

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1965 • 75 CENTS

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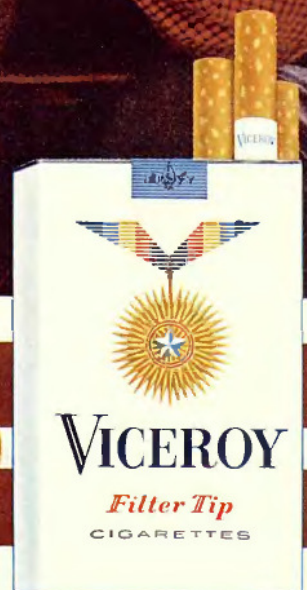
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**PLAYBILL** OUR BOND bomb-shell (Secret Agent 36-24-35) keeping you cunningly covered on our November cover presages a ten-page takeout on *James Bond's Girls*, an eye-popping pictorial rundown of the ladies who make the cinematic 007's screen life a thing of beauties. Accompanying text is by Richard Maibaum, scriptwriter for all of the Bond flicks. The on-screen recipient of the girls' favors, Sean Connery, talks about his acetate alter ego and what is now his not-so-private life in this month's exclusive *Playboy Interview*.

Frederic Morton, author of our lead fiction, *Etta at Night*, and the best-selling biography *The Rothschilds*, filled us in on the origins of *Etta at Night*: "Some time ago, I went to Kitzbühel—a glorious Alpine village with ideal ski slopes and snow, and fabulous scenery—to try to perfect my skiing skill. I had heard that it was a favorite winter resort for Nazi bigwigs during the years of Hitler's ascendancy, but there were other aspects of the place of which I was unaware until I'd met some of the regulars and some of the visitors and ski instructors, and had been a guest at more than one baronial *Schloss*. Thus I discovered the covert complexity and crosscurrents of this overtly wholesome community; out of these discoveries grew this story."

Two years after the assassination of President Kennedy, John Clellon Holmes, in *The Silence of Oswald*, examines the influences that molded the character of the assassin. *Oswald* will be part of a book (as will last August's prize-winning *Revolution Below the Belt*) that Holmes describes as "a combination memoir of the Beat years and rumination on the current scene."

The Messrs. Knight and Alpert, our knowledgeable chroniclers of moviedom's morals and mores, offer Part VI of *The History of Sex in Cinema*. The project, assuming epic proportions, still hasn't stayed these couriers from their appointed rounds: Arthur Knight has just completed a stint as coordinator of special events for the New York Film Festival held at Manhattan's Lincoln Center; he also wrote a series of hourlong TV shows—*Wayne and Shuster Take an Affectionate Look at . . .*—that make use of old movie clips. Having already run in Canada, they are slated for an American debut shortly. Hollis Alpert, just returned from Europe and Israel, where he soaked up background for a projected novel, reports on the Promised Land: "In Israel, few of our American magazines were known to the locals. But *PLAYBOY*? Instant communication! One taxi driver said to me: 'We now have a Tel Aviv Hilton—why not a Tel Aviv *Playboy Club*?' " Alpert has another book project pending which his publisher insists be kept Top Secret. Hollis, through sealed lips, did manage to murmur "sociological study . . . women."



PURDY



BROWN



MORTON



HOLMES

Joyce Denebrink, a bright young thing who knows a put-down when she reads one, spent many months researching *Barbed Wires*, a mirthful collection of telegrams which should appeal to those who dig doing things with dispatches. *Barbed Wires*, of which this issue's barbs are a select sampling, will be published in book form by Simon & Schuster before the end of the year.

Norman Spinrad, one of *PLAYBOY*'s younger contributors (he's 24), claims he's the only person in the world to have made a living drawing feet (he did it for a custom-sandal shop). Spinrad makes his bow with *Deathwatch*, a slice of science-fictional life guaranteed to set your hair on end. He will have his first novel, a sci-fi opus titled *The Solarians*, published next year.

Fiscal wizard J. Paul Getty, our Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, has, over the years, put together one of the world's foremost private art collections. Mr. Getty, in *Creative Collecting*, speaks sapiently of the enduring rewards and the techniques of acquiring works of art—and living with them. *Creative Collecting*, expanded to book length, will be published shortly by Hawthorn.

T. K. Brown III—too long-time-to-see in these pages—sent in this issue's whimsically screwy story, *The Goblin of Curity Sink*, from the Canary Islands, just one of his stopovers in a completely unplanned globe-girdling jaunt with no particular termination date. An erstwhile motelier and scuba teacher in the Florida Keys, the multilingual T. K. is now *hauskeeping* in Germany (where he had been a War-trials interpreter), taking his ease after a stint as harvester in the vineyards of Burgundy. *Goblin* was penned between times, after a sojourn in the English countryside. "I constantly 'think' stories," he says, "so the places I go and the characters I encounter are all grist for my typewriter." Which explains the locale and dramatis personae of *Goblin*, if not its American hero.

*PLAYBOY*'s noted automotive authority, Ken W. Purdy, once more casts a discerning eye over motordom's current products in *The Playboy Cars—1966*, and comes up with a selection deemed proper for our demanding readership. Ken, no man to let a typewriter lie fallow, is busy writing the texts for a pair of picture books, one foreign, one domestic. The former, *Die Neue Matadore*, to be published in Switzerland next month, is being done in conjunction with the eminent German photographer Horst Baumann. The second book, titled *The Harrah Collection*, on the thousand-some-odd automobiles owned by Nevada club mogul Bill Harrah, will feature the photographs of Tom Burnside and will be published by Little, Brown.

The above, plus an imposing list of etceteras, add up to a gleaming, high-powered November issue loaded with no-extra-cost goodies. But see for yourself.



# PLAYBOY



Bond's Girls P. 132



Playboy Cars P. 122



Nude Look P. 90



Smashed Synonyms P. 103

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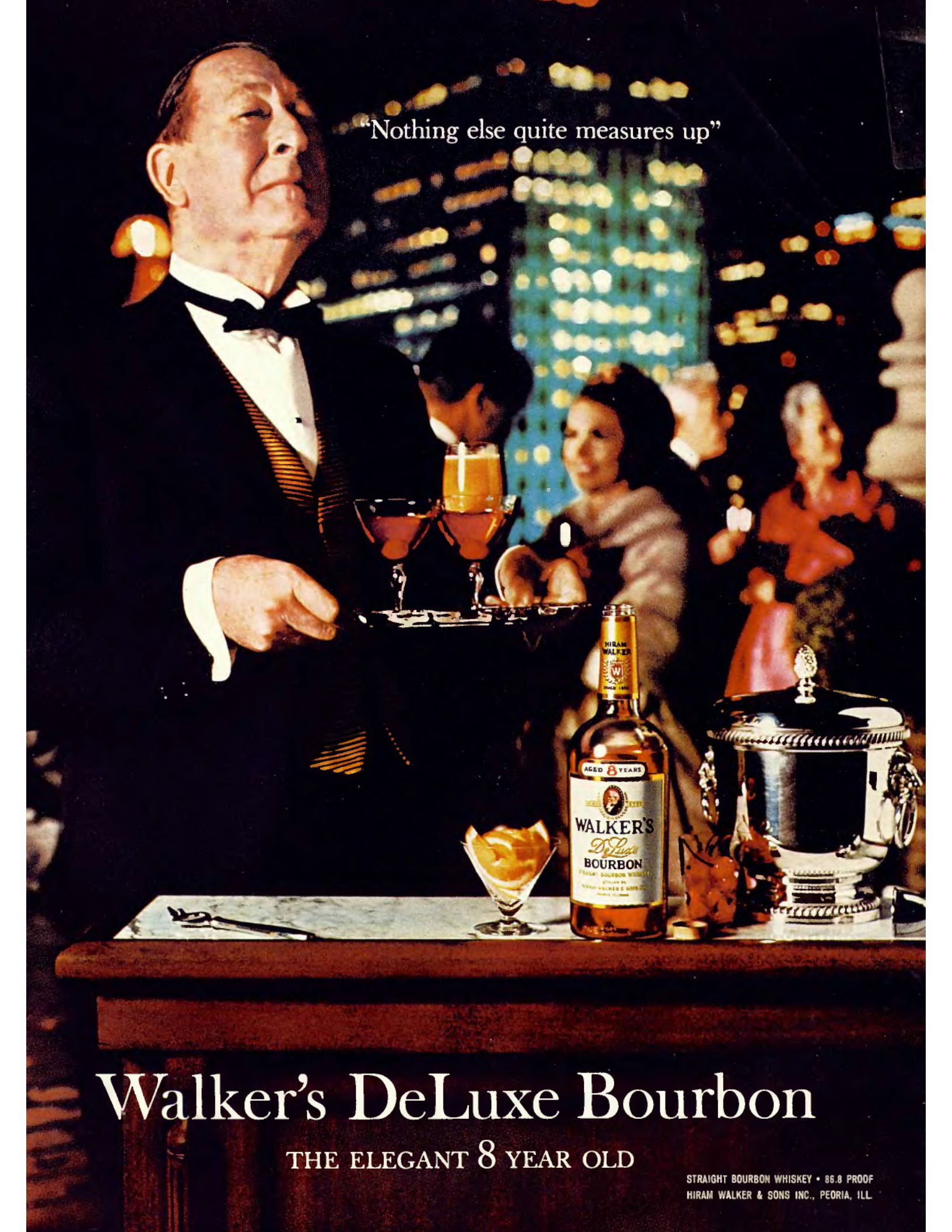
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A waiter in a tuxedo and bow tie is holding a silver tray with three glasses of whiskey. He is looking upwards with a slight smile. In the background, a nightclub scene is visible with blurred lights and other patrons. In the foreground, on a bar counter, sits a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon, a glass of whiskey with a citrus garnish, and a silver trophy.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY



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### KLAN MAIL

Mr. Shelton and the Ku Klux Klan are subjects of discussion and concern at this time, and I found your interview to be both interesting and informative.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd  
United States Senate  
Washington, D. C.

The August interview with Klan Wizard of Ooze Robert Shelton was a fascinating exercise in political paranoia. Of course, it is vital for us to know what this twisted man thinks, if only because he reveals the nameless hobgoblins that throng the mental attics of so many Americans. Perhaps most intriguing was the noncommunication between your interviewer and Mr. Wizard, rather like a bad telephone connection in which neither party can hear the other. A more perfect demonstration of the closed mind could not be imagined. Unfortunately, this creature is no figment; Mr. Charlie is for real.

If these were merely the frothings of a disordered brain, the interview would be worthy of footnoting as a case history in a journal of abnormal psychology; sadly, The Wizard has a lot of company in his dark tower, and the score of his little oratorio is recited daily by road-company performers from Anniston to Anaheim. It is easy to see why he fears Mental Health, since he seems in such dire need of its ministrations, but it would be a mistake to laugh and then forget. After Buchenwald, a lot of people remembered *Mein Kampf*. Nobody laughed.

Thomas J. Cummins  
Oakland, California

Thank you for the superb interview with that most distinguished public figure, Robby Shelton. As it was without doubt one of the most hysterically funny things I have ever read in your magazine, perhaps it would have been better placed in your *Playboy's Party Jokes* section.

William V. Kerrigan  
Buffalo, New York

I noted with some distaste that in your interview with Robert Shelton you were apparently trying to equate the John Birch Society with the Ku Klux Klan. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. In a major address to members of the society, given recently in Califor-

nia, Mr. Tom Anderson, one of the members of the board of the J. B. S., stated that the society felt that one of the major threats to America was, in fact, the K.K.K. I hope you will make mention of this fact so that no false impressions will remain.

David I. Wyllie  
South San Francisco, California

I was greatly shocked and disillusioned by the interview with Robert Shelton. It was quite apparent that PLAYBOY was deliberately trying to ridicule the Klan.

George W. Steffner  
Jamaica, New York

More than likely I'm about to cut my own throat or endanger my future in the South as a potential educator and journalist. (I am a 21-year-old senior at Troy, a history major with a minor in journalism, and will be editor of the campus newspaper, *The Tropolitan*, this fall.) But after reading the August *Playboy Interview* with Robert Shelton, I have to voice my opinion, no matter what the consequence.

I cannot believe that a man of Mr. Shelton's (I use the term "Mr." out of respect for his age and nothing more) alleged power can exist in the "land of the free." I was brought up to believe that everyone had the right to say what he wished or to vote the way he wished in America. According to Mr. Shelton, the good old U.S. is only for white, gentle, Protestant, native-born Americans. What does he want to do with the others thus disenfranchised? Are they to be exterminated or just deported?

Bruce Lawrence Hibel  
Troy State College  
Troy, Alabama

You have downgraded a great American. The Honorable Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, is one of the greatest Americans of the 20th Century. I have read most of the interviews in PLAYBOY and I find that you have done a serious injustice to both Mr. Shelton and the United Klans of America. You are like many people and politicians who see only the bad side of the Klan and not its purpose of preserving the white race.

A Loyal American  
Atlanta, Georgia

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I am a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant American. My ancestors came to this country on the Mayflower. I would not mind if my sister married a Negro, but if she married Robert Shelton I think I would like to have her shot.

John Proudfoot  
Redondo Beach, California

I hope your many readers do not think that Robert Shelton's views necessarily represent the views of the majority of Alabamians. It disturbs me to meet people from other parts of the nation and immediately be labeled a racist simply because I live in Alabama. Just because one lives in this state does not mean that he accepts the views of Shelton, Wallace, and various other narrow-minded people who also live here. Every day I am in contact with many people who, like myself, are most happy to accept Negroes in this university, in theaters, restaurants, etc., and I want the people of this nation to realize this fact. I firmly believe that the majority of people in this state who are under 25 feel as I do, and when this generation takes its position in the government and other areas of control in this state, it will be totally different from the Alabama of today.

A University of Alabama Student  
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

While reading the very interesting interview with Mr. Shelton in the August issue of PLAYBOY, I came across a statement on page 141 attributed to your interviewer that just isn't true and I wanted to set the record straight. He said, "... nor did he have anything to do with the desegregation of the Air National Guard." When I was Chief of Staff for the Air Guard in Arizona in the late '40s, a Negro friend of mine called my attention to the fact that there were no Negro members of either the Air National Guard or the Ground Guard. I immediately discussed this with the Adjutant General, whom I found to be completely opposed to letting down the race bars. He told me, however, that if I wanted to desegregate the Air Guard I could do it on my responsibility. Orders were issued to a squadron that discrimination in enlistment would end immediately. Very shortly thereafter, I resigned my post because of my entry into national politics, so to be perfectly frank with you, I do not know how successfully this order to end discrimination actually turned out.

Barry Goldwater  
Scottsdale, Arizona

Our interviewer's source was The New Republic (August 22, 1964) which reported the following: "Goldwater flew as a transport pilot during World War Two and came out of the War a lieutenant colonel. When Arizona organized its post-War National Guard he was offered and accepted the post of staff air officer



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# Mrs. Gene Kelly loves 'That Man'



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to organize the Air Guard. It was his job to interview and screen War-time pilots and ground crewmen for places in the new organization and arrange for armories and the use of airfields.

"In 1947 there was a staff meeting at which problems having to do with the location of buildings for the Air Guard were discussed. Goldwater was at the meeting. So was Frank Fraser, then inspector general and executive officer of the Arizona National Guard. Fraser recalls Goldwater said, 'We will be called on to provide spaces for not only Negroes but other minorities.'"

"This is the sum total of discoverable evidence to sustain Goldwater's claim of having 'integrated' the Air Guard. Fraser says flatly that 'never did [Goldwater] interject anything favorable or unfavorable' to integration. There are no documents on file with the National Guard to show him as ordering or advocating integration. Nothing appeared in the newspapers at the time about him asking integration of the Guard."

### GAY SAY

Bravo! Hefner strikes again. Another PLAYBOY first. I am speaking of Silverstein on Fire Island in your August issue. Never in any magazine have I seen this subject treated with wit and understanding and a total absence of moralizing. Shel has depicted us just as we are, with all of our little oddities. Most of all, it would appear from this feature that homosexuals are human also, in spite of the difference. We, too, have our problems the same as "straight" people, with the added one of keeping a secret that may wreck our careers if disclosed. Your little offering helped break some of the tension that this crazy life imposes.

F. F.  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Mr. Silverstein's Fire Island feature was a witty and humorous piece of satire, but also quite misleading. Cherry Grove is entirely as you portrayed it, but to brand an entire island resort as a lag spot is to do a great injustice to hundreds of straight, fun-loving Americans who seek the respite of drunkenness and debauchery upon its 25 miles of shore line. I suggest you set Mr. Silverstein "straight," and inform him he would be treated to a more pleasing experience were he to take a different ferry on his next visit.

Walton R. Winder  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Shel Silverstein found Cherry Grove populated by semitransvestite, women-scorning, cure-hunting, shock-seeking, sadist-loving homosexuals. Such visions might be approached from at least two directions: amusement at his censoring techniques or wonder at his condescending manner. One might even go so far as to question his objectivity.

Exhibitionistic and apparently bizarre behavior (whether it be the Shriner's tasseled fez or the Lesbian's T-shirt) might be found within all groups of persons, but, in any event, PLAYBOY readers have had sufficient experience to recognize the extremes reflected by Silverstein.

We see the Silverstein feature as a projection of today's so-called liberal attitude that regards the homosexual as a not-so-dangerous Martian. This is a decided improvement from the past, which found emperors convinced we caused earthquakes and the good people of Salem sure we consorted with the Devil, and even from the milder view of Lutheran Carpzov that the consequences of homosexual acts were: "Famine, pestilence, Saracens, floods, and very fat, voracious field mice." Improvement or not, it continues to ignore the homosexual's identity as a citizen and continues to require seemingly conformist behavior.

What we as a society need most of all in sex is to stop making an obsessive fuss about it and simply enjoy it. In so doing, we will be able to permit others to do the same and heterosexuals and homosexuals both will have made the immense progress of winding up somewhere near where we began.

Clark P. Polak  
Executive Secretary  
Janus Society of America  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I want to congratulate Shel Silverstein on his cartoons about Fire Island. After I read them, however, a sudden realization came over me: When a man goes through life knowing that any minute he can lose his job if his boss finds out, when he is unable to work in jobs requiring a security clearance, when he can't work for civil service, when he has to listen to a lot of wisecracks about his people and can't speak up, when his parents throw him out of the house, when his best buddy tells how he cut up a guy for propositioning him, when his roommate gets beaten up and can't go to the cops because they'll laugh, when he's old and ugly and nobody gives a damn, when his lover catches the clap, being queer is not funny.

Robert Koch  
Corte Madera, California

Your August issue features an interview with the head of the K. K. K. and a "fun" feature on homosexuals. One wonders which mind is sicker, the hate-filled Mr. Shelton or the person who finds humor in the tragedy of sexual perversion. Perhaps Mr. Silverstein should take his God-given talents to a home for brain-damaged children. Your readers ought to get real kicks out of that.

Thomas J. Mullen, Jr.  
Short Hills, New Jersey


Considering the fact that PLAYBOY has been spoofing heterosexual sex for a



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So for them we make a plaid maincoat. But it's still a London Fog at heart. Same exclusive blend of water-repellent materials, same classic London Fog styling, same permanently attached Bachelor Buttons. In fact, we have to admit that everything about our plaid is the same as our plain. Except that it stands out.

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dozen years, it might be argued that similar treatment of the homosexual side of things was actually overdue. Silverstein's feature is, in truth, anything but an expression of bigotry, for clearly, one of the best antidotes for irrational and suppressive attitudes on anything from homosexuality to racial equality is humor.

### FERRARI FOREVER

Funny how, after Nürburgring, Le Mans, Rheims and Targa Florio, Carroll Shelby (August *On the Scene*) still claims his overpowered, ugly parodies can beat Enzo Ferrari's masterpieces. No doubt this typical Texan loves to match his seven-liter-plus unpredictable hybrids against beautiful machines with half the displacement—and be soundly, thoroughly and masterfully beaten.

Arturo Martinez Caceres  
Mexico City, Mexico

As the August issue hit the newsstands, Carroll Shelby's *Cobras* did, indeed, wrest the World Manufacturers' Championship away from Enzo Ferrari.

### SURFDOM

The sport of surfing has been put in a bad light all over the country through such things as the *Beach Party* movies and the incident concerning the Star of India and Murph the Surf. Your so-called *Little Annie Fanny* satire in the July issue didn't help the problem.

I assure you that your interest in surfing is appreciated, and that the satire was enjoyed by those of us here who are in the position to know what really goes on at surfing beaches and who can see the humor in a satire such as this. But how do you think this satire is going to affect the city-council yo-yos of some beach town that was thinking of banning surfing from its beaches and only needed something at which to point?

Corky Carroll  
Hobie Surfboards  
Dana Point, California

### LULU LANNIE

To lovely August Playmate Miss Lannie Balcom I give the highest toast, for the other day a friend and I were cruising down a hot Texas highway when we were halted by a highway patrolman. It was not hard to tell that he was not in the best of moods. As he looked inside our auto, he saw nothing but the gorgeous Playmate smiling out from your magazine. This rapidly altered his outlook, for instead of getting a speeding and loud-muffler ticket, we received only a warning. It is not recommended that one admire the Playmates while driving, but they sure can give a guy a lift when he gets where he's going.

Robert Bockholt  
Rio Bravo, Mexico

You must look in your back yard more often, since Lannie Balcom is better-



# homely little lamp.



painting, jig-saw puzzling, tinkering, piano playing, lost button hunting.

Tensor gives the whitest, brightest light you'll find indoors—shows colors better than any fluorescent or ordi-

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There are good reasons why so many people want a "homely little lamp" for Christmas.

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nary incandescent lamp. And it's concentrated in a controlled beam for your own personal use. What a pleasure!

Take Tensor anywhere, all around the house, and all over the map (it folds to pocket-size for traveling... and what motel ever had a proper reading light?)

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lates just like the human arm, to let you direct the light more easily. We've thrown in a swivel head, Hi-Lo switch, keyhole slot for wall mounting... even an extra-long cord.

Need another reason? The Tensor Lifetime Model 5975 (shown) carries



a Lifetime Guarantee for repair and replacement through any of our 80 service centers throughout the country. Can there be anything more telling than that?

You know that little twinge of pleasure you get when you've given a really nice gift? Give Tensors, and bask in the pleasure of Mother, Dad, wife, husband, brother, sister, secretary, roommate, boss or buddy.

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looking and more shapely than many Playmates found through your efforts in going to the far corners of the world.

Gary Van Antwerp  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

### SEX IN CINEMA

*The History of Sex in Cinema* is the best writing and thinking on the subject to date. The articles are not only entertaining and refreshing, they also are comprehensive and provoking. Mr. Knight and Mr. Alpert enjoy more than an exalted position as movie reviewers. They have a profound respect for the cinema. They are professionally acquainted with the many elements involved in the craft of creating a movie. They see, feel and understand a movie in context with its times. The idea of sex in the cinema is something many people "say" they deplore. The fact is that sex is one of the basic elements in movies—as it is in life itself. To write a *History of Sex in Cinema*, the authors were required to have knowledge and experience in (1) sex, (2) the cinema and (3) a concept of history. Mr. Knight and Mr. Alpert qualify on all counts.

Richard Brooks  
Pax Films, Inc.  
Hollywood, California

### SMOKER

Mr. Tyler's article in the August issue was a masterpiece of long-winded nonsense, if you accept its original premise: Nothing at all is wrong with the consumption of tobacco. No essayist in the world would attempt to champion his cause by pointing out only the dullness and folly of some of its past adversaries. And speaking of folly, what about some of the ridiculous claims we see and hear through the mass-media advertising of the tobacco companies? If something needs to be said for tobacco, let's wait for that "considerable body of informed opinion" Mr. Tyler mentioned to express itself. Meanwhile, let's all recline and browse through our copy of the Surgeon General's report and see whether smoking is really worth it.

James Cox  
Santa Monica, California

### AVAST THERE

LeRoy Neiman's paintings of the Giraglia race on pages 110 and 111 of the August 1965 PLAYBOY are interesting, to say the least; however, the captions under these paintings leave much to be desired. For instance: "A husky member of the foredeck crew helps sway up a running backstay." The foregoing sounds salty, but one doesn't sway up a backstay, unless perhaps he wishes to climb it. And furthermore, if he is a member of the foredeck crew, let's keep him there, not aft setting up backstays. The real gem, though, is the "stiff breeze and





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she fell  
'neath the spell  
of his seven seas





2035. Night Before Xmas, All I Want For Xmas Is My Two Front Teeth, 12 in all

1451. Andy sings White Christmas, The First Noel, Away in A Manger, 12 in all



2062. Christmas Tree, Dearest Santa, Do You Hear What I Hear? 12 Xmas songs in all



2113. My Man, Where Is The Wonder, I Can See It, Someone To Watch Over Me, etc.



2063. White Christmas, Do You Hear What I Hear, 12 Days of Christmas, etc.



1967. Silent Night, Joy To The World, O Holy Night, The Worship of God, 10 more

# Christmas Albums and

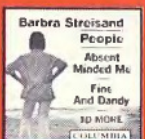
From the **COLUMBIA** RECORD CLUB ...



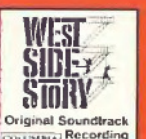
2117. Great movie music including 'My Favorite Things', 'Dear Heart', etc.



1211. Because of You, Rags to Riches, Just in Time, 12 in all \*



1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.



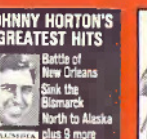
1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



1641. Also: The Moon Is High, Lou's Got The Flu, etc.



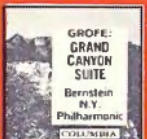
1929. Also: High Noon, April Love, So Rare, Ebb Tide, etc.



1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



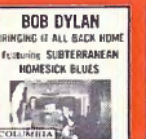
1102. "A treat, a delight all over again."—N. Y. Journal-American



1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem



1933. Also: I've Got A Woman, Midnight Special, etc.



2007. Also: Gates of Eden, On The Road Again, 11 in all



1357. Charming renditions of twelve delightful songs \*



1699. Also: I Will Follow Him, Blue Velvet, etc.



1988. Also: Theme from "Viva Zapata," The Bandit, etc.



1927. Also: All of You, Stella By Starlight, All Blues, etc.



1962. Also: There'll Always Be A Christmas, Jingle-A-Ling, etc.



1587. Wassail, Wassail; O Tannenbaum; The Birds; 16 others



1263. "Magnificent performances!"—High Fidelity



1914. Also: Running Scared, Blue Bayou, Dream Baby, etc.



1044. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.



1786. Also: Your Old Stand By, You Beat Me to The Punch, etc.



1998. Also: Lonely Street, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.



1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.



1636. Zen Is When, Rising Sun, Osaka Blues, 0 in all



2026. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Believe in You, More, 11 in all



1912. I Just Lost My Favorite Girl, Worst of Luck, 10 more



1713. A lively session abounding in passion and truth



2076. A "charming and lovely Rodgers score."—N.Y. Post



1916. Also: A Hard Day's Night, Moon River, 12 in all



1652. Also includes: "Rhapsody on A Theme of Paganini"



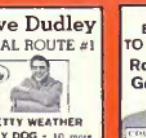
2129. Also: Shout, Don't You Just Know It, Long Green, etc.



2126. King of the Road, Downtown, Meditation, 9 more



1710. Also: The Pink Panther Theme, The Prize, etc.



2132. Also: Old Shep, That Lucky Old Sun, Honey Babe, etc.



2119. As Time Goes By, Real Live Girl, Smile, 9 more

**JUST LOOK AT THIS EXCITING ARRAY OF RECORDS** — top stars performing all of your Christmas favorites, as well as great music for year-round listening pleasure! By joining the Club now, you may have ANY 4 of the records shown on these two pages — ALL 4 for only 99¢! What's more, we'll also give you the handy adjustable record rack shown above FREE.

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Sings  
**MOON RIVER**  
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Clair De Lune  
La Valse  
Bolero  
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PHILADELPHIA ORCH.  
EUGENE ORMANDY

1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ibert, Chabrier

**THE GREATEST OF STAN GETZ**  
ROBERT

1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all

**Sinatra's Sinatra**  
Young At Heart  
All The Way  
The Second Time Around  
9 MORE  
REPRISE

1592 Also How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Nancy, etc.

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NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC  
WORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR  
**THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS**  
COLUMBIA

1489. Carol of the Bells, Patapan, Away in a Manger, 13 more

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STEAM ROSE  
HSTOMIN - ORMANDY  
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
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MONUMENT 8 MORE

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**FRED WARING**  
and the Pennsylvanians  
**TO YOU FOREVER**  
Easy to Love  
All of You  
9 more  
REPRISE

1986. Also: You Do Something To Me, The Nearness Of You, etc.

**THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKE M IN IRELAND**  
Wild River - Nightingale  
10 more  
COLUMBIA

2025. Also: Butcher Boy, Rocks of Bawn, Wella Wallia, etc.

**Mr. Tambourine Man THE BYRDS**  
COLUMBIA

2120. All I Really Want To Do, It's No Use, 10 more

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**LATIN FOR LOVERS**  
DORIS DAY  
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Philippe Entremont  
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10 more  
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2009. Also: If I Could Find Someone, Bumble Bee, etc.

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The House Of The Rising Sun  
Glad All Over - She Loves You  
I Want To Hold Your Hand  
Needles And Pins  
RECORDED IN ENGLAND!  
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**DEAH MARTIN HITS AGAIN**  
You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You  
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REPRISE plus 8 MORE

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Springtime  
SPRING SONG - APRIL IN PARIS  
PARIS IN THE SPRING - 9 more  
COLUMBIA

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<p><b>MY FAIR LADY</b> AUDREY HEPBURN REX HARRISON Original Sound Track COLUMBIA</p> <p>1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 8 Academy Awards</p>	<p><b>THE DAVE CLARK FIVE COAST TO COAST</b> Any Way You Want It When - 8 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>2014. Also: It's Not True, Crying Over You, 11 in all</p>	<p><b>STEVE LAWRENCE WINNERS!</b> GO AWAY LITTLE GIRL - All The Way - Moon River 9 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>1003. Also: Volare, Around The World, Kansas City, etc.</p>	<p><b>PETER, PAUL &amp; MARY</b> A Song Will Rise COLUMBIA</p> <p>2114. When The Ship Comes In, For Lovin' Me, 10 more</p>	<p><b>BOBBY VINTON'S GREATEST HITS</b> Blue on Blue - Moon River - 10 more REPRISE</p> <p>1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.</p>	<p><b>Rhapsody in Blue</b> An American in Paris Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin COLUMBIA</p> <p>1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." - N.Y. World-Telegram</p>	<p><b>THE SUPREMES</b> WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO - Long Gone - Lover - Baby Love 10 MORE MOTOWN</p> <p>1787. Also: Come See About Me, Your Kiss of Fire, etc.</p>	<p><b>TRINI LOPEZ</b> THE LOVE ALBUM Sad Tomorrow - You Sincere - People - 9 more REPRISE</p> <p>2110. Also: Blue Velvet, Our Day Will Come, etc.</p>	<p><b>JOAN BAEZ</b> Fare Thee Well All My Trials 11 more VANGUARD</p> <p>1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Tea Thousand Miles, etc.</p>
<p><b>LATIN THEMES</b> For Young Lovers PERCY FAITH The Girl From Ipanema The Lonely Bull 10 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>1772. Also: Spanish Harlem, Manha de Carnaval, etc.</p>	<p><b>Glenn Miller Time 1965</b> Glenn Miller Orchestra directed by Ray McKinley starring: Bobby Hackett REPRISE</p> <p>1915. Serenade in Blue, Elmer's Tune, At Last, 12 in all</p>	<p><b>Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte</b> Patti Page COLUMBIA</p> <p>2075. Try To Remember, Jamaica Farewell, 9 more</p>	<p><b>ROGER WILLIAMS</b> Academy Award Winner Call Me Irresponsible Moon River 10 MORE KAPPA</p> <p>1681. Also: Days of Wine And Roses, Gigi, Secret Love, etc.</p>	<p><b>CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM JERRY VALE</b> Silver Belle, Silent Night 10 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>1952. Also: I'll Be Home for Christmas, O Holy Night, 12 in all</p>	<p><b>PAUL REVERE &amp; THE RAIDERS</b> HERE THEY COME! COLUMBIA</p> <p>2122. Louie, Louie; Oo Pah Poo Dee; You Can't Sit Down; etc.</p>	<p><b>THE RETURN OF ROGER MILLER</b> Featuring (OO WACKA-DO) Downtown Look Day Springtime 7 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>1892. Also: In The Summertime, There I Go Dreamin', etc.</p>	<p><b>NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS</b> Chum Chum Chum - Kisses Sweeter Than Wine - Downtown - Look Day - Springtime 7 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>2127. Also: We'll Sing In The Sunshine, 12 in all</p>	<p><b>MONK.</b> COLUMBIA</p> <p>1907. Liza, April in Paris, Pannonica, That Old Man, 3 more</p>
<p><b>MARY MARTIN IN THE SOUND OF MUSIC</b> COLUMBIA ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST</p> <p>1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!" - Ed Sullivan</p>	<p><b>ANDY WILLIAMS</b> My Fair Lady and other Broadway hits PEOPLE HELLO DOLLY 10 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>1871. Also: Begin The Beguine, The Sweetest Sounds, etc.</p>	<p><b>FERRANTE &amp; TEICHER</b> The People's Choice The Girl From Ipanema Hello Dolly 10 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>1707. Also: Wives And Lovers, People, Call Me Irresponsible, etc.</p>	<p><b>The Fabulous Sound of FLATT &amp; SCRUGGS</b> COLUMBIA</p> <p>1922. Hello Stranger, The Good Things, My Wandering Boy, etc.</p>	<p><b>JOHNNY CASH</b> ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL plus 10 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Wild Colorado, etc.</p>	<p><b>The Money Wind Blows</b> THE BROTHERS FOUR COLUMBIA</p> <p>2084. Also: Nancy O, The Waves Roll Out, Feed The Birds, etc.</p>	<p><b>Slim Whitman</b> LOVE SONG OF THE WATERFALL In the Misty Moonlight Melody of Love 10 MORE IMPERIAL</p> <p>2130. Also: My Heart Cries For You, Gown In The Valley, etc.</p>	<p><b>EBbie GORME</b> THE SOUND OF MUSIC and other Broadway Hits My Favorite Things Smart World 10 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>1830. Also: Shall We Dance, Getting To Know You, 12 in all</p>	<p><b>THE NAT KING COLE SONGBOOK</b> 16 of his greatest hits sung by SAMMY DAVIS REPRISE</p> <p>2124. Sweet Lorraine, Ramin' Rose, Smile, Unforgettable, etc.</p>
<p><b>JAY AND THE AMERICANS BLOCKBUSTERS</b> COLUMBIA</p> <p>2125. Let's Look The Other Way, Cara Mia, 10 more big hits</p>	<p><b>VERDI REQUIEM</b> Richard Tucker Maureen Forster George London Lucia Amara Ormandy Philadelphia Orch. Westminster Choir COLUMBIA</p> <p>1711-1712. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "High level of excellence . . . superlative recording." - HIFI/Stereo Rev.</p>	<p><b>Chad and Jeremy</b> Before and After COLUMBIA</p> <p>2121. Why Should I Care, Tell Me Baby, For Lovin' Me, etc.</p>	<p><b>AL CAIOLA</b> GUITAR FOR LOVERS Dear Heart - My Love - Forgive Me - 10 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>1998. Also: Who Can I Turn To, Satin Doll, Love Letters, etc.</p>	<p><b>SAMMY DAVIS</b> If I Ruled The World REPRISE Sings from GOLDEN BOY, BOSS OF THE GREASEPANT, GUY AND DOLLS, etc.</p> <p>2083. Night Song, Guys and Dolls, Yes I Can, 8 more</p>	<p><b>TEEN BEAT ON BROADWAY</b> The Big Chorus Singers &amp; Orchestra Hoff a Stepdance - The Sound of Music - 10 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>2008. Also: Getting To Know You, As Long As He Needs Me, etc.</p>	<p><b>Wing-Ding</b> RECORDED IN ENGLAND NEEDLES AND PINS YOU'RE MY WORLD - 10 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>2079. Also: You were Made For Me, Getting To Know You, etc.</p>	<p><b>JACK JONES</b> MY KIND OF TOWN KING OF THE ROAD THE RACE IS ON - 9 more REPRISE</p> <p>2115. Also: I'm All Smiles, Time After Time, More, etc.</p>	

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered . . . or take NO record in any particular month. Your only obligation is to accept as few as four records from the more than 1000 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming year . . . and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the new low Club price of \$3.79 (Classical \$4.79;

occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

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# Et tu, Brut?



**Bold new  
Brut  
for men.  
By Fabergé.**

For after shave, after shower,  
after anything! **Brut.**

fast-ebbing tide going in opposite directions." Sir, there is no tide in the Mediterranean. Currents, yes. Tide, no.

W. M. Samuels  
Corona del Mar, California

I don't often differ with my favorite inspirational magazine, but there are a couple of points in the August issue that I find jarring. On page 111, under a sketch of a husky youth hauling down on what appears to be a permanent backstay of nylon line—most unlikely material for any backstay, of course—the cut line reads: "A husky member of the foredeck crew helps sway up a running backstay." Well, backstays don't run to the foredeck, mates, they run aft; and they're generally *set*, not "swayed up," with big levers. Some of the real gold-platers set them with winches, allowing more scope for adjustment.

Thomas French Norton  
Warwick, Bermuda

*Henceforth we'll keep our foredeck crew where it belongs; our salt-free and overeager caption writer has been sent in chains to the brig. Our nautical dictionary permits "sway up" pretty wide scope as a method for getting tension on a line, but does not apply it to backstays; our caption writer will be spared lashes but required to empty the bilge with a teaspoon. The last coherent thing he said before being dragged below was, "How was I to know there were no tides in the Mediterranean—I've been chained to my desk while LeRoy Neiman lives the life of a Man at His Leisure."*

## DIGS HIS DIGS

Granted that the digs shown in *A Playboy Pad: Manhattan Tower* (August) are worthy of note; I think my pad makes Pete Turner's look like a bus-terminal men's room. Any time PLAYBOY wants to send a photographer around, just drop me a line or, better yet, phone.

Fred Armstrong  
Los Angeles, California

*We just might do that, for PLAYBOY's editors are looking for interesting innovations in apartment, home and office design and decor to feature in future issues. To receive serious consideration, readers should send snapshots and descriptions of the place they think deserves to be included in our "Playboy Pad" series, emphasizing the most unusual and interesting features. Submissions from interior decorators and architects are as welcome as from those actually dwelling in the digs; the only requirement is that the places described must already have been built, furnished and lived in. The pads that reflect the taste and sophistication of PLAYBOY most successfully will be given editorial and full-color pictorial coverage in this publication.*



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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The rule of simple sentence structure is that the subject come at the beginning of the sentence and the rest of the sentence be taken up with what is said about the subject. The same rule ought to apply to a discussion of chastity, but the fact is that when we even mention the term, the first idea that comes to mind is that it has something to do with sex. We begin here by reminding you that sex is a strong and sometimes disturbing power or force in a man's life, and that like any other power or force, it can cause a lot of trouble unless it is controlled. Chastity is the control of sex and is defined simply as 'abstention from unlawful sex activity.'

Contrary to what you're probably thinking, these sententious sentiments appear neither in a Victorian grammar primer nor in a high school sex manual. In fact, they are an excerpt from a recent communiqué sent by Second Army Headquarters to our troops in the field. Called a "character guidance briefing," this homely homily was directed at "Commanders, Class I Installations and Activities; Commanders, Class II Installations; Commanding Generals, XX and XXI U.S. Army Corps; and Senior Army Advisors"—a group hardly in need of grammar lessons, cautionary tales or the improbable etymology lesson that followed the preceding quotation:

"Chastity is correctly described as a virtue. Virtue comes from the Latin word *virtus* (pronounced veer-tus) meaning 'strength.' The root of the word *virtus* is *vir* (pronounced veer), which is the Latin word for 'man.' So virtue, which is strength, is associated even from the derivation of the word with man. When we say, for instance, that a man is 'virile,' we mean that he has strong, manly characteristics, he has muscle, and he has character. Chastity is a virtue, an inner manly strength, and as such properly belongs in the character of a man." Q. E. D. Chastity equals virility—perhaps the most awesome prodigy of tautological gymnastics since Aristotle's *Analytics*.

Officials at England's Ascot race track report that among the items left behind by fans after a day's races were a half-full box of tranquilizers and a Bible book-marked at Psalm 22, which begins: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Unaccountably ignored by the public prints was a UPI wire, datelined Farragut State Park, Idaho, that began: "Animals are attracting the major share of attention at the fourth international Girl Scout Senior Roundup here. The animals are two dozen specimens of wildlife native to the Idaho woods, where this fathering of 9000 teenage girls is being held."

We are reliably informed, and feel we should report without comment, that the ladies' rest room on the first floor of the Harvard Club in New York City contains two men's urinals.

Bargain hunters take note: A classified ad in the Albany *Knickerbocker News* not long ago offered "'63 Sunbeam Alpine, wife or car must go. \$1400 either one."

We've been informed by an unimpeachable but anonymous source in one of Madison Avenue's bigger ad agencies that a go-getting new department head recently assembled his underlings for a pep talk.

"From now on," he exhorted, "I want to see you men hitting the deck in that shirt-sleeved, hard-charging, Omaha Beach image."

His account executives were forthwith to forgo such decadent luxuries as the three-hour martini lunch unless specifically authorized by the department head. A Spartan sandwich at the local quick-and-dirty and back to the front lines was to be the battle order of the day. As a result, our spy reports, on any given lunch hour when the elevator stops at the executive floor of the agency, a phalanx of snarling, grizzled, tough-looking guys—collars opened, ties askew, hair uncombed, pencils behind

ears—climbers aboard and rides to the ground floor, where they pile out into the lobby and stride purposefully through the doors and down the street into a nearby Automat. Looking neither right nor left, they march past the automatic change maker, past the gleaming rows of encellophaned lemon meringues, past the 85-cent businessman specials—and out through the back door. They then skulk down a dimly lit alley and into the service entrance of one of New York's more elegant East Side restaurants where they spruce up in the men's room, then find iced martinis waiting at their regular tables.

*Above and Beyond the Call of Duty Department, Death, Where Is Thy Sting Division:* Extolling Peter Sellers' considerable contribution to the merriment of *What's New, Pussycat?*, *Variety* reported, "Despite the fact that the film was Sellers' first since suffering a fatal heart attack in Hollywood in the spring of 1964, the star worked overtime throughout the production, not only as actor but as writer."

Our congratulations to Canadian External Affairs Minister Paul Martin for his outspoken stand on the question of external aid in a statement to the Toronto press: "Don't quote me as saying that we will or we should increase our external aid. That would be my opinion if I had an opinion, but as a member of my government I don't have an opinion."

We were pointedly reminded of the inadequacy of language as a means of communication when a restaurateur friend of ours told us of an interview he had conducted with a young lady who was applying for a job as waitress in his establishment. He was attempting to impress upon her the importance of providing his customers with an Old World atmosphere which would complement the Continental preparation of the cuisine. "When you work for me, young lady," he explained, "it's not enough just to wait



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on tables. All my clientele expect the finest in French service with their meals." With that, the girl bolted from her seat and flounced to the door, saying, "For your information, mister, I'm a married woman with two children."

Rock Around Wall Street: A heads-up Massachusetts publisher, knowing a trend when he sees one, has just brought out a *Teenagers' Guide to the Stock Market*.

Herewith some samples of a sprightly new word game we've unearthed. What do you call: a very small cocktail? (answer: a martiny) . . . a sheriff's mascot? (a possecat) . . . an argument between squirrels? (a squarrel) . . . a place to buy extinct reptiles? (a dinostore) . . . a boat for giraffes? (a giraft) . . . a lizard's datebook? (a calamander) . . . a hairpiece for frogs? (a polliwig) . . . an effeminate monkey? (a chimpansy) . . . an inept G. O. P. politician? (a Republican't) . . . an amphibious bird that writes underwater? (a ballpoint penguin) . . . a shrimp dealer? (a prawnbroker) . . . a spaceman who flunked his physical? (an astronaut) . . . a flaming egg dish? (an ome-lit) . . . a nervous amateur? (a neofright) . . . instruments for slicing apples? (applesaws) . . . a wire that brings bad news? (a telegrim) . . . imitation antique furniture? (cheapendale) . . . a foolish folk singer? (a hootinny) . . . an examination of a car after a collision? (autotopsy) . . . a piece of cloth used to muffle a sneeze? (a handkerchoof) . . . a scaling condition on house plants? (philodendrull) . . . candy-coated depressants? (glumdrops) . . . flour used in making aphrodisiac cookies? (libidough) . . . and a girl who gets turned on by classical music? (symphomaniac).

Incidental Intelligence: Aurora, one of the better-selling brands of toilet tissue, is manufactured by the American Can Company.

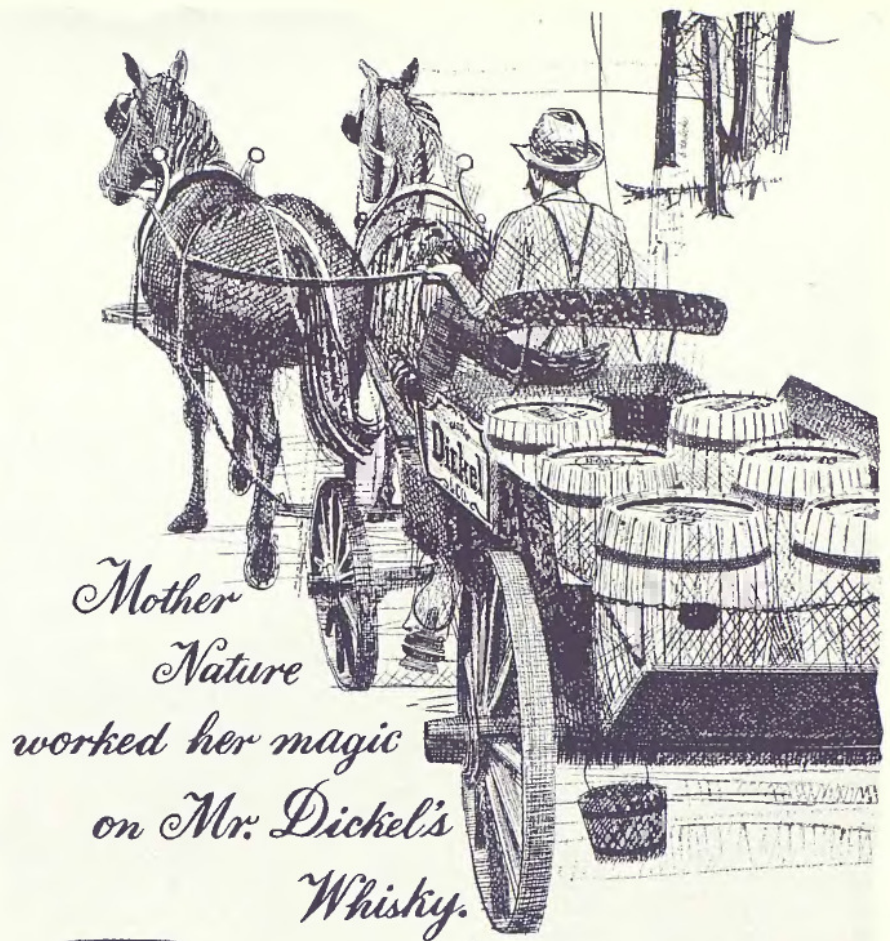
## BOOKS

It is frequently said that James Baldwin writes much better essays than fiction, and his new collection of short stories, *Going to Meet the Man* (Dial), confirms this opinion. Does this indicate, as many critics claim, that the struggle within Baldwin between the artist and the spokesman may never be resolved? That the tender anger, the delicate agony in Baldwin's tormented essays must inevitably become abstract and lifeless in his fiction? On the basis of this collection alone, the answer is yes. Baldwin's favorite themes appear in the stories: the inability of those who would live not to suffer as well; the ways in which we escape or endure or go under; brothers and sons and lovers; blues and hymns and jazz; and behind it all, the conviction that all

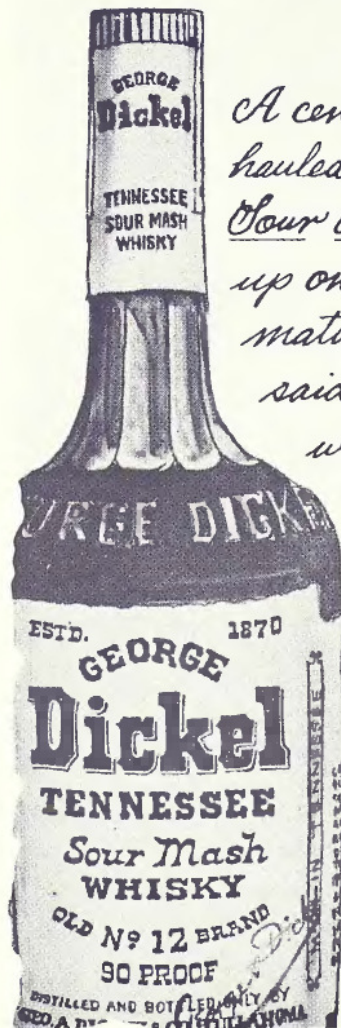


men are ultimately equal precisely in that they are all unique. These themes throb and bleed like open wounds in his essays, but in his fiction they too often seem like textbook illustrations of those wounds, almost as if Baldwin knows too much about suffering to allow himself to re-create that suffering in his characters. What is so painful in his essays becomes in his fiction an agony contained, a misery constricted. One feels that Baldwin cheats his pain by swaddling it in parable. In the first story, for instance, a young Negro boy, forbidden to play in the street, sneaks downstairs while his mother isn't looking, gets into a fight and receives a cut on his forehead. In an essay, Baldwin would movingly persuade us that one has a choice between aloofness and life, between withdrawal and scars. But the story somehow diminishes this truth by imprisoning it within a metaphor. The great writers of fiction give one the sense that they discover truth in the very process of creation. But to our nation's shame, we have left little for the Negro to "discover." Perhaps Baldwin simply knows too much to write fiction: perhaps he will always leave his readers with the feeling that he is putting things in, not finding things out. But his personal tragedy, that his art is diminished by his role as spokesman, may work for our salvation. For Baldwin is at his best when he addresses our society directly, reminding us of what we do not know we know, and in the anguished grace of his vision, forcing us into a confrontation with suffering.

Stephen Potter has now applied his theories of Gamesmanship and Lifemanship to the field of love, and given us a handy little manual called *Anti-Woo: Gambits for Non-Lovers* (McGraw-Hill), which is so amusing that the reader may fail to notice that the advice lurking behind the laughs is often more useful than a truckful of sober manuals on sex relations. Potter is not by any means against sex, love or the general phenomenon of woo, but is opposed to those forms of it which lead the unsuspecting parties dewy-eyed into disastrous or boring entanglements. "We have nowhere said that men and women should never marry," Potter explains. "We believe that in certain circumstances such unions should exist between consenting adults." Caution is the keynote. A man must learn to recognize the wrong woman at once—for instance, when he surveys the girls at a party: "Suppose one is dressed in a sort of hot black velvet with a trace of dust round the shoulders, reminding you of being forced to stay in your great aunt's dining room when you were longing to play in the garden . . . Or it is just some physical thing about her legs—her feet, ankles, calves seem to be assembled from three different jigsaw puzzles." In such



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circumstances, the man must have an escape gambit: "I myself have been making increasing use lately of 'Excuse me, but I'm not supposed to stand.' For this purpose, I need, and have, a stick. It is important that the girl should not attempt to follow you to the chair toward which you pretend to be maneuvering." Potter, a fair-minded gent, also gives "Warnings for Women": "Watch his eye . . . Watch to see that when he is looking at you he is looking at you. Remember that by a slight shift of focus, the loving glance can turn into an absent stare over your left shoulder." For those who are trapped by woo in a bad situation, Potter offers "Disentanglement Techniques," such as "noble" letters of rejection to women, e.g., "I am a man who loves too much. I am in danger of losing my self-respect . . ." Of course, Potter understands that some situations are hopeless: "Extreme cases do not interest us. It is generally accepted that couples who shout at each other at the top of their voices all day and night can never under any circumstances be persuaded to separate." Potter's woomanship might just save the intelligent wooer from the claws of the wrong woeee.

In *They Both Were Naked* (Doubleday), a novel, Philip Wylie calls himself by the name of Philip Wylie; and late in the course of that long work he says, "I have published many books. I have something of a following. My readers are interested in me, what I think, how I feel, what I do, believe, repudiate, admire, scorn, hope, loathe, and the like." All of which may be true, but to judge from the evidence at hand, Wylie's following must be a remarkably pertinacious crew if they can retain an interest in what he thinks or feels, neither of which is very profound; in what he repudiates, which is in this case plot and character development; in what he scorns, which is grace of style. What his faithful fans got this time is a highly discursive account of how Philip Wylie, author, goes to San Francisco to address a symposium of the International Federation of Biotechnicians, how he meets en route one Ludie Phyfe, an old school chum now rich and wildly successful, and how he comes to write a book on the life and works of his childhood friend. But the more he studies Phyfe, who had been a virtuous if priggish lad, the more he senses that the man has become a hypocrite; and finally, on learning that Phyfe has been caught by his son in sexual congress with the son's neurotic wife, Wylie burns the book and goes back home to Miami. There are a number of other people floating about, but what they are up to is seldom clear. Almost the only thing that is clear is Wylie's wish that the reader dislike Ludie Phyfe as much as he does. But since Phyfe brings himself to criticize Wylie's writing—and that in a book





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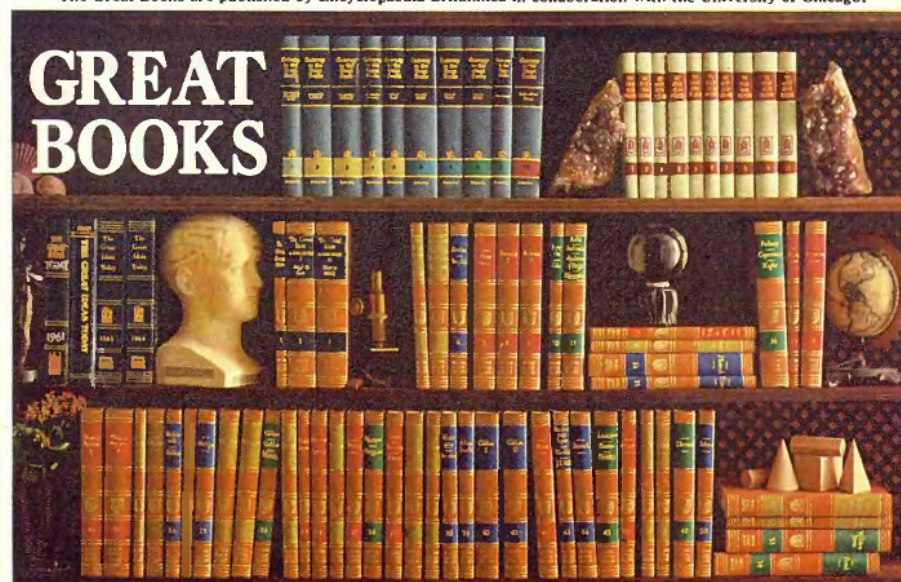
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where people are always saying how much they admire *Generation of Vipers*—it is hard not to feel some respect for the man. It is even harder when one recalls that Phyle is allowed to ask the novel's most pertinent question: "Damn it, Phil! How do you get the courage to expose yourself in books the way you've done?"

By his own count, Arthur C. Clarke, the world's second most prolific author of science fiction and science nonfiction (the first is Isaac Asimov), has written alone or in collaboration 34 books. In *Voices from the Sky* (Harper & Row)—a collection of two dozen assorted essays, magazine articles, technical reports, speeches and introductions to other people's publications—Clarke has synthesized number 35. Two main themes recur in the collection—the spiritual and intellectual challenge space flight poses for mankind and the concept of orbiting communications satellites (comsats). In an article wryly titled *How I Lost a Billion Dollars in My Spare Time*, Clarke details the way he originated the idea of a commercial global comsat system way back in 1945, and promptly sold it to a magazine for \$40. Unfortunately, in giving hard-bound immortality to every last scrap of material he ever ran through his typewriter, Clarke buries such interesting items in the over-all heap. Furthermore, since these articles have been reprinted evidently without editing, many ideas are mentioned over and over, each time as if they were brand-new, each time in almost the same words. We get the strange sensation of a writer consistently plagiarizing himself. And yet, as those who have followed his work in *PLAYBOY*'s pages can attest, Clarke's clarity of writing, his ability to transform facts into near poetry, and the vigor of his outbursts against military men and scientists who see space as either a new field for warfare or a spot for making experiments which could destroy mankind (as in *The Meddlers*, which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*)—these reward the labors of wading through even so indiscriminately put together a volume.

After completing Meyer Levin's latest work of fiction, we are obliged to point out that to write a novel of ideas one must have a few. In *The Stronghold* (Simon & Schuster), Levin tackles the critical moral question of the century, the guilt and responsibility for the slaughter of 6,000,000 Jews during World War Two. His story is slight, merely a pot to carry his profundities in. At a castle redoubt in Germany are held nine famous political prisoners (presumably French, though Levin is coy about this). To the castle in the final days of the War comes a new commander, one Kraus, bringing with him an even more important prisoner, the Jewish former premier of the



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same nation. Kraus' orders are never quite clear. Perhaps the ex-premier is a hostage to be bartered for the Nazis' own freedom—though the possibility of a last-ditch stand against the rapidly oncoming Allies is constantly in Kraus' mind, as is the notion of murdering everyone in sight. This, at any rate, is the logical moment for all parties concerned to commence heated philosophical discussion! Kraus, please understand, is no ordinary lieutenant colonel. Into this undergraduate seminar in Ethics I, Levin has dumped a thinly disguised version of *Obersturmbannführer* Eichmann himself. Here, truly, is an artistic challenge: to probe the deepest workings of such a creature's consciousness, to dig to the roots of the Nazi mentality. But Levin's Eichmann is merely incompetent, adolescent, befuddled, finally loutish. The author's contempt for the fellow is understandable, but when Kraus gets caught *flagrante* with a Polish housemaid and gleefully bounds about on all fours, anxious for someone to admire this display of his manhood, we are conscious of witnessing a mockery of the very tragedy Levin intends to dignify. Where Levin's novelistic equipment was more than adequate for a shallow psychological melodrama like *Compulsion*, here, like his own man Kraus, he is in over his head.

What lurks behind the locked door of the Actors Studio? A Frankensteinian laboratory in which Lee Strasberg molds raw material into Marlon Brando? Robert H. Hethmon, director of the University of Wisconsin's Center for Theater Research, has found out. Revelation! Strasberg has turned over to him tape recordings of his Actors Unit class sessions, dating back to 1955. Hethmon has edited the tapes, inserted his own comments, written an admiring introduction and pasted it all together into a book called *Strasberg at the Actors Studio* (Viking). No revelation! The book promises much more than it presents. As a textbook for actors, it is doubtless valuable; for people close to the Studio, it is an album of memories; for the outsider, it is mainly a curio. It has built-in problems: Since the sessions are private, letters of the alphabet are substituted for names of members, which is not only confusing, but at times ridiculous. Strasberg blows up at actress HH, but not knowing her name, and having no picture of her performing, the reader has no point of reference. Covering up Strasberg's tracks, Hethmon almost runs through the alphabet twice, surprises us only once when Strasberg refers to his daughter Susan by name rather than as "my daughter, actress PP." Furthermore, being a compilation of tapes, the book suffers from imprecise spoken language, needless repetitions and a lack of clear chronology. Yet it does have some value: It gives a picture of Strasberg at work, as he "exhorts, stings, cajoles, incites,





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denounces, satirizes, worries, advises, praises, encourages, jokes and inspires." He comes through as a man of total dedication and clarity of purpose. Strasberg says he wants actors to trust themselves even if it means falling on one's face, to reveal themselves even at the expense of personal embarrassment, to relax, to explore, to dare. The Method? It is not a system, says the master. "It only tries to show the actor the path to be followed, how he goes about finding what only he can find and what, even when he has found it, cannot be repeated the next time, but must be the next time found again." The Actors Studio Theater gets only brief mention by Hethmon, who is as much in awe of it as he is of Strasberg. In his introduction, Hethmon quotes Strasberg quoting Goethe: "The actor's career develops in public, but his art develops in private." Unfortunately, this book does not violate that privacy.

When a bricklayer or a bookkeeper is out of work, he goes job hunting. But when a management man is toppled, he enters the high-class executive placement market. The elements of the difference are set forth in *The Executive Job Market* (McGraw-Hill), by Auren Uris, a compendium of do's and don'ts and a guide to status restoration. It tells of the custom firms that tailor the executive's résumé of experience or "ticket," scout out the most promising territory, prepare him for the crucial interviews, and provide psychotherapy for the traumatized executive ego. Uris, who was once in the management game himself, is convincing as he dispenses his balm while exploring the problems of the job-hunting executive—junior, middling or senior. He is so convincing, in fact, that his tossed-salad similes pass almost unnoticed: "The plain fact is that the average executive becomes like a lamb in the jungle when he leaves the snug harbor of his company and steps out into the employment arena." Since the job-hunting executive does not need E. B. White at this critical moment in life, no matter. A. Uris delivers the practical goods. He reveals the methods of "body snatchers," who pirate executives and deliver them alive and enriched to another coveting employer. He tells of the "bloodsuckers," who, for a fee, counsel the executive but don't place him, and the "flesh peddlers," or employment agencies. Moreover, he provides a clutch of brass-tacks tips: Avoid the temptation to make out with the receptionist while waiting to see the head man—a fatal move if it backfires. Never reject a money offer out of hand—use it as a platform from which to negotiate. Don't harp on your past triumphs—explain what you can do for this particular company. And avoid falsehood if possible—many pre-employment investigations even snoop into candidates' love lives. Uris' professional optimism leads him to take a somewhat





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bullish view of the decline of industry bias against minority groups, but at least he's on the side of an angelic trend. Altogether, a useful handbook for the big man who has just been humbled by dismissal or feels that the next nest may have downier feathers.

Through the years, Steve Allen has been an oasis of intelligence on TV. More, he has manifested a sincere interest in trying to get his viewers to unscrew their minds from entertainment long enough to entertain a thought or two about the three-dimensional world on their side of the tube. As one would imagine, his prominence in liberal causes and organizations has earned him a continuous flow of mail from all sections of the right wing. In *Letter to a Conservative* (Doubleday), he frames his response. Allen started collecting his credentials for such a book in a home abounding in anti-Semitic literature. He read the stuff eagerly, he tells us, and was not unaffected by it. With the *Chicago Tribune* as the only newspaper to make its way into the house, he was early convinced that "Communists, socialists and Roosevelt liberals were all the same." Having managed to overcome this early miseducation, he goes about the job of replying to his far-right correspondents with knowledge and amiability. He examines those who incessantly call for "freedom" without ever defining the meaning of the word or evidencing any concern for the people in the country who so obviously lack the tangible freedoms that are their rights. He observes that the *National Review* calls for us to break down the Berlin Wall—but offers no suggestions for what to do if soldiers begin shooting at us while we're at it. He reminds us that Goldwater proclaimed "total victory over communism" as his theme, but never specified whether this was to be accomplished with the bomb, without the bomb, with armies, or with what. It's an eminently well-meant exercise, but Allen's tone, patient and understanding, seems to be addressed to the little old lady in sneakers and her high school-graduate son. We cannot quarrel with the showman's expert appraisal of who his audience is and how best to reach it, but it is too bad that he apparently felt it would be unwise or unfair to use a little sophistication and humor on his readers. That's Allen's strong suit, after all. Without it, this dish, though doubtless nutritious, is lacking in flavor.

We have had faith for some time that beneath the padding and the 100 percent pure beef of the professional football player resides a human being. There hasn't been an abundance of supporting evidence, however, and so we warmly welcome the appearance of *Football and the Single Man* (Doubleday) by Paul Hornung with Al Silverman. Without inspirational rhetoric or the jargon of



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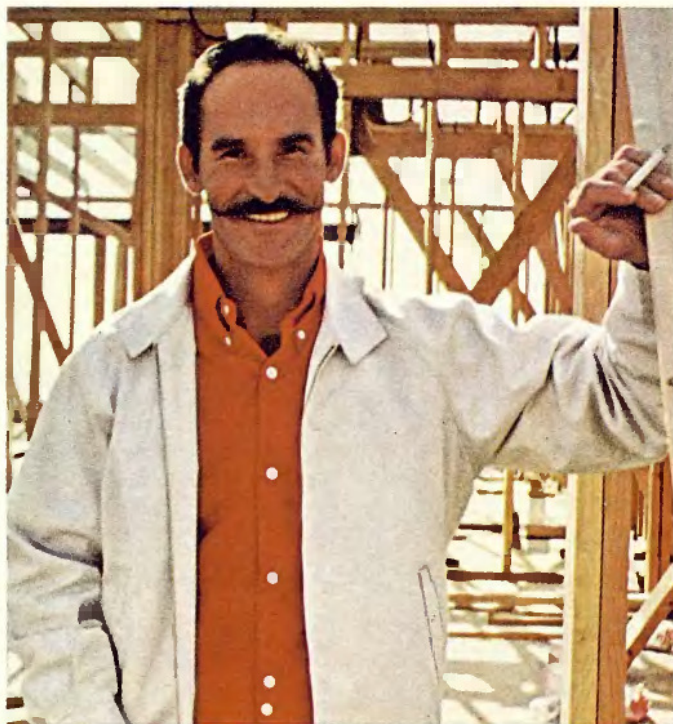


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press-agentry, this admirable specimen of pseudo autobiography shows us pro football's Golden Boy as a man who had the fortune to find early in life that he was very good at two things—football and girls—and has been devoting himself to them with enormous success ever since. Silverman blocks neatly for Hornung's romp among the high points of his career—from his triumphs in high school, when he was named number-one football player in Kentucky, to his triumphs at Notre Dame, where he was voted the prestigious Heisman Trophy, to his triumphs with the Green Bay Packers, who helped him become pro football's Most Valuable Player. He relates, with commendable candor, the circumstances of his one-year suspension from the Packers in 1963 for betting, and is wryly engaging about the various incidents (mostly involving chicks, who, he admits, are powerfully attracted to him because he is good-looking and famous and such a pleasure to be with) which have gotten him into varying degrees of hot water. On the other hand, he does not oppress us with the hardships he has had to overcome (the toughest problem of his life was deciding which college's hospitality to accept for four years), with rhapsodies to his true love (he has had quite a number of true loves and hopes to have just as many more) or with his aspirations for the future (he is enjoying himself immensely and plans to go on doing so). We are in debt to both Hornung and Silverman for this refreshing example of popular biography sans popular bushwa.

Until recent years, American jazz criticism has been more concerned with informal social history than with knowledgeable analysis of the music itself. Gradually, however, writers have emerged who can illuminate the music as well as the men—among them, Martin Williams, Gunther Schuller, Don Heckman and Richard Hadlock. A musician himself, Hadlock has written in *Jazz Masters of the Twenties* (Macmillan) a superior introduction to that pivotal jazz decade. His explorations contain biographical information, but the focus is on the music. The book has separate chapters on Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Bix Beiderbecke, The Chicagoans, Fats Waller and James P. Johnson, Jack Teagarden, Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman, Bessie Smith and Eddie Lang. At the end of each there is an astutely selected bibliography and discography. Particularly valuable is Hadlock's re-evaluation of Earl Hines (see this month's *Recordings*), whose pervasive influence has been previously underestimated. The anecdotes are revealing. The distant Bix, for example, astonishes Eddie Condon with a shrewd evaluation of Proust. "How the hell did you find that out?" Condon demanded. "I get around," Bix replied. The intellectual beneath the clown in Fats Waller is disclosed, the man





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who enjoyed talking about Beethoven, Shakespeare and Plato. And there is the jazzman's credo as proclaimed by Pee Wee Russell: "If you miss, you miss. If you get lucky, you get lucky—but you take a chance. You've got to get lost once in a while." *Jazz Masters of the Twenties* is worth the time of any jazz partisan, from the postgraduate to those just starting to find out how much there is to hear.

PLAYBOY readers will remember (could they forget?) Lenny Bruce's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People* (Playboy Press), which was serialized in these pages. Now it's in hard covers, updated and expanded. The self-characterization reveals a central fact about its author: Bruce is unique. There are comics who are social satirists, others who are blue but boffo, others who are expert extemporizers, but just when you're about to say that no comic but Bruce combines all these talents, you realize that Bruce isn't a comic—not in anything like the usual sense of the word. He works clubs and makes people laugh (those who don't walk out), but this is almost an accident: He works clubs because there's just no other place to do what he does. Try to imagine him on TV. His gig is to zing along off the top of his head, using some bits he remembers but always shaking them up, adding and expanding, responding to the particular situation he's in and improvising. His book reproduces tapes of his "performances." They provoke wild laughter at the world, although they do lose something because we don't actually hear them *at the moment they're being made*. The story takes Bruce from his improbable childhood, through the Navy in World War Two, his marriage to a stripper, his various dodges to make a dollar, then his break into showbiz and his run-ins with the law on obscenity and drug charges. It is an engrossing and engaging—and often heartbreaking—life story. But there's more to it than that! How often does a human blowtorch appear who—on stage or in print—can sear out stupidities at the same time that he fractures us with gags?

## RECORDINGS

Frank Sinatra takes on a new role as a musical spokesman for the geriatric set with *September of My Years* (Reprise). The title tune sets the tone for the album which includes *Hello, Young Lovers*, *Last Night When We Were Young*, *This Is All I Ask*, and that premier paean to the passing years, *September Song*. The arrangements are by conductor Gordon Jenkins, and the mellow Sinatra pipes are



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The rich composing talents of Matt Dennis are eminently put forth on *Dave Brubeck Quartet / Angel Eyes* (Columbia). In addition to the classic title lilt, there are a half-dozen other goodies, ranging from the constantly played *Everything Happens to Me* to the never-played *Little Man with a Candy Cigar*. Known or unknown, Matt's melodies are treated with the utmost respect by Brubeck, Desmond, et al.

*Sammy's Back on Broadway* (Reprise), and although Sammy Davis always does right by the Apple's show tunes, they don't always reciprocate in kind. In fact, the first two items on the LP, *A Wonderful Day Like Today* and *Take the Moment*, are liable to discourage the listener from pressing on, but by all means do. You'll eventually come across such gems as *Sunrise, Sunset, A Room Without Windows* and *People*. These, alone, are worth the price of admission.

*More Blues and the Abstract Truth / Oliver Nelson* (Impulse!) has the gifted arranger-composer operating outside his usual large-band context, but what the troops lack in quantity they make up in quality—Ben Webster, Thad Jones, Phil Woods and Pepper Adams are among those who respond rousing to the Nelson charts. As the album's title indicates, the mood is indigo but it is far from melancholy. The blues—vocal style—are admirably attended to on *The Wizardry of Oz Smith* (Capitol). This LP debut for Osborne Smith is an impressive one. With sensitive instrumental support that features the trumpet of the ubiquitous Thad Jones, Mr. Smith gets gully-low in high style. Our favorites: *Midnight Special* and *Careless Love*.

Slow and easy is the pace on *Nancy Wilson / Gentle Is My Love* (Capitol). Miss Wilson's winning ways have never been more apparent than on such love hymns as *My One and Only Love*, *More, Time After Time* and *If Ever I Would Leave You*. Add another chapter to the Nancy Wilson success story.

The renaissance of Earl "Fatha" Hines this past year has been wondrous to behold. Although the pianist has never left the jazz scene, his work for a long time has been in a critical limbo. Everybody knew he was there but nobody cared very much about it. But times, happily, have changed. Three LPs are on hand to provide Hines with impeccable credentials. On *"Fatha"* (Columbia) he's with his trio; *The Real Earl Hines* (Focus) has his trio augmented by tenor man Budd



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Johnson: while *Up to Date with Earl Hines* (Victor) has both a trio and a quartet in action, with Ray Nance pitching in on violin and cornet on a number of the tracks, and Budd Johnson added on others. Hines' forte is taking a standard (there is only one original tune in the lot) and coaxing it, cooing it, embellishing it and enhancing it until it becomes his personal property.

