PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1973 ONE DOLLAR

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PENTHOUSE

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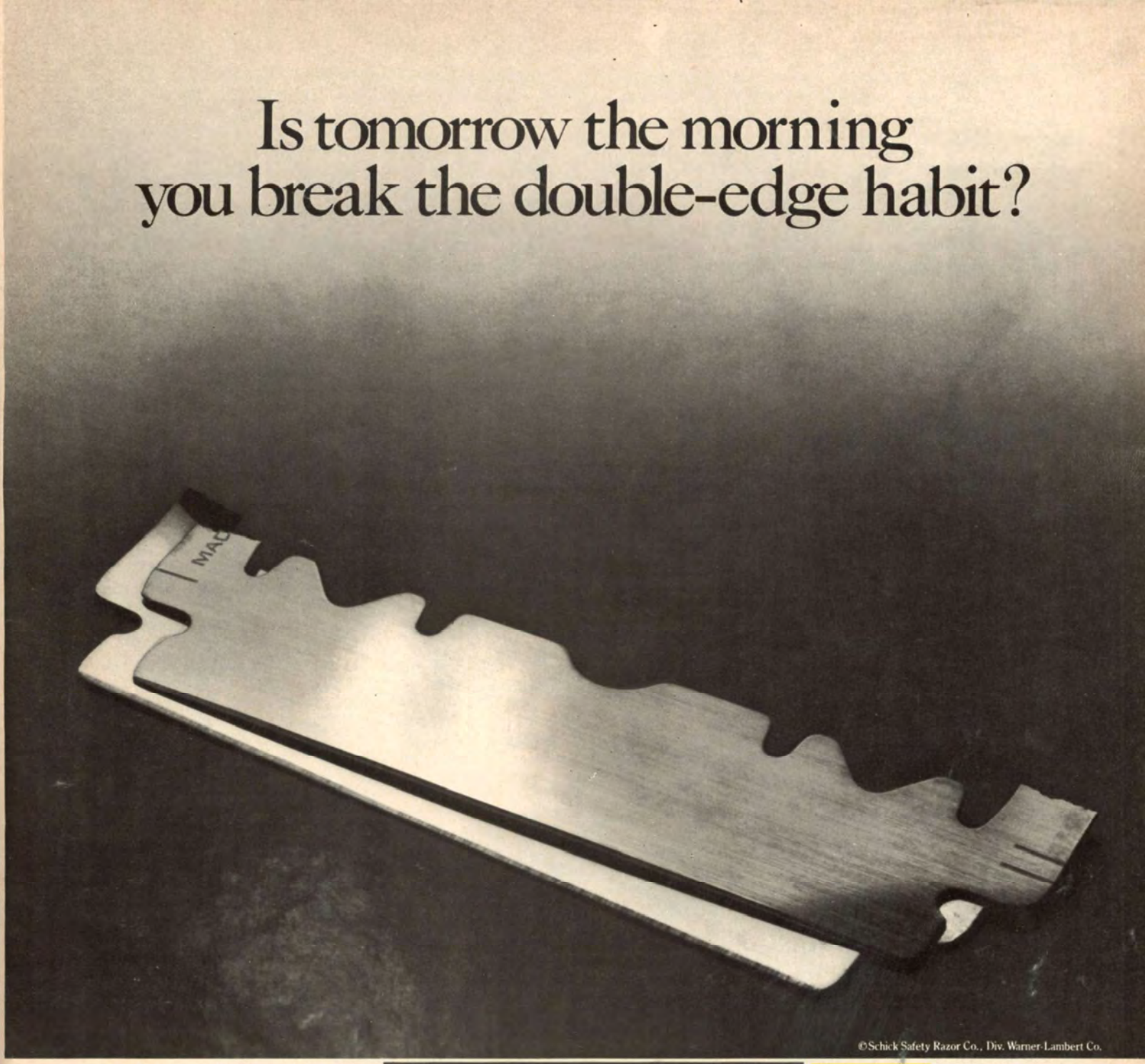

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HOUSECALL

One of many indications of the proliferating Penthouse readership is tne frequency with which off-answered questions recur in correspondence. The most familiar include "Are the Forum letters genuine?" (answer: yes), "Are the pictorial nudes retouched?" (answer: no), and "How can I meet the Pet of the Month?" (answer: you should be so lucky). Also repeatedly asked by new readers is the significance of the discreet Penthouse key symbol, found at the top of the table of contents and at the end of articles. This month the symbol undergoes a multiple modification, with three keys replacing the former singleton (which, for convenience, will survive as a text sign-off). The triple key, already established as the insignia of the Penthouse Clubs and of Penthouse products, thus becomes uniform throughout the Penthouse organization. The key was conceived by Editor-Publisher **Bob Guccione** in the magazine's earliest days, and the symbol has appeared on the table of contents of every issue from No. 1 onwards. The selection was apt, not only because every penthouse requires a key, but because a key is traditionally a phallic symbol—in Italian the word is *chiave*, yielding the verb *chiavare*, slang for "to screw". In designing the Penthouse key Bob neatly united the standard symbols for male and female, the circle and arrow, and circle and cross. So the key enshrines the ineluctable equation: Man plus Woman equals Penthouse. Later, when the London Penthouse Club was launched, the key was triplicated to provide a distinctive symbol. Though some have suspected papal inspiration in this development, Bob's explanation is simpler: "Three is my lucky number, and I've found things happen in threes." Certainly the Club completed a trio of big steps in the Penthouse story, the first being the launch of the magazine itself, and the second the successful spinoff of Forum Magazine. A propos of Forum, a book has been made of its uninhibited correspondence, and we publish an extract on page 129. A distinguished new contributor in this issue is **Al Capp**, famed creator of Li'l Abner, and accomplished controversialist. For his Penthouse debut he chivalrously—and provokingly—champions the qualities of certain political celebrities whom liberals love to hate (page 32). In an issue packed with entertaining material, two items that must be singled out for commendation are **Donn Pearce's** memorable profile of Merle Haggard (page 42) and **Frank Sisk's** splendid fiction (page 88). Pearce is the author of *Cool Hand Luke* and the subsequent screenplay, based on his own experiences as a convict—a background he shares with Haggard. From the age of 19 he cracked 26 safes till he was caught, but he was "always broke". Now 43, he is an established writer, married with three sons. Frank Sisk says that his first fiction was published by Whit Burnett in *Story* not long after William Saroyan broke into print in the same periodical, "which should indicate the literary mileage behind me." He lives in Lyme, Conn., with his wife and five children, surrounded by eight rolling acres. His work has appeared in many anthologies as has that of **Ralph Schoenstein**, author of our humor piece on seduction hazards of yesteryear (page 57). Schoenstein, who says he lives in Princeton, N.J., "not far from his wife and two children", has written six books, the latest of which is *I Hear America Mating*. And talking of mating, **Leah Wallach** contributes a study of some contemporary variations on, or departures from, conventional pair-bonding (page 111). A New York freelance of 24, she has done all kinds of writing, including a sex manual she would rather have forgotten. Also in this issue is an investigation by contributing editor **Robert Blair Kaiser** of the psychotherapy techniques of Dr Art Janov, protagonist of the "primal scream" (page 48). While Kaiser found that some patients derived undoubted benefit, he came away troubled, for reasons his report explains. On a less anxious level there's a Penthouse interview with producer-director **Otto Preminger**, in which he tells **Jack Parks** some of his beliefs and his projects (page 52). Parks, 30, did graduate work on films at UCLA and is the author of *Who Killed Custer?* (Tower).

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WALLACH

PREMINGER

SISK *(top)*

CAPP

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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

Reynolds Interview

Burt Reynolds, in his Interview (November) states: "You and I both read the books for years that Masters and Johnson put out saying women are not sexually stimulated by pictures of men. Well, they're full of shit." Permit me to say that the *merde* is being thrown not by Masters and Johnson, but by Superstud himself. He has obviously never read these sexologists, whose views are exactly the opposite of what he stated.

Their view was buttressed, Mr Reynolds might like to know, by one of the major findings of the 18-man commission of doctors, academics and clergymen appointed by President Lyndon Johnson to investigate the effects of pornography on American society. *The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography* revealed that women respond to erotic material "as warmly as men" and are "virtually as interested in erotica as are men".

Maybe your magazine ought to cater to both men and women. Care to get Burt to help you start the ball (not bull) rolling? Thanks for an enjoyable interview with a truly witty fellow.—*Joseph M. Rizzo, East 14th St., New York City, N.Y.*

Exiles on Main Street '72

I enjoyed Craig Karpel's article on the Rolling Stones' 1972 tour (October). The Stones are the greatest band in the 20-year history of rock 'n' roll. I saw them on Mick Jagger's birthday and was completely wrecked by them. It was like having five climaxes in one night.—*Nick Polombo Jr., Watching Drive, Hawthorne, N.J.*

Karpel says the Rolling Stones wrote *Satisfaction.* Granted, they made a big hit out of it, but wasn't it the late, great Otis Redding who should get the credit for writing this groovy tune?—*Mrs P.R. Bellinger, San Diego, Calif.*

Otis Redding made a hit of the number, but it was the Stones who wrote Satisfaction, *as Karpel said.—Ed.*

The unfair sex

Fred Darwin scares me. If *The Unfair Sex* (October) is the general male reaction to Women's Lib, our species is in jeopardy. It seems to me that if males like Darwin had granted females human dignity a long time ago, they would not now have Women's Lib to plague them. Even your magazine continues this cycle: does a Pet maintain human dignity?

Darwin's essay proceeds from the ridiculous to the incredibly stupid when he states: "Obviously, it is the woman who achieves the male erection". Under this insane logic, 14-year-old males can blame their palms if they suffer impotence while attempting to masturbate.

He goes on to point out that three out of five mental patients are males and somehow he manages to blame women. Shouldn't those under 14 blame their palms for this, also? Homosexuality and suicide are more prevalent among males, according to Darwin. This may be valid, but what does it prove? Darwin needs a course in elementary logic, as well as some severe psychiatric help.—*David Ritchey, Thayer St., Crafton, W. Va.*

Habit-forming

I consider your picture layouts in beautiful taste and that you are encouraging some blissful human habits—the kind of habits I want to see my children and friends engage in. I hope Penthouse continues in its present format, because the more good stuff people read about, the more they will practice.—*P.J.M. (name and address withheld), Ellsworth, S. Dak.*

Fana and fan

No doubt your circulation figures will have increased tremendously since you published William Kotzwinkle's masterpiece, *Fana* (September). I found it one of the most gratifying and truly memorable experiences I have had to date. After having had the opportunity of sharing "kif" with several friends one evening, I showed the story around. Comments varied from "fantastic" to "unbelievable", while one of my guests went on a trip for several hours with the most gratifying smile on his face. Your magazine now has several new regular subscribers.—*J.G. (name and address withheld), Windsor, Ontario, Canada.*

A cleric's concern

A member of the church that I serve has presented me with a copy of your September issue and asked that I write to you about it. His concern is that of a person shocked and outraged that such a publication is so openly sold and so readily available. I'm not naive enough to think that a single letter will make you change your editorial policy, but in a sense of protest I would call to your attention these several points and I believe that you have the obligation to give them serious thought:

In the first place, the availability of this magazine is a matter of concern. It is not just placed in the racks, but very prominently displayed in some stores. It need not be flaunted in this manner—a much wiser type of distribution could be evolved.

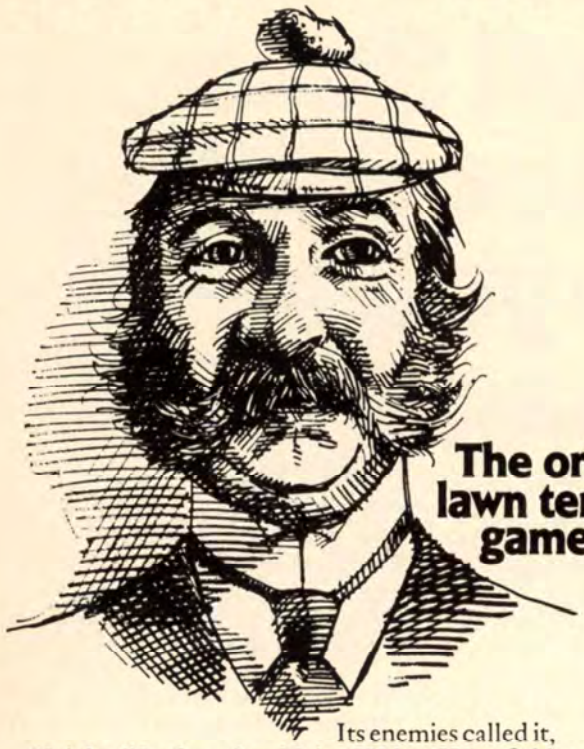
In the second place, your article on the *Woodstock Generation* is a real "put-on". As a clergyman, facing the various problems of mankind, I can certainly attest to the fact that homosexuality is seldom to be found in such glamorous, charming and idyllic settings. Your presentation, in my humble opinion, is a far cry from reality. I believe you do not present the truth as a magazine should, but a situation which is largely a myth.

In the third place, of course, this is a "put-down" of women in general. Having myself been in a counselling situation and being aware of modern research, I know you have misrepresented the whole thrust of women's yearnings and sexual desires.

Finally, the interview with Xaviera Hollander is a misleading piece of journalism. One so often hears the argument, and I wouldn't be surprised that you subscribed to it, that magazines such as yours are simply mirrors of society. Isn't it

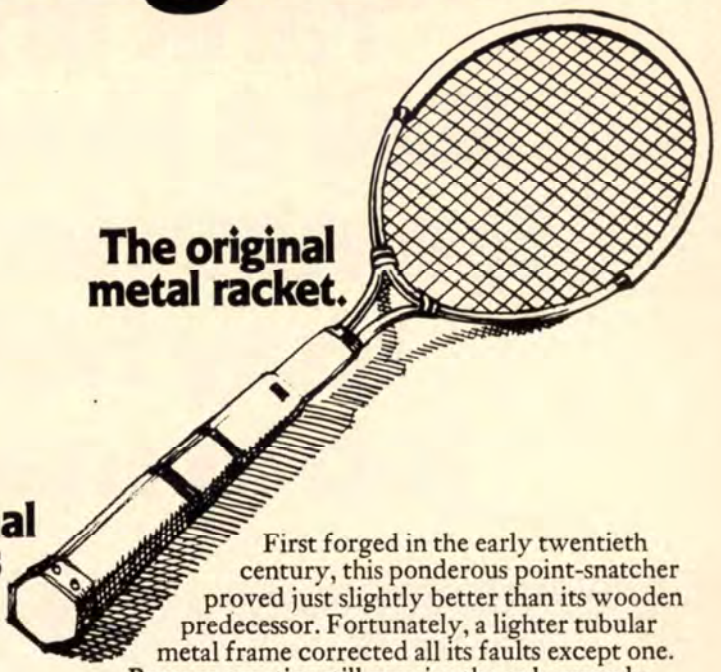
CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Tennis originals.



The original lawn tennis game.

Its enemies called it, "Sticky." Its founder, Major Walter Wingfield, called it, "Sphairistike". Later to be known as lawn tennis, the first game was played in February 1874 in England on an hourglass shaped court with droopy nets.



The original metal racket.

First forged in the early twentieth century, this ponderous point-snatcher proved just slightly better than its wooden predecessor. Fortunately, a lighter tubular metal frame corrected all its faults except one. Because practice still remains the only remedy for a rusty serve.

The original lace panties.

Perhaps the most colorful moment in lawn tennis history happened at Wimbledon, England in 1949, when Miss Gertrude "Gussy" Moran astonished the crowd by unveiling the first lace panties. Another small step forward for womankind.

The original light Scotch.

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Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original. Product of Scotland

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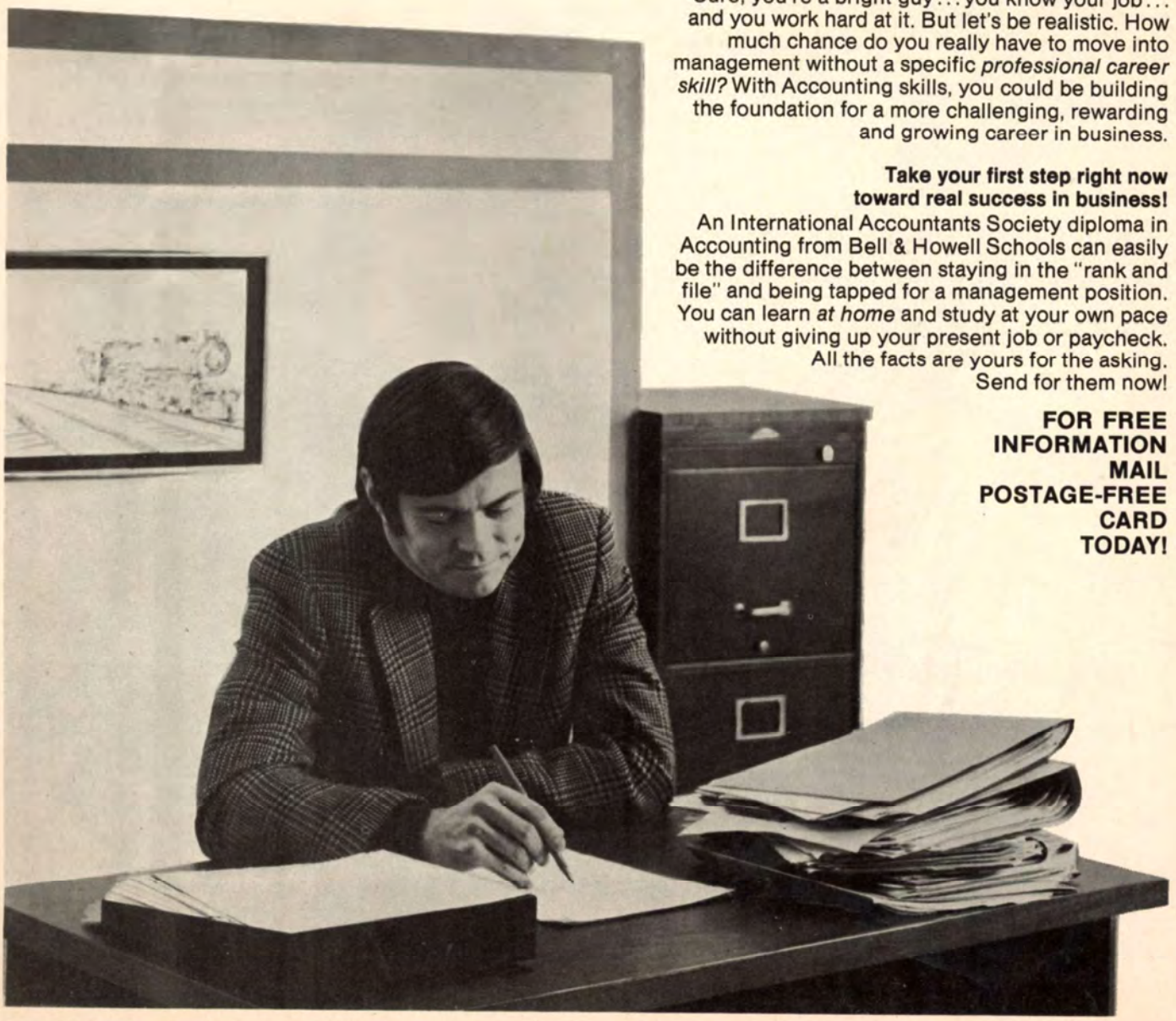

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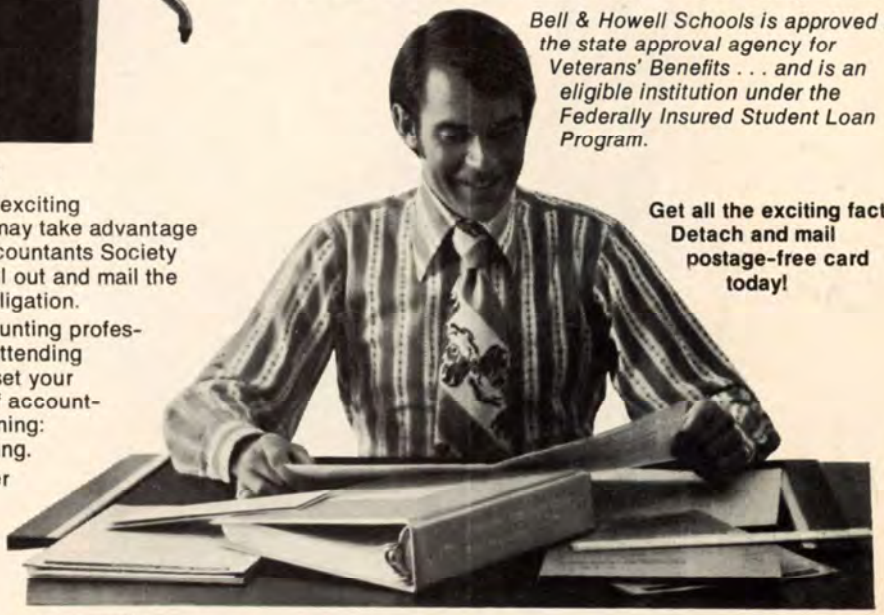

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possibly the other way round, that magazines, television and movies in some way set the pace for society? Realizing that you might concede that this could be so, to advance such a person as Miss Hollander as worthy of interview or emulation is certainly a questionable issue. It strikes me that, assuming you make money in this benign society of which we are a part, you have an obligation and a social responsibility to uphold it and make it as meaningful as possible, rather than advocating socially disruptive forces. If you pride yourself as a responsible magazine, I would lay on your conscience for sincere consideration your putdown of women, your unreal view of homosexuality and your interview with Miss Hollander, a person whom I believe most parents would not wish to see their daughters grow up like. Philosophically speaking, it is my understanding that pure hedonism has never offered salvation to man.—*Everett B. Fitts, Minister, Covenant United Methodist Church, Culver Road, Rochester, N.Y.*

1. Penthouse is readily available because an increasing number of people want to buy it. 2. Anybody who can view the Woodstock pictures as a putdown of women is clearly misinterpreting the feature, which was about widened limits of love—something a Christian minister might be expected to contemplate favorably. 3. The interview with Xaviera Hollander was published because she knows what she is talking about in an area that is seldom publicly discussed. Hence, also, her sex advice column, which continues in this issue. As Penthouse is a magazine for men the imagined effects of her example on young women are rather far-fetched, even assuming young women to be incapable, as the minister evidently does, of making sensible decisions of their own. Logically speaking, it is true that hedonism may not lead to salvation, but then that is nothing against hedonism if one doesn't believe in salvation.—Ed.

Doroshow in drag

On page 102 of September's *Sexindex*, you mention Jack Doroshow, "The World's Most Masterful Mistress of Ceremonies" and his national beauty contest. Along with this you run a picture of Jack, showing a beautifully feminine face, slender hands and a pile of feathers. Apparently, Jack is a top-class drag queen and it would not downgrade your fine magazine if you did a picture feature on him. Bob Guccione has a beautifully soft touch with a camera on your Pets and could do great justice to Jack. It would also be a great challenge to him. Out in suburban Chicago there is a great interest in good female impersonators among both men and women, straight and gay. A year ago, in Howard Miller's *Chicago* show, a transsexual named Jackie appeared three times, brought back by popular demand: it's what the public wants to see. — *L.C.K. (name and address withheld), Lansing, Ill.*

Though almost obscure, probably the most scintillating picture and corresponding article yet to catch my eye and rivet my attention to your magazine was Doroshow in drag. This may have been because she was the only beautiful "girl" you showed with all of her clothes on. What absorbed me was her glowing sexuality in overwhelming proportion to the simplicity of the picture. I have previously been excited in this way when I went to a friend's bachelor party at The 82 Club. I like to think I'm as straight as anybody and certainly I wouldn't have any notion of getting involved with a drag queen — though I sure had my

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chance at the club, as a couple of those "girls" were all falling over me and my friend. Nevertheless, some of those "girls" have got it *all* together, more so even than many real girls I know. I even go so far as to admit they really turn me on, too!

I'm not suggesting you should give over Penthouse pictorials to female impersonators, but you're the only man's magazine that could successfully pull off a comprehensively illustrated section showing the most attractive drag queens. I know many who would enjoy it. —*T.W. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.*

Perhaps the most enchantingly lascivious and dazzling feminine creature yet to decorate your pages and seize my undivided attention appeared back on page 102 in your September issue! Though only a demure black and white photograph of Jack Doroshow was used, he seems to radiate an enticingly seductive aura of ultra-feminine sexuality, which most of my equally straight friends agree is rare today among the nude models whom society extols as allegedly real female sex symbols.

In reading your piece on drag shows, I realized of course that these deceptive and exquisite examples of feminine beauty are often in reality elusive homosexuals. Having seen the 82 Club Review and the even more "camp" Jewel Box Review, I know there are many of these lovely creatures, many of whom are considerably more devastating owing to the silicones, hormones and electrolysis they employ in their endless quests for sheer perfection. There are many other female "actresses" who lack synthetic assets and yet surpass by far even their prototypes in sensuality!

While your more staid readers may never have been exposed to the unique bewitchment of these temptresses, others may mistakenly ascribe the arousal of their normal desires by these same gorgeous creatures to gay associations. Many men, less liberal than myself, would be reluctant to admit the promising effect a regular, fully illustrated segment of all the most comely deceivers on the drag scene would have on your magazine. They would find unique entertainment, an astonishingly refreshing change of pace and the opportunity to see some of the world's most beautiful women, plus perhaps the most positively stimulating eroticism.

Since Penthouse is primarily a men's magazine, though one might think otherwise in the obvious lesbian appeal of your recent pictorials, what could be more natural than devoting a section monthly to photos of men and boys in drag? Illustrated in color, it would be a sure success, but I don't advise you to use your not-so-stunning British comediennes and clowns. But the top drag queens, resplendent in the proliferation of all their finery, would quite inevitably draw the praise of your appreciative readers.

If even Xaviera Hollander admits that prostitutes in New York are facing competition from transvestites and transsexuals and if I can be turned on by them, despite having so incomparably lovely a wife, this must somehow indicate a growing need among men for this special erotic entertainment. —*Bryce C. (name and address withheld), Summit, N.J.*

Pets in pairs?

Just a few lines to congratulate you on the pictorial essays *Woodstock Generation* and *Kamera Sutra* in your September and August issues respectively. I'm sure the majority of your readers share my pleasure with these.

I think you are ready now (and I know the public is — this is where your leading competitor would be lost in the dust) to present us with pictorial essays featuring a couple of your outstanding Pets of the Month together, and I can think of several suitable combinations. Surely you are now ready to treat *soixante-neuf* and other to-the-point varieties of sex with even more frankness and without apology, by way of shading and lighting to obscure the obvious centers of interest. —*P.R. (name and address withheld), Rockford, Ill.*

Woodstock comes to town

Concerning the story on Bill Graham (Shows, September), I would think that with all the resources at your disposal, you would base an opinion of the man on something more than your personal views of the movie *Fillmore*. Over the years Graham has introduced a large number of good groups to the public, as both Fillmores were testing grounds, so to speak.

As a musician myself, I have taken part in a few festivals and know what is happening in the music field and the difficulties one encounters.

One of the major reasons Graham is closing his clubs is that many of today's groups just aren't as good as the groups of a few years ago. However, they're demanding more and more money. Eventually, you run out of good groups, no matter what kind of music you prefer.

A true professional isn't in the music field for the money. That comes second to making people happy and increasing their knowledge of music. In the same way, Graham related to both the public and the musicians. His goal was to bring people good music, and he tried his best. I have yet to find any other clubs where you could see four or five good groups and pay only around $4.50, instead of the $8 to $10 you'd pay anywhere else.

Yeah, he made a little money by doing something he liked. As you are doing, if I am not correct? —*John Warner, Twin Lake Drive, Wickliffe, Ohio.*

Our Shows columnist, Robert Blair Kaiser, writes: "There's no point in arguing over this. The movie speaks for itself." — Ed.

Middle-aged spreads

Don't think I don't appreciate your Pets, far from it. But why must they always be so young? Are women on the shelf, as far as nude photography is concerned, when they reach 22? Your models look like real women, "warts and all", but why the rejection of older women? Couldn't you include one model in her thirties or forties at least sometimes? You may find you have an audience which would appreciate a refreshing change — at least, try it. —*Don Adams, Williams Village, Boulder, Colo.*

I was really amused to see the letter from Eugene Signetto of Sayville, N.Y. (October) asking why you didn't have centerfolds on fat girls and women over 40. You've had quite a few letters from men who want to see older women in the nude. My guess is that, as kids, they were always itching to see what their mothers looked like undressed, and never quite managed to find out. —*D.K. (name and address withheld), Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Joys of cycling

My husband has long been a subscriber to your magazine, but it was not until quite recently that I began exploring between your covers. To my surprise I found your articles not only extremely entertaining but highly informative as well.

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JANUARY

years of total sexual fulfillment. Thereafter, our daily interest in sex seemed to drop off, and we became increasingly apathetic towards each other. Realizing our faltering sex life was at the root of our problem, we endeavored to resolve our dilemma through sexual experimentation.

We soon discovered that books on sexual techniques stimulated our imaginations and revitalized our waning desires. It became clear that traditional sexual variations no longer held the fascination for us they once had, and we soon found ourselves turning to artificial means. For a while my husband used a candle as a penis substitute with which he masturbated me to orgasm, usually followed by traditional sexual intercourse. Coming home early one afternoon, my husband found me servicing myself with a banana and was quick to inform me that by watching he had become very horny. My initial embarrassment soon gave way to heightened excitement at the thought of performing for him. Before long, he was bringing home all sorts of erotic devices for my pleasure and his.

About a year ago, we decided to jump on the physical fitness bandwagon and purchase some bicycles. It didn't take us long to realize the erotic possibilities of bicycle seats. I found that I became highly aroused by the feel of the seat tucked between my thighs and caressing my vulva. Needless to say, the thought also excited my husband. Being an amateur handyman, it wasn't long before he had designed a seat with an attached rubber erection for me. Now, just about every evening, I put on a dress, sans panties, and with my husband's help, I carefully slide into position on my "customized" bicycle seat in the sanctuary of my garage. Then we spend many blissful hours pedalling through the suburbs. I find the action of pedalling, especially over minor bumps in the road, brings me satisfaction I never dreamed of. In fact, on a recent excursion, I counted no less than 17 orgasms. The knowledge of what is occurring between my thighs gives my husband an erection that would make a bull jealous.

Naturally, as with all great inventions, certain innovations were required, the most important of these being a replaceable sponge seat cover to absorb my pleasure juices. I've certainly found cycling the best way to keep physically fit and sexually satisfied. — *Joan F. (name and address withheld), Montreal, Canada.*

Measuring up

With reference to the letter from L. St.P. (September) about the 10½ ins long and 7 ins wide penis belonging to her husband, needless to say, she neglected to mention that she was married to a gorilla! Pardon me, but this is a little difficult to swallow. Put your monkey where your mouth is, Mrs St.P.—*Gloria N. (name and address withheld), Merchantville, N.J.*

Aphrodite's freak

Last year, I became independent and opened up a studio as a fledgling photographer. My work tends towards the young world of fashion, catering for more informal wear. Young women come in on recommendation, needing pictures to send out to agents and advertisers. One girl I still remember asked me to work with her on a composite, showing her in diverse moods and attitudes in casual dress and undress, so that she could show off not only her physical assets but also her poise and adaptability. I remember that she was soft and quiet, docile and strangely aloof. Our session lasted an hour and I thought of her as having distinct possibilities.

Some time later, I had an assignment to do a series on casual beach wear. My studio stylist came upon some pictures of this little auburn-haired girl and we called her in for the job. Everything went along fine and she changed from bikinis to robes and posed on beach towels under umbrellas, clinging to a beach Atlas, etc.

We asked her to change into some tightly fitting polyester wear and it was then her face took on an expression of despair or panic. The stylist went with her to the dressingroom and, after some time, she came back alone, looking unusually flustered for such a composed damsel of efficiency and righteousness. I could find out what was wrong only by going into the dressingroom myself, which is usually frowned on.

The girl was sobbing and totally unresponsive to my inquiries. I asked if we'd upset her in any way, but she only waved her hand. We talked a little more, though all she said was yes or no, almost inaudibly. Finally, she got up and held herself against me, kissing me frantically on the cheek. Without saying another word, she took my hand and gently pushed it inside her panties, closer and closer to her crotch. And then I felt a massive protrusion, which seemed like a penis. I withdrew my hand with feelings I cannot describe — they were so mixed with excitement and disgust. But she gave me such a pleading look and began to guide my hand back into her sex. This time, it seemed the thing grew a little and I felt I had to do some exploration, if it was only for science's sake. While her penis was of no great proportions, I felt it was serviceable. She cut short our interlude by becoming sullen and business-like. The session was at an end.

Some time later, I called her and we had a date. We didn't talk about the modelling part of her life and she was absolutely delightful. We taxied home to her place and she offered me a drink. Only in parting did she let me kiss her and I thought her passions rose, so I rubbed her and took out her penis. It felt nice and slender and it was then I noticed it was fully developed. But, as she would not touch me intimately, our meeting was over. I never saw my hermaphrodite again and I hear that she is dead now, probably driven to suicide by a world that cut her off from herself and the sweetness that was in her. — *F.L. (name and address withheld), Scranton, Penn.*

Autofeat

I would disagree with J.B.W. of Washington, who in describing his performance of autofellation (October) claims that the act would be difficult unless the performer was "slim with a longish upper body".

When I was a student at Bennington College, Vt. a pudgy boy from Dartmouth used to perform autofellatio at our dorm parties. He sat cross-legged in yoga fashion and simply bent forward and sucked himself. — *Mrs. N.M.K. (name and address withheld), Boston, Pa.*

Water power

I have just had an unbelievable experience. After returning from Vietnam, I found it necessary to support my habit of amphetamine addiction. After bullshitting the family doctor into giving me a prescription, I found a certain female pharmacist "very understanding".

It may sound as unreal as hell, but after getting home with my prescription, I opened the bag and found a prophylactic in with my pills. I'd been calling on that pharmacist for a long time and had thought to myself how wonderful it would be to get a piece off her. After I discovered her little "calling card", I felt

much more confident about asking her out. We arranged a little dinner at my house.

When I called for her, she slid across the seat next to me and lightly laid her hand on my knee. After an uneventful first few blocks, her long, slender hand moved gently up the inside of my thigh and caressed my already throbbing penis. After I ran three traffic signals, she brought me to climax and lovingly swallowed my load. Little did I know that would not be the real climax of the evening.

After a light skinnydip following dinner, we were both climbing the slide by the pool. While she stood on top admiring the view, I sat down underneath her. When she flopped down unsuspecting, we enjoined beautifully. After gentle phallic thrusts under the stars, we slid down the side of the pool to underwater ecstasy. For you guys who haven't made it underwater, it is a definite must! — *S.J.S. (name and address withheld), Palm Springs, Calif.*

Hair and bare

Most American Indian women do not grow hair on their private parts, while Arab women are noted for keeping the hair plucked from their bodies, as their menfolk prefer them to look as childlike as possible.

I am among those men who prefer their women to have only a small triangle patch of hair on the pubic area and none to speak of between their thighs. Nothing is more mysterious and pleasing than to see a well-curved hairless vulva.

Also, I would occasionally like to see a mature grandmotherly type in your magazine. After all, a mature man of 60 is not wired for all these 20-year-olds. — *K.N. (name and address withheld), Mill City, Nevada.*

Art and amputees

H.C.'s sexual experience with his one-legged aunt (June) brought back fond memories to me. For my own first sexual intimacies were also a family affair with a woman amputee, my stepmother.

My real mother died when I was eight and a year later my father married his bookkeeper, who was a very beautiful 27-year-old spinster. Our new stepmother proved very kind and affectionate, and my two younger sisters and I soon learned to love her almost as much as we had our own mother.

My stepmother's left leg had been amputated a few inches above her knee, but she wore her artificial leg only part of the time, mostly when doing housework. More often, we saw her on crutches and sometimes she would hop around the kitchen or bedroom balanced on just the one leg. She never tried to hide the stump from us and would even joke about it at times. She gave birth to two daughters, but always treated her stepchildren and natural children as equals.

I was 17 when my father passed away and my stepmother began calling me the man of the house since I was the only male among six females. He left us well provided for, and we continued as the same tightknit family, with my stepmother supervising his business.

About six months after my father died, I knocked at my stepmother's door in my pajamas to tell her goodnight, as I always did. To my surprise, she invited me in and I found her sitting up on her bed, on top of the blanket, wearing only a sheer nightgown and reading a book. She was sitting up against the backboard with her one leg drawn up close to her and the book resting on her upraised knee. Her nightgown wasn't pulled down and, with her knee up high, it was formed into an open-ended tent

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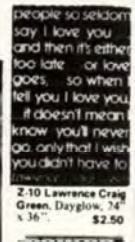

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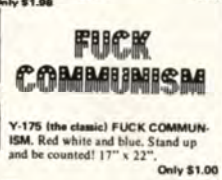

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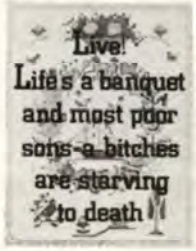

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

through which I could see her stump resting on the blanket, plus the underside of her full upraised thigh. To my shock and embarrassment, I realized she had no panties under her nightgown, for I saw a bushy mass of light brown hair matching the color of the hair flowing onto her shoulders. I tried to avoid looking, but she seemed absorbed in her book, though I kept stealing glances up to the junction of her leg and stump.

She asked me to sit down beside her on the bed and, putting her arm around me, she began complimenting me on the way I had taken over my father's responsibilities since his death. She spoke softly and fondly of my father and started talking about "other responsibilities" of his that she hadn't yet mentioned. She whispered, "A woman needs a very special kind of love that only a man can give her", and hugged me tight. "Your father knew all about that, but now that he is gone, I think you should learn about it, too." Then she kissed me and added, "After all, you're the man of the house."

I sat in stunned silence as my stepmother suddenly stood up next to the bed balanced herself on the one leg and, to my shock, pulled her nightgown up over her head and tossed it aside. I was afraid to look, but she said it was okay and I was "old enough to know the facts of life". She was twice my age, but still very slim and beautiful, despite having had two children. Her breasts sagged a little and she had big, dark brown nipples instead of the pink ones I thought all women had. With her hands on her hips, she balanced herself on her leg with her stump thigh twitching back and forth in space.

She smiled down at me, amused at the embarrassed way I was trying to conceal the bulging erection that was forming. "One-legged women look a little different, I know," she said, lifting her stump for a second. "But it's a difference that your father appreciated and I hope you will, too. Watch."

My stepmother began to hop on one leg in a big circle round the bed from one side to the other, watching my reaction all the time. Her breasts flopped and bounced wildly with each hop and her stump was jerking around in a broad arc even more than when I had seen it waving around when she played ball with us at the beach.

She approached my side of the bed a bit out of breath, snapped off the light and lay down next to me. I was in a cold sweat wondering what to expect next, and hoping none of my sisters would wake up and find out where I was. Soon, I was aware that my stepmother was pressing her body against my thigh and rhythmically rubbing the stump of her leg back and forth. She told me to slip my pajamas down and soon I could feel her hand gently on my penis guiding it into the fluffy, soft mass of hair I had gaped at moments before. We began rocking in unison till she whispered: "Remember, take it slow till you get used to my stump".

That evening was the start of a regular intimate relationship that lasted until I went off to college. I'd wanted to continue living at home, but she insisted it was time "I left the nest and flew on my own". I began to have affairs with girls on the campus, but found it a trifle less satisfying when my partner had two legs.

One weekend, my stepmother revealed she had started dating a widower who had just moved into town. So we decided to end our relationship. We kissed and embraced like mother and son, and I never again shared her bed.

But she knew I had developed a taste for amputees and gave me the phone numbers of a couple of girls my age who had each lost a leg. She had met them on visits to her artificial limb makers. She'd jotted down a brief description of each girl — left leg off below knee, right leg off at upper thigh, etc. Next to one girl's name was "no stump, but very cute."

A year ago I married a one-legged girl (though not one on my stepmother's list). I first saw her hopping past me at a swimming pool. She was wearing a bikini and a little five-inch stump was waving around where her left leg should have been. When I told my wife about the old relationship with my stepmother, she was very understanding, but laughingly promised, that if it ever started again, she would break her wooden leg over my head. — *G.P.R. (name and address withheld), Phoenix, Ariz.*

The letter headed *Tee for Two* (June) describing the girl on the golf course who masturbated with the shaft of a golf club has prompted me to write about the most ingenious and simple method I have ever witnessed. By accident, I saw a one-legged woman rouse herself to a throbbing orgasm using the handle of one of her own crutches. It wasn't a wooden crutch, but an elbow-high tubular metal crutch with a projecting rubber-covered handle like a bicycle handle grip and a U-shaped piece at the top that fitted round the user's forearm.

I was checking an old parts list in a deserted section of our company's warehouse where old records and storage files were kept. I heard a woman's moans coming from the other end of the supposedly locked warehouse, so I went to investigate. I could see a woman's head bobbing around between the two stacks of files. It was the boss's secretary, an old maid in her thirties who was still attractive but embittered about her amputated left leg.

I tiptoed closer and was astonished to see her standing on her one leg in front of a table with her dress up around her hips and her short stump visible. One of her crutches lay horizontally between her full leg and her stump, so she reminded me of a woman riding a broomstick. The handle of the crutch was inside her and the top stuck out behind her.

Her left hand was leaning over the table for support and her right hand gripped the front end of her crutch. Using the edge of the table as a fulcrum, she was working the front end of the crutch up and down like a jack handle.

As she approached orgasm, her body began shuddering and her stump jerked around violently. When she climaxed, her whole body was shaking and she started hopping around. Afterwards she removed her crutch, sat down and calmly wiped off the handle with some tissues.

I stood there with an erection, wondering how I could capitalize on this one-legged secretary's secret sexual cravings. I soon discovered she often visited this deserted part of the warehouse at the same time for her secret self-gratification. On four days in succession, I watched her masturbate till I worked up enough courage to barge in on her and take my chances. I thought she might fire me on the spot, which she had the power to do, but I didn't care. To my surprise, she said, with her usual crisp tone that it was a shame she had to mess up her crutch handle when there was an able-bodied fellow like me standing around doing nothing.

Suddenly, her dress was up and she was stretched out on some low files. She looked so ludicrous as she told me, "Hurry, I've got to be back for a meeting in 15 minutes", but I followed her orders to the letter.

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After that, I became her secret in-company stud and enjoyed every minute of it, I admit. A couple of weeks later, I found a $20 raise in my pay check and a note on the boss's stationery commending me for "increased initiative". When I left the company a year later for a better-paid job she was almost in tears. But it was fun while it lasted. — *N.H. (name and address withheld), Waltham, Mass.*

Beach Amazon

I used to read with interest your letters under the headings, *Who starts it?* and *Getting a man down*, but it was only recently that I had any firsthand experience in such matters. One weekend, I went with a girlfriend and two other couples to the beach and we played a lively game of touch football. My girl, Paula, is 20, 5 ft 8 ins tall and blonde with a fantastic body. She really put the other two girls to shame, strutting round the beach in a tiny black bikini.

Anyway, it was boys versus girls in the game and, though we were winning, nobody bothered to keep score. Finally my girl caught a pass from one of her teammates, and at the last moment, before she was able to cross our improvised goal line, I pushed her out of bounds. She thought she had scored, and in protest playfully threw a handful of sand in my face. After spitting the sand out of my mouth I said, "I'll teach you to throw sand in my face," and I grabbed her arm to throw her down to the ground. But she swung her free arm around and clamped it round my neck in a headlock that I positively could not break. For about five minutes she led me helplessly around the beach, teasing me while the other two girls cheered her on and the two guys kept on urging me to "do something". I was amazed at how strong Paula's arms were, and by this time I had a huge erection.

Finally she grabbed me in a bear-hug and actually lifted me off the ground. Then she threw me down on the beach where she straddled me and continued her teasing. At first, she was just playing with me verbally by saying things like, "What's the matter, can't you even take your poor, defenseless girlfriend, Mister he-man?" But after a short time, she decided really to let me have it and started kissing me and then holding her lips just out of my reach. She was rubbing her breasts in my face till I could take it no longer and I ejaculated.

By this time, I was so exhausted I could hardly resist her and she, sensing this, rolled off me and slid her legs round my waist. If I thought her arms were strong, I had only to wait and feel the strength in her legs! She had me helpless in a scissors-hold, and every time I moved to resist she squeezed me so tight that I could not breathe. She then rolled onto her back and held me straight up in the air between her legs! After that, she merely tossed me aside and walked off with the others while the girls congratulated her and the boys kept quiet. I was too exhausted even to move, and just lay there for a while. Nothing more was said about the incident, and I have stopped seeing Paula as my ego has been irreparably damaged.

I still cannot believe how strong she is, but I guess she must work with weights, as no female could naturally be that strong. I might add that I am hardly of slight build myself, being over 6 ft and weighing 178 lbs. This was the most exciting experience I've ever had, and even now I get an erection just thinking about it. — *Dennis G. (name and address withheld), Salem, Ore.*

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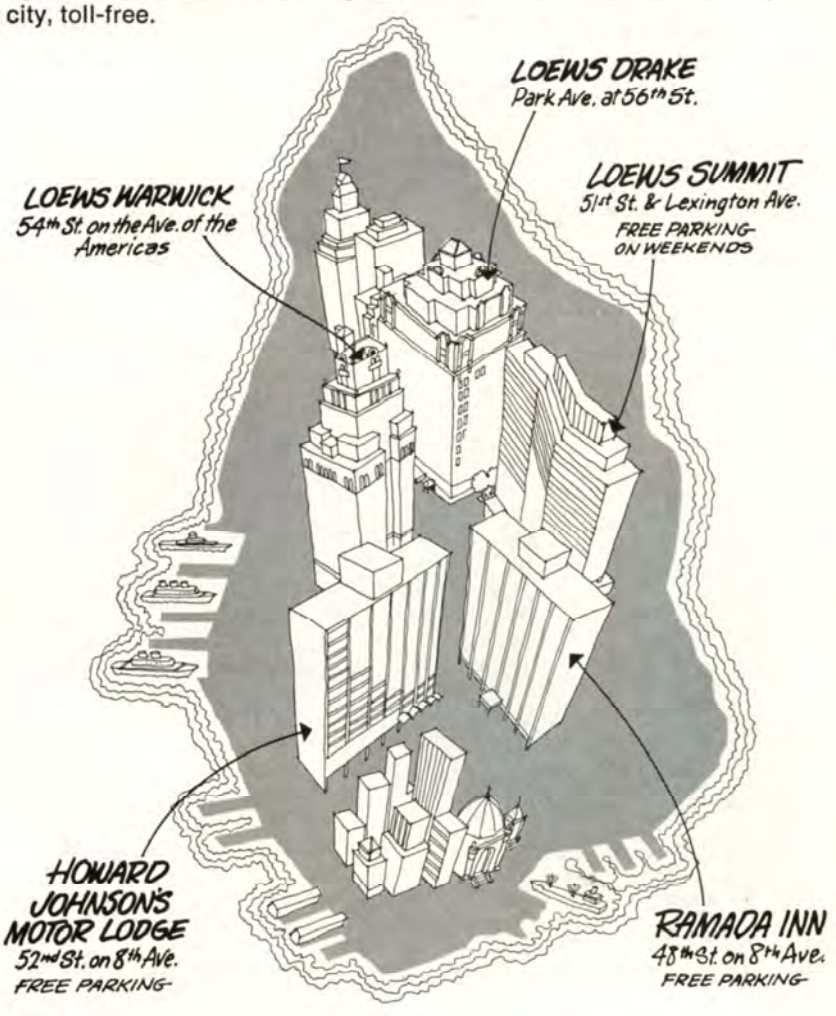

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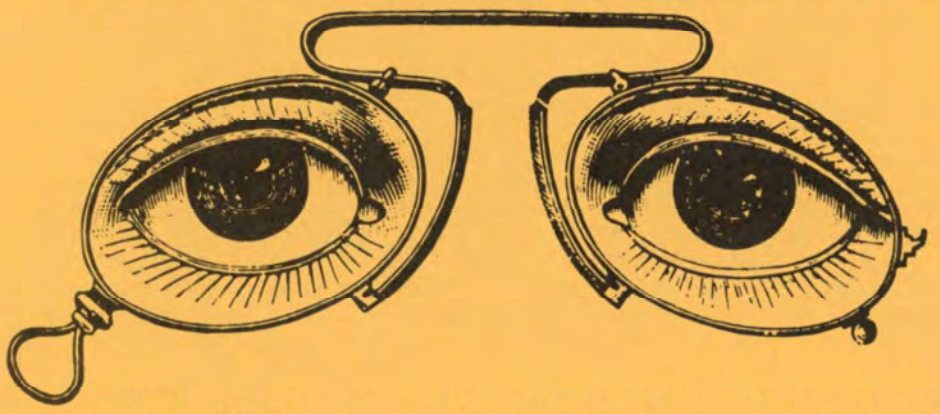


BEARING ARMS AT 30,000 FT.

