and hence one or other kind of sexual adjustment. Education and other environmental influences do of course play a part, but they are far less powerful than is often thought; heredity contributes something like 75%, environment something like 25% to the sum total of what we call our "personality". Hence it would be pointless to blame a person for suffering from impotence, or frigidity—one might just as well blame him or her for suffering from asthma, or tuberculosis. And equally it would be asking too much to expect a person to show a miraculous change in his sexual behaviour—women often marry men in the hope of changing them, but this sanguine expectation is seldom successful. We tend to regard human nature as far more malleable than it really is; change is not impossible, but it is difficult and rare. If any advice can be given on the basis of the facts discussed here, it would be to look good and hard at your prospective sexual partner before you enter into any long-lasting relationship; you might be able to see the cloven hoof and the forked tongue of the high P scorer! 





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BY ED EMMERLING

TWENTIES SWEATER REVIVAL

Today's fashions are full of nostalgia. We already have belted suits, two-tone shoes, tweedy wide-leg pants, knickers, argyles and bow ties. Latest in the line of vintage fashions are fanciful sweaters in outrageous geometric patterns ranging in beautiful colors from magenta and oranges to turquoise and reds. Also making it on the comeback trail are the reindeer and animal design sweaters.

The prime inspiration for all of this is the Broadway revival of the 1925 hit musical *No, No, Nanette*. During the show-stopping "I Want to be Happy" production number, a chorus of tap-dancing young men is introduced wearing a kaleidoscope of colorful art-deco sweaters. Night after night audiences are receiving them with long standing ovations. It's a message that sweater manufacturers like Robert Bruce and Himalaya are receiving loud and clear. They are putting the sweaters out all across the country in U-neck and

ring styles, full sleeves and sleeveless pullovers with jacquard designs and strident stripes — all with the neat body-hugging lines that guys dig today.

It looks like the mood of the '20s is in for a long, comfortable run.

IT'S NO LIFE FOR A JOG

The unavoidable tensions of today's everyday "crisis" has prompted a general re-awakening of body fitness in the American male. Men want to get back the sense of well-being and are turning to the gym, the health club and the jogging track. But for many the strenuous workout after a rough day at the office is unthinkable. For others, it's inconvenient. For them, **Aramis** has designed the **Body Fitness Plan** to soothe away muscle fatigue and relax overloaded nerve circuits. Even the active health faddist will use this line-up of seven active body agents as additional help in keeping him in his best shape.


Each product serves a definite

function in the man's total grooming that to this point has been lacking. To list some of them which just reek of physical fitness: muscle soothing soak, hot water spa, body fitness rub, body splash and body shampoo. The whole program sells for \$38, and that has to be the cheap way for a man to have a health spa right in his own home.

HAUNTING SCENT

As old as the Marco Polo expeditions to the East Indies is the Patchouly oil that is the base of the newest scent on the horizon today. Somehow this haunting fragrance remained unknown for all these many centuries, until now. Being marketed by **Swank** as a cologne, it is called **Viva Patchouly**. At about \$4, Viva Patchouly has a lasting intense quality that is unlike most of today's bath of new cologne offerings.

WEATHER VAIN

There's a lot of sun ahead and what it does to your skin — besides give you a beautiful healthy-looking tan — is dry it and crack it. But it need not happen, because there's a cream to protect your skin called **Timberline All-Weather Cream**. Timberline does a superb job of replacing valuable skin moisture and prolonging your glowing tan without undue peeling. Offered in a plastic tube, it's \$1.50. 



Kaleidoscope colors in 1920s sweater revival (left); Aramis toners (top); Timberline weather cream (center); and Patchouly cologne (right)



Above: Michael wears Stanley Blacker's safari-inspired leisure suit in brown sueded pigskin with flap chest pockets. About \$140. Speckled turtleneck by Robert Bruce. Multi-colored braid mesh belt by Canterbury.

All of Lynn's belts are by Bees Knees. Right: Michael's sweater top combines a blue suede front with wool-knit sleeves that Robert Schafer designed for Burma-Bibas. It retails for \$90.

To M-G-M recording star Michael Allen, the new summer-weight suedes and leathers are *Something Special*.

SUMMER SKINS

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER KENNER

Suedes and leathers—once considered to be for cold weather only—make their debut as the summer's hottest fashion excitement. With newly-treated lightweight skins, a man's summer wardrobe can move out of the doldrums of cotton and poplin and into the rugged looks of pigskin, buckskin, scraped suede, chamois and cabretta. So much so, that the leisure leathers are showing up in everything from updated country sport coats to shirt suits, Western jackets, jeans and vests.

Unpadded and unlined, these soft suedes are comfortable and stay close to the skin for the contemporary look. What's more, they are available in a whole new spectrum of pastel colors. Apart from the basic browns, beiges and honeys, these hides now ride the range of turned-on hues: banana, moss green, pale blue, plum, and dusty rose.

For the man not totally committed to suede, sports-wear makers have carried the skin idea a step further. They have teamed suede with sleeves, collars and trims in wool-knit and crocheted looks.

Whatever the choice, these new skins are the right fashion break for casual country weekends, sports events, boating scenes and the party circuit.

As shown here, they are especially suited to young M-G-M recording star Michael Allen. His recent album release, *Something Special*, is a most befitting title for this summer's new wearing-of-the-skin-craze. Girl friend Lynn Dubel obviously agrees.



Michael's plum-colored shirt-style suede suit is by Rafael Fashions. Special features include snap-front closure and large angled zippered pockets. About \$300.





THREE'S COMPANY

AMONG MEN A YEN FOR AN EXTRA PARTNER IN
EROTICISM IS MORE COMMON THAN FULFILMENT
BY ARNO KARLEN

The pioneer English sexologist Havelock Ellis coined the word "troilism" more than 50 years ago for the penchant for sexual threesomes. Since then science has had little to say about it, and the matter has remained more an object of gossip and myth than research. The most rare and bizarre perversions have been painstakingly analysed, yet my queries about troilism to eminent sexologists around the U.S. produced not one reference item. Members of the Kinsey Institute could offer no more than shrugs and speculations. Even when the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex devoted a recent annual conference to group sex, threesomes were mentioned only in passing. To learn about them, one must do one's own research.

No one knows how many people engage in threesomes; Kinsey did not even include them as a category in his studies. There is an intriguing discrepancy between pornographic bounty on the one hand and scientific avoidance on the other. "Lucky Pierre," the person in the middle of a human sexual sandwich, has long been a stock character in dirty jokes and streetcorner lore. Historically, the idea goes back at least to Diodorus Siculus, in the first century B.C., who accused the Celts of favoring male-homosexual threesomes. And if one believes erotic art and literature, the sexual sandwich is almost as common as sex itself. Every variety of threeway intercourse appears on ancient Greek vase paintings. In literature, the threesome appears in Italian Renaissance bawdy tales, the novels of de Sade, and Victorian pornography. More recently, in Henry Miller's *Sexus*, the narrator, his wife and a woman neighbor enjoy a drunken sexual tangle; and one of Portnoy's complaints is the miserable finale of his threesome with a girlfriend and a streetwalker. It is almost obligatory in pornographic films and magazines today to have a scene in which a man watches two women making love and then joins them.