**Manne—That's Gershwin!** / *The Shelly Manne Quintet and Big Band* (Capitol) is an audacious enterprise for a jazz group, in that it includes such seldom-played bits of Gershwin memorabilia as *By Strauss* and *The Real American Folk Song* along with classical excerpts (*Prelude Number Two* and *Theme from Concerto in F*). Manne and his Men turn them all into Gershwinners. On hand are the quintet's Conte Candoli, Frank Strozier, Russ Freeman and Monty Budwig and a host of welkin-ringing West Coast jazzmen.

**The Wonderful World of Antonio Carlos Jobim** (Warner Bros.) has the composer-guitarist-singer offering up generous helpings of all three. Nelson Riddle supplies the *simpatico* orchestral accompaniment as Jobim caresses a dozen of his Brazil-based ballads. High points of his whisper-soft vocalizing—*Aqua de Beber* and *A Felicidade*.

**Joaquin Rodrigo Interpreta Sus Obras** (Odeon), now available in this country, is a splendid album, recorded in Spain, of the illustrious Spanish composer-pianist interpreting a group of his works. He proves to be a masterful performer. Presented here are *Cuatro Danzas de España*, *A L'Ombre de Torre Bermeja*, half a dozen short pieces, and his *Gran Marcha de Los Subsecretarios*, a composition for four hands in which he is joined by Victoria Camhi de Rodrigo.

**Jon Hendricks Recorded in Person at the Trident** (Smash) indicates that Jon can do very well for himself, thank you, as a solo singer. Backed by a three-man rhythm section, Hendricks tackles standards, jazz classics and several of his own concoctions. Among those on hand—*Watermelon Man*, *Old Folks*, *Shiny Stockings* and the venerable *I Wonder What's Become of Sally*.

Fine reissues of theater and movie material are at hand. For a study in contrasts, dig *Frank Sinatra Sings the Select Cole Porter* (Capitol) and *Ethel Merman Sings Cole Porter* (JJC). Miss Merman's LP is not quite that, since four songs from the Fields-Schwartz 1939 musical, *Stars in Your Eyes*, are included. The Merman *modus operandi* is to aim for the last row in the balcony. Sinatra, of course, has different ideas, all of which are expressed admirably in a dozen Porter tone poems—from the opening *I've Got You*

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*Under My Skin* to the infectious closer, *From This Moment On*. If you survive the title, you'll enjoy *The Young, the Beautiful, the Incomparably Talented Beatrice Lillie Sings the Young Noel Coward, the Young Arthur Schwartz and the Young Howard Dietz* (JJC). The Coward ditties are from 1939's *Set to Music*. Dietz and Schwartz are represented by a trio of tunes from *At Home Abroad* and *Flying Colors*. To praise Bea's nonpareil musical madness would, we fear, be gilding the Lillie. A financial failure, Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Allegro* (Victor) still lives through its marvelous melodies—*A Fellow Needs a Girl, So Far, You Are Never Away* and the rambunctious *The Gentleman Is a Dope*. The original cast, heard on the reissue, includes Lisa Kirk and Annamary Dickey. Movie sound tracks—Gallic Division—have been re-etched via *Jazz on the Screen* (Fontana) on which Miles Davis performs the background music for *Frantic* (titled *Elevator to the Scaffold* in France) and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers deliver the musical message for *The Women Disappear*. The Davis tracks (ten of them) are, for the most part, somber mood pieces beautifully delineated. The Jazz Messengers also handle the chores for *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (Fontana), an LP highlighted by the trumpet work of Lee Morgan.

## DINING-DRINKING

*The Jockey Club*, a plush retreat on the first floor of Washington, D.C.'s, Fairfax Hotel at 2100 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., along the city's famous Embassy Row, is just a portfolio's throw away from the White House and the State Department. Here international, political and diplomatic celebrities commingle with some of the finest food in town. Because of the Club's cosmopolitan clientele, the fare is largely Continental with a French flair. From the plentiful list of hors d'oeuvres, we sampled Crêpes à la Jacques, a seafood concoction in a piquant cream sauce, and Artichoke Filled with Purée of Oysters, which sounds forbidding but tastes superb. Soup is not the strong part of *The Jockey's* bill of fare, but it is more than adequate. A rich Cream Sénégalaise is the best in the house.

Chef Claude Bouchet stakes his well-deserved international reputation on the extensive selection of entrees. Among the specialties are a rich Tournedos Rossini in which the tenderloin is served with a heady mixture of mushroom sauce and foie gras, baby pheasant with wild rice and Long Island Duckling à l'Orange. As befits a quality restaurant near the Eastern seaboard, *The Jockey Club* is properly a stronghold of seafood. Fresh live trout and lobster from the Club's own ocean-water tank and a superbly delicate Dover sole are memorable. In addition to the standard dinner menu, the Club runs

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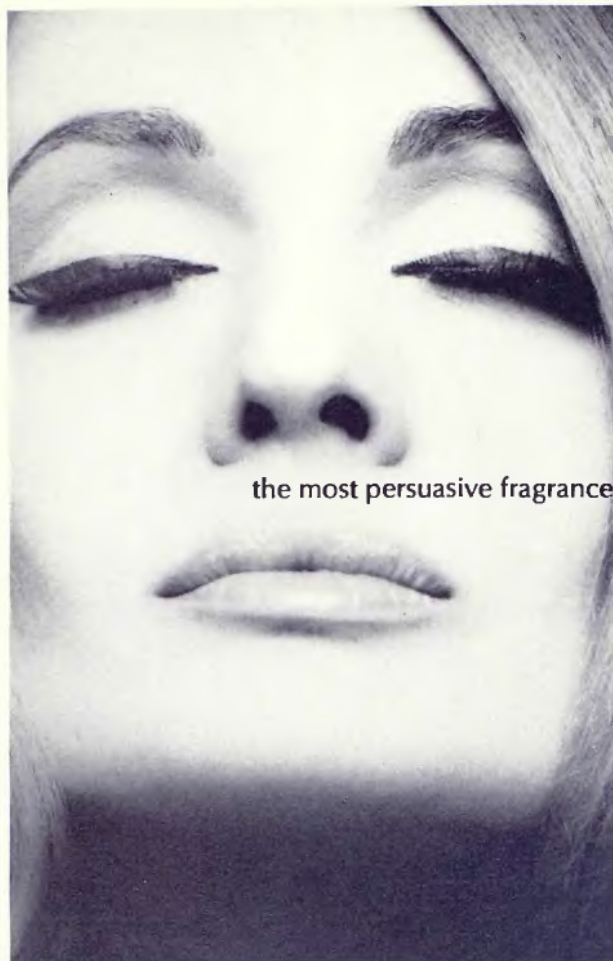
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a full complement of fish, fowl and meat *spécialités du jour* that remains uniformly excellent. Vegetables, which only a handful of restaurants do properly, are a justifiable pride of the kitchen. The immense dessert menu is a trencherman's delight. Our favorites are bananas flambéed and a wickedly rich serving of fresh strawberries Romanoff in brandy. Maître de Paul de Frontenac supervises a staff that provides swift and expert service. The warm decor of dark woods and leathers makes for luxurious yet comfortable surroundings, and careful table arrangement has made this protean establishment as suitable for a serious business luncheon as it is for romantic dining. Lunch is served from 12 noon to 3 P.M., dinner from 6 to 11 P.M. The Jockey Club is open until one A.M. Monday through Friday; until midnight on Saturday. Reservations are advised.

## MOVIES

In *Darling*—a well-written, finely made film about the sex life of a gorgeous girl—Julie Christie, who was the swinger in *Billy Liar*, is a London model who would like to be good and who is not really *bad*: she just has nothing to hold out, except men. She was married young, then meets a highbrow TV interviewer-writer (Dirk Bogarde) who is married and familial; they start playing house. He is serious about it; she would like to be. But when she gets bored (he spends his spare time working on a novel instead of novelties) she takes up with a big PR man (Laurence Harvey). One fling leads to another, and before the opus is over, she is married to a middle-aged Italian prince in a Florentine *palazzo*, with seven step-children and a quirk for Dirk. She flies back to London and gets, in more than one way, her comeuppance. As a story, it steams along: The people are people, the dialog is daggery, the camerawork is wild, the direction by John Schlesinger (*A Kind of Loving* and *Billy Liar*) is full of terrific touches. The trouble is that the film is supposed to have meaning, and as a comment on the moral torpor of our times, it's either too heavy or too thin. Shots such as a close-up of a fat woman picking meat out of a sandwich while a charity speaker talks about world hunger are a bit fatuous; and the orgies, as usual, seem too well organized. Miss Christie is great-looking and can act OK. Harvey is suitably sleek. Bogarde is first-class. *Darling* isn't as deep as it makes out, but it's a fast two hours.

What those Roaring Twenties must have been roaring at is silent comics. *Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20s* is another anthology film by Robert G. Youngson, a specialist in the species, and it packs a cargo of comedy that makes it seem as if the decade whizzed by on a lofty level of





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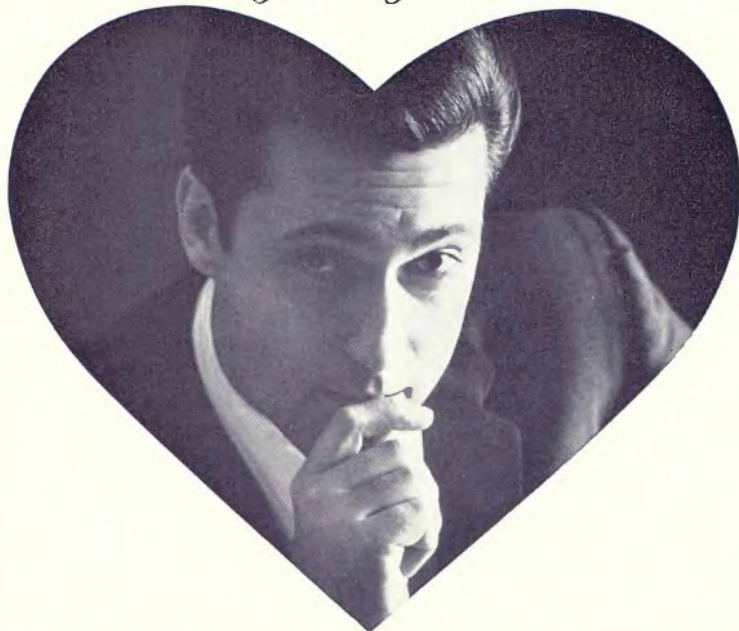
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lunacy that rarely let down, or up. There's everything you'd expect—from the pies in the puss to the pants on the pavement—but it's all done with a blend of high spirits and deep seriousness that's missing from modern imitations. Youngson begins with brief film bios of the pair, then neatly stitches some side-stitching sequences from a number of L and H howlers. Two of their long episodes are ballets of boffs: In one, Ollie and Stan are housebuilders who bring down the house; in the other, they are escaped cons who steal some clothes, but Stan's pants are too large, Ollie's too small. They try to find a place to change and, after many mishaps, they step into a small cabin under a building in the process of being built. The cabin is an elevator that takes them to the top of the skyscraper skeleton—and the result is a masterpiece of mimed madness. It all adds up to More. What about L and H in the Thirties? Those operetta parodies? Don't just stand there, Youngson—get going!

Alain Delon, the French star, has just made his first American picture, *Once a Thief*, and if no one pays attention, maybe it will go away. It's about this Italian-born fellow (Delon), now living in San Francisco with an American wife (Ann-Margret) and small daughter; he used to be crooked but has gone straight. There's an S.F. detective (Van Heflin), also Italian, who's out to get Delon because of a bullet wound in his past (where it *hurts!*). The hero's brother (Jack Palance), a hot-shot hood, wants him to come back for one more heist, and after harassing by Heflin, Delon succumbs. Things go wrong: there's a double cross, and the other rotten yeggs kidnap Delon's child, so he has to ask Heflin to help. There's a finale on Fisherman's Wharf that's fishier than a cargo of two-week-old cod. Delon's body may have been in California, but he left his talent in France. Ann-Margret, as an emotional actress, has luscious legs. Heflin is no longer a very moving Van, and Jack Palance, who spent the last few years in Europe, maybe shouldn't have come back. The beginning promises a hip flick about far-out hipsters, but it soon dissolves into a Thirties Warner Bros. throbber about how crime doesn't pay anyone except the folks who make films about how crime doesn't pay.

Sidney Lumet achieves his directorial peak in a World War II whizzer called *The Hill*. It's set in a British military prison in North Africa; the hill itself is a steep pyramid built in the middle of the camp, up and down which prisoners are forced to run in full kit and battledress under the blazing sun—as punishment. To this camp comes a new batch headed by Sean Connery (see this month's *Playboy Interview*) as a Scottish sergeant major broken and sentenced for socking



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an officer, and Ossie Davis, the American Negro actor, playing a West Indian soldier sentenced for stealing whiskey. The way this pair buck the tyranny and torture of the camp and force a showdown is the cruel core of the plot. Along the way there are some crisp characterizations, some ring-a-ding writing, some black-and-white photography (by Oswald Morris) that makes the sun seem to sear the skull. The prime performance is by Harry Andrews as the sergeant major who really runs the place, tough and smart but mostly tough. (The scene in which he faces down a crowd of protesting prisoners is a smash.) Connery shows that he's capable of more than being bottled in Bond, and Davis is tops, particularly when he blows his top. The film raises the issue of what to do about discipline when you're dealing with tough men in a tough situation, and it doesn't come near settling it; but, helped by Thelma Connell's editing, Sidney Lumet has rendered Ray Rigby's screenplay into a real scorcher.

Patricia Gozzi—a name you're going to hear about more and more—is the teen-aged French actress who kept *Sundays and Cybele* from seeming silly by means of her astonishing talent. She's now doing the same thing, even more astonishingly, for *Rapture*. The plot is a crock of sensitivity, but Miss G. is just great. She lives on the Brittany coast with her widowed father, a retired judge, and their hot-pants maid. Patricia, despised by her dad, takes refuge in her fantasy—so deeply that he tells her she's going to end up on the nearby funny farm. She builds a scarecrow for their garden and talks to him as if he were alive. A young escaped murderer steals the scarecrow's clothes, and the girl treats him—almost seriously—as her creation come to life. The old judge, because of conscience about his past, hides the boy in their house. When the boy makes the maid, the girl nearly kills her. Then the girl and the boy begin an affair, run away, and come back to the—of course—tragic finish. Director John Guillermin has made the most of the coast—the gray light, the rocks and waves, the gulls, the lonely house and the winds. Composer Georges (Jules and Jim) Delerue scores again. Gunnel Lindblom, of Ingmar Bergman's company (she was the siren in *The Silence*), is the maid, and then some. Dean Stockwell, the lad, is stiff; Melvyn Douglas grunts and gruffs a lot as Pa. It is Patricia all the way. Her belief in the scarecrow keeps the film from flying off; her passion and tenderness make her quite juvenile sex life lovely; her terror and happiness are those qualities in essence. At 15, Miss Gozzi is a natural.

If you cross *In Harm's Way* with *Fail-Safe*, what do you get? Answer: Very little—and that little is called *The Bedford*

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**Incident.** Made from Mark Rascovich's novel, it's the story of a present-day Ahab—a U.S. naval commander (Richard Widmark)—and his particular white whale, a Red sub. Widmark's ship, U.S.S. Bedford, patrols the seas between Greenland and Iceland, and detects a sub inside the three-mile limit off Greenland. He asks Washington for permission to force it to surface. Permission denied. (And we're all supposed to share his shock: what *can* they be thinking of back there, not giving him a chance to help start World War III?) He trails the sub to open waters, but the plot gets foggy. Why won't the sub surface out there? And why won't Widmark let it? And why does he arm his rocket torpedoes? At the crucial moment a jittery ensign presses the button and blows up the sub, but the sub launched its own torpedoes when it read the attack and Widmark refuses to evade them. (Sort of like paying for Moscow with New York in *Fail-Safe*.) The script is not only fuzzy and faded, but padded. Widmark is more an aging juvenile delinquent than an old sea dog. This is the first directorial job by James B. Harris, and anyone who can get bad performances out of Martin Balsam (ship's doctor) and Sidney Poitier (correspondent) should be legally barred from the trade.

**Life Upside Down** is a first film, written and directed by a young Frenchman named Alain Jessua, and the only description for it is work of art. Literally, it's just a case history of a crack-up, a schizo revealing that he is a schizo, but that's like saying that *Macbeth* is a murder story. This crack-up is chronicled from within, by the man himself, and the actions we see as increasing derangement, he sees as solutions to life. He's young, lives in Paris with a model whom he eventually marries; and the story simply shows how he drifts out of touch—with his job, his girl, love, sex, friendship, family—like a boat drifting away from shore. But the horror is that the fellow in the boat feels happier and happier. The first sign comes early in the film, when he says "Excuse me" to his girl and some friends in a café, gets up—we think it's to phone or something—and just goes over to a pinball machine and starts to play, oblivious of the others. Little by little this fellow, who looks so nice and normal, becomes more and more remote: His girl, who thinks his disappearances mean that he has another dame, tries the gas bit, then leaves him. Charles Denner, star of the neglected *Landru*, is superb as the young man who seals himself into a solo world, and Anna Gaylor is nice as the girl. Jacques Robin's camerawork is exactly right, but it is Jessua, perceptive and poetic, who has made this a fine and unforgettable film.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been dating a young lady who lives in a girls' residence. Since I live with my parents, the only place we can be alone is in a motel or hotel. However, she gets quite flustered by the deception involved, and is particularly annoyed that I falsify a "Mr. and Mrs." in the registration book. What do you recommend?—D. H. M., Van Nuys, California.

*Falsifying your name in a hotel register is not only unsavory, but illegal. When you check in, take separate rooms under your own names. What you do afterward is nobody's business but your own. It may cost a little more money, but it's worth it.*

Whatever possessed my grandfather to wear spats?—F. M. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

*The answer to your question goes back a couple of centuries. When an 18th Century gentleman paid court to a lady, his single-horsepower sports model left his legs exposed to the spatter of mud and rain. Consequently, he wore on each ankle a leather protector called a "spatterdash." As longer trousers evolved in the 19th Century, spatterdashes became shorter and were made of cloth. By 1900, better roads and more modern methods of transportation eliminated the need for these accouterments, but they remained, with the shortened name "spats," as elegant items of fashion.*

I am a 20-year-old university coed whose lack of feminine self-confidence can be traced directly to the fact that I am disturbingly flat-chested. My boyfriend adds to my insecurities every time he renews his subscription to PLAYBOY, and I find myself growing more and more resentful of those girls who have an outright surplus of what I so desperately need. He has never brought up the matter during the entire time we've dated, but I fear that he is just being kind. Is this likely to alter our long-range plans and, if so, should I take steps to try to increase my bust size before it's too late?—Miss P. F., East Lansing, Michigan.

*Too late for what? We're sure that, by now, your boyfriend has discovered many other salient qualities on which to gauge his feelings about you. Keep developing these and forget about your bust. If you can't, discuss with your physician the several types of bust-enlarging operations that have been perfected.*

Is there a way I can protect my camera from moisture and heat while it is stored in the trunk of my car?—L. D. F., Wakefield, Massachusetts.

*Heat won't bother your camera, al-*

*though it does tend to deteriorate film. So, if you leave the instrument in your trunk—unloaded—all you'll need is a packet of crystals (silica gel, obtainable at any photo-supply store) placed near your equipment to absorb moisture.*

What does "bottled in bond," as used on whiskey labels, mean?—R. L. R., Harvey, Illinois.

*When you pick up a green-stamped container bearing the inscription "bottled in bond," you've got a straight whiskey (usually bourbon) that was produced by a single distillery, aged for at least four years under Government surveillance, and bottled at 100 proof. Although the inscription doesn't guarantee a good whiskey (the revenuers who supervise the aging are not concerned about quality), you'll find that most bottled-in-bonds are the best of bourbons. For a comparative evaluation of all hard liquors, see "Proofs Positive" (PLAYBOY, May 1965).*

I am currently a college student and, after graduation, plan to take an administrative position in local government here in Southern California. For many years I have used motorcycles as a means of transportation and pleasure and would like to continue to do so. My question is this: If I should elect to use this means of transportation for going to and from work, will I be subject to any criticism that could affect my professional future?—J. E. S., San Diego, California.

*Definitely not. Have no fears about your "image" on a motorcycle; it's an increasingly fashionable method of transportation.*

Unfortunately, in the past we have been subjected to irrational morality handed down to us by the unenlightened, mid-Victorian moralists of the older generation. Finally, we have come to reason. As college girls we have decided that by remaining virgins, we are doing ourselves a great injustice. We've come to the conclusion that morals have little to do with sex and we want to explore what other friends have told us is the most exciting thing in the world. We appeal to you to offer comments and advice pertaining to our each finding a sincere, intelligent lover who would help make our lives more complete. Please tell us if we could be reasonably sure that a good relationship would not be ruined by some nincompoop who still holds mid-Victorian views.—Misses S. W. and R. K., Trenton, New Jersey.

*We think you're approaching the question backward. Since most nincompoops*



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don't wear signs announcing their status, we suggest you first go to the trouble of finding someone you can care about and trust; then let the association develop naturally with sex a part, albeit a very important part, of the total relationship. The amoral approach to sex suggested in your letter will more likely get you a painful memory than a memorable experience.

**W**hat is a sports car?—J. M., New York, New York.

It depends upon whether you're talking about racing or street use. The strict definition of a sports car is that of the *Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile*, which lays down that, for purposes of international competition, a sports car may have an engine of any size, and weigh anything up to 2000 kilos (4400 pounds), must have 7 centimeters of ground clearance, be able to turn inside parallel lines 13.5 meters apart, have a self-starter, four-wheel brakes, two seats of equal dimension, doors, windshield and wiper, mudguards, a hardtop or a hood, luggage space for a trunk 65 x 40 x 20 centimeters, rearview mirror, silencer, horn and four wheels all of the same size. Within these regulations, it is perfectly possible to construct a machine that will do 200 miles an hour and that is about as practical for everyday use as an 80-ton tank with radar gun control. Still, it will legally be a sports car. A more practicable definition, and one generally accepted for other than official racing purposes is this: A sports car is a high-performance automobile capable of transporting at least two people and their luggage in reasonable comfort and also suitable for road competition use.

**I** am thinking of taking a monthlong skiing trip for my vacation, and would like to know where I might find the best atmosphere in terms of fast slopes, reasonable prices and amiable feminine companionship. I hear that Aspen is the place to go. How about it?—L. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Aspen is certainly a good place to go. But there are many other excellent ski resorts where the slopes and snow bunnies are equally fast. See *PLAYBOY's* November 1963 article "Skiing U.S.A." for a comprehensive rundown.

**M**y lover and I have been living together for two years and I have recently had a baby. We are very much in love but have never bothered with the formality of getting married, the reason being that once a woman marries she slackens in her endeavors to keep her man happy, and the love goes out. I feel that I am doing a good job now and I don't want anything to spoil it. My

problem is with the mental attitude of my child. Do you think it is unwise to raise a child in this environment? I feel that if he is taught a good sense of values and realizes the important things of life, he will grow up to understand. Am I wrong?—Miss A.F.H., Evanston, Illinois.

If you can bring up your child to understand the unconventional nature of your relationship, you may never have any trouble. You must face the fact, however, that children are notoriously unable to comprehend why they are isolated from their peers and deemed "different"—as your child will undoubtedly be if you do not conceal the nature of your arrangement. You can avoid this by pretending to be married, but since, judging by your letter, you intend making your relationship permanent, what's the point of dissembling? We think that the harm you fear from being wed will be far less than that which you and your child may suffer from either honestly flaunting your nonconformity or deceptively hiding it. Incidentally, we don't agree that marriage necessarily demeans love. Bad marriages are made by incompatible partners, not by wedding licenses.

**W**hen I was overseas with the Air Force, I met a Japanese girl whom I'd love to bring over here—for keeps. Trouble is, I live in a small town and I'm worried that the people in my social circle won't accept her. What do you suggest?—B. K., Lineboro, Maryland.

We suggest you get away from your small town and plan on living and working in a large city such as New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or San Francisco, where interracial marriages are generally accepted.

**I**s it proper for a divorced man to transfer his wedding band to the little finger of his right hand?—J. McL., Seattle, Washington.

After one has undone the ties that bind, it's time to retire the ring, not change fingers.

**A**bout a year ago, while attending a junior college in the Midwest, I started dating a "nice" girl and, in a short while, I was asked, by her mother, to move in with their family. Then her mother, who is widowed, started taking an interest in me and I began to take her out. She was more fun than her daughter ever was! Since then, I have gone away to another school in another state. However, the mother still retains a strong interest in me. My problem is: I could get a good deal of financial benefit by continuing my relations with this woman out in the open, or else I could

break this off completely and make a new beginning. The question is which is better; the woman obviously enjoys having a man around the house and the arrangement might have benefits for both parties. But there is a big age difference and this could cause disruptions in the family, chiefly between mother and daughter. Besides, I still kind of like the younger one, who is ignorant of our relationship. Since I enjoy the easy life, I would not mind living with an older woman. How do you think the daughter would take it?—H. S., Flagstaff, Arizona. *Amiss. So would we.*

**C**ould you please settle a dispute I've been having with a friend of mine, concerning tab collars as opposed to button-downs? Is one collar more "in" for formal wear? Is it appropriate to wear a tab-collar shirt on semiformal occasions?—L. L., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Both tab collars and button-downs are very much in style, and equally acceptable for most business and social wear. But tabs, as well as the traditional plain collar, are considered more appropriate for formal and semiformal occasions. For further tips on collar styles, refer to Fashion Director Robert L. Green's "From Collar to Cuffs" in the February 1963 *PLAYBOY*.

**I** have heard that there is a club—a very loose and informal club—international in scope and composed of persons whose intelligence tests out to the genius level. Its sole purpose, as I understand it, is to provide members with a mailing list of other members. Would it be possible for you to inform me whether the club still exists, and, if so, where it may be contacted?—T. I. L., Westwood, California.

You're referring to *Mensa International*, an organization founded in England and composed of persons whose intelligence is rated in the top two percent. *Mensa* has many purposes besides providing mailing lists to its members. Regional and local groups conduct forums, engage in charitable work and publish newsletters or journals. If you'd like to join, send three dollars to American *Mensa Selection Agency*, Box 86M, Gravesend Station, Brooklyn, New York. Arrangements will be made for you to take the screening test, and you'll be given a detailed report on the results.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



# If you know another way to use 4711 Cologne, please write.

Back in the 1700's, somebody decided 4711 was a cure-all for anything that happened to your skin. (They even called it "miracle water" because it felt so good.)

Then, in the 1800's, some sensitive gentleman decided 4711 was a refreshing substitute for a shower (since showers in those days were not very easy to come by).

Which brings us to the present.

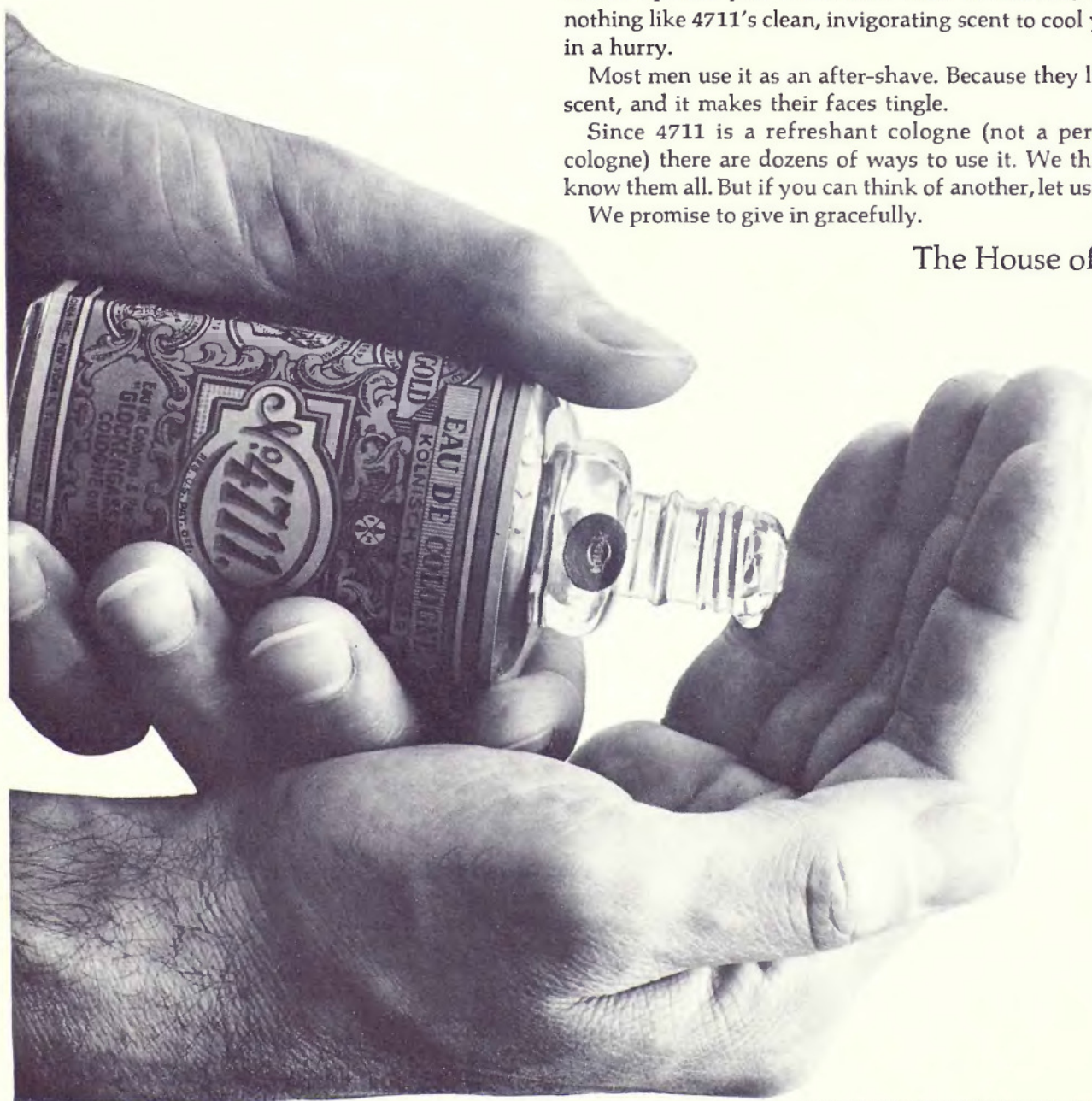
It doesn't take a highly sensitive man to recognize the value of keeping 4711 around today. When something comes up and you don't have time to shower, there's nothing like 4711's clean, invigorating scent to cool you off in a hurry.

Most men use it as an after-shave. Because they like the scent, and it makes their faces tingle.

Since 4711 is a refreshant cologne (not a perfumed cologne) there are dozens of ways to use it. We think we know them all. But if you can think of another, let us know.

We promise to give in gracefully.

The House of 4711





*"No doubt about it, Watson, this scotch is definitely Old Rarity."*

*"Old Rarity, you say."*

*"Observe the clear amber color. Neither smoky nor peaty. It's vibrantly clear."*

*"Clear, you say."*

*"Sniff the aroma. Obviously the barley was roasted over slow peat fires in invigoratingly brisk sea air at a distillery off the west coast of Scotland. The isle of Islay, I'd say."*

*"Islay, you say."*

*"But the telltale substantiation, Watson, is in the tasting. This superlative blend of rare old whiskies is obviously the work of a Master Blender."*

*"Mmmm."*

*"One thing more, Watson, which makes my deductions incontrovertible. Look over there by the bookcase and tell me what you see."*

*"By Jove! A bottle of Old Rarity scotch. And a holiday gift package of fashionable houndstooth design!"*

*"I guess that about wraps it up."*





## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THIS JANUARY, if you can't decide between skiing on the slopes or on the surf, combine both with a vacation at the pleasure capital of the Middle East, Beirut. Though its shore is washed by the warm Mediterranean, Lebanon's chief city is only two hours by car from snow-packed mountains. Here, among the famed 6000-year-old Biblical cedars, are a number of modern and luxurious winter resorts: The Cedars, Lakloul, Faraya, Sannin and Dahr el Baidar. The charm and elegance of French-speaking high society adds chic to the atmosphere.

Back in the rich bedlam of Beirut's traffic, you'll want to stay at the deluxe St. George's Hotel, surrounded almost entirely by the waters of the bay in which St. George allegedly slew the dragon. The hotel's recent modernization included bars in every suite and phones in every bathroom, to meet the high-living demands of visiting sheiks.

Sight-seeing focuses on the local mosques and markets, bright with color and clangor, augmented by a car trip to 2500-year-old Baalbek. You can lunch at the Palmyra Hotel, then drive on to famed Damascus, to Byblos with its Stone Age remnants, and up the coast to Tripoli, where a dervish monastery has been preserved. Across the border, visit Syria's enormous Crusader fortress, the Krak des Chevaliers.


Intown sports include weekly horse racing at the Hippodrome, golf and tennis; but your main activity will focus on the cabana-bright beaches around St. George's Bay, and the gambling at the splendid Casino du Liban at Mameltein (just outside town). There is excellent night life at most of the better hotels (including floor shows at the boites in the Commodore and Alcazar), as well as at L'Elephant Noir, Lido, Mansour and other night clubs. A prowling male can choose from a cornucopia of compliant B-girls among the bars along the Rue de Phenicie and Avenue des Francais—Le Tabou, the Keyhole or the Rock In, for example—and others stretching clear into the city's wide-open red-light district.

Although we normally avoid organized tours, an occasional one comes along with something special to recommend it. It's not too late to join the limited number of American sportsmen participating in exclusive one-week stag-hunting expeditions in the heart of the fabulous Chambord country (100 miles from Paris). Between now and the end of December, weekly flights leave Saturdays, with tour members going straight to one of Paris' *élégantissimo* hotels—the Ritz, Georges V or Crillon. After initiation

into the Chambord Hunt Club, the group travels to the Chambord country on Monday, and then spends four days shooting, each shoot capped by a gourmet dinner and sumptuous accommodations in a palatial French manor house. On the final Saturday, the Club arranges for the participants to follow, either on horse or by car, one of the oldest stag meets of the French nobility. The Club was founded with the cooperation of some of the great French families, and members are entitled to shoot on their magnificent estates. Among them are the demesnes of the Marquis d'Harcourt and his Château de Saint Eusoge; the Comte Robert de la Rochefoucauld and his Château de Pont Chevron; the Baron del Marmol and his Domaine de Bois-la-Vigne. The tab, covering everything except transatlantic transportation, is \$2200 (\$635 for your playmate, if you'd like to have her play lady of the manor while you lord it over the antlered stags of Chambord).

You know about the fabulous skiing in Switzerland and Austria, but for an exciting post-schussing weekend plus, don't overlook West Berlin—which offers diversions more memorable than a tour along the dramatic wall. During January, the city swings with *Kultur* high and low, including concerts at the new Philharmonic Hall, opera and ballet in the new Deutsche Oper, classical drama at the Schiller, experimental theater at the Freie Volksbuehne and hip political satire at such cabarets as Ewige Lampe. Jazz is the specialty at the noisy cellar place Badewanne. At the campy Balhaus Resi, featuring a spectacular stage show and "dancing water" fountains, telephones and message chutes are found on each table. If you spot a comely *Fräulein* languishing nearby, you can use them to invite her to join you, with the odds better than even that she'll accept.

The Berlin Hilton is new among the deluxe hotels, but we prefer the smaller yet luxurious Bristol Hotel Kempinski. They're both within easy reach of one of Europe's great restaurants—the celebrity-speckled Ritz, which offers silk scroll menus listing a choice of Arabian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Indian and Russian foods. If you're a venison addict, dine at the Aben on Kurfurstendamm. To top your visit off, try Berlin's answer to the Eiffel Tower, the Funkturm, featuring a good restaurant with a panoramic view of the city at the 180-foot level.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

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## They helped start a revolution

If you think these men look like revolutionaries—you're right. Around the turn of the century they were among the band of rugged individualists who changed Milwaukee's—and the world's—minds about beer.

You might say these Schlitz beer makers were the forefathers of what we know today as "Real gusto in a great light beer."

And if you think brewing a great beer like Schlitz is a laughing matter, look at the picture again.

(You should have seen how they looked before the photographer said "Smile.")

Today the gang at Schlitz looks nice and friendly, but they can still get mighty pernickity where real gusto is concerned. Get next to a glass of today's Schlitz and see for yourself.

Schlitz—the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous...simply because it tastes so good.





# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor  
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

## MARSHA, THE ENORMOUS MOTHER

I've just read Donald Ziperstein's letter in the July *Forum* describing his complaint to NBC about censoring the Carson show, and quoting the reply he received from Carl M. Watson. In January I complained on exactly the same grounds as Mr. Ziperstein, and although I addressed it "Head Nit Wit, Dept. of Continuity Acceptance, NBC, Dear Mr. Nit," I received a reply from a Mr. Watson. A chronic grouser on matters of principle, I keep a manila folder of carbons and replies labeled SPEAK UP, HONEY, and upon referring to that, found Mr. Watson's letter to me. I checked, because the letter you quoted sounded awfully familiar.

It was identical, right down to my "spirited rejection" of their endeavors, and my "healthy opinion."

May we perhaps reasonably assume that Ziperstein and Samson are not alone, and have a multitude of friends who protest in such numbers to NBC about censorship that Mr. Watson has had to devise form letter X-43B72 to answer the same complaint?

Speaking of censorship, I hadn't seen *PLAYBOY* at my favorite supermarket here for some time, and assumed it had been selling out before I got there. (I'm not deprived, gentlemen, I can purchase it elsewhere.) But upon mentioning it to a clerk, I was told they quit carrying it because of complaints from Marsha, the Enormous Mother, who didn't want sonny (hers or anyone else's) to find out what half the human race looks like (as if sonny didn't already know). One wonders how many sonnys of the supermarket's sick mommas will run, at momma's implied suggestion, from the horrible idea of sex and women, to sex and men; or, by being taught by momma's attitudes that the whole idea is dirty-nasty, grow up to be able to express themselves sexually only by peeping, or assault, or other distortions of the natural state.

Tell me, *PLAYBOY*, what is a fair estimate of the over-all score in 1965 A.B.F. (Anno Big Frater, or Anno Big Mater, as the case may be)? *Who's ahead?*

Patricia Samson  
Cedar Falls, Iowa

*Have hope, Patricia. From all the evidence available to us, sanity in sexual matters is currently becoming fashionable and the sickies are on the run.*

## LA VOIX DE L'EXPÉRIENCE

I am so happy with my subscription to *PLAYBOY*, and now I am again *à la page*, thanks to Thana Courtney (ah, Montana!). Although I didn't come in until the May issue, I am getting the drift through the *Forum*.

You see, when I came here as a war bride in 1921, I landed in a brouhaha of censorship and screams of anguish. According to the dictates of woman suffrage and the single standard, everybody had to be a virgin until marriage. Some people thought that it was a mistake and everybody took to reading books. Havelock Ellis could be bought under the counter (all three volumes). Then came Judge Lindsey and trial marriage. Then came Dr. Van de Velde, that marvelous Dutchman who put cunninglingus within reach of everybody and really started the ball rolling, so to speak. But, even so, all this book learning didn't seem to get us anywhere. Sex is like a game of tennis—you can read about it all you want, but that doesn't make you a good player. You have to get out there on the courts, with a good teacher, in order to learn anything. The French say that a woman is like a violin—give a violin to a monkey and what have you? Certainly not beautiful music. So, the French poppa, who is a logical person, will see to it that when his son is about 16, he will meet a good instructress (one of poppa's former mistresses) and learn how. Then, sonny will become *l'amant de coeur* of a kept woman or two (no money involved) and by the time he gets married he will know how to deflower a virgin without making her hate him for the rest of her life. Marriage is well planned, the girl is in love, the man is gentle and patient, everything is beautiful and she is grateful forever after . . . barring accidents.

Me, I came here and I read books and I met my husband's friends, and while the wives found it *impératif* to tell me that their husbands wouldn't look at another woman, the husbands, those friends of my husband, would corner me behind doors, would push me into dark corners and the back seats of automobiles and they would tell me how good they were and that they could make it last a whole hour! It was a little frightening, like an endurance test. I was not athletic and I didn't like little messes, so for the next 20 years there was a lot of

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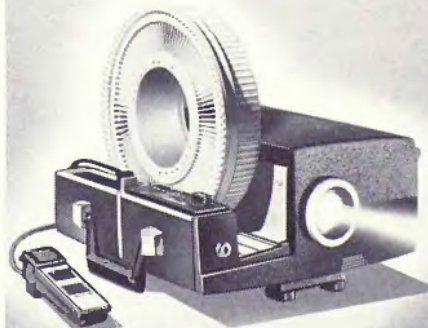
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pushing going on which, fortunately, dwindled and died out. Now, as a spectator, I am amused to see that all hell is breaking loose again. Henry Miller came along with what could be called Sex and the Four-Letter Word. Now Thana Courtney and the Church are getting into the act. Think of the day when coitus interruptus was damned from the pulpit and Dorothy Parker had a canary she called Onan because he wasted his seed!

I am sure that the day is near when contestants will be invited to compete in the Olympics. Thana should be a whiz on the parallel bars!

So, as ever, *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

Congratulations.

Olga F. Gannon  
Gardena, California

*We agree that there's no disputing tastes, Olga, but we'd like to add, from our own college Latin, Nil Illegitimi Carborundum—"Don't let the bastards get you down!"*

#### MYXOMATOSIS

There is one aspect of your great campaign that strikes me as being particularly sick and in direct contradiction of the sexual frankness and natural attitudes you advocate: I refer to the Bunnies.

You afford the already frustrated "all talk and no action" American male another place where he can project his sexual fantasies without "sinning," where he can vicariously enjoy the sex he obviously isn't getting from either wifely or the hypocritical college cherries.

If, instead of compounding the problem in this manner, these ogling, slurping gentlemen were out doing whatever it is they think about when a Bunny hops by, the world would be a healthier place.

As for the strict regulations for Bunnies, the "look but don't touch" arrangement is financially and legally necessary; but isn't it sad that you are being the "home away from mom" for all the links you seek to liberate?

Jane Hart  
Atlanta, Georgia

*There is nothing either sick or anti-sexual about our "look but don't touch" policy regarding the Bunnies of The Playboy Club. It is neither possible nor desirable—in even the most permissive of societies—to have every source of sexual stimulation and fantasy a source of sexual gratification, too. And what this suppressed society needs is more such positive, attractive, heterosexual, healthy sex images, not less. For, contrary to what your letter suggests, these images encourage related patterns of personal sex behavior rather than acting as a substitute for them. On the other hand, a society that attempts to suppress all outward displays and tributes to sex becomes increasingly perverted, impotent and frigid.*

#### GIVE AND TAKE

I would like to congratulate Dick Frech (*The Playboy Forum*, June 1965) on one of the most mature and well-thought-out discourses on sexual mores and self-imposed standards I have ever read. Having long been an advocate of freedom of sexual expression, I was most gratified to find that there is someone else who feels very nearly the same way I do about the "game."

As sex is becoming more accepted and acceptable to society, it would seem to be the wisest thing to recognize sex for what it is, rather than for what can be made of it. Sex, or more accurately the act of love, is a mixture of give and take, with the taking being a purely secondary concern. If, on the other hand, the experience is merely for gratification, there are always those who have a similar hunger and who thus facilitate the fulfilling of immediate desires with their own urgencies. Even in this case, satisfaction may be drawn from the knowledge that one was the instrument of another's release and satisfaction.

A. Rodway  
University of Maryland  
College Park, Maryland

#### DOWN THE GARDEN PATH

The letter from Dick Frech of Casper, Wyoming, in your June *Forum* was a pleasant surprise to me and to several of my friends—pleasant because it contained a great deal of well-expressed truth, and surprising because when one has found so few males with similar attitudes in a supposedly sophisticated metropolis, one doesn't expect them to turn up in out-of-the-way places like Casper, Wyoming.

Mr. Frech, however, writes from the male (albeit enlightened) point of view, and lays perhaps too much of the blame for the double standard on the male half of the population. His "casual roué" is certainly an offender, but the "sweet young things" also insist on upholding the double standard even as they defy it.

There is many a girl who indulges in premarital sex with a gentleman who doesn't think less of her for doing so. But having established a nice basis for a sexual relationship outside of marriage, our not-so-hypothetical girl hauls out the double standard and plants it like a wall between herself and the relaxed, uninhibited sexual relationship she claims she wants.

When she suffers her first pangs of guilt over her late actions, she is incapable of keeping them to herself. She "confesses" to her girlfriends that she has fallen, while heaving nostalgic sighs for her lost virginity. She lies in the dark beside her sleepy lover and laments her downfall and his part in it. She develops—even if she has taken ridiculously careful precautions—a morbid fear of pregnancy. For five or six days a month she torments the unhappy guy with this bleak prospect,

alternately extracting promises of fidelity from him and detailing the horrified reactions she can expect from her parents, his parents, her friends, his friends, their parents' friends, and society in general, when her suspicions are confirmed.

Beyond this, she preserves her "innocence" in a thousand subtler, sneakier ways. She will not make love with the lights on. She will not undress with the lights on. She either insists that all sex be of the standard variety, or, if her lover succeeds in persuading her to try new techniques, she wails about it afterward, no matter how much she enjoyed it. She talks continually, in hushed, horrified tones, about the indiscretions of her friends, making it clear that she is shocked to discover that her "nice" friends could do such things. In general, she goes about looking like death; her voice, as she asks the bewildered guy over and over whether he "still respects her," is the voice of doom.

It doesn't take her long to convince her enlightened counterpart that she *did* fall, and that when she fell she landed with a dull thud on his peace of mind. And when he extracts himself from this painful situation, as inevitably he must for his sanity's sake, she adds her voice to society's wail about men ruining women, casting them aside and striding purposefully on toward newer, greener pastures. Our heroine is not sick, or pregnant, or ruined in any way that society can see by looking at her, but she is ruined just the same—she ruined herself with her own big mouth. There probably isn't a person in town who doesn't know exactly what she has done, and when and where and with whom.

Furthermore, she will tell her subsequent boyfriends about her fall from grace, thus giving them the same slant on her actions that she has herself. Frequently she decides that, as long as she has fallen and there is no hope of a climb back up into the light, she might as well enjoy the darkness; so she goes out and, with the haunted smile of one who has suffered and is resigned to life's wounds, sleeps with anybody who happens by. Naturally, by the time she's slept with five or six of the "great lovers" in town (who tell of every conquest to anyone who will listen), she is known for miles around as "that tramp," and *then*, strangely enough, "no decent man would want her." Men are a cruel, heartless bunch, aren't they?

There is a lot more to this question of premarital sex—to have or to have not—than girls are willing to admit. A girl who doesn't want to engage in premarital sex should on no account do so, and, contrary to popular opinion, the men in her life aren't going to stop dating her for refusing. Oh, one or two of them may, but if their attitude is that shallow, she's better off without them. The rest may keep up a pretense of pushing her toward it, but if



she is firm in her denials, they will give up eventually.

A girl who *does* want premarital sex should be *sure* she wants it, and swear on whatever she holds sacred that she will not torment her mate later on for "persuading" her. (She cannot be persuaded—she makes her own decisions.) She ought to examine her reasons for wanting the affair and be sure that her own conditioning and need for society's approval aren't going to keep her from ever really enjoying it. She ought to ask herself whether she really has the independence to carry it off gracefully—if she doesn't, she might as well forget it.

We women insist on equality in every field imaginable, yet if in this particular field a man treats one of us as an intelligent human being capable of deciding what she wants, we all scream like foxes. We have minds of our own, we say—but if we do, how can we be led down the garden path so easily? The answer is, we can't. We go willingly and unthinkingly, for all the wrong reasons and without any foresight, and then we weep when, because of our own bad judgment, we have reason to be sorry afterward.

Candace Carroll  
Washington, D. C.

#### THE SEX GAME

Many praises for Dick Frech's letter in the June *Forum*. It concerns a problem that has been woefully neglected: self-evaluated morality. Many young American males today seek prefabricated morality and, consequently, choose either a very liberal standard or the society-accepted Victorian code. The flippant acceptance of any one moral code is totally unreasonable and immature. All too few young men try to consider what is actually right for both themselves and society.

Specifically I am speaking of our young college undergrads. In this group there seem to be many who have an intellectual apathy when faced with the problems of the double standard versus anything else. Consequently, since Victorians are currently on the way out, vast numbers of "liberals" now surge upon today's womanhood in search of the "great lay." To many of these men sex is truly the game-war that Mr. Frech so aptly described. A large number of these young intellectuals praise the *Philosophy*, but few have actually read it and fewer live by it.

A prevailing attitude among those who are constantly on the make is that the girl player in the sex game is to be regarded only as a vagina on wheels, or else as a mother image . . . and ne'er the twain shall meet! The philosophy of the four Fs (find 'em, feel 'em, etc.) seems to be quite popular with some of the under-21-but-mature males today.

While it is true that the ultraliberal attitude may be right for some individuals, as a general code for all it is pedantic, narrow-minded and unrealistic. Any one

standard can apply only to persons of a certain psychological make-up, for morality must start within the individual and conform to his own personality.

The intelligent person must seriously evaluate what is worth while in relations with his fellow men and women.

Here on this campus there are pitifully few men who know enough about birth control to safely engage in a continuing sexual affair, and many got their best technique lessons by reading *Candy*. Reputations are wholesale among the braggarts, and the fraternities' lists of "dates that do" are highly prized. Of course, not all men are so irresponsible, but there are still many "liberals" who propagate the apathy, unreliability and selfishness that can make sex a bad experience rather than the mutually satisfying relationship that it should be. I hope that *The Playboy Philosophy* will continue to be an enlightening guide in the right direction.

Jack Bell  
University of Maryland  
College Park, Maryland

#### VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF SEX

What Hefner is saying basically is that sex needn't be all marriage. It would seem, however, that neither should marriage be all sex. As our society becomes more permissive, sex will become a less and less important part of marriage. Already it is clear that we need less procreation, rather than more, if the species is to be preserved. Such things as mutual interests and affection are far more important than sexual attraction as bases for a lasting marriage. And here the ambiguity comes in. Granted that adultery is immoral if it involves the betrayal of the faith and fidelity that bind the members of a marriage together; but is sexual exclusivity necessarily a part of faith and fidelity? Need it be a part of marriage? If, as you say, modern contraceptives provide a simple, inexpensive, effective answer to the problem of unwanted pregnancy, why must the marital contract involve a promise of sexual exclusivity? Divested of the unnecessary and often unrealistic romanticism with which it is commonly connected, marriage is simply an agreement by two people, who like each other very much, to live together. When marital infidelity results in tragedy, it is probably because of violations of an agreement—but why the agreement?

It would seem that people who are so enlightened as to engage in uncommitted sex before marriage should be consistent enough to continue their sexual freedom during marriage. Lawrence Lip-ton in *The Erotic Revolution* cites numerous instances of married people who have the good sense to agree to a little sexual variety while continuing to live together and enjoy each other's company. "Variety is the spice of life," and that

(continued on page 161)



#### But can he wash-dry-and-wear it??

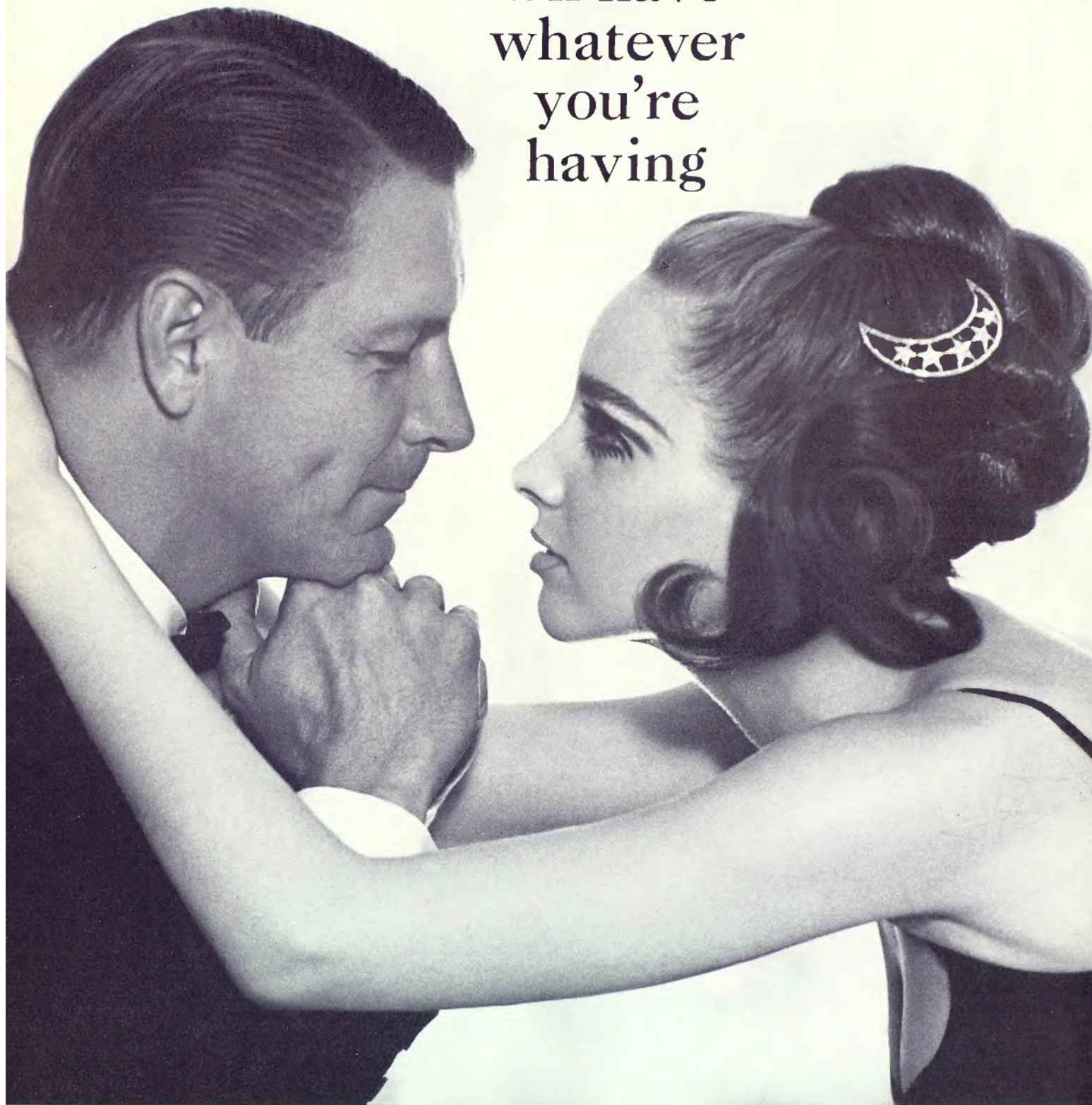
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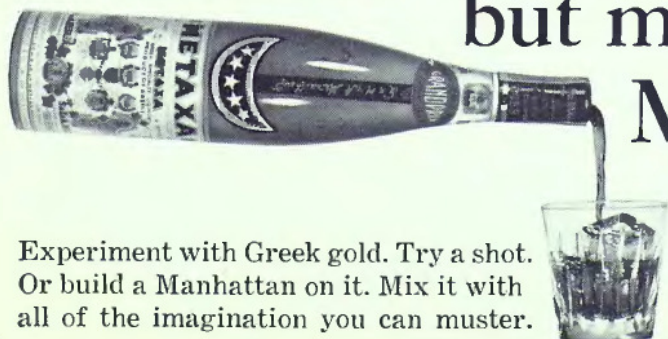


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# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

*the twenty-third part of a statement in which playboy's editor-publisher spells out—  
for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo*

THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY is sometimes referred to by its critics as little more than a rationalization, apology or promotion for this publication. But the basic beliefs about our society that we have been expounding in this series of editorials were well established long before we published the first issue of PLAYBOY.

Early in 1948, as an undergraduate at the University of Illinois, we made what proved to be a prophetic comment in a campus magazine that we edited, entitled *Shaft*. We wrote:

"The other day I was thumbing through what may be 1948's most important book—*Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* by Alfred C. Kinsey, professor of zoology at Indiana University. This 800-page volume is the first thorough examination of American sexual behavior and attitudes—the result of nine years of study, during which Dr. Kinsey and his associates interviewed nearly 12,000 men. After considering this evidence, one can only conclude that if American laws were rigidly enforced, a majority of our male population would be jailed as sex offenders.

"What about college men? Well, as a group, they are less promiscuous than the average [for the entire] male population. They do indulge in more experiences with the girl they intend marrying, however. (I don't know how you're making out, but my girl doesn't believe in surveys.) We're waiting impatiently for the female study.

"On a serious note—Dr. Kinsey's book disturbs me. Not because I consider the American people overly immoral, but because this study makes obvious the lack of understanding and realistic thinking that have gone into the formation of our sex standards and laws. Our moral pretenses [and] our hypocrisy on matters of sex have led to incalculable frustration, delinquency and unhappiness. One of these days I'm going to do an editorial on the subject, but for now we'll leave it to the sociology classes and bull sessions."

Some 15 years later, we got around to doing "an editorial on the subject"—and as we begin this 23rd installment, a con-

## editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

clusion to the series is nowhere in sight.

### OUR COLLEGE VIEW OF SEX

Just how far our ideas about the social and sexual ills of society had already developed is even more clearly indicated by a term paper that we prepared for a course in social pathology during a quarter of postgraduate study at Northwestern in the spring of 1950. That paper reads exactly like something we might have written just a few months ago as an installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. In the introduction to that student treatise, we stated:

"Alfred Kinsey's first volume on sexual behavior statistically substantiates what many in the field have suspected for some time—there is a serious gap between man's professed beliefs and his actions. This becomes more disturbing when one realizes that much of this hypocrisy has been legislated into the statutes of the various states. If strictly and successfully enforced, these laws would send close to 90 percent of our male population to prison with sentences ranging from a few months to life.

"If law is to function properly, man must respect it and believe, for the most part, that it is right and just. A wide variance between behavior and the law indicates that something is amiss, that something—either the legislation or the action—needs adjusting. It is important, therefore, to give careful consideration to this problem now that suitable statistical data is finally available.

"This paper attempts a beginning by bringing together Kinsey's findings and the appropriate sex legislation existing in the 48 states and the District of Columbia. A second part [of the paper] is devoted to a comparison of the state statutes themselves, and then some personal observations are made and conclusions drawn . . ."

Our sociology professor was impressed with the report, but not with the personal observations at the end of it—he was so unimpressed with the latter, in fact, that he actually graded the paper twice, giving it an A for the research, which he reduced to a B-plus, because (as he was

good enough to explain in a note attached) he could not agree with or accept the conclusions. Our conclusions regarding U. S. sex laws were the same in that 1950 college treatise as those we are now expressing in *Philosophy*; we wrote:

"This study has indicated the vast differences that exist in the handling of sex behavior from one state to another. The realization that two citizens can commit exactly the same act in different parts of the country, and one be innocent of any wrongdoing, while the other is guilty of a serious crime and eligible for a lengthy prison sentence, is disturbing. Most would agree that some sort of standardization [of U. S. sex statutes] is needed. But when we begin contemplating the nature of this standardization, opinions differ as greatly as the laws we would standardize. Though few will deny that the discrepancies noted between sexual behavior and the law present a serious problem, most will have their own individual explanations for these discrepancies and suggestions as to what should be done about them. These are this writer's.

"Following the 16th Century Reformation, democratic government was conceived of as a separation of church and state. The state was to provide security and order, but morally man was to be free—free to choose his own church, to speak his own mind, to read and write what he pleased, to go where he pleased and do what he pleased, just as long as he did not violate the right of others to enjoy these same freedoms. The United States was founded on this concept. We now possess freedom of religion, speech, press, assembly, association, property and suffrage to an impressive degree. Our government has legislated to keep open and advance the channels of social and economic opportunity. But what about sex?

"Somewhere along the line, sex became separated from the other freedoms. Man comprehended the relativity of religion and the importance of allowing every other man to worship his own god in his own way; and he comprehended the relativity of ideas, permitting each person to speak and write his own thoughts, no matter how unpopular; but, somewhere along the line, man failed to comprehend the relativity of



sexual behavior, and demanded—with legal force as a club—that all obey a single sexual standard. All deviation became a sin and against nature! Why?!

"Why does tolerance turn to intolerance, rationality to irrationality, when man contemplates the subject of sex? Why does *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* define masturbation as 'self-pollution'? Why do the learned lawmakers become so emotional in their legislation that they define every kind of noncoital sex as sodomy—the abominable and detestable crime against nature? Why are excellent literary works sometimes banned as 'obscene'? Why is it still against the law in some states to circulate information regarding birth control and venereal disease? To answer these questions, we must consider the very beginnings of human culture.

"Earliest man, fearful in a world he did not understand, created many gods to serve as both protection and explanation. Almost from the beginning, sex took on a sacred connotation. The sex act became a part of the religious rituals of many precivilized groups, and the genitals a sacred symbol . . .

"The coming of Christianity did not lessen the importance of sex in religion; it merely altered its value. Sex ceased to be something sacred and became something evil. The spiritual side of man was considered to be in opposition to the physical, the sensual, the carnal. Because large families were economically advantageous, sexual intercourse within marriage was tolerated—but tolerated only. Sex play and pleasure were supposed to be kept to a minimum, even within the bonds of matrimony; procreation was the only moral purpose for the sex act and celibacy was considered a great virtue. All sexual relations outside of marriage, and all deviations where procreation was impossible [in or out of wedlock], were considered mortal sins.

"Because of the close association that existed between church and crown in the Old World, religious codes were reinforced by secular statutes. In America, we separated the powers of church and state, but religious antisexualism had so thoroughly infiltrated secular society that sex suppression was perpetuated in the laws of our land.

"Our sexual heritage is predicated more on ignorance and superstition than on reason; our sex laws are one of the results of that heritage. These statutes are, for the most part, an improper infringement of personal freedom and inconsistent with the best interests of the individual citizen and secular society as a whole. . . . In the formation of new, more rational sex legislation, it is essential, I think, to differentiate between those laws that truly protect and serve the members of a free society, and those that merely attempt to restrict the individual to a particular religious-moral

code of conduct, to which he may or may not personally subscribe. Under the former, I would include legislation against rape and, to a lesser degree, statutory rape, incest and public indecency [exhibitionism]. All other sex offenses discussed in this paper [fornication, adultery, lewd cohabitation, prostitution, and the variety of noncoital acts—both heterosexual and homosexual—included under sodomy and perversion statutes] belong in the second category . . ."

Considering the critical reaction these conclusions elicited from our Northwestern professor in 1950, we were especially pleased when, in 1956, a proposed Model Penal Code was published by The American Law Institute which endorsed eliminating from the criminal law "all sexual practices not involving force, adult corruption of minors, or public offense." We felt further vindicated when the first state to revise its sex statutes along these lines was our own Illinois. And we confess to an additional sense of satisfaction when we found Northwestern among the more than 50 colleges and universities across the U. S. to which we were invited to speak this year on our favorite subject: *The Playboy Philosophy*.

#### THE PROPER PURPOSE OF SEX LAWS

Our student paper on "Sex Behavior and the U. S. Law" seems as pertinent to us in 1965 as it was when we researched and wrote it a decade and a half ago, for these irrational and suppressive statutes resist reason and have changed very little in the intervening years. We have considered and contrasted contemporary U. S. sex statutes and activity in earlier installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* (PLAYBOY, February, April, September, 1964); in the next few issues, we intend to conclude our current discussion of the subject with specific recommendations for new sex legislation that we consider to be consistent with a free, enlightened contemporary civilization such as that intended as the goal of American democracy.

Our concept of a proper penal code for sexual behavior is based on the belief that, in a free society, the state is intended to be the servant of man rather than his master; it is supposed to assist the citizen, not suppress him. Some U. S. sex laws protect the individual member of society; many more merely suppress and persecute him.

#### A MAGISTRATE'S VIEW

Morris Ploscowe, director of the American Bar Association Commission on Organized Crime, former judge of the Magistrate's Court of the City of New York, Adjunct Associate Professor of Law at New York University, states, in his book *Sex and the Law*: "A rational code of sex offense laws is long overdue in this

country. Sex offense legislation presently on the books is largely unenforceable and much of this legislation does a great deal more harm than good. There are a number of fundamental reasons for this. In the first place, the prohibitions imposed by these laws are far too inclusive, covering far too many areas of sexual behavior. These laws make potential criminals of most of the adolescent and adult population, in that they proscribe every conceivable sexual act except a normal act of coitus between a man and a woman who are married to each other or an act of solitary masturbation. . . . Few branches of the law have shown such a wide divergence between actual human behavior and stated legal norms."

#### A SOCIOLOGIST'S VIEW

Dr. Alfred Kinsey wrote, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*: "The current sex laws are unenforced and are unenforceable because they are too completely out of accord with the realities of human behavior, and because they attempt too much in the way of social control. Such a high proportion of the females and males in our population is involved in sexual activities which are prohibited by the law of most of the states of the Union, that it is inconceivable that the present laws could be administered in any fashion that even remotely approached systematic and complete enforcement. . . . The consequently capricious enforcement which these laws now receive offers an opportunity for maladministration, for police and political graft, and for blackmail which is regularly imposed both by underworld groups and by the police themselves."

#### A SUPREME COURT VIEW

Certain kinds of sex behavior—unwelcome acts of sexual aggression, violence, coercion and exploitation—unquestionably warrant public concern and control; but there is also an area of private morality that cannot be infringed upon by the state, if the individual members of society—and our society itself—are to remain free.

This principle of privacy was the key consideration in a recent U. S. Supreme Court decision declaring Connecticut's anticontraceptive law unconstitutional. "The right to privacy is a fundamental personal right," said Justice Goldberg, "emanating from the totality of the constitutional scheme under which we live."

Writing the majority opinion, Justice William O. Douglas asked, "Would we allow the police to search the sacred precincts of marital bedrooms for telltale signs of the use of contraceptives? The very idea is repulsive . . ."

It is worse than repulsive. For if personal freedom is to have any meaning whatever, then surely man must be permitted freedom in the most personal of all human acts. If a citizen's home is con-



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sidered his castle, who has the authority to intrude, uninvited, into the most private place therein? And what do our unalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness really mean, if they fail to include the right to use the most intimate parts of our own bodies?

In his concurring opinion to the Connecticut contraception decision, Justice Goldberg quoted renowned former Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, who comprehensively summarized the principles underlying the Constitution's guarantees of privacy, sexual and otherwise, as follows: "The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasure, and satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations. They conferred as against the Government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

#### A POET'S VIEW

Beat poet Allen Ginsberg made this offbeat, but powerful, plea for sexual freedom, in an open letter devoted to the subject, published in *Eros*:

"Are there really federal govt Laws regulating so ineffably personal a tickle as sex? Can it be possible that State govts (mostly full of everybody knows selfseeking politicians) have been dictating where & when we can sleep with our friends? Conceivable that local townships & city supervisors supervise people's ejaculations of semen? Now this is really a bit thick.

"The simple fact is we're victims of a presumptuous vulgar persecution, our own private skin and genitals don't belong to us. Power groups going under the respectable name of 'Government' have the brazen hutzpahl to tell us who can be intimate with whom, whom we can play with, what position & if we may move our bodies this way and that, as if our bodies were not our own PRIVATE PROPERTY. Where does any politician get off controlling other men's penises? How can a bunch of hairdressers, ambitious lawyers & used car dealers that call themselves Municipal Government GET OFF telling women to whom they haven't even been introduced what these women can do with their vaginas?

"Are our stalwart statesmen going to make us stand in the corner and repeat one thousand times I WILL NOT HAVE AN UNAUTHORIZED ORGASM?

"The plain fact is this bunch of shrewd SEX FIENDS intrude their hands underneath our pants and bloomers, and these filthy hands (one set of politicians' after another) have been

touching us without invitation in our private parts as far back as we can remember. And that is MASS RAPE, the vilest kind of sexual perversion practiced on this planet. Done in the name of Virtuous Social Order to make it sound respectable, inevitable, natural, only a matter of course, absolutely necessary, dearies, quite proper for you, harrumph.

"Not only mass sexual rape, but also mass brainwash, you be unconscious that some Other Power outside you has taken off with your sex life, it's the Law, & they got cops & revolvers to prove it . . ."

#### A RELIGIOUS VIEW

In addition to the progressively more permissive viewpoint being expressed by men of science, law and literature, the customarily conservative clergy are also voicing more liberal views on the subject of sex and sex legislation.

Early this year, nearly 1000 Protestant theologians and divinity students gathered at Harvard Divinity School to discuss "the new morality and its significance for the church." *Time* magazine reported in its "Religion" section: "The 20th Century's sexual revolution directly challenges Christianity's basic teachings against fornication and adultery. Some progressive church thinkers now advocate a 'new morality' to take account of these facts of life. What they propose is an ethic based on love rather than law, in which the ultimate criterion for right and wrong is not divine command but the individual's subjective perception of what is good for himself and his neighbor in each given situation. . . . Inevitably the speakers reached no definitive conclusions, but they generally agreed that in some respects the new morality is a healthy advance, as a genuine effort to take literally St. Paul's teachings that through Christ 'we are delivered from the law.' 'Lists of cans and cannots are meaningless,' said Princeton's Paul Ramsey, Yale's Protestant chaplain, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, similarly approved the new morality's concept of 'guideposts' rather than 'hitching posts.' . . . Joseph Fletcher of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge thought that no sexual relationship should be absolutely condemned by the church. . . . The core proposition of the new morality, argued Fletcher, is that 'there is only one thing which is always good regardless of circumstances, and that is neighborly concern, social responsibility, agape—which is a divine imperative.'"

In the recent hearings held by the New York State legislature to consider the advisability of liberalizing their sex laws, the spokesman for the New York Protestant Episcopal Diocese testified in favor of repealing those statutes that make a crime of sex acts "privately and discreetly engaged in between competent and consenting adults." Unfortunately, the Roman

Catholic spokesman took the opposite view

U. S. Catholics are generally more conservative in their views on sexual freedom than Protestants, even though American puritanism was originally a Protestant phenomenon. But there are some liberal Catholic leaders in the United States, too, such as Cardinal Cushing of Boston, who recently stated, "Catholics do not need the support of civil law to be faithful to their own religious convictions and they do not seek to impose by law their moral views on other members of society. . . . It does not seem reasonable to me to forbid in civil law a practice that can be considered a matter of private morality . . ."

The contemporary English clergy are, generally, more outspokenly liberal in their observations on the sexual revolution than American churchmen. In commenting on the similarly restrictive sex statutes of England (American jurisprudence is derived primarily from English common law), the Moral Welfare Council of the Anglican Church recently stated:

"It is not the function of the state and the law to constitute themselves guardians of *private* morality, and thus to deal with *sin, as such*, which belongs to the province of the church. On the other hand, it is the duty of the state to punish crimes, and it may properly take cognizance of, and define as criminal, those sins which also constitute offenses against *public* morality."

#### THE LAW INSTITUTE'S VIEW

How are we to define the private moral behavior that is properly outside the province of the state in a free society? It is our conviction that society should consider as private, to be left to the determination of the individual, *all* nonpublic sexual acts between consenting adults.

The august association of distinguished judges, lawyers, legal experts and educators who comprise The American Law Institute made that same recommendation as a part of their proposed Model Penal Code, published early in 1956, with the explanation:


" . . . No harm to the secular interests of the community is involved in atypical sex practice in private between consenting adult partners . . . [and] there is the fundamental question of the protection to which every individual is entitled against state interference in his personal affairs when he is not hurting others."