It was early last September, at Miami Airport. A big 727 jet, loaded with passengers, is taxiing out to the take-off runway, when suddenly the pilot jams on the brakes. The plane shudders to a stop. The captain appears in the first-class compartment to engage four burly-looking gentlemen in conversation.

Unless they surrender their hand luggage, found to contain a number of guns, he tells them quietly, they will have to get off the airplane. After some further discussion, the men grudgingly agree to allow their bags to ride up front with the captain and the plane takes off. "Thus", *Time* commented later, "did one pilot express his distaste for guns on his aircraft—even when they are carried by agents of the Secret Service."

The pilot's "distaste" of course is only a reflection of the public's nervousness about guns aloft. It is nurtured by the proliferation of skyjackings: in the past three and a half years some 120 on U.S.-registered aircraft alone. That is an average of more than two every three weeks. To say nothing of the worldwide rash of air piracies on behalf of various terrorist movements abroad—actually mass kidnappings in which the passengers are used as hostages. It's an especially effective procedure because if the perpetrators are merely caught and imprisoned rather than killed, they can always be freed as part of the deal in a subsequent skyjacking. And of course it nearly always starts with a gun being pressed against somebody's head.

For this reason, most of the propaganda put out by the U.S. gun lobby about the American citizen's constitutional "right to bear arms" seems to cut no ice when the citizen proposes to bear his arms at 30,000 feet in a commercial jetliner.

You're not likely to get very far quoting the Second Amendment to the airport personnel who run you and your baggage through the magnetometers at the boarding gates. If they find a gun, it will ride separate from you, if at all. And it's doubtful whether any delegation from the National Rifle Association will come racing out there to fight for your constitutional rights. They know better.

On the ground, it seems—whether in crowded buses or trains or even elevators—the NRA can sell the people on the notion that their safety is not diminished in proportion to the number of fellow passengers packing firearms. But folks appear to smarten up considerably when they're airborne. Or hope to be.

COLD-SHOULDERED AT ZERO FT

The outlook of the U.S. air traveler is not improved by the attitude of his Government toward passengers stranded on the ground either. This was demonstrated in the case of what we might call the Gatwick 157, at the close of the summer vacation season. These unlucky tourists were forced to cap their holiday by sleeping on the marble floors of London's Gatwick airport with suitcases for pillows, waiting for somebody to do something about getting them home.

These were not bums, freaks or international hitch-hikers looking for a free ride and a handout. They were solid, respectable citizens. Mostly professional people, with their families, including a young mother who breast-fed her four-week-old baby throughout the four-day ordeal. They had *paid* their way to Europe and *back*. But the return trip vouchers they bought from Daedalus Travel Agency were not honored by the New York based Overseas National Airways. Overseas National denied having any "written or oral" agreement with Daedalus. Daedalus claimed it did, though the agency was reported in London to have "suspended operations".

Whichever was right, here were 157 Americans in distress overseas, vacation money all spent, and needing food and lodging while the red tape was sorted out, and at least an *advance* of money to pay for valid tickets home. A perfect spot for the U.S. Embassy and its home office, the State Department, to show what they could do for holders of their passports in trouble abroad. And what did they do?

They listened to the tale of woe as related by a five-member delegation headed by Donald Wolf, a Northport, Long Island, schoolteacher. Then, far from providing any assistance, they demanded that the group leave at once or be physically heaved out by a couple of London bobbies assisted by two American marines. This, while British cameramen waited outside to film for television the eviction of the Americans from their own embassy.

"The officials inside," Wolf tells us, "said they were in no position to help anybody in distress unless they had been hit by a car or arrested. They told me about my rights. I didn't have any. The Vice-Consul, Ralph H. Cadeaux, advised me to call my mother!"

Back in Washington, press officer Charles Bray told the press the State Department was "not at all sympathetic" to pleas to bail out the

stranded travelers. Had it been sympathetic, it could have called the major scheduled airlines, declaring the group "distressed passengers" and instructing them to fly the 157 home at a reduced rate.

In the end, some members of the group were put up by British householders near the airport. Others, the night before they finally left, were given free $20-a-night rooms in London's Grosvenor Hotel by the Grand Metropolitan hotel chain of Great Britain. Those who were flat broke were given a few pounds by the British social services, the counterpart of U.S. welfare. All were flown home at cut rate by British Caledonian Airways on a Boeing 707 with free meals and wine. Wimpy's International, the British hamburger chain, contributed $15,000 toward the cost of the flight. Caledonian chipped in the other $12,000.

Many of the passengers arrived at New York's JFK Airport sporting T-shirts emblazoned with Wimpy's name, waving signs expressing their gratitude. Tony Steed, 13, of Hollywood, California, held one aloft reading: "Thank you, Britain! For your *great* hospitality!" It was good publicity all around for the British interests. And for the U.S.—thanks to the professional diplomats at Foggy Bottom—another black eye. Why?

Could it be that the government was in effect siding with the scheduled, subsidized major airlines in their battle with the charters? There was a hint of that in Mr Bray's observation that "as a general proposition those who have been stranded are those who have signed up for illegal charters".

They are also people, whether the charter was legal or not, and American citizens. Americans who had to be rescued by another nation's foreign aid. That's a hell of a way to run an empire.—*Fred Darwin.*

NEIGHBORHOOD HOODS

One of the few times when the Mafia is interesting is when its members are murdering each other. Hoods are rarely first-rate conversationalists, and though they are frequently good family men, they are good family men in a way that gives ditch water a bad name. Modern crime, moreover, involves much tedious paperwork. In short, when they are not practicing the more dramatic aspects of their craft (killing, burning, roughing up, etc.), Mafiosi are generally a pretty dull bunch.

At the moment, however, they are in one of their active periods, and inevitably there is a lot of talk about the Gallo mob—young, Americanized, showbiz oriented, dynamic, progressive, a regular band of latter-day Robin Hoods. I happen to live in the same neighborhood with the Gallo mob, however, and around here we tend to think of them in somewhat different terms. We think they're a gang of homicidal maniacs.

The Gallo mob owes its survival neither to the brilliance of its leadership nor to the courage of its membership, but to a weird accident of urban geography. The mob's headquarters is on the South Brooklyn waterfront, which is virtually an island. The area has been cut off from the rest of Brooklyn since 1948 by the great roaring ditch of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, 40 feet deep and six lanes wide. Only four narrow streets and a footpath span it: with the exception of a narrow neck of open land to the south, they are the only way in, and the only way out. Any idiot can watch them; in fact, some idiot is watching them right now. If it weren't for the fact that they live in an impregnable fortress, the Gallos would have been slaughtered to a man by the rest of the mob years ago. As it is, the wonder is not that they've survived, but that any of them were killed at all.

The only reason nobody in the Gallo mob was caught in the DA's roundup in Brooklyn was that it would have been worth the life of any Gallo man to walk into that trailer in Canarsie where the fuzz had the bug. That is because the regular mob does not like the Gallos. As a result, the Gallos are the only mob in Brooklyn still smelling like a rose.

There are times when Carlo Gambino and the leaders of New York's other four families must throw up their hands and call on the Almighty to tell them what they ever did to deserve the Gallos. Things would be so different without the Gallos. Things would be quiet. Things would be business. Instead, things are in an uproar and everybody keeps getting in the papers all the time. How can you run a secret society if you're in the papers all the time?

The trouble with the Gallos is that they have no sense of proportion. They keep trying to kill the Godfather. This policy has won them few friends, and it recently resulted in Crazy Joey getting dead, among others too numerous to mention. It was easy to kill Crazy Joey because he'd moved to Manhattan. If he'd stayed home in Brooklyn, everything would have been all right.

Behind its breastworks, Gallo turf—or Gallo Graustark to those of us addicted to the novels of George Barr McCutcheon—is a tiny, dense neighborhood of low ancient red-brick houses, vacant lots, abandoned cars, and a couple of good bakeries. There is a Sanitation Department garage at one end and a small park at the other; in between, the population is half Italian, half Puerto Rican, and mostly poor. People grow fig trees and grape vines in their back yards, make wine in their cellars, and keep their mouths shut to strangers. It is a useful habit and one that is good for the health.

Like their neighborhood, the Gallo mob is poor. They never got the big cars or the fancy houses out in Long Beach or the white-on-white shirts; they work on the docks. Years ago they had a jukebox rental racket and did a little murder-to-order on the side, but there never was much money in jukeboxes and after it took them 11 bullets to kill Albert Anastasia from a distance of two feet while he was reclining in a barber's chair, they were not much in demand as marksmen, either.

Their headquarters on President Street is a crumbling four-story brick building a century old and showing its age, flanked by a tenement building and a vacant lot. Across the street is a cafe called the Longshoreman's Rest. Nobody ever seems to eat there, and how it stays in business is one of those nagging minor mysteries that will probably never be solved. President Street is a very quiet place. When Larry Gallo was alive, he used to turn on his record-player full blast in an open window and treat everybody to a selection of his

Rip Off: *the first time, but is it the best?*

Godspell: *mime, music and mayhem but where's the message?*

favorite operas whether they liked it or not (they liked it, they liked it), but those days are gone. About the only person you ever see on the sidewalk anymore is the gang's dwarf, a creature resembling an oil drum surmounted by the head of an enraged turtle. The Gallos are the only gang in New York currently employing a dwarf. It is not clear what his job is, but few people are eager to find out. It is clear from the expression on his face, however, that he is not the court jester.

President Street has seemed more deserted than ever since Crazy Joey caught it, but appearances are deceptive and visitors are advised to keep their hands in plain sight and their movements discreet. Recently a sightseeing dentist from Oklahoma paused unwisely in front of headquarters to bend over and tie his shoe. When he looked up, all he could see was nine pairs of knees and a waist. The waist belonged to the dwarf. The knees belonged to some other people. The dentist will have quite a story to tell to the folks back in Oklahoma; at the time, however, he found himself unable to utter a word. It had something to do with the way they were looking at him. They were looking at him the same way a dentist looks at a tooth before he drills it. It is a very professional look, and the dentist was delighted to get away from it. He was also rather lucky.—*L. J. Davis.*

SHOWS

GROWING PAINS

Rip Off is a neat little comedy about three teenage boys growing up in Toronto. Don Scardino, Peter Gross and Cooly Kukulewich are the teenagers. Most of the cast (with the exception of Scardino) are novices whom director Donald Shebib picked off highschool campuses in and around Toronto.

They're like a lot of kids you know. They don't know what they want to be, they don't know what they want to do (except maybe get laid) and when Mike (Don Scardino) finally does, it proves a biting disappointment. As in many teenage couplings the girl (Sue Helen Petrie) is the aggressor. "You act so straight," she says to Mike as she slips her dress up over her head, "but you're so *in*." What makes her think Mike is "in" is that Mike has inherited a cabin in the woods. He and his buddies are going to start a *commune* and the word is all over school.

The sex isn't very good. You know because afterward Mike says with unconvincing fervor, "Gee, that's the best it's ever been for me." And this girl only nods, then proceeds to make a date with another guy who phones.

The commune isn't very good either. The young men go up at Easter and find the cabin a falling-down shack in the middle of a poison oak plantation. They freeze and half starve and they go home.

This film (give screenwriter William Fruet full credit) captures the pain of growing up and, for that reason, ought to ease the pain for the young people who will flock to see it.

TIME TRIP

Rainbow Bridge is a kind of time machine taking us back to the good old days of 1970 when we all sat around dropping acid and listening to Jimi Hendrix and going into transcendental states and crying, "Oh, wow!"

Jimi Hendrix is in the movie (stoned) and there's some Jimi Hendrix music and some good songs by Jimmy and Vella, and a black girl named Pat Hartley who slurs her words so you can hardly understand what she's saying and a lot of longhairs riding the surf and some nifty solarized film.

What do they do in this picture? It all looks very impromptu. They simply rap about life and love without sex (because sex keeps you from coming closer to God) and about some creatures called "space brothers" who come from Venus and Saturn and are "totally loving". But you get the feeling you are being sermonized. And even though the sermons come from longhairs like Chuck Wein (the director) they are none the more palatable for that.—*Robert Kaiser.*

IT'S GOOD, BUT IS IT GOD?

Recently someone remarked of *Godspell*—now running in practically every major city in the Western world—that the show was essentially "a Marxian/rock interpretation of the Passion of Christ". That may be true but if a spirit of Marx hovers in the metaphysical wings of the production it is the benign ghost of Groucho rather than the fierce spectre of Karl.

Godspell manages to be at once picaresque, burlesque, passionate and, above all, spirited. It is based on the events of Christ's life according to Saint Matthew, and in its good moments it is a rousing and hyperactive chunk of theatrical entertainment. In its bad moments—practically all of which are in the second half—it is as tedious as a Gideon Bible in an Arkansas Bide-A-Wee Motel.

Visually, the play resembles a vision of R. Crumb's Zap Comix-Land in 3-D. The colors and ragtag chaos of the costumes give the players a funky glitter that refuses to let the eye rest. There are tap-dances, soft-shoe numbers, rock 'n' roll, medicine show harangues, magic tricks, audience-participation events, ensemble song and dance, snappy patter, mimed violence, gratuitous imitations of Richard Nixon, and several pounds of sight gags. All these trips, bits, biz and shenanigans amplify the central single question that the play poses, to wit: "Are you on the Top Forty/Of the Lordy, Lordy, Lordy?"

However, *Godspell's* main appeal is the charm of its cast, whose lusty innocence conceals a strain of corn that would be unbearable in less enthusiastic and good-natured actors. They are all young and energetic to the point of hysteria but at the same time funny and engaging. It is obvious that they believe in what they are doing.

Audiences, however, may find themselves less easily convinced. The central message that *Godspell* proposes is that one achieves spiritual fulfillment through political and social quietude. There is much emphasis on giving unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and the lyrics of some songs are quite callously explicit: "Someone's got to be oppressed/Yes, it's all for the best." As a panacea for the problems of today's world it's a bit reminiscent of the Depression musicals that sang "We're in the money" to millions who could barely afford the nickel to get into the flickers. Far from heralding a rebirth of spiritual values, *Godspell* represents a commercial obfuscation of spiritual bankruptcy.

Still, it's an entertaining way to pass an evening.—*Gerard Van der Leun.*

HAPPENINGS

FREE SPEECH—GREEK STYLE

Since the advent of the military government five years ago, the contemporary heroes of Greece have been mainly drawn from the arts. A number of writers and composers are, or have been, in jail and a handful of singers and actresses are in voluntary or enforced exile. But perhaps the most outstanding heroes, considering the country's prohibitive censorship laws, are the editors.

A few years ago it was said of conservative publisher-editor Helen Vlachou that "the only man in Greece is a woman". At a time when most Greeks accepted the coup without protest, she stood up to the regime and refused to print unless censorship was lifted. Eventually she had to leave the country. Today the most outspoken criticisms of the Papadopoulos regime come from another editor, Yannis Horn. He does not work on one of the once-powerful Greek dailies, but edits a tiny (4000 circulation) English-language paper called *Athens News,* and he's a rumple-haired maverick who, despite publishing his daily tabloid for nearly 30 years, still speaks and writes no English!

It may be partly because of this limitation that he is now facing a jail sentence under the press law that categorizes misleading headlines as a distortion that gets a mandatory prison term. One paragraph of an anti-regime story—the portion on which the headline was based—was inadvertently dropped and the paper was printed before Horn became aware of it.

Despite his indictment, or maybe because of it, during the past few months Horn has turned what used to be a bland tourist sheet into a persistent critic of the regime. For example he estimated that the government would get, at most, 15% of popular support if elections were held, and he claims that Papadopoulos' major accomplishment has been to take privileges away from politicians only to award them to wealthy shipowners. Ironically enough the junta's determination to abolish politicians (and there is fairly widespread agreement that maybe a majority of them *were* corrupt and abusing their positions) has merely turned Greeks' vicarious attentions to American politics. They believe American activity to be the key to their own domestic problems. "The CIA had 1000 men working in Greece even before the coup," Horn maintains.

Of necessity the gadfly role of the paper has to be more subtle than direct. It takes care to report all instances of foreign criticism of Greece ("Democrats deplore U.S. support of Greece"; "U.S. students denounce Greek regime"), and every opportunity is taken to snipe at the powers-that-be via parallels with other countries. On July 14th, for example, the *Athens News* front-paged a greeting to the French, concluding that it especially wished them "the courage to inspire in their government more respect for the fundamental rights of other people, including Greeks . . ."

The highspot of the *News* has always been a column called "Greek News In Brief". Readers immediately turn to its one-sentence tales of battling truck drivers biting off each other's ears or septuagenarian ladies seducing teenagers. The column is still running and recent items have concerned the prison term of one Xenofon Stathopoulos, 18, "for suddenly embracing and kissing" a 35-year-old woman walking along a Pyrgos street; a farmer who drowned when his "argumentative gestures" towards a neighbor toppled him into an irrigation ditch; complaining neighbors of an elderly spinster whose 150 pet mice, all with their own names, caused a disturbance; 20 long-haired French tourists turned away from a male-only monastery in Northern Greece because the monks found it hard to determine their sex; and a stabbing in Crete for what were vaguely described as "reasons of honor".

Other items have offered more food for thought: e.g. the recent disclosure by the mayor of Megara that a Byzantine church on the edge of his town was originally constructed to seal off a water supply whose effects caused citizens to become "abnormally sexually excited". Furthermore, the mayor revealed, the Turkish governor at the time commanded the church to be built in a single night or the entire male population would be decapitated. The church was finished in time.

But even the sometimes flippant "News in Brief" has been getting injections of political comment in recent issues. One such story read:

> "Coach driver Ioannis Bolalis has been referred for trial by a Rhodes court for insulting the authority and behaving in a teddyboyish manner in violation of law 4000, it was reported yesterday. The reports said that Bolalis was telling shocking jokes connected with the present political situation in his country from the loudspeaker system of his bus to schoolboys and schoolgirls during excursions."

Editor Yannis Horn ran the item deadpan and made no comment. None was necessary. —*John Wilcock.*

WORDS

MYSTERIES OF THE MONEY TREE

Remember when there were scads of best-sellers telling you how to make millions in financial manipulations from real estate to put-and-call options? Bye-bye millions. The new temper of the times is expressed in the title of a persuasive new book *How to Keep What You Have* (Doubleday, $7.95). And the new suspicion of the whole operation of Wall Street is contained in its subtitle "What Your Broker Never Told You". The book is by Charles Neal, an investment adviser who views his own profession with healthy suspicion.

Inflation, of course, is the name of the game today, and the immediate problem is to keep what you already have from deteriorating in real value—if you can make it grow, great! Neal thinks you can do both. His advice, directed at the little guy, is conservative, dealing with fundamentals of investing in common stocks—no exotic hedges like gold fillings or early Jackson Pollocks, and no get-rich speculations. But Neal doesn't sound like what we think of as a conservative. He tears into the Establishment, especially the Street, exposing many a dirty trick that big-money operators, often with the help of Government, use to clobber the small investor.

This is not primarily an exposé, however, but a guide. "I could list all the dangers and dubious practices (of the stock exchange) for pages," Neal says, "and while it might amaze and irritate you, not much would be served. It's the only game of its kind in town, so up to a point at least, we have to abide by their rules." But he also makes the point that knowing the rules doesn't enable a tenderfoot to sit in the professionals' game. You can't really beat the house.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Pin-Up: A Modest History by Mark Gabor, with foreword by Joan Nicholson (Universe Books, $20). A not at all modest survey (500 pictures, 53 in full color and four foldouts) of the changing but never-ending delights men have found in different times and places in the female body.

The Manipulated Man by Esther Vilar (Farrar Straus & Giroux, $5.95). Already a bestseller abroad, this hard-hitting book blames women for maintaining sexual inequality.

The John Collier Reader (Knopf, $10). Collier, one of America's best though least-known writers, is a rather special taste, but his stories are mind-blowing with their out-of-this-world notions.

Without a Stitch in Time by Peter De Vries (Little, Brown, $8.95). De Vries is the last of the civilized humorists and the only heir to James Thurber. This collection of short pieces is even more fun than his novels.

The Life and Death of Malcolm X by Peter Goldman (Harper & Row, $7.95). A solid study of one of the remarkable men of our time.—*Norman Hoss.*

SOUNDS

Rhythm and Blues roundup

1972 was the year of Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway and supper club soul; the year of Al Green who snatched himself three gold records right quick (one later turned platinum) and took over as the first big male star since Otis Redding; the year Motown lost its golden touch, plus a flock of performers (the Four Tops, Martha Reeves, the Spinners, others) and moved to Los Angeles to bask in the glow of the Jackson 5 and put the family back together again. It was a great year for the unexpected in black popular music. Chuck Berry had his first million-selling single in a raunchy little tune called "My Ding-A-Ling" but another Legend In His Own Time, Sly Stone, an innovator whose influence is still being felt on every level of the rhythm & blues scene, didn't even make a new 45. Aretha Franklin released a two-record gospel set packed with some of her finest performances—pure, stunning, full of amazing grace; and the Staple Singers, a gospel family, had two of the biggest hits of their long career with a couple of very pop-styled songs, "Respect Yourself" and "I'll Take you There".

If the r & b year 1972 had more than its share of reversals and triumphs, it was not so much a time for the making and breaking of big reps, but rather a year ripe for new moves and solid new talent. Most obviously, there was a trend toward solo singers, following a similar move in the rock field (James Taylor, Carole King) and highlighted here by Roberta Flack, Al Green and Bill Withers, the man with the overnight success story of the year and a folksy, for-real style that is bound to have a big effect on many of the black singers you'll hear next year. But while Flack was lulling everyone with tranquilized sophistication, a number of tough, funky black women singers were emerging as one of the strongest forces of the changed scene. Denise LaSalle, Laura Lee, Ann Peebles, Betty Wright, Millie Jackson and Lyn Collins all released excellent albums full of gritty, biting material that often sought to redefine, or merely reaffirm, a woman's place in the world. Laura Lee took the lead with an album called *Women's Love Rights* ("Stand up and fight, girls, for your love rights") that, while more concerned with sex than politics, covered many women's movement issues with surprising seriousness and wit. Lyn Collins, a James Brown protegee, hit big with a typically hard JB production, "Think (About It)", a message to the "fellas" that women are "gonna use what we got to get what we want", repeated at length in an album cut entitled "Women's Lib". She may not be ready to move out of the bedroom to the barricades, but her air of tough independence captured the mood of women's music in 1972. Even more stunning as performers and testifying women were Denise LaSalle and Ann Peebles, both powerful, gutsy voices who should emerge from the r & b underground in the coming year.

Al Green: *three gold records for 1972's Mr Big*

Joe Simon ("Drowning in the Sea of Love") and Luther Ingram ("If Loving You Is Wrong, I Don't Want to Be Right") came through very strong, and, with the tremendous success of Al Green, signaled a convincing return to the achingly emotional blues voice. But the men seemed more powerful in groups and, while once-dominant bands like the Temptations and the Four Tops faded almost to invisibility, new groups and those formerly in the background stepped in and took over the airwaves. Reviving the sharp, smooth, sweet-voiced sound perfected in the early '60s, neo-classic groups like the Chi-lites, the Stylistics, the Detroit Emeralds, the Persuaders, the Dramatics, the O'Jays and the Main Ingredient (stop a minute and savor those names) flooded the charts with more sweet-and-bitter love songs than we've had for years: "Oh Girl", "You Are Everything", "Have You Seen Her?" "In the Rain", "Back Stabbers". And for the first time groups like these—all of them associated with small record labels—were putting out albums more substantial than the usual two-hit-singles-and-a-lot-of-waste-paper formula. The album work by the Chi-lites (*Give More Power to the People, A Lonely Man*) and the Stylistics (*The Stylistics*) displayed a sophistication and strength previously rare outside of the Big Two r & b labels, Motown and Atlantic. The neoclassicists represent a nostalgic trend but one that has absorbed, each group in its own way, many of the influences of the past few years to come back less innocent but with a new vitality.

Other trends are not so well-defined. Stevie Wonder seized on several with his album *Music of My Mind*, one of the most important of 1972. Not only did he use a variety of electronic instruments and devices with characteristic brilliance, but—like Marvin Gaye last year—he signaled a new maturity for the long album cut (four to eight minutes), bringing it from a gimmick to, well, an art form. Tied in with this trend is an increase in the sophisticated use of instrumental work and production technique (the work of Curtis Mayfield, Bobby Womack, Billy Preston) and a new popularity for bands like Jimmy Castor's group, Kool & the Gang, the Ohio Players, the Politicians, the Nite-liters and the Counts. Many of these artists never get beyond the confines of the black radio stations, but more than any Big Names they made 1972 a very hot year for black popular music (rhythm & blues becomes a less and less satisfying label as the music becomes more and more diversified) and one that loses little of its brilliance in retrospect.—*Vince Aletti.*

Breaking the 3-minute barrier

Pop music has grown up by growing longer. The rock epic, the extended track, the electronic opera are with us to stay—at least for a while, which is quite some time in the mutable world of pop culture.

The change was inevitable really. During the '50s and '60s the destiny of a record was largely determined by its ability to comply with the limitations of AM radio and that meant a strictly three-minute timeslot. Even major groups like the Stones could not afford to let cuts run more than a few seconds over the three minutes allowed. The single record was the alpha and omega of an artiste's success and the idea of actually playing a whole album was too way-out to mention. Hence, musicians were compelled to establish atmosphere and identity in a matter of seconds: no screwing around, boys, and grab those listeners' ears in the first few bars or they'll tune out and go elsewhere on the AM band.

Around the mid-'60s, however, rock began to expand its field of vision. The lp, previously little more than an economy measure, a random hotchpotch of hit singles and flip sides, began to achieve an identity of its own. The

songs were crafted more carefully, with an eye toward the album's internal relationships, and thematic links began to emerge.

Sergeant Pepper (Capitol) was the first flower of this new-look conception. Though still basically a collection of songs, the songs this time hung together, linked by re-echoing themes and a vivid psychedelic aesthetic. Which in turn opened the way for the possibility of continuous dramatic narrative, and that certainly elicited no small flurry of debate, suggesting as it did that rock was o'erleaping its humble boundaries and aspiring to the scope and complexity of "serious" music.

Foolish fears, largely dissipated by Peter Townshend, whose increasingly detailed social narratives had earlier led him to devote a sizable chunk of *Happy Jack* (Decca) to "A Quick One While He's Away", a melodramatic nugget about infidelity and forgiveness. Where the Beatles had remained content to focus on song form, Townshend moved on to *Tommy*. This used a clutch of strong tunes and a reasonably detailed plot to provide the framework for the ascension of Tommy, messianic Pinball Wizard and prototype for the alien-popstar-savior-figure so beloved of recent progressive scenarios.

Tommy (Decca) was energetic, imaginative and immensely popular. But, more important, it established a broad audience for longer rock pieces. Since then the formats have varied enormously and the quality has ranged from exalted to exhausting, but the popularity of the pursuit has remained unchallenged as each new attempt is unveiled.

Sheer seniority demands that Frank Zappa and the Mothers be singled out, both for their dogged persistence and for their prolific output. Whether you find Zappa a genius or a monumentally successful bullshit artist, he was probably first off the mark with his longer pieces prominently featured on the earliest Verve releases.

Only slightly more conventional are the Kinks, who have never felt the need for all that instrumental gingerbread some bands use to link songs. Their scene is basically rock 'n' roll, with an occasional not-so-tender ballad and a classic shot of music-hall energy: no pretensions to higher philosophical problems here, just gut-level contempt for the mediocrity of contemporary life. That response has always been Ray Davies' strongest suit, and his one major extended work, *Arthur* (Reprise) focuses on that rage. Originally written for a BBC-TV drama, *Arthur* illustrates the Decline and Fall of the British Empire through the eyes of Arthur and his family. The songs stand nicely on their own as essential Kinks.

Social consciousness is colored in far more somber tones by the Moody Blues, easily the kingpins of impressionistic rock epics. Since the release of *Days of Future Passed*, (Deram), they have maintained that album's lushness of production and contemplative vantage point, thus earning widespread critical damnation and several million pounds. Their popularity is no fluke: they create polished, often compelling music.

Kinks, berating the bourgeoisie. Top left: *Townshend, tuning in to Tommy.* Top right: *Moody Blues, souping it up to success.*

Superficial similarities exist between the Moodys and a recent offering by the Strawbs. *Grave New World* (A & M) resembles the Moodys in its melodramatic production touches and underlying structure of a spiritual journey (always an undergraduate favorite), but prime-mover David Cousins has easily surpassed many better-known works. *Grave New World's* spin offs include a half-hour color film and an elaborate stage presentation incorporating dance, mime and elaborate lighting techniques. But even without the props, the work is successful in its synthesis of traditional English folk music with progressive rock.

Then there is Ian Anderson. Brilliance and excess have marked his two attempts at larger works, as Jethro Tull has achieved its most dramatic commercial success. *Aqualung* (Reprise) offered two sets of songs, one for each side, and linked by common themes. More recently, Anderson has moved on to *Thick as a Brick* (Reprise), conceived as a single 50-minute piece. Actually comprising several main themes linked by a poetic text and some tasty ensemble playing, *Brick* is that band's most uneven work, occasionally disjointed, intermittently pretentious and often dazzling in its versatility.

Less burdened by thematic content are Yes who, since their emergence as a global contender, have moved steadily toward larger works. *Fragile* (Atlantic) displayed their virtuosity, as well as their thematic vacuity. *Close to the Edge,* (Atlantic) is their most ambitious work to date, occupying an entire side, and, while their skill is undiminished, the lack of emotional or thematic meat suggests that the band might consider returning to those humble nine-minute, multi-themed works that graced their earlier albums.

Fairport Convention, one of the most evocative and influential bands strongly oriented towards folk styles, must be applauded for *Babbacombe Lee,* (A & M) a terse re-telling of a Victorian murder trial. They use it to show their unquestionable skill in electrifying the ballad.

Then, for those unashamedly partial to aural gratification via surreal timbres, Pink Floyd remains prominent. The conceptual ties are loose indeed, but the group's film soundtracks (*More*, Tower, and *Obscured by Clouds*, Harvest) thrive on such freedom, abstracting electric music to pure texture.

Tommy has been followed by *Ziggy Stardust* (RCA), David Bowie's popstar and messiah. And, like Townshend, Bowie has maximized his spectacle by focusing on strong songs, rather than following a more complex, involuted form for the album.

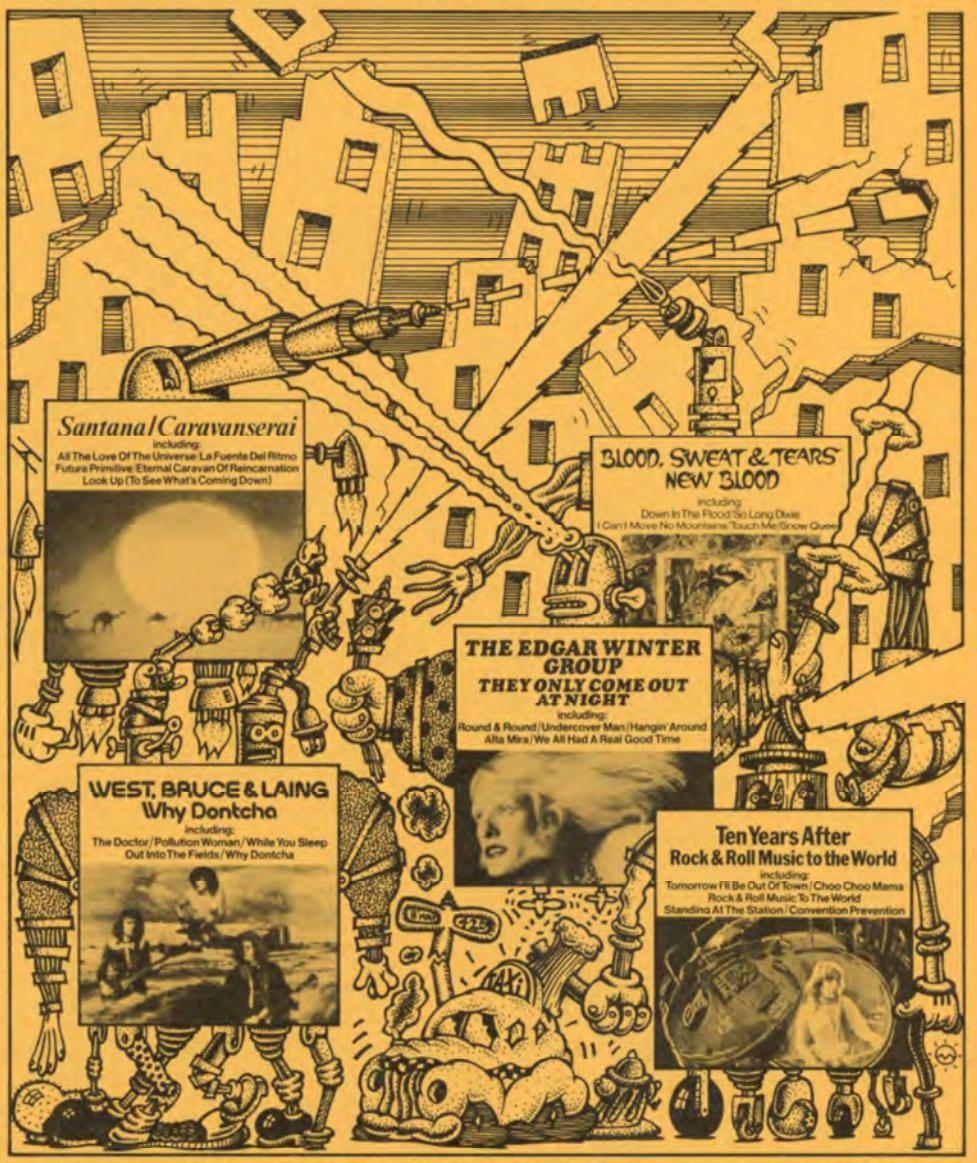
Recently, more pop-oriented bands have tried their hands at the extended work. The Bee Gees, who had mastered the lush romantic lyricism of the Beatles' more opulent projects, were otherwise perfect AM tunesmiths when they began expanding songs to embrace larger, more detailed narratives. *Odessa* (Atco) is their most conspicuous attempt so far.

The last two years have seen an increasing diversity of styles gaining acceptance through extended works. Miles Davis has become the apogee of instrumental fire for a surprising legion of supposed rockers, thus further shattering the myth of rock's illiteracy. Via Miles, John McLaughlin has received increasing attention, though his own style has evolved mightily since his participation in *Bitches' Brew*. Indeed, McLaughlin's intensity has been most effectively projected via the Mahavishnu Orchestra, (*The Inner Mounting Flame*, Columbia), wherein Jerry Goodman's electric violin, Billy Cobham's drumming, Jan Hammer's piano and Rick Laird's bass have combined to create an extraordinarily powerful sense of freedom. Where Pink Floyd pursues sci-fi fantasies, the Mahavishnu Orchestra has embraced a startling variety of styles. Their live performances are clear, bright, expanded musical journeys.

McLaughlin is just one of an impressive roster of first-rate jazz and rock luminaries who have participated in what may be the most ambitious extended work yet attempted: Carla Bley's "chronotransduction," *Escalator Over The Hill* (available only from Jazz Composers of America, 1841 Broadway, N.Y.). Jack Bruce, Linda Ronstadt, Viva, Gato Barbieri, Ms. Bley among others contribute to a work that is stunning in its stylistic pantheism and complexity. Heavy going? Perhaps, but that hasn't prevented *Escalator* from capturing the imagination of quite a few folk who thought they didn't like anything other than Good Old Rock'n'Roll. And that reaction points toward the increasing subtlety of rock as it opens itself up to other styles.

The list does go on, of course. It will grow, despite questions of art and artifice, because the extended work is no longer a pop curiosity.—*Sam Sutherland*.

TEN ON THE RICHTER SCALE.



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A load of laughs

One of the dicta of the record business is that comedy acts are losers: who wants to listen to the same jokes over and over?

The Firesign Theatre began to squelch that heresy a couple of years back. Each successive album (they now have five) built upon a cultish but fervid core of listeners, until by the release of their third, they were the biggest comedy act in the history of records.

Firesign built their following by being more than just jokesters: they bear about as much relationship to Flip and Geraldine Wilson as Walter Cronkite does to the town-crier. Instead of relying on gags and gag-writers, they base their success on puns (on several levels), pseudo-profundities that might or might not be wholly accurate portrayals of the future and/or present, and a reputation as doper comics. Some call their material science-fiction: enough sci-fi fans believe it's true to get their records nominated for Hugo Awards.

Firesign paved the way for the current resurgence of comedy records. Lily Tomlin, George Carlin and Flip Wilson (even) have something to do with this, too, but not as much as the Firesigns. Here are some recent examples:

The National Lampoon Radio Dinner: Okay, maybe it *is* middle-brow Lenny Bruce. At least it has the balls to roast the hip pretensions of Desiderate ("Deteriorata"); John Lennon (the perfect parody); Bob Dylan ("Remember THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES... And if you act now, we'll also send you this three-record TREASURY OF ACID ROCK..."); Joan Baez (her song is as cutting as anything Lenny Bruce himself might have done, taking to task the same liberal platitudes a decade later: "Pull the triggers/Niggers/We're with you all the way... Just across the bay..."), and George Harrison and Ravi Shankar's Bangla Desh scam. This record is hysterical, brilliant sometimes, and you don't have to be in anyone's Heavy 100 to understand it.

The Nutrino News Network present Marshall Efron, the hilarious fixture of New York's WBAI and NET's Great American Dream Machine (he won an Emmy for his skits) on record for the first time. This one is a little off-key in the '70s—maybe because Efron's roots are as deep in the '50s avant-garde as in the '60s—but it contains a couple of unquestionable gems. Woody Allen fans may love this one to death.

Another Monty Python Record really isn't *another* Monty Python record in the U.S.; but the group has had several winners in England. The wit is distinctively British, and American audiences are going to have trouble with both topic and accent, but on cuts where the references are the same (especially "Spam," which is the funniest C-ration joke since World War II, at least) Monty Python are winners. The liner notes and album cover, which feature Beethoven attempting to conduct his second symphony at a tennis match, are surreally delightful, and should win Monty and the boys a Grammy Award if there's any justice.

God Save the Queens has Sandy Baron taking a crack at every homosexual myth in the book. The record works, which is surprising because the liner notes make it decisively clear that Baron is not gay. Superficially, *God Save the Queens* looks like a truly corny, fag-baiting record. But scratch the surface (of the comedy, not the record) and you'll find some intelligent, sensitive perceptions about closets and queens.—*Dave Marsh.*

DISC DISCUSSION

Rock of Ages—The Band (Capitol). Well, nobody bats 1000. Robbie Robertson and company are good songwriters, great musicians, but the addition of a horn section here, and the absence of any strong new material (except their version of Marvin Gaye's "Baby Don't Do It" which is great, and a fine new Robertson song, "Get Up Jake") drags *Rock of Ages* out of its depth. Not totally unsatisfying, but more for fans than new acquaintances. Recorded live.

Give It Up—Bonnie Raitt (Warner Bros). Bonnie Raitt is the female folksinger for those who don't like female folksingers. For one thing, she really sings semi-acoustic blues; for another, she has a fine sense of material. The standout cut here is "Stayed Too Long At the Fair", but it's all good.

Ladies Love Outlaws—Waylon Jennings (RCA). Waylon Jennings has a virile, male voice in the manner of Kristofferson and Cash, is invariably backed by excellent production and used to be a rock 'n' roll star—sort of: he played bass and sang with Buddy Holly's Crickets of '50s legend. Watch out for Waylon's own "Sure Didn't Take Her Long", a strange version of "Never Been to Spain (But I Kinda Like the Music)" and a great c & w ballad, "Crazy Arms". Jennings could be the first country singer since Johnny Cash to make it in the pop field.

The Slider—T. Rex (Warners). Marc Bolan is not going to be as big in America as he thought he would be. He may conquer and reconquer Europe for decades, but then so have bad westerns. This isn't bad exactly, it just isn't up to snuff.

The Best of Otis Redding (Atlantic). Two records full of what the greatest soul singer in history could do when he was going strong. The live performances here are crushing, the studio stuff moving: it's a classic document of r & b excitement. A tribute to a genius.

Live In Europe—Rory Gallagher (Polydor). Gallagher doesn't get much attention, which is sad because he's the most exciting white bluesman since Johnny Winter. He is also Irish, and some of the turmoil of Ireland comes across in this live set of fierce, shouted blues. Both acoustic and electric, in front of an audience that knew what it was seeing and went mad accordingly.

Phoenix—Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol). This isn't the Grand Funk record for non-Grand Funk fans. Not yet. But the addition of organist Craig Frost and the unleashing of Terry Knight's rein on the others has made for some big changes, for better or worse, in the sound of the last band to fill Shea Stadium. Most of *Phoenix*—and most of Funk—is still heavy, heavy duty, but there are now acoustic interludes amidst the radical smoke. We're confused, but no more than the principals.

Hot Licks, Cold Steel and Trucker's Favorites—Commander Cody (Paramount). More of the same from the group who gave you "Hot Rod Lincoln". One of these days Commander Cody (and the Lost Planet Airmen, his band) is going to be the first pack of hippies to have a hit on the c & w stations. If you like old rock-a-billy, c & w or just good times, this record's a must.

Slade Alive!—Slade (Polydor). Slade are Britain's answer to T. Rex, who were—you may remember—Britain's answer to the Rock generation gap. They may have a better chance than the dynamic dinosaurs, though, because Slade's music isn't bubble rock. It's hard, it's nasty, it's simplistic, but it is not bubblegum. They do "Born to Be Wild", too. Truth to tell, it sounds real good.

Back Stabbers—O'Jays (Phila. International/Columbia). There is an overabundance of soul music for those who don't like soul: the O'Jays fit in there, but they also have a place in the hearts of those who love rhythm and blues and its sweeter derivatives. "Back Stabbers" was the best soul single of the summer and fall; this album is the most consistently excellent black music we've heard in months.

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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In this picture everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's Alfonso Cliggitt, divorce lawyer. Gimmick: far out dress to intimidate the opposition. Smokes cigarettes made of dried tundra. **2.** Harold A. Baer, rare book expert. ("Books Old and Rare from Harry Baer.") Thinks rolling his own makes him look younger. A real dingbat. **3.** If she's the Camel Filters smoker, the guy with the beard is Jean Harlow. **4.** Gene Harlow. **5.** Right! He's just himself. And he sees through all the gimmicks. That's why he smokes an honest, no-nonsense cigarette. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. Made from fine tobacco. **6.** A. Boswell Farquar. Gimmick: a white (not green) parrot. Hasn't seen a movie in years. They won't let his parrot in. **6a.** Parrot. Smokes a meerchaum pipe but has trouble keeping it lit.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

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Povl Webb

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

A provoking personal pantheon
from a defiant dissenter
by Al Capp

All "name" magazine writers today must, if they want to retain their good names and keep appearing in good magazines, react correctly to certain names in the news. The correct reaction to such names as Nixon, Agnew, Reagan and Wallace, can range from distaste to dismay, if you're reporting for the New York Times or CBS, or extend to disgust and despair, if you're teaching at Harvard or commenting for public TV. It can include them all if you're writing for the *New Yorker*, or if you're a guest at a George Plimpton party, or anywhere near Hyannisport.

So it's a damn lucky thing I made my name in cartooning, because my reaction to Richard Nixon is that he is a towering intellect. My reaction to Spiro Agnew is that he is a crusader with more courage and usefulness than Ralph Nader. My reaction to Ronald Reagan is that he's the saviour of higher education in California, and to George Wallace that he is more of a friend to blacks than John Lindsay or Leroi Jones.

With reactions as incorrect as those I could never make a name writing in the right

magazines. But at least I'm not on my own. Most of us seem to have reacted incorrectly if votes mean anything. I don't know how so many others came to react so incorrectly about Nixon, Agnew, Reagan and Wallace. Here's how I did.

Up to 1968 I had never voted for Nixon, never heard of Agnew. All I knew of Reagan and Wallace was what I'd read: a couple of dim, and possibly demented, primitives. I had campaigned against Nixon since the day in 1960 when Adlai Stevenson, still wincing from his party's selection of Jack Kennedy to oppose him, said to me: "We mustn't let that killer run loose!"

I was a Liberal then, and those were the most secure 60 years of my young life. A liberal's security comes mainly from his faith that anybody who isn't one is a sonofabitch, ignoramus, or fascist—and that falling into one or more of those categories are not only Nixon, Agnew, Reagan and Wallace but any sonofabitch, ignoramus or fascist who supports them (which, alas, now includes most of us).

When Nixon was Vice-President, and I was serving on President Eisenhower's People-To-People Campaign, several of us had lunch with him. He was so open, earnest and reasonable that it wasn't until an hour after I'd left him that I could remember why I couldn't stand him. As a candidate Richard Nixon was cold, tough and calculating. As President he continued to be cold, tough and calculating. The difference was that, now, he was that way, not for himself, but for us. The coldness which had contrasted so unflatteringly with Jack Kennedy's wit and Hubert Humphrey's warmth, became a cool that I found myself admiring when he remained unshaken by the demonstrations of hate that overflowed from our campuses to his own front door—the sort of thing that broke the heart and will of Lyndon Johnson. Johnson couldn't take not being loved. Richard Nixon had never been anything but unloved. He *could* take it. And, finally, the mobs, regarded by this unflappable President not as the voice of the people but of a few pests, took off, along with their obscene placards, their V.C. flags, their Kunstlers and Dellingers, and their Cuprex.

Nixon, correctly in my view—and, I predict, in the view of histories yet to be written—counted the 100,000 who demonstrated and the 200,000,000 who didn't, and coldly, toughly, calculated which group it was his job to be President of. I publicly cheered him for that. I guess that suggested that if this long-established Cambridge liberal were invited to the White House, I'd be glad to go. When I did, the President said to me: "You've been to hundreds of campuses. What do the hell-raisers on them really want?"

"Absolutely nothing, Mr. President," I said, "except the excuse to raise hell."

And he said: "That's what I sometimes think."

Today we both know we were right. Everything those puberty-maddened rioters rampaged against and succeeded in abolishing from their campuses, such as ROTC is now being unopposedly reinstated. Every noble effort they claimed they were dedicated to, such as teaching in our ghettos, they've now largely abandoned. The President whom that minority of youth noisily demonstrated their loathing for, turns out to be the President the majority voted for.

Those who called him unresponsive to the voice of youth in those days, know now that he, and not his critics, heard the true voice, beyond the babbling and bellowing of an unsanitary, unhousebroken, unrepresentative few. The nation today finds "Tricky Dick" more trustworthy, by the record, than those who named him that. The "used car salesman" has sold the world brand-new international relationships, while those who called him that have nothing better to offer than battered, rusted, used-up isolationism.

Those who call themselves liberal and the President a fascist have reintroduced into American life the "quota" system, a shuddery throwback to the anti-semitism practised at such liberal universities as Harvard up to a decade or two ago. They've tried to cram "bussing" down our throats, a system of transporting the helpless, selected by race, reminiscent of Adolf Eichmann. By fighting quotas and bussing, Nixon has emerged as a more honest liberal than any of his liberal critics, and that's why, in supporting him, this lifelong liberal doesn't feel that he has changed at all.