Threesomes are not really that widespread, of course, but neither are they as rare and freaky a form of sexuality as some people believe. Few will talk spontaneously about taking part in a threesome; it is an act usually discussed with intimate friends. But I have found that, if one asks, a surprising number of men and women admit they've tried it. To hear them tell it, the threesome is a distinctive sexual experience, and the preference for it a special syndrome.

As in many kinds of sexual behavior, the key to understanding troilism is understanding the motivation. Freud began the psychiatric revolution by insisting that behind nonsexual behavior—dreams, slips of the tongue, character traits—sexual motives lie hidden. More recently, the scientific study of sex has found that behind much sexual behavior often lies a variety of nonsexual motivations. My inter-

views with people who have experienced threesomes revealed motives that ranged from simple experiment to kinky complexity.

By a sexual threesome, it should be explained, is not meant the traditional Mediterranean "*ménage à trois*," in which a man keeps a wife and a mistress. That is really a form of polygamy, with the man keeping an official and an unofficial wife. Nor is the threesome merely an expression of what seem to be universal male fantasies—having a harem and taking part in an orgy. There are separate orgy and swapping subcultures in our own society. A man I will call Roger, a middle-level executive in his thirties, expressed very precisely the attitude of the true troilist as compared with the swapper and orgy-goer:

"The idea of an orgy turns me off. In groups, people pair off or form clusters. I've made that scene and don't especially like it. But threesomes are different. I've had many threesomes over the last few years, from one-night stands with two girls to a long sharing of my home and bed by me, my wife, and another woman. Threesomes really turn me on, more than any other kind of sex."

To the contrary, a number of people with whom I spoke had tried a threesome once or twice and found that it did not live up to anticipatory fantasies. They would not go out of their way for another chance. I suspect that this is the commonest reaction to a threesome.

Jack is a businessman who had a threesome during the fifth year of his 10-year marriage. "My wife and I had a rough period and lived apart for a month. I started bar-hopping in the evenings. One night in a bar I had drinks with two 18-year-old girls. Later we went to their apartment and got into bed together. I had intercourse with them in turn. We met again and repeated it. Then my wife and I got back together. I suppose it was an interesting experience, and I'm not sorry it happened, but I wouldn't go to any trouble to repeat it."

Rick, a cabinet-maker from Baltimore, has been in several threesomes. "If you haven't tried a threesome," he says, "the idea makes you salivate. Actually, remembering it is more fun than doing it. It makes you feel you're a liberated person. You know, there are two things no one will admit—that he's inhibited or that he has no sense of humor. So people tend to inflate adventures of that kind. But being in bed with two women gets mechanical and boring after a short while."

So for many people without marked sexual hang-ups, the fantasy of the threesome loses its power after having been exposed to the test of reality. But for those people who occasionally or habitually engage in threesomes, there is a special psychic reward, and the driving feeling is sexual competitiveness. For instance, Sally, an attractive woman in her early thirties from a wealthy Midwestern family, tried a threesome once and later realized that this had

been one of her motives. "After moving to New York," she says, "I had an affair with a high executive in the corporation where I worked. It was a thrill-seeking period of my life. After growing up in a very proper family and going to the right girls' schools, I was testing my sexual limits. Several people I knew were talking about trying threesomes, and that made me curious. This executive had done it several times, sometimes being involved with two women and sometimes just watching them with each other. I suggested we get another girl and try it. He agreed, and I put the idea to my best friend at the office, Ruth. She agreed."

"He orchestrated the whole thing, taking turns with Ruth and me, then getting the three of us into various kinds of mutual masturbation. Ruth and I were both pretty uncomfortable, because neither of us had touched another woman before. But I learned a lot from the experience. First, whatever fantasies I'd ever had about lesbianism in myself disappeared. I discovered that I don't want it. Further, I learned how competitive I am with other women. At one point I had to go to the bathroom, and somehow I just *knew* that while I was there, he and Ruth would be making it. But I was bursting, so I had to go. Sure enough, when I came back into the room, they were at it. I had a tantrum. I stomped around the room, throwing things and yelling, 'What about *me*? What about *me*?' They calmed me down and included me, and I felt better."

This sort of competitiveness arose in a threesome a West Coast photographer had with another man and a woman. "The situation," he says, "turned into a test of which of us guys was the better performer." Dr. A. D. Jonas, a New York psychiatrist, believes that many men who get into threesomes are, like Sally's executive friend, ambitious and successful people whose drive for power carries over into their sex lives. "Such a man can satisfy his need to dominate others," says Dr. Jonas, "by manipulating two women sexually." Dr. John Money, an eminent sex researcher at Johns Hopkins University, says that he knows of men who write their names and phone numbers on lavatory walls, inviting strangers to have coitus with their wives, in order to watch. Many years ago Kinsey mentioned this compulsion to watch and said some husbands do so to get a sort of sadistic satisfaction in feeling they have degraded their wives.

The competitive and sadistic elements of troilism are painfully obvious in a special sub-syndrome, the mother-daughter team. Several New York bar-owners have told me that such pairs frequent their establishments, seeking single men to pick up and take home. Usually, they say, the mother is a divorced woman in her thirties or forties; she makes the pickup in the bar and brings home Lucky Pierre to her teenage daughter. Rick, the cabinet-maker, met such a pair in Baltimore, where he grew up,

"WHILE I WAS AT IT WITH MY 16-
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IT WAS A COMPETITION IN WHICH
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and his account lays bare the Oedipal competition of such situations.

"It happened when I was 17. One afternoon I picked up a 16-year-old girl, took her back to her home, and had lunch with her in the kitchen. The mother was a very beautiful woman about 35. She had coffee with us. A few days later I took out the daughter, and when we got back to her house, we made it on the sofa. I saw her regularly for three or four weeks. Then one day I called to talk to her, and her mother answered and said to come over, as though the daughter was there. But the mother was alone when I arrived, looking very well done up. We talked for an hour, and I dug that she was coming on with me. The daughter arrived, and the mother left, saying pointedly three or four times that she wouldn't be back for hours.

"She left, the daughter and I went up to a bedroom, and when we were in the middle of things the mother walked into the room and right out again. Later I went down to the kitchen, and the mother was there. She just grabbed me and kissed me. In fact, she practically put her tongue down my throat. The daughter walked in and said, 'Oh mother! At your age!' They went off into one of those arguments where an outsider can't understand any of the details, but he knows they're cutting away at each other over some old problem.

"The next time I was there, the daughter said: 'Mother wants to go to bed with us. What do you think of that?' I was 17, so what was I supposed to think? How could I give up a chance like that to prove my manhood? She said: 'If you want to do it, come by tonight, and we'll talk some more about it.' I went there that night. The mother wasn't home, and I went to bed with the daughter. While we were at it, the door opened, and the mother walked in and just climbed into bed with us.

"The mother and daughter never touched each other. Of all the threesomes I've been in, it was the only one in which there wasn't at least a little sexual contact between the women. It was a competition in which they took turns working on me. Of course the mother was far more experienced. She just buried the poor kid. I think the daughter didn't want to compete, at least not that way. I'm sure the mother set it up, and the daughter fell in with it out of mere compliance."