#### THE WOLFENDEN VIEW

A similar recommendation was made in England shortly thereafter, when the famous *Wolfenden Report* was presented to the British Parliament in September 1957 by a committee drawn from the clergy, medicine, sociology, psychiatry

(continued on page 159)



A man in a red shirt is looking at a red Honda motorcycle. The motorcycle is a cruiser style with a large front wheel and a smaller rear wheel. The man is standing next to the motorcycle, looking at the front end. The motorcycle has a red frame and a large front wheel with a chrome rim. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# SEAN CONNERY

*a candid conversation with james bond's acerbic alter ego*

The Bahamas have long been a favorite retreat for vacationing cosmopolites in search of a sunny sanctuary from the tumult of 20th Century city life. Those hapless hundreds who made the mistake of going to the islands last March, April or May, however, might well have wished they'd stayed at home, for the tiny archipelago was in a state of siege—occupied by an invading army of newspaper reporters, magazine writers and photographers from nearly every major publication in America, England, Europe, Canada, Australia and Japan; TV camera crews from ABC, NBC and B.B.C.; silk-suited press agents and swim-suited starlets; bit players, extras, make-up men, cinematographers, script girls, set designers, electricians and assorted hangers-on. The white beaches were festooned with cables and bristling with sound booms; the surf was aswarm with masked men in orange scuba suits armed with spear guns. Moored offshore were a small fleet of futuristic two-man submarines and a huge, sleek, 95-mile-an-hour hydrofoil camouflaged in the shell of a luxury yacht. And the Olympic-size swimming pool of a nearby home was stocked with a school of tiger sharks.

At the eye of this storm, surrounded most of the time by an adoring mob of 200 or more gaping tourists just beyond camera range, and visibly annoyed by all the adulation, was the man responsible for it all: Sean Connery, a sinewy, saturnine, 34-year-old Scotsman better known

to the world's moviegoers as James Bond, Ian Fleming's indestructible superspy. Connery was there to film "Thunderball," a spectacular \$5,500,000 production (set for world premiere next month) that promises to be the biggest of the celebrated Bond flicks. The first three—"Dr. No," "From Russia with Love" and "Goldfinger"—have already been seen by 100,000,000 people; earned more than \$75,000,000; spawned a spate of copycat spy movies and TV series; promoted a plethora of Bond-bred 007 products ranging from toothpaste, T-shirts, trench coats and golf clubs to nightgowns, attaché cases, bedspreads, toiletries and even a toy transistor radio that turns into a rifle at the touch of a button. And together with the Fleming books—of which some 60,000,000 copies have been sold in 11 languages—they've inspired a rash of scholarly treatises purporting to assess the sexual and sociological implications of "the Bond syndrome." They have also brought world-wide fame and considerable fortune to their leading man. Both, however, were slow in coming.

In many ways the antithesis of his urbane, Eton-bred screen self, Connery is an earthy sort who prefers beer to brut blanc de blanc, poker to chemin de fer. Son of an Edinburgh millworker, he left school at 13 to earn his keep, mostly from hand to mouth, as a drayhorse driver, coffin polisher, lifeguard, seaman, artist's model, welterweight boxer, print-

er's apprentice and finally as chorus boy in a road-company production of "South Pacific"—at \$35 a week. His provincial head turned by "all that easy money," Connery thought better of an offer to exert himself as a professional soccer player and forthwith decided to carve out a career in show business. After months of earnest drama study, he began to find himself in demand for bit parts, then featured roles and finally leads in Shakespearean repertory theater (as Macbeth and Hotspur, among others) and in London telly plays (including the starring role in "Requiem for a Heavyweight"). Making the movie grade at 26, he was signed by 20th Century-Fox—only to languish inconspicuously in a series of forgettable films that culminated with a walk-on in "The Longest Day."

Then, in 1961, he got a call from a pair of American movie producers, Albert Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, to drop by their London office for a job interview. He went. Though he was still a relative unknown, the two men were sold on the spot by his "cocksure animal magnetism" and decided then and there to gamble \$1,000,000 on his power to project that quality from the screen as the star of a property called "Dr. No." It turned out to be a wise investment. Within three weeks after the picture opened, Connery was receiving several thousand fan letters a week, and James Bond, the character he played with such sardonic self-assurance, was well on his



"I don't think there's anything wrong about hitting a woman—although I don't recommend doing it in the same way you'd hit a man. If a woman is a bitch, or hysterical, or bloody-minded, I'd do it."



"I want all I can get. I think I'm entitled to it. I have no false modesty about it. I don't believe in this stuff about starving in a garret or being satisfied with artistic appreciation alone."



"With his clothing and his cars and his wine and his women, Bond is a kind of present-day survival kit. Men would like to imitate him—or at least his success—and women are excited by him."



way to becoming an international folk hero. Then came "From Russia with Love," an even bigger hit, and finally the blockbuster "Goldfinger," which escalated the Bond boom into the box-office bonanza of the decade—and its protagonist not only into a first-magnitude superstar but also, in the opinion of many female fans, the reigning masculine sex symbol of the movies.

There's only one flaw in the plot of this storybook saga of success: The subject doesn't like his role. Connery has acquitted himself creditably enough in two non-Bond pictures since the 007 series started ("Marnie" and "Woman of Straw"), and the critics have been lavish in their praise for his performance in "The Hill," his latest film (reviewed in this issue); but his public identification as Bond is so complete that the name of the character he plays is better known than his, and his face—not the one described by Fleming—is the one PLAYBOY used as a model for the illustrations that accompanied our exclusive prepublication serializations of the last three Bond books. Contracted to make two more 007 spyarks after "Thunderball" ("On Her Majesty's Secret Service" and probably "You Only Live Twice"—both of them prepublished in PLAYBOY), Connery is ambivalent about his on-screen alter ego; though he told one reporter recently that "Bond's been good to me, so I shouldn't knock him," he confessed that he's "fed up to here with the whole Bond bit."

In the hope of finding out more about the man behind the image, we approached his press representatives in London with our request for an exclusive interview. Our chances of getting to see him were none too good, they said, for Connery has become increasingly reluctant, in the clamorous months since "Goldfinger," to talk to the press about Bond—or about anything else, for that matter. After a two-week wait, we repeated our request in a note addressed to his home, a former convent in a west London suburb where he lives with his wife, actress Diane Cilento, and their two children. He called us the next day and invited us to share a pint at a local pub. We did, and found him at first almost as reticent as reputed. But he began to unbend after a few more brews, and before long was talking to us more freely, frankly and fully than he ever has before for publication. A few weeks later we joined him between scenes during the filming of "Thunderball" in the Bahamas, where we sat on set and completed our conversations—which had dwelled at length on the very subject we'd been warned he wouldn't discuss: James Bond.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you account for the phenomenal success of the Bond books and films?

**CONNERY:** Well, timing had a lot to do with it. Bond came on the scene after the

War, at a time when people were fed up with rationing and drab times and utility clothes and a predominately gray color in life. Along comes this character who cuts right through all that like a very hot knife through butter, with his clothing and his cars and his wine and his women. Bond, you see, is a kind of present-day survival kit. Men would like to imitate him—or at least his success—and women are excited by him.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you like to imitate him yourself?

**CONNERY:** His redeeming features, I suppose. His self-containment, his powers of decision, his ability to carry on through till the end and to survive. There's so much social welfare today that people have forgotten what it is to make their own decisions rather than to leave them to others. So Bond is a welcome change.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you acquired any of these traits since you began playing him?

**CONNERY:** I like to think I acquired them before Bond. But I am much more experienced as a film actor; that's for sure. And I do play golf now, which I never did before. I started after *Dr. No*, not so much because Bond and Fleming were golfers, but because I couldn't play football as much as I used to, and golf is a game you can play until you're 90.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you share any of Bond's other sporting tastes?

**CONNERY:** Well, I gamble—not *chemin de fer*, however; poker mostly, which I played hard when I was touring in South Pacific. And, like Bond, I'm fond of swimming, but on the surface. All this stuff underwater with bottles of oxygen strapped to one's back in *Thunderball* doesn't thrill me to bits. I have a fear of sharks and barracudas, and I have no hesitation at all in admitting it. It's not that I'm allergic to them—it's just plain fear.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any expertise, as Bond has, with guns and cars?

**CONNERY:** Well, I've driven competition cars and I've had experience with guns, because I was an armorer in the navy. But I know nothing about espionage and sniperscopes and that sort of thing. What had to be seized on, in playing a special agent like Bond, were certain immediates such as dress, physical ability, humor, coolness in dangerous situations . . .

**PLAYBOY:** And masterfulness with women?

**CONNERY:** Well, yes. I've had a certain amount of experience in that field. I suppose. But I've never been a womanizer, as Fleming called Bond. Of course, one never loses the appetite or appreciation for a pretty girl, even though one does not indulge it. I still like the company of women—but then, I like the company of men, too. They offer a different sort of fun, of course. But I do not have a retrospective appetite for the women in my past.

**PLAYBOY:** There are critics of Fleming who claim that Bond's appeal is based solely on sex, sadism and snobbery; yet his defenders, most notably Kingsley Amis, find Bond a repository of such admirable qualities as toughness, loyalty and perseverance. How do you see him?

**CONNERY:** He is really a mixture of all that the defenders and the attackers say he is. When I spoke about Bond with Fleming, he said that when the character was conceived, Bond was a very simple, straightforward, blunt instrument of the police force, a functionary who would carry out his job rather doggedly. But he also had a lot of idiosyncrasies that were considered snobbish—such as a taste for special wines, et cetera. But if you take Bond in the situations that he is constantly involved with, you see that it is a very hard, high, unusual league that he plays in. Therefore he is quite right in having all his senses satisfied—be it sex, wine, food or clothes—because the job, and he with it, may terminate at any minute. But the virtues that Amis mentions—loyalty, honesty—are there, too. Bond doesn't chase married women, for instance. Judged on that level, he comes out rather well.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think he's sadistic?

**CONNERY:** Bond is dealing with rather sadistic adversaries who dream up pretty wild schemes to destroy, maim or mutilate him. He must retaliate in kind; otherwise it's who's kidding who.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about roughing up a woman, as Bond sometimes has to do?

**CONNERY:** I don't think there is anything particularly wrong about hitting a woman—although I don't recommend doing it in the same way that you'd hit a man. An openhanded slap is justified—if all other alternatives fail and there has been plenty of warning. If a woman is a bitch, or hysterical, or bloody-minded continually, then I'd do it. I think a man has to be slightly advanced, ahead of the woman. I really do—by virtue of the way a man is built, if nothing else. But I wouldn't call myself sadistic. I think one of the appeals that Bond has for women, however, is that he is decisive, cruel even. By their nature women aren't decisive—"Shall I wear this? Shall I wear that?"—and along comes a man who is absolutely sure of everything and he's a godsend. And, of course, Bond is never in love with a girl and that helps. He always does what he wants, and women like that. It explains why so many women are crazy about men who don't give a rap for them.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think it's OK to tell a woman you love her in order to get her into bed?

**CONNERY:** You can say something, but that doesn't necessarily mean it is so. I think before words came along there was always physical contact and physical satisfaction. There may be things said





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afterward just as there are things said before. But the action came first—then the word.

**PLAYBOY:** Do women find you more attractive since you started playing Bond?

**CONNERY:** I suppose they do, because they're bound to mix up the man with the image. I get a lot of pretty strange letters from women saying all sorts of things. I just hand them over to my secretary for a formal acknowledgment. If I actually started to behave to any woman the way Bond does, she'd run like a jack rabbit—or send for the police.

**PLAYBOY:** This brings up a point raised by many of Fleming's critics: While conceding that Bond's adventures are entertaining, they denounce him as a caricature of sex appeal, and his erotic exploits as impossibly farfetched. Do you feel that's valid?

**CONNERY:** No, I don't. The main concern for an actor or a writer is not believability but the removal of time, as I see it. Because I really think the only occasions you really are enjoying yourself, being happy, swinging, as they say, are when you don't know what time it is—when you're totally absorbed in a play, a film or a party and you don't know what time it is or how long it has been going on; then you'll usually find there is contentment and happiness. When an artist can suspend time like that for an audience, he has succeeded. It doesn't really matter. I think, whether it is "believable" or not. The believability comes afterward; or it doesn't. If you want to question it afterward, that's up to you. But the writer's and the actor's job is to remove time—while you're still in the book or the theater. That's exactly what Fleming achieved for millions of readers; and that's what I've tried to achieve in the Bond films.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite your success in the role, as you probably know, several critics thought that you were miscast as Bond. What are your feelings?

**CONNERY:** Before I got the part, I might have agreed with them. If you had asked any casting director who would be the sort of man to cast as Bond, an Eton-bred Englishman, the last person into the box would have been me, a working-class Scotsman. And I didn't particularly have the face for it; at 16 I looked 30, although I was never really aware of age until I was in my 20s. When I was acting with Lana Turner I realized suddenly I was 28—and I'm even more aware of time and age now than I was then. But today my face is accepted as Bond, and that's how it should be.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your first reaction when you were offered the role?

**CONNERY:** Well, after I got over my surprise and really began to consider it, I didn't want to do it, because I could see that properly made, it would have to be the first of a series and I wasn't sure I

wanted to get involved in that and the contract that would go with it. Contracts choke you, and I wanted to be free.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you accept the role, then—for the money?

**CONNERY:** Not entirely. I could see that, properly made, this would be a start—a marvelous opening. But I must admit in all honesty that I didn't think it would take off as it did, although it had the ingredients of success: sex, action, and so forth. The only thing lacking, I thought, was humor, and luckily the director, Terence Young, agreed with me that it would be right to give it another flavor, another dimension, by injecting humor, but at the same time to play it absolutely straight and realistically.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you do any research on Bond before you made *Dr. No*?

**CONNERY:** Not really. I had read *Live and Let Die* a few years before, and I'd met Fleming a couple of times and we had discussed Bond; but that's all.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your impressions of Fleming?

**CONNERY:** He had great energy and curiosity and he was a marvelous man to talk to and have a drink with because of the many wide interests he had. What made him a success and caused all the controversy was that his writing was such good *journalism*. He always contrived extraordinary situations and arranged extravagant meetings for his characters, and he always knew his facts. He was always madly accurate, and this derived from his curiosity. When he was discussing anything, like how a truck worked or a machine or a permutation at bridge, there was a brain at work and an enormous amount of research involved; it wasn't just a lot of drivel he was talking. That's what I admired most about him—his energy and his curiosity.

**PLAYBOY:** In any case, *Dr. No* turned out to be a hit, and you found yourself under contract for a series—exactly what you said you wanted to avoid.

**CONNERY:** Yes—but it allows me to make other films, and I have only two more Bonds to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Which ones?

**CONNERY:** *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* and possibly *You Only Live Twice*. They would like to start *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* in Switzerland in January, but I'm not sure I'll be free in time and I don't want to rush it, although they say the snow will be at its best then. I'm not going to rush anything anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll be looking forward to both films—especially since we were fortunate enough to serialize both books exclusively prior to their hardcover publication. Do you think the success of the series will continue to snowball?

**CONNERY:** Well, it's a healthy market and it has been maintained because each succeeding film has got bigger and the gimmicks trickier. But we have to be

careful where we go next, because I think with *Thunderball* we've reached the limit as far as size and gimmicks are concerned. In *Thunderball* we have Bond underwater for about 40 percent of the time, and there is a love scene underwater, and attacks by aquaparas from the sky, and two-man submarines under the sea, and Bond is menaced by sharks. Instead of the Aston Martin we have a hydrofoil disguised as a cabin cruiser, and Bond escapes with a self-propelling jet set attached to his back. So all the gimmicks now have been done. And they are expected. What is needed now is a change of course—more attention to character and better dialog.

**PLAYBOY:** As you know, there is a rival Bond film in the works—*Casino Royale*, to be made by another company—in which someone else is expected to play Bond. What are your feelings about that?

**CONNERY:** Actually, I'd find it interesting to see what someone else does with it. Lots of people could play him. No reason at all why they shouldn't.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you are the one identified as Bond in the public mind. Aren't you concerned about being typecast?

**CONNERY:** Let me straighten you out on this. The problem in interviews of this sort is to get across the fact, without breaking your arse, that one is *not* Bond, that one was functioning reasonably well *before* Bond, and that one is going to function reasonably well *after* Bond. There are a lot of things I did before Bond—like playing the classics on stage—that don't seem to get publicized. So you see, this Bond image is a problem in a way and a bit of a bore, but one has just got to live with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been happy with the non-Bond films you've made?

**CONNERY:** *Marnie*—with certain reservations, yes. But I wasn't all that thrilled with *Woman of Straw*, although the problems were my own. I'd been working nonstop for goodness knows how long and trying to suggest rewrites for it while making another film, which is always deadly. It was an experience; but I won't make that mistake again.

**PLAYBOY:** How about *The Hill*? Are you pleased with your performance in it?

**CONNERY:** That's the first time, truly, since the Bond films that I've had any time to prepare, to get all the ins and outs of what I was going to do worked out with the director and producer in advance, to find out if we were all on the same track. Then we went off like Gang Busters and shot the film under time, and it was exciting all the way down the line. Even before being shown, *The Hill* has succeeded for me, because I was concerned and fully involved in the making of it. The next stage is how it is exploited and received, and that I have absolutely no control over; by the time *The Hill* is out, I shall be involved in *Thunderball*. You





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get detached; a film is like a young bird that has flown from its nest; once out, it's up to the bird to fly around or to fall on its arse. When *Woman of Straw* was shot down, I wasn't entirely surprised. But whatever happens to *The Hill*, it will not detract from what I think about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think your box-office drawing power as Bond had anything to do with your getting the lead in *The Hill*?

**CONNERY:** It had everything to do with it, of course. As a matter of fact, it might not have been made at all except for Bond. It's a marvelous movie with lots of good actors in it, but it's the sort of film that might have been considered a noncommercial art-house property without my name on it. This gave the producers financial freedom, a rein to make it. Thanks to Bond, I find myself now in a bracket with just a few other actors and actresses who, if they put their names to a contract, it means the finances will come in.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of finances, in two years you've become one of the highest-paid stars in the world. As a workman's son, are you relishing all this new-found affluence?

**CONNERY:** Certainly. I want all I can get. I think I'm entitled to it. I have no false modesty about it. I don't believe in this stuff about starving in a garret or being satisfied with artistic appreciation alone. But that doesn't mean that I will do anything just for money. I gave up a part in *El Cid* to act for 25 pounds a week and no living expenses in a Pirandello play at Oxford. But as far as this series is concerned, after the next two, the only condition for making any more would be one million dollars plus a percentage of the gross.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you paid for *Dr. No*?

**CONNERY:** Six thousand pounds [\$16,800].

**PLAYBOY:** We're told you're now getting half a million dollars per picture.

**CONNERY:** I never ask anybody what they earn and I don't tell anybody what I earn.

**PLAYBOY:** But that figure of half a million wouldn't be too far off the mark?

**CONNERY:** No, not really.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite this lofty income, you're said to be rather tight with your money. True or false?

**CONNERY:** I'm not stingy, but I'm careful with it. I don't throw my money around, because money gives you power and freedom to operate as you want. I have respect for its value, because I know how hard it is to earn and to keep. I come from a background where there was little money and we had to be content with what there was. One doesn't forget a past like that.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you spend your new-found wealth?

**CONNERY:** Well, I bought a secondhand Jaguar, and I bought the house I now live in, with about an acre of land; but I don't invest in land, and I don't have a lot of servants—just a secretary and a nanny for the children. Old habits die hard. Even today, when I have a big meal in a restaurant, I'm still conscious that the money I'm spending is equal to my dad's wages for a week. I just can't get over that, even though I sign the bill and don't actually pay in cash. But I still prefer the feel of real money to a checkbook. And I'm still the sort of fellow who hates to see a light left on in a room when no one is there.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have an extensive wardrobe?

**CONNERY:** I think I've got seven or eight suits now; I took them all from the films—plus a couple I bought awhile ago in a moment of weakness. Something came over me and I went out one day and spent 300 pounds [\$840] on two suits.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever imagine, when you were hoofing in the chorus line of *South Pacific* in London, that you'd someday be able to buy a \$400 suit?

**CONNERY:** Never—but I was never in any sort of despondence or living like a mal-nutritional artist in a basement. I knew I'd make it sooner or later, one way or another. I think every actor has the seed of knowing he will be successful.

**PLAYBOY:** At one time you considered becoming a professional football player instead of an actor. What decided you against it?

**CONNERY:** Mainly because I was already in *South Pacific* when I got this offer to sign up as a pro footballer. I really wanted to accept, because I'd always loved the game. But I stopped to assess it, and I asked myself, well, what's the length of a footballer's career? When a top-class player is 30 he's over the hill. So I decided to become an actor instead, because I wanted something that would last, and because it was fun. I'd no experience whatever and hadn't even been on a stage before, but it turned out to be one of my more intelligent moves.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet the big break with Bond didn't come for nine years, until you were 31. Were you beginning to wonder whether you'd made the wrong choice?

**CONNERY:** No, I never doubted that the break would come eventually. I was quite late in deciding to become an actor, you see—around 22—and most people by that time have already had a few years at their job, or contemplating it. So I didn't expect it soon. Everything I've done has had to be accomplished in my own cycle, my own time, on my own behalf, and with my own sweat.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you become so self-reliant?

**CONNERY:** My background was harsh. One's parents left one free to make one's own way. When I was nine my mother caught me smoking and she said, "Don't



let your father find out, because if he does he'll beat you so hard he'll break your bottom." From the time I started working at 13, I always paid my share of the rent, and the attitude at home was the prevalent one in Scotland—you make your own bed and so you have to lie on it. I didn't ask for advice and I didn't get it. I had to make it on my own or not at all.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you have preferred it otherwise?

**CONNERY:** Absolutely not. This sort of motivation is the great thing that's lacking in present-day society. Everything is so smooth-running, so attainable, that one is deprived of initiative, lured into a false sense of security. In the days before the War, with high unemployment, many people simply put in an appearance every morning at the factory although they knew there was no chance of work. Sheeplike, they felt they just had to go. Today everything's handed to them on a platter: They know they can get work and enough food, and socialized medicine has taken the worry out of being ill. If there is a malnutrition of any kind in this country—and I think there is—it's self-inflicted. The only competition you'll find today is the conflict between those few who try to correct a wrong, and the majority who hope it will just cure itself in the end.

**PLAYBOY:** We take it you number yourself among the former group.

**CONNERY:** I like to think so.

**PLAYBOY:** According to your critics, this spirit of competition, in your case, sometimes takes the form of verbal and physical conflict. They say you have a penchant for abusive arguments and even fistfights with those who take exception to your views.

**CONNERY:** Not really. I'm not a violent man, and I don't go in for fighting.

**PLAYBOY:** How about your reputation for rudeness and belligerence?

**CONNERY:** I know they say that, but what am I supposed to do about it? To some people I *am* rude and aggressive, but I think they provoke about 50 percent of it by their attitude to me. I like getting along with people, but I don't believe in bending over backward to be nice, just to show they're wrong about me, or in hiring a press agent to write heart-searching stories about how different I am from the boor they believe me to be. I cannot go round with a welcome mat hanging round my neck.

**PLAYBOY:** Some publicity men claim that during the making of a film you tend to be short-tempered and highhanded.

**CONNERY:** Look, during my working day I'll give my full pound of flesh—to the film. The interviews, publicity, exploitation and what have you, have to come second, because otherwise what really counts suffers. But one gets lumbered. In the middle of a big sequence of *Goldfinger*, the publicity man brought

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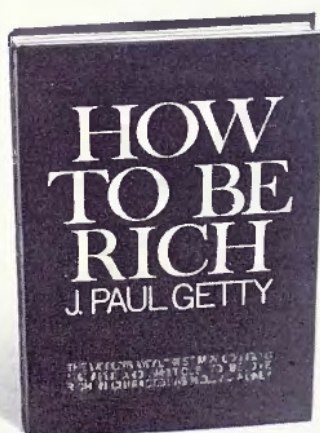
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on a French magazine lady and left me with her. First of all, she asked what the film was called. I told her. Then what part was I playing. I told her. Then she asked who was starring opposite me. I said a very famous German actor, Gert Frobe. "Well, I've never heard of *her*," she said, and with that I just blew up and walked off the set: so I suppose I'm considered very rude by that person. Well, I consider *her* disrespectful and incompetent, and both are definite sins. If someone treats me rudely or dishon-estly, you see, I repay them an eye for an eye. But given the chance, I try to treat everyone, man or woman, as I would like to be treated myself.

**PLAYBOY:** And how is that?

**CONNERY:** Honestly, openly and simply. But without being too Machiavellian about it, you have to acknowledge that there is no future in turning the other cheek if somebody does the dirty on you and sends you down the river after you've been straight with them. You can't be straight with them next time; you have to do something about it.

**PLAYBOY:** What?

**CONNERY:** Straighten them out.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**CONNERY:** If possible, by argument—even at the expense of being thought rude and belligerent.

**PLAYBOY:** You complained once that too much attention was given to personal popularity—that life wasn't just one long popularity contest. Was that a rationalization for being generally disliked?

**CONNERY:** Ever since the introduction of psychoanalysis there have been too many terms to excuse behavior and phrases that can be flipped off to explain everything. People who are aware of the dangers of this, who see through the phrases, as they see through the pomposity and hypocrisy around them, are obviously not going to win any popularity polls. All those—whether they be actors, writers, painters or social reformers—who don't conform to the normal, accepted pattern of society always come in for a bit of a beating.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your reaction when you hear comments such as "Connery may be fine as Bond, but he's not really much of an actor apart from that"?

**CONNERY:** I haven't met anyone who actually said that to *me*, because it would certainly not be a very bright thing to do, and if they did say it to me, I'd—you know—straighten them out. But they do tend to sort of judge me only on Bond.

**PLAYBOY:** They?

**CONNERY:** Moviegoers—well, perhaps not in Britain, because people here can follow everything that one does, because the film studios, TV and theater are all in one town, and the press is national.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the fan mail you get from America primarily about Bond?

**CONNERY:** Yes, but I got some nice letters also about *Marnie*, the Hitchcock film,

where I played an American. I think one of the reasons they accept me over there is that most of the younger British actors today, like Finney and O'Toole and me, are more organic, down-to-earth actors than previous generations. In America and Canada and places like that, where they are still breaking through, they appreciate and accept organic acting more readily and enthusiastically. In America there is much more feel for realism than in Europe, where there is still a conception of an actor as being somehow divorced from real life, and in Britain, where acting is still often associated more with being statuesque and striking poses and declaiming with lyrical voices. I'm more interested in things that appeal to me and what I think I have a contact with. But I can still appreciate classical acting—like Olivier's *Othello*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel you have any limitations as an actor?

**CONNERY:** I have never thought that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Haven't you any personal or professional doubts at all about yourself?

**CONNERY:** None to speak of. I harbor a normal allotment of transient worries, of course. If they're professional, I discuss them with the director; if they're personal, I may take them home to Diane, but more often, I just keep them bottled up inside me and don't tell anyone about them. Or I may listen to advice from friends, but after sifting it, I usually do what I thought was right in the first place.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you afraid of anything?

**CONNERY:** Besides sharks and barracudas, you mean?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes.

**CONNERY:** Being in an absolutely vulnerable position and not being able to do anything about it. Like you read in the War-crime trials in Germany about troops of Jews filing into the gas chambers and being utterly helpless to do anything about it. Then you are *really* vulnerable. Even with the gladiators in Rome there was a chance you could pull it off, but in Germany there was just a horrific total vulnerability. I don't know how I would react to that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel vulnerable professionally?

**CONNERY:** Not really. If things weren't coming my way, I'd move on.

**PLAYBOY:** To what?

**CONNERY:** Who can say? Wherever my feet led me.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you always been this way?

**CONNERY:** It's a national characteristic of the Scots; they're all over the world—in shipbuilding, engineering, shipping, acting, journalism. Coming out of my own rather grim and gray environment, everything had a sense of newness and discovery about it. Yet my brother is still a plasterer in Edinburgh, and all the people I went to school with are still doing the same jobs.



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**PLAYBOY:** Do you still have this wanderlust?

**CONNERY:** Very much so. With their far-flung locations, the Bond films help to satiate it. But to give you an idea how great the hunger is, I was in bed with the flu on a Friday morning in London about three years ago and I got a telephone call and I was chatting away for about 20 minutes before I realized it was Toronto on the line. My first thought was, "My God, I hope he hasn't reversed the charges!" Then he said, "We're doing *Macbeth* on Monday. Would you like to play it?" I said, "What, *this* Monday?" and he said, "Yes, get a plane and come over. It's a special cultural thing on TV and there's not a lot of money in it"—which seems always the actors' bait. I was to get \$500 or so for it. So I said, "Give me an apartment and enough money to live on while I'm there so I don't have to steal food," and he said all right and would I get the plane that afternoon. And there I was, in bed at 11:30 in the morning with flu and I jumped up and said to myself, "Christ—what do I do first?" The first thing was to read the play. So I sat down and read it and suddenly realized what I'd bitten off. It was monumental. I reread it over and over all the way to Canada and somehow I was ready to go on Monday morning.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you usually that fast?

**CONNERY:** Not really, no. I'm impatient by nature and I'm always trying to find the right way much too soon—cutting into it and trying to get the details right and missing the main points of the play.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find it less demanding to act for the screen?

**CONNERY:** In many ways, yes; I've had probably greater success at it with less effort. It's much easier, of course, for an actor to play the same part—Bond—four times than to create a new part each time.

**PLAYBOY:** When you're not working—either in a film or a play—how do you spend your time?

**CONNERY:** Well, I read a great deal. Between jobs I've read the whole of Shakespeare and Ibsen and Pirandello and even Proust, which seemed to go on forever; 12 volumes are just too much. At the moment I'm reading *Herzog*. And I've been going to the theater quite a lot lately. But I like to do physical things, too: I still play football; I play a great deal of golf, and I like to do things with my hands like lifting bar bells and carrying my own clubs on the golf course, which I always do.

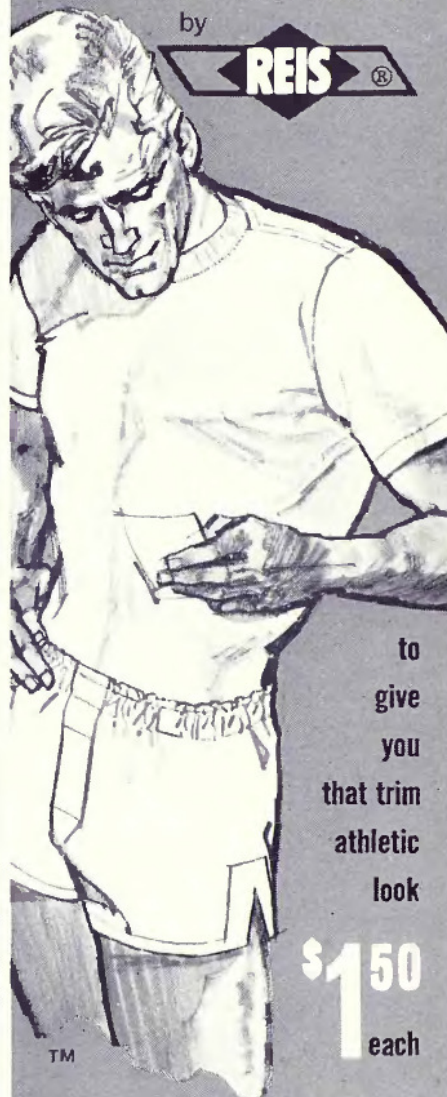
**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you say once that golf could only be a Scots invention, for hitting a small ball over an open field would drive an ordinary man mad?

**CONNERY:** I did, because it's very true, and very characteristic of the Scots. It's a loner's game. I think it was the late Sir Winston Churchill who said it's a rather exciting game but they made such

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bloody awful tools to do it with.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find the game relaxing or taxing?

**CONNERY:** I find it terribly frustrating, but I'm really getting to the best stage of my golf game now: I'm really getting near. Five or six times I've broken 80 and at last I know what I'm doing and I get a tremendous sense of achievement and enjoyment out of it. I think it is one of the most important games in the world. I don't think I'd go quite round the bend without it, as someone predicted I would—but I want to play it every day I can. As a matter of fact, I'd like to have a go at the pro circuit. It's a bit late to try it now, but I'd like to just for the hell of it. Of course, I haven't the time for it.

**PLAYBOY:** If your time were entirely your own, how else would you spend it?

**CONNERY:** Writing a bit, I think—short stories and poetry.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever done any before?

**CONNERY:** Quite a lot, actually. Most of the stuff I've done was written when I was on tour with *South Pacific* when I first decided to be an actor—just ideas and images and how one felt and what impressed one. They were usually written late at night, and in the light of day they seemed a bit alarming. I destroyed quite a lot of it. Very few people have read what's left; but it's considered pretty fair stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any other extra-curricular talents?

**CONNERY:** Well, I'm fairly handy around the house. When I was having my present home altered before moving in two winters ago, the workmen tried to flannel me by saying that they couldn't do this or that job because of the weather. They didn't know that I've worked in building—with plasterers and carpenters and electricians—and I know that line of work pretty well. So I drew up a list of the things I knew could be done each day, and I supervised them like a foreman to see that they got it done.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a jack of any other trades?

**CONNERY:** Well, I can harness horses and herd them. And I can cook. I like cooking for a lot of people or just two—Diane and myself. But not just for six or seven.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any specialty?

**CONNERY:** Yes—goulash à la Connery. Would you like the recipe?

**PLAYBOY:** All right.

**CONNERY:** Well, for three or four people with some left over, I take a pound of the best beef and do it in olive oil and garlic for half an hour in a pot with a lid on it, so that all the juice is drained away from it, and while that's going on I finely chop onions and carrots and have fresh tomatoes and tinned tomatoes all ready. Then I fry the carrots and the onions in butter, and once the steak has

been cooking for about half an hour in the pot, I take it out and dice it up into squares—one- or two-inch squares—and then roll it in flour, salt, pepper and seasoning, and line the bottom of the bowl or stone dish. Then I cover all the meat with the onions and the carrots and the tomato—fresh and tinned—and the oil that's left over in the juice that's been taken from the meat I pour over the top. I then add a tube of Italian tomato purée, and top it all off with either good stock or boiled water, and bake it in the oven for three hours at medium heat. It's superb.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did you learn all this?

**CONNERY:** In boy service in the navy, when I was 16; we used to have to do our own cooking. I also cooked for myself when I kept my own flat in London. I used to make a big dish of soup that would last me five or six days, so when I came in at night I could always take some and heat it up. It wasn't very good, but it was cheap and plentiful.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have to watch your weight?

**CONNERY:** I don't really keep any check on it. I know what I am now, because we were doing a scene in a health farm for *Thunderball* and there were weights and scales around. I'm 14 stone, 5 pounds [201 pounds]. It seems to stay pretty constant.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you drink?

**CONNERY:** Beer at lunch if I'm filming, because wine makes you doze off in the afternoon. But I like good wine and champagne—doesn't everyone? But I am not a connoisseur like Bond.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you keep in shape?

**CONNERY:** Football, golf and swimming, if possible. My metabolic system seems to burn up what I don't need, so I don't have any sort of problem.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you practice judo or karate?

**CONNERY:** No, but if I'm shown a move or a routine I can usually follow it.

**PLAYBOY:** Harold Sakata, who played Goldfinger's manservant Oddjob, seemed to be a tremendously powerful man. Was he as strong as he looked?

**CONNERY:** Tremendously so. He knows karate and judo and wrestling and weight lifting. With it all, though, he is a very sweet man, very gentle.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you use a double in your fight with him?

**CONNERY:** No. There *are* doubles, but I usually do my own stunts—and all the fight sequences, except for that fall on one's back on the rails in *Russia*. Bob Shaw [who played the blond SPECTRE assassin] and I did most of that scene ourselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Was *Thunderball* an equally strenuous picture to make? In a recent *Look* article, you were quoted as saying that you suffered everything from "the trots to leprosy" during the filming.

**CONNERY:** They've got that wrong. It wasn't on *Thunderball* in the Bahamas,

but during *The Hill* in Spain, where Spanish tummy and the heat combined to lay me out.

**PLAYBOY:** At this point in your career, as you pause between *Thunderball* and *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, do you feel that the Bond boom, apart from making you rich and famous, has changed you as a man or as an actor in any fundamental way?

**CONNERY:** No, I'm what I always have been; a Scot, a bit introspective; I don't tell lies and I prefer straight dealing. I don't lose my temper often, except at incompetence—my own or others'. Or when I play golf badly. But I never lose my temper at work; if I have a row there I have a head like ice. I have learned to rely on myself—and to keep my own counsel—since I started earning at 13. Like all Celts, I have my moods, and I'm not particularly generous with them. I rather like to keep them to myself; but if people want to infringe on a mood they are welcome to any part of it. I suppose you could say I am more introvert than extrovert. The extrovert side is in my work.

**PLAYBOY:** As a nonextrovert, does it make you uncomfortable to be the object of so much world-wide press coverage and public adulation?

**CONNERY:** To be quite honest, yes. I find that fame tends to turn one from an actor and a human being into a piece of merchandise, a public institution. Well, I don't intend to undergo that metamorphosis. This is why I fight so tenaciously to protect my privacy, to keep interviews like this one to an absolute minimum, to fend off prying photographers who want to follow me around and publicize my every step and breath. The absolute sanctum sanctorum is my home, which is and will continue to be only for me, my wife, my family and my friends. I do not and shall not have business meetings there or acquaintances or journalists. When I work, I work my full stint, but I must insist that my private life remain my own. I don't think that's too much to ask.

**PLAYBOY:** One last question: Since you seem to consider stardom, at best, a mixed blessing, how long do you think you'll want to remain in movies—and in the public eye?

**CONNERY:** I have no idea how I'll feel or what I'll be like or what I'll be doing even five years from now. I'm eternally concerned with the present. I've been working my arse into the ground for 21 years and I'm just coming up for air now. I find there are two sorts of people in the world: those who live under a shell and just wait for their pensions, and those who move around and keep their eyes open. I have always moved around and kept my eyes open—and been prepared to raise my middle finger at the world. I always will.







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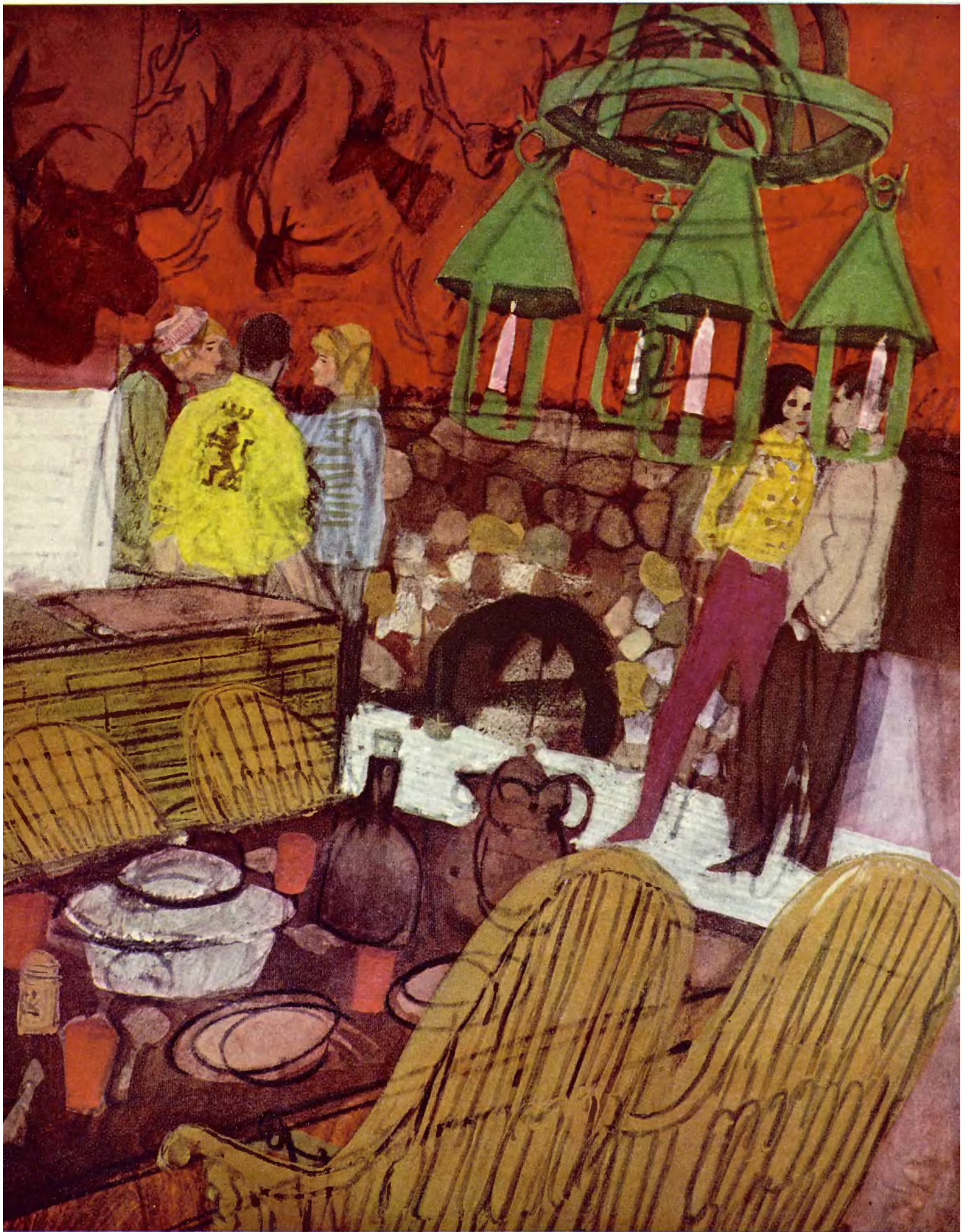


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CHRISTIANSEN



# ETTA AT NIGHT

*fiction* BY FREDERIC MORTON

*as a writer, he knew she considered him just one more trophy, but he vowed to penetrate this glittering girl's façade, which seemed to hide a devastating secret*

IT'S NOT OFTEN that I resent beauty in a woman, but I resented it in Etta Flegler-Hollmann, and please don't forget the hyphen. She was about 30, *mein* hostess of that ritzy Kitzbühel weekend; she moved in a black ski-pants-and-sweater outfit which, without trying or stretching at all hard, defined lazy grade-A curves; her cheekbones were the kind that don't ripen so sensuously until a woman is beyond her 20s; her blue eyes hit yours at a direct and yet noncommittal angle; she had the loose black mane and haphazard bangs that usually go with a very young face but which here added up to a total effect that was annoyingly close to excellent.

Why annoying? I don't really know. Perhaps because she looked like an expensive doll with a gratuitous NOT FOR SALE sign on her. Perhaps it was the hair, which was a good deal every which way and obviously hadn't been combed since the morning; snow crystals were still glinting in it as she, stinging-fresh from the ski slopes, led us to our rooms.

Or maybe it was the antlers that got me. There were antlers everywhere in the chalet. Ordinary young stag antlers in the hall downstairs; bigger antlers in the corridors; and real showpieces where you had more leisure in which to admire them: in the dining room a 16-pointer shot by a Prince Hohenlohe at the Flegers' Bavarian shoot; in the den, horns of rare huge ibex assassinated by heraldic names like Schwarzenberg and Liechtenstein. And in each of the bedrooms at least one giant 18-pointer struck down by a Hapsburg while he was a guest at a Flegler estate. Every trophy was marked by an ivory plaque that identified killer, victim and the place of the killing, and all these mannerly murders added up to a message: *Sir, you are in the presence of old, big, important money.*

But it wasn't just all those horns. I had been through some many-antlered weekends before. No, it was the absent-minded ease with which my very pretty hostess, Etta Flegler-Hollmann (get the hyphen), owned all that wealth. She threw it away even as she pointed it out. She tossed off a quick tour, from the white Siberian tiger brought in by a Flegler uncle and now brightening the floor before her bedroom fireplace, to those silver stirrups given to a Flegler by the Kaiser himself. She was so efficient and perfunctory about it all, didn't even bother with the ritual complaints about the-trouble-of-keeping-up-the-place-for-the-mere-six-weeks-in-the-year-one-can-use-it.

No, I had the feeling that at any moment she might take a chewing-gum wad out of that well-shaped mouth (a mouth whose upper lip was just a shade too short, so that it remained open in some preoccupied and pretty reverie)—take out the gum at any moment and smear it on any of the Hapsburg antlers or on any of the three servants curtsying along the carpets or, for that matter, even on Slim and me.

For make no mistake, we were trophies, too, the trophies of that particular weekend, and I felt she cared no more, no less about us than



*"I cornered her in the corridor as she brushed past, without make-up, barely out of the sauna, looking like a wet blue-eyed madonna... It was a measure of her veneer that she managed not to lose a fraction of her composure at this awkward ambush of mine."*



about the several hundred other displays in the house.

"This is our artists' floor, gentlemen," she said with her Oxonian rather than German English, smiling a slender smile. And sure enough, there were just two rooms on this third, attic floor; one with a brush painted on the door and a skylight in the ceiling—Slim's; the other with a quill on the door and a modern Olivetti typewriter built into an old oak table—mine. Here we were bagged and tagged for the weekend, The Artist and The Writer.

"Isn't it a gas?" Slim said. He had arranged the weekend and was proprietary about it.

"Dinner eightish?" said Etta Flegler-Hollmann, and I saw as she left that three ice crystals remained still unmelted in the black mane, that's how fast and proficient her welcome had been.

As I unpacked, I realized another thing that was bothering me. The dates on those antler plaques progressed much too placidly from the Thirties into the Forties and Fifties. The Third Reich and the loss of the War hadn't made the aim of the Flegers or Flegler guests any less deadly. They had kept on enriching the decor steadily through the unpleasantness. It intrigued me so much that I burst in on Slim shaving.

"What's the Flegler racket again?" I asked.

"*Santa Maria!*" Slim said. "You don't know? Woolens. Any time a German buys a sweater, the Flegers get richer. Been like that for forty years."

"The *Wehrmacht* must have bought a lot of sweaters," I said.

"You bet," Slim said. "And her old man was the first post-War Heinie with a private plane."

"They didn't have any denazification trouble afterward?"

"Not a thing," Slim said. "*Nada*. See, the Flegers had a cop-out Jew. How do you like your room?"

"Fine," I said. "A what?"

"Some Jewish kid they were hiding. Even fed him kosher, sort of, right through the War. That Jewish cat testified his head off in Forty-six. The Flegers keep coming up with things like that."

"*Kosher?*" I said.

"I tell you," Slim said, "the Flegers do something, they swing. And the kid was retarded, too, the kind the Nazis would have killed right off the bat."

"You mean they kept him all those years as a kind of insurance?"

"Still do. He's working for them in Munich or something. You know there's a sauna on the first floor? Only one in Kitzbühel."

"No kidding," I said and went back to shave myself.

• • •

That evening I did an odd thing. I had no idea how they dressed for dinner

and felt no desire to ask. So I put on a dark-brown shirt, a black bow tie and my brown tweed jacket, which added up to a sort of beatnik tuxedo and was therefore sure to be wrong. The chalet was so infallible, it could use a little fault.

But I couldn't make my point. When I came down, there was no black-tie decorum to violate. Slim had decked himself out in a Tyrolean loden suit. The others were in formal *après-ski*, meaning vicuna sweaters knotted around Pucci-shirted shoulders, and *mein* hostess Etta Flegler-Hollmann was the same as before, minus the ice crystals, plus a flawless, careless, unutterably genuine string of pearls. The same slender smile bent her lips as she introduced me. It made my beatnik tuxedo look *au fait*, the right picaresquely profound getup for the Big-Time Cultural Columnist of the *Big-Time News Weekly*. *Voilà*, I was more of a trophy than ever. I neatly matched Slim, who had just become the great pop muralist of our time.

There were only six of us, a small but mutually accomplished menu. I was served up to a blue-haired old literary princess who was translating Restoration comedy into German and who was just dying to hear from me whether it was true that Henry Miller was writing a novel about underground movies. Slim's neighbor was France's leading lady publisher of art books, who, it turned out, had once been very close to Picasso; she and Slim were, in a word, perfect grist for each other's mill. *Mein* hostess' partner was a handsome young man with a calfskin face, named Matthias, the downhill champion of Austria.

The funny thing is, I immediately sensed that, contrary to what you'd assume, there was nothing between Etta and the champ. In fact, I felt there was nothing between her and the rest of us. That is, she did pat Matthias on his arms, which were bare because his shirt sleeves were turned up at the elbows; glacier-browed, golden-haired forearms presented the way a woman presents a socko décolletage. She patted the décolleté muscles and said Matthias was responsible for the regular hours kept by the girls in Kitzbühel, they went to bed early because Matthias had to be up at eight for training—at which there was laughter: just as she said (passing me the Gothic saltcellar) never mind anyone trying to be witty tonight, even if everybody were George Bernard Shaw I'd still write a devastating column about the dreary level of Kitzbühel conversation—more laughter: and just as she said, pointing to Slim, that she was so happy to have him for a guest while she was still in a position to feed him—after her husband got through paying him for the dining-room mural he'd do next year, they would only be able to afford pretzels for dinner—and lots of laughter.

Oh, she did all that, ribbed us flatter-

ingly, pleased everyone with the importance of his neighbor, chitchatted in that Oxonian English, but wasn't there at all. I mean, so much was held back under the bangs. She withdrew once she had set the mechanics of the dinner party going, rewound it now and then with an apt remark, but on the whole averted herself into a direction that baffled.

Sometimes, though, I caught her as she absent-mindedly got hold of a few obstinate hairs on her forehead and tried to smooth them down into bangs, as if she'd just seen herself in an invisible mirror, seen herself and some other equally invisible presence. She smoothed the bangs down hard while her short upper lip opened even farther and a tiny, perversely virginal tongue peeked out with the effort—then intercepted my glance and offered me dessert.

And that rankled, man. I wanted her to really see *me*. I wanted that darling of fortune to really pay attention. I suspected she had never paid attention to Germany's interesting recent history either, had been so luxuriously oblivious to it all—and found my gambit.

"I meant to ask you," I said. "I understand you knew Hitler in person."

The ski champ unconsciously covered half his forearm, and the princess floundered in the midst of an André Gide anecdote. But *she* wasn't rattled.

"Oh yes, once I had to give him a bunch of roses when I was a little girl."

"How was that monster?" the princess said, abandoning Gide.

"Pleasant," she said. "He kept on patting me. I expected him to give me candy."

"Oh no!" Slim said. "That's too much! Give me candy!"

"He did give me an inscribed copy of *Mein Kampf*," *mein* hostess said.

"This is worth a great price now," the ski champ said.

"The next day I traded it in for an autograph of the Duke of Windsor," said Etta, and there was great laughter and brandy and then they all went out to the night *piste*.

Slim had told me in advance about the night *piste*. The Flegler estate included acreage that curved from their own ice rink upward, up some 2000 feet toward the Kitzbühler Horn peak. Slim tossed back the curtains of the observation window and showed it to me. I saw a fine descent blindingly floodlighted in yellow, a splash so brilliant that it expunged the rest of the mountain.

"Gringo," Slim said, "it's the only private night *piste* in the world."

At the Flegers' you apparently had a quick run down between after-dinner brandies. It was slightly more strenuous but also a healthier and much more glamorous thing than being pushed into a swimming pool. I realized that you had not really done the Alps unless you

(continued on page 180)









Above: Street-length lace dress, sans slip, for dining at home à deux, from Bloomingdale's (N.Y.C.), \$50; linen porthole playsuit, by Sportswirl, \$36.



## THE NUDE LOOK

*a playboy's-eye view  
of those show-me feminine  
fashions that have been designed  
with the male in mind*

WHEN WE PUBLISHED OUR first photo feature entitled *The Nude Look* (July 1960), it was mainly intended as a show of pent-up male indignation over post-War feminine fashions. Fed up with the efforts of international *couturiers* and female fashion mags to keep sex out of milady's styles, we added a touch of transparency to their more famous creations—the "trapeze," "sack," "balloon," et al.—in order to shed some light on those facts of life that had unfortunately remained hidden for so long. We didn't suspect that our parody pictorial would prove so prophetic so soon, but when the first topless bathing suits hit the beaches last year, we joined the rest of mankind in hailing the advent of an age of limitless revelation. This coming holiday season, when men of vision go gifting the girls, there will be an eye-arresting array of ensembles to choose from, as evidenced by this ten-page unveiling of the latest in ladies' see-throughables.





*Above: For the best in stem-to-stern suntans next summer, there's this hand-knitted white nylon and wool swimsuit—a thoughtful variation on the topless theme aimed at maximum double exposure of milady's beachside beauty. Available from Allen & Cole (N.Y.C.) for \$30.*



*Below left: Made to order for opening nights and other memorable on-the-town occasions, this floor-length evening gown by Earl Smitherman (San Francisco), with an overblouse of French lace and silk skirt and shawl, should cause a sensation down front this season. Price: \$200.*



*Above right: Yellow cotton playsuit achieves pleasant peekaboo effect via fishnet top with strategically placed opaque pockets, providing dynamic new dimensions for informal summer outings and sunlit sailing sessions. A French import by Dell, available at Bloomingdale's, \$15.*



*Above: Apres-swim cocktails will prove more intoxicating when your beachmate dons this Jantzen white cotton-lace beach jacket with pink trim, priced at under \$20.*



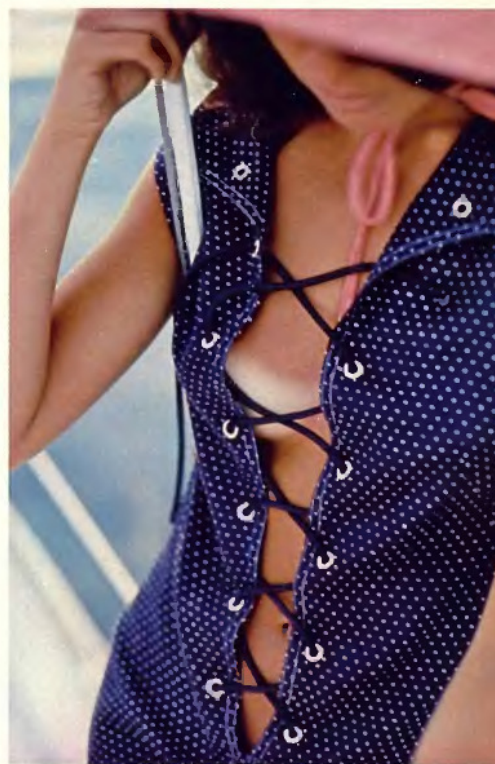
*Above left: Black cotton-lace short evening dress for living-room lounging and private parties, by Fred Leighton, Mexican Imports (N.Y.C.), \$40. Right: Hip-hugger slacks and bare-midriff tie top of imitation tigerskin add feline charm to informal occasions, by Earl Smitherman, \$50.*



*Below left: Blue nylon peignoir with matching bikini panties gives exciting view of latest transparent trends in ladies' at-home wear. It is designed for a more delightfully diaphanous display of milady's undercover boudoir assets, by Eve Stillman Lingerie (N.Y.C.), \$15.*



*Above: Wool knit dress from Hong Kong for see-through streetwear, \$30.*



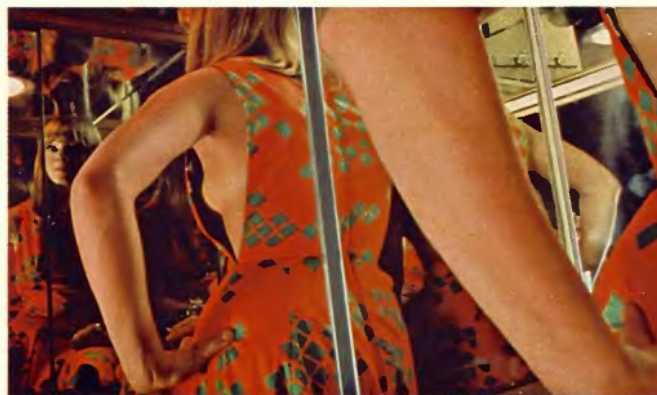
*Above right: Blue-and-white dotted-Swiss street dress, by Robert Leader of New York, features front laces which can be loosened for the desired degree of epidermal exposure and also comes with a matching insert for the more modest of modern misses. Price: \$30.*



*Below left: White net full-length beach jacket, by Jantzen (\$13), barely tops off model in latest monokini, by Cole of California. Although now accepted as public beachwear on the French Riviera, monokinis are still restricted to private poolside use by domestic belles.*



*Above: Apple-green topless swimsuit, by Elon of California, emulates Rudi Gernreich's first bare-bosomed beachwear, \$25.*



*Above: Multicolored cotton print dress for casual afternoon resort or street wear, by Serendipity III (N.Y.C.). Price: \$115.*



*Above right: Designer Rudi Gernreich's no-bra bra marks the latest of his topside triumphs among fashion-conscious femmes, providing an enchantingly unobstructed view of what's beneath the growing trend toward topless attire; Exquisite-Form makes it for a scant \$4.*



*Below left: Beige bathing suit, by Cole of California, sports deep décolletage designed with beachside beauty lovers in mind, but comes equipped with front and side net inserts for those who prefer to restrict admirers to a bare maximum. Available at Bloomingdale's, \$15.*



*Above: Plenty of male go-go-goers will pony up for a closer look at this custom-made black-ciré discotheque dress (center) with Chantilly lace trim, by Meesch of Los Angeles, \$150. Hip hoofers will also get a kick out of Courrèges-style leather boots (right), by Golo, \$20.*



*Above: For gifted girls who entertain in a more intimate fashion, the late-late look in lounging pajamas is metallic mesh over cotton faille with shoulder straps and low-cut sides trimmed in rhinestones. Dubbed "Harlow #1," these vamp's vestments are by Serendipity III, cost \$125.*



*Below left: For daytime dating in a casually comfortable vein, test the translucent two-piece allure of this striped cotton-lace stay-at-home outfit on your own model miss. Wide-sleeved blouse (\$19) and bell-bottom slacks (\$45) available through Fred Leighton, Mexican Imports.*



*Above: For barefoot beachmates, whose cheeks are still banned on public strands, there's this bottomless blue bathing suit for secluded swims, by Bill Miller, \$20.*



*Right: A very showy sundress of embroidered white organdy for very private picnics, by Allen & Cole, \$30.*



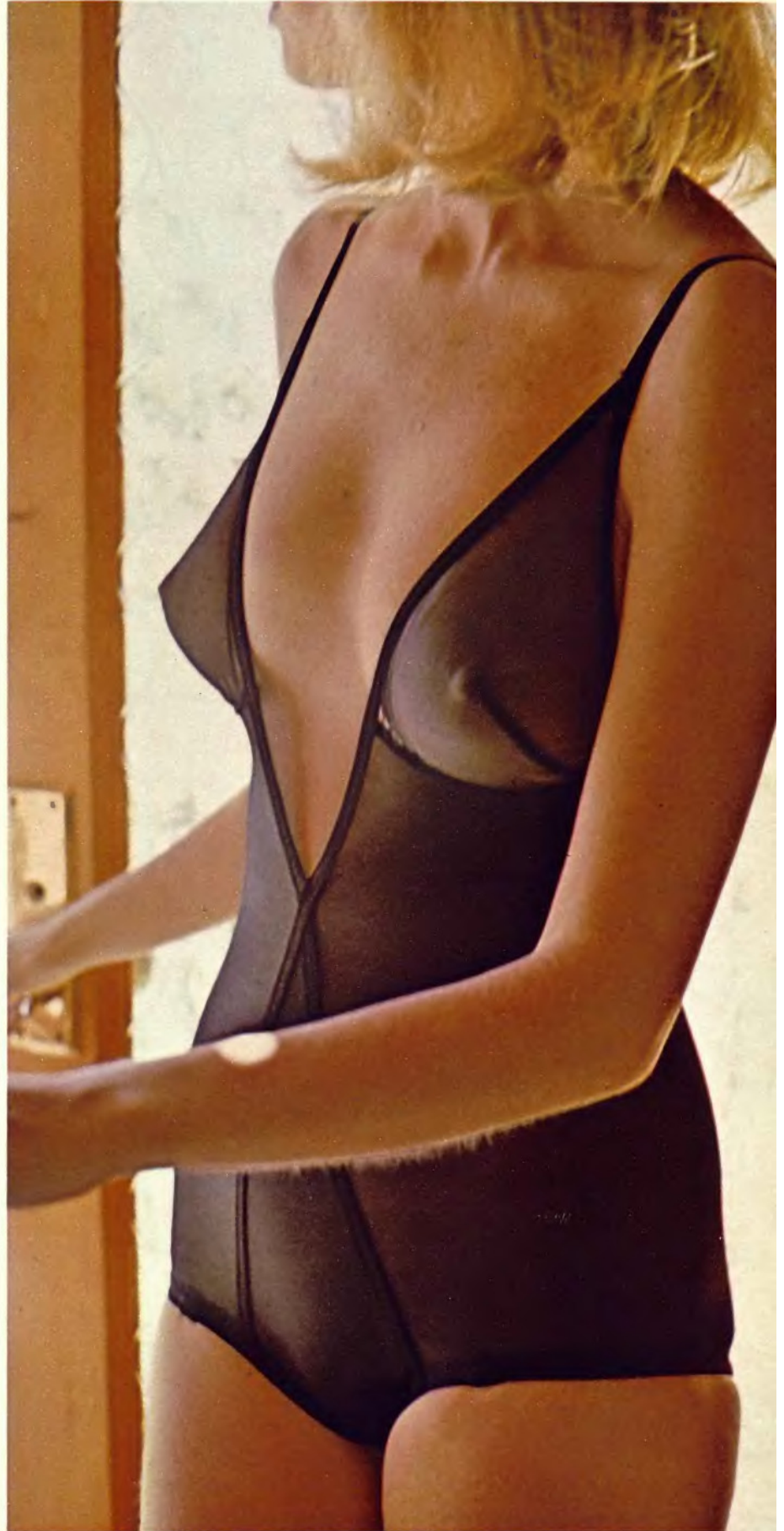
*Above left: Inspired by an early Courrèges design, this open-back silk organza overblouse with embroidered French lace, by Baba Originals of New York (\$195), should prove an added afternoon attraction to any private patio, worn with Geist & Geist hip-hugger slacks (\$20).*



*Below left: A welcome addition to any sylvan setting, the parkside playmate who wears this pink cotton playdress with open flanks fastened by gold-colored links will merit many a sidelong glance during your grassy outings. Available from Saks Fifth Avenue, priced at \$23.*



*Below: Black crepe topless evening dress, by Robert Leader, gives new meaning to moonlighting. Price: \$50.*



*Above right: Among the most fetching of foundation garments, the all-together extension of Rudi Gernreich's no-bra design, pictured earlier in this portfolio, is another eye-opening example of the topless king's contribution to The Nude Look; available at Bloomingdale's, \$15.*



*Below left: For the hostess with the mostest, we can confidently guarantee a gala reception in this green cotton-lace jump suit by Earl Smitherman, which comes complete with matching overskirt as a simple precaution against the possibility of gawking guests. Price: \$60.*



*Above: In bikinis, like homespun cotton model by Earl Smitherman (\$25), it's briefness that counts.*



*Above right: Designed to make a loud splash fashionwise, this colorful cotton summer playsuit with vented sides, from Earl Smitherman, also comes with matching hat and bikini panties, all attractively cut from the same scene-stealing orange print pattern. Price: \$25.*



*Below: The epitome in nude-look elegance is exemplified by this suppertime ensemble of green satin bib with custom-jeweled beads, from Allen & Cole (\$15), and white crepe ankle-length dinner skirt, by Nelly de Grab (\$18); a design understandably suited to prandial privacy.*



*Now that the femininity is being put back into female fashions, you will want to choose the most appealing attire for each of the gifted girls on your holiday list. When it comes to draping the damsels, let your insight be your guide to the garb that reveals them in their best light.*





*"I think you might like it. It's a little offbeat beach."*



## THE SILENCE OF OSWALD



*article* **By JOHN CLELLON HOLMES** *two years after the tragedy, the obfuscating fog of emotion has lifted sufficiently for an objective probing of the forces that motivated the assassin*

THE PUBLICATION of the Warren Report on the assassination of President Kennedy seems to have answered all important questions of fact about Lee Harvey Oswald in the minds of everyone but chronic skeptics and conspiracy enthusiasts. Indeed, the case against Oswald has been at least 70 percent conclusive since January 1964, and yet the rumors, theories, dark allegations and nagging doubts have mounted steadily in the face of it. Why have so many people expended so much tortuous logic over so few inconsequential holes in that case—holes most of which have now been effectively plugged? Why do these disbelievers *continue* to disbelieve even after they have read the over 800 pages of the Report itself? And, finally, why do most of us still feel that somehow something is missing that would make this tragic event comprehensible?

The reasons may be more simple than the sort of subjective politicking and simplistic psychologizing to which we are all prone in moments of crisis. For an unbroken chain of facts is incomprehensible unless the man they indict is comprehensible too, and without an overriding motive, all evidence remains circumstantial. And now that the Report has been published, we are forced to conclude that few of the facts therein do much to answer the blunt questions: Given Oswald, why Kennedy? What was the reason for this absurd act?

Probably no one can ever answer these questions for certain, and yet if we accept the conclusions of the Report, that Oswald was guilty and he acted alone (and I see no way to avoid doing so), we are compelled to look more deeply into the life and character of Lee Harvey Oswald in the hope of discovering the psychic conditions that produced his appalling crime. Certainly I cannot have been alone in plodding through the entire Report for the sole purpose of understanding Oswald, and thus ridding myself of what threatened to become a plaguing obsession.

Two kinds of motivation have been ascribed to Oswald—politics and/or madness—and yet the persistent speculation, echoed even in the Report itself, indicates how unsatisfactory these explanations are, to reasonable and unreasonable men alike. On the one hand, the political overtones of the assassination (a left-winger killing a liberal President) are so confused and



contradictory that they supply no really conclusive reason for the crime; and on the other, Oswald under arrest never exhibited (as did Jack Ruby) the self-aggrandizement, disassociation and rapid alternation of mood that characterize a seriously demented man. He was a psychopath all right—that was clear—but what kind of psychopath? What aggravated his condition beyond bearing? And, above all, what was the specific need in this peculiar man that demanded this particular expression?

A "deep" reading of the Report gave me, at least, a hint of an answer to these questions, for such a reading gradually makes clear that Oswald's action may have been nothing less than his decisive move *beyond* politics, and *out* of mere neurosis, into that frightening existential realm from which people sometimes violently gesture back at the reality they feel has excluded them. (Camus' novel, *The Stranger*, which is an account of an utterly gratuitous murder, is a chilling examination of just such a feeling of exclusion.) That people *do* act for reasons of this sort is evidenced every day in newspaper stories of cases of "meaningless" violence on the part of alienated, socially disoriented individuals; and perhaps it is because the victim, in this case, was a President, and the assassin a political dissenter, that we have failed to glimpse what has been under our noses all along.

Consider Oswald's human situation. His life was as unremittingly bleak, loveless and thwarting as any described in a Dostoevskyan novel. Growing up in a society that provided an unskilled but reasonably intelligent man almost nothing meaningful on which to expend his idealism, his personal environment continually sabotaged his efforts to discover his own value as a human being. The sobering fact is that there are possibly millions of people in the U.S. who are indistinguishable from Oswald, except for the crime he committed. Rootless, traditionless, fatherless, unloved by his "self-involved" mother, emotionally displaced by their peripatetic life together, moving restlessly from flat to flat, city to city, always crushingly alone, his hours occupied by TV and chance books, friendless and rejected, and so withdrawing more and more from any renewing contact with others, Oswald was that typical figure of the modern world: the anonymous, urban mass man, who most always has the same blank, half-scornful, sullen expression on his face. Oswald's photos, as an example, are all alarmingly alike, and he always looks the same: cautious, irritable, hungry, *masked*. To him, the world was as impersonal as the camera, and he turned the same face to both.

He appears to have embraced Marxism because, in the U.S. of the 1950s, it was the most unpopular, rebellious, and

socially outrageous creed he could espouse. The society which gave him no place, and did not deign to notice him *even* as a dissident, had to be spurned in its turn: "I reject the world that has rejected me," as Jean Genet has put it. Nevertheless, Oswald exhibited the neurotic's standard ambivalence toward authority: To escape from one (his mother), he embraced another (the Marines); to defy the U.S., he defended the U.S.S.R. But he was happy nowhere; the psychic heat in him intensified, demanding ceaseless changes of mind to accommodate it, and his few short years were marked by a bewildering number of conflicting political and emotional attitudes. There are those hundreds of dreary "official" letters to the Soviet authorities, the State Department, the Navy Department, the FBI and almost everyone else, the sole reason for which was to define and get on the record his chameleonlike changes of status. Like many of us in this bureaucratized world, he searched for himself in his dossier.

Everything disappointed him; nothing gave him a feeling of his own distinct being; he tried over and over again to find a situation in which he could experience himself as alive, productive, a person of consequence; and one of the most interesting clues to his personality lies in the odd fact of his always writing about his actions (in his *Historic Diary*) in the present tense. The entry recording his suicide attempt in Russia is a telling example (the spelling and punctuation are Oswald's): "I am shocked!! My dreams! . . . I have waited for 2 year to be accepted. My fondes dreams are shattered because of a petty ofial . . . I decide to end it. Soak rist in cold water to numb the pain. Than slash my leftwrist. Than plagu wrist into bathtum of hot water . . . Somewhere, a violin plays, as I wacth my life whirl away. I think to myself 'How easy to Die' and 'A Sweet Death, (to violins).'"

This is an astonishing image of a man observing himself as if he were not himself, at once self-dramatic and objective, pathetic and theatrical, but, above all, *cold*. The very precision of his account of the preparations, the alert recording of his sensory perceptions, and particularly the ironic comment at the end, form a picture of a man cruelly isolated in himself, to whom lonely communion with his own thoughts and the sort of false, reportorial objectivity that results are the normal way he experiences his consciousness. Such a man often becomes a melancholic, or an artist, or a killer.

Oswald's inherent dissent soon overran his political convictions. Pinning his hopes on Russia, he was relieved for a time; losing those hopes in disappointment, he returned to the U.S., only to feel the pressure of exclusion rising in him once again. He vacillated between Cuba and Russia; he made abortive at-

tempts to find a place for himself in various radical movements. Everywhere he was blocked, rejected, ignored. His inability to arrange an escape to Havana seems to have left him, at the last, utterly bereft, utterly placeless, finally *outside* the conflicting political solutions to his discontent. It thrust him back upon himself, reduced him to having to live with the facts of his social impotence and his personal inadequacy, without even the illusion that he was enduring this pain in the name of something outside himself. As a result, the hammer on the rifle of his already alienated nature was cocked.

His wife never appears to have understood the sort of man he was. She comes through the Report as shallow, adaptable, materialistic and self-centered; a simple, affectionate creature, rather like *The Stranger's* mistress, with little or no understanding of the existential attraction of underground politics to the young, disaffected American, or even of the "complex fate" of Oswald's relentlessly dispiriting life. She chides him for his failures, she complains about his ideas; she is easily accepted into the Dallas Russian colony, while he is not; in *his* country, she finds what he has never found—friends. Oswald's male pride is constantly abused by their acquaintances, by his job losses, by their poverty, his family, and ultimately by Marina herself in the most unforgivable way: She ridicules his sexual performance. He beats her up; he is puritanical in specifically sexual ways (he flies into a fury because the zipper on her skirt is not properly fastened in front of others); he doesn't want her to smoke, or drink, or use cosmetics. He discovers her letter to a former beau in Russia, lamenting that she hadn't married *him*. The pattern of exclusion and failure becomes more and more personal and interiorized; it reaches that pitch of psychological pressure where a man acts decisively to overcome everything, or goes under and loses his image of himself. And no matter how extravagant or idiotic that image may be, a man must have a self-image or go mad.

Viewed in this light, Oswald's crime may have been a last desperate attempt to become part of reality again, to force his way back *into* the reality that had ignored him, so that he could experience himself as *acting*, as living, as committed. "Men also secrete the inhuman," Camus has written. "Sometimes, in [our] moments of lucidity, the mechanical aspect of their gestures and their senseless pantomime make everything about them seem stupid." And when we are possessed by such a feeling, we have lost that sense of immediate contact with the world that is the strongest check on the violent whims that sometimes stir in all of us.