Ken Galbraith, a neighbor of mine in Cambridge, and a former friend, once sent me one of his books inscribed: "Hoping this will bring you back to liberalism". I replied: "I never abandoned liberalism. You and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. kidnapped it." Liberalism in their hands has become something hairy, howling and hysterical. Nixon's liberalism is sane, sanitary and stern.

But what was that I said about his being a towering intellect? Nixon an intellect? A towering one? I called him that at the beginning of this article, and I haven't forgotten. I'm not taking it back. I realize it won't do at all to assure you that across a desk his quickness to grasp a point—before you've arrived at it—is dazzling. Anyone, you may say, is apt to be dazzled in the presence of the President. Anyone whose opinion is asked by a President would be less than human not to be dazzled by that.

So let's look at him as an intellect, not on the basis of his set speeches, during which he is protected from the challenges of the public, or their representatives on the press, but on the basis of a couple of confrontations. In those he was not and could not be protected, his only defense being his intellect. One was a White House session about a year ago with the three leading intellects of our TV networks: John Chancellor of NBC, Eric Severeid of CBS, and Howard K. Smith of ABC. Of the three, the only true *reporter* is, of course, Smith. I mean that nothing in his reportage has ever revealed any bias for or against the President. Night after night, on his newscast, Smith tells us what he did and said, without any attempt to influence our judgement by quip or grimace. For quip and grimace reporting you must switch to Severeid, who tries to conceal his distaste for the President, but not very hard, or to Chancellor, who doesn't try at all.

It isn't inside knowledge, or guessing either, to say that a TV commentator's chance to confront a President he's been nasty about is, above all, a chance to prove that he deserved it. I've done enough TV interviewing myself to ruefully assure you that that is all too true. Well, for an hour Severeid and Chancellor didn't so much ask the President questions (and, remember, they had weeks to prepare, polish and poison those questions, whereas the President had to respond off the cuff) as to politely make accusations against him. Slaughtering Vietnamese out of pique; betraying classic Republican economic policies (which they'd never approved of); trying new ones (which they did approve of, but resented having someone they didn't approve of try); not holding more such interviews, and giving them the chance to be nasty to him, face to face, more often.

PATIENT AND PRESIDENTIAL

All through that hour the President answered Severeid and Chancellor (Smith was a pure impeccable information-seeking journalist) as a prep-school headmaster might answer a couple of not very well-mannered or well-informed upper classmen, selected to represent the student body more for their brashness than for their brains. His answers were never defenses or apologies, but explanations—the full and patient explanations of a baited but understanding teacher. When the hour was over the TV audience knew who was the intellectual and who were the smartasses.

We again saw the President, un-

protected except by his intellect, in his mass press conference early last summer. At the time I was a patient at the Duke University weight-losing clinic. My fellow-patients were largely solvent liberals. One must be solvent to overeat at today's prices, and when you're that self-indulgent you're more apt to be a liberal, in remorse. Come to think of it, remorse is why so many liberals become liberal—remorse over having more than enough, remorse over not needing more. It was only when McGovern promised he'd relieve their torment by relieving them of their surplus that so many liberals switched to Nixon.

Nixon's performance, and many of the clinic's liberals conceded it the next day, was the most superb of any President in our memory—and many of us remembered press conferences going back to FDR. It didn't have the wit of Jack Kennedy's, the cockiness of Harry Truman's, the fatherliness of Dwight Eisenhower's; it had none of those endearing qualities. It had the Nixon quality: total grasp of every nuance of every subject that came up, cool confidence in the wisdom of the courses he had set, and quiet determination to pursue those courses, with a calm that neither criticism, hysteria, nor guarded threats could ruffle.

"That", said one of my solvent fat liberal fellow-patients thoughtfully, "is a President." Nixon is President, not because of his charm, but because of his intellect. The reason the intellectual establishment failed so long to recognize him as an intellectual is that it came to us in deeds, not in phrases.

COURAGEOUS CAMPAIGNER

And now on to Spiro Agnew. "A crusader more courageous and useful than Ralph Nader" ? Yes, that's what I said.

It doesn't take any courage to attack General Motors. Everybody resents General Motors, if only because we couldn't live without them. It's perfectly safe, too, to attack Congress. And not terribly original. Americans have been at that since the days of Mark Twain ("He is a Congressman and an idiot, but forgive me for repeating myself") through Will Rogers, to Walt Kelly and Al Capp. Everyone who sets up in business as a social critic, whether candidate, cartoonist or crusader, begins by abusing Big Business and Big Government. Everyone admires you and cheers you for it, because they, like you, are so fired up by the holiness of the crusade they forget that without Big Business and Big Government we'd be the Republic of Chad.

Later the social critic realizes that, and when he does he must be prepared to be accused of selling out, or having become old and bitter or, worst of all, rich. Of anything except of simply having learned the facts of life. Until he learns, Ralph Nader will continue to be a hero to the press. That is, if he is careful not to crusade against the shoddiness, inefficiency and occasional fraud that Spiro Agnew had the courage to tackle: the shoddiness, inefficiency and occasional fraud the press can be guilty of.

The man who invests in a publishing house or a TV station does so for no nobler or different reason than one who invests in General Motors. Both hope their hardware will turn out products that can be sold for a profit. It is no less unthinkable that a publishing or broadcasting conglomerate can manufacture and distribute perilously imbalanced products than General Motors can. Those responsible for either type of menace to the public should be equally exposed to criticism.

Crusaders like Nader and officeholders like Agnew need the support of the media. But catch Nader demanding that the *New York Times* recall 100,000 of its products because tests revealed a dangerous lack of editorial balance, or that CBS cancel a documentary because the workmanship was below the standards of journalistic honesty. You don't get that sort of crusading from Nader. He knows where his bread is buttered, he knows where a guy can get hurt. Agnew knows, too, but risk-taking never stopped a crusader with courage.

Spiro Agnew, more honest and useful than Ralph Nader? Yes, that's what I said.

And I said that Ronald Reagan was the saviour of higher education in California. But isn't he the Reagan who demanded the end of free tuition? That all students must pay, even if in notes to be redeemed years later? Isn't he the Reagan who insensitively failed to understand the high ideals and noble principles which inspired the mobs to set fire to California university buildings, crack the skulls of stubborn faculty, demolish libraries? Didn't he get after those responsible for such progress, with a club? Yes, that's the Ronald Reagan I meant and if he had been any other sort of man, or Governor, higher education in California today would be the leper colony it is in New York City under John Lindsay, who is everything Reagan isn't.

What about your wildest claim, Capp, that George Wallace is a friend to blacks? If you want to take it back, Capp, we won't press it. We all know that what Wallace really wants to bring back is lynching.

The truth is, he almost did: simply by appearing on a platform at Dartmouth University, in Hanover, New Hampshire, during the campaign of '68. "I was a major Presidential candidate," he told me. "I was invited to explain my views to a liberal audience. I was glad to be invited. It proved the audience had a right to call itself liberal.

"I wasn't into my speech more than a few minutes when there was a howl from the rear of the hall. A mob was rushing toward me, armed with anything that could be used as clubs. I remembered that howl. I'd heard it before, when I was a kid. From an Alabama lynch-mob. They were led by a young professor. He was swinging a heavy tire-chain, screaming: *'Kill him! Kill him!'* He was from the department of humanities.

"The audience of liberals made no attempt to stop them. The local cops fell back. But I'd brought a few Alabama State troopers with me. The liberal press criticized me for that. Said it proved I was a fascist. Well, those old boys grouped around me and drew their guns. The mob stopped. They were close enough for me to see their faces. I recognized them. They were the same faces I'd seen as a kid, in that lynch-mob."

We all of course remember with sorrow George Wallace standing in that University of Alabama doorway, barring those black students, 10 years ago. We all read with sorrow of the barring of white students from a meeting of the Afro-American Society at Harvard two years ago, and the barring of whites from the Black Caucus later than that. We read today with sorrow of the demands of black leaders for separate schools, separate community governments, separate communities, separate states.

George Wallace no longer stands where he stood 10 years ago. Standing there instead is Leroi Jones, the black leader, and John Lindsay, white leader of such separatist blacks. George Wallace today is a better friend to blacks who want a united America than they are.

MY MIRACLE GAMBLE

This article was written and turned in to Penthouse four weeks before the American election. I took the risk of assuming that Nixon and Agnew would win, a risk comparable to assuming that, in its next border war, Israel would win—or that in her next TV series Doris Day would not lose her virginity.

Not that a miracle couldn't make a fool of me. But only such a miracle as, say, Teddy Kennedy putting up the millions McGovern says he needs to be elected, and thereby making Sarge Shriver the most important member of the family, and the next logical Democratic candidate for the Presidency instead of himself.

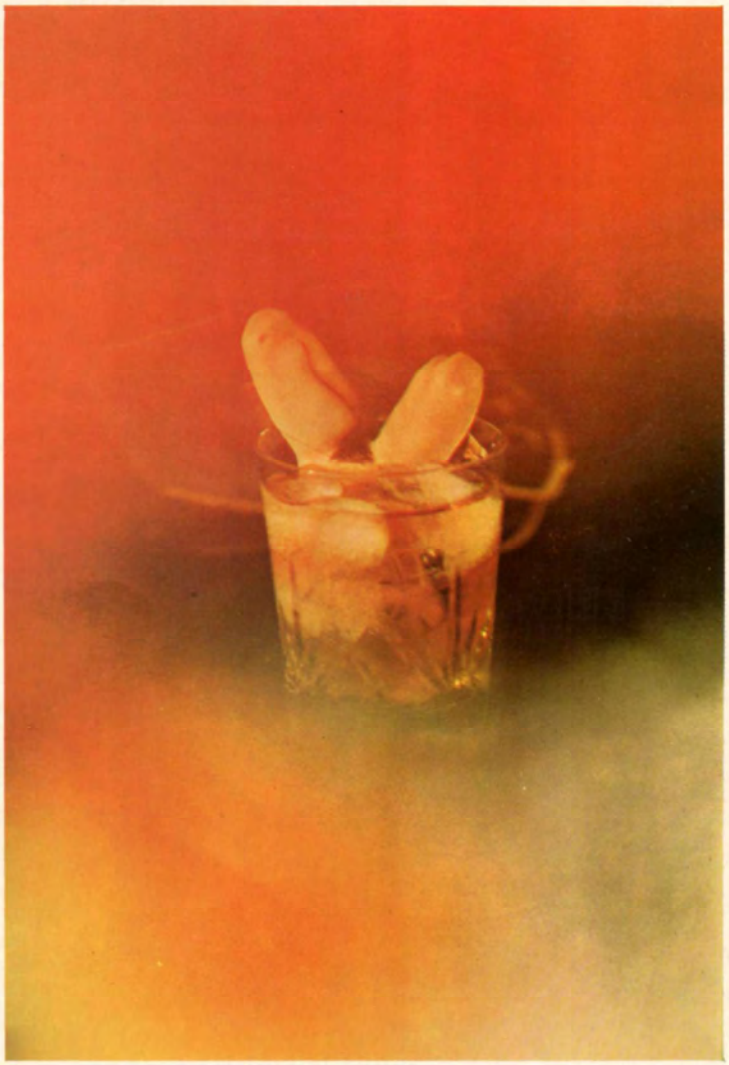
THROUGH A GLASS STARKLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLARD THURSTON JR.

By dint of expert navigation, the forward party landed on a glossy brown plateau shortly before dawn. We stripped ourselves for action, and ventured out toward the glittering towers of what appeared to be an alien city. Staff-sergeant Chloe Xrrp expressed the wish that the strange cylindrical skyscrapers would be inhabited by equally naked Earthmen, since 104 months in galactic space had left her feeling sorely in need of a man's inferior though pleasurable attentions. Though forced to order her to silence, I felt deep in my physical being that such an encounter—in colloquial Earthish—"couldn't be all bad." Forcing these lustful fantasies to the back of my mind, I led the way into what appeared to be a wealthy suburb, densely built with elaborate and decorative glass houses—none of which, however, appeared to be inhabited. Private Daphne Yywwk suggested that because Earth was a planet where male chauvinism had been allowed to get uncontrollably out of hand, it was possible that it had died the kind of death that awaits any society where men can make any kind of administrative decision. We all tweaked our clitorises to keep away such bad vibes, and investigated the abandoned city further. On all sides, glass walls rose sheer into the skies, many with huge

THE LATE
QUEEN VICTO
SC

advertising hoardings plastered on their sides, all of which were devoted to the promotion of various drinks. Navigator Lolita Pffft began to say that it might be male alcoholism that had extinguished life on Earth, when we were interrupted by a glaring light and a thunderous noise all around us, and thick clouds of noxious blue smoke billowed in between the buildings. We dived desperately for cover, and the last I saw of Lolita was her petitely curved bottom as she slid behind a glass outbuilding. My mind whirring over, I desperately scaled one of the vast towers, and standing on the



slippery pinnacle, I raised my arms and screamed an incantation to Greer, the One True Goddess of Womankind. But my prayers were unanswered, and before I knew what was happening, my nude body was hurled into open space, and I plunged toward the ground. My whole life flashed before my eyes as I dropped, and I saw the faces of my family vividly (except my father and brothers of course). Then all was darkness, save for the booming tones of an enormous voice, which said: "Oh, I'm sorry, Charles. Something seems to have drowned in your drink."

"Bob Lawrie—Nicholas Thirkell Associates"

The Improbable Ballad Of Merle Haggard

The words came slowly and hard and with long, deliberate thought. Every date and every name, every place and time was painstakingly established. But even then, you didn't get much about his boyhood, except for the jails.

It was in San Quentin that Merle Haggard got his basic training as a performer, appearing on the Warden's Show once a week for a year. He was always very scared, but this stage experience gave him some of the professional confidence he needed. In 1968 he returned to San Quentin to do a free New Year show for the convicts. It was exactly 10 years since he had watched a live performance by Johnny Cash from that very same audience. Meantime he had gone out into the free world on parole. He got religion. He got patriotism. He got sober and he got his mind right. He sold more than 3,000,000 records. He appeared on television. He collected awards and plaques of honor by the armful. He was made a Kentucky colonel. The President invited him to dinner at the White House.

Merle was given a tumultuous welcome, back at St. Quentin. Normally, only a third of the convicts appreciate country music, but they *all* liked it *that* night. Johnny Cash had told them before that they were forgiven, but Johnny Cash never really built any time. He understood, but he didn't *know*. Now Merle—Merle was one of *them*. He was their very own boy and he had made it.

Between the ages of 14 and 22, Merle Haggard spent about six years behind bars. Before that there were only a few little things, running away from home at the age of 12 with a friend, hopping a freight to Fresno and getting hauled home by the cops. When he was 13 he ran away again, hitchhiked to San Antonio, rode a freight to El Paso and then helped drive a car to L.A. But first his buddy wrecked the car and then they ran into a police roadblock and spent six days in jail on suspicion of armed robbery. Merle gave a phony name and claimed he was 17. The Japanese pistol he had in his suitcase was hard to explain. But the real culprits were caught. Merle got home to his mother after six weeks.

Starting high school at 15, he went to juvenile hall for truancy, was put on probation and then ran away from home again, stealing a car and getting caught with it in Arizona. He was put on federal probation, but again he cut classes. He was sentenced to six months at a county juvenile road camp. The federal probation was dropped, but five days later, Merle escaped and stole a car. Three weeks later he was caught in Las Vegas. The kid with him was 16 and was sent to prison. Merle was sent to the Fred C. Nellis school for boys in Whitter, California. Three months later, he escaped. He stole a car. Then after a few days, he gave up and went home.

He was put in a disciplinary cottage for 20 days where he wore a nightgown, was kept on short rations and was beaten up if he failed to go into an immediate brace when the guard quietly put on the light and tiptoed inside. Merle and six others were put on a work detail. They tried to run but got entangled in the barbed wire; only one got away. The others were forced to run in a circle wearing oversized brogans. After two hours, Merle stopped and told a black guard: "I ain't runnin' no fuckin' more". The guard grabbed a rake and hit Merle into a dead run for still another hour. After doing 30 more days on discipline, he escaped again.

As Merle talked, he heated up some chili on a hotplate, sat down on the bed and ate it. He wasn't wearing a shirt. On his back, almost covering his left shoulder blade, was a blue tattoo of a spider in a web. On his lower right shoulder blade was a fly. The work was done by a cell partner in the Phoenix jail. He also has the name "Leona" tattooed on one shoulder and the initials "PSI" on his wrist, almost hidden by his gold watch. This is another kid joint, the Preston School of Industry.

His eyes looking elsewhere, concerned with the details, he described his next recapture. While running away from a highway patrolman he hid underneath a potato packing shed for half a day, buried in a pile of sawdust. He was encircled by a posse of 40 men. He could hear them talking and he knew they were very angry. After dark he went back to the road and tried to hitchhike but a police car drove up and he was grabbed. Only then did he learn that the posse was looking for a sex maniac who had killed an eight-year-old girl with a hammer that very morning. Some of her relatives were in the group and he would have been lynched on the spot. Meantime, the guilty man was caught.

Merle was sent to the PSI at Stockton. After 16 months he got a parole but he left the state without permission and was returned as a technical parole violator. Six months later, he escaped. The guards kept their private cars outside. Merle and his buddy found a car with the keys in it. They jumped in, started up with a roar and then hit the end of the chain which was fastened around a tree. Lights went on. Voices hollered the alarm. They ran behind a

From juvenile jailbird to country-and-western idol (winner of 1972's Album of the Year award), Merle Haggard's career as a contemporary minstrel makes a sociological document. **by Donn Pearce**

guard's house, crawled underneath and hid there for two days. Some guards were in the backyard discussing the escapees when a five-year-old asked: "Where they at now ,daddy?" "Don't interrupt, son. They're probably under the house right now." The kid got his BB gun, climbed under the house, saw Merle and started screaming. After 20 more months, Merle got another parole.

He was 17 now. He had a job in the oilfields for nine months and then bought a truck for $35 and went into the junk business. Things were going well when they found a field full of wrecked cars. For three days they hauled junk as hard as they could. But the "junk" belonged to someone else and he was given 90 days on the county farm. After doing half of it, he got drunk on prison-made wine and escaped. He went up to Eureka and got work in a plywood factory. Somebody recognized him and he got six more months.

Then he met Leona. With another couple, they went to Phoenix to pick lettuce. And there he got his first job playing a guitar, for $2 per night plus food for all four of his group. But shortly afterward he was in jail for writing bad checks. He was sentenced to 60 days and then returned to Bakersfield for violation of probation. There he was sentenced to one year in the county jail. After his mother persistently begged the sheriff to give him a break, he was paroled in six months. He was 19 when he and Leona got married. Nine months later he made his biggest score. He cracked a safe and stole $500 and a check protector machine.

And then Merle pulled his very last job. He and Leona and his buddy were going to break into a bar. But first they got drunk. They got so drunk they thought it was three in the morning when actually it was only 11 o'clock. The proprietor heard them prying away at the back door with their tools, opened it and said: "You guys wanna come in, or what?" The two astonished safe-crackers turned and ran. Speeding away in the car, they forgot to turn on the headlights and were stopped by a suspicious cop. Leona had her coat over the check protector but the cop found it. While he was questioning the driver, Merle got out of the car unnoticed, took off his boots, sneaked away and then hauled ass over a fence and down the railroad tracks to his mother-in-law's house. He was still there the next morning when the cops arrived and arrested him.

After being told by the parole officer that he was absolutely through, Merle was being taken back to his cell when the guard stopped and stared at him for a long, embarrassing pause. He turned and unlocked the front door and patted Merle on the back. Confused, he looked at the guard's impassive face and

then walked out into the hallway. Casually, he strolled away, nonchalantly speaking to a couple of people he knew on the way out. Next day he was caught at his brother's house.

Back at the Kern County jail, the same guard was on duty. Merle talked to him privately, asking him to explain what had actually happened. The guard said he didn't know what he was talking about. For burglary, attempted burglary and escape, Merle Haggard was given an indeterminate sentence of six months to 15 years. He was sent to Chino, for the usual processing, expecting to be sent to some work camp for young offenders. It was three a.m. and Merle couldn't sleep. A runner brought around his assignment slip and Merle reached for it lazily. When he read "San Quentin", he experienced the electrifying thrill of instant rehabilitation. He wasn't a kid anymore. It was the big house. They shipped him out to "Q" that very morning and he was there for two years and nine months. When he finally got paroled, he was 22.

The phone rang. It was California. An estimate of $1.50 a running foot was quoted for an eight-foot fence with three strands of barbed wire on top; 3,000 feet would therefore be about $5,000. The fence was for Merle's 23-acre estate on the Kern River at the foothills of the Sierra Nevada outside Bakersfield. The new house had not yet been started. It will cost about $250,000.

His second wife, Bonnie, came in from the next room of the motel, wearing a head scarf over her curlers, slacks, orange socks and a tee shirt. Merle asked her how long it had been since the last time he had his dream, that nightmare of blurness and running and being caught by a dark, indistinct figure and then the very clear details of bars and cells and the overwhelming sense of serving a fantastically long sentence and "feeling sick, like a relative is dying".

Bonnie went out. Merle began cutting down a new bridge with a razor blade to fit his violin, talking about the time he went to his mother-in-law's house to get his car keys from Leona. She was there with her Indian boyfriend. He only wanted his car keys and wasn't going to say anything, but she taunted him: "So you're gonna be nice, huh? Now that my boy friend is here?" Merle was trying to strangle her with both hands when Fuzzy came running in and talked him out of it. Later he got a divorce. In spite of his criminal record, he was granted custody of his four children.

His mind wandered as he whittled on the violin bridge. He discussed his business manager, Fuzzy, how he met him at the Lucky Spot in Bakersfield, how Fuzzy helped him with his music problems and his personal problems. Fuzzy played the steel guitar in those days and he had been a local television personality for seven years. Merle played the lead guitar and was reluctant to sing. He always had to be coaxed. He used to make a bad grimace with his mouth which Fuzzy had to train out of him.

In unconnected bits and pieces, the talk went on. Now that he has achieved his goal of being the top country singer and songwriter, he is afraid of falling back again into obscurity. He is worried because he can't find another hit song as big as *Okie from Muskogee*. Merle talked about his experience with pep pills and how they screw him up. He can't sing and the hangovers are bad. He has always been around drugs but has only used them once, shooting up some cooked barbiturates one night in jail. Working in bars caused him temporary alcohol problems in the past, but now he drinks only occasionally, going months at a time with nothing at all.

Merle spoke slowly, grabbing at the words. He really believes that he ran away from home because he was a burden to his mother who had to support him when her husband died in her mid-40s. But his mother would never allow his friends to come into the house while she was at work. His father had never been allowed to smoke inside but had to go out on the front porch. His mother believed in the hard-line oldtime religion. She worked hard all her life but never expressed any love; Merle can't remember ever being kissed by her. At one time she herself had him put away in a reform school but he wouldn't give any details. He insists he and his father were very close but his relationship with his own children is obviously cold and distant.

Musing, Merle changed the subject, wondering what it would be like to hop a freight train again, just for the hell of it, just to see what it feels like with money. Merle builds model trains as a hobby and there will be a special room in his new mansion where he will keep his collection. One of his record albums is a tribute to Jimmy Rodgers, the Singing Brakeman. But Merle forgot to mention the fact that he himself actually grew up in a railroad car.

Merle's mother moved into the Indian Territory of Oklahoma with her parents when she was four years old. They arrived in a covered wagon. This was the background that taught her "the value of hard work and to love God and country". In 1935 she and her country

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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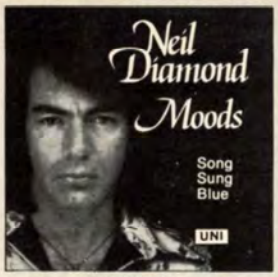

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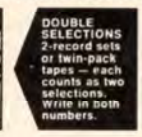

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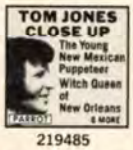

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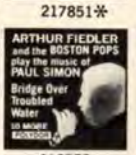

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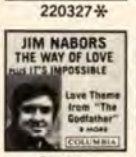

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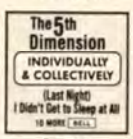

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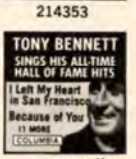

199836*

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216564*

207456*

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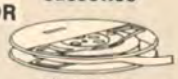

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173674

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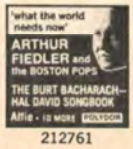

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PRINCE OF WAILS

Dr Janov claims to cure neurotics by teaching them to rid themselves of forgotten pains – through screaming.
An investigation by Robert Blair Kaiser

When I phoned The Primal Institute in West Hollywood to set up an interview with Dr. Arthur Janov about his radical, new "primal therapy", I found that *Mrs.* Janov was screening calls from the press. She came to the phone, protective, feral, wary. She wanted to know whom I worked for. I told her I was a freelance who had written for *Life, Look,* the *New York Times.* That didn't impress her. She wanted to know what I had written. I told her I'd done a critical history of the Robert Kennedy assassination. She had heard of that. OK—I was a serious journalist. And what did I want?

I said I was impressed by some of the stories I'd heard that Dr. Janov was actually curing people. People like Harry who had been in psychoanalysis for 10 years and was still a falling down drunk when he presented himself at The Primal Institute, like Sally who was killing herself with LSD, like Lenny, a compulsive weenie-waver headed for the slammer, like Walter, an epileptic who went through the treatment and knows now how to control and prevent his own seizures. This, I said, was news.

I was surprised that Dr. Janov's own report about his discoveries, *The Primal Scream,* hadn't created more of a stir than it did when it was published more than a year ago. Still, despite a lack of promotion by the publisher, G. P. Putnam, and no review in the *New York Times,* the book had been grabbed by no less than 100,000 bookstore browsers apparently caught by the subtly immodest sub-title, "Primal Therapy: The Cure For Neurosis", or touted by friends who'd read it and found it full of commonsense advice about how to be whole and human. It was a book, I'd heard, that was being passed around the underground; teachers in new "open" schools were scanning it for hints on how to raise youngsters who wouldn't grow up twisted like pretzels by their primal pain. I'd heard that among those signed for future three-week sessions of primal therapy were the entire staff of a Danish university, a professor from Cambridge, a British racing car driver and the casts of two Broadway shows.

In other words, primal therapy sounded exciting. But was it good? How did it work? Why? And with what consequences? I had to ask the basic questions.

That was OK with Vivian Janov, as long as I didn't come to the story with a lot of preconceived ideas. She wondered whether I'd ever been in therapy. She had had to turn away one writer from *Harper's* who knew too much about psychoanalysis. I said I didn't know enough about any kind of psychotherapy to have any strong prejudices.

"Why don't you put this all in writing?" she said. "We'll think it over."

A week later, I found myself invited into the office of Dr. Janov himself. He was unassuming enough. In fact he was kneeling on his starred magenta carpet, shuffling the pages of his latest book manuscript (just published by G. P. Putnam: *The Anatomy of Mental Illness*) and groaning over some part of it that was misplaced. He shook my hand, smiled warmly, introduced himself as "Art" and his wife as "Vivian, director of training," then knelt down again before the manuscript.

I'd seen Vivian Janov, a woman with a no-nonsense pixie haircut, monopolize the conversation in an hour-long inter-

Joe Wright

view she and her husband had had on Channel 28. I ignored her. She slumped behind an antique desk and seemed to study a sheaf of her own papers.

While I waited for Art, I noted the decor. The windows were boarded, the lighting was indirect. In fact, The Primal Institute had taken over these quarters from a private club where locals had played a card game called panguingue, for money. There were still traces of the club furnishings: wall-to-wall carpeting, flock wallpaper, oak paneling. Janov, I guessed, or his wife, had added the Eames chair and the antiques. There was an open closet along one wall, in it a shelf of videotapes and a leather football. Lenny Bruce looked down at me from a large poster on one wall and a huge yellow stuffed "Snoopy" looked up at me from a favored place on the floor. And then I was conscious of Vivian Janov's level look. Her eyes seemed sad.

She tried to explain why she had taken such pains to check me out. She made it clear that she didn't want anyone at the Institute wasting time with a writer who wanted to do another snide piece. *Newsweek* had called primal therapy a "short order psychiatric treatment" and "this year's pop cure-all." *Los Angeles* had described Janov as "Beverly Hillsy". Writers Ivor and Sally Davis wrote: "He'd look right at home alongside Jill St. John at a premiere." *Rolling Stone* ran a full-page photo of Janov wearing a leather jacket, bell-bottomed pants and mocassins as he posed, seated on the floor in front of an adult-sized crib.

That treatment hurt him more than it should have. I had watched Art Janov reading the *Newsweek* piece about 11:30 one morning in the Hamburger Hamlet just after the magazine had hit the stands. He was obviously agitated (I know I am not reading anything into his behavior because at the time I didn't know about the piece). *Rolling Stone's* writer, Jerry Hopkins, told me Janov had accosted him at a party and called him down for the piece he did. Ivor Davis told me Janov was bitter about the treatment he'd received in *Los Angeles* from "non-feeling, cold, unreal people."

None of the magazines, it seemed, had presented the kind of image Janov (or perhaps Vivian Janov) wanted. Vivian said she believed her husband's discoveries were greater than Freud's. "We're saving lives—people have been in therapy for years before they came here and then they come here and we're saving their lives."

And so she didn't want me around if I were simply going to focus on the fact that the Beatle John Lennon, and his wife, Yoko Ono, were patients last year, that 50-to-60 New Yorkers a day were writing for admission to the Institute, that there was a three-year waiting list. "We don't need publicity," said Vivian Janov. Within the hour, however, she would be agreeing to yet another TV interview, this time to accommodate Piers Anderton of KNBC. And Delta Books was pushing paperback sales with an ad that read: "Here it is, the book that changed the lives of John and Yoko Lennon. *The Primal Scream.*" (Janov later told Delta not to run that ad any more.)

"What we do need," said Art Janov, "is for somebody to tell the story properly."

I said I hoped this would be a serious piece. Art believed me. Vivian said: "If it's snide, we'll get you."

"Is that a threat?" I asked.

She said: "It's a warning."

Art blinked hard. He was still on his knees on the floor. But he tried to explain away Vivian's fury. "You know how New York editors like to satirize anything that comes out of L.A."

Uh-huh, I knew. But L.A., often enough, asks for it. A New York editor doesn't have to twist Mayor Sam Yorty's words to make him sound bizarre and a writer with a passion for the bizarre doesn't have to concoct details in describing a group session at The Primal Institute. In the videotapes of one group session at Christmas time,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

OTTO PREMINGER

When, 20 years ago, the fearful words "sex" and "virgin" were actually pronounced out loud in a film comedy called *The Moon Is Blue,* the Catholic Legion of Decency rose up and pronounced it "condemned". Whether that was the reason for its success can never be known, but *The Moon Is Blue* became an instant hit and Otto Preminger's reputation as a director was made. He went on to turn out *The Man With The Golden Arm, Saint Joan* (launching Jean Seberg), *Anatomy of a Murder, Exodus, Advise & Consent, The Cardinal* and others. Along the way not only the Legion of Decency but the American Legion and various other groups concerned with guarding the nation's morals snapped at his ankles. As late as 1967 the Decency people called down fire and brimstone on the film *Hurry Sundown* for "suggestive love scenes". It was "condemned" (which is certainly a more imaginative and dramatic way of putting it than the motion picture industry's flat and pallid "X" rating. Though Preminger has traded punches with many such groups, his films are really not all that controversial. True, an independent Catholic film critic Moira Walsh did write: "We are in Mr. Preminger's debt for the part he played in shaking the film world loose from some of its ill-considered pious assumptions." Yet many critics have accused him of mediocrity in his treatment of potential controversies ranging from sex through drugs to race and back to sex.

It is in his private life that Preminger has struck the most sparks. There was his public disclosure a few years ago that he was the father of Gypsy Rose Lee's illegitimate son (now

grown up). He was named by the late J. Edgar Hoover as one of those contributing to the Black Panthers' Legal Defense Fund (and was roundly reviled). Recently he tangled with the Congress on Soviet Jewry, accusing them of irresponsibility in refusing to let activist Rabbi Mayer Kahane address their meeting. Then there was the time an angry agent hit him with a waterglass in a New York night club, which is hardly worth mentioning since that happens to all directors eventually. But Preminger appears to thrive on dissension. Asked about his penchant for getting into arguments, he smiles "I don't know. Wherever I go, there is always something.

Preminger was born in what used to be the Austro-Hungarian empire. His father held the rank of Attorney General. Otto obtained a doctor of law degree but he never went into practice. By the time he finished school he was already deeply involved with the theater, first as an actor under the famed Max Reinhardt and later as a director. In 1934 Joseph Schenck, then head of 20th Century Fox, brought him to America, where he did a workmanlike job but attracted no great crowds until *The Moon Is Blue*. Now, at 66, he can look back on a directing record of 36 films and 31 plays. Preminger lives in New York City with his wife, Hope, and their 12-year-old twins. This exclusive Penthouse interview was conducted there by **Jack Parks** in a room filled with some of Preminger's extensive collection of 20th-century paintings. In person Preminger displays the sly charm, the accent and the dislocations of English grammar familiar to millions of Americans through his frequent TV appearances.

Penthouse: Nineteen years after Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were executed under the Espionage Act of 1917 you are making a movie about them. What are you trying to say about this controversial case?

Preminger: I think that if anything the film will be an argument against the death sentence. I'm against death sentences. Why should a jury of 12 people, or a judge, have the right to say: "This man or this woman should be killed." I think this is wrong. Anyway, in the film we leave it to the audience and that makes it also more interesting. The original title indicated this. I was going to call it *Open Question*. But it is now retitled *The Implosion Conspiracy*. Implosion is a term used in describing the workings of the atomic bomb. An explosion gets all the energies out. Implosion first pulls them in and this detonates the explosion and triggers the destructive forces which expand outward. I had the idea for the film and first asked my lawyer about whether I needed releases from living people if I based the whole film on the trial. Since the trial was public, I felt that I should not need anything. So I had dinner with an old friend of mine, Louis Nizer, who is the famous trial lawyer. I asked him, and he said; "Absolutely not. Anything in a trial record you can use." As we talked during dinner I said: "Louie, why don't you write the screenplay?" And he said: "You're kidding." But the idea seemed so right to me. We talked about the case—he already knew something about it. Finally, after working on the trial record, which is three bound volumes, for maybe a week or two, he started to write the screenplay. And while he was writing it with me, Doubleday made him an offer to first write a book about it. So now the book is finished and we're close to finishing the screenplay.

Penthouse: There was a 1970 stage play *Inquest*, which was also based on the Rosenberg trial.

Preminger: Yes, I saw the play in Cleveland, and then I saw the play also here. Like most of the books written about the Rosenbergs—and I read them all—this play assumes they were innocent. *We* cannot assume this. I want to leave this to the audience. I'm being very impartial. In my opinion, drama is to show both sides. I really don't have a firm conviction about whether they were innocent or not. Certainly it is not like this play describes it. If you read the trial there's quite a lot of testimony and also circumstantial evidence that pointed to them. I mean it is not that simple, you know. I'm not going to take sides. I don't think anybody can prove today whether they were guilty or innocent. They were *found* guilty and when you read the trial record you are inclined to believe that they possibly were guilty. But you also feel that if they had not been executed that is if it were possible to reopen the case it might be proven one way or the other more conclusively.

> "Censorship, which is when somebody tells you in advance what you may not do, is against our Constitution. I feel we should fight it."

For instance, Mrs. Rosenberg's brother confessed and told everything about himself and about them and his wife. Yet *his* wife was not even indicted, and he got away with seven years. And the Rosenbergs got executed. My French lawyer sent me a French play about it, which was quite successful, though I never heard of it before. It is called, in translation, something like "They Shouldn't Have Died". And it is incredible—so vitriolic, so anti-American. There are two FBI agents in the play who go around investigating. There was never any portrayal of the Gestapo as vicious as the way this play portrays these F.B.I. agents. They beat the Rosenbergs in the play and, as we know, this is not true.

Anyway, the Rosenbergs' trial did take place, and I will try to show this in the film. We will also try to show the atmosphere of the times, which we've almost forgotten. You see, during the Korean War and the McCarthy investigations, there was really such fear here. Everybody was so afraid to be suspected that people bent backwards. I think for instance that the judge bent backwards. I don't say that he was not fair, but he did everything in the world to avoid any appearance of helping them or making it easy for them, particularly because he is Jewish and they were Jewish. I remember this time very well.

Penthouse: You mean the atmosphere of the McCarthy era?

Preminger: Yes. I remember I was working with a writer in Hollywood by the name of Ring Lardner, Jr. He was under contract to 20th Century Fox. We were sitting in my office when my secretary called and said Mr. Zanuck, who was the head of the studio, would like to see Mr. Lardner. We were working on the same script at the time. So I said, "Does he want me to come, too?" "No," she said, "only Mr. Lardner." He left and five minutes later he came back, and said, "I was just fired." I said, "What?" Well he *was* fired because he was one of the people suspected of being a Communist. Now you see, there's always a grain of truth in everything. It was true that the Screen Writers Guild, at that time, was maybe not dominated by the left, but the left liberals had a lot of power. However, they were not necessarily Communists. I asked Lardner—and this is very amusing—I said to him, "Why didn't you ever ask me? Maybe I would've wanted to join." You know they had these meetings where they recruited new people. He said: "Because we knew that you would never join." You see, in a way, I'm very independent. I was never a member of any party.

Penthouse: How did the blacklist affect you?

Preminger: Hollywood exploited these people after they went to prison. When they came out, they were still not employable. They didn't say it was a blacklist because that's illegal. But that's what it was. Producers would go to men like Dalton Trumbo, a top writer and one of the so-called Hollywood Ten who lived in Mexico then, and gave him $1,000 for a whole script. So I give him a fair salary, and he wrote *Exodus*. When it was finished, he had no rights, and I said to him: "I'm going to give you credit as the writer." He said, "You're crazy if you do this." I said: "You'll see." I went to lunch with Mr Krim and Mr Benjamin, President and Chairman of the Board of United Artists and I told them what I wanted to do. The board said: We're not going to support you and we're not going to stop you. You have the right—as an independent producer—to do whatever you like. So he got credit and nothing happened, and since then he has gotten screen credit ever since. You see, blacklisting is completely against our system and our law. Even if they were guilty they paid for it in prison and so they must have the right to come back and pursue their profession.

Penthouse: Does a blacklist still exist?

Preminger: No. Not any more. It could come back, but I don't think so. You see, I could do that because I was completely clean. I wasn't even president of anything.

Penthouse: You ran into criticism from the American Legion in 1963 when you hired Ring Lardner, Jr. to work on one of your screenplays.

Preminger: Yes, but Ring Lardner, Jr. is now working. He did the script for *Mash*, which was very successful. Look, this is another thing. The American Legion has the right to say to their members, Don't go to see a film that Ring Lardner writes, or Dalton Trumbo. You see? Just like the Catholic Legion of Decency. I mean, I don't recognize them—I'm not Catholic—but if they tell their members not to go to see a film, I mean, that is their right. Sometimes the members go even more.

Penthouse: Then you think this type of censorship works in reverse?

Preminger: Not really. Not always. You see, in small towns it hurts, because people know each other and they don't care to be seen going. In New York, who cares? I remember when I made *The Moon Is Blue*, a very harmless

little comedy, Cardinal Spellman spoke against it in St. Patrick's Cathedral. But the film did tremendous business. Whether Catholics went or not, I don't know.

Penthouse: What do you have to say about the motion picture code?

Preminger: People always mix up censorship with obscenity. If you commit an obscenity by taking your pants off on Fifth Avenue they will arrest you. If you do the same thing in a film, they may arrest you. Censorship should really be called *pre-censorship*—when somebody tells you in advance what you may and may not do. That is against our Constitution. I feel we should fight, because if we don't protect this right of free expression it deteriorates. If people, like our Vice-President, assume the right to tell commentators on television what they may and may not say, then we slowly move toward a totalitarian government. And a totalitarian government, regardless of whether it is the Czars, or Stalin, or Krushchev, or Hitler, cannot co-exist with free speech.

Penthouse: Do you agree with Jane Fonda?

Preminger: I don't agree with Jane Fonda. I think she goes much too far, and she's used by a few people and she pays for all these things. But that she can go to Hanoi and then come back and say on television, "President Nixon is a traitor," is a wonderful thing. I don't agree with her, but the very fact that she *can* say it and they don't beat her up or throw her in jail, like in other countries, gives me hope. When my film *Advise and Consent* was shown in France at a retrospective of my work, students from the Sorbonne asked me questions. They could not understand how I could make this film. They could not understand that I was permitted to shoot in government buildings, and that the government never asked me to show them the script. Now, these students asked this in France, a free country, not a totalitarian one. The freedom that we have here we must preserve. I don't mind that Mr Agnew attacks the press. He must have that right, too, as long as he has no right to stop them.

Penthouse: Could you shoot *Advise and Consent* today?

Preminger: Yes.

Penthouse: Violence in films is an issue just now, but most of your problems with film codes have been over the portrayal of sex.

Preminger: Well, I will tell you something, I think that sex is healthy. I don't think that any child will be spoiled by seeing sex, or by having sex explained, as early as possible. We explained sex to our children as early as possible, when they were seven or eight years old, and whatever questions they ask we answer. It is old-fashioned to keep sex a secret. But violence, when shown to an immature mind and usually executed in films by stars whom these young people adore, unfortunately, invites imitation. If they see hitting and killing and the like, it is bad. So I am against it and I don't use it. I would not tell other people not to do it, because I am still not for censorship but, don't misunderstand me, I do personally think that too much violence is bad. I was in Spain many years ago, and some motion picture representative there introduced me to a beautiful young Spanish actress. She was so shy she wouldn't open her mouth. She was a sweet little girl. Now I wanted to see a bullfight—the only time in my life—and I went with her. Suddenly this shy girl jumped up on the bench next to me and started to shout! I think that any kind of fight where people hurt each other is unnecessary. I don't think that our civilization or any civilization needs this.

> “Jane Fonda goes too far. I don't agree with her, but it's wonderful that she can call the President a traitor on TV and not be jailed.”

> “Television is a tremendous medium but it has never reached its potential. With Pay-TV there are unlimited possibilities.”

> “I once tried LSD. I went to bed and had a pleasant experience. I talked all night and the only thing bad was that time went by faster.”

Penthouse: It was reported last year that the Rosenberg film, *The Implosion Conspiracy*, would be presented for an exclusive first showing on network television. Will that happen?

Preminger: No. I had an offer from television, but then, you know, when I talked to ABC—and this is very amusing—they said that I can't mention the names of the Rosenbergs. I said: "Why not?" And now you will hear why! If I mention the names, they said, then this department that made me the offer—which is called Circle Films—cannot handle it. It would have to be handled by the current events and news department. And so instead of waiting for all this bureaucracy, I called my very good friend Leonard Goldenson and said: "Let's forget the whole thing and make it into a picture for theaters, and then maybe I'll sell it to television."

Penthouse: You've had difficulties in the past with showing your films on television.

Preminger: Well, for instance, I had a lawsuit against Columbia at one point, because they sold *Anatomy of a Murder* and made it a leader, as they call it, of a package. They sold it to 105 stations without protecting it against cutting. I did not quite win my suit. The judge said, in spite of the fact that my contract gives me final cut, that final cut is only for the theaters. The judge said that it's customary to make cuts—small cuts. He said that they have the right to make minor cuts. *But*, as he did not define minor cuts, nobody ever cut it. It was played uncut as most of my films were. Because they're scared. But when I sell my own pictures I make a contract that says that they cannot cut anything—not one line—and it also says that I determine in advance the number and the places where they can insert commercials, and only two commercials at a time because usually they have four commercials at a time. They figure now that they make commercials much better than we make films. Yet really the networks, particularly, have learned that they only lose by it. Because in order to sell, you want to give your audience pleasure. Right? Now if there are too many commercials, they make the audience impatient. If you disturb the viewer, then you hurt yourself. So they're not really tough about it, and I don't have trouble. You must permit commercials if you want money: if I gave them the film free, it would be different.

Penthouse: Are you in favor of Pay-TV?

Preminger: Absolutely. I think in our competitive, capitalistic society people should pay for everything. It is an illusion to say, or believe, that you don't pay when you turn on your television set, because they advertise, say, aspirin, and when you buy it you pay for it. The advertisers pay only indirectly. Wouldn't it be much fairer if you sold the film, itself, and the customers paid, directly? And it would be a tremendous market. Right now, a TV film maker gets only a small part, but make a film that interests let's say 4,000,000 people, and each of them pays $1.00, then you can in one night gross $4,000,000. Naturally you would have to pay the network. You know any show that is being seen by 12 million—15, 16, 40 million people—that would make a great deal. I feel that television, because of these various obstacles and limitations, has never reached its potential. It's a tremendous medium, much greater than theaters or anything.

Penthouse: But doesn't the small size of the TV screen do harm to many productions?

Preminger: I don't know if you remember, but when television started, there was one particular television set which could project on the wall a film in any size you wanted. This will come back again, and eventually you will be able to show television as large as you want. It doesn't have to be in a small box. You can project it from the box. And the possibilities for specials . . . you could do ballet and opera for television. You might spend a million dollars on a ballet, and that's a lot of money. But it would easily come back and it could be played over and over again. I think that there are unlimited possibilities. It's very similar to the way motion pictures were. Originally, motion pictures were produced by six or seven, or eight major companies with one boss to each company. His word counted. He decided what picture you could make, who directed, who acted, etc. But they couldn't keep this up, and they had to go to independent producers where the producer could devote himself to one project with all his talent for maybe 12 or 18 months. The same thing will happen on television. Now there is one boss at NBC, for the films, and one at CBS, and at ABC. And they say: "You do this and you do that". And they always take the easy way out, and they say:" We don't spend more than $750,000 for a film." If free competition sets in, that will all change.

Penthouse: Has this lack of free competition hurt television in other ways?

Preminger: Yes. It's difficult for young people to get in. But even forgetting that, the very fact that these three networks—perhaps there's four with the Westinghouse Network—decide what two out of three Americans can see on television is unfair. They already have difficulties and they go to independent producers. Only they don't give them the same freedom as theatrical film producers do. TV hasn't the same freedom yet as the movies have. But it will come. And if it can be done on pay-television, it will be terrific. You take a risk. If you make something bad, you lose your money. But if you make something good, you can make a lot of money—which is our way of life.

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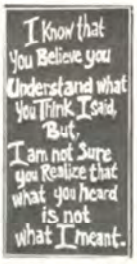

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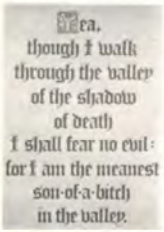

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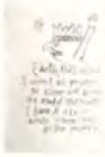

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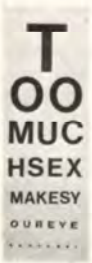

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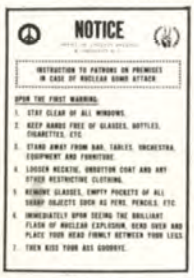

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Penthouse: Did you find any of the old-time movie moguls helpful? Did you learn from them?

Preminger: Well, I think that Zanuck—with whom I've had many run-ins and fights, and sometimes he threw me out, though we are good friends now—was a terrific executive. He was a picturemaker *and* an executive. But, it's difficult to say you learn something—you learn from everything. You also learn negatively. When I see an approach that I don't like, I learn. But I can't say I learned *from* so-and-so. Naturally when I see a film, I learn from the director whether I like it or not, because I see things that I like and I don't like and probably, without imitating it, I will pick up some elements and I will reject some.

Penthouse: John Ford has said that he had to make two mediocre films for every film he really desired to make in order to get along with the studio. Have you found this to be true?

Preminger: I don't know. I often, you know, don't understand why I made a picture. When I make it, I really make it only because I want to. But in later years I look back and wonder. Even when I was under contract with Fox, it happened a few times. For instance, I remember they had already started *Forever Amber*, and they were shooting for two months, and Zanuck invited me to Palm Springs to his house for the weekend. The first thing at breakfast he said: "You've got to take over." He had hired the new cast and he had a new script, which was also written by Ring Lardner. I didn't want to do it. I said: "Look, I read the book, you know, and I wrote you a report." And, he said: "You are a member of a team, and you've got to do it. I need it. I won't hold it against you. You can't say no." Even so, I always find something in my work, that I love—I'm never disinterested. I think Ford is so much older than I, and he is basically a director, you know, not a producer. So maybe that is what is different. But he is a wonderful director. I don't know Ford that well. I have met him a few times. We have a different way of life. He lives on the boat; I live on the ground.