The theme of Oedipal reenactment keeps recurring in stories of threesomes. Sally, who had the threesome with a girlfriend and an older executive, discussed the event with a psychiatrist. "I was going through a period of affairs with married men at the time. My psychiatrist said that the threesome was like those affairs, a way of having mommy and daddy at the same time. As soon as he said it, it rang a bell of emotional recognition in me." Roger, who has been through a long series of threesomes, concludes: "All the women I

seduced into threesomes had one neurotic trait in common. I sensed that all of them were emotional waifs, looking for a substitute family in being included by a married couple. If sex were involved, that just made the family feeling more real."

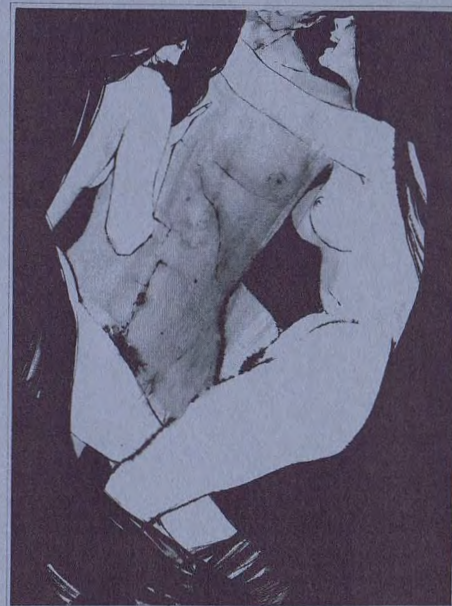
Roger's account of his shifting threesomes also points up other motives for troilism. He was an inhibited young man who, after six years of marriage and two children, came to feel that he had a perfunctory and lifeless relationship with his wife, both sexually and emotionally. He began having affairs on the side. Then he met Laura.

"Laura was unhappily married and looking for an affair, like me. Some strange, shrewd insight began guiding me. I just knew she needed a substitute family, a second home, and that she could find one in a triangle with me and my wife. I also knew I could get my wife to go along with it. I introduced Laura and my wife, and sure enough, they became good friends. We spent lots of time together. Then one evening, when we were all high, I said something asinine to my wife, something like, 'Wouldn't it be nice to go to bed with Laura?' I sat between them, kissed and teased them both, and drew them down on the couch. There was no resistance from either one. Each asked the other if she minded, and each answered, 'No, not if you don't.'"

It is not clear why Roger's wife went along with it. I have an impression that she knew her marriage was near the breaking point, and she was willing to do anything Roger asked, in the hope of making him stay with her. Also, she sounds like something of a wistful waif herself. In any case, says Roger:

"We spent a lot of time together, privately and in public. Soon Laura and her husband split, and she and her kids moved in with me and my wife. She and my wife never made love beyond kissing, fondling, and occasionally masturbating each other. Neither had had any lesbian experience before. But as time went on, Laura and I kept getting closer, excluding my wife. Her marriage and mine would have broken up in any case, but our affair was the catalyst. It finally brought a crisis with my wife, and she and I split.

"Laura and I began an affair full of sexual exploration. We tried everything, together and with other couples. Then she and I split up a year later—over a threesome, just as my wife and I had. Our relationship was waning, and I began having affairs on the side. One was with Betty. One night at a party I told Laura I'd like all three of us to go to bed together. We did, and it was wild. Laura was different with Betty than she'd been with my wife—very active and excited making love to her. It turned into a three-way sex scramble in which no one knew at any given moment whom he was in contact with. Eventually I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, the girls said they'd been up all



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night making love.

"Laura was almost infatuated with Betty now, and Betty was a little scared by the intensity of Laura's interest. I was a bit alarmed myself, and I put a stop to the threesomes. This and the general deterioration of the relationship ended my affair with Laura."

The homosexual element is powerful in accounts of threesomes, especially where the competitive factor is not pronounced. In fact, threesomes and other kinds of group sex may provide an excuse for some women to try homosexual love-making. It is mistaken, though, to stop with such an analysis. Homosexuality, like troilism, is not a simple instinctively-based behavior, but the expression of a variety of drives, many of them nonsexual. In some lesbian experimentation, the real motivation is narcissistic. The woman is not thinking, "I am aroused by other women's bodies." Her motivating idea is: "I want to know what it's like to kiss and caress a woman and feel her respond. I want to know what I feel like to a man."

One man's account of a threesome, with two girls he calls Diana and Pam, is a case in point. "Diana was my regular girlfriend, an experienced and uninhibited girl. Pam was a former girlfriend of mine whom I still saw occasionally. Pam told me she was fascinated by the idea of making love to another woman, especially one who looked like her, with the same hair and build and breasts. I introduced her to Diana, who looked something like her. Diana was very practiced at everything. I didn't even ask her, just took her aside and said, 'We're going to sleep with Pam.' So we all got into bed. It was a lark, very wild and impersonal. The two women made love a lot, and I made it with both of them. That satisfied Pam's curiosity. We never did it again."

This "homosexual" element explains much casual troilism, I think. The English journalist Bryan McGee says in his book on homosexuality *One in Twenty*, "I have come up against a number of couples who, to all appearances, are normal, happily married parents, highly respectable, but who at some time or other in their lives have had intercourse *à trois* . . . more often with a woman."

The majority of threesomes, in life and literature, consist of two women and a man, and the reason is probably that few adult males dabble easily in homosexuality. A heterosexual would want two women in bed, and a homosexual would prefer two other men. Roger admits: "I almost had a threesome with another man and a woman, but my prejudice was too strong." Rick agrees: "A lot of hip guys have a good rhetoric about why they should be just as willing to experiment with a two-male threesome. But if the situation comes up, most find a rationalization for coping out."

However, many personal ads by swappers in the underground press come from couples

whose real interest is a threesome, behind which, in turn, is the desire for a homosexual twosome with a spectator:

"Swinging wife desires couples. Husband available if wanted. Bi girls also wanted."

"There must be a gal who would like to be pleased by me and my guy. I love the action and I love to watch."

A Washington, D.C., writer tells of a personal invitation from such a pair. "They courted me and my wife socially, and when we knew them pretty well, they spent an evening telling us about their swinging experience. They gave a rhapsodic description of how, until quite recently, they had shared their home for eight months with a lovely 20-year-old girl. They said it had been beautiful, all three loving each other spiritually and physically without jealousy or conflict. It was becoming clear that they were extending an invitation to me and wife. And equally clear that what they really wanted was a threesome in which the two women made love and the husband watched. The wife would accommodate me as the price of getting what she wanted. My wife and I pretended not to get the point."

James McCary, in his recent book *Human Sexuality*, has one paragraph on troilism, in which he says: "The troilist is typically a sexual inadequate who cannot perform the sex act unless he is partaking in the 'sharing' experience. It can also constitute expression of latent or disguised homosexuality, since the troilist may identify with his marital partner during these erotic activities."