(continued on page 222)





# NAME YOUR POISON

*a bibber's booze-who of the 100-proof euphemisms  
that make up the drinking man's lexicon*

*humor* **By RAY RUSSELL**

PLAIN TALK does not a highball make, nor honest words a lush. Which, translated, means that we (yes, you and I) are probably inhibited about calling liquor, and drinking, and drunkenness by their real names.

You think not? Perhaps the point can be best illustrated by an imaginative, though not wholly imaginary, scene featuring—you guessed it: a certain girthful, sable-jawed author, now engaged in casting pearls before Hollywood swine, and sometimes vice versa.

We fade in as I enter my office in the writers building of (Blank) Studios in my customary manner: palsied, yawning, skin

chalky, eyes bright as two raw oysters. Noting all this, my alert and pretty secretary asks, "Want some coffee?"

"Please."

"Large?"

"S'il vous plait."

"Black?"

"Por favor."

"And would you prefer Anacin, Bufferin or Excedrin?"

"One of each flavor, please."

"Chaser?"

"Alka-Seltzer on the rocks."

"Pretty rough night, eh?" she observes, patronizingly.

"I really Tied One On," I admit.

"What?" (concluded on page 178)





AFTER THE FALL





*playboy's choice of après-ski fashions and equipage for kanonen and lounge lizards alike*

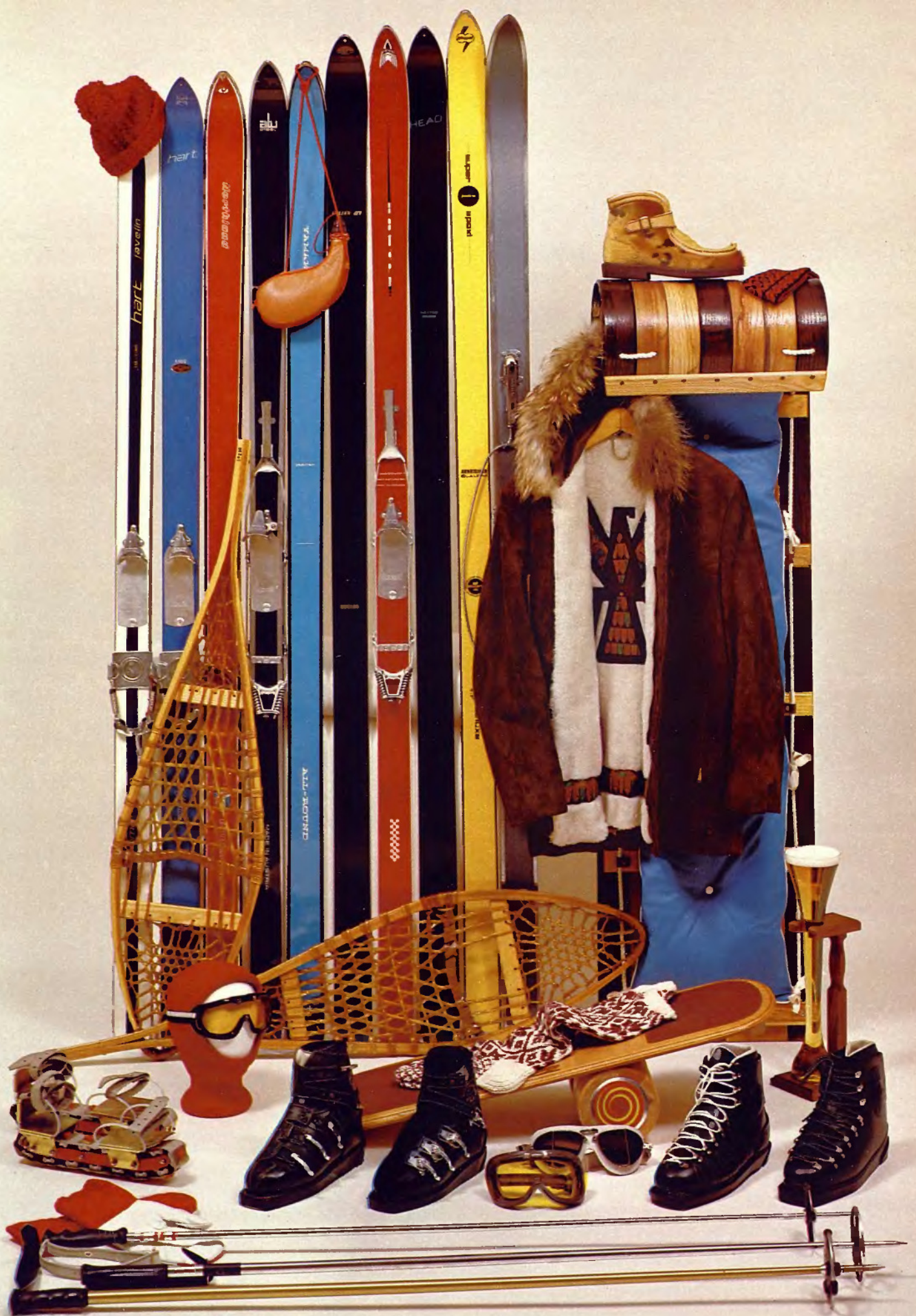
**attire/gear** By ROBERT L. GREEN SKIING, THAT MOST FROLICHSOME and fashionable of winter sports, demands that the skier sport the most fashionable of winterwear. On the slopes the requirements are strict, but it is afterward, when he wants to relax with a warming drink and pliant companionship, that the well-accountured ski infatuate will really want to be on his sartorial mark. The slopeside stylings shown here fit the bill admirably. Left: Recuperating after a spill, our pampered *kanone* is clad in multicolor patch wool crewneck, by Jantzen, \$14, corduroy knickers, by Miller Brothers, \$11, black, deep-rib knee socks, by Interwoven, \$1.50, and leather after-ski boots, by Henke, \$24.50. Above: An athletic *après-ski* crew warms up with a flickering fire and bulging *bota*. The guy seated on the left sports an ivory and black fisherman's-knit sweater, by Himalaya, \$23, matching navy jean-style knickers, by White Stag, \$25, black and white knee socks, by Esquire, \$2, and seal after-ski boots with sheepskin lining, by Henke, \$59. His dark frontier jacket with nylon lining, by White Stag, \$35, is draped over the chair. Waiting for his turn at the *bota*, the chap on the left wears a black and brown Australian wool accordion-stitched V-neck cardigan, by Lord Jeff, \$23, with white cotton turtleneck, by White Stag, \$3. Skier to the right of imbibing playmate wears deep-hued wool crewneck pullover with competition stripe, by Catalina, \$20, soft-textured corduroy jacket with herringbone trim, by Puritan, \$25, wool stretch ski pants, by McGregor, \$30, and pile-lined ski boots, by B. F. Goodrich, \$16.95. 105



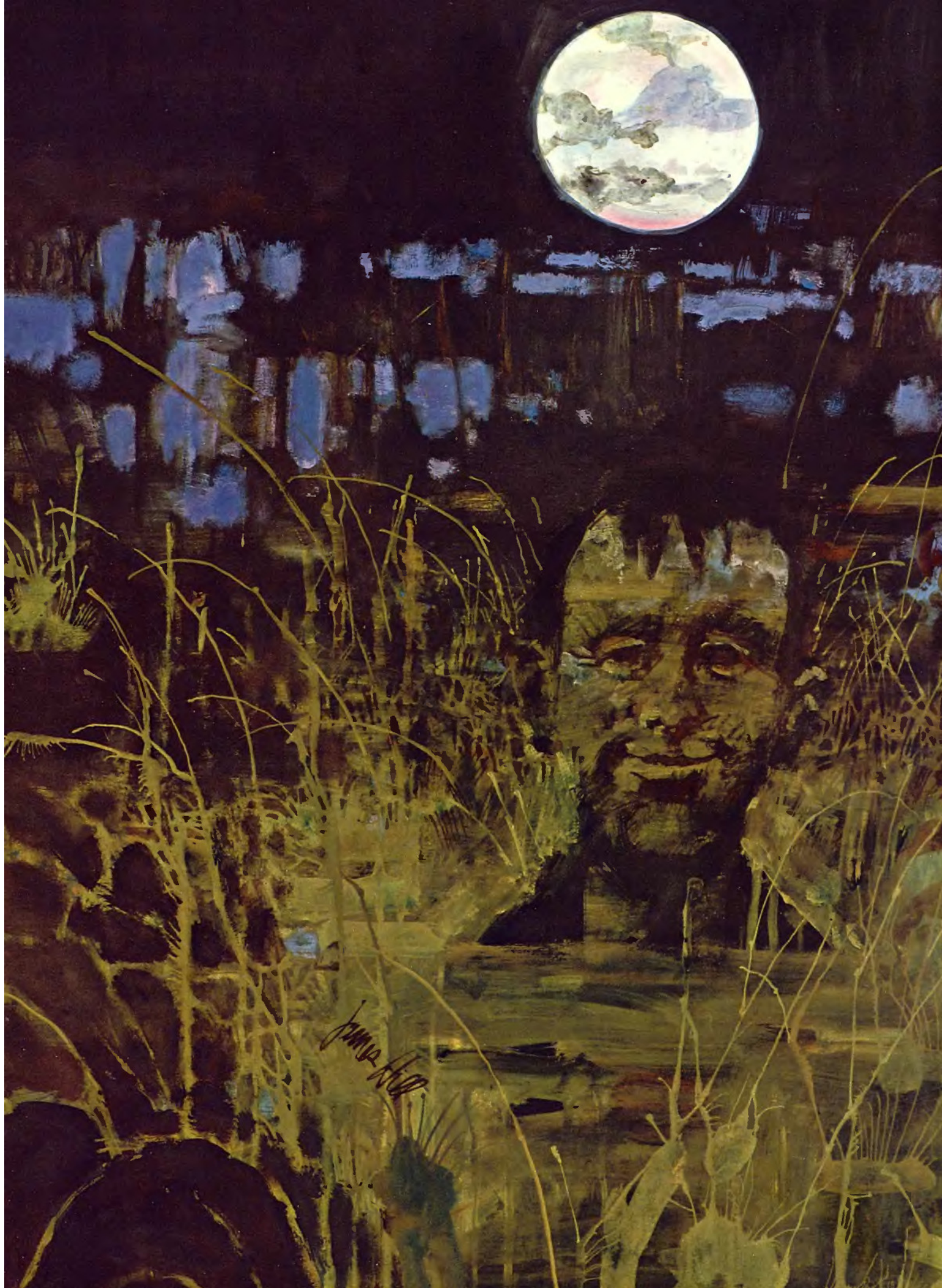


Above: Framed by a warming fire, the fellow at left relaxes in a wool and mohair sweater, by Catalina, \$17, set off by cotton knit turtleneck, by White Stag, \$3, stretch ski pants, by McGregor, \$30, and boots by B. F. Goodrich, \$14.95. Consoling a battered ski bunny, the guy at right wears a wool turtleneck sweater and matching stretch ski pants, by Ernst Engel, \$35 each, with calfskin after-ski boots, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$32.50. Right: Ski equipment clockwise from one: Seal after-ski boot, from A & F, \$60. Ear warmer, from A & F, \$2. Toboggan in case there is the unhappy need for a supine descent, by Hedlund, \$23. Suede car coat with wolf trim, by Robert Lewis, \$115. Half yard of ale glass, by Riekes-Crisa, \$10. Rieker ski boot, from Transcontinental Service Corp., \$45. Nordica ski boot, from Beconta, \$45. Bongo board for preslope conditioning, from A & F, \$18.95. Norwegian-design ski socks, from Transcontinental Service Corp., \$9.95. Rubber-rimmed racing goggles, from A & F, \$15.95. Polarized goggles, by Sea & Ski, \$7.50. Kolflach boot, from the American Ski Corp., \$85. Speedfit boot, by Henke, \$69.50. Steel pole, from America Ski Corp., \$15.95. Steel pole, by Head, \$24.50. Aluminum pole, from Ski Pole Specialists, \$23.95. Mittens, by White Stag, \$4. Rollka all-surface ski, from A & F, \$75. Hood, from A & F, \$5, with goggles from P & M, \$2.95. Snowshoes, from A & F, \$20. Javelin ski, by Hart, \$175. Sugar-loaf hat, from Transcontinental Service Corp., \$4.50. Holiday ski, by Hart, \$114.50. Plastic and wood ski, by Northland, \$49.50. Arlberg aluminum ski, by Fischer, \$175. Epoxi ski, by Yamaha, \$109. Wine *bota*, from A & F, \$6.50. Golden Jet ski, by Northland, \$125. Fiberplast ski, from Dartmouth, \$180. Metal ski, by Head, \$128.50. Blizzard fiberglass ski, from P & M, \$175. Steel and plastic ski, by Peter Kennedy, \$90.













# THE GOBLIN OF CURTERY SINK

*cranmere pool was the farthest place from habitation in all of england—which was reason enough for harried and harassed harry to feel he had to go there*

*fiction* By T. K. BROWN III

WHEN THEY LEFT Moretonhampstead on their way to Tavistock, there was a brief moment of sunshine, lighting up the bare rolling hills all about them; but the clouds closed in again almost at once. England's Dartmoor was appropriately gloomy and forbidding. They rode in silence, Mildred scowling at the overcast firmament, Harry appraising the terrain, which fascinated him: hill after low barren hill, clothed in nothing but grass and bracken, with frequent stark outbursts of rock but not a single tree to justify its name of Dartmoor Forest. Still, it was everything Thomas Hardy had promised; or was it *Lorna Doone*? Anyway, it was great.

"Remember," he said, "stop at the Dart River."

"You say when and I'll stop," Mildred said; and then, genially: "Harry, tell me, why are you doing this? I mean, you've got this big problem, *big* problem, with the firm, and now you've got nothing better to do than trek across this miserable landscape on a day like this. And what is all this about Cranmere Pool and a mailbox?"

"I'll explain," Harry said. "You know what they say when they're asked why they climb Mount Everest—'Because it's there'? Well, the best that poor little England can do in the because-it's-there line is this hike to Cranmere Pool, which is, I believe, the spot farthest away from human habitation in the whole country. A whole seven miles away from the nearest house."

"And what's with the mailbox?"

"Well, you know, you spend all that effort, you like to have a destination and a *proof*. With a mountain it's easy: You get to the top and take a picture. With Cranmere Pool it's a mailbox. You put your letter in and take out the one you find there, and you are honor bound to deliver the other fellow's letter to the nearest post office, where they will hail you as a hero and put the cherished 'Cranmere Pool' postmark on it. And that's the whole story."

"Except for why *you* want to go on this pilgrimage."

"Well, honey," Harry said, "why not? As you know, I like long walks. This is an interesting challenge. Also, as you point out, I have this big problem with the company. Maybe this solitary communion with nature will have beneficial results—you know, the Thoreau bit."

"OK," Mildred said doubtfully. "Now just let me volunteer an observation or two. It's going to rain, that is inevitable. You are in pretty fair shape for a guy of thirty-two, but you haven't been out of that lab for six months, and you have about fifteen miles to go in unfamiliar country. You're dressed for the city, not hiking. The places where you like your long walks, such as (continued on page 120)





*"We must be careful tonight, George—I have on a clean sheet."*



# CREATIVE COLLECTING

## THE PROFITS AND PLEASURES TO BE FOUND IN FINE ART

### ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

IT HAS LONG been my belief that some important generalizations can be made safely about art collectors and collecting.

First, I firmly believe that almost anyone can become a collector, and that he can start collecting at almost any period of life. One need not be an expert or have large amounts of time or large sums of money to start an art collection.

Second, I hold that few human activities provide an individual with a greater sense of personal gratification than the assembling of a collection of art objects that appeal to him and that he—by whatever standards of taste or aesthetics he may apply—feels have true and lasting beauty.

Third, I maintain that the true worth of a collection cannot—and should not—be measured solely in terms of its monetary value. Artistic merit does not necessarily follow the values set in the market place. Although price tags are attached to works of art, the beauty an individual sees in an object and the pleasure and satisfaction he derives from possessing it cannot be accurately or even properly gauged exclusively in terms of dollars and cents.

Lastly, I am convinced that the true collector does not acquire his objects of art for himself alone. His is no selfish desire to have and hold a painting, a sculpture, a fine example of antique furniture, or whatever, so that only he may see and enjoy it. Appreciating the beauty of the object, he is willing—even eager—to have others share his pleasure. It is, of course, for this reason that so many collectors lend their finest pieces to museums or establish museums of their own where the items they have painstakingly collected may be viewed freely by the general public.

At some point or another, preferably as early as possible, the collector must make up his mind precisely what it is he wishes to collect. The decision can lie anywhere between two widely separated extremes.

He may, for example, limit his collection solely to bronzes of a certain period or even of a specific century and national origin. At the other extreme, he may conceivably emulate the late William Randolph Hearst, who literally collected everything from prehistoric figurines to old masters and entire castles and their contents.

The choice a collector makes is necessarily governed by many and various factors. The most important consideration is, of course, the simplest one of all: In what direction or directions do his interests in and liking for fine art lie?

What is the ultimate in artistic beauty to one person may well be a bore or an abomination to another. This should be obvious to anyone who has ever watched any sizable groups of people making their way through a large museum.

There are those in the groups who will glance at a Goya and give a distinterested yawn, but will stand transfixed, gazing with awe at a Gauguin. To some, Phidias is anathema, while Rodin is sublime. There are individuals who respond enthusiastically to Venetian *Settecento* furniture but remain completely unmoved by the finest examples of the 18th Century French cabinetmakers' art.

The variations among individual tastes, likes and dislikes are infinite in regard to almost anything in life. When it comes to fine art, individual preferences become even more pronounced—especially so with collectors.

My own philosophy regarding my collection can be summed up by a paragraph Ethel Le Vane wrote in the book *Collector's Choice*, a decade ago:

"To me, my works of art are all vividly alive. They are the embodiment of whoever created them—a mirror of their creator's hopes, dreams and frustrations. They have led eventful lives—pampered by the aristocracy and pillaged by revolution, courted with ardor and cold-bloodedly abandoned. They have been honored by drawing rooms and humbled by attics. So many worlds in their life span, yet all were transitory. Their worlds have long since disintegrated, yet they live on—and, for the most part, they are as beautiful as ever."

Banal as it may sound in this glib and brittle age, the beauty one finds in fine art is one of the pitifully few real and lasting products of all human endeavor. The beauty endures even though civilizations crumble; the object of art can be passed on from generation to generation and century to century, providing (continued on page 194)









Above: On an off-hours shopping safari, Miss November and a pretty hutchmate took the high road (left) to Miami's new Lincoln Road Mall. "I'm a typical female when it comes to clothes," she says. "My eyes are a lot bigger than my bank account." Right: Pot goes high-hot on us.

## PAT PENDING

*our november playmate  
is a miami-hutched homebody  
who prefers a cottontail to courrèges*

PLAYBOY'S RECENT TREK to the Sunshine State proved doubly rewarding when it not only provided our staff writers and photographers with a hutchful of commendable cottontails for last month's pictorial essay on *The Bunnies of Miami*, but also focused our attention on the potential Playmate form of Bunny Pat Russo. A Miami-based rabbitette for the past two years, Miss November is a chestnut-haired Connecticut Yankee who grew up in Stamford, then served a short stint as a Manhattan mannequin for the Barbizon studio before heading South to

Below: At impromptu poolside party thrown by friends, Pot considers her host's gracious invitation (left) to join him in a friendly wotusi or two. "I'm actually a quiet, conservative type at heart," admits the Connecticut-bred cottontail, "and I'd just as soon talk as party it up." Right: Wish granted.







MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Above: Out on the briny for her first day of deep-sea fishing, November's green-eyed gatefold girl earned the envy of all on board by landing the only strike of the day (right). "I know it wasn't a monster sailfish," says Pat, "but one has to start somewhere."

trade high fashion for Bunny satin. "Like most Northerners, the one thing I can't stand is cold weather," she told us, "so Florida and I hit it off right from the start. After I'd spent my first warm winter in Miami Beach, autumn in New York was just another pretty song as far as I was concerned." When she's not busy Bunny-hopping through her night's duties or basking at the beach, the stately (5'7") hutch honey prefers a stay-at-home schedule of painting with oils, reading science fiction and listening to classical recordings ("I'm not a complete longhair, but I'll take Bach or Bartók over Streisand and the Beatles any day"). As for the man in her pending plans, our homebody beautiful has her rabbit ears set for a "sincere guy who plays for keeps." Fair enough game, we'd say—a game worth the winning.

Below: Pat proves that going to the dogs can be fun as she tries to spot a winner (left) at the nightly canine competitions in nearby Hollywood ("I should have bet on the rabbit"). Right: With date at The Wreck, a Miami Beach *discothèque*, she watches between swims.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What do you give a man who has everything?" the pretty teenager asked her mother.  
"Encouragement, dear," she replied.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *women's court* as a place where many girls are tried and found wanton.



The cute and efficient young maid seemed to enjoy her work until one day, without warning, she gave notice.

"Why do you wish to leave?" the lady of the house asked her. "Is there anything wrong?"

"I just can't stand the suspense in this house a minute more," the maid replied.

"Suspense?" said the confused mistress. "What do you mean?"

"It's the sign over my bed," the girl explained. "You know, the one that says: WATCH YE, FOR YE KNOW NOT WHEN THE MASTER COMETH."

A young man approached his family physician and said, "Doc, I'm afraid you'll have to remove my wife's tonsils one of these days."

"My good man," replied the doctor, "I removed them six years ago. Did you ever hear of a woman having two sets of tonsils?"

"No," the husband retorted, "but you've heard of a man having two wives, haven't you?"

The British anthropologist was doing some research in an isolated African village, and the local tribal leader asked if he would like to attend a trial his people were conducting that afternoon. "I think you'll be surprised," said the chief, "at how well we've copied your country's legal procedures. You see, we have read the accounts of many English trials in your newspapers."

When the scientist arrived at the crudely constructed courthouse, he was indeed amazed at how closely the African court officials resembled those of his native land. Both counsels were suitably attired in long black robes and the traditional white powdered wigs worn by all British jurists, each arguing his case with eloquence and proper judicial propriety. But he couldn't help being puzzled by the occasional appearance of a bare-breasted tribal maiden who ran through the crowd waving her arms frantically. After the trial, the anthropologist congratulated his host on what he had seen and then asked, "What was the purpose of having a seminude woman run through the courtroom during the trial?"

"No purpose," replied the tribal chieftain, "but all the accounts we read in your papers about British trials invariably mention something about 'an excited titter' running through the gallery."

The well-stacked redhead stormed into police headquarters and shouted at the desk sergeant that a man had grabbed and kissed her while she was walking through the park.

"What did he look like?" the desk sergeant asked.

"I really don't know," the girl replied.

"Lady, it's the middle of the afternoon on a clear, sunny day," the sergeant said in an exasperated voice. "How could a man grab and kiss you without you seeing what he looked like?"

"Well," the redhead answered, "for one thing, I always close my eyes when I'm being kissed!"



Then there was the transvestite from Yale who wanted to spend his junior year abroad.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *confirmed bachelor* as a man who goes through life without a hitch.

Some girls are just like a resolution—easy to make but hard to keep.



The husband had arrived home unexpectedly, and now he stared suspiciously at a cigar smoldering in an ashtray. "Where did that cigar come from?" he thundered, as his wife cowered in their bed.

There was a pregnant pause, then from the closet a shaky masculine voice answered, "Cuba!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"I had no idea you were a PLAYBOY photographer, Mr. Simpson!"*



## GOBLIN OF CURTERY SINK

golf courses—and sometimes with a little assist from a golf cart—are a far cry from this terrain. In my opinion, you are going to be one miserable baby before this day is over."

"I disagree," Harry said. "I have my coat, and galoshes, and a compass, and a map, and a lunch, and everything I need to hike across a few hills." He became suddenly alert, looking from map to landscape; saw that they were dipping down into a broad valley with a bridge ahead.

"That is it," he declared. "Let me out here. This is the Dart."

Mildred braked and stopped at the side of the road.

Harry laid the map on their knees. "Now look at this," he said, perhaps a bit too importantly. "Here we are. Here is the course of the Dart River. Here is Cranmere Pool. I am going to follow the Dart up to its head, and then go down to Cranmere Pool, where I am going to mail my postcard to myself. Then I am going to follow the east Oke-ment River right down to the neighborhood of Okehampton, where I'll meet you at The Crown. I should be there by five at the very latest—that'll give me seven hours from now. You will continue on this road to Tavistock and then turn north on the road to Okehampton. All clear?"

"All clear," Mildred said without enthusiasm.

Harry got out of the car and then reached back to the rear seat for his coat, galoshes and lunch. "Ta-ta," he said. Somewhat impeded by this gear, he scrambled over the stone wall and down the embankment. At the river's edge he turned to salute his wife, but she had already put the car in motion and did not see his gesture.

Harry Gibbsee set off up the hill, full of good spirits. The footing was firm, the incline gradual, and the air invigoratingly cool. Ahead, a mile away, a low hump called Hartland Tor invited him to assail and conquer. He foresaw a stroll uncomplicated by much exertion, with ample opportunity for introspection in ideal surroundings; of which, as he knew, he was in great need.

For Harry Gibbsee was in a mess. It appeared likely that he would lose his job, in which case his future was uncertain, to say the most. He was employed by the ancient and senescent firm of Digby & Sons, manufacturers of ceramic products. A century ago it had supplied the best line of chamber pots in New England; now, after successive generations of mismanagement, it was struggling along on a motley line of saucepans, surgical trays, ceramic bricks, clay tile, insulators and flowerpots. A management consultant had recommended that the company diversify into products with more modern appeal, and Harry had been hired as

(continued from page 109)

chief research chemist, at a very gratifying salary, to discover what "modern" product the firm should concentrate on. But his efforts, alas, had plunged the organization into far deeper trouble.

The Old Bastard, unfortunately, had been against any departure from tried-and-true ways from the beginning. A wizened Yankee with a face like a skull, he had shown Harry to his corner of the main ceramics hall with the words "Well, young man, this is where you can set up your retorts and alembics. I trust that the noise of the *useful* work being done in this factory will not disrupt your trains of thought."

Well, he had made the O.B. eat crow soon enough. After studying the facilities and skills available at the plant, he had concentrated on the field of molded plastics. In his little corner of the hall, while the money-losing flowerpots all around him grew from slip to kiln to finished ware, he manipulated his gooey concoctions. Every Friday the boss would make a point of handing him his check personally, with a remark such as, "Well, this makes \$11,500 we've paid into your pocket. When do you plan to make your first payment into ours?"

Harry mumbled something to himself. And in an unbelievably short period of time—less than six months—he had made a major breakthrough and had applied for a patent in the name of the firm. He recalled now his warm sense of achievement as he stood before the board with his data, his charts and his experimental models. As he climbed, phrases soared through his memory:

"We concentrated our attention on plastic hollowware containers and on their main flaw, which is their tendency to crack. Here, for example, you have a typical polyethylene wastebasket after eight months of ordinary use. You will notice the crack around the base." (Because I have just poked four fingers through it, he confided to himself.) "Here, now, is our similar model. Same gauge but different formula. You will note that it is intact, though worn. On the memorandum before you, you will find a description of the manner in which it was subjected to 250,000 buffetings, corresponding to approximately 84 years of daily use. Gentlemen, we have perfected a plastic of unprecedented stability."

Electricity in the air. The Old Bastard with the sudden light of greed in his weary eye. What a triumph!

"I invite you to study our data in detail. It is up to you gentlemen, of course, to conduct the necessary market studies to determine how this breakthrough can best be exploited . . ."

And conducted they were, by God! So great did the demand prove to be that the decision was to go into full production at once. A million and a half dollars were

borrowed and a new plant built. After the first hundred tons had been produced, Harry had taken this much-deserved vacation in Britain.

Warned by this recollection, he looked about him, and was surprised to find himself surrounded by unattended sheep. In stark but gentle sweeps of hill the moor lolloped into the haze on all sides and, dotting the slopes, in groups of from two to a dozen, the sheep grazed. As he approached, they moved aside, shaggy and mistrustful. Otherwise, there were only the remnants from the Stone Age that his map had prepared him for: a crumbling wall in the midst of nowhere, a tumulus, a cairn, a crude circle of stones, a jumble of rocks where a campsite must have been. It was a landscape where a man might put his finger on the core of his problem.

But before he could proceed to do so, the rain set in: not a British mist that became too heavy for itself and fell, apologetically, but a torrent, all at once. He scrambled into his raincoat. It was a gabardine he had bought in Paris, an *imperméable*, and so Harry felt quite snug in it for the first minute or two. And the rain enhanced his mood of solitary coping. Very soon, however, the coat proved to be permeable: his shoulders were quickly wet, right through his *imperméable* and jacket and shirt, and the water made its way down his back. For the first time—it was not to be the last—he felt a twinge of doubt about the wisdom of this excursion.

This doubt coincided with a resumption of his recollections—the less pleasurable part of them. For, just two days ago, the sky had fallen in. A phone call from the Old Bastard to London, and he had been almost hysterical. "It cracks! It cracks!" he had screamed. "A hundred tons of cracked wastepaper baskets coming back by the truckload!"

"Absolutely impossible!" Harry had shouted back. "Did you stay with my formula? Let me talk to Heller."

But Heller, second in command, Ph.D., MIT, had made it quite clear that the formula had not been tampered with. "It just doesn't work anymore," Heller had said. "We're turning out the same old short-life stuff as everybody else."

The O.B. had got back on the line. "This company has been doing business for a hundred and eighty years," he had croaked. "Not making a fortune, maybe, but a lot better off than before we went a million and a half in the hole on your recommendation. Now you better get us out of this, buster, you just better get us out of this!"

And it was on this note that Harry had set off across Dartmoor. He wanted to be alone, and he intended to use this time to review, in the most precise detail, every aspect of his research and every step in the manufacture of his final batch. In this

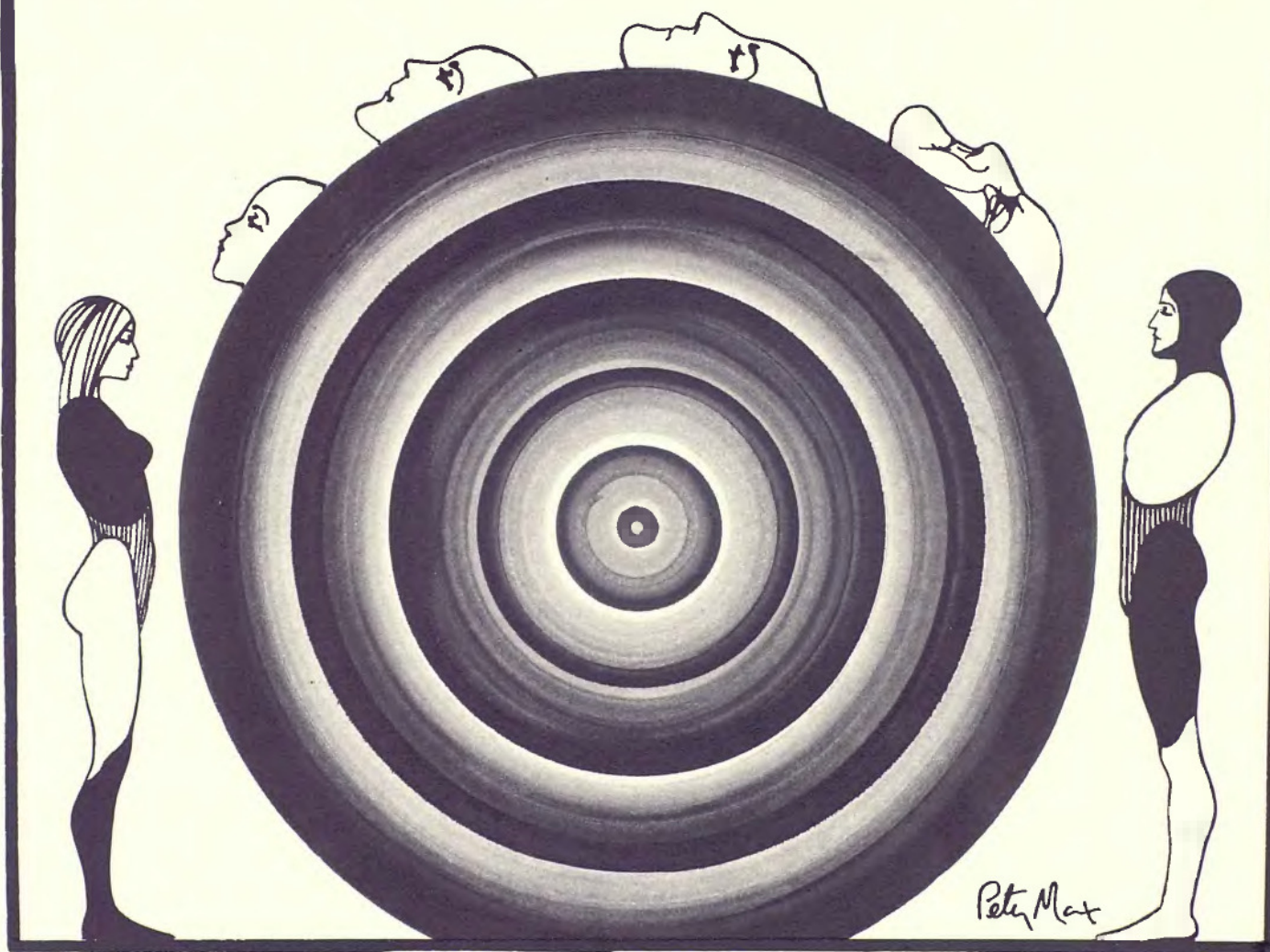
(continued on page 173)



# DEATHWATCH

*immortality is what men make of it—and what it makes of men*

*fiction* By NORMAN SPINRAD



THE OLD MAN'S BREATHING was shallow now, dry and brittle, each breath an effort of no little significance. His head rested on the pillow like a dried and shriveled nut on a napkin.

The man standing at the foot of the bed stared impassively into indefinite space. His strong, unlined face showed no emotion—though there was a strange look, indeed, about his eyes, a deep, ageless resignation that seemed grossly out of place on a face that could be no more than 25.

The woman leaning her head on his shoulder had long, thick, honey-colored hair framing a young face wet with tears.

Now and then a sob would wrack her body, and the man would stroke her hair with near-mechanical tenderness. He would pass his tongue slowly over his lips as if searching for words of comfort.

But there were no words and there was no comfort. The only sound in the room was the rasping breath of the old man in the bed sighing the dregs of his life away . . .

. . .

He smiled happily at his wife as she cuddled the newborn baby in her arms. He was, like all babies to all parents, a beautiful baby: weight, nine pounds; skin, ruddy; voice, excellent.

A son, he thought. *My son.* Secretly, he was relieved. While the doctors had assured them that there was no reason in the world why they could not have children, he had always had that inane, irrational feeling that he would never really be able to *know* that it was true until this moment, when he could actually reach out and touch his son.

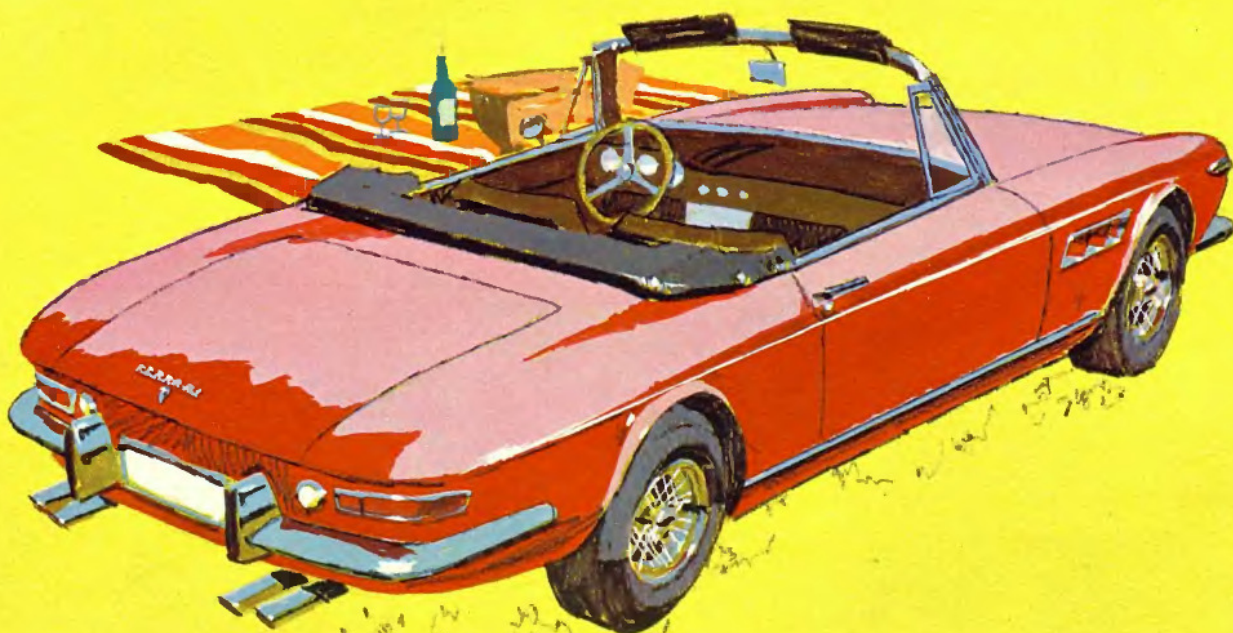
He chucked the baby under the chin, and it cooed satisfactorily. All was right with the world . . .

Until a half hour later, when the doctor told him the truth about his child. The invisible but inescapable truth.

It took him (continued on page 192)



FERRARI 275/GTS



## THE PLAYBOY CARS • 1966

*our own selection of those with the style, speed,  
engineering and distinction to satisfy the urbane owner*

*modern living* By KEN W. PURDY COUNT GIOVANNI LURANI of Italy is a significant figure in the world of the automobile. He was a notable competitor before the Second World War, he is an eminence of the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, author of a biography of Tazio Nuvolari, and a connoisseur. When he appeared in Monte Carlo for the Grand Prix of Monaco this year driving not a Ferrari but a Lamborghini, he created an instant small stir. The word sifted through the Principality, and people who knew him began to think about asking for a ride. In the ordinary way of things, a car would have to be gold-plated and running on six wheels to attract attention in Monte Carlo, but whenever Lurani's Lamborghini was parked on the drive before the annex of the Hotel de Paris, there were five or six people peering into it, and a wealthy Englishman who has owned the best of everything down the years told me he had decided he would have one as soon as he could get it. One was reminded somewhat of the time J. P. Morgan walked across the floor of the Stock Exchange arm in arm with a broker, thus providing the man instantly with unlimited credit and many new friends.

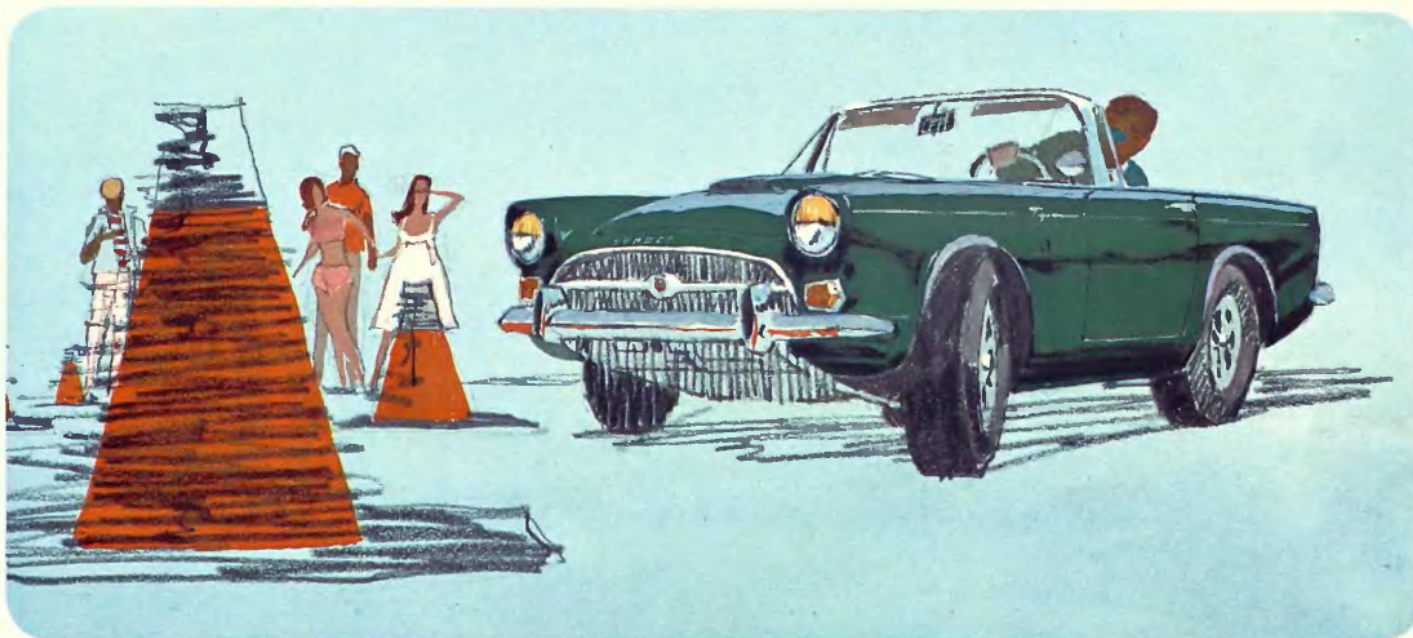
It is doubtful that Enzo Ferrari was moved to much more than annoyance when the first Lamborghini was made, in Cento, only 30 miles from his own shops at Maranello. He has seen this gambit tried before: the disastrous ATS, for example. But the Cavaliere Ferruccio Lamborghini is a tycoon, of the type conventionally described as hardheaded, who has announced that he intends to go on making automobiles for some

RENDERINGS BY BEN DENISON





TRIUMPH SPITFIRE MARK 2

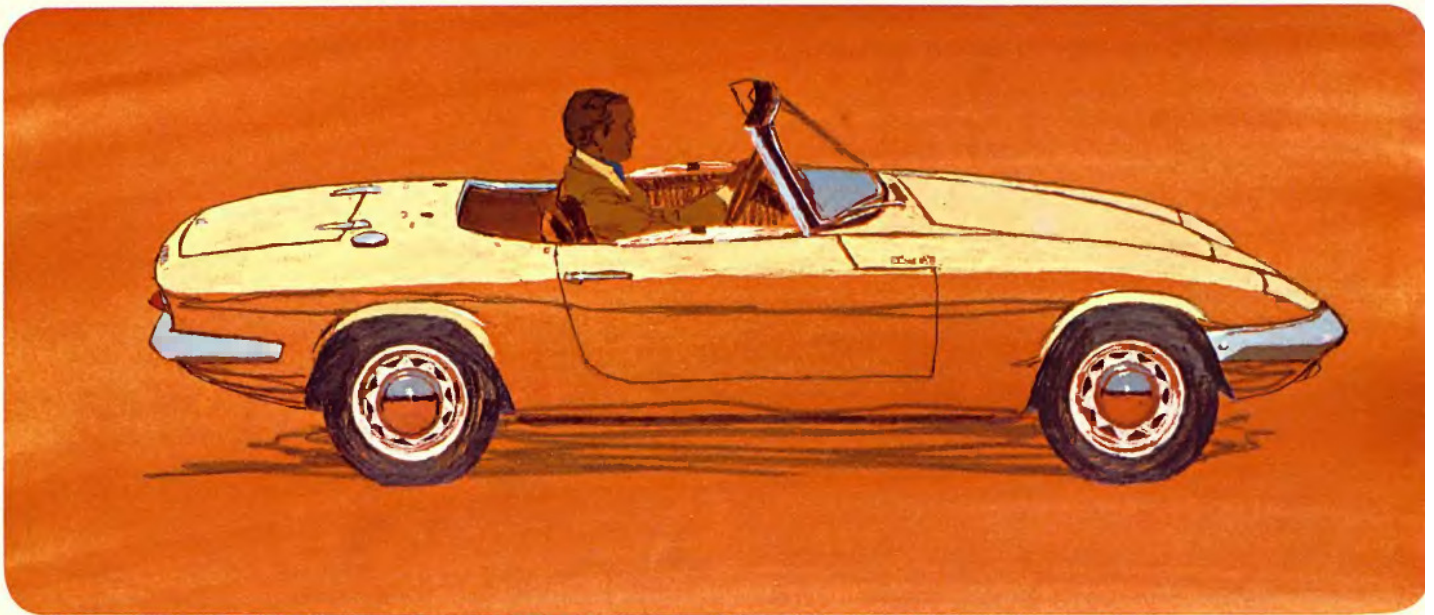


SUNBEAM TIGER

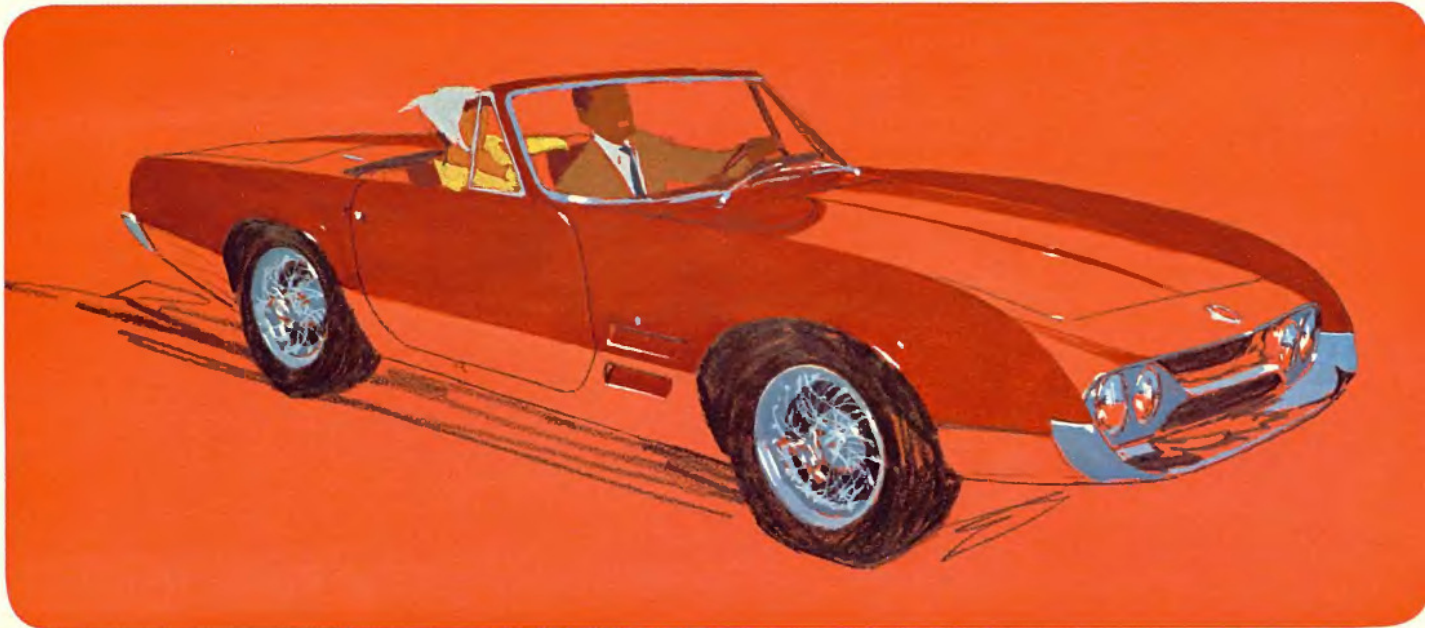


MUSTANG G.T. 350

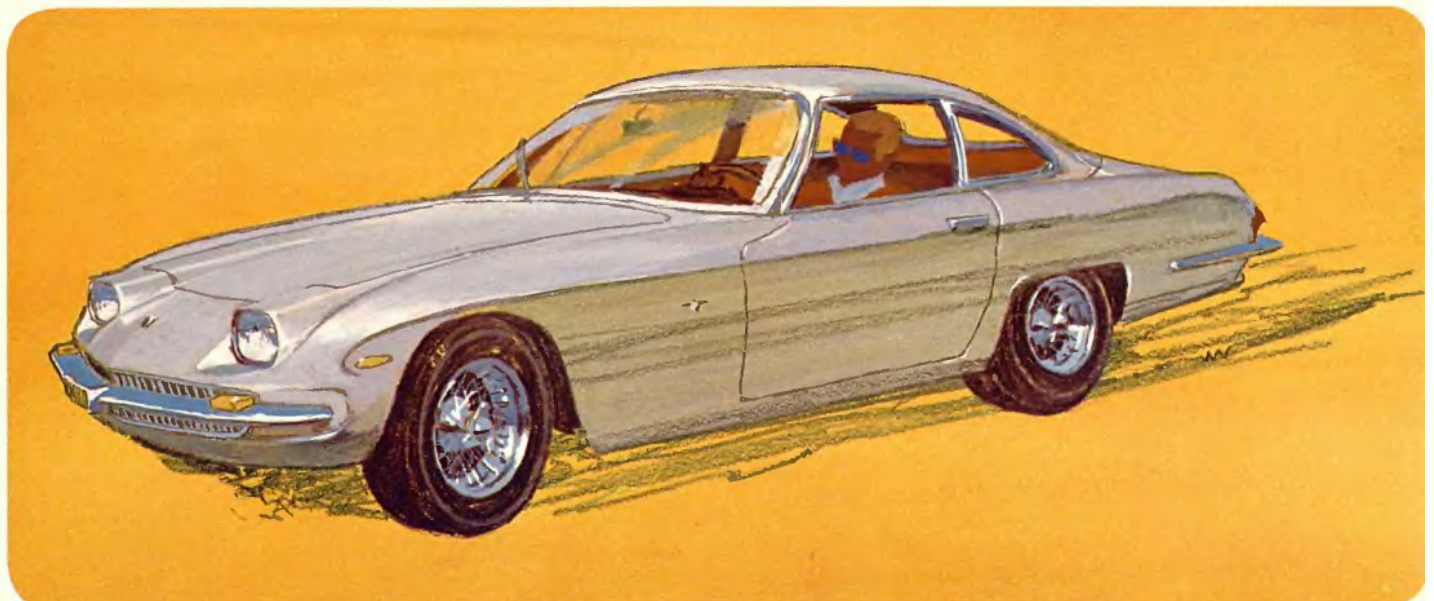




LOTUS ELAN

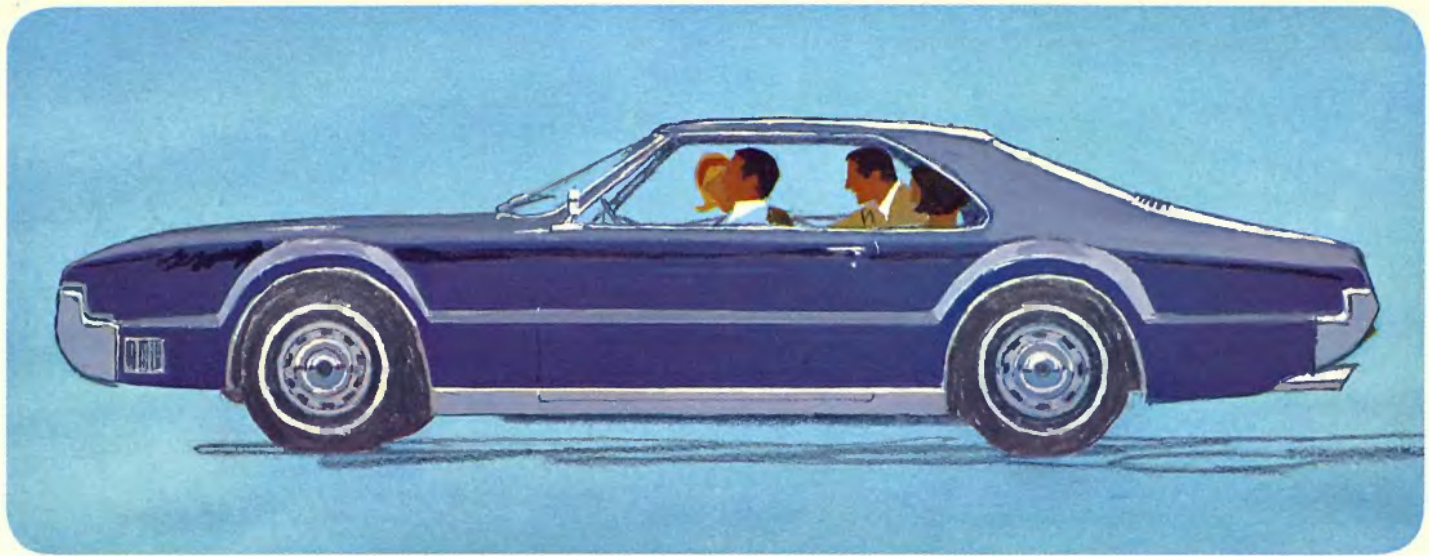


KRIM-GHIA 450SS



LAMBORGHINI 350GT



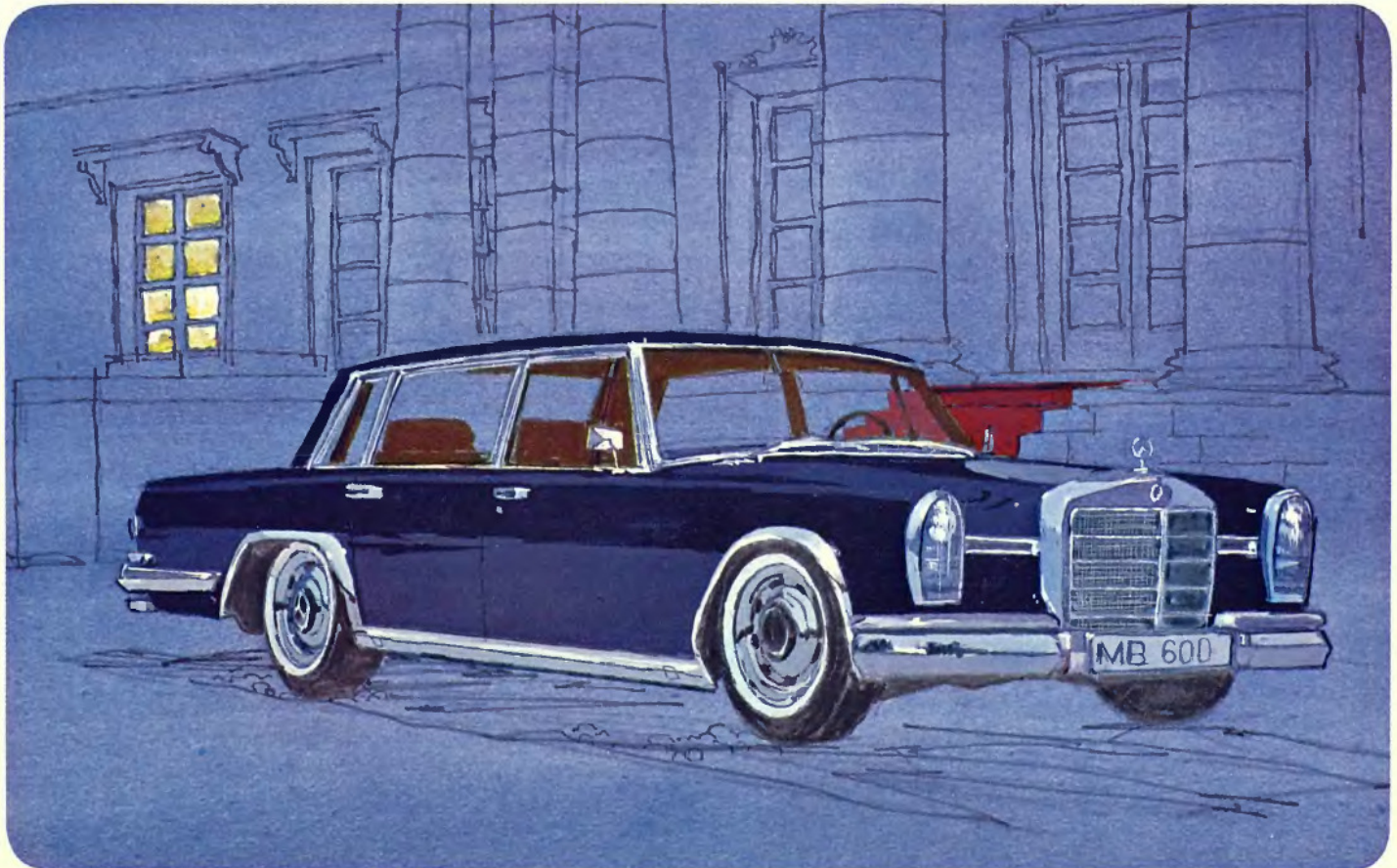


OLDSMOBILE TORONADO

time to come, and to run production to 300 cars a year, almost half Ferrari's rate. He has other factories busily clanking out tractors, oil burners, air conditioners, so he can afford to take a loss, if he must, in instrumenting his ambition to produce one of the planet's two or three fastest motorcars.

Each Lamborghini is required to show at least 150 miles an hour on the road—it is said to have exceeded that by more than 15 miles an hour—and do a standing kilometer in 24.5 seconds before delivery. The car's handling is to the highest Italian standards. The engine is, like the Ferrari, a V-12, 3.5 liters, 336 horsepower at 6500 rpm and the body, in hardtop configuration, is by Carrozzeria Touring. The package comes to about \$14,000. If a combination of good looks, comfort and performance can make a desirable motorcar, the Lamborghini is thoroughly desirable. It lacks only the cachet that attends the names of Ferrari, Maserati and Aston Martin, and, for some, that lack would be balanced by its rarity. In all, one might say, the kind of car we have come to think of in the last few years as reflecting the changed meaning of the word *playboy*, not the archaic and obsolete slang meaning, but the modern literal meaning that states an attitude, a point of view based on the intelligent, selective enjoyment of the best that goes into urban living today.

Another, of course, is the Ferrari, the world standard against which all high-performance automobiles are gauged. The Ferrari is not a perfect automobile. Some owners complain that the turning circle is too large, or that the vent windows on some models can be opened far enough to rub against the steering wheel, or that the instruments are badly lighted—but you will not hear that the car



MERCEDES-BENZ 600



# PERTINENT DATA ON PLAYBOY CARS • 1966

## SPORTING & LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILES BOTH FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL BASE	ENGINE (cu. in.)	MAX. BHP @rpm	MAX. TORQUE lbs.-ft. @rpm	0-60 mph	TOP SPEED	PRICE	FEATURES
UNITED STATES									
Avanti II	192.5 in.	109 in.	327-V8	300@5000	360@3200	—	130 mph	\$ 7,200	Now with Corvette engine
Buick Riviera	211.2	119	425-V8	340@4400	465@2800	7.5 sec.	130	4,500	Disappearing headlights now in grille
Buick Wildcat Convertible	220.1	126	425-V8	340@4400	465@2800	—	125	3,700	401 cu. in. engine is standard
Buick Skylark Gran Sport Convertible	204	115	401-V8	325@4400	445@2800	7.5	120	3,250	Recessed rear window
Cadillac El Dorado Convertible	224	129.5	429-V8	340@4600	480@3000	8.5	120	6,610	Electrically heated front seats optional
Chevrolet Corvette Sting Ray Convertible	175.3	98	327-V8	350@5800	360@3600	7	130	4,130	Available with 427 cu. in. engine
Chevrolet Impala SS Convertible	213	119	427-V8	390@5200	460@3600	—	130	3,360	Heavier frame than last year
Chevrolet Corvair Corsa Convertible	183.3	108	164-6	180@4000	265@3200	—	115	2,770	140 hp engine is standard
Cobra 427	156	90	427-V8	425@6000	480@3200	4	175	6,995	Successor to the 289
Dodge Monaco 500	213.3	121	440-V8	350@4000	480@2800	9	125	3,930	Shoulder safety harness optional
Dodge Dart GT Convertible	196.3	111	273-V8	235@5200	280@4000	9	120	2,690	Front-wheel disk brakes available
Excelsior S/S	167.5	109	327-V8	300@5000	360@3200	5	150	7,250	Modeled on Mercedes-Benz SSK; available with supercharger
Ford Thunderbird Convertible	205.4	113.2	428-V8	345@4600	462@2800	9.1	120	4,850	Auto. speed control in steering wheel optional
Ford Galaxie 500 7 Liter	210	119.9	427-V8	425@5000	480@3700	7.2	140	3,630	Power-operated disk brakes
Ford Fairlane GT Convertible	198.4	116	390-V8	335@4800	427@3200	7	135	2,900	Sportshift auto. transmission available
Ford Mustang Convertible	181.6	108	289-V8	271@6000	312@3400	8	120	3,175	Disk brakes optional
Imperial Convertible	227.8	129	440-V8	350@4400	480@2800	11.5	120	6,105	Walnut-inlaid dash panels
Lincoln Continental Convertible	220.9	126	462-V8	340@4600	485@2800	10.9	120	6,800	462 cu. in. engine is standard
Marlin	195	112	327-V8	270@4700	360@2600	11.5	—	2,930	Sway bar has been added
Mercury S55 Convertible	220.4	123	428-V8	345@4600	462@2800	8.5	120	3,665	Bucket seats standard
Mercury Comet Cyclone GT Convertible	203	116	390-V8	335@4600	427@3200	7.3	132	2,885	Fiberglass hood with simulated air scoops
Mustang G.T. 350	181.6	108	289-V8	306@5000	329@4200	6	130	4,430	Vents for rear wheels added
Oldsmobile Toronado	211	119	425-V8	385@4800	475@3200	—	—	—	Front-wheel drive; six passenger
Oldsmobile Starfire	217	123	425-V8	370@4800	470@3200	8.2	130	4,165	Floor-mounted 4-speed gearbox optional
Oldsmobile 4-4-2 Cutlass Convertible	204	115	400-V8	350@5000	440@3600	7.5	120	3,070	New Quadra-Jet 4-barrel carburetor
Plymouth Sport Fury Convertible	209.8	119	440-V8	365@4600	480@3200	7	130	3,650	New multiposition steering wheel
Plymouth Barracuda	188.3	106	273-V8	235@5200	280@4000	8.5	115	2,710	Front-wheel disk brakes optional
Pontiac Grand Prix	214.8	121	421-V8	376@5000	461@3600	8.5	125	3,530	389 cu. in. engine is standard
Pontiac GTO Convertible	206.4	115	389-V8	360@5200	424@3600	6	115	3,070	Now a separate Pontiac series
ENGLAND									
Aston Martin DB5	180	98	244-6	282@5500	285@3650	8.5	155	13,278	Can go from 0 to 120 in 23 seconds
Austin-Healey 3000 MK III	157.5	92	178-6	150@5250	173@3000	9.1	125	3,565	Servo-assisted front disk brakes
Austin Cooper S	120	80	65-4	68@5750	62@4500	12.2	95	2,349	Front-wheel drive; transverse engine
Jaguar 4.2 Sedan	202	120	258-6	265@5400	283@4000	9.5	120	6,846	With automatic transmission
Jaguar 3.8S	188	107.4	230-6	223@5500	240@3000	10.2	125	5,786	Front and rear independent suspension
Jaguar 4.2 XKE Roadster	175.5	96	258-6	265@5400	283@4000	6.5	140	5,384	4-speed, fully synched gearbox
Lotus Elan	145	84	95-4	105@5500	108@4000	7.1	112	4,226	Twinn-cam engine
MGB	153	91	111-4	98@5400	107@3500	11.8	107	2,607	Monocoque construction
MG Midget MK II	138	80	67-4	59@5750	62@3250	15.5	90	2,055	Sister to Austin-Healey Sprite

doesn't go, handle and stop in ways that most drivers haven't even heard about. The Ferrari is unstressed and unhurried in delivering its lively performance: The four-seater 330GT, for example, will do 0-60 mph in 7 seconds and 0-120 in 29 seconds. And it's not being hurt in the doing. A car that finishes the 24-hour race at Le Mans is considered by some authorities to have done the equivalent of 50,000 miles (I've heard estimates as high as 100,000). Ferrari has won Le Mans every year since 1960—six times in succession, eight times in all. An endearing thought, and one that rouses the Walter Mitty in us all. For me, the Ferrari has another endearing characteristic, one that it shares with the 356 Porsches: an absolutely distinctive engine sound. Neither of them can possibly be mistaken for anything else. My advice is: If you have acquired, by stealth, industry or good fortune, a sum ranging from \$13,000 to \$18,000, plan now to visit your friendly local Ferrari dealer. Incidentally, you will not find him wildly en-



thusiasm in the matter of trade-ins. As Luigi Chinetti of New York, the man to see if you live in the eastern part of the country, has put it, "Sometimes we take in a Cadillac, and we don't know what to do with it."

An interesting device, and the only thing of its kind currently available, is the Maserati Quattro Porte: a *gran turismo* four-seater four-door motorcar. Every other GT of comparable performance requires the rear-seat passengers to climb over the back of the front seat; the Quattro Porte alone among high-performance cars allows the rear-seat passengers a civilized entrance.

The Aston Martin, the makers of which claim, with justice, that it is as nearly hand-built as a motorcar can be these days, has had a number of useful detail improvements in the past year. The 4-liter all-aluminum engine, for example, alternative to the ordinary unit in the DB5, turns out 375 horsepower at 5750 rpm and will make the car go rather faster than the 150 mph that

Morgan Plus Four Plus	152	96	131-4	105@4750	148@3350	8.7	110	4,030	First modern-design Morgan
Morgan 4/4	144	96	91-4	78@5200	91@3600	16.5	83	2,685	Lightest of traditional Morgans
Rolls-Royce Mulliner-Park Ward Convertible	211.7	123	380-V8	—	—	12	125	26,550	Same body as Bentley Continental
Rover 2000	178.5	103.3	121-4	100@5000	114@2750	14.5	105	3,885	Overhead cam engine
Sunbeam Tiger	156	86	260-V8	164@4400	250@2200	8.5	130	—	Available with air scoop on hood
Sunbeam Alpine	156	86	105-4	94@5750	93@3500	15	100	—	Horsepower increased
Triumph TR-4A	156	88	131-4	105@4750	128@3350	10.9	109	2,840	Independent rear suspension optional
Triumph Spitfire MK2	145	83	70-4	67@6000	67@7500	14	95	2,155	Front disk brakes
FRANCE									
Peugeot 404 Convertible	177	72	98-4	76@5500	96@2500	18	95	3,995	Pininfarina body
Renault Caravelle	170	89	68-4	55@5100	65@2500	19.5	85	2,195	4-wheel disk brakes
Simca Bertone	154.5	87.5	58-4	52@5400	50@2800	18	90	2,635	Italian body on Mille chassis
GERMANY									
BMW 1800 TI Sport	177.2	100.5	108-4	124@6000	109@4000	11	110	3,598	Uses Porsche 4-speed sync. transmission
Mercedes-Benz 600	218	126	386-V8	300@4100	434@3000	10	128	20,140	7-passenger limousine available
Mercedes-Benz 300SE Convertible	192	108	183-6	185@5200	205@4000	11.4	109	12,350	4-wheel disk brakes; limited slip differential
Mercedes-Benz 230SL	169	94.5	141-6	170@5600	159@4500	9.9	125	6,160	Fuel injected
NSU Wankel Spider	132	79.5	34	64@6000	52@2500	14.5	95	2,998	Rotary piston engine
NSU Sport Prinz	140	79	30-4	36@5500	33@3500	18	85	1,998	Air-cooled engine; body by Bertone
Porsche 911	164	87.1	122-6	148@6100	140@4300	8	130	6,490	5 forward speeds; 6-cylinder engine
VW Karmann-Ghia Convertible	163	94.5	78-4	50@4600	69@2600	—	80	2,495	Larger engine displacement than '65
ITALY									
Alfa Romeo 2600 Spider	172	98	158-6	165@5900	205@4000	7.5	125	4,995	Double overhead camshafts
Alfa Romeo Giulia Spider	154	88.6	46-4	106@6200	81@3220	11.6	105	3,395	5 forward gears
Ferrari 330GT	188	104.2	244-V12	300@6000	415@5000	7	152	14,200	Pininfarina body; 2+2 seating
Ferrari 275/GTB	170.3	94.5	200-V12	280@7500	217@5500	5.9	165	13,900	Latest version of Berlinetta
Ferrari 275/GTS	172	94.5	200-V12	260@7000	217@5500	5.9	151	14,500	Roadster version of 275
Fiat 1500 Spider	161	92	91-4	80@5200	87@3400	13	105	2,639	Front-wheel disk brakes
ISD GT	187	106	327-V8	300@5000	360@3200	8.2	130	8,595	Corvette engine; Bertone body
Innocenti S	136	80	67-4	58@5700	60@3000	18.5	85	2,600	Body by Ghia; engine by BMC
Kim-Ghia 450SS	174	96	273-V8	235@5200	280@4000	—	145	9,000	Chrysler engine
Lamborghini 350GT	177	96.5	212-V12	336@6500	254@5700	6.8	150	13,990	4 overhead cams; body by Touring
Lancia Flaminia 3B Coupe	184	109	169-V6	140@5400	163@3000	14	113	7,600	Triple-carb V6
Lancia Flavia	177	98	91-4	90@5800	86@4500	15.9	106	4,715	4-wheel disk brakes
Maserati 4 Porte	196	102.3	252-V8	260@5000	268@4000	—	145	13,120	5-passenger sedan
Maserati 2 Posti	177	94	225-6	245@5500	—	—	155	12,925	Fuel injected; body by Frua
Valllunga	152	91.1	94-4	135@5700	125@5000	—	140	7,500	DeTomaso design; Cortina engine
JAPAN									
Datsun 1600 Convertible	155.6	89.8	98-6	96@6000	103@4000	14	106	2,595	Front-wheel disk brakes
SWEDEN									
Volvo 1800S	173.3	96.5	109-4	108@5800	110@4000	12	105	3,995	Body made in England; assembled in Sweden

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes; it does not list all models, nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are estimates of what the 1966 factory suggested retail prices will be, based on 1965 prices for comparable models; they include Federal excise tax and dealer preparation cost, but not transportation costs, state or local taxes. Price is for auto with engine listed. Foreign prices are Port of Entry; they do not include transportation costs within the United States, state or local taxes. (Dashes in place of data indicate information not available at press time.)



is standard. It is hard to think of an individual motorcar that has had more and more useful publicity this year than the Aston Martin. Ian Fleming having cited it as James Bond's favorite mount. The ex-Bond *Goldfinger* DB5, encrusted with lethal devices, is today famous in communities so isolated that they had previously thought of the rubber-tired oxcart as the last word in road transport. Indeed, an Aston Martin executive was quoted as saying that the publicity value of the Bond DB5 had been greater than the massed value of all the racing the company had done from the beginning. When one considers that Aston Martin's racing career is usually reckoned as having begun in 1921, this becomes a statement of some significance. It is amusing, too, to remember that Ian Fleming, who did the deed, preferred for his own use two American motorcars generally less esteemed by the "enthusiast": the Thunderbird and the Avanti. "The important thing about a motorcar," Fleming used to say, "is that it shall start instantly on a cold morning after having been left in the street all night, and shortly thereafter do 100 miles an hour without difficulty." I suspect that this definition will retain its validity for some time to come.

The Avanti, as things turn out, was not really dead, but only sleeping; a new one, the Avanti II, is promised out of South Bend, Indiana, moribund as far as motorcar production goes since December 1963, when Studebaker moved to Canada. The body has been restyled, the forward-sloping, ski-slide look eliminated, an almost infinite variety of interior trim offered to client's choice, and the 327-cu.-in. (and 100 more horsepower) Chevrolet Corvette engine substituted for the old one. European fine-car practice will be followed: a stationary instead of a moving production line, with workers allowed any reasonable amount of time for adjustment and fitting; break-in by factory testers; delete options, with air conditioning, limited-slip differential, adjustable steering wheel, and so on, standard at \$7200. Body will be fiberglass. It should be very fast.