Penthouse: You seem to borrow your stories from other media, especially from novels. Why?

Preminger: A novel is a richer material, you see. In a novel you can select, and the characters are worked out. But some of my other material has come from plays and some is original. I am preparing a film in Israel called *Genesis '48*, based on a book by an American newspaperman named Dan Kurtzman. This concerns the first Arab-Israeli war, the War of Independence in 1948. I'm also preparing another one, the story of a famous Canadian surgeon, Dr. Norman Bethune. Few people in America have heard of him, but in Canada everybody knows his name. I'm waiting now for my visa to go to China because in the last year and a half of Dr. Bethune's life he helped the Chinese. He set up blood banks for them in the war against the Japanese, and he got infected during an operation because he didn't have gloves. He died in 1939 at the age of 49. He was a fabulous man, in every way. Also his love life was interesting. He married the same woman twice and divorced her, twice. Wherever he went, women were after him. It's an ideal motion picture story. The truth.

Penthouse: Will you be shooting it in China?

Preminger: I will shoot it in Canada, and I'll *try* to get permission to shoot it in China. But it's slow. They didn't say no, but they also didn't say yes. I even talked at one time to a cameraman who was in China with Mr Nixon and Mr Kissinger. This cameraman came to me when he heard about this project. He became so friendly with the Chinese that he has a permanent visa to go back and forth. He was in Washington, and he arranged a three-way conversation. He talked to the Director of Information in Peking. The man in Peking speaks English better than I do, but when it was all finished he had said the same thing as the man at the embassy and the Ambassador to the United Nations. He said to apply for my visa right away. You have to have patience. They don't move as fast as we do.

Penthouse: What is your attitude to changing a novel's plot for filming?

Preminger: I don't feel that I have any obligation to keep faithful to the story. The writer has consented to sell and my buying the novel implies that the writer gives up the rights and I acquire them. It then has to filter through my brain and it becomes my way, you know, and not the writer's way. Sometimes the writer doesn't want it this way, and I have been attacked for my most successful pictures by writers. About *The Man with the Golden Arm*, for instance, the writer complained that he didn't get enough money, and Leon Uris made statements that I ruined his *Exodus*. The truth is that he wrote a bad screenplay, and I threw it out. I paid him. But it hurt his vanity. However, those things are part of life.

Penthouse: The last stage play you did was in 1960 *Critic's Choice* with Henry Fonda. If you enjoy the live stage why has it been so long since you last directed?

Preminger: Because it is very difficult for me to find plays I like. But now I am preparing a musical which I will direct and produce. I just acquired the rights—for Broadway—on my film *Man with the Golden Arm*. I don't even have a composer. But I think that today the theme of drug addiction lends itself very well to a serious musical. It's also a love story, you know.

Penthouse: Have *you* ever taken drugs?

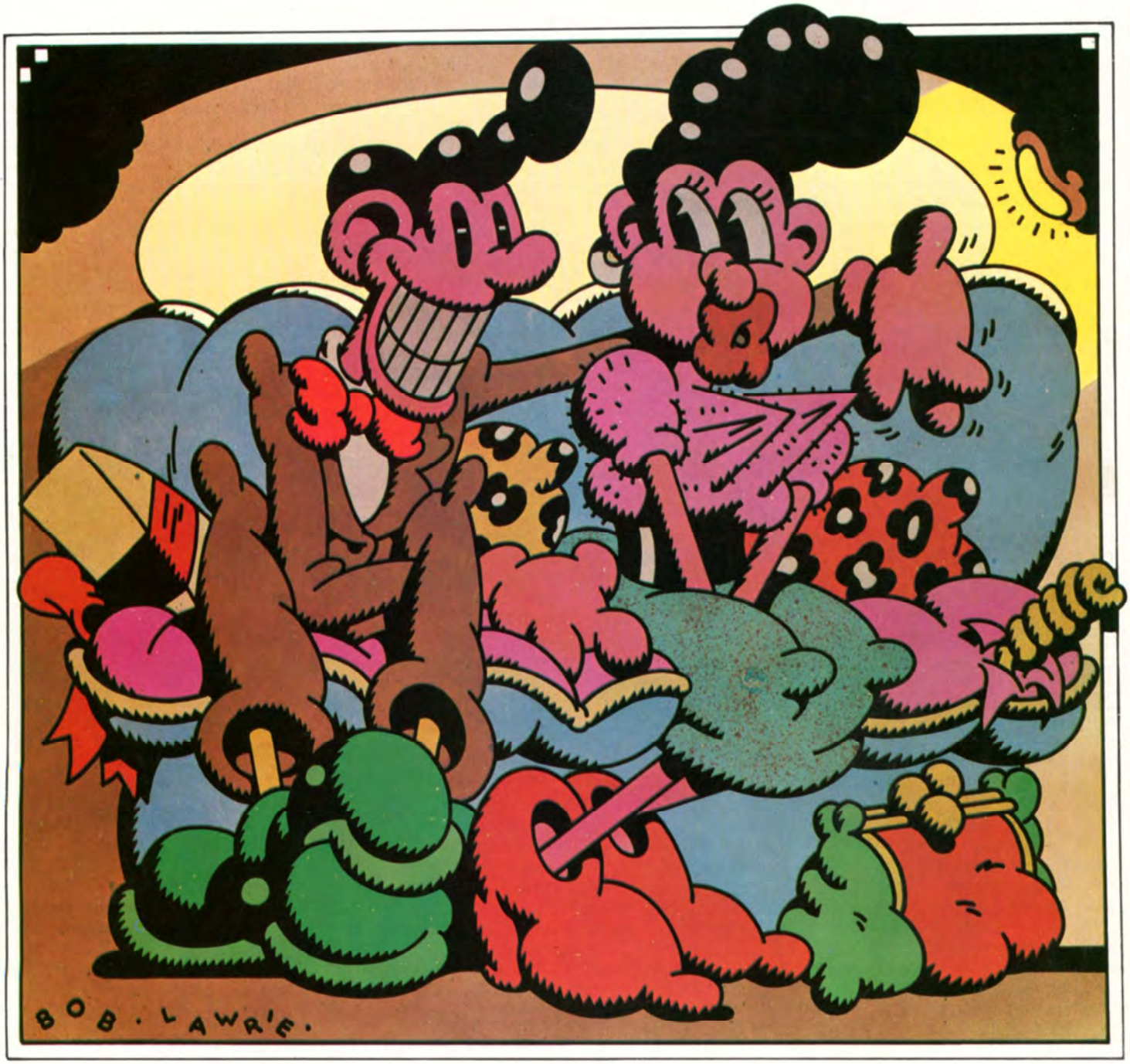
Preminger: One time, when I prepared a film on drugs, I talked first to a doctor who wrote a famous book about psychedelic drugs. He told me that if I wanted to try LSD he would give it to me, if I felt reasonably balanced. His theory is that it brings out only things that are really in you. But I didn't take it. Then one evening, Timothy Leary was in my house for dinner together with some others, and after dinner, we were sitting in my projection room where I was supposed to show them a film. I saw one of my guests, a young lady, take a pill, break it in half, give half to Leary, and eat the other herself. I said: "What is this?" She said: "LSD." And I said: "I want to try it, too." So they gave me a pill. And something very funny happened. Leary asked my wife to bring him a candle. He wanted to be my guru. He looked at the candle and looked at me and started to talk. And then he dropped the candle. Now, there's one thing I'm scared of and that is fire. I live in a private house, a brownstone with several floors, and I have a fire extinguisher on every floor. When he dropped the candle, the LSD was just starting to take hold of me. I said: "Please leave." But my wife, who knew by this time that I had taken LSD, asked him to stay because she was scared of what might happen. I said, "No, I will only have peace if you leave," and I took him to the door and let them out. Then I went to bed and had a very pleasant experience. Across from my bed I have a huge drawing. It is as big as a door. It is a drawing by Degas of a woman and you see her back as she bends over a basin and washes her hair. As I looked I suddenly saw every bone in her back. You know, the whole spine. But I said to myself—and remember this because to me this is the most characteristic thing about this LSD—I said to myself: "I only see this because I took LSD. It is not really there. I can see it only because Degas was a great painter and even though he didn't paint in the spine, the anatomy is right." It was very pleasant. My wife appeared very, very small, very suddenly, I told her, "You are so little, so charming." I talked most of the night, according to my wife, and she was scared. But nothing happened. When I woke next day I said to my wife: "You had better call the office. I have an 11 o'clock appointment. You must cancel it because I won't be able to go." It does not block out awareness. On the contrary, somehow you become brighter, more aware. My wife said: "We canceled this long ago because it is now four o'clock in the afternoon." That was the only thing bad. Time had gone by faster. The whole thing lasted 18 hours. Then it was gone, and I was completely normal. I would never take it again or want to. I took it really as an experiment. And also, I don't smoke. I tried pot, with two friends in California, two famous directors who were smoking pot. I tried it but I can't smoke, you see. It only burned me here, in my chest. Then somebody brought me some marijuana cookies here in the office, and unfortunately I ate three. When I went home I started to get all dizzy, but that was all. I would never take it again. I don't need it. Apart from the dangers, I am against this whole system. I think to make narcotics a crime only helps the real criminal. If we treated it as an illness, doctors would be able to give their patients enough methadone or heroin to take them off. And, heroin would not be so difficult to get and so expensive. Then all the pushers, the criminals who go to the park and give it to children so they get hooked and have to buy it, they would be out of business. Practically every doctor tells us that pot is not dangerous and is not as bad as alcohol, yet there are states where you can have 30 years in prison for the possession of it. This is crazy. We never learn. This is worse than Prohibition. But I think it is changing.

Penthouse: Living in New York, far from Hollywood, do you feel isolated?

Preminger: No. You see you don't need Hollywood. I moved to New York in 1951. It's a question of personality. I love it there in Hollywood, but I also get lazy. That open car, and the sun. But I don't find the same stimulation. It might be only in my imagination but when I walk on Fifth Avenue, I feel life is going. On Wilshire Boulevard all seems placid and slow. Also I think it is good not to be only with people in the same business. I have enough friends in the theater, but I also meet doctors and lawyers and everybody. I feel that New York is, has been for a long time, and will be for a long time, the center of the world. I'm worried about NewYork like a father or a brother is, because of the violence. You know I have twins who are 12 years old. Every day they go to school and I am worried because of what you hear and read. The fact that I don't dare to go when it is dark to Central Park is sad. You cannot tell me that if they employed 500 more policemen that they couldn't make Central Park and the nights safe. I said this to our Mayor once. People laugh at me and say it's a dream. Why? Why shouldn't it be possible to have a few hundred more policemen and keep the city safe. But I still love New York. From the moment I arrived I fell in love with it. I must stop. If I tell you all this I won't have anything to write in my autobiography.

Penthouse: Mr. Preminger, thank you.

THE DEGENERATION GAP



Rueful recollections of a
pre-permissive lecher's erotic encounters
by Ralph Schoenstein

"Today it's all hanging out, but once upon a time how tightly it was all tucked in and sealed with garters and safety pins . . ."

Early one night last week, I was watching *I Dream of Jeannie,* poignantly seeking the northernmost rim of Barbara Eden's navel. For 13 minutes, I fruitlessly scanned her fetching middle until it dissolved to a saga of hair spray: a young male narcissist, lovingly bogged down in a comb out, got a phone call from a girl who was on her way to his apartment to pick him up for their date. And the moment she rang his bell, the Sexual Revolution fell into place for me. I also once combed my hair in careful self-adoration, shoring up the pompadour to add a full half inch to my height, but the girls never came to me: I always went hunting for them, with strategies for deflowering that called for the mind of Rommel, the tongue of Roosevelt, and the hands of Pee Wee Reese.

My entire youth, from the day that I stumbled into puberty at a high school glee club rehearsal to the day that I walked down the aisle at the Plaza Hotel, was spent in shrewd and pathetic attempts to conquer girls, who came to my apartment only to sell cookies. Sexual conquest today is just a bittersweet memory of the foreplaying '40s and '50s. Today it is all hanging out; but once upon a time, how tightly it was all sealed with garters and safety pins.

I first joined the hunt in the winter of '45, when I was 12 and America was singing "Rum and Coca Cola" and my friend Arnie was saying, "Boy, could I use a girl tonight". I was always too shy to ask him what for, but I did have a rough idea because other boys also kept trying to impress me with what they had done to girls, as if I were some kind of scorekeeper. One eighth-grader even brought me the brassiere of a conquest who was the size of his mother.

My own quest for brassieres began in the clothing closet at the rear of P.S. 87's home room $8B^2$. I was reaching for my mackinaw one afternoon when my fingers brushed the spot where the foundation was being laid for Julie Fedderman's right breast. It was accidental amour, but it roused my glands from their sleep; and each day after that, I applied myself to schemes for synchronized dressing with the classroom closet queens. Unfortunately, the warm weather soon arrived, ending the wooly debauchery that had let me caress seven cheeks, six budding breasts, and fourteen bare elbows. One of the elbows, however, didn't really count because it belonged to Bernie.

From lecherous lunges in a classroom closet, I quickly moved up to the highly structured tactics of the Saturday matinee, where I sat beside a single girl whose hand, hair, and shoulders were my objectives. This was no mere brushing past, no sneaky anonymous grope, no quick caress and run: this was outright seize and squeeze. According to the field manual that we male chauvinist piglets used, you first tried to hold her hand, then cup her shoulder, and then pull her head so close that you could taste her hair. In what was the equivalent for me of the Normandy landing, I once succeeded in trapping the luscious knuckles of Mimi Esposito for almost a reel of *Centennial Summer;* and I could have lasted even longer but my hand began to sweat, a common form of battle fatigue. All about me that afternoon, dozens of rakish little palms were slithering towards young ladies, some of whom defended their virtue by keeping their hands folded, as if in prayer. For, after a movie date, a boy always had to boast about how much hand he had gotten, even if it was only the one that had kept returning his own.

By the time that we conquistadors were finishing high school, the Kinsey Report was out and we had enriched our strategies with maps of those dark delights called erogenous zones. No longer were we satisfied with a soggy knuckle or two. We now had plans for nothing less than a goodnight kiss: four little chapped lips—or at least three, for my first goodnight kiss was slightly northwest of Sandra Gottschalk's mouth. After slowly inflaming her at the Radio City Music Hall, a corner table in Howard Johnson's, and a private seat in the IRT, I finally nailed this sensuous thing in a Flatbush doorway at two a.m. And I was prepared to follow Kinsey to the end, for little did Sandra dream that my wallet contained my very first contraceptive, pressed between a picture of my mother and membership in the United World Federalists. It was, alas, to remain there seven more years while I settled for upper lips.

I had started my assault on Sandra at the Music Hall's Christmas show, snatching her hand even before the shepherds had followed the star to the mezzanine; and I also was attacking with my continental tongue.

"You know, David Sarnoff's brother Irving cleans all the drapes in here," I said, charming her with a peek at the sophisticated world of dry cleaning. "And when you've got those five-ton drapes, you don't need too many suits. Say, did you ever realize that there are two capitals of Libya? Tripoli and Benghazi."

"You've got a terrific mind," she said.

"Thanks; I try to keep it that way."

As splendid as my mind might have been, it could only grease the way for my hands. All during the movie, I tenderly crushed Sandra's fingers while planning much bolder tactics for the subway ride to her home. I knew that this ride included an electrical interruption just below Times Square, a brief blackout in the train that was ideal for a three-second affair.

At last the great moment arrived: we were sitting in dreamy silence on the IRT, the lights went out, and I was about to savor Sandra's face when it started to talk.

"Those Rockettes are really precision," she said.

By the time that she had completed this incisive remark, the mood was gone, the blackout too, and I was vertical again, alone with my subterranean lust.

I returned to battle the following June, on the night of my senior prom, when I engaged an organdy enemy in the back of Herbie Meyer's Chevrolet. At the prom itself, while suavely shoving Rhoda Urken around the Astor Roof, I had managed to pick up a mouthful of hair; but all the time that I was spitting out her lovely strands, I was planning the ride to Riverdale on Herbie's seductive upholstery. No longer was I dependent on the faulty wiring of mass transportation; and no longer was I willing to settle for half a mouth. It was now 1949 and I knew much more than North African capitals: I knew what was *done* in them behind the minarets, for my neighborhood was abuzz with talk of "getting it". Herbie himself had claimed a dramatic near miss: he was about to get it from his maid when his mother fired her for stealing. What hormonal heights might have been reached had that maid wanted Herbie as much as the silver.

After the prom was over, Herbie, Theresa Condemi, Rhoda Urken, and I

NEWS
FLASH

repaired to the Chevrolet, while I rejoiced in my luck to be chauffeured by this small apostle of Kinsey, who once had told me that whenever a girl said no, she really meant yes. As we headed north towards Riverdale, Herbie wasted no time in setting the pace for me, turning the radio to "Mona Lisa" while pulling Theresa across the shift, which he seemed to be working with his knee. If we lived, how we'd love! And if the darkness, the music, and the reckless driving weren't romantic enough for Rhoda, I also began to melt her with softly debonair talk.

"Hi there," I said.

"Hi," she replied and I knew that she was mine.

With a naughty wink, I said: "It's a hell of a lovely night."

It wasn't just the beauty of the thought but also the way that I said it—with a hand reaching around her shoulder until it was impaled on the pin of her corsage. I made no cry, for it had taken me 16 years to get a girl in a spot like this, a prisoner of Herbie, Nat King Cole, and me, and I didn't want to break the spell. The pin, moreover, was a fitting symbol because I had to lower Rhoda's head and I could have used a picador; her neck muscles remained uncharmed. It took me 65 blocks to bring this head to reluctant rest on the top right corner of my rented dinner jacket, which was only an inch or two from my shoulder; and then, with my razor-sharp pompadour pointing the way, I suddenly turned towards Rhoda and moved in for a kiss.

"Ralph, *please*," she said with a smile.

Please *what?* Please retreat or please get it over with? What a time for ambiguity; that damn "Mona Lisa" was to blame. I finally decided she was telling me no, which of course meant yes, so I played along and pulled back, intoxicated by the thought of what would soon be happening in her living-room. All this was much too big for Herbie's plastic bed.

When we finally reached Rhoda's house, I told Herbie not to wait, for I didn't want to make him double park until dawn while I transported Rhoda from her innocence, which would also be a trip out of mine. With accelerating heart, I led her to the door, where she turned and told me like a witness taking an oath: "I want to thank you for a lovely evening."

In instant counterattack, I smoothly said: "Do you mind if I come in for a glass of water?"

"I'd rather not; it's awfully late; I want to thank you for a lovely evening."

Which evening, I wondered, was that? If Herbie had only been there with another battle plan.

Determined to salvage something from this social Waterloo, I grabbed her and gave her a kiss, a potent display of passionate disgust. It was a direct hit that she took like a man: she closed her eyes and braced herself, as if receiving an inoculation. And then I turned and wandered off towards some unknown subway or bus, wondering if one would come before I died of thirst and lust in the pre-dawn wilds of the Bronx.

A few months later at Hamilton College, I went into battle again, but this time with the most inspired strategy of my chaste career. I invited to Winter Carnival my second cousin, Sally Fox, whom I already had kissed at two weddings and a funeral—a nice little running start. I was certain that Sally could be taken far beyond kissing in a two-day gin-soaked festival 200 miles from home. "You'll get it now," Herbie had written. "Your whole mistake was working in the Bronx."

At the big Winter Carnival dance, we box-stepped to "The Tennessee Waltz" as if nothing momentous were about to take place. And then, just before midnight, we slipped away from the gym and went off to a darkened corner of the living-room at Lambda Chi, where I planned to lead Sally halfway to ecstasy; the remaining distance would be covered upstairs. I wasted no time in holding her hand or discussing the Middle East: I simply turned and kissed her while allowing my fingers to circumnavigate her starboard breast. Pulling back, she said, "Ralph, *please*," the public address that a girl had to learn before she went out with me. Sally's eyes were also speaking and they seemed to say: You never tried *that* at the funeral.

That weekend buried my dreams of ever getting it before my wife would be forced to give it to me by law. In my next three Hamilton years, I brought non-cousins to Carnival and was always resigned to peaking at a kiss in which I engaged a tongue that didn't go on to say, "Ralph, *please*." After graduation, I was drafted and sent to Japan, where the golden moment finally arrived with a Tokyo girl who fell to my charms for 1000 yen, an offer I should have made to Julie Fedderman, Mimi Esposito, Sandra Gottschalk, Rhoda Urken, and Sally Fox.

Today, of course, the braless daughters of these ancient citadels need not be conquered with military guile. Today's girls don't take their stands in closets, doorways, or Chevrolets because they would rather go directly to bed; but what a grand masculine challenge is gone. Oh Gloria, Germaine, and Betty, you have ended the thrill of the hunt. You have forgotten what our forefathers knew: that a man most appreciates what he is made to fight for. What would that distinguished lover Benjamin Franklin have said if Betsy Ross had come to pick him up with her blouse untied and her diaphragm in?

"Excuse me, sir, did you know your zipper was open . . . you big, beautiful thing, you . . . ?"

From down under,
an artistic
Pet with designs
on the top

MAGGI

MAGGI-NIFICENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

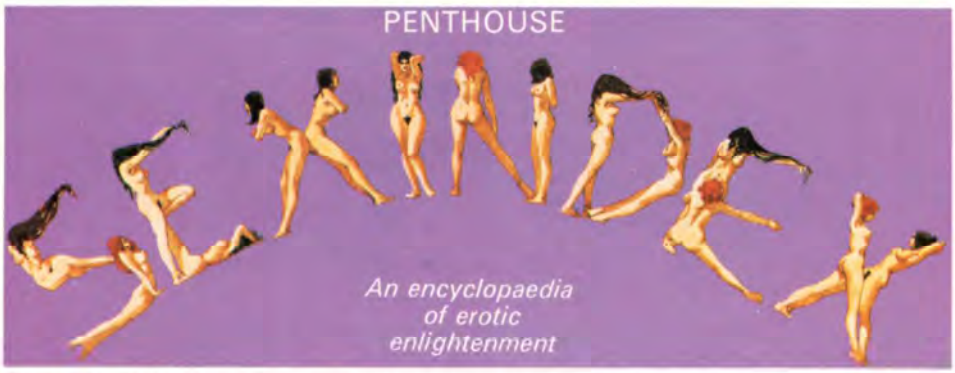
Much as the government of Australia may present Down Under as the land of opportunity, it has willfully deprived its countrymen of the fruits of its most pleasurable achievements. For Penthouse is prohibited throughout

the continent, and this pictorial appearance of Miss Maggi Burton, our first-ever antipodean Pet, will be lost to a whole nation of disconsolate diggers. "I guess a few people at home would be shocked if they saw me like this," smiled the bemusing Miss Burton, "but they're only the stuffy ones. Most of my friends would be really pleased." Born 20 years ago amid the apple trees of a Queensland orchard, deep in Ned Kelly country, Maggi ripened into a petite (5 ft 3 ins) but fruitful (35-22-35) configuration, and for the past few months has been blooming as a Pet at the London Penthouse Club. "I came to Europe because I wanted to travel around and see something more than Australia," she explained. "I like London because it's cosmopolitan and civilized and a lot more permissive than Queensland. There's so much more freedom in personal relationships between men and women here—and with magazines of course." Maggi is far from being the hearty strapping "Sheila" of Australian parody: she took a course in art at the University of New South Wales, developing into an action painter of no mean talent, and studied nine years of piano, gaining Australian Musical Education qualifications that entitle her to teach. "I prefer forward-looking art and music," she said. "I love contemporary designs and shapes, and I really enjoy rock." Do these progressive pastimes make Maggi an exception among young Australiennes? "No. I think more and more young people out there are beginning to catch on to the fact that there's more

to life than Australia has to offer—under the present system, anyway." Her own ambition—once she's completed her Grand Tour—is to open a boutique either in London or the south of France, and design and sell her own dresses and fabrics. "At the moment, though, I'm really happy being a Pet. I work at night and I like night people—they're more alive and exciting." Maggi tends to reserve judgement when it comes to the subject of men. Does she prefer Americans and Englishmen to Australians? Are Australian males really like Barry McKenzie (a coarse-mouthed puritanically minded beer-swilling lampoon Australian in an English satirical magazine)? "I'd rather not say," commented Maggi meaningfully. "I try to relate to people according to their individual personalities, though Australians are a little. . . ." Her natural sense of diplomacy persuaded her to leave the criticism unspoken. "I like men who have been around, who are witty and experienced. I'm not even remotely interested in marriage yet, but when I do marry, I hope it will be to a

man like that." Meanwhile, she's enjoying to the full her new-found liberation, and drew particular pleasure modeling for the camera of Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione. "Yes I was nervous at first, but I couldn't have done anything more natural or self-expressive." Our self-expression about Miss Burton is simply that like Australia's ethnic boomerang, we'll keep coming back for another look.

MISS MAGGI BURTON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



films, sexploitation: Term coined to cover the growing output of films that fall somewhere between the wholly respectable and the downright "blue" films (*q.v.*) which can only be shown privately. Many sex films purport to be educational, and it is these which have generally done best in world markets, *e.g. The Wonder of Love, The Language of Love* and *I am Curious (Yellow)*. Russ Meyer, American producer-director of intentionally erotic films (*Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers, Vixen* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*) is the leader in this field, and he has attributed his success to the realism of the sex in his films—"When one of my

Nudie-mogul Meyer directs *Dolls*

actresses has an orgasm, she's really having one!" In Britain, Stanley Long's sex film stable in Great Windmill Street, London, is among the most successful with *Groupie Girl, The Wife Swappers* and, most recently, *Bread*. It has been estimated that Long's Salon Films company can knock out a full sex feature for £35,000 ($80,000) and a wide distribution is assured. Research in Sweden indicates that women are less turned on by erotic films than men are.

Fini, Léonor (1918—): Surrealist painter and book illustrator, born in Buenos Aires but domiciled in France. She has illustrated De Sade's *Juliette* (1944); Jean Genet's *The Balcony* (1950), and Pauline Réage's *The Story of O* (1962). Illustrations to the latter include the costumes which O is made to wear as a slave, lesbian incidents, and the whipping of O at Roissy. Since 1935, Léonor Fini's paintings and drawings have been exhibited at private exhibitions as well as in the world's major galleries. She was a contributor to the 1968 Erotic Art exhibition at Lund, Sweden. Two of her exhibits were lesbian scenes, one from *The Story of O*, the other showing two semi-naked girls in a railway compartment. Her illustrations from De Sade were included, and a finely-executed drawing of a nude girl sucking a man's penis. She has also designed decor and costumes for plays, ballets and films. Her own work is the subject of a prizewinning film, *La Légende Cruelle*.

flagellation: Whipping or flogging, sometimes self-administered, ostensibly as punishment but nearly always with some degree of sexual gratification. Flagellation as a form of religious penance achieved extraordinary popularity in the Dark Ages and the Cult of Flagellants, founded in Northern Europe in 1349, attracted thousands of adherents who travelled from town to town mercilessly flogging themselves and each other. The taste spread to monasteries and nunneries, and the Roman Catholic hagiarchy includes several saints renowned for their self-flagellatory excesses. Religious approval of flagellation was dying out by the late 17th century, but by then the practice had attracted some lay addicts. A 1671 English broadsheet called *Whipping Tom Brought to Light and Exposed to Capital View* told of a "phantom spanker" who would lurk in shadowy London backstreets, spring out on passing girls and administer a severe spanking. In 1767 Elizabeth Brownrigg, a professional midwife, was executed at Tyburn when it was found that she had often stripped naked the girls in her employ, hoisted them on a pulley and beaten them till they bled. The doctor who examined one victim's body found lacerations that appeared "as if cut by a knife: that scarce any part of the body was free from them". Flogging is often called *le vice anglais*, though it occurs in most nations, sales of the martinet continuing briskly in France to this day. The British literature of flagellation is certainly large however. Mrs. Teresa Berkley (*q.v.*) and Mrs. Collett (whose establishment was patronized by King George IV) were early specialists in erotic exploitation of the birch etc. There were also "respectable" professional floggers, such as Mrs. Walter of 53 Oakfield Road, Clifton, Bristol, who advertised a "chastisement service" for parents too squeamish to beat their own children. Her brochure described her method: "Taking the birch, I measure my distance, and standing at the side, I proceed to strike slowly but firmly. By moving gently forward each stroke is differently placed, and six strokes may be enough if well given with full force. If the fault has been such as to need severe correction, then I begin on the other side and work back again. For screams, increased strokes must be given. If a girl tries very hard to bear it bravely, then, perhaps, I give 10 instead of 12." During the 18th and 19th centuries a plethora of flagellant literature appeared, with ever more luxuriant titles, *e.g. Lady Bumtickler's Revels, a Comic Opera in two Acts as it was performed in Lady Bumtickler's private theatre, in Birch-Grove, with unbounded applause*, or, *Sublime of Flagellation: In letters from Lady Termagant Flaybum, of Birch Grove, to Lady Harriet Tickletail, of Bumfiddle-Hall. In which are introduced the beautiful Tale of LA COQUETTE CHATIE in French and English* and *The Boarding School Bum-brusher, or the Distress of Laura*. By the late 19th century these works were becoming increasingly sadistic, as in the revolting *Experimental Lecture, by Colonel Spanker, on the Exciting and Voluptuous Pleasures to be derived from crushing and humiliating the spirit of a beautiful and modest young lady; as delivered by him in the assembly room of the Society of Aristocratic Flagellants*. Today, judging by the volume of literature available, flagellation seems to have lost none of its fascination.

foetus: Unborn child, usually so-called after the ninth week of pregnancy—before that it is the embryo (*q.v.*). From this stage until birth the foetus multiplies its weight 600 times. Foetal movements (quickening) become per-

Fini oilpainting (from *Erotic Art* by Drs P. & E. Kronhausen, W. H. Allen)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

"Old Friends"

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BOX: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

"I can't believe I ate the whole thing."

ceptible around the 15th week and foetal hiccups occur. Foetuses born prematurely can theoretically survive from the 20th week, but they normally become viable from the 30th week. Birth occurs about 38 weeks after fertilization and average birth weight for white communities is 7 lbs 4 oz.

Folies Bergère: Paris nightclub, founded in 1869 as a music hall (and named after a nearby street), but since 1894 mainly renowned for its striptease spectaculars. Featured artistes have included Charlie Chaplin, Colette, Maurice Chevalier, Mistinguette, Yvonne Printemps and Josephine Baker. Directed for the last 30 years by Michel Gyarmathy, a Hungarian refugee, who selects "les girls" from candidates who undress in his office, the revues run two to three years. They use about 40 sets and more than 1,000 costumes, and there is also a Folies revue in Las Vegas. Two-thirds of the Parisian audience are tourists—Americans and Germans predominating—but stagedoor Johnnies are absolutely barred.

Forberg, Friedrich-Karl (1770-1848): German author/compiler of *The Manual of Classical Erotology*, an anthology of extremely erotic passages mainly from the works of Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Seneca, plus some Greek and later writers. Originally published in Latin, a French edition appeared in 1882. Several paperback reprints have appeared in the US, but no British publisher has so far ventured it.

foreplay: Period of arousal preceding intercourse. The physiological purpose of foreplay is to induce (or strengthen) erection in the man and lubrication in the woman, without which penetration cannot be effected. It also contributes to enabling both partners to reach orgasm simultaneously. As it normally takes the woman longer than the man to climax, thorough arousal beforehand launches her on coitus with a "lead", as it were.

foreskin: The flap of skin, or prepuce, covering the uncircumcised man's penis and the woman's clitoris. It usually retracts, exposing the head of the penis, during erection. Many men today, however, lose their foreskin soon after birth through circumcision (*q.v.*).

Forum magazine: Revolutionary psychosexual magazine founded in England in 1967 as an offshoot of Penthouse to publish (at first) surplus readers' letters from the "Penthouse Forum" feature, but also publishing original articles by qualified specialists. An American edition was launched in 1970. Ancillary activities include regular clinics providing sexual counsel for troubled readers, and public discussion meetings on sexual topics.

freak: Person with gross physical abnormality, formerly regarded with sexual curiosity and often collected by historic courts. Dwarfs have always enjoyed a reputation for sexual prowess, which added to the interest of mock battles and gladiatorial displays staged with them by the Roman emperors. High-ranking Roman ladies would afterwards send for the gladiators they fancied. Earlier, the ancient Egyptians deified Bes, an achondroplasic dwarf, and Tutankhamen kept a whole harem of dwarfs. In the Middle Ages freaks were often burnt as "offspring of the devil", but regained popularity during the Renaissance. James IV of Scotland, according to Buchanan, kept a strange two-headed favourite, and the court of Louis XIII in

Folies Bergère cancan of the Naughty Nineties

France starred a heteradelphian, a man with the back and legs of a child growing out of his abdomen. The Medicis had a "dwarf-pit" in which a whole tribe of naked achondroplases performed sexual antics to amuse the court, and the dwarfs of Philip II's court are recorded by Velasquez. During the reign of James II in England, medical quacks sold ointments, based on bats' oil, purporting to reduce the growth of children and thus ensure them a brilliant future at court. In the 19th century the fairground "freak show" became established, and the hunt for ever stranger attractions was on. Many were fakes—London saw a glut of embalmed "mermaids" during the 1820s. Julia Pastrana, "the gorilla woman", "the bear woman", "the most hideous creature of all time", suffered from hypertrichiosis (excess hair—the probable origin of the werewolf myths), her well-shaped body and face being covered by a thick black pelt. In 1860 she fell in love with her manager who, rather than lose her to a rival showman, agreed to marry her. When it was announced that she was pregnant, wealthy aficionados from all over Europe bought tickets for the delivery. The child (also hairy) was stillborn and Julia died five days later, whispering to her audience: "I die happy for I know I have been loved for myself alone". Next day her husband had her and the child embalmed and set off around Europe exhibiting the two corpses. The American showman Phineas Barnum (1810-91) made his name by exhibiting the 21-inch dwarf "General Tom Thumb" (1841) and arranging the spectacular "wedding of Tom Thumb" for which the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers sent diamonds—Tom Thumb, like Mae West later, collected "diams"—and President Lincoln sent a whole suite of gold-lacquered miniature furniture from China. Barnum also discovered Francesco Lentini, the handsome three-legged man, and the original Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, who were pursued by a raving nymphomaniac, Miss Gloria, but finally married two women who hated each other. Teaming up with James Anthony Bailey in 1881, Barnum collected a "Giant American Museum of Human Phenomena and Prodigies". These included Jo-Jo the Poodle Man (another case of hypertrichiosis); the Leopard Girl, a piebald negress; The Albino, who was also double-jointed in every limb; two Armless Wonders; Queen Mab, a $22\frac{1}{2}$-in-high dwarf; the Telescope Man, who could lengthen and shorten his spinal column at will; the Rubber Man, who could cover his whole face with the skin of his chin and neck, and "The Man with the Ostrich Stomach". The survivors and successors of this collection can be seen in Tod Browning's film *Freaks* (1932).

Lentini, complete with third leg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

patients and therapists alike had "primals"—*i.e.*, they screamed from the depths of their primal pain—some of them, including Dr. Janov himself, right there in Santa's lap. In another session, on Halloween, one priest-patient came in diapers, a homosexual came in see-through pajamas and another patient came hanging on a seven-foot cross.

Before he would give me his cooperation, Janov demanded (and got) a promise from me that I would check my descriptions of primal therapy with him for accuracy. Then he took me on a quick tour of the Institute. Sounds of sobbing drifted through the corridors. Janov showed me several treatment rooms, all with padded walls. One of the rooms had one-way glass and a closed circuit TV for clinical observation by the other therapists. Another room had a punching bag in it and a large crib that adults could climb into. Another room was a copper-lined cell where, Janov said, a man's defenses could be broken down in 15 to 20 minutes.

Janov introduced me to several of his co-workers, young and rather conservatively suited, then took me back to a truck-trailer parked in the rear of the Institute. The trailer had been converted into a "research lab". A small, padded part of it served as a therapy room. The rest of the trailer was filled with a mountain of computerized instrumentation, designed to record some of the patient's functioning before and after his primal session. There were machines to record blood pressure, pulse rate, rectal temperature, brain wave frequency, amplitude and synchronicity. Janov showed me a little instrument not much bigger than a pea. I guessed it was like a little radio. "This tells us significant physiological data about a patient while it's happening."

Then what? "Then," said Janov with a smile, "the patient passes it." He pointed to his rectum. "And then we wash it and use it again."

And why all the instrumentation? Janov had written that man is a psychobiologic unity. To know whether the whole man is being affected by the treatment, it is necessary to record the physiological changes that follow the treatment. Under primal therapy, there are changes, drastic ones. Why? How?

Janov insisted I read a new paper he had just written: "The Neurophysiology of Neurosis and Psychosis." The paper was a technical one, 61 pages long, about the mechanics of repressed feelings. In this paper, Janov summed up much of what he had written in *The Primal Scream* and added a good deal of detail, in neurological terms, about the battle between the conscious mind and the unconscious mind.

In *The Primal Scream*, he described a primal pool of pain within us all, comparing it at times to a cesspool. Its contents, he said, are pretty much the same in all of us: it's an accumulation of all the shit forced on us by our parents—being smothered by a doting mother, rejection by daddy, even in some the pain of a violent birth. Whatever the pain the result was much the same. Our systems shut down in certain ways, our memory of the most traumatic incidents was clouded, our muscles and organs went into an emergency alert, we didn't allow ourselves to feel certain feelings and we adopted a particular set of habitual reflexes as a defense to keep the pool of pain from being stirred up (and overwhelming us).

Most Freudian analysts try to get patients to recall those early pains. They sometimes succeed, wrote Janov, but their methods are excessively intellectual. Though the patients understand the genesis of their old feelings, they never seem to *get rid* of them. The cesspool remains, extremely inconvenient baggage for the rest of their lives, and innocent individuals, usually those they love the most, have a way of blundering in and stirring it up and then the odors of the past arise within them and they train the big guns of their defense systems against the innocent and he or she goes away hurt. And, of course, *they* are hurt in turn and they add this hurt to their cesspool of hurts. And so it goes, on and on.

This notion is hardly new. Freud himself asserted the importance of early childhood experience in neurosis; he and almost all of his followers have continued to focus on the relationship of repressed feelings to mental aberration. But Janov claims Freud and his followers have gone to the unconscious in the wrong way—by dealing with derivatives of the unconscious, including free association and the analysis of dreams.

Janov believes that kind of analysis is invalid, because thinking about the past only widens the split between thought and feeling. "It is time," he says, "to plunge through the symbols, get to the need, shorten therapy by possibly years and get people well." Bravo. But how? By doing something, Janov says, which Freudians would frown on: by allowing the patient to become overwhelmed by his rage and to scream it out without any control. And what does that do? That spills off the tension, Janov says, from the cesspool of primal pain.

Janov says he goes directly to the cesspool, pries off the lid, the configuration of a patient's own particular set of defenses, and gets to the pain. The trip may take weeks, months, but not years. It is not a mind-trip, a feeling trip.

So the first trick is to break down a man's ordinary defenses, defenses that have so successfully kept the man's

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HOW TO BE A DIRTY OLD MAN

HUMOR BY HENRY MORGAN

1 Take care of your health. There is absolutely no point to becoming a d.o.m if you're going to be coughing all the time, or having scrofula or being spavined. Most of the fun is in not scaring off anyone until she finds out what you're really about.

2 Stay neat. I cannot over-impress you with how much neatness counts. Caviar stains on the necktie, borscht on the lapels, and an open fly are repulsive to many ladies. And the time to start practising some kind of cleanliness is right now. By the time you're ready for dirty-old-manship, long matted hair and filthyLevi's will probably be out. Couth will be the thing. What is wanted here is soap and water.

3 Practice not smelling bad (see above). Odors haven't been popular for about 150 years with the exception of some parts of Bulgaria and the lee side of the Urals.

4 Try to save some teeth. You have no idea of how two or three wobbly fangs can turn a dame off, while a jawful of shiners often acts like a beckoning lighthouse. Daily brushing is a good start, but if that doesn't seem to work out too well, a set of store-boughten can work wonders. Many a wretched codger who would have been had up for indecent exposure or worse has been, instead, a neighborhood favorite because of his flashing falsies.

5 Do a bit of exercise. Remember the old axiom: "Woggly biceps ne'er won a bra-full of yummies." Walking can't hurt, but it's silly to jog. Eight out of ten joggers are eliminated by sloppy drivers. The other two have heart attacks. It's *not* necessary to do pushups. Just open one or two windows a day and you'll feel like a million (dollars, not pounds). Heavy breathing is good. You'll need it later on anyway.

6 Rehearse your "open" look .Too many elderly boys lose out because of a furtive shifty expression. "Batting the baby blues (or browns or blacks, of course)" is a worthwhile pastime. You'll need plenty of guile but it mustn't *show*.

7 Learn new speech patterns. Kids often make out these days merely by asking a direct question, or sometimes without saying anything at all. That's all well and good but after a while you'll find that pains have to be taken. Instead of a simple, effective "How's about it?" the elderly party is obliged to exert himself.

"Ah, good evening. I hope you're not going to take offence when I tell you that I am very much taken with your neckerchief." Something to that effect. Naturally one doesn't want to begin that kind of thing too early on. It can, in a younger man, be mistaken for idiocy. Along about 40, 45, you might try a few small openings . . . "easers," we call them. "Say, you look okay." "Care to walk to the corner?" "My, that's a nice doggie." (Don't try that last one if there's no dog in sight. It makes them tighten up.)

8 Make some memories. Or, and this is even better, start lying a lot so that by the time you're ready, you'll have told them so often that you'll believe them. The successful dirty old man is one who doesn't *have* to be with another person. Some of the happiest are to be seen sitting on park benches, resavoring old thrills they may or may not have had. There's plenty of fun and good times even for the younger fellow in slobbering over wild experiences that haven't happened. While it's true enough that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, so to speak, there are even better birds to be had through the imagination. And had in more interesting ways, too.

9 Experiment. What is meant by this is to find out as soon as possible just what direction you will take in future. Try to discover what interests you most, *i.e.*, little boys, sheep, old ladies, tarts, cookies, whatever. Try to keep away from young girls (while you're practicing, that is). As time goes by you will notice that most of them seem to spend their time with young men. This can be frustrating. However, those who stick faithfully to (1) through (7) often get lucky.

10 Some General Principles.

It is often advantageous to start as near to home as possible. By this I mean someone you know. A niece, for instance, or the 16-year-old daughter of a dear friend.

A very fine ploy, for example, is to take hold of the back of a young thing's dress and pull it away from her neck on the grounds that you want to see the label.

"By George," you say, "that's a pretty outfit. Just let me see where you got it so I can get one for my————" (fill in anything that seems apropos—"God-child" does nicely).

Getting her to sit on your lap can be productive. As you assist her in changing positions, for her comfort, feels galore may be copped. To get her to lie down may be a bit rough but there are many schemes that work rather well. Direct offers of cash, for instance.

If the youngster shows signs of being restless, keep upping the ante, as they say. It will help relieve the tension. For both of you.

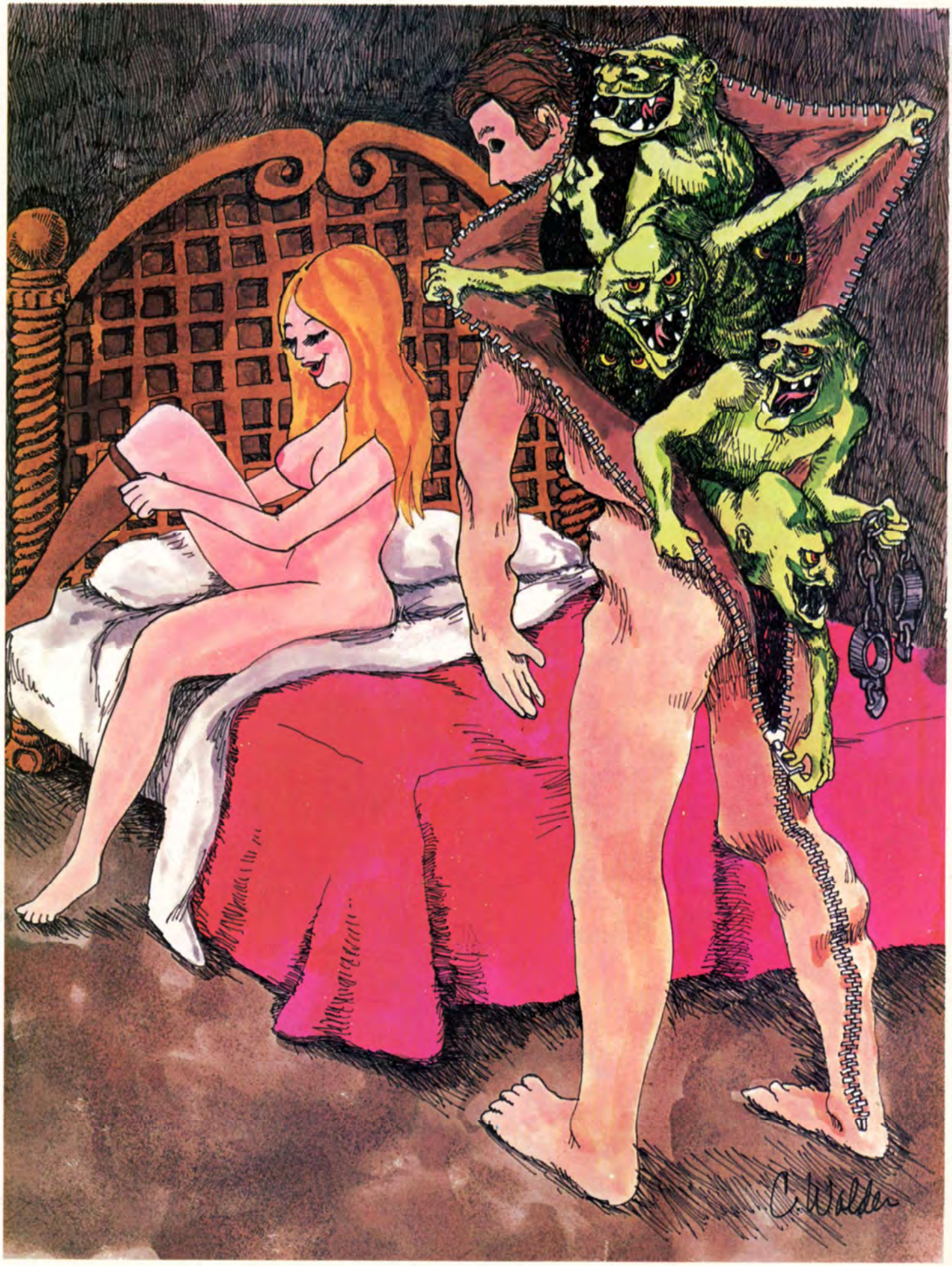
Always use a soothing tone of voice. There should be no trace in it of urgency or lust. Dirty old men who can croon get far and away the best results.

It should be mentioned that everything you're doing right now is excellent groundwork on which to build: grabbing parts from underwater, as in pools and the sea; rubbing up against whatever you like in buses, trams and so on; looking through bedroom windows, waiting outside the doors of ladies' W.C.s, and looking at or feeling undergarments whenever possible. These are the stepping stones to the future.

One thing more.

Practice saying "I am a dirty young man. I am a dirty young man." In no time, you'll be used to it.

Soon—sooner than you think—you'll have to become just what I told you. Like the rest of us.



"Now where's that little surprise you've been promising . . . ?"

