

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1965 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY JAZZ
POLL WINNERS

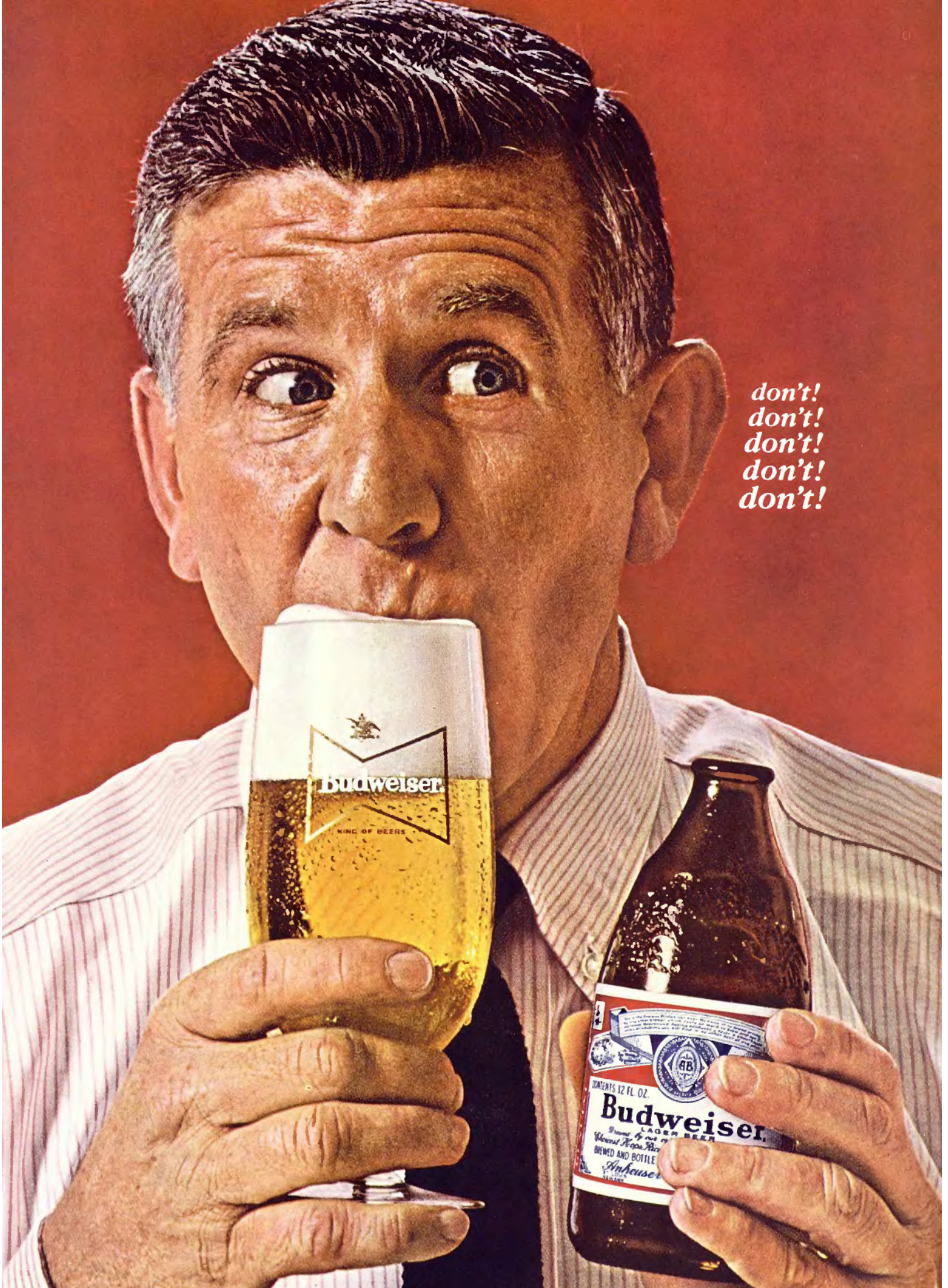
AT HOME
WITH KIM NOVAK

THE BEATLES
INTERVIEWED
BY JEAN SHEPHERD

THE LATEST IN
STEREO EQUIPMENT

PLUS
VLADIMIR NABOKOV
KEN W. PURDY
VANCE PACKARD
DONNA MICHELLE REVISITED

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don't!
don't!
don't!*



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PLAYBILL

PERT AND PRETTY PLAYMATE Teddi Smith, in her third *PLAYBOY* cover appearance, subliminally suggests that our February issue will provide the perfect nightcap for a frosty winter's eve. With a valentine like Teddi, even the longest month would prove too short.

As part of our ninth annual *Playboy Jazz Poll*, Nat Hentoff—by now a familiar and much esteemed name among *PLAYBOY* readers—appraises the past jazz year, its high points, its misfortunes, the doings of its big names, the rise of its lesser lights and the fall of some brighter ones. Evaluating his own role as jazz chronicler, Nat says: "Now that I've been doing the jazz-year summary for several years, I find myself—after many years away from the academic scene—in the role of historian with all the attendant responsibilities. As a result, what with the continuing huge file I keep each year for the subsequent roundup and all the files from the past years, my office is turning into an archive. When I bought my first jazz record at the age of eleven, I didn't realize it would all come to this. But fortunately, the music still cuts through the papers and the kicks I get from jazz keep mounting along with the files." This year's Jazz Poll results are enhanced by artist Richard Frooman's sensitive portraits of the All-Stars' All-Star winners. Frooman's commission, a Herculean undertaking, took months to complete. Jazz buff Frooman (he is proud owner of a connoisseur's collection of recorded jazz), whose paintings have been exhibited in most of the major American art museums, including Chicago's Art Institute and Detroit's Institute of Arts, has specialized in portraiture in recent years.

For *PLAYBOY*'s wildest interview to date, we shipped Jean Shepherd to England to beard the lion-maned Beatles in their den. Shepherd, still somewhat traumatized from his encounter with the legions of Beatlemania who besieged his charges, tells us that "All through the long days and nights I spent with the four of them I was nagged by the question: 'Is this peculiar cartoon creature called Beatle a product of the collective imagination that has nothing to do with, say, John Lennon or Paul McCartney, or George or Ringo, or their manager Brian Epstein, or even the act itself?' I never quite found the answer. That universally held Marx Brothers, Boys-on-a-Perpetual-Go-to-Hell-Spree image that everyone has of them, and wants to be told about them, just wasn't there. But then, I suppose that Charlie Chaplin, in his off-camera hours in the heyday of the Little Tramp, didn't walk around in an undersized derby and baggy pants, twirling a cane and waiting for the world to kick him in the rear."

Ken W. Purdy's edge-of-the-chair *This Time, Tomorrow*, our February lead fiction, was "researched" by Ken while he was in England in 1962. Once more ensconced there, Purdy writes that "When I lived at the Yew Tree House in Battle Sussex, I saw the fantastic strong room that plays its role in my story. I also remembered that in the Thirties one could buy platinum discs. I did then, and do now drink at The Bunch of Grapes in Brompton Road. And I once knew a dear blonde little thing who weighed 85 pounds dripping wet and was basically insatiable, although not nymphomaniac; she would accept the circumstance in which she found herself and make the best of it."

Longtime *PLAYBOY* regular Charles Beaumont, confector of *The Heavies*, a delectable appreciation of the archetypes of filmic evil, has a deep and abiding affection for the men and women who have made their movie mark by making life miserable for heroes. An expert on villainy (he has scripted a slew of horror movies and *Twilight Zone* episodes), Beaumont should strike the responsive chords in all those who wax rhapsodic over the terrorizing talents of a Cagney, a Bogart or a Karloff.

Vance Packard, author of *The Strategy & Tactics of Job Jumping*, is one of America's leading authorities on the facts of private, public and corporate life in this country's sociological structure. A much-sought-after figure on the lecture circuit, he is currently on tour amplifying the ideas he's put forth in such best sellers as *The Status Seekers* and *The Naked Society*.

The perpetrator of our outrageous *Twang Furdy Takes Five* folk-music liner-note parody, James Ransom, claims a unique distinction in that he believes himself to be the only *PLAYBOY* writer who also contributes regularly to another successful Chicago-based magazine—the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. But he considers his most effective piece of writing to date to be a letter to the editor of the *Palo Alto Times* protesting the burned-out light bulbs at the public tennis courts (they were replaced the next day).

Lensman Frank Bez, who photographed *At Home with Kim*, finds the luscious Miss Novak a very un-Hollywood young lady. Says Bez: "Basically, Kim dislikes posing. She hates the thought of getting ready to do it and will go to any lengths to avoid it. She is not negative, however. Her attitude changes once she starts working; then she will try anything."

Also on hand to add luster and liveliness to February: Part II of Vladimir Nabokov's lapidary *The Eye*; John Reese's eerie fantasy, *Double Exposure*; Spain-based Englishman Alastair Reid's comedic tale of a World War II tar, *My Friend Wainscott*; *PLAYBOY* Fashion Director Robert L. Green's crystal-ball coverage of the Continental sartorial story—*European Fashion Dateline*; *Après-Ski Cuisine*, Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's revivifying recipes for the urbane snowman; *Playmate's Progress*, an eye-filling pictorial report on the what, when and whereabouts of current Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle; *Sounds of '65*, the highest and newest fi for the discerning audiophile; another grin-and-bare-it episode of *Little Annie Fanny*; and Part III of *The Playboy Philosophy's* round-table discussion of America's sexual revolution by a minister, a priest, a rabbi and *PLAYBOY*'s Editor-Publisher, Hugh M. Hefner.

From cover to cover, you'll find this February issue to be a work of infinite variety. Pull up a hot toddy and tarry awhile.



BEAUMONT



HENTOFF



PACKARD



FROOMAN

PLAYBOY



Donna P. 108



Jazz Poll P. 75



Kim P. 66



Stereo Sounds P. 122

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DEAR PLAYBOY

 ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

ALABAMA BOUND

Governor Wallace has committed a gross injustice toward the people of New York City. In your November interview, he compared the violence in Alabama with that in New York. I would like to bring attention to the fact that metropolitan New York City has a population of 10,695,000 people compressed into 2514 square miles. Alabama has a population of 3,267,000 people scattered over 51,609 square miles. By simple reasoning, one can see that metropolitan New York has three times the population in an area twenty times smaller than the state of Alabama. How can one compare a mouse with an elephant? In the future, it would benefit Governor Wallace to be logical in his criticisms.

Robert Wayne Buttwell
Warrensburg, Missouri

Without rowdy yells or waving of rebel flags, I would like to congratulate and thank you for your interview with Governor George C. Wallace. Perhaps if a few more printed articles were as concerned as this one was in presenting both sides of a controversial issue, resentment might be avoided and a true solution reached based on fact rather than pressure. Personally, I agree with Governor Wallace's views. I only hope that this is a privilege that is not taken away by a Supreme Court decision.

Mike Nash
University of Mississippi
University, Mississippi

Call your shots the way you see them; the current Supreme Court has a record of upholding your right to do so.

Your November interview with Governor George Wallace was superb, despite his being interviewed by a reporter who obviously did not share his views.

Was your reporter implying that the governor is a liar by writing before the interview, "We refrained from turning an interview into a debate, by allowing certain statements of 'fact' to go unchallenged"?

Since my home is in Oakland, California, I can say that I am not really a Southerner, yet it was disgusting to see

how biased your reporter was in his interviewing of the governor.

E. L. Messer
Turner AFB, Georgia

I have just finished reading your interview with Governor George Wallace of Alabama and am a bit incensed by your trite editorial comments preceding the interview. I personally don't agree with the governor's published views regarding the best way to solve the racial problems in this country. I also support the NAACP, CORE, and contribute to other agencies that support self-determination of peoples everywhere. Recognizing, however, that my values are as preconditioned as his, I would have appreciated your magazine's giving him the freedom to say his piece without your deprecating preliminary remarks.

If the purpose of your *Playboy Interview* feature is to give your readers an opportunity to hear the protagonist, to allow him to state his case in a clear and unbiased setting (and I have interpreted it as such), the preinterview "brainwashing" bit is certainly uncalled for. If you disagree with the man's philosophy, or don't like other things about him, say so—but be gentlemanly about it, and fair. This is the first time I've noticed this flaw in your interviews, and take it as something that inadvertently slipped by.

Leon S. Otis, Ph. D.
Palo Alto, California

Our introductory editorializing was far from inadvertent—and it's certainly not the first time we've prefaced an interview with a mention of our own feelings. PLAYBOY is not, and has never pretended to be, a magazine of objective reportage. We have a variety of opinions and a strong editorial viewpoint—which we attempt to make obvious in the over-all content of our magazine. For our interviews, we select subjects in whom we believe a majority of our readers will be interested; sometimes we agree with much of what these people have to say and sometimes with very little. We think that the value of our interviews grows from our permitting interviewees to express their candid, uncensored opinions

promise her
anything...
but give her

ARE PRESENT

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

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—but if we take serious exception to their general position, we feel an obligation to let our readers know this, lest the presence of the interviewees' opinions in our pages seem a tacit endorsement of them. In the case of Wallace, we freely yielded him space to present his position to millions of readers; and, to give him full scope to state his case, we did not express our contrary views (other than indirectly, through our questions) during the interview. It was thus for the sake of editorial honesty that we used the introductory space to explain why we kept our views in abeyance during the interview, and to explicitly state our dissent from his views.

For a different reaction to PLAYBOY's interview with Governor Wallace, read the following letter.

My sincere congratulations go out to the unbiased interviewer of Governor George Wallace. I have, for some time, been a reader of all that the governor writes and speaks, simply because he has the nerve to say what the majority of us truly believe. I was impressed, to say the least, by the dialog which showed no opinionistic parables seeping through in this discussion with an extremely controversial man. Good journalistic writing is slipping more into the background each decade, but your magazine, with its "just the facts, ma'am" attitude, stands on good solid ground.

James D. Cowen
Sam Houston State College
Huntsville, Texas

The November interview with Alabama's Governor George C. Wallace is your best to date. Being raised in the North (Iowa) and having lived in Alabama for two years, I can compare the differences faced by both peoples. I understand, and agree with, Mr. Wallace when he says that a restaurant owner "should be entitled to serve only men with green eyes and red hair if that is his whim. He is the one risking capital and hope and years of his life, not the Federal Government . . ."

Doug Patrick
Birmingham, Alabama

No matter what a man risks when he goes into business, his sacrifices don't constitute a license for bigotry. In his decision to set up a business, he tacitly declares that he will serve the public, and in public service he is not entitled to the same rights and privileges that he may enjoy in private life. Controls over business conduct have been with us for centuries; in fact, English common law long ago forbade innkeepers from denying accommodation or service on the grounds of race. Prices, quality, advertising, the quantity of goods sold—all these have at one time or another been justifiably brought under government control

in the public interest. We do not consider it an improper extension of government control (and we do consider it in the public interest) to ensure that an enterprise doing public business actually serves all the people.

Dick Gregory, in the September issue of *The Realist*, approached the problem with these thoughts:

"A man will say: 'This is my business, my private place, what right do you have to tell me that I have to serve you?'"

"Well, this is your restaurant, but it was my tax money that paid for that Public Health Commissioner who comes in to license your place that bigoted white folks ain't going to eat in until he gets to see it; it's my tax money that pays the fireman—when your skillet catches on fire and threatens to burn down your business, that's my fireman that comes in and puts it out—and that's my tax money paying the cop that's gonna guard your cash register.

"Now, if you think that's your joint, then you hire your own Public Health Commissioner, get your own license, go and get your own fireman and your own cop, and you can have that crumbly joint. But the day is over when my tax money is going to pay for the essential things of business only so that a foreigner just passing through, who pays no tax and don't have to have no love for this country, can sit in the cool of your air condition and sip a mint julep out of a glass that my money made sure was inspected healthwise."

I don't intend to renew my PLAYBOY subscription now or ever. Not when you dignify such men as Governor Wallace by printing their undemocratic opinions.

Robert Sieferman
Freeport, Illinois

One of the blessings of democracy, Bob, is that it permits discussion—on an equal basis—of all sides of every question. Thus, while we don't endorse much of what Wallace stands for, we do support his democratic right to present his views to the public—for their ultimate acceptance or rejection. This same belief prompted us to publish interviews with—among others in the current racial spotlight—Malcolm X (May 1963), Dick Gregory (August 1964) and The Reverend Martin Luther King (January 1965).

SOLID GOLD

I wish to comment on the gifts of Herbert Gold, whose story *Running Man* is in your November issue. I am continually amazed by the scope of Mr. Gold's imagination, moving from distractingly comical farce to distractingly pertinent melodrama, as in this story, and then sometimes to a disturbing, on-the-nose penetration of the flaw in American life—that vague rumble after meaning, after

a clamorous self-assertion—as in the story *Jackpot* [PLAYBOY, June 1964]. Those of us for whom reading is a large part of our day's work occasionally find fiction of a quality that justifies much browsing in the pastures of prose. Herbert Gold's stories in PLAYBOY have provided me with nourishing fare.

Rod Harris
Chico, California

PLAYBOY CARS

Congratulations on your exceptional November issue, highlighted by Ken Purdy's exquisite *The Playboy Cars—1965*. It's an unforgettable reading experience. But as a Porsche 901 fancier, may I point out that the Alfa Romeo 2600 with five speeds forward is more than matched by the 901, which has advertised 5-Ganggetriebe since August 1963, with the comment, "Weitere Zahnradpaarungen sind lieferbar" or "Wider gear selections are available for delivery." As a Porsche fancier himself, Ken should not have overlooked this.

George Myron Christian
Hartford, Connecticut

Space limitations prevented Purdy from going on at length about all the qualities—and special options—of the 80-plus cars surveyed.

As an owner of a Mercedes 230SL, I enjoyed your article on *The Playboy Cars—1965* very much. However, your chart states its top speed as 125 mph. This past summer I had the pleasure of driving on the Vienna-Salzburg Autobahn, which was uncrowded and had no speed limit. The car performed beautifully at 130–135 mph.

Peter Huberman
Brookline, Massachusetts

Count yourself lucky: Our performance figures for your model were supplied by the manufacturer.

I respect Ken Purdy's automobile knowledge and his way of putting words together, but question the morality of his driving 85 to 120 mph on a public road in the rain. What sort of idiocy and/or contempt for the rest of us is this? Is this your definition of a playboy?

David P. Morgan
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Purdy writes us as follows: "Obviously De Beaufort and I were breaking the law. It does not follow that we were behaving immorally."

"The argument that speed per se is dangerous, and the primary cause of road accidents, is demonstrably fallacious. The volume of evidence on the point is vast, and beyond dispute. Most fatal accidents occur at speeds under 45 miles an hour, on straight roads, in bright weather. Alfred Moseley's study at Harvard University, the only really exhaustive accident study ever made in



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1556. Brubeck breaks loose with *Elements*, World's Fair, Cable Car, Iberia, 2 more

1603. Here then is Leonard Bernstein "at the top of his form." — High Fidelity

1536. Incomparable versions of: Fare Thee Well, All My Trials, Silver Dagger, etc.

1350. My Old Flame, Frenesi, Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, 12 in all

1583. Can't You See That She's Mine, On Broadway, Forever And A Day, 7 more *

1447. Lovely versions of: Tell It On The Mountain, Don't Think Twice, 10 more

1612. Classic Sinatra: Let's Fall in Love, When I Take My Sugar To Tea, 12 in all



1295. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Elbert, Diabrier



1413. Drag City, The Queen, Little House Coupe, Glee, 8 more



1608. Also: The Blue Room, Sabandance, Clafito Lindo, etc.



1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Merry Young, etc.



1594. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, 9 in all



1083. "Abundance of pulsing rhythms." — St. Louis Globe-Dem.



1457. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.



1035. "Most lavish, brilliant, and triumphant" — *Kilgallen*



1084. Highlights — Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Siegfried, etc.



1063. Also: Bumble, The 3rd Man Theme, Honky-Tonk, etc.



1001. Tonight, Love and other great movie themes



1442. The Sweetest Sounds, You'll Never Walk Alone, 10 more



1373. Also: I Can Dream, Can't I?, It's Trying, etc.



1450. Also: Felton Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.



1445. A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, It's All Right, 12 more



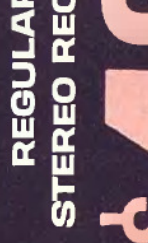
1802. Hailed as "a historic Hamlet!" — *Life*



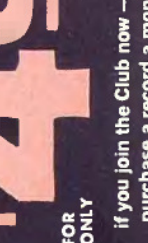
1295. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Elbert, Diabrier



1413. Drag City, The Queen, Little House Coupe, Glee, 8 more



1608. Also: The Blue Room, Sabandance, Clafito Lindo, etc.



1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Merry Young, etc.



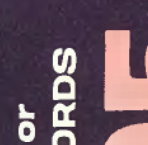
1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." — *Life*



1581. Also: Mama Said, You Don't Own Me, etc.



1448. Also: Sunshine Special, Come Home, Sinner Man, etc.



1380. Hitchhike, The Bird, Mama Didn't Know, 12 in all



1349. Also: Sleepin' John B., This Train, Darlin', Corey, etc.



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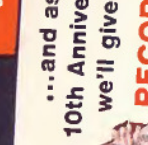
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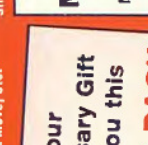
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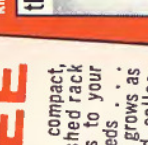
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A man's man's fragrance



**'That
Man'**

BY REVLON

COLOGNE, TALC, AFTER-SHAVE,
SOAP, SPRAY DEODORANT BODY TALC,
AND PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE

the United States, conclusively shows that more than 50 percent of fatal accidents are caused not by driver error in any form, but by mechanical failure. (Also, an interesting percentage of them are due to suicide or murder.) The speed-limit theory on which U.S. state laws are based is not universally supported. For example, in much of Europe, there are no speed limits on open roads, and the accident rate is not, as one might suppose, catastrophic as a result. In Europe, driver skill is held to be a factor worth including in the equation. An English policeman told me, 'You may do 150 miles an hour, sir, if you like—providing you look to me as if you know what you're about. But don't pass me without signaling, don't take the wrong line in a bend, don't find yourself in the inside lane, don't let me see you with one hand on the wheel—'

"I have been driven through London suburban traffic at 70–80–90 miles an hour with an expert at the wheel, and I was perfectly tranquil, and I do not believe that anyone else was endangered. (The British run schools to teach one how to drive at 100 plus in safety.) Recently I did 250-odd miles in Germany at speeds rarely under 115 on open road, and, watching as intently as I could, I was unable to see this driver make one mistake. I am speaking here of a high level of sophistication and skill: This driver, for example, consistently anticipated cross wind on the road, and so on.

"I think the essence of the matter is this: If one is a professional or a semi-professional driver, in an automobile of known capability, rigorously checked and maintained, then one may safely run at speeds within the boundaries of one's own skill. It is patently absurd to say that Parnelli Jones, or A. J. Foyt, or Jim Hall, is not safer at 80 miles an hour than a 60-year-old woman with defective vision is at 50—although the law applies with equal force to all four drivers.

"One more point: The old saw, 'It isn't you, it's the other fellow' is not fully applicable to the really skilled driver. In many miles of extremely fast driving with Stirling Moss, for example, I have repeatedly seen him demonstrate that he is almost totally indifferent to any form of idiocy on the part of other drivers. Again, the question of skill is paramount. It is hard for anyone who has not seen the incredible levels to which this skill can be taken to understand it. For example, Moss recently took one of the biggest sedans in the world, the Mercedes-Benz 600, with seven people aboard, around the Brands Hatch course in England at a lap speed less than eight seconds under the racing-sedan record for the circuit! And Moss retired himself from racing two years ago on the ground that he had lost his touch.

"De Beaufort and I were breaking the

law, certainly, but he was perfectly confident that he was within the limits of his skill and his vehicle, and, in the circumstances, I believed the same thing."

IRRESPONSIBILITY

I enjoyed the humorous management cartoon on page 111 of your November issue, but, being a manager, I almost choked when I read the words "delegates too many of his responsibilities."



"I enjoy working for your husband—it's just that I think he delegates too many of his responsibilities."

Responsibility cannot be delegated, it is created. Authority is delegated. Comprehension of this principle is most difficult and I hope you haven't led any fledgling management students astray.

John Klansek

Rockville, Maryland

The responsibility is ours for having managed to exceed our authority.

ART PRAISER

I wish to congratulate PLAYBOY, and especially J. Paul Getty, on the overpowering November article *Fine Art, the Finest Investment*. The article was very enlightening and most enjoyable.

Mr. Getty's understanding of the connoisseurship involved in true art appreciation is quite refreshing. I especially enjoyed his perception of the worth of so-called unrecognized artists. In today's world, when all success seems to hinge on the recognition of artists, it is a revelation to see that there are still people who realize that true success can come from more aesthetic sources than recognition.

L. William Omwake, Jr.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IN PRAISE OF PIRATES

Michael O'Connell's *The Pirates of Padre Island* in the November issue is a story that presents exactly the atmosphere of every man's forgotten boyhood. The trouble with most works at-

tempted along this line is that they seem contrived, devoid of youthful exuberance and joy. Something can be learned from this kind of nostalgia. As adults, we are strangers to the children we were. To be a complete man is to remember what boyhood is. Not that the past should be relived as an escape from the adult burdens unimaginable to a boy, but that the grown man loves the boy he was, and will look on the world with whatever maturity he may have and never lose the awe and naturalness of a child. O'Connell's achievement makes us remember this.

O. L. Greenough
San Gabriel, California

TANGLED LINES

I must defend my country against Vance Bourjaily's slurs. In his splendid article on fishing, *Rainbows in a Bucket* (PLAYBOY, October 1964), he implies that fishing in England is quite exclusive and prohibitively expensive. English, or rather British, fishing is priced by the law of supply and demand, and what you pay is a function of quality and accessibility. Trout near the capital are as scarce as they are near New York. Fifty miles out of London you must pay \$10 a day on the Kennet; but in the Outer Hebrides you can catch trout in several thousand lochs to your heart's content for \$1.50, including boat. My eight-year-old son and I got 20 weighing 15 pounds in four hours at this price—and no bag limit. There was no question of luring these trout to their doom with flatfish or worms, or salmon eggs (which have been illegal here for many decades). It was fair fishing with wet fly. Since we in Britain do not advise friends to "go downstream" when the best fishing is farther up, I'll tell Mr. Bourjaily that this was on Loch Grogarry in South Uist, and I hope he'll go there with me sometime.

J. A. Maxtone Graham
Berkshire, England

MAIN EVENT

Congratulations on a good job well done in your October interview with Cassius Clay. It showed the heavyweight champ in a completely different light from the one in which I had previously seen him. Just one question: How could Clay have possibly failed the Army pre-induction tests and still answer your questions in such an intelligent manner? With the sound answers he gave, he should be compiling and administering the Army tests instead of taking them.

Eugene F. Traub, M. D.
Cambridge, Maryland

I enjoyed reading your candid conversation with Cassius Clay. However, I wonder how Mr. Clay could be so uncouth as to flunk the Army preinduction qualification tests when he himself states that he has a fast mind. How can a

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

It seems all the nicest people drink
Old Hickory



gown by
Trigère

OLD HICKORY



America's Most Magnificent Bourbon

THE PLAYBOY SKI SWEATER

Even if you don't know the difference between a slalom and a schuss, you'll appreciate the calculated comfort, special styling and smart good looks of the new Playboy Ski Sweater. Made of 100% virgin worsted wool, the Playboy Ski Sweater features the fashionable crew neck and raglan sleeves, with the renowned PLAYBOY rabbit putting in an interwoven appearance. Sweater is available, for both playboys and playmates, in white on cardinal, white on black and black on white. Please indicate size with order.

Playboy Ski Sweater, \$22 ppd. (Sizes: S, M, L, ExL.)

Playmate Ski Sweater, \$20 ppd. (Sizes: S, M, L.)

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.



Almost anything tastes better with Angostura®



Meat Balls Electra

Take any old non-conductive meat ball recipe...dash in a teaspoonful of Angostura for each pound of meat and watch the sparks fly! Angostura also makes ordinary hamburgers think they're steaks. So will you.



On-the-Rocks, Roger!

Gin, whiskey, vodka or rum—Angostura elevates the character and properties of your favorite spirits served On-the-Rocks...raise high the root beer, bartender!



Sans Souci Salad Dressing

Blend a half pint of sour cream with a little salt, sugar, herb vinegar, some minced sweet onion, and six or seven dashes of Angostura aromatic bitters. Spill over chilled green salad and serve. Superb!



It isn't a Manhattan without Angostura

It's the Angostura that makes a Manhattan taste like a Manhattan. (The whiskey, vermouth and cherry merely go along for the fun.)

The four recipes above are only to whet your appetite. For the whole story of what Angostura does for food and drink, send for your free copies of *The Professional Mixing Guide* (256 great drinks) and *The Angostura Cook Book* (48 delectable pages). Write: Angostura, Dept. P, Elmhurst, N. Y. 11373.

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man who uses such canny strategy in fights, and *thinks* so deeply about religion and integration fail mentally? These doings take some brains. This makes me question Mr. Clay's integrity concerning his answers as to what is best for the racial problems of his country. Possibly he does not have anything more than a "big mouth" between his ears, but I doubt it.

Bob Herchenroeder
Harrisburg, Nebraska

Like most intelligence tests, the Army's must rely to a large degree on knowledge. (They could not, for example, determine the I.Q. of a non-English-speaking Ph.D.) They not only fall short in measuring native intelligence, with which Clay may well be blessed, but are unable to (and are not designed to) evaluate shrewdness, wit, persuasiveness, gift of gab and other mental attributes, which even total illiterates may possess. As Clay himself said in the interview: "The fact is I never was too bright in school. I just barely graduated. I had a D-minus average . . . when I looked at a lot of the questions they had on them Army tests, I just didn't know the answers. I didn't even know how to start after finding the answers."