Actually, this may be a significant near miss. The watcher may be identifying with the person of the *same* sex. The author of that fascinating Victorian confession *My Secret Life* got his greatest pleasure from watching other men have coitus with a woman and then following, as it were, in their footsteps. When he engaged in threesomes with couples, his greatest pleasure was coitus with the woman while holding onto the penis of the other man, as though it were a talisman. The classic Freudian explanation is latent homosexuality. A more modern adaptational view might be that such a man has a shaky male identity. By watching or touching another man, he gets a mental transfusion of masculinity. He is like a man who, terrified in a dangerous situation, finds his courage soaring if he has a brave ally. So the troilistic watcher may spark his own tenuous maleness by identifying with another man's sexual performance.

A last note of analysis, in another direction, comes from Roger, who has had depth analysis since his chain of threesomes. "The pleasure of the threesome for me was watching the two women make love. The reason is not projected homosexuality or anything of that sort. You see, I was raised by a very aggressive, angry mother, and it makes me inhibited about sex, afraid of women. I feared being controlled


and emasculated as I was by my mother. The terrific release of sexual energy I felt in threesomes came from the fact that the two women were occupied with each other. In effect, their mutual involvement presented me with two half-women. I felt less threatened than when I had to confront a woman's entire sexual attention. And that left me freer to be horny and aggressive."

"I have a good relationship with a girl now. I love her, and I wouldn't get into a threesome with her. She'd be jealous seeing me make love to another person. And to tell the truth, I'd be jealous seeing her do it. All my threesomes happened when a relationship was going bad. They were signs of lack of involvement, of sexual fear. I still find the *idea* of threesomes exciting, and they were good for me, or at least part of a good time of sexual experimentation in my life. At 30 I began doing the things I should have outgrown in my teens."

Sally and others to whom I spoke agreed that in their threesomes there had been a note of healthy experimentation and a neurotic need. And now they had good love relationships, they did not want to share their partners.

For most people, the idea of a threesome retains a peculiar appeal. Like the orgy and harem fantasies, it may rise from basic biological rules of visual stimulus: if one woman is exciting, two will be twice as exciting. There is some experimental basis for the idea that males find visual stimuli more exciting than females, and that they are more stimulated by a variety of partners, but the reality of the threesome seems paler than most expectations. Those who try a threesome once or a few times may simply be following a natural exploratory impulse.

But those who seek threesomes compulsively or find them the most gratifying sort of sexuality are probably acting out nonsexual needs, especially power and dependency. In fact, it sometimes seems that these needs have a seesaw relationship. If the desire to manipulate, control and degrade is strong, the Oedipal power struggle is reenacted. On the other hand, the need to be loved and accepted by substitute parents, to be sexually mothered, suggests a preOedipal desire for protection, and passivity. An active threesome is likely to involve some homosexual play, but power and dependence motives also lie behind much homosexuality.

These interpretations remain leads suggested by interviewing. Broad and detailed study of troilism still remains to be done. Meanwhile, those who have fantasized threesomes and never tried them may find it hard to believe that the relatively adjusted person finds many such experiences mechanical and dull. They would probably be willing to break a leg for a chance to find out for themselves. And that includes most men and no small number of women. 



RED, RIPE & READY

An unblushing eulogy to the lascivious love-apple. Food and drink by **Lionel Braun.**

"P" is for Pommes d'amour as well as passion and the tomato was the hero of a love story long before Erich Segal was born. I have always looked forward to that midsummer day when I could pluck a tomato from my own vine, caress it, still warm with the sun, and praise its scarlet blushed skin, my fingers rotating it gently while my eyes search for the perfect spot at which I could press my lips. Here it is, a true beauty with an unearthly red glow like some gorgeous, dangerous woman waiting for a hapless lover to bite through the smooth skin into the firm flesh, and suck unashamedly and bend over if any of the juice escapes. The tomato, called a "love apple" from its introduction into Europe, reportedly came from Peru. It made its way to Mexico, where the Aztecs called it *Xtomatle*. The Spanish conquistadors exported the tomato as a curiosity to Europe, though it is thought to have found its way into Portugal first, then across the Mediterranean to North Africa, where Italian sailors called it *pomo de Mori* or Moor's apple. The Italians now call it *pomodoro* or golden apple. The French, when they discovered the tomato, viewed it according to their own predilections. Red like a rose could only mean love, so they corrupted *pomo de Mori* into *pomme d'amour*.

Still, the French really didn't take to the tomato until Empress Eugenie introduced tomato dishes to the mid-Victorian court of Napoleon III. Tomatoes were popular throughout the Mediterranean by then, being most common in Neapolitan cooking. Even today whenever you read *provençale* or *à la portugaise*, it is bound to be a dish made with tomatoes.

There is another story that says Sir Walter Raleigh turned *xtomatle* into the love apple when he gave a plant to Queen Elizabeth, and other cavaliers of the time followed by presenting their own female favorite a tomato plant which could grow on a trellis. In a 1597 volume of Gerard's *Herball* we read:

"The whole plant is of a ranke and stinking savour . . . In Spaine and those hot regions they use to eate the Apples prepared and boiled with pepper, salt and oyle: but they yield very little nourishment to the body and the same naught and corrupt. Likewise they doe eat the apples with oile, vinegare and pepper mixed together for sauce to their meat . . ." If Elizabethans viewed the tomato with some horror, then I view Gerard's spelling in the same way.

For many years the idea persisted that tomatoes were dangerous. This was based on the work of Pierandrea Mattioli, the Italian herbalist whose *Six*

Books of Dioscorides, published in 1544, associated the tomato (*mala aurea*), or golden apple, with belladonna, mandrakes, eggplants, peppers and potatoes.

More than two centuries later, the English were still treating tomatoes cautiously. Philip Miller, a horticulturist, published in his *Lycopersicon Love Apples* or *Wolf's Peach*: "The Italians and Spaniards eat these apples as we do cucumbers with pepper, oil and salt, and some eat them in sauces. In soups they are much used in England, especially the second sort which is preferred to all the other. This fruit gives an agreeable Acid to the soup; though there are some persons who think them not wholesome from their great Moisture and Coldness and that the nourishment they afford must be bad."

It wasn't until just before 1900 that America took to the tomato. Nutritionists discovered the tomato bursting with vitamins, sugars, and proteins and the tomato zoomed into prominence as America's third largest crop.

The tomato has at one time or another joined the list of aphrodisiac foods but it must be remembered that people who ascribe most potential to the "love apple" are those hot-blooded races in and around the warmest climates. I cite Gaylord Hauser's statement: "When nutritional deficiencies have been over-

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come, improved health and vigor will be reflected in greater virility and normal libido." To which I would add the words of Robert Courtine, French gastronome and food columnist: "Cooking is the only area where you can still invent. In sex we know all the positions — it's limited. But in cooking there are unexplored regions." Tomatoes may be broiled, baked, stewed, sautéed, jellied in aspic, simmered in soup and stuffed with everything from cottage cheese to crabmeat. Even the green tomato is perfect in pickling, for jams, chutney and stewing. There are hundreds of recipes combining tomatoes with almost every food under the sun.