The lady and the lion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH NELSON

Johnny Weissmuller was never like this. From a wild animal reserve in California comes a girl lion tamer who claims that she's game for anything. Oh well, back to the old liana swinging

The time may not yet be here for lambs to lie down with lions, but ladies are certainly trying it out. Susan Backlinie, a feline 23-year-old green-eyed brunette from Washington D.C., is daily enacting this peaceable parable as an animal tamer at Africa USA, California's drive-in safari park. Already she's schoolmarming chimpanzees, tigers and bears, though the most dangerous animal of all—the lion—remains her favorite. "I do get scared and things can go badly wrong," she admits. "The whole secret is in learning to anticipate what the animal is going to do next by its movements. You can 'read' when a lion is going to kill because it holds its shoulders and head high, and its

tail starts switching." She explains that men are five times better at handling lions than women, and she never touches anything over a two-year-old herself. "When I'm playing with a lion, I have to break away every now and again, or it would kill me." Regardless of the morbid prospect of mauling, Miss Backlinie finds animals indispensable to her "very physical" personality, and even hires herself out at $1,000 a throw to movie companies who want a girl extra to be knocked over by a leaping lion ("you just have to keep your face away, that's all"). Apart from this perilous pastime, Susan is also an underwater ballet star, and holds state and national swimming records. She is a confirmed nudity-addict, and only wears clothes on her 37-25-37 profile when it is absolutely essential. "That doesn't mean I'm promiscuous, though. I'm a one-man girl. A girl has to know her body, that's all, to be good at sex. Sex has to be spontaneous, too. If you feel like it, you should drop whatever it is you're doing at once, and have sex. I don't believe in marriage, either. When you're living with someone, you try that much harder to please each other. I just like to do things naturally." In other words, Miss Backlinie, tamer extraordinary, is an animal cracker.

feelings down and "in place" all these years. Janov and his therapists put a man in isolation, sometimes in that dungeon-like cell, assault him with pulsating strobe lights, prevent the compulsive talker from talking, stop a man from getting up and going to the bathroom, make him swear if he is a sissy, lay him down if he wants to sit up, sit him up if he wants to lie down, force him to breathe deeply from the bottom of his belly. Invariably and almost automatically, without much, if any, distracting "analysis" at all, Janov says he gets to the man's pool of pain. The pain has not been merely psychological. It is real pain that has been shot through and incorporated by a man's entire system: head, heart, lungs, nerves, muscles, belly, blood, bones, and it "comes out" not in a flow of verbalized insight but in tears, sobs, cries, convulsions and finally in an eerie scream from the depths of the soul.

That's what Janov calls the Primal Scream.

Only then does the patient begin to see, to remember the traumatic scenes long blocked by pain, to get to his "primal scene" or "scenes". Those may be traumatic, searing memories. Or it may simply be a point in time when the child adds up enough to say to himself, in effect: "I can't please them by being real. I have to be unreal." One man's primal scene may be a memory that goes back to the age of two, but, even so, says Janov, the man will recall the tone in his mother's voice, the look in his father's eye, the pattern of the wallpaper next to his crib or a picture on the nursery door. And then the insight starts to flow: the pieces suddenly fit. "That's why I always . . . that's why . . . that's why . . ."

Often enough no explanations are necessary. Janov illustrates by describing patients reliving a birth trauma. The unresolved pains of those birth experiences produce a lifelong tension, says Janov, in the same way that any primal pains do, but no explanation can undo that tension because its source has nothing to do with ideas. At birth, the patient felt but he did not think. And he may still carry the pain within him. What he needs to do now, says Janov, is simply scream.

Glass House Gang.

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DON'T TALK–SCREAM

If he can—and this was the core idea in Janov's paper on the neurophysiology of neurosis and psychosis—he will make the connection between the long disconnected parts of his brain, between the conscious mind and the repressed unconscious. And it is the "connection", says Janov, which "ultimately releases the person from his tension in a permanent way." No longer reacting to a pain of which he has been unaware, he no longer needs to seek symbolic release from the tension. All he needs to do, says Janov, is react to present affronts by connecting to affronts he felt when, say, he was three years old. Not *talk about* the time he was three. *Be* three again. Scream: "Dad! You don't love me!" This is painful and the man screams from the depths of his pain as a three-year-old. Now, however, connected to that pain, he can see how, through the years, he has been looking elsewhere for his father's love in the weirdest places: in the church, perhaps, or in political movements, or in the love of other men, or in who knows what symbolic ways.

The main thing is that tensions are gone. As one patient put it: "The storm's over. I can come out now." He can feel his feelings. They are natural, not something to suppress. They are neither good nor bad, constructive nor destructive. They are. And with the release of tension, old compulsions are gone. The alcoholic has no more desire for booze, the tripper for acid, the fag has turned to girls. Since the old pains are gone, there is no more need of a lid for the pain, no more need for the elaborate defense system. There is no need for relief habits, like smoking, drinking or masturbation and, not surprisingly under these premises, somatic ills connected to the old tension disappear.

Janov says he can document the changes. According to one follow-up study, Janov's patients have been freed from: arthritis, asthma epilepsy, hyperthyroidism, constipation, headaches, backaches, colitis, stomach pains, peptic ulcers, dizziness, menstrual cramps, skin disorders, allergies. In an overwhelming number of cases, blood pressure, pulse rate and body temperature drop significantly. And stay that way.

Janov points out that high temperatures, as in a fever, often lead to delusions and hallucinations, and that's proof that the brain doesn't function well when it's hot. Lower temperatures, he says, may well be the normal condition of those who are mentally sound and in close touch with their feelings. He even suggests that the norm for the human race, usually pegged at 98.6, is a neurotic norm. Janov's own normal temperature: 96.8.

One of his star patients is the actor James Earl Jones. Jones went through the standard treatment and claims he has found a new wholeness, a new ability to feel, no more compulsions to smoke or chase after women—and no more sinus trouble, no more hemorrhoids.

Does the cure last? It may be that the cure lasts only as long as the patient keeps screaming on a regular basis, surely a habit which in itself could keep tension levels down. (Janov suggests that patients keep coming back after their three weeks' therapy for group screaming sessions once or twice a week.) But he claims that the physiological changes imply far deeper change. Since 1967, when he discovered primal therapy by accident, he says he has treated several hundred patients. Only 2% of them left treatment after less than a week. Of those who stayed for an intensive three-week marathon, Janov says some 80% of them were "cured". He doesn't hesitate to use the word. Unlike other psychotherapists he doesn't say his patients were "helped" or helped to "function" again. They were cured. "We sound like the miracle of Lourdes," says Janov, "but we don't just say it, we can prove it."

Janov's own simile seemed apt: The Primal Institute *was* like Lourdes in a way. People have been cured at Lourdes and the cures have been scientifically documented. People have been cured at The Primal Institute and their cures too seemed real enough.

I was certainly willing to applaud the fantastic results Janov had achieved with drunks and addicts and homosexuals. Members of the Gay Liberation Front, however, do not applaud. They gathered recently in front of the Primal Institute to stage a mock "scream-in" and protest that they were hardly ready to be treated as "sickies".

What bothered me most by the time I had finished my investigation was Janov's attempt to oversell the primal theory itself based on nothing more than imaginative guesswork.

I visited UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute, one of the most highly regarded brain research centers in the world, and talked with Dr. Richard D. Walter, research professor of neurology and electrophysiology, and asked him about the neurological mechanics of repression. Janov had written:

"The conflict, briefly, originates as follows: The motivating need is often diencephalic—perhaps from the hunger center of the hypothalamus. If this need is unfulfilled (for any number of reasons), the pain of the unmet need is stored in the temporal cortex. The frontal cortex acts continuously to prevent this unconscious material from becoming conscious, and the battleground for this conflict is the limbic system."

Commented Dr. Walter: "Horseshit!"

Dr. Walter explained: "We don't know where these feelings are processed. We know very little about the diencephalon or the temporal cortex or the limbic system." He said that certain experiments with cats suggest there must be something important going on in the reticular activating system in the brain stem which sends out projections "downstream" to various perceptive apparatus, auditory, visual and kinesthetic. Somehow that system seemed to screen all of our impulses. "But look," said Dr. Walter, pointing out of his window at the west wing of the NPI. "Every third laboratory in that building is engaged in some kind of research into the reticular activating mechanism. But we don't know much about it, yet. Nobody knows. And Dr. Janov doesn't make his theory any better by 'neurologizing' about items we can't yet explain ourselves."

SHADES OF BRIDEY MURPHY

Is it possible, I asked, to remember the events surrounding our birth?

Dr. Walter said softly: "The hard-nosed answer to that probably would be, in terms of what we know about neurology . . . NO!" Why not? Because, he said, the brain at birth is too primitive: the processes on a nerve cell and the myelinization are too sparse, electrical activity too low, biochemistry too simple. "Most of us

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

GUCCIONE

FISH OUT OF WATER

THE HOGARTH PLATES

Crude cash is not the sort of ransom for your lovely daughter. I want those plates—and I'm not bluffing. I enclose the finger . . .

Fiction by Frank Sisk

Paul Birkbeck

Waverley B. Crowe, M.A., Ph.D., S.O.B.
125 Bass Lake Road
Lincolnville, Connecticut

My dear Professor:

Mark this as first in a necessary series of communications between us. Also mark it memorable. But to make sure that you don't wax conveniently absent-minded about it, which I understand is your professorial custom whenever the hat is passed, I shall now resort to that fabled tactic of the farmer who smote his balky mule resoundingly across the muzzle with a two-by-four in order to attract its attention. In the present context you are the mule.

Here is what constitutes the chunk of lumber in motion:

For the last 12 hours I have had under my complete control the sole legitimate fruit of your loins, namely one Isobel Crowe who declares that on 11 June, just one week ago, she celebrated her 21st birthday. And a delectable morsel she is.

She stands (at the moment she is lying down) five-feet-four. She weighs 118 pounds, this warm resilient avoirdupois being distributed in proportions of 38-22-34. Her hair is the color of cornsilk. She wears it long and straight. Her nose, likewise straight, is powdered with freckles. Her delicate ears are not pierced—as yet. The only jewelry she wears is a moonstone ring. This, she says, was a gift from her mother, since deceased, on the occasion of her 16th birthday. She speaks French fairly well but has small opportunity to do so here in Philadelphia.

Yes, my dear Professor, this is where she presently abides, in the City of Brotherly Love, to mention but one kind.

In reading the foregoing details, you should now be convinced that Isobel is no stranger to me and is, in all probability, my prisoner. You may also conclude from the citation of these same details that I am morbidly enamored

2

of the lass (which I don't deny) and will therefore never work her any ill. Disabuse yourself of this last idea at once. Where matters of business are concerned my heart is pure flint, and this is the serious business of kidnapping. It is always played for the highest of stakes, win or lose—*and nobody in my position can afford to lose.*

Let me make another point which is perhaps self-evident already. I am not your ordinary kidnapper, if there be any such. In fact, it might be said that I haven't kidnapped Isobel at all but have merely, to use a fine old fuzz phrase, taken her into protective custody. At any rate, you will not find me snipping block-letter words from the daily press and pasting them up in the form of a direful message on a sheet of ruled paper detached from a dime-store tablet. Nor will I ever communicate with you from a phone booth in a voice filtered through a handkerchief. And definitely I won't require you to pack an old brown briefcase with a certain sum of money in unmarked bills of small denomination.

You may enjoy a temporary relief in learning that crude cash is not the sort of ransom I'm asking for your lovely daughter. To judge from what she says, you don't have much money anyway. You seem to be the sort of prig who always lives precariously beyond his means for the sake of keeping up a good front—a false front, that is. I gather that you have been continually counting on making a big kill in soybean and cotton futures, or some such get-rich-quick scheme,and to this end you have flung away your own assets as well as a considerable legacy for Isobel from her mother and held by you in trust.

Well, so much for the blind pursuit of wealth.

What I want from you, my dear Professor, is something that as yet, with the exception of Isobel, nobody knows you possess. And even your darling daughter, despite her otherwise lively intelligence, appears not to have fully grasped the

unique value of this possession. I suspect you have not been candid in the matter; I suspect you've cunningly minimized the significance of your discovery. For Isobel's mention of it, during a conversation between us on the current London scene, was disarmingly casual. But I do not disarm easily. Up to that moment, though, I never dreamed of taking her into custody, as it were, for any purpose other than carnal. After that, however, a collector's terrible avarice took me in hand, soon getting the upper, and it was not long before I perfected a plan which would permit me to use this splendid specimen of young womanhood for business as well as pleasure.

So much for the amenities. Now to the crux.

I want those Hogarth plates. Nothing shall deprive me of those Hogarth plates. There can be no rest or relaxation for me until I hold those Hogarth plates, all six of them, in my worshipful hands.

Let me assure you, sir, that I am a complete nut on this subject, and a dangerous one. Therefore it behoves you, as you value your helpless daughter's welfare, to agree immediately and in good faith to undertake negotiations. Should you hesitate at all, should you waste time seeking a countermeasure, should you dawdle away a single day, then the results shall be most diabolical. Believe me, defloration (if that is a word used seriously now) will be but a dainty prelude to what may follow. *Après ça, la viande de boucherie.*

Your surest way to stay my hand is to comply with these instructions:

On a federally-sponsored postcard print the simple word YES. Address this card to me in care of P.O. Box 1004, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19100. On receipt, this card will be considered as proof that I've captured your attention and we'll proceed accordingly to the next step.

I trust this fine June weather suits your sciatica.

Fictitiously yours,

Randolph Swiver

Waverley B. Crowe, S.O.B. Par Excellence
125 Bass Lake Road
Lincolnville, Connecticut

My dear old Crowe:

Six balmy days have breezed by since I posted my opening gambit. As yet no signal from you. Not a YES, not even a NO. You're apparently running true to form.

Isobel, no longer virgo intacta, thanks to your selfish procrastination, predicted that you couldn't be intimidated unless your own scholarly pelt and pose were jeopardized. Seeing is believing, and I believe that now.

Therefore, my dear cochon, I have devised another approach to you, which I daresay will cause you to lift your snout from the academic trough you love so well.

Unless I get a YES from you within five days on the postcard prescribed in my earlier *billet*, I propose to snip a delicate digit from your daughter's left hand. Boxed festively, this memento will be sent by first-class mail to the eminent Harvey Thurston Wise, president of the university with which you are so consummately associated. That is not all. Accompanying Phalangeal Exhibit No. 1 will be a note, terse but touching. The gist: *Egocentric Papa Crowe would not lift a little finger of his own to avert the loss of his only daughter's.*

And that is not all.

A general news release on the subject will be dispatched to all media. Simultaneously, a more detailed background story will reach certain pedagogical journals in which your frequent by-line has become a sacred by-word among a soft core of muddleheaded bibliolatrists—the type so well described by Brander Matthews as persons "educated beyond their intelligence".

This sort of notoriety is grist for the savant's ill will. Within a week your vaunted image as intellectual custodian of man-

kind's ultimate perfectibility will have been reduced by your colleagues to its basic component—sawdust and bushwah. Those now fawning so fatuously on your every utterance will have become smirking pallbearers, consigning your pedantic cadaver to the cold furnace of forgetfulness. If you should be epitaphed at all by footnote in some dreary tome hereafter, the requiem line will invariably be *O pitiless pater, O dreadful dad, O father whose inward fallacy nourished an infanticidal root.* Gutsy stuff like that.

So this is your last chance to come honorably to the aid of your daughter. I advise you, *mon gros morceau,* to take pen in hand this instant, before this fine June weather turns bad indeed.

Relentlessly yours,
Randy Swiver

Mr. Randolph Swiver
P.O. Box 1004
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19100

YES.

Waverley B. Crowe
125 Bass Lake Road
Lincolnville, Connecticut

My dear Crowe:
That's more like it. I am well aware, however, that you have used the interim to put out feelers in the neighborhood of Isobel's last known address—quite unprofessional feelers, I hear. Your man Moffatt (reportedly an instructor in sliderule calisthenics at Temple) stumbled about Pennypack Circle for two days, more than a little handicapped by astigmatism and a hair style that cut off the rest of his limited vision. What he learned was that Isobel Crowe doesn't seem to live there any more. It's typical, apparently, of your misapplied frugality that you never hire a competent professional to do anything when an incompetent amateur can be employed for nothing.

By the way, if you sent this same bumbler to check out the P.O. box, and if he happened to find out as much as the Postal Services people know, which is unlikely, he discovered that it is rented in the name of Cool Cottage Industries. CCI is a big corpus of cats, Prof. Even I don't know how many duplicate pass-keys are in circulation, but certainly there are enough to confound even a good private eye on duty around the clock for days without end. Alas!

But to get back to the business that brings us together: the Hogarth plates.

I do not expect you to *give* them to me. An outright gift might engender future complications. You might claim extortion. Which is a crime. And truly I'm not your dyed-in-the-wool criminal. You must realize that by now.

Anyway, I am prepared to *buy* the Hogarth plates. And to that purpose I hereby tender my opening bid, my *only* bid—

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one hundred and thirty dollars and sixty cents or, to condense, $130.60. This is a fair estimate, based on today's international currency exchange, of what they cost you. Isobel, my source, says you gave the unwary London ironmonger £25.

This offer is not negotiable. Take it or leave it. If you leave it, my dear Professor, you have in effect abandoned your daughter to a program of progressive digital surgery as set forth in my previous letter.

I shall expect your affirmative reply by return mail. My impatience mounts to an excrutiating tingle.

The foliage surrounding your heavily mortgaged retreat must be lush at this season. How I envy you.

Expectantly yours
and as ever
Randy

Mr. Randolph Swiver
P.O. Box 1004
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19100

You insolent scoundrel:
Your pseudonym is odious. I shall not titillate your perverted fancy by using it except when absolutely unavoidable.

Now, before we proceed one step further, I should like to ascertain the solidity of the substance that supports your silly attempt at extortion. And make no mistake about it, criminal extortion is the plain name for it.

First, what real proof do I have that my daughter is actually your prisoner? Admittedly you have presented an impudently detailed description of her but the same could have been done by any casual observer with half an eye. You've also set forth certain other details such as date of birth, jewelry worn, some bosh about my departed wife's estate, more bosh about our recent trip to London. But none of this data is top secret and any of it could be obtained readily by anyone snooping around the university campus. Gossip is always an ungovernable growth in seats of learning.

Second, what real proof do *you* have that I possess these so-called Hogarth plates? If your sole source of information is Isobel's casual maundering, you are lending a dubious lot of credence to a very slender authority. My daughter's entire frame of Hogarthian reference, if she has one at all, probably is based on her having seen his cockfighting picture while skimming through a book of prints in my library.

Third, why this roundabout approach to ransom? Despite your heedless comment on my current financial situation, I am ever able to raise considerable amounts of cash in an emergency. My name is my bond. On the other hand, these alleged Hogarth plates, if they did exist, would be of value only to a specialized collector and such a person does not usually deal with a kidnapper. So where is the profit motive?

Waverley B. Crowe

W. B. Crowe,
125 Bass Lake Road
Lincolnville, Connecticut

Dear Crowe:
You fly a crooked course, don't you? While you were holding your decision in abeyance or, to be more exact, stalling for time, the dour Harvey Thurston Wise might very well have been opening a small bloodstained box in the privacy of his presidential office and seeing, aghast, the grisly relic that once was an articulated part of your daughter's hand.

Once again you fearlessly risked her in a gamble. Once again you won. But you won't win again.

In the future, *mon joueur,* the slightest deviation by you from my emerging program will result in the grave consequence previously outlined. So pay attention.

The enclosed Polaroid print in living color should provide you with a satisfactory answer to the first point in your letter. You will recognize the subject matter as your daughter. You will perceive that she is bound hand and foot to a sturdy brass bed. In behalf of common decency I abjured the ploy of the average villian and did not bind her spreadeagled. You will further perceive that this picture was taken from the foot of the bed at more than ordinary height. I stood on a chair. The purpose of this angle was to afford you a bird's-eye view of Isobel's midriff, specially bared for the occasion.

Avail yourself of the nearest magnifying glass. Train it on said midriff. At the right focus you will readily discern a message printed on the milky flesh in red—lipstick, not blood. Ponder this message thoughtfully. Repeat it aloud until it finally makes an impression on the leathery organ that serves you as a heart:

OBEY THIS BEAST, DAD, OR I PERISH.

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The plea may strike you as unnecessarily melodramatic but let me assure you that it is a good paraphrase of your daughter's sentiments right now.

Next, the second point in your letter: you desire to know what real proof I have that you possess the Hogarth plates; and in case I'm basing everything on your daughter's "maundering", you denigrate her ability to tell a Hogarth from a Holbein.

All right, *mon vieux loup de mer.* I guess the best way to convince you that I know whereof I speak is to transport you back to the beginning, to the opening scene, where Isobel and I first come *vis-à-vis.*

The curtain rises, as it so often does these days, on a coin-o-matic laundry in a rundown Philadelphia neighborhood where brotherly love is treated with soul-slapping derision. The time is early evening. The month is May—a scant five weeks ago.

I stride onstage with purposeful mien and approximately two pounds of soiled socks. All the washing machines except one are frothing away. The inactive member is the smaller type that takes a maximum load of eight pounds for 35 cents, insert quarter and dime only. As I approach this white marvel, thanking my astrological chart, a gorgeous gal appears on the inside track. She wears a sleeveless blue pullover and tight black slacks. She carries a green knit bag bulging with what are soon to be revealed as several pounds of feminine outerwear and inner, dainty items all. Obviously she wishes to use the unoccupied machine too, and she reaches the position in front of the coin slot a good pace ahead of me.

"Foiled again," I say in my own gallant way.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," this dear chick says. "Are you in a hurry?"

"No more than you, sister."

"But I'm in no hurry at all."

"Nor am I now. Let's negotiate."

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"Of course."

"Well, if you have no aesthetic objections, we could wash together."

"I vote for it."

"Impoverished though I am, I'll underwrite the entire cycle," I said, producing a quarter and a dime.

"I say 50-50."

"Just call me Dutch."

Thus, the beginnings of an acquaintanceship. I realized of course that Isobel was not a product of the neighborhood and I presently learned she had been here just a few weeks and was trying to earn a living, a precarious one at best, by basting birds in a standup rôtisserie.

Why so? I asked. She had much greater capabilities. At first she was disinclined to go deeper than small talk. Where did she come from? I inquired. Her accent was not at all local.

"Connecticut," she said.

"I should have said Boston," I said.

"From there too," she said. "From Dedham really. I was born in Dedham."

And then, because there is an irresistibly mesmeric experience in watching articles of clothing rotate in sudsy blue water, she gradually opened up. We went for coffee and English muffins later and we arranged to meet for supper the next night. Dutch.

From then on, your darling daughter entrusted me with her innermost thoughts. At first she served up only the tiniest morsels. Later came juicier tidbits. Finally there were great gobbets among which you often materialized as an indigestible reminiscence.

She confided, for instance, that she had fled from the Lincolnville domicile, leaving no forwarding address, because she could no longer abide your autocratic interference in her personal affairs. As a case in point she cited the way in which you terminated her innocent attachment to a fine young broth

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hight Cyrus Grostalk. (A monicker that must have tantalized your morbid fancy.) She said that through some mystifying sleight-of-hand (political chicanery *à l'académie*) you arranged to have the lad flunked in two critical courses. The immediate result was that Papa Grostalk withdrew his financial backing. The secondary result was that penniless Cyrus was forced to leave school and, incidentally, your daughter for good. O dastardly destroyer of youth's incipient bloom!

Anyway, our conversations eventually came round by chance to the Hogarth plates. My interest was instantaneous. You see, my dear Prof, I am a lifelong student of 17th-century artifacts, particularly English ones. You are dealing with no nitwit.

I questioned Isobel closely. It happened last summer in London, she said. Both of you were spending an uneasy fortnight there—bored daughter, boring father. One afternoon you were strolling together along the Portobello Road. You were in search of something very English and quite inexpensive in weathervanes. You were exploring the premises of a dealer in secondhand ironmongery when you literally stumbled over the historic treasure. My tractable informant says you banged a shin against a coal hod, knocking it on its side. Out spilled the contents—a few chunks of anthracite and six grime-covered rectangles of copper approximately eight inches square. As you stooped to upend the hob, your educated eye cut through centuries of accumulated crud and saw what appeared to be engravings and, incredibly, engravings that seemed to bear the inimitable stamp and style of a famous master, William Hogarth, 1697-1764.

Luckily for you, the old ironmonger was two-thirds blind and so failed to perceive the expression of keen interest and quiet cunning that flashed across your face. Dissembling, you continued to putter about the cluttered shop in search of a weathervane. You found one soon—an English setter now at

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point on the roof of your garage. After haggling, you purchased it for a little more than it was worth, the idea being to let the ironmonger know that you could be had up to a certain margin. To deceive him further, you bought a couple of horseshoes. Then, with the casualness of a true con man, you bumbled back to that hod. You asked guilelessly if it might be categorized as an antique. The ironmonger knew a sucker when he saw one. Of course the hod was an antique. All of 100 years old. Once owned by a senior footman in the service of Queen Victoria.

How much might that make it worth? you ask guardedly—£15 or £20 perhaps.

Not a farthing less than £25, the eager ironmonger says.

All right, my dear bloke, you reply with a goodnatured laugh. If you toss in the hod's contents—*ho-ho-ho*—you've got yourself a deal.

Back in your lodgings, with the aid of a soft chamois and a pan of warm soapy water, you soon learn that you have acquired a pictorial essay whose existence until that moment had been only a faint rumor in the footnotes of a few Hogarthian specialists. (Needless to say, I am one of these few under another name.) According to this rumor, Hogarth created an ensemble tentatively titled *The Way of a Whore* a few years before he published his famous *The Harlot's Progress*. This earlier work was allegedly suppressed by his art teacher, James Thornhill, who later became his unwilling father-in-law.

There's an entertaining parallel here, *mon soi-disant penseur*. Thornhill seems to have treated his daughter Jane much the same as you treated Isobel. Jane ran away from home just as Isobel did—but with this difference: Jane fled with young Hogarth and married him and lived more or less happily ever after. Your dear daughter left without escort and is now up for grabs. Grostalk, wherever he is, might have been

Waverley B. Crowe
125 Bass Lake Road
Lincolnville, Connecticut

Mon cher ver de fumier:

Count on you to muck around. Count on you to take one last gamble. Count on you to call my bluff at your daughter's expense. Well, I wasn't bluffing this time, Waverley old bean.

Enclosed in the box to which this missive is taped I am giving you the finger I promised. I thought the first one should go to you. The next, unless you get the lead out, will go to the revered and feared Harvey Thurston Wise.

That is all.

R. S.

Randolph Swiver
P.O. Box 1004
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19100

You unmitigated cur:

Here are the plates and the bill of sale. Release my daughter immediately. And bear this in mind constantly: *I will not leave a stone unturned in seeking you out and bringing you to justice.* So rest uneasy, you unspeakable degenerate.

Crowe.

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a far better fate.

Finally, we reach the third point raised in your letter. Why not cash as ransom instead of the (alleged) Hogarth plates? To be blunt about it, old Prof, your word as a bond is not worth a C-note on the money market whereas the Hogarth plates, on whose authenticity I am ready to gamble, may be valued conservatively at $200,000. I have this from a reputable art dealer. He knows me not as a kidnapper but as a reliable source of expertise on many things of the 17th century.

On being informed that I just might possibly put him in touch with these long-lost Hogarth plates, he had this to say: "If the owner has a clear title and they are real Hogarth, I'm prepared to pay at least $150,000."

I had this to say: "Let's start at $200,000, shall we?"

"We shall," he said.

Now, without further delay, here is what you are required to do. First, you will execute a bill of sale, duly witnessed and notarized, transferring the six Hogarth plates to your daughter Isobel in consideration of a payment in full of $130.60. You will explain on this bill of sale that you are accepting this pittance for artifacts of much greater value in recognition of a debt owed to your daughter of $100,000 held in trust by you under your wife's will and foolishly lost in speculation on rape seed futures. Nice legal touch, what?

Second, you will send the plates and the bill of sale by registered mail to none other than me in care of the P.O. box number you now know so well. When the package is received, Isobel will dutifully send you a money order for $130.60 and give me her power of attorney.

Smooth sailing, what?

So get moving, man. It's all spelled out.

Yours anticipatorily,

R.

Waverley B. Crowe, Paterfamilias
125 Bass Lake Road
Lincolnville, Connecticut

My dear Sir:

As promised, I herewith enclose Isobel's money order in the amount of $130.30. So, in a sense, you aren't out of pocket a penny. It was a pleasure doing business with you, up to a point, and I trust you will soon learn to sublimate the coarse lust for vengeance that you may harbor at present.

The Hogarth plates brought £250,000. You will probably read all about it in John Canaday's column in next Sunday's *Times* where, by the way, you will be given the well-deserved credit for being the discoverer.

I cannot release your daughter at this moment, for we have just been joined in wedlock and are about to embark on a protracted honeymoon far away from Philadelphia. And don't worry about her fingers. She has them all. The one I sent you was obtained from an unfortunate young cadaver by a friend of mine who is studying medicine here at Hahnemann.

By now it must be dawning on dear old Dad that he has been the victim of a hoax. Let me hasten to say that it was all my idea and that Isobel went along with it reluctantly. However, she is at last beginning to realize this was the only way of recovering from you her rightful inheritance and accrued interest. But let me repeat, she had nothing to do with the planning and little to do with the execution. It all emerged from my own head. Not bad for a lad whom you caused to be flunked out in Psychology II and French IV.

Yours with incipient filiality,

Cyrus Grostalk

CASE HISTORY OF A LOVE DOCTOR

With one more author exposing his errors, bestselling Dr Reuben is becoming the most denounced 'authority' since psychiatrists were admitted to the bedroom

By Patrick McGrady

A revolution in sexual folklore occurred in December 1969 with Marcia Seligson's review in *Life* magazine of a sex manual that had been kissed off as gimcrack by the almighty *New York Times* and snubbed by practically everybody else. The review was a publisher's dream. It ended by trumpeting a sex manual that was "informative, frank, up-to-date . . . complete . . . howlingly funny . . . can't-put-it-down reading." Within a year, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . . But Were Afraid to Ask* had become a publishing legend. It scurried to the top of the nonfiction bestseller lists, and to a 1,000,000-copy hardcover sale, was offered by five book clubs, found itself in a score of foreign editions and a paperback, and even made the movies thanks to the enthusiasm of actor Elliott Gould and producer Jack Brodsky, who paid an undisclosed sum for just the *title*.

A new love doctor had been crowned and sceptred: his name was David Reuben, M.D. I met Dr Reuben just as his popularity had begun to peak. For about three hours we chatted in his Essex House room overlooking New York's Central Park. He was soft-spoken and answered each of the questions I had penned in the margins of my copy of his book as confidently as if he had just glanced at a crib sheet.

The book and the public Reuben phenomenon raise a number of serious questions that Reuben has not answered satisfactorily. I have tried to supply some of the answers below.

Who is David Reuben?

Many things to many people. Shelving for the moment his controversial side, he is a San Diego psychiatrist who strikes almost everybody as quick, witty, sure of himself, and personable.

What is his background?

From what he tells us, he was an excellent student, and he boasts of not having taken a book home until high school. He entered the University of Chicago at 15, got his M.D. from the University of Illinois at 23, served three years at Cook County Hospital and two as an Air Force psychiatrist in New Mexico and at Harvard and had two years of psychoanalysis. In June of 1962 he left his Chicago home ("as soon as I could escape") for San Diego, where he opened his own clinic. Though he is on the staff of six hospitals, he declares that he has neither the time nor the inclination to treat patients in any of them.

Is he one of the high-priced psychiatrists?

If we take him at his word, he is about the highest-priced psychiatrist in the world (up to $140 per hour). He treats no one for free. "Human beings honestly don't put a value on something they get for free," he says.

Does he have a family?

Yes. Reuben met his wife, the former Barbara Field Benziger, who got her masters degree in education from Emerson College, in Boston. They have a small son, David Jr., whom they call "Babesy." The Reuben family lives in a ten-room white stucco house on a 5-acre plot near San Diego.

Any vices?

He has never sampled pot or acid. He is even leery of aspirin. He neither smokes nor drinks and he tells his patients that although they are free to do whatever they want "they should try to analyse and understand the unconscious significance of these particular activities . . . . They have to know what's going *on*." He also watches his weight, in part as an example to his patients.

Sex?

He once chewed out an inquisitive interviewer from *Newsweek* for asking him about his sex life. "Look, you want to get me in trouble with my wife? I'm not concealing anything. I just want to keep my personal life personal."

How did his book come about?

By watching honeymooners in Acapulco. "We'd see the honeymoon couples come in," he once said. "They'd be laughing, dancing, and sitting so close together that they'd be using one chair. The next morning we'd see them at breakfast—angry, discouraged. In the middle of breakfast, the wife would get up and walk away. It was obvious that something had happened." Soon after, he bought a mail-order electric typewriter and a one-dollar typing manual, and set about writing a book to end the breakfast blues.

What made Dr Reuben's book so successful?

As the *Life* piece said, it *is* quite readable and funny. And there are long, graphic accounts of perversions and a how-to approach to everything ranging from sodomy and masturbation, to whoring and homosexual cruising—all laced with anonymous case histories, juicy quotes, and picturesque vignettes. David Reuben is also a natural promoter, and he hasn't stopped running, doing the talk shows, newspaper interviews, and lately a flood of articles and advice-to-the-sexlorn columns. When his book came out, it was also clear that the public was starved for a new approach to sex information. The companion nonfiction best-sellers in 1970 were *Human Sexual Inadequacy* and *The Sensuous Woman*. With the liberalization of pornography, a growing anxiety about the "population explosion," about militant gay power movements and pandemic venereal disease, and with the controversy over sex education, a doctor's book claiming expertise and authority on all of these subjects certainly seemed made to order.

Is Reuben *really* a great sex authority?

It's hard to imagine that one person could explain everything we wanted to know about sex because scientists have only begun to apply scientific method to the subject. Until hypotheses have been subjected to controlled testing they remain conjecture, based on limited personal or professional sampling.* Dr Reuben's book is noteworthy for its almost total lack of attributions, source references, and scientific caution.

Where did Dr Reuben get his facts?

Mostly from his clinical practice. Reuben estimates that he has seen about 12,000 patients, though most of them casually. "Some of them," he confesses, "were treated for five minutes. For example, they come into the emergency room with a penis stuck into a wine bottle. Well, that's a patient and it goes into the book." He pointedly avoids citing his personal sexual experience with the disclaimer that "these are not my memoirs." But he's read a great deal about sex. He quotes extensively from the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. But answering a query on one of his pronouncements, he replied: "I can't put my finger on it. I can't tell you this source and this source and this source because I don't have it all in my head."

What does he think of other love doctors?

Not much. He believes that anything but a psychoanalytical approach in sexual therapy is bound to be superficial. He maintains that other methods fail to probe the "underlying" roots of sexual inadequacy. Some love doctors challenge psychoanalysis because of its superficiality and disregard for symptoms underlying and overlying shopworn analytical dogma.

What does he think of Albert Ellis?

A couple of years ago he seemed to envy Ellis. Not as a doctor but as a businessman. Knowing Ellis to be one of the few selfless, saintlike (even though he talks dirty) psychotherapists around, I found this strange. Ellis, says Reuben, is "a very, very, very clever man from a business point of view . . . I think [his] foundation is a wonderful idea. I wish I could work one out. . . . I think [his arguments] are superficial and they tend to confirm his rationalizations which is why they are popular. . . . Like with Barry Goldwater, in your heart

*A quote from Dr William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson seems in order here: "There are no unquestioned authorities or sources of reference for any area in the total of human sexuality with the exception of (Paul) Gebhard's recent contribution pertaining to sex offenders."

Extracted from *The Love Doctors* by Patrick M. McGrady Jr., published by The Macmillan Co., N.Y.

you *know* it isn't easy. If you're impotent and you try Albert Ellis' solution and you're *still* impotent, you *know* it doesn't work."

What does Dr Reuben advocate for impotence?

Psychotherapy and "good old-fashioned feelings." "Every sick penis," he declares, "is attached to a sick man. Cure the man and the penis gets well by itself."

Does he have any special love secrets?

Oh wow! In his second book, he tells women about a surefire method of catching her man. All she has to do is serve him something she's probably got in her refrigerator.

What's that?

Milk. "For every man," he writes, "the world of the subconscious is ruled by the symbol of milk. Milk shakes, ice cream, later soft drinks and beer (often from a bottle suspiciously resembling a milk bottle), even alcoholic beverages (an Alexander, crème liqueurs, 'cream' sherry, that nice milky foam on beer) carry the theme of Mother's milk throughout every day. The six-foot 200-pound man sipping a cup of coffee with cream is emotionally only moments away from the 20 lb. baby happily drinking from his bottle . . ."

Incredible!

Yes.

Suppose the guy doesn't give in?

Well, you might be too far from the original product. Reuben states what by now ought to be obvious: that the "closer a girl comes to supplying the original beverage, the more control she is bound to exert. Milk chocolate, pudding made with milk, and cream custard have more unconscious influence than a glass of beer or a cup of coffee." That's one possibility. The other is that it's *his* fault. ". . . A man who totally rejects milk is a questionable prospect for marriage," he writes.

What does he think of Masters & Johnson?

When I mentioned their names to him, he fairly screamed: "God! Here they are *again*! I think they have done a really wonderful job. They have broken the news to the medical world that people engage in sexual intercourse. And that's *really* their greatest accomplishment. So much of the research that they've done—I'm sure you well know—has been done over and over and over again by other people in other countries. They've been electronically ingenious. They've been optically ingenious and a whole bunch of things. But they've also been very mechanistic. The artificial vagina and the artificial penis. Put them together and what do you have? Sixty-cycle love. "But I think they are oversimplified in many ways. I think they avoid psychoanalytic insight . . ."

Just where are they supposed to "avoid psychoanalytic insight"?

As an example of their psychiatric amateurishness, Dr Reuben cites their treatment in *Human Sexual Response* of psychogenic aspermia, in which men engage in intercourse for prolonged periods without ejaculating. "They don't understand why," he says. "They have a *feeling* about it, *hypotheses*. They don't understand it, but . . . the condition is relatively easy to treat by psychiatric means. Either they haven't read about it or they haven't gone through the literature or even *tried* to understand it."

Looks as though he really caught them napping on that one.

If Dr Reuben has read Masters & Johnson he hasn't read them very carefully. They referred to the condition briefly in their first book (page 219) and promised to discuss it more fully in their second, *Human Sexual Inadequacy* and this they did.

Does Dr Reuben have more to say on Masters & Johnson?

He *does* go on. Calls them "unbelievably arrogant" for waiting five years before arriving at conclusions ("as if this is *ex cathedra* . . . and golly, it *isn't*"). He also expresses horror at the idea of treating premature ejaculation by "having a man masturbate almost to the point of ejaculation and then pinching himself on the penis hard." "That's *crazy*," he says.

Well, it *does* sound a little *weird* . . .

Yes, but Masters & Johnson's formulation of their own therapy is a little different from Dr Reuben's, to wit: ". . . the *wife* . . . should approach her husband directly to encourage penile erection. As soon as full erection is achieved, the 'squeeze technique' is employed . . . [it] develops when the *female partner's* thumb is placed on the frenulum . . ." [Italics mine.]

Oh wow!

Oh wow! indeed. He also chides the St. Louis therapy team for not having written their book in "honest, objective, graphic terms." (Like You-Know-Who.) In *Any Woman Can*! Reuben brands the sex rehabilitation clinic as "one of the most tragic developments of modern times." Although he does not mention Masters & Johnson by name, one assumes they are the "experts in sex [who] . . . solemnly receive dozens of forlorn couples who are unable to accomplish what every orangutan in Borneo can do without even thinking about it" he refers to in the book. He has distorted their therapy by describing it as "a series of copulation lessons" taught by "tape recordings, closed-circuit television, and live demonstrations." There is no evidence that Masters & Johnson have used such techniques, though other love doctors have.

And what does he think of George Bach?

Bach, it turns out, is "an expert in arguments and I would imagine that he is a very difficult man to try to discuss a point with. But in this sense he is *superficial*. You know, the idea is not to arrange the words in neat little patterns to get everybody feeling good about what is going on . . . but to help the patient understand the *basic* problem and attack it at the *deepest* possible level so you have to get rid of your anxiety. . . ."

What about Dr Hip? Eugene Schoenfeld?

"He's doing some very good things in being direct and outspoken. But he is not a psychiatrist, and his approach tends to be more superficial." But Reuben says it's OK in Dr Hip's case because "a lot of sexual problems in a certain sense are best treated in a superficial and casual manner."

Is there anybody he likes?

Dr Edmund Bergler. Bergler wrote a book called *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life* in 1956. Much of Reuben's thinking on homosexuality was inspired by Bergler. Or, as Dr Reuben puts it modestly: "His counsel is very close to mine."

What do the love doctors think of David Reuben?

From my personal sampling, I'd say many are not high on him. They seem to be saying that he hasn't done his homework on a subject for which he claims great authority. They also say he's often plain wrong on his facts. Dr Reuben does have an irritating way of uttering sweeping, unproven and unprovable generalizations. And his numbers (he *loves* numbers) often sound arbitrary.

Can you give an example of such errors?

Take nipple erection during the female orgasm, for instance. Dr Reuben claims that nipple erection *inevitably* follows a woman's climax. "In spite of heaving hips, lunging pelvis, passionate groans—no nipple erection, no orgasm." This just isn't true, according to Masters & Johnson, who have witnessed more than their fair share of female orgasms.

You say his numbers sound arbitrary?

Reuben has said that there are precisely 96 positions. I asked him how he arrived at this figure. "It just depends," he replied, "how you calculate. You know, if you figure if it's a different position if your right leg is up and your left leg is down, and [another one when] your left leg is up and your right leg is down . . . No, it's obviously arbitrary because you can say there's only *one* position. You put the penis in the vagina, you know. It's a different one when the penis is halfway in and halfway out. Like this 49 positions in the movie [*Man and Wife*]. It should have been 69 positions. They would sell more tickets."

More?

Take his statistics on the use of pornography. Even though his etymology is creaky*, Reuben claims to be an expert on the subject. "At least 99% of pornography is used as a prelude to masturbation," he writes, ". . . The other 1% is utilized heterosexually or homosexually as a prelude to sexual intercourse." Whether he exempts psychiatrists from these statistics, he didn't say. But Reuben told me of a pilgrimage he once made to Havana's Shanghai theatre, notorious for its lewd in-person performances and stag movies. For the convenience of the elite 1% the theatre was within pole-vaulting distance of male and female brothels; and for the 99% unwashed majority, it was very dark. After being arrested 14 times, by his own count (Castro's revolutionaries had just taken over), Reuben finally got to the Shanghai and found himself surrounded by hordes of tourists and bearded victors.

"I went there, you know, all cranked up. Finally . . . Shanghai! Front row seats. One dollar. Fantastic and . . . we kept waiting and waiting and waiting. Finally . . . *finally* the lights go out. You see the projector standing there. *One hour of Felix the Cat cartoons*! I thought I had lost my mind. Fidel Castro's tribute to the new morality. And then the floor show came on, the original performers, dressed in so many clothes they could hardly move!"

Tell me what Gore Vidal said about Dr Reuben.

Vidal, in the *New York Review of Books*, wrote a blistering review of *Everything . . .* which characterized Dr Reuben as a "relentlessly cheery, often genuinely funny writer whose essential uncertainty about sex is betrayed by a manner which shifts in a very odd way from night club comedian to reform rabbi, touching en route almost every base except the scientific. Essentially, he is a moralist, expressing the hang-ups of today's middle-aged, middle-class urban American Jews, hang-ups which are not . . . necessarily those of the gentile population or, for that matter, of the rising generation of American Jews."

What did he say was wrong with the book?

Vidal shares objections with many other reviewers. He asks, for example, how Dr Reuben can possibly know for certain that: "Blind girls become particularly adept at secret masturbation . . .", "Food seems to have a mysterious fascination for homosexuals," "At

*Reuben writes that "pornography" comes from "two Greek words, *pornos*, meaning dirty, and *graphos*, meaning words. Thus pornography equals dirty words." In fact *pornos* means harlot and *graphos* means writing, and "pornography" originally meant a harlot's writing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

THE GREATEST SNOW ON EARTH

Switzerland's superlative slopes set the scene for this season's stylish skiwear

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Photographs by Klaus Lucka

Nylon-shelled jacket with matching pants featuring storm cuffs and anti-skid inserts at side and back $58 by Head Ski & Sport; cotton velveteen jacket with fur-trimmed hood from Aspen Skiwear.

Aluminum and thermal synthetic fibre one-piece ski suit (opening page) *$250 by Garcia Ski Corp.; two-piece ski suit with nylon anti-skid stretch inserts $155 by Bogner; stretch quilt jumpsuit* (opposite) *with matching jacket by Aspen Skiwear.*

As the winter vacation abroad becomes part of the swinging American lifestyle, the ski slopes of Europe are feeling the transatlantic impact. What with falling costs, and interest sparked by TV coverage of last year's Winter Olympics at Sapporo, Japan, it's no surprise that more and more people are coming under the spell of ski and snow. A skiing holiday blends exciting sport and lively socializing, plus of course the scenic delight of places like Switzerland, land of the greatest snow on earth. And if that sounds out of reach, the fact is that Swissair, the airline of Switzerland, can make it all possible for $305 and up.

Shetland wool crew neck sweater with horsehead motif $25 and checked wool pants $40 from Jaeger Co.; wool knit après ski suit by Garcis Corp.

Nylon racing-length parka with arrow motif and matching pants $70 from Aspen Skiwear; soft ciré quilted two-piece suit also from Aspen.

That's the price of their low-cost ski packages, which include accommodation, meals, transfers and surface transportation and the all-important ski school instruction.

The somber brown and black image of the scoutmaster on stilts has vanished from the slopes in favor of the once-a-year enthusiast, who wants brightly-colored clothes to reflect the fun he's having. For the new season's ski wearables, basic colors are yellow, red, orange and silver, sometimes with navy trimmings to match tailored, almost classic styling. They set the standards for good-looking functional clothes that even outerwear and sportswear designers will follow. Stretch knee and elbow pads and anti-glide fabric inserts, with the silhouette following the body as closely as possible, provide practical appeal.

One-piece skiwear, hitherto primarily a woman's line, is now offered in better menswear. The latest pants hook to the top of stylish and expensive plastic boots, while the over-the-boots look is on the way out. For *après* ski warmth in the fashion line, sweaters are of Norwegian design, fur coats come in all lengths, cloaks are classy and cardigans are bulky and cable-cut. The Penthouse fashion crew reached Diablerets, one of Switzerland's finest glacial ski areas, from Geneva (Swissair also lands in Zurich) and there they took to the alps in style. But, like other skiing aspirants, they were almost snowed under by the variety of trends in this season's collections.

Chunky high crew neck sweater $50 by Jaeger Co. and nappa glove leather pants about $60 by Beged-Or; long fur coat with hood in natural nutria trimmed with fox $3000 by Mr Fred for Ben Thylan Corp. All skis and poles by Kastle;

Sun, snow and skiing courtesy of Swissair.

1.

2.

1. The Plow (Halasana) stimulates the thyroid gland, massages the liver and spleen while stretching the vertebrae. **2.** The Accomplished Pose (Siddhasana) takes much practice to attain and is recommended for meditation. **3.** The Bow (Dhanurasana) affects the thymus gland, corrects spinal curvatures, and cures minor stomach ailments.

YOGA: THE BE-ALL AND BEND-ALL

Okay, let's all turn ourselves into cats and camels and fish and lions and get that flab off

by Michael Minick

3.