PIOUS PRAISE

Bravos to William Iversen for his excellent and accurate *The Pious Pornographers Revisited* (PLAYBOY, September, October) exposing the sexual, erotic preoccupation of the women's magazines.

I have yet to find anything as erotic in PLAYBOY as you will find every month in the most respected ladies' magazines. However, I doubt if you could convince the ladies who cling so virtuously to their *Home Journal*, *McCall's*, etc.

Mrs. Marcia Fouladi
Seal Beach, California

DIRECTOR LAUDS CAMERAMAN

I just wanted to drop you a line and say how wonderfully Jerry Yulsman caught the lighting of the War Room in *Dr. Strangelove* and, as a matter of fact, of the other films, too, in his October movie directors' satire. I wish I had had that scene in the film.

Stanley Kubrick
New York, New York

WRONG DIAGNOSIS

I am indeed amazed that PLAYBOY should have such grave misconceptions regarding contraception as to have the male partner take the Enovid (*Symbolic Sex*, PLAYBOY, October 1964). Quite properly he should have given it to the young lady, of course. Freudian slip?

William J. Wortman, Jr., M.D.
Charleston, South Carolina

Point of the joke.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A noteworthy nut, you won't be surprised to learn, has sprung up in the fertile soil of Pasadena, California—that storied stronghold of kooks, cults and lacy little old ladies in tennis shoes. Calling himself the Gladstone Society, and flashing beautifully embossed stationery to prove it, this fun-bent filbert—who prefers to remain anonymous—has been sending out a series of square-seeming letters to a select group of puzzled Southern Californians. Postmarked Pasadena but bearing no return address, these messages dolefully announce that “your application for membership in the Society cannot be accepted.” Shortly after this bewildering epistle has been consigned to the wastebasket, letter number two arrives, bringing an unexpected gleam of hope: “Your application is being considered for re-evaluation.” After an agonizing wait of a week or more, the third missive arrives; it contains the joyous news that “your application has been accepted” and that one should present oneself at the next meeting—the time and place of which are “stated in Schedule A of the Society calendar.” Needless to say, no Society calendar is enclosed. A span of time passes. Just when the recipient of this infuriating correspondence has succeeded in putting it out of his mind, a fourth letter arrives to put *him* out of his mind. It is the last, and possibly the best:

“Dear Sir,” it reads. “Because you have obviously chosen not to fulfill your obligation to the Society, due to your absence from the last regular meeting, your membership therein has been revoked by the Board of Governors. Unless immediate reapplication is filed in accordance with paragraph two, section six of your original application, your membership privileges shall be permanently canceled.”

That little loophole clause, “Unless immediate reapplication is filed,” remains a source of anxiety to some harasses. Any day now, they expect the whole thing to start again, beginning with the gloomy news that their “reap-

plication for membership in the Society cannot be accepted.”

A harried prep-school teacher of our acquaintance, who formerly kept his students busy extracting cube roots, has hit on what appears to be a consummate disciplinary diversion: He now offers a monthly prize to “that student submitting the longest essay, regardless of merit, on any given subject.” The winner is excused from the following month's competition.

To the top of our file of ruminant intelligence goes the news, published in a recent issue of the Battle Creek, Michigan, *Enquirer and News*, that the University of Alaska has been presented a \$336,520 grant for a five-year project aimed at domesticating the musk ox.

Among the qualifications required for employment as a salesman by an advertiser on the classified page of California's *Fresno Bee* are: “1. Successful direct sales background; 2. A desire to help others succeed; 3. Maternity and good appearance.”

Sign of the times spotted on a downtown office building in Greensboro, North Carolina: M. C. JOHNSON—JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—MARRIAGES CONSUMMATED—ROOM 3.

We can't help admiring the stoic self-discipline of 101-year-old Lee Meriwether of St. Louis, who attributes his long life, according to *The Washington Daily News*, to the fact that he “never touched wine or tobacco or had anything to do with women—until I was 14 years old.”

Printed on two mail baskets atop the desk of a Chicago psychiatrist: OUTGOING and INHIBITED.

Beneath a picture in Michigan's

Ann Arbor News of six attractive coeds who had served as volunteer pages at last August's Democratic Convention in Atlantic City was a caption unaccountably unnoticed by Barry Goldwater in his late and unlamented “morality” crusade: “FUN BY DAY, HUSTLING BY NIGHT MARK LIFE OF CONVENTION PAGE.”

So Sorry, Please: According to a bulletin from the Japan National Tourist Association, the government railways are installing facilities to broadcast taped train announcements in English for the convenience of foreign visitors. Among the canned messages will be schedule information, travel data and—disquietingly—“official apologies in case of accidents.”

Unlike those chronic grouchers who constantly carp about the weather—and do nothing about it—a man called John J. Dunn, tired of hearing his given name confused with the common wash-room, took the only direct action possible short of changing his name. He formed an organization whose express purpose is to eliminate the use of “John” in favor of, as Mr. Dunn puts it on his club's membership card, “bathroom, biffy, cabinet d'aisance,” and so on, through 20 more designations, ending with “w.c.”

The organization is called the NAPPRBJ—National Association for the Prevention of the Practice of Referring to a Bathroom as a John—an admittedly cumbersome title, but commendably to the point. The initiation fee for this ineluctably exclusive fraternity is one dollar, for which the member is provided a welcoming letter, a wallet-size identification card, and a certificate suitable for framing. Mr. Dunn is fed up, he told us, with coy questions concerning the recommended placement of the gold-colored certificate. Plaintively, he also told us of the social pain occasioned by his name. “Imagine on some enchanted evening,” said Dunn, “hearing your

name across a crowded room, only to discover that the lovely creature is not at all interested in you but only in the location of those facilities which will permit her to wash, powder or lounge." When we asked why such choice circumlocutions as boggard, Cannes the famous watering place (also Deauville), *domus*, donagher and locus were omitted from his prescribed list, gleaned from *The American Thesaurus of Slang*, Dunn replied that he was not trying to add arcane nouns to the language; rather, he was attempting to eliminate one very common word.

For this reason, regrettably, we cannot support Mr. Dunn's scheme. While we admire his valor in the face of a virtually impossible task, we shudder to think of all the useful words that would be lost from the language if oversensitive individuals whose names correspond to objects or functions began making a fuss about it. What would happen to poetry if the bards couldn't write about the sun's Rays? The science of genetics, it seems to us, would be in sore straits if it were deprived of its Genes. Would we go into a bank and ask for change of a ten-dollar Federal reserve note if all the Bills began complaining? And, finally, what would star-crossed lovers leap from if the Cliffs of the world rebelled? The same is true for Guy, Hank, Jack, Jock, Miles, Paddy, Pat, Will and others. We suggest that Mr. Dunn and his fellow NAPPRBJ members find a suitable compromise and cease the battle. If they're too proud to change their name, then they can, with honor, keep it by using one of many foreign translations: Jean, Giovanni, Juan, Johannes, Hans, Jan or Ivan, to name a few.

The chaps with the real problem, it seems to us, are those named Richard.

We applaud the candor and the realism of the clergyman who expressed the following sentiments in a recent issue of *The Christian*, a weekly journal published in St. Louis: "'Now I lay me down to sleep' is not a very satisfactory prayer for adults with grown-up problems in a grown-up world."

Aptly yclept constable in the Meadows, Minnesota, police department: Dick Tracy.

We wonder how many qualified applicants replied to the following want ad in Alabama's *The Huntsville Times*: "Opening for man to direct wholesale business in Huntsville area. Must have ability to recruit and train men as women. Write ALJ-30-WD 577, Memphis."

Sign of the Month, printed in bold black type on white enamel and firmly affixed with four screws to the wall of a London subway station: ONE POUND REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION

LEADING TO THE CONVICTION OF ANYONE DAMAGING THIS SIGN.

RECORDINGS

Getz Au Go Go (Verve) features Stan Getz' liquid tenor and Astrud Gilberto's minuscule but haunting voice, recorded "live" at Greenwich Village's swinging Café Au Go Go. Getz' quartet changes personnel on various pieces, but Gary Burton's vibes happily are heard throughout. Astrud warbles quietly on a half-dozen numbers including *Corcovado*, *It Might As Well Be Spring* and *One Note Samba*.

With **Eyes for You / Ethel Ennis** (Victor), the young singer really comes into her own. Accompanied by a small group, including veterans George Duvivier and Osie Johnson, a high-octane Ethel gives impressive performances on a dozen choice tunes. Among the standards upgraded by Miss Ennis are *Yesterdays*, *Angel Eyes* and *Summertime*. From here on, Ethel must be counted among the top-drawer distaff chirpers.

Belafonte / Ballads, Blues and Boosters (Victor) offers a healthy slice of Harry's unique artistry. A balanced mix of gospel-styled melodies, work songs, gully-low blues, sensitive ballads and socially aware offerings, the album has Belafonte backed by groups ranging in size from a small rhythm aggregation to an out-sized orchestra and chorus. In any context, he is first-rate.

Further evidence of the musical art of Farmer is presented on **The Many Faces of Art Farmer** (Scepter). By now Farmer is generally recognized as the prime exponent of the jazz Flügelhorn; his work here should enhance his reputation. He is aided by young altoist Charlie McPherson, the fine pianist Tommy Flanagan, Steve Swallow and Ron Carter, who share the duties on bass, and drummer Bobby Thomas. Two of the best pieces in the set—*Happy Feet* and *Ally*—were written by Tom McIntosh, a composer-arranger of whom we will surely be hearing more.

Take It from Me / Terry Gibbs Quartet (Impulse!) features the daring young man on the flying vibes with cohorts Kenny Burrell (guitar), Sam Jones (bass) and Louis Hayes (drums). Terry is an emotional musician; his playing on the up-tempo items is marked by manic flights of fancy, while ballads such as *All the Things You Are* get the tender-loving-care treatment.

One of the most pleasant-sounding LPs to slip onto our spindle in a long while is **"Sweets" for the Sweet / "Sweets" Edison** (Sue). Harry's relaxed, impeccable

ble trumpet floats through ten familiar melodies and a brace of originals. Among those made a little sweeter—*What Is There to Say*, *Green Dolphin Street* and *Everything Happens to Me*. Even the strings sawing away in the background do nothing to dull the Edison luster.

Arranger-conductor Lalo Schiffrin raises **Sarah Vaughan / Sweet 'n' Sassy** (Roulette) several notches above what we have come to expect from the Divine One. His scoring is sensitive and perceptively attuned to the lush Vaughan voice. Particularly outstanding examples of the amalgam: *More Than You Know*, *Lazy Afternoon* and *This Can't Be Love*.

Joanie Sommers with Laurindo Almeida / Softly, the Brazilian Sound (Warner Bros.) proves that Miss Sommers has a lot more going for her than Pepsi-Cola jingles. With Almeida's large group providing sensuous and subtle backdrops, a *sotto voce* Sommers delineates the Brazilian *Quiet Nights (Corcovado)*, *Carnival (Manha de Carnaval)* and *Meditation*, plus Latin-tilted versions of *I'll Remember April* and *That's All* among others.

The little-known classical side of **Joe Wilder / Trumpet** (Golden Crest) is brilliantly revealed in his performance of Alec Wilder's *Sonata for Trumpet and Piano*, and a number of shorter pieces which range from Haydn's *Trumpet Concerto* to Leroy Anderson's *A Trumpeter's Lullaby*. The quietly evocative Alec Wilder composition, which takes up one side of the LP, concentrates on the lower registers of the instrument with striking effect. Milton Kaye and Harriet Wingreen provide the piano accompaniment.

McCanna / Les McCann Ltd. (Pacific Jazz) adds an African beat to Les' soul piano. With his rhythm section augmented by the bongo, conga and timbales of Willie Correa, McCann is caught up in the spirit of *Uhuru*, limning a handful of originals, including the title tune, *Zulu* and *Basuto Baby*.

The estimable pianist-arranger-composer Clare Fischer does a little of everything on **So Danço Samba / Clare Fischer** (World-Pacific). Fronting a quartet, Fischer fleshes out a concert of Antonio Jobim's most famous bossa novas with three of his own compositions and they lose nothing by comparison; as an interpreter of his own works, Clare is without peer.

Johnny Smith, a guitarist far removed from the musical mainstream in Colorado Springs, Colorado, demonstrates on **Johnny Smith / Reminiscing** (Roost) that his

jazz roots go deep. His playing on *Sweet and Lovely*, *Soon*, Neal Hefti's *Li'l Darlin'* and *Time After Time* recalls the Smith of old—a guitarist of immaculate technique and irreproachable taste.

Duke Ellington / Mary Poppins (Reprise) must rank as one of the season's most unusual jazz recordings. Anyone who has encountered the syrup-sweet *Poppins* score in its original sound-track state will be doubly amazed at the Ellington wizardry in transforming it into a light-hearted, swinging romp. All of the Duke's troops deserve medals for this one.

For those who appreciate the chuckle rather than the large guffaw, we recommend **Jim Moran / Don't Make Waves** (London). The publicist *extraordinaire* is also a monologist of no little talent. Jim specializes in nonsense, *non sequiturs*, and the quiet deflation of pomposity. From the opening track, *The Skinny Age*, in which he takes umbrage with the country's penchant for all things slim, through a "demonstration" of his Fat-O-Lator machine (for removing all the fat from the air that has been put there by the craze for thinness) to his very special musical ode to the George Washington Bridge, Moran has a touch that is always lightly applied to the funny bone.

Trini Lopez Live at Basin Street East (Reprise) comes about as close as anything he has put on vinyl to capturing the Lopez in-person *esprit*. Aided by such nonpareil jazzmen as Thad Jones, Clark Terry and Willie Dennis, Trini breaks it up on the likes of *La Bamba*, *If I Had a Hammer* and the Ray Charles shout, *What'd I Say*.

Stitt Plays Bird (Atlantic) is, in essence, a musical truism. Sonny Stitt's alto owes its allegiance to Charlie Parker. No one on the jazz scene today comes closer to Parker in style than Stitt. With the MJQ's John Lewis and Connie Kay, guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Richard Davis, Sonny works his way through a Bird repertoire (*Ornithology*, *Au Privave*, *Ko-Ko* are some of the high points) in a tribute that is not an echo but an offshoot.

Young pianist Andre Watts' solo debut on vinyl is an auspicious one. **An Andre Watts Recital** (Columbia) features the Leonard Bernstein protégé in surprisingly well-considered, mature performances of keyboard works by Haydn, Liszt, Debussy and Chopin. Watts' handling of the Debussy prelude *La Cathédrale Engloutie* is especially noteworthy.

In between his Southern jail stints, Dick Gregory still finds time to be a very

exhilarating elegance FOR MEN...

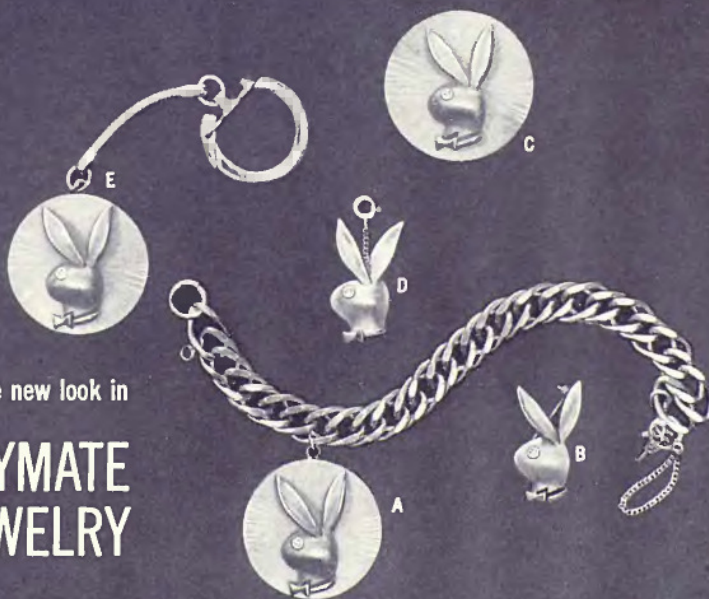
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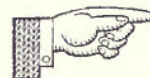


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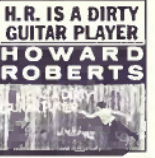
19-71. I Ain't Got Nobody, Thou Swell, Little Girl, 9 other greats. \$3.98



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20-40. Careless, Don't Cry Joe, Vaya Con Dios, Mexican Rose, 8 others. \$3.98



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13-87. Where Flamingos Fly, I'll Know, Love Me, My Babe, Come Home, 11 hits! \$3.98



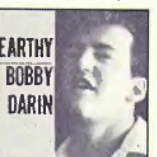
19-77. Lollipops and Roses, I Got a Woman, Yes Indeed! 11 hits. \$3.98



12-90. Heart, Street Where You Live, Hey There, 9 more with spice. \$3.98



16-25. Swinging' in a BIG way! The Trolley Song, Love for Sale, 10 more! \$3.98



18-13. 13 old favorites. Moon River, Hallelujah, Fever, I Love Her So. \$3.98



16-82. Shangri-La, Standing on the Corner, Tom Dooley 12 in all. \$3.98



20-39. 12 from the heart. Soul Sister, Freedom, I Believe in You. \$3.98



18-33. Laura, I'll Take Romance, September Song, Ruby, 12 standards! \$3.98



19-43. Jack's surprise piano debut! "Highly listenable" (Billboard). \$3.98



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20-51. Lot of Livin' to Do, Oh! My Crazy Moon, 11 cool numbers! \$3.98



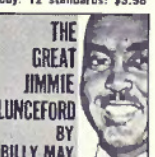
12-88. Wild small combo jazz. Valentina, I Love Paris, 8 other hits. \$3.98



17-67. Sophisticated Lady, Miss Dits Regrets, Little Girl Blue, 12 in all. \$3.98



18-14. College Cannonball, Manhattan, White Lightning, 16 in all! \$3.98



15-81. Ain't She Sweet, My Blue Heaven, Cheatin' On Me, 8 more oldies! \$3.98

funny fellow. His latest LP, "*So You See . . . We All Have Problems*" (Colpix) is a laugh-laden testimonial to Gregory's ability to find humor in the most sensitive areas. On Governor Wallace's strong primary showing in Wisconsin and Indiana: "It's the first time a white tornado hit a place and left it dirty"; on Cassius Clay: "They asked me if I was surprised when Clay announced he had become a Black Muslim. I was only surprised about the Muslim bit; I knew all about the rest of it"; on Southern moderates: "A Southern moderate is a guy who'll lynch you from a low tree." Gregory obviously has lost none of his humor or his sting.

The glittering original Broadway cast recording of *Golden Boy* (Capitol) marks the Strouse-Adams musicalization of Clifford Odets' haymaker of a play—aided by Sammy Davis' yeoman efforts—as a fine score. The up-tempo songs, spearheaded by Davis, are dynamically compelling. Sammy's work on *Gimme Some, Stick Around, Don't Forget 127th Street* and the rousing gospel *No More* is electric, and there's enough of Davis throughout to supply *Golden Boy* with a slew of solid-gold musical moments. It is a singular triumph for the incredibly ubiquitous Davis.

MOVIES

Kim Stanley went to England to make her second film and it's easy to see why: Her role is so right for her. *Séance on a Wet Afternoon* is about a slightly mad medium, married to a Milquetoast. She hatches a kidnaping plot, designed to publicize her powers. The husband plays along with the plan because he loves her, although he knows she's somewhat cuckoo. When the plot goes further than the medium foresaw, the husband wrecks it in a way that won't wreck her belief in herself: for she's not a fraud. Bryan (*L-Shaped Room*) Forbes, who directed and wrote the screenplay from Mark McShane's novel, begins ponderously but picks up pace and point. When he concentrates on drama, instead of dramatizing his direction, Forbes is formidable—as in the kidnap and ransom sequences. Richard Attenborough, who coproduced, gives a poignant performance as the husband, and Nanette Newman is notable as the kidnaped child's ma. Miss Stanley looks a bit puffy in the close-ups and is a bit puffy in her acting style, but she indubitably has emotional power. She strikes a forcefully unhappy medium.

Alan Pakula and Robert Mulligan, who produced and directed *To Kill a Mockingbird*, return to the South, but this time they have killed the goose and scrambled the golden egg. *Baby, the Rain*

Must Fall, adapted by Horton Foote from his play *The Traveling Lady*, is like a fifth carbon of Tennessee Williams—all mood and pauses and long stretches of languor, which are supposed to be mistaken for something important. A Texas girl and her little daughter arrive in a town to wait for her husband to get out of the pen, only to find that he's already out on parole, already singing with a band in bars, already on the edge of trouble. In time, predictably, he flops over the edge, back to the pen, and mother and moppet move on to wait for him again in another town. Soggy significance drips drearily from this torpid tale. Lee Remick, sincere and sweet as the spouse, cannot fill the over-all emptiness, any more than Steve McQueen, wearing a little longer hair than usual, can make his bumptious barroom brawler believable. Don Murray draws around as a deputy who is Mr. Nice Guy Neighbor. The direction is mediocre Mulligan stew, but it is the script that has Foote of clay.

Cary Grant's new comedy, *Father Goose*, is a wag's tale of the South Pacific. Grant is an American ex-prof who has fled to a loafer's life on a boat among the islands near Australia. In 1941 he is conned into being a coast watcher when the Aussies retreat. He stays on a small island, watches for enemy craft, and radios back info under the code name Mother Goose. When he goes to another island to rescue a trapped pal, he finds pal dead, Leslie Caron and seven small girls she's escorting very much alive. They all make it back to his hide-out, and off we go on a return engagement of the first-they-hate-each-other routine. Teacher and kids dispossess Grant from his shack, hide his hooch, loathe him, finally love him. The War is a moderately gay game in the background that's brought to the fore once in a while to create a crisis. The script by Peter Stone and Frank Tarloff has some crispy-crunchy cross talk. (Forced to abandon Scotch for coconut milk, Grant tastes it, ughs, and says: "Delicious. Young coconuts must love it.") Grant, bewhiskered and bewhiskered, tackles his nonsmooth type handily; only a little patent leather occasionally gleams through. Miss Caron pouts from pillar to post, but her charm is somewhat Leslie than it used to be. Trevor Howard, a naval officer at the other end of a wireless, is woefully wasted.

The French underwater whiz, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, is back down there again, this time in a deep-sea documentary called *World Without Sun*. Cousteau and his oceanauts, domiciled deep in the sea off North Africa, live in a sort of streamlined round tank with picture windows. A real switch: an aquarium with men in it for fish to look at. Nearby is a sub port

for their two-man submarine; farther off, connected by phone and closed-circuit TV, is an even deeper outpost for two observers. Swim trunks and skindiving gear are the working clothes. Exploratory sub trips are made daily; movies are taken, specimens gathered, physiological tests made in the outpost. Mail, food, air come from a supply ship on the surface. The routine of work makes Jules Verne look jaded, but the undersea wildlife is what's really wild. The fish, captured in color, have the colors to make it worth while, with a variety of shapes that seem to have been dreamed up by Disney. The cave-digging crabs, the scallops scuttling across the ocean floor, the sharks baffled by glass traps—these are only a few of the top performers in this excellent natural-history saga. The expedition itself, like many in this century, seems more adventure than science, but that only makes the film more fun.

John Goldfarb, *Please Come Home* is stuffed with ingenious comedy ingredients, whipped together by fumbling fingers, and pulled out of the oven three-quarters baked. Goldfarb, a U-2 pilot with a reputation for lousing things up, accidentally lands in a Middle East oil kingdom. The king's son, a Notre Dame student, has flubbed the college football team. The king, nutty as a fruitcake and twice as rich, forces Goldfarb—who, naturally, has been a coach—to scratch up 11 whirling dervishes to challenge Notre Dame. In order to get the U-2 pilot back, the State Department convinces Notre Dame that . . . Well, that's enough of *that* story strand. Here's another: A girl magazine photographer, famously frigid, gets smuggled into the king's harem to do a picture story, figuring she's safe because he's too feeble to do more than fondle. When she finds the king still wields the scepter, she hurries to Goldfarb for help, but he . . . And that's enough of *that* strand. Also, there's a royal, jet-propelled, gold golf cart for roaming round the palace, electric minitrains and belly dancers with overdrive. Trouble is, it all sounds funnier than it films. William Peter Blatty's script doubtless crackles with cracks, but most of them are gabbled so fast they're lost. Director J. Lee Thompson's gifts for comedy are more deficit than deft. Richard Crenna is not quite 14-carat Goldfarb, and Shirley MacLaine, the photographer, is cuter—in her own opinion—than ever. Even Peter Ustinov sparkles only sporadically as the king. All through it, the question recurs: "Gee, this is funny. So why ain't I laughing?"

The Guns of August is a classy piece of one kind of documentary—the knitting of newsreels to tell a telling story. With Barbara W. Tuchman's best seller as a guide, Nathan Kroll has combed the files of European government offices and film archives for fine footage. It begins

with the funeral of King Edward VII in 1910 and moves step by staggering step down the relentless road that led to the outbreak of World War I four years later, a war that almost ended the month it began. Then the film makes its one serious mistake. After a careful and compelling beginning, it hops and skips to cover the remaining years of the War in what seems like less time than it took for the prelude. This once-over-too-lightly leaves the impression (false) that the whole film is too fast. Kroll has put craft into this documentary. The editing is intelligent and intelligible, and Arthur B. Tourtellot has written a clear commentary which Fritz Weaver delivers with distinction. It's hard to believe that, originally, this was all silent film, so skillfully are sound effects incorporated by Dick Vorisek. If only Kroll had stuck to Mrs. Tuchman's guns and ended in August.

Slave Trade in the World Today, an Italian color documentary, could be called *Mondo Cane Writhes Again*; it's equally sensational, sexy, suspect. Roberto and Maleno Malenotti have filmed footage, some fascinating, to prove that profit is still being made out of people. The traffic in humans, they show, moves generally from East Africa to Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. Lord Robin Maugham (Somerset's nephew) appears in the intro, pointing out that the trade is kept afloat on oil and Western wariness of offending the sheiks, that it would trail off without the connivance of the U. S. and the U. K. But this film lifts the banner of freedom in order to lift veils and skirts as well. Some of the stuff looks likely, some of it seems staged, most of it is intended to titillate. We go to slave markets and see girls being surveyed and sold, men being handled like merchandise. We visit assorted harems and—in one eye-stopping sequence—see the beefy blonde English wife of an Arab king disporting in a harem pool with the local talent. A lot less pretty are the parades of bartered boys, the hobbling of the shackled. The subject is serious, but like many a timely topic splashed in the Sunday supplements, the handling is more for show than for shame.

Hiroshi Teshigahara. Not an easy name to remember, but worth the trouble. He's the young Japanese director whose first picture to be shown here, *Woman in the Dunes*, is certainly not going to be the last. It is a superbly seen and beautifully built film, an allegory that gets part of its grim power from its graceful poetry. Kobo Abe's screenplay, from his own novel recently published here, tells of an officeworker whose hobby is insect collecting and who hies off on his holiday to a lonely part of the coast. He stumbles on a poor fishing vil-



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lage, each house built in a deep pit in the dunes as weather protection; and he stays overnight in one of these houses as a woman's guest. In the morning the villagers won't haul him up. He's kept as a working prisoner, to help shovel sand and prevent the house from being buried and, presumably, to procreate with the woman. Thus, to help the village survive and continue. The story, strong enough in itself, is further strengthened by its symbolism. It speaks of what freedom means, and hope, and self-fulfillment. And love. Eiji Okada, the man of *Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour*, and Kyoko Kishida perform perfectly as the pair, and Hiroshi Segawa's camera makes a sand-ripple interlude tell of the sex between them. But it is Teshigahara's vision—from the long lonely beach to the colossal close-ups of gritty skin—that gives this film tension and dimension.

THEATER

It's difficult to peg the exact moment when *The Owl and the Pussycat* reveals its true slim-witted nature, but it may be the second time Diana Sands calls the bookish Alan Alda a fink—which is about five minutes after the play has begun. The first cry of Fink! is funny. Diana, the whore next door, is battering at the door of Alan's bachelor digs, demanding admittance because he has had the landlord evict her. She yells "Fink!" at the top of her voice. To quiet her, he lets her in. She continues crying Fink! at the top of her voice, and each Fink! is less funny than the last. After a while, she beds down on his couch and demands that he read her to sleep. Behind her back, he fondles a bust of Shakespeare and says, "I'll put you to sleep with Shakespeare." She answers, "Shakespeare gives me a headache." By that time playwright Bill Manhoff and his two shop-worn characters have given everybody a headache. *The Owl and the Pussycat* is a two-character, one-joke, one-tone show—and the tone is shrill. In the course of a long evening, relieved only intermittently by humor, the owl tries to educate the pussycat. She learns two words, enervating and impeccable, but is unable to use either in a sentence. The actress happens to be Negro, the actor white, but there is no mention of color, and none is needed. The integration is impeccable, but the play is enervating. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd Street.

Victor Borge is an institution, like Maurice Chevalier or Liberace, and the temptation is to dismiss him as fusty and overfamiliar. Borge does make lame, word-mangling jokes, such as calling Dvořák's *Humoresque* "Hemorrhage," and his following has become broader and baser, cackling over his digs at the classics and whispering to each other,

"Do you think he'll do his phonetic punctuation?" Nevertheless, there is much for the unfaithful to admire and much to amuse in his new *Comedy in Music*. He has some funny quips ("Were you in the last war?" "No, not yet.") and some extravagant ones ("I live in a small hotel room. You put a key in the door and it breaks the window."). Best of all, he has a fanatic dedication, like Jack Benny, to the myth of himself: He is as disrespectful of Borge as of Beethoven, yet he is a mock spotlight hog. This trip he has a foil, concert pianist Leonid Hambro. Borge's best moment is in a one-piano duet with Hambro, in which they tangle themselves like squids in love, finally decide the only way to play is round robin. Swapping seats, and slapping the keys, they shift madly about the piano bench. The audience collapses. "Bless your heart," says Borge magnanimously, "and all your other vital organs." At the John Golden, 252 West 45th Street.

