

# PENTHOUSE

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JOHN & YOKO: SEX IS  
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT  
PRINCE CHARLES IN GEAR  
PENTHOUSE CLUB  
PREVIEWED AND THE  
DIRTIEST BOOK IN THE  
WORLD!





Gubernatorial candidate Leary: Enough acid-heads to elect him?



Artist Skaggs and mobile domicile: But no room to paint

thousands of later converts will turn out to make their mark on anything as unpsychedelic as a ballot form depends on how much they can be radicalized between now and November of next year.

The good doctor may just decide to concentrate this time on persuading his followers to infiltrate an existing party. The Peace & Freedom Party would appear to be a logical choice until it's remembered how uptight they were about accepting even merry Jerry Rubin in the presidential campaign. P & F is dominated by puritanical, dogmatic Marxists and New Leftists most of whom are as down on drugs as the existing authorities.

The Democrats, who were responsible for the present repressive marijuana laws, seem even less likely to hand Dr. Leary the nomination, so that leaves the Republicans—Riotgun Ronnie's own party—some of whose younger members, indeed, equate conservatism with personal freedom.

Leary says he'd prefer to avoid all the old structures if he can. "We can't lose," he told the *Berkeley Barb*. "We're the majority. If you take all the astrologers, occultists, turned-on blacks, Third World people, students, acid and rock freaks and other assorted dissatisfied individuals, we're 75% of the state. Anyone who wants to help should trip out his own constructive vision of the future. Stay high and you'll be contacted."

Despite the fact that Tim, through the propagation of LSD, has probably changed more minds than any other individual in this century, he denies that he will be running a drug campaign. "My purpose is to turn on the world," he promises, "but my politics will be based on a system of rewards instead of punishments. Make people happy." This includes rightwingers and policemen—whose salaries will be tripled. Of course, marijuana will be legalized, but smokers would pay a head tax of \$1000 per year—considerably less than drinkers pay in hidden taxes for their alcohol.

On these and other matters Tim has been doing some hard thinking. Long underestimated by people who haven't met him, he's one of the most constructive thinkers in America, and tuned in to an incredibly diffuse network of intellectuals and activists in governmental, scientific, psychological and radical circles. Hundreds of rich heads owe their new

lease on life to a weekend at the rambling Millbrook mansion, and the millionaire Hitchcock family who donated Millbrook to the cause remain devoted backers.

Then there are the rock groups. Most of them are solidly behind the grass-roots candidate, and at least a score of them will be accompanying his campaign train as it heads through the state this fall spreading the joyous message. As for a campaign song, John Lennon contributed one called *Come Together Join the Party* (Don't come alone/Come together /It's the only way to come).

At present Leary, a native of California for 23 years, is working on a 10-point program to deal with the state's problems, everything from smog to alcohol, but he vows that when elected he'll do as little as possible.

"The government that does the least is the one that does the best," he affirms.

### Hippie beggars

The freedom to do one's thing is so generally accepted in the hippie community that nobody bothers to tell the whining beggars, male and female, that they're a drag. Not that it would make any difference. One of the hazards of a permissive society is the number of parasites determined to live off the energy level of others.

That this is usually a much-derided conservative viewpoint is irrelevant: there's a difference between under-privileged families entitled to welfare and rich dropout kids who menace the good vibes of their communities by constantly importuning their brothers. If they're sincere about their vocation let them go and beg where the big money is; in fact better yet, let them accept those rejected allowances from affluent parents and pass them on to their less fortunate brothers.

### Destination: home

If, as has been rumored, some enterprising publisher comes up with a compendium of Hippy Homes & Gardens, then **Joey Skaggs**, 24, should be featured early in the series. Joey, an East Village painter, just sold his cluttered loft and even more crowded camper, and combined the furnishings of both into a re-conditioned bus which he now plans to make his mobile home.

The bus, a 33-foot 60-seater, cost him \$500 in a New Jersey junkyard, to which it had been consigned after nine years' trans-

porting children to and from school. The first thing Joey did was to rip out the seats, lay down a parquet floor and divide it into two rooms. He then spent two months and the \$3000 proceeds from his loft trying to accommodate his collection of antiques.

A partial list of contents: carved stone working fireplace with chimney; French armoire; rolltop desk; bookshelves; brass double bed; oak kitchen table and chairs; piano; 17th-century Italian tapestry; Victorian porcelain sink on pedestal; oak ice chest and antique cooking stove, both operating on butane gas; chemical toilet; shower equipped with 75-gallon water tank welded under the bus, heater and marine pump attached; and green velvet drapes.

Though now able to go anywhere along with his home, Joey lacks space to paint. So he's put down his last \$650 to buy an abandoned barge, moored on the Hudson River, which he plans to convert to a floating studio. He keeps a motorcycle on the bus to commute between them.