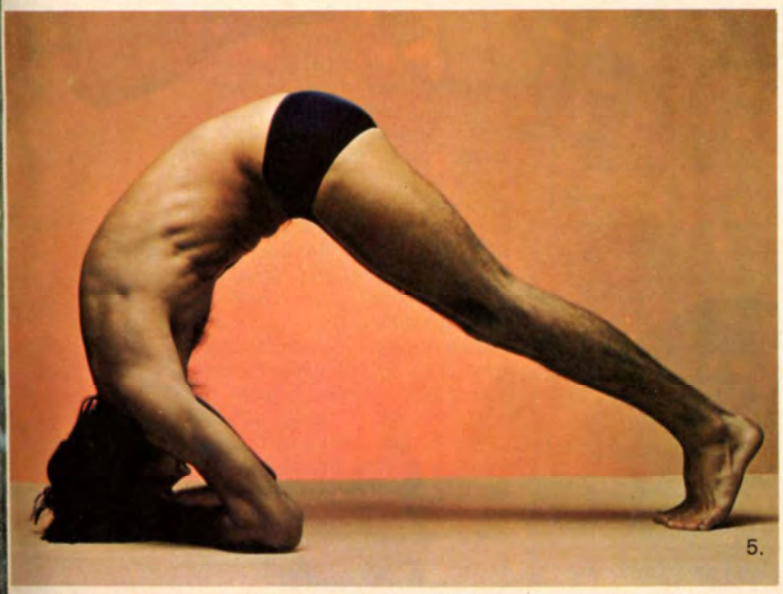
photos by Robert Huntzinger produced by Ed Emmerling

While exercise fads sweep the country yearly, encouraging intelligent people to do the damndest things, there is one exercise system that has maintained an enthusiastic following for over 6,000 years: hatha yoga. This system employs techniques western physiotherapists are just exploring: the stimulation of internal organs, nerves, and muscles through a number of unique postures combined with deep rhythmic breathing. The exercises evolved from the yogic belief that no man is healthy unless his heart, lungs, liver, nerves, eyes, glands, hearing and so forth are functioning correctly. A man with well developed muscles is not necessarily healthy – he can easily succumb to a kidney or nerve ailment. Consequently, the ancient yoga postures were devised to stimulate individual organ and nerve groups.

For instance, the spine is a major center of attention, with a number of postures designed to stimulate its lower, mid, and upper regions. The purpose is to draw blood to this vital nerve area, which in turn stimulates the entire nervous system. Other postures, such as the

4. The Headstand (Shirshasana) affects the pineal, thyroid, pituitary, and parathyroid glands. Also beneficial to the liver, spleen, brain, and circulatory system. **5.** The Half Headstand is an intermediate position that the yogi must master before going on to the full headstand. **6.** The Cobra (Bhujangasana) massages the adrenal glands and the kidney. It is also recommended for uterine problems.

4.



5.

6.

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1

2

3

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4

5

6

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Though seemingly sedentary, yoga is just as capable of imparting stamina as vigorous Western exercises

Camel pose (Ustrasana in Sanskrit) affect the thyroid glands, and the pelvic organs, with particular emphasis on the gonads. The famous headstanding postures increase the brain's blood supply. Yehudi Menuhin has proclaimed yoga to be as important to his art as his violin practice.

Yoga also differs strikingly from western exercise in its actual performance. Instead of violent exhausting motions of muscle groups, it systematically stretches the body, leaves it for a few seconds in unique posture, then gently allows it to relax. Each posture, refined over the ages, is based on the movements of animals. The old masters realized that man, despite his rational mind, is basically an animal and when healthy should be able to relax completely and remain comfortably motionless as animals do for long periods. Thus, many of the yoga postures were named after creatures they imitate: Lion, Peacock, Camel, Fish, Cat.

Deep rhythmic breathing is important. The yoga student learns an entirely different system of breath control, similar to the way we breath during deep sleep. This he couples with each exercise for maximum threefold effect. First, deep breathing richly oxygenates the blood, which in turn provides a stronger stimulus to the area being exercised. Second, skillful breathing allows the yoga student to stretch more and maintain the position longer. Third, breathing produces a calmness and concentration of mind that is closely akin to meditation. Consequently, there is no strenuous activity while performing yoga. If anything, the yogi's heartbeat and rate of breathing have slowed markedly after completing the exercises.

Despite this seemingly sedentary approach, yoga is just as capable of imparting stamina as the more rigorous western exercises. Few people needed stamina more than the monks who developed it. Spiritual training then, as it still is in India, is rigorous. The monks get up at sunrise and bathe in ice-filled streams – an undertaking they consider would not be possible if they hadn't strengthened their bodies first through yoga.

Hatha means union and yoga means life-energy, and the exercises are concerned with reuniting the man and his interior vitality. The so-called involuntary processes – respiration, circulation, digestion, and elimination – are gradually normalized. Anyone prone to headaches, nervous tension, weight problems, sleeping difficulties, and dozens of other common ailments can expect to be helped. Even those in good shape will benefit because yoga fine-tunes the body, opening up new levels of health and physical fitness. Prime Minister Trudeau of Canada is a yogi and has publicly stated that it is an invaluable aid during emergency situations. Greta Garbo practices yoga to keep looking young, while Ben Gurion, former Premier of Israel, uses it to *feel* young.

The photos above and on the preceding pages demonstrate the ease of the basic postures. They can be mastered in two or three trips to your local yoga institute. There is no special equipment to buy. All that is required is 20 minutes a day and the unavoidable will-power.

Salute!

Lionel Braun savors Italian wines in the first of a down-to-earth series on the greatest grapes

The Greeks knew what they were talking about when they referred to Italy as "Enotria" or *Vineland,* for Italian soil and climate seem to have been specially created for growing grapes. So close is the link between Italians and wine that for every Italian personality there appears to be a corresponding wine. The strong and richly colored wines of Sicily reflect the brooding personality of the Sicilian, while the wine of Veneto is as simple, cheerful and kind as the Venetian. Common to the Piedmontese and the wines of Piedmont is an inherent elegance and feeling for tradition.

Barolo is sometimes rated as the greatest wine in Italy. It is produced from the Nebbiolo grape which imparts an aroma of violets to its wines. Barolo stands at the very top of wines made from this grape; it is full bodied—even a bit rough when young. Barbaresco is the "younger brother" of Barolo, perhaps not as rugged, but made from the same grape. Nebbiolo is lighter still, and has the most obvious fragrance of all.

Tuscany—the kneecap of the Italian boot—is the home of Chianti, Italy's most famous wine. Chianti is intensely vivacious and versatile. When young, it has a ruby red color, with a vinous aroma and pleasing taste. It sharpens the mind and flows easily and happily to the stomach, but when it has aged into the Chianti Classico, it is superb. Then it is a wise and noble wine with the color and body of Italian velvet.

Italy produces hundreds of different wines and exports some of the best to the United States. Unlike the French bottlings which have increased greatly in price during the past few months, the bottles I have listed here are all reasonable in price.

To assure that quality is maintained, many Italian wines have long been subject to a series of export controls. Under sponsorship of the Italian Institute for Foreign Trade, wines shipped to the United States are granted an I.N.E. seal which proves they have passed laboratory tests.

1. **Barolo.** Greatest of red wines from Piedmont region. Smooth and full bodied when permitted to age at least three years. Drink with game and red meat roasts.
2. **Barbaresco.** From Turin. Flinty and full bodied red wine. Good with roasted meats.
3. **Bardolino.** From Verona. A light red with a spicy, dry and slightly bitter flavor.
4. **Chianti.** Tuscany. The well known red suitable for everyday drinking. Fresh and astringent character.
5. **Chianti Classico.** Nozzole Brolio Antinori. Estate-bottled in the Bordeaux-type bottle. Look for the black cockerel as a guarantee that the wine is a classico. Perfect with all red meats.
6. **Soave.** Verona. A pale straw colored wine. Dry with slight flavor of almonds. Very fresh and gentle. Serve with hors d'oeuvres or sea food dishes.
7. **Valpolicella.** Verona. Ruby red wine with a distinct scent of bitter almonds. Serve with veal or white meat roasts.
8. **Verdicchio.** From the Marches of central Italy. A clear pale straw color. Dry to semi-dry. Teams well with fish.
9. **Orvieto.** Umbria. A pleasant fruity white wine. Usually served as a dessert wine.
10. **Marsala.** From Sicily. A fortified wine made with Cataratto and Ingolia grapes, and brandy. A dessert wine, superb with fruit and soft cheeses.
11. **Asti-Spumante.** Italy's famous sparkling wine, made from Moscato grapes. Sweeter than champagne and less alcoholic. Better Asti Spumante is produced *Méthode champenoise* by bottle fermentation. Good on summer days with fish or veal.

Illustration by Richard Jacobs

CHEER LEADERS

How below-the-belt tactics helped a football belle to be balled

by Roger Finborough

Underhand tactics on the football field have changed since Harpo Marx drove a garbage wagon through his opponents and dumped the ball on the goal line, but they haven't gotten any less slapstick. The newest joke/football movie *The Cheerleaders* has been updated permissive-societywise, so that the principal shady strategy involves a squad of nubile nymphetes screwing the opposing team into desirable debilitation. It's nonetheless chockful of good old-fashioned fun, like exploding waterbeds, romps in the shower and footballers falling ass over elbow. The reason for the frolics is that the film's producer/director, Paul Glickler, and his colleague Richy Lerner, both veterans of the hardcore movie business, were growing bored with plain old porn films. "One reason I stopped making hardcore was that I couldn't have much influence over a performance," explained Glickler. "The nitty-gritty of hardcore is pussy and cock and as a whole you can get more satisfaction directing trained seals." In the place of deadpan erotica, they decided to put together this joky little epic of how an innocent young girl called Jeannie, engagingly played by newcomer Stephanie Fondue, the only virgin at Amorosa High, joins the college cheerleaders in the hope of getting balled. (Her steady, Norman, just isn't the type to get aroused.) But despite amorous encouragement from her cheer-ful colleagues, Jeannie just doesn't get made. Her moment comes, however, when the day of the big inter-college game arrives, and both teams have been given so much pre-contest conjugality that they're dragging their feet in exhaustion. All, that is, except for one rival quarterback who has somehow been omitted, and who nimbly scampers through the fatigued defense to put down a goal. Jeannie, with the honor of her school at stake, slips on to the field, rapes the quarterback into erotic oblivion, and saves the match. The movie ends, appropriately or inappropriately enough, with Norman being gang-banged in a car wash. (It may be a dirty movie, but everyone in it ends up very clean.) According to

College cheerleaders get behind their team (left) *and anyone else* (above) *who comes within seduction range. The result* (center) *is that college football teams are reduced to a state of sexual exhaustion. Jeannie is one nymphet, though, who can never quite make it*—vide (center top) *her exploding waterbed. All turns out happily, however, for after coupling the last member of the opposing team into a coma* (far left) *she becomes an accepted and amorous member of her college cheerleader squad* (far top). The Cheerleaders *is a Cinemation Industries release, directed and produced by Paul Glickler in conjunction with Richard Lerner, for release early in the New Year.*

Glickler, one of the most entertaining parts of the movie was when he and Lerner were ensconced in a motel room, selecting young girls for the part of cheerleaders. "I'm sure the people at the motel thought some incredible scene was happening because every 15 minutes another young girl would arrive and our curtains would close. We gave each young lady a thorough inspection to see how well they would photograph. Some were out of their clothes before you finished asking, and often didn't wear bra or panties. There were any number ready to jump into bed if it meant the promise of a part." The trickiest scenes to shoot, he claimed, were those including a real college freshman football team. "Their last scene was in a locker room where they find a naked girl in their showers and nearly gang-rape her before she is rescued. The guys got into the action so much they almost devoured the actress. I think she kind of enjoyed it too." She wasn't the only one: the film had an effect on every girl's personality. "The actresses, once so shy and innocent, paraded around San Francisco after the shooting in their micro-mini cheerleader outfits, turning everyone on." All of which goes to prove that for Glickler and Lerner at least, beauty is now more than skin-flick deep.

TOBACCO TODAY

Tired of plain tobacco flavor?
Today's new blends give pipe aficionados a taste of honey (and maple, and figs, and prunes, and you name it)
by Jerry Nagler

Serious pipe smokers are almost fanatically loyal to their pipes. Few possessions mean as much to them as that carved piece of briar or meerschaum, or that black and gutted cob. Little wonder. It takes time, care and singleminded devotion to season a pipe so that it perfectly suits a smoker. But the tobacco that a smoker tamps into his pipe is another story. Pipe smokers approach an assortment of tobaccos like a Dane confronts a smorgasbord—a taste of this, a toke of that, perhaps a full serving of something that really turns them on. The tobacco companies respond to this connoisseurship with alacrity. One company has over a million possible tobacco combinations on file, and there is little doubt that this company is not alone in the richness of its recipes for blending tobaccos to delight the enthusiast's palate.

Generally speaking, most smoking tobaccos contain a base of burley (naturally dried) or flue-cured tobacco. From that point the master blender comes in.

While only the highly trained can differentiate between the types of leaf, the serious pipe smoker is usually familiar with names such as Burley, Virginia, Maryland, Latakia and Perique, or even the exotic Yenidje, Mahallah, Samsoun, Dubek, Kavalla and others.

Raw tobaccos are strong and harsh when smoked without any treatment, so it is necessary to use ingredients that will mellow the taste and soften the tobacco, and at the same time make moisture control possible. This process, called casing, consists of the addition of various sauces to the tobacco like molasses, maple sugar, honey, cocoa, glucose, glycerine or humectants. Casings such as licorice or dried fruit flavorings like raisin, prune and fig are sometimes matched to the tobacco by the master blenders at the major companies. While some of these may add sweetness to the tobacco, their prime function is to add moisture and compatibility. Some blends may have flavorings added as well—including brandies, rums, whiskeys, rare wines and sweet birch.

Tobacco is cut in different ways to match the type of blend and these cuts control the burning rates. They add to the tobacco's coolness and to the distribution of the blend within the pipe and the package. The most common cuts are coarse or chunk, cube, flake, ribbon, rough, and cavendish (or cake).

A combination of these processes creates the ideal blend for the pipe smoker. Many pipe smokers try to mix their own tobacco from scratch, but they rarely come up with a perfect combination, so it is far wiser for the perennial seeker of novel aromas to try mixing some of the established brands to achieve a new and satisfying blend.

As you blend, carefully taste each tobacco and write down its characteristics. Be certain to start each test with a clean, dry pipe. If you want to try several at one sitting, a cup of tea, or a glass of sherry or port will be helpful between tastes. To aid in your search, the following chart of some major brands will help you find your perfect pipeful.

BRAND & COMPANY	CHARACTERISTICS	BRAND & COMPANY	CHARACTERISTICS
Cherry Blend—John Middleton Inc.	Very mild and smooth with good durability qualities. Not as aromatic as name might imply, accounting for its universal acceptance. Blend of cutting techniques as well as blend of tobaccos.	**Crown Achievement—Lane Ltd.**	A rare mixture of finest Golden Viriginia, Mahalla, Dubek and Blue Mountain Latakia. World's most expensive tobacco at $20.00 a pound.
Taconis—Brown & Williamson Tob. Corp.	A recipe developed 150 years ago by Simon H. Taconis. Includes select tobaccos from all over the world. Subtle spices with light whisky and plum wine.	**Troost—Faber, Coe & Gregg Inc.**	Troost, which means comfort in Dutch, is a mild cavendish made in Holland.
Bourbon Blend—American Tobacco Co.	A superb blending of finest quality pipe tobaccos. Bourbon flavored for a mellower, richer taste and a pleasing aroma. Combines two of America's most famous contributions to the world of pleasure—tobacco and bourbon.	**MyMixture No. 965—Alfred Dunhill of London Inc.**	Varying amounts of carefully balanced blends of medium cut Virginia and Turkish with varying amounts of Latakia and "stoved" tobacco to govern strength, flavor and aroma. Reasonably slow burning and cool.
London Dock—Whitehall Tobacco Co.	Pleasantly aromatic, distinctively smooth. Combines the finest burley and bright tobaccos, blended with Turkish and Perique. Lightly flavored with New England rums for extra smoothness and character.	**Tokay—A. Oppenheimer & Co.**	Smooth flaked mixture, combining fine tobaccos from many countries. Only tobacco cured with rich Tokay wine which gives it a balanced sweet and tangy taste that is unique. It is light, honeybrown in color, and has a distinguished aroma.
Mixture No. 79 Cherry Brandy—Allied Products Division, Consolidated Cigar Co.	New tobacco with flavor and fragrance of fine old cherry brandy combined with the smoothness of Classic Mixture No. 79.	**Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—Hollco**	No. 1—Aromatic Old Belt Tobacco and blended with 80 proof aqua vitae. Nos. 2 to 6, varying combinations of fine tobaccos with different tastes for enjoyment or blending.
Amphora (Red)—Douwe Egberts Inc.	Extra mild cavendish provides gentle taste and full pleasing aroma. This tobacco is a favorite of connoisseur pipe smokers in 112 countries. Manufactured in Holland by Douwe Egberts Inc., tobacconists to the world since 1753.	**Briggs—Lorillard**	Man's best friend.
Rum and Maple—House of Edgeworth	Blended from a select variety of lemon and orange flue-cured tobaccos, along with rich burleys and a good percentage of Black Cavendish. Unique because of its separate processing, cut and flavoring for each type of tobacco. Has a dual demand as a steady smoke and also as a special seasoning to mix with other tobaccos.	**Bond Street—Philip Morris, USA**	Mild aromatic pipe mixture with bright, perique and a blend of selected burley tobaccos. Cube cut for steady burning and cool smoking.
Bourkum Riff—United States Tobacco Co.	Original bourbon-flavored pipe tobacco imported from Sweden. Uniquely mild. Now number one imported pipe tobacco in U.S. Perfect blend for both experienced and beginning pipe smoker.	**Carter Hall—R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.**	Quality mixture blended for the ideal combination of delightful, mild taste and pleasing aroma in a cool no-bite smoke. Specially cube cut for long, even burning without hot spots. Tobacco tastes as good as pipe tobacco smells.
Stanwell Seabreeze—Peterson's Ltd.	Cool smoking blend of light Cavendish and matured Virginia tobacco. Slow burning rough cut, ideal for new smokers.	**English Mixture No. 1—Comoy's of London Inc.**	Rare tender Turkish leaf laced with bright Virginia and smokey Latakia, blended for rich flavor and cool smoke.

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PRINCE OF WAILS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

feel," said Dr. Walter, "that newborns can't remember experiences because deposition of the memory, the memory trace, cannot be laid down until the central nervous system matures. It has to reach a critical period."

Can we remember events that happened to us at the age of one, or two? "Possibly," said Dr. Walter. "But shades of Bridey Murphy! I think any neuroscientist would have to say, 'Oh, for Christ's sake!'"

I persisted. Is there a sense memory of pain that goes back to pre-verbal, even pre-conceptual levels? If a child is severely mistreated, there must be some residue of memory there.

"That's right," said Dr. Walter.

He suspected that continued hunger, physical mistreatment or x amount of pain is recorded somewhere. He cited studies by Rene Spitz of babies in Cuban foundling homes who were rarely touched and turned out to suffer later in life from autism, schizophrenia, profound neuroses and mental retardation. He recalled Harlow's experiments with monkeys and surrogate mothers. "Memory," he said, "must be involved in that somehow."

But how? And how get to it? And why would getting to it be curative?

"Neurologically," said Dr. Walter, "I can't answer that. Nobody can. Psychiatrically, it seems to be the basis for many therapies. But why? Is it the scream that's therapeutic? Or is it the setting itself? Look, say I'm in an institute. The institute has had a fantastic success. My doctor has an omnipotent halo around him. And he'll do it. He'll make me better. I *will* be better. That may work. But neurologically? Oh, God. The hip bone is connected to the thigh bone. We can only mumble about the diencephalon and the frontal cortex and the temporal cortex. We just don't know."

RELIVING THE BIRTH PANGS

I wanted to talk about all this with Janov, but he was avoiding me. Better I should talk, he said, with one of his staff people, Dominic Cirincione, a former Jesuit who had worked for a time with Dr. Carl Rogers in La Jolla, wandered in and out of Gestalt therapy, Rolfing and bioenergetics at Esalen. Now he was a trainee with Janov.

"Have you experienced a birth primal?" I asked.

"Uh hmmm. I've had several of them."

"Did you have a traumatic birth?"

"Uh, yeah, it was quite long. It was 12 hours of labor."

"Did you go through 12 hours of birth primal?"

"Oh, I've probably done more than that over, maybe, five different primals."

"I'd think you would be exhausted after maybe 15 minutes."

"I am. Sometimes I can stay into it for an hour, two hours. There are parts which are physically painful and I can only maintain it for maybe 10 minutes, because my chest was actually being crushed, my shoulders were pinched, my head was in tremendous pain. Tremendous pain."

"The claim is that this is real—that this is actually what you experienced and your bodily memory is sort of coughing it up . . ."

"Is reawakened. That's right."

Cirincione admitted that not everyone suffers from a birth trauma. But often enough, he said, the "pain" at birth is hardly apparent to anyone but the baby himself. Simple separation from the mother may be painful enough, however, may indeed be the genesis of alienation. "The child has just come from total unity with its mother, shocked by the bright lights and the cold room. He's overwhelmed. And the feeling he has is: 'I don't belong anywhere. There's just no place for me.'"

At that rate, I thought, everyone born of woman was doomed to a life of alienation, except, of course, the .0000000000001 percent of the people in the world lucky enough to be admitted into primal therapy. And there wasn't much hope that that percentage would pick up until the psychotherapeutic Establishment dropped its "monumental indifference". That was Janov's phrase, but I found it, too, a slight exaggeration.

PROBE THEY DIDN'T WANT

Dr. John Arnold Lindon, a Los Angeles psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who had been asked by *Psychology Today* to review *The Primal Scream,* kept trying to approach Janov to talk to his patients—with no success. His letters and phone calls were unanswered. Finally, he said, he was summoned to The Primal Institute and questioned about his intentions by Dr. Lee Woldenberg, the Institute's medical director. As Dr. Lindon recalls that conversation: "Woldenberg said, 'You're doing a book review. Why don't you review the book?' And I said, 'Well, the book is all about this new therapy and the marvellous results with it. And I don't see how I can evaluate the book without evaluating the results. And if the results are what the book says, and I can verify it, I want to write the world's greatest rave review. Because this is, you know, what every psychiatrist, and psychoanalyst, every therapist has been looking for. You know, a short-term method of curing patients. Marvellous!"

The Janovs were not impressed. Still, Lindon made another proposal. He saw the Janovs complain on TV that no pros were interested in primal therapy. He wrote another letter:

". . . It seems to me you are sort of stacking the deck against yourself . . . If you are achieving the results that you report, especially with the scientific objective evidence such as the EEG changes, core body temperature changes and other objective evidence, it seems to me that it would be much to your advantage and, for that matter, to the scientific community's, to let me see that."

"I don't understand why they're keeping me away," said Lindon. "They're apparently letting lay people, you know, writers, interview former patients." Yes, I knew. I had just interviewed Helen Roth, a former psychiatric social worker who was now one of the therapists at the Institute. I had seen her birth primal on film and considered it an act, more akin to psychodrama than anything else. But also I had seen some stills of the old Helen Roth before her primal therapy. In those pictures, she peered out behind her heavy makeup through squinty eyes and her shoulders were hunched with tension. Now, I found her remarkably serene; her eyes were clear and wide open, her body was relaxed, her breasts rounder, her voice melodious. "I don't work so hard any more," she said, "I can just be." She seemed a fine advertisement for primal therapy. Why keep Lindon away from her?

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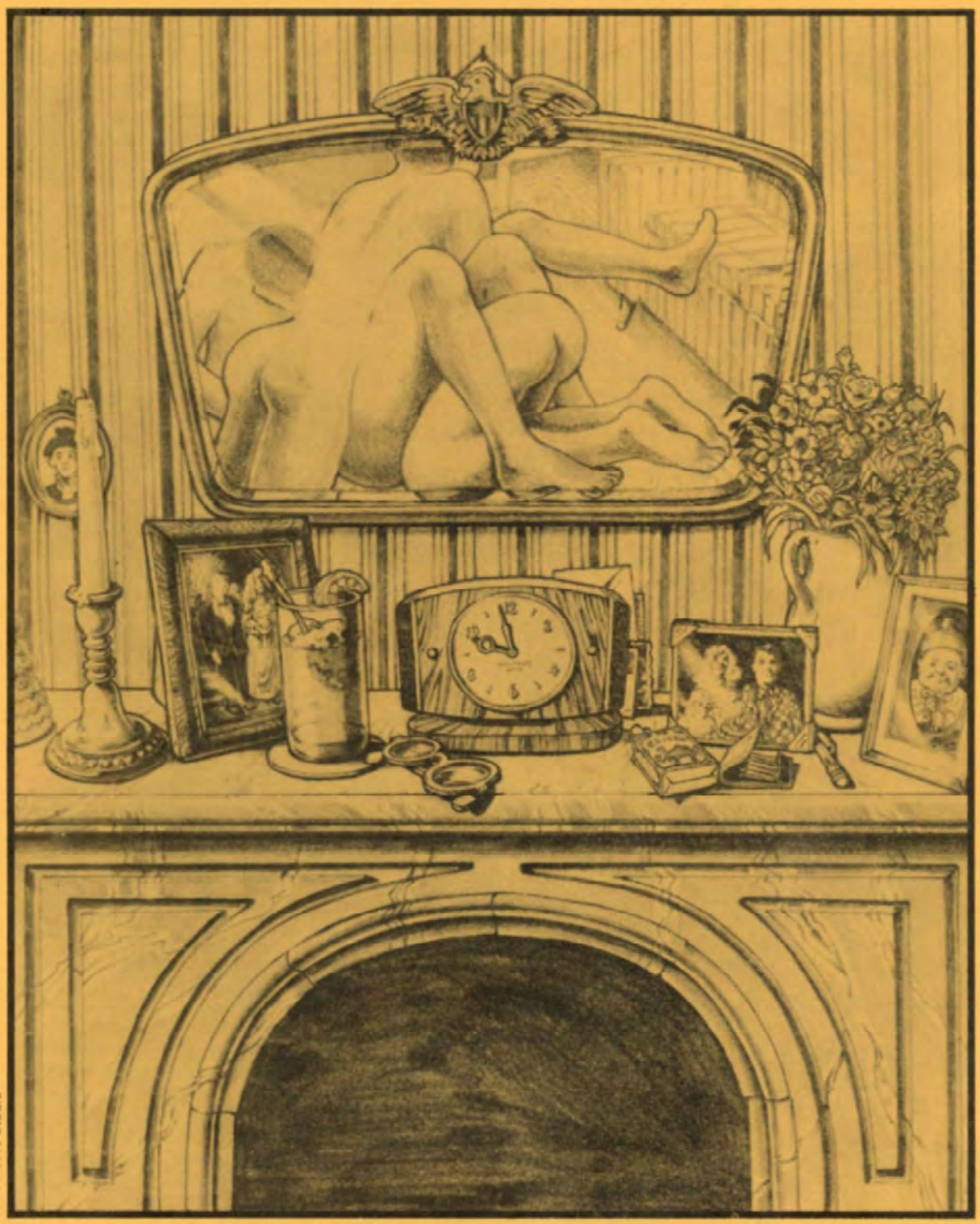
CHANGE PARTNERS



Shirt Sleeve Studio

The swinging scene, for all its outward appearance of abandon, has its own rituals and decorum

by Leah Wallach

It was her first orgy. "There were six couples not counting Bill and me. When we got there they were just getting acquainted, the same way people would at a straight party. Asking all the ordinary party questions: What do you do? How many children do you have? Did you see *Clockwork Orange?* Only they also asked: How long have you been swinging? Did you ever swing with so-and-so? I knew that in an hour or so the men would start putting their hands on the thighs of other men's wives and soon everyone would go off and ball someone else's spouse. Maybe there would be more exotic things too—threesomes, foursomes, daisy chains. I was nervous. I just wished I knew exactly how it would start to happen, how you were supposed to behave. I was afraid I'd do something, well, embarrassing. I went over to Karin, the wife half of the couple who had invited us to the party. 'Karin,' I whispered, 'What do you do in between?'"

Linda laughs when she remembers that first orgy now. She is 30, Bill 33. They have two children, eight and five. Bill is general manager of an office supplies company. Linda is a housewife. They've been married nearly nine years.

"After seven or eight years of marriage you have orgasms and everything," Linda told me, "but it's not as exciting as it was in the beginning. I don't even think a person can excite you mentally when you know him that well. With a new person maybe you'll do something they've never felt, they'll react in a way you never expected . . .

"Three years ago my husband proposed, sort of abstractly, that we make it with another couple. I was shocked. But the idea stayed with me. I didn't want to have an affaire. I've had opportunities—every girl has—but something prevents me. I don't know. I know if I reached that point I'd want a divorce. I don't think he's cheated on me either. Then we started hearing of places out in California. There was a *Time* magazine article about them. It mentioned a place in New York, a club that now meets at the 500 restaurant. It meant there was a place to go to meet people. . ."

Baiting the bourgeoisie

Linda and Bill went, met a couple who invited them to the party, and became swingers. In the past aristocrats, jet-setters, movie stars had a "wild" sex life—or people hoped they did. There were always free-thinking groups who consciously sought freedom of the self in sexual abandonment, who tried to uncover the aesthetics of sensuality and at the same time give the finger to the bourgeoisie. And ever since colonial days America has had Utopians going off to form communes, some of which believed in group marriage or free love.

> "Swingers are middle-class with a vengeance: policemen in Detroit, small-town ministers in Georgia and Atlanta suburbanites"

Then, starting sometime in the early '50s nice young middle-class couples started making love to the couple next door. They saw this activity as their initiation into the sophisticated with-it life the word "swinging" implies.

Carolyn Symonds, in her master's thesis *A Pilot Study of Peripheral Behavior of Sexual Mate-Swappers* divides swingers into two sorts. The "Utopian Swinger" seeks to change sexual relations as part of an attempt to change all social relations. The "Recreational Swinger", on the other hand, deviates from established social norms only in his sexual activities. Recreational Swingers swing together much the same way "straight" couples play golf or bridge together. It is these people who have recently aroused the interest of social scientists, and it is these with whom this article will be concerned.

"After seven or eight years of marriage it's not as exciting as it is in the beginning." Certainly something is missing in many marriages. In the US 44% of marriages end in divorce. One or both partners in many of the marriages that do last have adulterous relationships of some sort. Some couples simply shrug their shoulders and say: "Well it's not as exciting as it used to be, but that's life." An increasing number, like Linda and Bill, try swinging instead of shrugging.

Swinging began spontaneously, but gathering pace fast after an article about it appeared in *Mr Magazine* in 1956. Various publications catering to swingers began to emerge shortly afterwards, though one——*La Plume*—had already started in 1955. The development of the Pill and the intra-uterine device, ensuring women safety from pregnancy, are agreed to have been a major factor in the rise of swinging. (These are the most common forms of protection among swingers, with the diaphragm an infrequent third.) Increased recognition of female sexuality and of women's rights also contributed by making the traditional pattern of adulterous husband and faithful wife repugnant to many couples. The climate of increased sexual permissiveness encouraged people to cherish greater sexual expectations. Finally, publicity about swingers increased their ranks for it was often the discovery that other people, other *normal* people, were swinging, that led a couple to try to realize their own fantasies.

How many couples are swinging now? It's impossible to be sure. Estimates vary from half a million couples to as many as eight million. "It's either a growing phenomenon, or people are talking about it more," says Dr

Wardell Pomeroy, ex-President of the American Association of Marriage & Family Counsellors. "It's all over the country."

The largest concentration of swingers is in the San Francisco—Los Angeles area. The New York — Boston — Washington circuit, greater Miami, Chicago, and the Texas-Louisiana—Mississippi areas come next. *Newsweek* reporters found policemen in Detroit, small-town ministers in Georgia, and Atlanta suburbanites who swing. There are swingers' organizations in Indiana, Columbus, Ohio, Maryland, Minneapolis, Philadelphia. Some of the swingers' magazines list ads by state, and all the states are represented.

Religious swingers

Swingers are middleclass with a vengeance. Gilbert Bartell, in *Group Sex*, his study of 280 suburban swingers in the Chicago area, found that no principal income-earner made less than $10,000 a year. Of the men 42% were salesmen of some sort and many were professionals. Of the women 78% were housewives, and 83% had married between the ages of 17 and 21. Among the couples 87% had either two or three children, and 85% were giving their children some kind of religious training. George Wallace was admired by 40%. As a group they were mildly antagonistic to blacks, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and hippies.

Inner-city swingers tend to be more varied and more tolerant, but middleclass conservatives still predominate. The organizer of the Inner Sanctum club in New York (2400 active members, 1500 inactive) told me that his clientele was not only mostly middle-class but had a high percentage of professionals. One of the club's youngest members said: "We've been to racially mixed parties but there are a lot of race hangups. The few couples I've rapped with about it are socially very religious—I don't know how much they believe but they're paying their dues, having their kids confirmed or barmitzvahed or whatever." Another liberal New York swinger was harsher in her evaluation : "Most of them are against Jewish or black or Spanish-speaking people. They don't care about politics except that taxes are too high and Negroes refuse to work."

How do all these home-owning, church-going young parents get together? Usually it is the husband who introduces the idea. Many wives are so against it initially that they become physically ill. Finally the wife agrees to go along, afraid her husband will cheat, or just remain angry with her if she does not. But some wives never really enjoy it. Some rarely achieve orgasm except with their spouse but enjoy swinging anyway (12% in Bartell's study). Often, though, the wife comes to enjoy it more than the husband. Certainly some men have trouble getting or maintaining erections, especially at large parties.

Couples in an urban area prefer to meet through bars or clubs, usually organized by other swingers. Big clubs occasionally rent hotels for swinging weekends and plan swinging vacations. A few of the national swingers' magazines—of which there are about 50, from tabloids to slicks—also run clubs. People who live in rural areas have little choice but to meet through advertisements in these magazines. Couples who have been swinging for a while tend to meet other couples through recommendation or at parties.

Swinging obviously is illegal in states with adultery laws, but such laws are rarely enforced. No sexual relations occur in the clubs or bars (except some in California) ; clients just meet as they would at any bar or social club.

Most couples like to have a first non-swinging date in a neutral place to see if all four parties appeal to each other. Those who live in remote areas, however, have to take their chances. Couples sometimes drive 500 miles to meet other couples, and it is accepted that after a drive like that, they will sleep over.

Couples may swing "open"—with both pairs in the same room, sometimes having group sex proper—or "closed", in separate rooms. Most seem to prefer beginning with a closed session and then moving into the same room for a second open session. This allows each person to get to know the new partner a bit, without the distraction or possible self-consciousness induced by the presence of others. Then when they are more relaxed, they can join the others for an open session.

When several couples get together at parties, they may pair off privately or join in group activities. Parties have the advantage of offering several partners so that a man and woman can make it together even though their respective husband and wife may not be attracted. In the early days swinging parties were sometimes highly organized. Now they are free in structure.

Most of the women are bisexual. Both men and women find lesbian loveplay exciting. Homosexuality among men, however, is condemned. At parties daisy chains, threesomes and foursomes are sometimes formed, or several people will work together to arouse one person or one couple. More often, however, passers-by will just stop a few minutes to help out a fornicating couple before moving on.

Oral sex is very popular. There is relatively little anal sex, partly because, as one swinger pointed out, "If you're going to be with someone else afterwards you wouldn't want to do it for hygienic reasons." Vibrators are frequently used and "French films" are popular in some areas but the use of props is not extensive. There is relatively little experimentation with different positions, and the vast majority of swingers resent anything way-out.

Some people find this disappointing. Ex-swingers Peter and Diane commented: "These people tend to be conventional sexually, all very gentle and polite. They're not at all experimental, they're morally outraged by oddity of any sort". According to Diane; "There isn't very much foreplay. The guys are eager to get inside you. Everyone smells of Lifebuoy. They're very clean."

Active swingers are quick to confirm that they're clean. "At one party there was a long line for the shower," Frank, another swinger, told me. "Some people get up and take a shower as soon as they're finished—wham! they're gone. It makes me feel better about VD."

Swingers are naturally terrified of venereal disease. But in the major cities there are usually swinging MDs who give penicillin shots to any swingers who need them.

Swinging is a social activity as well as a sexual one. In a paper presented to the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, Duane Denfeld and Michael Gorden call it "an institutionalized form for extra-marital sex." As with any institution, swinging is governed by rules. The main one is discretion. Swingers often don't give out their last names and are careful to keep all knowledge of their activities from their straight friends. Club literature reads like that of any straight social club. A swinger never gives out another's number without checking with him first.

Except for a rare couple with a Utopian streak, swingers are even more careful to hide all evidence of their sexual life from their children. They swing at the homes of childless couples, or couples with sleeping babies, or couples whose children are spending the night with a friend or grandparent.

Nice to each other

Swingers want to be "nice" people. One couple will never reject another outright, nor will a woman tell a man at a party she's not interested in him. One swinger will put off another with excuses or simple aloofness and swingers are always careful to pick up on such hints quickly rather than face a putdown. If a couple wants to take another to a party, they always consult the host first. Moreover they are obliged to stick with that couple or take them home if necessary. Drunkenness—rare any-

way because it inhibits performance—is frowned on. Drugs are common among younger swingers in urban areas but they are not used if they would offend anyone in a group. Jealousy and public fighting are condemned. A woman does not swing when she is menstruating and generally her husband abstains too.

The golden rule among all swingers is that they believe in marriage and regard their marriage as the primary relationship in their life. They do not regard swinging as cheating because it is done with the partner's knowledge and consent, "in the open". Swingers say they are not jealous of one another because they know "It's only physical, really, with the others'. Since everybody has a marriage to keep safe, there is in fact little risk of entangling affaires. Swinging singles are tolerated in some circles and single women sometimes participate, but single males are frowned on. After the lovemaking, partners will tell each other "That was wonderful" or "You're great" but never "I love you" or any other phrase that implies emotional involvement.

Some swingers are so afraid of emotional involvement they avoid swinging with the same couple more than once or twice. Others, however, want to meet couples who will also become social friends. Nearly all insist that they never judge another couple by looks alone.

Fewer divorces

There are couples who try swinging a couple of times and drop out. Others are active swingers for as long as 20 years. Most, however, go through four phases, noted by anthropologists George and Nena O'Neill: an initial period of great excitement and frequent participation; a reaction after bad experiences, disillusionment or boredom leading to a substantial drop in the level of activity; a plateau and levelling-off; a total dropping-out or a take-it-or-leave-it attitude resulting in intermittent participation. (Bartell noted a similar curve in his study.)

Active swingers are inclined to proselytize. "The couple that swings together stays together" is a swinger motto, and divorce rates among swingers are, in fact, significantly lower than for the population at large. Sociologists and anthropologists tend to confirm the positive effects of swinging on marriage. It improves the couple's sexual relations. It allows both partners to confirm for themselves their own desirability, encourages them to watch their appearance and teaches them new techniques. Often after a swinging session a couple will reassure one another that they're really the best, and then proceed to excite themselves by talking about their swinging experiences. Most swingers deal successfully with jealousy and guilt. Swinging can free people of inhibitions and still afford them a nice feeling of illicit glamor.

> "When a person has bared his body, there's more to him than bullshit. It's easier to relate to a couple with their clothes off"

It brings a couple together in other nonsexual ways. They spend more time together planning and discussing swinging and the new social world they've discovered. "Swinging cemented my marriage," said a California housewife, "because it gave me something to talk to my husband about again." Finally, it is cheaper than prostitution or affaires and more easily integrated into normal patterns of recreation.

No harm done

Despite the obvious negative aspects of swinging, sociologists Duane Denfield and Michael Gorden conclude that: "For the couple committed to the marital relationship and for whom it still performs important social functions for which no other relationship exists, mateswapping may relieve sexual monotony without undermining marriage."

Psychologists, concerned with swinging's significance for the individual psyche rather than its effect on the institution of marriage differ in their evaluations. Dr Wardel Pomeroy believes that, "if they are both interested and even enthusiastic about it, it's probably more beneficial in their marriage than detrimental". Fred Brown, Head of Psychology and Professor of Psychiatry at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, New York, suggests: "For several reasons this form of sexual behavior (group sex) may be closer to a true perversion than other sexual outlets . . . such activity is devoid of those personality traits and values that lead to sexual maturity." Dr Alex Comfort of London's University College is more positive: "A lot of people who have participated in sexual exchanges seem to have acquired an added sense of value in themselves. . . . I think it depends a little on the personality of the person who engages in it. But it doesn't seem to be doing a great deal of harm".

Religious authorities tend to condemn the practice. Rabbi Irving Greenberg, a professor at Yeshiva, regards group sex as a "disintegrating force": "It's a breakdown of the capacity to live with limits and frustrations. It begins to destroy reality. The ultimate fulfilment is to know one person totally. I admit it's difficult to do, but you cannot do it running from one to the other." Father Charles E. Curron, Professor of the School of Theology, Catholic University of America, calls swinging "a new form of prostitution. . . .

The willingness to commit oneself to another person over a period of time is important."

Most authorities evaluate swinging not simply as a sexual phenomenon, but in terms of what it indicates about the total life quality of the participants. Several commentators have called attention to the *non-sexual* motivations for swinging. Bartell writes in *Group Sex:* "As we see it, contemporary suburbia represents the same existence that Arnold Toynbee predicted for the city: "Anonymity, Alienation and Anomie. . . . They sit in silence and look at television. The woman, who feels restricted to the household environment, believes she should be out doing things. . . . The man wants to be in on the 'scene', to know 'where it's really at' and so his fantasies lead to swinging".

The O'Neills noted that many of their interview subjects expressed "a feeling of warmth, of acceptance and responsiveness from other group sex participants that is often lacking in other social contexts. . . . For some, group sex was strictly fun and games, strictly noncommitted sex, while others felt that group sex provided a unique experience in sharing a greater intensity of communication between human beings. . . ."

Discussion with members of New York's Inner Sanctum club seem to confirm the O'Neills' statement. About half my informants said they were seeking something more meaningful than simply sex without strings. They're looking for friends. This involves them in a contradiction, of course, since one of the foundations of swinging is that it doesn't lead to emotional involvement and therefore can't threaten the marriage. Nevertheless, it is a frequent motive.

John and Carol are one of the couples for whom the desire for intimacy has become as important, if not more important, than the desire for sexual variety. "We've been very dissatisfied with our straight friends," John told me, "Not because they don't swing. It's because swingers are more open, you can say what you please with them. When a person has bared his body, when they're ready to do that, there's more to them than bullshit. After swinging, when a couple have their clothes off, it's easier to relate to them.That's what we found about strip poker. We used to play strip poker with our straight friends and that's one of the things that got us interested in swinging." Carol added: "After you've swung with a couple and your clothes are all off, laughing is easier, talking is easier, everything is easier. Everyone frees up a lot."

"You're no longer afraid of those people," John said. "Basically they're on the same level as you are."

When I asked this couple if a real four-way affaire would threaten their marriage, they implied they didn't think one could develop. "People frighten me," John said. "I don't trust most people. Besides, I'm really secure with Carol."

"It would take me a long time to get really emotionally involved with another guy," Carol explained. "It took me a long time with John. I can *like* a guy a lot . . ."

But assuming it was possible, would they want a real love relationship with another couple? "If we all had our heads together," John declared, "If we had like a lasting swinging friendship. If swinging was like a nucleus and we didn't necessarily swing constantlyWe wouldn't be frightened of that."

Peter Douglas, a New York psychoanalyst, feels that people like John and Carol may be responding to swinging much as they would to a form of group therapy. "One of the problems today is that so many individuals feel alienated or isolated to begin with. A variety of phenomena has sprung up in response to this condition. Esalen, Encounter, Primal Scream are interesting and sometimes effective ways for people to get more into themselves and others. Swinging groups are similar to these in that they are also a highly organized form of group indulgence. But I don't think these experiences, unless they're accompanied by analysis, can really lead to a lasting viable relationship with other people."

Passing phase?

Dr Douglas' feeling that swinging has only limited value seems to be at least partly supported in fact. While some swingers are able to establish enduring friendships that outlast their swinging careers, disappointment in the people and the absence of intimacy is a key factor influencing dropouts. Since very few people swing actively for more than a few years, swinging obviously never becomes a "way of life" or a "community".

On the other hand, most swingers find it fun while it lasts. As a means of achieving sexual variety without jeopardizing marriage, swinging is sucessful for a high percentage of participants. It may even improve relations within the marriage, not least by providing a mutual leisure interest and the security of an active, "hip" social life. For those who hope to find greater self-understanding and autonomy, an extension of their humanity, intimacy and enduring social relations, swinging is usually a disappointing experiment.

Group sex doesn't do much harm, but it doesn't offer participants anything very satisfying to do in between.

CASE HISTORY OF A LOVE DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

least 75 to 85% of [prostitutes] clients want to have their penises sucked," "Ninety-nine percent of johns refuse to wear condoms [with prostitutes]," "Homosexuals thrive on danger."

Precisely what does Reuben have to say about homosexuals?

He told me that he is "easy" on them, and, in effect, brings them "news of joy that no one else is willing to bring to them. I tell them that homosexuality is an emotional problem that can be cured."

Can he *really* cure homosexuals?

By cure, Dr Reuben means to get rid of their homosexual fantasies and activity *completely*, get them going to bed with women, and hopefully (but not necessarily) get them married. If I sound dubious about his ability to cure homosexuals (he claims a 90% cure of those who can afford him), it is because I asked if I could chat with one of his "cures." I went to the West Coast, at his invitation, and an appointment was arranged. Just as I was about to leave from Los Angeles for San Diego, I received a collect call from Dr Reuben's secretary cancelling the appointment—and refusing to set another one. She blamed the breakdown of arrangements on the patient.

Does Reuben really feel that homosexuals hate each other?

"In homosexuality," he told me, "there is a tremendous psychopathic element. If a wife betrayed and mistreated and exploited the husband the way homosexuals treat each other every day in these ménages, the marriage would not last 15 minutes. Homosexuals have a capacity for absorbing an unbelievable amount of psychic punishment." If this isn't visible to everybody, it is because, according to Reuben, homosexuals conceal their sadomasochism. "The problem is," he says, "you have to spend at least 24 consecutive hours with them. The appearance they give to an outsider or even to a semioutsider is quite different from what goes on."

How does Dr Reuben cure homosexuals?

One of his techniques is rather unorthodox, but he claims it gives results. He discovered during his residency that certain insights would develop by having psychotics talk with each other.

"I once had this tremendous frustrating psychotic and . . . I would take another psychotic that I had been treating and I would say: 'Look, why don't you talk to this guy? Tell him he's crazy.' And, of course they *love* to do that. 'There's nothing wrong with *me, you're* crazy.' And they would give each other the works, quietly but intensively, 10 or 15 minutes. Then they would change. A little bit of insight, a little bit of improvement."

Does Reuben have any advice for parents? Suppose they saw a child manifesting signs of homosexuality?

I asked Reuben what he would do if he saw this happening in his son? He flushed. "I can't answer that question," he said, "because it's not a realistic question. It isn't *going* to happen,

it *didn't* happen, and it *won't* happen. Let's take it, what would I do if a *friend* came to me with that problem? I have doctor friends who bring me that same type of problem.

"I have a case now of a doctor's son who is 13 and a transvestite. You know, the mother complains: 'All my girdles are being stretched out of shape because my son's wearing them while I am away shopping. He is only 13, but he is like 175.' OK? The only solution is to give him psychiatric treatment. My youngest patient currently is about six, [but] I've treated four-year-olds. They are human beings and you can communicate with them. So you start there."

What do sex Establishment types like John Money think of him?

Of all the criticism Reuben has received, Money's may hurt him the most. John Money is a charter member of the inner circle of the sex Establishment and highly respected for his meticulous work, especially in homosexuality and transsexualism. After sampling *Everything . . .* ("I found enough of it sufficiently distasteful," he told me, "that I could not be bothered wasting too much time on it"), Money advised the Johns Hopkins Medical Institution's book store not to carry the book. According to Money, the store took his advice.

On what grounds?

The book's "flippant tone and regrettable factual inaccuracy . . . specifically [in] its treatment of homosexuality and transsexualism." Money urged the editorial director of David McKay Co. Inc. [the publishers] to straighten out the errors in its next edition. "It is," he wrote, "unseemly for a doctor to deliberately bring suffering into anyone's life, and particularly unseemly for a psychiatrist to be flippant, in print, about the symptoms of people for whom his role should be that of healer. I can only assume that Dr Reuben had a very bad psychiatric lapse of his own, in writing this book."

What did Money mean about "bringing suffering" into somebody's life?

Money claims that Dr Reuben's "false and misleading data on homosexuality have brought unnecessary trauma into the lives of parents, on first being informed by an adolescent son that he is homosexual."

