

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1971 ONE DOLLAR

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**WHITE COLLAR CRIME IN THE
U.S.: THE NET TIGHTENS**

**ANDY WARHOL'S PIG IN A POKE:
SCENES FROM "PORK"**

ARTIE SHAW INTERVIEWED

**THE PENTHOUSE CASEBOOK:
ALBERT ELLIS ON MALE EGO**

**EROTIC INCIDENTS OF
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The International Magazine for Men/NOVEMBER 1971



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CONTENTS

PAGE

HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	8
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	23
LOST HORIZONS	Satire	29
EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE (SEX) ACT	Humor	Henry Morgan 30
WHITE COLLAR CRIME	Article	Paul McShane 32
VASECTOMY IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY	Article	Bailey Alexander 37
ME, MYSELF AND I	Casebook	Albert Ellis Ph.D. 40
THE ZO-A REPORTS	Fiction	Frederic Mullally 48
HISTORY'S EROTIC INCIDENTS	Chronicle	Pierre Desfonds 53
BODY POLITIC	Pet of the Month	photographs by Bob Guccione 55
ARTIE SHAW - SHOWMAN	Interview	Fred Darwin 64
"PORK"	Pictorial	Roger Finborough 73
TAPE IT OR LEAVE IT	Merchandise	Robert Angus 81
VICE, VIRGINS AND VICTORIANS	Article	Donald Thomas 95
FROZEN STIFFS	Fashion	Ed Emmerling 108
GROOM AT THE TOP	Toiletty	Ed Emmerling 112
CHEESE SORCERY	Party page	Lionel Braun 114

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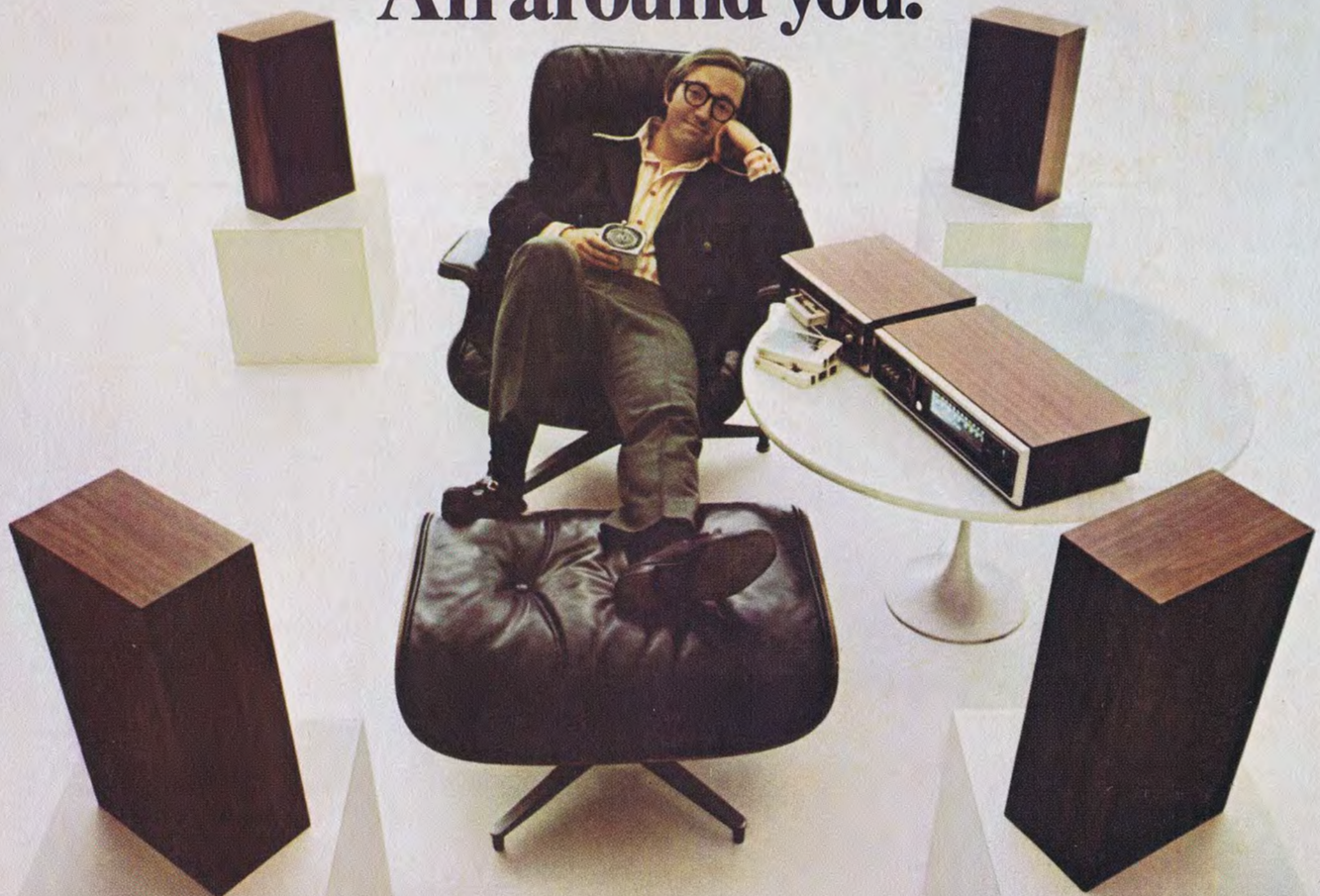
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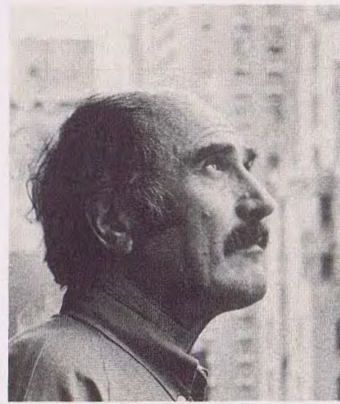


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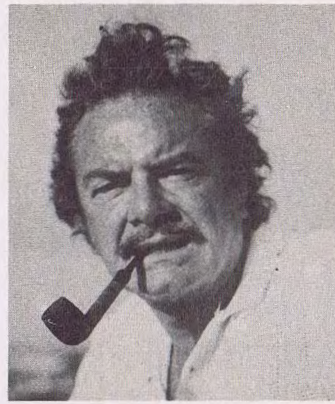
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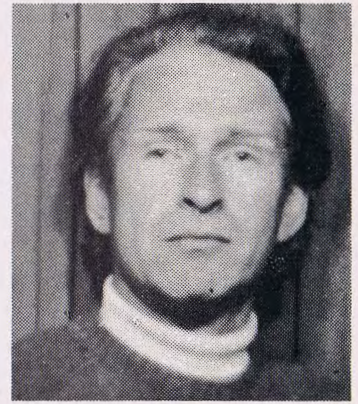
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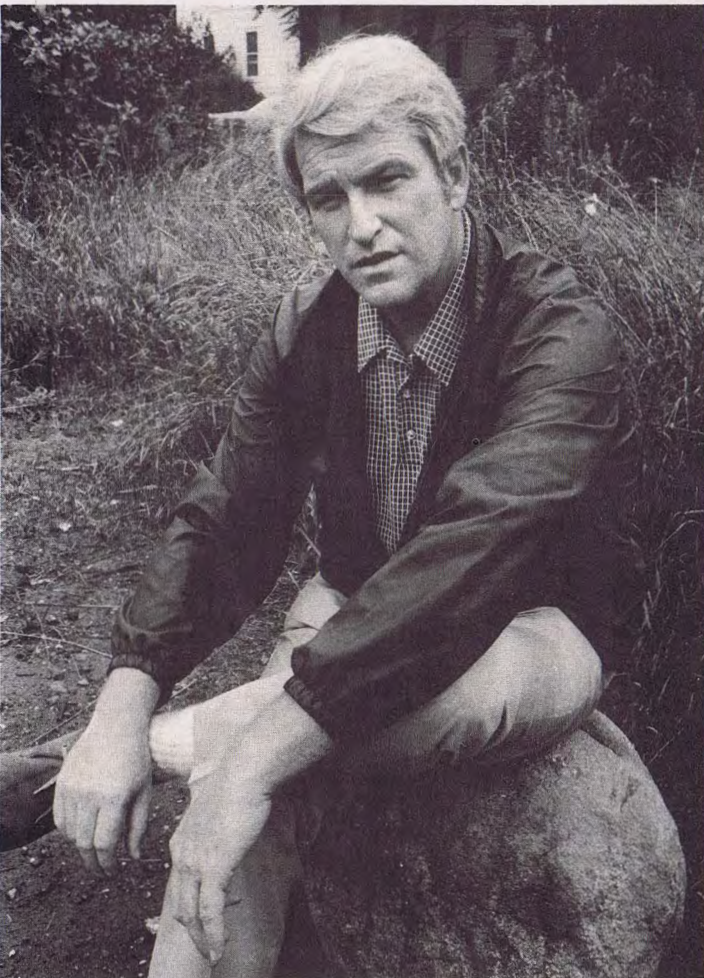


MULLALLY





THOMAS

HOUSECALL



AHERN

Latest in a line of urgent public problems to be discussed in these pages is the fraudulent, furtive world of white-collar crime—the unsuspected swindles operated by outwardly respectable citizens, usually against insurance companies. This report follows earlier Penthouse probes into such issues as the heroin trade, data bank abuses, crime's role in inflation, and the waste in education. In preparing the present report for Penthouse, author **Paul McShane** had the full cooperation of the director of the new Insurance Crime Prevention Institute, **James F. Ahern**, 39. Former chief of police in his native New Haven, Connecticut (a peak he reached after a 14-year climb through the ranks of the police department), Ahern was a member of last year's Presidential Commission on Campus Unrest, appointed after the Jackson State and Kent State outbreaks. Much consulted by government departments and others on law enforcement problems, he is an active Democrat and a member of the party's National Policy Council. Author McShane, once a professional rodeo cowboy, has been associated more with the spoken word than the written word: he has produced and directed for radio and TV and is now an announcer-newsman for WINS Radio, New York. This seems to be a background notable for producing good magazine writers: witness contributing editor **Fred Darwin**, who in this issue interviews the ever-engaging **Artie Shaw** (page 64). Shaw told him about a pet project: to stage a musical of *The Great Gatsby*. He says it's in suspense just now while lawyers and agents sort out the rights, and he may eventually try to do it as a movie. This month's fiction is termed "space friction" by its author, contributing editor **Frederic Mullally**, who has a long association with Penthouse. British-born, he currently lives in Malta, but was back in London lately for the publication of his latest novel, *Clancy*, his major opus. He tells us it's to be published in the U.S. in 1972. Another British contributor is **Donald Thomas**, poet and scholar, whose best-known book is his history of British censorship. He is a mine of information on the esoteric, as his study of Victorian vice (page 95) indicates. Understandably, **Bailey Alexander** is not the real name of the author of the first-person account of a vasectomy (page 37). He is a sculptor, painter, columnist, college administrator, occasional teacher and lecturer, and "not nearly as active as the list suggests". Finally, two familiar contributors: **Dr Albert Ellis**, sexologist and head of the Institute for Advanced Study in Rational Psychotherapy, in New York City, who writes another provocative instalment of the Penthouse Casebook on male ego (page 40), and audio editor **Robert Angus**, who is in a class of his own for comprehensive coverage of the sound scene. His survey of tape today is fated to be clipped out and hoarded by plenty of enthusiasts in search of superlative sound. 



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

Sex and cinema

You are not altogether correct in your View from the Top assumption (Happenings, August) that church and community organizations have necessitated the cutting back of major company productions in the sex film genre. The true situation is far more complex.

Firstly, sex films have for years packed movie houses on the 42nd Streets of the world. It is only recently (and we should give credit for this to *I, A Woman*) that distributors have found it profitable to book these films into so-called neighborhood houses. The success of these sexploitors (most of which are cinematic abominations) is no less a "fad" than anything from 3-D to the multi-million dollar sword and sandal epic. The audience was seeing what he had never seen on the screen before.

At about the same time, the major companies began producing films of major importance (*Medium Cool*, for example) containing brief nude sequences. Whether or not all these scenes had a useful dramatic function is not the issue; what is more important is that directors are now free to incorporate sex and nudity to make valid their characters or the structure of the film's basic theme.

I maintain that we will always have sex and nudity in major company releases. There is a considerable difference between a nudie film and a film with nudity. And, since the vast majority of skin-flicks were never released by the major companies to begin with the supply should not dwindle.

The problem, as I see it, is that the "X" film has, until recently at least, been a catch-all category. Films such as *Medium Cool*, *The Damned*, *Midnight Cowboy* and most recently *The Devils* have been interpreted as skin-flicks by the less astute film-goer. Happily this is changing and will continue to change, so that works of cinematic art can more readily be recognized as such.

The conclusions we can draw are many. The skin-flick craze, which began in the nudie grind-houses, is destined to return there. Legitimate cinema will probably always feature nudity to some degree for a dramatic purpose. The skin-flick buff will return happily to his old haunts as the major company "X" film never contained enough nudity or sex to satisfy his particularly needs anyway.

The lamentation of the demise of the "X" film is not justified or factual. We will always have the sexploitors and, beyond this, we now also have tasteful usage of nudity in major productions. This is no small achievement. My God, it even reached the point that I paid more attention to Haskell Wexler's superb photography during the beautifully filmed and acted nude scene in *Medium Cool* than anything else. And that is no small achievement.—*John Duvali, Spectrum Publications, Cottage Street, Middletown, N.Y.*

The fact remains that the major companies were about to embark on a spate of skin-flicks, viz. Russ Meyer's Beyond The Valley of the Dolls. Then, out of the blue, came Love Story, Summer of '42—and a quick turnabout from titillation to tear-jerkers.—Ed.

Sex and Personality

I was surprised at the almost dogmatic certainty with which Professor Eysenck unveiled his new findings regarding sex and personality (*Can You Help What You're Like As A Lover?*, August). His sweeping dismissal of psychoanalysis—"Freudian notions in this as in other fields simply do not correspond to reality"—is hardly surprising to those previously acquainted with his writings, but it may perturb new readers who might regard such generalizations as inappropriate in the repertoire of the objective scientist.

What disturbed me most was Eysenck's statement that heredity contributes "something like" 75 per cent of the sum total of our personality, that personality traits are essentially innate. The environment-versus-heredity argument remains a problematic issue in psychological research and the attaching of percentages to supposed components of personality hardly settles it.

It should be pointed out that Dr. Eysenck's conclusions depend on questionnaire responses rather than direct observation of behavior. Is it possible that extraverts simply *claim* to be more sexually precocious than introverts?—*A. D. Bowd, Ph.D., Department of Educational Psychology, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.*

Prof. Eysenck writes: Dr. Bowd will be delighted that I have spelled out in some detail my comments on Freud in a forthcoming Penthouse article which will set all his doubts to rest. As regards the influence of heredity on personality, he may like to consult my book The Biological Basis of Personality. In this I have given a detailed review of the evidence; I think he will find it justifies my conclusion—Ed.

Gender—No Surrender

Mr. Berlitz's curious article (July) on the hypothetical argument which he suggests might be adopted by the Women's Lib movement, against the discrimination against women by grammatical gender, leads me to point out that most grammarians and philologists are agreed that grammatical gender is subject generally to rules of its own which have little to do with the real world.

The terms "masculine" and "feminine" and "neuter" are no more than a convenient method by which nouns can be categorized, for such categorization seems to be as essential to some grammatical systems as the case systems are. Nouns could just as well be categorized under the heading "A", "B", "C" or "1", "2", "3"; and some languages, it should be remembered,

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classify their nouns as "animate" and "inanimate", others as "inferior" and "superior". Moreover, it is important to bear in mind that some languages, of which English is one, have no gender scheme at all. The question of gender appears to be illogical only when nouns are associated in the mind with the thing or person which they represent: when they are considered objectively, as a medium for the expression of thought, the question cannot arise. There is no reason why *le vagin* should not be a masculine noun: that it denotes part of the female anatomy is neither here nor there.

To answer the question which Mr. Berlitz asks himself, the German nouns *Mädchen* and *Fräulein*, both neuter, derive respectively from *Magd* and *Frau*, both feminine nouns denoting female persons. The endings *-chen* and *-lein* are diminutive endings which have the function of turning most masculine and feminine nouns to which they are attached into neuter. It is an arbitrary grammatical shift and it has nothing to do with natural gender.

In conclusion, I must say that I am somewhat dismayed at the not inconsiderable amount of space which is allocated to the type of article characterized by the one under discussion. Penthouse should, for my money (and if it doesn't I shall keep my money in my pocket), stick to what it does best: the presentation of young, naked women. Less erudition and more tit, please.—Beresford Wainsborough, Moseley, Birmingham, England.

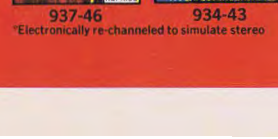
As gender is by definition a classification of words by sexes and sexlessness, it's hard to follow a contention that there's nothing surprising when vagina turns out to be a masculine noun in French, or Fraulein a neuter word in German. Perhaps Mr. Wainsborough had better argue it out with Charles Berlitz, who speaks 30 languages. Penthouse has always included serious and informed articles in its pages, and we can't promise to mend our ways after all this time.—Ed.

GI journalism

I've been reading your magazine for some months now and find it a refreshing change from the slick pseudo-liberal competition. But your story about the *Overseas Weekly* (Words, June) was a departure from your normally well-informed commentary and does a grave injustice to your GI readership, most of whom are not aware of what has been happening behind the scenes in the past year or so.

You called OW a "California-owned maverick that tells it like it is"—something that was true until the death of the previous owner, Marion von Rospach, but not since the paper was purchased by Joseph B. Kroesen, a California-based diamond merchant. Kroesen's first instructions to the staff of the European edition of OW were that there would be no more news coverage of blacks or GI protest or anything that might be embarrassing to officers, and that the nude pinups would be deleted.

The executive editor at that time, Curtis Daniels, was for a while partially able to evade the restrictions but was eventually fired and replaced by a string of "editors", some of whom lasted only a couple of weeks before incurring the wrath of the owner. Circulation started dropping badly early this year (partly caused by the appearance of the short-lived *U.S. Press*, a newspaper founded by ex-OW people) and so, after consultation with officials of the European *Stars and Stripes*, Kroesen reappointed Daniels as editor. This reconciliation lasted only a few weeks until, after a battle to retain the Art



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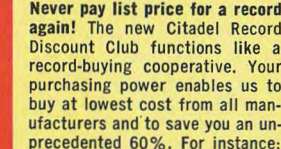
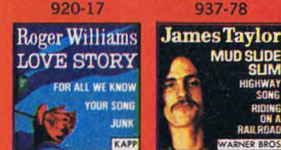
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Hoppe and Jack Anderson columns, Daniels was again fired.

During all this the news coverage went from bad to worse. The lowest point came when the military's own *Stars and Stripes* first published details of protests by black GIs against racial discrimination by German landlords—a story that OW had been sitting on for two weeks.

That the columns by Hoppe and Anderson are still carried (though only their mildest) and that the pinups are still there, is the result of an opinion poll organized by Daniels before his latest firing. Probably the only honest things in OW now are the comics, and even there Kroesen has commissioned two new right-wing features that make Dick Tracey look like a milksop in comparison. Is this "telling it like it is"? I think not.—S.J.B. (name and address withheld), Darmstadt, W. Germany.

Pain and pleasure

I feel I must comment on those three girls who use a cane to discipline themselves (Forum, August). It seems to me that any girls inflicting this kind of punishment on one another must be a little masochistic, sadistic or just plain crazy!

John must possess sadistic qualities or he wouldn't have been "more than willing" to strike an 18-year-old girl's bare buttocks. These girls must be very immature, for a mature person makes mistakes and learns and profits by them. He doesn't learn by being beaten with a cane as a child.

I wonder whether these girls would think it such a good system if their parents inflicted such punishment on them.—Miss C. S. (name and address withheld), Andover, Mass.

With regard to your letters on pain and pleasure (Forum, June), I had a similar experience. One night I was invited to my girlfriend's flat—and boy, is she built! She invited me into her bedroom to play a game. She took off her clothes, exposing her black triangle, and then I took mine off. She blindfolded me, spun me around and told me to touch and identify parts of her body. I walked until I bumped into her; my hands reached across her breast and touched the nipple, which felt like soft rubber, then feeling down I touched her pubic region. Then I spun her round and she grabbed for me. Subsequently, she reached for my testicles and squeezed them hard, after which she apologized and said that I could give her pain to make up for it. So I pinched her breast, which I knew she disliked. After we exchanged massages, we went to bed and for the first time I had intercourse with her. Now I feel that a little pain is essential for pleasure.—B.W.D. (name and address withheld), Levittown, Pa.

Getting knotted

The letter from Mrs. V.P. of Brentwood, England (Forum, July), appears to me to be somewhat self-contradictory. She claims a failing, which I agree is common to many women, of being unable to tie knots in an expert way. Yet the method she describes of restraining her husband must depend for its success on the secure knotting of the cord or thin rope. Properly carried out, the result can be very effective, but certainly uncomfortable for the victim over a lengthy period of time.

Mrs. V.P. says she does not know where to obtain straps or handcuffs. The former can easily be purchased from any saddler's shop, of which there must be several in Brentwood. All

that is necessary to begin with is a number of such leather straps about 21 inches long and half an inch wide. If these cannot be bought, then dog collars of a similar size can be used instead.

Using straps or collars is simple. One should be put loosely round one of her husband's wrists, and the other passed under the strap and round the other wrist. Both can be tightened to the desired degree, forming efficient handcuffs. Other straps of varying lengths can be bought or specially made, depending on how they are to be used.

For several years my wife and I have been ardent bondage enthusiasts, and used the foregoing in the early stages. Since then we have acquired much more sophisticated equipment, allowing us to indulge in an infinite variety of methods of restraint. Mrs. V.P.'s purpose appears to be to dominate her husband and to indulge in a certain amount of sadism. Whether or not she does it in order to provide increased sexual pleasure to both her husband and herself is not clear. Does she change roles with him? My wife and I do this always, and the sexual delights which follow while in bondage are completely satisfying.

We have never indulged in flagellation, much preferring pleasure to pain. We find that oral love play, together with the use of vibrators and at times a dildo, provide us with everything we could wish for. We do not disdain blindfolds and gags, both of which are useful additions to our repertoire.—A.L. (name and address withheld), Glasgow, Scotland.

Confessions of a chambermaid

I've just seen my first copy of Penthouse on holiday with my parents, and I'm sure you will be interested in my life as a chambermaid. I've worked in this hotel for five years now and I was 17 when I went there. I'm no great beauty, but I've always had a good pair of tits that made the boys goggle. In fact, I'd only worked here for three days when one old codger had a handful when I took him the morning paper. He said that he'd pay me to go to his room that night, but I wasn't interested at first. Later that day the chief laundress told me to do as he said and she'd see me all right. By this I found out that she meant she'd stop me from getting hurt, and she'd get a cut—20%—of what I earned.

There are five of us on the game now, all chambermaids or similar, and we all have our specialties. The laundress runs the show with the help of a wine waiter and a porter who we call Tom and Jerry. If a bloke chats us up we go with him and tell the laundress—Madame de Pompadour as she's known. After the first session, we report on what he likes best, and then the most suitable goes next time.

The first mistake I made was thinking I didn't have to hand over my 20%. Madame found out and she told me that Tom and Jerry could have me. I had to go, or rather be taken, to Tom's room, where he and Jerry were waiting. They told me that if I cooperated I wouldn't be hurt. First they told me to strip and I wouldn't, so they stripped me. While they did this, I bit Tom, so Jerry held my arms behind my back while Tom slapped my tits several times—just as a warning, he said, but it hurt like hell. Then they said they were going to have me together, Tom in front and Jerry up the back. I wasn't having that and I kicked out at Jerry. Before I knew where I was he was holding me over a stool while Tom had a strap and was leathering my arse.

When they'd finished they put me face

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down on the bed and took turns, one to hold me up round the belly and pull my legs as wide as they could get them while the other bashed away. Finally they rang for Madame and she came and anointed my cuts and bruises. It was a month before I could sit properly, though I was back on the job in a week. I've been sent to them twice since, but I've learned not to struggle.

Most of us have had this experience but we can handle them now and they come in useful if a client gets rough. One of our rules is no marking of any kind—loves bites are out, and the clients know. Some try it on, but only once. One fairly young chap was kissing my nipples when he suddenly sank his teeth into me. I screamed and said I'd ring for help, but he wouldn't stop, so I did. Tom and Jerry were there in about 10 seconds and they left him in a bath of cold water.

Apart from this we try to give them what they want. Denise specializes in cunnilingus, though I can't see why some blokes want it like that. Lolly is famous for her fingers—she can make any bloke come without taking a stitch of clothing off. Of course I use my breasts. The most popular way is for me to lie on the bed with the client kneeling on me. I use one hand to tickle his testicles and the other to play with his arse while he squeezes his penis between my tits.

The oddest case I had was a chap who paid me £20 (\$56) to have it off in front of his wife. We had a drink in my room first, and he explained that he wanted as much variety as I could think of to show his wife. He said she was willing but clueless. When I went back with him he put the hotel radio on and I did a striptease, swinging my tits near his mouth. Then I let him nuzzle them while I took his clothes off. When we were both in the buff we went through everything we knew, with his wife sitting in an armchair watching. He must have kissed every inch of me, and we finished doing a 69 on the carpet in front of the armchair.

Usually I get a fiver (\$14) for a session of about an hour early in the morning, more if he wants something really special or if it's a single chap who wants me overnight. One man, a banker, comes once a year for a weekend and hires two of us, Deirdre and me. It costs him £100 (\$280) for the weekend, but he gets good value, I reckon. Most weeks I earn about £30 (\$84) for doing what I like in my own time and all tax-free, except for the 20%. The best I ever got was £100 from a chap who wanted it in the open air, so he hired a motorboat on my day off and took me to a deserted island, where we spent the day drinking wine, having it off on the sand and chasing butterflies without a stitch on!

I don't know whether this goes on all over, but I was asked last year to move to another hotel where they were short-staffed, for the summer, and when I got there I found it was all fixed for me to set in operation. They had three girls willing, but they seemed lacking in bait and experience. By the end of the summer it was all well under way and I'd met several of my old faithfuls, so word must have got around.

I've always liked sex, since the first week or so. Some men are creeps, especially when they have pimples, but most just want a bit of fun while they're on business, and some want a change from the wife. We provide what they want cheaper than a tart and with a bit more variety and comfort.—Miss F. F. (name and address withheld), Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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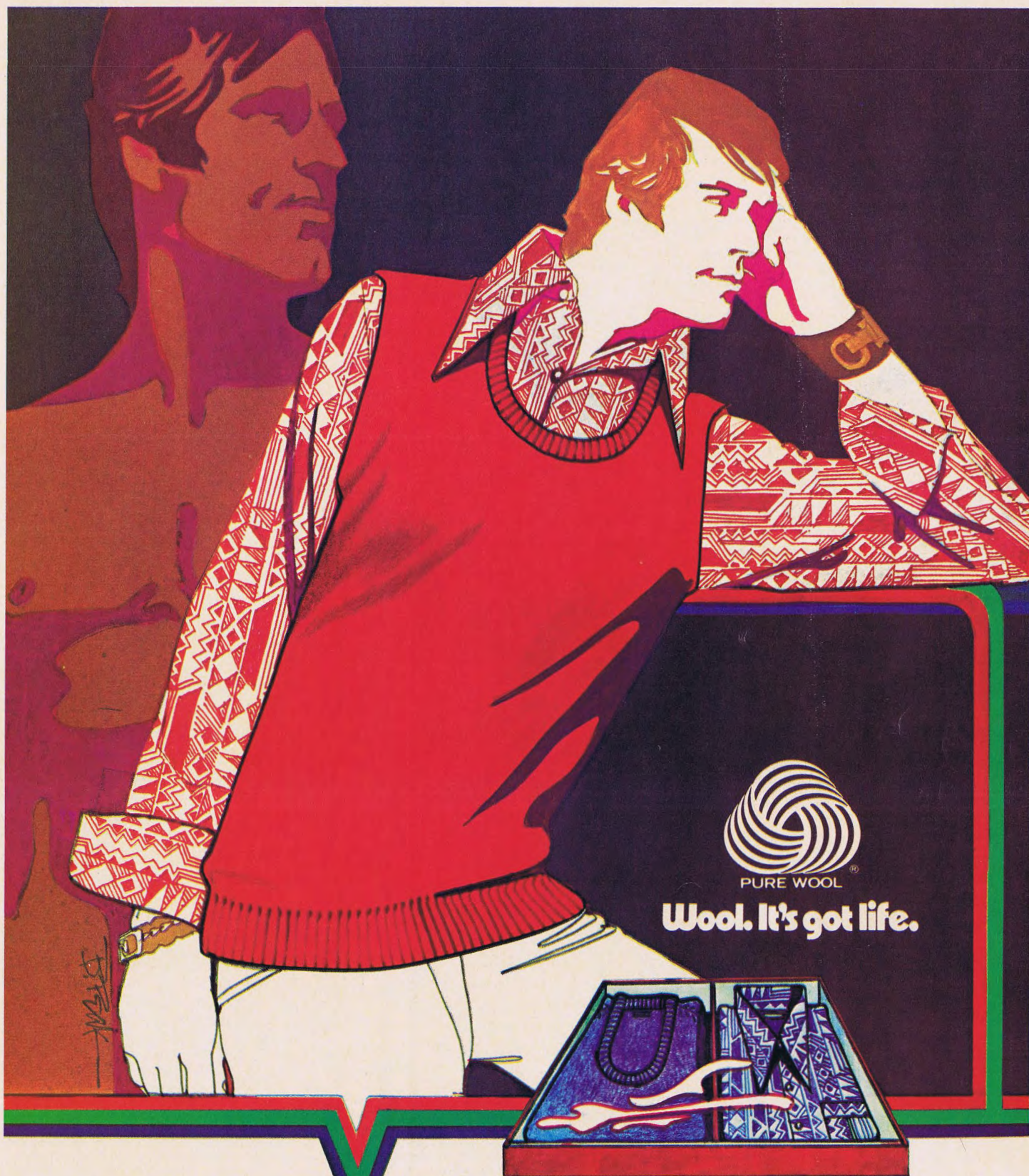
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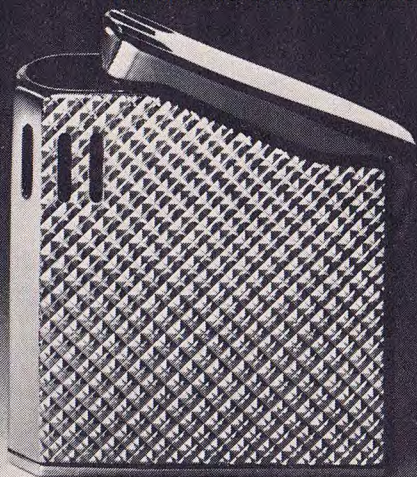
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Anniversary present

Last night my wife and I celebrated our first wedding anniversary by inviting some friends over, and one of my friends stayed over after everyone else left. He began by joking that since he missed kissing the bride on the wedding night he should make it up on the anniversary.

He began playing around with my wife and each time I didn't protest they gradually grew bolder and each time escalated. I sensed they were both becoming aroused and were approaching the point of no return. Then he managed to slip my wife's panties down and they had sexual intercourse on the couch right in front of me. When they'd finished both apologized, saying they got carried away and didn't intend to go that far.

The thing that puzzles me is my own reaction. Instead of being angry I was aroused and experienced orgasm. Until that night I was very jealous. I'm beginning to wonder whether this is normal or whether I'm turning queer or something.—R. A. (name and address withheld), Baltimore, Md.

Pavlov pipped

I have noticed lately that frequent reference is being made to the use of fruit in sexual matters, and I was particularly interested to read a recent letter from a young woman who likened cunnilingus to offering an orange to someone dying of thirst.

Some time ago a girl with whom I worked in a typing pool told me a strange story concerning cunnilingus and oranges. One lunchtime we were talking about sex and I said that in my experience men were loath to indulge in oral lovemaking. She agreed, but added that it was all really a question of training. She went on to tell me that whenever the opportunity arose she had trained men for this purpose with oranges.

I immediately laughed and said I couldn't see how eating oranges could possibly help, but when she explained my laughter turned to astonishment and even admiration for her ingenuity. All men, she explained, like a bit of the domination game. Her subject would assume a kneeling position naked, wrists tied behind him to his ankles, and blindfolded.

She would then take a large orange, cut a hole through the skin into the flesh and, kneeling before him, offer up the orange, caressing his genitals at the same time. The whole thing thereafter became a question of effort and reward, the caressing being compensated with the degree of industry applied to the orange. It seems that after some six weeks of training twice weekly not only could he extract a large proportion of the contents of the orange by intense sucking and tongue manipulation, but he also experienced voluntary ejaculation without manual stimulation.

When she decided to substitute the real fruit for the orange, she stood before him, having depilated and sprinkled herself liberally with orange juice. She also, so she said, tethered him to her thighs using three dog collars.—Margaret M. (name and address withheld), Theydon Bois, Essex, England.

Special preference

It is a pity, but Dorothy Smith seems to have missed the boat entirely on enemas, as evidenced by her letter appearing in the July issue. I do not doubt that a "forced enema of over three quarts of really hot soapy water" would be most unpleasant. But who would expect this to be titillating, especially when

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given by persons of the same sex as part of an initiation ordeal?

If given correctly—slowly and gently so as to preclude any semblance of discomfort—a warm saline enema can be an erotic experience which heightens the arousal of both partners. Neither my wife nor I have sado-masochistic tendencies; we use enemas in the boudoir solely because it provides an extra source of pleasure during foreplay.—*D.H. (name and address withheld), Dallas, Tex.*

As a child of 12, a nurse gave me an enema when I was sick. This caused me to have an erection and for reasons unknown at the time, great excitement in anticipation of this treatment. It was the first sexual experience in my life, though it was done for more lofty reasons, and ever since then I have sought women to give me enemas.

My experiences have not always been too successful, because most people—even those in the massage business—take it as an insult and think that there must be something strangely wrong with having anal desires. I'm convinced that the real reason behind this problem is the soothing, decongesting effect on the prostate and relief of sexual tension. However, I have met only one woman completely honest about her anal eroticism—and this includes the people I've met in various clinics.—*B.W. (name withheld), APO San Francisco, Calif.*

Painted lady

In recent months I've noticed that men are the ones who write in most often to describe their experiences. Well, I'm a woman and I have some experiences to tell too.

I was helping my mother to paint the ceiling

in our house one day when my boyfriend, John, showed up. There has always been a little game between us about having sex in unlikely places. Well, here was an unlikely place, so we set out to meet the challenge. I had made a "crotch-flap" for the pair of shorts I was wearing, and I was straddling two step-ladders, my crotch being even with John's face. To this day my mother wonders why the paint is so irregular on that side of the room!

Of course after doing this, John had a painful erection—I say painful because it doesn't point skyward but stands out at a 90-degree angle. We excused ourselves to go wash our paintbrushes and went into my bedroom. I stripped him and kneaded his testicles, then lowered myself onto him and started to make love very slowly, reaching around with my hands to tickle his balls and sphincter. When I felt him reaching a climax I slipped off, watched his throbbing penis bob back and forth, then fellated him to fulfillment.—*Miss J.B. (name and address withheld), Des Moines, Ia.*

Hospital hazard

Reading the letter by J.F.S. of Cambridge, Mass. (Forum, August) reminded me of my stay in hospital. I had always wondered what prompted a woman to pursue a career in nursing. After spending two weeks in the hospital, I believe I now know. They are all naturally horny.

My first day in hospital while receiving my first bed bath, this pretty little brunette nurse ran her hand over my penis. A thrill ran up my spine and instinctively, with determined gentleness, I pulled her head down to it. After she slid her tongue over my penis I lifted up her snow-white skirt and entered her. She gasped

—and a doctor walked into the room!

Poor little mistress; she lost her job by yielding to her physical needs. Before I left the hospital I enjoyed vaginal splendor with four other nurses. They were very rewarding experiences. But the sadness over that little brunette's pretty face as she was dismissed will always be imprinted in my mind.—*H.D. (name and address withheld), Antioch, Calif.*


Klingered a klinker?

Since when are varicose veins fashionable? I'm referring to the August issue, in which you have several photos of German model Barbara Klingered. Tell me, is Bruno Bernard a "road-map" photographer? He really brought out all the faults of the model, or maybe she had nothing going for her anyway: her breasts are not shaped well, she has blemished skin and even a patch on her right thigh. Gentlemen, I would definitely kick her out of bed.—*Victor L. Pagan, Adele Avenue, Bronx, N.Y.*

More than a massage

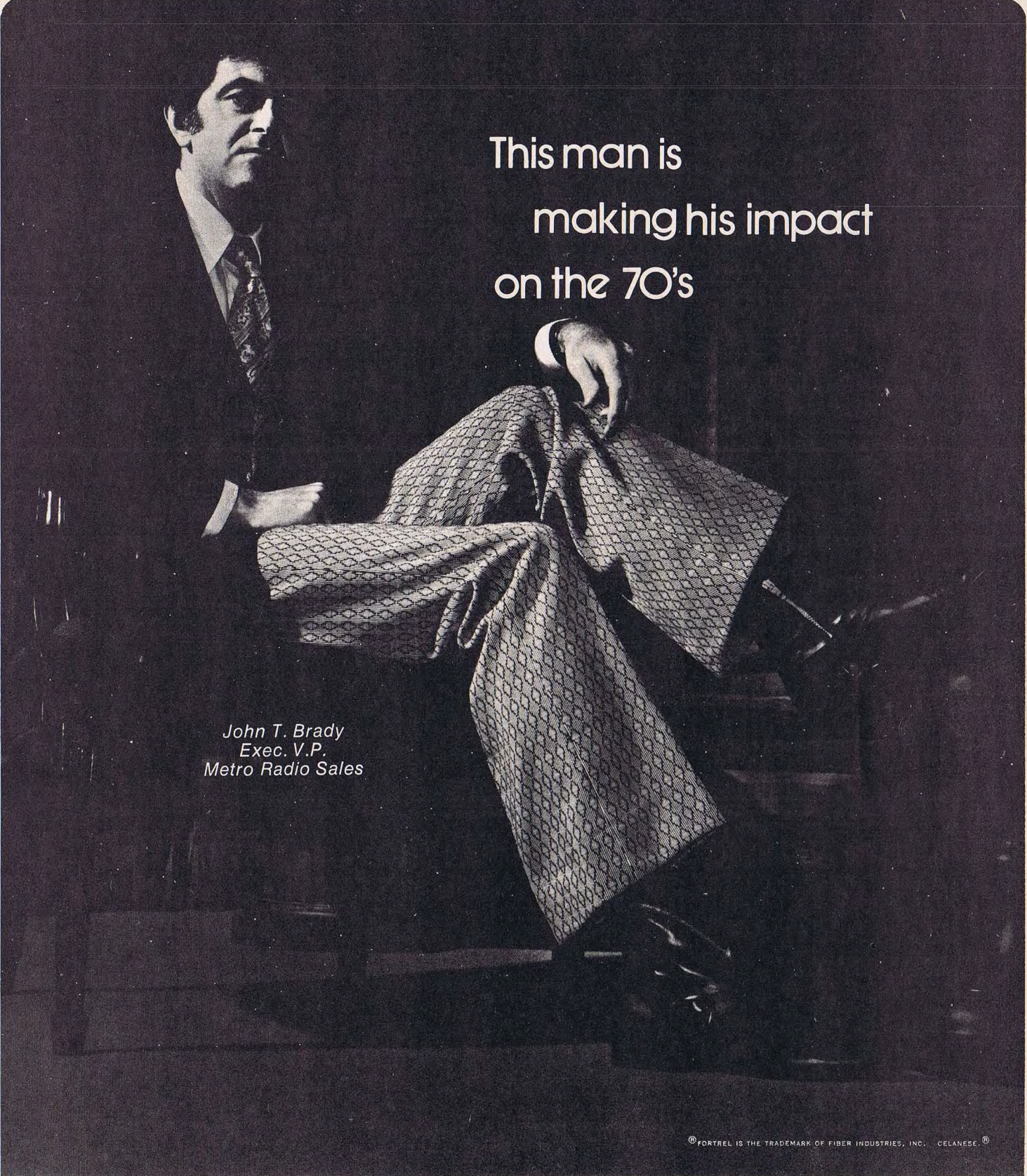
Reading Ron Butler's report on massage parlors (*Groom at the Top*, June) reminded me of a recent story in a news magazine on the same subject. It said prostitution is flourishing in the parlors, and many authorities are trying to close them down. How idiotic can you get? It's about time these people realized that prostitution will never be stamped out, and that permitting it in massage parlors is far preferable to open solicitation in the streets.—*R.N. (name and address withheld), Syracuse, N.Y.*

Losing his cool

Your letter in Forum (July) entitled "Raiding the icebox" was enough to "Blow my mind".—*Logart Yeahwew, Social Editor, Spazmodic Times, Tacoma, Wash.* 



"Correction, dear lady, a major world war would only mean the end of civilization as you know it—not as we know it . . ."