Everything is fast today. The day before yesterday, 100 miles an hour was thought to be quick indeed. But today almost anything on the road will do 100. In 1955—after all, not a lifetime ago—a 0-60 time of 15 seconds was entirely respectable, and a fast car was one that would do a genuine 90. In 1966, you'll be able to buy 6 seconds, or even 5.5, and 120 miles an hour, in six-passenger sedans. This means that in most jurisdictions you will be strictly illegal 6 seconds after you've put your foot down. Six seconds seems a short time in which to get one's kicks. Of course, there are alternatives: Your uncle may be governor, or even lieutenant governor; you may be in Nevada, in which case you have nothing to worry about except keeping it on the road; or you can

take the chance, your eyeballs locked in on your rearview watching for The Man to come roaring out of his hole in the ground. (A friend of mine who liked to hurry from New York to Miami and back a couple of times a winter used to station his wife, 8x30 day-and-night binoculars in hand, on the rear-facing seat of his ridiculously fast station wagon.)

With tens of thousands of miles of parkway, most of it fairly level and very little bent, and thousands of 300- and 400-horsepower cars being ground out every week (in 1962 the new car/new baby ratio was 7,000,000 to 4,000,000, which suggests that the automobile is gaining on us), the law still says that 55-70 mph is all you can have. In Europe, with parkways still comparatively rare, you can do 125 without rousing the animal in anyone but the fellow flashing his lights behind you, trying to get by, and demonstrators for the genuine *gran turismo* producers work in traffic at 175. In Italy and France, no competent driver thinks 100 miles an hour at night in the rain a particularly venturesome proposition. The other day a girl I know drove from western France through Switzerland to Italy, 942 miles, in less than 24 hours nonstop. She was under no more stringent emergency than a wish to rejoin a gentleman friend in Rome, and didn't feel that she had earned a hero badge. (She was driving a Mustang, standard except for Borrani wheels and Koni shocks.) High speed is not the villain, obviously, since both Italy and France have lower road-deaths-per-thousand rates than the United States, and in both countries about 30 percent of the fatalities are registered among the swarms of motorcycle, scooter and bicycle riders. During the summer months only, British police impose a 50-mph limit on a few hundred miles of selected heavy-traffic highway, but during the rest of the year, and all the time on the rest of the roads, anything goes. Despite generations of propaganda to the contrary, most studies (the recent one by the Bureau of Public Roads, for example) show that speed does not cause most accidents, and that low-powered cars get into trouble more often than high-powered ones. Still, one insurance company has a list of 21 high-horsepower models it will not cover at any premium, and another won't touch a small car rated at over 300 horsepower or a standard one at over 400—advertised, not actual. This is the wrong end of the stick: Presumably the company would insure a Porsche 911 at 148 horsepower, although the thing will do 130 mph. I would not doubt, however, that if European speed-limit practice were applied to U. S. roads, a bloodletting of epic dimension would immediately ensue. The safest speed is the speed of the traffic stream; high passing rates would panic nonspeeders; speeders would have a tendency to lock up all four wheels and put themselves sidewise the first time they tried a

hard stop from 120, and so on. Incidentally, the much-loved 356 Porsche is being phased out, as the jargon has it, and will be replaced by the 912: the new 911 body powered by the 356 4-cylinder engine.

Presumably some free-enterprisers will decline the privilege of writing a policy on the Chevrolet Corvette powered by the new optional 425-horsepower engine. This is a 5.7-second 0-60 car with a 135-mph top speed, a genuine handful of go, a handling car, too; and when one thinks of the cost of comparably quick imported two-seaters, it becomes, at around \$5000, astonishing value for money. The double-dyed "enthusiasts" will be heard—"Ah, yes, old boy, but the thing hardly has the race breeding of the Ferrari, the Maser, the Aston, right?" The riposte of choice is that Louis Chevrolet was racing as a professional in 1905, and if Louis' connection with the Corvette of 60 years later is a bit tenuous, still, the name's the same. Now that a California court has decreed that the Corvair is not inherently dangerous due to the dreaded oversteer, one can think of this interesting rear-engined vehicle, particularly in the Corvair Sprint form from the Connecticut atelier of John Fitch & Company, as an elegant and fast-moving compact. The Buick Skylark Gran Sport, incidentally, has a new recessed rear-window treatment reminiscent of Fitch's modification of the Corvair.

No compact, but a compact two-seater, the Triumph Spitfire is in the best British tradition—a fast sports car at a modest (around \$2200) price. Disk brakes, of course, rack and pinion steering, and all that.

The biggest flurry out of Detroit this year is the Oldsmobile Toronado, the first front-wheel-drive American production car since the Cord left the scene in the late 1930s. To go to f.w.d. is held to be a very brave move by Oldsmobile, almost as if the company had decided to plump for three wheels instead of four, or steering by tiller. In fact, there's nothing radical about it. Front-wheel drive is as old as the hills. Joseph Nicholas Cugnot's steam tractor of 1763, generally considered the first self-powered man-carrying vehicle, was front-wheel driven, and the American inventor Walter Christie built front-wheel-drive race cars and New York City taxicabs before 1914. F.w.d. small cars—the Mini-Minor for one—are common as dirt in Europe, and the French Citroën, a fairly big car, is in its fourth decade of front-wheel-drive production. The Swedish SAAB, one of the great rally-winning cars, has shown the pronounced advantages of the layout in coping with snow and ice. There used to be mechanical difficulties involving universal joints and the business of steering driven wheels, but they were long ago overcome. Experienced drivers once held as gospel that a front-wheel-drive car was not for the non-

(continued on page 170)





*"Repeat after me: 'I will not commit adultery again!'"*



**T**HE BLONDE WAS on the train again, the third or fourth Monday in a row. Jacobs saw her at once as he entered the car. She sat alone in an aisle seat, bold and bright and watchful. A widow, maybe, with little lines of independence at the corners of her eyes. The commuters in their gray suits glanced at her in morning weariness, like spent, inadequate lovers.

Earth mother. Red-hot mamma. Jacobs went to an empty seat across from her. Her perfume was too strong for morning; maybe it was protective, a commuter repellent. Suppose you got served a chocolate éclair for breakfast, would you touch it? She watched him as he sat. He kept his hat on, to hide his thinning hair.

He opened his attaché case, snapping both catches at once. Across the aisle, the blonde lighted a cigarette and took a big puff, almost audible. The cigarette end came out of her mouth red.

Memos in the attaché case, charts and graphs, neat and clean. (She was 45 under that hair dye, with varicose veins and a spare tire, probably, but you could bet that was an authentic shirtful.) A nice little corporation budget, with contingency allowances cleverly tucked away here and there . . . but what about his own domestic budget? Full of holes. Untidy, haphazard. Mortgage, dentist, kids' clothes . . . where did it all go? No matter. (She crossed her legs and tapped the cigarette. Bits of ash drifted intimately onto his shoe tops.)

They were passing the Newark dump, steaming in the haze of the swamps and exhaust fumes from turnpike traffic. (On her cheek, a mole, a chorus girl's beauty spot, implying mesh stockings and lewd little stars.) Dirty newspapers on the floor, toilet door loose and banging, commuters sneezing on each other, yawning and gaping in their car cage, getting ready to move to other cages . . . subways, elevators, office cubicles.

The train went hurtling into the tunnel. Lights flickered. In the attaché case





## AN ANGEL OF MERCY



*fiction* **By DAVID ELY**

*there he was, fresh off the train, headed  
for the office — then, suddenly,  
he was enclosed by four walls and a woman*

with the budget was yesterday's puzzle, half finished but confidently done in ink. Six-letter word meaning condition of loveliness. "B-e-a-u-t-y." (She let the cigarette drop, had trouble finding it with her spiked heel, so he gallantly squashed it with his shoe.)

"Oh—thanks."

"S OK."

Condition of loveliness! Above them the river boiled with sewage and industrial wastes, the tunnel dripped with the exhalations of 10,000 trains; commuters rose with bitter eagerness and lurched into the aisle, swaying against each other in a dance of hate.

Penn Station came sliding along in the gloom and stopped. The blonde was somewhere up ahead, pushing along with the rest of them, but when Jacobs got outside she was standing on the platform, waiting.

She caught his eye. She beckoned to him. And she said to him there amid the trains, trains, trains: "OK. You'll do."

"I'm sorry, what—"

"Come on."

"I don't quite—"

She looked up at him, very slightly amused. "Let's go to a hotel. You know."

*A hotel.*

He looked, illogically, at his watch. Crowds from another train were pushing all around them.

"Let's go," she said.

"I've got—a meeting at ten."

"Ten. Well, it's only eight-thirty now."

She turned, pushing at his elbow. "Come on." He stared at her. "Well," she said, "what's the trouble? Look, I'm not a chippy." She pushed some more, and they began to move with the crowd toward the escalator. "I don't take a nickel. The hotel room, I got it reserved, see? It's mine. I pay for it." They stood on the escalator, rising in a forest of pale dull faces, blind eyes, stopped ears. "Just for kicks, mister." Motherly, she led him off at the top. His (continued on page 188)





URSULA ANDRESS, the first of the filmic femmes fatales to cross 007's predatory path, portrayed Honeychile Rider, the child-of-nature heroine of *Dr. No*. Fleming fans will recall this sensuous sea siren—clad in the briefest of bikinis—emerging from the Caribbean waters off mysterious Crab Key, where she discovers a bemused Bond admiring her see-worthy form from his hiding place in the tall grass. Above: Bond considers a sandy gambol with the lovely naiad (left), but abandons his amatory interests when they're captured by the inscrutable Dr. No (right) and forced to accept the apulent but aminos hospitality of his underwater fortress. Below: Ursula receives an off-camera dunking (left) from Sean Connery, Bond's sinewy cellulaid counterpart; she radiates the same *ou naturel* appeal (right) that we captured in our June 1965 pictorial.





# JAMES BOND'S GIRLS

*those sensuous cinema sirens  
with whom secret agent 007 has  
to put up and bed down*

*pictorial essay*

BY RICHARD MAIBAUM



POSITIVELY THE LATEST wish fulfillment, as you know, is something called the James Bond syndrome, a vicarious mass desire to achieve 007 status. I confess sharing it. Writing screenplays for the Bond films, I can hardly avoid identifying with him. Could anyone? Who wouldn't want to be the best-dressed man, most sophisticated diner, luckiest gambler, top secret agent and greatest lover of his generation all rolled into one? And what woman could resist projecting herself into his arms? Bond and his women have become fantasy figures arousing powerful empathic responses in both sexes. The wish for pleasurable excitement without the headaches of its problems is universal. But let's not overintellectualize. It might spoil the fun—which is all that the novels and films are meant to be. A great deal of it derives from Bond's doings with the dames.

Actually, there are two 007s: one created by Ian Fleming in his novels, the other as he appears on the screen. Kingsley Amis, in his *The James Bond Dossier*, commenting on Sean Connery's "total wrongness for the film part," plainly indicates which

DANIELA BIANCHI tries to take Bond for a one-way ride in *From Russia with Love*. Cost as the seductive Soviet spy Tatianna Romanova, she's duped by SPECTRE into luring and loving Bond aboard the Orient Express to meet a waiting assassin. But like so many of Fleming's misguided Mata Horis, she ends up sating rather than hating the irresistible supersleuth. 22-year-old Daniela landed the part despite a dearth of previous cinematic credits. Tatianna trades Mother Russia for a better brand of Bondage (top); maintains a brooding, Garboesque appeal (above) even while lying down on the job. 133





**GOLDFINGER**, biggest of the Bond box-office bonanzas thus far, has already grossed nearly \$40,000,000 and seems slated to become filmdom's all-time revenue runner-up to *Gone with the Wind*. Depicting Bond's encounter with a gluttonous gold fancier who plots to A-bomb Fort Knox and destroy the international monetary standard by nuclear contamination, *Goldfinger* pits 007 against a host of heavies and winsome wenches. One of the latter (above) meets her dozzling demise by being gilded for galling her bullionaire boss.

Bond he fancies. I fear Mr. Amis will never find much employment as a casting director. Connery's image is the one generally accepted. World-wide sales of the novels are estimated at 40,000,000, but more than 100,000,000 tickets have been sold for the films. Beyond that, the circulation figures of newspapers and magazines featuring stories and pictures of Connery must be astronomical. The reader of a Fleming novel who has seen a Bond film surely visualizes Sean as 007. If women glimpse Bond's face in their dreams, they see the ski-jump nose and pouting lips, not the book-Bond's three-inch scar and thick black comma of hair falling over the right eyebrow. He speaks to them in a voice tinged with the faint but unmistakably less-than-upper-class Scottish burr rather than the cultivated accent of Eton and Sandhurst which Fleming gave his character. Connery's physique—that of a natural athlete who could have become a professional footballer (a career he once (text continued on page 139)



**NADJA REGIN**, left, who played the sex-hungry houri of Turkish secret service chief Kerim Bey in *From Russia with Love*, goes the way of old flesh as a bothside decoy for Bond in *Goldfinger*'s electrifying prolog. Amidst an embrace, her eyes reflect on assassin—whom Bond odroitly dunks in the tub with a high-voltage heat lamp.



**TANIA MALLET**, whose model visage has frequently adorned such high-fashion bibles as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, made her screen debut in *Goldfinger*. As Tilly Masterson, she more than matches Fleming's description of the character: "a very beautiful girl, the kind who leaves her beauty alone." Top: Bond uses a sylvan setting to subdue Tilly's foolhardy desire to dispatch *Goldfinger* for gilding sister Jill.





**LOIS MAXWELL** has the unique distinction of being the only Bonded beauty to appear in all of the 007 epics. As Miss Maneypenny (above), the long-suffering, lithe-limbed secretary of British Secret Service chief M, Lois spends a frustrated movie life sharing quips—but never quilts—with her boss' "womanizing" counterspy. After studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and a brief stint in Hollywood, Lois landed her first supporting film role in Vittorio De Sica's award-winning *Tomorrow Is Too Late*.

**MARGARET NOLAN** gets even less of 007's coveted attentions than most of the series' cast of comely cinemactresses during her brief opening-reel bow in *Goldfinger*. Just when she's aroused Bond's libido with a poolside rubdown (top left), duty takes him away to stalk bigger, but not fairer, game: *Goldfinger*. If our spy had seen her in the proper perspective (left), *Fart Knox* might have fallen after all.



SHIRLEY EATON, as Jill Masterson, becomes a 24-karat symbol of love's labor lost when she opts to bed with Bond rather than prolong her stint as a hotel-room broadcaster of gin-rummy tips to Goldfinger, her card-cheating boss, down at poolside. Below: 007 whisks Jill away to his own digs at Miami's Fantainebleau, where she's given a lethal golden brush-off from head to toe by the sore-losing Goldfinger's henchman, Oddjob; Shirley proves (bottom) it's what's beneath the gilt that truly glitters.







HONOR BLACKMAN had all the prerequisites for playing Pussy Gore, the mannish mistress of an old-girl flying circus (employed by Goldfinger to drop nerve gas on the populace of Fort Knox) and Bond's only leading lady with Lesbian leanings. As star of the British TV spy series *The Avengers*, wherein she uses her considerable expertise at jujitsu to put down many a mole marauder, the majestically proportioned Miss Blackman took to her screen identity as a hostile hoyden with athletic ease. Pussy's hectic hand-to-hand response (left) to 007's amorous advances temporarily throws our hopless hero off balance. After Bond turns the tables with a series of unconventional holds in the hay, the stubborn miss wisely decides she'd rather switch than fight. Below: She takes five between bouts with Bond. Returned to normalcy of lost, Pussy later helps him turn Goldfinger's Fort Knox coper into a fissionless fiasco.



MAGGIE WRIGHT, as the sexy squadron leader of Pussy Gore's flying circus, leads Goldfinger's old-girl aerial attack on Fort Knox. Though she had only a fly-on role, Maggie so gassed Charles K. Feldman (whose upcoming *Cosino Royale* will be the first Bond flick not to star Connery) that he's grounding her with a starring role in *Cosino*. Left: Between scenes in *Goldfinger*, Maggie shows she merits an A-OK on any flight physical (top), then reports for duty (bottom, third from left) flanked by fetching fellow aeronettes.







**THUNDERBALL**, scheduled for release next month, will be the biggest-budgeted Bond odventure yet. \$5,500,000 has been invested, mostly on spectacular gadgetry to melodramatize 007's struggle to foil the H-bomb highjacking plans of archvillain Emilio Largo, a ruthless SPECTRE boddie who uses sex and sea power with equal efficiency in his efforts to exterminate Bond and to extort a crime king's ransom from the free world. When a treacherous transvestite is assigned to assassinate him, Bond's sixth sense warns him in time to dispatch the dragster (above) with a right cross.



CLAUDINE AUGER, a former Miss France, landed the lead role of Domino, Largo's scuba-diving mistress in *Thunderball*, when she auditioned in a peekaboo-mesh swimsuit (right) of her own design. In the film, Bond bewitches her on the beach at Nassau (top right) by unconventionally extracting some sea-urchin spines from her instep. After this toothsome bit of footage, Domino grotesquely offers the rest of her anatomy to his ministrations. When Largo learns of her new-found taste for Bondage, he obligingly binds her in bed (above) for a bit of offbeat diversion. A between-scenes bask in the sun (for right) reveals Claudine for the glamorous Gaul she is.







LUCIANA PAOLUZZI, a 25-year-old Roman redhead with several cinematic supporting roles (*Return to Peyton Place*, *Let's Talk About Men*) and the lead in NBC's recent TV spy series *Five Fingers* to her credit, plays the port of Largo's fiery SPECTRE side-kick, Fiono. In a role created especially for the screen, she becomes the first of Bond's sultry sockmotes to match his own bedside monner (above left), and to sample his legendary prowess (above right) without defecting from the enemy. Right: Rovishing rogozza sits out scene.

contemplated)—is considerably more rugged than his literary counterpart's. I am not implying that our celluloid tiger is superior to the paper one—only that, somewhat ironically, he is presently burning brighter in the forests of the night. Incidentally, Fleming never shared the dismay of some of his *aficionados* with what we have done to Bond. He particularly enjoyed our augmenting his quasi-satirical approach to him. Man became superman, yet inexplicably remained man—particularly in the man-woman department.

Much has been made of Bond's equipment—the fantastic arsenal of secret weapons, devices and vehicles placed at his disposal by Q Branch. He is trained in survival techniques implemented with the appropriate apparatus to cope with almost every possible dire eventuality. In *extremis*, however, as in *Goldfinger*, when he desperately needs to convert Pussy Galore into an ally, his most potent weapon is himself. The dictates of good taste here restrain me from embellishing the point with a bad pun about what is mightier than the sword.

The two Bonds acted similarly in that situation. Indeed, it is in the sexual area that they are most alike, although Connery-Bond's women find him physically stronger than Fleming-Bond's. In *Thunderball* he is capable of strangling an adversary by bending an iron poker around his neck. He is less introspective, brooding no more about his ruthless exploitation of sex than the moral issues involved







MARTINE BESWICK is among Bond's few bedmates to enjoy a second filmic fling with the satyric secret agent. Fresh from her hair-raising stint as one of two gypsy spitfires who shore 007 for a night in *From Russia with Love*, Martine returns for a solo bout with Bond in *Thunderball* as his Bohemian undercovers contact. Above: Clowning with Connery on the set at Nassau. Right: Beachside proofs positive of Miss Beswick's beauteous bounty.



in exercising his license to kill. He is veined with more sardonic humor, expressing it in flippant throwaway quips. His wits are quicker, computerlike at times. Conversely, he is capable of more glaring blunders. Larger than life as Fleming's 007 is, our James is even larger. On the record, both are fabulous fornicators, *toujours prêt*, infallibly satisfying. Bond in the books is somewhat subtler, but at times approaches susceptibility. Fleming once described his senses as being "lashed." In the films it is Bond who does the lashing. Both exercise their invariable proficiency for ulterior motives. This undoubtedly accounts for the high pleasure level attained by their female partners. They are not only icy killers, but also cold-blooded lovers. Efficiency is often inversely proportional to heat. I sometimes wonder if the most secret drill in their training as M's agents must not concern itself with this aspect of their work. Like mastery of karate and jujitsu, such yogalike muscular and psychic control can only be achieved by constant practice. Or is it perhaps done pharmaceutically? Certainly it is not beyond the capabilities of Q Branch to have developed aphrodisiacs with the specified delayed reactions. However it is accomplished, Fleming's Bond seems to derive more of a kick out of his work. But this is a dubious advantage for a Double 0 operator. In the film version of *Thunderball* our Bond unequivocally states, "I'm not a passionate man." Despite our close association, I am forced to admit he is also rather more of a cad than the other chap.

Bond's quota of dispatched villains per film, about 20, runs higher than in the novels. So is the number of females he beds with. I (continued on page 144)

MOLLY PETERS, a statistically sound (37-24-37) choice—at left—for the role of a mischievous masseuse in *Thunderball*, trouped with a London repertory company before getting Bonded for her movie debut. Early in the film, while recuperating from his lost cove at a British health resort, Bond gets rubbed the right way when the bosomy blonde gives him a mink-gloved once-over-lightly. Getting the upper hand-in-glove (center), Bond returns the favor; then they slip into something comfortable—a nearby sauna—for an even steamier session of mutual massage (top).









*"Notice how the eyes follow you around the room."*



**a scamp and his bagpipes bold** from the "Novellino" of Masuccio

THERE ONCE LIVED in Italy Don Battimo the physician who, more given to the service of beautiful women than of those palsied or sore with plague, one day by fortune's circumstance met at the market place the comely Massimilla—and immediately his heart became impaled.

He soon uncovered, however, that she would not bestow upon him more than a pleasant glance. Yet so persistent was this physician that finally Massimilla gave him her promise that when her husband departed on a journey he might have his jollity.

But then Massimilla chanced to meet a youth, Marco by name, a scampish Turk and piper, who soared into both crescendo and tremolo at the sight of the gay *signora*. A seemly fellow, he, too, was so diligent in his pursuit that in time he also received a promise of favors from her.

Therefore when Massimilla's husband departed their home, the Turk hastened to the doxy's house with bagpipe, and was welcomed coyly and with speed. Making fast the door, they had but made a nibble at frolic's sweetness when Don Battimo, knowing also of the husband's leave-taking, gave a knock upon the door.

"Who is without?" cried the startled wench.

"I—your own Don Battimo. Open to me, I pray you."

"Go with you, sir. I am at present in no way ready to do what you propose."

"By God's faith," replied the frustrated physician with some heat, "if you do not open to me forthwith, I shall beat this door to the ground and have my will of you."

Massimilla, comprehending that he would as soon carry out his threat as utter it, whispered to Marco: "Great the peril in which both of us are placed because of this unchained devil of medicine. Therefore I beg of you, for the safeguarding of us both, to get yourself with speed up that ladder into the pigeon loft, being careful to make no sound." With haste the piper did her bidding.

The minx then with smiling visage




opened the door, admitting Don Battimo, who bellowed, "Now the Pope shall enter Rome!"

Upstairs, Marco, vexed but still of humor, murmured, "By my faith, this is not the sort of festival held when the Pope makes his entry into Rome. Not one note of music do I hear." Forthwith, taking up his bagpipe, he began the entrance march, stamping lustily all the while on a plank of the floor.

The physician, hearing what he thought the Devil's wail itself, was seized with fear that the doxy's husband—or all his family indeed—had returned. Accordingly, giving over the game he had begun, he skulked from the room, making an exit in an entry's stead.

Marco, speedily making his descent, joined Massimilla on her couch, near choked in mirth. Thence, whereas the physician Pope moments before had been duly honored with music when he had made an attempt to enter Rome, so Maestro Marco now with vigorous cadence entered the Turk into Constantinople.

—Retold by John D. Keefauver 



## BOND'S GIRLS (continued from page 140)

think the average is about four. Our only excuse, in both categories, is that the victims are sacrificed for patriotic purposes. He is not a sadist, only a highly motivated public servant. Undoubtedly, the enchantment of Bond's hordes of female fans must be fraught with masochism.

All Fleming's women fascinate me. They fall into two categories—the monstrous: harpies like Rosa Klebb and Irma Bunt; and the beautiful: Honeychile Rider, Tatiana Romanova, Pussy Galore, Domino, Tracy, et al., who have appeared in the films already released or being prepared. How long the public's want-to-see continues will determine whether Bond will become involved with Solitaire, Tiffany Case or Kissy Suzuki. Characterizing a Fleming female is not too difficult. We have his version to adapt. Casting is the real problem. Mostly the trick has been to find unknowns; and the producers have been singularly fortunate thus far in their discoveries. In a fast-moving action film, the sort we try to make, character delineation is limited. A new personality, whom audiences do not associate with previous performances, is invaluable in fleshing out the portrait. This is also true about the villains. Gert Frobe, who played Goldfinger, is well known in Germany, but he had never appeared in an English film. Hence, he was not predictable. The unknown beauty is a distinct plus factor for the same reason. She has the piquancy and promise of an affair with someone every man secretly desires—*la femme nouvelle*.

Bond's sex life as recorded on the screen began in *Dr. No* with Sylvia, the cool brunette dish he met across the chemistry table. I submit that the single most important moment in the Bond films occurred when Sean Connery introduced himself to her, and indirectly to the audience. "James Bond," he says, casually challenging. If they had not taken him at his word, if Connery had not squared with their preconceived notions of the character, we all might as well have cashed in our chips and gone home. There would have been no further Bond films. Fortunately, his close-up was magnificent. The only one I recall in any way comparable was Clark Gable's introduction at the foot of the staircase when Scarlett first sees Rhett Butler in *Gone with the Wind*. In both instances you saw and felt the electric response conducted through the audience. Gable was already a star of the first magnitude when he appeared in *Gone with the Wind*. That Connery should have been instantaneously accepted in an equally famous role was a tremendous tribute to his innate stellar quality. It doesn't happen often, but when it does, there is no mistaking the impact. Three weeks after the

film opened, he was receiving thousands of letters.

When Bond returned to his flat from the gambling club, Sylvia, saucily played by Eunice Gayson, was waiting for him in one of his pajama tops, passing the time chipping golf balls into a hat. What ensued set the pattern. Not that it was unmixed with pleasure, but Bond's immediate concern was to be rid of her and on with his mission. Obviously he made his usual impression, because we saw Sylvia again in *From Russia with Love*, back for another go in a punting boat. Incidentally, she is the only one of Bond's conquests to reappear in his arms in the same role. Miss Money Penny, M's secretary, plays a continuing role, but strictly on a professional basis. The banter between her and Bond does insinuate potential intimacy, but thus far has not become overt. I'm not sure why. Perhaps Miss Money Penny is an anachronistic virtue symbol that Bond unaccountably respects. Perhaps he needs a motive other than pure pleasure to stimulate him into action. Lois Maxwell's attractiveness as Money Penny inclines me toward the first supposition. Nothing so complex entered into Bond's assault on Zena Marshall's exotic Miss Taro in *Dr. No*. Here Bond was at his most ruthless. She was under orders from Dr. No to lure him to his death. She deserved no mercy. Presumably she received some recompense in terms of creature comfort. Bond was at the top of his form in the sort of situation he most relishes. And he forgot her the moment he turned her over to the police.

Of all Bond's affairs, I like the one with Honeychile Rider best. From the memorable moment Ursula Andress waded out of the sea, surely a re-enactment of the birth of Venus, to her eventual surrender after Bond contrives to postpone their rescue, I found it to be Fleming's finest. I think we captured most of it. Director Terence Young's taste was nevermore discriminating. A sea Tarzan, Honey easily could have been vulgarized. Instead she emerged as an even more enchanting child of nature. True, she had once been violated, revenging herself by dropping a deadly spider on the insensate rapist, but spiritually she was still a virgin—the only one I can find in Bond's experience. Perhaps it was his total lack of previous involvement with the breed that accounts for his uncharacteristic treatment of her. He is gentle, considerate, protective, even risking the success of his mission by rashly springing to her defense. In the process he barely avoids presenting himself as an object lesson in why gallantry can only lead to disaster for a man of his vocation. We can only plead Honey's innocence, charm and pristine beauty for this temporary deviation from official procedure. Fleming purists have criti-

cized us for not playing Honey, as he did, with a broken nose. They profess to read some deep psychological significance in this mutilation, as with Domino's one shorter leg in *Thunderball*. The nature of that implication escaped us. Does a single flaw in what otherwise would be perfection somehow enhance it? Or did Fleming mean to introduce a note of harsh, ugly realism to make their characters more convincing? Frankly, no one concerned thought it important. I'm delighted that we left Ursula's lovely nose as it is, and Domino's gimpy leg where we found it: in print. Honey, like Shakespeare's Miranda, her creator's most charming and disingenuous ingénue, needs no blight to arouse either Bond's or the audience's sympathy. More practically, a busted proboscis might have been photogenically disastrous, grotesquely comic.

Despite the old saw about a picture being worth 10,000 words, or rather because of it and the censorship restrictions involved, Fleming was able to deal with sex and violence in writing to a degree not permissible with the camera. His inevitable torture scenes, for instance, cannot be approximated on film. No reviewing board can be expected to pass the torture-scene shocker in *Casino Royale* involving Bond's testicles and a carpet-beater. The closest we have come is in *Thunderball* when Largo alternately applies an ice cube and the glowing end of his Havana to Domino's anatomy. But it is in Fleming's descriptions of Bond's lovemaking that he really has the edge on us. Apart from his masterful use of words, he takes full advantage of the license to thrill enjoyed today by the romantic novelist. Perhaps his warmest stretch of erotic composition occurs in *From Russia with Love* when he describes the affair between Bond and Tatiana Romanova in the stateroom on the Orient Express. Again it was due to Terence Young's taste and directorial skill that the film version, without the detailed intimacies of flesh described by Fleming, managed to capture most of the excitement of the original.

Next to Honey, I find Tatiana the most appealing of Bond's conquests. A great many women have expressed their preference for *From Russia with Love* to the other films. Perhaps it has a more sustained love story. Daniela Bianchi's engagingly unactressy performance (she was very inexperienced) may also have something to do with it. And, of course, her fresh 4-H-girl loveliness. Even the usually unsusceptible critic of *The New York Times*, Bosley Crowther, doffed his coronet to her. Personally, I think this general acceptance of Tatiana is occasioned by the recognition she evokes. Unlike most other Bond bundles, she is a working girl, holding down a steady job as a clerk in the Russian

(continued on page 205)





Clockwise from one: Replica of antique ship's figurehead, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$40. Super Space Conqueror six-inch reflector telescope, by Edmund Scientific, \$199.50. Magnum Mark V, .300 caliber high-velocity rifle, \$295, and an Imperial 2x-to-7x variable scope sight with Buehler mount, \$123.75; fleece-lined hard-leather carrying case, \$99.50, all from Weatherby. Gyrojet Rocket handgun fires 13mm, high-velocity, spin-stabilized steel rockets, by MB Associates, \$250. Pressure-proof underwater camera housing, \$375; 3.5f Rolleiflex camera, \$335, and three-position double-lighting-system flash gun, \$50, all by Rollei Associates. Individual silver-plated martini server, from Iron Gate of "21," \$25. Handmade 4'x6' Finnish wool and cotton Rya rug, from Bonniers, \$475. Ceramic electric clock, \$75, and 12-inch hardwood cutting board, \$25, both from America House. Reproduction of medieval floor-standing candlesticks in polychrome finish, by The Perfect Touch, \$38. Armoire-styled 25-inch color TV with hi-fi amplifier and changer plus a separate radio system, by R.C.A., \$1400. Hand-blown Bavarian crystal 24-oz. decanter with etchings of African game, \$30, and matching double-sized old fashioned glasses, \$192 a dozen, both by The Crossroads of Sport. On top of the TV set is a Sieko portable quartz-crystal chronometer, from A & F, \$750.





Clockwise from one: *Nude with Shadows*, sculpture by Frank Gallo, from Gilman Galleries of Chicago, \$2000. Argentine wild fox rug, 4'x6', innerlined with cotton padding and backed with felt, by Lutén, Clarey, Stern, Inc., \$624. "Polaris" portable 3-band radio receiver with beacon, broadcast and marine bands, has 5" x 8" dynamic speaker and self-contained battery system, from Servo-Tek Marine, Inc., \$79. Unimat miniature 11-speed lathe with full capabilities of a precision machine shop for hobbyist working in metal, plastics and wood; turns, faces, bores, recesses, parts off, polishes and converts into a vertical machine for milling, drilling, jig boring and surface grinding, from Edmund Scientific, \$139.50. Maroquin leather chair with molded solid back, rosewood frame, from Chalesko, \$730. Audio-stereo Model Mark I compact marine-unit high-fidelity/stereophonic tape system with four special marine speakers and grilles, is unaffected by sea conditions; slide-in, self-contained stereo tape cartridges play up to two hours of uninterrupted music, from Pat Baird Ship's Wheel, \$179.50. Material samples for tailored clothing, from left to right: imported brown-plaid Scottish cashmere sports-coat material, \$225 finished; imported English worsted flannel suit cloth in herringbone pattern, \$165 made to measure; bold-plaid lamb's-wool sports-coat material, \$90 finished; all from Frank Brothers, Fenn, Feinstein. French imported wine jail with 200-bottle capacity and lock-able doors, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$59.95. Ostrich-leather attaché case with detachable craps layout, from Briard Sales, \$100.





Clockwise from one: Gold spice-finished rattan French beach chair fashioned by Suva, from Decorative Imports, \$160. Stoneware sun-face plaque, from America House, \$40. White-ash and silver-spruce U-70 kayak paddle with laminated mahogany spoon-shaped blades, \$25, and 16½-foot Danish-built Rob Roy Kayak with 24-inch beam, handlaid in thin veneers and mahogany; has foot bar-controlled rudder, \$360, both imported by Competition Canoes. Dual-scale Seafarer depthfinder to 60 fathoms with magnetic motor-speed control and fully transistorized for low power consumption, from Servo-Tek Marine, \$129. Nonmagnetic shelf binnacle in chrome over heavy-gauge brass with removable dome which doubles as a sun shield, by All Hands, Inc., \$97.50. Kapok-filled sailcloth code pillows, available in any letter, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$8.95 each. Ten-inch ship's kerosene lantern in solid copper and brass which can be converted to electricity, from Competition Canoes, \$28. Wrought-iron and finished-walnut custom-made library steps, from House of Deforest, \$95. Aluminum, stainless-steel and brass Course Setter navigation instrument containing an optic system to project filmstrip of navigation chart on an image screen, giving the yachtman a running look at local waterway area and aiding him in correcting for local variations, by GNS Corporation, \$299.50. Dacron and terry-cloth-lined madras jump suit, from A & F, \$25. Rattan sun chaise, from Decorative Imports, \$410 plus material. Girl holds Playboy Gift Key good for Club membership, bottle of champagne and Neiman print, from Playboy Clubs, \$25



# WORD PLAY *satire* By ROBERT CAROLA

*more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive*

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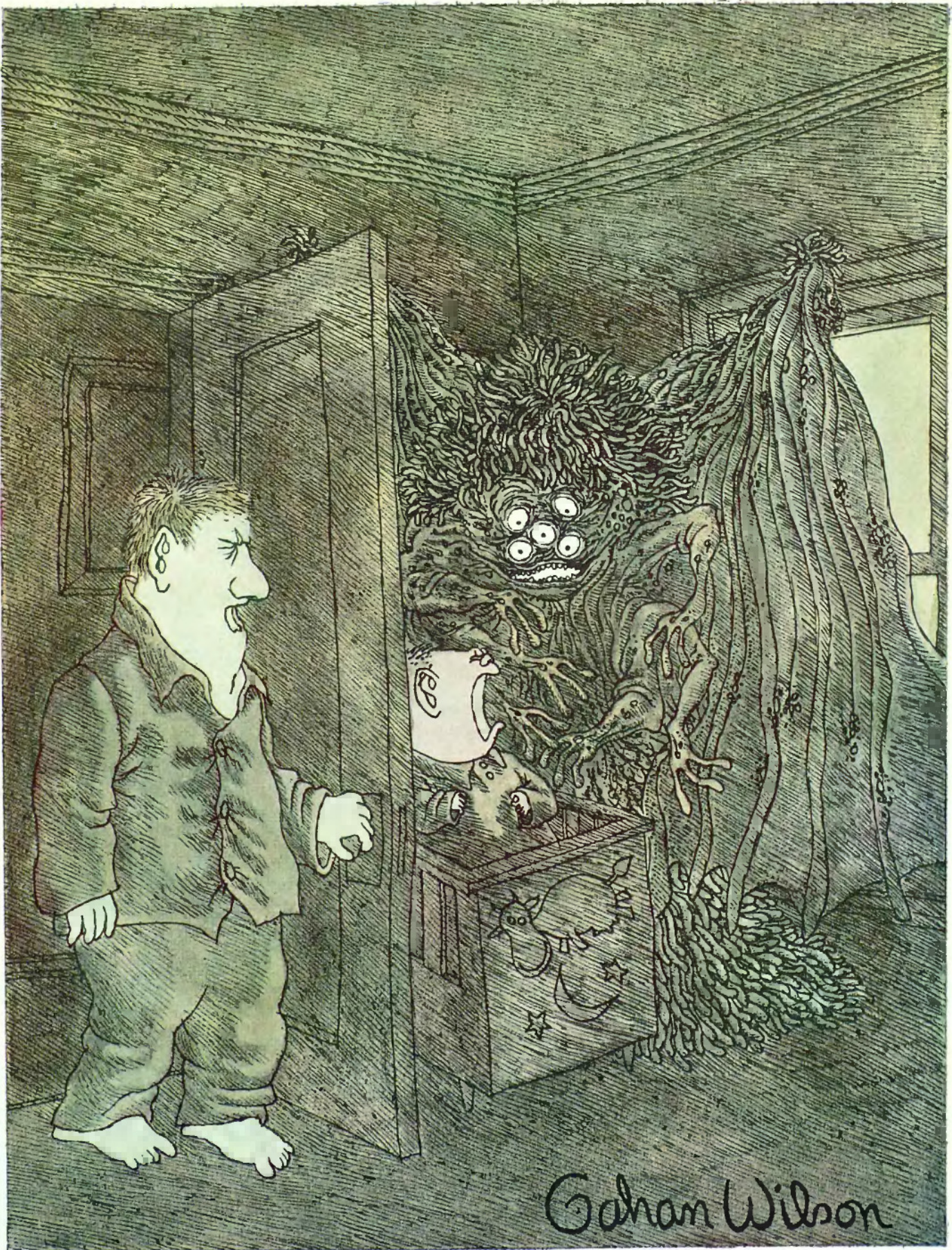
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*"All right—what's the trouble this time?"*



# THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

BY  
ARTHUR KNIGHT  
AND  
HOLLIS ALPERT



## PART SIX: THE THIRTIES— CENSORSHIP AND THE DEPRESSION



**GABLE AND HARLOW:** The most magnetic sex stars of the decade, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow sizzled as screen lovers in "Red Dust" (left).

**THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL BURSTS:** Debuling as a satin-clad siren (top left) in "Hell's Angels," Harlow rocketed to stardom in 1930. Transparently negligeeed in "Iron Man" (1931), she yielded to the bedside manner of Lew Ayres (above), later famed as Dr. Kildare. Then, early in 1934, she made a picture called "Born to Be Kissed" with Lionel Barrymore (top center); panicked in mid-production by the newly established forces of censorship, MGM retitled the film "100% Pure," finally calmed down and released it as "The Girl from Missouri."

**"COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME":** Mae West's famous invitation was accepted in "I'm No Angel" by a young leading man named Cary Grant.





## LED BY THE LEGION OF DECENCY, THE FORCES OF SUPPRESSION EXCORIATE HOLLYWOOD'S EARLIER EROTICISM AND FINALLY EXPUNGE IT FROM THE SCREEN

**D**URING THE FIRST few years of the cataclysmic Depression of the Thirties, Hollywood began to play dangerously with the fires of censorship by reaching new peaks of sensationalism and new lows in vulgarity. Although film attendance withstood the paralyzing effects of the stock-market crash of 1929, it was at the cost of slashing box-office prices. But as times grew tougher, even this drastic measure wasn't enough to offset ebbing receipts; so moviemakers began to hypo their pictures with sex and violence in the hope of persuading the public to part with the hard-earned price of a ticket. One way of doing this, they found, was to place new emphasis on certain hard facts of Thirties life. Through the late Twenties, Prohibition-bred crime-syndicate gangsterism had become big business—by 1930, on screen as well as off, in movies featuring gangsters and their molls, crooked politicians and their fancy women, tarts plying their trade for a profit and, a little later, even once-respectable wives taking to the streets to earn the wherewithal for their children and their out-of-work husbands. None of this, of course, must be understood as any sincere attempt on Hollywood's part to more candidly reflect the facts of life. It was simply a capitalization on the public's fascination with the seamier side of their society. If anything, the onset of the Depression led to a general repressiveness toward movie subject matter, rather than the reverse. Upholders of the cinematic *status quo* preferred to think of life in terms of old clichés rather than new realities: ex-white-collar workers selling apples on street corners, and soup kitchens for the hungry jobless. This economic and social upheaval was only dimly reflected in the films of the early Thirties.

The only upheaval to be discerned in Hollywood, as a matter of fact, was that brought about by sound. The silent film had





**ORGY, ANYONE?:** Though filmed in the early Depression, *"Dance, Fools, Dance"* (top) kept alive the fast-living spirit of the Twenties in the scene where jazz-baby Joan Crawford (at right center) dares a female fellow passenger to launch a yacht party by stepping out of her step-ins.

**GIRLS IN TROUBLE:** Early in the Thirties, a cycle of heart-tugging flicks featured ladies who loved not wisely but too well. In Theodore Dreiser's *"An American Tragedy,"* Sylvia Sidney (center) complains to lover Phillips Holmes that she is with child but without ring. Faced with the same predicament in *"Common Clay"* was Constance Bennett, who played several such maternal roles—earning her the sobriquet "unwed mother of the decade."

**"TEN CENTS A DANCE":** Playing a dance-hall doxy, Barbara Stanwyck (at center, above left) epitomized the hard-boiled Thirties heroine.



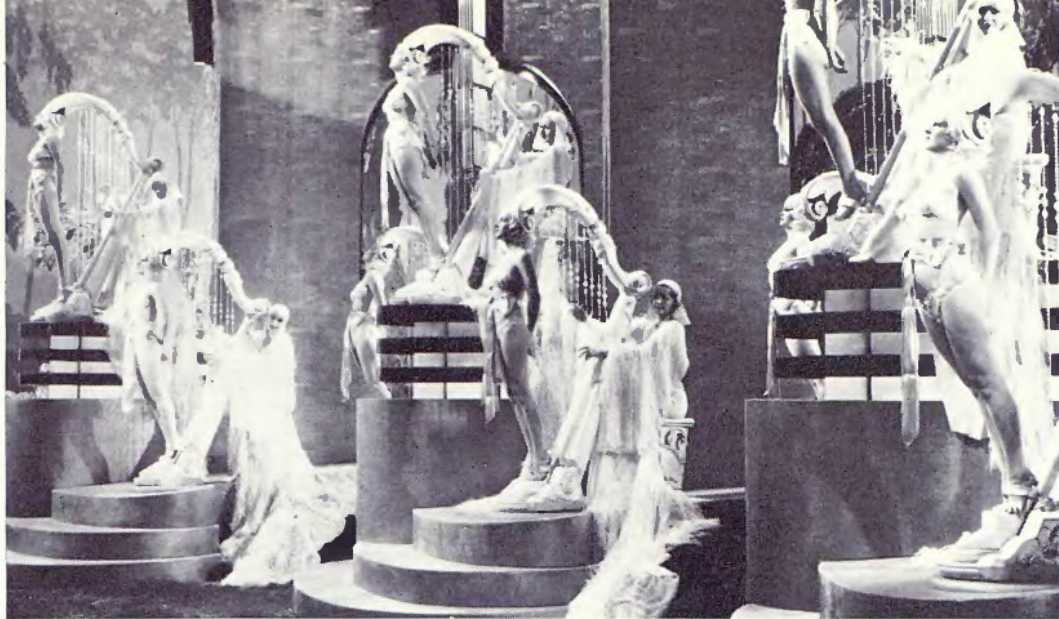
disappeared into history by the early Thirties, and screen dialog, no longer dependent upon euphemistic captions, became saltier. "Go out and get the lay of the land," Sergeant Edmund Lowe barked to Private El Brendel in *The Cock-Eyed World*. A few reels later, Brendel returned with Fifi D'Orsay, one of the new sexpots of the Thirties. To script the new talkies, writers from Broadway had been brought in, along with novelists and newspapermen, most of them accustomed to a long tradition of literary freedom and realism. Thus the language of movies began to take on an unfamiliar naturalism, and the events they depicted were a lot closer to newspaper headlines than formerly. But the movies themselves did not grow more realistic in the sense that we understand that term today. If anything, they retrogressed and became stagier and more static, for the cumbersome sound techniques of the early part of the decade did not allow for the mobility possessed by the silent camera, which was free of the confining sound boom. Indeed, some film critics professed to see in the talkies the death of the cinematic form as an artistic medium; the use of sound cramped the inventiveness of directors, they said; it was clear to them that movies were becoming merely a branch of the theater. By the mid-Thirties, however, a good many of the technical difficulties involved in handling sound had been overcome, and year by year the increasing mobility of the camera restored the faith of those fainthearted critics.

Even without these technical improvements, the gangster films of the early Thirties brought an increased realism to the depiction of crime and violence on the screen. Jail riots, bloody strikes, the gang wars of Prohibition-bred beer barons to augment their empires—all these quickly found their way to the screen. Indeed, so many gangster films came along in the early



**MOLLS AND MOBSTERS:** The familiar formula of sex and violence found explosive new chemistry in the gangster movies of the early Thirties. Playing a cold-blooded killer in "Scarface," Paul Muni (top left) examines one of the assets (Karen Morley) he's confiscated from a rival racketeer. Setting a new style in screen villains as "Little Caesar" in 1930, Edward G. Robinson (top right) gives a stoolie the evil eye before taking him for a dip in a cement swimsuit. When James Cagney (above left), as a cocky gunsel in "Public Enemy," pushed a grapefruit in the face of his mistress, audiences gasped—and asked for more. They got it. Cagney's next picture, "Lady Killer," was an exercise in sadomasochistic mayhem—highlighted by a scene (above right) in which the object of his disaffection makes the sad mistake of cracking wise; annoyed, he gives her a hair-raising heave-ho.





Thirties (over 50 in 1931 alone) that censors and church groups—often one and the same—got the alarming notion that the public was accepting gangsterism as a normal part of the American scene.

The gangster film brought an unprecedented authenticity to movies: the ring of common speech, the look of ugly slums. Studios often proudly proclaimed that their pictures were based on actual people and documented cases. The gangster films brought better actors to the movies, too, many of them recruited from the stage, such as Paul Muni, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. All played gangsters in *Scarface*, *Public Enemy* and *Little Caesar*; and all of them treated their various molls—Glenda Farrell, Joan Blondell, Mae Clarke, Ann Dvorak—in a way that clearly foreshadowed a pronounced change in American attitudes toward women. The most dramatic instance of this was the moment that James Cagney, the gangster in *Public Enemy*, shoved a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face—he was simply bored with her yak-yak. Warner Brothers felt that in this kind of material they had the stuff of which box-office dreams are made, and Cagney was encouraged to continue roughing up the girls. In *Taxi* he gave Loretta Young a black eye; in *Winner Take All* he kicked Virginia Bruce in her fetching rear; in *Lady Killer* he dragged Mae

**THE MILKY WAY:** A pioneer in epic erotica, Cecil B. De Mille specialized in opulent nude scenes legitimized as history. A case in point: Claudette Colbert's bosom-buoying bath in asses' milk from "The Sign of the Cross."





**GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL:** Notable for the bizarre (top left) and baroque (top center) near nudity of its production numbers, "Fashions of 1934" typified its time, as did "Footlight Parade" (above right), which showcased showgirls in gilded deshabille, and "Gold Diggers of 1933," which featured alfresco leg art (above left) and peep-show silhouettes (above center). A year later such erotica was outlawed by the Production Code.

**YOU JANE, HIM CENSOR:** Opposite Johnny Weismuller in "Tarzan and His Mate" (left), made just before the Code crackdown, Maureen O'Sullivan was fetchingly loin-clothed. Thereafter, as in "Tarzan Escapes" (right), Jane's torso disappeared beneath a modified Mother Hubbard.







**GARBING GARBO:** Before the bluenose Production Code was enforced, Garbo's svelte form was often on display—as with Ramon Novarro (left) in “Mata Hari” (1932). After the clampdown, however, she was seen only in concealing costumes—as with Robert Taylor (right) in “Camille” (1936).

Clarke (again) out of bed by the hair and clouted her with her own purse.

An alarmed assessor of the movies of the Thirties, Margaret Thorp, wrote: “Today a star scarcely qualifies for the higher spheres unless she has been slugged by her leading man, kicked downstairs, rolled on the floor, cracked over the head with a frying pan, dumped into a pond, or butted by a goat.” What the films were selling to the movie public was sexual sadism thinly disguised as the topicality of Prohibition-era gangsterism—although some have viewed the turn-about as simply the logical retribution of the male for the damage inflicted upon his ego by the heartless vamps of the previous two decades. In any case, there is little doubt that the males in the movie audience heartily endorsed this new treatment of women and identified themselves with its perpetrators. As for women, there is no doubt at all that Cagney and his imitators quickly became erotic figures to them, or that their films titillated their sadomasochistic proclivities. Perhaps half-consciously stimulated themselves, the censors reacted to the gangster films with vindictive vigor.

Early in 1930, Will H. Hays, Hollywood’s own highly paid and ever-watchful guardian of movie morals—and usually a failure at it—called a meeting of studio (continued on page 208)

**MARRIAGE—CODE STYLE:** Thanks to Production Code strictures which forbade film makers to show couples, married or single, in bed together, even Nick and Nora Charles, the sophisticated sleuths of MGM’s “Thin Man” series (starring William Powell and Myrna Loy) were forced to sleep apart.







**SWEETHEARTS:** In the early Thirties, Jeanette MacDonald sported in musicals with sexy scenes such as the one above with Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight." After the '34 Code crackdown, she became the screen's virgin queen in a romantic series with Nelson Eddy that typified the decade's sexless denouement. Below: in "Rose Marie."





*"I've laid out your night things, sir . . ."*



and the law, under the chairmanship of Sir John Wolfenden, C.B.E. Since fornication, adultery, and the commonest forms of noncoital heterosexual activity that are outlawed under sodomy statutes in the United States are already legal in England, the *Report* concentrates on prostitution and homosexuality. The *Wolfenden Report* states:

"Unless a deliberate attempt is to be made by society, acting through the agency of the law, to equate the sphere of crime with that of sin, there must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is, in brief and crude terms, not the law's business. To say this is not to condone or encourage private immorality. . . . It should not be the duty of the law to concern itself with immorality, as such. . . . It should confine itself to those activities which offend against public order and decency, or expose the ordinary citizens to what is offensive or injurious. . . ."

The Wolfenden committee not only included members of the clergy, it sought advice and guidance from others in both the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches. Thus, seven Catholic clergymen and laymen appointed by the late Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, submitted an opinion to the committee that stated:

"It is not the business of the state to intervene in the purely private sphere but to act solely as the defender of the common good. Morally evil things, so far as they do not affect the common good, are not the concern of the human legislator.

"Sin as such is not the concern of the state, but affects the relations between the soul and God. Attempts by the state to enlarge its authority and invade the individual conscience, however high-minded, always fail and frequently do positive harm."

Dr. A. M. Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, current head of the Church of England, has personally approved the recommendations for liberalizing English sex laws made in the *Wolfenden Report*.

#### OUR VIEWS ON NEW SEX LEGISLATION

In this and the next few issues, we will offer our own specific suggestions for a more liberal and enlightened penal code covering sexual offenses. Each of the common categories of sex crime will be considered separately and conclusions offered, in the following order:

##### I. ILLICIT SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

- (1) Fornication
- (2) Cohabitation
- (3) Adultery
- (4) Prostitution

##### II. "CRIMES AGAINST NATURE"

- (1) *Heterosexual Sodomy*
- (2) *Homosexual Sodomy*
- (3) *Bestiality*

##### III. SEXUAL INDECENCY AND VIOLENCE

- (1) *Indecent Exposure*
- (2) *Rape*

##### IV. JUVENILE SEX OFFENSES

- (1) *Statutory Rape*
- (2) *Incest*
- (3) *Juvenile Delinquency*

Following this summation on U. S. sex laws, we will devote installments of *Philosophy* to a consideration of the vital social, moral and legal questions surrounding birth control, abortion and narcotics; after which, we will spell out a personal moral code for social and sexual conduct that we believe would be best suited to human happiness and well-being.

#### FORNICATION AND THE LAW

Dr. Alfred Kinsey wrote, "The law specifies the right of the married adult to have regular intercourse, but it makes no provision whatsoever for the approximately 40 percent of the population which is sexually mature but unmarried. . . . There is no aspect of American sex law which surprises visitors from other countries as much as this legal attempt to penalize premarital activity to which both of the participating parties have consented and in which no force has been involved. . . . There is practically no other culture, anywhere in the world, in which all nonmarital coitus, even between adults, is considered criminal."

This "criminal" activity is engaged in by a majority of all unmarried adults in America. Dr. Kinsey and his associates of the Institute for Sex Research\* at Indiana University found that sexual activity varies greatly, in form and incidence, depending upon educational and social background. Among males who attend college, 67 percent have sexual intercourse prior to marriage; among males who receive some high school education, but do not go on to college, approximately 84 percent have premarital intercourse; and among males who have only a grade school education, the figure is 98 percent. In addition, nearly all men (about 95 percent) who have been married continue to engage in sexual intercourse on a nonmarital basis, if their marriages are terminated by separation, divorce or death.

Although our society has much stronger taboos against women engaging in sexual intercourse prior to marriage, ap-

proximately 50 percent of all females do. Unlike the statistics for males, however, there is a positive correlation between sexual experience and education for females; approximately 60 percent of all college-level females have premarital coitus. Postmarital sex among women who have lost their spouses, through separation, divorce or death, follows the same general pattern as for men—once a female has engaged in coitus on a regular basis as a part of marriage, she tends to continue the activity when she is no longer married. With both males and females, Kinsey found that the extent of total sexual outlet does not diminish appreciably after a marriage is terminated, remaining approximately the same outside of marriage as it previously had been within it.

Sexual intercourse outside of marriage is designated fornication and considered a criminal offense in 36 of the 50 states. The maximum penalties for fornication range from a \$10 fine in Rhode Island to a \$500 fine and/or two years in prison in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, New Mexico, New York, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont and Washington have no state statutes prohibiting fornication, but Arizona, Arkansas, California, Louisiana, New Mexico and Washington do have laws against cohabitation, which prohibit habitual sexual relationships.

To complicate matters further, the fornication laws of some states have cohabitation clauses in them, so they do not actually apply to single sexual episodes, only to relationships of a more permanent nature—which tends to give the impression that these states actually prefer promiscuity. The South Carolina statute, for example, defines fornication as "the living together and carnal intercourse with each other or habitual carnal intercourse with each other without living together of a man and woman, both being unmarried. . . . Not less than \$100 nor more than \$500, or imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than one year, or both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court." And the Alabama law against fornication is written specifically to discourage a continuing relationship between the same two partners: "Not less than \$100 and may also be imprisoned in the county jail, or sentenced to hard labor for the county, for not more than six months; on the second conviction for the offense, *with the same person*, the offender shall be fined not less than \$300, and may be imprisoned in the county jail, or sentenced to hard labor for the county, for not more than 12 months; and, on a third, or any subsequent conviction, *with the same person*, shall be imprisoned in penitentiary for two years." (Italics ours.)

U. S. statutes against fornication are, 159

\*For the story of Dr. Kinsey and his sex research, read "The Sex Institute" by Ernest Havemann in the September issue of *PLAYBOY*.



for the most part, what ex-judge Morris Ploscowe calls "dead letters"—they are not ordinarily enforced. These laws do receive occasional, necessarily random and capricious enforcement, however; and they serve as a convenient tool for the intimidation and shakedown of unfortunate citizens who happen to be caught in compromising situations.

A parked car has been a popular place for romance since Henry Ford invented the Model T, particularly among young people who still live with parents or in noncoed quarters while away at college, and have no more convenient place to be alone. Young people are often warned about the muggers and molesters who may come upon them unawares, when they are parked in a lonely place at night; they should also be warned about the existence of unscrupulous law-enforcement officers, who prey upon the unwary in such situations.

The unexpected intrusion of a flashlight shining through the window of a parked automobile can be—if the couple in the car is surprised in a moment of intimacy—the introduction to some coarse comment and a demand for money; out of fear and embarrassment at the thought of being arrested and possibly put on public trial on a morals charge, the person who finds himself in such a situation virtually always pays. To the corrupt cop, a parking area traditionally popular with romantic couples is a prime source of additional income.

Sometimes the demand is for something more than money; and whether or not the girl complies, and whether or not her escort makes more than a token protest, is apt to be more dependent on fear than morality. There have been instances in which the boy was told to wait in his car, while the lawman took the girl into the back seat of the police car and had sexual intercourse with her; there have been instances, too, when a girl has been forced to perform various sexual acts in her date's presence. On one occasion that came to our attention not long ago, an officer of law and order in a major Midwest city took a young girl out of a parked car and sent her boyfriend home alone; after engaging in sexual intercourse, the policeman drove the girl around in the patrol car for an hour or so, then dropped her off in front of her house. When she went in, she was confronted by her distraught parents, who had been awakened by a phone call from the boyfriend, placed the moment he arrived home. Under questioning by her father, the girl broke down and blurted out the entire story. That particular policeman was tried and convicted on a charge of rape. But that isn't the usual outcome in such cases.

In addition to the misuse and abuse to which these statutes are subject, serving as a continuing invitation to intimidation, extortion and official corruption, such unenforced and unenforceable laws encourage a disrespect for all laws and law enforcement, while making criminals out of otherwise law-abiding citizens.

It is our belief that all U.S. laws against fornication should be stricken from the statute books and that sexual intercourse between unmarried consenting adults—where no force, threat, intimidation or coercion is involved—should become a matter of private moral determination, outside the jurisdiction of the state.

#### COHABITATION AND THE LAW

Fifteen states have laws against what is commonly referred to as "lewd and lascivious cohabitation," which is nothing more than an unmarried couple living together as husband and wife, or involved in an extended relationship that may therefore be considered "open and notorious." It might seem logical for society to prefer sexual relationships of some permanence to the more casual, hit-and-run variety, but logic has relatively little to do with our sex legislation and, in general, the penalties for cohabitation are more severe than for random fornication.

California, which has no statute prohibiting fornication, does have one against cohabitation, with a maximum penalty of \$1000 or one-year imprisonment, or both; Massachusetts, with a \$30 fine or 90-day jail sentence for fornication, prescribes up to \$300 or three years in prison for cohabitation; Utah, with \$100 or six months for fornication, raises the maximum possible sentence to five years at hard labor for cohabitation, but only when "with more than one person" (presumably prompted by the Mormon practice of taking multiple mates)—cohabitation with just one person is not a crime in Utah. In Arkansas, which—like California—has no legislation against fornication, only the man who concentrates his sexual attentions on one woman can get into trouble, and the more constant he is in his adoration, the tougher things are apt to become: The first conviction for cohabitation brings only a small fine (\$20 to \$100); on the second conviction, the penalty increases to a minimum fine of \$100 or up to 12 months behind bars; and on the third conviction, the constancy of the relationship is rewarded with imprisonment of from one to three years.

This tendency to deal more harshly with long-lasting illicit relationships than with short-lived ones is reflected not only in the statutes, but also in a number of lower-court convictions on

charges of both fornication and adultery that have been reversed by the higher courts, because no more than one, or a few, sex contacts were actually involved.

Some of the states that prohibit cohabitation also recognize common-law marriage; but at what precise moment this "lewd and lascivious" sex offense turns into morally and legally acceptable common-law matrimony, we can't say—for it is a sticky legal inconsistency that, to our knowledge, has never been raised in a U.S. court of law.

Opposition to the more permanent variety of nonmarital sex relationship, even in some states with no prohibition against single acts of fornication and adultery, has been explained as intending to penalize that conduct which is "open and notorious," "constitutes an affront to public decency," or would "debase and lower the standard of public morals." But we fail to appreciate the logic in a legal position that promotes the promiscuous, and prefers the hidden and hypocritical to the open and honest. Nor are we able to comprehend why the same private act between a pair of consenting adults should be legal when it occurs once, or a few times, but becomes "an affront to public decency" and illegal when it occurs more frequently; or, more incredibly, why it should be legal to have nonmarital coitus once with 50 different partners, but illegal when it occurs 50 times with the same partner.

This peculiar wrinkle in our sex legislation was originally conceived, we suspect, so that citizens could not enjoy the pleasures of hearth and home without first acquiring official church-state approval. But such supervision over a person's private life has no place in a free society. Each individual ought to be at liberty to live wherever he chooses, with whomever he chooses, without being forced to seek the permission of any representative of organized religion or government. For this reason, we believe that all laws prohibiting cohabitation should be abolished and that this, too, like single acts of nonmarital sex, should be a matter of private morality.

*In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," which will appear in the December issue, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner offers his conclusions on U.S. laws on adultery and prostitution.*

*See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including parts 1-7, 8-12 and 13-18, are available at \$1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*





## PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 67)

goes for sex as well as anything else. If your philosophy is as well thought out as you claim, it should make some provision for the abandonment of marriage—as we know it, that is—as a sexually limiting relationship.

Robert Roth  
Bronx, New York

*Sexual responsibility in marriage will be discussed in a future installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."*

### MORAL DECAY

As a social philosopher, I have been debating whether to campaign against the PLAYBOY institution.

I have long accepted the historian's theory of cyclical civilization whereby the final collapse of a society is preceded by moral decay. When I first came across a copy of PLAYBOY magazine, I said, "Oh, oh, here is an instigator of moral decay in America." I even considered picketing stores that sold your magazine, but I decided that I would not contribute to your publicity. Besides, I need the signs to picket against alligator poachers here in Florida.

I can only hope that Mr. Hefner and associates realize the responsibility they now have. The many letters from theologians that PLAYBOY receives impress me, even though the theologians represent oddball sects for the most part.

Morality has traditionally been dictated by religious institutions. In this God-fearing nation which is the United States of America, the Church should continue to guide us morally. The Church is weak when it allows a magazine such as yours to redirect our ideas on morality and civil rights.

Man is preparing to inherit the universe. We are far from mentally prepared to accept this tremendous responsibility. We must learn to control our old evolutionary animal instincts. Your beautiful Playmate foldouts are no help.

Martin R. Northrup  
Miami, Florida

*Picketing alligator poachers won't help much, either.*

What sort of "social philosopher" is so sociologically and philosophically confused that he equates the attempt to establish a more rational, humane and permissive sexual ethic with "moral decay," and is apparently unaware of the incalculable harm done to society throughout the history of Western civilization by the suppressive antisexual element in our religious tradition?

Incidentally, we don't know what you include under the description "oddball sects," but we've received positive comment on "The Playboy Philosophy" during this past year from clergymen of every major religious denomination in America.

## CAPITALISM VS. SOCIALISM

Most of *The Playboy Philosophy* is well documented and clear. Hefner's insight seems to fail, though, in the political and economic area. It seems he has relied on a black-and-white analysis of capitalism versus socialism, or individual-oriented versus group-oriented societies.

Agreed: People risk their lives to escape from the East to the West. But I doubt that the reasons are solely political or economic. Do they flee because the society is socialistic, or because the government is totalitarian? I think one falls into a logical trap if one equates totalitarianism with socialism.

If this argument of individual orientation versus group orientation is rigorously applied to Scandinavian society, one would have to conclude that these countries are generally group-oriented and somewhat socialistic.

Not many people have been shot trying to escape from these countries.

John Bickell  
Canoga Park, California

*Hefner has never meant to suggest that he considers socialism the equivalent of political totalitarianism, or irreconcilable with democracy; nor does he believe that individual-oriented and group-oriented societies lend themselves to anything approaching simple black-and-white analysis.*

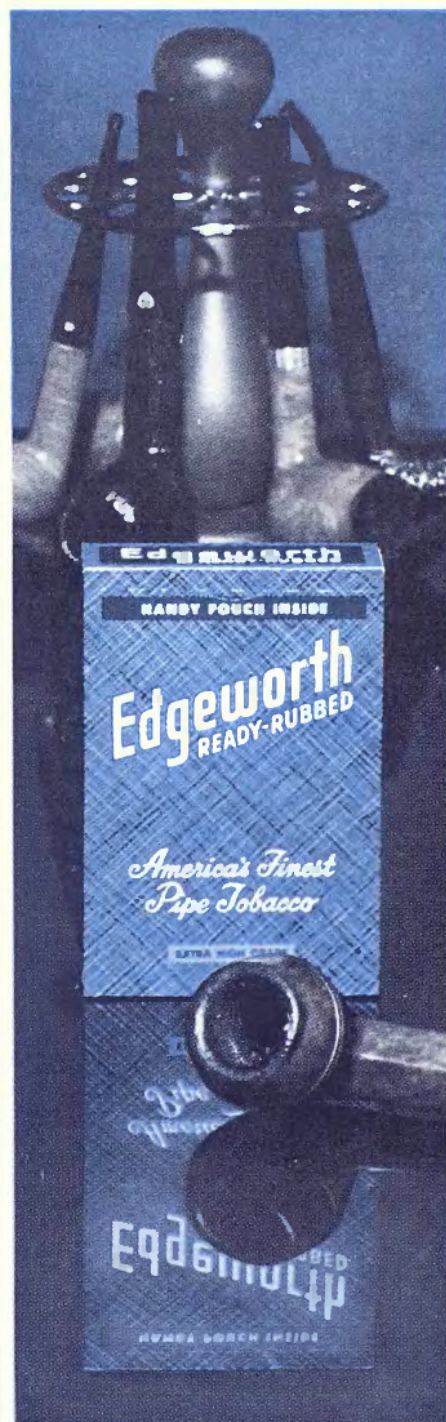
Every society is, by its very existence, group-oriented, and no civilization could exist unless it was concerned with the welfare of the group. Hefner has pointed out, however, that individual interests and group interests are not always synonymous, and that a free society is distinguished from a totalitarian one by the importance it places upon the individual. In a free society, the group orientation is an outgrowth of the interest in individual welfare; in a totalitarian society, group ends are not only emphasized over individual ones, they are not necessarily even related to one another.

Hefner believes that society and the state have no purpose other than to serve the individual. He thinks a constitutional democracy, such as we have in the United States, is ideally suited to protecting the political rights of the individual; and he considers our contemporary form of capitalist free enterprise ideally suited to promoting the economic interests of the individual—superior to socialism because it takes advantage of man's competitive, acquisitive nature and self-orientation.

### RESPONSIBILITIES OF LIVING

I cannot envision a sexual philosophy based upon individual freedom functioning properly in society unless other social attitudes display as high a degree of reason and intelligence.

Hugh Hefner's philosophy is based upon individual freedom. In practice, however, the impetus of the philosophy



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would have to be placed on individual responsibility, as Hefner has pointed out many times. The freedom gained by the individual under such a philosophy would be a blessing, giving him a fuller and more realistic enjoyment of life. The price of this freedom, however, would be the burden of the accompanying responsibility. Such a sexual morality would be far more rewarding than a morality imposed by the Church or the state, but it would also be far more difficult for the individual to adhere to, because he would not be able to fall back upon the moral edicts of the Church or the state—he would have to think for himself, and bear the responsibility of his decisions. It would not be an easy system under which to live.

But unless the individual also assumes the responsibilities of *all* his freedoms, such as political freedom, eventually he will psychologically shirk the responsibilities of sexual freedom as well.

If we wish to amend our sexual morality, we will also have to amend our political morality. We will have to divest the Government of the possession of our individual political freedom which we have given away—given away because it is "easier for the Government to take care of those things." We have vested our individual freedoms in the Govern-

ment without realizing that *we* are the Government, and the strength of the Government to protect our freedom is our strength to protect it ourselves. We have tried to equalize social classes (rather than instituting safeguards against exploitation) without realizing that, lacking a fluid class system—a class system based upon productivity, either material or aesthetic—there is no reason or incentive to produce. We have initiated systems whereby those who do not wish to produce can live off the productivity of others, thereby ignoring morality completely.

In essence, we have shirked the responsibilities of living. And only when we are willing to reassume the responsibilities of living will we be able to enjoy life in a more realistic manner by the utilization of a sexual philosophy such as Hefner's.

Ralph E. Barker, Jr.  
Santa Clara, California

*Rather than attempting to equalize social classes, the Government has tried to equalize, to some extent, the social, educational and economic opportunities available to the members of every class. In some instances, we agree that Government planning may have had the opposite effect—sapping rather than stimulating incentive—but the over-all*

*intent and effect, we feel, is to increase competition and productivity, which, as you suggest, benefits society as a whole.*

#### A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY

I believe most sincerely that the so-called Civil Rights Act is unnecessary, unconstitutional and unfair.

It is unnecessary because the Negro was given every right and privilege of every other American citizen by the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution adopted some 95 years ago, and the Negro has had the advantages of those amendments all of those years. Some Negroes have made good use of their privileges, reaching high places in government, in finance, in literature, in the business world. It is no fault of the law that more Negroes have not done better; it is their own fault.

Those three amendments were written by Thaddeus Stevens, a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania who was a hater of Southern white people and was determined to punish and humiliate them for their resistance to Northern arms and power.

When I went to my first parish in 1915 in Scotland Neck, North Carolina, there were people living there then who had lived through those trying and humiliating days of Reconstruction. Military governors were sent from Washington who seemed to take delight in appointing Negroes to places of importance that had never been filled other than by white people. These Negroes lorded it over their former masters in a most trying way. The freedom and privileges given to them had turned their heads, and their conduct was intolerable.

The Negro is not acceptable among white people. Southern white people like their Negro neighbors, but like them in their place. That means not living in the same block with them or staying in the same hotel, or eating at the same lunch counter, or sending their children to the same school. The objections to Negroes are their odor, their customs, their hand held out for gratuities and their impertinence. Such things might seem to be insignificant, but are important to a sensitive person.

The Negro Army officer who was shot while returning from training camp had used his spare time in crashing restaurants and other places heretofore used only by white people. He had made himself generally obnoxious. It is little wonder that he found trouble. They are still having memorial services for him, in white as well as in colored congregations.

The Negroes have taken over Washington. A very cultured and competent young white woman asked her Congressman to help her get a job. He said, "I will do the best that I can for you, but I can promise you nothing. Your skin is not the right color." That in a white man's country!



John  
Dempsey

"Remember—Daddy trusts you!"



My sister-in-law lives in Washington, where the population is almost 60 percent colored. The public schools are 85 percent colored. Crimes such as purse snatching, rape and burglary are on the increase. No decent woman goes out alone at night. Public officials go out guarded.

One restaurant man handled a situation like this: Three men came to his place and ordered breakfast. Two were white and one was Negro. The Negro's breakfast was brought to him and he proceeded to eat. Nothing was brought for the white men. Soon they grew impatient and called the proprietor. He said, "The law says that I must serve a Negro, but there is no law that says I must serve a white man. No white man that comes to my place, so low down that he comes with a Negro, is going to get anything to eat in my place."

The description of Malcolm X in *Life* is a true picture of the Negro: selfish, hard, passionate, vindictive, avaricious and brutal. The Southern white people have had to live with them and use them. It is not their sin, but that of their fathers: a sin visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation.

I have written this because I am an adopted son of the South, having been born and raised in New York State. I was not young when I entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, but my ministry has been in the South—in North Carolina and Virginia. I feel that I can speak for these people. They have taken the Civil Rights Act as they did the 14th Amendment: because they had to. But it is hard, and they feel it is unfair.

If you are looking for a crusade, I feel that I have pointed one out for you: justice for the white people of the South.