Do other researchers agree with Money?

Yes. Alfred Kinsey's former assistant, Wardell Pomeroy, who heads the American Association of Marriage Counselors, told *Newsweek* that the book "has a lot of junk in it—things that are just plain wrong."

Was Dr Reuben's book designed to *relieve* anxiety?

Well, that's what Dr Reuben says. And to an extent it does. But don't count on homosexuals or transsexuals being relieved by his caricatures of them. In at least one instance, Dr Reuben may have relieved anxiety where he should not have.

Where?

In promoting the story about whores not passing on venereal diseases. "Prostitutes," he proclaims, "obviously have some drawbacks as a source of sexual satisfaction, but risk of venereal disease is not one of them." Reuben points to a 1966 survey by the United States Public Health Service in which 13% of prostitutes arrested in New York City showed traces of gonococcal infection. This alone would make a susceptible john's (some men blessedly, seem immune) chances of contracting the disease better than one in eight. Reuben says these are good odds. I say they're lousy, especially if the prospective client is bent on extensive sampling. And especially if he has a family. The odds are probably even worse than those figures would suggest. Women often carry infection without being infected themselves. And yesterday's "surefire" lab result (which probably does not exist) has nothing to do with the organisms that may have been visited on this evening's hooker by her early afternoon trick.

But don't prostitutes use prophylaxis?

Norman Scherzer, Program Coordinator for the Bureau of Venereal Disease Control, in New York, says that many prostitutes keep unscrupulous physicians in luxury by having them pump their alabaster derrières with penicillin once a week. But this highly questionable procedure does not keep them disease-free. Routine shots often conceal the symptoms of gonorrhea without killing the organisms. They also are partly responsible for the new resistant strains of gonorrhea going around. Regular shots are an excellent way to create an allergy in the patient to the antibiotic.

Dr Reuben's near veneration of the so-called high-class call girl is puzzling. About the only thing she has in her favor is that she probably sees fewer clients than her lower-priced competition (though according to Scherzer, none of the girls is cheap any more—the minimum running around $25 for bed-and-favors). But she is even less under surveillance than the streetwalker.

So what does Reuben say about this?

When I presented him with my reservations about his "anxiety-relieving" generalizations about dainty whores (based, I might add, on some embarrassing and painful youthful experiences), he argued that I had probably not paid enough for my professionals. Then he took a different tack: "The point is this: 100% of the prostitutes are not infected with venereal disease. Not in the United States. And people state it in those terms. . . . I am not saying that they are nice, clean sanitary types. Nothing like it. It's a problem. But I'm saying that they are not the source of infection the minister will tell you they are. . . . People deserve to know the truth, that the minister says if you sin on Saturday night you are going to wake up on Monday morning with gonorrhea. It isn't true with a prostitute. It is probably more likely that a teenybopper selected at random will give you the clap."

Does adultery come into his book at all?

Curiously, no. Dr Reuben promises to tell us about adultery in a future tome. I asked him about it, though.

"If a man cheats on his wife, it is *always* the responsibility of the wife. She is *always* doing something to bring it on, maybe not in an obvious way. But, you know, so much of adultery is not sexual gratification, but using the sexual organs as a weapon." A wife, he says, can keep her husband from straying by keeping him at zero sexual tension.

Meaning taking care of it whenever it comes up?

You've got the idea.

How do women feel about this?

Dr Reuben believes that the American wife has grown accustomed to seeing herself as a consumer, not a provider. And before she gives of herself sexually she wants a quid pro quo: attractive packaging, easy-to-prepare-and-serve recipes, all designed for her greatest convenience. His advice:

"If the woman would—no matter what she feels like, no matter how disinterested, no matter how bored, no matter how anything she is—if she said to her husband every time, 'Fine! Sure! OK! Let's go!' she would make her own life so much better. She wouldn't have to feel a thing. And, of course, the irony is that if she would deal with the situation like that she would feel fine."

Why had nobody ever heard of David Reuben before this book?

Because Reuben finds publishing in scientific journals (where conclusions are judged by professional peers, not hungry-to-read-anything-on-sex laymen) unworthy of him. "I have not published a lot of papers and that sort of thing because it takes too much time, and it doesn't pay any money and it doesn't really change anything." Clearly, he considers himself the people's candidate—not the professionals'.

All that publicity must have gotten Dr Reuben a lot of business.

Reuben's publisher is overwhelmed with mail from prospective patients. And, though the medical profession does not seem to have challenged the propriety of using a popular lay book to drum up business, Gore Vidal has.

"He is," notes Vidal, "a remorseless self-advertiser. Every few pages he gives us a commercial with brisk dialogue and characters named Emily who suffer from frigidity until . . . But let's listen in on Emily and her doctor after some months of treatment. Is Emily frigid now? Lordy no! Emily is fucking like a minx. 'I'm happy to say, doctors, this is just a social call. I wanted to tell you how happy I am. I don't know what it's done for other people but psychiatry did what Mother Nature couldn't do—it made a woman out of me!' Music up and out."

Later, summing up, Vidal added:

"To one who locates psychiatry somewhere between astrology and phrenology on the scale of human gullibility, the cold-blooded desire to make money by giving one's fellows (at best) obvious advice and (at worst) notions even sillier than the ones that made them suffer smacks of *Schadenfreude*."

Do you think he did it for money?

Perhaps not, but I'll never forget his breathless opening remarks when I first met him at the Essex House. After informing me that he had been taking Russian lessons in San Diego, he tried out the word "Please" (*pozhaluista*) on the Russian-speaking checkroom lady. "She gave me back my quarter," he said. "It's amazing!"

I wonder if a lot of his critics aren't just jealous.

This is quite possible. Very few writers ever got within howitzer distance of the kind of sales Dr Reuben has racked up. And even fewer doctors ever attain the public notoriety that David Reuben has eagerly sought and won.

Reuben told me in our interview that the only thing money is good for is power and control over others.

I doubt whether Reuben has reduced much sexual anxiety, which was his alleged principal aim. He has probably inflated the worries of those he regards as abnormal, such as homosexuals. And, in his misinformed gesture of largesse, has given the go-ahead to those who otherwise might have shied away from engaging prostitutes out of justifiable fear of contracting venereal disease. Not simply because he believes them to be safe, but because he wanted to refute the overstated warnings of ministers. The poor man who reads Reuben on whores may have a few anxious moments in store for him.

My own objection to *Everything . . .* is that it *is* not and *cannot* be that. And any man who presents himself as the Great Healer with the Only Set of Keys is liable to arouse some suspicion.

PENTHOUSE PREFERRED RETAILER

WHERE TO BUY IT

SERVICE FOR PENTHOUSE READERS

If you would like to examine for yourself the men's wear featured in this month's editorial fashion pages, we recommend that you visit one of the fine retail stores listed below. The stores marked with a (►) are currently displaying at least some of the featured merchandise.

ALABAMA
Auburn—The University Shops Inc.
Bessemer—Sokol's
Birmingham—
Canterbury Stores, Inc.
Jones-Lawless Inc.
Odum Bowers & White
Parisian Inc.
Cullman—Stiefelmeyers, Inc.
Decatur—Parisian, Inc.
Huntsville—Bill's Inc.
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Jasper—
Bernard's Store For Men
Mobile—Metzger's
Parkway City—Bills Inc.
Tuscaloosa—Wiesel Co.
The University Shops Inc.

ALASKA
Fairbanks—
Sachs Men's Shop Inc.

ARIZONA
Safford—J. Green & Co.
Tucson—Dave Bloom & Sons
Jacomes Dept. Store
Morrison's

ARKANSAS
Conway—Lou Hoffmans
Fayetteville—
Campbell-Bell, Inc.
University Shop
Forrest City—Taylor-Casbeer
Helena—
Michael Lazer Men's Wear
Hot Springs—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jonesboro—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Little Rock—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Irving Koram Inc.
Lou Hoffmans
► *Ozark*—Wakefield & Co.
Pine Bluff—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.

CALIFORNIA
Anaheim—Cotlers
Phelps Meager
Arcadia—Hinshaw's
► Richards Mens Store
Bakersfield—Coffee's
C. H. Dunlap Co.
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Berkeley—J. F. Hink & Sons
Beverly Hills—The Shirt Gallery
Brawley—Marvin's Men's Shop
Buena Park—
Dewey's Store for Men
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Burbank—Burcal
Ed's Towne Shop
Lyons "For Men"
Canoga Park—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Greene's Mens Wear
Carmel—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Chula Vista—The Highlander
Citrus Heights—
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
College Grove—The Highlander
Compton—Kings For Men
Costa Mesa—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Downey—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
El Cerrito—Foley & Bonny
► *El Monte*—Richards Mens Store
Escondido—The Highlander
Fontana—The Stag Shop
Fresno—Coffee's
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
Gilroy—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Grossmont—The Highlander
Hermosa Beach—
Jeans Apparel Shops, Inc.
Hollister—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Hollywood—
Sunny Lane Mens Shop
Indio—Wise Shops
King City—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
La Habra—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Lakewood—
Dewey's Store for Men
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Los Alamitos—Phelps Meager
Los Alamos—Phelps Meager
Los Angeles—Campbell's Inc.
Charleston's
Cotlers
Gold's Clothing
Hank Fayne
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Model Men's Shop
Phelps Meager
Roms Embassy Clothiers
Roos-Atkins
Shirt Gallery
Syd's Style Shop/Men
Los Cerritos—
► Richards Mens Store
Mission Valley—The Highlander
Modesto—C. H. Dunlap Co.
Montclair—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
National City—
Ellis Bros. Men's Stores
Newport—Phelps Meager
No. Hollywood—Campbell's Inc.
Oakland—Smiths of Calif.
Ontario—The Stag Shop
Orange—Cotlers
Pacific Beach—The Highlander
Palo Alto—Wideman's
Pomona—John P. Evans
Pasadena—Phelps Meager
Riverside—The Stag Shop
Sacramento—Capitol Clothing Co.
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
Salinas—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Porter & Irvine
San Bernardino—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
San Diego—
Ellis Bros. Men's Store
Granson
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
The Highlander
San Francisco—Granson
Howard's Clothing Co.
Roos-Atkins
The Shirt Gallery
San Jose—Berg's
Santa Ana—Jackman's
Santa Monica—Campbell's Inc.
Sherman Oaks—Phelps Meager
Stockton—
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
Van Nuys—Hal's Men's Wear
Ventura—Ronald Bank
W. Covina
Juoy's "Gear for Guys"
Phelps Meager
Whittier—Hinshaw's

COLORADO
Aspen—Slak Shak
Denver—May D. & F.
Greeley—Hibbs
Loveland—Hibbs

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport—Skydel's
Gales Ferry—Vality Inc.
Hamden—Eli Moore Inc.
Richard Thomas for Men
Manchester—
A. G. Fields & Co.
Middletown—R. W. Camp Co.
Milford—Eli Moore Inc.
New London—Outlet Co.
Savard Bros. Inc.
Stamford—Lou Konspore
"The Man's Store"
Sarner's Dept. Store
► *Torrington*—The Oxford Shop

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.
Slak Shak of Georgetowne
Webster Men's Wear

DELAWARE
Newark—Newark Dept. Store
Wilmington—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Wright & Simon

FLORIDA
Clearwater—Carnaby Shops
Coral Gables—
Hills Store for Men
Deland—V. M. Fountain Co.
Ft. Lauderdale—Irving Berlin's
Lansons
Sterling's Ivy Man Shop
Sterling's Mens &
Boys', Inc.
Ft. Pierce—Carnaby Shops
Gainesville—
Wilson's Dept. Store
Hialeah—Lansons
Hollywood—Irving Berlin's
Lansons
Jacksonville—Rosenblum's
The Young Men's Shop
Miami—Carnaby Shops
Miami Beach—Lansons
N. Miami Beach—
Woodrow Stores
Orlando—Carnaby Shops
Woodrow Stores
Pensacola—Douglas Allen
Ed White Inc.
Ordon's Inc.
Sarasota—Harmon's
Woodrow Stores
S. Miami—Garber's
St. Petersburg—Carnaby Shops
Egerton & Moore Inc.
Rons Toggery
The Real Place
Tallahasee—Mendelson's
Tampa—Kirby's Mens Wear
Titusville—Carnaby Shops
W. Palm Beach—Anthonys Inc.

GEORGIA
Albany—Rosenberg's
Americus—A. Cohen & Sons
Athens—Richway Stores
The University Shops Inc.
Atlanta—Hirsch's
Richway Stores
The Shirt Gallery
Belvedere—Hirsch's
Cobb County—Hirsch's
College Park—Richway Stores
Decatur—Richway Stores
Greenbriar—Hirsch's
Griffin—Morrow Powell
Lenox—Hirsch's
Macon—Jos. N. Neel Co.
Neil's Hip Pocket
North DeKalb—Hirsch's
Rome—The Fahy Store
Savannah—Alan Barry's Inc.
John B. Rourke, Inc.
Smyrna—Richway Stores
South DeKalb—Hirsch's
Valdesta—Olan H. Luke, Inc.
Waycross—Jacobson's, Inc.

HAWAII
Honolulu—McInerny

IDAHO
Blackfoot—Bitton-Tuchy Co.
Boise—Ralph Davis Mens Store
Lewiston—Bon Marche
Payette—Farber's Dept. Store
Pocatello—
Fargo-Wilson-Wells Co.

ILLINOIS
Aurora—Lytton's
Weingart & Pillatsch
Barrington—Chuck Hines
Belleville—Imber Mens Wear
Benton—Walker's
Bloomington—Bachrachs
Moberly & Klenner
Ulbrich & Kraft
Calumet City—Lytton's
Carbondale—Walker's
Champaign—Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Chicago—Baskin
Eric Salm, Inc.
Gingiss Formalwear
Goldblatt's
House of Duro
Karoll's
Lytton's
Tom Hynes
Collinsville—Imbers Mens Wear
Crawfordsville—
Rapps Sire Shop
Decatur—Bachrachs
Myers Brothers
Des Plaines—
Allen's Store for Men
Svoboda's Mens Wear
Dunbee—Chuck Hines
DuQuoin—Walker's
Edwardsville—
Imbers Mens Wear
Elgin—Chuck Hines
Four Squires Inc.
Wieboldts
Evanston—Lytton's
► *Glencoe*—Bus Goodman Inc.
Harvey—Marks Toggery, Inc.
Herrin—
J. V. Walker & Sons, Inc.,
Kankakee—Plant-Kerger Co.
Kewanee—Kirley & Sons
Lolies Park—
Rockford Dry Goods
Marion—Walker's
Monmouth—The Model
Mt. Vernon—Walker's
Naperville—Dean's
Oak Park—Lytton's
Park Ridge—
Pine's Store for Men
Park Forest—Lytton's
Rockford—
Rockford Dry Goods
Bernhardt's, Inc.
Springfield—The Hub Clothiers
Myers Brothers
Urbana—Baskin
Vandalia—Denny's Dept. Store
Waukegan—Chuck Hines
Lytton's
West Frankfurt—Walker's
Wheaton—Gaede's

INDIANA
Anderson—Weiler's Men's Store
Elkhart—Rapps Sire Shop
Evansville—Gordons
► Sater's
Weinbach Men's Shop
Ft. Wayne—
Goldens Mens Wear
Patterson Fletcher
Gary—Lytton's
Indianapolis—Squire Shop
Wm. H. Block, Co.
Jasper—Schneider's Dept. Store
Kokomo—Maher's
Lafayette—
Hildebrandt's Haberdashery
Rapps Sire Shop
The Golden Rule
The Rapp Shop
The University Shops Inc.
Logansport—Bailey's Inc.
Kellers Sire Shop
Muncie—Stecks
South Bend—Robertsons
Terre Haute—Bachrachs
Schultz & Co.
Warsaw—Hull House

IOWA
Ames—Bledsoe's Inc.
Boone—J. C. Petersen Co.
Des Moines—
Frankel Clothing Co.
Elkader—Raizes Dept. Store
Fort Dodge—
Charles A. Brown, Inc.
Mason City—Damon's, Inc.
Raizes Dept. Store
Ottumwa—Graham's
Sioux City—Karl's
Karlton's
Raymond's
Storm Lake—Douglass Clo. Co.
Waterloo—The James Black Co.

KANSAS
Abilene—Royer's
Coffeyville—Strasburger's
Emporia—Harry Ropfogel's, Inc.
Kansas City—The Leader Clo
Manhattan—Stevensons Clo.
Parsons—
Lambert-Duffy-Melone, Inc.
Salinas—Stevensons Clo.
Topeka—Crosby's
Ray Bears Clo. Co.
Wichita—Bricks

KENTUCKY
Ashland—
The C. H. Parsons Co., Inc.
Stars' Fashion World
Bowling Green—
Golden-Farley Inc.
Elizabethtown—
Joplin & Lanz Co. Inc.
Frankfort—HWB Store
Hopkinsville
Golden-Farley Inc.
Lexington—
The University Shops Inc.
Louisville—Levy Bros.
Martins
Richmond—
The University Shops Inc.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria—Caplans Mens Shop
Weiss & Goldring
Baton Rouge—Arthur's, Inc.
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
Houma—Godchaux's
Lafayette—Abdalla's Oil Center
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
Lakeside—Porter's-Stevens
Leesville—Caplans Mens Shop
Matarie—Godchaux's
Monroe—Selber Bros.
Natchitoches—
Caplans Mens Shop
New Orleans—Godchaux's
Labiche's Inc.
Porter's-Stevens
Rubenstein Bros.
Oakwood—Porter's-Stevens
Fever Tree
Ruston—Lewis & Co.
Lewis Stagg Shop
Shreveport—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jordan & Booth
Selber Bros.
W. F. Beall Co.

MAINE
Biddeford—Butlers Dept. Store

MASSACHUSETTS
Amherst—House of Walsh, Inc.
Boston—Krackerjacks, Inc.
Lebow Bros. Inc.
Sumner's
Cambridge—Krackerjacks Inc.
Fitchburg—
John Edwards Clothes
Framingham—Zayre
Hyannis—
► Burman's of Hyannis
Krackerjacks Inc.
The Bon Marche Inc.
Lowell—Lynches
The Bon Marche Inc.
New Bedford—Star Store
No. Attleboro—Orent Bros. Inc.
Norwood—Orent Bros. Inc.
Pittsfield—England's
M. Shwartz & Co., Inc.
Saugus—
Hoffman's • Saugus
Shrewsbury—World Apparel Ltd
Worcester—Ware Pratt Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore—
Calby's Male Apparel
Gann's
Stewart & Co.
Webster Men's Wear
Bel Air—Calby's Male Apparel
Bethesda—Slak Shak
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.
Chevy Chase—
Frederick—
The Young Men's Shop, Inc.
Hagerstown—DeVono's
Ocean City—Slak Shak
Potomac—The Gentry
Riverdale—Slak Shak
Wheaton—Slak Shak

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Birmingham—Demery's
Todd's Clothes
Chesaning—
Rehmann's Menswear
Dearborn—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Muirheads
Todd's Clothes
Detroit—Demery's
Himelhock's
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Princeton Shop
Todd's Clothes
Wurzburg-Demery's
Eastbrook—Wurzburg Co.
Farmington—Demery's
Flint—Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer's
Houseman's
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Wm. Klein Store for Men
Wurzburg Co.
Holland—Ambassador Shop
Jackson—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Kalamazoo—
Libin's Varsity Shop
Lansing—Wurzburg Co.
Webster Men's Wear
Marquette—Stern & Field
125 Shop
Muskegon—Hoslen's Inc.
Square Clothing Co.
Northland—Todd's Clothes
North Kent—Wurzburg Co.
Pleasant Ridge—Next Door
Pontiac—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Lion Store Inc.
Royal Oak—Todd's Clothes
Saginaw—Heavenrich's
Southfield—Todd's Clothes
Southland—Wurzburg Co.
Utica—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
Warren—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
Van Dyke Formal Wear
Next Door
Wyoming—Rogers Dept. Store

MINNESOTA
Brookdale—Donoldson's
Duluth—Livingston's
Maurices Men's Shop
Hibbing—Sachs Bros. Co.
Hopkins—Meyers Dept. Store
Minneapolis—
Donoldson's
Meyers Dept. Stores
Olson Clothing
Redwood Falls—Wilson's Clo.
Rochester—Donoldson's
Rosedale—Donoldson's
Saint Paul—Donoldson's
Southdale—Donoldson's
West St. Paul—Van Arsdell's

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi—Godchaux's
Columbia—Rankins
Columbus—Egger's
Hattiesburg—
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Mississippi Britches
The Essex House
Jackson—Emporium
The Rouge, Ltd.
Laurel—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Meridian—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Marks Rothenberg Co.
Natchez—M. M. Ullman & Co.

MISSOURI
Cameron—Stucker Clo. Co.
Joplin—Newman's
Kennett—
James Kahn Dept. Store
O'Fallon—Thro's
Springfield—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Netter's
Venture
St. Ann—Venture
St. Charles—Thro's
St. Louis—Famous Barr
Target Stores
The Shirt Gallery
Venture

MONTANA
Billings—Buttrey Suburban
Butte—Buttrey Suburban
Glasgow—Friedl's Men's Wear
Great Falls—Buttrey Suburban
F. A. Buttrey Co.
Havre—F. A. Buttrey
Kalispell—F. A. Buttrey
Missoula—Buttrey Suburban

NEBRASKA
Alliance—
The Famous Clo. House
Fremont—Philips Stores, Inc.
Kearney—Ayers Clothing
Lincoln—Magee's
Nebraska City—Rowe Clothiers
Omaha—Magee's
Philips Stores, Inc.

NEVADA
Las Vegas—
Steve Gordon's Airport
Men's Shop
The Shirt Gallery
Reno—
Weinstock's Dept. Stores

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bedford Mall—Lynchs
Claremont—David Heller Co.
Concord—David Heller Co.
Edward Fine & Son
Franklin—Decator's Men's Wear
Laconia—Lynch's
O'Shea's
Manchester—Lynchs
Easler's
Nashua—Avard's Inc.
Portsmouth—Kimball's

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City—Jules Mens Shop
Schultz Inc.
Bound Brook—
Archies Mens Shop Inc.
Cherry Hill—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Clifton—Levy Brothers
Dover—Furstman & Feinberg
Echelon—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Elizabeth—Levy Brothers
Fort Lee—Schweitzer's D. S.
Irvington Center—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Long Branch—
Vogel's Dept. Store
Menlo Park—Archie Jacobson
Millville—Fath Dept. Store Inc.
Montclair—Hahne's
Newark—Hahne's
Paramus—
Stern Bros.
Weber & Heilbroner
Paterson—Meyer Brothers
Phillipsburg—Orr's Dept. Stores
Pt. Pleasant—Capt. Quarters
at Winograd's
Salem—Princes
Toms River—Harris Bros.
Trenton—
Frederick W. Donnelly
& Son
Wineberg's 1893
Union Center—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Union City—Paul Servo
Wayne—
Weber & Heilbroner
Westfield—Hahne's
West New York—Schlesinger's
West Orange—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Woodbridge—Field Brothers

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Mr. Casual
Las Cruces—
Popular Dry Goods Co.
Santa Fe—
Goodman's Men's Store
Moore's

NEW YORK
Auburn—
Homick's Mens Shop Inc.
Batavia—
Charles Men's Shop, Inc.
Brockport—
Brockport Clothing Co.
Brooklyn—Field Brothers
Howard Stores Corp.
Martin's
Mr. Craig
Neil's
The Shirt Gallery
Buffalo—
Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Stattler's Inc.
Riverside Men's Shop
The Sample
Cedarhurst—Cricket Shop
Cortland—
Harold's Men Stores
Elmira—H. Strauss Inc.
Endicott—
Alexander Harvey Clothing
Hornell—Murray Stevens
Ithaca—Clothes Horse
Jamestown—
Edward's Men's Wear
Johnson City—
Ben's Clothes Shop, Inc.
Kingston—H. G. Rafalowsky, Inc.
Long Island—
Field Brothers
Martin's
Weber & Heilbroner
Mt. Vernon—H. King & Co.
New York—A. G. Fields & Co.
Blumstein's
Franklin Simon
H. King & Co.
Ohrbach's
Paul Barry
Paul Stuart Inc.
Statler Hilton Men's Shop
Town & Country Stores
Weber & Heilbroner
Wm. M. Van Buren Inc.
Niskayona—Nusbaum's
Oneonta—Bresee's Dept. Store
Patchogue—Mace Kavner Inc.
Potsdam—Herbert's Men's Wear
Poughkeepsie—
M. Shwartz & Co., Inc.
Queens—Beau Brummel Ltd.
Field Brothers
Sayville—Town Squire
Schenectady—
Jos. Nusbaum, Inc.
Staten Island—
Archie Jacobson
Syracuse—Gary's Clothes

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville—Belk
Bon Marche Inc.
Burlington—
B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
Charlotte—Ivey's of Charlotte
Goldsboro—Weil's Inc.
High Point—Frank A. Stith Co.
Kinston—The Man's Store
Morganton—Lazarus
New Bern—
Askew's Clothing Stores Inc.
Hill's
Raeford—Joe Sugar's
Statesville—Plyler's
The Classic Shop
St. Pauls—Joe Sugar's
Wilmington—
Belk Beery Co., Inc.
Wilson—
Oettinger's Men's Store
Winston-Salem—
Frank A. Stith Co.
Norman Stockton, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA
Devils Lake—Glickson's Inc.
Shark's Clothers
Fargo—Shark's Clothiers
Grand Forks—McDonald's
Jamestown—The Straus Co.
Minot—Olson's Clothing
Shark's Clothiers

OHIO
Akron—Halle Bros.
Koch's
The University Shops Inc.
Ashtabula—Globe-Ball Inc.
Athens—
The University Shops Inc.
Beachwood—Harry Jacobson
Bellaire—The Phil-Mor
Bowling Green—
The University Shops Inc.
Cambridge—
Fred Raymond & Co.
Canton—Halle Bros.
Hughes & Hatcher
Cincinnati—Nadler's
Pogue's
The Shirt Gallery
The University Shops Inc.
Cleveland—Bill's Clothes, Inc.
Halle Bros.
Harry Jacobson
Higbee Co.
Martin's Men's Wear
Skall's Men's Wear, Inc.
The Shirt Gallery
Cleveland Heights—
Harry Jacobson
Columbus—
The University Shops Inc.
Dayton—The Metropolitan Co.
Delaware—Wilson's
Euclid—Gorniks
Fremont—Joseph's Dept. Store
Hamilton—Vogue Shops Inc.
Marietta—Bonham's Inc.
Sniffen's Shop for Men
Marion—Jim Dugan's Inc.
Markert & Lewis
Martins Ferry—The Phil-Mor
Mentor—Marty's Slack Shack
Miamisburg—
Suttman's Men's Wear
Mt. Vernon—Vogue Shops Inc.
Newark—
Cornell-Bazaar Mens Shop
Oxford—
The University Shops Inc.
Richmond Hts.—Bill's Clothes
Sandusky—Marv Byer
Springfield—Vogue Shops Inc.
Steubenville—
The Hub of Steubenville
The Phil-Mor
St. Martins Ferry—The Phil-Mor
Toledo—Damschroder's Inc.
Hughes & Hatcher
Lamson's of Toledo
Warren—Hughes & Hatcher
Willowick—Bill's Clothes
Xenia—McDorman's
Youngstown—Hughes & Hatcher

OKLAHOMA
Bartlesville—May Brothers
Enid—S & Q Clothiers
Trego's Inc.
Muskogee—
Dillard Dept. Store, Inc.
S & Q Clothiers
Oklahoma City—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Orbach's
Park's Apparel Co.
Rothschild's
Tulsa—Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Renberg's, Inc.
Woodward—Trego's Inc.

OREGON
Eugene—Meier & Frank
The Bon Marche
Pendleton—Hamley & Co.
Portland—Lowenson's
Meier & Frank
Nudelman Bros.
The Shirt Gallery
Salem—Bishop's Inc.
Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Ardmore—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Altoona—Gable's
Baden—The Coach House
Beaver Falls—
Benson's Dept. Store
Taylor's
Bethlehem—
Orr's Dept. Stores
Silverberg & Goldberg Inc.
Charleroi—David Israel
Cheltenham—Gimbel Bros.
Clairton—Cmarada's
Dubois—Levine Bros., Inc.
Easton—Orr's Dept. Stores
Erie—Halle Bros.
Harrisburg—Doutrich & Co.
Gimbel Bros.
Haverford—Nan Duskin
Hazelton—Lauderbach & Co.
Indiana—Waxler's
Jenkintown—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Johnstown—Glosser Bros.
King of Prussia—Gimbel Bros.
Lancaster—Gimbel Bros.
DeVono's
Watt & Shand
Lebanon—DeVono's
McKeesport—Cox's, Inc.
David Israel
Henry B. Klein Co.
Middletown—DeVono's
Monroeville—Kaufmanns
The Coach House
Moorestown—Gimbel Bros.
Mt. Lebanon—Kaufmanns
Neshaminy—
Strawbridge & Clothier
New Castle—Lester's
The Winter Co.
North East—Gimbel Bros.
Olyphant—Sigmund Spitz Inc.
Philadelphia—The Boyd Store
Gimbel Bros.
Jackson & Moyer
Nan Duskin
Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Gold Coast
Hughes & Hatcher
Kaufmanns
Krazy Legs Inc.
The Coach House
The Shirt Gallery
Pottsville—Boussum's
Plymouth Meeting—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Reading—Hughes & Hatcher
Rochester—Kaufmanns
Sayre—Jim Paluzzi's Toggery
Scranton—The Globe
Samter Bros. Co.
Schreiber's Inc.
Zilenchicks
Springfield—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Strafford—Nan Duskin
Stroudsburg—A. B. Wyckoff
Upper Darby—Gimbel Bros.
Wilkes-Barre—The Hub Clo. Co.
Louis Rosenthal Inc.
Williamsport—Troisi
York—DeVono's

RHODE ISLAND
Pawtucket—Apex Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Abbenville—Rosenberg's
Anderson—
Gene Anderson Co. Inc.
Asheville—Ivey's
Charleston—
Leon's Mens Wear
Columbia—Brittons
Lourie's
Florence—
Coker's of Florence, Inc.
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Greenville—
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Spartanburg—Greenewald's Inc.
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Sumter—Coker's of Sumter
Union—J. Cohen Co.
Warwick—Apex Inc.
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Rapid City—Haggerty's Inc.
Seeley Inc.
Sioux Falls—E. C. Olson Co.
Fantle's, Inc.
Weatherwax's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga—
Browning & Hamilton
Cooley's, Inc.
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Bowling Green—Kentucky
Donelson—Castner Knott Co.
Jackson—Holland's Dept. Store
Memphis—Goldsmith's
Julius Lewis Inc.
Oak Hall
Stamm's Top Drawer
Nashville—Castner Knott Co.
Davitt's
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Webster Men's Wear
Union City—Bennett's Inc.

TEXAS
Abilene—S & Q Clothiers
Almeda—Foley's
Amarillo—Fedway Stores
White & Kirk
Arlington—Leonards
Austin—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jack Mortons
Borger—Hub Clothiers
Corpus Christi—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Fedway Stores
Dallas—Dreyfuss & Son
Fifth Season
Reynolds Penland
Varsity Shop
El Paso—Tibor's
Ft. Worth—A. Davis Co.
John L. Ashe, Inc.
Leonards
Grand Prairie—Leonards
Hereford—Gaston's
Houston—Foley's
Joske's
Norton Ditto
Sakowitz, Inc.
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The Symbol
Hurst—Leonards
Irving—Big State Men's Store
Leonards
Longview—Fedway Stores
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Odessa—The Model Shop
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Paris—
L. O. Hammons Men's Store
Pasadena—Foley's
San Antonio—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Leo Mendlovitz M/B Wear
Sharpstown—Foley's
Tyler—Hurwitz Man's Shop
Wichita Falls—Fedway Stores

UTAH
Ogden—Buehler-Bingham
Village Fair West
Salt Lake City—
Bud's Duds for Men

VERMONT
Burlington—Nate's Inc.
Shepard & Hamelle
Montpelier—Nate's Inc.
St. Albans—Nate's Inc.
St. Johnsburg—Nate's Inc.

VIRGINIA
Alexandria—
Cohen's Quality Shop, Inc.
Annandale—The Quality Shop
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Bristol—Blakely-Mitchell Co.
Chesapeake—The Hub
Danville—J. Berman, Inc.
Hampston—The Hub
Hopewell—
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Janof—Rice's
Lynchburg—J. Kulman, Inc.
Newport News—Nachman's
The Hub
Norfolk—Rice's
The Hub
Petersburg—
Rockingham Clothes
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Portsmouth—The Hub
Princess Anne—Rice's
Richmond—
Rockingham Clothes
Roanoke—Jos. Davidson Inc.
Virginia Beach—The Hub
Wards Corner—Rice's
Warwick—Nachman's
Williamsburg—
Williamsburg Dept. Store
7 Corners—
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.

WASHINGTON
Kennewick—
Wade's Clothing for Men
Pasco—
Wade's Clothing for Men
Pullman—Empire Men's Shop
Richland—Dawson-Richards
Seattle—Lamonts
Walla Walla—Gardner's
Sportleders

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley—
E. M. Payne Co., Inc.
Charleston—
A. W. Cox Dept. Store Co.
The Diamond
Hinton—The Hub Clothing Co.
Morgantown—
The University Shops Inc.

WISCONSIN
Appleton—W. A. Close, Inc.
Eau Claire—
The H & L Men's Shop Inc.
The H. & L. University Shop
Green Bay—C. A. Gross Co.
Stiefel's
Kenosha—
Bell Clothing House Inc.
Isermann Bros.
Madison—Baskin
The Hub
Milwaukee—Boston Store
Polacheck's
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Call me Madam...

Intimate letters to Xaviera Hollander

TWO-YEAR ITCH

Lately I've found myself staring at other women, trying to arrange dates with them, and generally acting like a single man. It's not that I don't love my wife or that I'm dissatisfied. We have engaged in every aspect of the sexual and sensual experience and had virtually no sex hangups in our two years of happy marriage. It's just that my sexual appetite grows with each passing day. I don't want to endanger our situation with an affaire, as my wife is now pregnant, an occasion we've both anticipated eagerly.—G.C.

I understand your problem, because men do tend to be polygamous, and variety happens to be the spice of life. If you can't control the need for another woman *your best solution is a professional.* Visit a good prostitute, pay your money, have sex, and walk out without guilt feelings. That way there's no chance that you or she will start falling in love and imperil your marriage relationship, which is the risk if you date straight girls. Wait till the baby has arrived and your wife is ready for sex again: then if you still feel the same you could discuss swapping couples. Who knows, if she is so sensual she might be glad of other sexual relationships, and that way neither of you would need to be uptight.

INTERNAL MACHINE

Several weeks ago I attended an immensely successful group-sex party which started with stag films. One of these showed a fantastic device called a "fuck machine", consisting of an electric motor inside a domelike base, from which a semi-flexible rod a yard long projected at an angle. On the end was an enormous realistic penis apparently made of flesh-like rubber, which was coupled to a voluptuous girl lying on a couch. It moved in and out at intercourse tempo. Everyone was really turned on by this film. Have you ever used one on clients?—B.C.

No, my customers and I always *preferred the real thing.* I'm not familiar with this machine and it would not turn me on either. But I believe similar devices have often been made for rich enthusiasts. My only experience of this sort of thing is with dildoes, which I've used several times on women and men. I once used a huge double dildo, made of rubber, on a gorgeous woman, described in *The Happy Hooker.* I put one end in her vagina and the other in her anus, meanwhile stimulating her with a vibrator and a spanking. I'm sure *she* would have enjoyed your machine.

OVERSEXED & UNDERLOVED

My problem is threefold: I'm skinny, oversexed and underloved. I'm 5ft 7ins and weigh about 125 lb and have average looks and a thin bod. Several chicks have told me to forget it because I'm not built well enough for them. Being sensitive and easily hurt, I now have difficulty in even approaching a potential bedmate. And what makes things worse is that 90-95% of the chicks I do meet want to have love before they'll have sex. Would appreciate advice on how to cope.—G. McG.

Work on your physique for a start. Join a health club and do daily workouts. *Become a bodybuilder,* which is easier these days with modern apparatus. More confidence in your physique will soon make you feel more at ease in the company of girls, and so on. With your new touch of Tarzan I'm sure you'll soon be conquering unlimited Janes.

CRAMPING HER STYLE

I am happily married, 27 years old, and I adore making love to my sexy husband. He is an expert lover, but sometimes his expertise is all wasted when I sit bolt upright in bed and screech "Ow!". The problem is that whenever we make love for any length of time, say 20 minutes or more, I get terrible cramp in my feet. It is so bad we have to break off completely. Have you ever had this experience, and is there anything one can do about it?—L.C.

Are you sure you don't need *two lovers at the same time*—one with foot fetish to suck your toes while your husband makes love to you? If it's a matter of cramps, try keeping your party socks on to help your circulation, or get an electric blanket. If cramps continue, consult your physician.

WAYS OF WOMEN

First, let me celebrate the fact that you are doing a service that no M.D. or priest or other qualified "expert" can compete with: telling it like it is from your own wide sexual experience. Now let me ask you some questions that have puzzled me over the years. Many women will "screw" and "give head" but not "go Greek"—why do you think this is? Again, some women will "go down" on a man but won't allow him to do it to them, nor will they allow themselves to be "rimmed". What is your explanation? —Clifford.

Apart from being still illegal in various places, including the U.K. and numerous States of the U.S., "going Greek" (or buggery or anal intercourse) can be painful and unhygienic. So there are several reasons why some people don't like it. If normal intercourse follows, there's also *a risk of infection* with E.coli. Of course enemas and lubricants overcome these obstacles for those who want them to. *Sex is a matter of taste* and you can't expect everybody to like the same things.

My fiancée doesn't mind fellating me but consistently refuses to swallow my semen. This always leaves me feeling dissatisfied. Is there anything I can do to convince her it's not so bad?—B.

The taste does tend to be bitter and some girls just don't like it. There's no harm in swallowing, but if she doesn't like it there's *nothing* you can do about it. Don't think it means she doesn't love you.

I married at 20 a man 17 years older than me, and had my first child nine months later. At 30 I had my fifth child. After much trial and tribulation, I found out marriage was not for me and eventually I was able

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to cut loose. Well, nine years later, at 46, I'm still looking for my life's destiny—someone I can love or at least have a deep affection for. A while ago I had an encounter with another woman. She drew me out but eventually I became the aggressor, which was a surprise to me. However, I later had an affaire with her friend, and this time she *was the aggressor, and I found I liked giving and being on the receiving end. I like men also, and I find I like sex altogether more than when I was married. Do you think I am really a lesbian?—Mrs. H.G.*

No I don't think you're a real lesbian, because I'm basically the same as you. You're just bisexual and enjoy the best of both worlds. According to research, bisexuals are the most sensuous.

I've never had a father, sister or mother at home, therefore I really do not know how a woman or how married couples normally act. Sometimes (about once a month) my wife says or does something that I don't seem to be able to handle too well. For example, she will burst into tears and say "You don't love me because you spent 45 minutes polishing the car" or "You sit there and don't talk to me for five minutes". What the hell am I supposed to do? Is this a normal woman's reaction?—Tom. M.

Sure, it's a normal reaction, if you go by the norm. I'd suggest you start becoming *a bit more sociable.* Read, go out with your wife, discuss things together more and polish the car less. Some men seem to fall in love with their car more easily than with a girl! Or join a humanistic encounter group and try learning, with yourself and your wife more at peace. If she only gives you a hard time once a month you're not so badly off. Many men get *hell nearly every day of the week!*

ONE AT A TIME

First let me say that I am 24, married, and enjoy a very satisfactory sex life with my wife except for a few minor things. I enjoy oral sex very much, but my wife says she enjoys me rubbing her clitoris more than me eating her. Is this true of most women? I have always wanted to perform 69 with her but she says she can concentrate more if we do each other one at a time. Do you agree? I think that doing it simultaneously would be marvellous because it would be a sort of "chain of emotions!"—S.K.E.

Most women I know love to have their lovers go down on them, provided they're considerate and know what they're doing. Naturally, if the man is clumsy or ignorant, no woman will respond favorably. So, men, keep your pecker up and let your tongue do the trick. As far as I'm concerned, it's better to be cleanshaven, as *I don't like bristles to get in the way.* But some women like a big moustache, and there's the saying that "a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt." It's 50-50 on your other question: selfish lovers prefer a singular experience, others need the emotional chain. *For me it's a case of "come together",* and my timing depends on the man. If I feel that he's about to explode, that's when I reach my own peak.

MONASTIC MENACE

I'm not naive enough to think that I'm the only man in my girl's life, and she's certainly not the only girl in mine. So I am rather worried since a local loudmouth told me you can get syphilis from oral sex. My girl and I set aside at least one night a month for just sucking. Is it true that it can be passed on that way? Answer quickly please, as I am living like a monk until I know.—A.C.

It's true that you can get syphilis through the mouth. It's a blood infection and can be contracted in many ways, not only orally *but by using towels that have been in contact with someone who has syphilis,* or even by touching skin that has been in contact with a syphilis chancre. Same thing with gonorrhea: you can get both diseases genitally, orally, or rectally.

STRAIGHTENING HIM OUT

I am 18 years old and I have been dating my present girlfriend, Sarah, for 10 months, but so far I am still a virgin. She has agreed to sleep with me as soon as she can get fixed up with the Pill. But I am a bit worried about what'll happen because my penis is a funny shape. It is a normal length and seems to do the normal things (!) all right but it has a terrific right-hand curve in the middle, literally like a banana. What effect, if any, do you think this will have on my lovemaking?—T.R.

A friend of mine has a penis that swings to the left, and he swears that it's the secret of his success with the ladies. I know he's always in hot demand. You see what a left- or right-hand swing can do for a man! *You've come to the right person, as I'm a right hooker.* Don't worry about your problem—you'll get straightened out.

DOUBTS & DAY DREAM

Married 16 months after living together almost a year beforehand, I have recently found a need for much more excitement in my sex life. Often my husband has used money problems or tiredness as an excuse, and lately added that you can't expect the same intensity after marriage! We've had the usual varieties of sex, and short of bringing in another person I don't know what to do. I've daydreamed about swapping but I think I'm too jealous

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actually to do it. Besides, of one thing that inhibits me is the condition of my body. Two kids have left their mark. I know other women have stretch marks and discoloration and sagging breasts but this body happens to be mine. My husband is voyeuristic and likes to be seduced, but I feel inadequate here.—Mrs J.C.

Swingers generally live by the code of not getting emotionally involved with their various sex partners. I've attended numerous swapping parties and found this out. Swinging is generally spoken of as *just a way of passing time*—some people like to play cards, some people like to have sex. So if you tend to be jealous, it's just a matter of adjusting your head. I think your second problem is more serious. Plastic surgery can do wonders for a slack body. In New York I knew a girl who had both breasts lifted and reshaped with silicone bag implants. If it's done properly like hers your breasts will look like an 18-year-old's again. Another girl I knew had heavy stretch-marks and no waistline left. *The surgeon virtually remodelled her,* removing her stretchmarks and giving her an entirely new waistline. Both were callgirls and are now confident and prospering in their business. If however you are hesitant about plastic surgery I've heard of a method of reconstructing the body without surgery called Rolfing, which exerts pressure on muscles. It's named after Dr Rolf. Contact Esalen Institute, Big Sur, California. When you are happier about your physique you will feel more confident and life will look brighter.

HOW LONG IS TOO LONG?

The trouble is that my sex drive is too prolonged. I can easily perform for two hours before I reach climax, stopping only to change position from time to time. If it's fellatio, which I enjoy very much, I'm still good for an hour or more. This has proved to be very upsetting for the females that really care for me. They feel they are to blame. I well recall the remark "I can't even do it right this way" after a long period of vaginal and oral sex.—Ted T.

My wife always climaxes before I do, which means either she has to finish me by hand or I have to masturbate to achieve satisfaction. Any suggestions? —K.T.

To K.T. I'd say that if his wife is a good lover he should try to give her a second climax or at least let her enjoy having him in her longer so that he can climax later. To Ted T. I'd say that he seems to be holding back too long, perhaps because he's screwing the girls' bodies and not their minds. Maybe he should think more about pleasing the girls, say by sexy talk, showing them erotic pictures, or trying more imaginative positions, or interludes of cunnilingus. If nothing else works, I'd say to both Ted T. and K.T. that each should tell his partner to gently push her index finger into his anus and move it in and out in rhythm with their lovemaking. Oriental prostitutes do that to help along a lagging customer, and *they should know how to handle their men.* You won't be able to hold out with that treatment. But it does need short-clipped nails!

A SLIGHT CASE OF RAPE

Do you think I could get my husband to rape me, just for the hell of it? If so, how would I go about it?—Mrs D.W.

I'd suggest you put on a very sexy short see-through negligée, wear the right perfume, toss your hair wild and sexy, put on a heavier makeup with false eyelashes and a come-hither look. Then cook your hubby's favorite meal, put on soft lights and his favorite music and you're ready for the big scene. Generally create the right atmosphere and *tease your man till you drive him out of his mind.* Lead him on and stop, tease him, tempt him, and stop again, and finally he'll surely chase you through the entire house, and probably nail you in the laundry room.

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PH

Merle Haggard

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

fiddler husband joined the great Okie migration out of the dustbowl during the depression. She already had two children, 14 and 12. At first, the whole family milked cows for a living, doing 30 head at four a.m. and again at four p.m. They were paid $50 a month. Merle was born two years later. His father had a job as a carpenter working for the railroad and he converted a condemned reefer into living quarters, and it still stands in what is now the backyard of a newer house. It is in Oildale, across the river and into the desert away from Bakersfield. After his father died, when he was nine, his mother worked as a bookkeeper for a meat packing house for 21 years. After San Quentin she supported Merle, Leona and the four kids in that same railroad car where Merle grew up, but now she takes care of Merle's children in his air-conditioned interior-decorated home over on the other side of town, near the country club. Except that she and now Bonnie have decided to give up the road, to stay home and take over.

Merle didn't mention playing by the railroad tracks when he was a little kid, waving at the engineers. And he was quiet about his ambitions to be a movie star. He has already had one role in a thing called *Killers Three* and there are plans to have him star in a biography of Jimmy Rodgers. He is fond of movies but never does any reading. A close acquaintance at Bakersfield insisted that Merle can read real good—it's just that he likes to have people read things to him because he understands it better that way.

So Merle didn't really tell it all. There were a lot of things he didn't say, things told by other people, conversations overheard, things read and things guessed, gestures quietly observed. Old friends and acquaintances in Bakersfield describe a skinny kid hitchhiking with his guitar up and down Edison Highway and Weedpatch Highway, trying to get a job in one of the country music clubs. He was described as being sad, as being handsome and arrogant, as being drunk on wine, as being spoiled and egotistical and looking for handouts.

But Bakersfield doesn't really want to recognize the publicity that Buck Owens and Merle Haggard and the other 50 country music artistes have brought to their city. The Chamber of Commerce prefers to brag that a traveling company of *Fiddler on the Roof* once appeared at the civic auditorium. It doesn't even like to admit that roughly half of the population is "Okiefied". Another quarter is either black or Mexican, which leaves only one-fourth of the people who are really respectable, those who control the farms and the ranches and the oil-wells and work in the offices and tell those old jokes about the '30s when you could recognize a rich Okie because he had *two* mattresses tied to the top of the jalopy.

Bakersfield is named after the fields of Colonel Baker who generously helped feed the early immigrants. They came over the Sierra Nevada in their wagons and down into the flat hot San Joaquin valley right after the Civil War, many of them hardcore unreconstructed Southerners. But these same people were big landowners when the next great wave of immigrants arrived during the depression. This was *Grapes of Wrath* country. Armed guards kept ragged fathers from stealing oranges for their starving children. You can still see some of the original migrant shacks in places like Pumpkin Center and Lamont and especially in Weedpatch where the streets are still unpaved. And the country music joints really haven't changed that much, men getting killed there every week with cue sticks, fists, bottles and knives.