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on the 70's

*John T. Brady
Exec. V.P.
Metro Radio Sales*

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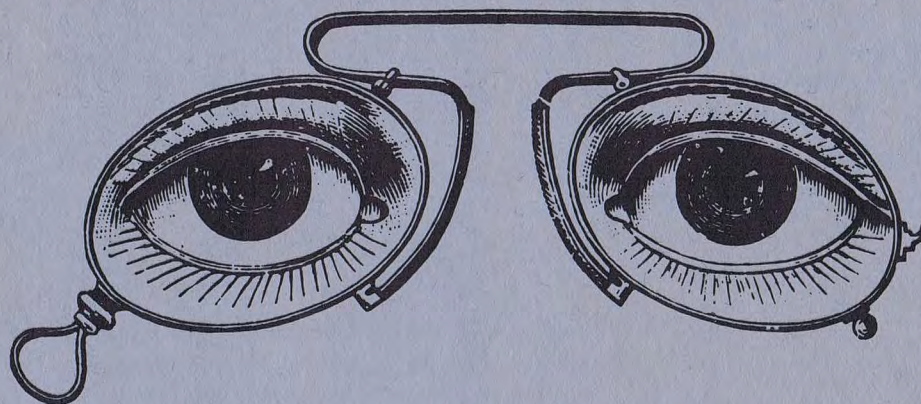
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VIEW FROM THE TOP



THE MENACE OF EROS

That terrible man, Ralph Ginzburg, has all but run out of legal gas. He figures to be soon headed for jail. The U.S. Supreme Court has confirmed the finding of guilt; that is no longer in question. His only remaining hope—a strand of quivering legal gossamer—is a motion for re-hearing based on the severity of the sentence. Fat chance.

So after years of hassle, the odds are at this writing that Ginzburg will be stowing his toothbrush into his duffel and heading at last for the lock-up to pay his debt to our pure society. Then presumably we can all sleep more soundly of nights, knowing we are safe from the Menace of Eros.

But it will be on all counts one of the bummiest raps of this century.

Contrary to popular notion Mr. Ginzburg's magazine, *Eros*—the principal exhibit against him—was *not* found to have been obscene, in and of itself. Overpriced, perhaps. Maybe dull, as some claim. But not—even by what passes for a legal definition of the term—obscene. His crime lay not in *what* he published, but in how he *sold* and *mailed* what he published. So ruled the Supreme Court on March 21, 1966, in a five-to-four decision with five different opinions written into the record. The manner in which he promoted it, they said, rendered a non-obscene publication obscene. So help us.

"In reviewing the decision," writes the prominent attorney, Melvin Belli, "it becomes clear that Ginzburg's real problem was his honesty . . . and his attempt to earn dividends without hypocrisy was his undoing."

It all started when he got an inspiration, based no doubt on a feeling shared by nearly everyone else in America that a new era of freedom had been ushered in by recent

decisions of that same High Court. An inspiration to publish what he then described as an "emotionally mature magazine": the slick and artsy hard-cover quarterly, *Eros*. The companion pieces were a bi-weekly newsletter called *Liaison* (dedicated to "keeping sex an art and preventing it from becoming a science") and a short tract entitled *The Housewife's Handbook of Promiscuity*.

And what's wrong with all that? Nothing, said the Justices, in essence. What pissed them off was Ginzburg's later inspiration to mail some of these products from two selected small towns in Pennsylvania so they would bear the novel postmarks of "Blue Balls" and "Intercourse". That cornball bit of prankish foolery would have been rejected by most public relations men as not amusing enough to be worth the trouble. But in the eyes of the Thin Majority of our nation's highest tribunal, it was a deadly affront—enough to turn the practical jokester into a panderer, and to convert his otherwise innocent publications into culpable commercializations of sex.

Actually, Ginzburg deferred to the postmasters of those towns, who complained that their offices were too small to handle such a large-volume mailing. So the bulk of the stuff was posted instead from a place in New Jersey called Middlesex. A half-way compromise if ever there was one.

But apparently Ginzburg's postal irreverence was not the only thing that upset the majority on the Court—except on the surface. There had been hubbub outside—and some say within—the Court over a series of *Eros* pictures portraying a degree of loving intimacy between a man and woman of two different races, which are only supposed to be shown hating each other. Not wishing to ex-

pound on that, however, the nation's legal arbiters concentrated for the record on the proposition that even if Ginzburg's books were clean they were tainted by his being a dirty advertiser.

Most publishers were left merely confused. Where folks were really shaken up was on Madison Avenue. ("Hey, George, we better take another look at that layout on the latest Masters & Johnson."—"Sam, maybe we better tone down the art on those ads for that Bible epic.")

Small consolation for Ginzburg that the Decision drew dissenting opinions from Justices Black, Douglas, Harlan and Stewart—two liberals and two conservatives. Or that the legal precedent asserted by the majority was so tenuous it has never been used in any subsequent case.

Later, when the case was referred back to the Third Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia, on the question of the penalty, the prison sentence was reduced from five years to three. But the fine of \$42,000 (half of which has already been paid) was allowed to stand. The Supreme Court refused to review either in last spring's session, and will probably refuse to reconsider this fall.

By making an example of Ralph Ginzburg, has the Court taught the purveyors of so-called hard-core pornography a lesson? It certainly has. It has taught them they can get away with anything in their publications as long as they behave like models of propriety in their advertising—or refrain from advertising altogether, except in the back pages of their own books.

You may no longer be able to buy *Eros*—it has become something of a collector's item—or the *Housewife's Handbook of Promiscuity*,



but you can walk into any of six bookshops on a single block on 42nd Street in New York City, and similar locations around the country, and find displayed on counter tops and wall racks hard-core porno books and magazines in living color to suit every taste. The kind that used to be handled only under the counter, except that the photos are far more vivid and expensively reproduced. Material by such outfits as Academy Press and Greenleaf Classics in San Diego, PanuPubCo, Centurion and secs press of Los Angeles and Griffon of Las Vegas. Through order blanks conveniently provided, you can order such titles (and they are *not* misleading!) as: *Kiss, Screw, Pleasure And Sex, Sex In Black & White* (inter-racial, that is) *Volumes 1 & 2, Cuthbert Crotchpheasant, The Mouth In Sexual Orgasm*. And many others for the off-beat crowd, like *Beauty/Beast: A Study of Animal Eroticism, Vols. 1 & 2* and *The Ugly Duckling: Pedophilia/Pederasty/The Anal Complex, Vols. 1 & 2*. All graphically illustrated, straight from life.

Two recent numbers, Greenleaf Classics' *The Sexually Aggressive Woman* and *The Illustrated Handbook of Wife-Swapping* make Ginzburg's stuff look like Mary Poppins. But it is Mr. Ginzburg who must take the rap and go to jail alone. Because he advertised dirty—with the "leer of the sensualist", as the Court called it. Small wonder lawyer Belli was moved to comment that five years in the lock-up (now mercifully reduced to three) "for indulging oneself in a leer seems unduly harsh." In that, we concur.

Please don't misunderstand. We are not for one moment suggesting that any of the publishers just mentioned should be jailed or fined or anything of the kind for the material they publish and sell. We've never heard of anyone being forced to buy one of their books. All we're saying is that if they, quite rightly, are not being sent to jail, then—by God and all that's proper—neither should Ginzburg.

He is enjoined from issuing public statements about it while the matter is before the courts. But we can guess what he might say if he could. And we can say—in *our* book—it smells of injustice.—F.D.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

"The Rev. Robert Rabhahn, Dean of Students, said a dormitory now housing freshmen would be closed and two floors of a 1 storey men's dormitory would be opened to women students next fall. Father Rabhahn said the step was being taken for economy."

—*St. Louis Post Despatch*

Two can live as cheap as one?

HAPPENINGS

STOCKS AND BONDS

Visitors to London's Portobello Road antique market have recently been noticing some esoteric additions to the usual range of Victoriana. Several stalls are now almost

entirely given over to a selection of racks, chains, stocks, clasps, whips and canes, and the selling pitch leaves no doubt that this hardware is intended for the sexual craftsman. Apparently it all started when some of the local tarts (they are thicker on the ground in that area than almost anywhere else) remarked that a lot of the bric-a-brac seemed rather torturous, and one or two bought a couple of pieces to increase their repertoire of flagellation or bondage. Some Portobello dealers caught on to the possibilities.

One informed wood-specialist along the Portobello Road itself says: "Now it's become explicit for the first time—in the market at least. We've all been selling these ambiguous things for years of course. When I sell some stocks or a brace of canes to a customer I don't really know whether he'll be decorating his sitting room with them, making chairs out of them, or putting them to some perversion. Some of the items I deal in also have an antique value—which even further complicates matters."

Today, he knows at least half a dozen stallholders and more storeowners in the fashionable antique field who are promoting and selling "mechanical" lines, often in well-turned wood or iron and sometimes of Victorian or Edwardian antiquity, as absolutely sexual objects and nothing else. They don't want to be named, as the antique trade press might be hard on them for taking up this sexual posture.

Where Portobello leads, the other London markets are quick to follow, and similar stalls can now be found in Berwick Street (in Soho), Petticoat Lane, Kensington market, Camden Passage (in Islington) and others. Sometimes sellers have licenses at more than one antique mart, but mainly the idea spread by word of mouth.

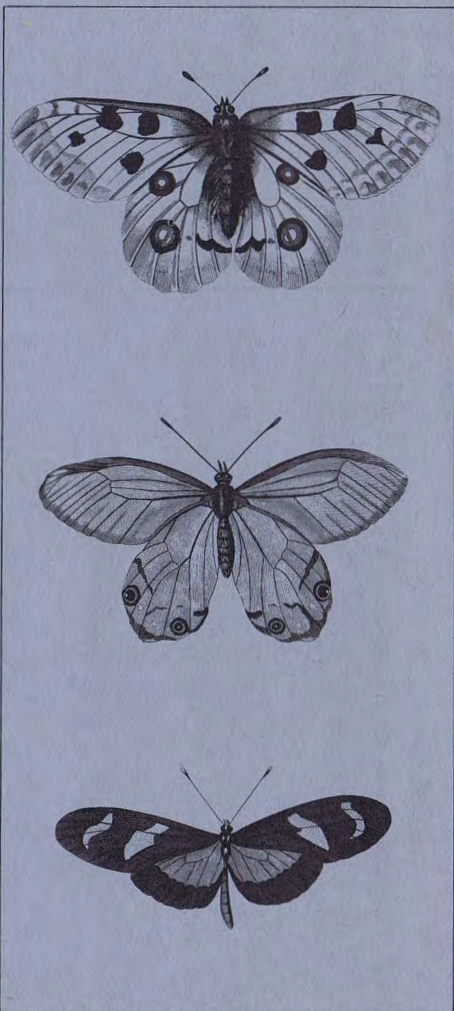
Now you can go to any of these markets and the shops by them and hear remarkable spiels outlining the nasty, brutish things you can do to your loved one—with such-and-such piece of scaffolding or chains. We heard this, for example: "Take these iron manacles here/pure pig iron/sheer luxury for your lover/just unfasten this bit here for each hand and in she goes/or you, sir/wanna dig into her a bit?/manhandle her?/press these knobs down, hurt her wrists with the ends/nasty people these Victorians, eh?"

Even if the manacles aren't "Victorian" at all, but 1950s, and not pig-iron but some other smelt, they're now likely to retail for a multiple of their 1970 price. The new sex sellers have managed to double the price of what used to be known as "chair cane"; stocks that were conversation pieces, if that, a year ago and sold for a few cents (unless they originated in some great Victorian bondage brothel such as Sarah Potter's) are now fetching prices like \$50.

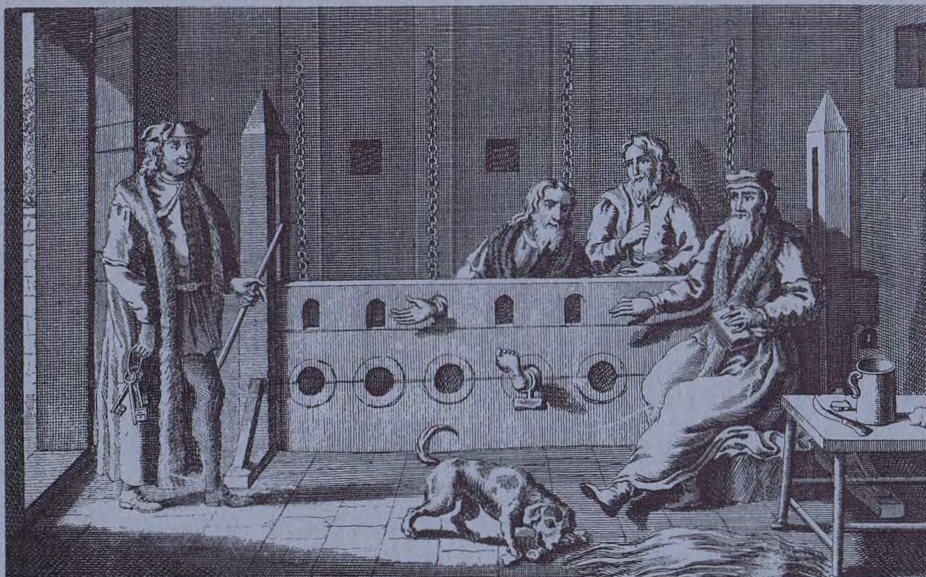
Most grotesque, pieces of "scaffolding", often created, we are informed, out of baby-pens and other unsaleable junk are carried away—often with some danger to passers-by—for amounts depending on height. English



Pinter: stream of consciousness and success



The new food: getting the bugs out of protein



Stocks: the torture instruments of yesterday are the guilt-edged investments of tomorrow

buyers predominate in the new sex-hardware craze; Americans don't seem so interested and perhaps the bulk of some of the goods has something to do with this.

EATING FOR ECOLOGY

You may never watch a butterfly flutter by again and notice his extraordinary wings first. You may fix your gaze on his torso instead—your mouth watering, net poised. Eventually we're going to consume bugs, say the biocrats, and have other bugs consume still others in order to solve the ecology problem. As the legitimate agriculturists now spray certain bacteria on oil spills because the bugs find it succulent fare, the Agriculture Research Service has sent out squadrons of tiny European wasps into eastern farmlands to dine sumptuously on the alfalfa weevil. Home gardeners are following up by sticking ladybug beetles on aphids that rip life from plants, and potheads in California find they can order colonies of the lethal ladies to protect their cannabis for around \$10. A cluster of praying mantis eggs goes for a mere two bucks, and the progeny, upon hatching, will viciously attack innumerable garden pests. For human consumption, the forthcoming fare from General Foods, Colonel Sanders, and other such squarejohn food-flacks will probably be grasshoppers. They grow to a couple of ounces of weight, are meaty, and rich in protein. They also boast the chirp of respectability, having been consumed for generations in Mexico. But the Mexicans dip them in chocolate, as they do their giant beetles, both of which are said to have an otherwise bland taste. Pass the molasses.

THE BIG SLEEP

If at the end of the day you feel as though someone has hit you on the head with a 20-pound maul, don't let it bother you—it's natural. The U.S. Gorgas Hospital Bulletin of Panama reports you may lose nearly an inch of

height during the day, only to regain it at night during sleep when your spinal column relaxes and stretches out. On that basis, Rip Van Winkle should have been the Lew Alcindor of his day. Sleep long—walk tall!

SHOWS

PINTER-PRETATION

Harold Pinter's first full-length play, *The Birthday Party*, was premiered in London in 1958, only 13 years ago, achieving a total run of one week, a savage roasting from British drama critics, and near-penury for its author. It was at this point that young Pinter's literary agent, Emanuel Wax, approached American producer Roger Stevens and induced him to option Pinter's next three plays—when and if written—for \$2,000 the lot, so that the young dramatist could have enough money to live on while he continued to write. Wax observed that Harold Hobson, the reviewer for London's *Sunday Times*, had predicted greatness for Pinter (Hobson was practically the only critic to speak kindly of *Birthday Party*), and on the strength of this review and Wax's friendly persuasion, Stevens grubstaked Pinter as requested. Which is equivalent—at least in literary terms—to someone staking Alexander Graham Bell so that he could invent the telephone.

The last decade has been one of epic achievement for Pinter. Since the temporary debacle of *The Birthday Party*, he has completed three full-length plays (*The Caretaker*, *The Homecoming*, and this season's *Old Times*), a number of one-act plays for television, radio and the stage (*A Slight Ache*, *Landscape*, *Silence*, *The Room*, and *The Collection*, to list a few) and screenplays for seven films, including *The Servant*, *Accident*, *The Pumpkin Eater*, *The Quiller Memorandum* and, most recently, *The Go-Between*. *The Birthday Party*, which its pioneer detractors

called "gibberish" and "preposterous", has been revived all over the world, and is now considered the first great work of a writer whose greatness is assured.

For Pinter, at 40, can no longer be catalogued as a talented spinoff of Kafka, Joyce, Proust and Beckett. He stands alone, and his writings promise to become classics. When one reads his naked dialogue—and "naked" is probably the best adjective to apply—it is at first hard to appreciate the fuss that is made over him, pro and con. He writes with fierce economy, repeating casual colloquial phrases ("I'd like a drink." "We've got drink." "I'd like one, please." "What drink?" "Whisky." "I've got it." "Well, get it."), stipulating pause after pause in the script, almost as though he were orchestrating silence. His characters, who seem commonplace at first glance, communicate sluggishly or wordlessly, almost without emotion. The words, when they come, are everyday words, but there is something not quite everyday going on. When the characters spring to life on stage, the disquiet lingers—maximum tension with minimum information. There are rarely many people in a Pinter play—usually three or four. But Pinter's people—repressed, suppressed, oppressed or depressed—are larger and more sinister than life. There is a scent of violence in the Pinter air. His mirror throws back distortions, sometimes subliminal, often convulsive. Pinter plays resemble other plays in that they have beginnings, ends, curtain-lines and intermissions. But there the resemblance ends.

1971 is Pinter's year, all right. *Old Times*, a turnaway hit in London with Colin Blakely, Dorothy Tutin and Vivian Merchant, has been snapped up for production internationally. Broadway will see it this season, with Roger Stevens, Pinter's old-time benefactor, teaming up with Robert Whitehead as co-producer. Delphine Seyrig of *Last Year at Marienbad* and Francoise Fabian, the Maud of *A Night at Maud's*, are in the Paris production.

In *Old Times*, Pinter reveals, at least for ardent Pinterists, a key to the riddle of his creations. He has hitherto persistently denied hidden meanings to his work. "I can sum up none of my plays," he said some years ago. "I can describe none of them except to say: that is what happened, that is what they said, that is what they did." But it can hardly be left at that. One suggested key to Pinter's method is the Molly Bloom soliloquy at the end of Joyce's *Ulysses*. It is an encompassing, dream-like, stream-of-consciousness monologue of literature and experience. What Pinter has done is to expand the borders of monologue technique, plumb its secret echoes, and make it breathe onstage. In almost every Pinter work, there is one realistic character who exists in the present. The other characters are part of the protagonist's past, present and future. They pour onstage from his subconscious and, like remembrances of things past and pre-cognitions of the future, they are strange and illimitable, combining laughter, terror, unease, shape and shapelessness. Imagine yourself as the central character of a dream you have just had, and imagine this



dream translated to the stage. You exist, but the others characters of your dream-play are shadows of your mind.

Pinter's ability to extract drama and comedy from the processes of time remembered and imagined is unparalleled. In his latest film, *The Go-Between*, incredibly well directed by Joseph Losey, the monologue theory holds up well. This is a memory movie, in which the leading character, now 63—played by Michael Redgrave—remembers an experience of 50 years past as a precocious schoolboy. All the Pinter hallmarks decorate this film—the meshing between long ago and now, the nightmare hilarity, and the simply-written dialogue that masks the terror in men's souls. If all this sounds as though you shouldn't miss the film, *The Go-Between*, any more than the play, *Old Times*, you're right. For Pinter proves, as all artists do, that reality is at best unknowable.

PENTHOUSE PICKS

The Devils (Warner Brothers). Ken Russell's latest flamboyant offering—gruesome witch-hunt among 17th century priesthood—fine acting from Oliver Reed and Vanessa Redgrave.

Carnal Knowledge (Avco Embassy). Ann-Margret acting. Also Candice Bergen, Jack Nicholson and Art Garfunkel, directed by Mike Nichols, script by Jules Feiffer. As extraordinary a film as that line-up would indicate: don't miss it.

The Clowns dir. Fellini. Beautiful and poignant look at the fading artistry of the clown; one of the finest documentaries around. A must for all the Fellini fans who were lost by *Satyricon*.

Unman, Wittering and Zigo (Paramount). Taut and terrifying film about the pimply-faced demons who control a British boys' school.

WORDS

TENDER CLAP-TRAP

If your current favorite female greets you one evening with a glass of milk instead of the usual martini, don't touch it! Run like hell! Don't stop running until you come to a bookstore. Rush in and pant for a copy of *Any Woman Can!* by David Reuben, M.D. (McKay, \$7.95). Riffle to page 241, where you'll learn that you have just escaped being sacrificed on the altar of matrimony. On that page, Dr. Reuben betrays the bachelor to the huntress: "If a woman wants to make herself indispensable to a man she can pull out all the stops and unleash the ultimate weapon — milk. If a woman can establish herself as the provider of milk," he explains, "she literally makes herself part of her man's unconscious mind."

If this advice came from a funny old European like Freud, Adler, or Jung, it might be safe to scoff, but look out! Dr. David Reuben is American success itself: scorn him at your peril. Not only is he young (he looks 25) and sexy (we have this from women), but he's also filthy rich. And since he outsells every-



Go-Between: rook-shooting farmer Alan Bates and young Dominic Guard in Losey's new movie

body, he's going to end up right even if he's wrong. Sales of his first book, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, established him as the Dr. Spock of the grown-ups. If millions of women are going to believe him, we'd better take a hard look at *Any Woman Can!* however painful.

The first part of the book proves painful to any male chauvinist. Reuben's script could have been written by women's lib. He is out to establish the natural superiority of women and to reassure them that any doubts they may have about their sexual adequacy were planted by a self-justifying conspiracy of all the male sex authorities who preceded Dr. Reuben. He attributes the erroneous notion of male superiority to "hasty observations of three-year-old girls by four-year-old boys", and goes on: "When the same little boys grow up and become professors of anatomy they smugly announce that 'The clitoris is nothing more than a penis that failed to mature! By then they should know better.'"

Dr. Reuben finds that "the female sexual equipment surpasses the male in every possible way—design, function, complexity, and endurance". He bases the design argument on the evolution of separate structures for separate functions. Thus, like the farmer's privy, a two-holer (man) is more elegant than a one-holer (say, the robin) with its triple-use cloaca. Woman, as a three-holer, represents outright affectation.

But never mind such abstract notions as design—it's the functional superiority of women that Dr. Reuben can't stop talking about. His first book reported that a woman can run through 50 orgasms in a row, actually measured in a laboratory. His second points out that this represents no limit: it's just that researchers have to knock off some time to get home to dinner. "*The female capacity for orgasm*," Dr. Reuben italicizes, "*is so great that it has never been fully measured.*"

How come so many girls don't seem to

know about this? Answer: "Relentless and sometimes ruthless suppression of their sexuality by men." Why? "Most men are at least *unconsciously* aware that their own sexual prowess is microscopic compared to women's." How so? "Unfortunately, the standard penis is simply not a sexual organ. As issued, it is too short, too thin, and much too flexible to mesh with the vagina." Dr. Reuben goes on with the difficulties of controlling erection and ejaculation and ends up confiding to the girls, "It is by no means an easy job".

If the first half of the book might suggest Dr. Reuben as a candidate on the feminist ticket, the last half might get him lynched by militant feminists. He dooms his girls—with all their beautiful and superior equipment—to an inferior role. "Women deserve equality with men in every possible area," he concedes, "—jobs, voting, property rights, and everything else." *But*: "The only place where they will never be equal is in the area of sexuality." And he adds, "Unfortunately she (the single woman) can't change the rules of the game." The rest of his advice is based on that assumption. It is largely, in fact, a book on how to find, trap, and keep a husband. (It is not, as some may expect from the title, a manual on how to have an orgasm.) Though Dr. Reuben kindly tries to ease the plight of the single woman, he makes it overwhelmingly clear that her only real hope is to get married. To do that she's got to practice all the traditional wiles, plus modern technology including "systems analysis", not to mention all that milk-providing.

The most startling thing in the book is that this modern pundit who made his reputation by sweeping away myths and foibles of the past, comes out for the oldest stratagem of all: what used to be known as prick-teasing. As he bluntly puts it: "Promise him anything, but deliver it the night after the wedding." The thought that any rational man today would



McCartneys: the one-man Beatles returns



Reuben: the udder side of the sex war

marry a woman without first having had satisfactory sex with her boggles the mind.

If women are going to turn coy again on Dr. Reuben's advice—and don't forget how influential his first book was—we had better know what other advice he's giving them, if we can hope to cope. The male problem is of course, age-old and twofold: How to get the girl and then how to get away. For the first, we need to know what she is looking for, and here Dr. Reuben is explicit. She is to size you up instantly according to three groups of three characteristics each: *physical features*, including hair, eyes and mouth; *clothing*—pants, shoes, harmony; *body image*—gait, stance, hands. In none of these nine aspects dare you appear bizarre. For example, you had better not part your hair in the middle, grin too much, wear too tight or baggy pants, put your hands in your pockets—or worse, on your hips.

If you pass these initial tests she will indicate the fact by looking you in the eye. Then it's up to you to get acquainted. During all the time you're trying to make her, you are being subjected to a battery of more intensive tests, involving eating, driving, and, finally, your mother. Best hire an actress to play the role; your real one couldn't possibly do it right.

You'll know when things have moved into the final dangerous stage when: "One quiet afternoon at the beach or after a nice dinner she might say *casually*, 'What do you really want from life?'" After you give your evasive answer you'll immediately know that she is springing Dr. Reuben's trap if she comes back with what he calls the "cork-popper". It is: "What do you mean by that?" This is the magic question that Dr. Reuben uses in nearly all the interviews in the book. It is guaranteed to make you spill your guts.

At this point, you might as well give up and propose in order to avoid being milk-fed, and ultimately hand-fed: "A woman who feeds her man (by hand) a slice of buttered freshly baked bread can almost set her own wedding date". But don't worry; you'll like this marriage. Dr. Reuben advises his disciples never to criticize their husbands. "No matter what happens", he summarizes, "the woman should side with her man."

RECOMMENDED READING

Pentagon by Hank Searls (Bernard Geis, \$7.95). Fascinating tale of ugly truths uncovered within the military-industrial complex.

On Instructions of my Government by Pierre Salinger (Doubleday, \$6.95). Gripping first novel of diplomatic intrigue by Kennedy's ex-Press Secretary.

The Nightmare Decade, The Life and Times of Senator Joe McCarthy by Fred J. Cook (Random House, \$10). Brilliant biog.

And two "freak" books:

Catalog of Fantastic Things by Carelman (Ballentine, \$2.95). Drawings and captions for incredible things like the bed with one central leg for training a kid to sleep lying still!

The Connoisseur's Handbook of Marijuana by

William Daniel Drake Jr. (Straight Arrow Books, \$10). This 'anthology's a must for any serious smoker.

SOUNDS

THOSE SINGULAR BEATLES

Now that the Beatles have all released solo work, it is a fascinating posthumous exercise trying to decide which of them was primarily responsible for the group's distinctive musical characteristics. John Lennon, in a lengthy and circumlocutory interview, gave the distinct impression that it was his "genius" that had been the driving force, but the evidence of musical accomplishment gives a different impression.

George Harrison, with his expensive collection of three LPs in a cardboard box, underlined his reputation as a dedicated, serious, though occasionally uncertain musician. He is indubitably the author of some of the more intricate guitar work, and of course the oriental whining and wheedling that stole into the Beatles' music from *Revolver* onwards.

My Sweet Lord, his collection's premier track, was typical of his popularized mantra technique: lulling, charming and even quite elegant. But it wasn't the Beatles.

John Lennon's LP was gritty, characteristically dissonant, and got into trouble with swear words. Sneering phrases about heavy moronic people ("with your cock in your hand") were twisted up with almost embarrassing personal shrieks for attention. The music had a certain rough value, but it was even further from the Beatles than Harrison.

Paul McCartney was the first to issue a solo LP, which he recently followed with a second (performed and produced with his wife Linda) called *Ram*. The first three tracks arouse one's suspicions, and the fifth makes it obvious, that McCartney was the progenitor of the predominant sound of the Beatles.

Bearing in mind the arguments that John, George and Ringo brought up in the British law courts earlier this year, it is ironic to hear irrefutable evidence that McCartney is capable not only of reproducing his part in the Beatles' sound, but the *entire* Beatles sound on his own.

McCartney's particular talent is to be mildly witty, relaxed and easy on the ear without being trite. His melodies and phrasing are already familiar from the best of the Beatles' records, but now they are free from the committee decisions that have led many pop musicians to break away from established groups.

It is inappropriate to talk about "genius" in reference to any of the Beatles. Their success was principally a mixture of sound exploitation and commercial accident: their early records, the ones on which their fame was founded, were catchy but manifestly amateurish. Nonetheless, their abilities developed, and McCartney's has turned out to be the most pleasant, and certainly the most creative, of the four, if comparisons have any meaning. He trips



lightly from tongue-in-cheek teenage ballads (*Back Seat of My Car*) to full-scale rumpty-tumpty Sergeant Pepper material (*Uncle Albert*) and even to plain bread-and-butter Neil Sedaka-type bobbysox rock 'n' roll (*Eat At Home*).

It is oddly reassuring to hear the Beatles still, even if they're only one man strong. The only part you will miss is the steady, even, unmistakable simplicity of the drums of Ringo.

RECOMMENDED RELEASES

We Sure Can Love Each Other/Tammy Wynette (Epic E30658). *Five Easy Pieces* was a show-case for her exquisite ear: the nuances and subtleties of trailer-park America.

Edgar Winter's White Trash (Epic E30512). It's considered dirty pool to mention whose brother this is. In any case, a better album than you-know-who ever did.

Survival/Grand Funk (Capitol SW 764). Find out why 55,000 people paid their way into Shea Stadium to see this group. Rejoice in the knowledge that you were not one of them.

One Fine Morning/Lighthouse (Evolution 3007). Canada's answer to Blood, Sweat and Tears.

MONEY

ANTENNA OF EXPANSION

Ever since the historic expansion of economic opportunities began it has been assumed that when something went amiss the trouble was in the plumbing, not the well. Whether it was Marx in the 1870s, Keynes in the 1920s, or Arthur Burns in the 1970s, whether the diagnostician was capitalist or communist, the assumption is always that there will be an endless increase in material wellbeing if the economic management is right. It's just a question of reaming the valves or replacing some old pipe, or—if you are a revolutionary—discarding the old plumbing entirely and putting in bright new plastic.

But what if the water in the well is more limited than was thought? Supposing, as was argued in the *Penthouse* article *Catch 92* last February, the great age of primary discovery of the Earth's resources is over (there are only 92 natural elements and we are using them all in some combination now)? If that were so, then what is happening now would happen. Inflation would go unchecked because the development of new products and techniques was not sufficient to match higher wages. The younger generation, more sensitive to new realities than the older, would look for new routes of personal development, which their elders assume incorrectly will disappear when youth has had its fling.

Unfortunately, though, the instincts of youth may be in tune with the new realities, but it's doubtful that their intellects are. Their minds are filled with the same dreams of the spigot of endless wealth, if only someone knew how to turn it on, that their elders—

communist or capitalist—were raised on. So how are we going to make enough bread to buy subway tokens after they go up to 50 cents next January?

Someone is going to get rich as always. The Community Antenna Television industry could be one way. Experts believe that despite lack of enthusiasm by Senator John O. Pastore, head of the Senate Communications Sub-Committee and a longtime foe of CATV, decisions giving wider powers to CATV will be formulated by early 1972. The stocks have been quiet for some months but the faithful of this industry believe that, with CATV free of restrictions by the FCC, they will wake up in 1972.

Probably the leading single authority on the industry among the brokerage fraternity is Edward Addis of Matthews Mitchell & Co. Symptomatic of this status is that he has organized a splinter group of the New York Security Analysts' Society to specialize in the prospects and problems of CATV. He states there are about 2,573 CATV companies in the nation and so far there has been only one bankruptcy.

The original reason for the existence of the industry was that there are areas where the TV signal is so weak that reception is extremely poor. Currently there are about 5.3 million subscribers to the 2,573 companies, most of which are local and small. This compares to 686 commercial broadcasters of which 508 are licensed for the popular VHF bands. The CATV stations are generally small, serving small communities, but possibly they have considerable aggregate political power—the broadcasting industry is characteristically "big business" and has political power too. Broadcasters are aware of the long-term threat of CATV and some have fingers in the pie like Cox Broadcast and Storer, but they are restricted in where they can operate. The networks are not allowed to own CATV stations and systems at the moment, and are blocked off from exploiting their full potential. Congress, the Federal Communications Commission and a special Presidential commission are all cudgeling their heads to establish a new set of ground rules. The CATV people believe the tide of better service is on their side and that the dikes will give in 1972. The average annual rate of expansion may go to 40% from the historic 20%, and \$10 to \$15 billions may be required to fuel it in the succeeding ten years.

The 5.3 million subscribers represent only 8% of all TV set owners but they also represent a high percentage of those who might want to pay for their TV because of poor signals. The future of the industry depends on slicing into the large markets where the population is concentrated, the 100 prime markets now profitably served by the broadcasting industry. The experts believe this will happen because of the superior service that CATV can give. For those who already get a good signal superior service will consist in greater variety: for instance certain sporting events can now be seen only on CATV. The

coaxial cables by which subscribers get their service have enormous capacities—current systems could offer 24 channels of information or entertainment if rules permitted. A station at Wooster, Mass., does provide 21 channels now—several times as many as ordinary broadcasters do in nearby Boston. This station was operating before the FCC took up the regulation of the industry, so it is free to do what it wants under the "grandfather clause".

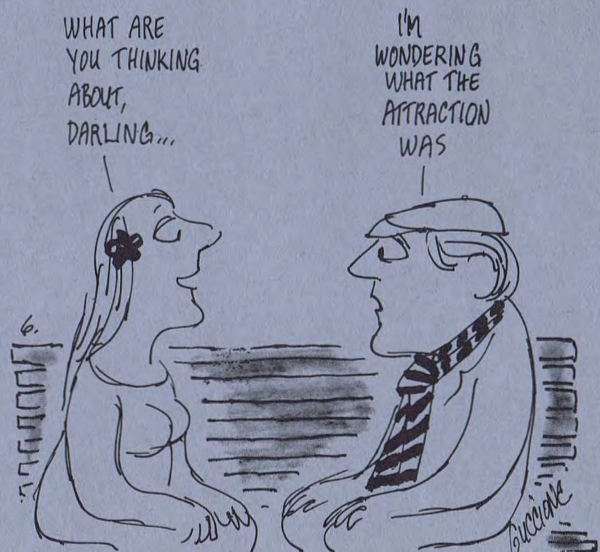
Technology permitting even more channels—80, let's say—is becoming available, so the possibilities exist of a communication system vastly more flexible and usable by the average person than any present system, telephone or broadcast. Legal and financial limitations, competitive opposition etc. will undoubtedly make the growth slower than it could be theoretically, but great growth over the next decade still seems clearly likely.

The industry's great financial asset is that it is a very low-cost high-profit operation if the territory is well chosen. The operating profit margin in typical systems is about 50%. These profits, however, haven't shown up in many income statements of the large, publicly owned systems because managements have absorbed operating profits in their expansions, but profits are not only big enough but stable enough to carry the pyramided debt which represents most of the overhead of expansion.

In the big city area where underground cables have to be laid the picture is not quite so bright—especially in New York—because the cost of an underground network is about triple that of an above-ground system. The typical charge of \$60 a year probably isn't enough by itself to support an underground system. However, systems like those of Manhattan and Teleprompter in New York hope to build up enough other revenues from the great communication capacities of the cables to offset this. Moreover some companies get more than \$60 a subscriber, and probably the trend will be upward generally. Since experience shows that few who subscribe ever cease to subscribe (unless they move away) the business has high profitability operationwise and high stability of gross income once established. With this foundation, and with the technical opportunities open to it, CATV should fulfill a big percentage of the dreams of those who believe in it.

For the unguided investor, selections should be among the few large outfits. There aren't many as yet. The largest is Teleprompter, with more than 500,000 subscribers. The next is Cox Cable Communications with 200,000, then American Television with 180,000. There are also some interesting small companies to invest in, but for these the investor should have direct guidance from security analysts who specialize in this industry, such as Ed Addis and members of his group. You could write to him for a list of members of the newly formed CATV Security Analysts group, c/o Matthews Mitchell & Co., Members of the NYSE, 150 Broadway, New York 10038.—W.G.

GUCCIONE LOST HORIZONS



HENRY MORGAN

EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE (SEX) ACT

Just the other day, sex was a matter of John and Mary. John, who had been getting some, but not often enough, would propose to Mary, who had been getting most of it along upstairs while looking at photos of Clark Gable in *Movie Romances*. What John proposed was that he and Mary could get quite a lot of it if they only spent more time in the back seat of Dad's Buick.

What Mary proposed was that John was a dirty evil-minded boy and that she was afraid of getting knocked up. John would then explain, feverishly, that he had a lot of control and a handkerchief. Mary countered with the (stale) news that she wasn't your common slut and it would be all right if they were, you know, married.

This made her the commonest kind of slut going.

She offered to give once in a while in return for a guarantee of being paid for it 365 days a year forever.

"Gee," John thought, "I gotta get in there somehow. I seen her in her bathing frock and she's got a wild ass."

When John finally walked down the aisle he couldn't put what he felt into words, but we can, can't we? The words were "Holy Christ!"

During the ceremony, Mary's mother cried from happiness. Here was her little baby getting on the gravy train and only one month late.

The honeymoon was half successful. John found it possible on the floor of the bathroom, in the shower, out the window and on the beach. Mary wondered (a) Is that all there is to it? and (2) Doesn't this clown know I have to eat?

Shortly before the kids came along John had started fooling around, as he put it. Fooling around meant getting together with a couple of regular guys from the Rotary and slithering about with hunky waitresses from the diner. Mary contented herself with fantasies which starred the Polish gentleman who picked up the garbage.

Well, they had kids, Bill and Jane.

John, now called Dad, made rules for Jane. No daughter of mine can stay out after 11. It never occurred to him that the guys who wanted to jump on his darling daughter were guys just like his son Bill. For some reason he thought that she was probably going out with the rowdy element from the Rotary.

Son Bill got married. He went through the usual bit—bathroom floor, in the shower, out the window—and soon felt that there was something missing. He had a long talk with his wife about it. He said he felt that their marriage could be perked up if they could meet up with another fun-loving couple like themselves who did it eight different ways.

Being some notes on how God-fearing American plain folks manage to find amusement during the shorter work-week.



He said that they needn't get involved at all, just sort of, well, *participate*.

Bill's wife figured that Bill had probably heard rumors about her and the big Bulgarian who picked up the garbage, so after hemming for a couple of days and hawing for a couple of days she kind of agreed. (It was she who had actually put the idea into his head originally. Her objective was to get her fantasies into real, living color while maintaining a steady income.)

And so it turns out, boys and girls, that today, according to the newspaper that first dared to reveal the classified secret blunders of our noble leaders, a few million conservative American families are engaging in group sex.

They are, says the *New York Times*, almost without exception, good, solid, salt-of-the-earth folks who hate hippies and Commies and all the other disruptive elements who are trying to tear down our great society. What they are doing is trying their damndest to hold the country together by saving the family. They way to do this, they've figured out, is to join with other typical Americans like themselves on the grounds that

families that lay together, stay together. And a large number of quack-fink "psychologists" encourages them.

"Get Mom out of the kitchen," they say, knowing not a goddam thing about it or about anything else.

"Swinging couple, thirties, wants to meet same. Only free spirits, please. Replies held in strict confidence."

From the lobster-bound coast of whatsis to the smog-filled shore of whozee, the foursomes are mating. And the sixsomes and thensomes. Living-room floors are crawling with strangers pulling and heaving at one another. Inhibitions are clogging the Disposalls of the nation. Mumbling fetishists, slick with sweat, happily, guiltlessly, fill the nights with pawings and gropings, rubbings and maulings.


Our staid little burghers are turning themselves into anonymous pieces of meat.

These homeowners would object to being called animals, natch. And they'd be quite correct. No animals work it out in quartets. The humpbacked whale doesn't hump around in pods. The gorilla can barely bring himself to do it at all. A single rooster may have a harem but you'll never catch him in a daisy chain. The queen bee has just one shot at it and she does that with Mr. Right far from the buzzing crowd. What the octopus does you don't want to hear about and for the same price we throw in the fact that the male seahorse carries the eggs. (Not the octopus' eggs, dimwit.)