The idea of writing a musical comedy about *Ben Franklin in Paris* is not quite as preposterous as writing one about George Washington at Valley Forge, but almost. Franklin in his Parisian period was 70 years old, fat, gouty and balding—in other words, a typical Broadway leading man—and what he did over there was simply to gain recognition for the revolutionary American colonies. Enough for a musical book? Perhaps—but the authors obviously had their doubts. Mark Sandrich, Jr. (music), and Sidney Michaels (book and lyrics)—the latter's last literary assault was on Dylan Thomas—have self-consciously seasoned this musical with inventions, mainly Franklin's ("Is this the lightning rod you invented?" asks a Parisian), and aphorisms ("A bachelor is like half a pair of scissors"). The songs are generally out of tune with the subject, and Ben comes across as merely a wise-guy womanizer in bifocals. Star Robert Preston, bald in front and bun in back, is as charming as ever, but there is little else to commend this show except a flight in a balloon. Franklin kidnaps the king's mistress to win her to the colonies' cause—and his own—and flies off with her. The stage effect is imaginative: As the back curtain rolls and rolls through views of Paris rooftops, the balloon swings dizzily across the stage. This scene is fanciful and free-flying, but the rest of the show is firmly earth-bound. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 West 46th Street.

Luv is a wacky and perverse play. Its three characters are all *kvetchers*, each one with worse complaints than the others, wallowing in self-pity, and savoring every minute of it. *Luv* is against home, mother, family, marriage, success, and even love. Neither well-meaning

nor well-made, not frivolous nor especially profound, it is nevertheless hilarious, a bonanza for all concerned—author Murray Schisgal, director Mike Nichols (see *On the Scene*, page 136), players Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Alan Arkin, and people lucky enough to steal tickets. The lines are Schisgal's, and they demand a special reading. Many are casually absurd, or purposely clichéd. They don't quote well, except for Wallach's "I'm more in love today than on the day I married, but my wife won't give me a divorce." The plot, what there is of it, concerns divorce. Wallach wants one, so he shunts his wife off on his best friend. They marry, regress, regroup. Where the other two actors fulfill their roles, Arkin overflows his, turning the lines to his purpose (and the play's), to create a mirthful portrait of a loser, Harry Berlin. Harry, a shaggy deadbeat suffering from the loss of a *modus vivendi*, can't make it as a scholar, a lover, a liver, or even as a suicide. He leaps grandly from the balustrade of a bridge and lands squarely on the bridge itself. Arkin, a subtle, sure, unpredictable actor who apprenticed at Second City, is the kind to send critics scurrying for superlatives, so here we go: A new Chaplin! A young Mostell! An authentic Arkin! At the Booth, 222 West 45th Street.

BOOKS

A couple of millennia ago, a serious writer in financial straits must have said, "I'll grind out just this one potboiler for the mob and then I'll have enough drachmas to settle down and write the great Greek novel." In 1963, American writer Merle Miller succumbed to the same dream, with English subtitles, and began grinding out a pilot-film script for CBS Television. What followed is recounted with savage humor, bitter humor, sardonic humor and funny humor in *Only You, Dick Daring!* (Sloane). Miller, who gives fellow scriptwriter Evan Rhodes co-author credit, concedes that it takes two to swindle—in this case the network, which will own up to gang rape if it raises ratings, and Merle-baby, who cheerfully admits he lusted for his share of the loot. Miller is an Iowan who journeyed east some years ago "determined to remake New York City and the world in my own image and to write more and better novels than Balzac." New York and the world remain reasonably intact, but he did write several respectable books, among them *That Winter* and *A Gay and Melancholy Sound*. Then, broke, he ran into CBS, head on. The network was involved in a series about *real people*, specifically a county agent who helps farmers. Miller made a natural mistake—he forgot that, in TV, "real" means "unreal." He wrote about what county agents usually do, whereas

CBS was hot for what they don't usually do (burn out fields, uproot trees, get lynched, and so on). They also had certain ideas about this dame, see . . . In any event, Miller did 19 rewrites to oblige the back-room mentalities in the front office. Eventually, mercy killing was required for his disfigured, dismembered offspring. The rating chasers, who had second-guessed him all the way, proved conclusively that they wouldn't recognize a real person if they ran over him en route to cocktails. When all is said (and said very well in this book), an only slightly improbable fantasy remains. In it, County Agent 007 has made the CBS-TV schedule after all and Merle Miller is wearing that earnest look as he explains to a Hollywood interviewer: "What we're trying to do, you see, is to probe deeply into the lives of genuine people. The extraordinary medium of television . . ."

The Everlasting Cocktail Party: A Layman's Guide to Culture Climbing (Dial Press) is, in truth, a manual, with text by Peter Blake and drawings by Robert Osborn, which, if carefully memorized, could enable a recent cow-college graduate to shine at a literary cocktail party given for a Grade-B Book-of-the-Month Club selection that was written by a West End Avenue housewife who had recently earned her M.A. in sociology at the New School for Social Research. This is one of those nonbooks published for nonpeople who are desperate to do all the right things but nervous about doing them. So once again we are dragged along the much-traveled rut of modern movies, modern toys, modern art, modern houses and modern furniture, and provided with cute comments designed to stir chuckles from the good people who support and make possible modern movies, modern toys, modern art, modern houses and modern furniture. We neglected to mention modern traffic, which is an inevitable part of such an inventory, and which our reputed satirists comment on with their usual delicate humor: "There is only one way of solving the traffic problem, and that is to abolish the automobile." If the reader can contain his guffaws, he will eventually arrive at the final page, which coyly comments in postscript: "After all, once a culture climber has reached the brink, he (or she) has gone about as far as he (or she) can judiciously go. After blank canvases, what? After silent music, what? After nonmovies, what? And after that, what?" Unfortunately, the pictures are on a par with the text.

Reading H. Montgomery Hyde's *A History of Pornography* (Farrar, Straus) is a little like spying on a voyeur—you get the reactions, but he gets the action. Hyde seeks to present a sweeping panorama of pornography as

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enjoyed through the ages—which, alas, comes down to a pale collection of snippets from such masters of the form as Ovid, Boccaccio, Twain and Lawrence. The excerpts do not gratify—either as art or as smut—because they are excerpts; and they do not explain anything, because Hyde appears to have no particular point to make. He jogs mindlessly along, giving us bits of Rabelais, of Freud, of Cellini, of Havelock Ellis. It seems we are to read the excerpts for the same reason people climb mountains—because they are there. Hyde is at his best—which is none too good—when he drops the history of pornography and takes up the pornography of history. There is, for instance, a sharp account of Aretino, a 16th Century pornographer who practiced what he preached. Aretino died in 1556, says Hyde, “by going into such a fit of laughter on hearing an indecent story about his sister that he fell out of the chair and broke his neck.” Hyde, an Englishman, has much to say, none of it flattering, about the Mrs. Grundys on both sides of the ocean who seem to find something offensive in some nook of every book. “Much pornography,” he concedes, “is badly written, poorly produced and . . . of little or no literary merit”—but that does not excuse “the absurd lengths to which an illiterate bureaucracy can go in the matter of hunting for pornography.” When a work called *Rape Round Our Coasts* was seized by British Customs, Hyde reports, the surprised author remarked, “I don’t know what sort of minds these Yahoos have, but I hope they enjoyed the book. It is all about soil erosion.”

Mom and Daddy are getting a Divorce. It all started on Christmas Day when Daddy slugged Mom’s brother, H. A., and generally behaved outrageously and scandalized Grandmother. All of them are very Social Register. They are the latest creations of Patrick Dennis, creator of those immortals, Auntie Mae and Little Me. His new book, *The Joyous Season* (Harcourt, Brace & World), is narrated by a maddeningly precocious ten-year-old with an even more maddeningly precocious little sister: “My name is Kerry, which is short for Kerrington, for cripes sake, spelled with a K and an E and not with a C and an A and is a very big name somewhere back in Gran’s family. . . . Maybe I should have told you before. Missy is my sister. Her real name is Melissa, for cripes sake, and she’s only six years old. She’s also kind of a pain in the ass . . .” If you can stand the kid narrator and his eerily familiar style of writing, however, you do get some canny glimpses of upper-strata New York society, a spot identified as East Haddock, L. I., and other tony places and persons. Mom and Daddy, after deciding to marry two other people—well, they get married again to

each other. You just *knew* they would, didn’t you? On the first page. Even so, Mr. Dennis is an inventive writer and some of his wild characters and wilder scenes are very apt and very funny. But sometimes, for cripes sake, we really were homesick for old Holden and Phoebe Caulfield. We mean, we really were.

In *The Trial of Stephen Ward* (Simon & Schuster), Ludovic Kennedy serves up a hodgepodge of platitudes probably unequaled in the literature of litigation. His original intention, he announces at the outset, had been to “make a permanent record of the last public act of the Profumo affair before the curtain comes down for the last time.” But before the curtain came down Kennedy realized, sitting in the courtroom gallery, that he was “seeing justice miscarry before my eyes”—and his objective report became instead a passionate protest, or so he seems to think. Actually, it is merely a rehash of the courtroom proceedings that led to Ward’s conviction and suicide, featuring the same tired cast of the beautiful and the damned. Kennedy presents them with a certain style—call it cornography. Christine Keeler is “the nymph who had started it all. . . . She was short like an animal, and one could see at once her appeal to the animal instincts of men.” Mandy Rice-Davies has “a hard, catlike little face but a very pretty one. . . . When she walked one could see quite a long way up her leg.” The prosecutor is a man who “could have made a honeymoon sound obscene”; and the journalists present are “alert tumble-down fellows with weather nostrils cocked to prevailing winds.” Between these unenlightening descriptions we get Kennedy’s ho-hum emotions. “I felt my heart racing again,” he informs us on one occasion. And on another: “. . . one realized with a little chill that the trial was almost at its end.” Finally, though implausibly: “One looked at [Miss] Ricardo [one of Ward’s girls] standing so miserably in the witness box, and at Ward sitting with dignity in the dock, and saw them naked and unashamed, like animals.” The book seems endless, yet there is reason to believe that Kennedy wanted to make it longer. “It would have been a better book,” he tells us, “if I had been able to refer to a copy of the official transcript of the trial.” But the Lord Chief Justice refused to furnish him with the complete version, so Kennedy had to fall back on a condensation. No doubt mildred was being willful and arbitrary, but his literary instincts were unimpeachable.

The Films of Marilyn Monroe (Citadel), edited by Michael Conway and Mark Ricci, is a sort of souvenir album of every picture MM was in—more than you think: 28, plus an unfinished one.

The facts about the films are as complete as need be, and the photographs, plentiful and adequately printed, provide both film history and film biography. It almost seems as if MM’s face was being *made*, as she went from role to role, like a sculptured head going through stages of refinement. What was happening, of course, was that, as studios became interested in her and she ceased to be just one more girl in a chorus or canoe, they took the trouble to learn how to make her up as *herself*, not as an anonymous member of a line. It’s also clear that coaches were working on her personality and acting. She was no kid (24) when she started; but the result of all this special attention is that she looked more beautiful, individual, *young* in her last unfinished film (at 38) than she did in her first ones. The book has an overblown eulogy by Lee Strasberg, which the Svengali of the Actors Studio delivered at Marilyn’s funeral. (“Without a doubt she would have been one of the really great actresses of the stage.”) And there’s still one more not-so-highbrow analysis, by Mark Harris, typically subtitled “A Speculation upon Disbelief”—skip to the pictures. Some little-known points of interest: She once had a bit in a Marx Brothers film (*Love Happy*). She was once directed by an all-time great, Fritz Lang (*Clash by Night*). And, spearing home the irony, in *Don’t Bother to Knock* she played a girl who was saved from suicide.

The connoisseur of erotic literature knows that Maurice Girodias’ Olympia Press originally published *Candy* and *Lolita*, and will no doubt be pleased to hear that another book first stamped with the Olympia imprint is now available at his neighborhood bookstore, at least in most parts of the country. *The Shy Photographer* (Stein & Day) is by Jock Carroll, a Canadian magazine editor who is not by a literary long shot another Nabokov or even a Southern, but a pleasant and lighthearted chap who enjoys spinning a tale of tail. He sends his shy photographer out into the world of big-league American magazine journalism (*Light* magazine) in a way that is considerably closer to daydreams than to reality. Our hero quickly falls from innocence into the vast bosom of movie star Gloria Heaven, who confides to the inexperienced young fellow that her greatest asset is also a problem: “‘What I mean,’ said Gloria demonstrating, ‘is brassieres push you in—like this—and apart—like this.’ She puts the palms of her hands on her breasts, flattening them and separating them. ‘What I need is something that brings me in—like this—and up—like this.’ She showed me what she meant. ‘Someday I’m going to design one the way it should be. I’ve done a little experimenting.’” There is plenty of experimenting by the charac-

ters our hero meets up with, from an undersea wedding with bikini-clad bride to the dual delights of a pair of gorgeous and rich girl twins, one of whom manages to recruit the shy photographer for her experiments. He doesn't know which twin it is, but this is at the end of the book and he no longer worries about such details.

Thomas Buchanan's *Who Killed Kennedy?* (Putnam's) was published in 18 countries before reaching these shores, proving again that those most closely involved in a scandal are always the last to hear about it. The book is a strange amalgam of plausibility and propaganda. It is Buchanan's thesis that the *Warren Commission Report* has settled nothing; that we don't yet know who killed Kennedy; that Oswald was an accomplice but not an assassin; and that the President was the victim of a far-reaching conspiracy, involving Oswald, Jack Ruby, members of the Dallas police force and a segment of that city's oligarchy. Oswald, he argues, couldn't have killed the President. He was a poor marksman, as his record in the Marines shows, and the shooting was plainly the work of an expert. Besides, says Buchanan, the first shot came not from the Book Depository behind the Presidential car, but from the railroad viaduct in front of it. That, he claims, is why the President was seen to clutch his throat after the first shot. (The Warren Commission says he clutched his neck.) Buchanan hypothesizes that the President was caught in a classic ambush, "in which two or more men catch their victim in a cross fire," the one shooting from the viaduct, the other from the Book Depository. He reminds us that the Dallas police first announced that the gun they had found was a Mauser, but later decided it was a Carcano. Could all of the policemen who saw the rifle have made the same gross error? No, says Buchanan. "I am forced to the conclusion that there were two weapons. I deduce that there were two assassins." If his case is far from conclusive, it is still provocative. But then he goes on to speculate on the identity and motives of the murderers. He thinks the assassination was the work of "Dallas oilmen" and other ambitious industrialists who viewed Kennedy's policies as a threat to their power. In particular, the nuclear test ban treaty with Russia, Buchanan claims, created "the danger of disarmament which would disrupt the industries on which the plotters depended," and seemed to point to "the eventual nationalization of their oil investments overseas." This is wild-eyed stuff—a mixture of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Das Kapital*—and it puts his entire argument in a different and exceedingly dubious light.

A rumor has been rampant for some time that anyone who owns some sheets



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of paper containing words can take them to a publisher and have them printed up in book form. Rumor becomes fact with the appearance of *Problem-Directed Men* (Bobbs-Merrill), by Louis Cheskin. Cheskin, a Chicago market researcher with messianic delusions, deals with nothing less than the cataclysmic troubles of the world. Not since the debacle between Joe Louis and Primo Carnera has there been so monumental a mismatch. Cheskin's thesis will be novel to some readers under the age of 14: "A problem-directed man directs his full attention toward the problem. He maintains objectivity to the maximum degree. He does not permit his subjectivity to become a factor in his approach to the problem. . . . We have had so many failures in international relations because our leaders have been subjective and ego-dominated. They have not been problem-directed." Like a slow boy with a new toy, Cheskin refuses to put this primitive discovery away. If the Russians, Americans, Chinese and other ego-dominated people would just become problem-directed, he says, and says, and says, we could all stop making missiles and get rich selling deodorants and electric toothbrushes. Cheskin also follows a long line of pseudo semanticists who believe that wars would be averted if people would just avoid using inflammatory words. Having thus wrapped up the world's woes good, like a merchandiser should, Cheskin adds a proviso: Everything would be rosy in a problem-directed world if only the Washington bureaucrats would stop proposing laws to protect consumers from fraudulent packaging and other such flummery. In the Great Society coming, people would understand that theirs is to buy, buy, buy, not to question why. The language in which Cheskin advances these propositions often resembles English, but there are moments when the suspicion strikes that he is a slithy tove from another planet. *Problem-Directed Men* is such frumious bandersnatch.

PLAYBOY readers need no introduction to that sterling sociological treatise, Dan Greenburg's *How to Be a Jewish Mother* (Price-Stern-Sloan), which was previewed in excerpt form in our September issue, and won our \$1000 award for best humor and satire of 1964. In its book-length form, Greenburg's yok-yielding frolic through the ocean of good, healthy chicken soup (*mit noodles*) in which the Jewish materfamilias swims, constitutes a full-fledged seminar in the art of making like Momma. Every smothered man should read it for the clues it gives to those schmaltz-baited traps that lie in wait for my-son-the-nice-boy-chick-that-dope.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After a normal courtship and engagement, my fiancée suddenly insisted that before the wedding I must get sterilized. I readily agreed and made arrangements to have a vasectomy. More recently, however, I have wondered about the motivation behind her ultimatum. Should I go ahead with the operation or send my fiancée to a psychiatrist?—J. J., Detroit, Michigan.

Even if you are willing to enter into a marriage with no intention of having children, with today's birth-control techniques, we think it would be foolish for you to go ahead with such an operation, or with the marriage either, for that matter. You have good reason to wonder about the motivation behind your fiancée's sudden ultimatum: It sounds like a deep-seated, irrational fear of pregnancy; and there may be a little subconscious castration hostility hidden away there, too. In either case, your chances of establishing a successful marriage with this girl are slight. Yes, psychiatric consultation certainly seems called for here; and it might be a good idea to set aside a couple of sessions for yourself, too—to probe your ready agreement to this symbolic castration in the first place.

I am an occasional pipe smoker and would probably be a full-time one if it weren't for the excessive amount of moisture that collects in the shank, stem and bowl. How can I prevent this?—R. C., Kent, Ohio.

Most experienced pipe smokers remove the metal condenser from the stem as soon as they buy a pipe. If this doesn't eliminate the moisture, ask your tobacconist for a drier-burning tobacco.

My husband and I recently attended a large, but not formal, dinner party, during which a speechmaker proposed several toasts. There was some confusion as to whether the women in the group should have stood during each toast. Some did, while others remained seated. What is correct in this situation?—Mrs. M. L., New York, New York.

If the person proposing the toast was standing—an optional position, unless a head of state is being toasted—then everyone in the company should have done likewise.

Last spring and summer I had a successful affair with a girl I'll call Julia. During this time I became well acquainted with her sister, Jane, who is a couple of years younger and lives with her parents here in Austin. In the fall

Julia went to Germany for a year of study. Judging from her letters, I feel certain there is strong mutual desire to resume the affair when she returns. A couple of weeks ago I needed a date and called Jane. We have seen each other several times since and I am now on second base with very good prospects of scoring soon. Last night I saw Jane and she said her sister has changed her mind and will be home in two weeks to stay for a month or more with her parents (and Jane). How can I share a pillow with Julia and still keep Jane warm for the future? Or, how can I share a pillow with Jane and not make Julia mad enough to upset the whole thing for Jane and me? Is there any way to solve this short of splitsville?—J. P., Austin, Texas.

Continuing your baseball analogy, your interest in turning this night game into a double-header is apt to cause you to be shut out in both; final score: no runs, no hits, two errors. Make up your mind which of the sisters you prefer and then act accordingly.

My friend and I have a sociable bet on the character of bourbon. He insists that the major difference between bourbon and rye is the fact that bourbon is filtered through charcoal, while I am just as adamant in my belief that bourbon is filtered in another way.—A. M., Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Sorry to disappoint you, but filtration has nothing to do with the way whiskey is named. Rye is distilled from a fermented grain mash, of which not less than 51 percent is rye grain; the mash from which bourbon is distilled is not less than 51 percent corn grain.

I like the look of slim-silhouette trousers. Can you tell me just how narrow they should be?—E. R., Nashua, New Hampshire.

Fifteen and one half inches at the cuff, sixteen and one half at the knee.

During a recent poker game a question arose concerning the value of hands and the winner of the game, which was seven-card stud. I'd appreciate it if you'd settle the disagreement. The hands in question were: A K Q J 10 7 5 and A K Q J 10 9 4, both in mixed suits. As I see it, the winner should be hand number two because, both straights being equal in value, the next highest card in hand number two is 9, while the next highest in hand number one is 7. (My hand, needless to say, was number two.) My opponent, however, feels that only the five operative cards in a game of seven-card stud can be counted, and that the



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winner can be decided only by cutting the deck for high card. Who's right?—R. B., Columbia, South Carolina.

He is. The game is a draw. You're welcome to cut the deck to decide the winner, if you wish; but according to "Hoyle," you should split the pot and replay.

When I was overseas, I married a Korean girl, and the few months we've been together back in the States, it's been absolutely great. The only trouble is, I'm a junior executive for a large corporation and, frankly, I've been a little apprehensive about letting any of my co-workers or superiors know I'm married to someone of a different race. I'm not ashamed of her, mind you; it's just that I think my chances for advancement might be hindered. Unfortunately, there's an important company social function coming up: I want to go, but I can't go stag. What to do?—R. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

If your corporation is so out of step with the times that your wife's race or nationality would impede your advancement, the sooner you know about it the better, so you can make your plans to move to a more enlightened firm. After all, you can't spend a lifetime hiding your wife from the people with whom you work, out of fear that they might not understand or approve. The best way to find out is to take your wife to that company social function; you may learn, happily, that your apprehensions are ill-founded.

Iwould like to know the best way to publish a novel of approximately 1000 pages. I think it is literarily worth while and want to turn it from a manuscript into a book—W. O., Ashland City, Tennessee.

If you haven't tried the major publishing houses, by all means do. If you have tried, and have nothing but rejection slips to show for it, there are any number of "vanity press" publishers (the best known: Vantage) who will edit, print and provide promotion for your book—for a price. But be prepared to wind up with an attic full of unsold books.

Iread a report about a girl who was hospitalized after taking an overdose of Spanish fly. I have often heard about the so-called "dangerous" effects of this drug, but until now I regarded such information as little more than idle chatter. Could you enlighten me?—R. J., Atlanta, Georgia.

While Spanish fly's wide-ranging reputation as an aphrodisiac is greatly exaggerated, the drug's unhealthy side effects cannot be emphasized strongly enough. According to a medical author-

ity quoted by Alan Hull Walton in his book "Aphrodisiacs," "Its sexually exciting effects are merely an accidental result of its action in causing inflammation of the genitourinary passage, and it is both an uncertain and a dangerous result, except in skillful hands."

I'm planning a trip to Hong Kong in the very near future, and would appreciate your recommendation of a few reliable tailor shops where I'm told I can pick up a custom suit in 24 hours for about \$25.—E. L., Denver, Colorado.

We're sorry to report that there's no such thing as the legendary \$25 Hong Kong suit, and there never has been. But the city is replete with shops where you can have a well-made custom-tailored suit of any cut, and of the finest English, Scottish or Italian fabric, made for as little as \$60, or about one third of what it would cost for a comparable garment in the States. As for 24-hour delivery, you can get it in many Hong Kong clothing emporiums—but you may find that the stitching doesn't last much longer. A minimum of three days—preferably a week—with at least three fittings, is a more realistic waiting period. Among the better shops offering reliable workmanship are George Chen, Jimmy Chen and Y. William Yu in the bustling Kowloon district; and across the bay on Hong Kong Island, Fenwick of Hong Kong, Tailor Cheung and Whiteaway, Laidlaw and Company, Ltd., Hong Kong's venerable version of Brooks Brothers, which offers a first-class line of British woolen and cashmere jackets, sweaters and country-squire outerwear. That's just a sampling, of course; you'll find a more complete list in "Fodor's Guide to Japan and East Asia" (David McKay Company). Cautionary tailoring tip: Rather than leave the design details of your custom-made suit to the sometimes unpredictable whim of a Chinese tailor (who may cherish quaintly dated notions of what constitutes high sartorial style), you'd be well advised to take along one of your own suits for him to use as a model. He'll duplicate it exactly—even to a frayed cuff or cigarette burn, if you don't instruct him otherwise—in the fabric of your choice.

Recently, in Mexico, I had a very nice red drink called *sangrita*, which is served as a chaser for tequila. I'm very curious to know how it's made. Can you enlighten me?—D. P., New York, New York.

Gladly. In a blender mix the following ingredients: 1 quart tomato juice; 4 ozs. fresh orange juice; 2 ozs. fresh lime juice; 1/2 oz. Worcestershire sauce; 1 teaspoon Tabasco; 1 or 2 cloves allspice; 1 tablespoon very finely chopped onion. Salt and pepper to taste and blend well. Salud!

My refrigerator-made ice cubes are usually opaque and milky. How can I get the crystal-clear cubes you see in bars?—G. P., Elkhart, Indiana.

Minerals or other impurities are one cause of milky ice cubes. In cities with reasonably clear tap water, however, the most frequent cause is the entrapment—during freezing—of minute air bubbles. The colder the water, the more of these bubbles are apt to form. Try filling your cube trays with tepid water. Hot might work even better to insure clear ice, but it would take too long to freeze and might melt the ice in adjoining trays.

I'm engaged to a girl who's good-looking, intelligent and quite passionate. We have been intimate for more than a year, and we find ourselves physically compatible. The problem is that we often disagree—sometimes quite violently—over relatively small matters. Our latest set-to, for instance, was provoked by the question of whether I should order theater tickets for balcony or orchestra. The result was that we stayed at my pad and seethed for most of the evening, then finally patched things up. A friend of mine, whose opinion I respect, has questioned the wisdom of our projected marriage. Do you think we can make a go of it?—C. M., Chicago, Illinois.

Not as things are now. The fact that you are physically compatible is no assurance that your marriage will succeed, though it is an important leg up. The fact that you have frequent heated arguments over subjects as trivial as where to sit in the theater establishes these disagreements as a cover-up for deeper differences and resentments. We advise you to postpone your wedding until you find out what these might be—either talk it out between yourselves or get professional help in untangling your conflicting psyches.

Every night I dream that I am being married to Brigitte Bardot, but at the very moment I kiss her, I wake up. I am losing much sleep in this fashion.—R. O., Victoria, Australia.

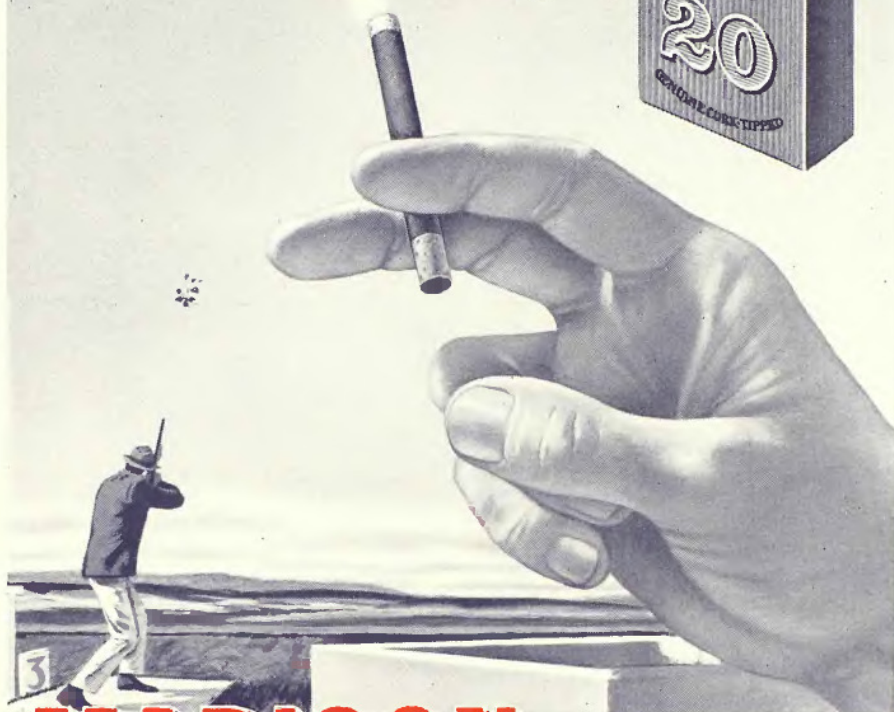
A sleeping pill or two should see you on through the ceremony and into the bridal suite. Happy honeymoon!

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.