The Rev. Floyd Cartwright  
Danville, Virginia

*We favor justice for the white people of the South, Reverend Cartwright, but we strongly disagree with the underlying premise of your suggested "crusade"; for, you see, we also favor justice for the Negro. It is our considered conviction, therefore, that the Civil Rights Act is necessary, constitutional and fair.*

*It is fair because it provides for equal treatment of each person in the market place, the schoolroom and the voting booth; it gives no class or race greater privileges than any other. It is necessary because, until it was enacted, groups of American citizens were systematically denied these basic human rights. It is constitutional, not simply because most of its major provisions have already been upheld in the courts (the Public Accommodations Clause was declared constitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court in a unanimous decision in December 1964), but because it reaffirms and enforces those basic and unalienable rights guaranteed to every citizen by the Constitu-*

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tion of the United States and its Amendments.

The saddest thing about the Civil Rights Act is that it was necessary. The Act would not have been needed if all men treated their fellow men in a human and (if you'll pardon our presumption) Christian manner; if, indeed, state and local governments had not for a century devised ingenious methods to evade the intent of the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments (which, though they may have been written by Thaddeus Stevens, were ratified by three fourths of this country's state legislatures and endorsed by two thirds of Congress).

The objections you list to Negroes are the same objections the 17th Century British aristocracy had to the peasants and slum dwellers of London. Yet these "undesirables" are the pool from which our supposedly superior Anglo-Saxon heritage came.

Regarding your reference to the Negro Army officer—and the similar reactions that have been expressed about the recent deaths of other civil rights workers, both Negro and white, in the South—we are appalled and alarmed at the thought that a significant number of our fellow Americans appears capable of justifying cold-blooded murder against those whose attitudes or actions they consider "obnoxious."

Your anecdote about the three men who ordered breakfast is based on a wholly inaccurate assumption. The Public Accommodations Clause of the Civil Rights Act does not require that a restaurant owner serve Negroes *per se*. It states that restaurants and similar establishments doing business with the public must serve every member of the public on an equal basis, as long as the person is well behaved and able to pay. What could be fairer than that?

The dialog you describe between the "very cultured and competent young white woman" and her Congressman in Washington reflects nothing but the prejudice of the individuals involved, since the Fair Employment section of the Civil Rights Act does not favor Negroes as implied—it simply guarantees that they will no longer be discriminated against, because of their race, when applying for a job for which they are otherwise well qualified.

It is time you and every like-minded American faced the fact that this is not merely "a white man's country," Reverend—any more than it is exclusively an Anglo-Saxon or a Protestant country. It is a land of free men—of many races, religions and cultural heritages—living in a constitutionally constituted democracy that guarantees life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to all.

The problems of increasing crime and violence you mention are not unique to our nation's capital, or to any one racial or ethnic group; these problems exist in

every major city in America today, particularly among the culturally and economically deprived—black and white.

We have had the opportunity to meet and get to know a great many Negroes both in business and in personal life, and they simply do not fit your stereotyped description. The Negroes with whom we have become acquainted have been remarkably human in the variety of their virtues and vices, strengths and shortcomings. As a consequence, we have liked some and disliked others. But every Negro we've known well enough to form an opinion about has proven to be an individual, and we've liked or disliked him as such.

#### SELMA STATUS

There are many ways to achieve an identity, many different kinds of identity, and many ways to gain status. Identity and status result from the choices individuals make. Hefner's right on that. And he's right about the need for freedom. Without freedom, there aren't any real choices. But that does not wrap up the matter. I saw people gaining identity in Selma, Alabama. It wasn't anything like the philosophy Hefner preaches, though. Identity was there, as elsewhere, conferred by choice. The choice, however, wasn't about the best bed for seduction, but a matter of choosing to stand for brotherhood, for racial justice. I also saw competition for status in Selma. Again, the terms weren't the ones in the pages of PLAYBOY. Status wasn't the result of owning a car; the standard wasn't affluent and stylish consumption, but service to others. There's a sense of identity and there's status to be had in the Peace Corps and in Vista, and in innumerable other ways and places that have nothing to do with the gospel according to Hefner.

Hefner's vision of the good life has its appeal, but it doesn't seem to have much room for things like courage, commitment and consecration, and I am not persuaded that these are truly obsolete. Perhaps the day may still come when identity and status will be judged in such terms; perhaps the time may yet be when we judge ourselves and others by the quality of our human relationships, rather than on the tastefulness and sophistication with which cars and caviar and women and wine are treated.

Gene Bridges, Minister

The Unitarian Church of Honolulu  
Honolulu, Hawaii

Hefner has never suggested that personal identity and status are more a matter of material acquisitions than of deeds. The mistake is in assuming that there must be a conflict between the two worlds you describe—that there is something necessarily negative, if not essentially evil, in affluence, pleasure and play—a notion acquired from our Puritan heritage. It is quite possible to be

concerned about Selma, and also interested in living life with some style, taste and sophistication.

#### URBAN MAN AND REAL MAN

I agree with Hefner that many people in our society are unrealistic and antihuman in their attitudes toward sex, drinking and numerous other "sins." Where we disagree is over the fact of Sin with a capital letter. *The Playboy Philosophy* simply does not deal with the fact of our knowing better and doing worse. PLAYBOY's Real Man is not real. He is not inhuman, but unhuman. He is a projection of adolescent wish fulfillment. One does not cool life the way Urban Man pulls it off. Life just isn't lived like that.

Real Man is not involved always and only with personal pleasure, sensual or intellectual. Real Man is involved in the Real World where every sophistication—sexual, political, economic, etc.—is eventually shattered and Real Man is left as bare as any monthly Playmate. When the last measure of urbanity and sophistication is shattered, there is The Real Man.

To put it more bluntly, although PLAYBOY does the job with much better taste, with more zest and glamor (centerfold, et al.), the philosophy you are proclaiming is as unreal and unrealistic as Clark Kent and Superman. What you have accomplished, be it for good or for ill, in your pictures, editorials and philosophical articles, is to capture and print for the wistful seeker after manhood what we used to dream about during puberty. If you would become a man, you must put away childish things.

Granted, your unreal fantasy, Urban Man and his unreal playmates, is one up on the straw Christian Man. But your Man and that of valid Christianity have tangled often before, with Real Man emerging by far the better of the two, since it is The Man who lives where all men live and who died as all men must.

The Rev. Richard Bowyer  
Fairmont State College  
Fairmont, West Virginia

We don't pretend to consider PLAYBOY an accurate reflection of the real world, since this would require the inclusion of many areas and aspects, views and values, of life that are not within our established editorial purpose and scope. It is our belief, however, that PLAYBOY presents a positive answer, or antidote, to the antiseptic, antiplay, antipleasure puritanism that has predominated previously in our society—and that this publication is, thereby, assisting real 20th Century man to better understand and appreciate his real world.

#### GOOD AND EVIL

I think your magazine fills a necessary slot in our society. Certainly there is an overabundance of women's magazines



and a void in the area of men's magazines, unless you include those aimed only at the prurient.

Mr. Hefner's philosophy is not a new one, but a rather refreshing exploration of one that has been held by many for some time. The most widely misunderstood subject in society is sex. It is rarely discussed on an intelligent level, although stabs are made at it in some magazines and a few books. If the subject were to be more openly discussed and examined, as in *PLAYBOY*, perhaps we would begin to have a healthier attitude toward it. Let me add a quote from F. J. Hall in *Theological Outlines*, published by Morehouse-Gorham.

Evil, like good, is a relative quality. Neither good nor evil are things; but things and actions are good insofar as they are suited to righteous uses and ends, and evil as corrupted or diverted from them.

Sex fits very neatly into this category. One cannot be explicit and say a particular sexual act or expression is evil or good; it may even contain elements of both good and evil. In any case, thanks for opening the subject.

The Rev. Arthur F. Brunner, Rector  
St. David's Episcopal Church  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### LIBERTY AND LIBERTINISM

I often preach *The Playboy Philosophy*, much to the annoyance of some of my congregation. I find myself so much more in agreement with Hugh Hefner than I do with my three clergy compatriots with whom he debated in the *Triad* series. [See *The Playboy Philosophy* for December 1964, and January, February and May, 1965.]

Hefner is right when he says that more and more religious leaders are recognizing that the traditional view is just not enough. Theologically, I am discovering that the so-called traditional view reflects far too much the thinking of St. Paul and not enough that of Christ, a point Hefner has noted.

Much more wrestling has to take place with this so-called new morality to find how it can be more person-centered than law-centered and still not imply "anything goes." There is a difference between liberty and libertinism and it is probably the greater law of love that makes the difference.

Best wishes to you in your efforts.

The Rev. David H. Baker, Vicar  
Trinity Episcopal Church  
Rochester, New York

#### STUDENT DEBAUCHERY

The number of ministers writing in to support your views is plain evidence of the moral and religious decline of Ameri-

ca. *PLAYBOY* claims that an "American Renaissance" must necessarily be accompanied by sexual permissiveness; however, a look at any of the nation's campuses, the producers of the nation's future talent and leadership, will easily disprove this proposition. Here at RPI, where *PLAYBOY* is widely read, its influence has resulted in a body of students much more inclined to sample the delights of their current playmates and neglect their studies than the students of a few years ago. The encouragement of student debauchery can lead only to a decline, and never to an "American Renaissance."

O. M. Tuckit

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute  
Troy, New York

*We keep in rather close contact with what's happening—inside and outside the classrooms—on the U.S. college scene, and the current crop of undergraduate students is, by every indication, the most enterprising, alive and aware of any in memory. The so-called "silent generation," that attended college immediately after World War II, has been replaced by a generation of activists—more interested and involved in life and living than their predecessors—and nothing but good can ultimately come from that. If *PLAYBOY* has played any part in this awakening, we're proud of it.*



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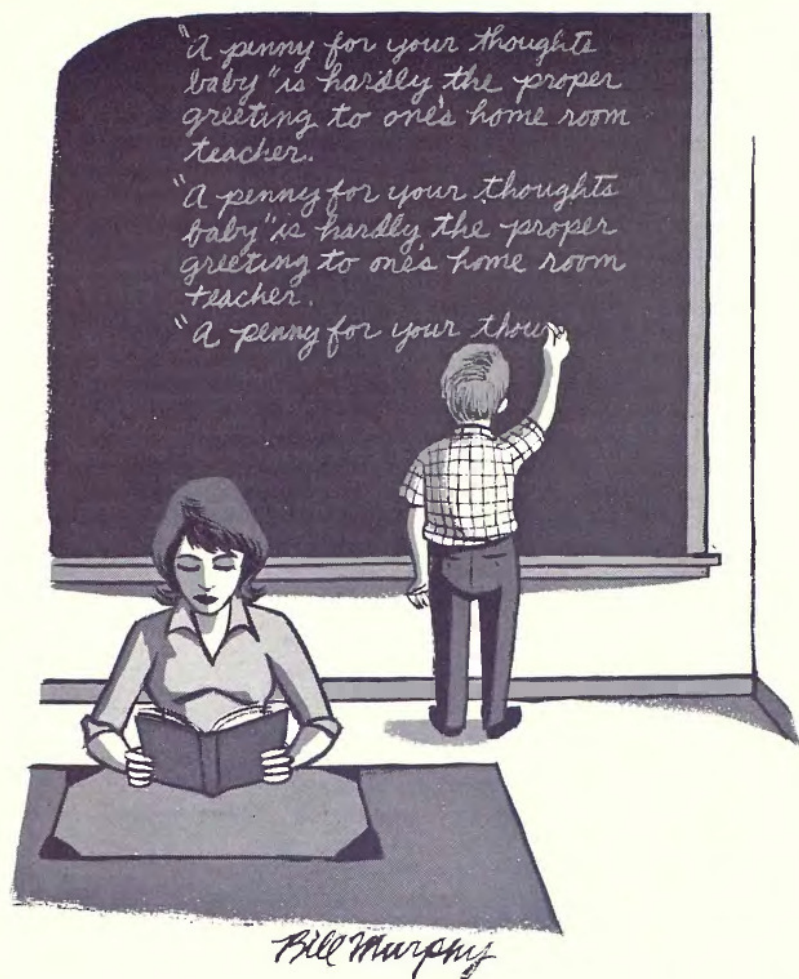
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#### PASTOR HOLT'S DENUNCIATION

Speaking for myself and other students of West Georgia College, we totally disagree with Pastor Holt, of West Georgia's Wesley Foundation, and the "Unanimous Disagreement" he claims to represent in his letter in the *July Forum*. We read *PLAYBOY* and enjoy it. We *do not* think Hefner is a hypocrite. We all say to *PLAYBOY*: Keep up the good work!

Don Harris  
West Georgia College  
Carrollton, Georgia

As a former student of West Georgia College, I congratulate you on your response to Mr. Holt's letter in the *July Forum*. Four years ago it was considered improper at West Georgia College for a boy to have his arm around a girl. If members of the faculty caught a couple in such a position, they acted as if the students were committing an immoral act.

Instead of spending their time criticizing *PLAYBOY*, I suggest these people examine their own attitudes.

Joan C. Wilder  
San Bernardino, California

#### NUDITY AND MORALITY

While I personally do not approve of premarital sexual relations between

male and female for many reasons, I defend your right to this philosophy. I firmly believe this is a matter that should be left to the conscience of each individual. If the "kingdom of heaven" is within man, then man is, in one sense of the word, God. He should know what is best.

I would like to point out to those who condemn nudity that, according to all research on sexual conduct in our nudist colonies in North America, not one single arrest has been made in a nudist colony for sex murder, rape, incest or assault. Certainly, we cannot make such a statement about our churches and their representatives.

I firmly believe that sex education should be given in every church, school and home in America. The "taboo" on sex education in our churches and schools is responsible to a large degree for the illegitimate children and social disease among young people.

The Rev. Dr. Alvin O. Langdon  
President, Central Christian College  
Huntington, West Virginia

#### HONEST TO GOD?

In the *Dialogue* discussions with three ministers, Hugh Hefner called for the religious leaders of our land to begin relating to this problem (our outdated

Puritan-Victorian code) realistically, and to make suggestions for the establishment of a new, enlightened contemporary morality that works.

Such an endeavor has already enthusiastically been undertaken by the clergy. An example is the Bishop of Woolwich, England, John A. T. Robinson, who wrote the highly controversial *Honest to God*. Although probably not accepted by even half of the clergy, this book is indicative of the uncompromising honesty and realism that characterizes the writing of many modern theologians. A passage from a chapter entitled "The New Morality" sums up Robinson's thinking on this very subject. While asserting that love is the only prescription for our declining morality, he says:

To the young man asking in his relations with a girl, "Why shouldn't I?" it is relatively easy to say, "Because it's wrong" or "because it's a sin"—and then to condemn him when he, or his whole generation, takes no notice. It makes much greater demands to ask, and to answer, the question, "Do you love her?" or, "How much do you love her?" and then to help him to accept for himself the decision that, if he doesn't, or doesn't very deeply, then his action is immoral, or, if he does, then he will respect her far too much to use her or take liberties with her. Chastity is the expression of charity—of caring enough. And this is the criterion for every form of behavior, inside marriage or out of it, in sexual ethics or in any other field. For nothing else makes a thing right or wrong.

Earlier in the chapter, Robinson said:

For nothing can of itself always be labeled as "wrong." One cannot, for instance, start from the position "sex relations before marriage" or "divorce" are wrong or sinful in themselves. They may be in 99 cases or even 100 cases out of 100, but they are not intrinsically so, for the only intrinsic evil is lack of love.

Robinson's concept of "The New Morality" does not completely coincide with Hefner's. I do believe, however, that this concept can be readily acceptable to the person isolated between the extremes of complete permissiveness and the Puritan code; indeed, acceptable to the reader of *PLAYBOY*.

Tom Morris  
Virginia Military Institute  
Lexington, Virginia

*Despite the Bishop of Woolwich's reputation for liberal thinking, he sounds neither liberal nor logical to us. He says (1) if you don't love a girl it is immoral to have premarital sexual relations with her; and (2) if you do love her, then you will have too much respect for her to*



"take liberties with her." We wish the Bishop had told us under what circumstances, in his opinion, it is moral to have sexual relations with someone outside of wedlock—even though the odds against such a circumstance appear to be as depressing 100 to 1.

#### TOO GOOD, TOO SACRED

Nobody admits to believing sex is dirty; now the argument is that it is "too good" (the theologian might say "too sacred") to be "wasted" on "casual" affairs. It is clearly a great step forward from "sex is ugly, so do it as little as possible" to "sex is beautiful, so do it as little as possible."

Arthur Hlavaty

New Rochelle, New York

#### THE WHEELS OF GOD

You must be proud of what you are accomplishing with your obscene filth. It breeds *more* rape, unwed mothers, welfare costs, retarded and perverted young people, insanity and syphilis.

For 30 pieces of silver, you are helping moral decay in America, similar to the Roman Empire. There will be a turn in the road. The wheels of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine.

Archie Stabler

Detroit, Michigan

#### VESTRAL KUDOS

I found the religious round-table discussion in *PLAYBOY* to be thought-provoking, perceptive and in good taste.

In a free, educated society, the leaders of the basic Judaeo-Christian heritage of America have nothing to fear if they present that heritage truthfully and forcefully. In fact, they should welcome the constructive contributions being made today by the well-informed laity, many of whom are more orthodox than their religious leaders.

The Rev. Coval T. Grater

The Church of the Good Shepherd  
Savona, New York

#### PUBLICITY FOR MADALYN

I admire and respect Hefner's stand on every issue discussed in his dynamic *Philosophy*.

However, while he wallows in fame and fortune and enjoys unlimited resources to advance his ideas, one of his contemporaries—who is more direct in her social attacks—is laboring under extreme hardship and financial troubles.

Madalyn Murray of Honolulu, Hawaii, needs the publicity that a magazine of your circulation and caliber can give her. She was successful in having supernaturalism removed from our public educational systems and is now in the process of taking a "tax-the-churches" suit to the U.S. Supreme Court.

All you would have to do to assist her would be to interview her. Mrs. Murray is as controversial as anyone you have ever interviewed. Her plight as a result

**"So we ran out  
of Kahlúa again!  
Boy, one  
of these  
days..."**



"First time it happened you said it was because everybody wanted Black Russians at our cocktail party. Okay.

"Then the next time you said it was because we've been having Kahlúa sours before dinner. All right.

"Last time we ran out you said it was because you'd been basting chicken, fish, and meat with it, adding it to chocolate cake batter, and making all those wild desserts. So fine.

"But now there's no Kahlúa left to put in my coffee and I know why. You've been pouring it straight over ice and sipping it all evening long.

"Boy one of these days... Pow, right in the sipper!"

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of our Christian society is shocking.

Keep up the good work and remember that it has been suggested that Christianity may be a Communist-inspired plot to regress the United States back into the Dark Ages.

William Dusenberry  
Santa Monica, California

We're way ahead of you, Bill. Your letter arrived while our October issue featuring an interview with Mrs. Murray was on press. We hope you enjoyed it.

### CDL IN THE SUNLIGHT

It might interest you to know that here in America's heartland, in the midst of sweaty, greasy, smelly, conservative Ohio, we have been fighting our own battle for freedom of the press. I have two daily programs entitled *Comment*, on which I give my opinions on various things, including social problems. I have been hitting rather hard at the censors who have been peddling their poison in this community. In response to my programs on censorship, I heard from the local CDL representative, who then was invited to appear on my program and give her point of view. I hoped, and I believe successfully proved, that exposure was her worst enemy. Like bacteria, she withered up and died in sunlight. But her friends and associates are still calling, claiming they will never listen to the station again, that we are Communists and the usual stuff. You may rest assured our fight will continue.

I would like permission to quote segments of your *Philosophy* on the air, if that would be possible.

Joel M. Rose, News Director  
WCUE Radio  
Akron, Ohio

Permission granted, and keep exposing the self-appointed censors and guardians of public morality in your community for exactly what they really are—the enemies of every freedom-loving citizen in America. Anyone who expresses aversion to their suppressive acts is apt to be called a pervert or a Communist, but remember, when they squeal the loudest, it's because you've hit them where it hurts.

### CENSORSHIP IN CONNECTICUT

Here in Connecticut we start our crusaders against smut and sin at a tender age. [New York Times clipping enclosed with letter describes "a one-boy crusade against the sale of 'sexy books to teenagers," undertaken by a Milford, Connecticut, 16-year-old. The boy began his censorship campaign after noticing several younger teenagers in a department store "snickering and giggling" over copies of several sexy books, "none of which he has read, nor does he know their contents." The youth "discussed the matter with his mother," who "encouraged him to take whatever action he



felt necessary." He "promptly picketed the store . . . protested to the Fifth Circuit prosecutor, the police and his priest."]

Connecticut, alas and alack, is still wandering in the 15th Century, and the only way I can account for my state's intellectual impoverishment—and its demonic, hysterical "witch-hunting"—is to ascribe it to our medieval system of education: a bastardized semireligiosecularism, aided and abetted by too many half-assed Catholic-American public officials whose lopsided loyalty to our founding fathers' ideal of liberty is heavily weighted in favor of "The Monarchy of Censorship" (the Vatican).

Recently six Connecticut publications were cleared of obscenity charges, but only after a long, expensive court fight, which is tantamount to legal harassment. This is the same kind of pain the editor of *Fact* magazine has suffered grievously from, and to which *PLAYBOY* will constantly be subjected by the absurd minority of prurient-minded prudes who inhabit the temples of intolerance—who would inhibit language itself in their fanatical hatred of all that is beautiful and rational on this lovely planet earth.

In spite of, or because of, *PLAYBOY*'s sublime legal-moral victory—won over the medieval minds that govern the great city of Chicago—*PLAYBOY* will ever be the number-one target in the censor's sight.

It may be of interest to you—it most certainly is to the prudes in Naugatuck, Connecticut—that I'm running for mayor of Naugatuck as an Independent. No, I've no illusions—just guts.

It may be of further interest to you to know that I'm Catholic by birth and early education. My wife is a devout Catholic; we were married in the Catholic Church, and both my children were baptized in the Church.

Yet all this subtracts not one iota from my love of America, life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and guts.

So, if you print this, please—*do not withhold my name*. My pet detestation is censorship in all its manifold forms.

James J. Owens

Naugatuck, Connecticut

#### CENSORSHIP A DEAD HORSE

I am in basic agreement with Mr. Hefner's position on censorship. I especially like what he has to say about the censored beauty of sex and love versus the openness of violence and sadism. This is a most valid and excellent point and I think one that should be stressed more often.

My problem in dealing with these things involves my theological stance on ethics, which is a situational one which says that it is impossible to make wide generalizations on any ethical issue. We can only look at a given problem and apply to it the commandment that we love God and others as we do our-

self. My concern, then, with pornography (and here I refer to hard-core pornography) is not so much with the reader, or viewer, but with the producer. For he is the one who distorts the wonder and beauty of sex and love, who uses it in an unloving sense. Perhaps we should control this person, not because he damages society (in fact, society probably gains because freedom is gained and kept), but because he damages himself.

I do think that we may be whipping a dead horse. For I believe that this is a battle long won. Once *Fanny Hill* was published in this country, the magic of pornography was over, and I don't think we really have to worry about it much longer, if at all.

The Rev. Douglas P. Evett  
St. James Episcopal Church  
Pentwater, Michigan

*We certainly would like to believe that the horse is dead. A large number of people seem still to be riding it, however.*

*The idea of extending the law to keep a man from damaging himself spiritually strikes us as well meant but dangerous. That was the basic idea behind the Inquisition. In theory, the Inquisitors "loved" their victims, and showed it by torturing them to save their souls. Obviously, not even love is a legitimate excuse for abridging the freedom of your fellow man.*

#### OBSCENITY AND MORAL DECAY

I found in the 22nd part of *The Playboy Philosophy* a statement by Mr. Hefner to the effect that when it can be established that the writing or saying of something may lead to some immediately clear and present danger, censorship is justified in a free society.

This is true, but it also gives censors a foothold. My question is: Where is the line to be drawn between "clear and present danger" and "obscene material that will cause moral decay"?

Lyle Morris

Los Angeles, California

*Where publication of material can be shown to result in some definite, concrete ill effect, then censorship of that material may be justified. The publication of false and harmful medical information, for example, should not be permitted. The classic example of a "clear and present danger" was provided by Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes when he pointed out that freedom of speech does not include the right to yell "fire" in a crowded theater.*

*"Obscene material that will cause moral decay" is quite a different matter, however, and cannot be established as any sort of clear or present danger. If we intend to protect morality, whose moral standards are we going to use for a guide? And even if we could decide what is and is not moral, there is no evidence that even the most pornographic material imaginable would produce such im-*

*morality. Responsible research on the subject actually suggests the opposite—that instead of stimulating sexual excesses, obscenity tends to neutralize whatever aberrant sex interests may be present.*

#### THE SELF-SACRIFICING CENSOR

In all the discussion of the censorship of obscene and pornographic literature, I have not noticed one word of understanding, appreciation or sympathy for the self-sacrifice made by those individuals who are so unfortunate as to become censors. Brought so constantly by their profession into contact with the wretched works of depraved authors, the censors cannot help but be corrupted in mind, conduct and soul. Their character is surely shattered, they lose all sense of respectability and honor and they become perverted and depraved by their profession. But not a single word of thanks or appreciation is heard from the callous public for the sacrifice these people make to protect the impressionable youth of our nation. It is a social disgrace!

If the juvenile delinquents who read *Tropic of Cancer*, *Candy* or *Fanny Hill* (and as a result rush out to break all the windows of their schoolhouse, set fire to their neighbor's garage and provide a horde of illegitimate children) can be deprived of such books, then a wholesome and worth-while result has been achieved.

A word of praise and appreciation is due our neglected censors for their sacrifice of moral character and respectability in behalf of a backward and neglected generation, unless (perish the thought) the protection of youth is an excuse used by the censors to justify their assiduous study of pornography for their own personal enjoyment.

George G. Laniel

Melrose, Massachusetts

#### THE RISKS IN FREEDOM

Freedom has its risks, its liabilities; but more, it has assets without which a meaningful human society cannot exist. Therefore, I would rather take the risks that come than see anyone set himself up as the censor of what can be spoken or published.

H. Paul Osborne, Minister  
First Unitarian Church  
Wichita, Kansas

*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, *PLAYBOY*, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*





expert because if one went into a corner fast and lifted the accelerator, the thing would switch from understeer to oversteer before you could say Monsieur André Citroën. This phenomenon is no longer apparent in well-engineered f.w.d. cars, and in any case, it is an excessively silly thing to do. Since the Toronado has power steering, which kills off the front-wheel-drive "feel" to a great extent, few owners will be able to notice any difference at all in the car's handling.

(Fitch, by the way, was so impressed with the handling of the Olds Toronado that he intends, with the cooperation of the Division, to market a model similar to the Sprint Corvair. Among the items he expects to add: Koni shocks and radial tires.)

Oldsmobile was not concerned with the handling advantages of the layout, but with its consumer appeal, which can be considerable: Like rear-engine placement, f.w.d. gives a flat floor. The transmission does not loom in a hump on the front floor, and there is no drive shaft running to the rear wheels and hence no drive-shaft tunnel. This is pleasant and increases the air of livability in the car quite out of proportion to the cubic inches involved. There is so little essential variety among U. S. automobiles today that

one must hope the Toronado is a big success, and an encouragement to Ford and Buick to come along with the f.w.d. designs they have in the cupboard. The car might have a better chance if it were not for the industry's iron-hard insistence on treating every new development as a stunning invention by the Detroit wizards. Nine in ten Toronado prospects, on approaching the car for the first time, are going to feel they're being asked to play guinea pig for something that was first dreamed up about 18 months ago. They might feel better if they knew the gimmick first hit the road 100 years before the Civil War.

Pontiac, for 1966, has turned its attentions to one of Detroit's poor relations, the Six, and has put into production the Motor City's first belt-driven overhead-cam six—a 230-cu.-in. engine.

The 1965 Buick Riviera was probably the best-looking of all American motorcars, and one of the dozen best-looking in the world. The '66 will be two inches longer and four inches wider, which doesn't sound like enough to spoil it. The 340-hp engine can be optioned to 360. Chrysler Corporation, it should be noted, is introducing a 426-cu.-in. "street" version of its hemispherical-domed engine that was the scourge of stock-car racing

until ruled off the tracks in a disagreement with racing officials over the criteria for "production" engines.

Mercury has come up with a compromise which it feels will satisfy devotees of both the stick shift and the automatic transmission: it's offering as an option an automatic that permits manual shifting into second and first gears.

European car critics complain that in a world full of exciting new materials, only stylists wishing to crawl back to Queen Victoria would insist that a quality car is not a quality car unless it's full of tree wood and cowhide, and they point for example to the hundreds of exotic fabrics used in American cars. They will be confounded that Cadillac is now using leather in herd-size quantities, and that '66 models will have upper door panels and sills trimmed in walnut—and not veneer-bonded-to-steel, either, but the genuine forest product, three eighths of an inch thick: plus another of the caste marks that have been for 40 years absolutely required on any British car with pretensions to quality: folding tables on the backs of the front seats. Cadillac has raised the bidding on them: They're individually lighted. The 1966 Cadillacs will genuinely break new ground, I think, with the electrically heated seat option: carbon-cloth heating pads built into the chairs and offering a temperature range from 85° to 105° F. This device fills a long-felt need: Why should one walk out of a warm house and plonk down on an ice-cold automobile seat, particularly an ice-cold leather automobile seat? Although it need not be leather: There are 171 upholstery options. And a four-speaker AM/FM stereo setup.

There is no question about it: American automobiles are the most comfortable and luxurious in the world for the money. They will not, as they come out of the store, stay with the best Europeans on a bent road, and most of them won't take four really hard down-the-mountain brake applications, simply because they're not built for that kind of going. The combination of top-line luxury and handling is a rarity of rarities. The vast Mercedes-Benz 600 limousine, loaded with such niceties as single-key locking of all doors, trunk lid and fuel-filler cap, *und so weiter*, will do 128 miles an hour and handles like this: Stirling Moss took one around the tightly curved, hilly 1.25 Brands Hatch circuit, seven people aboard, in two seconds and a bit more than the racing-sedan record for the course! Mercedes is doing four new models for 1966. All have disk brakes on bigger (14- instead of 13-inch) wheels, a fan that idles until it's needed, a hydropneumatic rear-axle compensating spring that automatically adjusts to increased load. Every car in the line, except the 200D (diesel) will do 100 mph. The furnace-oil model will make 80.

The Volkswagen factory, which prides



"So much for the password.  
Do you have the countersign?"



itself on infrequent model changes, is making a couple of new ones in 1966. The old standard beetle is getting a bigger engine, to bring it to 50 horsepower, and detail improvements such as a third defroster vent in the middle of the windshield. The new model, the 1600 TL, is a bigger-engined version of the 1500 introduced four years ago. It has 65 horsepower, disk brakes in front, and so on. The interior has been worked up—shrouded instruments, reclining front seats. The body style is fastback, the engine-cooling louvers running along the sides. The rear window has no hinges, but opens two inches anyway: It's made of the new thin flexible glass, and it bends that much.

Rolls-Royce, which hasn't brought out a new model since the V-8 engine appeared in 1959, has announced a new line for '66, and not a moment too soon, either. The car has been mechanically behind the times for years, and even its basic claims, to an impeccably smooth ride and great silence, have not been valid. Cadillac, Lincoln and Chrysler have all offered better rides for a long time, and as Ford demonstrated, a Galaxie off the production line is quieter than a Royce. The new model continues the "Silver" designation that began with the Silver Ghost of sainted memory, replaces the Silver Cloud and is called the Silver Shadow. It has independent suspension all around,

the four-wheel disk brakes that are *de rigueur* in Europe nowadays, operating on a rather remarkable system of dual engine-driven pumps, and a *monocoque* body. The Bentley will, as before, be identical except for radiator shell, and between them they will no doubt go a long way toward restoring the two names to their past eminence.

For the race-bent young in heart (and long in pocketbook), Carroll Shelby will have this year 50 Ford GTs, the stormers that were seen doing 220 miles an hour down the Mulsanne Straight at Le Mans. These carry the cross-mounted 385-horsepower Fairlane V-8s, are 40 inches high, road to rooftop, possibly the sexiest vehicles since the Buccielli Brothers showed their first 16-cylinder car at the Paris Salon. The price seems reasonable enough: \$16,250.

If this is more than one finds in the right-hand pocket, there is the new Cobra, the 427-cu.-in. type. For the street, as the saying goes, the tag is \$6995; if you wish to go racing with it, the quick one will cost you \$9950. The Cobra is the instrument with which Shelby won the *gran turismo* World Manufacturers' Championship, beating the dreaded Ferraris on their own chosen ground, an extraordinary accomplishment and one which Shelby says has given him more satisfac-

tion than anything in his own remarkable racing career.

Perhaps more to the point, as far as useful over-the-road operation is concerned, is Shelby's Mustang G.T. 350. This is an amalgam of the standard Mustang, the 271-hp Fairlane engine, boosted to 306 hp, and the Cobra close-ratio gearbox. There are other oddments on the vehicle: limited-slip differential, Koni shock absorbers, quicker steering, wide-rim wheels, and so on. It will get to 60 in about six seconds. The street version runs close to \$4500, the competition model is \$5950.

The V-8 engine is an American specialty that has been slow in coming to appreciation in the rest of the world, but there are signs that the dam is breaking: the Ford-engineered Sunbeam Tiger, for example, looking like a typical British sports car in the MGB class, and turning into something of a secret weapon at a stop light. Another V-8 item, very prestigious in the United States because so rare, is the Jensen Mark III, a new model running the Chrysler 383 330-horsepower engine. This is a luxurious, fast (130 mph) hardtop coupe, unusually fully equipped: Driver-controlled shock absorbers, an electrically heated rear window and—are you ready?—a first-aid kit are all standard. Another rarity is the Krim-Ghia, replacing the Dual-Ghia. This is a piece of beautiful Italian coachbuild-



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ing based on tubular chassis work, powered by the Chrysler 273 engine. It has four-wheel disks, and of the 200 scheduled to be made this year, 50 will be allocated to the American market at \$9000. Krim is marketing two other specialty cars, the Vallelunga and the Ghia 1500GT. The Ghia 1500 is based on an extensively modified FIAT 1500 chassis, will sell at \$4000. The Vallelunga (Long Valley) GT is a new design by Alessandro De Tomaso, a 42-inch-high coupe on a backbone chassis, the engine a worked-up English Ford Cortina, mounted in the rear. It, too, has four-wheel disks, and comes in two engine options: a 105-horsepower, which will provide 120 miles an hour in top, and a 135, which will get it close to 150. The Vallelunga is priced at \$7500.

Another backbone-chassis sports car is the Lotus Elan, by Colin Chapman, the number-one race-car designer working today. The backbone chassis, best thought of as a big girder with engine and wheels mounted on it, gives notable stiffness, freedom from chassis flexing, and thus superior handling, other things being equal. Most testers agree that the Elan is one of the best-handling cars ever built, some say *the* best available today. A sedan that is often praised as the best in its class for roadability is the German BMW 1800 TI. Product of a famous old house (Bayerische Motoren Werke), the TI runs around \$3500 and is worth it. BMW has a 2-liter hardtop coupe in the market powered by a bigger version of the four-cylinder single-overhead-camshaft engine used in the 1800 TI. The body is unusually good-looking, and unusual, too, in that it's not of Italian origin, but out of BMW's own styling department. The honor of offering the premier one-upmanship device in the automotive world remains, I suppose, with NSU of Germany, in the NSU Spider with the Wankel engine, the only rotary-internal-combustion engine running a production car today. Performance of the NSU-Wankel is adequate if not stunning, but if you can lay hands on one, you can be fairly certain it will be the only one on the block, at least until someone comes along with a Japanese Mazda Cosmo two-seater running the Toyo Kogyo version of the device; in effect, *two* Wankels linked together.

Exclusivity isn't everything in the pleasant task of selecting a gentleman's personal transport, but it counts, with grace, speed and built-in quality. In the 1966 market, the choice of any *one* car is going to be difficult, and the ideal would be a trio: a lively but elegant ultrasmall sedan for everyday urban use; a limousine for formal wear and the occasions when a party of six or so would be happiest conveyed as a unit; a two-seater *gran turismo* for the weekend run into the country. Happy choosing.





## GOBLIN OF CURTERY SINK

(continued from page 120)

way, he was sure, his lucid, keenly efficient mind would light upon the solution of the vexing problem at hand.

Heartened by this assurance, and by the rain's stopping, he made his first big mistake: He took off his shoes. They had shrunk while his feet had expanded, and the relief was exquisite. He walked for quite a distance in his socks over the springy turf and would have continued in this way to Okehampton, if he had not come to a stream to be crossed, whose bed was sharp shale. When he tried to get the shoes on again, they would not fit—they came nowhere near fitting. He was obliged to use his galoshes instead to wade across this tributary to the Dart, which appeared on his chart as a thin blue hair but which was 12 feet across and knee deep, running fast.

Then the terrain roughened and he had to keep the galoshes on. They were too big: His feet slid around in them and he could feel blisters forming. Soon every step hurt.

At one o'clock, hungry, he sat down on a barrow, or cairn, or something, and took out the sack that contained his sandwiches. They had been wrapped in paper napkins: each was a sopping mass of bread and paper pasted to a slab of ham or cheese. He scraped off the mess and ate the slabs, without pleasure, washing them down with generous draughts of whiskey from the flask he had forethoughtfully brought along. While he was doing so, he saw his first dead sheep, off to the right a bit: a patch of dirty wool, a few bones, a toothy skull. The meal finished and his appetite far from appeased, he opened up his chart to get his bearings: At once, of course, the rain came down again. He saw that he was nearing Dart Head and a marsh: but right beyond lay Cranmere Pool and the downhill run. He put the map away and the rain—on cue—desisted.

The marsh posed a problem. For one thing, it ran uphill: for another, it seemed to be easy to get across until you were too far into it to want to turn back. Harry started across with a sense of excitement—this was fun. He hopped from tuft to tuft, half drunk and hence congratulating himself on each feat of balance. After a while, of course, he came to an interval too wide to hop. Here he took an intermediary step and found himself soberingly up to his knee in mud. He waded to the next tuft and appraised his situation with some alarm. Should he go back? But the other edge was only a dozen hops away. He decided to go on.

It was not pleasant. Three times he had to venture into the swamp, and each time it frightened him. After all, there was such a thing as quicksand. Once a galosh came off and he had to root around in the mud, sinking slowly deeper, until he had



*"It turns out nobody has anything to say."*

found it. Safe on the other side, he surveyed the ruin of his suit, smeared with muck to the armpits. There was no clear water in which he could wash.

Now, according to the chart, he should descend exactly 100 feet to the northwest for half a mile, and there would be Cranmere Pool. He did so by compass.

But it was not there. He had imagined a ghostly and misty pond like the one King Arthur threw Excalibur into, but there was nothing that looked like a pond, or even where a pond might conceivably have lain. He tracked back and forth for a while, looking, and then gave up. His feet were killing him.

"Cranmere Pool does not exist," he said loudly. "Another of those damned British myths."

He set off angrily up the hill, in a state of grave disrepair. He wished with all his heart that he was eight miles away, in a warm tavern with his wife, drinking a Pimm's.

He rounded a low hump in the landscape, and there it lay.

It wasn't a pool, exactly—more a puddle surrounded by weeds and swamp. But the mailbox, set against the side of the hill, identified it beyond question. There it was, his primary destination.

Harry stumbled over to it, carefully skirting the soft ground. In the box he

found a letter addressed to Ronnie Mitchell, Sarrau, Herts. He took the letter and put it in his soggy pocket, and then he sat down on the ground and looked both without and within himself.

Without he saw the sodden, barren landscape, a few sheep and the eight miles he had yet to cover. Within, he saw a scene no less depressing: a guy about to lose his job because he had caused \$1,500,000 to be spent in vain, and who had not the slightest clue how to salvage the situation. The best he could come up with was the idea of depositing here a postcard to himself. Gazing at his mud-caked clothing, he realized that he had got himself into a ridiculous position.

He made a bundle of his shoes and raincoat and tied it together with the belt of the coat. Under the belt he tucked a one-pound note and a slip of paper with his address in London. He laid this bundle beside the mailbox, put his postcard in the box and limped off in the direction he thought would bring him to Okehampton. He was, as Mildred had foreseen, one miserable baby.

The downhill trip was a sort of nightmare. Now that he had abandoned his coat, a cold wind sprang up and set him to shivering. A mood of resignation beset him. He found himself willing to concede



some measure of justice to the O.B.'s strictures. Anyone, he told himself, who could get himself into a mess like this was *ipso facto* unreliable. Furthermore, he kept seeing more and more dead sheep grinning at him from right and left, with no live ones to keep him company.

After about a mile and a half, he came to the headwaters of a stream, and wanted to know what stream it was. On reaching for the chart, he found, to his greater despair, that he had left it in the pocket of his *impermeable*. His choice was to go back and get it or to follow the stream, whatever it was, until he reached something. The thought of retracing his steps was too repugnant, and he did not do so. This was his next-to-last mistake of judgment.

It was, as it happened, the upper reaches of the east Okement River and he was, without being sure, on the right track. If he had had the map, he would have known that the path he came upon a few minutes later, which led off to the left, had been made by men and not by sheep, and that it would bring him securely to civilization. As it was, he pondered it briefly; saw that it took him away from his only reliable guide, the river; crossed it and went on across the trackless moor.

His last mistake, in a whole day of mistakes, was committed a good two hours later, when he could already discern in the far distance farmhouses, crofts and the smoke from chimneys. He was by this time in a state of nearly total exhaustion, taking each step only by an effort of will. Staying close to the river, he had frequently had to climb up and around rocky abutments that blocked his way, and detour the marshy areas that got more and more frequent as the ground leveled off. Now, when he could already see, a hundred yards ahead, a road with walls on each side, a final obstacle confronted him: a marsh surrounding a tiny tributary where it joined the river. The brook dropped down so sharp a cliff that he knew he could not scale it. He would have to go back half a mile and work his way around, unless he took a chance on the wet ground. Without really thinking about it, he took the chance.

It wasn't much of a chance, really: The marsh was only about 20 yards wide. He jumped from tuft to tuft without any difficulty almost to the other side, not so much as wetting his galoshes; even crossing the stream itself was no problem. But then, of course, there it was, the inevitable 12-foot hop. The ground between looked almost solid, with a fine growth of bright-green grass. He jumped out as far as he could.

Bright-green grass! his mind exclaimed as soon as he was in the air. If he could have, he would have reversed direction in mid-flight, like the characters in the animated cartoons when they fall off the cliffs: for he remembered a sentence in the guidebook that warned against

bright-green grass in conjunction with quicksand on Dartmoor, and at precisely this time of year.

He sank to his knees at once. There was a dreadful sucking sound as the sand settled around his legs. The solid clump was six feet away, beyond his reach. He felt himself sinking lower and uttered a strangled cry. Then, miraculously, his feet came to rest on something solid. Thank God! he thought. I can wade over.

But he was wrong. When he slid his foot forward and tried to step down, he found nothing beneath it. It nearly cost him his precarious equilibrium to draw it back. His attempt to retreat met with no greater success. He was perched on a tiny submerged island. Prodding about with his toe, he concluded that he was standing on the butt end of a sunken log that was balanced upright in the morass.

"What fantastic luck!" he said aloud, looking at the placid deadly tract around him. Suddenly he felt giddy as he realized just how improbable it was that he should be standing there, alive. A foot more or less in his leap—floundering in that horrid quagmire—the first snootful of sand and water as his head went under . . . What had guided him to this one square foot of salvation?

Anyway, there he stood marooned, with nothing to do but to wait. Solid ground was only a couple of paces away—it might as well have been a mile. But in plain sight ran a road—well, not a road, exactly, but something that people traveled over *now and then*. Help could not be far away. Reluctantly, somewhat sheepishly, he decided to shout for it.

He shouted for ten minutes, until he was hoarse. No help came. Darkness came instead, calling forth lights in the distant farm buildings. He began to confront the possibility of standing at this solitary post throughout the night. Mildred would give the alarm, of course, and they would send out a search party, but there was not the slightest chance of their finding him in the dark.

It was just when he had achieved this insight that help appeared. With a distinct sense of relief, he saw a head bobbing along behind the wall.

"Hallo!" he shouted apologetically. "I say, can you come over and give me a hand?"

A startled gaze was turned in his direction and abruptly the head disappeared.

"I say!" he cried, louder. "Where are you? I'm caught in this damned bog!"

The head showed itself again, at the same place. Cautiously, a boy of about 14 climbed over the wall; cautiously he moved forward, until finally he stood about ten yards distant.

"Well, I certainly am glad to see you!" Harry said. "Have you a rope or something? A belt? Take off your belt—you can reach me."

"Ye're the Goblin o' Curtery Sink," the

boy mumbled. "Nanny told me about ye. 'Stay away, stay away, he'll get ye.' I'll not come nigh."

It was one of the worst moments in Harry Gibbsee's life: He realized that the boy was dim-witted.

"Lad, lad," he said, his voice getting shrill as he fought down a growing hysteria. "Lad, listen. I'm not a goblin. I don't live here. I'm a poor fellow who got caught in this sand and wants to get out. I need your help. Now come closer and pull me out. Come and help me, lad."

The boy stood stupidly 30 feet away, his eyes bulging, his jaw agape. "Nay," he said, "I'll not come nigh."

At least he could talk and understand—thank God for that. "Listen," Harry said urgently but slowly. "If you won't help me, go quickly to The Crown in Okehampton and tell them there that you saw the Goblin of Curtery Sink, and that he wanted you to come closer. Go and tell them that he wanted your help."

The boy simply stood there. Harry made a final effort. "Son!" he cried. "Think! If I was your father, and in trouble like this, wouldn't you stop and save me?"

A look of pure terror animated the boy's face. "Me dad?" he faltered. "You me dad? No—no—don't beat me! I'll not do it again, Dad!" The boy turned and fled, unheeding of Harry's shouts and cries.

And now Harry Gibbsee knew for certain that he was going to spend the night, and maybe a lot longer than that, right where he was.

• • •

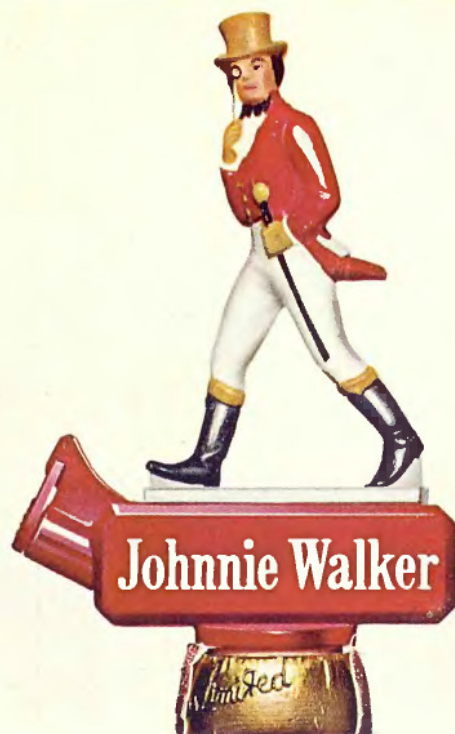
The Crown at Okehampton was not really a hotel; it was, rather, a pub with a few rooms on the second floor, one of which Mildred had engaged for the night. She had spent an hour or so wandering around the village on foot, trying, and failing, to find something of interest. Then the rain had driven her inside, and since noon she had been sitting in the pub, drinking beer. At the two-o'clock closing time all the other patrons had left, but she was allowed to remain, being an overnight guest; and the proprietors, whose names were Will and Alice Tavy, had good-naturedly continued to serve her beer in defiance of the law.

"It's a filthy, stupid law anyway," Will Tavy said bluntly, "to say a man can't have a pint from two to five. Why not, I'd like to know."

"Why not, indeed," Mildred asked. "Come on, how about another bitter and a game of darts?"

They played several games of darts, all of which Mildred lost spectacularly, and discussed seriatim the weather, English food, life on the moor, the singing of birds, the National Health, Harry's whereabouts, Labor *vs.* Tory concepts of government and English beer. They had just taken up the British monetary system when Alice Tavy threw open the doors at





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five o'clock, and the workmen and farmers straggled in for their afternoon pints.

"We stopped for gas—petrol—at Exeter," Mildred was saying. "Fill her up. It came to thirteen and a half gallons at seven shillings thruppence ha'penny. The man took out a pencil and pad. 'Thirteen and a half times seven is 94½ shillings,' he said; 'then thirteen and a half times three and a half is, well, let's see now . . .'" Tavy, I swear it took him five minutes, and then he said, 'Just let me pop in and get the little book,' and out he came after a while with the little book he needed to look up the answer to a simple multiplication."

Will Tavy was busy at the tap and could not answer, but Mildred went right on. She was the only woman drinker in the place, but she had the sort of looks that let her get away with anything.

"The trouble with my husband Harry is that he *approves* of all that. He was delighted. 'Giving up the pounds, shillings and pence would be like chucking out the Royal Family,' he says. 'It's tradition that has made England great.' If you want to see a happy man, just watch Harry at the Changing of the Guard."

"I'd want to see him coming in pretty soon if I was you," Alice Tavy said. "He's long overdue, seems to me. Isn't he, Will?"

"Ay, should be back by now. Be lost all night out there, I shouldn't wonder."

"Is it some cove out on the moor?" one of the workmen asked. "*Alone?*"

"Like as not get into the artillery range," another said.

"Why, it'll be dark in half an hour."

"Is he certified?"

There were a few hoots of laughter, but half a dozen troubled glances were turned in Mildred's direction.

"Is there really some danger?" she asked, feeling alarm for the first time. "Could he be lost or hurt?"

"'Tis no place for a stranger to be out alone, ma'am," a grizzled old fellow said gravely. "Not this time o' year. And not this time o' day."

"I've been lost out there many a time, I'll not deny it," a younger man said, "and roamed the moor since I was a mite."

A young boy came in and made his way to the tap with a tankard.

"The usual for the gov'nor, Tad?" Will asked.

"Mild," the boy said. "And see ye fill it to the brim." This was apparently a daily exchange, for all laughed.

While Will was filling, a man at the dart board spoke. "Intending no disrespect, ma'am, but I'll lay any man ten bob"—here he raised his voice—"I'll lay any man ten bob to three nobody comes off the moor this night."

In the silence that followed, the boy spoke up. "I saw the Goblin o' Curtery Sink today, I saw him sure."

All eyes turned to him.

"You were on the moor, Tad?" Will asked.

"Ay. To catch a pony."

"And you went past the Sink?"

"Ay, I did. And there he was, his eyes like fire and him hootin' for me to come close. Oh, I ran!"

Will turned to one of the men, urgently. "Fred, have ye been there lately? Is it soft?"

"Ay, 'tis," Fred answered. "You know I lost a ewe there Monday last."

Mildred looked at the boy, whose face showed fright again, and at Will Tavy, whose eyes betrayed a sure surmise. "It's Harry!" she screamed. "It's that husband of mine!"

• • •

By the time darkness was complete, Harry Gibbsee had considered and rejected a number of notions how he might better his plight. He thought of diving forward or backward in the hope of being able to swim, so to speak, the few feet to solid ground; but the sensation of the sand sucking almost beseechingly at his hand when he immersed it was enough to put this plan out of his head. He then contemplated dousing his shirt with whiskey, setting it afire and waving it as a signal. On taking the bottle from his pocket and sniffing it, however, he found himself deploring the investment of so much good Scotch in so tenuous a hope, and decided on an internal application. He took a good long swig of it; and, before very long, another.

Under its stimulation he remembered the indecently dirty comb and handkerchief in his pocket; and, although the prospect of death had not seriously occurred to him, he felt that it would be judicious to dispose of these items. He did so by prodding them under the surface at his side. He also tossed his wallet to the firm ground, and the letter he had picked up at Cranmere Pool.

"Putting my estate in order," he said with a chuckle. Somehow he could not take his situation seriously. In fact, the more he thought about it, and the more he drank from the bottle, the more it seemed to him that life must hold some rich reward in store for a fellow who could jump into quicksand and land safely on a pin point. He began to feel more confidence about his job, and for the first time turned his thoughts seriously to the problem of the plastic that was immortal when he made it, but cracked when mass-produced.

He had followed the classical procedure: blown his steam of kerosene and mothballs (a duodecane petroleum fraction and paradichlorobenzene, actually) over a bed of his catalyst, a calcium silicate. Ah, that calcium silicate! That little dash of Tabasco in the catalyst—that was what had made the plastic immortal.

Or was it? The plastic wasn't immortal any longer. Could some other substance—somehow, without his knowledge—have got into the mixture? And not be getting

into it in the new factory? If so, what might it have been? What would it have to be to produce the given effect?

Tilting his head back for another dose of Scotch and inspiration, he lost his balance and sat down in the bright green grass. He sank quickly to his shoulders, with his backside where his feet had been.

"Damn!" he said; but, after the momentary shock was over: "Why didn't I think of this before?" For he was a good deal more comfortable: warmer, for one thing, and much relieved in the feet. He celebrated his new posture with a hefty draught, and then automatically wiped his mouth with the back of his now muddy hand.

"Damn!" he said again. "Faugh! Ptui! Ecckk!"—spitting, and tasting again that icky mud taste—the same taste he had just got away from, in his corner of that miserable flowerpot factory, where the air was full of ceramic dust. It had got in his hair, in his ears, under his collar, in his books—everywhere.

Harry Gibbsee felt the tumbler fall in the lock he was trying to pick.

Everywhere! *Everywhere!* Into the plastic mix, too, of course!

"I've got it! I've got it!" he shouted. "Yippee! Oh, glory be!" Wildly exultant now, he was also, to tell the truth, totally drunk. Flaunting the bottle in the air, he broke into song:

*"Ooooooh, I'm the Goblin of Curtery Sink;  
I'll bite off your head as quick as a wink,  
Unless I'm too busy imbibing a drink,  
Which is just what I'll do at this moment, I think."*

And he did so, emptying the bottle. "Each man kills the thing he loves," he hollered. "Yippee!"

It was this noise that led the rescue party to its destination: Will Tavy, two other men and Mildred, stumbling after, far from sober herself.

They played the light over Curtery Sink and found him. Will Tavy went as close as he could and called for the rope.

"Take it easy, man," he said. "We'll have you out in a jiff."

"No hurry," Harry shouted cheerfully, saluting with the bottle. "All th' time in th' worl'. Jes' a-settin' here doin' some high-level research in th' chemistry of synthetics. Mildred, I've got it! I've thought of the necessary amendment to the formula. The whole problem's solved!"

The men looked questioningly at Mildred, uncertain what to make of this peculiar American. She rose magnificently to the occasion.

"My husband's a very famous experimental chemist," she explained. "He's always done his best work when he's dead drunk and up to his neck in quicksand."







*"But what about your Appointed Rounds?!"*



## NAME YOUR POISON

(continued from page 103)

Aren't you the fellow who upbraided me the other day about the cowardly use of euphemism, circumlocution, synecdoche, metonymy, and so on?"

"I'm the fellow. What about it?"

"Well, why do you say you Tied One On? Why don't you simply admit you were drunk?"

"Because I *wasn't* drunk, smarty-pants, that's why. Not what I'd call drunk. I enjoyed a friendly Snort, yes, a Quick One just to Wet The Whistle; you know, One For The Road . . ."

"You mean a glass of liquor?"

"I'll ignore that. There's nothing wrong with Bending The Elbow a bit with one's cronies to Repair The Tissues, getting together to Refresh The Inner Man by the time-honored custom of Hoisting A Few . . ."

"Oh, now it's a few. A few what? A few Nips, Swigs, Shots, Slugs, Jolts?"

"If you will."

"Of Booze, Hooch, Sauce, Snakeoil, Redeye? Or maybe you only drank wine—oops, I mean The Grape."

"Are you *quite* finished?" I ask icily.

She isn't. "Was it an Eye Opener you had, or a Pick Me Up? I suppose it was too early for a Nightcap. Or maybe you like to say The Cup That Cheers?"

"I wouldn't be caught dead saying The Cup That Cheers. And speaking of cups, brighteyes, what about that coffee?"

"You wouldn't prefer The Hair Of The Dog?"

"Woman! You try my patience! Begone!"

She vanishes, the fear of God plainly in her. I sink into my swivel chair, fall asleep, and promptly dream an unusual dream. I dream a girl walks into my office carrying the complete works of Benjamin Franklin, in six volumes. Now, my secretary returns, and the sound of her voice awakens me abruptly:

"Here's your coffee. Also your pills. Also the complete works of Benjamin Franklin, in six volumes."

"I didn't ask for—"

"I suggest you read what he has to say in number twelve of the *Dogood Papers*."

"You. Are. Out. Of. Your. Mind! Benjamin Franklin on a Monday morning?"

"It's Tuesday afternoon."

She opens the *Dogood Papers* and, with rapidly glazing eyes, I skim the words to which she points: "It argues some shame in the drunkards themselves, in that they have invented numberless words and phrases to cover their folly, whose proper significations are harmless, or have no signification at all. They are seldom known to be drunk, though they are very often Boozey, Cogey, Tipsey, Foxed, Merry, Mellow, Fuddled, Groatable, Confoundedly Cut, See Two Moons, or The Sun Has Shown

Upon Them: they Clip The King's English, are Almost Froze, Feverish, In Their Altitudes, Pretty Well Entered—" At this point, my eyeballs roll up into my skull of their own accord, and she says, alarmed:

"You worry me. I was going to lunch now, but I'm not sure I should leave you. Will you be all right?"

"Of course I'll be all right! Don't be so damned solicitous!"

"Well, you look sick."

"I am not *sick*. I have a Hangover, which is a very different thing. I'm a little Under The Weather, that's all."

"Just a touch of The Morning After?"

"That's the ticket. The usual Katzenjammers. The Horrors. A Big Head, nothing more. You go to lunch. Go right ahead and gorge yourself, that's quite all right, but in the spirit of reciprocal solicitude, I feel compelled to point out that you've been getting a trifle chunky around the middle, so it might be a good idea to go easy on the calories. Not that I mind, but sudden pudginess in girls is often misinterpreted and people do talk. No, no, don't bother to thank me, it's part of my job to look after the welfare of my little charges. And, speaking of little charges, I assume your relief secretary—your petite, slender relief secretary—stands ready to defend the fort in your absence? Good, fine, excellent. Please inform her that I am not to be disturbed during the next hour for any reason. Got that straight? Swell. Ta-ta, sweetie, and as you walk into the commissary, avert your eyes from the sour-cream cheesecake with strawberry topping—it's murder on the shape."

Her exit is uncharacteristically silent. So is the hour that follows. No phone calls, no visitors, nothing to disturb my rest. I awake much refreshed and very hungry. I lift the phone to order a bit of lunch. It is dead. I jiggle the button. Nothing. Undaunted, I rise and walk to the door. It is locked. Giving vent to strong language which I will not reproduce here, I fish my office key from my pocket and unlock the door. I am prepared to admonish the relief secretary, but she is not at her desk. In the carriage of the secretarial typewriter is a memo from Secretary Number One to Secretary Number Two. I take the liberty of reading it:

"White Fang is in a filthy mood today" (it reads) "and doesn't want to be disturbed 'for any reason.' I suggest you have the operator put a plug in the switchboard so he can't receive calls and so he won't be tempted to make any, either. We must save him from himself. By the same token, be so good as to lock his door so people won't be wandering in while he's snoring and drooling and making a spectacle of himself. And then,

if I were you, I'd take the afternoon off, since there'll be nothing left to do. In the unlikely event that he outwits us and gets through to you, do not, under any circumstances, make reference to his delicate condition. If you find you absolutely *must* allude to it, for your own good use only the following terms, which I have arranged in alphabetical order for your convenience: A Drop Too Much, Bagged, Barreled, Bit Of A Glow On, Blasted, Blind, Blotto, Boiled, Buzzed, Cock-Eyed, Conked, Corked, Corned, Crooked, Feeling No Pain, Floating, Flying High, Fried, Gassed, Greased, Groggy, Half Shot, Has A Snootful, High, Inebriated, In His Cups, Intoxicated, Jagged, Juiced, Listing To The Leeward, Lit, Loaded, Looped, On A Bender, On A Spree, On A Tear, On A Toot, Paralyzed, Petrified, Pickled, Pie-Eyed, Pified, Pifflicated, Plastered, Plotched, Plotzed, Polluted, Puddled, Saturated, Seeing Double, Shellacked, Skunked, Smashed, Snoggered, Sozzled, Spiffed, Squiffed, Stewed, Stiff, Stinko, Stoned, Swacked, Tanked, Three Sheets To The Wind, Tiddly, Tight and Under The Influence. Those are off the top of my head, but if you need more, consult Ben Franklin's 12th *Dogood Paper* and Roget's *Thesaurus*. I don't want to give you the impression that our boy is a drunkard—he may be a Bibber, a Lush, a Rummy, a Topper, a Tippler, a Tossopot, a Souse, a Soak and a Sot; he may be Off The Wagon; but nothing worse than that. However . . ."

My reading is interrupted by her return from lunch. Immediately, I pantomime looking through her desk for rubber bands.

"They're in the top left drawer," she says, flatly.

"Hm? Ah, there you are. Have you eaten your fill?"

"No," she pouts. "I decided you were serious about my getting chunky. I had a watercress salad."

"That's terrible! I apologize! You're not getting chunky at all!"

"You're just saying that."

"I'll prove it. Come out to dinner with me tonight."

"Why should I?"

"'Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time. Who pleasure gives shall joy receive.' That's why. You know who uttered that utterance?"

"Benjamin Franklin?"

"Absolutely correct. Pick you up about seven at your place. Better yet, six-thirty. That'll give me time to sample your liquor before we—"

"Sample what?"

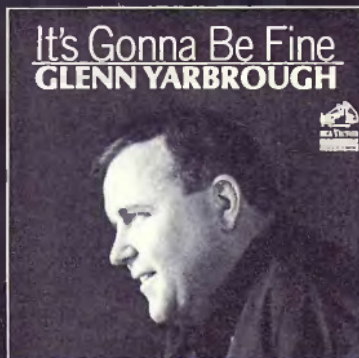
"What I mean is," I say loudly, to placate the gods of euphemism, "it's been a hell of a day and I feel the need of a Wee Dram before dinner."





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## ETTA AT NIGHT

(continued from page 88)

could say, incidentally, "Hey, that was pretty good spring snow at the Flegers' last night." The very cachet of it rang out in the little cries with which the rest of the party buckled on their ski boots.

I excused myself with tiredness: I'd arrived from New York just a few hours ago. Slim had a convenient slipped disk which made him a full-time *après-ski*er. He and I pulled up armchairs to the window and watched our friends ghost-black through the snow as the private ski lift pulled them up the slope.

But she kept rankling me. Unlike most Germans, she hadn't even bothered to become defensive about the Third Reich. The *Führer* was just another celebrity with whom to rewind a party.

"How'd the Flegers get away with all that Hitler stuff?" I asked as we watched. "Not just because of the cop-out Jew?"

"Her old man didn't become a Party member," Slim said. "Not till the War, and that's when he started working with Allied intelligence."

"All the real clever Nazis did," I said.

"Gringo," Slim said, "this is the cleverest clan in the world. *El viviendo fin*."

*El viviendo fin* is Spanish for the living end. Old Slim used Spanish hip as a reminder that he'd been Diego Rivera's tavern companion and chief disciple. For some reason, maybe because we went to college together, there was a certain

rivalry between Slim and me. Last year I'd wangled him a very classy invitation at St.-Moritz. This winter he was tit-for-tattling me in Kitzbühel. But, truth be told, I was annoyed with him only on account of her.

"Look at them come down," Slim said.

They came down indeed, through the harsh crystalline yellowness. Ye French art publisher slow, stodgy, knock-kneed; ye literary princess with several attempts at style, interrupted by sudden arm-thrashing incertitudes; ye champ weaving and wedeling in a graceful snow universe all his own; ye hostess sure and sinuous, a decorative lace kerchief fluttering from her pocket, her face still not paying any heed, not even to the snow; and in front of them all, carving out the *piste*, a man I hadn't seen before, a wiry, tall, light-haired bloke.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"That's the night-*piste* man," Slim said. "That cat does nothing but run the lift and be available at night. That's why he's got no color on him."

It was true. The fellow's long, thin face was quite pale among the bronzed figures swarming behind him.

"Isn't money nice?" Slim said. "Any time you can't sleep, two A.M., five A.M., the night cat's there. He'll work the lift and ski you down."

They were quite close now, the yellow

demons, swishing down out of the night. I felt I was too weary to face them. Suddenly it was too much: the night-*piste* man, the antlers, the flight from New York and the drive from Munich, the cop-out Jew, the prospect of too much Henry Miller from the literary princess, too little attention from *mein* hostess. I asked Slim to convey my excuses.

"*Segura cosa*," he said, "sure thing. Sleep tight. Hey, and tell St.-Moritz about the night-*piste* bit."

That's when it came to me that Slim had tried with Etta and had come a cropper and perhaps wanted me to try and come a cropper, too.

"Good night, old boy," I said.

• • •

At Kitzbühel you're nowhere if you're white. A deep tan is your citizenship certificate and without it you can't practice any of the civic virtues like drinking, seducing or even skiing. You actually feel indecent on skis as long as you're pale. So I went up to the Hahnenkamm very early the next morning after a not particularly good night's sleep. And the first thing I spotted outside the aerial cableway station was *mein* hostess. I didn't care for her to see me like that, ashen-nosed like her night-*piste* man and puzzled in the knees. But there she was. Alone, not traveling in a tinselly, chattering, pastel-colored gaggle like most skiing matrons, but all by herself in sleek sober black except for the white kerchief.

"Ah," she said, "you deserted us last night."

"Good morning," I said. "I didn't think you'd notice."

"But you are very noticeable. You are so pale. I will show you the southern slopes that will make you brown fast."

And she was off, and I behind her. She skied with those languorous swivelings and hip rhythms easy as breathing which made you think, irritatedly, that she never had to learn, never ached her way from snowplow to stem turn, but relaxed from the first into a sovereign slalom. It was really the nonattention-paying business again. She took no heed of those wicked little bumps, the sudden bluffs, the athwart trees, the treacherous ledges of ice. On the contrary, all obstacles arranged themselves around her for her convenience, so that she could waft oblivious through the fine golden blue.

Sometimes she seemed almost as exhausted as I. But while I panted secretly she'd sprawl straddle-thighed into the snow for rest; she'd make love to the whole mountain for a few abandoned seconds before rising refreshed and swishing forward keenly as though we'd just started the day.

I was grateful when we stopped to lunch at the Bichlalm hut. We drank spiced hot *Glühwein* and munched parsley sausage, chatting about how a few weeks of skiing spoiled the rest of the year for you; spoiled me for the cocktail-



"I won't be home till late again tonight, dear. It seems like it takes me an hour to do things I used to do in fifteen minutes."



corroded one-upmanship of the Manhattan treadmill, spoiled her for the leaden social duties of a German ambassador's wife in an unair-conditioned Latin-American country.

Throughout such fairly conventional ski talk, I noticed it again: her lightning-fast forays out of—and right back into—the proper manner. Only it became more open now. She'd get crumbs of black bread on her sweater and brush them off impatiently so that the resilient breasts beneath diddled, or she'd suddenly get thirsty for soda and bite the soda straw a moment before sucking it—all this interspersed with a cool, sardonic account of how she'd discovered on her one trip to New York that shopping there was really a status contest among Manhattan matrons for the best fitting rooms at Bergdorf Goodman. But I watched each time for the sweet lapse, for that flash of secret susceptibility, that glimpse of heat which lived on the inside of her too-short upper lip.

I had a sudden vision of a Latin-American peon with a villainously hairy chest warming her bed. It wasn't a literal suspicion. But I knew she let something or somebody happen to her which infiltrated and undermined that carapace of outer grace. To explore the thing further I began to talk to her in German, of which I have a fair command. And I discovered that when she

spoke, the guttural growl, which is at the base of German speech, melted away. In fact she had, off and on, the faintest Latin-American intonation. It turned the hardness of Teutonic consonants into round and roseate marble. Somehow she absolutely got away with being *Deutsch*. She did something—practiced some insidious secret—which undid my prejudice completely. And when we got back into English, she even fell from her Oxonian perfection into some charming inversions. "You do indeed ski very well!" she protested when I wondered if she'd put up with me after lunch as well.

She put up with me, but I lost her all the same, to a brief fog that overtook us at the Kitzbühler Horn just as she skied several hundred yards ahead of me. By the time it lifted, she was gone.

The rest of the afternoon was a search. A long sunset started, dropping colors on the hills. I combed them for her. I cast my ski trails like a huge net over those waning hours and caught no less than three black-clad ladies with white kerchiefs fluttering from their pockets—all of them impostors, none of them her. The wrong faces sat so mockingly on the right silhouettes.

At five I came back to the chalet—to be defeated again. She was in the hall. I thought there'd be a great reunion following the afternoon's separation. But there was only a brief, smooth "How

nice. You didn't get swallowed by an avalanche!" There were her introductions to two new guests. And that, brother, was all. Last night, she said, had been dinner at home; tomorrow night would be dinner at the literary princess'; but tonight was "the best night, your night off." She threw me a fine smile with her too-short upper lip as she vanished toward her private quarters: "Do enjoy yourself! Good night!"

It was quite a final though highly burnished kiss-off. She even provided the potential enjoyments—I mean the two new guests. A couple of young German divorcees sat before the fireplace drying their nail polish. They were stopping at Kitzbühel for a night or two and offered the backs of their hands, à la Continental, to Slim's and my lips. But they were also quite Americanized, launching into psychoanalytic revelations about the failure of their ex-husbands' parents, and then leaned back with their cocktail glasses, expecting to be repaid in kind.

I knew those two weren't compulsory. They were just there like the night *piste* was there, to have a try at if desired. Well, I didn't desire them. And I didn't understand my hostess. After sprawling in the snow like that before me; after brushing the bread crumbs off her sweater, bosom all ajiggle—after all that, she just left me to those chirping nail driers.

It was rather intolerable. I excused



**No.**  
**You won't see our  
patent on smoothness  
in your Gordon's Vodka  
and tonic,**

**but every sip says it's there.**

Every drop of Gordon's Vodka is screened fifteen times, using an agent even purer than clean mountain air. It's this exclusive patented process that makes Gordon's so smooth, so clear, so perfectly mixable. Expensive? Surprisingly, not.



80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.





"I'm frigid."

myself and went straight upstairs, after her. And had some luck. I cornered her in the corridor as she brushed past, without make-up, barely out of the sauna, looking like a wet blue-eyed madonna, which made the evening's loss all the more poignant.

"I meant to ask you," I said, and I didn't mind being abrupt, "I meant to ask you all along. I understand your father protected a Jew during the Nazi thing?"

"Yes," she said. "We were lucky in saving him."

"He's alive today?"

"Oh, I imagine very much." She smiled. It was a measure of her veneer that she managed not to lose a fraction of composure at this awkward ambush of mine. She stood in the corridor, little drops blackening the carpet as they ran down her white ankles which showed, pink on white, the imprint of the skiing boots. She squashed a towel against her moist hair so that it stood up every which way, and smiled the smile of a perfectly coiffed woman, a witch in wild-wet flower, cool, yet steaming with nakedness under the silk peignoir.

"You see," I said, "I'm so interested in this because I wish your family had taken care of some of my uncles like that."

"Ah, you are Jewish?"

"Yes," I said, "half."

I had fired it at her to jar her, to make her pay somehow, in a way that I felt she hadn't paid for being German, or for the War, or for learning to ski so well—and also to make her pay attention to me. But I realized, even as I said it, that I was

flinging the pathos of Jewishness at her, something I hadn't done for years. Nor am I half; I'm full.

"Well, then you are interested in this subject," she said. "Let's talk about it sometime."

"Yes," I said. "Sometime tonight. Perhaps dinner."

"After we are both cleaned up. After eight?"

I almost said, "Fine, thanks," to her, which would have given away that that was what I'd been after: It was for the sake of her dinner company that I'd thrown my Jewishness at her feet.