#### Irrelevancies

In the planning stages: a "cassette of the week" project in which short films will be processed for cheap easy showing in your home-projector . . . Wanna join a group marriage community? Write to them at Harrad West, 453 Eureka Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94114 . . . Fords Theatre in Washington spent thousands of dollars installing hard-bottomed seats, replicas of those in the theatre when Lincoln was shot, only to discover (after complaints from patrons) that asses are more tender today. Red velvet cushions have been ordered . . . Waiters seeking jobs at a new night club for women only in Osaka, Japan, have to sign affidavits that they're unmarried . . . A subtle way for Catholic women to protest the Pope's ruling on contraception is to mail empty pill containers to the local bishop each month, suggests Jim Robson in *The Chicago Voice* . . . The increasing need to process information internationally (when airlines settle accounts with each other, for example) is leading to greater reliance on computers "talking" to each other. Standardization of the way dates are listed will be next, the most likely system being: 1969, October 1 . . . "Religion—a structure we built to preserve the things we value" (Rita Greenfield). — **John Wilcock.**



**Wednesday's image:** Tuesday's came later



#### Kooky—and clicks

Heavy date coming up? New York's night-life falls into two broad categories: Niteries having all the necessities of a girl-ghetto gallery, and a few top-flight places which match for decor, style, and music anything you can find anywhere in the world. Currently head and front above other contenders in the first group is **Tuesday's**, on the old Third Avenue site of Joe King's Rathskeller. It arrived on the scene this season, and in a twinkling became the town's latest "in" spot. The phenomenon of queues in the street pressing for admission can only be partially explained by the power of publicity and fashion, and must ultimately be attributed to some mystique that defies analysis.

This new restaurant-discotheque, unveiled by a quartet of single young paragons of imagination named Al Stillman, Phil Sloves, Ben Benson and Ernest Kalman, whose virtuosity as

suggesters, servers and general pleasers is extraordinary, is one more operation in a celebrated chain known as **Wednesday's, Thursday's and Friday's**. The Justinian calendar notwithstanding, Friday's came first. Designed by Stillman as a midtown spa for swinging singles, it transformed First Avenue in the Sixties from just another neighborhood to "The Strip." It became a Mecca for mini-skirted airline stewardesses; Transylvanian diplomats, drop-outs from Mrs Finch's Finishing School, authors of greeting-card verse and runners-up in Faye Dunaway Look-Alike contests.

Friday's gave birth to Thursday's, where the "singles" motif prevailed in part, albeit in more sophisticated surroundings, and they added a dinner menu. By the time Thursday's was born, Stillman had a partner, Phil Sloves.

Now came the "fabric of a vision". It would not be a restaurant, discotheque, pub, tavern, boozeteria, volley-ball court, clam bar, wine-cheese-and-bread shop, flea market or penny arcade. It would, instead, be a lavish assortment of all these things and more. A superdiscotheque, a razzle-dazzling den of

din, an indoor festival, complete with Main Street, trees, brass band, stellar attractions, and many different kinds of food and drink, it would combine under one roof the smartened-up elements of the Kokomo State Fair, Oz, the Folies Bergere, Farmers' Market and one of Hugh Hefner's disturbed dreams.

To help create and operate Wednesday's, Stillman and Sloves took in third and fourth partners, Ben Benson and Ernest Kalman. Squandering a sum that might have added years and years to audacious living, they color-splashed the huge basement (if your sense of locality has a good memory, it will recall these broad stairs as leading to the old Tuxedo Ballroom), filled it with gags, glitter and girls, and jointly put the club's gaudy goodies on display. Again, the hip public liked what it saw.

Success just seemed to dog their every footstep. Once Wednesday's was launched, they opened what we presume to be their newest bauble, Tuesday's. This is a camp version of the Gay Nineties . . . or is it a kooky version of the Roaring Twenties. Whatever, nymphs out of old-time saloon art would fit nicely into the lively atmosphere. Tuesday's seems to have the requisites to lure 'em, too: shapely yumyums for hungry eyes, tricky, kicky embellishments, super-mini-clad dolls oscillating on old-fashioned swings suspended from the high ceilings, and discotheque dancing upstairs and down. All and everything conspires to enable the "swingles generation" to give into abandoned fun in a variety of high-styles, and the proprietors to giggle themselves all the way to the bank with brimming armloads of frukie-fresh. This keeps everybody happy.

#### Romance à la carte

If you're seeking pleasure-grounds that provide the right psychological moment with a doll, take her to a posh extravagant night spot where champagne flows readily. A legendary lair of romance is **Chez Vito**, 36 East 60th Street. It has the appearance of a sumptuous red valentine; classifies as Continental but is predominantly Italian, sports an elegant reception room, a chic bar, an exquisite deep-red-velveted dining room opulently furnished with glittering works of art, and soft glowing lights.

The late founder, Vito Pisa, tried