Well, the question must arise from some student, does Mass Ass accomplish anything? I mean, ask me, not a doctor. Your average professional man is so damn average he's not worth asking. Ask me.

Yes. It's accomplishing a great deal. It removes the necessity for day dreams. The usual job is quite boring, even for the dullards, and they fall back on day-dreams. Your normal red-blooded citizen spends 4.7 hours a day making up stuff to do with the members of the members of the opposite sex. This cuts down on his productivity, which cuts down on profits, which ultimately leads to higher prices, which offends the middle class. (The rich don't care and the poor don't give a shit, they're used to it.)

Now that Joe Blow can make his wet dreams come true, the stock market will go up, the war will end, blacks will turn white and there will be peace and justice for all. In our time. But, you say, how about those folks whose dreams have to do with the animals (other than human)?

Come on, I don't want to discuss freaks. 

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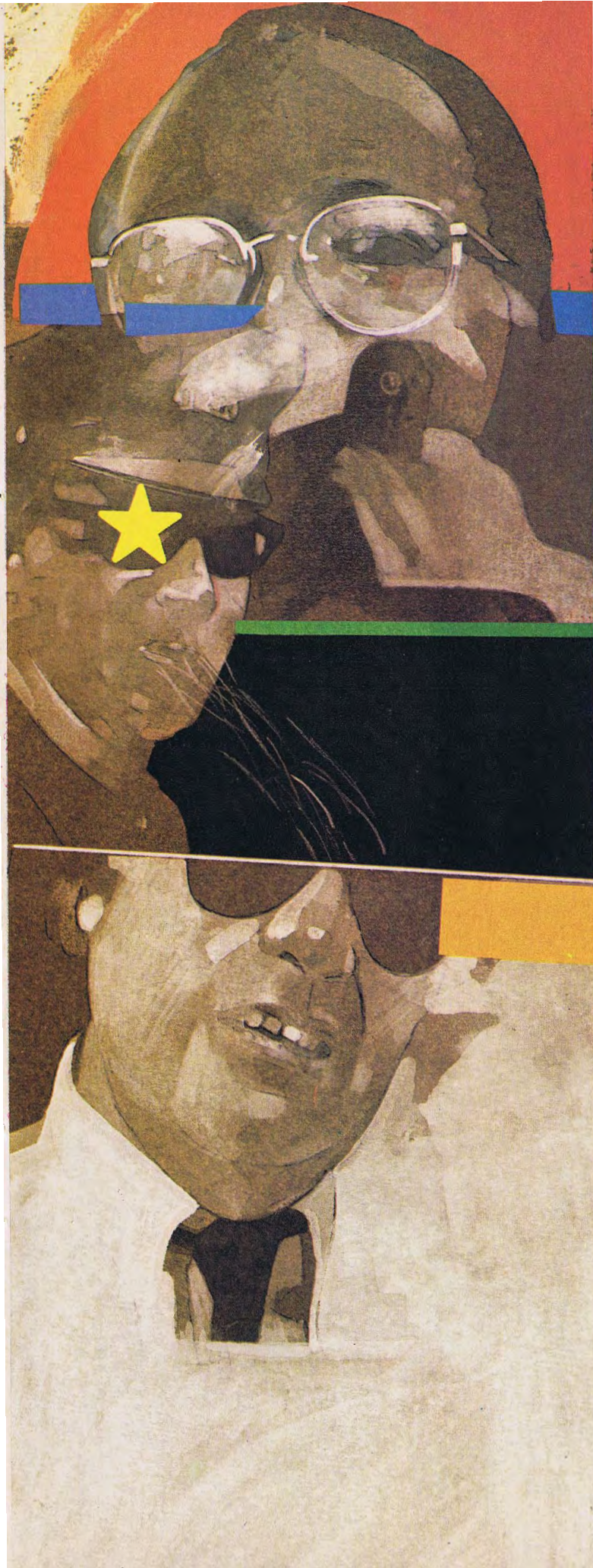
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WAR ON WHITE-COLLAR CRIME

by Paul McShane

Getting away with insurance frauds is a way of life with too many outwardly respectable people in positions of trust. It may not be for much longer





"The white collar criminal is usually a professional or business man Society depends on the honesty and trustworthiness of its doctors, lawyers, business executives and government officials, and if these men fail to live up to our standards, we are fundamentally betrayed, . . . What such a criminal does is to inject a dangerous note of hypocrisy and disturbing doubt into the operations of our most critical enterprises—the practice of our professions, the conduct of our economy, and the direction of our government . . ."—James F. Ahern, Director of the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute.

A physician practicing in Chicago, aged 52, has averaged a net income of \$52,400 a year over the past twenty years. Only some \$27,400 of this has come from his practice. The other \$25,000 he has stolen by certifying phony medical claims against insurance companies. Though his implication in these frauds is known to the police and to the victimized insurance companies, he isn't in jail—and he isn't going to be. Nobody has had the time or the resources to put together enough evidence that would stand up in court.

The owner of an auto body shop in Rhode Island is making a living that affords him a home in Providence and a small summer place on Cape Cod. He manages to keep up with his competition, but he has never been able to keep up with the payoff demands of a bulky, swarthy man who shows up regularly. It seems the body man got into a deep money hole a few years ago, tapped a shylock, and has been trying to dig his way out ever since. To meet the avaricious demands of his tormentor, he kites car-damage estimates for an insurance-fraud ring. Again, all this is known, but there's not enough solid evidence to nail him. A recent attempt to compile such evidence for a court case left a special investigator badly beaten, his car heavily damaged, and his life threatened. Two men are under arrest in the case and will face trial.

An attorney in a major west coast city is successful, yet not successful enough to support a lifestyle that includes an ocean-going yacht and a summer home in a resort area. He specializes in winning cases against insurance companies. He institutes many of these "cases" with a "client" who gets a slice of the usual out-of-court settlement pie. When investigators dug out what they felt was enough evidence to haul the lawyer into court, they learned that the judge before whom he was to be tried was his cousin. Normal procedure would have required that the judge disqualify himself, and the attorney for the state—aware apparently of the relationship of lawyer and judge—should have filed a protest. The case is still under investigation. Meanwhile the lawyer still has his shingle out.

These cases represent the type of crime that is draining millions of dollars out of our pockets. It's called "white-collar crime", and insurance companies (along with, indirectly, their policyholders) are its prey. The extent of the losses is uncertain, since large portions of them are not insured. But authoritative figures for this year indicate that white-collar criminals bilking their employers through embezzlement alone, are stealing more than five million dollars a day, which totals \$1.8 billion over a full year.

In automobile fraud (including medical claims) insurance companies estimate up to a 10% fraudulent payoff. Since latest figures indicate an upward surge from the 1969-70 loss figure \$16.5 billion, this means that at least 1.5 billion dollars are drained annually into criminal coffers.

Traditionally, insurance companies have set premiums at a level high enough to absorb "padded" or downright fraudulent claims. Claims involving large sums have been routinely investigated, the more odious ones thoroughly. Some cases have even wound up in court. But all this has been on an individual company basis, and investigative staffs—already thin—have had to overlook most of the two-bit chiselers. Recently the picture has changed. Caught in the universal cost squeeze, insurance firms found themselves forced to keep premiums to an affordable level, which meant that all leaks had to be stopped.



The minute Blackbeard's socks fell down everybody knew it was Burt.

In considering how to achieve stricter standards, the companies faced at least two harsh realities. One, with other forms of crime on the increase everywhere, federal, state and local law-enforcement agencies didn't have much time for insurance fraud investigations; such crimes rank low on police priority lists. Two, many insurance swindlers are high-status, high-income people with both the inclination and resources to throw obstacles in the way of any agency trying to investigate them. Faced with these realities, the companies banded together and formed the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute (ICPI) under the direction of James F. Ahern, former police chief of New Haven, Conn.

ICPI, formed last January, is the first agency of its type in the U.S. It's a non-profit organization financed by more than 162 insurance companies doing business from coast-to-coast. What the companies get for their support is an agency specifically geared to fight "white-collar" crime. Before ICPI there had been only scattered statistics on which insurers could base their suspicions that claims hanky-panky was undermining public confidence in the industry. The companies knew they needed hard evidence that would stand up in court if the frauds were to be stopped, even deterred.

"Nobody could blame the law-enforcement agencies for not providing this," says Ahern. "They operate in the public sector, and most insurance is a private concern. Besides, most of them lack the special investigative competence required for cases of insurance fraud. Police investigations tend to involve legwork, interrogation and the use of informants. Legwork and interrogation take time, and insurance defrauders aren't likely to associate with informants—typically, petty criminals, prostitutes and small-time hustlers. Besides, the key elements of an insurance fraud can be arranged in the privacy of an office, all of which means our investigations require exceptional skills, special techniques."

In evolving special techniques, ICPI first divided the country into two executive and administrative regions, each headed by its own director, but both under the aegis of headquarters in Westport, Conn. Computerized co-ordination of information links these regional centers—in New York and San Francisco—to Westport and, thanks to the free flow of information between centers, ICPI was able to provide part-time operatives with data on specific cases in just about all major U.S. cities. In ICPI's first six months over 300 cases were instigated by its investigators.

Ahern says that it's not always possible to prove criminal fraud in cases where they know it exists, but he adds that it is sometimes possible to bring other charges—income tax evasion or forgery, for example. The income-tax spinoff—with the co-operation of the Internal Revenue Service—has already produced several indictments. Any effective prosecution is a step toward the Institute's goal of taking the most significant offenders out of circulation, and, by extensive publicity, possibly deterring would-be defrauders.

"The conviction and disbarment of one dishonest attorney may help discourage others," says Ahern, "but only if they are made aware of it. A broad public awareness of the existence of an organization such as the Institute can be of itself one of our most potent weapons in fighting insurance fraud."

A recent case from ICPI files illustrates not only the scope of Institute activities, but also the value of publicity. In a major U.S. city, ICPI cross-checking indicated a disproportionate number of auto accident cases from one district. The Institute assigned an undercover agent to monitor police radio calls, particularly during early morning hours. The agent was instructed to respond to all auto accident calls.

He soon found that a solicitor (called a "runner") also responded to each call. If it was a serious one involving seemingly innocent parties who knew what they were doing, the runner simply went on his way. But if the accident



Burt wouldn't have given himself away if he had been wearing the Anti-Static Spoiler™ anklet.



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involved only minor injuries and/or property damage, and if the victims appeared confused and unsophisticated, the runner moved in with an offer to help them obtain a large settlement or settlements for non-existent injuries. He claimed to know all the "right" doctors, lawyers, and bodyshop owners—all elements necessary to perpetrate a fraud.

When the runner had put together a number of co-operative potential claimants (usually about 20), he would sell the "package" to any one of up to 50 attorneys who, apparently, co-operated regularly with the ring. Once the attorney entered the operation he became its central figure. He would obtain fraudulent lost-time statements and grossly exaggerated damage estimates, all supported by bogus "documentation". More important, he would refer the claimants to a physician who was part of the scheme. This doctor, after a brief initial visit, would submit bills and supporting documents for as many as 30 or more imaginary subsequent visits during which he supposedly provided treatment for imaginary injuries. Armed with such "documentation", the attorney could easily obtain a settlement of between \$5,000 and \$10,000—an honest settlement of such claims would be peanuts by comparison. Large shares of the illegal proceeds went to the attorney, the doctor, the bodyshop owner and the runner. Ironically, the one person without whom the entire scheme couldn't work—the "victim"—got little more than the cost of repairing his car.


ICPI records indicate that this particular ring was working about ten such cases a day and was netting upwards of \$1 million a month. Investigations now underway in Chicago and Los Angeles indicate that several such rings are operating at various levels of success. They observe strict territorial boundaries in responding to accidents, a fact suggesting possible underworld "franchises" for conducting this type of operation in adjoining "districts". Even more startling, police themselves are in on some of the operations.

For example, the investigator probing the case cited earlier reported that in responding to radio accident calls in the quietest part of the night in that particular area—around 3 or 4 in the morning—he found no evidence of an accident at most of the supposed accident scenes—no damaged cars, no broken glass and, strangest of all, no responding police unit. Yet, later, police records indicated a serious accident involving major personal injuries. Police were helping defrauders fabricate accidents for which insurance settlements were obtained.

Many such cases, when finally exposed, will reveal a conspiracy that runs from officers in uniform to their superiors, to politicians, to—eventually—organized crime.

"It's shocking," comments Director Ahern, "to learn how much control organized crime has on politics and—in too many American cities—on police departments." He says a given police official can double gambling arrests, for example, and still be corrupt—all he's doing is eliminating the Mafia's competition. He goes on: "Many political candidates receive sums of money from organized crime. If a cop can go to a politician and be promoted he doesn't give a damn what his superiors think of him. In fighting crime, political interference simply cannot be tolerated."

The dilemma, according to Ahern, is how to maintain democratic control of the police, and yet insulate them from political interference. He suggests making the police independent of the political structure, and placing police supervisors in appointive positions responsible not to an existent or newly elected party chair—but to the people.

As to the overall problem of a deteriorating social structure, Ahern believes that each individual defrauder—even the otherwise law-abiding citizen tempted to stage an occasional fall and pretend injury—must realize that when it comes to crime, particularly organized crime, he and he alone eventually picks up the tab. 

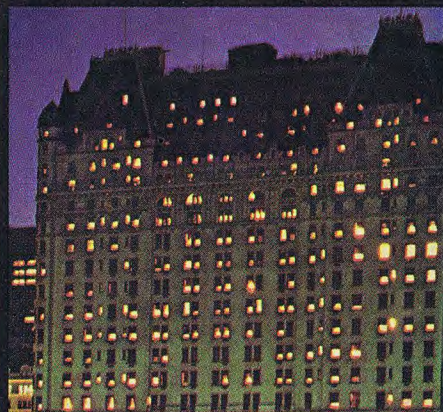


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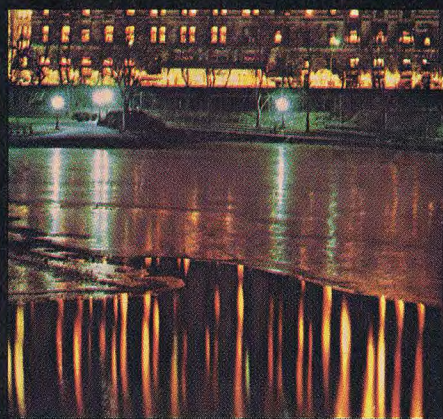
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VASECTOMY IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY

A willing victim's personal account of sterilization

by Bailey Alexander



Michael Terry

Some 750,000 American men are being made sterile this year. I am one of them. We are doing it on purpose, by means of a now well-publicized operation known as a vasectomy. Voluntary male sterilization is touted by advocates as inexpensive, readily available, and virtually painless. It is not. It is also said to be the safest and surest method of contraception known, simple to perform and often reversible. Apparently it is. It is said to improve one's sex life. It might.

There are at least a dozen persuasive reasons for having a vasectomy. Consider the possibilities.

Our planet—in case you've been away—is dying. The sun is 16% dimmer than it was at the time of the Great War. Garbage and smog choke our cities. Several rivers and a large lake or two are already dead, and we're working on the oceans. The total oil reserves of the Earth may be exhausted in another 50 years, along with most of our other natural resources. Four million people will starve to death this year, and twice that many will come close. The single biggest cause of these troubles, we are told, is people. There are 3.6 billion now, but twice that many are expected by the end of the century.

Among the men who study and understand these things, the optimists give us all 30 years of existence. The pessimists have let their life insurance lapse.

There's economics: Who can afford

more children? Ask the man who owns three. Summer camp, orthodontia, guitar lessons, shoes and all those other tedious necessities are as nothing when arrayed before the humbling \$5000 a year required to put Junior through Princeton.

Most contraceptive devices are distastefully mechanical. Many interrupt the spontaneity of the sex act. Women are panicky about the Pill, and they have justification. It may cause cancer or phlebitis, and just the alterations in body chemistry brought about by a change in dosage can be unsettling. The coil, or I.U.D., has been known to create serious infection. For still other women, further pregnancies might be dangerous or fatal. And some parents are concerned about passing on hereditary defects.

In a society where the family unit is revered, some people have no particular feeling for children. Others want to defer the responsibility indefinitely, preferring adoption if the desire arises. The confirmed bachelor who succumbs to matrimony at 42 has a perfect excuse to remain at least partially unencumbered. For the growing number of single men seeking sterilization, paternity suits are notably unsuccessful, and no marriage-fixated females could claim to have "forgotten" their pills.

The list can be doubled, but the advantages are clear. So are the drawbacks.

From the time I began seriously considering a vasectomy, I agonized over every aspect of it. There is the Catholic church, which disapproves of the procedure. I'm a nonpracticing Protestant. There is the notion of virility based on the ability to impregnate women. But like most WASPs, that concept was washed out of my emotional makeup slightly previous to the landing at Plymouth Rock.

But then comes the psychological crunch, the most deeply-rooted fear of all. Whisper it: castration. Vasectomy is *not* castration. But symbolic or actual, virtually all men, whatever their sexual inclinations, carry that piece of emotional baggage around in their psyche. Not everyone can work it out.

Most of my liberal friends, when advised of my consideration of voluntary sterilization, expressed interest and even praise. It's a great cocktail party topic. But one of my neighbors was thunderstruck. An upwardly-mobile, hairy-chested type, he was pronging barely budding nymphets in Flatbush before my suburban classmates and I had our first wet dreams. He could not fathom why I might permit myself to be "mutilated". His horror shook my resolve.

An erstwhile art student and unpublished novelist, I am possessed of a hyperactive imagination. One of my most persistent images had me strapped

to the operating table, the surgeon's knife poised . . . and a playful nurse goosing the doctor at a highly critical point in the proceedings. When that particular fantasy first materialized, I knew I would insist upon total anesthesia during the operation. I wasn't about to be awake in the event my most cherished possession was accidentally snipped off like a wilted geranium.

Despite such reservations, I went ahead and talked to my doctor. He didn't do vasectomies, for the hospital with which he was associated didn't permit them, and he didn't perform surgery in his office. First myth exploded—that of wide availability. Though none of the 50 states make sterilization illegal, and only Utah has *any* restrictions, doctors and hospitals cannot be forced to perform vasectomies.

Catholic-run hospitals, or individual doctors or administrators in key positions, squelch the operation entirely. Further, childless husbands and especially single men find many otherwise willing doctors reluctant. Conventional wisdom dictates that the recipient of a vasectomy be over 35, have two or more children, and be married. He'd better be white, middle-class, and educated too, as the typical patient is—deviate from that description, and a man has difficulties.

I was referred to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization in New York. It is an educational and referral agency, listing 1600 cooperating doctors throughout the country. The printed matter they sent noted some 45

vasectomy clinics, one or more in most major cities. However, I understood that these offered the quickie, in-and-out form of operation, and though it was claimed that the discomfort is no worse than that of a pulled tooth, I rejected this in favor of hospital comforts.

AVS directed me to a Dr. Howard Simon in White Plains, N.Y. It is important to patients that doctors *look* the part. In an age of specialization, this must be difficult for them. Nevertheless, I always felt that GPs should be kindly but gruff, and slightly stooped. And show me a gynecologist who leers a lot during examinations and I'll show you a poor man. My Dr. Simon fulfilled his role admirably. Tall, thirtyish, handsome, graying slightly at the temples, he exudes calm confidence. There's just a touch of raffishness in the cast of the mouth, indicating some knowledge of life. In short, the kind of man you like to imagine in the cockpit of your 747.

At our initial consultation he answered my questions with brevity and clarity. And honesty. He would perform the operation in the local hospital (he is Chief of Urology) because there is "some post-operative discomfort". How much? I asked.

"Like a swift knee in the groin," he responded casually. That's why he recommended a Friday—to allow the weekend for recovery.

Another myth shattered. The more ardent proponents of vasectomies suggest that the process requires a mere 15-minute interval with the doctor, followed by a fast pastrami on rye and a quick jog back to the office. In reality, there is

much tugging and pulling during the operation and the local anesthetic used is injected directly into the scrotum. A patient suffering any fear or uncertainty about the operation might snap his cork right there on the table if he can see everything that's going on.

Though I admit to a pain threshold readily breached by a torn fingernail, what the zealots suggest is the masculine equivalent of the fabled Chinese peasant woman who pauses in mid-harvest to drop her latest offspring in a furrow and then continues plucking beansprouts.

While I asked and he answered, Dr. Simon was satisfying himself that I had no serious emotional problems. If he suspected I had, he would have referred me to a psychiatrist. Some men are pushed into the operation by their wives and are none too happy about it. A few unbalanced persons seek a vasectomy in the desire to be mutilated.

I passed muster. First, I was to obtain a complete physical examination by an internist before arranging an appointment for the big day. Both my wife and I had to sign a release confirming that we understood that the operation was irreversible and that there was no guarantee that it would work. Neither of these caveats was likely to be true, but physicians must keep one eye on their patients and the other on the law courts.

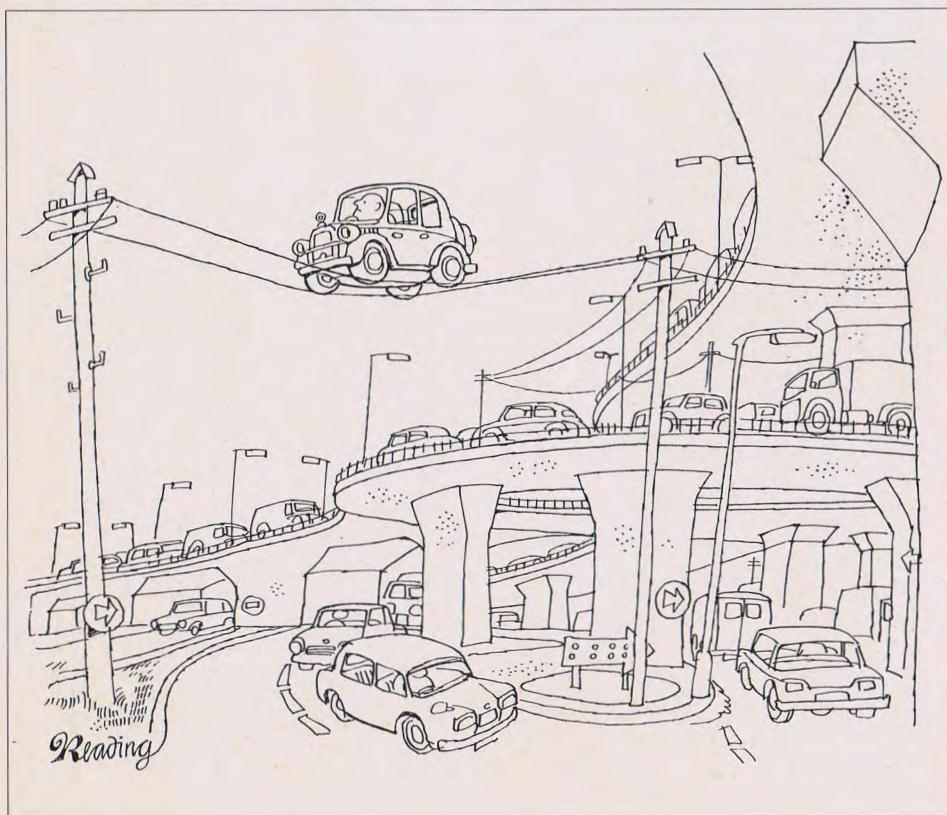
Doctors in California have found that 30 to 50% of all vasectomies were reversed when attempted, at least in the sense of again producing spermatozoa in the semen. There was another question. Yes, the quantity of ejaculate is approximately the same after the operation. Only it is sperm-free.

Dr. Simon emphasized that a post-operative sperm-count was mandatory. In the normal male, the count registers zero after 10 or 12 ejaculations. However, there are rare cases where it takes longer to clear out the canals.

The man who doesn't have a sperm-count makes a serious mistake. It's not a bad idea to have one made a year after the operation. The biological urge to reproduce is strong: there are recorded cases of the canals growing back together, called "spontaneous reanastomosis." This is unlikely under present surgical techniques, but the possibility exists.

One man, his marriage shaky, had a vasectomy performed when his wife went home to Mother for several weeks. Three months after she returned, she became pregnant. He hadn't told her of the operation. He divorced her with considerable self-righteousness. He remarried, didn't tell his second wife, and *she* was soon with child. So he left her too. Since he had never had a semen analysis, he could never be certain whether he was merely a consistent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



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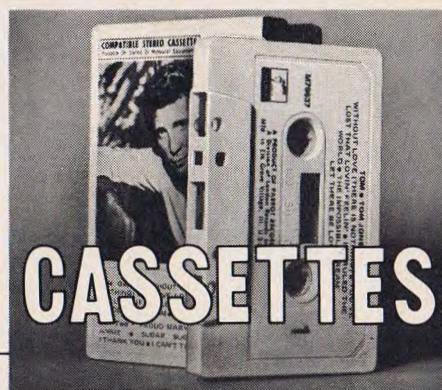


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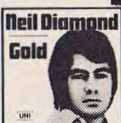
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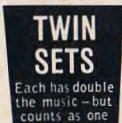
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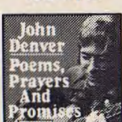
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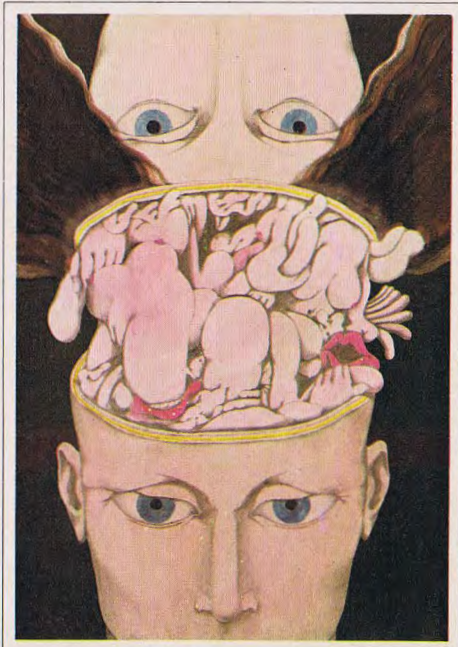


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Sexually, the average male is a supreme egotist. The trouble is that when he has ego hangups he rarely directly displays them. He doesn't honestly and openly say to himself and to others: "Let me face it. Succeeding at sex is the most momentous thing in the world to me. If I lose money, or my parents die, or my best friend deserts me, that's tough! But what really bugs me is the state of my sacred penis. If it's too short, or too trigger-happy, or too limp, that's an utter disaster. I'm not really a *man*, if my dick doesn't work well. And if I'm not a real *man*, I'm *nothing*!" This, I would stake my reputation as a psychologist on, is what the normal civilized Western male believes and feels. But it is hardly what he usually admits.

Instead, he indirectly *displays* these values in various ways, and by these defensive displays he gets himself into sexual (and nonsexual) difficulties. For example, because he fails to admit that he lays almost his entire ego on the line whenever he thinks about or engages in sex he may withdraw from sexual activity, become a confirmed and compulsive homosexual, turn himself into a Don Juan or a satyr, become pre-occupied with various nonsexual pursuits, resort to alcohol, drugs, gambling, or other temporary means of escaping

PENTHOUSE CASEBOOK



have an especially small organ (when erect, he admitted, it measured a little more than five inches); that his girl friends were normally delighted with his company and wanted to see more of him; and that his other notions of himself and his sexual failings were entirely invalid. Did I shake him up by proving these points? Not a bit! He remained convinced that he just wasn't big enough, and he was "content" to give up all sexual behavior apart from masturbation.

Though I was able to help him with a number of his nonsexual hangups, and he considered the half-year he spent in psychotherapy very worthwhile, he never allowed me to touch his sexual problems. He was so convinced that his ego would be severely traumatized by any kind of sex failure, that he reverted to abstinence, as far as I know, forever.

Homosexuality. Patrick N, though well endowed genitally, had a slight build and could not compete with other males in most of the "manly" sports. Consequently, he withdrew at an early age from most kinds of competition with males, and he even made himself rather inept in business. He viewed himself as ugly and a poor conversationalist, even though he was reasonably adept at conversing and was considered (because of his youthful appearance and delicate

ME, MYSELF AND I

from anxiety, or develop other kinds of disturbed symptoms. Here are some illustrations of this kind of escape from sexual freedom.

Sexual withdrawal. Nathaniel is a well-built and handsome man who excels at his work (advertising) and at several sports (tennis, golf, and ping-pong). But at the age of 33 he has had exactly one sexual experience and he doesn't even bother to date girls any more. The one experience he had was while he was in college, when one of his male friends' sister (who was madly in love with him and thought he was the greatest catch imaginable) practically stripped him and raped him. However, she didn't find the encounter too good, probably because he was so scared and ignorant that he hardly knew what to do. Whereupon Nathaniel decided that she thought his penis was too small, that all subsequent girls he might have would find it equally repulsive, and that he'd better withdraw entirely from such hazards.

Did the girl, I asked Nathaniel, do anything to indicate clearly that she felt him to be ill-endowed? No, but she made a face when she looked at his cock; and he *knew*, of course, what that meant. Did she actually say that she

EGO AND THE MALE

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disliked having sex with him? No, she said it was "nice", but he *knew* what a mild word like "nice" really meant. Did she indicate in any way that she never wanted to see him again? No, quite the contrary, but he *knew* that she only wanted to do so out of kindness, and not because she truly wanted him after this sex fiasco. Did any of the fellows with whom he took showers, before or after a sporting event, comment on the small size of his penis? No, but he could tell that theirs were much larger, and that his was shamefully minute.

On and on we went, my questions pretty well proving that Nathaniel didn't

features) fairly goodlooking by many members of the other sex. His perfectionistic demands made him think of himself as far below average in nearly all respects.

So Patrick could not envisage the possibility of any female's becoming attracted to him, nor could he see a "masculine" male accepting him as an equal. He withdrew to homosexual participation, taking only the "feminine", passive role. He thereby avoided risks of failing, and prevented his ego from being "damaged" by rejection. Unfortunately, even this face-saving (or genital-saving) technique didn't exactly work, since his ego still suffered from his view of himself as exceptionally effeminate, weak, and worthless.

I treated Patrick with the three main methods employed in rational-emotive therapy. First, I *cognitively* helped him to see that his basic irrational idea, or philosophy of life, consisted of the belief that "I absolutely must be super-masculine or else I am an utter shit!" I induced him to combat this idea by convincing himself that (a) "masculinity" is a rather arbitrary social concept; that (b) though it might well be *desirable* for him to be assertive, pleasure-seeking, and "masculine", it

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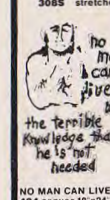
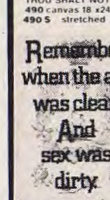
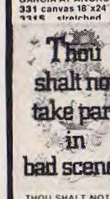
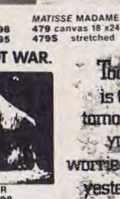
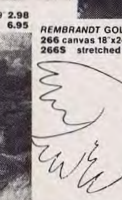
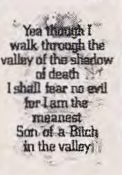
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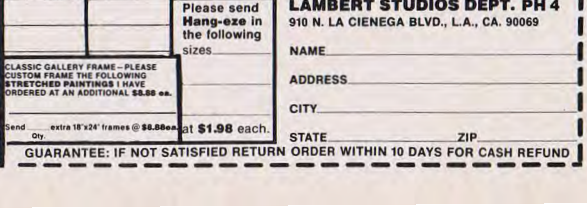
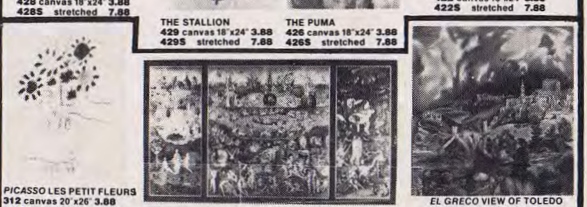
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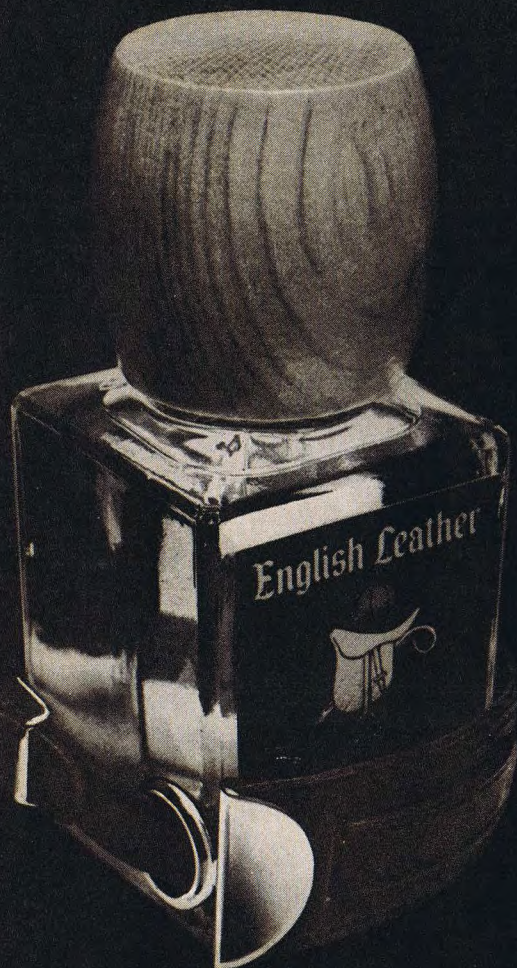
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was not *necessary* to have these traits in order to accept himself and live happily; and that (c) rating himself as a total human was illegitimate, since he could merely stick to rating his traits (such as non-assertiveness) and then trying harder to change these traits.

Secondly, I *emotively* showed Patrick that I and the other members of his therapy group could fully accept him whether or not he was "masculine" or "feminine" and whether or not he was a fixed homosexual. And I helped him express his deepest feelings about himself and others to me and the other group members, even though he had a difficult time at first in being open and honest. Thirdly, I *behavioristically* gave Patrick two regular homework assignments: (a) I showed him how to vividly picture himself for five or ten minutes a day, acting in a decidedly assertive or "masculine" manner with a male or a female, at times failing to do very well sexually or amatively with his partner, and nonetheless steadfastly refusing to put himself down in any way or make himself ashamed of his failing; (b) I gave him the activity homework assignments of insisting on being "masculine" and assertive with all his future homosexual partners and making sure that they satisfied him sexually; and also dating some girls and insisting on being assertive, and going as far as they would allow him with sexual overtures.

This combined use of cognitive, emotive, and behavioristic methods led Patrick to switch his homosexual roles almost entirely, and become "masculine" with his male partners. Though he resisted, for a while, making any strong overtures toward female dates, the more he was able to call the tune with his male partners the more persuasive he became with his female partners. Within four months of starting rational-emotive therapy, he was clearly bisexual, was beginning to enjoy heterosexual more than homosexual relations, and had gained greatly in self-acceptance.

Patrick talked relatively little to me and to his therapy group about his business and conversational problems but he began to work on them spontaneously as his sexual problems improved. As he said to the group one day: "Now that I see that I don't *have to* be good at anything in order to accept myself and have a ball in life, I have stopped withdrawing in business and in my social life, and I'm taking much greater risks. Much to my surprise, I'm beginning to see that I really am a pretty good conversationalist and that I can carry off a business deal. The less ego-centered I am about these things and the more I throw myself into just *doing* them, the better I become at them. It's the sex thing—or ego thing *about* sex—all over again. I see that ego rating has loused me up all over the place."

Compulsive sexuality. Saul R. had ego problems remarkably similar to those of Patrick and Nathaniel, though he was exceptionally well-endowed sexually, and knew it. His penis was so large, in fact, that he often had to resort to K-Y jelly or other lotions when copulating. He did reasonably well in business and social affairs and, with a few drinks under his belt, was often the life of the party. Nothing, however, was enough for Saul. He had to keep proving to himself and the world that he was better than others.

At the age of 40, he remained devoted to bachelorhood, mainly because it gave him the opportunity of trying to seduce as many girls as possible and to show each one that he was the best lover, as well as the best-endowed, they ever had. Ironically he never really succeeded with women, for his demands were unrealistically high. Thus, in reporting an encounter with a charming girl of 22 whom he had quickly bedded, he observed: "Well, I don't know. She seemed, uh, to like it all right—had an orgasm—but, well, I just don't know. She never even noticed how big I am, or at least said nothing about it. And when I kissed her pussy for about 20 minutes—shit, I thought my goddamned head would fall off my neck, I was getting so tired!—she merely accepted it as if it was her natural due. When we finally screwed—and I made sure I lasted another 20 minutes, as I always break my ass to do—she said practically nothing about it. Not that she has to climb up the walls and say that this is the greatest lay she's ever had but you'd expect *something* more than a pleasant murmur! At least, I certainly did—after all I did for her."

That was exactly the point. Saul *always* expected "something more" from a woman. No matter what she said about his sexual endowment and prowess, it was never quite enough. So he got rid of her quickly, and went on to another . . . and another . . . and another. During the six months I saw him, mainly in group therapy, he must have laid more women than any other client I ever saw. Some of the group members could hardly believe some of his exploits, but as far as I could see he was telling the truth.

But his exploits were to no one's particular satisfaction. The women liked him, but were hurt about his rarely seeing them a second time. He enjoyed swiving them, but invariably came out of the encounter with a bruised ego, since his partners never proved to him that they adored him enough. What I and his therapy group tried to get Saul to do was to conquer himself rather than any female. We pointed out time and again how his value system demanded that he be the longest-lasting, best muff-diving, biggest-cocked lover that his partners

had ever had. What we finally induced Saul to do was to try something similar to the method that was employed with Patrick: namely, to pick a woman, to be as assertive with her as he normally was, but to focus, when he finally got to bed with her, mainly on his own enjoyment and only secondarily on hers. We persuaded him to relax sexually, and to forget completely about the size of his prick. At the same time, we helped Saul to keep asking himself: "Why *must* I win every woman's approval and love? Suppose I enjoy myself, and my partner thinks that I am a mediocre lover? Why should *that* be awful? It might be somewhat disadvantageous, if I really wanted to see her again. But would it truly down me if she didn't happen to like my sexual style? Do I have to rate *me, myself*, if my ability to turn a woman on happens to be only second-rate? Or can't I truly be me, and have a hell of a good time with this woman or almost any woman without any of this foolish self-rating?"

As he kept asking himself these questions, Saul's answers became increasing affirmations of his own sexual desires and a decreasing need to prove to his partners how indubitably great a person he was. The frequency of his sex relations remained about the same, but the number of partners significantly decreased. He ended up by going steadily with one woman and dropping all the others. Significantly, this particular woman was by no means his most appreciative partner, and in fact she had a little difficulty with his large penis and occasionally remarked that she wished it were a little smaller. But they had an excellent emotional relationship and got along splendidly intellectually, so he was willing to forego the greatest sex in the world in order to stay with her. By giving up most of his ego hangups, he for the first time was able to truly appreciate and relate to an entire human being.

Preoccupation with nonsexual goals. Some males are so preoccupied with various kinds of nonsexual goals that they miss a good sex and love life. This is not the worst thing in the world if it happens to be a matter of preference. For an individual is entitled to devote himself to science, medicine, art, literature or anything else for most of his waking hours; and if he truly enjoys nonsexual more than sexual involvements, he may be gaining more than he loses. More often than not, however, preoccupation with nonsexual goals is the result of compulsive ego-aggrandizement. As in the case of Harold U.

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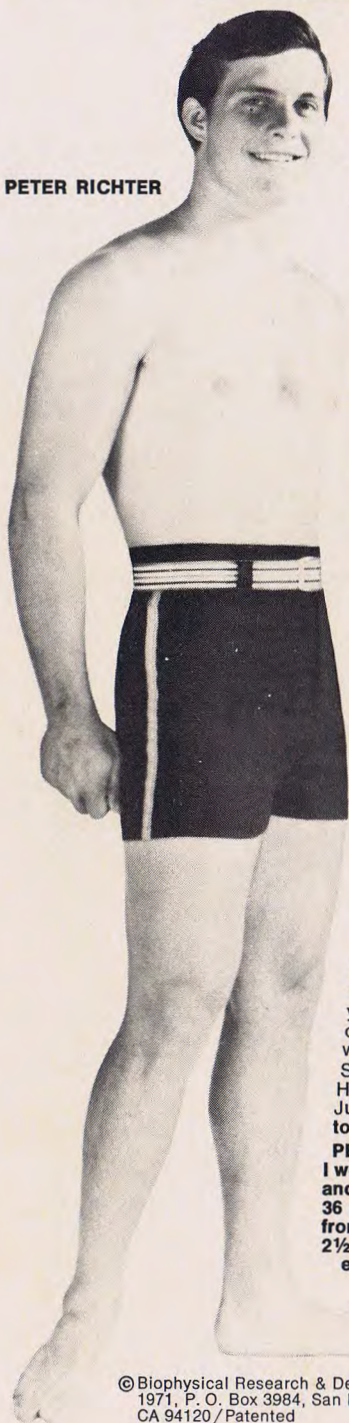
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Man: Waist size _____ Hip size _____

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

● When a man starts asking
‘Suppose I fail?’
he is almost bound to lose
his virility.
Self-doubt is one of the
commonest causes of
impotence. ●

and science. For Harold *has to be* outstanding. He is competent at most of the things he does but he has not hit the jackpot of national and international renown in any of them. And he *must*; he absolutely *must*!