If there is such a thing as a "French dressing" it is *vinaigrette*: salt, pepper, oil and vinegar. Here is a basic dressing for nearly all salads, and a dressing with the addition of chopped herbs for what I call a "simple salad".

- 1 tsp salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp fresh cracked pepper
- 1 tbsp vinegar (wine vinegar preferred)
- 3 tbsp olive oil

In a salad bowl combine salt, pepper, and vinegar. Stir until salt is dissolved. Stir in oil. Mix well. Add tomatoes piece by piece or slice by slice. An alternative is the addition of chopped onions or basil (fresh only).

Italian salad

- 1 sweet green pepper, sliced very thin
- 2 roasted red peppers from the jar, broken into small pieces
- 8 small artichokes, well drained
- 8 sliced fresh mushrooms
- 12 large green olives with pimentos
- 2 large beefsteak tomatoes wedged
- 1 tbsp capers
- 6 to 8 anchovies
- 1 romaine lettuce


Wash and dry lettuce thoroughly. Break into mouth-size pieces and combine into large salad bowl with all ingredients. Toss slowly and thoroughly until everything is covered by the dressing. Serve salad on to serving plates. Place anchovy on each portion.

Cold Tomato Soup à la Penthouse

- 3 large ripe tomatoes (about 2 lbs.)
- 1 qt. buttermilk

Cut tomatoes in six pieces each and simmer in 8oz. water for about 15 minutes. Strain soup and add buttermilk and salt to taste. Mix well and chill. Serve with croutons or topped with scallion greens or fresh chives.

Tomato Salad à la Braun

Thinly slice 1 large Bermuda onion and spread rings on a large plate. Cover the rings with thick slices of large red or large yellow tomatoes, or alternate slices. Sprinkle onions with coarse salt, a pinch of sugar and fresh chopped dill, chives and basil. Cover and serve well chilled. 

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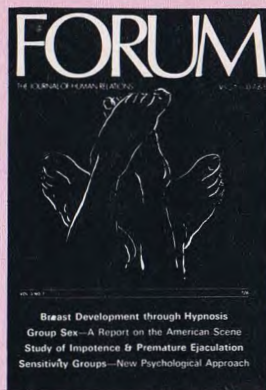
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Michael De-La-Noy, former press secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury (the Anglican equivalent to the Roman Catholic Pope), was fired by the Church of England for contributing an article to Forum. The ensuing controversy between the religious establishment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

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

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

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"Actually, I only joined up for the rape and pillage..."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Purdue approves

All of us at Purdue enjoy reading each issue of Penthouse. We would like to congratulate you on your excellent photography. Your exposure of the "beaver" has been heralded as an artistic achievement. A beautiful girl shown in her full radiance is an art in its truest form. You have captured the human figure in its true simplicity and natural beauty.

Before reading your magazine I thought I had a problem. My penis measures slightly over nine inches in its erect state. I thought that this was highly abnormal but now I realize that it is not size that counts. My latest chick, who also reads and enjoys Penthouse, said that by writing this letter I could possibly help some of your readers who are concerned with a similar problem.

I really thought Billie Rainbird (May) was a great-looking Pet, so be sure to keep up the good work.—Richard A. Small, Purdue University, West Lafayette, Ind.

Britannia rules...

Your girls are breathtaking! Your photographer is an artist. But just to say he is an artist is an understatement; even the master photographer needs quality in his model. No one can make an ugly wench look like a goddess.

What I am getting at is: can it be that English girls are superior to American women? Is there a freedom in England that hasn't been brought to America? Your girls show no shame for being women; they have a freedom which perhaps we do not have in the States. Can it be that all the bigots who settled America have left a mark upon us that we cannot erase?—W.L.R. (name and address withheld), Cherry Hill, N.J.


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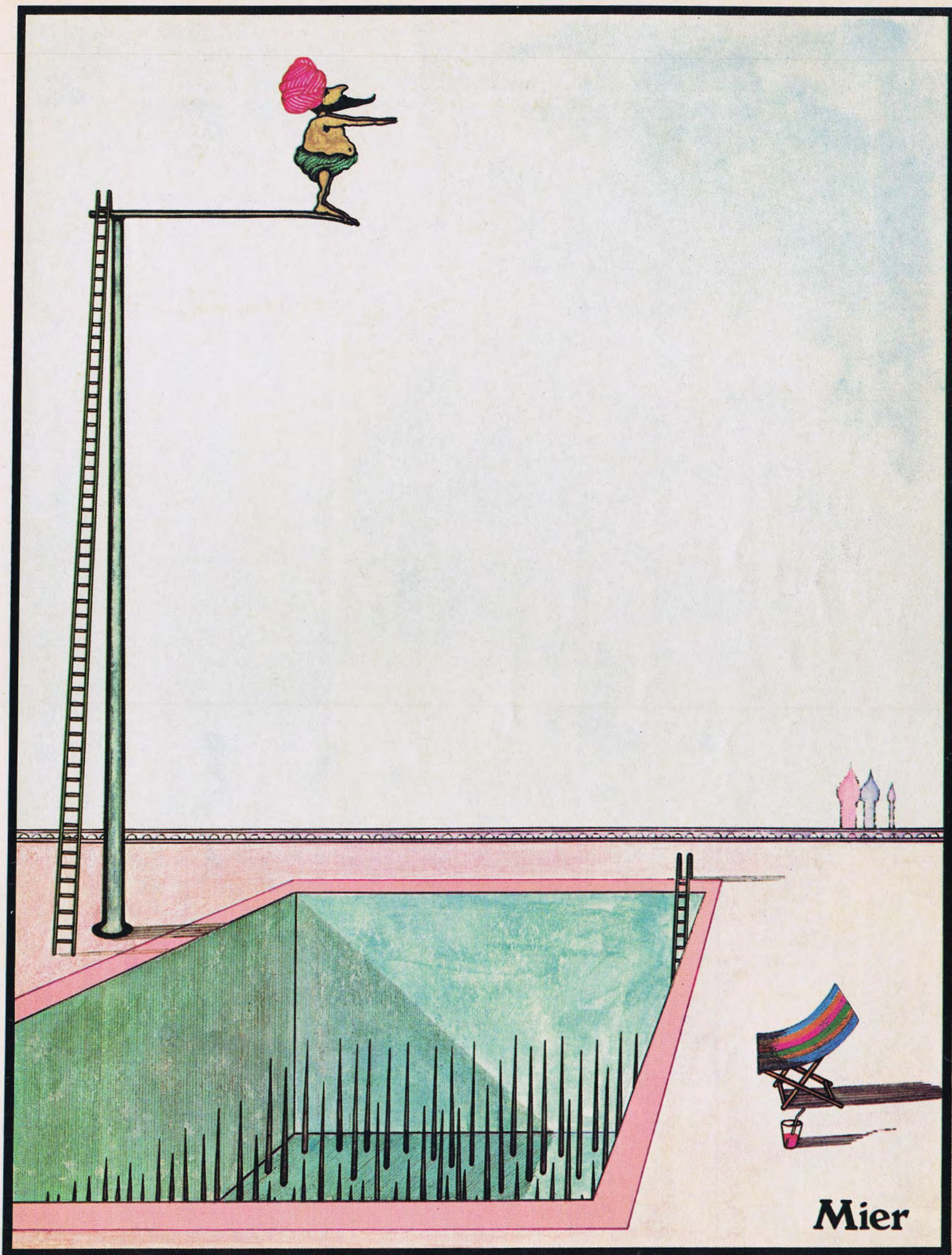
I want to congratulate you on a great magazine. The material, both reading and photo, is excellent. I have been a subscriber to Penthouse for almost a year now, and will continue to be one for a long time.