So I said, "Fine," period, made a glib see-ya motion and did what I hoped was an amble up the stairs.

By that evening I knew she had someone, maybe right there in the village. I sensed it despite the finesse with which she protected herself. When I came down for cocktails at eight, she had arranged the evening—through some fast telephoning, no doubt. An Italian with a diabolic little goatee appeared. She let him kiss her hand for just an instant longer than I liked. Then he scooped up the two chirpy divorcees together with Slim. *Avanti!* and off they were in a low-slung sports sled on a moonlight ride to the next village.

Etta and I went to a local restaurant, the explanation (backed by my exhausted face) being that I had to be fed a nice and restful dinner. But nice and restful wasn't exactly what I'd call that dinner. The restaurant featured a hot zither that could marry a waltz to a frug; also a decor combining baroque milk buckets,

baronial paneling and El Morocco lighting; an aroma compounded of Ma Griffe, virile ski instructors' armpits, molten wax from candles, and the piping-hot spice of goulash. The place was full of people whom she knew. As they passed us their social cries made me get up four times during each course.

On the one hand, this was annoying. On the other, it had a certain value. The tentative envy with which the men shook my hand, the extra notch to which the women upped their female radar as they smoothed down their sweaters and surrendered their rings to my lips—it all added up to a sort of puzzlement. Their "How do you do?" was really a translation of "What? Not the Italian?" or "Are you the one?"

She had someone. Everybody in Kitzbühel seemed to sense it. But she covered herself so well. She was so damn good. She could make an entirely offhand joke about the diabolic Italian ("Some of the ladies here call him 'Carissimo Grant'") which increased both my suspicion and my puzzlement. To table-hoppers she could address a "Hello, darling" that was cordial yet so definitely omitted an exclamation point that each darling knew it was time for him to go back to his own table five seconds later. Turning to me, she could, with the same precise nuance, suggest the imminence of an intimacy that was never realized or offered. We never even talked too much about the cop-out Jew, though I tried.

"You were going to tell me," I said, "about the fellow your father kept hidden during the War."

"Oh yes," she said. "That was exciting."

"Was it dangerous for you?"

"Poppa and his secretary and myself, we were all who knew about him."

"And could you really bring him up kosher?"

"Kosher?" she laughed. "In Germany? During the War? No, but he knew Hebrew and we smuggled in some Hebrew books and all that."

"Quite a responsibility for a young girl."

"He once taught me some Hebrew words," she said, smiling, stroking her single strand of pearls. "It was thrilling."

"Like a thrilling toy?"

"Oh, hello, darling," she said at the approach of still more friends and still more radar focusing on my face.

I tried not to let go after the darlings passed. "Where is he now?" I asked.

"Him?" she said. "Poppa gave him a job. He got so used to us. You should have heard him cry when Poppa died."

"Touching," I said.

"He was a little bit of a retarded child, you know."

"So I understand," I said.

"Ah?" She smiled. "You know? You





## The secret is the same

Have you ever brewed your favorite brand of coffee or tea away from home? At the seashore . . . in the mountains . . . in another city? You probably discovered a change in flavor—because a different water brings out a different taste, even when you use the same utensils and ingredients. The secret is exactly the same for brewing a fine beer—“*It’s the Water*” that makes the difference. This is why Olympia Beer is brewed *only* at Tumwater, Washington. For, here, a rare natural brewing water flows cold and pure from Olympia’s deep artesian wells. The result is a refreshing beer of unchanging excellence and flavor. Since 1896, the secret of brewing Olympia Beer has been simply this:

***“It’s the Water”***

*Visitors are always welcome at the Olympia Brewing Co., Tumwater, near Olympia, Wash., 8 to 4:30 daily. \*Oly \*®*





really studied us."

"Sure," I said, "on the theory that someday you might give me a nice job."

"Why, did somebody have to hide you?"

"Who knows?" I said. "I'm a Jew, aren't I?"

It didn't quite wipe out the bathos left from the earlier occasion, but it made her laugh again. She was the first German I'd ever met who wasn't the least bit self-conscious about the subject.

"I will give you a job now," she said. "You must teach me some more new American dances."

The zither had gotten fruggy again. We danced a lot, too much for my taste, because my weary legs got wearier still. Later on, though, came a tango. We danced more quietly, more closely. Of a sudden I felt she was treating me like her mystery lover's brother; her flesh engaged mine at shoulder and thigh, but not with the self-conscious caution that implies the possibility of surrender—no, rather in a kind of tactile meditation, as though my shoulders were the deputy of another and as though she (her face dreaming against my neck) transported herself toward fulfillment elsewhere.

"Good night," she said, back at the chalet. "I have my two divorced friends coming to my bedroom for—how do you say it in America?—for girl talk."

"Good night, goddamnit," I said. And I didn't mean the smile with which I said it. The evening had come to demand a climax between us; she cheated me of it by running upstairs. To make things worse, Slim and his divorcee arrived a moment later, the divorcee making for the stairs, too, with a tittered salutation, Slim pouring himself a cognac and throwing some logs on the fire—all by way of enormous self-satisfaction.

"Hey," he said. "Did you get yours?"

"Did you?"

"*Hombre!*" he whispered. "First time in my life in a sled. And she said afterward she did it because the mountains are beautiful." He laughed. "Were the mountains beautiful for you and Etta?"

"Slim," I said, "what's Etta's kick?"

"You mean you smelled it already?" He laughed again, but this time truly happy. "You struck out, too?"

"She wouldn't be a Lesbian," I said. "Would she?"

"*Jesús Maria!*" He got into a better and better mood, warming his back against the fire. "You are supposed to tell me! I had my hopes pinned on you, man! I thought you'd be the guy to crack her!"

"There's a hang-up someplace," I said.

"The hang-up," Slim said, "the hang-up is that she never hits the sack with the kind you'd expect, like you or me. You know what it was like down in Mexico? The most electric broad south of the bor-

der—and I couldn't even get to first base! It's ridiculous, right?"

"Sure, it's ridiculous," I said, not to satisfy him, but to make him go on.

"And forget her husband," Slim whispered. "Just a bald Kraut. It's something here. She's eating her heart out for it. She can't wait to get out of South America in winter. Christ, she sprained her ankle or something this fall, some tennis nonsense—you wouldn't believe all the doctors she ran to, just to get fixed up for Kitzbühel in time."

"That Italian?" I said.

"The dago with the beard?" Slim said. "He's been driving me nuts, too. But I thought you'd clear that up. What do you think I imported you for? I thought you were a specialist, old boy."

The door opened and the second divorcee came in, just full of this very same Italian. He had—imagine this!—sung her half of *Carmen* in jazz tempo! It made her vonder very much why she ever bothered with non-Latin men at all! . . . She pushed Slim provocatively out of his fireplace position, wiggled her tightly flowered behind into the warmest spot and brushed me with a playful glance. I looked at the smug cones in her sweater, at all that blatant sexual kitsch, and wondered, too: why Etta, the most Teutonic woman in Kitzbühel (who else had given flowers to the *Führer*?), why Etta was at the same time the least German, so very graceful in bearing and in tongue. What did that Etta-bitch do to get away with it?

I said good night and went to sleep.

. . .

Or rather tried to. The question pursued me, jabbed through my closed eyelids. I tried to think of Venice, for which I decided to leave the following noon. I had no intention now of staying another day. I tried to think of Venice, Venice which I loved and whose image should have gentled me toward sleep. But I couldn't drop off altogether. I couldn't get beyond dozing. The wind rose: flakes trembled against my window. After what I thought was half an hour, I gave up and looked at my watch. It was five A.M.

Suddenly I was mad at my insomnia. I wanted to crush it out on the night *piste*. Now my legs felt not only not tired, they felt positively vengeful. I wanted to run up and down the slope till I was good and ready to drop off. She wouldn't keep me from the few hours of sleep I needed for the drive south: she was not going to spoil my trip to Venice.

I got up and threw on my ski things. A card on my night table listed the chalet's various phone extensions, including one for the night man if you wanted him to turn on the ski lift. But I didn't care to bother with him. More precisely, I didn't care to be bothered by anybody. I longed for pure, radical and therefore unsocial exhaustion.

The antlers on the wall stabbed to-

ward me as I went down. Outside, the snowflakes gamboled with derisive grace under the yellow floodlight, a ballroom of chill crystals tinted half-pearl by a pinch of dawn. In fact, the act of snowing seemed as rich and defeatingly artful at that hour as the chalet itself, and the whole slope became a mysterious extension of the house as I walked the few steps to the night man's hut nearby.

Attached to it was a lean-to whose door stood open. As far as I could make out in the dark, it contained the lift motor—just what I was looking for. But I couldn't find the light switch, much less the lever that set the lift going. The only thing visible was a window that looked into the inside of the hut.

And so that was where I went. That was where I found her. It wasn't easy, but I picked her out instinctively in the shadows, my eyes composing and defining shapes even before they realized what they saw. She lay on a simple cot. But her presence itself was less astonishing—maybe something had primed me for that—than the way she lay there. She lay half bent on her side in a chaste white shift that covered her arms to below the elbow. She lay there like a little girl, hair splashed across the pillow in a naïve headlong black mop, none of the hostess sophistication left on her face, nothing of the accomplished lady or the diplomats' minx; only a happy, a candy-happy satisfaction that opened her upper lip trustingly as she breathed. Her right arm was flung across the empty bed space by her side.

I followed the direction of that arm and saw the night *piste* man. He stood by the window that gave out to the east, to the lower side of the slope. He swayed forward and back slightly, the white fringes of his Jewish prayer shawl swinging as he moved, glimmering like slivers of snow in the half-light and reaching down almost to his ski boots. The phylactery stood out black on his forearm and on the inside of his upper arm. And I had a mad impulse to break down the door and shake him by the shoulders. To yell at him not to lend her his bed each winter so that she could relieve herself of the past in it, not to give her a Jewish cop-out bed in which to fornicate herself, thrillingly, into pureness.

My shoulder was already poised against the door. But then I saw how his mouth moved slowly, in the tranced slowness of a man with a veil across his brain, some sort of maybe sainted flaw. And since saints cannot be communicated with but are there to be used, I used him, too. The sight of him made me no longer want her. Suddenly I was cured. I was full of an enormous exhaustion.

Without a glance back, I walked out and picked my way back to the chalet.



CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

# BARBED WIRES

## HUMOR

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LT = International Letter Telegram

SINCE SAMUEL F. B. MORSE CABLED IMMORTAL MESSAGE IN 1844 QUOTE WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT QUERY UNQUOTE TELEGRAMS HAVE BECOME FAR MORE THAN UNIVERSAL MEANS OF URGENT COMMUNICATION STOP WITH LEAN STACCATO METER AND SPECIALIZED VOCABULARY OF RUNTOGETHER ABBREVIATIONS HAVE BECOME ART FORM AS DISCIPLINED AS JAPANESE HAIKU STOP UNLIKE HAIKU HOWEVER HAVE ALSO BECOME MATCHLESS MEDIUM FOR HUMOR INTENTIONAL AND OTHER-WISE AND FOR SENDERS' SCATHING WIT PAREN OF WHICH TELEGRAPHIC BREVITY IS SOUL END PAREN STOP RE AFOREMENTIONED REFER SOONEST FOLLOWING COM-PENDIUM OF CROSSED WIRES AND TELEGRAPHED PUNCHES COLLECTED FOR PLAYBOY BY TELEGRAMMARIAN JOYCE DENEBRINK WHO SENDS SINCEREST REGARDS

A MAGAZINE EDITOR, researching an article on Cary Grant, once wired Wilson Mizner, a Hollywood columnist friend:

HOW OLD CARY GRANT?

Mizner wired back:

OLD CARY GRANT FINE. HOW YOU?

Showman Florenz Ziegfeld conducted almost all his business by telegram, even with people who worked in the same building. One day he sent Eddie Cantor a 12-page wire inquiring about some details of the Ziegfeld show in which Cantor was appearing—two floors below. Cantor answered:

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD  
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATER BUILDING  
NEW YORK NY

YES.

Ziegfeld replied:

YES WHAT?

Cantor wired back:

YESSIR!

Ziegfeld replied:

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YESSIR? DO YOU MEAN  
YESSIR YOU'LL TAKE OUT THE SONG, OR  
YESSIR YOU WILL PUT IN THE LINE, OR  
YESSIR YOU WILL FIX THAT SCENE OR YESSIR  
YOU HAVE TALKED TO THOSE ACTORS?  
ZIEGFELD

Cantor wired back:

NO SIR.

Anxious to perform the starring role in one of George Bernard Shaw's plays, stage star Cornelia Otis Skinner sent the following cable to the testy Irish playwright, triggering a transoceanic cross fire:

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW  
AYOT SAINT LAWRENCE  
HERTFORDSHIRE ENGLAND

MAY I DO "CANDIDA"?

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER  
7 GRACIE SQUARE  
NEW YORK NY

EXCELLENT. GREATEST!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW  
AYOT SAINT LAWRENCE  
HERTFORDSHIRE ENGLAND

UNDESERVING SUCH PRAISE.

SKINNER

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER  
7 GRACIE SQUARE  
NEW YORK NY

I MEANT THE PLAY.

SHAW

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW  
AYOT SAINT LAWRENCE  
HERTFORDSHIRE ENGLAND

SO DID I.

SKINNER

Britain's wittiest playwright invited Britain's wittiest statesman to the theater one night:

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
CHARTWELL  
WESTERHAM  
KENT

HAVE RESERVED TWO TICKETS FOR MY FIRST  
NIGHT. COME AND BRING A FRIEND, IF YOU  
HAVE ONE.

SHAW

Churchill replied:

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW  
AYOT SAINT LAWRENCE  
HERTFORDSHIRE

IMPOSSIBLE TO COME TO FIRST NIGHT. WILL  
COME TO SECOND NIGHT, IF YOU HAVE ONE.

CHURCHILL

During Robert Benchley's magazine-writing heyday, his editors grew accustomed to the fact that his copy would not be in until the last minute, if it came in at all. But Benchley felt guilty about missing deadlines and would dream up improbable excuses when he realized his work wouldn't be done on time—as



in the following volley of wires he dispatched on one such occasion—all on the same day:

COLLECT  
ART SAMUELS, EDITOR  
HARPER'S BAZAAR  
572 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

AM ACTING AS GUIDE FOR HUNTING PARTY.  
BENCHLEY  
PRESQUE ISLE MAINE

COLLECT  
ART SAMUELS, EDITOR  
HARPER'S BAZAAR  
572 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

AM INSPECTING NEW PACKARD ENGINES.  
BENCHLEY  
DETROIT MICHIGAN

COLLECT  
ART SAMUELS, EDITOR  
HARPER'S BAZAAR  
572 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

AM JUDGING ORANGE BLOSSOM CARNIVAL.  
BENCHLEY  
MIAMI BEACH FLORIDA

COLLECT  
ART SAMUELS, EDITOR  
HARPER'S BAZAAR  
572 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

AM BEING INDUCTED INTO INDIAN TRIBE.  
BENCHLEY  
PHOENIX ARIZONA

COLLECT  
ART SAMUELS, EDITOR  
HARPER'S BAZAAR  
572 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

AM WORKING ON PICTURE WITH GRETA GARBO.  
BENCHLEY  
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

Samuels finally replied:

COLLECT  
ROBERT BENCHLEY  
ROYALTON HOTEL  
44 WEST 44 STREET  
NEW YORK NY

GATHER YOU HAVEN'T DONE THE PIECE.  
SAMUELS  
NEW YORK NY

On another occasion, Benchley wired the following to a Manhattan fraternal society on the day of a dinner at which he was expected to speak:

BANSHEE CLUB  
NEW YORK NY

SORRY I CAN'T ATTEND LUNCHEON TODAY BECAUSE I AM IN BOSTON. DON'T KNOW WHY I AM IN BOSTON BUT IT MUST BE IMPORTANT BECAUSE HERE I AM.

Arriving in Venice for the first time, Benchley cabled home:

MRS. ROBERT BENCHLEY  
2 LYNWOOD ROAD  
SCARSDALE NY

STREETS FULL OF WATER. PLEASE ADVISE.  
ROBERT BENCHLEY

When a house guest of playwright George S. Kaufman suddenly packed up and rushed off for Hollywood without so much as a thank you or a farewell, he received this telegram when his train stopped in Chicago:

GOODBYE—IF I'M NOT BEING TOO PERSONAL.  
GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Kaufman seized a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to tell off parsimonious Paramount Studios when they sent him the following wire:

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN  
14 EAST 94 STREET  
NEW YORK NY

OFFER \$40,000 FOR SCREEN RIGHTS TO "ONCE IN A LIFETIME."

LASKY, PARAMOUNT

JESSE LASKY  
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION  
1501 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK NY

OFFER \$40,000 FOR PARAMOUNT COMPANY.  
KAUFMAN

JESSE LASKY  
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION  
1501 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK NY

DISREGARD MY OFFER. HAVE CHANGED MY MIND.

KAUFMAN

To actor Billy Gaxton, who had taken it upon himself to "improve" on Kaufman's script for *Of Thee I Sing* by ad-libbing a few lines of his own, the acerbic playwright wired:

BILLY GAXTON  
MUSIC BOX THEATER  
NEW YORK NY

WATCHING YOUR PERFORMANCE FROM THE BACK ROW. WISH YOU WERE HERE.

The wife of a well-known Hollywood movie director didn't know what to make of this wire, which he sent her while he was on location with a glamorous movie star:

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME. WISH YOU WERE HER.

The legendary Harold Ross, founder and editor of *The New Yorker*, once asked Alexander Woollcott to delete an objectionable line from one of his critical reviews, in order "to save editorial face." Woollcott, who claimed that Ross would lose a beauty contest to Bert Lahr, replied:

SORRY I CANNOT SAVE YOUR FACE, IF ONLY FOR SOME MUSEUM.

Hoping to add another link to his far-flung newspaper chain, publisher William Randolph Hearst sent this telegram to his archrival in New York:

WHITELAW REID, OWNER  
NEW YORK TRIBUNE  
154 NASSAU STREET  
NEW YORK NY

HOW MUCH WILL YOU TAKE FOR THE TRIBUNE?



Reid's reply:

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST  
NEW YORK JOURNAL  
PARK ROW  
NEW YORK NY

THREE CENTS ON WEEKDAYS, FIVE CENTS ON SUNDAYS.

From producer Walter Wanger to theatrical agent Leland Hayward when Hayward eloped with his client, Margaret Sullivan:

LELAND HAYWARD  
654 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

CONGRATULATIONS ON ACQUIRING THE OTHER 90 PERCENT.

From a disgruntled editor to his employer:

PUBLISHER  
MONOCLE PERIODICALS  
80 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

MUST HAVE RAISE AT ONCE OR COUNT ME OUT.  
LINGEMAN  
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

The publisher's reply:

R. R. LINGEMAN  
305 EAST 17 STREET  
NEW YORK NY

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, TEN.  
MONOCLE PERIODICALS

Photographer Bob Landry, while shooting a story for *Life* aboard the U. S. Navy aircraft carrier Enterprise, submitted on his expense account an item that seemed improbable to the home office:

BOB LANDRY, LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER  
ABOARD U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

JUSTIFY EXPENSE ACCOUNT ITEM: TAXIS.  
ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT

Undaunted, Landry shot back:

TIMEINC NEWYORK  
ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT  
BLOODY BIG CARRIER.

In the early 1900s, an Egyptian railway clerk in Nubia, Upper Egypt, wired his British superior in Cairo:

MY RAILWAY STATION ATTACKED BY LIONS, TIGERS, BEARS AND WOLVES.  
AHMED

The reply:

YOUR MESSAGE RIDICULOUS. WIRE PRECISELY WHAT YOU MEAN.  
CHAUNCY PEALE  
HEADQUARTERS

Realizing he'd overextended himself, Ahmed wired back:

DELETE TIGERS AND BEARS.

A lawyer who had won a seemingly impossible case

for his client wired exuberantly:

JUSTICE HAS TRIUMPHED!

The client unhesitatingly replied:

APPEAL THE CASE AT ONCE!

When musical-comedy star Gertrude Lawrence appeared on Broadway in her first dramatic role, friend Noel Coward congratulated her in characteristic fashion:

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE  
"CANDLELIGHT"  
EMPIRE THEATER  
NEW YORK NY

AT LAST YOU ARE LEGITIMATE—WON'T MOTHER BE PLEASED!

Onetime diplomat Stanton Griffis sent two telegrams on the same day: one to actress Ina Claire, who was opening in a new play, and one to his niece, who was being married. Unfortunately, his niece received the wrong telegram—on her wedding night:

I HOPE YOU HAVE YOUR USUAL SUCCESS  
STANTON GRIFFIS

*Punch* editor E. V. Lucas wasted no words in a congratulatory telegram to an old friend who had just been knighted:

MY DEAR SIR.

Soon after Al Smith, the first Catholic candidate to run for President, was defeated in a landslide by Herbert Hoover in 1928, one wag invented the following apocryphal cable:

POPE PIUS XI  
VATICAN CITY  
ITALY

UNPACK.

AL SMITH

John Q. Public's English cousin, John Bull, had the final word in this wire to Britain's ex-Prime Minister:

LORD HOME  
THE FOREIGN OFFICE  
DOWNING STREET  
LONDON SW 1

TO HELL WITH YOU. OFFENSIVE LETTER  
FOLLOWS.

IRATE CITIZEN

Western Union's recent advertising campaign—a full-page telegram blank with the message: "IGNORE THIS TELEGRAM!"—inspired the following exchange between San Francisco ad man Howard Gossage and his editor at Macmillan:

AL HART, EDITOR  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
60 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK NY

IGNORE THIS TELEGRAM!

GOSSAGE

HOWARD GOSSAGE  
WEINER AND GOSSAGE  
451 PACIFIC STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

WHAT TELEGRAM?

HART



## ANGEL OF MERCY (continued from page 131)

legs felt weak. "Ah," she said, "you want a cup of coffee first?"

First.

Hundreds of gray suits, briefcases, gray hats, gray jaws fresh-shaven . . . why him, why Jacobs?

"I don't underst—"

"I said just for kicks. Kicks. You know what kicks are." She was patient, persistent, pulling him along in the great echoing chamber.

"But I nev—"

"You religious or something?"

"No, no, it's—"

"So you're married. Listen—" They were part of the street crowd, a morning riot almost. She shouted: "It's good for marriage. Believe me, mister, I know. I had a husband once, he—"

Taxis honking, drivers cursing. Garment racks, messengers on motor bikes, cop on a horse, trucks like elephant behinds blocking side streets.

"—kept it all inside himself, see? Then finally he couldn't stand it and broke loose, run off, the weak bastard—"

Around a corner, heading straight for the side entrance to a hotel, one of those big convention palaces with small rooms and cheap towels. "If he'd sneaked a piece or two on the side, see," she said, lecturing him before an audience of two fat men, truckers in caps, chewing cigars, bored, "then he'd of stayed—worse luck for me, though. My third husband was well to do."

Third? Who was first, second? Where were they all now . . . waiting in the hotel room? *A con game.* Watch out, Jacobs. But she was ahead of him, already past the doorman and inside. He hurried after her, but stopped in the lobby when he saw she had made it to the desk. The place was nearly deserted; a few bellboys, shaggy rubber plants, some men reading newspapers . . . house detectives? A ridiculous situation. He looked angrily at his watch. Twenty to nine, and his in box would be piled high with memos and letters.

"Come on!" She was bellowing at him across the lobby, waving her pocketbook. Good God, if it was a con game, the whole hotel was in on it. Not one of those house detectives so much as batted an eye. Jacobs hurried over to the elevator to shut her up. Was he a dog on a leash or what?

"Now just a—"

But a middle-aged bellboy had shuffled up with the key. The doors opened, the three of them were inside, rising silently together, partners in a sordid fate. Automatically, Jacobs removed his hat and felt in his pocket for a tip.

The room had two double beds, a window, a television set, and in a bureau drawer, hidden but handy, a Bible.

"Want some ice, sir?" said the bellboy. (Her brother? Husband number two?)

"No." Jacobs gave him a dollar bill,

wet from a sweating hand, and he went out. The door snapped shut.

"Don't throw your hat on the bed," she said. He put it back on his head. She was looking out the window. "New York always gets me, you know?"

"Look, there's one thing I—"

"Ha. I know. You think it's some kind of racket. You're waiting for the vice squad or something to come busting in. You guys are all alike." She laughed.

"I've got to call the office," he said, reaching for the phone.

"Suspicious, suspicious. It's weird. A free piece comes along just for kicks and no questions asked and everybody seems to want to have their lawyer check it over." She took off her jacket and hung it carefully in the closet.

Jacobs gave his office number to the hotel operator. He stood between the beds, facing the wall. Behind him came a snap; involuntarily he glanced over his shoulder. She had turned on the TV set. Its noise came up quickly, cartoons for the kiddies. He told the office switchboard girl to tell three other people he'd be late. Behind him were waltzing Popeye and Olive, circa 1935 . . . and his own kids, preschool, watching the same thing at home, maybe. He hung up. She switched to another channel, news, and left it on for him as she went into the bathroom, swinging her pocketbook.

Jacobs sat on one of the beds, watching the news, still holding his attaché case, listening to the water running in the bathroom. The blonde was singing *My Blue Heaven*. Riots in Malaysia. Ski disaster in Austria. Mrs. Jacobs at home, five feet two, eyes of blue, stripping the beds, dusting the mantel, brushing the dog. At the office, Miss Waggoner shoveling more paper into his in box, and Godchaux, the accountant, looking for him. ("Where's Jacobs, Miss W.? Shacked up in a hotel room with some blonde, hey? Ha.") Yankees win, 5-4. Mets win, 8-5. Rain in the late afternoon . . .

"Say, you still got your *hat* on."

The blonde had come back, wearing two towels. She was broad-shouldered and short without her shoes.

Jacobs put his attaché case in a chair and his hat on top of it.

Shades down. Bedsprad whipped back.

"Well, what's the matter, mister? You're not a pansy, are you? . . . Ha, I thought that'd shake you up. Don't get sore. Nine guys out of ten fidget around and watch the door like you . . . Put the chain on it, why don't you?"

(Chain on the door, suit coat in the closet, blonde on the bed with plump shaven legs and painted toenails.)

"Light me a cigarette, huh?"

That did it. That broke the spell. One little touch of banality—and it was midnight for Cinderella. Fairy coach became pumpkin, and this chesty Lilith, myth-



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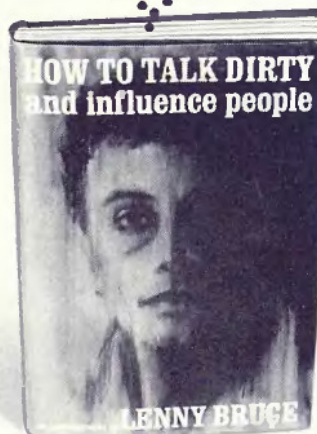


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woman of sexy daydreams, became just a big middle-aged blonde beside him on a hotel bed. He wanted to hear her say it again, and he asked: "What?"

"Light me a cigarette."

Yes, yes. Epitaph to magic lust, that phrase from the silver screen. It was the first predictable thing that had happened. It made all the rest jump into a pattern. He grinned away from her. "Sorry, but I quit smoking last year." He lighted the cigarette anyway and, faithful to the tradition she had quoted, put it to her lips. A tobacco kiss, phallic, hinting of death.

Would she reach up and loosen his tie? Yes, she would—she did, squinting in the cigarette smoke. Jean Harlow and George Raft. Sexuality, real and synthetic, sang in his veins, drummed the blood up, leaving his hands and feet cold . . . Predictable! A situation, a life experience!

"There's a pants hanger in the closet," she said. "Oh, say, leave the TV on, will you? I like it on."

An extra dimension, the TV. Made it seem like a public ceremony. The world must be represented, through its brainless eye. Outside in the morning streets, gray everybody was flickering in the sunlight, and there at the foot of the rumpled bed, a quiz program.

("Colombo is the capital of what?")

"Ceylon," he said, putting his tie on the hanger. Was he trembling with excitement? To be sure . . . but why was he so carefully straightening the creases of his trousers on the hanger and adjusting the upside-down pockets so his change and keys wouldn't spill out? Why hadn't he torn off the suit, flung it on the floor, ripped his tie in wild haste, pulled the towels from that acre of blonde, that thrice-married, varicose widow?

("Columbia is the capital of what?")

"South Carolina."

The anticipation of passion throbbed, beat, swelled . . . and yet, there was this detachment, too. Adulterous guilt? Fear of Jove's bolt?

("Columbus . . .")

"Ohio."

He hung his shirt on the closet door-knob. No guilt, no fear. The blonde would have no reason to regret her choice. He would be equal to the occasion, just as, in an hour, he would be capably handling the budget in the board room. She was, even, like the budget—a matter which had come to his attention, requiring action. A big blonde memo marked urgent.

It was a little sad. He took her hands. "Do you know," he said, "if I were five years younger I'd be crying now?"

"Huh?"

She didn't understand. Yes, then he would have been crying and trembling like a boy, possessed by the idea that this wild impossible Monday-morning surprise was a turning point of fate.

"I don't like 'em too young," she said,

sitting up, beginning to do things.

But now . . . just an episode.

"Real young guys, they can't handle themselves right, you know? They get ideas, this and that." She was perspiring a little, one eye still on the TV.

Maybe a turning point after all, to be old enough to see no turning point. To see nothing.

"And I don't like these hot-pants types who always give me the eye. It's not so much the age, see, it's a certain look a man has when you know it's, well, OK . . ." (Breathing harder, shedding towels, but serious.)

A certain look . . . a certain time, too, when life stops being personal and becomes anybody's life, everybody's life . . . mass life, indifferent life, life as a set of problems presented, solutions offered.

"But I mean, I get a real charge out of you guys. There you are, fresh off the train, headed for the office same as usual—then wham, you wind up inside four walls with a woman. Something different, huh?"

"I'll say." No, not different. Not much different. If different, then not better. But he would not say that to her. When Florence Nightingale came through the battlefield with bandages, what soldier could tell her he hadn't noticed his wound until then?

"Any man needs a little pickup, a little satisfaction once in a while."

Her gift to the gray men. A hundred hotel beds moaning under her Samaritan flesh, a hundred men roused by potency to see the impotence of their lives.

"When it's unexpected, it's kind of special, see?"

Special . . . unexpected. Ah, poor banal Lilith, bumbling angel of sexual mercy, sagging Valkyrie, blonde destroyer of men who flung open the window of routine to let the dream killers spring inside. How many of the gray men had broken the image of their youth on that hopeful foolish body? How many had risen drained of dreams to meet their anonymity and age?

She was weeping.

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I don't know. It's OK. I mean, I always cry some."

They lay beneath the sheet. He held her in his arms, stroking her with a lover's tenderness. Poor old nymph. Her body told her what his mind told him. She knew there was trouble, always trouble, even in the bright beat of desire and fulfillment . . . something wrong that her gift could not make right but only worse, and yet she could not help what she did and was.

"It happens," he said, softly.

She closed her eyes and smiled. "You understand. You guys do understand."

Guys. Not just one guy. Guys. He laughed and held her closer.

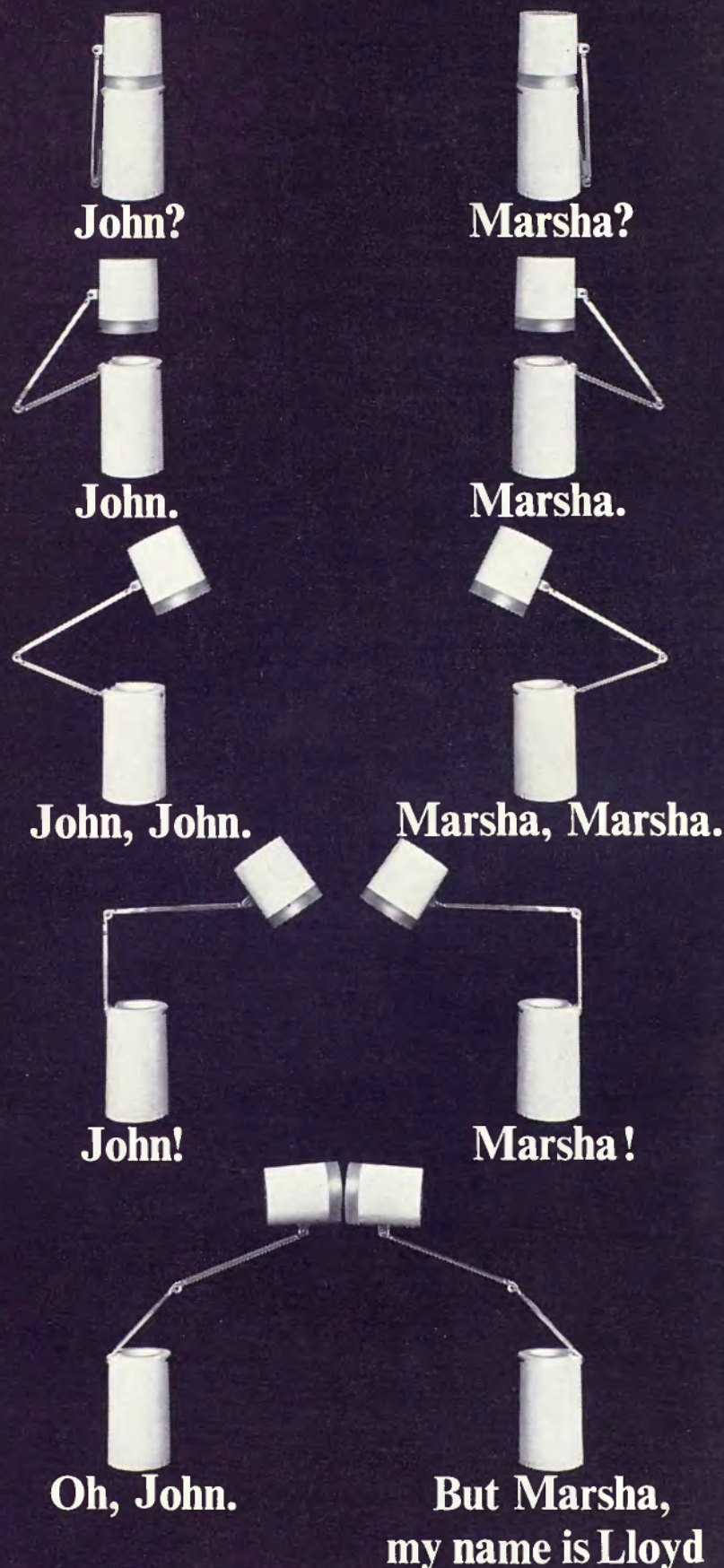






*"Why, yes, I did dress in rather a hurry—why do you ask?"*





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## DEATHWATCH

(continued from page 121)

a while to fully understand. And when he finally did, his first thought was: How will I tell *her*?

. . .

To his great relief and mystification, his wife took it better than he did. At least she seemed to. Or was it merely that built-in anesthetic that women seem to have that lets them blot out any tragedy that is far enough in the past or far enough into the indefinite future?

Whatever it was, he was grateful for it. Bad enough for a man to have to look ahead decades into the future and face the inevitable, to have to live with the thought of it long before the reality itself . . .

For a woman, let her just have her son.

He was a boy, just like any other boy, wasn't he? Like every other normal boy. He would learn to walk, to talk, to play with other children. He'd probably have the mumps, and maybe chickenpox, too. There'd be good report cards and bad ones, he'd come home with black eyes and skinned knees . . .

Not a monster. A boy like any other boy. A woman could forget. A woman could lose herself in just being a mother.

But for how long could he make himself feel like a father?

. . .

The mutation was called immortality, perhaps inaccurately, since it would take forever to know whether it was really possible to live forever.

Nevertheless, men and women began to be born who did not grow old and die.

Not that they were invulnerable; they simply did not age. A balance was struck in their systems at about the age of 20, and from that age on, the body renewed itself; nervous system, circulatory system, endocrine system, digestive system—all retained their youthful vigor indefinitely.

They were not supermen. They could succumb to the usual diseases. They were just as prone to accidents as other men. They were neither better nor wiser. The mutation, like most other successful mutations, was a narrow one—it produced otherwise ordinary human beings who would not age.

The why of the mutation was, of course, one of those basically unanswerable riddles of evolution. Why do men have no tails? Why do birds have wings? Why intelligence itself?

Immortality was just one more in nature's endless series of experiments. Like all the others, it was, in itself, neither a gift nor a curse. It was whatever men would make of it.

And what it would make of men.

. . .

He tried earnestly to be a good father. He was not gruff with his son—if anything, he was too gentle, for he could not



look at that boyish face without a pang of regret, without a feeling of sadness.

He did try his best. He tried to be a companion to his son: fishing trips, camping, games—they did the usual father-son things together. And later on, he tried to be his son's confidant, to share his dreams and yearnings and trials. He tried as few fathers try.

But it all fell flat.

Because it was all mechanical, it was all hypocritical. For there was one thing he could not bring himself to try, there was one thing he could not bear.

He could not let himself love his son.

And though he would scarcely admit it, even to himself, he was relieved when his son graduated from college and took a job 3000 miles away across the continent. It was as if half of a great weight were lifted from his shoulders: as if a dagger that had been hanging directly over his head had been moved across the room.

His wife took it like all mothers take it—it hurt to have a continent between her son and herself, but the hurt would grow numb with time . . .

The immortality mutation bred true. It would be passed along from generation to generation like any other dominant gene. Two immortals could produce immortal children, just as two dark-haired people produce dark-haired children.

The immortals would breed as fast as ordinary men, and since youth and potency would be theirs forever, they would be able to produce an unlimited number of offspring in their millennial life spans.

Since the immortals, in the long run, could easily outbreed mortals, the entire human race would someday be heir to the gift of immortality. In the long run.

In the short run . . .

Their son wrote home, and when he did, the answering letters were invariably written by his mother and countersigned, unread, by his father.

There were trips home every year or so, visits that his mother waited eagerly for and that his father dreaded. There was no hostility between father and son, but there was no warmth either—neither genuine pleasure at meeting nor sorrow at parting . . .

He knew that he had closed his son out of his heart. It was a cold, calculating thing to do. He knew that, too.

But he knew that he *had* to do it, for the sake of his own sanity, to be a rock that his wife could lean on . . .

It was a sacrifice, and it was not without its cost. Something within him seemed to shrivel and die. Pity, compassion, love became academic, ersatz emotions to him. They could not move him—it was as if they were being described to him by somebody else.

And occasionally he found himself

lying awake next to his sleeping wife, in the loneliest hours of the night, and wishing that he could cry at least one real tear.

Just one . . .

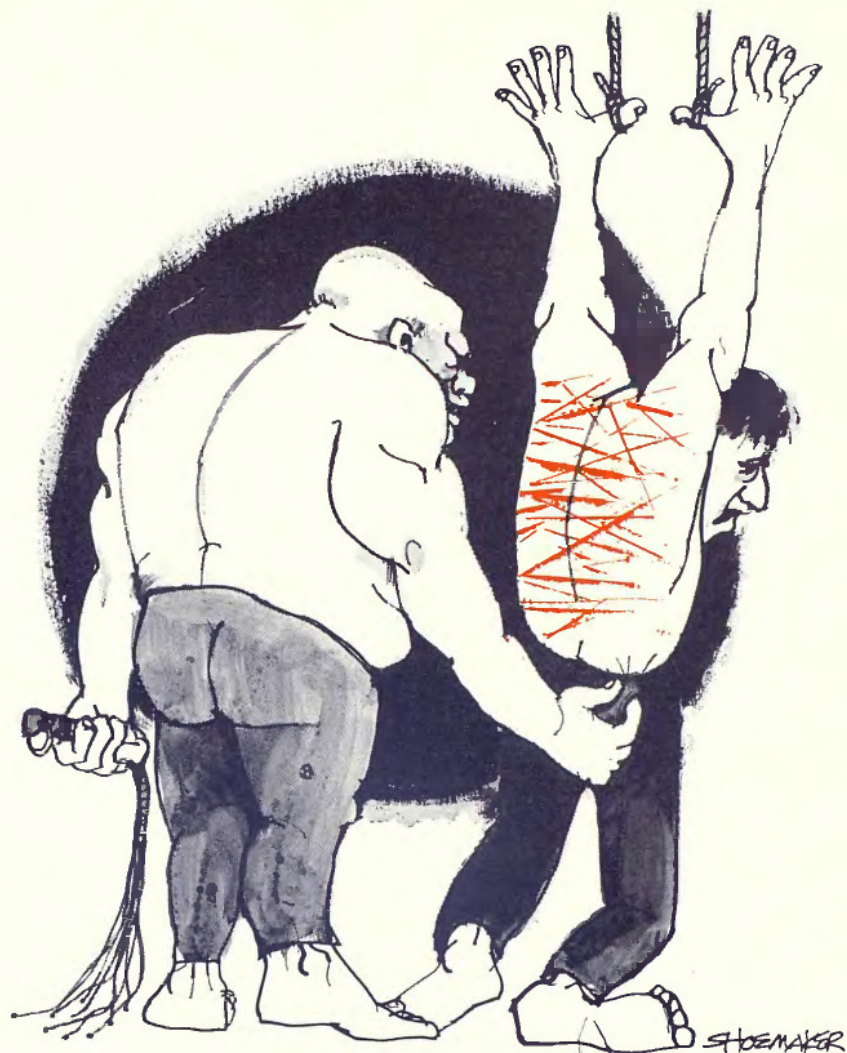
The laws of genetics are statistical—the coldest form of mathematics. A dominant gene, like the immortality gene, breeds more or less true. Immortality was dominant, death was becoming recessive.

But recessive does not necessarily mean extinct.

Every so often—and the frequency may be calculated by the laws of genetics—two dark-haired people produce a blond, two healthy people a diabetic, two ordinary people a genius or an immortal, two immortals . . .

The old man's breath was stilled now. His heart gave one last futile flutter and gave up the fight.

Now there were only two lives in the



*"23, 24, 25 . . . and a pinch to grow an inch!"*

room, two lives that would go on and on and on and on . . .

The man searched his heart futilely for some hint of genuine pain, some real and human emotion beyond the bitterness that weighed him down. But it was an old bitterness, the bitterness between father and son that was the fault of neither . . .

The woman left his side and tenderly, with the tears streaming down her creamy cheeks, she stroked the white mane of the dead old man.

With a trembling sob, she pressed her soft smooth skin against the wrinkled leather of his cheek.

And, finally, after long cold decades, a dam within her husband burst, and the torrent of sternly suppressed love and sorrow flooded the lowlands of his soul.

Two lone and perfect tears escaped his still-impassive eyes as he watched his wife touch her warm young lips to that age-wrecked face.

And kiss their son goodbye.





## CREATIVE COLLECTING

(continued from page 111)

a historical continuity of true value.

When I began to collect actively, I determined to keep my collection comparatively small, to purchase only items of the highest artistic quality. I felt that I would much rather own a few choice pieces than to amass an agglomeration of second-rate items. Also, I resolved to concentrate on certain schools, largely limiting myself to those which interested me most. Hence, the majority of my collection consists of five categories of works of art: Greek and Roman marbles and bronzes, Renaissance paintings, 16th Century Persian carpets, Savonnerie carpets and 18th Century French furniture and tapestries.

I have, of course, made several digressions. I recall one purely unintentional purchase I made at Christie's a few years ago. The day was warm—by English standards, very warm—and the auction rooms were terribly crowded. For some unknown reason, no one had thought to open any windows; the atmosphere inside gradually became hotter and stickier, eventually to such a degree that I was completely distracted from the sale then in progress. A friend had accompanied me to the sale. He sat next to me and was also suffering from the heat and lack of fresh air.

"You'd think the staff would do something about the ventilation in here," he commented to me *solto voce*.

I nodded agreement and unconsciously reached up to loosen my shirt collar.

An instant later, I noticed the auctioneer pointing directly at me.

"Yours, sir—for one hundred guineas!" he announced loudly.

I blinked at him in astonishment. For several seconds, I was completely baffled—and then I realized what had happened. While I had been fretting about the ventilation and paying no attention to the sale, a painting was being auctioned. The bidding had reached the point at which the auctioneer was asking: "Will anyone offer a hundred guineas?"

Now, art auctions have their own etiquette. Buyers seldom call out their bids. They telegraph them through surreptitious movements of their hands or heads, by a flick of the catalog they hold or some other, similar means. Veteran auctioneers are constantly alert for such signals.

Thus, when, for the third time, the Christie's auctioneer had asked if anyone would give 100 guineas for the item then being offered and I made as if to loosen the collar of my shirt, he took it as a signal that I was willing to pay the price.

My consternation quickly became apparent to all those seated near me and occasioned much sympathetic laughter. I laughed, too. There was nothing to do but to accept the situation with good grace—and I consequently became the owner of what, in the sale catalog, was listed as "No. 18-A: a watercolor of Old London, a street scene of about 1845."

The circumstances surrounding another of my digressions as a collector were far different. In November 1933, I attended the Thomas Fortune Ryan sale at the Anderson Galleries in New York City. There, I purchased a total of 12 pieces. Ten of them were paintings by the Spanish Impressionist Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, who died in 1923. Obviously, his work did not fit into any of the five major categories into which I intended to channel my collecting efforts.

However, I was struck by the remarkable quality of Sorolla's paintings, being especially fascinated by his unique treatment of sunlight. I bid in the ten canvases and the two other items I bought during the sale for an over-all total price of considerably less than \$10,000. I have never since had any cause to regret my decision.

Looking at the acquisition from an investment standpoint, it was a highly fortuitous one. By 1938, the money value of the ten Sorollas had risen to \$40,000. Today, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida is acknowledged as one of the 15 or 20 finest Spanish painters of all time—and this includes such great masters as Goya and Velázquez. I would not care to hazard a guess as to what prices the Sorolla paintings would fetch if placed on the market at the present time.

I am certain of one thing, however. Although the purchase of these Impressionist works was a major digression from my usual fivefold collecting path, my opinion regarding their beauty, appeal and artistic merit remains the same as it was when I first saw the canvases at the Anderson Galleries. These digressions serve to illustrate that even the collector who is grimly determined to specialize or limit himself is highly likely to be led—or to lead himself—down many detours and byways. Although he may prefer one or a few types or schools of art to all others, his acquaintance with and understanding of specific forms of beauty cannot help but expand his aesthetic horizons. He cannot avoid, sooner or later, appreciating other forms, other schools, other categories of fine art. As his specialized collection grows, so grow his tolerance, his understanding and appreciation—and so grow his depth and dimension as a perceptive, sensitive and well-rounded individual.

I have made other exceptions to my general five-category rule. Among them are some excellent English portraits by Gainsborough and Romney. One Gainsborough has been described as "one of the really great English portraits" by no less an authority than Dr. Julius S. Held, professor of art history at Barnard College, Columbia University. There is, I might add, a tinge of irony in the fact that I own it. The portrait is of James A. Christie, founder of the world-famous



"There's a doctor's real reward, Wilcox. The sight of a patient on the mend."





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London auction gallery, Christie, Manson and Woods (generally known as Christie's).

The portrait was painted in 1778, when James A. Christie was 48. It was immediately recognized as one of Gainsborough's finer works and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London in 1778, 1817 and 1859 and subsequently at several other major exhibitions.

How and why the Christie family, steeped for generations in knowledge and appreciation of fine art, permitted this exceptional work and priceless heirloom to slip out of its hands is an unfathomable mystery. However, in 1927 it was sold—at Christie's—for £7560. The purchaser was Thomas Agnew & Sons, another art dealer. In 1938, I bought it from Colnaghi's gallery for £7500. It was one of a group of paintings that I lent to the New York World's Fair for exhibition in 1939. Another was Rembrandt's *Portrait of Marten Looten*, which has a fascinating history of its own.

• • •

It is far from unknown for a collector to become involved in controversies over art. These may be as minor as a simple difference of opinion in regard to the exact year in which a particular canvas was painted. At the other end of the scale, he may become embroiled in—or stir up—a storm of dispute that falls little short of creating an international incident.

I know, for I once innocently found myself in the middle of just such a major imbroglio. The story of the incident goes back to 1928, when I attended the Rembrandt Exposition at the Boymans Museum in Rotterdam.

It would be utterly fatuous for me to add anything to the millions of words of praise that have been written and said about Rembrandt van Rijn and his works. The incomparable genius of this leading representative of the Dutch school of painting is too well known to require any comment from me.

Some 40 of Rembrandt's works were assembled for display in the Boymans Museum—a fabulous *atroupement* of masterworks which literally overwhelmed eye, mind and emotions and which no person could reasonably absorb in a single visit to the exhibition. One of the works shown was *Marten Looten*, Rembrandt's second commissioned portrait, which he executed in 1632, when he was 26.

The more recent chronological history of the portrait was well known. In the early 19th Century, it was acquired by Cardinal Fesch, uncle of the French Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, and then serving as the French ambassador to the Vatican. After Cardinal Fesch's death in 1839, *Marten Looten* was sold and became part of the English Coningham Collection. In 1849, it was purchased—

for £800—by Sir George Lindsay Holford and added to his collection. In 1928—the same year as the Boymans exhibition—Anton W. W. Mensing, a wealthy and intensely patriotic Dutchman, bought the panel from Holford's descendants for \$204,000. Although he added it to his own collection, Mensing bought it primarily so that *Marten Looten* would be repatriated to its native land.

*Marten Looten* was a painting that caught and held me. I was drawn back to it time and time again. The master Rembrandt had made his subject—a Dutch merchant—appear alive. To employ a much-abused, but in this instance entirely valid, expression, Marten Looten appeared as though he would step from the canvas—actually a wood panel—and begin chatting with the spectators at any moment. The portrait made such a profound impression on me that, long after I left Rotterdam, I was haunted by it.

Ten years later—in 1938—I learned that the great Mensing Collection was being broken up: some of the finest pieces were to be sold.

Among the items to be placed on sale was the *Portrait of Marten Looten*!

I was then in the United States and the press of business prevented me from going abroad to attend the sale personally. I did the next best thing—and without delay. I cabled the dealer through whom I normally made my art purchases in the Netherlands, telling him I was definitely interested in obtaining the *Marten Looten*. Aware that the aftermaths of the Depression and precariously unsettled conditions in Europe were keeping art prices at comparatively low levels, I knew the portrait could not possibly fetch anywhere near what Mensing had paid for it in 1928. However, so great was my desire to own the painting, I authorized the dealer to bid up to \$100,000 for it. This figure, the times and the conditions which prevailed being taken into consideration, was quite high. Also, following a practice entirely common in the art world, I instructed my dealer to keep my identity a secret—to reveal only that he was acting on behalf of an "unnamed American."

The sale was duly held, the dealer acted to the letter of my instructions—and, to my delight, succeeded in bidding in the *Marten Looten* for only \$65,000!

At this point, a considerable amount of emphatic protest arose in the Netherlands—and particularly in Amsterdam. Segments of the Dutch press and public deplored the country's loss of the magnificent Rembrandt to an "unnamed American." Articles in Dutch newspapers and periodicals regretfully observed that a great national treasure would now go abroad, to a foreign owner and a foreign land. The loss was most keenly felt in Amsterdam, for Marten Looten, the

subject of the portrait, had been a prominent citizen of Amsterdam in the 17th Century. Thus, the people of the city felt a deep sentimental attachment to the painting—not only because it had been painted by the great Rembrandt, but also because the *Marten Looten* was, in truth, really one of their own.

There had been much satisfaction and reaction in cultured circles in Amsterdam when Anton Mensing had brought the *Marten Looten* home in 1928. Now, there was deep regret that the painting's stay at home had covered only a brief ten years—and it was again going abroad.

Since the portrait had been in a private (the Mensing) collection and had been auctioned at a public sale, there were no legal or other restrictions on its purchase or its export. I felt that I had acquired the panel fairly and squarely. I thought it best to ignore the criticisms that were being voiced and remain anonymous. This course, I felt, would tend to minimize the possibility of additional controversy. It was the right decision; before long, the Dutch aimed their criticisms at their own government, contending it should have provided the funds necessary to top any and all foreign bids for the *Marten Looten* so that it could have been purchased for the Rijksmuseum. Nevertheless, a degree of regret lingered in Dutch art circles over the fact the portrait had been acquired by an unnamed American and would therefore leave Amsterdam and Holland. Many years and World War Two were to intervene before I would be able to erase the last traces of all such feelings in Holland.

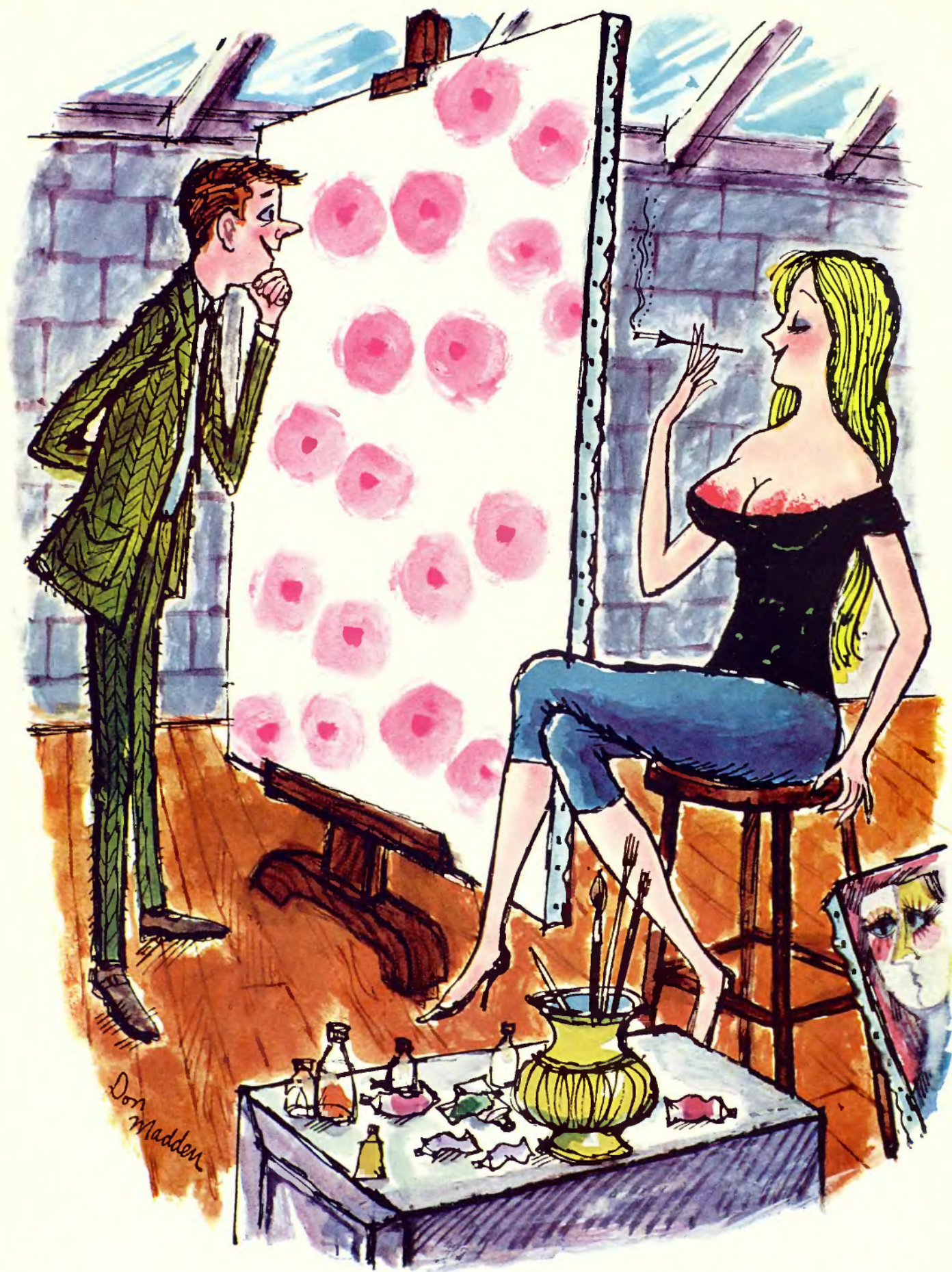
In the meantime, the panel was shipped to me in New York, arriving there in January 1939. The New York World's Fair was scheduled to open on April 20 of that year. I contacted Fair officials and offered to lend the *Marten Looten* and some other important pieces in my collection for exhibit in the Fine Arts Pavilion. The offer was accepted and, as a result, I was able to share my joy of owning the masterpiece with millions of people.

(As a sidelight, amusing in retrospect, I offer my rather rueful diary entry for March 25, 1939: "My Rembrandt, being on wood, suffered from New York City's dry air. The cost of fixing it has been \$1500—which shows what three months in New York can do.")

Another decade passed. August 1949 found me once again in Rotterdam. The fascination the *Marten Looten* held for me had never lessened. On the contrary, it had increased—to the point where I avidly desired to learn all I could about the painting and the man whom it portrayed. Also, I wanted to see if I could discover anything that might help solve the long-debated mystery of the letter which Marten Looten is shown holding in his left hand in the picture.

There had been countless theories





*"Marvelous technique, Margo! How'd you ever achieve it?"*



about the letter and its significance and meaning. Before I bought the *Marten Looten*, a Dutch physician, Dr. J. W. Kat, had announced that he'd deciphered the words scrawled on the letter by a chemical-optical process, the nature of which he steadfastly refused to divulge.

According to Dr. Kat, the letter depicted was from Rembrandt to Marten Looten himself and read as follows:

Marten Looten—XVII January 1632  
Lonely for me was Amsterdam; your company, friendship just gave me unforgettable peace created from an endless respect.

(Signed) RHL

The "Marten Looten" and the date are perfectly legible in the painting. The "RHL"—Rembrandt's actual name was Rembrandt Harmensz Lugdunensis—is also legible. But the text—four lines in the painting—remains gibberish even under the strongest magnifying glass. Consequently, Dr. Kat's announcement had been greeted with howls of derision in Netherlands and world art circles, and innumerable other students of Rembrandt and his work had advanced other theories, none of which were very widely accepted. It was my hope that, through patient research in Dutch archives, I might unearth some clue to solve the riddle.

The last, but far from the least, of my

reasons for visiting the Netherlands was to clear up whatever misunderstandings and resentments remained as a result of my acquisition of the *Marten Looten* in 1938.

The art dealer who had acted for me at the sale graciously agreed to be my companion and act as my intermediary during my stay, using his considerable acquaintance and reputation to help open doors which might otherwise be closed to me. When necessary, he also acted as my interpreter and translator—although this was seldom. The Dutch, like the Swiss, are usually bi- or multilingual, speaking German and often English and French in addition to their own tongue. Although my own Dutch was limited to little more than guidebook phrases, I spoke both German and French, and hence communication was not much of a problem.

Because I felt it would serve to provide me with a solid foundation on which to base my other efforts, I chose to tackle the identification of Marten Looten himself first. This required many days of searching through musty files, of shuffling through yellowed and fragile documents in the Rijksmuseum, town halls and elsewhere. Throughout it all, I carefully hid the fact that I was the unnamed American who had purchased the portrait. I posed, instead, as an American art journalist doing research for an article on Rembrandt.

Eventually, a fairly comprehensive description of Marten Looten and his life emerged from the hours of research and the masses of notes my companion and I made.

The Looten family had its origins in Aardenburg. Devout and zealous adherents of the Reform Movement, the family was forced to flee Aardenburg due to religious persecution in the 1500s. It settled in Houndschoote in French Flanders, where Marten Looten's father, Dirck, was born. The family prospered in Houndschoote, which was then an important center of the textile industry.

In 1582, Spanish troops invaded Houndschoote and burned the city. The Lootens fled again—now one less in number, for Dirck's brother, Jacob, was killed by the enemy soldiers. The family sought refuge in Brugge. Evidently, the Lootens managed to salvage some of their wealth, for they were soon active and prospering in business again. It was in Brugge that Marten, the seventh and last child of Dirck, was born.

Some years later, religious persecution once more forced the Looten family to seek safety elsewhere. It returned to Aardenburg, where the Lootens were now welcomed. Dirck Looten became a brewer—and eventually the mayor of the town. This peaceful, prosperous period was only a lull. The religious issue again forced the family to move, first to Aachen, then to Leiden.

Leiden was Rembrandt's birthplace. His father, a well-to-do miller, became acquainted with the Looten family. Marten Looten, who was 20 years older than Rembrandt, moved to Amsterdam. In 1631, Rembrandt himself moved to that city. The most probable assumption is that the young artist—he was then 25—looked up Marten Looten in Amsterdam.

It is entirely likely that Marten Looten was impressed by the work of the budding genius and encouraged him. After all, Marten had become a successful grain merchant. However, being the youngest of seven children and only fractionally as successful as his older brother, Charles, who had amassed a considerable fortune in business, Marten suffered from what today we would describe as a marked inferiority complex.

Thus, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that he commissioned Rembrandt to paint his portrait to satisfy his own vanity. There is a substantiating element in the fact that, soon after the portrait was completed, Marten bought a large property consisting of a fine house and gardens for the then-impressive sum of 4600 guilders.

Old tax records showed that Marten Looten, though by no means as rich as his brother Charles, was well off. In 1631, he was taxed on the basis of a worth of 30,000 guilders. Thirteen years later, the tax authorities assessed his fortune at 71,339 guilders.



*"But intellectually, I'm starving."*



As for the disputed letter and Dr. Kat's deciphering of it, we turned up considerable evidence to indicate the good doctor and his optical-chemical system might have slipped a cog somewhere.

The tone of Dr. Kat's version of the letter is one of a man who felt sad and alone and who was humbly thanking a benefactor for having shown him kindness. But Rembrandt could hardly have been lonely in Amsterdam by January 1632. He had made many friends and acquaintances in the city—among them some fairly wealthy and important persons. He was a rising young artist whose work was already attracting favorable attention (1632 was the same year in which he completed his world-famed *Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp*). Nor, at that period in his career, were Rembrandt van Rijn's personality and temperament of a type to write a letter such as Dr. Kat purported it to be.

No. All indications pointed to the conclusion that the letter was nothing more than an accessory, a prop, with four lines of meaningless scrawlings, which the artist had his subject hold to give the portrait a more relaxed and realistic quality and also to improve the composition of the picture. It was also a novel means whereby he could at once title, date and sign the panel. (Remember, the "Marten Looten," the date "XVII January 1632" and the initials "RHL" are legible.)

Further research revealed that the majority of authoritative opinion agreed with the conclusion I reached.

Now I had achieved two of my goals. The long hours of research and study behind me, I felt that if Marten Looten ever *did* step out of the canvas and begin to talk, I would be able to greet him and converse with him as though he were an old acquaintance. I also felt satisfied that I had solved the mystery of the disputed letter—by determining that it was not, and never had been, a mystery at all.

Thus, I was ready to take on my final self-imposed task—that of revealing myself as the unnamed American who had bought the portrait of Marten Looten and of making my peace with Dutch art circles.

One of the leading authorities on Rembrandt in the Netherlands was Professor Van Dillen, who was a member of the faculty at the University of the Hague. Coincidentally, he had also been one of the more outspoken critics of the sale of the *Marten Looten* to an American—a foreigner—and one who deeply deplored the Netherlands' loss of the portrait.

I reasoned that if I could mollify Professor Van Dillen, prove to him that I was no uncultured barbarian and that the display of the portrait in America had done—and would continue to do—immeasurable good by acquainting mil-

lions with the glories of Dutch art, the entire problem would be solved. I therefore asked my dealer friend to arrange an appointment for me with the professor.

"But please do not tell him that I'm the man who bought the *Marten Looten*," I said. "Just stick to our usual story—that I'm preparing an article on Rembrandt."

"Why on earth do you want to do that?" my friend demanded.

"Because I want him to judge me without prejudice, as an individual, before he learns that I own the portrait," I explained.

Some days later, my dealer friend and I were received by Professor and Mrs. Van Dillen in their apartment on the uppermost floor of a traditionally styled old Amsterdam house—narrow, picturesque and located along a canal.

We had been invited for tea. In my role as an art journalist, I chatted amiably with the professor. Before long, a bond of warmth sprang up between us. I found him to be a learned—but by no means pedantic—expert, with an excellent sense of humor and a great deal of personal charm.

Professor Van Dillen asked me many questions about the United States. Implicit—though never openly expressed—was his surprise that an American could be conversant with the fine arts and especially that he could possess any but the



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*"We first met in a bar not far from here, when Mr. Armitage sent a note to my table with one of the waiters. It wasn't much of a note, really, but how much can you write on a hundred-dollar bill?"*



most superficial knowledge about Rembrandt van Rijn and his life and works.

Finally, I began to gently steer the conversation around to the *Marten Looten*. I asked the scholarly professor several questions about the portrait and mentioned that I had read some of the articles he had written about it—as I had done during the course of my recent researches.

Soon, Professor Van Dillen shrewdly realized that I was showing much more interest in the *Marten Looten* than I would if I were merely preparing a general article on Rembrandt.

"Tell me," he murmured quietly. "Why are you so intensely interested in even the most minor details regarding the *Marten Looten*?"

It was now or never, I thought to myself.

"Because, sir, I am the unnamed American who purchased it in 1938," I replied.

The professor was startled, and for a few moments he said nothing.

"I can understand how you felt about it, sir," I continued. "However, the *Marten Looten* was not lost to the Netherlands—for it, like every Rembrandt, will forever be Dutch. The portrait is in America—that is true. However, it is acting as a cultural ambassador of your country and its heritage."

I went on to describe where and how the painting had been exhibited, how it had been viewed by millions—and would be viewed by millions more, for I was soon to donate the *Marten Looten* along with some other of the finest pieces in my collection to the Los Angeles County Museum.

The professor's face gradually softened—and finally broke into a huge and sincere smile. I had won not only my goal, but a friend. When we parted, the last of Professor Van Dillen's resentment against the "unnamed American" had vanished forever. I knew that within a very short time, all hostile feelings throughout Dutch art circles would also be permanently erased.

When I left Amsterdam soon afterward, I felt highly content. I'd accomplished much. Few collectors are fortunate enough to become as intimately acquainted with their treasures as I had become with Marten Looten and the master who had painted his portrait. I had satisfied myself regarding a controversy that had long raged over the letter that Marten Looten is shown holding in the painting.

Above and beyond this, I had succeeded in ending a much greater controversy over the purchase and ownership of a great Dutch painting by an American. In that, I felt I had really accomplished something worth while, helping in at least some small degree to cement the bonds of cultural understanding and friendship between those who love and

appreciate fine art in two countries—Holland and my own.

Excitement, romance, drama, a sense of accomplishment and even of triumph—they are all present in collecting. And I think this little story of the Rembrandt *Portrait of Marten Looten* serves well to prove the point.

. . .

It might be well for me to make a few observations, based on my own experience, regarding the collecting of Greek and Roman antiquities.

To start with, most of the items I have were obtained from other private collections or, with a few exceptions, from dealers *outside* Greece or Italy. There are good reasons for this.

For many years, both Italy and Greece have enforced strict embargoes on the exportation of antiquities that were not already in private or dealers' hands at the time the laws were passed. The purpose, of course, of these laws is to insure that no additional art treasures are lost to the countries.

True, museums, universities and similar institutions will organize archaeological expeditions and will frequently discover new troves of art and artifacts. However, even such activities are subject to stringent controls. The host country—Greece or Italy—may issue permits for archaeological projects and excavations, but seldom if ever to private groups or individuals. And, the permits are granted solely with the proviso that the bulk—and usually the best—of any and all art or artifacts uncovered belongs to the host country. The foreign archaeologists can take only a certain share of what they find back to their own countries—and then usually only if they are to be placed in university collections or public museums.

The objects of ancient Greek and Roman art that were not already in private hands years ago are the property of the state or are in public museums. The days when a Lord Elgin could ship large quantities of ancient Greek marbles out of Greece are long past.

There are exceptions, of course. An Italian farmer excavating the foundations of a new barn might well accidentally unearth a marble bust or a bronze statue. If he is sophisticated—and unscrupulous—enough, he will not report his find to the authorities, but will slip the object to some dealer no more scrupulous than himself. The dealer will, in turn, either offer it "under the counter" to some especially avid—or particularly glib—collector or will smuggle the object out of the country and sell it abroad.

To buy any object from such dubious sources is obviously risky. In the first place, the buyer is contravening—or at least conspiring to contravene—the law, and is liable to penalties ranging from heavy fines to actual imprisonment. Then, the "rare object" he is buying may

not be at all what it is represented to be. It could be a forgery—or even an object that had been stolen from a museum or a private collection.

To all intents and purposes, the modern-day collector of ancient Greek and Roman art must confine himself to buying from one of two types of sources—well-established and highly reputable dealers or other collectors.

Even then, the wise collector will have the object he wishes to buy vetted by an outside expert, or even, if the purchase he is considering is important enough, by several independent authorities.

More than one otherwise prudent individual has been stung—and stung badly—by allowing himself to be talked into buying some mud-caked figurine that the seller purported to be a Fourth Century B.C. Greek work or an example of Second Century A.D. Roman art. Privately, even some established dealers will admit that they have been fooled (but it must be noted that reputable dealers will immediately and without question refund the full purchase price on any object they sell that later proves to be anything except what was represented).

The cost of having an independent authority expertize a work of art *before* he buys is the cheapest insurance any collector can obtain.

Notwithstanding all that I have said above, the beginning collector with only modest means at his disposal need not throw up his hands in despair at the thought of starting a collection of Greek and Roman antiquities. There are more of these around and available at reasonable prices than one might imagine. True, they are not the finest and the rarest and not of museum quality. However, they are still authentic, still beautiful and still very likely to appreciate in value as time goes on.

Besides, the astute collector starts small and gradually builds his collection. He can, by careful purchasing, buy items that he may later sell—or perhaps even trade—to obtain something of better quality and greater value.

Then—although the chances are not great, they are better than is generally supposed—there is always the possibility of making a real find in some flea market or junk shop. It *does* happen that the housewife who "picks up a bargain" marble bust at a rummage sale later discovers that she is the astounded owner of a rare piece worth thousands of dollars. More than one individual in recent years has purchased, say, a bronze statuette for a few dollars in a European flea market and had it prove to be a valuable piece.

One must never forget that objects of art frequently have a strange habit of traveling far and to strange places.

I'll wager that if I could comb through every cluttered attic in the old New England coastal towns, I would find very many worth-while works of fine art that





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have been gathering dust, unrecognized for what they are, for many decades. Many such works were brought home by the men who sailed the merchant vessels and clippers of the 18th and 19th Centuries. According to references in old diaries and the memoirs of such men, Greek and Roman marbles and bronzes—which in those days could often be picked up for practically nothing in Mediterranean seaports—were among the souvenirs they took back to the United States with them.

What happened to all those treasures—are not at least some of them lying in attics or cellars?

And this is only a single example of a possible source. I could, allowing my imagination a little rein, think of several others—and so, I'm sure, could any of my readers.

This brings us to a crux. In order to be a successful collector of any type or school of fine art, an individual must learn as much as he can about it before he starts collecting. He must be able to recognize what he is looking for—and be able to recognize at least the more patent counterfeits.

The studying up involved pays many extra dividends. In learning about ancient Greek and Roman art, one cannot help but learn also about the civilizations and the people who produced the art. This will unquestionably serve to broaden the individual's intellectual horizons—and, in increasing his knowledge and understanding of past civilizations, greatly aid him in knowing and understanding our own.

But then, all that is needed is a start—a beginning. Once an individual starts out as a collector, he will, in nine out of ten cases, become fascinated and enthralled. Even the most battered fragment of a statue, a headless terra-cotta figurine or a cracked and dented bronze object will come alive, as fresh and as beautiful as the day—centuries ago—when it was completed by its creator.

And, when that happens, the collector can, at will, transport himself back in time and walk and talk with the great Greek philosophers, the emperors of ancient Rome, the people, great and small, of civilizations that are long dead, but that live again through the objects in his collection.

. . . .

As a rule, paintings should be purchased only through reputable dealers or, if obtained through private sources, only after consultation with a qualified expert. There is, of course, an exception to this rule when dealing with living artists. Individuals who collect the works of contemporary artists—whether already established or even famous or younger painters who show promise—can often buy directly from them at their studios.