Naturally, Harold doesn't do very well sexually. He dates very little; and while he is on dates he keeps thinking of how he can do better at one of his big life goals. He often thinks about success even while screwing, and consequently loses his erection after a few minutes and has difficulty regaining it again. He selects female companions mainly on the basis of (a) how little time he will have to devote to them and (b) how much they may be able to help him in one of his major activities. Consequently, he usually goes with unattractive, self-hating women, in turn convincing himself that "women are such a bad lot, generally, that I might as well spend even less time with them and devote myself more to the other things that I may succeed at."

I am gradually weening Harold away from most of his compulsive drive for achievement. Of course, it would be fine if he became an outstanding writer, dentist, or philosopher, but I am getting him to challenge the idea that it is *all-important* that he be outstanding in some particular field. Indicating that he is making some progress in this respect, Harold reported in one of his therapy sessions: "Well, I almost did it again. But I think I caught myself in time, for once! I went out with Jo-anne on Saturday, and must have spent about two hours, at least, pumping her about her painting methods. Not that I'm really that much interested in what she's doing. But I thought maybe she might be developing some new method that I might use myself and then I might be able *really* to make it as a painter. The conversation was interesting enough, and I learned something from it. But I suddenly made myself stop and say to myself, 'Hell, man! Stop the painting stuff! Look at her tits peeking up at you from her low-cut blouse. She really looks very sexy tonight. I'll bet she wants it. I can always talk about painting to any of my male friends—now, why, oh why, am I wasting my time doing it with a luscious thing like her?' So I reached over—we were sitting on the sofa in her living room at the time—and pulled her close to me. Well, was I right! In about

two seconds flat, she had her clothes off and we screwed right there on the sofa, without even bothering to get to her bedroom. I can't remember when I ever enjoyed sex so much before with anyone. Not because she was so beautiful or marvelous at it. But, for once, I really zeroed in on it and kept thinking about her body and not about painting or about achieving in any other way!"

So Harold is coming along.

The foregoing cases typify the great number of males with whom I come into contact who have severe ego problems. These cases, of course, are from my files as a psychotherapist; but I could easily duplicate them with cases of friends and professional associates who do not consider themselves disturbed but have very similar self-rating hangups. For one of the essences of being a human is the tendency to rate, assess, and measure oneself. This, at first blush, seems to be necessary and fortunate. If, for example, you are deficient or inefficient at loving, screwing, writing, painting, or performing calculations, you'd better know how poorly you are doing. Otherwise, how can you correct your errors, better your performances, and consequently get a hell of a lot more out of life? Clearly, you can't.

Rating your *self*, however, is much different from rating your deeds, acts, or performances. For you, yourself, are an individual who, in the course of your lifetime, engages in literally millions of deeds, acts, and performances—and some of them good, some of them bad, and some of them indifferent. Thus, today you fuck Josephine to a faretheewell; tomorrow you are barely able to keep your pecker up in her presence; and another day you can't manage a single erection with her. Are you, then, a good, bad, or indifferent lover? And even if, on the whole, you admit that you are a pretty poor performer does that ever make you a poor *person*? Obviously not. An individual is too complex and too much of an ongoing *process* to be totally rated. What is more, if you do rate him, and he foolishly accepts your ratings and makes them his own, he soon runs into ego problems. Rate him as, say, a 90 percenter today, and he feels impelled to make you think equally highly of him tomorrow. So he stands on his head to please you and makes getting a high rating from you more important than doing what *he* really wants to do in life. And vice versa.

Once the individual accepts a total negative self-rating, he becomes preoccupied with what a failure he is, and he actually *does* worse and worse in many aspects of his life. This especially is true of his sexual life. In more detail, the process of ego-obsessiveness and concomitant sex failure tends to develop in the following kinds of steps:

1. You convince yourself, "I must be

sexually powerful and great." 2. You continue: "If I don't continually succeed with the most gorgeous women in the world, I obviously am a flop!" 3. Making love to a woman you keep thinking: "Suppose I fail! What will she think of me? Other men could easily screw her but I'll never make it. How awful that will be!" 4. You fail to get or maintain an erection, through worrying, and conclude: "I knew I wouldn't manage it. That proves what a bum I am! It'll never go up! I'll never be able to satisfy any woman who's really worthwhile!"

5. Upset about your erectile failure you self-centeredly overlook the question of your partner's satisfaction, and she tends to resent this lack of consideration. You notice her absence of enthusiasm and falsely infer: "She loathes me for being so unmanly. Why shouldn't she despise a man who can't get it up?" 6. Remembering how badly you did, you continue to think: "Another failure! That proves that I'm really impotent. All the women I go with will hate me, like this one does. I might just as well give up sex entirely."

Just about all these self-statements, which are the real cause of the subject's "impotence," are utterly false. For nobody *has* to be sexually powerful. Better be little old human *you*, a fallible, average human who can still have a hell of a good time on many, many occasions.

The fact of failure with a woman does not, of course, mean that you will never gain an erection again, and some women won't even give much of a damn if you can't maintain an erection, as long as you satisfy them in other ways. Even if some of them do despise you, that hardly proves that you are a total incompetent: it merely proves that some women will erroneously *conclude* that you are.

Ego-problems, then, are really a matter of definition. A failure "proves" that you are "worthless"; your "worthlessness" helps you continue to fail; and your continued failure "proves" that you must be "worthless". There is no real evidence in this chain—except that if you think failing is "awful" you will almost certainly make yourself fail and hence feel "awful". With this kind of a philosophy, what more do you need to be miserable and inept?

The solution? Change your silly definitions. Any ego-nonsense you can make up, you can unmake. If you must rate yourself, your being, at all, you'd better tell yourself: "I am good simply because I exist, because I am alive!" Better yet, convince yourself: "I am neither good nor bad; I just exist. Now that I am alive, how the hell do I stay alive and have a sexual and nonsexual ball?" By sticking with this idea, and ridding himself of ego-nonsense, a man's sex life (and the rest of his life) will very likely flourish. ○●

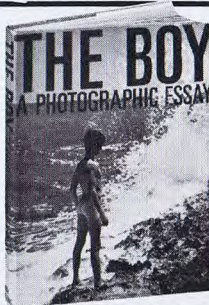
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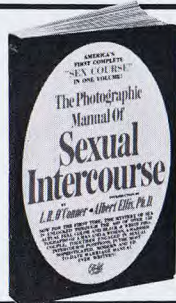
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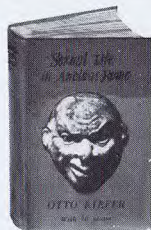
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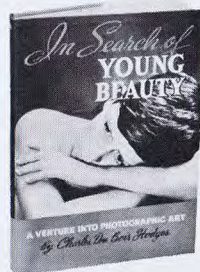
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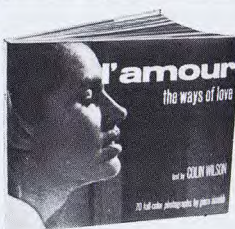
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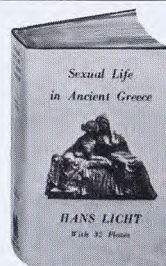
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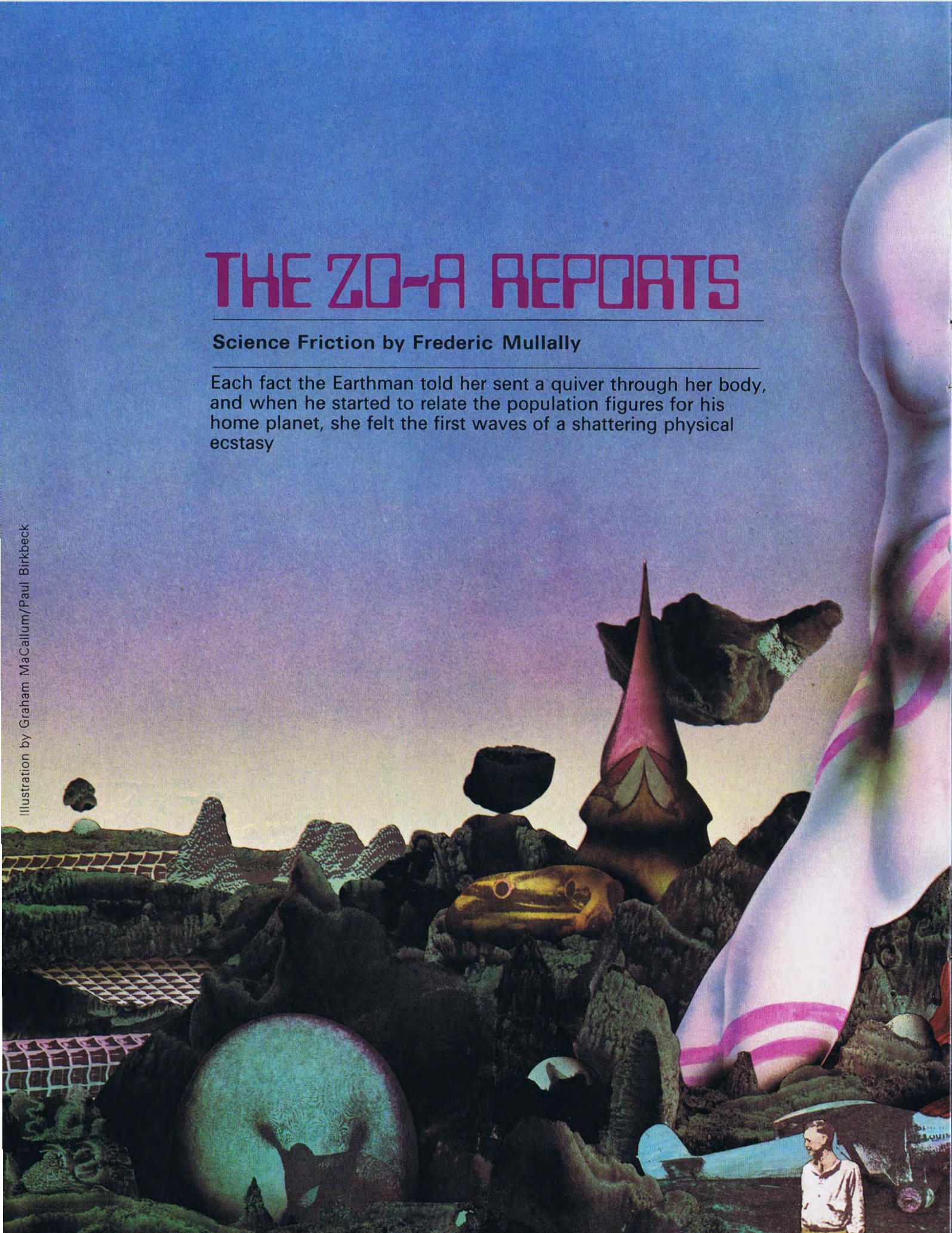
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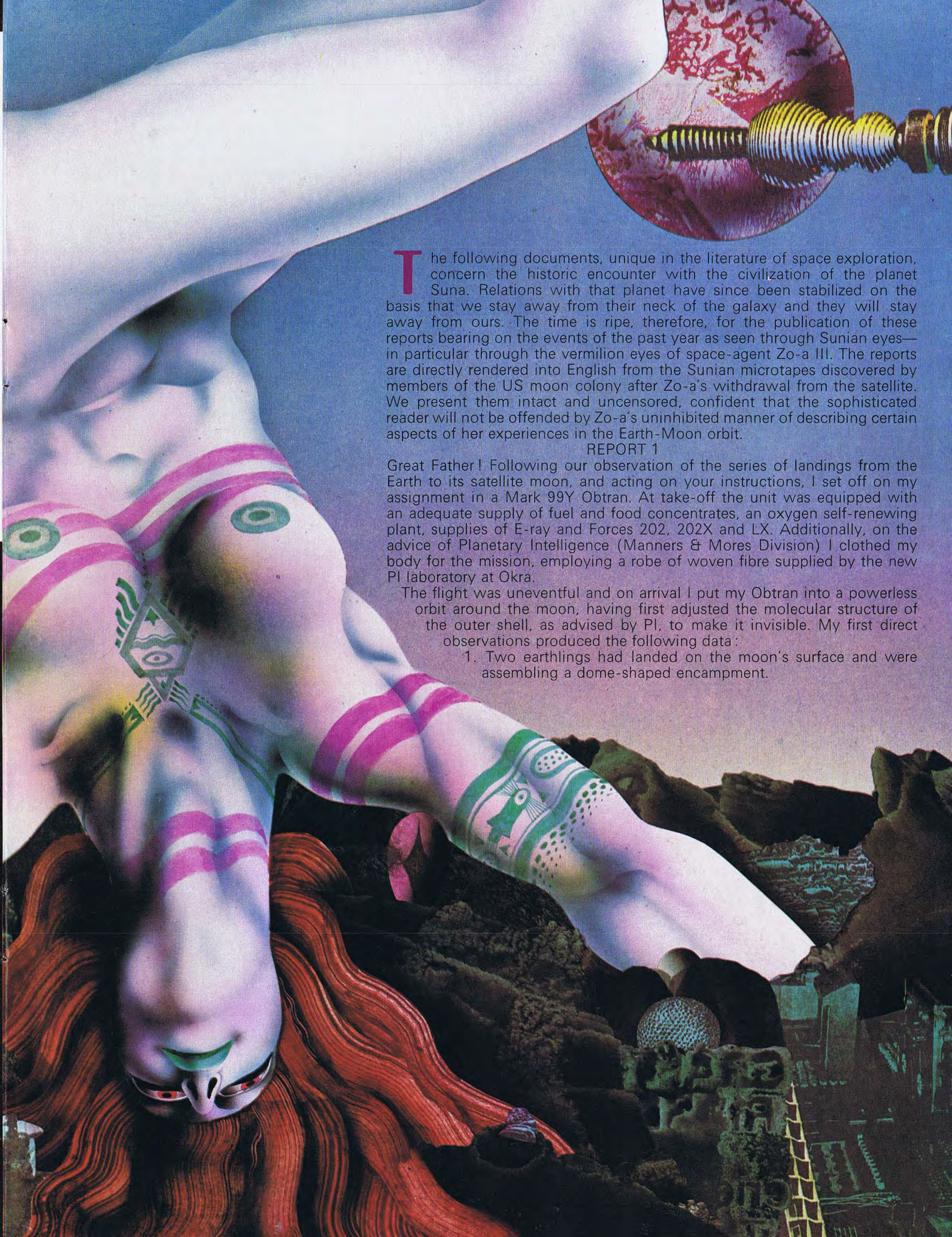
THE ZO-A REPORTS

Science Friction by Frederic Mullally

Each fact the Earthman told her sent a quiver through her body, and when he started to relate the population figures for his home planet, she felt the first waves of a shattering physical ecstasy

Illustration by Graham MacCallum/Paul Birkbeck





The following documents, unique in the literature of space exploration, concern the historic encounter with the civilization of the planet Suna. Relations with that planet have since been stabilized on the basis that we stay away from their neck of the galaxy and they will stay away from ours. The time is ripe, therefore, for the publication of these reports bearing on the events of the past year as seen through Sunian eyes—in particular through the vermilion eyes of space-agent Zo-a III. The reports are directly rendered into English from the Sunian microtapes discovered by members of the US moon colony after Zo-a's withdrawal from the satellite. We present them intact and uncensored, confident that the sophisticated reader will not be offended by Zo-a's uninhibited manner of describing certain aspects of her experiences in the Earth-Moon orbit.

REPORT 1

Great Father! Following our observation of the series of landings from the Earth to its satellite moon, and acting on your instructions, I set off on my assignment in a Mark 99Y Obtran. At take-off the unit was equipped with an adequate supply of fuel and food concentrates, an oxygen self-renewing plant, supplies of E-ray and Forces 202, 202X and LX. Additionally, on the advice of Planetary Intelligence (Manners & Mores Division) I clothed my body for the mission, employing a robe of woven fibre supplied by the new PI laboratory at Okra.

The flight was uneventful and on arrival I put my Obtran into a powerless orbit around the moon, having first adjusted the molecular structure of the outer shell, as advised by PI, to make it invisible. My first direct observations produced the following data:

1. Two earthlings had landed on the moon's surface and were assembling a dome-shaped encampment.

2. Below me, also in free orbit around the moon, was a small unit—a twentieth part of the dimensions of my Obtran. Sound signals were being transmitted from this unit, but I had yet to ascertain whether it was manned.

I waited until the orbiting unit was out of sight of the encampment, then silenced its transmission system with a burst of E-rays and brought my Obtran alongside. My detector established the presence of a single earthling in a state of acute emotional and intellectual excitement. A brief bombardment of Force 202 anaesthetized the occupant, whereupon I took the unit in two and landed it on the moon's surface at a safe distance from the encampment.

Reactivating the occupant with a bombardment of Force 202X, I descended from my Obtran to greet the



It appears that a male earthling, when inseminating a female, experiences a pleasant physical reaction known as "kicks". The female, too . . .



earthling when it emerged. At this point, all I could see was its face, which resembled a Sunian's except for the size of its skull, which was about the size of a Sunian's five years after birth, and the shape and colour of its eyes, which appeared to be quite round, with bright blue irises in the centre of protruding eyeballs. In response to my friendly gestures, the creature emerged and allowed me to conduct it into the Obtran's rest-chamber. Here I invited it, still using gestures, to remove its artificial outer skin and the metallic cylinder—obviously a crude device for the storage of oxygen—but upon removing the cylinder the earthling showed signs of distress and tried to reunite itself with the cylinder.

I advanced the Obtran's oxygen-feed to maximum and the earthling revived and started to utter sounds in a strange tongue. Clearly, its powers of direct communication were limited to a sound-code and it was therefore necessary for me to try to establish Cerebtalk. I created a telepathic field between us, opening communication at Intelligence-level A-minus-100, and the following facts emerged: The creature was a male, sharing your own physical uniqueness, Great Father, in that he had neither the breasts nor the vulva of a Sunian and was fitted with an inseminating organ similar to your own—at least as I have studied it in effigy. A curious differentiation, however, was that though the earthling was less than three-quarters of your height (his eyes coming to the level of my breasts) this organ had apparently much greater dimensions than your own august Renewer and was therefore obviously incapable of impregnating a Sunian citizen.

The male earthling's name was Art and he had been born in a region of his planet known as America, a mere 32 earthly orbits of the Sun ago. I tried to reassure him, through Cerebtalk, that no harm would come to himself or his fellow-creatures, but his agitation only increased when I told him whence I had come. He started to emit a series of loud cries and I quickly put him into suspended animation.

REPORT 2

Having dismantled Art's vehicle and stored it in the Obtran, I established a new base on the side of the moon permanently invisible to the Earth and devoted myself to an intensive study of my captive. I quickly mastered the vocal communication system used between the earthlings and was able to use this as an alternative to Cerebtalk which, when protracted, seemed to put a strain on my prisoner. During these first few days I learned a great deal about the Earth people, and as my interrogation proceeded, Art began to manifest

fewer signs of tension.

His curiosity about our own Sunian way of life increased to the point where we found ourselves exchanging and comparing data. He was astounded to learn that our planet was peopled by only one male, our Great Father, and by fewer females than were to be found, as he put it, "in my home town." And when I explained about the Final Act, by which one male successor is predetermined to succeed our Great Father only every 3000 years, he became very thoughtful.

"For three thousand years there is just one Great Father, ruling it over a few thousand Sunian women?"

I confirmed this.

"And these other Sunian women all look like you, Zo-a?"

I explained how we were born with identical physical natures but encouraged to develop individual personalities from the age of 250.

He next wanted to know how many times in her 2,000-year lifespan a Sunian was impregnated by yourself, Great Father. When I told him just once, in the middle phase of her existence, he uttered a cry and rolled distractedly about on the bed. When he composed himself, he started to probe deeper into the nature of the Sunians. He produced what he called a "photograph"—a rudimentary, two-dimensional version of our own PI obprints. It was of an unclad earthling female. Her hair was much shorter than mine and darkly coloured. Her body was similarly constructed, though not as strongly moulded as a Sunian's. I commented on this to Art, but he pointed out that my Okra robe made it impossible for him to compare the two sets of data. I at once let the robe fall from me, whereupon Art sank slowly back into the bed, his eyes reverting to the protuberant shape they had assumed at our first confrontation. He implored me to redrape my body. I did so at once and our discussion continued.

It appears that a male earthling, when inseminating a female, experiences a pleasant physical reaction known as "kicks". The female, too. This has no intellectual source and can in no way be compared with the sensation we Sunians enjoy whenever we absorb fresh data. It is, moreover, responsive to visual and tactile stimulus; that is to say, the *physical* appearance of one earthling can generate another earthling's desire for "kicks". Similarly, the mutual laying of hands on the body can act as a stimulus. The "kicks" are in some way derived from a series of physical spasms during the act of impregnation. Naturally, I queried this ludicrous equation of pleasure with spastic reaction, but so vehemently did Art hold to his assertion I had no alternative but to accept that something like an illusion of pleasure had come to be associated with the act.

He listened in silence while I told him about the Cycle of Intimacy, whereby every Sunian, when she comes of age at 250, devotes an equal proportion of her remaining 1,750 years to every other Sunian, living together in successive couplings of two; how, in my case, as the youngest of the 250-year-olds, my first partner would be the oldest of the 2,000-year-olds; how she in turn would be succeeded by the next oldest, and so on until, when I was myself in the last year of my life, my partner would be the youngest of the then existing 250-year-olds. In this manner, I pointed out, youth was informed by wisdom and wisdom stimulated by youth at both ends of the cycle, while mutual maturity became the dynamic of the middle period.

"Is there," he interrupted, "any kind of *physical* thing going on between the two parts of the unit?"

I explained it was common for units of intimacy to perform physical exercises together and, of course, it was the function of the senior member of the unit to inflict punishment on the junior, for any dereliction of duties. And I described the three forms of punishment: for major offences, exclusion from the next three insemination rites; for lesser defaults, a period of communication-suspension;

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for petty misdemeanors, infliction of bodily pain.

"So if you can experience physical pain, you can also surely experience physical pleasure?"

Patiently, I tried to make him understand that Sunians were impervious to what he called kicks. I explained how, with us, physical pleasure was a by-product of the intellectual afflatus engendered by the acquisition of new data.

"You mean you get a physical charge whenever you learn anything new—about anything?"

"Exactly."

"Um—how does it affect you, this charge?"

I tried to explain the pleasurable glow it produced throughout our bodies.

"Is it never localized *in* any particular part of the body. In the vulva, for instance?"

"No. It's a general sensation." I explained how a Sunian's vulva is precisely adapted to its function of being penetrated once in her lifetime by an organ one-third the dimensions of Art's.

"But what about this once-in-a-lifetime girl-baby? Isn't that delivered through the vulva?"

I confirmed that this was so.

"Well, what does it weigh—in our terms?"

I made a rapid calculation. "Three pounds, seven ounces."

"Well, I've got news for you, Zo-a," he said. "If you can deliver something that size, I can't see you'd have any problem coping with a male earthling."

The argument seemed logical enough, and I was about to propose a test when the thought struck me that I was allowing my zeal to carry me into dangerous areas. Supposing this earthling were, in fact, able to reproduce his species through me! My orders certainly permit the use of initiative—but to this extent?

REPORT 3

I had told Art I was awaiting instructions concerning an interesting line of field-research, namely whether I should pursue my experiments to the point of assessing the penetrative potential of an earthling inseminator.

"H'm . . . Somehow I don't see the Great Father agreeing to that."

"Why shouldn't he?" I asked.

"Well, let's face it, Zo-a—he's going to seem a pretty *small* father after you've—I mean, after I've—"

Patiently, I tried to make him understand that your decision would be governed by one factor only—the desirability or otherwise of exposing your agent to the risk of fertilization. And I added that I awaited this decision with mixed feelings, being only too aware of the physical suffering this research would bring me.

"Don't worry too much about that, Zo-a," he said with a broad smile. "Who knows—maybe there's a pleasant surprise in store for you!"

REPORT 4

Your reply, Great Father, presented me with an intense personal dilemma. I explained it to Art. I told him you were not in principle opposed to the experiment but it meant I would have to forego completely my Sunian birthright to insemination by the Great Father and would have to be isolated for not less than 100 years, compared with the five years normally imposed on an agent returning from a galactic mission.

"I'm afraid it rules out my participation in the experiment."

He was silent for a while. Then: "The truth is, you're scared stiff of getting hurt—isn't that it?"

I replied that this was perhaps one of the factors.

"Well," he said, "I'm going to prove to you you're worrying unnecessarily about that, and I think I've got an idea here for some instructive experiments. Does the name Pavlov mean anything to you?"

"Nothing."

He motioned me to sit beside him on the bed. "I'm going

to feed you some fresh data and I want you to describe your physical response. How much do you know about the planet Earth?"

"I know it is populated by sub-Sunian creatures who have yet to evolve from primitive herd-societies. Frankly, we don't waste much time on the affairs of your planet. There's too much waiting to be learned from higher life-forms in other systems."

"But the principle still holds good—I mean, any fresh data, about anything, gives you this charge?"

"That is so."

"Right . . . Now, do you know how many different species of fish there are in the Earth's seas?"

"No."

"More than 16000!" He was staring at me, and as I gazed back at him I felt the first glow of knowledge suffusing my body. Sixteen thousand! I confirmed my physical reaction to the datum.

"Well, here's something else. Did you know that one of these fish—the blue whale—is the largest animal alive on Earth?"

My blood circulation speeded perceptibly.

"And that we can catch fish, and freeze them and eat them, thousands of miles away from the sea?"

I shook my head, adjusting my lung-intake to allow increased blood-oxygenation.

"Here's a quickie," Art said. "Let me hold your pulse while I give it to you." He seized my wrist with one hand, pushed my hair aside with the other and whispered in my ear: "Fish can fly!"

I closed my eyes, revelling in the sense of wellbeing now pervading my whole body. "I can feel it!" Art shouted, jumping up. When I opened my eyes he was staring at me from the other side of the chamber. "How's the glow, Zo-a?"

"Lessening. It lasts only as long as fresh data is being absorbed."

"Well, let's move to the real stuff. Take your robe off."

I did so and he came over, sat down beside me and said he was now going to try to induce a "conditioned reflex" as a first step towards concentrating and localizing the knowledge-glow. "First, I'm going to kiss your lips—like this." He pressed his mouth down on mine, keeping it there for about a quarter of a minute. "Now," he said, straightening up, "You got no glow out of that?" I shook my head. "Right," he went on, "I'm going to kiss you again and *immediately afterwards* feed you a beautiful fact."

His lips crushed mine, briefly, then withdrew. "The United States," he said, "has 184 million inhabitants." I had barely absorbed the fact when he kissed me again.

"Russia has 214 million."

The knowledge-glow began to spread towards the extremities of my body. Again he kissed me and immediately voiced a new fact. "Our Great Father in America is only 62 years old."

I nodded, respiring deeply and waiting for the next kiss that would precede a new fact. But Art remained upright, looking down at me. The glow had almost faded completely when Art bent over me again. As he straightened up from the kiss the knowledge-glow began to course again through my veins, and . . . The silence in the Obtran was almost palpable.

"The datum!" I cried out. "What about the datum?"

"We're making progress," Art smiled, stroking my shoulder. "You've just experienced a conditioned reflex. Here's how it goes: a kiss equals knowledge equals glow. What I did just then was simply to remove one factor in the equation without warning and—presto!—a kiss equals glow!"

"Now, this time, I'm going to give you some gentle bites *here*." His fingers brushed the tips of my breasts.

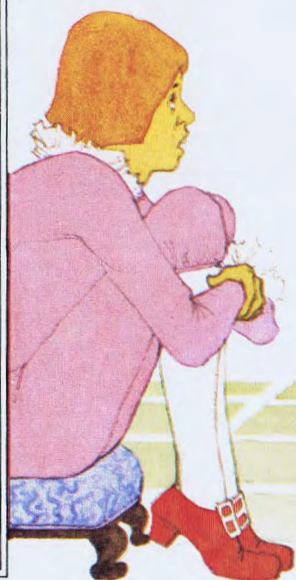
"After each bite, you get a new fact, okay?"

I lay inert and almost immediately felt his teeth on the tip of my left breast in an action half-pincer, half-traction.

History's Erotic Incidents-1

HOW LOUIS XIII
LEARNED ABOUT SEX

by Pierre Desfonds



Brian Forbes



Louis XIII, who became King of France at the age of eight, was married to Anne of Austria when he and she were both 14. Unlike the Louis who succeeded him, he was rather backward in matters of sex, and on his wedding night he precipitously left his bride's apartments and returned to his own chambers. Not for three years did he spend another night with his wife. In anticipation of his second attempt at fulfilling a bridegroom's rôle, Louis was invited to observe the consummation of the marriage of

his half-sister Mademoiselle de Vendôme to the Duc d'Elbeuf. It was customary at court to have witnesses to royal births, and presumably it was thought permissible to extend the practice in the cause of overcoming the King's languid attitude toward sex. So he attended his half-sister's nuptial bedroom as a spectator. The marital act was performed zestfully while the young King watched, and was then repeated to the King's "applause" and "special pleasure". Five days later, inspired by what he had seen,

Louis tried again with his queen, and subsequently at two-week intervals, as recommended by his court doctors. Nevertheless, Louis XIII did not produce an heir to the throne until more than 20 years after his marriage! As history records, this heir, Louis XIV, made up for any lack of sexual enthusiasm on the part of his father.

Sources: *Court Life in Ancient France*; also *Sex and the King of France*, an essay in *Horizon* by Joseph Barry.



Seconds later he whispered hoarsely, "One of our rivers is called the Mississippi!" The knowledge-glow began again. It built up as his teeth fastened on my right breast ("There are eight furlongs to a mile!"), then again on my left ("And 220 yards to a furlong!"). Now the right breast ("My mother's name is Nancy!"), the left again ("I have a sister, 18 years old!"). The glow was becoming almost unbearable. Almost with relief, I saw the earthling raise his head, inhaling deeply. The warmth was stealing out of my limbs as Art leaned over me again and whispered: "Another thing, Zo-a . . ." I tensed for a new fact. He bent his head and flicked the point of his tongue across one breast. The glow started up again and seemed to fragment immediately into three burning sensations, two of them at either breast-tip, the third somewhere in the region of my loins. *Yet no new*



The points of my breasts burned and quivered with knowledge-glow. I wanted to lie on the bed and give myself up to it; but first his question had to be answered.



datum was forthcoming! Instead, Art stretched himself out beside me.

"Well, it would seem you have senses but no built-in sensuality. You can enjoy the glow, but only as a passive recipient of sensual pleasure, rather than an active seeker-after. You've had your first real ration of what we call kicks—*without* being fed knowledge. But if I were to just kiss or touch you again now it would be no good. You would need the kiss-knowledge-glow sequence to get you going again. What I want to do is replace the knowledge link with a built-in sensual-awareness link and the only way that can be done is by—is by—"

"By trying to force *this*—into *here*?"

Art nodded vigorously.

I told him that if I really believed such a demonstration could produce this result I would be tempted to expose myself to the experiment. But it was asking me to take too big a leap into the dark, with only one assured consequence—95 extra years of isolation. He took a deep breath. "All right, then!" he snapped. "Stay in your frigid rut. I give up!" He stalked away, leaving me still grappling with my dilemma.

REPORT 5

The dilemma has now resolved itself, Great Father, but in circumstances that will cause you to doubt my sanity. Recall me if you must; but for reasons that will manifest themselves I would be inexpressively sorry to have to abandon my mission at this juncture.

I had had to tell Art there could be no question of releasing him to join his fellow-earthlings. I had now satisfied myself that there was no evidence of any immediate intention to propel earthlings from their moon into our section of the galaxy, but the fact that he now knew of our existence made him a security risk we were not ready to take.

"Well, what *are* you going to do with me?" he asked.

I told him I would either take his body with me, frozen, in the specimen chamber or else jettison him into space on my way back.

"You mean I'm going to be rubbed out, just like that—?" He made a sharp noise with his fingers. "Don't I mean anything to you at all?"

I told him I had enjoyed his company and would remember him always with a certain affection.

"Affection . . ." he muttered. Suddenly, he slapped his knee. "I've got it, Zo-a! Why don't *you* come down to Earth? You'll have a ball—the most fabulous welcome any-

one's had since . . . since Lindberg flew the Atlantic! You'll be the first Sunian ambassador on Earth. Your own home in Washington! A permanent seat on the Security Council! A special pull-out in Penthouse Magazine! What do you say?"

He obviously believed it possible I might prefer to live among earthlings than return to Suna! I quickly disillusioned him. "However," I told him, "if your fleeting lifespan is of such value to you, I might consult my Great Father about the possibility of releasing you after erasing your memory-store with Force LX."

"Don't do me any favours!" he snapped. He then started pacing the chamber, talking to himself at a level he obviously considered to be outside my aural range. "Just one crack, that's all I ask." His muttered colloquialisms were as obscure as ever. "Just enough to get her hooked."

"I want you to give me some more facts," I said after a while. "I have a sudden craving for fresh data."

"All right," he said slowly, "I'll give you some facts. But for every one I give you you'll have to answer one of my questions. Is it a deal?"

I agreed.

"Good. Let's stroll around the chamber, so you can point things out to me—in between the new data I'll be feeding, of course." I joined him and after a few paces, side by side, he stopped and turned to me. "Spain," he declared, "is the only country of continental Europe whose territorial limits extend southwards to latitude 36." The knowledge-glow came at once. "My turn now," Art said. "Let me see. Er—this ray you used to put me out. What do you call it?"

"Force 202," I answered quickly, for the glow was fading.

"Right. Um—below latitude 40 in Spain, there is relatively little rainfall." The glow returned, suffusing my breasts.

"Now, tell me—the same Force 202 brought me around again?"

"That was Force 202X—a reversal of the bombardment. Please go on about Spain."

"Just a minute. How do you reverse it?"

"That's a separate question," I objected. "Another datum—quickly!"

"All right. Er—such rain as there is in Spain stays mainly in the plains . . . How *do* you reverse it?"

The points of my breasts burned and quivered with knowledge-glow. I wanted to lie on the bed and give myself up to it; but, first, his question had to be answered. Quickly, I strode to the ray armoury, unclipped my Force 202 generator and pointed out its controls. I put it back and had to lean for a moment against the wall of the Obtran as the knowledge-glow drained from my legs.

"You'd better lie down," Art said, leading me to the bed. "I've got a million more facts for you. Just relax and close your eyes. I'll fire them at you as I walk up and down."

Gratefully, I stretched my legs out and took a deep breath in readiness for the data-intake. It began immediately.

"Three hundred years ago there were only two-thirds of a billion earthlings on my planet."

"Yes, Art!" I breathed. "Wonderful!"

"A hundred years ago there were double that number."

"Oh, yes! Keep it flowing!"

"Ten years ago, it had doubled itself again."

"Slowly! A little more slowly, please!"

"In about 30 years' time it will have doubled itself yet again."

I waited. Moments passed and the knowledge-glow began to ebb. "The facts, Art," I murmured. "Let me have the facts . . ." The silence continued. I raised myself on one elbow and there was my captive earthling, standing a few paces away. The Force 202 generator was in his hands, pointing straight at me. He smiled and started to say, "Never give an earthling an even—" Then the darkness descended.

When I opened my eyes again, Art still had the generator



LYNETTE



BODY POLITIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE


A favored phrase of bachelor Herbert Henry Asquith, when he was British Prime Minister in 1910, was: "Wait and see." Now, in the 37-24-36 shape of one of his collateral descendants, 22-year-old Lynette Asquith, his teasing promise has been more delightfully vindicated than he can have foreseen. A recent recruit to the editorial strength of the Penthouse London headquarters, the astute Miss Asquith combines admirable appearance with an Eng. Lit. degree from Swansea University, and a penchant for Elizabethan music. London-born, Lynette was schooled at a private college until she was 17,







an upbringing which "sheltered me from life outside". The result of this protective education, she avers, is that "I am a very passive person. I'm not at all competitive. I am well-balanced and reasonably happy, but I couldn't fight any one or tread on any toes." She states quite unequivocally: "I am permissive, if that means acting instinctively, without reference to my establishment training. It's inevitable that we behave in this way these days, because we haven't got a future, and that makes us insecure. Our generation can no longer have children because we want to: we've got to weigh up the odds of survival." She does not believe that the "alternative society" is a constructive solution — "my life is absolutely non-constructive." But personal relationships are "much more important to young people than plodding away in a little job. That is the one redeeming feature of our generation." Despite her spokeswomanship for permissiveness and liberality, Lynette is unconvinced that girls have the emotional strength to keep their heads above the reservoir of male domination. "Women are liberated intellectually; they can do a lot of important and interesting jobs. But they are not liberated emotionally. When they get home from those same jobs, their husbands or boyfriends expect them

to cook their meals and do what they're told. I'm not complaining, because I'm like that myself. A man only has to say 'Do this,' and I do it. It's just a fact of life." Her appearance in these pages, however, was not the result of browbeating from Lynette's male colleagues. It was partly "because I'm so involved with the whole idea of Penthouse," and partly as a progressive step in her budding interests in acting and music. A devoted dramatist at school and university, where she lent her talents to classical and Jacobean tragedies, she also won applause from the customers of a Swansea nightclub for her soul singing. "I really like Old English music; its mathematical precision appeals to me." Her ambitions are not highly developed — "I just live from half-hour to half-hour, and make friends along the way" — but she eventually hopes to become "at least slightly known" for her historical thespianism. Emotionally, she has catholic tastes in partners. "I like a man who can talk well and keep me amused, and of course he must be sexually attractive to a certain extent. At the very least, I must be aware that he is reacting to me as a woman." We would opine that very few men could fail to; particularly after perusing this peerless portfolio, in which Lynette proves herself an enviable Asquithion. 





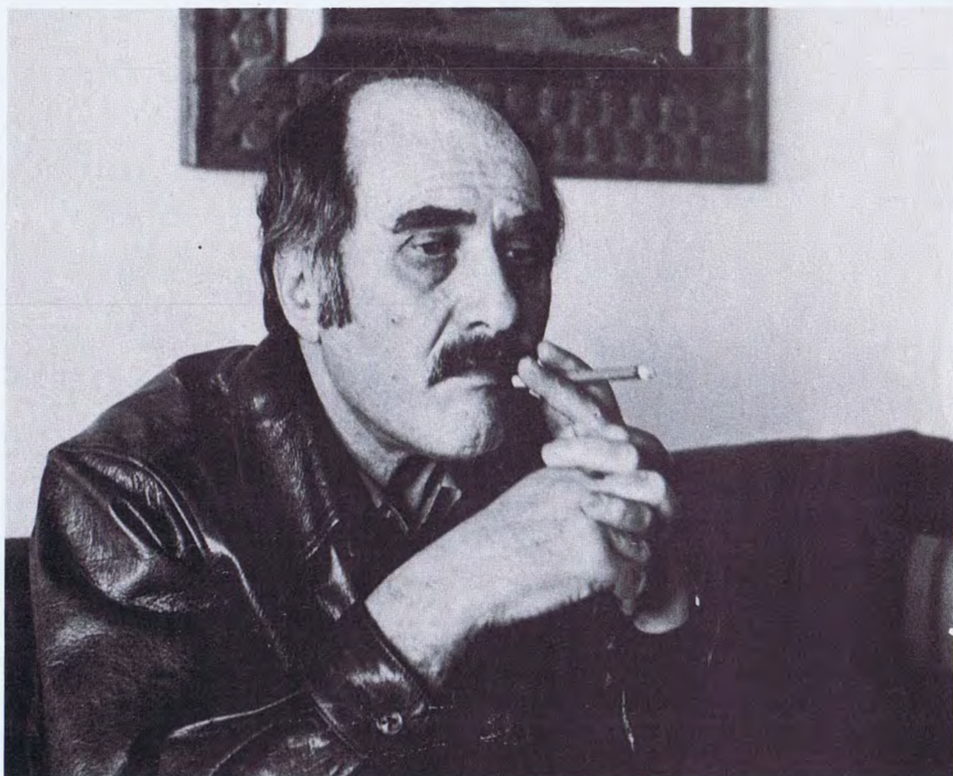




MISS LYNETTE ASQUITH /PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

Musician, bandleader, author, film producer and self-proclaimed authority on divorce, Artie Shaw still makes headlines more than 30 years after his high-note clarinet playing first wafted him on to the scene as a hero of the Swing Age. This year he was glimpsed as the shrewd businessman, capturing the film rights of *The Sensuous Woman* and later disposing of them. First noted for music, Shaw later made his mark with words, publishing a wry autobiography, *The Trouble with Cinderella*, in which he wrote engagingly of his much-publicized matrimonial disasters. Married six times, he can look back on a succession of enviable consorts, including film stars Lana Turner and Ava Gardner, novelist Kathleen (Forever Amber) Winsor, Betty Kern (daughter of composer Jerome Kern) and Doris Dowling. His reputation for conjugal instability runs counter to the current reality of his espousal to Evelyn Keyes, which is in its 15th successful year. Born Arthur Arshawsky in New York 61 years ago, Artie Shaw's versatile abilities made their initial impression on shellac, and a dozen gold records from the Big Band era of the '30s and '40s adorn his walls, including *Begin the Beguine*, *Back Bay Shuffle* and *Concerto for Clarinet*. But even when his audiences considered him the king of swing, Shaw was exploring in other directions: in 1935 he was trying to write a biography of the ill-starred jazz cornettist Bix Beiderbecke, and taking a keen interest in the development of movies. Today his career is established as movie producer and dealer in movie properties, of which the best-selling *Sensuous Woman* is one highlight. His many-



ARTIE SHAW

SHOWMAN

sidedness continues to find expression in innumerable other activities. An expert swimmer and horseman, Shaw once took fourth place in a national precision shooting contest, and has for years been a talented photographic buff. At his sprawling 22nd floor New York apartment where he functions—as opposed to Bird Peak Mountain, Connecticut, where he lives—he collects and even constructs interesting chess-sets, and peers through Manhattan's murk at the

stars through a Questar astronomical telescope. He remains as ready to break new ground as he was when he was the first white bandleader in the United States to use a colored singer, the late Billie Holiday. In this exclusive interview, conducted by **Fred Darwin** at Shaw's New York address, the pied piper of yesteryear reveals himself as articulate, philosophical, independent-minded, and a man who never stops learning from life.