Bakersfield; the magic desert made to bloom. There is gold up in the hills and they pump oil from less than 60 feet down. The summer temperature hits 114°. There are over a dozen different kinds of soil in the area, all of them dry and dusty, and on the rare occasions it rains the whole countryside turns to mud just as slick as snot on a doorknob.

The Blackboard is where Buck Owens got his big start and it is one of those fighting bars where Glen Campbell used to work. At the door, a uniformed guard with a helmet and club will even ask 42-year-old journalists for their ID. Inside there is that familiar country crowd, the men with GI haircuts, the women with beehives. A few miniskirts and vinyl boots are right there along with bare feet and dungarees and a girl with her neck in a brace. But all of them still dance that country jitterbug, knees jerking one way, hips jerking the other, cordovan shoes banging and sliding, a big ring of keys jingling from a guy's belt, bellies stuck out, asses wiggling, a guy in a gold lamé dinner jacket and a snap-on bowtie playing an electric fiddle, doing the "Orange Blossom Special" as the crowd whoops and lets out a few rebel yells.

Tex's Barrelhouse is where Merle got his real beginning. He still comes in sometimes and plays for free, the patrons 'phoning their friends until the joint is packed but old Tex still charging Merle for his drinks. On the walls are a series of murals that give the world that old hillbilly feedback, the caricaturization that is considered character. There is the moonshine still with the bearded barefooted peckerwoods wearing overalls, their bound passed out with its paws in the air. There is skinny dipping in the moonlight at the swimming hole. Nigger boys creep into the watermelon patch. A girl undresses in the cabin window while pappy in his straw hat sits on the front porch in a rocking chair with his shotgun.

But times have changed. These pictures are all done in phosphorescent paints and illuminated with black light. They glow in the dark as you sit on a stool made of a varnished beer keg with a plastic seat.

Buck Owens, of *Hee Haw* fame, was worth $5,500,000 last year. Up the street in a converted movie theater, he has his new recording studio and offices. He has $300,000 worth of the latest electronic gadgets including a $13,000 Moog synthesizer. He likes to explain its computerized workings, saying: "It's really oblivious. The whole thang is electronically instigated is whut it is." When his publicity girl mildly argued about the meaning of "oblivious" he got exasperated. "Well, that ain't mah job no way. You take care of the English."

Merle chuckled at this story. "Yeah, well. Sometimes ole Buck steps right out of his vocabulary. Say. Whut *does* oblivious mean?"

Backstage was a mess. There was mud and scattered trash, Coke bottles and paper wrappers. Longhair freaks and country freaks mingled together, local yokels, professionals, way-out hippies, disc jockeys hoping to get spot endorsements on their tape recorders, hillbilly sidemen wearing cowboy boots and bell bottoms, city slickers in business suits. The air was damp and cold and filled with mosquitoes.

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There was a constant intermittent drizzle. It was way after dark when Barbara Mandrell and Tom T. Hall started the program, followed by Sonny James. The Strangers set up their instruments on the back half of the revolving stage, the drums, the electric guitars; lead, rhythm and bass, the steel guitar with the two necks and the foot pedals, the various plugs and wires, controls, microphones and amplifiers.

Merle Haggard came out of the bus, trying to duck through the small crowd of fans who had managed to slip by the fences and the gates waving scraps of paper and autograph books. He posed for a moment while the Instamatics popped and flashed, wearing an open collar white satin shirt with puffed sleeves and a blue scarf, his wavy dark auburn hair carefully combed in place. As the Strangers warmed up the audience, Merle waited backstage, smiling, winking at people, holding his guitar.

The Strangers started his theme. He coolly finished what he was saying and strolled out. Almost immediately, he started to sing.

And he turned that audience on as easily as twisting a volume control. Goose Lake may have been designed for popular music but this was C & W night. That's country and western to you, slicker, the music of the cracker and the tarheel, the redneck and the hillbilly. And way up there in chilly Michigan this crowd of displaced Southerners had gathered, people who had emigrated from Appalachia and from the Delta and from the red clay country to get jobs in the Yankee factories at Detroit and South Bend and Toledo. Many of them had driven 60, 80, 100 miles just to stand out there in the darkness behind a hogwire fence guarded by deputies, out there in the drizzle, ankle-deep in the goo listening to this handsome guy singing to them in their own language, laughing with their own humor, strumming and picking on their very soul.

He sang to them about a working man's blues and about how the bottle let him down and about his mama's hungry eyes. All the nostalgia of the country was there, the sentimentality of the eighth beer, the sob and whimper of a juke box way up a long and lonesome road. But as he closed the show with his latest hit, there was another voice roaring out of that wet, cold and muddy blackness. There was a rhythmic clapping, there were long whistles and whoops. There were sharp, high rebel yells. The wind had a smell in it now, of hate and defiance and fury. It was a stink. And it was mean.

The next day he appeared at Ponderosa Park which is somewhere north of Salem, Ohio, which is somewhere southeast of Cleveland. It is a difficult place to reach. Yet the narrow farm road was jammed with traffic inching forward, bumper to bumper, for miles. The entertainment began early in the afternoon and whenever a singer caterwauled out over the pastures and the lake that he was born in Georgia or Texas or Tennessee there was a fierce howl of delight from different parts of the crowd. Ponderosa—where the deputy sheriffs have large flags embroidered over their shirt pockets, where Bermuda shorts meet beer bellies and weird asses navigate in chartreuse towards the huge overflowing outhouses; where there was not one mustache, not one string of love beads, not a single black face.

The Strangers went on, standing on a platform built under an open shed of unpainted wooden beams and aluminum sheeting. The smells of barbecue grills wafted over the crowd; burning charcoal, sizzling steaks and hot dogs. Kids swarmed everywhere. The outhouse on the edge of the field was so crowded the men and the boys went into the woods to pee, leaving the bushes and tree trunks dripping wet. Cars were still coming in as every musical number was greeted with wild applause.

Merle made his entrance. He started singing about a branded man with a prison record who could never live down his past. He sang about a condemned man being led past his cell, about the legend of Bonnie and Clyde, about loving you again and about turning 21 in prison doing life with no parole. Merle did a series of imitations, adopting the singing voices and the mannerisms of Hank Snow, Buck Owens and especially his idol, Johnny Cash. He joked and clowned around. He pretended to forget the words, used deliberate bad grammar and a very heavy accent. Bonnie and a couple of the Strangers pretended clumsiness and mock confusion. All of this was part of the act. But it was also part of that traditional country pride in its own ignorance, its defiance of those who are better dressed and educated, better born and fed.

As Merle sat at the table staring through the bus window at the crowd outside, Bonnie served him some pickled beets, a can of minced ham and some beans in plastic cups. It was like eating lunch at an aquarium but it was hard to tell which side of the fishtank wall you were on. Merle couldn't understand the autograph syndrome. He went to plenty of clubs and fairs and concerts in his day to listen to country stars but "never asked nobody for an autograph in my life." He has had time to get used to the adulation and the abuse of his fans. But even now, after signing autographs for three hours straight and then finally breaking away, there will always be that voice somewhere in the back calling him a son of a bitch. And he will brood and sulk over the incident for hours.

Merle talked about his big hit. Normally, he never tries out a new number until he has had time to let it cool off, to clip the edges a little, to test it and feel it. But the Strangers were performing at an NCO club in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and the audience was dead. They tried one song after another. Nothing happened. So Merle decided to give *Okie from Muskogee* a try.

And the joint went crazy. Those Green Berets and those tough old infantry sergeants were jumping up on the stage to pound his back and squeeze him tight, to bellow and howl and scream their pleasure. The show stopped. When Merle recovered from his shock and the bedlam died down, he was forced to sing the lyrics four times.

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee
*We don't take our trips on LSD, etc.**

Sitting there in his $70,000 customized bus, Merle frowned through the window. After the song's initial reception he felt "maybe we got a monster here." He gave it a lot of thought, wondering, "Who will I offend? But then again maybe they need to be offended." He described the experience Bonnie once had at a hairdresser's in Hollywood where she saw a young hippie girl with mud and crud and even lice in her hair. It is not long hair Merle objects to: it is filth. "I have nothing against long hair as long as there's nothing growing in it. It's like the words of the song. We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy. *Shaggy*. That's the thing. Shaggy means dirty. Right? Ain't that whut it means?"

*From the song "Okie from Muskogee", words and music by Merle Haggard & Roy Edward Burris. © 1969 Blue Book Music, Bakersfield, California.

Fuzzy was driving. After he pulled away from the hamburger joint where everyone had dinner, he zig-zagged through the streets of Youngstown, looking for the Ohio Turnpike, his face wrinkling with his smiles as he talked about how smoothly the bus could cruise along doing 75. Fuzzy is as thin, as shiny and as sharp as the A string on a steel guitar. He tried to explain about Merle's syndicated television show. The budget was very good but there were too many options involved, too many little clauses which would have tied Merle down. Fuzzy is pretty smart when it comes to the country music business, a little snooping around in Hollywood later revealed that old Fuzzy had made verbal commitments to no fewer than three separate "exclusive" TV deals at the same time. When the Big Boys found out what was happening, they came up with a couple of fast, phony excuses and dropped the whole thing.

The bus hit the turnpike, whistling through the drizzle and the refracted glare and the whirr of rubber treads. For those raised on the road, for those who cannot give an easy answer to that simple question, "where are you from?", there is no experience more haunting than looking through a windshield at that fast, dark road alive with its murmuring chimeras and its ghosts. Several different loudspeakers filled the bus with the tape recorded sounds of Merle's voice and after a few miles you began to feel that electric music getting down into your bones, the Strangers all pickin' and pluckin' and bendin' them strings as your foot beat time with the thump of the tires over the joints in the pavement, with the drums, with the whine of the steel guitar, with all that internal combustion, all that e-lectricity, making you want to let out a whoop into the wind and the speed and that sleeping America out there in the blur—eee-ya-ha! Gen-er-*a*-tor!

At dawn the bus stopped at the entrance to the Chicago Skyway. It was windy and damp and cold. Everyone got out to stretch and to pee and to get containers of coffee. And then out of the mists came another bus zipping along the wet and sibilant highway. It was another busful of musicians out on the road, hitting the civic auditoriums and the stadiums and the county fairs and the recreation parks. You can see them out on the freeways during the summer months, bit name outfits, unknowns driving station wagons with their instruments in small trailers, amateurs like the Czech Dancers' Polka Club, from Metamora, Ohio.

The Strangers all turned their heads, watching as James Brown and his boys passed them at the fork in the road; two busfuls of American soul, one heading north, the other west. One black, one country, but both sharing the same glories and the same problems; talent, fame, money; sex, booze and drugs; the fans, lack of sleep, self-doubt.

Merle was very concerned that the blacks should be so different. If their color changed overnight it wouldn't matter much. Thoughtfully, he suggested that since they are so outstandingly different from other races, perhaps they originally came from another planet. Or maybe it was us whites who came from another planet. The point was, why haven't the blacks bettered themselves after 300 years in the United States? Most of them just don't give a damn. Like those Indians out on those reservations. Only one in 100 even tries to rise above his surroundings. They go out and spend all their government money on liquor, color TV sets and new pickup trucks. They actually prefer living in a shack and shitting on the ground.

Fuzzy and the Strangers are all convinced

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that if we don't stop the Communists in Hanoi we'll have to stop them in San Francisco. Merle said Vietnam is a mess. None of them on the bus really knew anything about Communism. But Americans must have faith in the decisions of the United States government which was elected by majority vote, because that's what democracy is all about. Americans should obey the government. It always knows what's best to do.

He was disturbed that some back East might consider him a fascist troubadour. *Okie From Muskogee* just said a few things that needed to be said. *The Fightin' Side of Me* was written deliberately but only because he had to come out with another song for a new album. He worked hard at it and finished it in a few days. But then he put a cap on the whole thing with *Jesus Lead Us Through*. He knew it wouldn't sell very well. Gospel music never does.

The talk turned to religion. Merle was upset to learn that a nonbeliever was riding on his own bus. "You seem like a pretty intelligent fella. How can you sit there and say you're an atheist?" He listened very politely to the explanation, his face soft and interested.

And then the bus arrived at the Holiday Inn in East Peoria, Illinois. Five rooms were taken in a row, at the very back. Peoria? The top banana used to say, "I just got married." The second banana said, "What did you do that for?" And the first banana said: "It was raining. And we were playing Peoria."

It was five days with no structure, no order, no recognizable sequence. There was no such thing as breakfast time, time to sleep, time to work. Things happened, words were spoken, people came and went. Anyone would wake up anyone else at any time for any reason. Merle would go to bed at eight in the evening, sleep until one in the morning, practise his fiddle awhile, fool around with any of the strangers who were awake, flirt with the whores in the motel coffee shop, go back to bed at seven a.m. Sometimes he got up at dawn to play golf with Dennis, running races in their electric golf carts, laughing about the guy who raised hell about playing in cowboy boots because the sharp heels would tear up the green.

It was five nights of fantasy, of hick intrigue, adultery, sleeping pills, pep pills, booze. In the bar there was a six-foot lady organ player and her son who played the drums. There was a pretty blonde with a very stiff neck. On the other end of the motel, Lewis stashed away an orange-haired broad with a white pants suit and a purple vest with fringes hanging down to her big solid ass. He kept her hidden for two days for Merle's convenience. Motel maids got made while making motel beds. Bobby and Dennis shacked up with two sisters who dug swapping. There were whispers and gestures and phone calls. A Cadillac without a muffler pulled in and out. Everyone brought back pieces of steak for Way We, Bonnie's miniature fox terrier, and took turns chasing her all over the parking lot when she escaped.

Norm Hamlet is quiet, moody and sentimental. He plays the steel guitar and doubles sometimes on the dobro and the banjo. Biff Adam is as big and round and fat, as loud and as empty as his own bass drum. Dennis Hromek is cool and won't talk about himself very much. He is tall and quite handsome but he has a large cavity in the middle of his two front teeth which is the size of a .22-caliber bullet hole. One of Bobby Wayne's eyes is slightly walled and both of them are always red. His hair grows down over the back of his neck in tight thick curls. His jaws are as wide and as thick as a diamond back rattler's. He has been playing in bars and clubs since he was 15 and has already been married four times.

Roy Nichols has been with the Strangers six years. He knew Merle back when they played Las Vegas together making $175 a week. He has been picking guitars since he was a kid, his face scarred and worn, stained and corroded by the liquor and the pills, the gigs and the miles. Lewis Tally serves as bus driver, messenger, buddy, fetcher, arranger. He was nonchalant about the carousings, convinced that Bonnie always knows what's going on but just never says anything. Besides, she's done a little roaring in her time. When asked if the girl in room 285 had had anything to eat all day, he cheerfully admitted he didn't reckon so.

And Bonnie. Poor Bonnie. The mother of them all. She always knew who was hungry, who was tired, who had troubles. She doled out Merle's vitamin pills. She handed out advances. She paid for rooms and ordered meals. Merle called her a "gosh darn dad burn good mamma". Bonnie Owens is her professional name; she was once the wife of Buck Owens. She is a country singer in her own right and has any number of albums to her credit, each with a glamour picture showing her in a different wig. She has two grown sons by Owens that she raised with the help of her mother. One of them is getting to be a star on his own under the name Buddy Alan. Bonnie is over 40 now and beginning to go deaf. She is trying to raise a second family, the four children Merle has by Leona. Merle is 33. At the motel, when she sat in the room in hair curlers and slacks, she looked like any ordinary housewife from anywhere.

Five days and five nights in Peoria.

During a discussion of pollution Merle solemnly declared that the catfish is the world's oldest living mammal.

At two in the morning, Merle called up a broad that Lewis had set up for him, promising to get away soon. Biff was passed out drunk in his clothes, the curtain open, the lights on. Six or seven people congregated along the curb behind the motel, rapping about the music business, Merle hunkering down on his heels in that old country position. A girl stood in the open doorway of Roy's room, shy, embarrassed and ignored as he talked to some of the boys on the sidewalk a few feet away. Roy said she was afraid of getting pregnant. So Roy told her, in that case she'd just have to go down on him.

And then Merle was dressed in a $400 suit, custom-made in Hollywood, the bottoms flared and cut at a diagonal to expose the $300 cowboy boots made of rattlesnake hides and fitted with walking heels, very low tops and elastic sides. He stared down at the writer's battered pair of Murrays' space shoes that were moulded around the remains of a motor cycle foot. Laconically, he drawled: "Man. Them shoes jes ain't gonna git it."

Bobby ducked into the writer's room with an off-duty maid, hiding from one of the swapping sisters who had returned for another round. Dennis was bored, took a pill and went right out of the picture, flat on his back with the TV blaring and four people in the room talking. The sister frowned and asked Lewis if he felt like doing anything. He said, yes. They went out. The other sister arrived in a jalopy car. Bonnie was watching TV. Merle and the writer went to the bar where Jeanine and Steve were playing the organ and the drums.

Merle had worked with her years ago in a joint in Fairbanks, Alaska. Hearing about Lewis being stuck alone with two wild sisters, he suddenly said, "Go get them". So Lewis and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

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The Sex-Life Letters

From an unbridled anthology recently published in hardback, a selection from the mail that made Forum Magazine famous*

The spice of life

My wife and I believe that variety is the spice of sex life, and during a period of six happy and faithful years of marriage we have developed a number of stimulating sex games which insure against the possibility of monotony occurring through adherence to a basic pattern of straight-forward intercourse.

To begin with, my wife is multi-orgasmic and to assist her to reach two or three climaxes before actual sexual union we obtained a rubber dildo with which I masturbate her in the preliminary stages of our lovemaking. This instrument, which is a great source of satisfaction to her, is a beautifully made and accurate replica of the erect penis with a hollow rubber bulb at its base which holds about a third of a cup of fluid. It is filled by squeezing the air from it and then dipping the tip of the dildo into a glass of warm milk or cream; the liquid is expelled by pressure on the bulb, ejaculating it in rhythmic squirts into the vagina in simulation of the male orgasm.

Soon after we had acquired it my wife discovered, by experiment, that she could excite herself during my daytime absence by "wearing" the dildo inside herself, holding it in place with tight latex rubber briefs. Thus inserted and maintained in position, only the bulb protrudes into the crotch of her briefs. These latter, being of stretch material, allow a slight in-and-out movement of the dildo as she moves about, and at the same time they provide a pleasantly erotic sensation in the general sexual region. (The feel of tight rubber panties alone is sufficient to bring my wife to orgasm when she is in a sexy mood.) In this manner she can enjoy a leisurely, prolonged, and controlled period of self-stimulation as she goes about her housework and shopping, and when at last orgasm cannot be held back a moment longer the dildo may be made to squirt its fluid by squeezing the bulb tightly between the tops of her thighs.

Needless to say, climaxes have occurred in some pretty unusual situations, such as at a bus stop and in a supermarket, but these occasions my wife regards as being exciting rather than embarrassing, enjoying, as she does, the secret pleasure of experiencing ecstatic sexual bliss unknown to the people around her. This pleasure is heightened by the fact that she is obliged to keep a tight rein on her physical response to the moment, though she finds a slight rhythmic movement of the hips to be inevitable.

This "game", however, takes on its plural aspect when it takes place with my knowledge and in my presence among the company of others who are not, of course, "in the know". We both find it to be a most stimulating practice for my wife to wear her dildo when we have friends in for drinks or dinner, especially if I have had the pleasure of inserting it for her before they arrive. During the course of the evening, as she becomes more and more worked up by the movement of the dildo in her vagina and by the tactile stimulation of her rubber briefs, I note with rising excitement the tiny telltale signs of her increasing response, and when at last slightly flushed, she smiles at me and indicates by a sign that orgasm is imminent or squeezes my hand and whispers "Darling, I'm coming—now!" my own reaction brings me close to the heights of a climax in turn. Believe me, by the time our guests have departed we are more than ready to strip each other nude and to consummate our excitement in an act of furious coupling.

The point, however, is this. Contrary to the conclusions that may be drawn from the above, none of these things is *essential* to our sexual activity, which consists for 95% of the time of ordinary sexual congress. At the most we believe ourselves to be sensualists, enjoying the feel of tactile stimuli, whether from objects, clothing, or certain acts, as an enhancement to normal sexual appetites and satisfaction. And our games are not an end in themselves, a substitute, but are rather the salt and pepper of an honest and faithful sex life. We do nothing that we do not both enjoy, and we commend our attitude to married couples who seek happiness in this sphere.

P.B.

Lesbian experience

I have been happily married for six years and my husband and I are suited sexually: we have intercourse at least three times a week. For the past four months, however, my husband has been in hospital and, as a result, I have been very frustrated sexually.

My friend Jean, whom I have known since schooldays and who is unmarried, came to spend a weekend with me as I was alone in the house. On the first night after I had had a bath, I put on a mini-dress with nothing underneath and I was sitting in an armchair in front of the fire drinking sherry. My friend was sitting in front of me on the floor with her head resting against my knees. We had both been drinking too much and were rather drunk. The conversation gradually got around to sex and I was telling how much I missed my husband. She asked me if I masturbated and I told her I did but that it brought very little relief. She said "I don't like to see you like this. Do you think it would help if I relieved you?"

I didn't answer. I had never thought of anything like this before. I know I should have refused but it seemed as if I was helpless. Still squatting on the floor in front of me Jean turned and faced me and slowly pushed my knees apart. She was very surprised that I was naked underneath. She began rubbing my genitals, gently pulling the lips apart, then squeezing them together and rubbing my clitoris, until I reached a state of excitement I had never known with my husband. She did various other things to me including the insertion of a candle for masturbation purposes. We made love the entire weekend.

After this experience, does that make me a confirmed lesbian or can I recapture the enjoyment I have experienced with my husband when he returns from hospital?

Mrs. M.T.

Mrs. M.T.'s enjoyment does not mean at all that she has become a confirmed lesbian. In her husband's enforced absence in hospital she is in much the same position as men in prisons who, normally heterosexual, have homosexual relations with a fellow prisoner, because this is the only sexual outlet available. Such men, except in a very few cases revert to their heterosexual activities after their release.—F.

Fantasies

My husband becomes sexually excited by fantasies of watching another man making passionate love to me, although so far this has not happened.

It all started after we had watched a blue movie at the house of some friends. The main actor was a man of huge proportions which I found very exciting. That night all my husband could talk about, as he was fondling me, was the sight of that huge penis thrusting in and out of the woman. Still being sexually aroused, I was absolutely wet—more so than I can ever remember before.

As our lovemaking progressed he spoke about seeing that huge penis penetrating into me, giving such descriptions and details that I was quickly brought to a shattering climax.

Now, whenever we make love (about four or five times a week) he excites me, and himself, by saying how much he would like to see a penis of huge proportions enter fully into me and to watch the expression on my face.

The thought of being made love to by another such well-endowed man does have an attraction but how does one approach another man and say "make love to me while my husband watches"? Although my husband says he would like to see such a performance, how would he really take it if fantasy became reality?

Mrs. V.M

One of the problems of sexually adjusting in marriage stems from the fact that so much of sexuality is not concerned with reality, but with fantasies.

Though many surveys exploded the myth that the size of the penis has anything to do with sexual satisfaction, it is obvious that the fantasy is still a very stimulating one. In this particular case, one is really dealing with infantile memories of "huge adults". This is similar to children's dreams in which giants appear. Though actual witness of parental intercourse in infancy is probably commoner than we imagine, the thought of Father's "huge" penis sliding in and out of Mother's "huge" vulva is probably just an Oedipal fantasy. If this is indeed its origin, the fantasy may well be much more exciting, and less liable to cause unhappiness, than the attempt to act it out.

Some people find that acting out a fantasy is often a disappointment and reduces the

**The Sex-Life Letters*, published by J. P. Tarcher, Inc., Los Angeles.*

stimulating potential of the fantasy. —H.G.

Hooked on fish

As one who is highly sexed, I am also stimulated greatly by the sight and smell of wet fish. When at school, I was errand boy for a fishmonger and his wife. She embodied all that seemed sexy in a woman, large firm breasts and two lovely long legs. One day she caught me masturbating and, as a result, on occasion did it to me, while in turn, she made me kneel and put my head up her skirt and perform cunnilingus. There was a delightfully warm fishy smell in the shop which was analogous to the odor of her genitals.

So now whenever I pass a fish shop with the fish glistening on the slab, I get a terrific erection. Would this reaction be considered a fetish?

G.P.

Night shift

Some ten years ago, when I was 25, I was a nurse in a large London hospital, and masturbation of the younger male patients by us nurses was then at its height.

There were four of us who indulged freely in this practice, although of course we had to be discreet and selected our fortunate victims very carefully for fear of discovery.

I used to get a tremendous thrill, as I still do, from stroking a limp penis to erection, and with the sight and feel of the flowing semen, I experienced a climax which is completely satisfying, not requiring any self-manipulation whatever.

In fact, I was a virgin, and completely untouched intimately by any male, until my wedding night, and yet I had man-handled dozens of penises during my teens and early 20s; my excitement being derived purely from the feel of a penis in my hands, followed by the sight of the seminal fluid.

My own fetish goes even further than I have described in that I found very early on that I definitely preferred the sight and feel of a circumcised penis; the bare, unprotected head looks so vulnerable and somehow helpless that I cannot resist playing with it to watch the ensuing orgasm. My husband, who has seen this letter, is a "round-head" and can certainly vouch for this. Also I think the circumcised glans has a nice clean, dry appearance, and I feel much more inclined to suck the penis to ejaculation.

Before I got married, my breasts were a constant source of embarrassment, being almost nonexistent, and barely filling an A cup. However, once married and consuming a far more frequent and regular oral intake of semen, my bust size went from 34 to 37 inches in 18 months. Of course, I intend to maintain this vital statistic, and many a happy evening is spent with my hubby lying on the sofa, trying, not too successfully, to watch TV while I am lying between his thighs, teasing and playing with fingers and tongue, sometimes for hours at a time.

I hope female readers may benefit from what I know to be a surefire formula for keeping both yourself and your man happy.

Mrs. L.R.

Family love

Sharing a bedroom with my two brothers, I took part in sexplay with them from an early age. I was ten when I first experienced full intercourse with my eldest brother (then 13), and I subsequently became very active with my brothers and their friends, usually in group situations. At puberty I withdrew from this promiscuity, but continued and deepened my intimacy with my brothers.

The time came when we left home and went our separate ways (although I have retained a sexual relationship with them spasmodically), and I eventually met and married my husband. Our love life has been quite satisfactory, and we have a son of 12 and a little girl of five.

My husband is fairly frequently away on business and it was during one of these business trips, a few weeks ago, that when looking in on the children last thing in the evening, I noticed my boy had almost lost his bedclothes. I went to tuck him in—he was sound asleep—and found myself becoming aroused by the sight and feel of his passive naked body with his first soft down of public hair.

I was unable to resist kissing and then sucking his penis, and was rewarded by inducing a hard erection. I repeated this practice on several subsequent nights and brought him to a climax each time without awakening him.

On the last occasion my husband was away my boy awoke with a nightmare and to comfort him I took him into my bed. I was awakened later to find that he was against me rubbing his erect penis against my hips. I was able to maneuver myself, while feigning sleep, to enable him to enter my vagina from behind and achieve an ejaculation soon afterward. I now do not know whether to continue my secret (from him?) relationship, or to make open advances.

What is so wrong in complete family love? Incest is only a problem when pregnancies result, and I am safely on the Pill. As far as emotional problems are concerned, I can only cite my own case, where I feel sure I have a more richly satisfying sex life than the majority of "morally perfect" women.

Mrs. J.P

Good vibes

My girlfriend and I have recently purchased a vibrator and are amazed at its effectiveness in producing female orgasm.

Formerly, although we were both fully satisfied with our sex life, my partner did not find orgasm easy to attain. During lovemaking, she would usually have one orgasm, however long I was able to continue thrusting, even with simultaneous clitoral stimulation by hand. Even when she failed to have orgasm, she was however quite relaxed and happy, and we acquired the vibrator in a lighthearted, experimental mood.

We now find that her orgasm capability has increased enormously. On the first trial, she came to full orgasm after I had rubbed her clitoris with the vibrator for about 10 seconds—manual stimulation usually takes her about five to ten minutes to orgasm. Moreover, whereas she is usually "turned off" after one manual orgasm, she enjoys up to half a dozen within a few minutes with the vibrator.

We have now evolved the following way of combining the use of the vibrator with our usual lovemaking.

She kneels on the bed, with several pillows under her belly, and while I thrust into her from the rear entry position, she masturbates herself with the vibrator. She has two or three orgasms right away, by which time I have to withdraw to avoid coming too soon. On withdrawal I take the vibrator from her, and masturbate her with it from behind, rubbing it on the clitoris and occasionally thrusting it into her. By the time she has come, I can usually enter her again for a while, and when I am about to come, we repeat the process. There is virtually no limit to how long this can continue—a few nights ago we kept it up for several hours, and eventually she seemed to be having just one long orgasm.

As a result of our favorable experience, we would certainly recommend the vibrator to any woman who is having difficulty attaining orgasm.

D.M.

Trick of the trade

My wife and I enjoy the many delights of fellatio and cunnilingus, and I have recently overcome a problem which was shortening these happy interludes.

While adopting the 69 position, I was having great difficulty in breathing and frequently had to "Come up for air." which lessened the enjoyment for my wife.

After a great deal of thought, I procured a nose snorkel which I made from an ordinary swimmer's snorkel, a dissected Guy Fawkes mask and plenty of sticking tape. Held in place by elastic, it enables us to spend many happy hours at our favorite hobby.

L.K.

Patent pending, we presume?—F.

Thumb sucker

My wife has always derived a great deal of pleasure from the act of sucking in fellatio. This made me wish very much that I could experience the sensation, but as I could not bear another man's penis in my mouth it did not seem possible. Then my wife had a wonderful idea. She put her thumb inside her vagina, and then let me suck her thumb. We were both amazed at how exciting it was, and she actually achieved a climax. Do other men experience this desire to suck or am I unusual?

R.S.

Orange man

I am 64 years of age and have been married for more than 35 years. Recently, for the first time since my marriage, I have spent two weeks alone. My wife took a short holiday with a woman friend.

While she was away I indulged in the most wonderful sexual experimentation, although not with another woman. I turned the clock back 50 years and masturbated every day, as I did when I was 14.

I cut a hole through an orange and inserted my penis into the pith and juice . . . believe me, no vagina can produce such a sensation. I then applied lots of hot water and soap.

Please do not print my name and address as I am a respectable citizen of this town and a sidesman at our local church.

Sideman

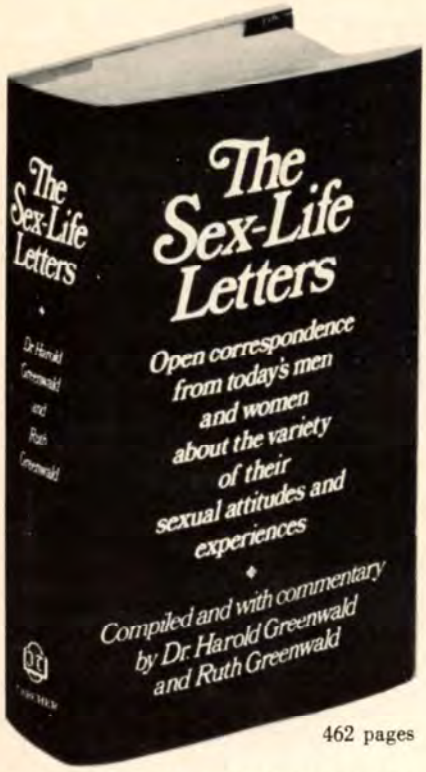
Icy love

Letters concerning the embellishment of wives' erogenous zones with various forms of confectionery reminded me of occasions when my wife enjoyed being penetrated by an ice-cold sherry decanter stopper of about two inches in diameter.

From an outside viewpoint it really would seem quite kinky but when we do it, it seems perfectly ordinary and natural, as in fact, acts between lovers in pursuit of mutal enjoyment are.

B.L.

This is about a book that can open up new avenues of sexual communication for you and the one you love.



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The book is called THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS. The correspondents are hundreds of people from a variety of social backgrounds who reveal with total honesty their sexual experiences and their emotional responses to them. They share secrets that most of us would be afraid or embarrassed to tell our most intimate friends. In doing so, they demonstrate, as never before, that in sexual matters no one is alone, no feeling or desire unique.

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A Note From The Editors

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PRINCE OF WAILS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

I got a chance to ask Vivian Janov.

"I heard Dr. Lindon was trying to verify some of the claims and he wasn't allowed in."

Vivian said he was only doing a book review. She thought he could do that without talking to anybody. He had an opportunity to go to the professional meeting the Janovs had held at El Rodeo School. "I don't want to argue with the guy." She sighed. "It's hard to explain. I asked him on the telephone if this thing felt right to him. If primal therapy *felt right*. And he said, 'No'. When someone says that to me then I already know where they are."

In other words, Vivian Janov, at least for the time being, wants only friendly critics around. Unfriendly critics could hurt them badly, especially any with first-hand knowledge. Says a Pasadena psychologist, Dr. Edwin Krauser: "Reliving your primal scene isn't all that new. We've called it by other names: regression, abreaction, induced psychosis. But damn it, we really have to be careful with it." If a critic like Krauser saw a patient at The Primal Institute freak out—and not freak back in again—that would be damaging. Does such a thing happen? I have the testimony of one ex-patient who spent three full weeks at the Institute and then some. She says: "Janov's method takes you apart but he leaves you there and there is nobody to put you together again. He tears down your defenses and doesn't bother with you any more."

Apparently, the presence of other professionals, particularly if they are analysts, bothers the Janovs. I know one analyst who was enthusiastic enough about Janov's apparent results to apply for training. Vivian Janov discouraged the analyst by making impossible demands: terminate the practice of psychoanalysis and spend two-to-three years at the Primal Institute. "I think you understand," she told me by way of explanation, "we're not going to go through six months of training someone and then have them go off to Wilshire Blvd. and become primal therapists on my . . . uh . . my energy."

As a matter of fact, Vivian's fears were not misplaced. Two of Janov's best Certified Primal Therapists and six of the trainees recently broke away from the Institute and began their own Center For Feeling Therapy in Los Angeles (though not on Wilshire Blvd.). That schism cut Janov's strength in half and now Janov has almost stopped admitting private patients altogether (some 2,500 to 3,000 apply each month) to concentrate on the training of mental health professional and graduate students who can raise the $6,000 training fee and who intend to become Primal Therapists—under the aegis of Art and Vivian Janov.

Another defense by Vivian. "We have a book," she said, "which is more than any analyst or psychiatrist or practitioner in this entire country has, stating what the therapy is. Has John Lindon written a book about what he does when he shuts the door? And how many people has he cured? The point is that we're saying what we do. There's nothing secretive. There isn't a practitioner in Beverly Hills who's written a manual on what he does. I can *tell* you what they do, too. There are reports from our patients about sexual misconduct among professionals that would make someone's hair stand on end. If I wanted to do something about it, I could write a 500-page book on local practitioners."

Vivian Janov was tired, tired of the criticism, tired of the interviews like this one with me. I told her people have to expect attacks when they come out with something new, something different. "As Harry Truman said, 'If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen.'"

"Right," said Vivian. "That's exactly what I'm going to do. Exactly. You're the last person."

WHERE THE ENERGY GOES

I had one more session with the Janovs—poolside late one idyllic afternoon at their modern digs towards the top of Benedict Canyon. I showed them as much of my article about them as you have just seen. They read it avidly but with somewhat less than full attention, for they were distracted by my photographer, Ina Balin, a beauteous actress who was focusing into a subsidiary career with her expensive Leicas.

Art Janov was dazzled by Ina, by her wide, almond-shaped eyes, by her mobile mouth and her hearty laughter and her frank interest in him. Art used up a good deal of energy for the rest of the afternoon playing goo-goo eyes with Ina. He seemed to have a hard time concentrating on the business at hand, which was to convince me that he wasn't as much of a charlatan who could work miracles as I had represented him to be.

Halfway through reading the piece, Art's pleasure with my accurate descriptions of primal therapy turned to pain. It was Dr Walter's skepticism. Sure, Dr Walter was an eminent authority in one of the nation's leading brain institutes. But the annals of medicine, he said, are filled with stories about learned men who, for all their learning (perhaps because of it), resist new ideas.

"I never suggest to my patients that they have birth primals," he said. "They just happen. They're authentic. The patients spew forth fluids, just like new-born babies. And after every one of these birth primals, I can document brainwave changes, three-degree drops in body temperature. How can you simulate that?"

Then why didn't he let professionals examine the raw data? Janov said he'd taken steps to do precisely that. He said he'd invited the National Institute of Mental Health to come and see. And he showed me a carbon copy of a note to T. George Harris, editor of *Psychology Today*. "I won't show Dr. Lindon the data," the letter said in effect, "but I will show it to you." (Janov made good on that promise.)

Then, precisely at the point when I was ready to take his scientific claims more seriously, he suggested I regard the endorsement of that well-known authority on psychosomatic medicine, John Lennon. "Quote John Lennon," Janov urged. "Check and see what he said about me in *Ramparts*."

"OK," I said, "I'll check."

Art nodded at me, hoping that a quote from a famous man, any famous man, would do, but knowing deep down that it wouldn't. Abruptly, he stood, pushed back his deck chair, put his right hand to his forehead and disappeared into the house. My fantasy was that he left in order to have a quiet little cry, a mini-primal, and I was suddenly struck by the strange relationship that takes hold when a man of the media confronts a man of the mountain. Each of us, I thought, was cast in roles we couldn't avoid: he, the scientist who needed to gain recognition; I, a writer who could help him get it—on one condition: that I be allowed to strip him naked.

Merle Haggard

CONTINUED FROM PAGE128

broads were fetched. The soft-spoken blonde with the dislocated neck and the sister in the shorts, the leotards and the dyed red hair got into a polite, strained conversation. Tourists interrupted to ask Merle to autograph cocktail napkins. Jeanine got him to sing a pop number with her at the organ. He muffed it to wild applause. Merle left without paying the check. "As ah go out, you follow me with them two broads. You got it?" The writer hustled away the two sisters, circumnavigating the motel building and then blundering right into Bonnie on her way to the coffee shop. The casual greeting was not very effective. The swapping sisters gawked over their shoulders despite hissed warnings of requisite coolness. The corner was gained, then the stairway, the balcony and room 285. And there was the purple-fringed, big-assed broad. And there was Lewis, smiling, drunk and delighted. Merle knocked.

When the writer reported the interception, Merle about-faced and left. Another knock. The purple fringe's boy friend arrived, responding to her phone call. He was wavy-haired, tall, mod-dressed with a long scar on his cheek. He chewed bubblegum. It was not a party. There were no introductions, no greetings, no smoothing of the awkwardness. It was a scene out of a slapstick western, everybody ready to make a fast draw just when the projector got stuck. Another knock. Jeanine arrived, having been invited by Merle for a drink. Lewis was grinning happily. The broad was furious and kept reaming out Lewis. Because the snuff, salty truth of it all was this: Merle manipulates people and uses them coldly and selfishly. Lewis grinned, offered her a drink and explained how he was the first one to record Merle's music when he owned Tally Records and how Merle is a pretty good old boy. The broad was still furious.

At the Heart of Illinois Fair they did three shows, filling the grandstands with a crowd of 7,000 each time. Merle dedicated the "Working Man's Blues" to all the working men in the audience. He mentioned that he has sung songs about drunks and ex-convicts and other shady characters as the Strangers pointed at him behind his back in a cornball routine. He yelled out, "Any drunks out there?" There was a scattered whoop or two. "Any ex-cons out there?" There was silence.

Bobby's eyes were still bleary and red as he sang a number he wrote, dedicated to gas station attendants everywhere: "Harold's Super Service". Flashing his .22 caliber smile, Dennis made a public service announcement. "Bobby and I are in room 307 at the Holiday Inn, East Peoria." There was a guffaw from the crowd. During the first performance, three young hippies sat close to the edge of the stage, clutching square pieces of cardboard. With deliberate show, they were blasting away on hand-rolled cigarettes of dark brown paper. When Merle started in on "Okie from Muskogee" the crowd let out a burst of applause and cheers, the longhairs applauding louder than all the rest, one waving an American flag on a stick, two holding their placards up over their heads, all of them holding their cigarettes in pouted lips, their cheeks hollow. One of the signs said: "Tell it like it is, Merle."

As soon as the show was over, two burly deputy sheriffs pushed their way forward through the crowd. The kids tried to split but the fuzz grabbed them and they all went into a long huddle. The kids were then released. The reefers were phony.

During the second show another group of five young hippies sat in the front row next to the stage, one of them with a large feather stuck in his headband. When Merle started in on *Okie*, the kids stood up and quietly walked out. Merle gave them a frowning look. The crowd caught it and stood up in a mass, spontaneous ovation.

Just as he was about to go on stage for the last show, news was received that a race riot had broken out in South Peoria. Half of the security force on the fair grounds was quietly pulled off for emergency duty. Merle was visibly shaken. Confused at this rude break in his routine, he turned his head in an aside that came booming through the speakers. "Shall I tell 'em what's happenin'?" There was an awkward pause. He turned back to the mike and announced, emphatic, uptight and uncool: "It seems like they're burnin' the whole town." One of the fair officials came out immediately. In matter-of-fact tones, he announced that the mayor had declared a curfew until six a.m. for everyone under 21 years of age. All service stations were forbidden to sell gasoline in containers.

Merle tried to follow the established routines of his act. He said Bobby and Dennis had just finished a song called "Take Your Love and Jam It Up Your Heart". There were guffaws. Bobby sang "Harold's Super Service". Merle did "Mama Tried". But the crowd was restless. A few groups of people were getting up to leave. The Strangers faltered, nervous, uncertain. A voice yelled out, "Sing 'God Bless America' ". Merle tried to joke his way out of it but the voice persisted. Merle skipped his imitations and went right into "Okie from Muskogee".

People were getting up from the stands and leaving. Family groups slowly shuffled into the lines forming at the exits. There was tension in the air, confusion, fear. No one knew exactly what was happening; the spectre of flames, snipers, mobs and tear gas hung in front of the stage in a clouded surreal image that was only physically invisible. Somewhere on the other side of town there were sirens, bullhorns, radios communicating, screams, shots, curses.

But Merle kept singing and picking his guitar.

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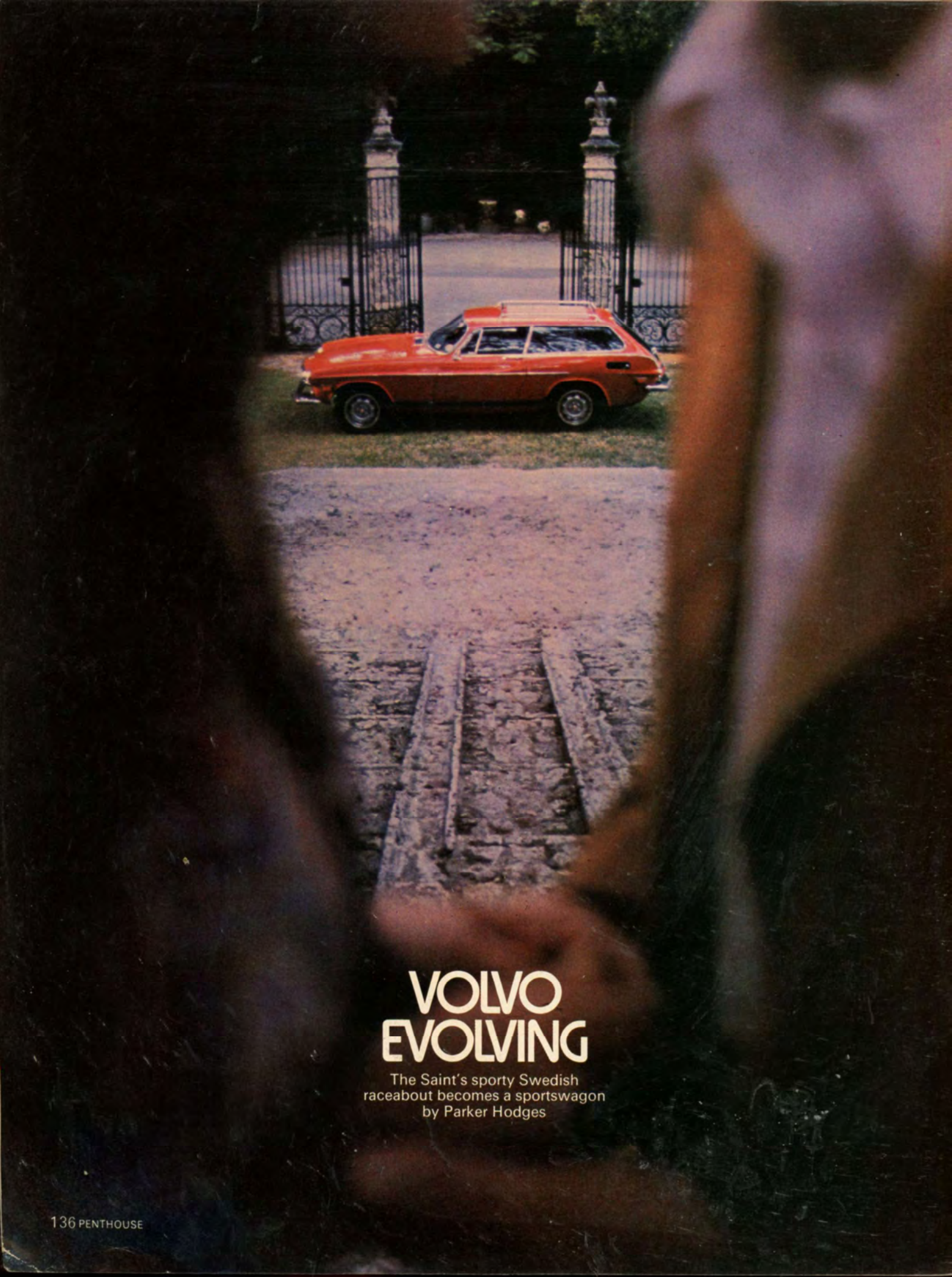

VOLVO EVOLVING

The Saint's sporty Swedish raceabout becomes a sportswagon

by Parker Hodges

IN a Biscayne Bay palm grove, a pause for appreciation of lines. Under the skin the 1800ES has four powered disk brakes to slow it fast from a top speed of about 120. *Right:* Formal gardens at Vizcaya set off Volvo sharpness. Luggage capacity is boosted by roofrack. Other 1800ES pluses include standard radial tires, rugged heater, and fuel injection monitored by electric sensors that allow for air and coolant temperature

photos by Doug Mesney

The best of friends must part, as the old song said, and The Saint isn't seeing much of his trusty Volvo P.1800 these days. Changes have come over both of their lives. Roger Moore, who played the engaging Galahad in the TV series, is busy undergoing a transmogrification into moviedom's next James Bond. And the P.1800? Well, it has been through several mild changes of identity and specification in its long and esteemed career, but none so thoroughgoing as the latest. Today the car is known as the 1800ES and the ever-elegant body has been adjusted to meet a new concept: the sportswagon. The roof no longer curves down to join the jaunty line of the trunk. Instead it extends in wagon style the full length of the car, and an impressive full-width window completes the rear end. It's a substantial change to the classic outline of the car, and an even bigger change to the interior, which now accommodates two passengers and—with the rear seatback folded down—a creditable 35 cubic feet of stowage space for gear. Or with the seatback up, there's room for four passengers and still a lot of luggage. Some people may regret the lost profile of the original sports model, but by way of compensation the practical Swedes have provided one of the handsomest rear windows in autodom: a glistening frameless shell that swings up at the turn of a key for easy loading, aided by cylinders of compressed gas on either side. What's more, the window has fine wires embedded in the glass to defrost it on frozen mornings or defog it on cold evenings, and like the rest of the 1800ES glass it's tinted. The number, by the way, is a bit misleading, as the engine is now a full two-litre, and it also has electronic fuel injection. An overdrive is standard on Volvo's manual gearchange model, but there's a Borg-Warner automatic transmission too. Gruff, genial Kaj Bern of Volvo's Florida office believes the sportswagon style could be the sports car of the future: "It gives sports-car owners a luxury they could never have before—space." And of course the 1800ES still gets a real move on. Looks as though, if The Saint were starting again, he'd do his dashing about in an 1800ES.

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