Much caution is needed in buying



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paintings, whether those of old masters or living moderns. There are many—all too many—wrongly attributed or totally spurious paintings about, as well as large numbers that have been stolen from their rightful owners. Such is the traffic in bogus or stolen paintings that Interpol, the international police organization, was reported in 1963 to be establishing a special branch for the express purpose of waging war against art thieves and forgers.

Art thefts are reported frequently in the press. Thieves know a ready and lucrative market exists for their readily transportable loot. Entire highly organized gangs specialize in this form of larceny—as an example, the gang which, a few years ago, broke into a French Riviera restaurant famed for its spectacular collection of modern paintings and stole more than 20 canvases worth a fortune. These included works by Braque, Bonnard, Picasso, Rouault, Modigliani, Miró, Buffet and Dufy.

Counterfeits? They are legion.

As recently as June 1965, Italian police smashed an art-counterfeiting ring operating in Florence—and which, police stated, had been operating for several years without being detected. The culprits had been sending (and selling) spurious paintings—supposedly the work of such modern artists as De Chirico, Guttuso, De Pisis and many others—in wholesale lots. Indicative of the scale of the operation, the authorities seized no less than 150 bogus De Chiricos which the forgers had in their headquarters, ready for shipment.

So good was the counterfeiters' work, Italian authorities declared, that dealers and private collectors in Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, London and the United States had been completely duped. The police stated the forgers concentrated on counterfeiting modern artists whose high status was accepted, but whose works were not so thoroughly cataloged as those of the old masters. It was estimated that some thousands of fraudulent works had been produced and sold by this one ring alone in the last four or five years.

Old masters are forged, too—and offered to and purchased by the gullible who fail to take the simple precaution of having the painting examined by one or more experts. I say one or more not because I am suggesting that an expert may not render an honest verdict, but because some forgeries are so good that it may require several highly qualified authorities on the particular period or painter to detect the revealing flaws.

It might seem to the reader that, and no play on words intended, I am painting a very discouraging picture for the individual who would like to start a collection. But I am only offering words—of warning—to the wise. The situation is nowhere near as gloomy or discouraging as I might have made it appear by accentuating the negative.

True, when it comes to the works of deceased painters of top rank, examples of their work that are of museum quality are almost all in museums or in private collections. Those that are not are either lost or in the hands of dealers. If lost, there is always the one-in-a-million chance that some uncommonly fortunate individual will find them—innocently buying a priceless masterpiece for the proverbial song.

If, on the other hand, a museum-quality painting by an artist who is considered to be of top rank is in the hands of a dealer or offered for sale at auction, the price it will bring is certain to be high. A very recent illustration of this can be found in the March 1965 sale at Sotheby's, where Rembrandt's portrait of his son Titus fetched \$2,234,000. Much the same sort of situation prevails with regard to the works of highly regarded, more modern painters. In 1959, an early Braque—which once sold for \$15—was purchased for a thumping \$155,000 by the Queensland Art Gallery. In June 1965, a Monet sold for over \$500,000, a record price for a work by this artist.

However, though not renowned masterpieces or the work of artists who are regarded as being among the all-time greats, there are still large numbers of good and beautiful paintings available at prices to suit almost any purse. And it doesn't make any difference if the collector with limited means prefers the old or the new.

Here, I would like to interject what to some might seem minor, to others self-evident and thus redundant, reminders—but which concern matters all too often overlooked. The first regards the framing of paintings. It is foolish to purchase a painting and then to provide it with a frame of inferior quality or one that does not suit the painting. Any painting that an individual feels is worth buying and having deserves to be framed properly. Artists and art dealers can—and most generally will—give constructive suggestions, taking into consideration not only the character and characteristics of the painting, but also those of the room in which it is to be hung. Where necessary, they will usually be able to recommend competent, reliable picture framers.

Next, I would like to mention the display of paintings. Obviously, no hard and fast rules exist. Almost all depends on the painting, the nature, size and decor of the room in which it is to be hung and, last but not least, the personal taste of the owner. However, a painting should be displayed to best advantage, so that it can "show itself" at its best. There should be artistry in the hanging of pictures on a wall just as there must be in paintings themselves. And, of course, a painting should have proper lighting—lighting that enhances its beauty and, whenever possible, serves to further



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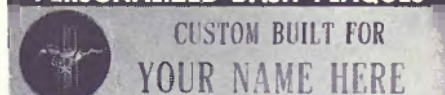
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emphasize whatever effect the artist has tried to achieve.

Lastly, a word or two about the care and preservation of paintings. They should not be exposed to extremes of temperature, humidity or direct sunlight. When they require cleaning or repair, these operations *must* be performed by qualified professionals. A painting cannot be cleaned properly or safely by even the most meticulous housewife. (I know of one painful and ultraextreme incident in which a well-meaning housewife took a hanging, an oil painting on so-called monk's cloth, worth \$750 and ran it through her washer-dryer because it was dusty and grimy!)

By the same token, the repair of a painting—or even of a good picture frame—is hardly a chore to be undertaken by even the handiest home repairman. Such tasks are for specialists—and the amateur will at best only worsen the existing damage or defect and at worst will cause irreparable harm and destroy not only the value but also the beauty of the painting.

These points covered, I would like to offer one final counsel. Whatever school or type of painting the collector chooses to collect, let the choice be his own, in accord with his (or her) own taste and preference. One of the greatest joys of collecting lies in the gratification an individual derives from obtaining an object he or she wants, that satisfies his or her own tastes.

Collecting certain types of objects or certain schools of painting just because it is the fashionable thing to do or the fad of the moment provides no real and lasting satisfaction, offers no excitement—and gives no joy.

Someone once criticized my collection to Sir Alec Martin of Christie's, arguing that I collected in unrelated categories, that my collection lacked the singleness of purpose and the concentration that he, the critic, thought should characterize a collection.

The critic concluded his tirade by disdainfully sneering: "Paul Getty buys only what *he* likes!"

Since Sir Alec Martin's reply and comment have been widely published in a book written by Ralph Hewins, I feel that I can quote it here without compunction and without feeling that I am being unduly immodest about doing so.

"I don't hold it against him at all that his collections are an expression of the man," Sir Alec declared. "I'm rather fed up with these impersonal, 'complete' collections that are chosen by somebody for somebody else. The formation of his wonderful collection has been a public service."

No collector could hope for greater vindication of his collecting philosophy—or for higher praise of his collection.



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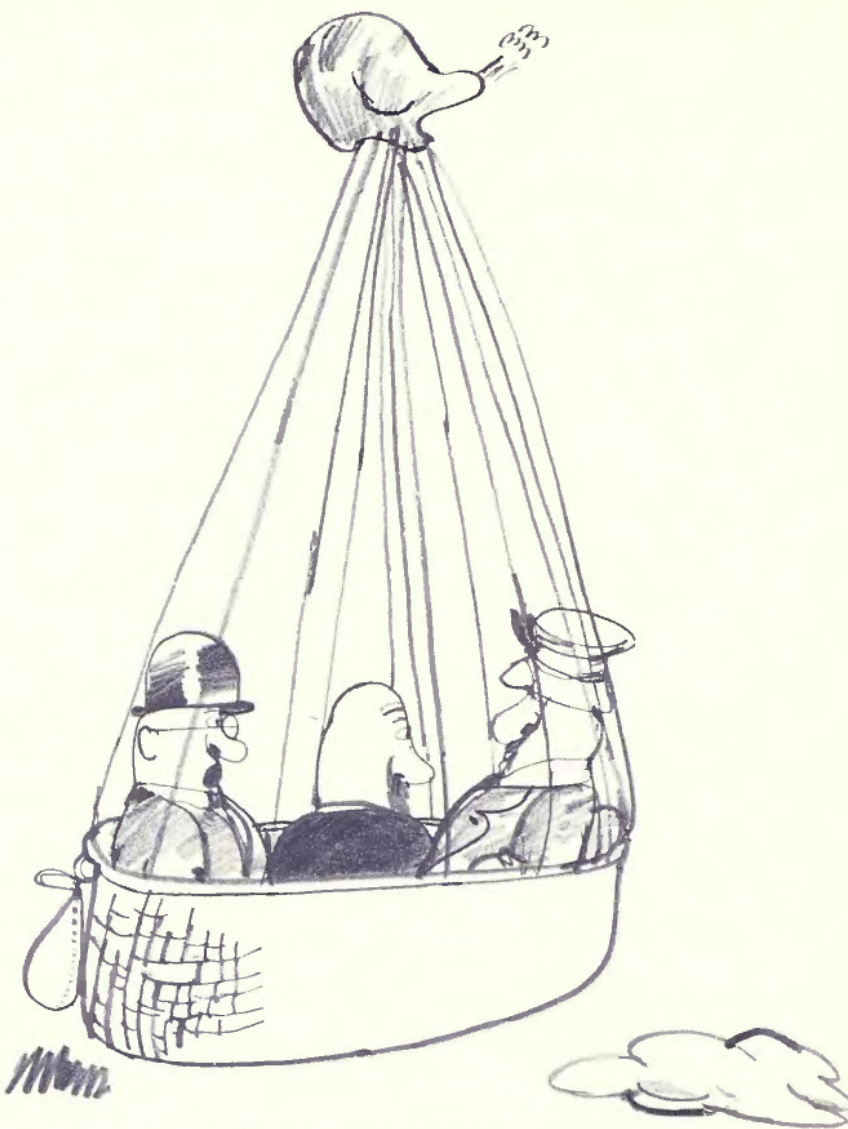
## BOND'S GIRLS

(continued from page 144)

Embassy at Istanbul. She is alone in being talented at something, having trained for the state ballet. Unfortunately, she grew an inch too tall and was not allowed to continue. She also actually reads books, comparing Bond to her favorite hero in Lermontov. Her sex life, for a modern young Russian, is comparatively normal, two rather innocent puppy-lovish affairs being the extent of her experience. She is patriotic, idealistic, and not informed of the full dastardliness of the plot against Bond to which she lends herself. Until he meets Tracy, in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, no other girl falls so deeply in love with him. Pussy Galore rats on Goldfinger for Bond, but Tatiana renounces her beloved Mother Russia. It saddens me that she is the only woman he ever actually strikes, slapping her around in the best Jimmy Cagney tradition when he mistakenly believes she is knowingly involved in the death of his friend Kerim Bey. Despite Tatiana's devotion, subsequently proved to his satisfaction, there is never any doubt about Bond's attitude toward her. He is on an assignment. It has certain pleasurable aspects which he accepts on a purely hedonistic basis. He never comes anywhere near becoming emotionally involved. Although we leave Tatiana in his arms, in a gliding gondola, the audience unerringly senses whatever hopes she may have for the future will be pathetically unfulfilled. Bond, the brute, will never look back.

The producers looked back, however. Nadja Regin, Kerim Bey's insatiable girlfriend, became in *Goldfinger* the dancer whose murderous accomplice Bond electrocutes in her tub. They also were impressed by Martine Beswick, one of the two wrestling gypsy spitfires in *Russia* who later confronted him with the challenge of a double-header. She was rewarded with a role in *Thunderball*, as Paula, Bond's liaison with the Nassau police—liaison in more ways than one, we assume. Nadja, from Yugoslavia, and Martine, Miss Jamaica of 1961, were both found by the producers, Messrs. Broccoli and Saltzman, in their continuous international casting search for unusual femininity.

Guy Hamilton, who directed *Goldfinger*, evoked from Connery an even surer, brisker, more sardonic Bond than in the earlier films. The effect was to make him more perversely attractive. *Goldfinger* is the most financially profitable general-admission film ever exhibited, and Mr. Hamilton's approach—along, of course, with such factors as story, scope, sensationalism, and so forth—has much to do with it. Bond's scores over Goldfinger, blackmailing him into losing at cards, outcheating him on the golf course, were highly amusing, but it



"Did someone say, psssst?"

is his heartless, crafty manipulation of girls that most delights audiences—which casually absolve him of the deaths of Shirley Eaton's lovely Jill Masterson (suffocated because of his attentions by a coating of noxious gold paint applied by Goldfinger's Korean manservant Oddjob), and Tania Mallett's even lovelier Tilly after her acceptance of a lift in his fantastic Aston Martin. Finding two such stunning girls in a single film was a bonus audiences have now come to expect in a Bond picture. Shirley, after a triumphal tour of the United States, is now firmly launched as a star. Tania, whose photogenic face had appeared hundreds of times in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and other leading fashion magazines, made her first screen appearance in *Goldfinger*. It will certainly not be her last, despite the continuing demand for her services as a leading model in London, Paris and New York.

Forgiving Bond his use of Pussy Galore (we contemplated changing her Christian name in the United States to Kitty) is more understandable. After all,

Pussy was a tomboy, to put it as inoffensively as possible, and Bond provides her with a kind of psychiatric therapy. It takes some doing, approaching rape, but Pussy is undoubtedly the better for it. Does she relapse after he moves on? Or does she further develop her new-found taste for heterogeneity despite the scarcity of statures like 007's? It's touch and go, I'd say, and no one's concern but Pussy's. Casting Honor Blackman in the role, after her success as the jujitsu expert, Cathy, in the British TV spy series *The Avengers*, was a departure from choosing theatrical unknowns, but a showmanship coup the producers found irresistible. Opposite Sean Connery, she was up against sheer masculinity. Their struggle in the barn must surely rate as one of the most offbeat seduction scenes ever enacted on the screen.

If Bond's conquest of Pussy is a tour de force that strikingly demonstrates his versatility, he gives further evidence of it throughout *Thunderball*. Indeed, his exploitation of an unusually variegated assortment of willing wenches,



with one notable exception, is sheer virtuosity. We see him first teamed on a mission with a mysterious Chinese beauty. In this provocative role, Mitsouko, another screen discovery, projects such overwhelming desirability that it is difficult to escape the implication that they devote little time to official duties. Apparently whatever refined techniques may be required for liaisons with Oriental dolls—who are purportedly more appreciative of delicacy than their Western counterparts—Bond has mastered them. Hard after this heartening triumph in international test play, he again exhibits his amazing ability to change pace and style. This time his know-how is applied to Pat Fearing, probably the most nerve-jangling masseuse ever to manipulate a spinal column. The treatments she gives Bond, featuring massage with special mink gloves to reduce nervous tension, are at first coolly impersonal. In a surprisingly short time, of course, we find him wearing the gloves and Pat undergoing the treatment. From there on, Molly Peters' incredible physical endowments for the part make the course of this mutual manipulation inevitable. Leaving Pat to resume her ministrations with more needy cases, Bond flies to Nassau and there continues his brilliant display of adaptability, seeking out

Dominetta Vitali, an international playgirl and the mistress of *Thunderball's* archvillain, Largo. A one-eyed sea beast, he is busily engaged in collecting man-eating sharks as a front for the nefarious project of highjacking atomic bombs and extorting a hundred million pounds in diamonds for their return. Dominetta, whose friends call her Domino, is one of Fleming's least-convincing ambivalent antiheroines. Fortunately, however, we have the talented, pinup-contoured Claudine Auger to bring her warmly to life. In her favorite costume, a black-net, skintight leotard, she is perhaps the most enticing of all Bond's beauties. An aquatic sports enthusiast, unaware of Largo's colossal caper, Domino spends most of her time underwater, where Bond meets her and woos her. Audiences have thrilled to many memorable motion-picture love scenes, but never one like Bond and Domino caught by the camera *flagrante delicto* behind a coral reef amid the shifting seaweed. We have a genuine innovation here, and who else but James Bond could have been a party to its consummation?

I regret that this brief libidinous log of Bond during *Thunderball* ends on a somewhat less-flattering note. Fiona, an ally of Largo's, is not found in Fleming's novel, but was expressly created for

the film. She is cruelly resourceful, as evil as the ugly, infamous Rosa Klebb—but incomparably luscious, as played by the delectable Luciana Paoluzzi. Fiona is one of SPECTRE's top assassins and most seductive femmes fatales, as coldly capable of kissing and killing as Bond himself. Implacably they maneuver each other into the same bed. Which iceberg melts? Certainly not Bond, but neither does Fiona. For once, a playmate does not become a plaything. For once, a woman he makes it with refuses to switch her colors. Perhaps it is Bond's amazement, slowing his reflexes, that enables her to turn him over to Largo's minions. He does not, of course, remain turned over long. But it is to his eternal credit that he accepts the setback without rancor or recrimination. He merely shrugs, commenting wryly as he is led away. "Oh, well, there always has to be a first time."

Fateful words. In *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, which you first read in PLAYBOY and now being screenplayed, a devastatingly unexpected novelty awaits us. All bets are off. Everything 007 stands for is swept away. His image is shattered, seemingly beyond repair. James Bond falls in love. He marries. What sort of woman is it who lures Bond into this catastrophe, the deadliest trap ever to close upon him? She calls herself Tracy, or, to give her full name by a former marriage, La Comtesse Teresa di Vicenzo. She is beautiful beyond description, but no more so than Honey or Tania. There is the touchy matter of her being the daughter of Marc-Ange Draco, chief of a Corsican crime syndicate. Psychologically she is highly unstable, at times suicidal. Irresponsibly she plays for high stakes at *chemin de fer* without money to pay when she loses. Her personality is scarcely more appealing than several of Bond's other girls'. Except for the greatest appeal of all: She needs him. Unlike the others, she is the only one for whom Bond is the one man in the world. He alone can rescue her from despair. At long last, after gauging the depth of Tracy's love by her willingness to die for him, he capitulates. It means giving up his career, his status as 007. M is inflexible where the regulation forbidding his section members to marry is concerned. Despite everything, Bond accepts the inescapable. James Bond, a husband, a father? James Bond relegated to the humdrum existence from which he releases millions, lifting them to his own marvelously rewarding dream life? Ian Fleming knew it was quite impossible. So he killed Tracy in the novel, wiping her out as ruthlessly as Bond himself dispatches those who stand in the way of accomplishing a mission. We shall do the same with her in the film version. Fleming gave Bond his standing orders when he created him: to be a wish fulfillment.



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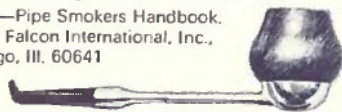


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## SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 156)

heads to consider what to do about the rising tide of sex and violence. He brought with him to the meeting an Easterner, Martin Quigley, editor of *Motion Picture Herald* and a prominent Catholic layman. Quigley treated the group to a reading of the draft for a proposed Motion Picture Production Code. Hollywood was already adhering, more or less, to a brief set of do's and don'ts relating to moral behavior in movies; but Hays felt that something stronger was needed. He had listened in rapt admiration as Quigley told him of a plan to bring the movie producers to heel. There should be a code of commandments, Quigley insisted, and it must have all the trappings of the articles of war, complete with penalties for disobeying it. With blessings from the Hays Office, and with the help of a Jesuit priest, Reverend Daniel A. Lord, who published a religious magazine called *The Queen's Work* and also taught dramatics at St. Louis University, Quigley prepared a document: "A Code to Govern the Making of Motion and Talking Pictures."

After several sessions with the producers, the adoption of the Code was bulled through. It was a gamy document that Quigley and Father Lord had concocted, and they must have had quite a time writing it. All the explicitness of the earlier do's and don'ts had been retained, but to them were added paragraphs that spelled out in deliciously graphic detail the "thou shalt not's" of the new puritanism. One large section was headed sex and contained separate classifications for Adultery, Scenes of Passion, Seduction or Rape, Sex Perversion, White Slavery, Miscegenation, Sex Hygiene and, for some strange reason, Children's Sex Organs. Other sections dealt with VULGARITY, OBSCENITY, PROFANITY, COSTUME, DANCES and REPELLENT SUBJECTS. Life was evidently viewed through very prurient lenses indeed by Quigley and Father Lord, for fully three quarters of the Code had to do in some manner with sex—and well spelled out, too. Under Scenes of Passion, for example, it was specified that "(a) They should not be introduced when not essential to the plot. (b) Excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive postures and gestures are not to be shown. (c) In general, passion should be so treated that these scenes do not stimulate the lower and baser element." The authors tipped their antidemocratic, holier-than-thou hand with that last caution.

Producers, faced with economic debacle from the combined forces of the threatened Federal censorship, already prevalent state censorship, and the increasing wrath of predominantly Catholic church groups, knuckled under to this Hays-sanctioned form of so-called self-regulation. They were cagey enough,

however, to appoint themselves as a final board of appeal from Code provisions; and they made sure they were the ones to pay the salary of Colonel Jason Joy to look over their scripts in advance to see that they were free of offending matter. Colonel Joy wielded his bluenose pencil forthrightly, but dwindling exhibition profits, as well as the mass public's evident eagerness to accept more frankness on the screen and the inability (not to mention unwillingness) of the producers to clamp down on their writers and directors, all mitigated against his efforts to bring more Joy and less joy to the screen. It wasn't long before he threw up his hands in defeat and resigned.

For all his prestige, Colonel Joy had discovered that he could, in effect, do little more than waggle a finger at the mounting tide of what was stigmatized as "the suggestive and lascivious." Even after passing a script as safe for public consumption, there was no way for him to prevent actors, directors or writers from "improving" on it. "Can you go for a doctor?" Myrna Loy was asked in a musical called *Love Me Tonight*. "Certainly," responded the pleased lady, who added, "Bring him in!" (In the same film, Jeanette MacDonald had her slip-covered bosom tape-measured by a roguish Maurice Chevalier.) A hatcheck girl gaped at the diamonds decorating the fingers of Mae West in *Night After Night* and exclaimed, "Goodness, what diamonds." Upon which, the diamond wearer observed tartly, "Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie." And Barbara Stanwyck, applying for a job in *Baby Face*, is asked: "Have you had any experience?" The jauntily clad Miss Stanwyck swings a provocative leg and replies with studied sophistication, "Plenty." No one mistook her meaning.

Miss Stanwyck was one of a new wave of young actresses who, not long after the introduction of sound, replaced many of the sex queens of the previous decade. Clara Bow, bouncy and beautiful, read her lines with the aplomb and intonation of a BMT platform attendant; she made three talkies, then disappeared into oblivion. Lovely Vilma Banky spoke in accents that were unmistakably guttural and mid-European. Pola Negri also had a profound accent, and her exaggerated playing of sophisticated European sexual tigresses went against the prevalent mood. Indeed, virtually the whole gallery of sirens and flappers went into discard when the nasal-voiced, sleek-bodied Jean Harlow came along and demonstrated that simple willingness was preferable to cute flirtatiousness or hard-breathing seduction. There was a new cynicism *au courant*, not merely about love but about the sexual act itself. Ginger Rogers, for example, when asked by her bridegroom in *Professional Sweetheart* whether, in addition to smoking and drinking, she had gone in







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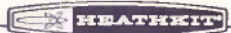
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for promiscuity, replied firmly in the affirmative. "How many men?" asked her appalled husband. "Hundreds," she replied, with a flick of the ash of her cigarette. The outraged fellow knocked her stone cold, then pleaded with God for her survival. "She is wicked, but I love her," he explained.

But while these Depression-born parvenus were pushing their way toward top billing on the nation's marquees, another kind of actress was raking in Hollywood's top salaries. Broadway actresses such as Constance Bennett and Ruth Chatterton, along with the veteran ingénue of silent films, Norma Shearer, were sought out because of their ability to handle convincingly the newfangled dialog despite the staid conventions of most early sound films. Voices were needed even more than physical allure, although a lowered décolletage was no hindrance. Miss Chatterton, on the verge of retirement when talkies began, gamely removed her brassiere and emoted in a series of pictures that became part of a cycle termed the confession film. The confession film provided vicarious pleasure and avid wish fulfillment for working girls pondering the problem of how best to make use of their sex for social advancement in an increasingly unpromising economic world.

In their book *The Movies*, Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer wrote: "The composite heroine of the confession films . . . was a woman who gave up her chastity in cold blood. Sometimes she did it for money, sometimes . . . out of self-sacrifice, sometimes she was simply talked into it, but she rarely did it for the fun of it, and she always got paid off in some fashion. But her payments grew smaller and her gains greater as the cycle rolled on. In fact, making these films became an elaborate game in which the problem was to invent new ways for the heroine to eat her cake and have it, too."

In *Female*, Ruth Chatterton played the president of a giant corporation who refused to marry and thus lower herself in the economic scale—but she was not in the least averse to having her junior executives drop in for summit conferences in her boudoir. Svelte Constance Bennett portrayed women even more symptomatic of the revolution in feminine morals under the duress of economic hard times. Seen as a stenographer or an artist's model, she would invariably be seduced by a rich and/or unscrupulous man in an early reel; but instead of bemoaning her fate, or settling for the poor but honest boy next door, she would grimly use all her wiles to lead her seducer to the altar. Not infrequently, her seduction would leave her with child, which she bore with such bravery that the reluctant father was won over out of sheer admiration. In fact, for a time Miss Bennett enjoyed the questionable distinction of becoming the screen's most prominent

unwed mother. One movie poster of 1933 read: "Constance Bennett in *Bed of Roses*, with Joel McCrea." The public was conditioned enough by then to know that a child would emerge from that bed of roses; that she would involve the hero in a breach-of-promise and paternity suit; and that ultimately she would get him to the altar, if not in time, at least better late than never. Others weren't so lucky. As the decade's best-known girl "in trouble"—the simple-minded factory worker made pregnant by a predatory social climber in the 1930 movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* (remade in 1951 as *A Place in the Sun* with Shelley Winters as the girl and Montgomery Clift as her seducer)—Sylvia Sidney pleads with the unwilling father (played by Phillips Holmes) to give the child, and her, a name; but he decides to drown his troubles—both of them—in a lake.

The problem of how much sexual freedom the Depression woman was rightly entitled to was cannily exploited by Hollywood in dozens of films. Once virtue was gone, these films asked implicitly, what was left? Material advantage was the answer proffered in many of them. Helen Twelvetrees, seduced by no less than five men in *Millie*, may have descended ever downward in moral degradation, but she certainly improved her standard of living. She may not have looked happy about it, but to the poorly paid working girl of those dismal days, total happiness must have seemed a petty price to pay for such luxury.

In spite of the stand taken against adultery by the Production Code, producers continued to deem it indispensable plot material, and scores of films dealt with the intriguing subject. Perhaps the most famous of them was *Back Street*, in which Irene Dunne fell in love with John Boles, though he was married and the father of three children. The back street in which she lived as his mistress for much of her life was not uncomfortable by 1933 standards, and the audiences' sympathy was discreetly directed less toward the betrayed wife than toward the two unhappy victims of society's middle-class morality. Adultery was given artful, if somewhat arch, treatment in *The Animal Kingdom* (1932), in which Ann Harding pondered the problem of what to do about her errant husband, Leslie Howard, who found himself unduly attracted to a sexy career woman played by Myrna Loy. The film shows his animal instincts coming to the fore when Miss Loy is seen climbing a staircase to her guest bedroom, while from below the sorely tempted Leslie Howard watches her undulating derrière. Prostitution, listed as a "repellent subject" by the Code, was a perennial favorite, too, and frequently hearts of gold beat beneath the sequined peignoirs worn by the heroines of such films



as *Faithless, Safe in Hell* and *The Blonde Venus*. Ironically, perhaps, but accurately, nevertheless, *Liberty* magazine headlined its review of the 1933 *Baby Face* "THREE CHEERS FOR SIN!" In it, Barbara Stanwyck made her way upward floor by floor through a bank skyscraper until, quite literally, she reached the top by making herself readily available to lecherous assistant treasurers, account managers, vice-presidents, and finally to the chief executive himself. Miss Stanwyck seemed no worse for wear.

She was usually cast in roles that showed her responding to the Depression's numerous vicissitudes with a hard-bitten cynicism that seemed to say: Get what you can while you can, or as long as your face and your figure can take it. The titles of her movies, *Illicit*, *Forbidden*, *Ten Cents a Dance*, told customers fairly clearly just what to expect. In *Night Nurse*, a seamy Warner Brothers item of 1931, she was the amorous pal of a bootlegger, and roomed with another new star, Joan Blondell, playing a cute nurse on the make. Both girls stripped to their underwear several times in the film, for no other reason than that the director guessed—correctly—that their audiences might prefer to see them that way. Indeed, Joan Blondell, especially, spent this early phase of her long and varied career mostly in black-lace lingerie. Her perfect figure was rightly deemed her most important asset as an actress, and in 1939 she attained something akin to immortality when officials of the New York World's Fair sealed a sculptured replica of her nude body in a time capsule so that generations several thousand years hence could know just what Americans of the Thirties regarded as an ideal female specimen.

Nudity in films of the Thirties was almost exclusively concerned with the ever-developing public interest in the female bosom, although one full-length nude shot did manage to slip by the censors in *The Yellow Ticket*, a 1931 movie about prostitution in czarist Russia, based on a play of the same title. For one candid moment, a prostitute in prison is viewed through a wire screen as she is being examined from head to toe for possible disease by a nurse-keeper. In one of the most successful Biblical spectacles of the day, *The Sign of the Cross*, Cecil B. De Mille provided students of ancient Rome with a good deal more than bread and circuses. Claudette Colbert, as the Empress Poppaea, was shown at her sybaritic bath, her breasts pleasantly buoyed on a sea of asses' milk. But the exposure of breasts in the films of the Depression years was usually done artfully through black-lace and low-cut slips. Many of these pictures never managed to make late-show television because of the failure of costume designers to include brassieres as a wardrobe item. In *The Cat Creeps*, a comedy chiller, the

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frightened heroines chase through the rooms of a haunted house, seldom wearing more than slip and garters, their bosoms plainly bobbling under the loose silk. *Dance, Fools, Dance* featured a lingerie party aboard rich girl Joan Crawford's yacht, during which the boys and girls stripped down to their underthings to drink and dance. In her first two Tarzan films, Maureen O'Sullivan, as Tarzan's Jane, was outfitted for jungle life in the scantiest of bras and a couple of leather flaps for the mid-section. Later, when reform was rampant, the jungle providentially provided a far more concealing wardrobe. Miss O'Sullivan and Johnny Weismuller proved to be the most durable of all the Jane-and-Tarzan teams, Maureen lasting until *Tarzan's New York Adventure* in 1942; getting his second wind, Weismuller didn't turn in his loincloth for another seven years. In 1939, Maureen had grown weary of jungle life and arranged, in *Tarzan Finds a Son*, to have herself killed off—only to find herself resuscitated by MGM, which decided in the nick of time that the public simply wouldn't be able to endure the shock of a dead Jane. Only recently, as the mother not of Tarzan's Boy but of Mia Farrow (of *Peyton Place* fame), the 19-year-old girlfriend of Frank Sinatra, Maureen was in the news again, commenting wryly on the age disparity between her daughter and the 49-year-old crooner: "If Mr. Sinatra is planning on marrying anyone in this family, it ought to be me." If Mr. Sinatra had seen her

swinging from the vines in one of those early Ape Man epics, he might well have been tempted.

But it was the musical extravaganza of the Depression era that glorified the American girl more lavishly than ever before or since. In fact, one musical was actually titled *Glorifying the American Girl*. This glorification, it should be said, had begun in the waning years of the Twenties, when a craze for musicals that talked, sang and danced swept through Hollywood. What was revealed of the American girl in the featherweight confections of the Thirties was perhaps more derivative of the harmless peckaboo movie sex of these Twenties' musicals than of the cold-blooded, exploitative cinematic erotica of the Depression decade. This is to say that the musicals featured primarily visual sex: the silhouetted nude and the scanty attire—with the coy suggestion of its removability. The early-Depression musicals represented, then, something of a cultural lag—a residue of old values rather than a reflection of new ones. At any rate, *Glorifying the American Girl* was fairly typical of the genre, in that it featured dozens of gauzily draped nymphs in pageantlike production numbers. *Women of All Nations*, *Footlight Parade* and *Hips*, *Hips Hooray* were musical extravaganzas of similar ilk. Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals* employed the Goldwyn Girls—all carefully measured for breasts, waists and hips of ideal proportions—who in waistlong wigs and the flimsiest of coverings merrily cavort-

ed through a harem scene. So scandalous was this sort of goings-on by today's television standards that whenever the film is videocast in yet another rerun, the whole sequence is omitted. When Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers made their bow as a dance team in *Flying Down to Rio* (1933), the grand finale of the film was an acrobatic ballet in which a whole troupe of glorified girls perform pirouettes and high kicks on the wings of a squadron of airborne airplanes. To compound the madness—and the interest—of the scene, the girls were shown bare-breasted at that high altitude.

No one in Hollywood, however, could match the flights of choreographic fancy of Busby Berkeley, concocter of the above-mentioned harem number in *Roman Scandals*. Film historians now habitually give credit to Berkeley for his ingenuity in liberating the camera and enlarging the scope of the screen by creating musical numbers that could not possibly have taken place on any theater stage in the world. But he was also the possessor of unerring bad taste and a voracious appetite for scatological eroticism, often more revealing than Berkeley could possibly have imagined. In *Fashions of 1934*, one of his numbers transformed a bevy of full-bodied beauties into human harps whose strings were plucked by a comely group of female harpists presumably playing in perfect Lesbian harmony. In another scene, the girls revealed their scantily covered buttocks to audience view as they tossed back and forth a foamlike substance that had, at least according to one Danish chronicler of movie erotica, distinct sperm connotations. For Warner Brothers' *Gold Diggers of 1933* (a humorous musical tribute to that Depression-encouraged female habit), he dreamed up a "Petting in the Park" fantasy, in which his camera moved lewdly through a scene of *amour en masse*, insistently closing in on the girls, all of whom wore lace brassieres and gartered panties.

An unwritten law of the Code was that the *inside* of a girl's thigh must never be shown on the screen; but Berkeley disobeyed it by showing *all* parts of the thigh in the scene. Later, a cloudburst breaks up what appears to be the first stages of a mass orgy, and the girls—with what is left of their attire clinging revealingly to their figures—hurry behind a translucent screen to strip off their wet clothes, and treat the audience to a silhouette view of their nakedness. When they reappear, moments later, they are wearing chastity brassieres made of steel. Undaunted, the boys counter this ploy with huge can openers with which they proceed to clip open their petting-party dates. As though this were not enough to deliver the erotic message, through the entire scene cavorts a lewd midget, frequently used in Warner films as a little-boy satyr. Wearing baby clothes, the



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midget proves to be an inveterate voyeur; he is constantly peeking through the shrubbery at the amorous proceedings, and turns to wink in childish glee at the audience. So fecund was Berkeley's extravagant imagination that today's school of "camp" followers solemnly declares that Berkeley was the one true genius among the early "campers."

Far less "camp" than "pop art" was Jean Harlow, who, although she arrived in Hollywood in the late Twenties as a ripe teenager, had to wait for the brassy Thirties before achieving her lasting identification as one of the most potent sex idols of the decade. Her career was to be tragically brief, and her reign as a platinum-blond love goddess encompassed no more than half a dozen years. But during those years she was responsible for the albinolike hair tint adopted by a considerable portion of American womanhood, and she also gave popular currency to the phrase "Excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable"—which she proceeded to do in *Hell's Angels*, her first starring vehicle. The "something" turned out to be a clinging black-satin robe of startling décolletage. Harlow typified the trampy but basically good-hearted American girl

of no particular education or status, and was to be seen more often as mistress than married in her films. In a later chapter, on the sex stars of the Thirties, we will be taking a closer look at her on-screen image, and at her ill-fated off-screen romance with Paul Bern, her producer, whose suicide, after a brief marriage to Harlow, precipitated the steamiest Hollywood scandal of the decade. Suffice it to say, at this point in our chronicle, that Harlow almost single-handedly administered the *coup de grâce* to the screen flapper—for the flapper's daring but essentially virginal attitude toward sex was no match for Harlow's forthright acceptance of it on the screen—and off.

If Harlow disposed of the flapper type on the screen, Mae West killed off the last remaining vestiges of that other old stand-by, the vamp. Mae came to the movies in 1932, after long establishment as a risqué singing comedienne of the stage and variety theater, when she was nearly 40 years old, and she managed at that lushly ripe age to strongly imply that a woman's sexual needs—her own, anyway—were just as demanding as any man's. "What the movie audiences had uniformly been privileged to see before

over a period of years," wrote the distinguished critic George Jean Nathan, "had been nothing but an endless succession of imported Lesbians, flat-chested flappers, beauty-parlor imitations of women. Miss West came like a veritable torrent upon a dry desert."

The first rivulet of this inundation was her maiden appearance in *Night After Night*, a gangster film in which she did little more than walk around in languid, bosomy, hip-swaying majesty. Richard Schickel, author of *The Stars*, rhapsodically described her manner of mounting a flight of stairs in the film: "A simple, everyday act which, when performed by the biggest blonde of them all, was a study in the vulgar poetry of motion." Her first starring vehicle, *She Done Him Wrong*, did so right by her producers that the firm was saved from bankruptcy. The Mae West brand of sex was a delightful change for the movie public, unaccustomed to such frank ribaldry on the screen. Even so, the looming menace of censorship caused a title change from the original *Diamond Lil*, a play of Miss West's own authorship that had run into trouble on Broadway because it dealt with an unreformed, unrepentant prostitute. Lil was changed to Lady Lou for the picture, in which Miss West described herself as "the finest lady that ever walked the streets." She sang such songs as *I Wonder Where My Easy Rider's Gone* and *A Man Who Takes His Time*, which, even in somewhat sanitized versions, still retained their original bawdyhouse implications. At the time, Mary Pickford—just on the verge of her own divorce from Douglas Fairbanks—reacted with shocked modesty to the songs, and stated to the press that Mae West was the worst thing that had ever befallen Hollywood.

Since then, a great many have thought that Mae West was one of the best things ever to happen to Hollywood, if only because she mocked so completely the prevalent repressive attitude toward sex in most movies. "When I'm good," she said in *I'm No Angel*, "I'm very good, but when I'm bad I'm better." She wrote much of her own dialog and coined new national aphorisms, such as "A thrill a day keeps the chill away." But this good-natured, well-padded temptress with her standing invitation to "come up and see me some time," was to be held largely responsible for the virulent reform of movies that followed in her perfumed wake. Miss West would be the first to support the theory that the Legion of Decency was established in the hope of abolishing her from the screen; and it was hardly a coincidence that within six months after the release of *She Done Him Wrong*, a form of punitive Catholic film censorship was under way. Nevertheless, with all deference to the wayward Miss West, churchly moralists had a good deal more to alarm them at the



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time. Mae West was but one more constellation in the galaxy of gangsters, fallen women and mixed-up musicals that had incurred their wrath.

A worried Will Hays was already cooperating with these Catholic censorship groups. "Early in 1933," he recalled later, "in the gathering chaos and economic night, some voices called for the repudiation of the Code and all its prior restrictive agreements. Some felt that if the industry was to save itself and keep its thousands of people in their jobs, it had to 'Let her go, Gallagher,' with anything permitted to bring in the money." To save Hollywood from itself, as he regarded his efforts, he acted as intermediary between the Motion Picture Producers Association and the religious leaders who were vociferously denouncing the film industry. It is certainly true that Protestant and Jewish clergy were adding their voices to the censorial clamor, but they were not nearly so militant in their righteous zeal as the Catholic clergy and its minions—members of the Catholic laity—to whom Hays directed his intermediating efforts.

While the earlier censorship *Putsch* that had brought about the adoption of the Production Code was the result of conditions largely of the Twenties, the new moral crusade was distinctly of the Depression Thirties. The Catholics now had a repressive social atmosphere in which they could push even harder than before, and push they did. In the dark ages of the Thirties, most of the country rubes, and even the masses of city dwellers—however paradoxical their private behavior—still equated sin with sex; so the Legion of Decency didn't have much difficulty selling the public on their crusade against sex on the screen.

The first salvo in this Catholic war of repression was a statement made in the summer of 1933 by an Italian visitor, the Apostolic Delegate from Rome, the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, who thundered, "Catholics are called by God, the Pope, the bishops and the priests to a united and vigorous campaign for the purification of the cinema, which has become a deadly menace to morals." There is every reason to believe that the Apostolic Delegate was *prompted* to make the statement, for it was speedily followed by the formation of an Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures to draft appropriate measures for the control of picture content. And shortly after this, the Legion of Decency was formed. It quickly became the most effective and disciplined pressure group the film industry had yet encountered, and it remains active in the same capacity today.

In April 1934, the Legion introduced a pledge to be read aloud in all churches throughout the land, and specifically requested all members of the Catholic Church to endorse it with their signatures. Eight million signed in the first

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year of the Legion's existence, promising that they would "condemn indecent and immoral pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals." "The whistle had blown!" Hays wrote in a memoir. "Immediately protests against salacious films and offensive advertising swept across the country in a rising tide. The movement was like an avenging fire, seeking to clean as it burned. For the most part, it took the form of a popular movement, in some cases the clergy being obliged to restrain their people from boycotting even decent shows and condemning all movies!" Protestant and Jewish groups, too, 54 in number, marched in the movement against "the immoral cinema." *The Christian Century*, a Protestant publication, bellowed editorially, "Thousands of Protestant ministers and laity say Thank God that the Catholics are at last opening up on this foul thing as it deserves."

The main reason for the Legion's effectiveness, where other types of censorship had failed, lay in its ability to threaten—and on occasion to impose—a punishing economic boycott. Faced with this threat, the film industry came quickly to heel. In June of 1934, the Production Code was brought out of mothballs, dusted off and amended, again with the help of Martin Quigley and Father Lord. It was given much sharper teeth, too, with the addition of a Production Code Administration (which still exists) under the supervision of a young Catholic newspaperman, Joseph I. Breen, who was given authority—and who accepted it with alacrity—to police all studio movies from the first screen treatment to the completed negative. A new weapon of enforcement, the Production Code "Seal of Approval" was unveiled at the same time. The dictatorship of virtue, as it has been termed, was further enforced by heavy fines for offending producers without a Seal, and by the unwillingness of exhibitors to risk Legion of Decency wrath by showing films lacking it.

To clarify its position on pictures, the Legion instituted a system of ratings, or classifications, which separated movies into three main groups: A, morally unobjectionable for all; B, morally objectionable in part for all; and C, condemned. For the next 20 years, a condemned film stood little or no chance at the box office, until Otto Preminger, early in the Fifties, proved with his *The Moon Is Blue* that the Legion's "condemned" rating was a powder puff for anyone who stood firm against it. By that time, not only morals but the entire structure of the industry had undergone profound change. During the Thirties Hollywood was far too craven to provide any outright opposition and instead went in for evasive action. Indeed, censorship became such a commonplace of film production that W. C. Fields, sipping a soda in an ice-cream parlor, got a laugh

by looking into the camera and stating, "This scene was meant to be in a saloon, but the censors made us change it."

Actually, this kind of chocolate-fudging was no laughing matter. It drove the frank, healthy sexuality of Mae West from the screen and substituted several types of curiously mixed-up women, one of which became known as "the good-bad girl." This latter was a direct offspring of censorship—a girl who appeared to be bad, who was so regarded by the hero and the audience throughout the film, but who eventually turned out to be basically good. She would smoke, drink, play poker, flaunt her hips, appear to be on the make, possess an unsavory past—but it would be revealed at the end that she was as virginal as Mary Pickford in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Her psychological value for the mixed-up American male, according to two psychiatrist authors, Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, was her ability to provide "an eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too solution to the old conflict between sacred and profane love. . . . The exciting qualities of the bad woman and the comradely loyalty of the good one are all wrapped up in one prize package."

The obverse of the "good-bad girl" was "the bitch heroine," a woman of tempting sexuality but withal too neurotic to use it for any satisfying end. Bette Davis was the principal portrayer of this kind of role in the Thirties, and she proclaimed her mastery in *Of Human Bondage*. As Mildred, the cockney waitress who makes life hell for a clubfooted medical student, she willfully destroys his paintings and almost wrecks his career before, now a streetwalker, she falls victim to tuberculosis (changed from the syphilis of Somerset Maugham's novel). Throughout the film, Bette showed Mildred to be unrelentingly grasping, vulgar and embittered by her inability to satisfy her sexual whims with any man. She was a new kind of heroine (and villainess) for the movies; and despite the disinfectant the studio applied to the script, there was no escaping the sexual implications of her volatile performance. Later she was honored for the playing of another such character when she won a 1938 Academy Award for *Jezebel*, in which she was seen as a perverse and unrepentant flouter of antebellum traditions of ladylike behavior.

*Jezebel* antedated by only a year the screen's most famous antebellum epic, *Gone with the Wind*, in which Vivien Leigh played that apotheosis of all bitch heroines, Scarlett O'Hara. Even the implicit presence of censorship was unable to prevent the sexual sparks from flying between the team of Miss Leigh and Clark Gable. The handsome Gable, with his appearance and portrayal of aggressive masculinity, was more than a match for the beauteous bitchiness of Miss Leigh as Scarlett. Although the

screen went discreetly dark when he carried Scarlett up the stairs to her bedroom, the morning-after smile on her face was eloquent proof of his prowess.

As a result of the Code, and the Legion's ever-watchful eye, the American movie perforce invented an odd sort of sexual mythology that occasioned much ironic comment at home and abroad. One of its myths held that divorced couples always remarried, and always with their former mates. Another maintained that couples used the bedroom only for sleeping and generally in separate beds. The sale of twin beds boomed during the Thirties as a direct result of their prominence in movies. Whether their buyers knew it or not, the Code said that "certain places are so closely and thoroughly associated with sexual life or with sexual sin that their use must be carefully limited." A myth about marriage sprang up, too, with incalculable consequences to the psyches of innumerable young people of impressionable age who, until the advent of television, were accustomed to attending movies as often as four and five times a week. They usually learned, wrote Gilbert Seldes, "that the bridal night is a long series of accidents through which young lovers are kept from entering or staying in the same room after nightfall."

Frank Capra cleverly kidded the prevalence of censorship in *It Happened One Night*. The film's popularity, at least in part, was due to the famous "walls of Jericho" sequence, a joke on the movie habit of inventing a variety of plot devices to keep unmarried lovers from consummating their relationship. In Capra's comedy, a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a newspaperman assigned to follow her (Clark Gable) are forced to share the same room in a motel. There are two beds, but no privacy; and in the interests of movie morality Gable strings a blanket between the two beds and christens it "the walls of Jericho." Morning comes and the "walls" are still standing. Miss Colbert's virtue is intact and she has, of course, fallen in love with the man who respects it. As the movie ends, the couple, now married and honeymooning, return to the same motel and insist upon occupying the same room as before. In the middle of the night, much to the amazement of the motel keepers, the sound of a toy trumpet rings out from the room. The walls of Jericho have tumbled down. And the audience's hilarity, as well as its sigh of relief, implied good riddance!

If Hollywood had stuck firmly to the principles of the new moral regime ruled by the Production Code Administration and guarded by the Legion of Decency, the screen soon would have become barren of sex—illicit or otherwise. And, for a time, it did look as though the forces of sweetness and light were winning the day. A legion of writ-





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ers was put to work turning out vehicles for dimpled little Shirley Temple. Andy Hardy came along, sponsored by Louis B. Mayer, who professed to believe above all in God, country and mom's apple pie. The early Judy Garland sang her way into national fame without more than an occasional sisterly kiss for Mickey Rooney. So did starry-eyed Deanna Durbin, Universal's treacherous bid for asexual social acceptability. Musicals also were changed, and to fit the new formats such favorites as Ginger Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald were forced to alter their screen personalities quite drastically. In the early part of the Thirties, Miss MacDonald was famous for the slightly risqué quality she brought to such films as Lubitsch's *The Love Parade* and Mamoulian's *Love Me Tonight*. Both abounded in boudoir scenes and *double-entendre*. As for Ginger Rogers, she was now teamed in "family pictures" with Fred Astaire; while Miss MacDonald, who drew the stalwart, marcelled Nelson Eddy for her singing partner, was quickly transformed from a highflying thrush into an iron butterfly. Her operatic films may have pleased the Catholic clergy, and little old ladies loved them dearly, but compared to her pre-Legion efforts, they were pallid stuff, indeed. And while the films of Astaire and Rogers had some delightful moments, especially one called *Swing Time*, their plots were mainly a series of hoary clichés. The antisex, or nonsex, reaction to Code restrictions also brought in Sonja Henie, skating her snow-flecked way to fame and fortune in a series of treacherous ice musicals. Miss Henie, with her inanely sweet, chubby-

checked wholesomeness, could never have been accused of having a lustful thought. Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Grace Moore were brought from the opera stage to the sound stage in the middle and late Thirties to provide "class" in Hollywood musicals. Nothing could have been more chilling to the bone marrow than to watch Miss Swarthout and John Boles singing their soulful duets in *Rose of the Rancho*, a 1936 post-Legion of Decency musical. When sex was left out of the musicals, the life seemed to go out of them, too.

John Boles typified the antiseptic movie hero of the last half of the Thirties. Other notably clean-cut and clean-living types who flourished in the purified screen atmosphere were Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor, possessed of profiles of near beauty, but giving the impression that their sexual cylinders were not sparking properly. The quintessence of moral, asexual "manliness" appeared, however, in the person of toothy, perpetually smiling Don Ameche, who was teamed, appropriately, with Sonja Henie on more than one occasion. A return to the swashbuckling male type of the Twenties was eventually found in Errol Flynn, but his love-making was oddly chaste and remarkably restrained when compared with the steamy four-minute Barrymore kisses of the previous decade and the Latin leering of Valentino.

To further demonstrate its basic goodness of soul, Hollywood went on a culture kick, turning out deluxe adaptations of *Little Women*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Becky Sharp*. The five-foot shelf was

culled for suitable biographical material, and dull, relentlessly noble biographies of such worthies as Pasteur, Zola, Cardinal Richelieu and Baron Rothschild were made, all obviously immune to Legion condemnation. Should a classic have some questionable elements in it, such as the clear suggestion of incest in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, the film adaptation was carefully dry-cleaned before presentation to the public. Producer Samuel Goldwyn was forced to carry this kind of thing to absurd extremes when, after purchasing Lillian Hellman's Broadway success *The Children's Hour*, which dealt with two schoolteachers accused of Lesbianism, the Breen office stipulated that he could not use the title, the plot, or even publicize the fact that he had paid \$50,000 for the screen rights. In 1964, it is worth noting, the film was remade by the same director with Miss Hellman's original title and plot—although her fee had now jumped considerably above \$50,000.

Despite this apparent sterilization of Hollywood morality, the Production Code people persisted in their efforts to make the movies toe an imaginary moral line. Indeed, so successfully was the Code enforced after its readoption in 1934 that only two years later an encyclical letter by Pope Pius XI characterized the system as something that all nations might well emulate. Martin Quigley heaped glowing praise on Hollywood for the "new dignity" of motion pictures. And in November of 1936, Will Hays was granted the signal honor of being received by the Pope, who gave Hays personal assurances of his pleasure with what had been done to "improve" pictures and of his hope that the progress would continue.

It did. Take, for example, the strenuous efforts to "improve" Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* so that it would conform to the standards set by the Code. MGM, before deciding to film the story, conferred with Production Code boss Joseph Breen, and it was agreed that all mention of the illegitimate child which figured in Tolstoy's novel be eliminated. It was also agreed that the adulterous love of Anna (to be played by Greta Garbo) and her lover Vronsky (Fredric March) would not be presented as "attractive or alluring." Anna was to be constantly torn between her child and her lover. She would lose her friends, and then go through protracted and agonized torment when she also lost Vronsky. As if all this were not enough, she was to atone for everything by dying. Vronsky, too, was to suffer for his adultery with Garbo, even though a majority of the men of the nation might have gladly traded places with him. He was to be forced to resign from the army and "suffer remorse for the remainder of his life because of Anna's



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tragic fate," even though toward the  
close of the book Vronsky joined the  
army because of his grief.

The producers agreed to all of  
Breen's stringent demands, but after the  
script was written, Breen continued to  
be implacable about removing all traces  
of "sinfulness" from the material. The  
scriptwriters forlornly attempted to re-  
main true to the spirit of the book nev-  
ertheless, and at one point wrote a  
speech for Anna in which she said: "Am  
I ashamed of anything I have done?  
Wouldn't I do the same again tomor-  
row? Who cares what people say so long  
as I love you, and you don't change?"  
Breen recommended that the first two  
sentences of the speech be deleted, and  
they were. Again, he informed MGM  
that certain scenes, in his opinion, ac-  
centuated the adultery. "They should  
not be played in Anna's bedroom, but,  
if possible, in her living room." Even  
then he worried over the inviting ap-  
pearance of the sofa. Eventually Garbo  
played upon the spartan couch one of  
the briefest and most uncomfortable of  
her many acts of passion on the screen.  
Tolstoy must have turned over sev-  
eral times in his wintry Russian grave.  
Certainly no more passionate were the  
love scenes in Garbo's next vehicle,  
*Camille*, in which youthful Robert Tay-  
lor played Armand to her Marguerite,  
the consumptive demimondaine. Re-  
treating to conventional 19th Century  
romanticism, MGM kept the relation-  
ship of the lovers as seemingly chaste as  
possible by dressing Garbo in bulky, ul-  
traproper gowns, and by seeing to it  
that Robert Taylor's kisses landed more  
often on her shoulder than on any more  
strategic target. Predictably, *Camille* was  
uncensored by the censors, for Margue-  
rite paid the classic price for her sins:  
death. These scrupulous efforts to ex-  
punge all traces of genuine sex from the  
American screen were to continue until  
at last a revolution of "maturity" was  
forced in the early Fifties by box-office  
competition from that deadly menace,  
television.

In the Thirties, meanwhile, the way  
was open for the foreign film, untram-  
meled by Hays Office restrictions, to  
make inroads in a burgeoning group of  
cinema theaters called "art houses." And  
the independent domestic producers of  
fly-by-night quickies found themselves  
in a privileged position. Not belonging  
to the MPPA, they had no reason to  
fear the Code and were willing to take  
their chances with each state's individual  
board of censorship. The process was  
almost always the same: cheap produc-  
tion, lurid advertising, quick box-office  
returns, and quicker oblivion. If the film  
sparked some scandal, so much the bet-  
ter. Many of these low-budget sexploi-  
ters could be cashed in again and again in  
smaller towns and cities where the so-

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called art houses had yet to appear.

The sexploitors were free to move into subject areas forbidden by the Code, such as venereal disease—though Sam Goldwyn, who railed against the Code but was seldom able to buck it, was forced to change the syphilitic whore of *Dead End* (1937) to a consumptive streetwalker (played by Claire Trevor), much as RKO had done with *Of Human Bondage* three years earlier. In 1937, two films dealing with syphilis did appear in New York City; but these were produced by independents without benefit of the Hays Office. They were called *Damaged Lives* and *Damaged Goods*, and the state censors promptly banned them both. The state board of regents overruled their ban, however, and both were eventually shown.

The first, *Damaged Lives*, told the story of a youth who married, then discovered he had contracted syphilis through his earlier careless ways and that he had passed the vile disease on to his wife. Several stills inserted in the film showed the ravages of the disease, and were accompanied by a lecture on the sound track. *Damaged Goods* told a similar story, and was based on a Broadway stage play of some 20 years before and on the silent film that was made from it. In this tale, not only the wife but the child of the union is infected with the disease. Their plight results in all but hopeless tragedy, but the film eschewed unctuous finger-pointing at sinful behavior and rightly made public ignorance the primary villain. It did not fail to echo, however, the righteous tones struck by the original *Damaged Goods* and its successors in 1915.

*Birth of a Baby* came the following year (1938), again without Code sanction, because it forthrightly showed a woman in labor. The public was shocked by it (an issue of *Life* in which clips from the picture were published was banned in Canada and Pennsylvania, as well as Boston and 32 other cities), not because pregnancy and birth were rare occurrences in real life, but because Hollywood seldom so much as showed a pregnant woman on the screen, and its heroines were usually seen entering a hospital to give birth with their waists still a girlish 18 inches in circumference.

The afore-mentioned films had a certain social value, no matter how quickly or cheaply made; but the other sex quickies seldom bothered to have any social purpose at all, and fell into two main categories: the outright nudist film and the jungle picture. The first category was made in Europe, mainly, one popular example being *Elysia*. Views of pubic areas of the body were confined to long-distance shots, while breasts and buttocks were shot in medium closeup. The jungle film was usually of the pseudodocumentary type. The first of these, *Goonah-Goonah*, made on the island of Bali by



"I thought it lacked conviction."

Armand Denis, enjoyed some success. It was a native romance, supposedly factual, set in an exotic paradise, and peopled mostly by pubescent girls in sarongs that left the breasts exposed. *Samarang*, which followed hard upon it, featured more pubescent girls with breasts exposed in a tale of Malay pearl divers, and added a fight between a shark and an octopus for flavoring. Because the girls in these "true-life" native romances, of which there were several, had skins considerably darker than those of Anglo-Saxon white-skinned American Protestants, the censors were inclined to regard the films as ethnic documents, and they were passed without much in the way of cutting. Nudity was immodest, evidently, only for white women. On the other hand, male sexual organs, of whatever color, were always taboo.

Animals and sex were discovered to be a good combination by the producers of quickies, who found it a good deal cheaper to buy stock footage of jungles, animals and unclad actresses, and to build stories around them, than to set off with camera and crew for Africa or the islands of the Pacific. Both *Ingagi* and *Forbidden Adventure* used actors

in gorilla suits who pursued "native" women all over the wilds of California and through papier-mâché jungles erected on sound stages in Harlem. The marquees promised such simian sensationalism as: "A Country of Ape Worship by Women!" and "The Mating of Beauty and the Beast!"

To such depths as these had the depiction of the sexual instinct degenerated by the end of the Thirties, caused primarily by Hollywood's own dismal fear of a vocal minority of prudes. Not for another decade was it to regain its courage, and not until television threatened the box office did it regain a sense of reality.

This is the sixth in a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema." In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert shift their focus to the European scene during the turbulent Thirties, where sound films reached an artistic maturity that permitted the frank exploration of erotic themes still barred to American moviemakers by the Legion of Decency—and banned from American screens by the bluenosed U.S. Customs Bureau.





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## SILENCE OF OSWALD

(continued from page 102)

For there comes a moment when we realize that we can break through the invisible and intangible wall that separates us from the person standing right next to us; when we realize that we have been drifting along, as if under water, in the terror and *silence* of isolation; when we see things with the "hopeless lucidity" that Sartre has described somewhere, and realize that only an unwarranted act, an abrupt breaking through the wall, will restore us to reality, and obliterate that silence that imprisons us; when we realize that *they* are not mechanical dolls, automatons moving through a dream from which only *we* are excluded, but human—because they will bleed, hurt, die and (perhaps most important of all) turn toward us at the last their shocked faces, across which no hint of our existence has ever glimmered before, startled now by the abrupt recognition of our presence among them. When Marina joined *them*, when she crossed over to the other side of the wall, refusing even to talk to Oswald that last night, refusing even to consider moving into Dallas with him, she (in one sense) put the cartridge in the chamber of his life, and President Kennedy was doomed.

Still, it is possible that Oswald was not absolutely committed to his act. He may have taken the rifle to work that day merely to experience the strange and lonesome thrill of being able to hold someone's life in his hands for a single giddy moment. After all, this is why people peer through binoculars in big cities—to initiate an intimacy that is not threatening because it is an illusion. This is why people expose themselves on subway platforms, without actually planning to assault the observer, and, in some cases, hoping not even to be noticed by him. This is why people carry weapons they could never bring themselves to use. It is the urge of the outsider, the isolated, to feign a breakthrough into the unknown possibilities of ongoing reality, and it is at least conceivable that Oswald intended to do nothing but *view* Kennedy through the telescopic sight of his rifle, and feel for a moment the omnipotence and self-importance that his whole life (and now his wife as well) had denied him.

Once having reached this point, however, circumstances would have pushed him over. For circumstances, the accidents of as-yet-unrealized time, often create the pressure of the finger on the trigger, and psychologists believe that people always act by some logic of self-interest at their peril. What might have happened, for instance, if the Negro youth who had eaten his lunch at Oswald's window a scant half hour before had remained there instead of going

down to a lower floor to watch the motorcade with his friends? What would have happened had someone asked Oswald to watch the motorcade with *him*? No one can say, and yet one is left with the uneasy feeling that an act of friendship, a recognition, a movement toward human contact, at a hundred different junctures during Oswald's life might have radically altered the course he traveled. So why not at this most crucial of junctures? If, for instance, Marina had discussed their situation with him that last night, and perhaps allowed that discussion to lead to some sort of minimal reconciliation in their bed, would Oswald have needed this ultimate, severing act to relieve himself of the unendurable *silence* that enclosed him? No one can ever say.

Certainly, his psychopathy was real, constantly expanding and dangerous. He had tried to kill General Walker some months earlier, after planning the attempt for many weeks, only to miss a far easier shot than the apparently impulsive one that hit the President—a clear indication to me that the first was only another muddled political gesture, whereas the second was something deeper and more mysterious. By November 1963, his need had grown to proportions that no single annealing act on the part of any one person, much less the environment, could have dissipated. And yet there are probably thousands of people who are daily caught in psychic binds not unlike his—so many cocked rifles walking anonymously through the streets—and little or nothing in our society, or in our mostly naïve conceptions of our responsibility to each other's lonely struggle to keep from drowning in it, offers any sure way by which these cocked rifles can be disarmed. At least not until they have gone off, and it is too late.

Oswald's relation to reality is succinctly described by the "we" in Camus' "A man is talking on the telephone. We cannot hear him behind the glass partition, but we can see his senseless mimicry. We wonder why he is alive?" It was this glass partition that separated Oswald from the rest of us, and made him feel that he was only a "thing" in our eyes, a piece of meaningless, uncared-for flotsam. But a man cannot exist this way, at least not a man who is the intelligent, articulate and impatient neurotic that Oswald seems to have been. Such a man often feels that only two alternatives are open to him: to rashly insist on being his idealized image of himself, or to slavishly become the nonentity the world tells him over and over again that he is.

The fact remains that in the urbanized and impersonal America of his day, Oswald's resources were never used, his affections were never aroused, his concern for the future was never harnessed, and yet, on the evidence, he seems to





*"June 6th, 1763—Thirtieth day at sea. The crew is  
beginning to behave strangely . . ."*



have been reasonably brave, potentially decisive, mostly hard-working and certainly untiring in his efforts to break out of the dead end of his existence. At least all these qualities were present in him, in embryo, and only soured and became destructive when he could find no place to utilize them creatively.

One indication of the blistered wasteland of his human and social hopes lies in this passage, which he wrote after his disappointment with Russia: "I wonder what would happen if somebody was to stand up and say he was utterly opposed not only to the governments, but to the people, to the entire land and complete foundations of his socially." We need no longer wonder, for he has given us one answer to the question, and perhaps it was this very "wondering" of his that led him (still uncommitted to the act itself) to that window. In any case, his words stand as a twisted rebuke to a society that can seem to recognize only its madmen or its heroes, but steadfastly ignores

the countless millions of anonymous people yearning to feel some responsibility, some faith, some ultimate *stake* in the world around them.

In a larger sense, the two polar aspects of the contemporary American character collided that day in Dallas—a consideration which, in going beyond politics, goes far to explain why it *had* to be Kennedy. For John Kennedy was everything that Lee Oswald was not. He existed directly in the vivid center of reality, he was potent in every way, his life and personality were one continuous action and interaction; he was neither dualistic, separated nor helpless; he had never been prevented from experiencing himself as alive and consequential. Oswald struck back at everything he was *not*, but in a sense he was performing a Kennedylike act (as far as he could imagine one), and was attempting to *become* the sort of man he killed by the very *act* of killing. And so all that was most starved, thwarted

and hopeless in our national life took its pathetic and sullen revenge on all that was most vital, potent and attractive.

The horror of Oswald's loneliness, the extremity of his hunger, the appalling facelessness and spirit-withering *silence* of his whole life exploded in a bitter and anguished threat: Either he would be admitted onto life's stage or he would pull that stage down in total ruin; he would be recognized as having that sense of uniqueness that a human being *has* to have if he is to outwit the despair that leads to madness, or he would turn his very powerlessness into a source of power. Those who are imprisoned in the silence of reality always use a gun (or, if they are more fortunate, a pen) to speak for them, and perhaps the prince and the pauper in the human spirit are doomed to meet face to face, no matter what. But certainly the job of a sane and mature society is to see that this meeting does not take place through the sights of a high-powered rifle.

In one sense, we are poorer for the loss of them *both*. Though we lost Oswald years before we lost Kennedy, how many losses of *any* human potential can our besieged society afford? The fact is that a man will affirm his humanity at all costs, even if it means denying the humanity of others, and the whole ghastly nightmare of modern history has been endured for nothing if we have not understood that paradox at last. Oswald's blind insistence that he *was* a man, no matter what the sum of his life might indicate, had to be made in terms that the world could comprehend and, denied every other exit from that smothering silence, he resorted to the only language that our time seems to offer to the voiceless: He took a gun and aimed it at the center of the life from which he felt orphaned, and so broke into the stream of reality at last, by arresting it.

For a moment, he must have felt the exhilaration, the keenness to sensory stimuli and the virile power of choice that characterize a man functioning at the top of himself as a human being. Certainly his sinister calm before the Dallas police, his refusal to be trapped by their web of logic and his perfectly blank-faced denials of any complicity in the assassination suggest a man whose darker conflicts are at least temporarily at rest, a man at ominous peace with his divided life.

But if all this is true, it is too harsh a comment on our world, and its attritions, to be merely a psychological footnote to a political tragedy. Instead, it should remind us that history is, at the last, only the exterior appearance of far more important inner events—such as those that Lee Harvey Oswald suffered until he could suffer no more, and so struck back out of his wound.



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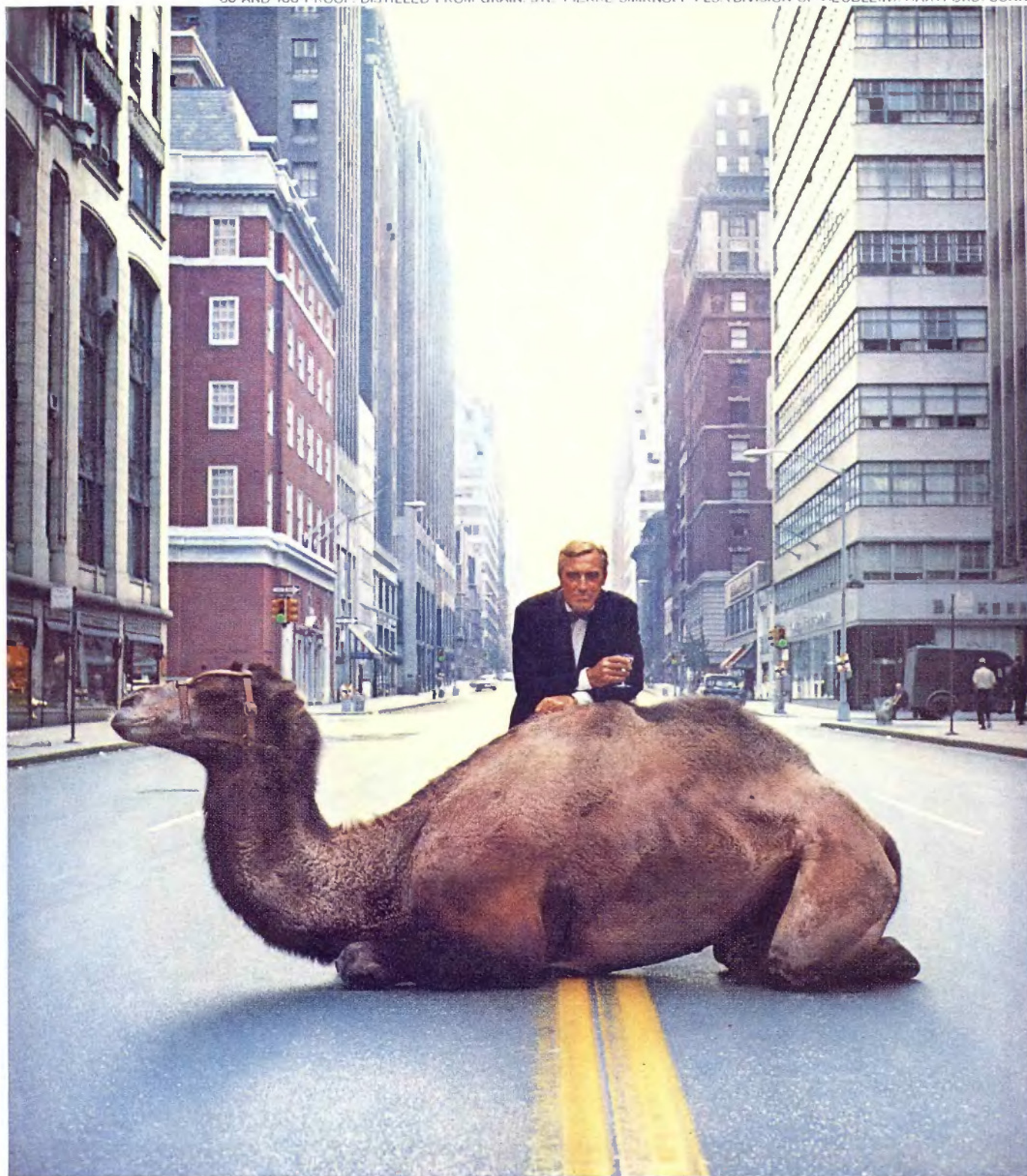
**SOL WEINSTEIN**—OY OY 7 STRIKES AGAIN IN A RIOTOUS RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF KOSHER COUNTERSPY ISRAEL BOND—"MATZOHBALL"

**PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S PORTFOLIO OF SEX STARS"**—A 15-PAGE PICTORIAL FEATURING **URSULA ANDRESS**, **CARROLL BAKER**, **BRIGITTE BARDOT**, **ARLENE DAHL**, **SOPHIA LOREN**, **TINA LOUISE**, **CAROL LYNLEY**, **JAYNE MANSFIELD**, **ELSA MARTINELLI**, **KIM NOVAK**, **STELLA STEVENS**, **SUSAN STRASBERG**, **MAMIE VAN DOREN** AND **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**; THE LATEST INSTALLMENT OF **HUGH M. HEFNER'S "THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY"**; "THE **SHEL SILVERSTEIN SONGBOOK**"; "PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL PLAYMATE REVIEW"; A PERSONAL TOUR THROUGH "THE **PLAYBOY MANSION**"; A FLAMING-YOUTHFUL ALBUM OF **JOHN HELD JR.'S** DRAWINGS OF SHEIKS AND SHEBAS AT PLAY; A NEW ADVENTURE OF "HOSTILEMAN" BY **JULES FEIFFER**; THE LATEST MISADVENTURES OF "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY" BY **HARVEY KURTZMAN** AND **WILL ELDER**; TWO SPECIAL DOUBLE-PAGE SPREADS BY **ALBERTO VARGAS**; FOR GALA HOSTING, "THE **CHRISTMAS FOWL**" AND "HOLIDAY DRINKS" BY **THOMAS MARIO**; AND A RICH ARRAY OF LARGESS IN "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE."

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS



80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.



## I'D RIDE A MILE FOR A SMIRNOFF MARTINI

The Martini revolution continues unabated. More and more devotees of the dry are making their Martinis with Smirnoff instead of gin. Because Smirnoff is filtered through 14,000 pounds of activated charcoal, it makes a dryer Martini. Millions of Martini men have discovered this already. Since you can't lick 'em, join 'em!

Always ask for *Smirnoff*<sup>®</sup> It leaves you breathless<sup>®</sup>  
VODKA





***"Us Tareyton smokers  
would rather fight  
than switch!"***

A man with dark hair and a serious expression is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark suit. He has a white cigarette with a yellow filter in his mouth. To his left is a puppet with a large head, wide eyes, and a wide smile, wearing a red bow tie and a plaid jacket. The background is a solid blue color. A white diagonal banner runs across the bottom right of the image, containing text and a cigarette pack.

**Join the Unswitchables. Get the filter cigarette with the taste worth fighting for!**

Tareyton has a white outer tip  
...and an inner section of charcoal.  
Together, they actually improve  
the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.

**Tareyton**  
Product of The American Tobacco Company Inc. N.Y.C.

**Tareyton**  
FILTER CIGARETTES