Penthouse: How did you come to buy the movie rights to the book *The Sensuous Woman*, and then do a deal to resell them?

Shaw: That was just an accidental kind of thing. Somebody said it would be a good idea if we bought it, and he would put up the money and I would structure the deal. I know a little about film making and how the deals work. And, you know, film making has nothing to do with the skills of making a film—that's a director's job, essentially.

Penthouse: The deal was for nothing but a title, wasn't it?

Shaw: Yeah, but the title had an attitude implicit in it. Films are generally made on subjects that are in the air, and the sensuous woman seemed to be in the air—sort of the frivolous side of the Masters & Johnson coin. So, I thought, all right. I read the thing. The attitude is that of a *Redbook* school-marm saying, "Hey, girls! Look what I found out about fucking!" So, great—nobody can take it seriously. And yet there's some information in it for some chick who never knew what the hell was going on and grew up in a repressed atmosphere. It tells where it's at. Literally,

where it is at! So I went down to meet the publisher, Lyle Stuart. That was our first meeting (we've since become good friends). And I made the deal. Then the guy who was supposed to put up the money disappeared, and I was left with my commitment. But I thought, the hell with it, I'll buy the thing. I didn't figure I could lose. It was No. 8 on the best-seller list. Well, as you know, it went through the ceiling. And within a few weeks I was besieged by offers. One guy came along, and I thought he was the right guy to do it, and I said: "I've got a better idea: you buy it, and I'll have a relationship with thee." If the film ever gets made, I'll make something out of it.

Penthouse: How about the rumor that Lyle Stuart prevailed on you to write *The Sensuous Man*?

Shaw: I don't have the information to write such a book. I am by no means a technician in that field—just a naive hopper. I'm a romantic, don't you know? My whole life ought to prove that. The trouble with these books on techniques—somebody pointed it out recently and I think it's dead right—is you don't make love to an organ. You make love to a human being. I am interested in the total human being. People say "She's a

great lay" or "He's a great lay." Look, the only good lay is the person you're mad about. Your feeling is what makes it good. The hell with techniques. I don't suppose you can just lay somebody down and hop on and have your way with them and have that work. I couldn't even begin to write such a techniques book. As a matter of fact, Lyle asked me for permission to use my name in a series of ads saying "Artie Shaw did not write *The Sensuous Man*" and "Long John Nebel did not write *The Sensuous Man*," and "Lyle Stuart did not write it" and so on. When I gave him permission I made a condition that he must not run my name first, because that might give people the idea that I did write it. So once the campaign began I think I came in as No. 3. Anyway, from what I understand, it's doing so damned well, I wish I had written it. I wish I had the royalties.

Penthouse: You did write *The Trouble With Cinderella*, and during your five years in Spain you turned out *I Love You, I Hate You, Drop Dead!* Are there any more books left in you?

Shaw: There are two more I want to do, and I'm sort of half into both of them. The problem of writing is to find a little island of peace and quiet. And I haven't been able to do that recently.



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Penthouse: People think of you primarily as a musician. Why do you write?

Shaw: It's as simple as this to me. It's not to do any good, because if books did any good the world would have been changed a long time ago. People are what make the trouble and people are what can cure the trouble—and the people that like your books are the people who agreed with them before you wrote them. So the point of writing books for me is to bring me together.

Penthouse: Did anybody teach you to write?

Shaw: Well, when I started my first book it took me at least three months to get my first page the way I wanted it. I realized I needed help. I'd got to know Sinclair Lewis quite well. So I called him and I said, "How do you write a book?" He knew what I was trying to do. He said: "Artie, it's very simple. I'll write you a letter with the three cardinal rules." He laughed, and he said: "I want to write it rather than tell it so you'll have it to refer to." And he wrote me the following rules (this is almost verbatim): "First, be sure you'll never finish it. Second, be sure that if you do, no one will ever publish it. Third, be sure that if anyone ever does, no one will ever read it." And that freed me totally. I was able to write unself-consciously—you know, get it down on paper. It doesn't matter whether it's good or not. You can always tear it up. So, I guess you could say Red Lewis literally helped to get me started as a writer.

Penthouse: How political are you?

Shaw: I used to be very political when I believed politics contained some possible solution to the problems that beset us. I am now almost apolitical because I don't think that any politician is ever going to be able to do anything. I think it's all down to people—and people are pretty hopeless, as a mass. I think that history is just going to grind its mill inexorably and slowly and we'll either survive or we'll end up as another chapter in the story of evolution. I think the odds are about 50% for life as against 49½ against life. We all make the mistake of believing that people behave logically because people want to live. I've seen too many examples of not only accident- but death-prone people. And I think this is something in our lives we have to understand: that a large part of us is in love with death. Till now, man could make a lot of boo-boos and get away with it. One major boo-boo now, and we've most of us had it.

Penthouse: You're talking now about the button?

Shaw: Well, it's either the button or it's the pollution—if the one doesn't get you, the other is bound to. We are in the position where we are going to control our destinies. But no one man is going to do it—no politician. And I don't believe in "let George do it." Because his name is George Alexander, and George Hitler, and George Attila, and George Attaturk, and George Genghis Khan. They're all the same fellow.

Penthouse: If we don't do it by trying to pick sane leaders, how else are individuals going to save themselves?

Shaw: I think we're going to have to get back to Mr. Jefferson's dictum that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And if we don't all get a little vigilant, we're going to end up with George taking over again. Anything else is cop-out. We can rationalize ourselves into or out of anything—it's the great capacity of the human mind. The emotions tell us what we really want to do, and then the mind gets busy rationalizing. Otherwise, how could it be possible

“
Here we are
in the age of the
hydrogen bomb and
landings on the moon,
and guys are still
saying: 'Get that
nigger, get that kike.'
”

for human beings to be guilty of Auschwitz or My Lai? It is not conceivable that a human being who couldn't rationalize himself into any given position could smash some Buddhist monk in the mouth with the butt of a rifle and then shoot him dead. You look at pictures of that ditch, and see those little sprawled baby forms—I don't care *how* you've been brain-washed, I couldn't kill a dog or a kitten that way. So how could you kill a little kid that way? Human beings should mean we're *humane* beings. We're not! We're animals. And I don't think politics is the solution. Nor is mass psycho-analysis. There's a fellow named Dr. Albert Ellis who casts a rather long shadow over the horizon. He's into something pretty good, called the Institute For Rational Living. He can do for you in three sessions what a lot of Freudian stuff can't do for you in three years. And I've been through the whole Freud scene, and got a great deal of benefit out of it. Meaning I'm alive—I wouldn't have been, I don't think, without it. I've learned how to control the tensions that were destroying me, redirect them, rechannel them. But seeing Ellis a couple of times, my God, it's a whole wild new experience—a new view of reality. Now maybe he's got his hands on something. But you see, underneath is the presupposition that people want to know what rational living is. I think there are an awful lot of Neanderthals among us. Here we are in the age of the atomic bomb, the hydrogen bomb, the cobalt bomb, the moon landings, and we've got guys like George waiting around, saying "Get that kike, that nigger, that commie, that blah-blah-blah." We've got guys like Mitchell running things. We've got guys like Agnew going around.

Penthouse: But the people you just mentioned are politicians.

Shaw: That's right. A politician's capacity for harm is enormous. In films, the business I've been largely involved with the last few years, there's a cliché that film is a director's medium. Well, to begin with—and I'm coming by my own roundabout way back to this question of politics and politicians—if film is a director's medium, what do we need actors for, what do we need writers for, what do we need camera-men for, set designers, lights, and all the rest? Film is a very complicated work, in which a director plays a part, and I think, has enormous power. I had this argument once with a man named Frank Perry who was talking about the future and all this high-flown language which in essence spells out "I'm the total dictator, and I'm the guy who should get all the credit", and I

pointed out to him that the director has enormous power to take a marvellous script and make it into a piece of shit; but I've never seen a film director who could take a bad script and make it into a good film. All he can do is dazzle you with his footwork, misdirect you, and say "Look at the camera angles" or "Look how we're shooting up the left nostril of the lady, or across her nipple at the action at the other end of the room." That doesn't really make a good film, it just makes a dazzling piece of pyrotechnics. The total content of the film a director cannot dictate. The writer dictates that. The director can help with it; he can help translate into visual graphic form rather than the philosophic ideational word-form. With a politician it's the same: he has enormous power for harm. How many politicians in the history of the world have done much good? Can you tell me a politician who could take on that hot seat in the White House today and straighten us out? I'd very much want Senator McGovern, as opposed to anyone else I know of right now, but that doesn't mean I think he's going to work it out. McGovern didn't speak up loud and clear on the Calley issue. And as a good politician, he knows why he isn't speaking up—it's going to alienate a good 49 per cent of the people, perhaps 60 per cent of them, and you need those votes. I had the unique experience of standing in a room talking to Franklin Roosevelt one time, way back, before World War II. I went down there in a delegation of three people—Frances Farmer, the actress, John Garfield and myself. Being the most vociferous of the three, I was elected spokesman. Well, we got shunted from senator to senator and finally ended up with Roosevelt. He said very honestly that we had a very clear and good and moral and ethically right position, but that we would not succeed, because politically it made no sense. In other words, we were not a strong enough constituency to get Congress to want to act on it. We didn't represent enough clout politically. And that's it: politics is clout. Politics is numbers of people. Well, numbers of people have historically proven to be wrong.

Penthouse: Can't a good guy get elected with numbers of people behind him and do good things?

Shaw: I can think of dozens of good guys. I'd start with Allard Lowenstein—he's a good guy. We all know them. But have they got the clout? Answer: no. The good guy has to get Mr. Daley and all the Neanderthals to come in on his side. And he ain't going to be a very good guy by the time he gets them in. So forget it. You can't be a good guy and get to be Prez. You can't be a good guy and be head of anything.

Penthouse: How about a Ralph Nader, who writes a book and heads a new movement?

Shaw: Ralph Nader is a Band-aid on a cancer. What's he doing? He's telling us that if we *all* did this it would be great, and we're back to eternal vigilance. But we can't all be lawyers; we can't all spend our time being crusaders. So what's he done? He's shown that G.M. did some crooked things. Groovy! We all knew this. G.E. proved it when they were caught for the collusion business. So what happens? We slap them on the wrist. There was something in the papers recently about three drug companies being found guilty of collusion—hyping up the prices of certain proprietary drugs to the tune of I think 19 billion dollars in profit. And they were really fined, boy! I think the majesty of the law came down and clouted them with about \$150,000 fine each. Man, I'll take those odds



any day!

Penthouse: In your very successful book *The Trouble With Cinderella* you hit at the notions of Success and Happiness and a Happy Ending. Do you think the kids today are saying that they, too, have discovered the trouble with Cinderella?

Shaw: I don't think this generation of kids has any patent on genius any more than the last one, or the one I grew up with. But I do think kids in general, because they have not yet had the time that grown-ups have had to become corrupted, tend to see truth in black-and-white simplistic terms better than grown-ups do. And sometimes they put their fingers on a raw nerve. Of course kids today happen to have a little more articulation—and a little more money. It's the Spock generation after all. They've been reared—not all, but more of them—on a semi-permissive basis, and they're given a little more money so they can dictate our tastes in music by buying records. They can dictate our tastes in films and television by what they attend or watch. We've given them this. So now we have to put up with what they're telling us. And one of the things they're telling us is that our society is all wrong. But it's *always* been all wrong. The difference is now you have a mass of kids learning the principle that every gangster has known: get together in large mobs and you get a little more clout.

Penthouse: Aren't they also refusing to pursue false values, as you recommended?

Shaw: Of course, but they live in a different world from the one I lived in. I grew up in a world in which the possibility of continuity existed. If you put your nose to the grindstone and worked hard and learned a craft and got good at it, you could get successful and eventually have the "good life," you hoped. There was the carrot dangling in front of you. Today you look at the world and say: "It is conceivable that no matter *what* I do, some maniac living in Istanbul might press a button, and set off something of the kind which at Sarajevo produced World War I, which compared to today was fun and games in a school-yard jungle gym." Or, if a young man is of draft age, his own personal life can be brought to an end in some rice paddy trying to kill some "gook" he never heard of.

Penthouse: Might these kids also be searching for what you used as a subtitle, an "outline of identity"?

Shaw: This is the basic quest of all human beings, and it's been going on since man acquired a consciousness. The minute man is able to look at himself, his outline of identity is beginning to be formed. The use of the word "I" is an assumption of identity. I think man is unique in this respect. But identity today is being maneuvered by large and complicated industries, such as advertising. And we're not even aware of it most of the time.

Penthouse: The blacks have been talking about identity, too, haven't they? Group identity?

Shaw: Well, I think they have done some rather miraculous things in the last decade or so. Whether it's a sort of overkill or over-defiant thing doesn't really matter very much. They have acquired a positive sense of background. Black-is-beautiful doesn't make any more sense than white-is-beautiful. But the idea that they can even say that is a long way from the way things were. There was an interesting survey not long ago asking, Do people think the blacks have made a lot of progress, and isn't it good? About 65 per cent answered yes they've made a lot of progress, and yet that same 65 per cent said



Shaw as bandleader: *in the beguining*

they thought the blacks were too pushy.

Penthouse: Do you think they were frightened by the words Black Power?

Shaw: Well, it's the old idea, you know: "Don't fight, don't be violent." But power has never voluntarily relinquished itself. If the blacks want power, they're going to have to go get it. And they can't look to Charlie to help them. Charlie at best is going to be a neutral observer. At worst, he's going to be Martha and John Mitchell.

Penthouse: Is it fair to say that your ideas on success and happiness depend on semantics?

Shaw: Well, I think semantics is the negation of the idea that words convey precise meanings—unless they're very carefully used. Especially words like Happiness and Success and Failure. I lived in Spain for five years and had occasion to come into contact with another kind of view of how life ought to be lived. The American idea is competitive. It's based on the idea that you're either a winner or a loser, a success or a failure. It seems to me we need courses on failure and on losing, because many more people lose than win. More people fail than succeed. And I think we've got to teach people how to live with the facts. If you lose, you ought to be able to make something out of that and do it with a fairly good grace and still live a fairly decently good life. In any league, in any contest, there is only one winner. But what about all the rest? Are they all to be dismissed and forgotten? Are they all nothing? We ought to teach people that there's no great onus to losing. If we could only do that I think we'd all relax a lot more. Does everybody have to be President to be a success in politics? Does every fiddle-player have to be Heifetz? I've had some success in music, but I'm adjusted to the fact that as a physicist I'd be a loser. As a statistician or a bookkeeper I'd be terrible. But what's wrong with being an honorable failure?

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself an honorable failure in love?

Shaw: Okay, you're into the subject of my marriages. Look, when a marriage hits bottom, any direction is up. I'm not even saying how far up. But when you're all the way down, even a little way up might look pretty good. That doesn't by any means spell out happiness. Or joy or ho-ho-ho. Just a few degrees up from all the way down, that's all. Sometimes things can get so grim and hopeless that even a small way up is all you're looking for. In other words, first things first. From hopeless marriage to divorce to at least a shot at something slightly better than total misery. Happiness? That's only

if you get real lucky. Even then, generally temporary. Let me read you something bearing on that that I wrote recently (not yet published, by the way):

"We're generally inclined to judge other people by their worst behavior and ourselves by our best intentions. Now if we could only accept the full meaning of that statement and modify our attitudes accordingly, I think most of our essential troubles as a species might be over. Certainly most of our marital problems and our relations problems would be over. Because one of our basic problems in a relationship comes down to the fact that almost every last one of us is ready to put the other person down the instant he does something we don't like. The one thing we can't seem to get through our heads is that the other fellow might have had fairly good intentions too. Regard. Consideration. Respect. Concern. Love. All those words we toss around like little clouds of confetti. How many people do we know who ever really try to figure out what those words mean? Take the first one, "regard." Just what do we really mean when we say we have regard for another person? Let's start with some of the underlying meanings that aren't usually understood. For instance, take the inner meaning of the word as a verb: to regard someone means to look at him; to observe him; actually to see him, right? So when we talk of having regard for someone, it would seem to follow that we have observed, seen and regarded that person. And as it appears to me, it should obviously mean we have made some attempt to understand the person we have been regarding.

"Let's take respect. Here again, let's look at the verb: the Latin root is *respicere*. And again that means 'observe, look at, see'. And again implying an attempt to understand what we're observing and looking at. Exactly as with the word 'regard', you see. All right, let's take the word 'consider'. Again we seem to come to exactly the same set of implications. 'Concern'? Still again, the root meanings are to observe, to perceive, also to comprehend. Now, you can scarcely call it coincidence that all of these words come down to precisely the same fundamental thing. What it all adds up to, of course, is that though most of us don't think about it very much, language often contains far deeper wisdom than the people who use it. And with these particular words, our language, which is after all still only an incomplete instrument we've been evolving over a long period of time in our fumbling attempt to express what we actually mean—the language seems to be saying something that most of us tend to overlook. In effect, before we can show our regard, respect or concern, or consideration for anybody—in order to be considerate of course—we must look at him, see him, perceive him and observe him carefully so that we can comprehend that person and understand what he's really about. All of which seems to add up to something very much like what most of us think we mean when we say we care for, or love, someone."

Now we come to that last word—that really misused word—love. I'm going to give you my own personal definition, one I've never read anywhere. As far as I'm concerned, it's my own and I'll stand by it. Here it is: Love is what you feel for someone you like so much that the word "like" is no longer adequate to express what you feel. How many people do you know who, given that definition, really love anyone? And before you answer, there's a corollary you should think about. If we did actually love somebody in the sense we've agreed to accept,

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can you conceive of wanting to own, or possess, or be jealous of, or be trying to constrain those we love? The answer is self-evident, isn't it?

Penthouse: Then you don't go along with the idea that jealousy and a sense of possession is part, or even proof, of love?

Shaw: No. I've been with chicks who think if you're not jealous there's something wrong with you. I don't have any jealousy. I want everybody to love everybody, and that means all the way—in bed, out of bed. Love, consider, regard, do things for. Gee, if we could do that, wouldn't that be better than what we've got?

Penthouse: Which gets us back to your marriages.

Shaw: Yes, people are always saying: "Why were you married so often?" Well, because it seemed to me that was the way to grow up. Remember, I grew up in a brainwashed way too. I grew up in a society that told me this is what you should do. So I did it. It was only after trying and trying and trying, and finding out that there were no mystic solutions on a piece of paper that says "Marriage License" that I learned that maybe that's not the way to go. I learned of course when I was 23 that the pressures in my society were against my doing what I knew I should do. My idea was that anybody I could be married to, really in any sane way, wouldn't need marriage. They wouldn't need the piece of paper. It's a dog license after all. Why do I have to go to some man who never heard of either of us, knows nothing about us, and says "I pronounce you, etc."? It's kind of dumb. And yet when I say that to people, they say: "Well what do you suggest?" And I say: "If obtaining a divorce is so difficult, then make marriage that difficult. They say that's censorship. Well, they accept censorship in divorce; why not accept it in marriage? I mean, society says: I got a role in this, man! If you're gonna get separated, I'm gonna tell you whether you can or not. And I'm gonna vote on whether the laws make it easier or more difficult. Well, why the hell shouldn't the laws apply to the opposite end of that? You can't get a divorce till you're married, so why make it so easy to get married? I mean, any drunken fool with five bucks in his pocket who can pass a Wasserman test can get married. And more people are getting married who haven't the faintest idea why they're getting married—just some mystical notion that that's what you should do, "Two can live as cheap as one" and all those jokes.

Penthouse: How about the business of promising to love for the rest of your life?

Shaw: Well, that's kind of dumb, isn't it? Why should you have to promise? You will or you won't! At a certain point in one of my marriages I decided I was going to leave Hollywood because I couldn't live there any more. I wanted to get back to New York. I said to the girl I was married to (I won't say whom): "Listen, I'm going to get out of here. I'm going to New York." And she says: "Well, what'll I do?" I said: "What do you mean, what will you do? You want to come with me or you don't want to come with me. If you want to come with me fine. If you don't, we're not married, I guess. We're separated or whatever we are." She said: "But I'd have to give up—I don't know what I want to do." I said: "Well, when you make up your mind, let me know. I know what I want to do, and I'm going." I thought, you know, Whither-Thou-Goest is just a bunch of shit. You don't have to if you don't want to. So she says: "Well, supposing I do? Supposing I gave up—and I came with you, and you got tired of me?" And I said: "Well, I've given you the only

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General Motors
”

guarantee I've got. I married you. You can work on my not getting tired of you, as much as I can." It's a two-way road, but no one understands that. I was once in analysis for a while—not analysis really, but a sort of situational therapy—with Clara Thompson, and during our talks one day I asked her, "Among all the ladies you analyse, what's the most frequent complaint you hear?" And she answered: "Sooner or later, every woman that's ever been to see me has said, 'My husband (or my boyfriend or lover or whatever) doesn't respect me.' I ask them what they do to earn or merit this respect. At that point, the analysis usually begins or ends." I asked: "What's the percentage?" She said: "More end." Women like those generally feel they have respect coming to them as a birthright. But they don't mean respect. They mean being pampered, being spoiled, being treated like a child.

Penthouse: Do you think that's what Women's Lib is all about?

Shaw: In the sense that the Women's Libbers are saying "We don't want to be treated as children!" I got into an argument with one of them—a rap session, really, on a program. And I said: "I never hear of Women's Libbers talking about the right to haul garbage. I only hear about the right to run General Motors. Seems to me there ought to be another side to the picture." Then, of course, they'll say: "That's right." I have no real argument with them. The things they ask for that are sane—and many of them are—nobody in his right mind could argue with: day-care centers, equal pay for equal work. But one thing they've got to understand: you've got to be able to do equal work. And the vast majority of women cannot do equal work. I don't mean muscles. They're not trained to do equal work, and a lot of them are very happy to be lazy and sit around and bitch about lack of opportunity.

Penthouse: They claim they've also been denied the training.

Shaw: Well, I don't know. There are women doctors, women lawyers, judges. There are women everything. How did they get the training? You see, women who try to get somewhere are really beset more by women finks than by men. There are more scabs in the women's trade union than the men's. Naturally the man likes to have the woman be the servant and the mother and the babysitter and all that.

But he's not getting it anyway. He's got a disgruntled lady, and the worst of all possible worlds now. I think men would be relieved if women would go out and show that they can do it. Then we could all stand side-by-side and decide together how we want to live. I don't see any great argument, except among crazy people. Though of course most people are crazy. At least, very few are sane.

Penthouse: Is there any one characteristic—good or bad—that all your wives have had in common?

Shaw: When I was in analysis with Clara Thompson, and we arrived at that question, we came on a very peculiar thing. She said "Is it possible that you're hung up on 'ladies'—on the idea of 'the lady'?" And it's true I went with many women I didn't marry and, as I look back on it, not too many of them were ladies. The ones I married all had pretensions to be ladies. They sooner or later would either talk or act the part of the lady. And I guess that was it.

Penthouse: You admired that in them?

Shaw: I don't know if I admired it. It was built into me, I guess, as a kid. Geoffrey Gorer wrote a book called *The American People*, in which he speaks about the encapsulated mother. You know, before the age of reason you hear words, and they seep down into your subconscious and you operate on the basis of them. As I said, analysis works on the things that are causing you to operate a certain way without your knowing it. It makes clear to you more of the unclear parts of you. Speaking again of marriage, an analyst friend of mine was working with the woman I was then married to (at the time, my wife and I knew a divorce was inevitable even though we were trying to find a way to obviate it). At one point he called me and said: "Look, I'd like to talk with you, Artie. It's about your wife." So we had lunch, and he said: "Look, why do you have to call her a cunt?" I said: "Well, because she fits the classic definition." He asked: "What's that?" I said: "A woman who uses that part of herself to get her needs fulfilled, rather than anything else. She's not a human being, she's a cunt first, then a person. A person is a person first who also has a cunt." He says: "Well, do you have to say it?" I said: "Well, at least it keeps me from getting ulcers, ho-ho-ho." He says: "You've got that wrong. Don't you know the difference between suppression and repression?" I said I always thought I did. He said: "Well you obviously don't. Let me give you a parable to remember." And I always have. "Take a man walking down the street," he said. "There's a beautiful woman coming toward him with all the sexual attributes prominently displayed. As a healthy male animal, his impulse is to grab her, knock her down, rape her and go on his way. But as a social creature, he says 'I can't do that. I can't impose myself on her.' He suppresses the feeling and walks on with a nice warm glow of civic virtue. No ulcers. Now—another man, same woman: he looks at her and says, 'Who needs that?' He's the guy who gets ulcers." That says it all. You know, I spent my life doing things I didn't know the reasons for. And most of us do. When my analysis was concluded (I had three separate doctors) and the doctor finally discharged me, he said: "That's the end of it. I don't need to see you any more." It was a weird feeling. I said: "Why are you dismissing me? Not that I'm quarreling with it 'cause I'm saving a lot of money." He said: "It's very simple. There's nothing about your motivations that I can tell you that you don't already know. I can't continue to function as a crutch for you. So go.



"You know, sheriff, Butch Cassidy's getting a real drag . . ."



Three of Shaw's former wives: Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, and the authoress of "Forever Amber", Kathleen Winsor

And good luck." I said: "What do you mean, good luck?" He said: "Luck is really all there is."

Penthouse: Getting back to the parable, what about the guy who looks at the girl and represses his instincts but then feels guilty about his desires anyway. Isn't that quite common, and doesn't the guilt do most of the damage?

Shaw: Well, that's the Christian ethic. You know, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." Why pluck it out? It's your eye and it's a perfectly good eye. And if it says, "Gee, do this or that well," you can reason with it rationally. Albert Ellis is a great authority on guilt. He didn't really do much for me that the analyses didn't do, but what he did do was to help as a problem-solver. He's very good at that. He can turn your view of reality inside-out for you and give you another view of it. The first time I went to see him I said: "Look, I've got a problem that you could solve if you could write me a check for \$300,000. Since you can't write the \$300,000, and since I can't find a banker who will, we'd better discuss my attitudes toward the lack of it and what I can do to ameliorate my views and my tensions about it." We went into what was happening to me and how I could behave more rationally. He gives you some groovy views of what it's about, and I pretty much accept them. For example, one of our problems as people is that we expect a rationally ordered universe, and it isn't. It's a universe that pursues its mysterious functions with complete indifference to us. It doesn't care about us. We make the mistake of saying "It should be this" or "It should be that", instead of living with how it is and trying to make it a little better, if you can. For example, on the street some crazy bastard tries to pick a fight with you. Well, you can either fight back or you can say to yourself: "I don't want to get into a fight. 'Cause what can happen? I can get my nose bloodied, my head busted, whatever." So you just say to the fellow, "Oh, I see," and walk on. Just accept it. That doesn't mean accepting it with equanimity but with a self-preservative attitude. Or, you get into a cab and you tell the driver: "I want to go to 34th & 5th." And the guy says: "You're a motherfucker!" Well, you can say, "Fuck you!" and start fighting with him. Or you can say: "No, I'm really not a motherfucker, and besides I want to go to 34th & 5th." Which is the better way? One is rational, the other is irrational. The point is you can't deal with irrationality irrationally. You have to deal with irrationality as rationally as you can contrive. Now that's a good aim. If you really want to get to 34th & 5th, the way I've described is better. And if he says, "Well I won't take you there, you're still a motherfucker," you say, "Well thanks a lot, driver," get out and get another cab. The aim is getting to 34th & 5th, isn't it? And that's true of all of life. You want to be a writer or a politician or a musician, well, the thing is, do that! Eliminate as many of the

distractions as you can. They're going to be there. The need to make the daily bread is always going to be there, the need to pay the rent and to deal with the environment.

Penthouse: Don't you also have to decide whether what you really want is to go somewhere, *be* something, or *do* something?

Shaw: Sure! There's a big difference between "be a writer" and "write". The guy who wants to be a writer is not always the guy who writes. "Red" Lewis gave a great lecture on that once. We were good friends. When he was living up in Williamstown—he had a farm up there—he was asked one time to lecture at Williams. The story was that they caught him in a rather "juiced" moment, he was a little fractured, and he agreed. Next day he woke up and called, trying to get out of it. He was an arrogant but shy man. But they had already put posters up all over the college. So he said only on one condition would he lecture: that he be allowed to do it as he wanted to. He wouldn't say one word as to the length of the lecture or its tenor or anything else. They agreed. So they introduced him as the Nobel Prize winner, the Great Man, how-fortunate-we-are-to-have-him-with-us, etc. And he finally got up, and he stood and looked at them with a death's-head of a face. Looked at this huge auditorium (it wasn't just English students, it was everybody—all there to see this celebrity). And he said: "How many people in this auditorium want to write?" Of course a great bunch of hands went up. And he said: "Well then, why the hell aren't you home writing?" End of lecture. That's the best lecture on writing I ever heard of. I know a girl who expresses herself in the most vivid and realistic terms of anybody I ever met. Boy! Her metaphors are fresh. Her similes are clear and good. She could write! If she just sat with a dictaphone, she could write. But she says, "I don't have talent." What she really doesn't have is the desire to sit on her ass and do it. Which is all it's about. Or maybe she does have the desire, but she has a greater fear of not succeeding.

Penthouse: In *The Trouble with Cinderella* you seemed to be arguing against success. You even led off with that Charles Fort quotation: "If you wish for something, you had better look out, because you may be so unfortunate as to get it." You also used an illustration of the little dog who catches up with the locomotive he's been chasing and doesn't know what to do with it.

Shaw: Well, there are many parts of that book that today I would probably write differently. I wrote it because no one else had really written about the problems of celebrity, in the manner that I was trying to write about it. As a matter of fact, Wendell Johnson and I once evolved a title for the kind of celebrity book that sells a lot: *How To Be More Like Me!* See, I didn't want to do that. I was writing a book that said, "How To Be Less Like Me"—how not to do the things

I did that are wrong. And how I found out about things I did that weren't very good. I don't mean good-or-bad in any moralistic sense. I mean good in the sense of functioning for me.

Penthouse: Basically, you were chasing the Cinderella myth? Looking for the Happy Ending?

Shaw: And in a sense, I think I was overlapping everybody I know, because the response was far greater than it should have been for any book about a musician's life. Most people aren't musicians, and most people can only relate to what you're talking about when you talk about your pursuit of some distant goal called Happiness. I think we're all searching for a plateau on which we can kind of come to grips with what we are and say: "This feels good. This is okay. I'm all right, I'm functioning." It doesn't mean we come to a place where we want to rest and do nothing. Which is what most people think of when they talk of retiring, or finding happiness. I used to play a game with people. Try it some time. You ask people how much they need a year to live on. Some say \$25,000, some \$3,000, some \$90,000. Your next question is: "Well, if you had it right now, what would you do?" And almost invariably they would change everything they're now doing into something else. I've only known one person—and heard of one other—who would be doing exactly what they were doing. When a guy says, "I would quit my job and I would do so-and-so," I say, "Well, what are you waiting for? Why don't you quit it now? You'll be better at what you do if you're doing what you like, than if you're doing what you hate." Most people never understand that. I mean, you're giving away too much weight in the fight against life if you're doing something you hate, to make a living. I learned a long time ago that if you're doing something that really turns you on, you're best at that. Those two people I mentioned—one guy, who was a farmer, said he figured he needed about \$11,000 a year, and when I asked him what he'd do if he had it he said, "Well, I think I'd sell the Holsteins and buy Brown Swiss." That was a groovy answer, I loved him for it. The other was a man I heard about who used to like to play the fiddle, though he wasn't very good at it, and he also liked to tinker in his basement workshop. Every once in a while, in his tinkering, he'd come up with a little invention. Well, one of those inventions made him a fortune and all of a sudden, people were chasing him (you know, build a better mousetrap and the world beats a path to your door) and he never had a moment's peace any more. But being a very wise man, he set up a little committee—the mayor of the town, the principal of the high school, and the local banker—to handle his money. All he wanted was the \$10,000 or so he needed to go on tinkering in his basement and playing his fiddle, living the way he wanted to live. Most of us, we

Photographs by Amnon Bar-Tur

ANDY WARHOL'S PORK

Andy Warhol, the man who made a Campbell's Soup tin into an expensive piece of pop art, and filmed the Empire State building from one vantage point for 12 hours, has turned his attention to the theatre with a semi-autobiographical play called *Pork*. In these exclusive pictures, **Roger Finborough** discovers that this much-publicized debut is nothing more than a pig in a poke.

That maestro of the monotonous, Andy Warhol, is no longer satisfied with what most would regard as the substantial achievement of making a bore out of sex. In *Pork*, described by London's *Daily Telegraph* as "the nearest we have yet come to a theatrical emetic", he manages to debase it as well, with a treatment that puts it on the same level as a bowel movement. A stage play ostensibly depicting incidents in Warhol's personal life, *Pork* was originally written to last no fewer than 10½ hours. Mercifully director Anthony J. Ingrassia persuaded the czar of somnambulism to trim it by eight hours or so. The surviving scenes show wheelchaired Warhol (Anthony Zanetta) listening to and questioning a number of people whom Ingrassia describes as "like everyone else." They include Amanda Pork (Kathy Dorritie), a plump frustrated girl with a mother problem; Vulva (Wayne County), a hideous bushy-haired transvestite with a Southern American drawl; and Josie (Geri Miller), a topless dancer with a penchant for peeing in plastic basins. Real familiar, next-door, friendly neighborhood folk! In its dialogue *Pork* contrives to present sex, not as the joyful and

Below: *The full cast of Andy Warhol's "Pork" assembled on the bed that constitutes the major item of scenery. Below, left: Heroine Amanda Pork with nude Pepsodent twins; the only clean things about this scene are their teeth.*



Below: Anthony Zanetta, playing Andy Warhol, chats monotonously on the telephone as an orgy sequence between Pork and the Pepsodent twins builds up behind him.




Below: Two of Warhol's girlfriends discuss the ins and outs of the processes of assimilation and orgasm; a typical action sequence from the play.



Facing page: Wayne County as the Southern drag queen Vulva exemplifies the nausea that pervades the dialogue. Here she gives out on vomit, and other topics.





uplifting experience it is but as something obscene. There's a dissertation on the mechanics of a "plate job", illustrated by a girl defecating on a glass platter while a man lies watching underneath. There are discussions on the nature, color and texture of excrement. What there isn't is any hint of beauty in physical processes or of anything to set the supreme human pleasure apart from obscenity itself. There is mild relief in the antics of Geri Miller, a one-time co-star of Cassius Clay, and protagonist in Warhol's celebrated *Trash*. Her piping-voiced descriptions of sexual experience, as she expertly pushes pink phallic vibrators up between her legs, have a certain *Candy*-like humor, and the bit where she gets her breasts to revolve in opposite directions is an improvement on Andy's nine-hour movies of people asleep. But it is not long before we are back in the Black Warhol of Calcutta, groping our way through gabbled profanities and hypnotizing juvenilia, and Miss Miller's attempt to save *Pork's* bacon is hamfistedly thrown away. With this production many underground enthusiasts are going to be asking where Warhol is *at* these days, what he's gotten *into*. The truth of the matter is that he's into *boredom*. "I like boring things," he has said, which suggests that he must be inordinately pleased with *Pork*. With its unique blend of excremental obsession and blatant nudity, it transmogrifies the wholesome, exciting process of sexual stimulation into a degrading version of amateur night at the sewage works drama society. Warhol, if he's demonstrated anything, has shown that even by going the whole hog, he can't produce anything more appetizing than a pig's dinner. 



Above, left: Geri Miller as Josie strips off her hillbilly dress, talking about her erotic experiences as she does so. Above, right: The commentary grows more and more explicit as she goes through her bump-and-grind routine, finally bouncing on to the massive bed.



Above: Armed with a battery of vibrators, Geri Miller describes the various sensations that such equipment can give: a moment of humor in Pork's otherwise murky proceedings. Miss Miller was a star of Warhol's Trash, which was seized by police when shown in England.

Below: Amanda Pork, the central female character of the play, arguing with her mother, a flashy, trashy woman who is as unappealing in the straight world as her daughter is in the underground. Mrs Pork, played by Suzanne Smith, is intended to typify suburban motherhood.



Left: A "plate job" in progress, watched by Amanda Pork. In the dialogue of this latest drama, Warhol has applied a sexual scatologic to life that brings it all down to one fundamental process: eating, screwing and excreting, which in his view are interchangeable.



Above, left: Stark naked topless go-go dancer Geri Miller (who in her private life holds an astrological theory that Englishmen are predominantly Capricorns, and therefore sexually reserved) parades in front of the sun-glassed voyeur.

THE ZO-A REPORTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

in his hands. I made to spring on him, before he could use it again, when I discovered I was bound fast to the four corners of the bed! I ordered him to release me at once, but he shook his head. "Sorry, Zo-a. This is a last desperate gamble. I've decided to play a hunch. If I'm right about it, you and I are going to wind up with some kind of a solution to all our problems. If I'm wrong—I guess I'll be where I was going to be anyway—a piece of debris littering the solar speedways."

I told him he was behaving foolishly. A routine signal would be expected from my Obtran very shortly. If it should not come, Planetary Intelligence would immediately dispatch one of its fast galactic transports to investigate.

"I figured that," Art nodded. "I even know when your next signal is due—just over an hour from now. So I guess it's time I went to work." He turned around and, for the first time in my presence, began to divest himself of his clothing. The first inkling of his intentions came when he turned and walked slowly back to me. One glance was enough. "No!" I heard myself gasp. "Not that!"

He nodded. "I'll try to make it easier for you by stirring up some of the old knowledge-glow. Let's see now . . . Fact number one, coming up . . . !"

REPORT 6

Great Father, the early agonies to which he subjected me were such as to abort completely any knowledge-glow that might otherwise have offset my sufferings. Nor was there any compensation for me in the fact that Art's own actions were bringing him acute self-torment—as his groans amply testified.

Thinking back over this first experience, I find it difficult to isolate the exact moment at which my agony transformed itself into rapture. All I can remember is that the dolorous miasma that clouded my thoughts and feelings was suddenly split by an iridescent beam of light. My groans of anguish became shouts of delight. My body was shocked and ravaged by an indescribable onslaught of thrills that seemed to implode, first, from my whole being into my vagina, then to speed back through every vein and sinew in wave after shattering wave of terrifying physical ecstasy. A madness seized me—and, with it, a fear lest Art should quit his labours before some as yet unknown but surely over-

whelming culmination of this exquisite agony.

I cried aloud, urging him not to spare me, and he responded, pounding against me with his small but sinewy earthling body, mingling his cries with mine . . . The climax, when it came, shattered me into a billion swirling particles of demented matter.

I cannot say how, or inside what measure of time, my senses reassembled themselves. All I know is that I survived this awful dissolution of body and ego to find myself stretched out, my wrists and ankles still bound to the four corners of the bed, the limp body of the earthling draped across my torso. I found myself gazing upon Art with a kind of wonder. Why had I not noticed before the sheer beauty of his face, the exotic splendour of his pink skin and blue eyes, the sculpturing of his wide mouth? He stirred and spoke, and again I wondered how I could have been unmoved, for so long, by the sweet musical cadences of his voice.

"Zo-a," he said, "you're the most!" He smiled, and it was as if the whole Obtran had suddenly been warmed and illuminated by an astral radiance.

"I'm going to untie you now," he went on. "Supposing after I've done that, I walked away, leaving the 202 generator here on the floor beside the bed. What's the first thing you're going to do?"