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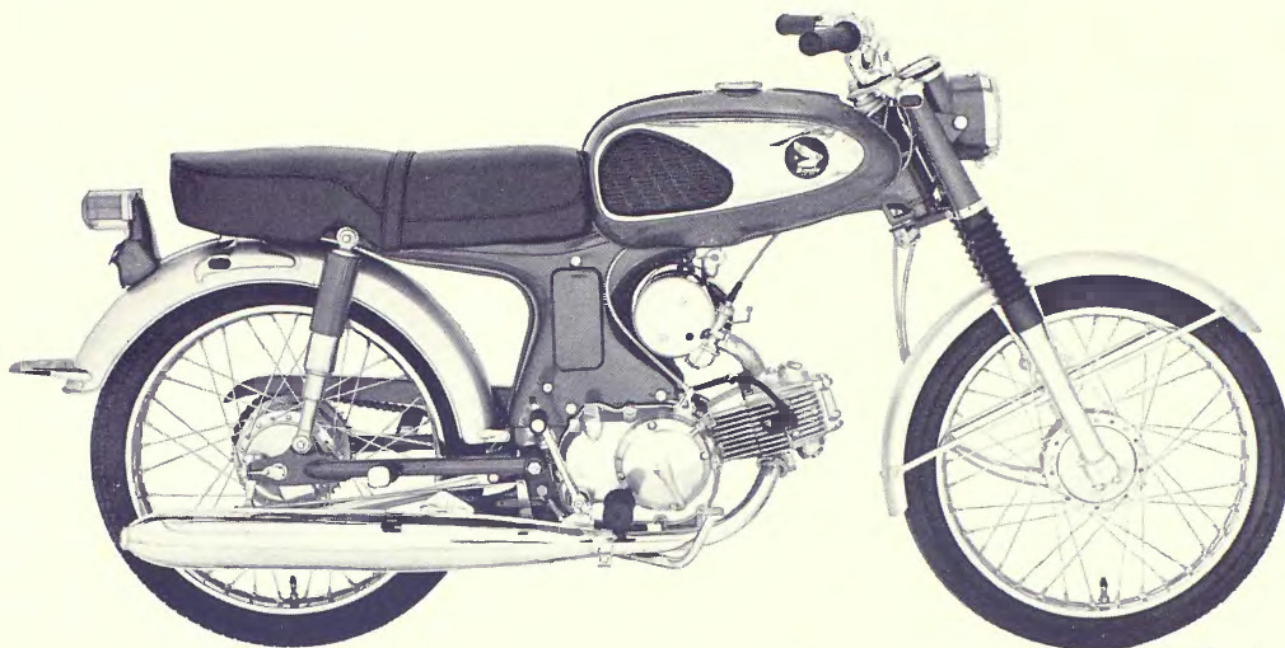
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THE BEST WAY to see a cosmopolitan city is with a resident who has entree to the exclusive places and events; but, alas, too often such a door opener and knowledgeable guide is not available. Fortunately, the problem's resolved in a delicately commercial way in New York City by Entree Unlimited, an unusual travel organization that specializes in opening doors to locked social fortresses, under the joint aegis of impeccably connected New York socialites Mrs. Steven Van Rensselaer Strong, Mrs. Robert J. Gurney and Gustavus Ober III. Although uncrashable charity balls and the like are the specialty of this house, they also secure invitations to black-tie soirees and weekends at posh country clubs in Westchester and Connecticut. Typical of their fees, here's what \$90 bought recently for a couple of our friends: dinner and drinks at one of the city's smartest restaurants, then on to a top Broadway show (all of which they could have done on their own); but the *pièce de résistance*, which they could not have swung by themselves, was entree to a members-only *discothèque* for drinks and plenty of watusi, frug and ska. Of course, a chauffeur-driven limousine whisked our friends smoothly from one stop to the next. Customers are screened carefully, with social acceptability forming the basic criterion. This is reasonable, since the company's function depends on the continuing good will of some high-ranking people and places. Abroad, you'll find Si'l Vous Plait of Paris and Exclusive Service (All Needs) Ltd. of London serving a similar function.

If you're coming to the Apple for the fair this year, don't limit yourself to the Flushing midway and midtown Manhattan beats. There's plenty going on outside of town, too—polo games and fox hunting, for example, sports-car rallies and, notably, superb dining. It's well worth your time to rent a Rolls-Royce or Aston Martin for a day's touring built around a fine country luncheon spot.

You might head up the Hudson to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and for the scenic drive over Storm King Mountain, for instance, with a lunch stop at Bear Mountain Inn or West Point's own Hotel Thayer. Or run up the Merritt Parkway to the reconstructed whaling harbor of sailing-ship days at Mystic, Connecticut, with lunch planned at the Sachem Country House at Guilford. Go up to the Roosevelt memorial estate at Hyde Park and on to rare viands at the Bird and Bottle in Garrison, New York.


Our pick of the best country restau-

rants around New York—and, could be, in all the U.S.—is the Duke of Windsor's favorite, La Crémillère at Banksville in Westchester. Still others near the top of the first-class category include the Hudson Shore Club at Peekskill, Beau Sejour at Bethpage, Herb McCarthy's at Southampton. And in nearby Connecticut, there's Stonehenge at Ridgefield, Manero's at Greenwich, Yankee Drover Inn at Newtown, Yankee Silversmith Inn at Wallingford and Café de la Place at Westport.

There are new theater restaurants presenting revivals of Broadway shows at dinner, followed by dancing. Among these is the Westchester Town House at Yonkers, close to the Yonkers Raceway. And for a great evening, try dinner later in the year at the Stratford Motor Inn and Mermaid Tavern at Stratford, Connecticut, followed by a Shakespearean play at the Elizabethan-styled Stratford Festival Theater.

If you're traveling *en groupe*—say four to eight—a splendid spring vacation can be had by renting a congenial beachside cottage in the Caribbean. During the off-season, you'll find fewer crowds interfering with your enjoyment and you'll be able to rent, through real-estate agents on almost every Caribbean island, lavish private homes, often with their own pools and the use of the owner's yacht while he's away—for realistic rates: \$300 to \$500 a month on the average. Owners or agents can usually provide you with a country-club guest card for golf and socializing, and the bar and entertainment facilities at nearby resort hotels are also available.

A novel vacation experience for the adventurer is a night's crocodile hunting. This diversion is available in Acapulco, Port of Spain (Trinidad) and Jamaica (where it can provide a heady outdoor contrast to an urbane week or two at the Jamaica Playboy Club resort). The complete cost for a night's chase of the slithery saurians in the deep swamplands ranges from \$60 to \$200 in Jamaica, depending upon the area—with the best hunting in the Black River and Hellshire regions. After you've made your kill, the guide will skin the crocodile for you and you can arrange to have the hide tanned at a cost of about \$4 per foot. If you can keep the skin away from your handbag-minded playmates back home, you'll have a great memento for trophy-room display.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

ACCEPTANCE OF THE DISTASTEFUL

I am not quite sure what prompted me to write this letter. I can only hope that it wasn't to condemn but to make a plea for understanding.

I've read Mr. Hefner's *Philosophy* and find it quite enjoyable. As far as I can see, it is the age-old plea for tolerance and individual freedom. I believe in freedom for every individual, but to ask me to forgive, understand and accept things that are against my moral beliefs is something else.

I don't profess to be a philosophy major or even to be sophisticated. In your eyes I'm probably very unworldly. But I have a sort of haphazard philosophy that I base my life on.

I believe that sex is a celebration, quite like a rare vintage champagne. It should be drunk, but for a reason. It should not be squandered. Sex is a personal celebration that one should save for the right person. To squander sex is against my moral convictions. To give what is undoubtedly my most celebrated experience to every Tom, Dick and Harry is distasteful to me.

I can understand that it may not be distasteful to others and I don't care what they do. But when personal contact pits my moral convictions against theirs, I can do nothing but reject them. I do not condemn them or ask them to understand me. I simply no longer wish to be in their company.

It disgusts me to hear of legislation that can jail someone for his personal convictions. But I wonder if Mr. Hefner's philosophy is correct in asking us to accept those whose moral beliefs are (in my eyes) dangerously warped. Let them do what they will, go where they go. But do not ask me to entertain them, or associate with them. I cannot drag myself down that low. I feel that to degrade one's moral convictions, no matter what they are, is a crime.

So do what you will, but I feel it is wrong to ask anyone to accept what he finds distasteful. If Mr. Hefner wishes to associate with, discuss with, mingle with or sleep with what I consider a distasteful element, then let him. But don't preach a philosophy that asks everyone else to.

(Name withheld by request)
Riverdale, Maryland

Hefner has never asked readers to "associate with, discuss with, mingle with

or sleep with" anyone. He doesn't advocate mass acceptance of a single morality—only tolerance of dissimilar views and standards of behavior.

GOOSE FLESH

I have just finished reading the two pamphlets comprising the first 12 installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, and I felt that I had to write you to tell you that I'm sitting here with goose flesh. I have long been familiar with Hefner's liberal attitudes toward sex relationships, and I have long commended them. However, I had not realized the extent of PLAYBOY's involvement in matters of censorship. I have read with great joy Hefner's comments on the censorship of your magazine and on censorship in general. His comments and strong stand against all forms of censorship are even more courageous when one considers that he is involved in a money-making venture and that legal fights (such as the Chicago "obscenity" case) involve great expense, time, effort and jeopardy. I wish Hefner and his fine, fine magazine many years of health and continued excellence, as do, I am sure, all friends of freedom. Thank you for your marvelous editorials and articles.

Rebecca Schecter
Rochester, New York

And thank you for the nice comments, Miss Schecter.

AIR FORCE PSYCHIATRIST'S DISSENT

As a former PLAYBOY representative (at the Medical College of South Carolina, in Charleston), and a present Air Force psychiatrist, I was quite interested in reading *The Playboy Philosophy* in the September 1964 issue. I might note that I was referred to the article by the defense attorney for a case in which I testified literally only yesterday.

I'll not quibble with minor points in your article, for in the main I agree with it. I'll comment on a few points from personal experience which can be dealt with with relative objectivity.

First of all, the alleged pamphlet by the Los Angeles Police Department, *Some Characteristics of the Homosexual*, does not exist. At least that's what the LAPD wrote to me when I asked for a copy of the pamphlet. I was particularly interested because I received my psychiatric training in Los Angeles. They

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told me that *Life's* reference to the pamphlet was a misunderstanding.

Further, Hefner wrote: "Free contraceptives are issued to all servicemen on request, regardless of age, rank, or marital status." (Not sex?) Anyway—and no doubt you've gotten many inquiries on this—where? Nowhere in the military life with which I am familiar both in the U. S. and overseas. Perhaps in "the good old days" of World War II, but not now. I've tried to get contraceptive machines on a base where I was located, so the boys wouldn't have to buy them from women at the base exchange, but with no success.

"Evidence of homosexuality automatically precludes a man from military service . . ." Well, first of all, our regulations (AFR 35-66) apply to men and women. Secondly, the questionnaire (SF 89, I think) asks about "homosexual tendencies." And thirdly, I've seen many men who have acknowledged homosexual acts prior to service who have been retained in service.

And yet more: ". . . a single homosexual act . . . is sufficient cause for a dishonorable discharge." But no again. I can recall specifically a case in which a man *did* participate in a "homosexual act" on active duty and was in fact retained in service. I know because, like in the other instances cited above, I was a witness or evaluator before final action was taken.

Therefore, the picture isn't quite so bleak in all respects as Hefner seems to feel. But because there are still some difficult areas in our society, I'd prefer that if this letter be published, I not be identified by name or location. Please keep up the good work.

(Name and address withheld by request)

It's always a pleasure to hear from a former PLAYBOY college rep, but we're glad you decided not to "quibble with minor points" in the September "Philosophy," as the several questions you did raise will take some answering. We'll try to cover them in the same order as you have in your letter.

"Some Characteristics of the Homosexual" is a highly opinionated, seven-page typewritten report prepared, according to Life magazine and our own best sources of information, by the Los Angeles Police Department, for distribution to its officers as part of an antihomosexual campaign. The Los Angeles Police Department may now deny the existence of the pamphlet, as you state, but we have a copy of it in our possession.

We have received a number of responses to Hefner's statement that free contraceptives are issued "to all servicemen on request," and further research into the matter reveals that this is no longer the case. There appears to be a difference between the "official" and the "unofficial" policy on the matter, however. The official policy is summed up in

the following letter to us from the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense:

Many years ago prophylactics were a standard medical item of issue to male personnel, upon request of the individual, solely for the prevention of disease. Some years prior to World War II the item was removed from the medical supply system and made available by purchase from nonappropriated funds at the option of the local commanding officer. During this period the policy of issue to the individual upon his request for the specific purpose of prevention of disease was continued.

Shortly after the Korean War all issue by the services was terminated and the item was made available for private purchase in post exchanges and ship stores.

Contraceptives are not and have never been issued to female personnel.

C. V. Glines

Lt. Colonel, USAF

*Directorate of Information Services
Washington, D. C.*

Unofficially, it appears that there are still many instances in which contraceptives are issued free to military personnel, at the option of the local commanding officer, with the understanding that they are "for the prevention of disease only." With the considerable rise in the rate of venereal disease in the last few years, it is difficult to understand why the Armed Forces have recently adopted a less aggressive position on this matter than the one assumed during World War II, which—coupled with a positive civilian public health program—gave promise of putting a permanent end to the more serious forms of VD as a significant factor in the U. S. health picture.

Regarding homosexuality, the regulation you cite—AFR 35-66—applies to personnel of both sexes already in the service, whereas Hefner's statement that "evidence of homosexuality automatically precludes a man from military service" refers to individuals not yet inducted. Potential inductees who note "homosexual tendencies" on their medical history questionnaires (SF 89) are required to submit to further examination by psychiatric experts, who determine whether the homosexual tendency or the acts involved are evidence of actual homosexuality, or whether they are simply isolated incidents not founded in a basically homosexual nature. If the former, they do constitute sufficient reason for precluding an individual from military service.

Finally, when Hefner wrote that "a single homosexual act . . . is sufficient cause for a dishonorable discharge," he was correctly stating the official policy

and procedure of the U. S. Armed Forces, in coping with cases of homosexuality within the military; that there may be exceptions to this policy does not, of course, negate the accuracy of the statement.

For more specific details on the handling of homosexuals in the military services, see the answer to the letter that follows; judging from the established procedures "required" by regulations referred to there, for any military person who even "suspect[s] another service person of being a homosexual," and of the commanding officer of every service person who has "engaged in one or more homosexual acts or where evidence supports [the] proposal of, or an attempt to perform an act of homosexuality," the picture would appear to be even bleaker than Hefner suggested.

HOMOSEXUALITY IN THE MILITARY

Regarding that portion of the September *Playboy Philosophy* dealing with "Sex and the Military," I wish to correct Hefner's statement that "a single homosexual act by any member of the Armed Forces is sufficient cause for a dishonorable discharge." While a legal clerk in an armored unit in Germany last year, I had the job of processing many board actions dealing with homosexuals, or "89 Cases," as they were called. The "89" refers to Army Regulation 635-89 which provides for a general discharge (under honorable conditions) to known homosexuals. Many men unable to stand the stress of Army life had resorted to feigning homosexuality in order to avoid an *undesirable* discharge for continued acts of misbehavior. Remember that no charges are made against homosexuals, because the Uniform Code of Military Justice does not consider it a crime, and military men are wholly subject to this code, not to any civil law.

There are two very compelling reasons for making sure that homosexuals are expedited out of the service. The first is that they are prime targets for blackmail when in sensitive positions. The second is that the other men in a unit would rather have a murderer in the barracks than a homosexual. Since the overwhelming majority of enlisted men are "low-level," anything akin to sexual variation is strongly felt about. These two reasons were listed in a command letter from Seventh Army Headquarters in September 1963 to all subordinate commanders and adjutants.

Milton E. Yabkow

New York, New York

Hefner's statement that "a single homosexual act by any member of the Armed Forces is sufficient cause for a dishonorable discharge" correctly reflects the general military policy on the subject.

Part VI, Section A, designated "Ho-

homosexuality in Military," in the "Report on Homosexuality with Particular Emphasis on This Problem in Governmental Agencies," formulated by the Committee on Cooperation with Governmental (Federal) Agencies of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, dated January 1955, states:

According to existing regulations any military person who has valid reasons to suspect another service person of being a homosexual, or who has knowledge of service personnel engaging in a homosexual act, is required to bring the fact to the attention of command. The command must then follow certain existing policies and directives, which, in general, require the separation from the military service of those individuals who have strong tendencies for, or have engaged in, homosexual acts. . . . In those cases where in personnel have engaged in one or more homosexual acts or where evidence supports proposal of, or an attempt to perform an act of homosexuality . . . disposition is accomplished by administrative separation under conditions other than honorable, unless the individual resists separation from the service under such conditions, in which case he will be recommended for trial by Court Martial.

An officer, whose disposition is to be accomplished by administrative separation, is required to submit a statement to the effect that he is tendering his resignation for the good of the service and thus may escape trial by General Court Martial. If his resignation is accepted, it will be under conditions other than honorable. An enlisted man, whose disposition is accomplished by administrative separation, is required to submit a signed statement to the effect that he accepts an undesirable discharge for the good of the service and thus may escape trial by General Court Martial. This separation will be effected by conditions other than honorable . . .

Army Regulation 635-89, to which you specifically refer, generally follows the policy outlined in this Committee Report and indicates that the separation from service will be, except in certain unusual instances, "other than honorable." AR 635-89 further specifies that to avoid Court Martial, the accused may request an administrative discharge, which includes signing a form stating: "I understand that my separation from the Army may be effected by a discharge under conditions other than honorable; that I may be deprived of many rights and benefits as a veteran under both

Federal and state laws; and that I may expect to encounter substantial prejudice in civilian life in situations where the type of service rendered in any branch of the Armed Services or the character of discharge received therefrom may have a bearing."

Offsetting the reasons offered in your letter for the present governmental handling (military or otherwise) of cases of homosexuality are the following conclusions by the Psychiatric Committee:

In any governmental agency the implementation of established policies and directives pertaining to homosexuality may lead to undesirable complications. For example, in an endeavor to eliminate homosexuals from the service, innocent individuals may become involved; overzealous investigators may resort to "witch hunting"; 17- and 18-year-olds who have engaged in isolated homosexual acts out of curiosity may not be distinguished from homosexuals . . .

In the governmental setting, as well as in civilian life, homosexuals have functioned with distinction, and without disruption of morale or efficiency. Problems of social maladaptive behavior, such as homosexuality, therefore need to be examined on an individual basis, considering the place and circumstances, rather than from inflexible rules.

THE JENKINS CASE

How timely Hefner's recent editorial comments on society's irrational and inhumane attitude toward homosexuality proved to be when the Walter Jenkins scandal broke in Washington just prior to the election. That President Johnson was left with no choice, under the circumstances, but to fire this able and dedicated assistant, I do not question. But what sort of society do we live in that demands that such action be taken against an individual for no other reason than that his personal sex life happens not to conform with our own?

The most sympathetic of the press comments that I have read on this incident have suggested nothing more positive than pity for the "sick" Walter Jenkins; I feel sorry for any individual so victimized by his fellow citizens, but I pity this sick society that tries to function in a 20th Century world with a set of moral values predicated on ancient superstition rather than reason.

Walter Jenkins may have sexual problems, but he sounds a whole lot healthier to me than the two plain-clothes members of the Washington morals squad who arrested him, after spying on him in a pay toilet from a pair of peep-

holes used regularly for that purpose. *Time* magazine reported, "During one five-hour period earlier this year, police arrested eight homosexuals there [in the same Y.M.C.A. men's room], including two college professors and several Government workers." What a way to earn a living!

Mrs. Isabelle Spiegel
New York, New York

The Walter Jenkins case certainly emphasizes what Hugh Hefner has been writing about our foolish sex laws and attitudes in *The Playboy Philosophy*. And nowhere have I read what I considered to be an intelligent analysis of Jenkins' forced resignation.

What is there about homosexuality that makes a person unfit for Government office? The only arguments advanced in this direction have been that deviation is a crime, and that it leaves the offender open to blackmail. Yes, homosexuality is against the law. But surely we recognize—at least in the more enlightened areas of today's society, where the decisions on such matters are ultimately made—that these laws have no place in America, for they are inconsistent with our most basic precepts of individual freedom, and if fully enforced, they would make criminals of approximately one out of every three adult males in the country, since it is the homosexual act that is illegal, unrelated to the extent of the emotional commitment to homosexuality of the persons involved and more than one third of the total male population has had some sexual experience of this sort after the onset of adolescence.

The possibility of blackmail is certainly a real consideration for anyone of homosexual inclination engaged in sensitive Government work, even though it is the irrational attitude of the general public on this subject that makes blackmail a possibility. But the threat of blackmail, which was mentioned in the forced resignation of Jenkins, obviously ceased to be an actual factor in his case, once the facts of his homosexuality had been publicized.

There is no possible inroad for the influence buyer now; but President Johnson has insisted on Jenkins' resignation just the same, and he obviously had no other choice in the matter. The public would accept nothing less. In this way, the country exorcises a man who gave able assistance to the President. Johnson's effectiveness is lessened for a time, until he can train Bill Moyers to fill Jenkins' place; the office of the President is degraded by the scandal; and a citizen of the United States is castigated

(continued on page 140)



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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

THIS INSTALLMENT in our editorial series is devoted to an edited transcript of the third of four religious round-table discussions in which we participated a few months ago with a priest, a minister and a rabbi, over radio station WINS in New York. This opportunity to exchange views with prominent representatives of each of America's three major religious faiths was a unique and stimulating experience. Because of the importance of organized religion to so many of the societal problems we have been considering in *The Playboy Philosophy*, we believe that a number of the opinions voiced in this interchange are pertinent and of special interest to our readers.

THE THIRD RELIGIOUS ROUND TABLE

BURNETT: Good evening. The program is *Dialogue* and I am Murray Burnett, your host. *Dialogue* will attempt to bring to bear upon the leading issues of our time the thinking and wisdom of men trained to deal with our deepest needs. They will talk about these things that are truly important to all of us. This program is presented by the Public Affairs Department of WINS in cooperation with the Archdiocese of New York, The American Jewish Committee and The Protestant Council of the City of New York.

I would like you to meet tonight's panel: They are Father Norman J. O'Connor, Reverend Richard Gary, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum and Mr. Hugh M. Hefner. And Hugh Hefner is, of course, Editor-Publisher of PLAYBOY magazine and President of Playboy Clubs International and the entire Playboy empire.

This is the third of four separate programs, with Mr. Hefner appearing as our guest panelist, in which our subjects are "The American Sexual Revolution" and "*The Playboy Philosophy*." And for those in our listening audience who do not happen to be PLAYBOY readers, it should be explained that *The Playboy Philosophy* is a series of editorials on the social and sexual ills of contemporary society that Hugh Hefner has been writing in his magazine for some time now.

SEX AS SIN

BURNETT: I would like to begin tonight with a reconsideration of the ques-

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

tion of sex as sin, which I raised in one of our previous discussions, but which we never really got a chance to explore. Would anyone on the panel care to give me an answer to the question: Is sex sinful? What about you, Father O'Connor?

O'CONNOR: The best way to handle that question is to ask you to rephrase it. **BURNETT:** All right—is sexuality a sin?

O'CONNOR: That sounds like the same question.

BURNETT: Yes, but you asked me to rephrase it.

O'CONNOR: No, I want you to put it another way, because sexuality can include everything from the act of coition between a married couple, to homosexuality in Central Park, to reading dirty magazines in a pornographic shop in Times Square . . .

BURNETT: All right, an unmarried boy and girl having sexual relations—is that sinful?

O'CONNOR: Speaking as a Roman Catholic, yes.

BURNETT: Father Gary?

GARY: I think you should rephrase the question. *(Laughter)*

BURNETT: How would you like it rephrased?

GARY: Well, under certain situations—you know, there's the desert island sequence, where there isn't any clergyman around. There are exceptional circumstances. But I'm more concerned about breaking a myth here, right at the outset—which is that sexuality, as such, is sinful. I think there are a lot of people who make this claim; but the sexual drive is really a neutral thing as far as morality is concerned. It's only as it affects the lives of the people involved, and the values which they have, that it becomes moral or immoral. So I think we have a certain obligation to sort of set our house in order by destroying any myths we can. I think the first one ought to be that sex per se is sinful—that ought to go!

TANENBAUM: In terms of further defining what we mean when we talk about sex and its relationship to sin, sex was not seen as a neutral capacity in the Biblical tradition. Sex was weighted in the Biblical tradition—the first reference to it is an altogether affirmative one.

The first reference, in the *Book of Genesis*, is: "Be fruitful, and multiply." It was seen as a human capacity or human potentiality, which Biblical tradition considered—if I may mix a metaphor—pregnant with affirmative possibilities.

BURNETT: Well, Hugh Hefner, in *The Playboy Philosophy*, how do you stand on this question of sex as sin, specifically related to premarital sex, or sex out of wedlock, or not for reproductive purposes?

HEFNER: The concept of "sin" is a religious one, of course, and somewhat outside of my province. But I certainly don't believe that sex can, or should, be limited solely to matrimony.

There seemed to be fairly general agreement amongst the panelists, at the end of the last discussion, concerning the fact that the unmarried members of society have sexual needs, too; and Rabbi Tanenbaum was quite eloquent, I thought, in voicing the concern that organized religion ought to feel over the lack of any positive moral tradition or code for coping with this question. Judeo-Christian morality has been oriented almost entirely to marriage and the family—which is understandable and certainly not improper, as far as it goes. But I think it is irrational to ignore the single members of society, or to assume that their sexual problems have been dealt with satisfactorily with a few simple prohibitions.

In my own moral view, I think there is a justifiable place for sex outside of wedlock. The place for the conceiving and rearing of children is marriage, because youngsters need the love, security and stabilizing influence of the complete family unit—especially in their early, formative years. But I think that sex has other quite legitimate purposes, apart from procreation—it can also serve as a significant source of physical and emotional pleasure; it offers a means of intimate communication between individuals, and a way of establishing personal identification within a relationship and within society as a whole; it can become, at its best, a means of expressing the innermost, deepest felt longings, desires and emotions. And it is when sex serves these other ends—in addition to, or separate and apart from, reproduction

—that it is lifted above the animal level, it seems to me, and becomes most human.

SEX AND THE MASS MEDIA

O'CONNOR: How do you express that point of view in the magazine, Hugh? Having looked through quite a few issues, the only area in which I can see this established, in any sense, would be in the pictures of the girls, I suppose, which introduce the idea that sex is very attractive. But in the rest of the contents of the magazine—apart from that particular element—how is it being expressed?

HEFNER: I think the over-all concept and content of the magazine, to whatever extent it is involved with sex, offers a positive, attractive, romantic image—one that is consistent with what I've just said. And as I have mentioned previously, *PLAYBOY* is only one part of our total society; if we sometimes overstate our position, or seem to overemphasize the subject, please remember we are speaking into a very strong wind in this puritanical society of ours—a wind that is blowing in the opposite direction.

BURNETT: May I interrupt for a moment, Hugh? You made that statement last week, and after the program I had an opportunity to think about it. And it occurred to me—isn't it ironic, or something of a paradox, that *PLAYBOY* would probably not enjoy the tremendous success it does if it were not for the very puritanism in society that the magazine opposes.

HEFNER: This is true, to the extent that the magazine arrived on the scene at a time when society's shift away from puritanism was beginning to gain real momentum and needed a voice. Just consider the image of sex that was being projected through most of the mass media in the period immediately prior

to *PLAYBOY*, a little over a decade ago. It was asexual, at best—and much of it was downright antisexual.

The majority of American magazines approached sex as sensationalism, sickness or sin, with stories like: "How Wild Are Small-Town Girls?"—"The Lowdown on the Abortion Business"—"The Multimillion-Dollar Smut Racket"—"Sin Town, U. S. A!"—that sort of thing.

The so-called *family* magazines have never been edited to appeal to the diverse areas of taste, interest and intellect of the various members of an average American family; the approach has been, rather, to try to make the total contents of the publications fit and proper for *all* the family—and especially so on the subject of sex. Well, what do you derive from that? Printed Pabulum. Magazines aimed at the mental and emotional level of the 12-year-old child. Magazines guaranteed not to offend Mom and the kiddies; and guaranteed not to nourish the intellectual or emotional growth of anyone else.

Why, even in the sophisticated Sixties—and the evolution of the over-all sexual sophistication in our mass media during the last decade or two has been nothing short of phenomenal—when *Life* occasionally publishes a photograph of a partially nude female, as in their recent story on the topless bathing suit, the editors can still count on receiving a number of protest letters from outraged parents who are horrified at the prospect that their little Peter or Penelope might discover *prematurely* (which seems to be almost any time prior to the age of consent for some) just what the mature human body looks like. Even in the 1960s, some parents are still trying to keep sex hidden away, as though it were some unspeakable, secret, obscene thing.

It is a paradox of puritanism that the least offensive sexual expression is considered the most offensive. That is to say, the prudish person objects primarily to the attractive and appealing images of sex in society; and he is not so likely to be disturbed when sex is associated with sickness or sin. Puritan prudery has its roots in sexual anxiety and guilt: A positive or permissive emphasis on the subject tends to make such insecurity more immediate and real; but with a negative emphasis, the prude may partially assuage his feelings of guilt and be more capable of suppressing and controlling the uncertainties that threaten him.

Unfortunately, the publishers of the family magazines, and the advertisers and the advertising agencies who support them, appear to be more influenced by this vocal minority of irrational prudery than by the increasingly liberal views of the rest of society.

In the women's magazines, sex is usually approached with the impersonal diagnostic detachment of a physician or psychiatrist. They're sick, sick, sick, where sex is concerned.

BURNETT: The sexual content of the women's magazines is rather high . . .

HEFNER: High, and getting higher. But the *quality* of their sexual content is something else again. We published an article on the subject several years ago, entitled *The Pious Pornographers*, that has since become a contemporary classic of a sort. It was written by William Iversen, but it appeared in *PLAYBOY* under a pseudonym, because it was a devastating satire of the prim pretensions and clinical explications on sex in the ladies' journals, and Iversen wasn't sure whether those lady editors had a sense of humor about either s-e-x or their own periodicals; as a free-lance writer, he had



to rely upon consumer magazines for the major part of his livelihood, so he picked a pen name for the piece, because he couldn't chance alienating the entire women's field.

I personally doubted that such a precaution was necessary; I was mistaken. A few days after that issue of *PLAYBOY* went on sale, we received a complimentary letter on the Iversen article from an editor of one of the most popular of the women's periodicals, which we printed in a subsequent issue; when her bosses read it, they promptly fired her.

Will Iversen is now a successful enough writer not to have to worry about what the editors of the women's magazines think about his work. A two-part sequel on the same subject, entitled *The Pious Pornographers Revisited*, appears in our September and October, 1964, issues—and these carry Will Iversen's own illustrious by-line.