There is one suggestion I would like to make concerning your Pet of the Month feature. If you are going to compete with and by-pass Playboy, why not have a three-page centerfold instead of only two pages? All the Pets are fantastic, and I really think a three-page centerfold would do the girls much more credit than two pages. I don't think that I am the only Penthouse reader who feels this way, and I hope you take the three-page centerfold under consideration. I am sure all devoted Penthouse readers would like to see it come about.

I'm glad Penthouse gave what America has been waiting for, its own Pet of the Year contest, so readers can vote for their favorite Pet.—Doug Boggs, Wiltshire Place, Hampton, Va.

Deflation?

I have been reading your magazine for over a year now, and I think it's the best on the market. Your April Pet, Jacqui Simmons-Jude, is the best I've seen yet. Keep the good work up. I also have two new ideas which would help you even more: 1) how about some small-breasted women in your magazine? There are some nice ones around; 2) when you give the measurements of the Pet of the Month, do you think you could add her bra cup size, a,b,c,d? You would be the only magazine to do so.—Robert Kalp, Mount Pleasant, Pa. 



Mier

Photo by Robert McElrath.





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an anathema on alimony

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Woman: Three months ago.

Magistrate: Why did you leave?

Woman: We had a row and he told me to get out.

Magistrate: Have you tried to go back to him?

Woman: No. I would not go back to him.

Magistrate: How are you living?

Woman: I've got my old job back.

Magistrate: How much do you earn?

Woman: Thirty-nine dollars a week.

Magistrate: How much does your husband earn?

Woman: Forty-six dollars a week.

Magistrate: Where do you live?

Woman: I live with my parents.

Magistrate: Do you pay any board?

Woman: Yes, four dollars a week.

Magistrate: Oh, this man must stand up to his responsibilities. I'll make an order for 12 dollars a week!

Not only did the judge order that the woman receive more money (\$52 a week, Australian) but he also stuck him for court costs and legal fees. If the wife wants to go back to court and ask for still more money, he will have to pay her lawyers' fees, whether she gets an increase or not. If he gets a pay raise, she'll get a piece of that too. And under Australian law, after two years she can get a divorce on grounds that he deserted her. She then gets lifetime alimony as long as she doesn't remarry. If there is a house, she'll get that. If there are mortgage payments, he'll have to make them. If she meets an interesting man, there is nothing to stop her living with him, even having his children, and still receiving full financial benefits from her unfortunate ex-

What sounds so harsh in Australia is just as much a fact of legal life in the United States. The women have the money; the men squeeze the last ounce of effort out of their lives to support women they don't want. Strangely enough, quite often other men do want these women. One night recently, at the bar of one of New York's East Side singles places, two modishly-dressed men were overheard talking as they looked over the available crop of talent. "Trouble is," said one of the men, "times are tight, they've cut off the overtime, and the expense account is way down. But you know these stewardesses and secretaries who come here looking for us — they want a good time and don't care what it costs." His friend replied: "That's why I look out for the older women, not that much older but a little older. I guess what I really need is some divorcee who has got rich on alimony from some other

guy." The way things are going in the courts of this country, such women aren't hard to find.

The divorcee doesn't get married, but just plays house. She has a ball, and her ex-husband has the financial headaches. It can even happen that she may remarry, end the second marriage, and go back to court to demand that her first husband resume supporting her. How? In his book *The Truth About Divorce*, New York Judge Morris Ploscowe pointed out that if the second marriage was annulled, "the annulment was deemed to have wiped out the second marriage from its inception, and the first husband was required to continue to support his wife, despite her second marriage. But in New York, where a wife may now claim alimony even under an annulment, the wife must go to husband No. 2 for aid and financial comfort. It's not where you marry, but where you split that makes the difference these days."

Ploscowe further pointed out: "There are courts that have taken the view that the wife has the right to be supported in the manner and station of the first husband. If the second husband is unable to do this, the wife can continue to claim part of her support from the first husband. The wife may be then literally supported by both a husband and an ex-husband." As was noted before, nice work if you can get it.

Those who are caught in traps like this often run into callous judges, or self-righteous ones. According to Judge Ploscowe, "Husbands frequently receive a rough deal from courts handling applications for modification of alimony awards". In a New York court recently, a man in a well-worn sports coat and rumpled pants emerged from a judge's chambers crestfallen and close to tears. When questioned about the man, the judge said that two or three times every day someone like that man comes to visit in his chambers. They were divorced men in lower income brackets, he explained, who had remarried and discovered that they couldn't adequately support their new families on the income left by alimony payments. The tearful man in question was paying \$22 weekly to his former wife (who was holding down a good job) and was trying to support his new wife and two children on \$68 a week. Since he couldn't afford a lawyer, he went directly to the judge, begging for some relief by way of lower alimony payments.

"I told him straight out", the judge said. "Who told you to get married again? You can't escape a previous responsibility by taking on a new one." He said to me, "But, Judge, I fell in love. I wanted a home and a family. Surely I've got a right to them?" The judge sighed and said: "You know some

people can't seem to get some things through their heads. I couldn't lower his payments, and nobody's stopping him from having a good family life — if he can afford to support both women."

The conventional view of alimony is that marriage requires a woman to stay home, diaper babies, wash floors, and cook for her husband. Then, after 20 years, he decides his secretary is a better proposition, divorces and marries her. Where does that leave the loyal wife? Her good looks have faded, and she has no commercial skills, while her husband has increased his own. He is better off, she is worse off. Alimony is her compensation or pension for years of "service".

Here Lucy Komisar of NOW notes that there are better ways. "In Sweden, they have retraining allowances for wives, paid for by the government. The woman gets a job because one doesn't want her to be a dependent all her life. Here, in the U.S., the courts tend to give a percentage of the husband's income. You've got to give a living wage, it would seem. Usually it comes to whatever the lawyer can get, and whatever the judge is willing to give. It never works out to anyone's satisfaction. It's a bad deal all around."

How bad the deal can be is told by Judge Ploscowe in discussing divorced women who live with a boy friend and "continue to receive alimony checks from an ex-husband": "As the law stands in most states, there is little that ex-husbands can do about this situation. The latter are not the guardians of the morals of their ex-wives . . . As a New Jersey court put it, where a husband was living in common-law marriage with a woman, the ex-wife owed her divorced husband 'no duty to lead a virtuous life'."