"I'm not sure," I hesitated. "You must tell me what you would like me to do."

Art started to untie my wrists. "That's all I wanted to know. We'll take it from there."

After we had cleansed and clothed ourselves, we turned to a discussion of the immediate future. We reasoned in the following way: If I were to return Art to his fellow-creatures, after erasing his memory-store, this would not further our Sunian policy of keeping the earthlings to their own solar system. Their plans have already been made and Art would be in no position to dissuade them by divulging our technical superiority for the simple reason that he will have been brainwashed of everything he ever learned from the moment of his capture. Similarly, no constructive purpose is served by my jettisoning the earthling into space on my return journey.

I submit, Great Father, that there is one clear solution to the problem. I have proposed it to Art and he has raised no objection. Why not let Art become the Earth's first ambassador on Suna? Through him, an exchange of data between our two planets could be maintained on such levels as you might decide, with complete control over the nature and extent of these exchanges.

I fully realize, Great Father, that I would have to forfeit my right to enter the Cycle of Intimacy with my fellow-Sunians. I also realize I have already lost my Sunian birth-right to insemination by yourself—even though the circumstances that have brought this penalty on me were not of my own making. This forfeit grieves me sorely, of course, but I must just try to bear my misfortune without rancour or bitterness.

Because there is much potential value to us in an exhaustive interrogation of Art, I venture to submit that it might prove necessary to extend the period of my isolation with Art substantially beyond what is posited by quarantine considerations. Undoubtedly there will be some of our citizens—particularly those of premature development—who will urge you to let them take part in my interrogations after the elapse of the quarantine period. I beg you to resist such solicitations. The special relationship I have now established with the earthling rests on a delicate structure of mutual confidence, created out of much trial and error. It could easily be shattered by unnecessary and distracting interventions by my fellow-citizens.

I end this report with the fervent hope that my proposals will find favour in your eyes.



Zo-a III.



The now sound
and how to get it –
a complete
Penthouse Guide

TAPE IT OR LEAVE IT

by Robert Angus



CONTENTS	PAGE
The new hi-fi components: more bang for a buck	81
Sound notions – illustrated merchandise	82 & 86
How to make your own tape recordings – 3 systems	90

The Sound Machine

It's an fm/am radio
It's a cassette player
It's a cassette recorder
It's a boosted speaker
It's hi-fi to go
It's a blast.

It's Bell & Howell



 **BELL & HOWELL**

TAPE IT OR LEAVE IT

The now sound and
how to get it—
a complete guide
by Robert Angus

WHAT'S NEW IN HI-FI: MORE BANG FOR A BUCK

Buying a sound system in the early 1960s, chances are you'd have looked at one of the suitcase stereos then coming into vogue—an automatic turntable and amplifier with two mini-speakers, all in plastic cases that folded up to look like a suitcase. The most popular one, KLH's Model II, sold for \$199 and for its time delivered lots of good sound at a modest price. Shopping today, you're more likely to spend \$350 to \$500, and to look at high-fidelity component systems rather than stereo compacts. And for twice as much money, you're likely to get more than twice as much sound.

Hi-fi, like everything else, isn't getting any cheaper, but it's getting better, particularly with such dramatic developments as the hi-fi cassette, the four-channel stereo cartridge and four-channel sound in general. In terms of what you get from the new models there's more bang for your buck than ever.

For example, four-channel stereo. You can buy a four-channel headphone like the Koss 2+2 for \$85—about what you'd expect to spend for a better conventional stereophone, and manufacturers like Stanton and Superex expect to have their own comparably-priced versions soon. A four-channel tape deck from Sony/Superscope, Teac or Panasonic is only slightly more expensive than a two-channel model of comparable performance (though the ancillary electronics can add substantially to the cost). Or you can buy a four-channel cartridge system from Toyo Radio for about what you'd have once spent on a suitcase stereo (only two channel).

Or take tape. Fisher Radio and Ampex are all but giving away four-channel cartridge decks with their four-channel conversion units. You buy two channels of amplification to add to an existing stereo amplifier or receiver, plus the necessary controls, and the tape deck comes along as part of the package virtually for free. Or, if you like cassettes, you can buy a tape deck like the Ampex Micro 335 which not only reverses automatically, but changes as well—handling tape cassettes like a jukebox handles records. When the blank cassettes first appeared back in 1965, you'd have paid about \$3 for an hour's worth of recording. Now, you can get up to 90 minutes for the same money, or such high-fidelity, high-performance formulations as TDK's SD or Scotch's cobalt-treated cassettes.

Speaker design hasn't changed significantly since the introduction of the acoustic suspension speaker in the late 1950s, and four-channel stereo hasn't yet precipitated a rush of smaller models or speakers capable of diffusing sound evenly throughout the listening room. Nonetheless, there are new sweet-sounding models

from Rectilinear Research, Dynaco, and Wharfedale, among others, in the under-\$100 range. Mini-models are being offered now with the idea that it's easier to get four of them into a bachelor apartment for four-channel stereo than four full-sized bookshelf speakers. If you have the room, though, there are some new full-throated speakers from manufacturers like Sansui, James B. Lansing, Marantz, Kenwood, Pioneer, Panasonic and others. Increased value in these and the other loudspeakers consists generally of better components inside the speakers and (in the case of JBL, for example) sharper styling.

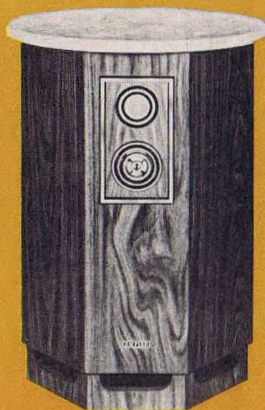
While omnidirectional speakers, or systems using reflective sound, aren't new, there are several variations on the theme. Empire's latest Grenadier system, the 7500, utilizes the principle of lens dispersion for higher frequencies, with the woofer aimed facing the floor. Epicure Products has an omnidirectional tower which takes up only about one square foot of floor space, while Ultra Tone Ltd. puts its reflective speakers in a conventional bookshelf cabinet. Their manufacturers say these speakers are ideally suited to four-channel stereo because they spread sound evenly around the room.

In years gone by, separate tuners, power amplifiers and preamps marked the audiophile who used them to build his system as a true perfectionist. Now you can get the same performance in a good stereo receiver from Sansui, Fisher, Pioneer, Scott or Marantz, plus such deluxe features as automatic FM tuning (just press a button and the tuner selects stereo or mono FM stations automatically), remote control (from Fisher, among others), slide

controls for volume and balance instead of rotary knobs (similar to the sliding pots on a professional recording console) and other goodies. The new receivers such as the Marantz 2270 and Panasonic SA-4000 are capable of handling two independent pairs of loudspeakers with front panel selector controls and two tape sources, something yesteryear's best audiophile equipment couldn't manage.

Are two-channel receivers, tuners and amplifiers obsolete? By no means. There are more than 250 units available right now that you couldn't have bought six months ago. They range from the \$179 Rolecor model RX 200 AM-FM stereo receiver through the Sansui Model Eight at \$500 to the deluxe models of Marantz, Altec Lansing and Kirschaeter. Some manufacturers, among them Toshiba, Fisher, Marantz, Scott, Sansui, Kenwood and others are marketing their two-channel amplifiers and receivers as "four-channel-ready"—when you can afford it you can add a quad converter containing two additional channels of amplification for a four-channel system. The existence of so many new two-channel units indicates that they, at least, expect two-channel to be with us for some time to come.

There is no such thing as a four-channel tuner because the Federal Communications Commission has refused to authorize any form of four-channel broadcast other than those which are completely compatible with today's two-channel receivers, but this hasn't stopped many of the same manufacturers from beefing up the tuner sections of their receivers. Panasonic, for example, has added pushbutton tuning to some of its line. If you plan to do a lot of tape recording and want the convenience of being able to mix signals from radio, phono or a



Cabinet loudspeaker system, Empire model 7500M. Right: Quadrophonic earphones from Koss.

microphone, the Kenwood 6160 and several other new models may fill the bill. They contain mixing facilities built into the receiver and controlled on the front panel.

Automatic turntable buffs have seen the price of a good record-changer climb steadily from the \$60 level ten years ago to \$200 or so. The most dramatic newcomer is the Garrard Zero 100, and you don't have to know much about audio to see why it costs more than three times as much as Garrard's best in the early 1960s. There's an articulated arm, which reduces the discrepancy between the path taken by the record cutter and the playback stylus virtually to zero (hence the name), and a highly sophisticated tone-arm mounting, which reduces record wear to a fraction of that in 1962. What you can't see—in the Garrard, the new Benjamin Miracords and the BSR 810—are the better-built and designed motors, which reduce hum and improve changer performance. Manual turntables such as Sansui's SR 1050E and 2050E have similarly shown a tendency to climb in price (they're \$120 and \$150 respectively), though the Acoustic Research turntable remains the bargain-hunter's dream of a well designed unit at a modest price (\$78).

Most of the major improvements in phono

cartridge design occurred a year or two ago, with the improvement of trackability in Shure, Stanton, Elac, Pickering, ADC and other models. There are some new models this year from these and other manufacturers, but price and performance remain comparable to last year's levels.

But perhaps nothing this year is more striking than the number of different approaches being made to the problem of quieter tapes. As the number of tape recorders sold each year in the U.S. continues to soar, listeners are becoming increasingly aware of tape hiss. Hiss is to tape what surface noise—ticks, pops and scratches—is to records. Except that it's possible to do something electronically about the hiss problem. Inventor Ray Dolby found that by pre-emphasizing some frequencies during recording and toning them down on playback, it was possible to suppress background noise as well. Now there are two noise suppression systems in competition with Dolby—ANRS, a Japanese invention being used by JVC, Panasonic, Sony and Standard Radio; and DNL, a product of Norelco, which invented the cassette system in the first place. Norelco says the other two systems are incompatible because they require special recording and playback equipment.

DNL, it continues, will work on any tape, even if it was recorded several years ago without the process. Meanwhile, Lafayette Radio, Kenwood and several other manufacturers have joined the Dolby fold.

There have also been tremendous improvements in recorder heads—those electromagnets which record and reproduce sound on tape. Akai and Roberts are using glass heads; Panasonic and Concord are using hotpressed ferrite. Both materials are many times as durable as the laminated ferrite heads in most older machines, which means not only longer life for the recorder, but higher fidelity as well.

And finally, there are the new tapes—gamma ferric oxide from TDK, cobalt-treated from Scotch, chromium dioxide from Ampex, Hitachi-Maxell, BASF, Memorex and several others, high density cassettes from Audio Magnetics and Bell & Howell. Each of them, properly used on good equipment, means quieter backgrounds and higher fidelity—in some cases putting tape in direct competition with a record fresh from the factory in both categories. Prices for these premium tapes have been declining to the point where they're now about as costly as standard cassettes were a season or two ago.

PENTHOUSE PARAPHERNALIA Furnishments by Dawn Steel SOUND NOTIONS



1. Omni-directional speaker system, model 5303, has four free-edge woofers and four horn tweeters encased in punched metal enclosure. Hang them from ceiling or mount on floor stands. By JVC, \$169.95 each.

2. The AR-6 has been called the finest inexpensive speaker one could hope to encounter. Two-way system has 8" acoustic suspension woofer, 1 1/2" cone tweeter. Bookshelf size. By Acoustic Research, \$81 each.

3. Direct/Reflecting(R) speaker system model 901. No woofers, no tweeters, no crossovers. 18 small full-range drivers radiate 89% of their sound against wall behind speaker. By Bose, \$476 the pair. Pedestal bases and walnut facings extra.

4. L100 Century sports a sculptured "Quadrex 2" grille. Noise-filter front panel made of same material used to form wind screens for microphones. 90 degree horizontal and vertical dispersion. By JBL, \$273 each.

5. Model W80A Variflex(R) bounces sound off a reflector in rear of speaker. Permits operation even in center of room by breaking up sound so it spreads evenly. Requires no special spacing. By Wharfedale, \$317.60 each.

6. Standard KLH 6 system gets new look with model DW6. Bookshelf size, wide frequency range, low distortion. Unchanged in any performance aspect since introduction in 1958. By KLH, \$144.95 each.

THE CRITICS HAVE PUT THE COMPETITION IN THEIR PLACE

Specifically, the leading consumer testing publications have continually top-rated Sherwood receivers over all others. Our S-8900 shown here leading the pack is no exception.

Of course, we worked hard to get those ratings.

The S-8900 has a powerful 225 watt (± 1 dB) amplifier (48 watts RMS per channel at 8 OHMS). FM distortion is the lowest in the industry—0.15%. There's an impressive 3 year parts warranty, plus 1 year labor, too.

The S-8900 features solid-state ceramic FM IF filtering. Exclusive FET FM interchannel hush control. A zero-center tuning meter.

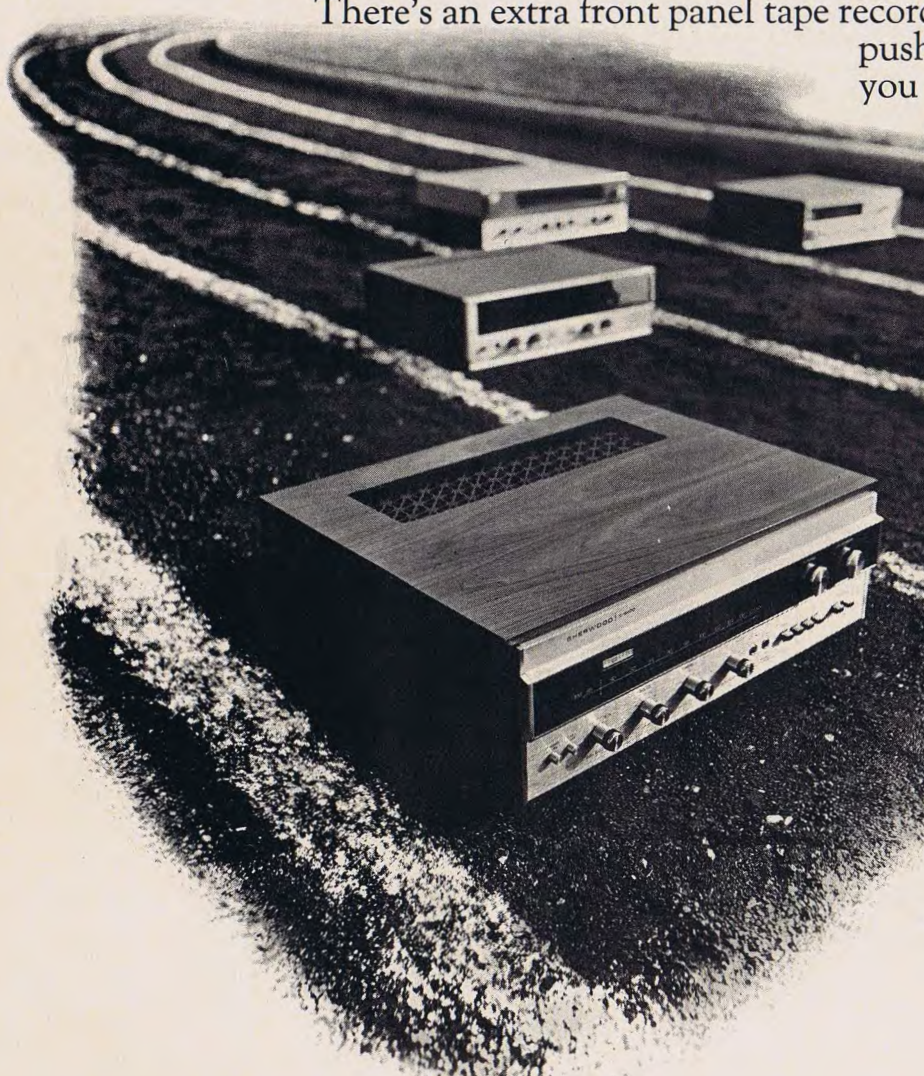
There's an extra front panel tape record/dubbing jack. And six pushbuttons for every effect you could possibly want.

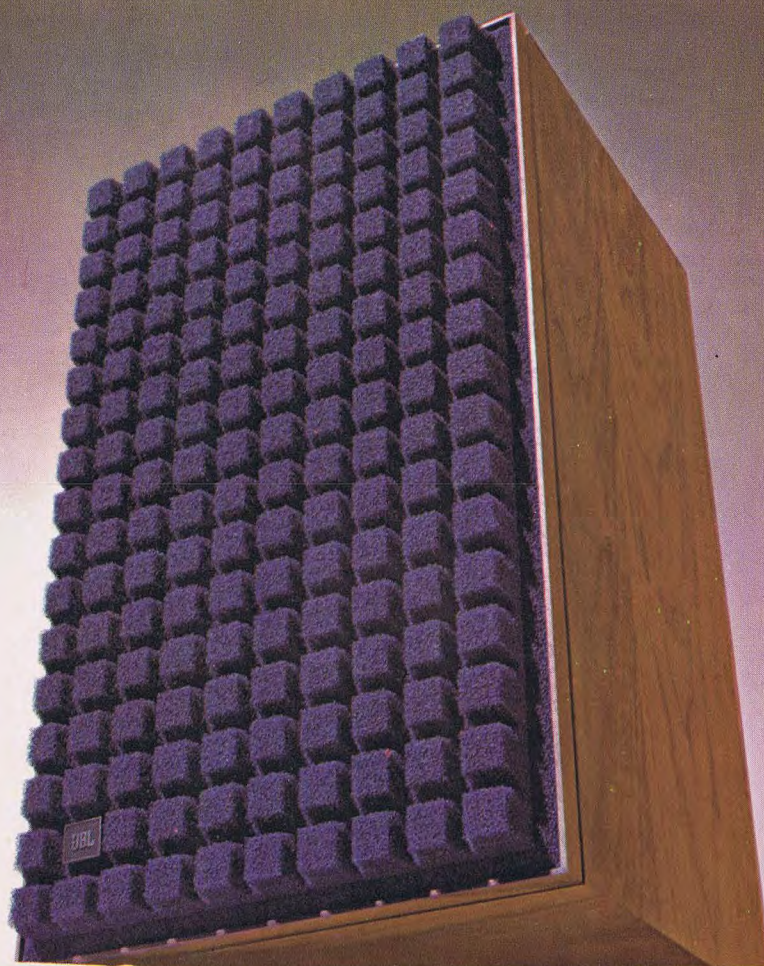
At \$399.95, our S-8900 gives more top-rated quality than any comparable or lower priced model.

That's what we've always said. Only now you don't have to take our word for it.

For more information and complete specifications, write us today. Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A, 4300 North California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60618.

**SHERWOOD
SOUNDS EXPENSIVE.**





Supershelf.

It's the new JBL Century L100. It costs \$273. It would be the finest professional compact studio monitor money could buy except it's not sold to studios. (If that sounds like the JBL 4310, there's a reason. They're twins.)

JBL started with a definition of sound. It's the sound the artist creates, the sound the microphone hears, the sound the recording engineer captures.

Then they added oiled walnut and a new dimensional grille that's more acoustically transparent than cloth but has a texture, a shape and

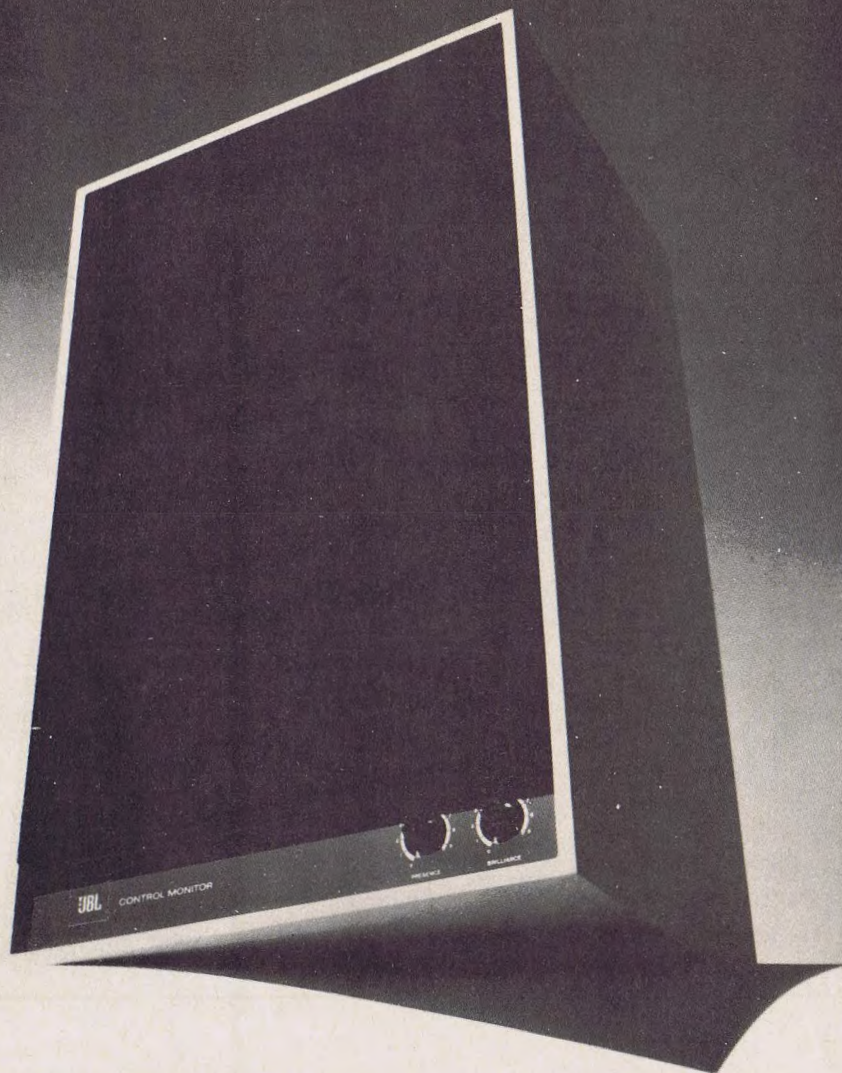
colors like Ultra Blue or Russet Brown or Burnt Orange.

Oh, yes. The JBL Century L100 has individual controls under the grille so that you can match the sound to the room—just the right presence, just the right brilliance.

And then they checked the rule book.

There's absolutely no law against professional sound looking beautiful.





Clark Kent.

The JBL 4310 is especially designed for mastering, control room installations, mix-down facilities, portable playback systems. It's full of good things like:

Wide range response. Full 90° dispersion for vertical or horizontal placement. Power handling capability, 50 watts program material.

Front panel controls for separate adjustment of presence and brilliance.

12-inch long-excursion low frequency loudspeaker, massive mid-frequency direct radiator, separate ultra-high frequency transducer.

Only available through Professional Audio Contractors.

Beneath this mild mannered charcoal gray exterior, is the finest compact studio monitor money can buy.

It should be. The JBL 4310 was developed with the enthusiastic assistance of leading recording engineers. (And they're the only ones who can buy it.)

Now, guess what else the professionals have been doing with the 4310's for the last two years. You're right. They've been taking them home, using them as bookshelf speakers.

That's why we decided to get even.



1. Crown SHC-47F Duo-Sound is an omni-directional audio system for cassette and two-band AM/FM radio stereo system. Records and plays back 4-track stereo. Unique speaker structure. \$219.95.

2. Toyo two-piece portable 8-track stereo tape recorder/player plus AM/FM and FM stereo radio. Two 6½" speakers. Automatic and pushbutton program selection. Three-way operation: AC, DC (batteries), auto/boat/plane cord. \$159.95.

3. Weltron 2001 portable 8-track stereo tape player with

AM/FM, FM stereo radio. 25 transistors. 12" diameter. Battery operated, AC/DC or 12V auto. \$160.

4. End tape turnover with a continuous reverse system called "invertomatic", in Akai two-channel stereo cassette system. Completely automatic push-button controls set in walnut cabinet. \$229.95.

5. Ampex 8-track cartridge recorder/playback unit comes equipped with AM/FM, FM stereo receiver. The 8200 records from a receiver or from external sources by line or microphone. Automatically turns off when cartridge ejects.

Comes with two 9" speakers (not shown). \$349.95.

6. Motorola TM9 20S automotive tape player adapts to both four-channel and two-channel 8 track cartridges, has four separate slide controls: volume; variable tone; left-right balance and front-to-back balance. Anti-theft security device. \$159.95.

7. Norelco 2100 cassette unit boasts noise suppression system. Stereo record/playback deck incorporates DNL circuitry as key feature to virtually eliminate noise and tape hiss. \$219.95.



1. Kenwood's 300-watt (IHF) AM/FM KR-7070A stereo receiver drives any low efficiency speaker. Features remote control for automatic tuning and volume control. Outputs for two record players and two tape recorders. \$549.95.

2. Denon's QX-993 modular unit includes AM/FM receiver plus pair of two-way speaker systems. Built-in connection for instant conversion to four-channel stereo. \$150.00.

3. 200-watt Sansui (IHF) receiver, model 8, offers AM/FM stereo tuner-amplifier, triple-range tone controls: separate bass, midrange and treble. Stereo balance check circuit with meter indication. \$499.95.

4. Panasonic 100-watt (IHF) AM/FM SA-5800 stereo receiver has a direct coupled amplifier for better bass response, plus linear FM dial scale and two tape monitors. \$259.95.

5. Quadrasonic-ready, Panasonic's SC-8700 stereo music center has automatic four-speed Garrard turntable, 60-watt (IHF) amplifier, plus two bookshelf suspension speaker systems (not shown). \$429.95.

6. Dual 1218 incorporates most features of top-of-the-line 1219, including dynamically balanced tonearm. Synchronous motor doesn't depend on line current—a voltage drop will not affect turntable speed. Four pound cast platter. \$139.50.

7. Sherwood SEL 300 is a digital readout stereo FM tuner that locks in station with pinpoint accuracy with two tuning meters. Outputs for direct recording from two tape recorders simultaneously. \$579.00.

8. Two separate power supplies have been incorporated into Harman-Kardon 930 receiver. Each channel has its own regulated voltages to permit response to full RMS power output without being affected by the other channel. \$369.95.

9. Four-channel receiver includes four amplifiers as well as high sensitivity stereo tuner. Pioneer model QX-8000 can also be used for all conventional two-channel discs and tapes. 180-watts (IHF). \$499.95.

THE GREAT



SANSUI EIGHT:

A NEW STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Some time ago, Sansui engineers were given a blank check. "Create the finest receiver in the world today," they were told. "Put in everything you ever wanted to see in your own equipment." And that's what they did. Today the Sansui EIGHT is a reality—the proudest achievement of a company renowned the world over as a leader in sound reproduction.

Take the features. Take the specs. Compare the Sansui EIGHT to anything you have ever seen or heard. Go to your franchised Sansui dealer today for a demonstration of the receiver that will become the standard of excellence by which others are judged. \$499.95.



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HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN TAPE RECORDINGS

Last year some 10 million Americans, or about one out of every 20 of us, bought some tape equipment. Most bought their recorders or tape decks primarily for listening to music recorded professionally. If you were one of them—or if you've been using your recorder all these years primarily as a substitute for a phonograph—you've been missing half the fun of owning tape. It's easy to record your own—whether you want to keep

for posterity the efforts of your own rock group or band; tape a once-only broadcast; provide music for your car's cartridge or cassette player; or merely preserve a valuable or out-of-print recording. Also, it brings out creative impulses you never knew you had. Read on, and we'll show you how with each of the three major tape systems, open reel, cartridge, and cassette. Follow the column that describes the system you're interested in.

OPEN REEL

The open-reel recorder gives maximum in flexibility. A choice of tape speeds enables you to find the best combination of recording-time-per-reel and fidelity to suit your needs (a slow tape speed yields lots of recording time but fairly low fidelity), while a speed of say 7½ inches per second yields little playing time with maximum fidelity.

Open-reel tapes are ¼" wide, come in lengths from 150 feet on a 3" reel to 3600 feet on a 7" reel. Most manufacturers offer a standard formulation for general recording, and a low-noise tape for hi-fi music reproduction. At very low prices there are so-called white box tapes with no brand name, price reflecting type of coating and length of tape. Standard formulations are suitable for recording speech, background music, etc. Premium tapes, such as chromium dioxide and TDK'S SD, are intended for high fidelity music reproduction. White-box tapes are not recommended for anything—particularly not for use on an expensive open reel recorder.

While it's possible to record through the microphone supplied with your recorder, it's never advisable unless you're recording music (or something else) live. The reason: you not only pick up the echo effect caused by the room, but any extraneous noises—a telephone ringing, a car backfiring outside, etc. By using patch cords—those rubber cables with jacks on each end—you not only eliminate these problems, but make it possible to talk in the room while recording is going on. So, with a component system, all you need are your tape deck, a sound source, tape, and two coaxial cables to connect the Tape Out taps on your

Because tape is comparatively cheap and reusable, start recording before the program or selection you want begins. This gives you a chance to adjust volume controls and make sure everything's working. If the volume indicators on your recorder aren't registering, there's something wrong. Make sure that all connections are secure, and all controls set properly. Now adjust the volume controls for each channel separately, making sure that the loudest signals don't distort. On a standard VU meter, this means a peak at the beginning of the red area on the scale. It helps to adjust both channels to a mono signal because in a stereo program, the volume on both channels is rarely equal. Don't keep adjusting the volume or balance once you've started recording unless the VU meter shows you're going into the red area, or your volume is too low to record properly. Record everything—commercials and all—and cut as desired later.

Unwanted material can be spliced out, or electronically eliminated by rerecording the program material from one tape to another, leaving out items you don't want. To splice tapes, you need a splicer (\$2.49 at your audio salon), splicing tape (never use cellophane tape

CARTRIDGE

Designed originally for playback only, the cartridge system is the most difficult to record because of interruption every eight to 16 minutes for a track change. Also, most cartridge units don't record. Some decks do, such as the Akai, Sony, Viking and a few others, working just like a cassette deck, recording or playing back your tapes.

Blank cartridges come in lengths of 30, 32, 40, 60, 64 and 80 minutes at prices from \$1.50 to \$2.50. At present, all cartridge tapes use durable polyester base and standard oxide coating.

You have a maximum of 20 minutes' recording time without interruption, so set all your controls in advance. A good idea is to insert the cartridge, press the record and start button, then hit the pause control while you set balance and volume levels.

Then when the item you want to record comes up, simply release the pause button.

Use the pause button to edit out commercials, station breaks and other unwanted material. Depress it at the beginning of the unwanted material, release it at the end.

Splicing is not practical for cartridges, and is not recommended.

CASSETTE

A cassette recorder is a miniature open-reel unit, with most of its advantages and all of the conveniences of the cartridge. Speed is fixed, and recording is easy even for the novice.

Cassettes come in lengths of 30, 40, 60, 90 and 120 minutes at prices from 49c to more than \$5. Three main types are: white box, or private label; standard formulation, and premium-priced tapes. The no-name cassettes aren't as universally abhorrent as their open-reel counterparts (Lafayette Radio has an excellent one, for example), but they're usually not recommended for use on better equipment. Standard formulations work well on all equipment, and produce excellent results on less expensive recorders. But the high fidelity formulations, such as TDK's SD, Scotch's cobalt-doped High Energy and chromium dioxide, produce outstanding high fidelity recordings on the best equipment.

amplifier or receiver to the Line In inputs on your tape deck. What if there are no output taps? Just use a pair of coaxial cables with alligator clips at one end and a standard phone plug at the other (available complete from an audio retailer for \$2 or less). Clip one alligator to each lead to your loudspeaker (on the terminal screws at the back of the cabinet, if there are any; otherwise, to the two soldered connections on the speaker frame itself. Attach carefully so that the clips don't touch each other or the frame). Then plug the phono jacks into your tape deck inputs.

Select a cassette long enough to record the program you have in mind. If you're taping the Metropolitan Opera, a C-90 is probably in order. If you're taping top hits for your own use, a C-30 will hold up to five on each track, or about the same as an LP. Set controls as outlined for cartridges. When the item you want comes up, simply release the pause button. At the end of the selection, you can depress the pause button or shut the recorder off.

Follow the advice at left about using the pause button to edit out unwanted commercials or station breaks; and heed the advice about setting—and not tampering with—the volume control.

While it's possible to splice cassette tape follow-

The Ampex Micro 187R Stereo Cassette System. With Bi-Directional Play/Record, Automatic Reverse, Repeat Function, Automatic Shutoff/Eject, AM/FM/FM Stereo Tuner.

PUT THAT IN YOUR HEAD & SMOKE IT.

The Micro 187R is the most advanced cassette system money can buy. Heavy on features. Like our new patented bi-directional head. The only cassette head that can erase, play and record a cassette in *both* directions. At the end of one side of a cassette, the 187R reverses directions automatically and plays or records on the other side. Shuts off and ejects automatically. Or, hit the repeat button and play both sides as many times as you want.

Designed for versatility. Tape favorite cuts from your record collection.

Your *friend's* collection. Record sounds right off the built-in AM/FM/FM Stereo tuner. Create your own audio productions. Capture all the sound you want. Easily.

One word about the sound: Immaculate. But isn't that what you'd expect from the company that's in 90% of the world's professional recording studios?

So stop in at your audio dealer and experience the Micro 187R.

Let it go to your head. That's what we made it for.



AMPEX

OPEN REEL CONTINUED

because it oozes goo onto each layer of recorded tape), and a steady hand. Using the footage counter on your recorder, locate where you want to cut, if necessary playing the tape repeatedly until you find the exact spot. Then remove the tape from the head cover and mark the spot with a grease pencil. Cut. Then thread the tape back through the head, pulling the loose end by hand, and play through to the end of the material you want to delete. Again locate the spot as accurately as possible, and mark and cut. Now insert the two loose ends in your splicer, shiny side up. Cut diagonally across them, and remove any loose bits. Then paste a strip of splicing tape across the cut. Turn the spliced tape over and trim any excess white tape off the edges by cutting slightly into the edge of the tape.

Note that this type of editing works only when you've recorded in one direction on the tape. If you've recorded more than one program, you cut material from each of them when you remove material from one.

To edit electronically, simply play the tape back through your high fidelity system to another tape recorder. Use the pause button on the second recorder to cut out items you don't want. It's a good idea, if you plan to transfer tapes this way, to use low noise tape such as TDK SD or Scotch 206 for each step in the process because there's normally an increase of tape hiss of 3 db on each transfer. Another way of maintaining a strong signal-to-noise ratio is to use a Dolby noise reduction circuit, such as those sold by Advent, Concord or Teac.

When taping from records, first arrange the recordings in the order you want them to appear on the tape, and estimate their playing time. An average pop selection, for example, runs about 2½ minutes. An average pop LP contains 11 or 12 tracks, runs a total of 29 to 32 minutes. A growing number of record companies are printing the timings of both

Before loading a reel of tape on your recorder, splice on about 3 feet of plastic leader tape. This not only protects the tape on the reel, but, if you select a paper leader or Scotch's write-on, you can identify the contents on it. CONTINUED

CARTRIDGE CONTINUED

You can edit cartridges or cassettes electronically, following the process outlined at left. As noted, it's possible to maintain the quality of the original (a) by using low noise tape wherever possible in the transfer process or (b) by using a Dolby noise-reduction circuit to play back the original recording or to record your cartridge or cassette copy.

If your cartridge or cassette unit doesn't have Dolby built in, you can use a separate Dolby component, available for \$55 to \$160.

Before beginning to record, make sure that the aluminum foil, which triggers the track change, is just past the spot where it would come in contact with the record head. This guarantees that you start at the beginning of the tape, and that you get maximum recording time on the first track. Most blank cartridges are packed this way. CONTINUED

CASSETTE CONTINUED

ing the instructions at the left, it's not recommended because of the thinness of the tape and the difficulty of maintaining a steady hand. If you insist on trying, or if you want to repair a broken cassette tape, there are cassette splicers from companies like Robins which make the job much easier.

pop and classical selections either on the record jacket or on the record label, making very accurate estimates possible. In arranging your material, try to make sure that it fits the time segments available to you—15, 30 or 45 mins for cassettes; 8, 10, 12 or 20 mins for cartridges, and virtually unlimited on open reel—so that breaks don't occur in mid-music.

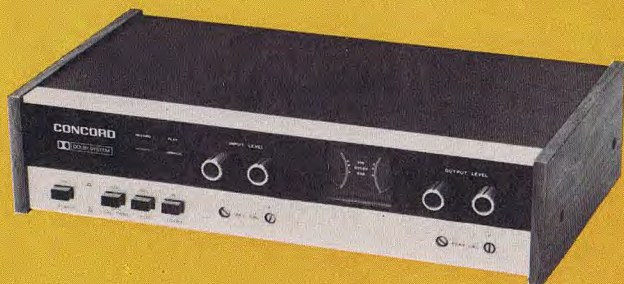
Before recording, insert the cassette in your recorder and rewind as far as it will go. Then depress the counter so that it reads 000. Now depress the Record and Play buttons and record until the counter registers 004. This clears out any dropouts or skew problems at the beginning of any cassette, and insures a crisp beginning to your recording. CONTINUED



New Garrard turntable with articulated arm, Zero 100.



Stereo receiver from Marantz giving 70 watts per channel, model 2270 AM/FM.



Dolby-type tape adaptor for noise suppression, Concord DBA-10.



Stereo receiver with dynamic microphone, Kenwood KR-6160, AM/FM.



remember PANDORA'S BOX?

Remember the lady whom Zeus sent down to earth with a little box full of plagues and troubles? Next time you buy a tape cassette remember Pandora's box; unless it says TDK on top, you never know what problems you are bargaining for. Sticking. Jamming. Tape tangling and breakage. Wavering pitch due to uneven speed. Noise. Signal dropouts. One way or another, the sounds you want to capture and keep are spoiled or irretrievably lost.



Only with a TDK Super Dynamic cassette can you be sure, sure that you have a cassette that will never let you down.

And that gives you ultra-wide frequency response, high output and extended dynamic range, negligible noise and distortion and, overall, the world's finest quality.

Next time you buy cassettes think of Pandora's box—and buy a box of TDK. Reliability is no hit-or-myth proposition.



TDK®
TDK ELECTRONICS CORP.
 LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK 11103

World's leader in tape technology.



OPEN REEL CONTINUED

Load the reel on your recorder and thread in accordance with the manufacturer's instructions. Make sure the reels are locked onto the recorder. Press the Record and Start buttons, then the Pause control. Place a record on your turntable—preferably one of the ones you're going to record last, but a typical sample of the volume levels you're likely to encounter—and set your volume levels. Don't use the first disc you intend to record because immediate replaying can damage the groove walls. Instead, leave an interval of at least 30 minutes before replaying. Now, with your recorder ready to go, set the stylus down gently into the lead-in groove of your first selection, simultaneously pressing the start button on the recorder, or releasing the pause control.

Accidental erasure can be a serious problem with tape. Be sure to label your tapes as soon as they're recorded, and keep them separate from blank ones you're recording. Of course, any tape can be erased and reused.

CARTRIDGE CONTINUED

Place a cartridge in the slot and a record on the turntable. After getting the proper level and balance settings (see left), drop the needle into the lead groove for your first selection. As you do so, lift the pause control. Proceed to the end of the track. Because you can't see how far you have to go on each track, a stopwatch or watch with a sweep-second hand will come in handy to tell you how much time you have left on each track. Follow the procedures outlined at left, and record through to the end of the track. Then start on the next track, and so on until you have recorded all four (or until the material you want to record runs out).


Accidental erasure can be a threat to cartridges because many cartridge recorders which switch tracks automatically while recording move from Track 4 back to Track 1 and begin recording over material you've just recorded. If yours is that type of deck, keep a constant watch on the unit all the time it's in operation.

CASSETTE CONTINUED

Now you're ready to begin recording. Press the Pause, Record and Play buttons in accordance with the manufacturer's instructions, and set your levels as outlined at left. Then follow the procedure at left for cueing each selection (the cue control on your turntable can be a big help, so learn to use it). Proceed to the end of the track, then turn the cassette over and follow the same procedure for recording the second track.

The cassette has an automatic lock to prevent accidental erasure. On the back are two plastic tabs. Looking from the front of the cassette (the business side, with the tape showing through) the tab on the left is the lock for Track 1. After you've made that priceless recording, simply push out the tab. When you turn the cassette over to record Track 2, the other tab will now be on the left.

To record live, you'll need a microphone (two for stereo). For general purpose recording, the microphone supplied with your recorder is usually adequate, though for better-quality recordings, or specialized jobs like interviewing Spiro Agnew in a boiler factory, you may need better equipment. The techniques are similar to recording from records or radio—set your volume levels in advance, place your microphone(s) in the most advantageous spot for picking up the sound you want to record, and leaving the controls alone as much as possible. Because live

sounds are unpredictable, however, you'll have to pay more attention to controls to avoid overloading the tape or getting too weak a signal. Try to think of live recording as taking a picture. The microphone is the lens, the recorder the camera and the tape the film. When you set volume controls, you're adjusting the exposure. Once your mikes are in place and your volume levels tentatively set, you're ready to record. Follow the procedures outlined for your particular equipment, keep an eye on the volume indicator, and your recording will score every time. 