There has been some improvement during the last decade in what Iversen calls "the ladies' home jungle," but the primary approach to sex in the pages of the women's magazines remains depressingly downbeat, with diagnoses, case histories, confessions and dilemmas ad infinitum—physical, psychological, emotional and marital. It apparently doesn't occur to the lady editors that their readers may be tiring of this morbidly compulsive diet of antisex and might appreciate a few simple paeans to the pleasure of it all. As a result, by what could almost be considered default, *PLAYBOY* has picked up a sizable secondary female readership: girlfriends, wives, secretaries, coeds—the playmates of *PLAYBOY*'s primary readers—who also seem to appreciate a periodical that treats sex with a smile instead of solemnity and distaste.

You would tend to expect, I think, that the magazines edited especially for men would be the exception to this publication pattern of a decade ago, since they could presumably ignore the interests and sensibilities of women and children, and concentrate entirely on the entertainment and edification of the adult male members of society. But back in 1953, when *PLAYBOY* first began publishing, the men's magazines were actually just as antisexual as the rest.

Prior to *PLAYBOY*, the only magazine of national prominence and circulation that was presumably being edited for the urban male was *Esquire*. But *Esqy* had lost much of the editorial vitality that had brought it to prominence in the 1930s, and it was being reshaped—by its original editor, Arnold Gingrich, who had been rehired by the publisher for that purpose—into a new and strangely asexual image that has continued to the present time.

I'm not really certain what *Esquire* is today, but of one thing I'm reasonably sure—it isn't a men's magazine any longer,

er, urban or otherwise; even though it still says "The Magazine for Men" on the cover and includes male fashions inside. The *Esquire* Girls are gone—full pages, spreads and gatefolds—photographs, in black and white and color, and the paintings by Vargas and Petty; the sophisticated cartoons are gone, too, that used to fill every issue; and so are most of the male-interest service features on various aspects of urban living. In their place is a wide range of literary stuffs—much of it very good, but of equal interest to both sexes. And I'm quite certain *Esquire*'s editors planned it that way—the pattern is too well established at this point for it not to have been. The fact that I don't really understand the magazine isn't going to cause their editors any sleepless nights, I'm sure; there are probably aspects of *PLAYBOY* that puzzle them, too. I hope so, at any rate.

Esquire had the urban male all to itself in the early 1950s, because the big circulation success in the men's field after the War was *True*—and all the other male magazines of the period were consequently patterned after it: *Argosy*, *Male*, *Stag*, *Man's World*, and a half-dozen similar titles. The editorial emphasis in these publications was on outdoor action and adventure—hunting, fishing, trapping gators in Okefinokee, diving for sunken treasure in the South Seas, or scaling the Himalayas in search of the Abominable Snowman.

The curious factor in this formula was that the out-of-door doings seemed to be a substitute for associating with the opposite sex. The stress was on pastimes and pleasures to be enjoyed in the company of other males; and in the true-to-life adventure stories, it was man against the elements, or man against beast, or man against man, but almost never man against, or even in relatively close proximity to, woman. The editorial image projected by these publications was hairy-chested as can be, but from a psychoanalytical point of view, it was, well, something less than heterosexual.

The antisexual nature of the outdoor men's magazines is no longer as severe as it was a dozen years ago, but it's still there to a significant degree in most of them. The negative, almost nonexistent position of women in this "man's world" was especially obvious in the reader-editor dialog in the letters column of *True* at the time. Reader comments and editorial responses—putting women "in their place"—were a frequent and often highly entertaining portion of these columns and I remember one series of such letters quite vividly, because at the time I was struck by their psychosexual pathological implications.

It began with a reader writing in to ask whether—when his wife got out of line—it wasn't permissible to turn her over his knee and give her a good

thrashing; he had used this corrective measure frequently and with good results, he said, and had a better marriage because of it. *True* approved, and then—for the next several months—the letters columns were filled with mail on the subject: not just from male readers, but from females, too (at least the letter writers claimed to be female), stating that their husbands, fathers or boyfriends spanked them whenever they were unruly—sometimes clothed and sometimes bare-bottomed, with the hand, with a hairbrush, with a strap, or with whatever else happened to be handy.

The editors of *True* could probably have continued pulling and publishing these spanking letters indefinitely if they had wanted to, but someone probably pointed out what such mail implied about their readers, because even a casual student of sexual pathology would recognize this as one of the commonest forms of sadomasochistic perversion extant.

Whenever the outdoor men's publications included a little sex in their stories, it tended to be even more sensationalized and perverted than the women's publications: "The Sacred Sex Rites of Pango Pango"—"The Secret Life of a Modern Bluebeard"—"The Curious Case of the Motel Murders"—"The Phantom Strangler of Lovers' Lane"—"I Was the Captive of Sex Starved Amazons for 14 Months and Lived"—that sort of thing. The more successful of the adventure magazines resorted to a minimum of this sort of material; the smaller publications in the field relied rather heavily upon it.

A step below the cheapest of the outdoor adventure publications were the girly magazines. They also reached a male audience and their attraction was primarily pictorial. There wasn't much nudity to be found in the girly magazines of a dozen or so years ago; it was mostly net stockings, black lingerie and garter belts—unattractive pictures of unattractive women. There was also a strong secondary emphasis on perversion in many of the most popular of these periodicals: photos of women wrestlers, spanking scenes, whips, tightly laced girdles and boots with spike heels to appeal to the sadomasochistic; accents on long hair, bizarre clothing, gloves, exotic lace underthings and unusual shoes for the fetishist; women dressed partially, or entirely, in the clothing of men; and picture stories on female impersonators, to attract the transvestite and the homosexual.

This was the sexual climate in American magazine publishing in the early 1950s, when I began making plans to produce *PLAYBOY*. As a periodical for the entertainment and edification of an adult male audience, there was never any question about sex being one of our important editorial ingredients, but I

was determined from the outset to try to approach the subject in a healthy, heterosexual, positive and appealing way.

PLAYBOY AND LOVE

O'CONNOR: You used the expression "love" a while ago, Hugh, which I think is part of the problem and concern: The vision of sex that comes out of the magazine is one that seems highly mechanical.

TANENBAUM: But it is sex he has been talking about . . . it is not necessarily love . . .

O'CONNOR: It is sex, pure and simple. And this love concept, which you have expressed very well, Hugh, I think is one that some people have been looking for in your magazine. And I'm wondering, myself, in the ten or eleven years that you have been publishing *PLAYBOY*, where you feel you have injected it?

HEFNER: Did I use the word "love"? It can mean many different things to different people. Sex and love are not the same thing, obviously; and each can exist wholly apart from the other. But I think the best sex, the most meaningful sex, is that which expresses the strong emotional feeling we call love. And I think you can find the emotion implicit in a great deal of what the magazine has to say about the male-female relationship, because *PLAYBOY* is a very romantic publication . . .

O'CONNOR: But unreal?

HEFNER: There's a certain lack of reality in *PLAYBOY*, to be sure. I think the magazine includes portions of the real world and portions of the world of dreams, as well. And I think it is probably a good thing to include both. Without our dreams and aspirations, life would be a rather drab affair. But, again, this is only one part of living. I don't expect anyone to give up the real world . . .

TANENBAUM: Can you imagine living 24 hours a day in the *PLAYBOY* dream-world? You could certainly do an enormous business in vitamins. (Laughter)

HEFNER: Yes, and, Rabbi, such a humorous approach to the subject is also one of the important ingredients to be found in *PLAYBOY*, it seems to me—because levity and laughter can do so much to decontaminate sex and help to eliminate the guilt and anxiety previously associated with it.

BURNETT: But there has always been humor associated with sex. Literary history is really Rabbi Tanenbaum's field, but there was Rabelais and Boccaccio . . .

TANENBAUM: And the Bible itself . . .

HEFNER: I certainly don't mean to suggest that I think *PLAYBOY* invented either sex or a humorous approach to it.

O'CONNOR: But, Hugh, what about your commitment to the social idea that you're trying to help people, in terms of your *Philosophy*—you're trying to advance society, advance a sense of reality, advance this sexual revolution. And yet,

in the history of the magazine, you must admit that you can't point to too much that has done this, above and beyond the humorous content, or, possibly, the fact that you've published some pictures of some very attractive young women.

HEFNER: Well, I would say that if it has been possible, through the pages of the magazine, to make people a little less ashamed of the human body, and of sex as a subject of conversation, then this, in itself, is a tremendous step in the right direction.

O'CONNOR: Then you would say—you, yourself, admit—that you've never done anything with regard to the love aspect. You admit that sex operates out of a much bigger field than the pure and simple physical attractiveness of a man or a woman.

HEFNER: I certainly agree with the last thought, Father. But, as I've stressed before, *PLAYBOY* is not intended to be the whole and all of society . . .

O'CONNOR: It's the whole and all of Hugh M. Hefner.

HEFNER: Well, let me be more specific. I'll admit that I am a rather dedicated and one-way kind of a guy. But apart from my own place in it, I have some rather strong feelings about this society of ours and what I believe would help to make it a healthier, happier and better place in which to live. *PLAYBOY* is very much a part of that.

It is my feeling that we tend to rush headlong into the responsibilities of marriage and family in our society—long before most of us are really ready for them. And I see this as very much related to the tendency to grow up too quickly, to go steady too soon, to marry too early . . .

O'CONNOR: Have you said all this in the magazine?

HEFNER: I'm saying a good bit of it now in my editorials, in *The Playboy Philosophy* . . .

O'CONNOR: Up to this point, I don't remember ever having seen this subject discussed . . . ?

HEFNER: It has been implicit in the editorial concept and content of *PLAYBOY* from the very first issue; and I'm attempting to spell it out in more specific detail in *Philosophy*. The emphasis in the first installments of the editorial series has been on antisexuality in our society, especially as expressed in censorship and the laws regulating sex behavior, but with the completion of these considerations, I intend to offer an extended examination of the social and sexual patterns and problems in courtship, marriage and the family, with some personal suggestions on premarital and marital morality that I think would make sense in our contemporary civilization and that seem consistent with the primary principles already established in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

When a question is raised regarding

PLAYBOY and love, I must point out that a great deal of the magazine has to do with romantic love. What is actually being questioned, perhaps, is the lack of *PLAYBOY*'s involvement in the husband-wife-family orientation—with that aspect of love—and I have an important point I would like to make regarding that . . .

O'CONNOR: No, Hugh, I'm just using the concept that you started out with, which was love: that I love a human being—and, therefore, we have a relationship. Do you feel that that's in the magazine?

HEFNER: I think so. Yes, definitely. In contrast to the outdoor men's magazines, for example—that offer editorial escape from association with the opposite sex—*PLAYBOY*'s entire concept, personality and point of view are predicated on romantic boy-girl involvement. After all, you can't be expected to reach the "I love you" stage without dating; and every regular service feature in the publication—male fashion, good grooming, food and drink, music and hi-fi, travel—is editorially associated with courtship.

Look, I am, myself, a very romantic human being . . .

O'CONNOR: I know you are.

HEFNER: . . . And I think that sentimental side of my nature, I think my romanticism, is apparent in the pages of *PLAYBOY*, because the magazine is, and always has been, a projection of my personality, a reflection of my own personal dreams and aspirations. I don't think it's a cold and impersonal publication. I think it's a very warm and romantic book . . .

GARY: It's not cold and impersonal, Hugh.

A TIME FOR PLAY

HEFNER: I would like to express an opinion regarding this question that I think may help to explain something more about *PLAYBOY* and where I feel it properly fits in our society. It seems to me that the young man and young woman of today are unnaturally and unfortunately impressed with the idea of getting married the moment they are finished with their education. They are improperly pressured by a variety of social forces into prematurely going steady, becoming engaged, getting married, and accepting all the responsibilities of home and family—frequently before they are mature enough to cope with them.

The typical American male selects a mate and marries her—supposedly for a lifetime—before he has fully developed, himself, into the adult human being he will be for the rest of his years. It's no better than a game of marital blind-man's buff, it seems to me, and it's unquestionably one of the major causes for the high rate of divorce in America.

The problem is more pronounced in the male, because he matures more slowly.



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ly than the female—both physically and emotionally; a young man in his early 20s, for example, may still have a significant part of his maturing immediately ahead of him. He may actually become a very different person by the time he reaches his early 30s—with different tastes, interests, likes and dislikes; and yet this young man is expected to choose a wife who will suit the stranger he may very well be in another ten years.

If, on the other hand, those first years were devoted to work and play, as a single adult—then when marriage did come, a young man would be far better prepared for it . . . emotionally, intellectually, financially . . . in every way. He would have a far better notion of what would be important to him in a wife; he would be more able to appreciate marriage and a family, and more capable of accepting his responsibilities as a husband and parent.

PLAYBOY is editorially aimed at this premarital period, and by making these years of bachelorhood attractive, I think the magazine contributes a considerable service to our society.

BURNETT: In other words, are you saying that a judicious sampling of the opposite sex would help one to arrive at a better marriage? Is that what you're suggesting?

HEFNER: Statistically, there's no question about that, but it isn't really the point I'm making. What I'm saying is that, too often, boys and girls jump directly out of the protective environments of home and school into the roles of husbands and wives, before they're really prepared for them. If they would only wait a bit, and spend a little time finding themselves, before attempting to find their mates for a lifetime, we would have happier, more successful, more long-lasting marriages.

TANENBAUM: I'm impressed with this. I think you are saying something that's quite real and I agree with you.

GARY: I think there is a great deal in what you have just said.

BURNETT: I'm unimpressed—and I'll tell you why. And I'm amazed at you gentlemen, because you undoubtedly talk to many more people with marriage problems than I do. But I think we've fallen into the Freudian or 20th Century trap that suggests that sex is the end-all and be-all of marriage—the idea that once you straighten that out, you have no more marriage problems. Gentlemen, I do not think this is true.

TANENBAUM: I don't think Mr. Hefner is saying that, or even implying it.

BURNETT: Well, he's saying there are going to be a lot fewer divorces . . .

TANENBAUM: No, no, Murray . . .

HEFNER: Fewer divorces, because couples will be more emotionally mature when they marry, Murray . . .

TANENBAUM: I think that what is quite implicit, for me, in what Mr. Hefner has just said, is that the Freudian

revolution in America has been incorporated with second- and third-hand information, in the minds of parents, convincing them that the Puritan and Victorian practice of suppressing their children—preventing them from engaging in sexual play—is dangerous. This has produced a compensatory reaction, in which there is an overpermissiveness, allowing children to indulge themselves at a much earlier age; and, in fact, encouraging them in this.

HEFNER: But I don't believe the problem is sexually permissive parents or a sexually permissive society, Rabbi—quite the opposite. The extensive puritanism that still exists in American society, with its moral prohibitions against sex outside of wedlock, is one of the powerful pressures leading to early marriages. The religious person, convinced that premarital sexual relations are a sin, plagued with his or her own sexual desires—which, in the late teens and early 20s, are at their physical peak—finds marriage the only “logical” solution. And all too frequently these young people pay a bitter price, in hurt, heartache and misspent years, because their religion offered them no other moral solution to their sexual dilemma.

TANENBAUM: But I think this confusion has prevailed on both sides of the issue. I think during the Puritan period much of this sort of thing happened, precisely because of that kind of mentality; and I think, in reverse, some of this is happening today with early marriage.

I think that the atmosphere has been affected very much by this Freudian openness—that is to say, by parents who are not suppressing their children's sexual behavior. But I think there is another motive, which is entirely American, and which I take to be behind what you're saying about the early dating of children. That, I think, is the success motive in America. Parents are working out some of their success problems through the early success of their children: the popularity of their children; making their children more attractive so that they become, in a sense, erotically more successful with their mates, and end up in a much earlier marriage situation.

HEFNER: I agree that a great many parents tend to manipulate the lives of their children to satisfy their own emotional needs—and I think this is unquestionably one of the important considerations creating a social environment conducive to early going steady, engagement and marriage. It is precisely this sort of parental orientation—with the offspring acquiring their fears regarding popularity and social acceptance from their mothers and fathers—that prompts the young to seek the security and status of going steady in high school, becoming engaged in college, and marrying immediately thereafter. But this is very

different from parental permissiveness regarding sex.

It isn't sexual freedom that Mr. and Mrs. America want for their children—it's the prestige of being well liked, of being pinned, of receiving, or giving, that engagement or wedding ring. It is the kids who, quite naturally, add sex to the relationships. And if they get into trouble, or are otherwise found out by their parents, dear old Dad is as apt as not to raise the roof, while Mother cries, and both demand to know how their children could have let them down this way—after *all* they've sacrificed in the offsprings' behalf.

Incidentally, I'm not opposed to early dating—it's the “going steady” part of this adolescent social pattern that I question. And my opposition to *that* isn't caused by any fears regarding early sexual intimacy—I just think a young person gets the most out of his or her teens, and is more apt to adjust successfully to the responsibilities of adulthood, if these first years of courtship are spent in the company of a variety of boys and girls, not just one or two.

As far as sex is concerned, I don't favor an entirely free or permissive attitude toward teenagers, by any means, but I do think we have a tendency in this society to ignore the sexual realities related to adolescence. And one of the serious sexual problems we face in the United States today—or, perhaps, *refuse to face* is a more accurate way of expressing it—is the significant gap between the age a person reaches sexual maturity and the legal age of consent, after which society more or less accepts his or her right to act accordingly. In the years between, a person may be considered a juvenile delinquent for simply doing what adults do, and getting caught at it. As a part of our puritan opposition to sex, our society refuses to acknowledge that young people reach physical maturity in their early teens, and by turning our backs on the problem, we only tend to increase and complicate it.

TANENBAUM: I'm not so sure we have. You look at your teenagers today, with the kind of parties they engage in, and the kind of clothing they wear. The pressures parents put upon them to compete with one another, to be popular and successful. A child's popularity is measured by the number of dates he or she has; or the fact of going steady with an acceptable mate.

O'CONNOR: Well, doesn't PLAYBOY do just that?

TANENBAUM: But what I'm saying is that it is possible to read into PLAYBOY this kind of incentive on either side, depending on your point of view. PLAYBOY could make marital intimacy so attractive . . .

O'CONNOR: Well, that's not his point. It's the play period, which we've just heard about.

TANENBAUM: Yes, but I'm saying it's

possible to see both things in this.

HEFNER: Marriage becomes attractive a bit later, after a person has gained some measure of experience and maturity as an unmarried member of adult society.

TANENBAUM: . . . You make the erotic act so attractive . . . and with the pressure against doing this prior to marriage . . .

O'CONNOR: The satisfactory solution would either be—if you're a playboy—playing with a playmate or performing the act of masturbation. Because that's the only way these tensions are relieved.

HEFNER: With or without PLAYBOY.

O'CONNOR: Right. But PLAYBOY adds to the problem.

TANENBAUM: I don't think so. My impression is that PLAYBOY addresses itself to a very specific kind of market—a very specific audience. I don't think this magazine reaches . . . well, it is my impression that it is aimed at a group that has passed the early marrying age. If a guy isn't married by the time he's 22 or 23, then he enters this period of extended bachelorhood, from 23 to the early 30s . . . and I have the feeling that the publication appeals to this group, which, in a sense, is committed to this kind of play philosophy.

HEFNER: And, in simple truth, they will be more likely to achieve permanent marriages, when the final commitment *does* come—both because of their own additional maturity and stability, gained through age and experience, and because they will then be far more capable of choosing a spouse with whom they will be satisfied and compatible all the rest of their lives.

Is a boy 19, 20 or 21 years of age—who has not yet become his own true adult self—yet qualified to select a girl with whom he will share all the problems and responsibilities of marriage, home and family? I don't think so.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

GARY: I have a bit of data to throw in here. On my way down to the studio today, I was riding with a cab driver and we got to talking about this . . .

TANENBAUM: About the magazine?

GARY: Yes. . . . And he said, "Oh, I know that magazine. That's a cute magazine." And I said to him, "Well, you could say that." And he talked about the difference in his generation and the present one . . . and the premium on liberation here, the freedom to talk about this, and so on. And I said, "You mentioned you have a teenage daughter. How do you feel about her?" And he said, "Well, I want her to know all about this, but not to do it."

Now, I detected this same thing in The Playboy Club, and in the magazine, as well. I don't think that it necessarily leads to overt sexual expression. There is a sense in which parents provide this magazine, have it lying around the house, and it's in the fraternity houses, and so

on, as a mark of liberation. . . . As the—you know—the American way of cultivating yourself for adulthood and of being, well, very smooth and blasé about it . . .

TANENBAUM: You don't use PLAYBOY in your house for that purpose.

GARY: Well, my boy is a little young yet, but that time will come.

However, I did some additional research you might find interesting. I had a group of high school students in, so I asked them, "Now, what about this magazine?" And there was this one boy—he was the only one present who was smoking a cigarette, which is very significant. (Laughter)

HEFNER: The hip one . . . !

BURNETT: Cigarettes, and whiskey, and wild, wild women . . .

GARY: I asked, "Is there anyone here who reads PLAYBOY magazine?" There were a few snickers around the room, and I said, "I'm familiar with it myself. How many of you read it?" Well, nobody read it.

So I said, "You must see it. I take it you're looking at the pictures." And this kid with the cigarette said, "Yeah, we're looking at the pictures." Then they discussed this a little. They see it around their houses, but they don't read this material, by and large, because it's above their level—which you've already indicated, Hugh. You're pitching the magazine at a higher level than these 15- and 16-year-olds.

So then I went to a college level group and I talked with them. And that group divided itself into those who look at the pictures and those who read the magazine. And very few do both, they say. You know, it's very smart and sophisticated to read this magazine and ignore those pictures.

That's all there is to my research. You've stated that the magazine is edited for an audience of young adults, and my little study confirms that that's exactly who you're reaching. But all of this has to do with the kind of liberation going on in American society today; and I think we're at fault here in our religious traditions, in not dealing more directly with this problem.

O'CONNOR: What do you mean, Dick? You keep using the expression "deal with the problem."

GARY: Well, I think that the whole process of creating an atmosphere of freedom, in which people can discuss their sexuality, and can face it, has been a problem largely given over to the public schools, and to other outside agencies. And it is not very often discussed within the churches. Our religion is, to that extent, failing to meet the challenge. Now, I'm not speaking of what's being done in the context of the parochial school, because I don't know.

O'CONNOR: I'm not going to defend that. What I wanted to say is, if you've

dealt with college students, I don't think that they have such a lack of knowledge about the facts of sex. College students are quite aware in this area. They know what's going on, they talk about it and all the rest of it, but the point they don't get—which is the point that was originally raised by Hugh, himself—is any overall philosophy and outlook on sex.

THE QUESTION OF MORALITY

HEFNER: Which brings us back again, I think, to what we should really be talking about here—which is not simply sex or sexuality, but the question of morality, and what kind of moral concepts we believe should be brought to sexual behavior. And it also reintroduces the question of whether or not the morality that has been established by previous generations, here in America, is working or not . . .

O'CONNOR: Yes, but, Hugh, sexual morality is not a brand-new problem. And premarital experience is not something that was first tried in 1964. And the question of early marriages is not something new to our time. Sexuality has an enormous history.

HEFNER: All right, let me throw a question back at you gentlemen, if I may. Most of the questions have been coming my way this evening. Now let me pose one: The traditional Judaeo-Christian concept of sexual morality is not working, gentlemen. People are not living by it in our society today. Now what . . .

O'CONNOR: Mr. Hefner, do you have a statistical analysis that you can give us that indicates this? Because I don't know how you can do it.

TANENBAUM: Look at the success of PLAYBOY.

O'CONNOR: I'm curious as to how you can define it in this fashion.

HEFNER: In our first discussion, there was a reference made to Dr. Kinsey and I believe that you used the adjective "dubious," which I wanted to answer at the time . . .

O'CONNOR: Well, I mentioned him, because I know you depend on his research . . .

HEFNER: Every so often, I'm confronted—in either my reading or in a discussion—with an attempt to dismiss the research and statistics in Dr. Kinsey's two monumental studies, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, with an attempt to negate the findings and conclusions of Kinsey and his associates, of the Institute for Sex Research, at Indiana University. My reaction is always to wonder about the point of such quibbles, because I do agree that the Kinsey statistics are probably no more accurate than the Nielsen ratings on TV . . .

BURNETT: Which are pretty accurate!

HEFNER: Kinsey's findings are, if anything, quite probably on the low side,

as the checks for consistency revealed some attempts at cover-up, in the case histories, related to specific areas of sexual activity. But all such factors are taken into account and discussed at length in the reports.

And what difference do such details make in the present discussion? The important point for us in these statistics is not whether we wind up with a 49.5 percent, or a 45 percent, or a 50 percent, but that Kinsey has clearly and quite accurately established the *general* frequency of all of the common forms of sexual activity in our society.

The Kinsey studies of human sexual behavior are the most extensive and comprehensive ever conducted—dwarfing all previous efforts in the field of sex research. The statistical data on both the male and female are drawn from an unprecedented number of individual case histories; the interviewing techniques were the most advanced on record; the checks on the reliability, validity and internal consistency of the data are without precedent in a research project of this sort. In addition, lesser studies by other scientists have only tended to confirm, not refute, Kinsey's findings.

For the first time in history, a culture has a clear, scientifically established, statistically detailed picture of its sex behavior. Not to use this information in the search for new insights regarding man's sexual nature, and as a major factor in an extended reconsideration of our society's sexual morality and sex laws is, to me, unthinkable.

And it is also clear that the traditional Judaeo-Christian concept of sex . . .

O'CONNOR: But, Hugh, would you tell me what the traditional Judaeo-Christian concept of sex is . . . in terms of today?

HEFNER: In terms of today, it would seem to me, there are significant signs of reappraisal and the establishment of a more enlightened morality, but I think the *traditional* view must still be considered that sex be limited to marriage.

O'CONNOR: Yes, but I can find you a Judaeo-Christian tradition for every ramification of what you have to say . . .

HEFNER: I'm sure you can.

O'CONNOR: . . . Whether premarital or marital, heterosexual or homosexual . . .

TANENBAUM: I'd like to hear more, because I think this is precisely the point Mr. Hefner is confronting us with, Norman.

O'CONNOR: Is what?

TANENBAUM: It's the question that has prompted Dick Gary's concern—namely, what do the churches and synagogues have to say to the present situation?

O'CONNOR: I will say this to you—that I think, in terms of the Protestant tradition, it's going to be a horribly confused one, because you can find every point of view imaginable, from top to bottom.

TANENBAUM: Let Dick worry about himself.

O'CONNOR: Isn't that true, Mr. Gary?

BURNETT: And to further confuse us, Dick Gary rides in taxicabs with Jewish taxicab drivers . . .

O'CONNOR: I know. And can tell about daughters who want to know all the facts of life, but don't want to practice them.

TANENBAUM: I think Dick is Catholic, as a matter of fact. *(Laughter)*

HEFNER: Let me pose the primary question once again. If the traditional, overriding Judaeo-Christian ethic in America has been that sex should be limited to marriage, and if this is not being lived by, I would think it would be a matter of concern to all of our religious leaders. And so I throw the question back at you fellows, to try and find out how you feel about it. In your opinions, is this just a matter of the behavior being wrong? Or do we agree that, in truth, our religious tradition has been—and still is—unrealistic?

GARY: Let me react this way. One of the problems we have in this society is the fact that we've got to speak to an interfaith community when we talk about this problem. You can't sit down with one clergyman who represents the major denomination in this country. We are all protected, so to speak, by the fact that there are so many of us and nobody has to assume the single responsibility.

O'CONNOR: Yes, but answer the question—in terms of the Judaeo-Christian tradition—from your own viewpoint. What kind of morality should we have?

HEFNER: As related to sex . . . as related to sex and marriage . . . as related to sex and love?

GARY: Well, I thought, despite the fact there was some disagreement, that Marc made a magnificent statement when he talked about sexuality with purpose. I don't want to just throw this back to him, but I thought he made a good point . . .

TANENBAUM: I did?

GARY: You made this statement earlier, and I thought it was very good.

BURNETT: About reproduction?

GARY: Yes—multiply and inherit the earth. Now, I'm saying that this is the basic purpose. But beyond that, of course, we run into difficulties . . . or complications.

TANENBAUM: And the terrible thing is that we have no theology for it.

HEFNER: Father O'Connor, do you have the feeling that Reverend Gary is avoiding my question?

O'CONNOR: Very much so.

GARY: Well, I am. *(Laughter)*

SEX IN SWEDEN AND THE U.S.

O'CONNOR: I'm looking at a clipping from *The New York Times*, Sunday,

April 26th, commenting on an official publication called *Our Church*, in Sweden, which says that premarital relations should not be condemned as a sin as long as the couple involved sincerely plans to marry.

HEFNER: What's interesting about that, however, since we know that Sweden is a rather liberalized country, is that there have been several news stories on similar statements from members of the clergy in England in the last year.

GARY: Let me make one point here. In both of these instances, in England and Sweden, you have a more or less homogeneous religious group, addressing themselves to a national problem. They have this responsibility and they've got to face it, so the Church of England developed an elaborate statement about the legitimacy of sex between consenting adults—married or unmarried, heterosexual or homosexual. Now, this is pretty far out, in terms of its implications. But nobody in this society is going to do it, because I'm competing with Father O'Connor here, trying to have a better morality in the Episcopal Church than he's got in the Catholic Church, and he's competing . . .

O'CONNOR: The question is, how are you competing with the so-called "New Morality," in terms of what Hugh Hefner claims the facts to be?

GARY: You cite a newspaper story regarding the Church of Sweden, and I'm supposed to relate to it, because it's vaguely Protestant. And I'm saying that they assume this responsibility, which I don't assume, you see, because I have a basically sectarian point of view on this, just like you have in this society. And as long as we operate within this pluralism, we tend to protect ourselves with it.

TANENBAUM: I'm not sure it's altogether that, Dick. I think it's a significant factor, in terms of the way we counter one another on this question and find comfort in evading it, but I think the nature of the culture is also significantly different. From what I have read about the problem of sexual freedom in Sweden, it has reached rather rampant proportions.

BURNETT: What problem?

TANENBAUM: The problem of sexual promiscuity between unmarried males and females, with a kind of national license that operates there. And, in fact, there isn't the same kind of puritan mentality about this that we have here. There isn't the feeling of guilt or troubled conscience in Sweden. I'm not saying there is any cause and effect, but some sociologists extrapolate from this an explanation for the enormous suicide rate in Sweden, which is associated with the breakdown in traditional morality.