What about the reverse? Can a husband get alimony from a wealthy ex-wife? Such provisions do exist in the law books of California, West Virginia, and Illinois, among others — but don't count on them. You're likely to share the disappointment of Sotiri Anastasiadis, a 34-year-old unemployed nuclear physicist, who tried to collect from his petite brunette wife, Janine, then earning \$10,000 a year teaching school while she cared for their baby daughter. This was in New York City in 1967. Greek-born Anastasiadis came into court with his attorney, Martin E. Gotkin, and made a request described by his lawyer as "a novel one in law". Since he was drawing welfare, said Anastasiadis, and since his wife was working, why shouldn't she give him \$75 a week alimony, a sum he said she could easily afford?

When the case came before Supreme Court Justice Margaret Mangan in Manhattan, she set a chilly tone at the outset. She told the man: "I know of no

statutory provision wherein a wife has to pay alimony to her husband". And that's how she ruled, her decision spelling out the traditional Biblical concept of Man the Provider. "A husband who looks to his wife for support is placed in an unnatural relationship", she wrote. "Traditionally, the husband is the breadwinner and provider for the family. Indeed, the law contemplates that a husband . . . shall support himself out of his property or by his labor. Any award of alimony made in a matrimonial action is merely the enforcement of a common-law liability of a husband to support his wife."

Justice Mangan said, "The authority of the court to award alimony rests exclusively on statutory provisions", and New York's Domestic Relations Law, which empowers the court to allow alimony to a wife, contains no similar provision for the wife to provide suitable support for her family. The Judge did allow that a portion of the Family Court Act could possibly "expose the wife to liability to support her husband who is a recipient of public assistance or welfare, if she has sufficient need." In other words, if you're on welfare and stay married, your working wife has some obligation to give you some of her money. But if you're getting divorced, forget it — you can starve as far as the law is concerned.

Louis Cohen, a man of 64 who had been drawing a \$100-a-month welfare allowance in Toronto, Canada, was luckier. Last year, after months of litigation, he became the first Canadian to receive alimony from his divorced spouse. The couple had been separated since 1953, but under relaxed divorce laws in Canada, a court in Windsor, Ontario, decided that his ex-wife, Ruth, should pay him \$355 a month. The decision came as a result of a suit brought by Mrs. Cohen in the fall of 1969.

It all depends on the law. But laws are made by the men and women who are elected to State Legislatures, and laws can be changed. There are organizations in many parts of the country working to achieve changes in the alimony laws (and many of their members are victims of the alimony bite). In New York, the Committee for Fair Divorce & Alimony Laws has been campaigning for amendments there. Some of their planks are that a wife should have equal economic responsibility for maintenance and support of her children once she is economically rehabilitated after her final decree. They also urge that temporary alimony should be granted only after a hearing, and in cases where the spouse is "sick", "destitute" or "infirm", and then it "should be limited to the equities and reasonableness of the circumstances,

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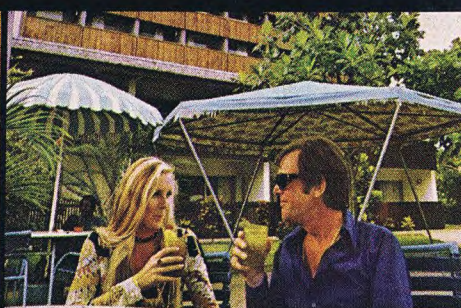
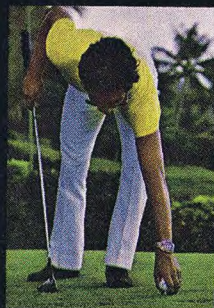
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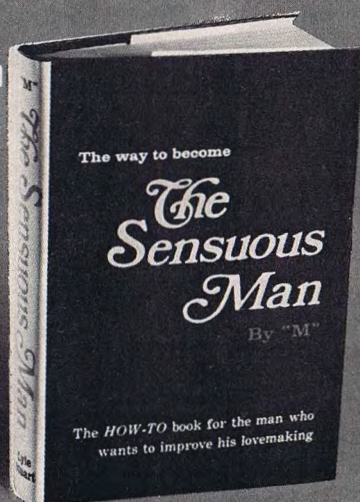


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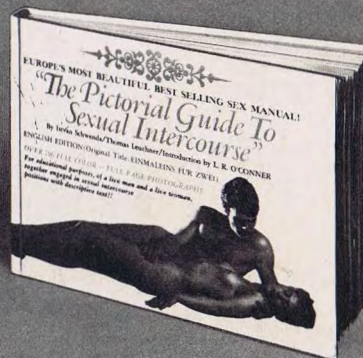
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an anathema on alimony

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

and not used as retribution or punishment".

The major reform the group has been demanding is permanent alimony limited "to a specific period of one year after a final decree, unless the equities involved cry out for additional time for that specific case. The court would have the power to aid a 'sick', 'destitute' or 'infirm' wife or one who cannot work because of infant children who are of pre-school age. Permanent alimony, in any event, should not be based on luxury standards, and is not to exceed 25 per cent of the husband's net income, after taxes."

Changing the New York law is going to take a long time, just as it took decades for the state to accept grounds for divorce other than adultery, or to accept legal abortions giving a woman the right to decide what she wants to do with her body. (Notice, again, it is the woman who has the option, not the man. A father cannot say, "No, no abortion". The prospective mother can. Who said it's a man's world?)

To be fair, there are some women who are trying to make things more equitable for men — Beth Johnson, for example. She's pretty, a former model from

Cocoa Beach, Florida, and a Republican State Senator in the Sunshine State. Last year, to the surprise of many who thought she would oppose it, Beth Johnson rose to speak in favor of a bill to end automatic alimony for women who get divorced. She said she was speaking as both a Senator and a woman — a divorcee, at that — when she declared: "We have asked for equal rights and I feel we must also assume equal responsibilities. Why should a woman sit back and take alimony when she is able-bodied . . . and able to look after herself?" The bill's chief sponsor, Sen. Jack Bell, said the measure was "very fair and a long-overdue change in a policy which has permitted women to get alimony whether they needed it or not. But it's not retroactive," he said, chuckling.

The measure gave the judge the right to determine when there should be alimony, for how long and for what purposes. For example, a husband might have to pay a former spouse while she undergoes brief training to help get a new job. The bill didn't go all the way and eliminate alimony, and judges could still give permanent alimony "if it would be appropriate to do so".