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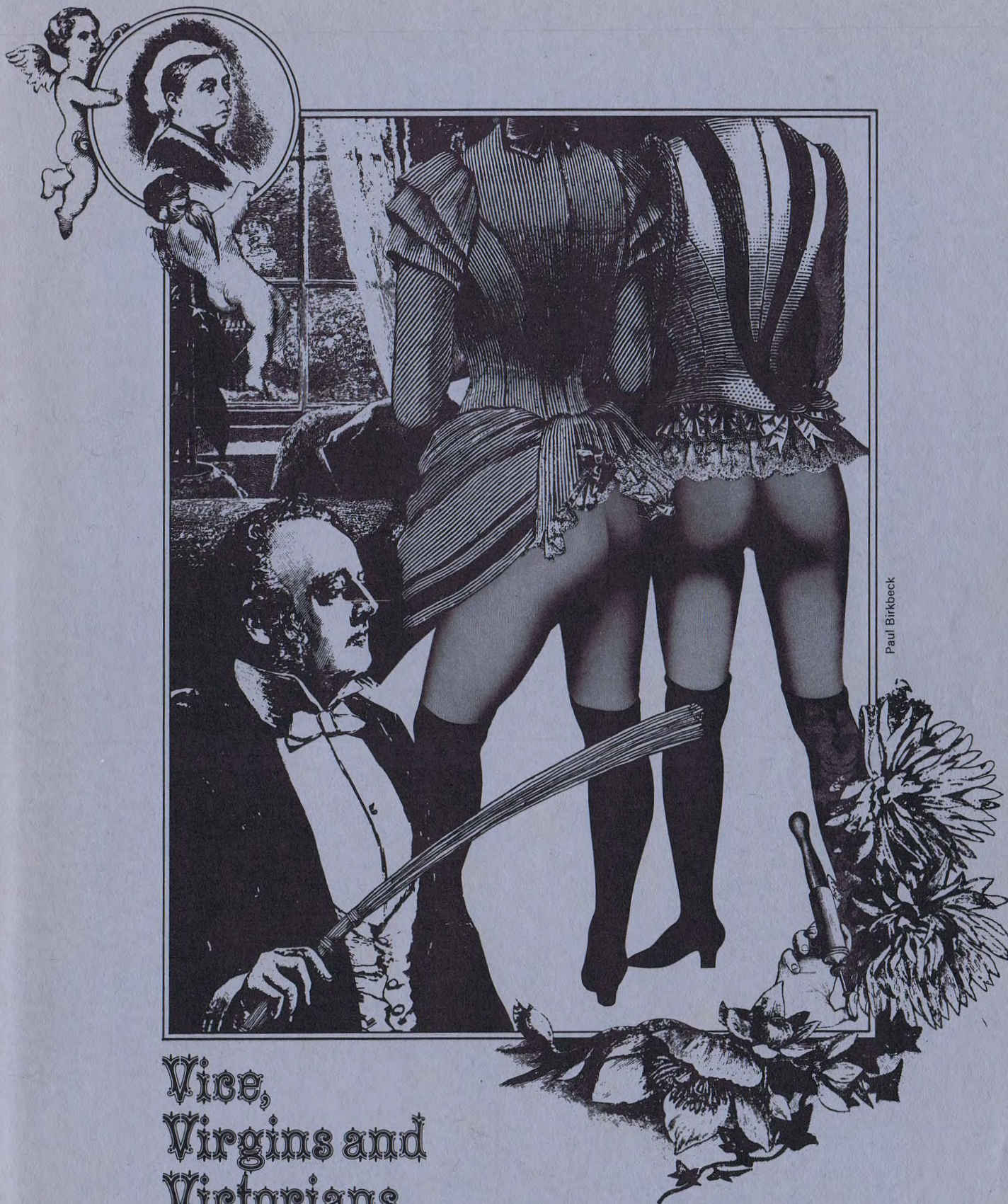
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Vice, Virgins and Victorians

Historical research gives a new picture of
the realities of Victorian vice, undermining
some of the enduring legends

by Donald Thomas

Christmas 1878 was a day of snow and rain, the landscape of Victorian south London darkened by heavy skies. Adeline Tanner, an attractive 18-year-old, left the house in Dulwich where she worked as a maid, and walked to Tulse Hill station on her way to visit her sister. The walk to the station was enough to soak her "waterproof" but fortunately Victorian railway waiting-rooms had coal fires even on Christmas Day. As Adeline stood in the warmth, drying her cloak, a well-dressed man approached her and told her that the back of her waterproof was scorching. She thanked him, and they chatted politely until her train drew in.

In February, Adeline left Dulwich and went into service in Clapham, only to be given notice in October. One evening, in the week of her dismissal, she was walking up Tottenham Court Road (near the city centre), distinguished then by public houses like the Horse Shoe with exterior gas lanterns on ornate brackets but also by cigar shops and dingy taverns whose drab walls were almost obliterated by posters for Nestlé's Baby Food or Bovril, and for the Prince's Theatre or the Alhambra. By a coincidence, Adeline came face to face with the well-dressed man she had met in the waiting-room at Tulse Hill. His name was Sullie, and he listened sympathetically to the story of her dismissal.

Sullie suggested that they might take a glass of wine in a convenient tavern and then go for a stroll. The girl agreed. He asked her if she would like to work in Paris, and Adeline replied that she might. They went to a Soho lodging-house and met another well-dressed man, known as Roger.

After an evening spent drinking wine and gin, Sullie confided to Adeline that Roger had taken such a fancy to her that if she cared to go to Paris, where Roger had a beautiful house and carriage, he was certain to marry her. The girl was persuaded to spend that night with Sullie and his "wife" at a house off Victoria Street. The next morning she was taken back to Roger, having been given nothing but gin for breakfast, and Sullie left her with Roger, a second man called Rennie, and Rennie's "wife". They gave her coffee with brandy but no solid food. At midday "an old man with grey whiskers" arrived. Adeline was spreadeagled on a travelling trunk, and then "examined" by the elderly man, who probed her vagina with a speculum, an instrument used for insertion and widening.

Once the others were satisfied of the commercial value of Adeline's virginity, she was taken in a cab to Victoria Station in company with two other

girls and escorted by Roger and by Rennie's wife. Stupefied by drink, she was made to learn the contents of a paper describing her as "Ellen Cordon". Continental brothels were licensed to employ only girls over 21, so when English dealers supplied a girl under age they equipped her with the birth certificate of some other girl over 21. For the dealer, this had the advantage of making it nearly impossible to trace the real girl who had been abducted.

By 6 o'clock that evening, Adeline was in Brussels, not Paris, and Roger had her registered the next day as an adult prostitute under the name of "Ellen Cordon". For the first few weeks she was kept at his house, a licensed brothel designed to prevent all escape. When she was examined again it was found that minor surgery would be needed to enable her to have normal sexual intercourse and to be made "capable of prostitution". For the time being, however, she was reserved for certain privileged customers, including "one ruffian, who bore a title".

According to her own account, her treatment during these weeks was "worse than that of a slave". She endured "indescribable torture" and suffered whatever the "unnatural lust" of her visitors stimulated them to do to her. Eventually she was taken to the St. Pierre Hospital for the necessary operation to be performed, and her sufferings would hardly have been out of place in De Sade's *Justine*, if Adeline's own story is to be believed. Held down by students and denied the comfort of anaesthetic, she was operated on no less than seven times, while her screams were heard over the entire building. "The principal seemed to hate me, and take a pleasure in prolonging my torments. He would delay the operation, and stop to explain to the surrounding students what was being done, and took no heed of my cries for mercy."

By a remarkable irony, Adeline Tanner escaped from the horrors of white slavery through being prosecuted and imprisoned by the Belgian authorities, who discovered that she had given a false name when registering as a prostitute. Meanwhile, she had also been traced by Alfred Dyer, a dedicated fighter against this trade in English girls, who arranged her repatriation. It was through his campaign against white slavery that Adeline's story became known. The history of Adeline Tanner was one of those presented to the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the law relating to the protection of young girls in 1881-2.

Yet, pathetic though it seemed, not

all who heard it were convinced. To some hearers it appeared incredible that a girl who wrote her account so fluently and so intelligently should have been naive enough to comply with all the suggestions of the dapper Sullie. Above all, it was extraordinary that she should have agreed to go to Paris after the "examination" to which she was subjected in Soho by Roger and Rennie. Could she have been unaware of the fate intended for her? Was this not, perhaps, a case of a girl who had been willing enough to prostitute herself but had got worse than she bargained for? Uncharitable people suggested that the story had not been written by Adeline but by Mrs. Dyer — or at least that Mrs. Dyer had "improved" it.

There seemed to be a clear contradiction between Adeline's story and the evidence of T. E. Jeffes, Her Majesty's Acting Vice-Consul in Brussels. Jeffes told the House of Lords Select Committee that he had visited the girl in the St. Pierre Hospital, where she claimed to have suffered such tortures. According to Jeffes, she was "not at all anxious to get home". When he tried to persuade her to return to her sister in England, Adeline announced: "Oh, that sort of thing won't suit me. She is a poor woman and has a small house. I have been living in a very different style, so that I do not want to go back, and in fact I shall not go." Jeffes went on to suggest that Alfred Dyer himself was prepared to subordinate truth to his desire to stamp out all forms of prostitution.

In the absence of systematically collected evidence, it is impossible to establish the precise truth of allegations a century after the events in question. Yet it can now be seen that stories of the trade in very young girls are not supported specifically by the Select Committee evidence, where three girls of 15 and one of 14 are the youngest. Of course, it was shocking to find girls in a brothel even at that age, though perhaps no more shocking than the knowledge that in England any one of them would have been legally competent to consent to her own seduction, since the age of consent remained at 13. It had been raised from 12 in 1875.

Institutionalized vice with its brothels, from which escape was impossible, its histories of kidnapping and beating of girls into submission, and its sophisticated provision for every form of fetishism or perversion, became more characteristic of prostitution in the comparatively affluent periods of the Victorian age. Before the 1860s and the legal registration of prosti-



Denied the comfort of anaesthetic, Adeline Tanner was given seven sexual operations.

"The principal took a pleasure in delaying my torments, and would stop to explain to the students what was being done, and take no heed of my cries for mercy."

Victorian freelance prostitutes often worked in pairs. Jane Doyle explained she had worked with Jane Shaw when they were both 14. A man of 50 wanted them both; they had gone to a room where Jane Doyle watched her friend lose her virginity, for 10 shillings.

tutes under the Contagious Diseases Acts, the whores of central London, from Waterloo to Langham Place, had shown the same spirit of individual free enterprise as their sisters in the great Victorian seaports and garrison towns.

No seaport had a greater share of poverty and vice than early Victorian Liverpool. Three young prostitutes of the city, Ellen Reece, Jane Doyle, and Mary Kay, gave vivid accounts of their lives, which remain unpublished to this day. Both Ellen and Jane ran away from home at 13 or 14 to live in a cellar with other girls, under the care of "Old Granny" and an elderly man. From shoplifting and robbing drunks they graduated to prostitution, fighting a constant battle of wits with a police force whose constables were sometimes corrupt enough to be bought off with a glass of gin. If arrested, even a girl with no money was sure of a lawyer, since there was an understanding with the attorneys that they should defend the girl without charge and in return she should afterwards spend the night with them.

Robbing clients was an essential part of the trade of the freelance prostitute but it was important that the stolen money should not be found on her if she was arrested. Ellen Reece described the way in which girls learnt to hide gold sovereigns in their vaginas. From experience, she knew that she herself could carry 30 sovereigns inside her in this manner. The police matrons who searched the girls were usually fooled but a girl who tried to conceal money from her protectors in this manner would be less successful. If her protectors suspected that she was hiding coins from them in this way, they would make her stand on a bed and jump off, again and again, until any concealed coins were shaken out. Some girls hid sovereigns by swallowing them before they were searched, and then regained them by relieving themselves on the floor of the lock-up. If the coins had not reappeared after a day or two, the girls would complain of being constipated and ask for "opening medicine". According to Ellen Reece, she had never known any girl come to harm through swallowing sovereigns, even though a few girls well known to the police were obliged to swallow their takings almost every night.

It was common for Victorian freelance prostitutes to work in pairs and for a man to hire them both simultaneously. Jane Doyle explained how she had worked with Jane Shaw, when they were both 14 or 15. On the first occasion, a prosperous-looking man of about 50 had wanted them

both. They had gone to a room with him, where Jane Doyle had watched Jane Shaw lose her virginity, for which the man paid 10 shillings. This trade was loosely organized, the Liverpool girls simply renting rooms in such notorious houses as the Cheshire Cheese in Newton Lane, sometimes at a shilling for 10 or 15 minutes. The girls and their customers were guaranteed very little privacy in such places. Ellen Reece reported that there were as many as 6 or 7 beds in a room with men and women in them.

In 1864 and 1866, in an attempt to reduce the rate of venereal disease in the British army, the Contagious Diseases Acts were passed. They remained in force 20 years. The effect of the Acts was to permit the police to list licensed prostitutes who, in return for being licensed, were compelled to submit to regular medical examination. The police were empowered to arrest any woman whom they suspected of being a prostitute, in order to add her name to the list. There was instant opposition from campaigners like Josephine Butler, who saw this as a system of legalized prostitution. Stories spread of innocent girls seized by the police and carried off to be held down while goatish doctors thrust obscene instruments into their unoffending vaginas. Whatever its iniquities, the system of registration certainly revealed new dimensions of prostitution outside London. In his first two days in Devonport (population 50,000) Inspector Annis discovered 86 brothels and 440 prostitutes. He was later to find out that this was still less than half the total number in the town.

If the Contagious Diseases Acts helped to institutionalize vice, so, paradoxically, did the growing humanity and social improvement of the Victorian period. Certain perversions which had enjoyed a precarious respectability in the 1840s or 1850s could only be safely practised in a brothel by the 1880s. There is no better illustration of this than the case of James Miles and his taste for that most Victorian aberration, the sexual flagellation of girls.

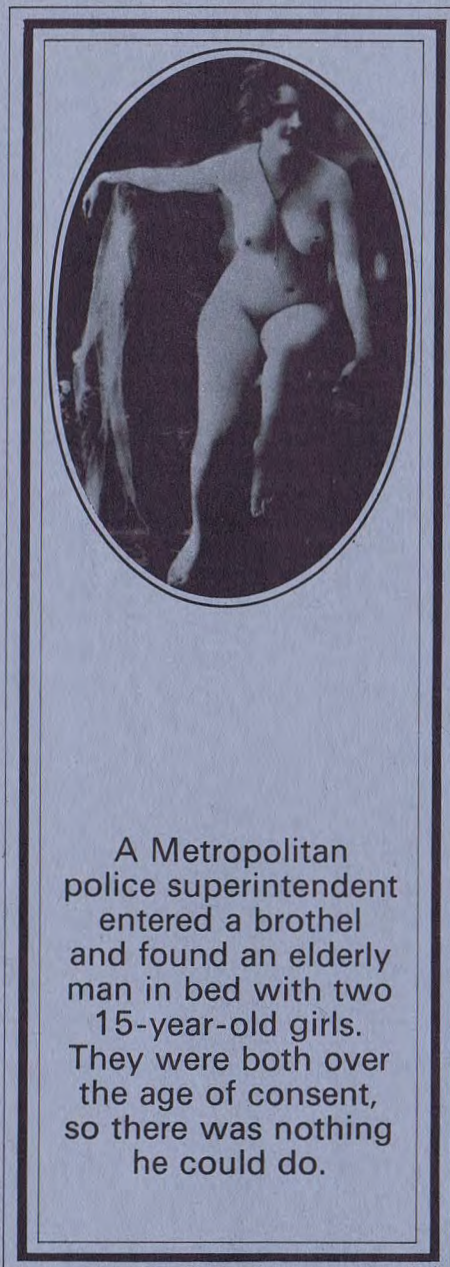
In 1841, Miles, who was the master of the Hoo Workhouse, near Rochester, showed such enthusiasm for birching and flogging the girls in his care that the Rochester magistrates were persuaded to hold an inquiry. This was widely reported, and its details might have been the inspiration for a pornographic novel. The girls who gave evidence, including Sarah Barnes and Eliza Screease, admitted that Miles was for the most part a kindly man – and probably a far better workhouse master than many of his contemporaries.

However, there was a fairly regular procession of girls to a certain room which he had carefully equipped. Miles had two preferences. The first of these was for whipping a girl who was fastened upright, stripped to the waist with her breasts displayed. The second preference was for a girl in shoes, stockings, and petticoats. As in the case of Sarah or Eliza, she was told to lie face-down over a table. Two other girls or older women held her, while Miles lifted up her petticoats and used a birch across her bare bottom. There was an ironing board as well as a table, so that on special occasions Miles could whip two girls side by side, a fate suffered by Sarah Barnes and Charlotte Burton.

Thirty or 40 years later it would have cost Miles a small fortune to do in a brothel what Her Majesty's Government paid him to do in the Hoo Workhouse. However, the Rochester magistrates listened to the evidence amid a good deal of genial banter between the chairman and the defending attorney. There was, according to the official report, plenty of laughter in court with many of those in the vast crowd joining in. Eventually it was felt that since the girls who had been birched or whipped were too young to bring a prosecution, and since no one else was inclined to step forward as prosecutor on their behalf, there was little more to be said. Under the Poor Law Amendment Act, Miles had been entitled to whip any girl under the age of 16, which was the age he happened to prefer.

Miles's attorney complained that after all the fuss no prosecutor had dared to challenge his client. "Don't be afraid of that," said the chairman of the magistrates waggishly, "the constable is behind you!" And the hearing ended in an uproar of merriment. To many of these early Victorians, Miles was a worthy public servant who just happened to take a particular pleasure in certain aspects of his work.

In a number of other respects what had been acceptable in everyday life in 1840, even the everyday life of a prostitute, was the speciality of the brothel by the later Victorian period. Child prostitution had hardly been distinguishable from general prostitution while the age of consent remained at 12. In cities like Manchester in the 1830s and 1840s it was parents themselves who had sent their children out as prostitutes, though these children often disobeyed their parents by finding work in the mills instead. After 1875, younger girls were increasingly kept in the brothels, where they seem to have been mainly in demand by middle-aged or elderly



A Metropolitan police superintendent entered a brothel and found an elderly man in bed with two 15-year-old girls. They were both over the age of consent, so there was nothing he could do.

men. Superintendent Joseph Dunlap, of Metropolitan Police "C" Division, described how he had entered a typical West End brothel in 1880 and found an elderly man in bed with two girls of 14 or 15. Since it was on private premises and the girls were above the age of consent, there was nothing that the law enabled him to do about it. The basic tariff of this brothel was six shillings for each girl and six shillings for the room but it seems certain that the customer must have paid more than that before the night was over.

By the 1880s it was a comparatively expensive matter for a client to enjoy himself with two girls at once. It was, in any case, the kind of sophisticated depravity associated with the security and privacy of a brothel. Yet those earlier Victorian street girls, like Jane Doyle and Jane Shaw, who worked in

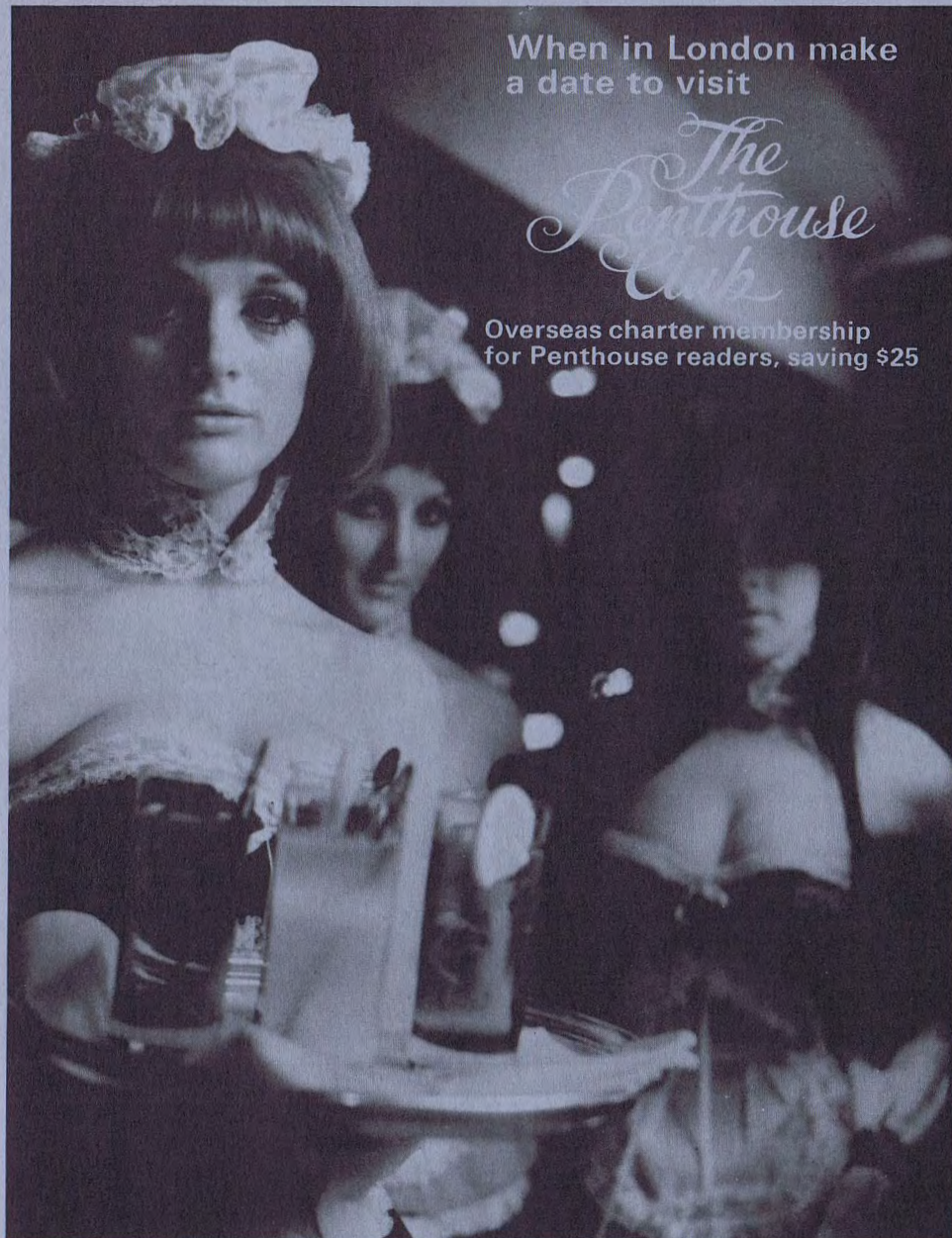
pairs, had both gone to the same room with a man as a matter of prudence. There was even a certain amount of rivalry in the manner in which they would both offer themselves, knowing that the girl who was chosen could expect to be paid more.

The heyday of the Victorian brothels ended in a storm of publicity during the 1880s. Such houses were stigmatized as dens of perversion, the playgrounds of defloration maniacs, and the haunts of sadists. There were elements of truth in most of the accusations but the reformers sometimes spoilt their very strong case by an overdeveloped sense of melodrama. From the accounts of those who were the reformers' enemies, the patrons of the brothels, it seems probable that most acts of sadism in these houses were performed on the customers themselves, at their own request. Even such exhibitions as were put on tended to be of the non-violent kind, since the rapacious brothel-owner was the very last person to wish to see valuable "property" damaged and perhaps out of employment for some time. The usual exhibition was of a kind gratefully recalled by one client who had watched two girls, Giulia on top of Elise, in a bedroom scene.

"Elise began to show signs of pleasure which she hadn't done before. Both now wriggled. I looked over the back of the bed in the wardrobe glass and saw them badly reflected, it was better to see them close. After a violent rubbing and wriggling, both sighed, and shivered, stretched out their limbs and were quiet. Then they recommenced, neither of them speaking a word, now gently wriggling, now stroking, then violently fucking. Elise with eyes shut, the other's head buried on Elise's shoulder, both with sighs and murmurs moved rapidly. Elise brought her heels up to Giulia's fat backside, and heaved up her arse, the bed creaked and groaned. Both gave a long sighing murmur of pleasure, down flopped Elise's legs again. Giulia's thighs opened then closed, and she lay exhausted with pleasure on the top."

Apart from such live performances, much of the more horrifying equipment found in Victorian brothels of this time was, literally, part of an illusion. Pornographic photographs had existed since the 1860s but there was no better place for setting their scenes than a brothel. "As to subject matter," wrote Iwan Bloch in 1902, "there is no sexual aberration, no perverse act, however frightful, that is not photographically represented today. Masturbation is shown as practised by men and women . . . Fetishistic lusts are

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In the best class of West End brothel, photography served more general purposes. When the Victorian gentleman arrived, he was shown into a room rather like a photographer's studio, except that the framed photographs on the walls showed the attractions of the girls who were available, so that the customer might more easily compare them and make his choice.

In 1880, while Adeline Tanner was either suffering the horrors of enforced prostitution or refusing to be parted from the rewards of vice (according to one's view of the matter), W. T. Stead became assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, succeeding John Morley as editor in 1883. He was determined to make the *Gazette* a powerful weapon of opinion and it was soon instrumental in persuading the government to send General Gordon to Khartoum and to lay down a new line of ships for the Royal Navy. By 1885, the vice trade was as much a journalistic preoccupation as these other topics.

In May, Mary Jeffries was prosecuted. She enjoyed an international reputation for her string of London brothels and the variety of sexual tastes for which her girls catered. Her clients included visiting crowned heads, though she denied the rumour that the Prince of Wales had visited her. She enjoyed the custom of the best regiments, once remarking sadly: "Business is very bad. I have been very slack since the Guards went to Egypt". She was convicted at her trial but she paid the fine in cash before leaving the court, while a titled gentleman stood surety for her.

That summer, Parliament debated a Criminal Law Amendment Bill to raise the age of consent to 16, suppress brothels and houses for the export of English girls, and give new rights of police search on premises where girls might be detained for immoral purposes. Stead intervened, on the principle that a man who could force Mr. Gladstone to send Gordon to Khartoum could also make M.P.s support a Bill which echoed the collective voice of the great humanitarian middle class. Armed with stories



Photographs showed girls wearing nothing but a corset or a hat . . . naked girls on a trapeze . . . naked girls on bicycles . . . and all kinds of lusts and fetishes, culminating in the crucifixion of naked women.

of girls deflowered in brothels, he published the celebrated "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" series in the *Pall Mall Gazette* during July.

Stead and his supporters gave the impression that brothels were populated by kidnapped girls who were held or strapped down while elderly customers raped them. Stead's opponents insisted that the girls were voluntary and contented "victims". The truth, as usual, seems to have been somewhere between the two extremes of opinion. Most sensational of all was the revelation that Stead himself had bought a child, Eliza Armstrong, from her parents and had had her smuggled to a brothel and then abroad to show how this was done. Eliza was of course unharmed and Stead acted with the best motives and with the assistance of Bramwell Booth and the

Salvation Army. But it is no defence in law for a man of noble intentions to act illegally in order to show what may be done by men of less noble motives than his own.

Stead was tried at the Old Bailey in October 1885 for illegally taking away Eliza Armstrong from her parents. The Armstrongs themselves now joined in the hue and cry against him. Mr. Justice Lopes, the trial judge, ruled that Stead might not call the Archbishop of Canterbury and other witnesses to vindicate the purity of his intentions. "The question is whether in your intention to do good you have overstepped the law." The jury reluctantly decided that Stead had overstepped the law and he was sent to prison for three months.

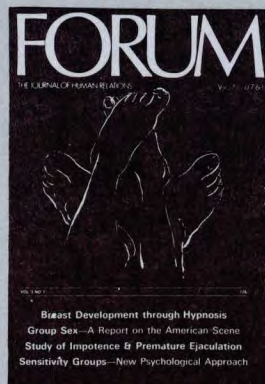
The scandal of the "Maiden Tribute" articles left M.P.s no alternative but to pass into law the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Of course, no one believed that an Act of Parliament could suppress the vice trade, but impoverished street-walkers and well-endowed brothels began to wither in the face of middle-class conscience-searching over "The Great Social Evil". No one doubted that the trade had survived, even if it became less obtrusive. In 1913, the year after Stead was drowned in the *Titanic* disaster, came the notorious "White Slaves in a Piccadilly Flat" case, when Queenie Gerald was prosecuted. It woke significant echoes of the "Maiden Tribute" with stories of girls provided for titled perverts in rooms festooned, according to Keir Hardie, with whips and lashes.

In fact, the English trade of the 19th century was as uniquely Victorian as the starvation of the 1840s or the "surplus population" of London in the 1870s and 1880s. It took only an increase of food above starvation level to reduce that army of girls like Jane Doyle or Ellen Reece, who worked singly or in pairs in the damp, diseased streets behind the grand civic buildings of Victorian cities and seaports. After 1885 it needed little more than the offer of reasonable alternative employment to keep most girls out of brothels.

For all that the moral reformers had done, the measure of the problem was that in a case like Adeline Tanner's, both she and the Acting Vice-Consul may have spoken the truth. She may indeed have suffered all that she claimed in Brussels: yet she may still have felt, as Jeffes reported, that she was better off in a Belgian brothel than facing the life of a Victorian domestic servant.



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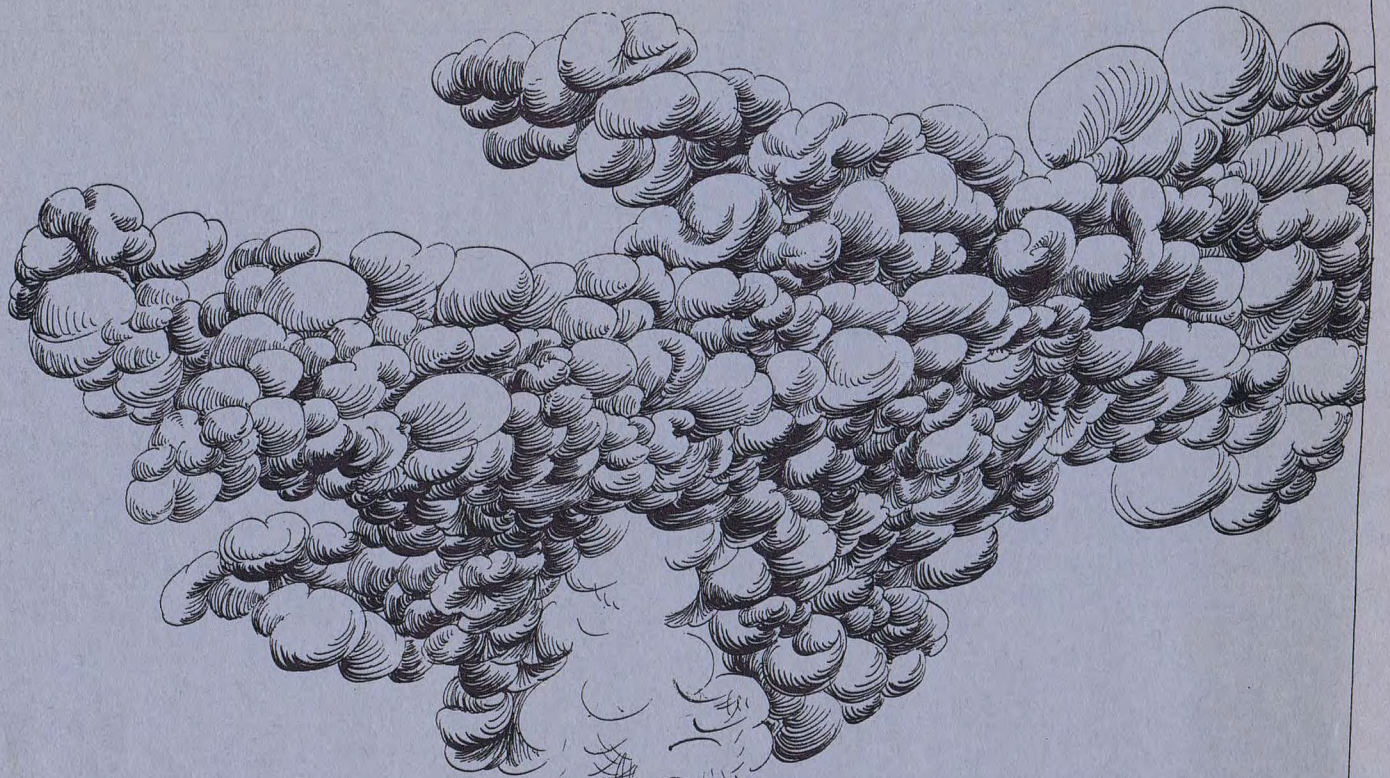
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VASECTOMY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

cuckold or whether something had gone amiss in his operation.

The doctor also straightened me out on the subject of money. In India, the government gives a man a transistor radio if he submits to sterilization. It's a little different in the States. The surgical fee was to be \$150. (AVS says that's average, with a range from \$100 to \$250.) The consultation cost \$15. The hospital charges would be about \$100, plus \$50 to the anesthetist. The internist charged \$50 for the physical. Total: \$365. Blue Cross, Blue Shield, Medicaid and other hospital-surgical plans cover part of these costs in most states. I wound up with \$250 in out-of-pocket costs. While the charges were not unreasonable, that represents quite a few radios.

Following my interview and physical exam, a date was set. The night before, Tony called. He had had his vasectomy. He was a booster, and his tone was distressingly hearty.

"Understand you're having your gears stripped tomorrow!" he boomed.

I winced.
"Good idea to have it on a Friday," he said. I asked why. "Because it aches a little."

"Aches a little?" I responded weakly.
"Hurts like hell, as a matter of fact!" He chortled, I gasped.

"Watch out for the attendant," he warned. I hesitated to ask why. "He shaved me from mid-thigh to navel! Itched like crazy for two months."

"Goodbye, Tony."

Marvelous to contemplate. Walking around for a week as if carrying a basketball between my legs and looking like a plucked chicken for seven more.

Despite this little help from my former friend, I showed up at the hospital. After the usual endless wait, and with a twinge of guilt that I was taking up space intended for sick people, I was finally told to slip into one of those dreadful backless and bottomless gowns. Another wait, and I was wheeled into the operating room. I had not been shaved. For some reason, that had become a major part of my concern.

Before I drifted off under the anesthetic, grateful that I wouldn't hear any ensuing giggles, I urged care upon the doctor.

An untutored man horrifiedly envisions a four-inch opening cut along the shaft of the penis, and a snapping of tubes resembling the innards of a telephone cable. Not true. The surgeon makes a quarter-inch incision on one side of the scrotum and draws out the appropriate tube, called the "vas deferens". This is not as easy as it sounds. There are a number of tubes twisting around in there, many quite similar in feel and appearance to the vas. An experienced doctor can pick out the right one.

He cuts out a section of the vas,

perhaps as much as an inch long. These segments are retained for analysis later, and sometimes kept permanently to prove the operation was performed properly. Depending on the surgeon, he will fold the ends back on themselves and sew them shut, or electrically cauterize the ends, sealing them. The point is to create a gap, a defect in the ducts. The wound is closed and the process repeated on the other side of the scrotum. It all takes 10 to 15 minutes.

I slugged back to consciousness in the recovery room. As I make it a point to be charming with airline stewardesses and nurses, I mumbled something about "what a lovely face to wake up to" to my own angel of mercy. One can never tell where such efforts might lead. (I said I have a rich fantasy life.) As soon as she turned her back, though, I lifted the sheet and peered down apprehensively. It was still there. Under an icebag. Second observation: Almost no hair had been shaved. Third: It was beginning to hurt. I adjusted the icebag.


My wife picked me up a few hours later. Her expression was one of awe and concern. Fourth observation: You pick up points with your mate. After sitting around helplessly through a couple of pregnancies, it was gratifying to know I had taken a share of the responsibility after all that fun. She fluttered about for two days, mostly changing the ice. I was very brave. Monday I went back to work. The catgut stitches melted away in a week, and so did the lingering ache. I avoided riding horses and motorcycles.

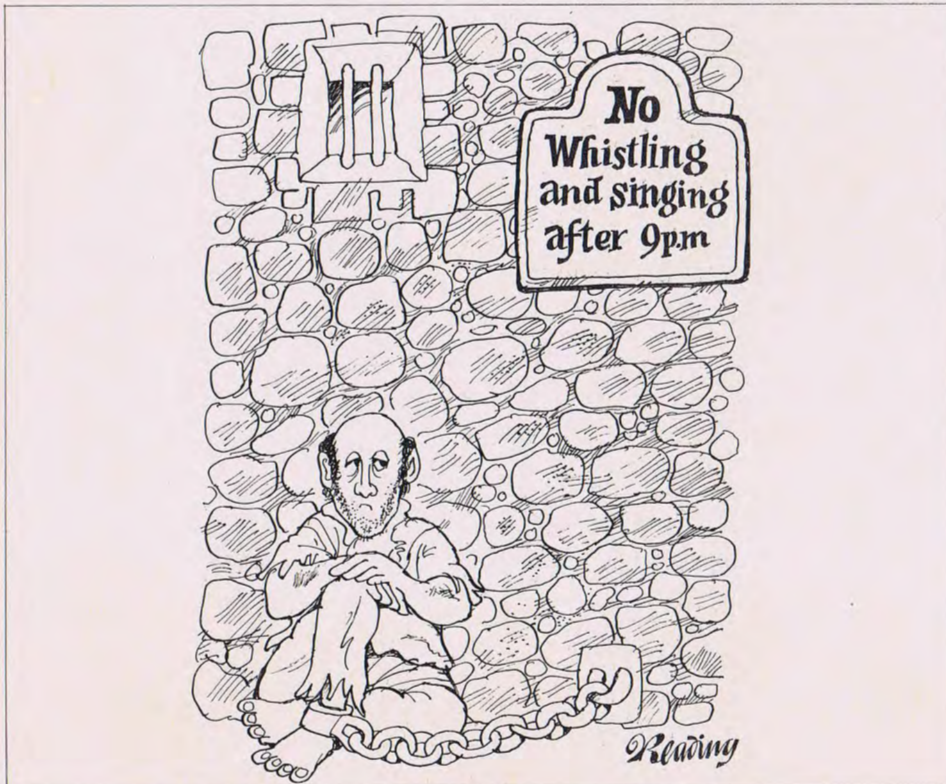
Six weeks later, Dr. Simon instructed me to "collect a specimen by any means". I found that fascinating—medical sanction for whacking off! I was to do the collecting in a clean wide-mouthed jar at 8:30 in the morning and get it to the laboratory within an hour. I am not a morning person. Still, I marched to the bathroom after my coffee and toast, prescribed jar in hand. It took awhile, not unlike attempting to function sexually on stage, I suppose. And it was damned hard to aim. After 15 minutes, my wife's small voice at the door: "Can I help?"

The average male may produce semen supporting around 60,000,000 spermatozoa per cubic centimeter. Anything above 20,000,000 of the little troublemakers is regarded as indicating fertility. The canals have to be cleared of lingering spermatozoa through ejaculation, so contraception by other means is required until the lab gives the all-clear.

There is a little gold pin that announces the safety of the bearer to prospective bedmates, for the ideologically committed or the exhibitionistic.

Dr. Simon called a few days later.
"The count is zero," he announced with cheery cool. "Have fun."

I intend to. 



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“
When I die,
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can do is throw me into
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and let the Sanitation
Department pick me up,
cause I'm gone
”

get the money we thought we wanted, and then we find our lives have gone to hell. Typical recent case history: the Beatles. There they were, four groovy young guys, full of neuroses, full of all the cockeyed myths we grow up on, but unable to afford to indulge themselves. So they went along and had a pretty good life. Then they made a pile of money, and made more success than anybody in his right mind has a right to expect. And now, here they are, hiring lawyers and squabbling and screaming over the corporate entity they created. And what's the point? That's what my book was about. I was trying to point out that you don't get what you think you were after. You never do. So it's a good idea to examine what you're after.

Penthouse: Have you set any new goals for yourself?

Shaw: Yeah. Just to keep breathing. As to the rest of it, I just have to trust my brains and my energies to lead me in the directions where I can do myself, and whoever happens to be around me, the best and the most good I can.

Penthouse: If you decide to make a particular film, is it because you expect to have fun doing it?

Shaw: If there isn't any fun, you shouldn't do it. But, fun doesn't mean ho-ho-ho. Fun can mean grim hard work. But if it absorbs you totally, that's it. You want to know my present definition of happiness? I've learned one. It's very good. To me, happiness is the state you're in when you haven't got time to ask yourself if you're happy. You're so absorbed by something that you just don't even think about it. I've been there a few times. If you're working at something that keeps you totally busy but you're miserable at it, and you keep knowing you're miserable, then you're not happy.

Penthouse: Are you religious?

Shaw: Not in any organized sense. As a matter of fact, when *Cinderella* was first published, I was visited by a group of rabbis from the United Hebrew Congregation. They wanted me to come along and proselytize among their younger congregants and tell them why it's okay to be Jewish. I said I haven't found out yet myself. All I had learned was that it's okay to be whatever you are. I think Mark Twain wrote an essay concerning the Jews, in which he said that he could discuss discrimination with about as much objectivity as any man he knew. Because, he says, all you have to tell me about any man is that he's a human being—you can't say anything worse.