BURNETT: Barry Goldwater says it's because they are a socialist state.

(continued on page 138)



Playboy Club News



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THE BEATLES

a candid conversation with england's mop-topped millionaire minstrels

Our interviewer this month is the inimitable Jean Shepherd, whose nostalgically comic boyhood reminiscences and acerbic social commentary have earned him not only the applause of PLAYBOY's readers, but also a loyal audience of three million for the free-form one-man radio talkathon which he wings weekly over New York's WOR from the stage of *The Limelight* in Greenwich Village. A nimble-witted and resourceful broadcast reporter who's tilted verbal lances with such formidable subjects as Malcolm X and Harry S. Truman, he debuts herein as an interviewer for the printed page. Shepherd writes of his subjects:

"I joined the Beatles in Edinburgh in the midst of a wild, swinging personal-appearance tour they were making throughout the British Isles. The first glimpse I had of them was in a tiny, overheated, totally disorganized dressing room backstage between their first and second shows. I had taken the night flight up from London and suddenly found myself face to face with one, or rather four, of the 20th Century's major living legends. All of them looked up suspiciously as I walked in, then went back to eating, drinking and tuning guitars as though I didn't exist. Legends have a way of ignoring mere mortals. I looked hard at them through the cigarette smoke, and they began to come into focus, sprawling half dressed and

self-involved amid the continuous uproar that surrounds their lives.

"They had been playing one-night stands in Glasgow and Dundee, and I went along with them from Edinburgh to Plymouth, Bournemouth and half a dozen other towns. They were all the same: wild, ravening multitudes, hundreds of policemen, mad rushes through the night in a black Austin Princess to a carefully guarded inn or chalet for a few fitful hours of sleep. And then the whole cycle started all over again.

"It became impossible to tell one town from another, since to us they were just a succession of dressing rooms and hotel suites. The screams were the same. The music was the same. It all assumed the ritual quality of a fertility rite. Latter-day Druids, the Beatles sat in their dressing room—a plywood Stonehenge—surrounded by sweaty T-shirts, trays of French fries, steak, pots of tea, and the inevitable TV set; while from somewhere off beyond the walls of the theater came the faint, eerie wailing of their worshipers, like the sea or the wind. But the Beatles no more heard it than a New York cop hears traffic. Totally oblivious to the mob—and to the honks and plunks of other Liverpoolian rock 'n' rollers warming up down the hall—they sat sipping Scotch from paper cups and watching 'Dr. Kildare' on the telly.

"I, meanwhile, sat and watched them—and wondered why. In two years

they had become a phenomenon that had somehow transcended stardom—or even showbiz. They were mythical beings, inspiring a fanaticism bordering on religious ecstasy among millions all over the world. I began to have the uncomfortable feeling that all this fervor had nothing whatever to do with entertainment, or with talent, or even with the Beatles themselves. I began to feel that they were the catalyst of a sudden world madness that would have burst upon us whether they had come on the scene or not. If the Beatles had never existed, we would have had to invent them. They are not prodigious talents by any yardstick, but like hula hoops and yo-yos, they are at the right place at the right time, and whatever it is that triggers the mass hysteria of fads has made them walking myths.

"Everywhere we went, people stared in openmouthed astonishment that there were actually flesh-and-blood human beings who looked just like the Beatle dolls they had at home. It was as though Santa Claus had suddenly shown up at a Christmas party. Night after night, phalanxes of journalists would stand grinning, groveling, obsequious, jotting down the Beatles' every word. In city after city the local mayor, countess, duke, earl and prelate would be led in, bowing and scraping, to bask for a few fleeting moments in their ineffable aura. They don't give interviews; they grant



PAUL: We'd be idiots to say it isn't a constant inspiration to be making a lot of money. It is to anyone. Why do business tycoons stay tycoons?



RINGO: We used to get in the car, and I'd look over at John and say, "Christ, you're a bloody phenomenon!" and laugh—'cause it was only him.



GEORGE: Ringo and I are gettin' married to each other. But that's a thing you better keep a secret. People would probably think we're queers.



JOHN: If you say you're non-religious, people assume you're antireligious. We're not sure what we are, but we're more agnostic than atheistic.

audiences, which is the way the world wants its legends to behave.

"All around them, wherever they go, shimmers a strange, filmy, translucent pall of palpable unreality, so thick that you can almost taste it. And at the very center of this vast cloud of fantasy are the four young men themselves, by far the most real and least enchanted of them all. They have managed somehow to remain remarkably human, totally unlike the kewpies created by fandom and the press. In real life, the Beatles don't make Beatle noises. Nor are they precocious teenagers. They are grown-up, Scotch-drinking men who know what the world expects of them—which is to be Beatles and to wear long hair, funny clothes and be cute. But all that stops when the curtain falls and the high-heeled shoes come off and the drums are put away.

"Their unimaginable success—which has made them world figures important enough for the Prime Minister and the Queen's consort to discuss in news conferences, and has made them without a doubt the most successful money machine in recent times—has left them faintly bemused, but also extremely guarded in their day-by-day life, almost as though they're afraid that an extraloud sneeze will burst the bubble and they'll be back in reality like the rest of us.

"Of the four, George Harrison seems to be the one most amused and least unsettled by it all. The truest swinger among them, he is also the most sarcastic, and unquestionably the most egotistical; he fingers his hair a lot, and has a marked tendency to pause meaningfully and frequently before mirrors. Even so, he's a very likable chap—if he happens to like you. John Lennon, on the other hand, is a rather cool customer, and far less hip than he's been made out to be. He does radiate a kind of on-the-top-of-it confidence, however, and is the unacknowledged leader of the group. Equally poised, but far more articulate and outgoing, Paul McCartney (sometimes known as 'the cute Beatle') reminded me of Ned, the fun-loving Rover Boy: He's bright, open-faced and friendly—the friendliest of the lot; but unlike Ned, he also has a keen eye for a well-turned figure, and he worries a lot about the future. Ringo Starr, the smallest Beatle—even smaller in person than he appears to be on the screen—is a curious contrast with the others. Taciturn, even a bit sullen, he spends a good deal of time sitting in corners staring moodily at the Venetian blinds. Perhaps because he wasn't their original drummer, he seems slightly apart from the rest, a loner. Still, he has a way of growing on you—if he doesn't grow away from you.

"But they all find it difficult to make any real contact with anybody out-

side of their immediate circle. And vice versa. As they appear unreal to their maniacal fans, so their fans appear to them. And an incessant infestation of interviewers has erected a wall of hackneyed wisecracks and ghostwritten ripostes between them and the press. So getting to know the Beatles, and to draw them out, was a discouraging task at first. I traveled and lived with them for three days before the first crack appeared in the invisible shield that surrounds them. Paul suddenly asked me about my cold—which I had been nursing since my arrival—and I knew that real life had reared its unexpected head.

"We began to become friends. And a week or so and what felt like 10,000 miles and 10,000,000 screams later, we found ourselves ensconced in a hotel room in Torquay in southwest England, on the gray shores of the English Channel. They had just played two shows before a raging throng of subteen girls in nearby Exeter. Within seconds after the final curtain, like a gang of convicts executing a well-rehearsed and perfectly synchronized prison break, they had eluded a gimlet-eyed army of idolators outside the stage door and careened off in anonymous vehicles, with coat collars up and hats pulled low—four hunted fugitives and one terrified hostage (me)—into the wintry night. Pseudonymously registered and safely padlocked in their suite at the hotel—the identity and whereabouts of which were a more closely guarded secret than SAC's fail-safe recall code—they slipped out of their Beatle suits and into the comfort of sportswear, ordered up a goodly supply of Coke, tea and booze, and began to unwind. We found ourselves talking quietly—and all of a sudden, almost communicating. Somewhere along the line I turned on my tape machine. Here's what it recorded."

PLAYBOY: OK, we're on. Why don't we begin by . . .

JOHN: Doing *Hamlet*.
(Laughter)

RINGO: Yeah, yeah, let's do that.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like fun, but just for laughs, why don't we do an interview instead?

GEORGE: Say, that's a fine idea. I wish I'd thought of that.

PAUL: What shall we ask you for a first question?

RINGO: About those Bunny girls . . .

PLAYBOY: No comment. Let's start over. Ringo, you're the last Beatle to join the group, aren't you?

RINGO: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How long were you fellows working together as a team before Ringo joined up?

JOHN: A few years probably, sort of off and on, really, for three years or so.

PAUL: Yeah, but really amateur.

GEORGE: The local pub, you know. And in each other's uncles' houses.

JOHN: And at George's brother's wedding. Things like that.

PLAYBOY: When you joined the others, Ringo, they weren't quite as big as they are now, were they?

RINGO: They were the biggest thing in Liverpool. In them days that was big enough.

PAUL: This is a point we've made before. Some people say a man is made of muscle and blood . . .

No, they don't. They say, "How come you've suddenly been able to adjust to fame, you know, to nationwide fame and things?" It all started quite nicely with us, you see, in our own sphere, where we used to play—in Liverpool. We never used to play outside it, except when we went to Hamburg. Just those two circles. And in each of them, I think we were round the highest paid, and probably at the time the most popular. So in actual fact we had the same feeling of being famous then as we do now.

GEORGE: We were recognized then, too, only people didn't chase us about.

PAUL: But it just grew. The quantity grew, not the quality of the feeling.

PLAYBOY: When did you know that you had really hit it big? There must have been one night when you knew it had really begun.

JOHN: Well, we'd been playing round in Liverpool for a bit without getting anywhere, trying to get work, and the other groups kept telling us, "You'll do all right, you'll get work someday." And then we went to Hamburg, and when we came back, suddenly we were a wow. Mind you, 70 percent of the audience thought we were a German wow, but we didn't care about that.

PAUL: We were billed in the paper: "From Hamburg—The Beatles."

JOHN: In Liverpool, people didn't even know we were from Liverpool. They thought we were from Hamburg. They said, "Christ, they speak good English!" Which we did, of course, being English. But that's when we first, you know, stood there being cheered for the first time.

PAUL: That was when we felt we were . . .

JOHN: . . . on the way up . . .

PAUL: . . . gonna make it in Liverpool.

PLAYBOY: How much were you earning then?

JOHN: For that particular night, 20 dollars.

PLAYBOY: Apiece?

JOHN: For the group! Hell, we used to work for a lot less than that.



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PAUL: We used to work for about three or four dollars a night.

RINGO: Plus all the Coke we could drink. And we drank a lot.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first journalist who came to see you and said, "I want to write about you"?

RINGO: We went round to *them* at first, didn't we?

JOHN: We went and said, "We're a group and we've got this record out. Will you . . ."

GEORGE: And then the door would slam.

PLAYBOY: We've heard it said that when you first went to America you were doubtful that you'd make it over there.

JOHN: That's true. We didn't think we were going to make it at all. It was only Brian telling us we were gonna make it. And George. Brian Epstein, our manager, and George Harrison.

GEORGE: I knew we had a good chance—because of the record sales over there.

JOHN: The thing is, in America it just seemed ridiculous—I mean, the idea of having a hit record over there. It was just, you know, something you could never do. That's what I thought, anyhow. But then I realized that it's just the same as here, that kids everywhere all go for the same stuff. And seeing we'd done it in England and all, there's no reason why we couldn't do it in America, too. But the American disc jockeys didn't know about British records; they didn't play them; nobody promoted them, and so you didn't have hits.

GEORGE: Well, there were one or two doing it as a novelty.

JOHN: But it wasn't until *Time* and *Life* and *Newsweek* came over and wrote articles and created an interest in us that the disc jockeys started playing our records. And Capitol said, "Well, can we have their records?" You know, they had been offered our records years ago, and they didn't want them. But when they heard we were big over here they said, "Can we have 'em now?" So we said, "As long as you promote them." So Capitol promoted, and with them and all these articles on us, the records just took off.

PLAYBOY: There's been some dispute, among your fans and critics, about whether you're primarily entertainers or musicians—or perhaps neither. What's your own opinion?

JOHN: We're money-makers first; then we're entertainers.

RINGO: No, we're not.

JOHN: What are we, then?

RINGO: Dunno. Entertainers first.

JOHN: OK.

RINGO: 'Cause we were entertainers before we were money-makers.

JOHN: That's right, of course. It's just that the press drivels it into you, so you say it 'cause they like to hear it, you know?

PAUL: Still, we'd be idiots to say that it isn't a constant inspiration to be making

a lot of money. It always is, to anyone. I mean, why do big business tycoons *stay* big business tycoons? It's not because they're inspired at the greatness of big business; they're in it because they're making *money* at it. We'd be idiots if we pretended we were in it solely for kicks. In the beginning we were, but at the same time, we were hoping to make a bit of cash. It's a switch around now, though, from what it used to be. We used to be doing it mainly for kicks and not making a lot of money, and now we're making money without too many kicks—except that we happen to like the money we're making. But we still enjoy making records, going onstage, making films, and all that business.

JOHN: We *love* every minute of it, Beatle people!

PLAYBOY: As hard-bitten refugees from the Liverpool slums—according to heart-rending fan magazine biographies—do you feel prepared to cope with all this sudden wealth?

PAUL: We've managed to make the adjustment. Contrary to rumor, you see, none of us was brought up in any slums or in great degrees of poverty. We've always had enough; we've never been starving.

JOHN: Yeah, we saw these articles in the American fan mags that "Those boys struggled up from the slums . . ."

GEORGE: We never starved. Even Ringo hasn't.

RINGO: Even I.

PLAYBOY: What kind of families do you come from?

GEORGE: Well, you know, not rich. Just workin' class. They've got jobs. Just work.

PLAYBOY: What does your father do?

GEORGE: Well, he doesn't do anything now. He used to be a bus driver . . .

JOHN: In the Merchant Navy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any sisters or brothers, George?

GEORGE: I've got two brothers.

JOHN: And no sisters to speak of.

PLAYBOY: How about you, Paul?

PAUL: I've got one brother, and a father who used to be a cotton salesman down in New Orleans, you know. That's probably why I look a bit tanned. But seriously, folks, he occasionally had trouble paying bills—but it was never, you know, never, "Go out and pick blackberries, son; we're a bit short this week."

PLAYBOY: How about you, John?

JOHN: Oh, just the same. I used to have an auntie. And I had a dad whom I couldn't quite find.

RINGO: John lived with the Mounties.

JOHN: Yeah, the Mounties. They fed me well. No starvation.

PLAYBOY: How about *your* family, Ringo, old man?

RINGO: Just workin' class. I was brought up with my mother and me grandparents. And then she married me step-father when I was 13. All the time she

was working. I never starved. I used to get most things.

GEORGE: Never starved?

RINGO: No, I never starved. She always fed me. I was an only child, so it wasn't amazing.

PLAYBOY: It's quite fashionable in some circles in America to hate your parents. But none of you seem to.

RINGO: We're probably just as against the things our parents liked or stood for as they are in America. But we don't hate our parents for it.

PLAYBOY: It's often exactly the opposite in America.

PAUL: Well, you know, a lot of Americans are unbalanced. I don't care what you say. No, really. A lot of them are quite normal, of course, but we've met many unbalanced ones. You know the type of person, like the political Whig.

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

PAUL: You know—the professional politician type; in authority sort of thing. Some of them are just mad! And I've met some really *maniac* American girls! Like this girl who walked up to me in a press conference and said, "I'm Lily." I said, "Hello, how do you do?" and she said, "Doesn't my name *mean* anything to you?" I said, "Ah, no . . ." and I thought, "Oh God, it's one of these people that you've met and you should know." And so Derek, our press agent, who happened to be there at the time, hanging over my shoulder, giving me quotes, which happens at every press conference . . .

GEORGE: You better not say that.

PAUL: Oh yes, that's not true, Beatle people! But he was sort of hanging about, and he said, "Well, did you ring, or did you write, or something?" And she said, "No." And he said, "Well, how did you get in touch with Paul? How do you know him?" And she said, "Through God." Well, there was sort of a ghastly silence. I mean, we both sort of gulped and blushed. I said, "Well, that's very nice, Lily. Thanks very much. I must be off now."

PLAYBOY: There wasn't a big lightning bolt from the sky?

PAUL: No, there wasn't. But I talked to her afterward, and she said she'd got a vision from God and God had said to her . . .

JOHN: "It's been a hard day's night."

(Laughter)

PAUL: No, God had said, "Listen, Lil, Paul is waiting for you; he's in love with you and he wants to marry you, so go down and meet him, and he'll know you right away." It's very funny, you know. I was trying to persuade her that she didn't in actual fact have a vision from God, that it was . . .

GEORGE: It was probably somebody *disguised* as God.

PAUL: You wouldn't hardly ever meet somebody like that in England, but



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there seemed to me to be a lot like her in America.

JOHN: Well, there are a lot more *people* in America, so you've got a much bigger group to get nutters from.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of nutters, do you ever wake up in the morning, look in the mirror and say, "My God, I'm a Beatle"?

PAUL: No, not quite.

(Laughter)

JOHN: Actually, we only do it in each other's company. I know I never do it alone.

RINGO: We used to do it more. We'd get in the car, I'd look over at John and say, "Christ, look at you; you're a bloody phenomenon!" and just laugh—'cause it was only him, you know. And a few old friends of ours done it, from Liverpool. I'd catch 'em looking at me, and I'd say, "What's the matter with you?" It's just daft, them just screaming and laughing, thinking I'm one of them people.

PLAYBOY: A Beatle?

RINGO: Yes.

PAUL: The thing makes *me* know we've made it is like tonight, when we slipped into a sweetshop. In the old days we could have just walked into a sweetshop and nobody would have noticed us. We would have just got our sweets and gone out. But tonight we just walked in—it took a couple of seconds—and the people just dropped their sweets. Before, you see, there would have been no reaction at all. Except possibly, "Look at that fellow with the long hair. Doesn't he look daft?" But nowadays they're just amazed; they can't believe it. But actually we're no different.

PLAYBOY: The problem is that you don't seem to be like real people. You're Beatles.

PAUL: I know. It's very funny, that.

GEORGE: It's all the publicity.

PAUL: We're taken in by it, too. Because *we* react exactly the same way to the stars *we* meet. When we meet people we've seen on the telly or in films, we still think, "Wow!"

JOHN: It's a good thing, because we still get just as tickled.

PAUL: The thing is that people, when they see you on TV and in magazines and up in a film, and hear you on the radio, they never expect to meet you, you know, even our fans. Their wish is to meet you, but in the back of their mind they never think they're actually gonna meet us. And so, when they *do* meet us, they just don't believe it.

PLAYBOY: Where do they find you—hiding in your hotel rooms?

JOHN: No, on the street, usually.

PLAYBOY: You mean you're brave enough to venture out in the streets without a bodyguard?

RINGO: Sure.

GEORGE: We're always on the street. Staggering about.

RINGO: Floggin' our bodies.

GEORGE: You catch John sleeping in the gutter occasionally.

PLAYBOY: When people see you in the street, do you ever have any action?

GEORGE: Well, not really, because when you're walking about, you don't bump into groups of people, as a rule. People don't walk round in gangs, as a rule.

PLAYBOY: Can you even go out shopping without getting mobbed by them, individually or collectively?

JOHN: We avoid that.

PAUL: The mountain comes to Mohammed.

GEORGE: The shop comes to us, as he says. But sometimes we just roll into a store and buy the stuff and leg out again.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that like looking for trouble?

PAUL: No, we walk four times faster than the average person.

PLAYBOY: Can you eat safely in restaurants?

GEORGE: Sure we can. I was there the other night.

JOHN: Where?

GEORGE: Restaurants.

PAUL: Of course we're *known* in the restaurants we go in.

GEORGE: And usually it's only Americans that'll bother you.

PLAYBOY: Really?

GEORGE: Really. If we go into a restaurant in London, there's always going to be a couple of them eating there; you just tell the waiter to hold them off if they try to come over. If they come over anyway, you just sign.

RINGO: But you know, the restaurants I go to, probably if I wasn't famous, I wouldn't go to them. Even if I had the same money and wasn't famous I wouldn't go to them, because the people that go to them are drags. The good thing when you go to a place where the people are such drags, such snobs, you see, is that they won't bother to come over to your table. They pretend they don't even know who you are, and you get away with an easy night.

GEORGE: And they think they're laughing at us, but really we're laughing at them. 'Cause we know they know who we are.

RINGO: How's that?

GEORGE: They're not going to be like the rest and ask for autographs.

RINGO: And if they do, we just swear at 'em.

GEORGE: Well, *I* don't, Beatle people. I sign the autograph and thank them profusely for coming over and offer them a piece of my chop.

JOHN: If we're in the middle of a meal, I usually say, "Do you mind waiting till I'm finished?"

GEORGE: And then we keep eating until they give up and leave.

JOHN: That's not true, Beatle people!

PLAYBOY: Apart from these occupational hazards, are you happy in your work? Do you really *enjoy* getting pelted by jelly beans and being drowned out by thousands of screaming subteenagers?

RINGO: Yes.

GEORGE: We still find it exciting.

JOHN: Well, you know . . .

PAUL: After a while, actually, you begin to get used to it, you know.

PLAYBOY: Can you really get *used* to this?

PAUL: Well, you still get excited when you go onto a stage and the audience is great, you know. But obviously you're not as excited as you were when you first heard that one of your records had reached number one. I mean, you really do go *wild* with excitement then; you go out drinking and celebrating and things.

RINGO: Now we just go out drinkin' anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you stick pretty much together offstage?

JOHN: Well, yes and no. Groups like this are normally not friends, you know; they're just four people out there thrown together to make an act. There may be two of them who sort of go off and are friends, you know, but . . .

GEORGE: Just what do you mean by that?

JOHN: Strictly platonic, of course. But we're *all* rather good friends, as it happens.

PLAYBOY: Then you do see a good deal of one another when you're not working?

PAUL: Well, you know, it depends. We needn't always go to the same places together. In earlier days, of course, when we didn't know London, and we didn't know anybody *in* London, then we really did stick together, and it would really just be like four fellows down from the north for a coach trip. But nowadays, you know, we've got our own girlfriends—they're in London—so that we each normally go out with our girlfriends on our days off. Except for John, of course, who's married.

PLAYBOY: Do any of the rest of you have plans to settle down?

PAUL: I haven't got any.

GEORGE: Ringo and I are gettin' married.

PLAYBOY: Oh? To whom?

GEORGE: To each other. But that's a thing you better keep a secret.

RINGO: You better not tell anybody.

GEORGE: I mean, if we said something like that, people'd probably think we're queers. After all, that's not the sort of thing you can put in a reputable magazine like *PLAYBOY*. And anyway, we don't want to start the rumor going.

PLAYBOY: We'd better change the subject, then. Do you remember the other night when this girl came backstage . . .

GEORGE: Naked . . .

PLAYBOY: Unfortunately not. And she said . . .

GEORGE: "It's been a hard day's night."

PLAYBOY: No, she pointed at you, George,

and said, "There's a Beatle!" And you others said, "That's George." And she said, "No, it's a Beatle!"

JOHN: And you said, "This way to the bedroom."

PLAYBOY: No, it was, "Would you like us to introduce you to him?"

JOHN: I like my line better.

PLAYBOY: Well, the point is that she didn't believe that there was such a thing as an actual Beatle *person*.

JOHN: She's right, you know.

PLAYBOY: Do you run across many like her?

GEORGE: Is there any other kind?

PLAYBOY: In America, too?

RINGO: Everywhere.

PLAYBOY: With no exceptions?

JOHN: In America, you mean?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

JOHN: A few.

PAUL: Yeah. Some of those American girls have been great.

JOHN: Like Joan Baez.

PAUL: Joan Baez is good, yeah, very good.

JOHN: She's the only one I like.

GEORGE: And Jayne Mansfield. PLAYBOY made her.

PAUL: She's a bit different, isn't she? *Different*.

RINGO: She's soft.

GEORGE: Soft and warm.

PAUL: Actually, she's a clot.

RINGO: Says Paul, the god of the Beatles.

PAUL: I didn't mean it, Beatle people! Actually, I haven't even met her. But you won't print that anyway, of course, because PLAYBOY is very *pro*-Mansfield. They think she's a rave. But she really is an old bag.

PLAYBOY: By the way, what are Beatle people?

JOHN: It's something they use in the fan mags in America. They all start out, "Hi there, Beatle people, 'spect you're wondering what the Fab Foursome are doing these days!" Now we use it all the time, too.

PAUL: It's low-level journalese.

JOHN: But I mean, you know, there's nothing wrong with that. It's harmless.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of low-level journalese, there was a comment in one of the London papers the other day that paralleled you guys with Hitler. Seriously! It said that you have the same technique of drawing cheers from the crowd . . .

PAUL: That power isn't so much us being like Hitler; it's that the audiences and the show have got sort of, you know, a Hitler *feel* about them, because the audience will shout when they're told to. That's what that critic was talking about. Actually, that article was one which I really got annoyed about, 'cause she's never even met us.

PLAYBOY: She?

PAUL: The woman who wrote it. She's never met us, but she was dead against us. Like that Hitler bit. And she said we

were very boring people. "The Bore-some Foursome," she called us. You know, really, this woman was really just shouting her mouth off about us—as people, I mean.

RINGO: Oh, come on.

PAUL: No, *you* come on. I rang up the newspaper, you know, but they wouldn't let me speak to her. In actual fact, they said, "Well, I'll tell you, the reason we don't give her phone number out is because she never likes to speak to people on the phone because she's got a terrible stutter."

So I never did actually follow it up. Felt sorry for her. But I mean, the cheek of her, writing this damn article about us. And telling everybody how we're starting riots, and how we were such bores—and she's never even met us, mind you! I mean, we could turn around and say the same about her! I could go and thump her!

GEORGE: Bastard fascist!

PLAYBOY: Ringo . . .

RINGO: Yes, PLAYBOY, sir?

PLAYBOY: How do *you* feel about the press? Has your attitude changed in the last year or so?

RINGO: Yes.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

RINGO: I hate 'em more now than I did before.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear about the riot in Glasgow on the night of your last show there?

JOHN: We heard about it after.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that the next day there was a letter in one of the Glasgow papers that accused you of directly *inciting* the violence?

RINGO: How can they say that about us? We don't even wiggle. It's not bloody fair.

GEORGE: Bastards!

PAUL: Glasgow is like Belfast. There'll probably be a bit of a skirmish there, too. But it's not because of us. It's because people in certain cities just hate the cops more than in other cities.

GEORGE: Right.

PAUL: There were ridiculous riots last time we were there—but it wasn't riots for us. The crowd was there for us, but the riots after our show . . .

RINGO: All the drunks come out, out of the pubs.

PAUL: . . . It was just beatin' up coppers.

PLAYBOY: They just used the occasion as a pretext to get at the cops?

GEORGE: Yeah.

PAUL: In Dublin this trip, did you see where the crowd sort of stopped all the traffic? They even pulled a driver out of a bus.

JOHN: They also called out the fire brigade. We had four fire engines this time.

PLAYBOY: People were also overturning cars and breaking shop windows. But all this had nothing to do with your show?

PAUL: Well, it's vaguely related, I sup-

pose. It's got *something* to do with it, inasmuch as the crowds happen to be there because of our show.

JOHN: But nobody who's got a bit of common sense would seriously think that 15-year-old girls are going round smashing shop windows on account of us.

GEORGE: Certainly not. Those girls are *eight* years old.

PLAYBOY: This talk of violence leads to a related question. Do you guys think there'll be another war soon?

GEORGE: Yeah. Friday.

RINGO: I hope not. Not just after we've got our money through the taxes.

JOHN: The trouble is, if they do start another war, then everybody goes with you.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Rolling Stones will be the first to go?

PAUL: It won't matter, 'cause we'll probably be in London or Liverpool at the time, and when they drop the bomb, it'll be in the middle of the city. So we probably won't even know it when it happens.

PLAYBOY: We brought this up for a reason, fellows. There *was* an essay not long ago in a very serious commentary magazine, saying that before every major war in this century, there has been a major wave of public hysteria over certain specific entertainers. There was the Irene Castle craze before World War One . . .

PAUL: Oh, yes.

GEORGE: I remember that well.

PLAYBOY: And then, before World War Two, there was the swing craze, with Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw, and all the dancing in the aisles. And now *you*—before . . .

JOHN: Hold on! It's not our fault!

PLAYBOY: We're not saying you may have anything to do with inciting a war . . .

PAUL: Thanks.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think you may be a symptom of the times, part of an undercurrent that's building up?

PAUL: That sort of comparison just falls down when you look at it, really. It's just like saying that this morning a fly landed on my bed and that I looked at my watch and it was eight o'clock, and that therefore every morning at eight o'clock flies land on the bed. It doesn't prove anything just 'cause it happens a few times.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to another observation about you. Did you know that the Duke of Edinburgh was recently quoted as saying that he thought you were on your way out?

JOHN: Good luck, Duke.

GEORGE: No comment. See my manager. PAUL: He didn't say it, though. There was a retraction, wasn't there?

JOHN: Yeah, we got a telegram. Wonderful news.

PAUL: We sent one back. Addressed to "Liz and Phil."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met the Queen?

JOHN: No, she's the only one we haven't met. We've met all the others.

PAUL: All the mainstays.

PLAYBOY: Winston Churchill?

RINGO: No, not him.

JOHN: He's a good lad, though.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to meet him?

GEORGE: Not really. Not more than anybody else.

PAUL: I dunno. Somebody like that you wish you could have met when he was really at his peak, you know, and sort of doing things and being great. But there wouldn't be a lot of point now, because he's sort of gone into retirement and doesn't do a lot of things anymore.

PLAYBOY: Is there any celebrity you would like to meet?

PAUL: I wouldn't mind meeting Adolf Hitler.

GEORGE: You could have every room in your house papered.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to meet Princess Margaret?

PAUL: We have.

PLAYBOY: How do you like her?

RINGO: OK. And Philip's OK, too.