Several states have thrown out their alimony laws completely — Texas, Colorado and Pennsylvania. And at least one women's group is actively trying to do something about it elsewhere. The Pussycat League's members are personally aware of the alimony problem for most are second wives or single women whose husbands or boyfriends are currently paying alimony. Mrs. Deborah Zeigler, their

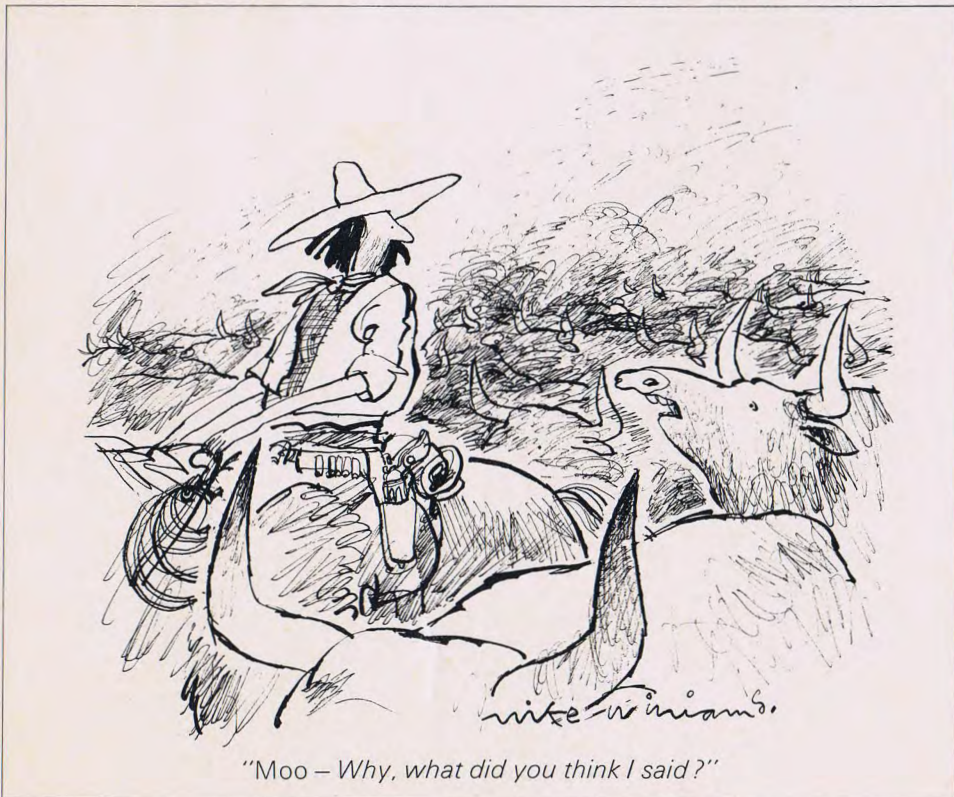
leader, calls those on the receiving end "alimony junkies", and the league's purpose is to try to rehabilitate such people so they can get jobs and end, once and for all, all ties with their former spouses.

Meanwhile, alimony survives, and the failure to pay it on time can be serious. In New York the most archaic hazard still survives: alimony jail. Actually, it is a civil jail, with no prison uniforms, and with reasonable social decencies. What is indecent — even obscene — is the idea that because you have defaulted on alimony payments, the courts can clap you in jail until you pay up. Someone, somewhere, will someday realize that a man in jail isn't earning money. And as long as he's on the inside, he may never be able to pay up.

There are many horror tales about courts abusing the alimony statutes, but the worst concerns a 73-year-old man who fell slightly behind with payments. He had been taken ill, was in a suburban nursing house, and could hardly care for himself. Yet he was pulled from his bed in the middle of the night, hustled into Manhattan like a criminal, and brought into court for failure to pay. After being placed on \$10 bail, he collapsed and was rushed to Bellevue Hospital. This couldn't happen unless some angry wife brought action for back payments. And it could only happen because the law is still so protective of wives that the husband comes out on the short end every time.

The Declaration of Independence declares that the United States believes in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". What happiness, what independence, what liberty can there be when a man is locked into involuntary service by a vengeful woman — probably someone he shouldn't have married in the first place? The Committee For Fair Divorce & Alimony Laws points out that even a murderer may get his freedom after 20 years, but an alimony-paying ex-husband may be trapped forever. Just reading headlines makes it clear why many men who want out of bad marriages are afraid to make a move. "Wife's Asking 7G's a Week from Tycoon" . . . "TV Exec is Divorced; Cost put at 2 Million" . . . "Steel Exec's Ex Awarded 32G Alimony."

Perhaps the all-time champion sufferer is the Britisher who lived with his wife for merely one year, decided he wanted out, and has been paying alimony for the past 55 years. In these days of sexual equality, alimony is a monument to the inequalities of the past and the injustice of the present. Men who made a mistake in marriage should have their right to the pursuit of happiness restored to them. The law is there to protect freedom for both sexes, and our lawmakers have a duty to see that it does it right now. 





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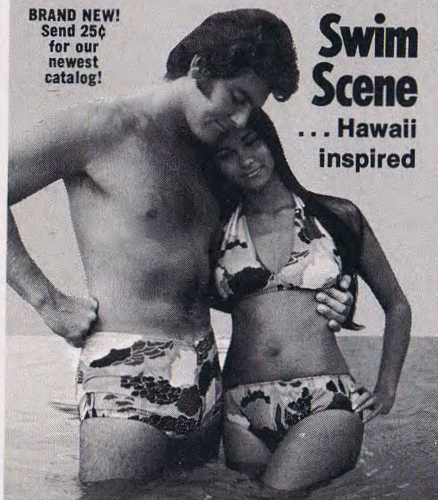
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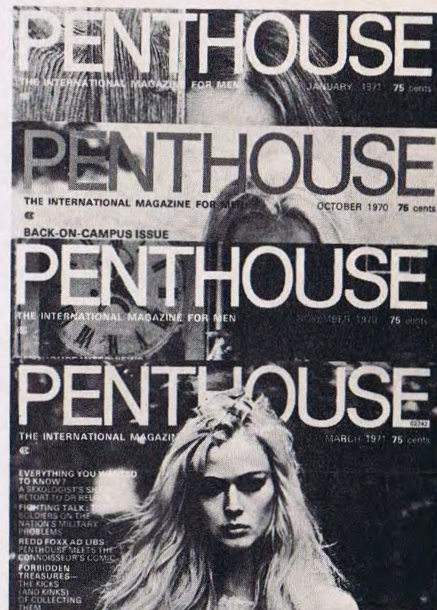
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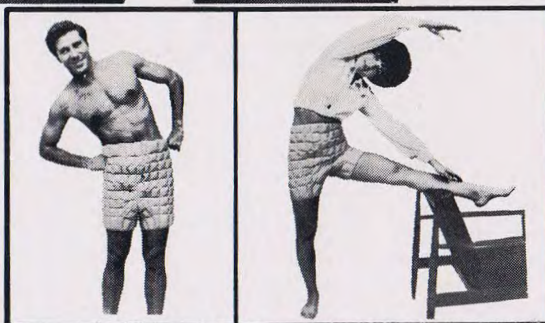
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A revolution of seven
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for America's first election
of Pet of the Year

Pet of the Year Play-off



Carey Mulligan
The 25-year-old actress, who has been in the news for her role in the film "The Graduate," is a contender for the title of Pet of the Year. She is a former Miss America and has been in the news for her role in the film "The Graduate."



Michelle Phillips
The 25-year-old actress, who has been in the news for her role in the film "The Graduate," is a contender for the title of Pet of the Year. She is a former Miss America and has been in the news for her role in the film "The Graduate."



One Step Forward

The 25-year-old actress, who has been in the news for her role in the film "The Graduate," is a contender for the title of Pet of the Year. She is a former Miss America and has been in the news for her role in the film "The Graduate."



Katherine the Great

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McQueen of Hearts

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Penthouse Pet of the Year Revealed

Can you pick the title-winner? May's Playoff feature (above) narrowed the field to seven. Now the poll results are in. See September Penthouse for a full pictorial on the Pet of the Year.

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