Penthouse: Doesn't religion help to define a purpose in life?

Shaw: The purpose, for me, can be summed up in one word: *survive!* People ask me what I do, and I call myself a breather. If I can continue to breathe, I'm doing fine. I don't like so much what I'm breathing these days, but it's better than not breathing at all. This is the only crap game in town. Talking of not breathing at all, my wife and I were kidding the other day as we were out driving. We passed a beautiful oak tree. And I said, "You know, I've changed my mind." I used to kid her about instructions people leave in their wills about how they want to be buried or cremated, and I used to say, "The best thing you can do with me is throw me into the nearest gutter and get the Sanitation Department to pick me up and throw the remains away, 'cause I'm gone. The envelope is of no use; throw it away." But as we were passing that tree I said: "I think I've rethought that. I think I know where I want to be buried." I showed her a little slope that overlooks a hill, and said: "If you could just do one thing: plant an oak tree over me. 'Cause an oak has a lot of dignity. And one of its roots might take some sustenance from me, and that's as good a way to go on living as any I know." Because you can't destroy matter—there the Buddhists were right. Nothing ever goes, nothing really dies.

Penthouse: Have you read any of Alan Watts?

Shaw: Yeah, he has some good slants. I liked particularly the one called *The Book* ("The Book On The Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are"), where he talks about us as tubes with an ingress at one end and an egress at the other end. The rest is just implements, legs and arms and stuff to convey material to and through the tube. I think it's a great metaphor for what the species is. If you can see yourself as a tube, with a head on top that directs you for getting more stuff into the tube and arms to grab it, and feet to take you there...

Penthouse: And inside is a bunch of tubes...

Shaw: Right. Well, those are all part of a general tube. It all goes in the mouth and comes out the ass. Everything is directed toward that. Yes, I think Watts comes close to being fairly straight.

Penthouse: But he seems to go against the identity bit you wrote about. He believes we're all part of a conscious universe.

Shaw: Diffusion, yes. I think now that's really where it's at. That's why I was saying I don't know what identity really is. We're born with an apparent identity, each of us. So finally it's a mass-identity. Isn't it funny how all things come together? You go to the collective unconscious suddenly, which Dr. Jung talked about for years.

Penthouse: You figure to benefit a lot from it, so what is your opinion of the current and much-touted "wave of nostalgia"?

Shaw: I distrust it. A Broadway show comes along called *No, No, Nanette*. It's a revival that worked. Nobody thought it would but it did. Then they couple it in some peculiar way with *Love Story* and it's said to prove something. For God's sake, then, why didn't *Sound of Music* prove it? There are always these phenomena, things that catch on. No one seems to understand that the U.S. isn't one audience; it's about 20 audiences. There's a large audience for *Airport*, and another large one for *Hair*, and they're quite different things. That doesn't mean one succeeds and crowds out the other.

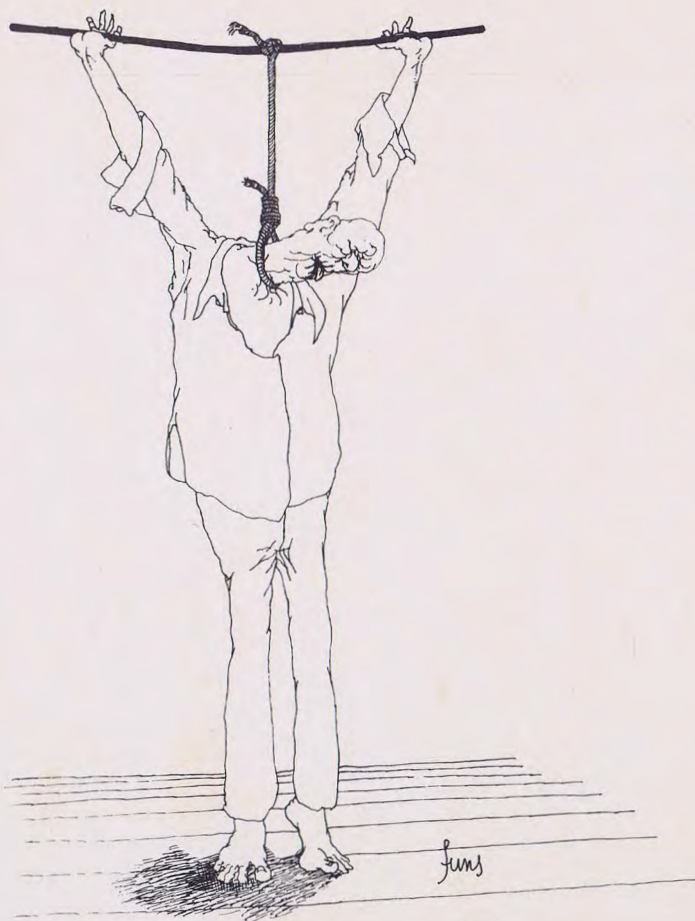
Penthouse: What do you think of the theory that the *Hair* audience, supposedly the teenagers or very early twenties, is the real audience for nostalgia—the old movies, the comic books

and so on—because they want to soak up the culture of an era that they didn't live through?

Shaw: I think there's an even simpler explanation. It seems to me when people face an intolerable present they try to go elsewhere. They tend to go back; they can't go into the future because who knows what that is when you've got an H-bomb hanging over you? So, let's go back to when it seemed better—before pollution, before all the ecological problem, before the over-population, before the threat of a devastating end to civilization. What the hell, you look at the New York *Daily News* and it says, "Air unsatisfactory." Good God! So back to the '20s. I don't find it to have any great significance. Besides, it wasn't all that nice—we just don't remember the problems of those days. But I don't think it's going to last. I don't think any trends last. In entertainment, my feeling is, if something is working, and you're working on a new project, go 180 degrees opposite. Because, by the time you've got it ready, the mood will probably have turned around. I'm working right now on a television special which probably has some element of nostalgia. It's a thing called *Artie Shaw Presents The Swingers*. And the swingers are those people who made Swing, and consensus seems to be that the four men responsible, in any order you like, were Dorsey, Goodman, Miller and myself. I'm one of the two left. So my approach is simple. I said to one of the financial people involved in this (he's with one of the large corporations) "Supposing you'd been around in France during the time of what were called 'wild animals'—*les fauves*—and then came the Dada-ists who used a pisspot and a derby as a form of art, and then came the Impressionists. All of these were known as crazy men. Supposing you could have made friends with a guy named Modigliani at that time—nobody thought much of him, but there he was—and you could have gotten Modigliani to tell you on tape what his friends were like, people now the pride and glory of French painting and French culture. Wouldn't that have been a good document to have?" They said yes, and I said: "Well, Swing had an era. It began around '35 or '36 and it ended at the beginning of World War II. There's me and Benny Goodman around. I'll get Benny on the show, and I'd like to take some young kid like Paul McCartney on a time trip back and show him things that were like what he's doing, and others that are unlike what he's doing. You know, he's grown up out of this. It would be like taking me back and showing me what Mozart's time was like." So this immediately got a quick response, and it's on its way now. It'll probably get on the air by about spring or fall of 1972—that's how far ahead you plan these things. But that isn't nostalgia. I'm going back in an attempt to understand something about where we are. As in Santayana's line, you know, "Those who don't learn from history are condemned to relive it." The music was a euphoric outburst. It was an expression of a euphoric view of the world, in which the Depression was ending, "never another war," "Happy Days Are Here Again!" This is what Swing was about. People say to me: "Do you think it'll ever come back?" The world doesn't come back; it goes forward, in another way, in spirals, maybe.

Penthouse: It's said that one of the reasons today's kids are buying nostalgia is that history books don't seem to cover the preceding 25 years very well.

Shaw: I think it's probably difficult to cover the preceding 25 years, because we haven't yet developed a perspective on it. On the other



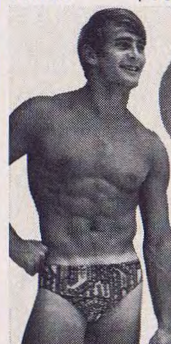
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FROZEN STIFFS

COATS COME OUT OF THE FASHION MORGUE THIS WINTER AND TAKE ON A WARM NEW STYLE

Fashion by Ed Emmerling

Photographs by Amnon Bar-Tur

This fall, coats come in out of the fashion cold. Now when you step out-of-doors in your newest knit suit or beefy turtleneck and uncut corduroy pants you can have a great coat to go with either.

Furs, leathers and suedes have already grown in popularity over the past few seasons. Making the real news this fall is revved-up rainwear in denim and gabardine, and other more basic outercoats that join the ranks of fashion through new dimensions in length, model, knit and livelier use of woolen fabric.

It's the long, lean outerwear silhouette that's important, and it's achieved through shaped styling and significantly longer lengths. Whether styled as trench, single-breasted, or blazer, most coat models range from knee-length (41") to mid-calf midis (43"). There are noticeably longer maxis that cover up all the way down to 47" in some of the imported fashions.

Outerwear has joined the move to knits. Some double-knit coats take on the looks of corduroys and blazer woolens, and many are teamed up with matching pants to give a coat suit. A quick change of shirt or sweater can carry the coat suit into any circle with style, which is helpful for commuting and jet-styled business trips.



Above, R to L: Vinnie in natural sheared Lakoda trench coat with leather buckle belt, \$2,150 by Ben Kahn; pants and turtleneck by Jaeger Co., shoes by Renegades, Tony in simulated Borg muskrat trench-style coat with leather epaulets and belt, \$185 by Stanley Blacker; lace-up boots by Renegades, shirt by Medici, tie by John Fredericks for Dunleigh-Tuxton, calfskin hat by Mr. Lawrence.



Left, L to R: All-weather water-repellent gabardine double-breasted wrap coat, \$150 by Bill Blass for PBM; turtleneck by Robert Bruce, boots by Verde, Charlotte in quilted denim coat by Jupiter of Paris, boots by Latinas, hat by Hat Corp. of America. Cotton canvas denim raincoat with double-breasted belted styling, \$45 by Weathercraft; motif sweater by Forum, pants by A. Smile.

Facing page, L to R: All wool madras plain coat with anchor belt and elasticized waist tabs, \$75 by Pineapple Div. of A. Smile; wool sweater suit by Jaeger Co., lace-up boots by Renegades. Natural South Korean Kolinsky in a chevron design with Russian raccoon trim, by Fur Fantastic; boots by Latinas. Glove leather trench coat, \$200 by Cortefiel, snowflake print pants by Bramish Bros, turtleneck by Forum, suede shoes by Renegades.



Left, L to R: Blue double-knit blazer coat, \$130 by Barron-Anderson; shirt by Medici, tie by Polo, pants by Male Casuals. Tweed cape coat by Jupiter of Paris, boots by Latinas; hat by Mr. Lawrence. Double-knit corduroy look belted coat with inverted pleat pockets, \$90 by McGregor-Doniger; jeans by Male Casuals, hat by Hat Corp. of America.

Below, R to L: Belted suede coat with simulated fox collar, \$165 by Aljac Sportswear Ltd. for Jim Diamond; plum wide wale corduroy pants, by Armour Mfg. Ltd., sweater by Jaeger Co. Silver blue fox chubby jacket, by Fur Funtastic, boots by Latinas. Aubergine-dyed mole midi fur coat, about \$1,000 by Mr. Fred for Fur and Sport, dyed ranch mink cap by Mr. Lawrence, boots by Verde.

Fashion stockists on page 122

Favored for the high fashion wearer are ribless corduroy trench midi coats, in the newest burgundy and plum shades. Full-length furs in such ecologically non-controversial skins as muskrat, rabbit and mole are fitted for an elegant yet casual look.

America's favorite car coat, or suburban, that never seems to leave the scene is now updated in suede and leather, often with real or acrylic fur trims. They are strongly accompanied by the return of meltons, storm coats and varsity jackets.

Youth coats get special treatment—quilting, for a new effect that abounds in padded warmth through denim and cotton fabrics. Generally, the colors are brown, blue and olive drab effecting a military look. To brighten the picture are coats and jackets in bold colorful wool blanket plaids and lumberjack patterns, another reflection of the '50s fashion revival.

So much for the look. Outerwear is, after all, meant to keep one warm. Even in the freezing 10 degree cold of an ice factory, as models Vincent Lattuca, Tony Murphy and Charlotte Owens, who are more accustomed to the heat of stage footlights, were relieved to discover.

Vincent performs with the American Center of Stanislavsky Theater Art. He appeared most recently in the American premiere of Brecht's *Trumpets And Drums* at New York's Roundabout Theater.

Tony has earned his credits around the world, beginning as a disk jockey in his native Australia, then branching out to Rhodesia, Luxembourg, Germany and for two years on WNEW Radio in New York.

Charlotte, a vivacious strawberry blonde, has been seen on many TV commercials, has also appeared in night club acts, including one with Pearl Bailey in Las Vegas. Currently, she's up for roles in a TV series and a major motion picture. 





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MP6 LAND OF THE SILVER FOX 1928 Rin Tin Tin



MP21 KING OF THE UNDERWORLD 1939 Humphrey Bogart



MP24 CITIZEN KANE 1941 Orson Welles



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GROOM AT THE TOP

BY ED EMMERLING

GOODBYE TO BARBERISM

With the acceptance of long hair for better looks, instead of just for protest, men are tasting the full-time consciousness of hair that previously absorbed only women and their hairdressers. Problems of style, the right cut, texture, proper grooming aids and hair health open up a whole new world of barbering.

One such world is at Jackie Rogers for Men in New York City (27 East 67th Street). This two-floor townhouse emporium is run by a vivacious lady who was formerly a Chanel model. Besides her contemporary styling and barbering salon and hair clinic, Jackie Rogers also offers original fashions in clothes there, many of her own design. In fact last spring she had a fast line in unlined brushed denim suits and coats, which the big manufacturers will not be promoting till next spring.

Her hair clinic is headed by Brian Sherratt, according to whom the rebellion aspect of long hair is long past. Long hair, he says, no longer tells where your head is at—which may explain some of the shorter styles seen lately. Though long hair still prevails, it is moving above the collar, and in some cuts doesn't cover the ear. What counts now is not how long your hair is but how well it looks on you. By proper shaping and layering a short cut can be made to look long.

The most common problem is texture. This is often destroyed, says Sherratt, by forcing or combing a look that is not properly styled. Before a style change can be made, the right thickness must be built back into the hair, which some stylists achieve by cutting off the unwanted stuff down to the healthy growth closer to the scalp—shorter but not down to a crewcut. Then the new cut can begin. Other stylists go in for ultra-violet treatments, intended to increase the scalp's circulation and reawaken dormant roots, thus achieving a thicker texture.

Then there's the organic route (ethierology, if you want the technical name), using blends of plant oils, herbs, flower pollen, fruit and vegetable extracts and animal proteins. There's even a vegetable "mudpack" to strengthen fine hair and add body.

While most men want the long look, they don't want the ensuing problems of unsightly curling at the neck. Bill O'Rourke, onetime partner of Jay



Fish-eye view of Jackie Rogers' salon



Sebring International kit for hair

Sebring in Hollywood, and now co-owner of O'Rourke's East at 110 East 55th Street, New York City, told us how he achieves the desired combination. Over a two-month period he first cuts to the shortest level, then makes two more cuts to achieve the agreed length.

Many of Bill's customers are Manhattan business men and fugitives from

the hair shaft. A kit by Sebring International with all the necessary products is stocked by O'Rourke's. Newest of hair products from major companies is the Aramis line of shampoos, which combine malt additives with protein and conditioning ingredients.

For quicker and better drying the new hand dryer appliances have it over old-



Former Chanel model Jackie Rogers


salons where hair was just cut. By layering, scalloping and topping all the hairs evenly, Bill gets the shortest length to look its longest. Incidentally, while we were chatting actor Paul Newman called for an appointment.

There's more to good-looking hair, though, than visits to a stylist. A man should spend up to 15 minutes each morning caring for a new long style—with the advent of so many grooming lines it seems to take that long to read the instructions. Daily shampooing is recommended for city dwellers. But use only those shampoos that contain no detergents or alkaline properties. Use also hair conditioners to help eliminate undue static, and return natural body to



Proper layering is vital to good shape

fashioned towel drying, which is time consuming and rough on the hair. Dryers like Remington's Hot Comb keep hair styles shapelier and easier to manage. With the new Steam Comb from Clairol you push one button and hot air dries the hair; push another and a penetrating flow of condensed steam styles, combs and manages it. The appliance comes with a trio of attachments for different styling needs.

Though virtually no barber, stylist or scalp specialist believes that lost hair can be grown back, they all reckon that men who take proper steps before the patches are bald can retain their hair for perhaps a lifetime. This means beginning proper hair care now. 



Clairol's Steam Comb with accessories

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As between mouse and man, I would say that it's man who is the more devoted to cheese. Certainly cheese is my own year-round favorite double-barreled food. Cheese is like wine in that it bears the same relationship to milk as wine does to grapes. Like wine, too, it plays a leading role in adding richness to dishes, and it also varies food textures.

Not only does cheese have a remarkable affinity with wine even after an exquisite dinner, but it mates with it equally well for a wine-and-cheese party before dinner. A suggestion for a change of pace in a pre-feast party would be to use Alsatian wines like Sylvaner or Gewurtztraminer, which are rapidly growing in favor, in concert with the following mild cheeses: Bel Paese, Tome au Marc, Gervais or Petit Suisse, Munster, Double Gloucester. Extras could include English Vita-Wheat biscuits, cream crackers, red radishes and a cucumber salad with capers.

There are hundreds of cheeses, many

CHEESE SORCERY

PARTY PAGE
BY LIONEL BRAUN

named for places where they were first made (Cheddar, Camembert, Edam, Bleu de Bresse) or first marketed (Stilton, Parmesan). I list a few of the choicest opposite.

Cheese cookery brings to mind my friend Albert Stockli, great chef, raconteur, innkeeper at Ridgefield, Connecticut, and Switzerland's greatest export to America since the Swiss watch! He tells of the time we were at the Birg station in Switzerland, where we had a memorable *raclette*. Birg is linked with the Schilthorn by cable railway and at 10,000 feet we looked

across to the white peak of the Jungfrau, where a herd of ibex scaled the granite overhang. Albert recreates his *raclette* in Connecticut every winter. With charcoal white-hot, he exposes a half-wheel of Bagnes, the traditional *raclette* cheese, to the severe heat. As the leading edge melts, it is deftly scraped into a preheated plate. Plop goes the cheese, a piece of boiled potato, a few small gherkins, a crust of good France bread, and again I'm back in the Bernese Oberland!

A must with the dish is a cold glass of Fendant, Johannisberg, or those slightly *pétillant* clean-tasting Swiss wines imported into the U.S. today by Monsieur Henri or Warren Strauss. These white wines are born within the shadows of the glaciers and enable me to savor three or four helpings. The boiled potato can be replaced with slices of tomato, and the gherkin by a pickled white onion.

Savarin, a culinary great born on the Swiss border (at Belley), set down the



recipe for *fondue* as he received it from Monsieur Troillet in the neighboring Canton of Berne. However, I think my recipe is every bit as good, and with several variations you can run *fondue* parties all winter long and sell tickets! A meal in itself, though Stockli and I like to serve some sausage afterward, followed by crisp apples.

Basic Fondue

1 lb real Swiss cheese or ½ Emmentaler and ½ Gruyere
1½ tbsp flour
1 garlic clove
2 cups of white wine like Neuchatel or Alsatian Riesling
1 tbsp lemon juice
3 tbsps Dettling Kirsch
2 long French breads
Fresh-cracked pepper

The cheese is finely diced or cubed and mixed well with the flour. Best use a chafing dish for cooking over a low flame, but first rub the dish or cooking pot well with a garlic clove along sides and bottom. Pour in wine and heat only to bubbling. Add cheese slowly (½ cup at a time), stirring steadily in one direction with a wooden spoon. Periodically add cracked pepper and very little salt. Now pour in the Kirsch and continue to stir steadily. Serve and keep hot over burner. Spear bread cubes through the soft side into the crust and invite the gang to dunk the forked bread into the dish. You can make a real game out of this dish by announcing to each dunker that he or she will forfeit a bottle of wine if the bread comes off a fork. Oh yes . . . wooden-handled forks are a necessity in order to insulate hand and mouth from the heat! King Edward VII loved this dish when he was a fast-stepping Prince of Wales.

CHOICE CHEESES

Brie (France): My favorite is from the village of Meaux, though Coulommiers and Melun from the Seine-et-Marne also produce this gourmet delight. Brie is the "queen of cheese" and has a taste and smell that is part cream, part mushroom, partly fine Cognac, part soil—as earth smells on new-plucked leeks. A proper Brie will never separate when cut into two creamy crusts and leave a thicker layer of dry white cheese. Ah—its texture runs like heavy honey, and only satin can match its surface shine! In his *Le Ventre de Paris* Zola likens it to the moon: "Three Bries, on a round platter, had the melancholy of dead moons; two, very dry, were at the full; the third, in its second quarter flowed, emptied itself of a white cream, spread out in a lake over-flowing the thin platter which sought in vain to hold it."

Emmenthal (Swiss): Made only in the Emmenthal valley in the Canton of Berne. This cheese may not be exported under 145 lbs. Only genuine with "Switzerland" printed on the rind, though every country copies this favorite. Genuine Swiss has a sweeter after-taste than its imitators and, knowing the Swiss as I do, I would credit this to finer milk cows such as the Fribourg, Eringer and Simmental. The taste is likened to hazels or walnuts. Quality is maintained by the Swiss Cheese Union, whose standards are probably only exceeded by the De Beers Diamond Syndicate.
Provolone (Italy): Made of cow's milk in much

Variations on a Fondue Theme

Egg Fondue: After the cheese in the pot has diminished to less than half of its original volume, add 2 eggs and stir well. My, what a quick surprise!

Fondue with Mushrooms: Cook ¼lb for each ½lb of cheese with a little minced onion in hot butter until the liquid has evaporated. Add to *fondue* when it is ready to eat.

And now for a **dessert fondue:** Impossible you say? Not at all, because this stunt, though rich, is good, good, good. I make this with Toblerone, a Swiss milk chocolate containing honey and crushed almonds.

3 bars Toblerone (3 ozs. each)
½ cup light cream
2 tbsps Dettling Kirsch or Grand Marnier

After breaking the Toblerone into separate pieces, combine all ingredients into a saucepan or chafing dish. Stir over very low heat until chocolate is melted and smooth. Serve in the chafing dish over low heat. Each cover receives an individual plate with a combination of orange slices, pineapple chunks, apple slices and ladies' fingers cut in chunks. Spear the pieces and dunk into chocolate like Willie Wonka, and you'll have the sweetest time of your life. If you're not inclined to using spirits in this mixture, flavor with instant coffee instead.

From all points of view, even at home, the bubbling *fondue* pot and the molten *raclette* offer a feeling of the Alps, the mountains, the villages and the food. Whether you travel to Zermatt or your own back room these cold nights, enjoy a major Swiss contribution to gastronomy—the *fondue*! Now Heidi wouldn't lie—would she?


the same way as Cacciocavallo, but soon acquires the salty hot sting so characteristic of goat cheese. This is a creamy white solid cheese with a smooth, thin crust.

Nakkelost (Norway): Somewhat like a Gouda but contains caraway seeds. Made of whole or skim milk. I prefer the "Helfet" (whole fat) quality for its richness.

Port Salut (France): The name signifies "Port of Safety", following the exile of a band of Trappist monks who returned from Gruyere in Switzerland. A fine all-purpose cheese, somewhere between a Bel Paese and a Camembert, soft, creamy, with good flavor.

Camembert (France): First made in Normandy and now copied all over the world. Imported in small uncut rounds, with a crust scored by the straw mats on which it has rested. The crust is golden, similar to a light brown butter pastry topped with powdered sugar. The flavor? Well, Napoleon kissed the waitress in Normandy who first served it to him. From June to September, it sparks a Saturday afternoon with an Alsatian Riesling.

Danish Blue (Denmark): A copy of Roquefort, though creamier and less crumbly. Danish cheeses, unlike the girls, fall more into the bland and buttery group.

Reblochon (France): An exceptional cow's-milk cheese. Something like Port Salut, with a pale creamy interior. At its prime it has a beautiful flavor. 

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hand, I'm not sure perspective is all that good; maybe we should get a hotter view of it. The trouble with looking at the last 25 years, it seems to me (and I feel an epigram coming on) is that it's not going to turn out to be much different from the last 25 hundred years. Just the details are different. The minute people start acting in masses, they act a certain way—generally bad. What's the difference between the past 25 years and the 100 years before that? The wars were different, the technology's different. The telephone lets us communicate faster, the airplane takes us there quicker. But do we do things that are much different?

Penthouse: Is it fair to call you a pessimist—a rational pessimist?

Shaw: No, I don't think pessimist is right. I think realist is a better word. A pessimist is a man who looks for things to be bad, in order to fulfil his expectations. I don't have any expectations of their being bad. Or good. I take a wait-and-see attitude. I think my basic view is that they may be more bad than good, but I hope the good will crowd out the bad by about a 1% margin. I get less and less hopeful about it as time goes on.

Penthouse: Do you fear technology?

Shaw: I don't fear it; I regret it. Like I regret television. I think the world was better before it came along. I wish it had never happened, and I wish it would go away. It won't of course. Maybe the Gutenberg press was the beginning of the end.

Penthouse: You mean the mass-culture aspect?


Shaw: Well, yes. I'm going to say something that may not be terribly fashionable. But I don't believe that everything's for everybody. This

whole idea of disseminating Art to the Masses—I think it's crazy. Most people just get thoroughly confused. Mrs. Yiffniff suddenly wants to sound like she's to-the-manner-born. There's a marvelous psychoanalytic story that deals with this. A woman goes to see the doctor and says: "Doctor, I'm in terrible trouble. Wherever I go, I feel inferior." He says: "Lie down on the couch." And she spouts off for 50 minutes. Then she gets up and the analyst says: "Madam, you're perfectly healthy. The truth is, you *are* inferior." There really are a lot of people who have no business fucking with art. Or with culture. They're better off just doing whatever they like to do. I have a little friend who's a marvelous dancer—a ballerina. I gave her a copy of *The Trouble With Cinderella* to read, because we were seeing a lot of each other and she was curious about it. About five months afterward she said: "You know I'm up to about page 40 and it's a marvelous book!" I said: "Page 40?" She said: "Yeah, well, you know, I don't read much." So I started kidding her about not reading much. And one day this little unread creature said, "You know, I don't read for a very good reason. My life comes together every morning at 10.30 when I get to that practice bar. I stand at that bar and I'm together. I don't care what happened last night. And I live with an absolutely kind-of dedicated view to the physical ability to express the music I hear. And I don't want to get confused." Well, most people are confused. They're reading too much, they think too much, they owe too much, they're given too many choices. Technology and the dissemination of mass information—which really turns out to be propaganda. It's thoroughly confusing. H. L. Mencken said it all when he said that everything is being geared

for the "Booboisie." And the education system is geared to creating more of them. As it presently exists, for the most part, it's there to fit us into the industrialized civilization. You learn the skills. You learn to sign your name, to press the buttons on an adding machine, to use a typewriter, to add and subtract, because without it you couldn't take your place in the technological society.

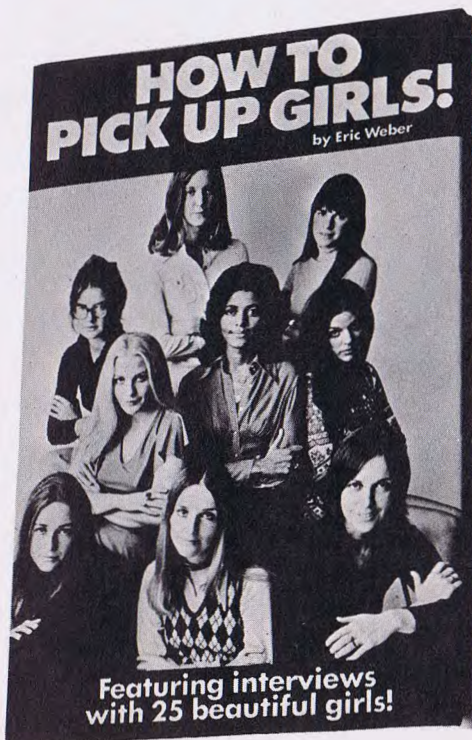
Penthouse: Isn't that what the kids are complaining about—not wanting to be programmed that way?

Shaw: Then what are they asking for? They're asking for the power to relinquish power. That's pretty naive. They go down to Washington to stop the government. But they couldn't. What they can do to stop the government is to stop this crap about "Let's have McCarthy or nothing." Because they could have had Humphrey or Nixon. Humphrey ain't much but he's better than Nixon—anything's better than Nixon. And they said: "Well, we'll put up with four years of this guy." But they don't understand, we're going to have 20 years of this guy—the appointees he's put there, the Supreme Court and many others he's put in who'll be there for the next two decades. I get so mad at that whole McCarthy crew. Because when McCarthy defected—as he did—when he played Achilles and sulked in his tent, he gave us Nixon and I hold him totally responsible for that. I don't want to see that man or hear of him again. You know, in politics you cannot go all-or-nothing. As I say, I'm not political because I know what I want I can't have. What I want is the philosopher-emperor. Where is he? We know this; you know the old Platonic notion is impossible. But I do have to exercise my vote.

Penthouse: Mr. Shaw, thank you. 

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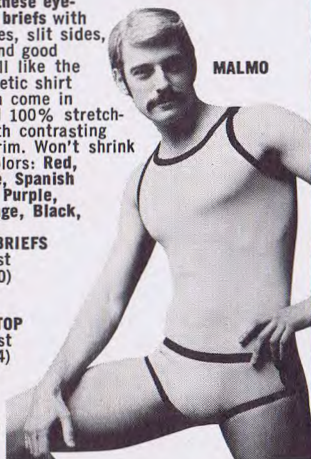
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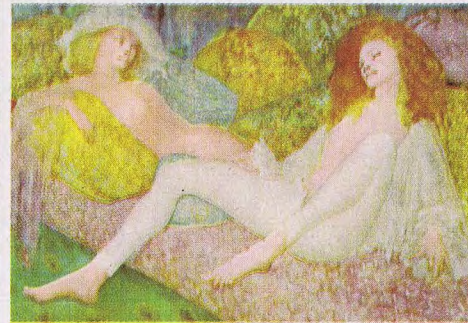
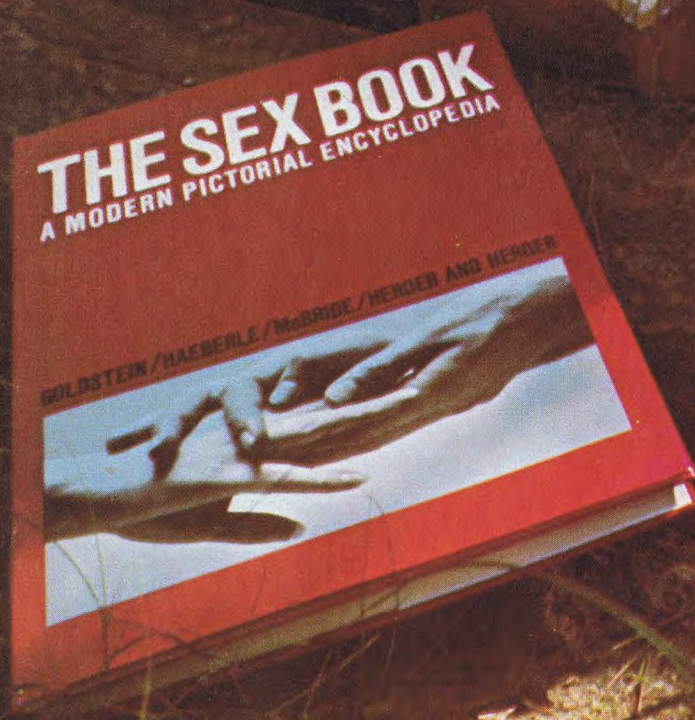
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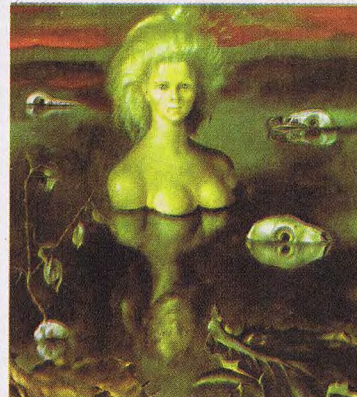
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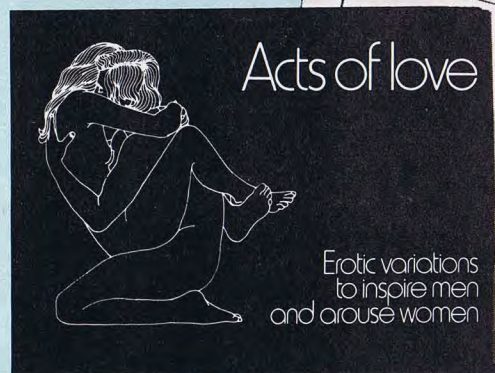
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This list is only a small introductory sampling of the many outstanding retail stores now cooperating with Penthouse to bring you today's leading fashions. Watch for these store names in future issues.

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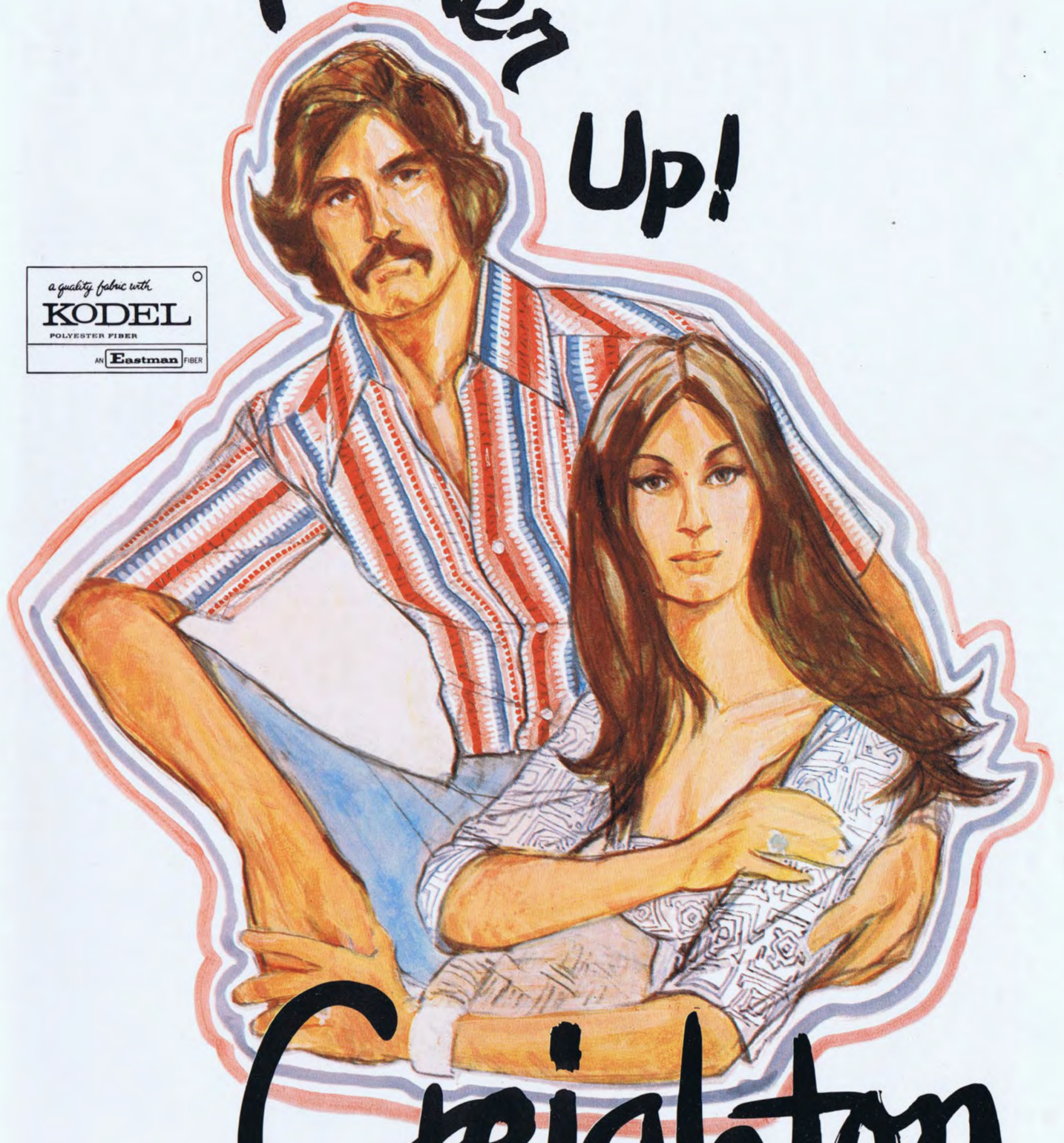
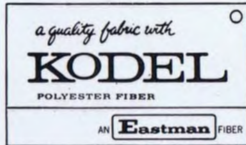
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Pucker Up!

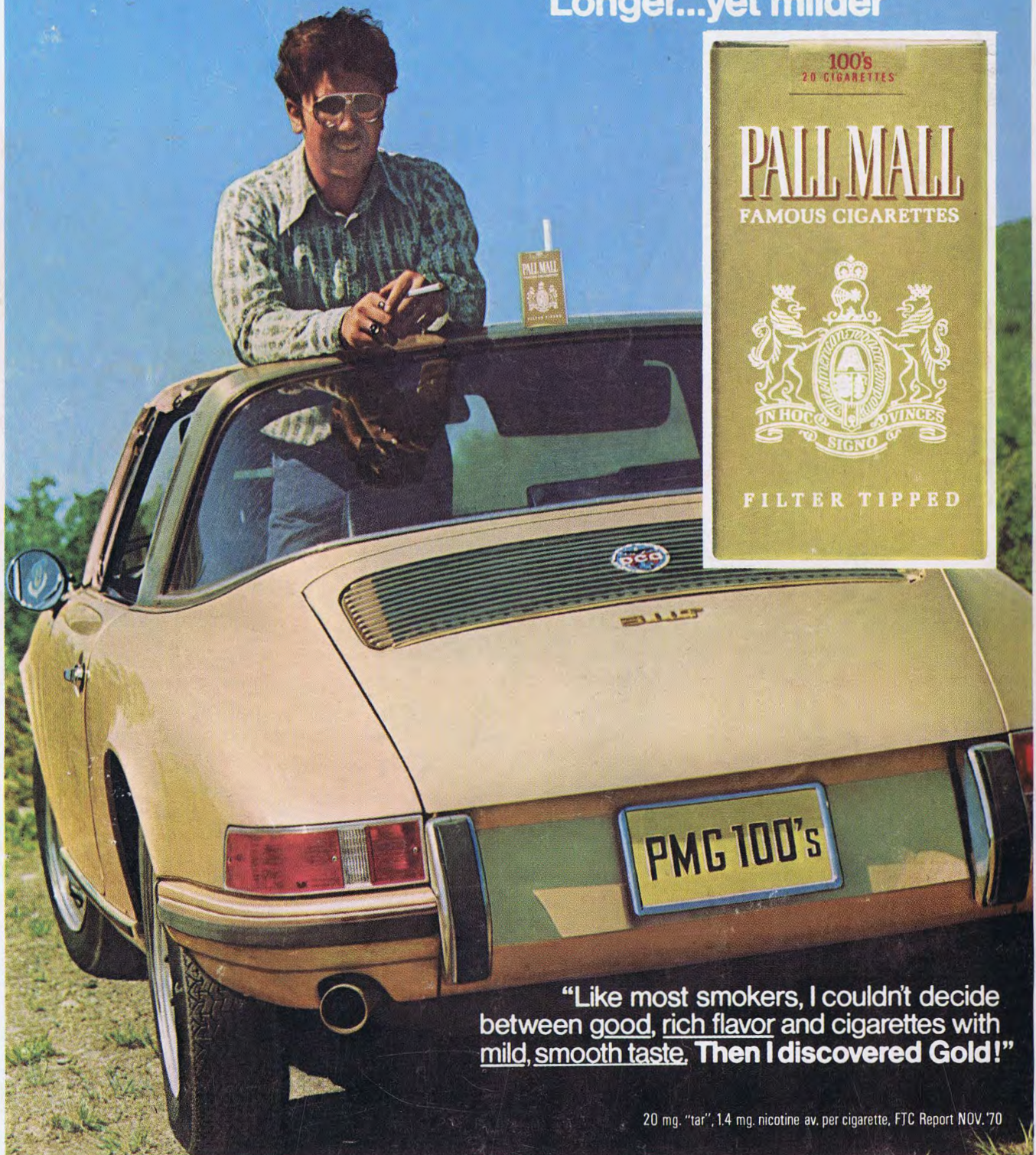


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