PLAYBOY: Even after what he supposedly said about you?

RINGO: I don't care what he said; I still think he's OK. He didn't say nothing about me personally.

PAUL: Even if he *had* said things about us, it doesn't make him worse, you know.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of royalty . . .

PAUL: Royalty never condemns anything unless it's something that they know everybody else condemns.

RINGO: If I was royal . . .

PAUL: If I was royal I would crack long jokes and get a mighty laugh. If I was royal.

GEORGE: What would *we* do with Buckingham Palace? Royalty's stupid.

PLAYBOY: You guys seem to be pretty irreverent characters. Are any of you churchgoers?

JOHN: No.

GEORGE: No.

PAUL: Not particularly. But we're not antireligious. We probably seem to be antireligious because of the fact that none of us believe in God.

JOHN: If you say you don't believe in God, everybody assumes you're antireligious, and you probably think that's what we mean by that. We're not quite sure *what* we are, but I know that we're more agnostic than atheistic.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking for the group or just for yourself?

JOHN: For the group.

GEORGE: John's our official religious spokesman.

PAUL: We all feel roughly the same. We're all agnostics.

JOHN: Most people are, anyway.

RINGO: It's better to admit it than to be a hypocrite.

JOHN: The only thing we've got against religion is the hypocritical side of it, which I can't stand. Like the clergy

is always moaning about people being poor, while they themselves are all going around with millions of quid worth of robes on. That's the stuff I can't stand.

PAUL: A new bronze door stuck on the Vatican.

RINGO: Must have cost a mighty penny.

PAUL: But believe it or not, we're not anti-Christ.

RINGO: Just anti-Pope and anti-Christian.

PAUL: But you know, in America . . .

GEORGE: They were more shocked by us saying we were agnostics.

JOHN: They went potty; they couldn't take it. Same as in Australia, where they couldn't stand us not liking sports.

PAUL: In America they're fanatical about God. I know somebody over there who said he was an atheist. The papers nearly refused to print it because it was such shocking news that somebody could actually be an atheist. Yeah, and admit it.

RINGO: He speaks for all of us.

PLAYBOY: To bring up another topic that's shocking to some, how do you feel about the homosexual problem?

GEORGE: Oh yeah, well, we're all homosexuals, too.

RINGO: Yeah, we're all queer.

PAUL: But don't tell anyone.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, is there more homosexuality in England than elsewhere?

JOHN: Are you saying there's more over here than in America?

PLAYBOY: We're just asking.

GEORGE: It's just that they've got crewcuts in America. You can't spot 'em.

PAUL: There's probably a million more queers in America than in England. England may have its scandals—like Profumo and all—but at least they're heterosexual.

JOHN: Still, we do have more than our share of queers, don't you think?

PAUL: It just seems that way because there's more printed about them over here.

RINGO: If they find out that somebody is a bit bent, the press will always splash it about.

PAUL: Right. Take Profumo, for example. He's just an ordinary . . .

RINGO: Sex maniac.

PAUL: . . . just an ordinary fellow who sleeps with women. Yet it's adultery in the eyes of the law, and it's an international incident. But in actual fact, if you check up on the statistics, you find that there are hardly *any* married men who've been completely faithful to their wives.

JOHN: I have! Listen, Beatle people . . .

PAUL: All right, we all know John's spotless. But when a thing like that gets into the newspapers, everybody goes very, very Puritan, and they pretend that they don't know what sex is about.

GEORGE: They get so bloody virtuous all of a sudden.

PAUL: Yes, and some poor heel has got to take the brunt of the whole thing.

But in actual fact, if you ask the average Briton what they really think of the Profumo case, they'd probably say, "He was knockin' off some bird. So what?"

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, you've met Mandy Rice-Davies, haven't you?

GEORGE: What are you looking at *me* for?

PLAYBOY: Because we hear *she* was looking at you.

JOHN: We did meet Christine Keeler.

RINGO: I'll tell you who *I* met. I met what's-her-name—April Ashley.

JOHN: I met her, too, the other night.

PLAYBOY: Isn't she the one who used to be a man, changed her sex and married into the nobility?

JOHN: That's the one.

RINGO: She swears at me, you know. But when she sobers up she apologizes.

JOHN: Actually, I quite like her. Him. It. That.

PAUL: The trouble with saying something like, "Profumo was just a victim of circumstances" or "April Ashley isn't so bad, even though she's changed sex"—saying things like that in print to most people seems so shocking; whereas in actual fact, if you really think about it, it isn't. Just saying a thing like that sounds much more shocking than it is.

RINGO: I got up in the Ad Lib the other night and a big handbag hit me in the gut. I thought it was somebody I knew; I didn't have any glasses on. I said, "Hello," and a bloody big worker "Arrghhhh." So I just ran into the bog. Because I'd heard about things like that.

PLAYBOY: What are you talking about?

GEORGE: He doesn't know.

PLAYBOY: Do you?

GEORGE: Haven't the slightest.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us a hint, Ringo? What's the Ad Lib, for example?

RINGO: It's a club.

GEORGE: Like your Peppermint Lounge, and the Whisky à GoGo. It's the same thing.

PAUL: No, the English version is a little different.

JOHN: The Whisky à GoGo is exactly the same, isn't it, only they have someone dancing on the ceiling, don't they?

GEORGE: Don't be ridiculous. They have *two* girls dancing on the roof; and in the Ad Lib they have a colored chap. That's the difference.

PLAYBOY: We heard a rumor that one of you was thinking of opening a club.

JOHN: I wonder who it was, Ringo.

RINGO: I don't know, John. There was a rumor, yes. I heard that one, too.

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth to it?

RINGO: Well, yes. We was going to open one in Hollywood, but it fell through.

JOHN: Dino wouldn't let you take the place over.

RINGO: No.

PAUL: And we decided it's not worth it.

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So we decided to sit tight for six months and then buy . . .

GEORGE: America.

PLAYBOY: Have you heard about the Playboy Club that's opening in London?

RINGO: Yes, I've heard about it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of our Clubs?

RINGO: They're for dirty old men, not for the likes of us—dirty *young* men. They're for businessmen that sneak out without their wives knowing, or if their wives sneak out first, for those who go out openly.

GEORGE: There's no real fun in a Bunny's fluffy tail.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't think a Club will make it here?

GEORGE: Oh yes, 'course it will.

RINGO: There's enough dirty old men here.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever read the magazine?

JOHN: Yes.

GEORGE: Yes.

RINGO: I get my copy every month. Tits.

PLAYBOY: Do you read the *Philosophy*, any of you?

PAUL: Some of it. When the journey's really long and you can't last out the pictures, you start reading it. It's OK.

PLAYBOY: How about PLAYBOY's Jazz Poll? Do you read it, too?

JOHN: Occasionally.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy jazz, any of you?

GEORGE: What kind?

PLAYBOY: American jazz.

JOHN: Who, for example?

PLAYBOY: You tell us.

PAUL: We only dig those who dig us.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, who? Anyone?

JOHN: Getz. But only because somebody gave me an album of his. With him and somebody called Iguana, or something like that.

PLAYBOY: You mean João Gilberto?

JOHN: I don't know. Some Mexican.

PLAYBOY: He's Brazilian.

JOHN: Oh.

PLAYBOY: Are you guys getting tired of talking?

JOHN: No.

PAUL: No, let's order some drinks. Scotch or Coke?

JOHN: I'll have chocolate.

GEORGE: Scotch for me and Paul and chocolate for the Beatle teenager.

JOHN: Scotch is bad for your kidneys.

PAUL: How about you, Ringo? Don't you want something to keep you awake while you're listening to all this rubbish?

RINGO: I'll have a Coke.

JOHN: How about you, PLAYBOY, are you man or woman?

PAUL: It's a Beatle people!

GEORGE: Who's your fave rave?

PAUL: I love you!

GEORGE: How gear.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of fave raves, why do you think the rock-'n'-roll phenomenon is bigger in England than in America?

JOHN: Is it?

PAUL: Yes. You see, in England, after us, you have thousands of groups coming out everywhere, but in America they've just sort of had the same groups going for ages. Some have made it and some haven't, but there aren't really any *new* ones. If we'd been over there instead of over here, there probably would have been the same upsurge over there. Our road manager made an interesting point the other day about this difference in America. In America the people who are the big stars are not our age. There's nobody who's a really big star around our age. Possibly it may seem like a small point, but there's no conscription—no draft—here. In America we used to hear about somebody like Elvis, who was a very big star and then suddenly he was off in the Army.

JOHN: And the Everly Brothers.

PAUL: Yes, the Everly Brothers as well went into the Army at the height of their fame. And the Army seems to do something to singers. It may make them think that what they're playing is stupid and childish. Or it may make them want to change their style, and consequently they may not be as popular when they come out of the Army. It may also make people forget them, and consequently they may have a harder job getting back on top when they get out. But here, of course, we don't have that problem.

JOHN: Except those who go to prison.

PAUL: It's become so easy to form a group nowadays, and to make a record, that hundreds are doing it—and making a good living at it. Whereas when we started, it took us a couple of years before the record companies would even listen to us, never mind give us a contract. But now, you just walk in and if they think you're OK, you're on.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you had anything to do with bringing all this about?

JOHN: It's a damn fact.

PAUL: Not only us. Us and people who followed us. But we were the first really to get national coverage because of some big shows that we did, and because of a lot of public interest in us.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the most important element of your success—the personal appearances or the records?

JOHN: Records. Records always have been the main thing. P.A.s follow records. Our first records were made, and then we appeared.

PLAYBOY: Followed closely by Beatle dolls. Have you seen them?

GEORGE: They're actually life size, you know.

PLAYBOY: The ones we've seen are only about five inches high.

PAUL: Well, we're midgets, you see.

PLAYBOY: How does it make you feel to have millions of effigies of yourselves decorating bedsides all over the world? Don't you feel honored to have been immortalized in plastic? After all, there's no such thing as a Frank Sinatra doll or an Elvis Presley doll.

GEORGE: Who'd want an ugly old crap doll like that?

PLAYBOY: Would you prefer a George doll, George?

GEORGE: No, but I've got a Ringo doll at home.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that you're probably the first public figures to have dolls made of them—except maybe Yogi Berra?

JOHN: In Jellystone Park. Do you mean the cartoon?

PLAYBOY: No. Didn't you know that the cartoon character is based on a real person—Yogi Berra, the baseball player?

GEORGE: Oh.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you know that?

JOHN: I didn't know that.

PAUL: Well, they're making *us* into a cartoon, too, in the States. It's a series.

JOHN: The highest achievement you could ever get.

PAUL: We feel proud and humble.

PLAYBOY: Did you know, George, that at the corner of 47th Street and Broadway in New York, there is a giant cutout of you on display?

GEORGE: Of me?

PLAYBOY: Life size.

RINGO: Nude.

PLAYBOY: No—but the reason we mention it is that this is really a signal honor. For years on that corner, there's been a big store with life-size cutouts of Marilyn Monroe, Anita Ekberg or Jayne Mansfield in the window.

JOHN: And now it's George.

PAUL: The only difference is they've got bigger tits.

RINGO: I suppose that's *one* way of putting it.

GEORGE: The party's getting rough. I'm going to go to bed. You carry on, though: I'll just stop my ears with cotton—so as not to hear the insults and the smutty language.

PLAYBOY: We've just about run out of steam anyway.

JOHN: Do you have all you need?

PLAYBOY: Enough. Many thanks, fellows.

JOHN: 'Course a lot of it you won't be able to use—"crap" and "bloody" and "tit" and "bastard" and all.

PLAYBOY: Wait and see.

RINGO: Finish your Scotch before you go.

JOHN: You don't mind if I climb into bed, do you? I'm frazzled.

PLAYBOY: Not at all. Good night.

RINGO: Good night, PLAYBOY.

GEORGE: It's been a hard day's night.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who trades in chill winds for trade winds, the PLAYBOY reader can be found poolside at winter watering spots from the Caribbean to the Côte d'Azur. And, wherever he goes, this welcome wanderer is very much in the swim. Fact: 29% of PLAYBOY male readers take a winter vacation each year, a percentage more than double the national average. Men on the move worth following! (Source: PLAYBOY and The Travel Market Survey, by Conway/Milliken Corp.)

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THIS TIME, TOMORROW

there were five million pounds in platinum coin
to be heisted—and a pair of blokes to oblige
fiction By KEN W. PURDY

THE FOG was in its third day. It was thickest close to the pavement, where automobile exhaust weighed it down. Benstead lighted a match and looked at his watch. Three-twenty in the afternoon, and black as midnight. From the light pattern he judged he must be near Trafalgar Square. He had been nearly an hour and a half walking from St. Thomas' Hospital, just across the Thames.

He had waited in the hospital courtyard, walled around by the blackened bricks of the old buildings, listening. There were sounds—engines, for the most part—nearby, and, away, the soft roaring that is the song of every big city; but there were no voices. No one laughed, shouted for a cab, cried newspaper headlines. No one had the breath. He waited for a bit, reviewing the lay of the streets, then walked over the wet stones to the gate and turned left. He moved straight up until he had walked into the wire fence; he moved along that to the gate on the right, turned hard left through it and walked across the bridge. He held to the center of the walk; on the left, he could barely see the guardrail; on the right, vague bus and lorry shapes grunted along, their single fog lights, mounted 12 inches off the ground, burning bright and impotent. Once over the bridge, the rest was a matter

*"You see that little blonde . . .
The one with the boy?
I'm going over and put it to her flat."*



*The cold steel, a century from a Birmingham forge,
ran under the hissing flame. He cut it like cake.*

of being careful and moving slowly and not making the one wrong turn that could disorient him.

Now, looking up, he could just see the Nelson column in the yellow light. The station would be to the east, to the right. He moved to the curb and peered into the fog. The ones to watch for were the bastards running on side lamps. Sometimes they couldn't be seen farther than ten feet, and, being either idiotic or arrogant, they drove faster than the others. He made a run for the island, waited, ran again and made the street on the other side. Some freak of curling wind cleared the Charing Cross station courtyard for a moment; he could see the hotel front, the cab rank, even the clock on the wall. He remembered Pepys: "This morning to Charing Cross to see Major Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered, he looking as cheerful as a man might be expected to do in that situation."

Half past three. Inside, the station was gray with haze. He looked toward number-five platform. There was no one he knew. He walked once around the newsstand. He looked down the platform: red lights, dark hurrying men, the mist. An old terminal, built for steam locomotives, covered with a vaulting spidery glass-and-steelwork roof, open to the winds at the far end. He turned away. The Left Luggage room, he reminded himself, was on the right. A tall, bearded West Indian pulled down his bag and slid it gently across the brass-covered counter. "I thank you, sir," he said. "Thank you very much." He coughed dismally. Benstead smiled at him.

"Man might die in this stuff," the luggage man said. "Old people will die tonight."

"Yes," Benstead said. "I'm afraid some will."

He walked along the train to the rear-most first-class carriage. The corridor side faced the platform. He opened the first door and went aboard. Lamson was alone in one of the compartments in the middle of the car.

"There you are," Benstead said.

"Here I am," Lamson said.

The reading lamp over his shoulder was on, and the ceiling light. Benstead put his bag up and his coat beside it. He pulled out the middle seat opposite Lamson. He was comfortable and at ease. He could taste the fog, but it was possible, here, to breathe without wrapping a muffler around one's mouth, and he could see. He hadn't been on this train for some months, but it was familiar, he felt at home, as in a well-remembered house: the green cloth of the seats, the armrests, the hooded lamps, the wide baggage rack and the narrow one under it, the reddish glow of the woodwork. He could see the small white sign on the wall. He couldn't read it, but he didn't

need to, he remembered it well enough: ROSE ZEBRANO, WEST AFRICA, the wood of the walls.

They didn't speak until, at 3:40, the train moved out.

"What'd you do today?" Lamson said.

"Slept until noon," Benstead said, "then I went to St. Thomas', a cousin of mine had his appendix out there."

"How is he?"

"He'll be all right."

They rattled across the bridge. They couldn't see the Houses of Parliament, or even the clock tower. They couldn't see the river. The train slid through the Waterloo platform.

"This time, tomorrow," Lamson said.

"Ah, this time, tomorrow!"

Benstead looked across the shadowy little space at the fat white face.

"Rich or dead?" he said, introspectively nearly, as if to himself.

"Either, dear boy," Lamson said.

"That's the beauty of it, that the one is as good as the other. *That* is the source of the serenity that sustains me. Unimaginable wealth, or total oblivion. How utterly lovely, either one!"

Benstead moved over to the window seat. Sensing his mood, in the weird, reaching way he had, Lamson turned off his reading lamp, to make it easier to see out. Benstead stared into the rolling mist; he saw here a gabled roof, there a bit of pink light, the square corner of a warehouse as the train ran blindly into the darkness—and blindly was the word for it: the trains carried no headlights of any kind; even in clear weather it was frightening to stand in a field, as he had often done, and see one of them ripping blackly across the moonless land.

Lamson. That was the only name he had for the man. They had met by no chance. Lamson had sought him out, although Benstead was a long time knowing it. Out of the Army, Benstead had found a flat over an antique shop in Beauchamp Place, off Brompton Road, and since he wasn't working, he spent a good deal of time on the street. He liked walking, he had missed London during the two mean years in West Germany, and he had a lot of catching up to do. He began to notice that he saw this short, thick, white-faced man more often than any other; he saw him in Beauchamp Place, and in Chelsea, and once as far away as Curzon Street. Benstead lived three minutes from the Victoria and Albert Museum; once a week or so he would go in to look at medieval locks and ironwork, or watches, or the jewel collection, and twice he had found Lamson there before him. He drank in a pub called The Bunch of Grapes in Brompton Road, and Lamson was almost always there when he went in. One day Benstead had to ask him for the water

pitcher. They talked until closing time and left together.

Lamson seemed incurious. He asked few questions and when Benstead told him something of himself, of his passion for locks, or that he had been divorced, Lamson did not react. He was interested, but he seemed to be hearing something he had heard before. Of himself, he gave his one name and no more, the rest was frank deception.

"Were you born in the north country? Sometimes you sound it," Benstead said to him.

"No," Lamson said. "I was born in Greece."

Another time, he said, "My mother was the youngest married woman in Alice Springs when I was born, and until I was ten I thought Australia was the world."

Or, "If I hadn't been born in Ireland, I'd never say the word, I dislike the place that much."

He had some money. If he worked, Benstead didn't know where, or when, or where he lived. He looked to be 38 or 39 or so, which gave him enough of an edge on Benstead so that he could be patronizing and paternal now and then.

A cold night in November they sat in a corner of the pub.

"Did you know," Lamson said softly, "did you know that in the 1930s, in the States, a man bought up a lot of platinum, 99.4 fine, and coined it? Did you know that?"

"No," Benstead said. "What for?"

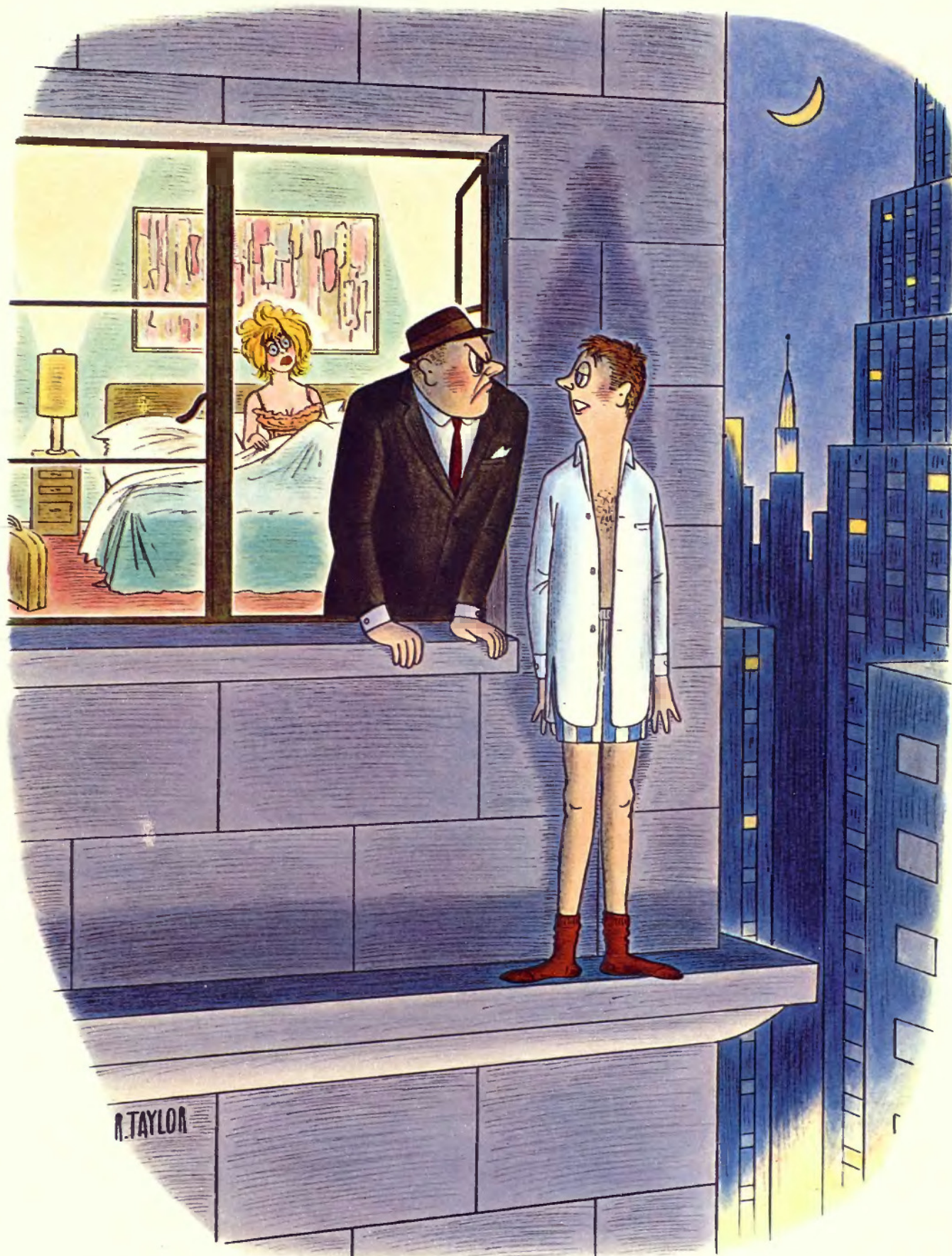
"For hoarders," Lamson said. "It was in the Depression, you know, and Roosevelt was in and the real rich thought he was a Red. Actually he was saving their bacon for them, but they wouldn't know that. They could see barricades in the streets, and mobs sacking their houses and raping their wives, and they wanted hard goods. Gold was illegal, so this smart fellow coined platinum and sold it to millionaires and the like at a premium."

"What kind of coins did he make?"

"The Russians once coined the stuff, you know," Lamson said. "Three, six and twelve rubles. One time, on Madison Avenue in the States, in a jeweler's shopwindow I saw one of those twelve-ruble pieces; it had been cut out and a Cartier watch set in. I wanted it, my, how I wanted it, but when I asked the man how much he'd like to have for it he said 1250 dollars, say 410 guineas, and I hadn't it on me, as it happened; and I'd noticed that the door had clicked behind me when I came in, an electric lock, and that dissuaded me from buying it without paying for it, so to speak."

He looked into Benstead's face for a long time. He was searching for a reac-

(continued on page 172)



"Good evening, sir. Have you seen anything of a little black-and-white cocker spaniel who answers to the name of Spot?"

at home with



KOM

*a personal pictorial on
the lovely miss novak
in the privacy
of her pad in big sur*









Kim Novak, an urban girl who spent most of her life in metropolitan Chicago, then fashionable Bel Air, now prefers the solitude of her turreted home on the rugged sea cliffs of California's Big Sur country, 250 miles from Hollywood. "It's the haven I've always wanted," says Kim, and here she dresses as she pleases, eats and sleeps when she pleases, does what she pleases with whoever pleases her. Although she earns upwards of \$500,000 per film, Kim would just as soon spend all her time in Big Sur, painting, writing music or just loafing. Frequently taunted by mass-media moralists because at 33 she's never been wed, Kim retorts that marriage is "unnatural," claims "a bachelor girl's morals should not be the subject of research projects and reports." Her unflagging box-office



appeal has long been acknowledged, but she's finally begun to earn professional recognition, as exemplified by director Billy Wilder's comment: "Kim is a much better actress than most people realize—including me—until they work with her." Her next two roles (following "Of Human Bondage") are hand-picked and juicy: In Wilder's "Kiss Me, Stupid," she plays a round-heeled roadhouse waitress named Polly the Pistol, and in "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," she'll portray the first heroine-whore-with-heart-of-gold in the English novel.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ





An abstract painting with a vertical composition. The left side features a large, textured, light blue and white area, possibly representing a face or a landscape. The right side is dominated by a dark, textured, brownish-purple area. The overall style is expressive and gestural, with visible brushstrokes and a sense of depth.

THE EYE

by now there were three aspects of him—and yet the original, the cold soul, remained unknown

Part II *fiction* By Vladimir Nabokov

SYNOPSIS: Cautiously, awkwardly, he loaded the revolver, then turned off the light. The thought of death, which had once so frightened him, was now an intimate and simple affair. He was afraid, terribly afraid, of the monstrous pain the bullet might cause him; but to be afraid of the black, velvety sleep, of the even darkness, so much more acceptable and comprehensible than life's motley insomnia? Nonsense, how could one be afraid of that?

The place is Berlin; the time, between wars; the nameless narrator, an émigré tutor, submerged in a love affair with the voluptuous Matilda, who is frightened of her violently jealous husband. Against this background, the narrator one evening receives a telephone call and a strange voice announces that its owner is en route to see him. The stranger arrives and proceeds to cane the tutor unmercifully. Humiliated, he decides to commit suicide.

Unbuttoning his shirt, he leans forward, feels for and finds the pounding heart beneath his ribs. He braces himself and fires. There is a powerful jolt and a delightful vibrating sound rings out, immediately to be replaced by the warble of water, a throaty gushing noise. He inhales and chokes on liquidity, everything within and around him aflow and astir. He discovers he is kneeling on the floor; he puts out his hand to steady himself and then sinks to the floor as into bottomless water.

Some time later, in a timeless void, it becomes apparent to him that human thought lives on. He awakens in a hospital ward (or is this awakening, too, only imagination?). And later, released, he walks along familiar streets, suddenly realizing that a sinner's torment in an afterworld consists precisely in that the tenacious mind cannot find peace until it manages to unravel the consequences of reckless terrestrial deeds.

He visits the bookshop of Weinstock, whom he had known before his suicide. He rents a room below the apartment of the jovial fat-nosed Khrushchov, his wife, Eugenia, and her sister Vanya. He meets the cultured Dr. Marianna Nikolaevna, and Roman Bogdanovich and Mukhin, two old family friends. But it is the enigmatic Smurov who fascinates him—Smurov, swashbuckling, courageous, extremely masculine, is the opposite of the image the narrator presents. A strange tie binds the two men.

VIKENTII LVOVICH WEINSTOCK, for whom Smurov worked as salesman (having replaced the helpless old man), knew less about him than anyone. There was in Weinstock's nature an attractive streak of recklessness. This is probably why he hired someone he did not know well. His suspiciousness required regular nourishment. Just as there are normal and perfectly decent people who unexpectedly turn out to have a passion for collecting dragonflies or engravings, so Weinstock, a junk dealer's grandson and an antiquarian's son, staid, well-balanced Weinstock who had been in the book business all his life, had constructed a separate little world for himself. There, in the penumbra, mysterious events took place.

India aroused a mystical respect in him: he was one of those people who, at the mention of Bombay, inevitably imagine not a British civil servant, crimson from the heat, but a fakir. He believed in the jinx and the hex, in magic numbers and the Devil, in the evil eye, in the secret power of symbols and signs, and in bare-bellied bronze idols. In the evenings, he would place his hands, like a petrified pianist, upon a small, light, three-legged table. It would start to creak softly, emitting cricketlike chirps, and, having gathered strength, would rise up on one side and then awkwardly but forcefully tap a leg against the floor. Weinstock would recite the alphabet. The little table would follow attentively and tap at the proper letters. Messages came from Caesar, Mohammed, Pushkin, and a dead cousin of Weinstock's. Sometimes the table would be naughty:

it would rise and remain suspended in mid-air, or else attack Weinstock and butt him in the stomach. Weinstock would good-naturedly pacify the spirit, like an animal tamer playing along with a frisky beast; he would back across the whole room, all the while keeping his fingertips on the table waddling after him. For his talks with the dead, he also employed a kind of marked saucer and some other strange contraption with a pencil protruding underneath. The conversations were recorded in special notebooks. A dialog might go thus:

WEINSTOCK: Have you found rest?

LENIN: This is not Baden-Baden.

WEINSTOCK: Do you wish to tell me of life beyond the grave?

LENIN (*after a pause*): I prefer not to.

WEINSTOCK: Why?

LENIN: Must wait till there is a plenum.

A lot of these notebooks had accumulated, and Weinstock used to say that someday he would have the more significant conversations published. Very entertaining was a ghost called Abum, of unknown origin, silly and tasteless, who acted as intermediary, arranging interviews between Weinstock and various dead celebrities. He treated Weinstock with vulgar familiarity.

WEINSTOCK: Who art thou, O Spirit?

REPLY: Ivan Sergeyevich.

WEINSTOCK: Which Ivan Sergeyevich?

REPLY: Turgenev.

WEINSTOCK: Do you continue to create masterpieces?

REPLY: Idiot.

WEINSTOCK: Why do you abuse me?

REPLY (*table convulsed*): Fooled you! This is Abum.

Sometimes when Abum began his horseplay, it was impossible to get rid of him throughout the séance. "He's as bad as a monkey," Weinstock would complain.

Weinstock's partner in these games was a little pink-faced red-haired lady with plump little hands, who smelled of eucalyptus gum, and had always a cold. I learned later that they had been having an affair for a long time, but Weinstock, who in certain respects was singularly frank, never once let this slip out. They addressed each other by their names-and-patronymics and behaved as though they were merely good friends. She would often drop in at the store and, warming herself by the stove, read a theosophist journal published in Riga. She encouraged Weinstock in his experiments with the hereafter and used to tell how the furniture in her room periodically came to life, how a deck of cards would fly from one spot to another or scatter itself all over the floor, and how once her bedside lamp had hopped down from its table and begun to imitate a dog impatiently tugging at its leash; the plug had finally shot out, there was the

sound of a scampering off in the dark, and the lamp was later found in the hall, right by the front door. Weinstock used to say that, alas, real "power" had not been granted him, that his nerves were as slack as old suspenders, while a medium's nerves were practically like the strings of a harp. He did not, however, believe in materialization, and it was only as a curiosity that he preserved a snapshot given him by a spiritualist that showed a pale, pudgy woman with closed eyes disgorging a flowing, cloud-like mass.

He was fond of Edgar Poe and Barbey d'Aurevilly, adventures, unmaskings, prophetic dreams, and secret societies. The presence of Masonic lodges, suicides' clubs, Black Masses, and especially Soviet agents dispatched from "over there" (and how eloquent and awesome was the intonation of that "over there!") to shadow some poor little *émigré* man, transformed Weinstock's Berlin into a city of wonders amid which he felt perfectly at home. He would hint that he was a member of a large organization, supposedly dedicated to the unraveling and rending of the delicate webs spun by a certain bright-scarlet spider, which Weinstock had had reproduced on a dreadfully garish signet ring giving an exotic something to his hairy hand.

"They are everywhere," he would say with quiet significance. "Everywhere. If I come to a party where there are five, ten, perhaps twenty people, among them, you can be quite sure, oh yes, quite sure, there is at least one agent. I am talking, say, with Ivan Ivanovich, and who can swear that Ivan Ivanovich is to be trusted? Or, say, I have a man working for me in my office—any kind of office, not necessarily this bookstore (I want to keep all personalities out of this, you understand me)—well, how can I know that he is not an agent? They are everywhere, I repeat, everywhere . . . It is such subtle espionage . . . I come to a party, all the guests know each other, and yet there is no guarantee that this very same modest and polite Ivan Ivanovich is not actually . . ." and Weinstock would nod meaningfully.

I soon began to suspect that Weinstock, albeit very guardedly, was alluding to a definite person. Generally speaking, whoever had a chat with him would come away with the impression that Weinstock's target was either Weinstock's interlocutor or a common friend. Most remarkable of all was that once—and Weinstock recalled this occasion with pride—his flair had not deceived him: a person he knew fairly well, a friendly, easygoing, "honest-as-God-fellow" (Weinstock's expression), really turned out to be a venomous Soviet sneak. It is my impression that he would be less sorry to let a spy slip away than to miss the chance to hint to the spy that he, Weinstock, had found him out.

Even if Smurov did exhale a certain air of mystery, even if his past did seem rather hazy, was it possible that he . . . ? I see him, for example, behind the counter in his neat black suit, hair combed smooth, with his clean-cut, pale face. When a customer enters, he carefully props his unconsumed cigarette on the edge of the ashtray and, rubbing his slender hands, carefully attends to the needs of the buyer. Sometimes—particularly if the latter is a lady—he smiles faintly, to express either condescension toward books in general, or perhaps raillery at himself in the role of ordinary salesman, and gives valuable advice—this is worth reading, while that is a bit too heavy; here the eternal struggle of the sexes is most entertainingly described, and this novel is not profound but very sparkling, very heady, you know, like champagne. And the lady who has bought the book, the red-lipped lady in the black fur coat, takes away with her a fascinating image: those delicate hands, a little awkwardly picking up the books, that subdued voice, that flitting smile, those admirable manners. At the Khrushchovs', however, Smurov was already beginning to make a somewhat different impression on someone.

The life of this family at 5 Peacock Street was exceptionally happy. Evgenia's and Vanya's father, who spent a large part of the year in London, sent them generous checks, and Khrushchov, too, made excellent money. This, however, was not the point: even had they been penniless, nothing would have changed. The sisters would have been enveloped in the same breeze of happiness, coming from an unknown direction but felt by even the gloomiest and thickest-skinned of visitors. It was as if they had started on a joyful journey: this top floor seemed to glide like an airship. One could not locate exactly the source of that happiness. I looked at Vanya, and began to think I had discovered the source . . . Her happiness did not speak. Sometimes she would suddenly ask a brief question and, having received the answer, would immediately fall silent again, fixing you with her wonder-struck, beautiful, myopic eyes.

"Where are your parents?" she once asked Smurov.

"In a very distant churchyard," he answered, and for some reason made a little bow.

Evgenia, who was tossing a ping-pong ball in one hand, said she could remember their mother and Vanya could not. That evening there was no one besides Smurov and the inevitable Mukhin: Marianna had gone to a concert, Khrushchov was working in his room, and Roman Bogdanovich had stayed at home, as he did every Friday, to write his diary. Quiet, prim, Mukhin kept silent, occasionally adjusting the

(continued on page 106)

THE 1965 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

a look at the current jazz scene and the winners of the ninth annual playboy poll
jazz **By NAT HENTOFF**



DUKE ELLINGTON, leader
All-Stars' All-Stars

RICHARD FREEMAN



A STORMY PETREL now shares the ornithological hierarchy of jazz with Bird. The explosive Charles Mingus proved a dominant figure on the 1964 jazz scene. In the spring, he ventured forth for a tumultuously successful tour of Europe. His year—and his career—reached a climax at the Monterey, California, Festival in September. There, leading both a small combo and a big band, Mingus eclipsed Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Woody Herman and other guests to receive a standing ovation from the audience as musicians backstage cheered. Meanwhile, throughout 1964, new Mingus record releases achieved consistent acclaim. After two decades of ascent as virtuoso bassist, composer and demanding bandleader, Mingus by year's end had achieved large-scale recognition.

Duke Ellington, as usual, was also pervasively active during the year. With his orchestra indisputably the most distinctive in jazz, Ellington traveled widely, including tours of Europe and Japan. He and his orchestra were the subject of television profiles by the British Broadcasting Corporation, Canadian television, and Robert Herridge for the Metromedia chain of stations in America. Also during Duke's peregrinations, CBS sent a *Twentieth Century* crew to document his journey through Japan. Ellington continued to compose prolifically, and by the end of 1964, he was looking forward to the mounting of his first Broadway show since the 1946 *Beggar's Holiday*. Titled *Sugar City*, it's due in March 1965, with Lilo as the star. In addition, Duke became an honorary doctor of humanities (Milton College, Wisconsin), and a full scholarship in his name was established at the Eastman School of Music.

To the delight of everyone in the jazz world, 1964 was a period of greatly renewed popularity for Louis Armstrong. By the end of April, his recording of *Hello, Dolly!* had displaced the long-reigning Beatles on the best-selling charts; and later, his similarly



Above: ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist. Below: CANNONBALL AODERLEY, alto sax.

THE 1965 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Left: MILT JACKSON, vibes. Below: WES MONTGOMERY, guitar.





Above: DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo.

Below: DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS, vocal group.

Right: RAY BROWN, bass.







titled album was awarded a gold record by the Record Industry Association of America for having amassed more than a million dollars in sales. Satchmo ended the year with another hit—*So Long, Dearie!*—also from the *Hello, Dolly!* score.

The sudden surge of bookings changed Louis' intention of taking a sabbatical in 1965. He explained that the formidable Joe Glaser, his manager-booker, "has too many dates set." So Louis, at 64, will continue wandering next year in the Far East and Europe as well as throughout America. He may even go back home to New Orleans to play for the first time in years, now that the new Civil Rights Act has ended the Louisiana ban on integrated combos.

The ebullient Dizzy Gillespie also experienced a rewarding 12 months. Along with a string of appearances and recordings (including the sound track for the film *The Cool World*), the Gillespie Presidential campaign also accumulated considerable momentum. In the campaign's closing days, at a Hollywood press conference, contender Gillespie announced his putative cabinet: Duke Ellington, foreign affairs; Charles Mingus, peace; Louis Armstrong, agriculture; Malcolm X, justice; Max Roach, defense; Miles Davis, head of the CIA; and Peggy Lee, labor ("She's very nice to her musicians").

Gillespie, as were many other jazz musicians, was also active in playing at concerts for civil rights causes. The NAACP produced an unprecedentedly star-filled closed-circuit television show in May that was shown in 45 cities and included, among others, Duke Ellington, Lena Horne and Dick Gregory. In Hollywood in September, Steve Allen and a group of jazzmen raised funds for a Mississippi voter-registration drive at a session in Shelly Manne's Manne-Hole. During the same month, there was a jazz lawn party at Jackie Robinson's home in Stamford, Connecticut, where \$30,000 was contributed toward the Goodman-Chaney-Schwerner Community Center in Meridian, Mississippi, to memorialize the



Above: OSCAR PETERSON, piano. Below: GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax.

THE 1965 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Left: STAN GETZ, tenor sax. Below: ELVIN JONES, drums.





Above: DIZZY GILLESPIE, trumpet. Below: J. J. JOHNSON, trombone.



three young civil rights workers who were murdered in that state in the summer. A thousand dollars of that sum was contributed by Louis Armstrong and Joe Glaser. On hand were Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae and Billy Taylor.

The year also saw the formation of a Freedom Band in San Francisco by jazz alto saxophonist-composer John Handy. Handy asserted, "We are going to devote all the time we can to promoting the civil rights cause, playing concerts or dances or benefits or fund-raising events of any kind." Included in the band's book are a number of jazz originals based on the fight for equality—from Charles Mingus' *Fables of Faubus* to Handy's *Tears of Ole Miss*.

By way of international backlash, South Africa, having already banned the Max Roach-Abbey Lincoln album, *We Insist: The Freedom Now Suite*, also prohibited the entry of Randy Weston's *Uhuru Afrika* and a new Lena Horne album which contained *Now!*, a sardonic song about civil rights.

Jazz became entwined with international affairs in other ways. In May, a Russian welcome to Kurt Edelhagen's West German jazz band for a month's tour was interpreted as a sign of Soviet relaxation of international tensions. (One of the vocalists in the band was a refugee from East Germany.) The next month Dimitri Shostakovich urged Soviet authorities to increase their promotion of "light music," including jazz.

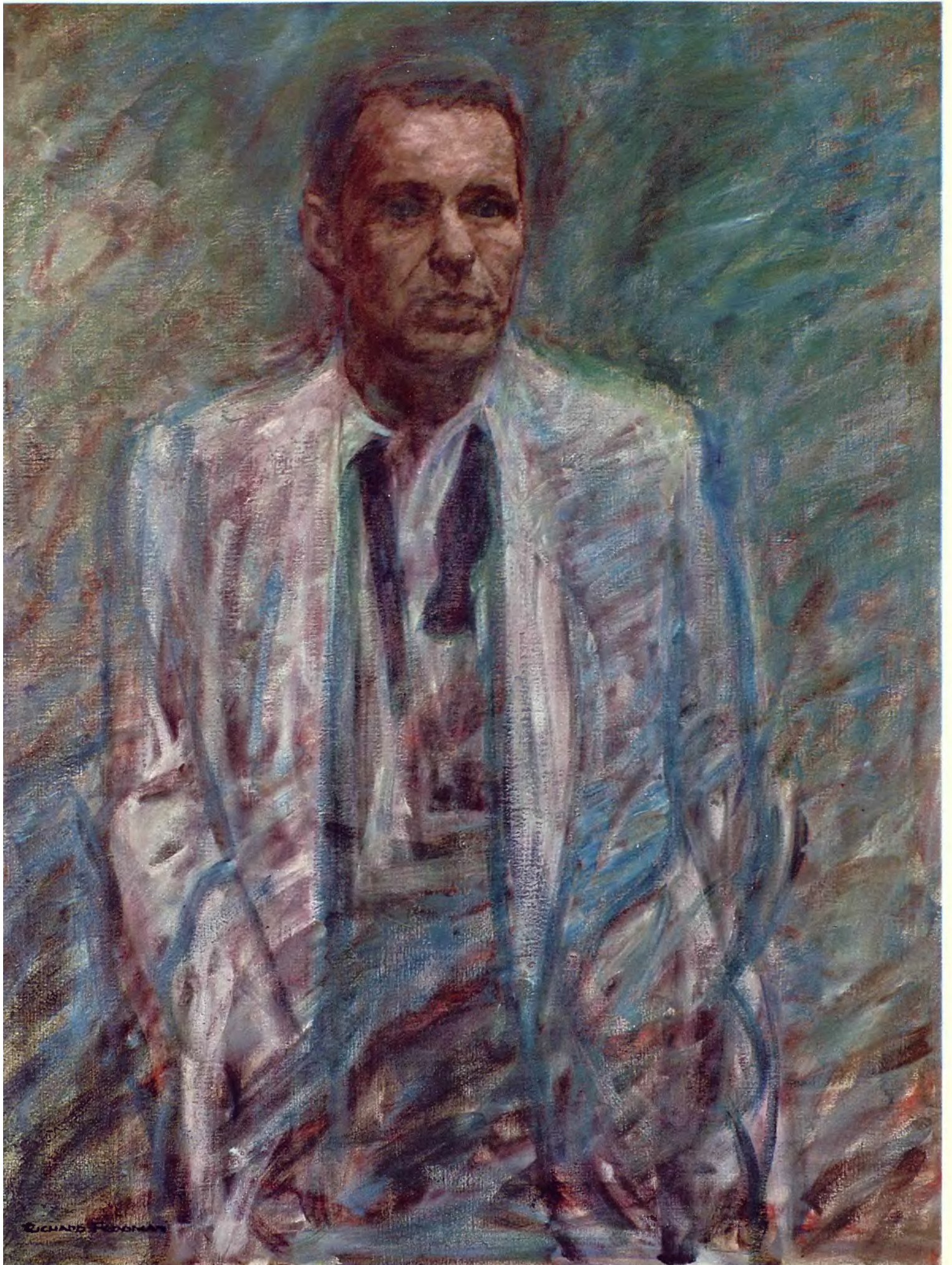
Meanwhile, the Leningrad School of Jazz (student body about 200) concluded its second year; and the same city housed two jazz night clubs—the Blue Lights (neobop) and the Rovesnik (Dixieland by the St. Petersburg Stompers). Even avant-garde "new thing" groups began to emerge, among them a quartet led by alto saxophonist Boris Midney.

Earlier in the year, Midney was quoted as hoping for "those times when we will play in the philharmonic halls, when jazz will occupy a position similar (text continued on page 86)

THE 1965 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Below: BUDDY DeFRANCO, clarinet. Right: FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist.









THE 1965 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND

to that of so-called serious music." By August, however, Midney and a colleague—bassist Igor Barukshtis—had decided the jazz millennium was not likely to occur in the Soviet Union and, while in Tokyo with a touring Bolshoi Theater group, the two Russian jazzmen defected. ("We are musicians," they declared, "and we can play real music only if we are free to express ourselves.")

Moscow's *Izvestia* proclaimed that the two splitting jazz musicians would not be missed. ("Our wonderful variety, jazz and light-music orchestras will lose nothing by the loss of two such lovers of the easy life.") At the end of October, Midney and Barukshtis were brought to the United States by American Friends of Russian Freedom, Inc., to find out if there were jazz gigs here for them. There were, indeed. An Impulse recording contract and their first American nightclub date soon followed.

Back in Russia, still smarting over the defection, *Izvestia* charged that the Benny Goodman band which toured the Soviet Union in 1962 had included four American secret agents. "Man," said one of the veterans of that journey, "the only act of subversion we were engaged in was trying to get Benny to play more modern jazz."

Aside from occasional political dissonances, the international jazz scene was increasingly active during the past year. By contrast with the bleak economic situation at home, American avant-garde musicians, for example, discovered one place—Copenhagen—where they could work. Although the lengths of their engagements in that city are limited, Copenhagen has been a revitalizing experience for Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, Walt Dickerson and other expanders of the jazz language.

Ironically, moreover, the year saw more opportunity overseas for veteran blues singers than existed for them in America. Muddy Waters, Big Joe Williams, Memphis Slim and Lonnie Johnson, among others, toured England and the Continent: and there was brisk bidding between the B.B.C. and the Granada network to sign them for a prime-time video special (Granada won).

A more sanguine development was the further opening in 1964 of Japan as a circuit for American jazz musicians. Among the visitors were Ray Charles, Dave Brubeck, Duke Ellington, Roland Kirk and Oscar Peterson. George Lewis, the vintage New Orleans clarinetist, enjoyed six months of steady work under the sponsorship of a Japanese labor union; and Harry James discovered that his neo-Basie big-band style was popular in Japan as well as in Las Vegas.

The major jazz event of the year in Japan was a mammoth, three-unit first World Jazz Festival troupe which toured the country for six days in July. Some 80 American musicians were involved, and

the headliners included Miles Davis, Carmen McRae, Gene Krupa, Red Nichols and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. Coproducer with Jimmy Lyons was George Wein. The latter solidified his position in 1964 as the most active of all international jazz entrepreneurs, succeeding Norman Granz in that role.

In addition to producing the Newport Jazz and Newport Folk festivals in this country—along with other domestic jazz events—Wein marched through Europe as well as Japan. He was in charge of the Charles Mingus tour in the spring, among other caravans, and he was instrumental in helping program jazz festivals in Berlin, Paris, Copenhagen, Dresden, Helsinki and other cities in the fall. For that autumn tour, Wein assembled a Newport Festival company that ranged from Miles Davis through Pee Wee Russell to the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band from New Orleans.

Jazz festivals proliferated throughout Europe. A September Berlin event, of which Wein's troupe was a part, attracted 10,000 enthusiasts over a four-day period to hear 100 American and European jazz musicians. There were also major international jazz festivals in Bled, Yugoslavia; Antibes, France; Molde, Norway; Warsaw, Poland; Prague, Czechoslovakia; and Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium. At the Belgian festival, an exotic import was the Zulu Swing Parade Jazz Band from South Africa. Also present was a Polish alto saxophonist, Zbigniew Namysłowski.

Various independent international jazz exchanges were an intriguing corollary movement during the year. Some American musicians—Ted Curson, the late Eric Dolphy and Booker Ervin—decided to join expatriates Dexter Gordon and others in the hope of getting steadier work in Europe than here. Two renowned expatriates returned. Chet Baker, after five years abroad, came back in March, started to play clubs and recorded for Colpix. In September, Bud Powell was booked into Birdland after six years in France. His opening was covered by the major newspapers and news magazines and the consensus was that although his playing was uneven, Powell was still capable of eloquence. By November, Powell was again feeling alien in his native land, and his future place of residence was indefinite.

Among the foreign musicians who appeared here, either to stay or on tour, one of the more successful units was the Swingle Singers, a French vocal octet (led by an expatriate American, Ward Swingle). The group's visit had been preceded by swift-selling Philips albums (*Bach's Greatest Hits* and *The Swingle Singers Going Baroque*). While in the States, they appeared at a White House state dinner in honor of Israeli Prime Minister Levi Eshkol—the first jazz vocal group ever to appear at the White

House. Also making an impact was Hugh Masekela, a South African trumpeter. Here since 1961 and now the husband of Miriam Makeba, Masekela first began to be heard widely in public in 1964 and intends to continue fusing South African musical idioms with jazz.

A measure of the increasing internationalization of American jazz units was the hiring by Woody Herman of Yugoslavian trumpet player Dusko Gojkovic. Hungarian guitarist Gabor Szabo, now with Chico Hamilton, tied for first place in *Down Beat's* "Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition" division of the International Jazz Critics Poll. Co-winner was another Hungarian, Atilla Zoller, a member of Herbie Mann's unit. Stan Getz included in his repertory jazz originals by Mike Giff, a Southern Rhodesian, and the Modern Jazz Quartet programmed works by Yugoslavian Miljenko Prohaska.

Economically, the jazz year, as usual, was an affluent one for proven box-office figures—Stan Getz, Miles Davis, Erroll Garner, Brubeck, Basie, Ellington, Woody Herman, Cannonball Adderley among them. There was no significant increase in the number of clubs, and one of the oldest, the Showboat in Philadelphia, folded. Birdland switched from a jazz policy for a time, but by the fall it was back in the fold. The Playboy Clubs continued to be a major employer of jazz talent. Under Musical Director Kai Winding's aegis, for instance, such respected jazz names as Milt Buckner, Les Spann, Carl Kress and George Barnes played the New York Club. Anaheim's eclectic Disneyland proved a surprising source of jazz, supplying year-round Dixieland and concerts by Harry James, Count Basie and Duke Ellington. Although not consistently featured at the New York World's Fair, jazz scored heavily when given a chance. A Dave Brubeck-Duke Ellington concert there in August outdrew appearances by General Eisenhower and President Johnson. Also successful was a Louis Armstrong Day at the Fair at the end of June. Commenting on Satchmo's arrival, *The New York Times* observed that the most noticeable aspect of it "was the way the heat-wilted faces of onlookers at the New Amsterdam Gate broke into smiles" as soon as Louis stepped out of his bus. "Multiply this pleasure," the *Times* continued, "by ten for the reaction Satchmo got from the Zulu dancers at the African Pavilion."

There were no major developments on the jazz concert circuit, except for the increased involvement by the Ford Motor Company in the use of jazz and folk-music troupes as selling aids in tours of colleges. In the spring, Nina Simone, Herbie Mann and Cal Tjader were among the Ford minstrels. The October-November tour, comprising more than 40 colleges, utilized such musicians as

(continued on page 96)



*"You got the part. Now would you care
to try for an Academy Award?"*



DRM

FIT TRAVE



Caught in a cloudburst (left), en route to her Playmate shooting, Jessica can't wait (right) to doff her wet duds at studio.

GREEK BARING GIFTS

WITH A HELLENIC HERITAGE AND A DANCING FUTURE,
PLAYMATE JESSICA ST. GEORGE PROVES A MODERN TERPSICHORE

OUR FLASHING-EYED February Playmate, Jessica St. George—a classically constructed (36-23-36) Californian of Greek ancestry—has had those eyes fixed firmly on a dancing career since early childhood. At an age when most girls had no greater ambition than the acquisition of Shirley Temple dolls, raven-tressed Jessica was spending long hours in pursuit of the terpsichorean muse. "As soon as I was old enough to tell my right foot from my left," she explains, "my father began teaching me Greek folk dances. By the time I reached eighth grade, I already had a number of years of ballet and tap lessons behind me. I've never had any doubts that it would be a dancer's life for me." Since her graduation from a San Fernando Valley high school last June, our pirouetting Playmate has stepped up the pace in her classical ballet and modern dance schooling ("Some days I put in so many hours at the practice bar that I come home with what my dad calls 'ballerina hangover'"). Jessica is also taking drama courses, just in case she's ever given the chance to combine acting with dancing—à la Rita Hayworth. On those evenings when 18-year-old Jessica isn't occupied with at-home practice ("My father's house rules are no *entrechats* or *grands jetés* after ten P.M.") or doing yoga exercises ("It's great for keeping the body limber"), she enjoys going out for a simple steak dinner *à deux* and a watusi or two with a guy who's "tall, dark and sincere." Jessica vows it has nothing to do with her Greek heritage, but we must admit we found just the slightest trace of chauvinism in the fact that her favorite movie star is George Chakiris and the woman she most admires is Helen of Troy. We also must admit that we find nothing trepidatious in this Greek baring gifts.



Right: Our Grecian gatefold goddess savors a nonalcoholic *après-pose* refresher. "If this were home," she confides, "I'd have a little Metaxa."



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Below: Jessica tries on wigs at Max Factor's Hollywood salon (left), but can't see herself (right) as blonde.



Below: Striking Cleopatralike pose to suit her wig, she impishly quips, "Let's face it, Liz Taylor I'm not."



Below: Modeling high-fashion coif (left), she tries to keep level head (right) as stylist cries, "It's you!"



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sadist* as that little old whine maker.

Then there was the girl who didn't know she'd been raped until the check bounced.



One cold winter's day a lady midget hobbled into a doctor's office. After waiting her turn for an hour, she finally got in to see the doctor and reported that she was suffering from a severe irritation between the legs.

"Is the pain a constant one?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I notice it mostly when I go out on cold, snowy days."

"Well, sit up on this table and let's examine you," said the doctor. He instructed her to lift her skirt, studied the situation, then produced a pair of medical shears from among his instruments. While she waited fearfully, he began snipping.

"Aren't you going to use an anesthetic?" she asked.

"That won't be necessary," he reassured her. "All right," he said at last. "Get down from the table and try walking now."

She did so, and reported, amazed, "Why, I feel wonderful! What did you do?"

"It was simple," said the doctor, "I just cut two inches off the tops of your galoshes."

Seeing the sights of New York City via the Fifth Avenue bus, a very prim young lady was scandalized to hear an obviously newly immigrated man saying to an attentive companion:

"Emma coma first, I coma next, two assa coma together, I coma again, two assa coma together again, I coma once-a-more, pee-pee twice, then I coma for the lasta time."

The young lady was crimson-faced when he finished, and then, noticing a policeman seated nearby, she whispered to him, "Aren't you going to arrest that terrible old man?"

The policeman stared at her, genuinely bewildered, and said, "For spelling Mississippi?"

Two men met at a cocktail party, and as they stood talking, one glanced across the room and remarked, "Get a load of that ugly woman over there, with a nose like a pomegranate and what looks to be a fifty-five-inch waistline!"

"That's my wife," said the other man.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the first man.

"You're sorry?!!"

A well-stacked young advertising secretary wore tight knit dresses that showed off her figure, especially when she walked. Her young aggressive boss motioned her into his office one afternoon and closed the door. Pointing to her tightly covered *derrière*, he asked, "Is that for sale?"

"Of course not!" she snapped angrily, blushing furiously.

Unchagrined, he replied quietly, "Then I suggest you quit advertising it."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as a chick who no's everybody.



The small boy watched, unimpressed, as his sad-faced father ran back and forth across the lawn, towing a spinning kite at the end of a long string. No matter how hard the man pulled, the kite refused to rise more than a few feet off the ground. His wife stood on the porch, shaking her head from side to side, then she called out in a loud voice: "Henry, you need more tail!" The man dropped the string in disgust.

"That's just like a woman," he mumbled. "Last night she told me to go fly a kite!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *night club* as a place where the tables are reserved but the patrons aren't.

Some wives claim that if you give a man enough rope, he'll claim he's tied up at the office.

The man who is old enough to know better is always looking for a girl not quite that old.

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.



"The way I figure it, the law of averages is on our side . . ."

PLAYBOY ALL-STARS (continued from page 86)

George Shearing and Oscar Peterson. The automobile company underwrites part of the cost of the package, thereby enabling the colleges to book concerts at relatively low fees. In the process, good will is presumably built up for Ford. If the idea spreads, jazzmen may yet find unexpected sustenance from a variety of firms with an eye on the sales potential of the young. A peripheral sign of big-business support of jazz was the decision of Henry Ford II to be one of the investors in Duke Ellington's *Sugar City*.

The festival wheel was active. In June in Pittsburgh, the Catholic Youth Organization, with the approval of the diocese of Pittsburgh, sponsored a jazz festival—the first time a major jazz festival has been underwritten by an official Catholic group. Coproducers were Mary Lou Williams, originally from Pittsburgh, and the ubiquitous George Wein. The festival drew over 12,000, netted a small profit and was scheduled to be repeated in 1965. Appropriately, a feature of the event was Mary Lou Williams' *Praise the Lord*.

The 11th annual Newport Jazz Festival (July 2-5) was both artistically and commercially substantial. Attendance was 37,000 and among the high points were the return of Chet Baker, the brilliant trumpeting of Dizzy Gillespie and an afternoon piano summit meeting with Willie "The Lion" Smith, Dave Brubeck, Joe Sullivan, Billy Taylor, Thelonious Monk and Toshiko Mariano.

Producer George Wein's network of festive success included the third annual Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati (August 14-16) with 21,000 in attendance. The impresario's only major worry of the season was the decision by the Newport City Council in August to discontinue future festivals in city-owned Freebody Park. A committee was appointed, however, to find an alternate site, as Rhode Island governmental officials and businessmen were loath to lose the profits and publicity attendant to the jazz and folk festivals.

The Monterey Festival (September 18-20) upheld its reputation as the most musically prestigious of all the alfresco summer jazz rites. Even musicians not hired to play showed up and paid for seats. In addition to the triumph of Charles Mingus, the 30,000 present also reacted with enthusiasm to Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Thelonious Monk, Pee Wee Russell and lusty blues singer Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton.

College festivals and clinics continued to grow in importance. The National Stage Band Camps set up Summer Jazz Clinics—with such established musicians as Donald Byrd and Charlie Mariano on the faculty—at Phillips University in Oklahoma, the University of Connecticut,

Western Reserve in Ohio and the University of Nevada. Intercollegiate festivals, which are becoming one of the more visible proving grounds for aspiring jazzmen, were held at the University of Notre Dame, the University of Kansas and Southern Western College near San Diego. In May, the first annual Western Regional Intercollegiate Jazz Festival took place in Tempe, Arizona.

As new players competed for recognition in the colleges and in the big cities, the jazz death toll of the year was long. The nonpareil Jack Teagarden died in New Orleans in January and the remarkably inventive Eric Dolphy died in Berlin in June. Also on the list were Artie Bernstein, long the bassist with Benny Goodman; New Orleans-born reed man Frank "Big Boy" Goodie; former band-leader Willie Bryant; clarinetist-tenor saxophonist Cecil Scott; boogiewoogie pianist Meade Lux Lewis; pianist Buddy Cole; veteran bassist Ernest "Bass" Hill; Don Redman, one of the first of the major jazz arrangers; trumpeters Doug Mettome, Nick Travis and Conrad Gozzo; trumpeter-arranger Russ Case; alto saxophonist Joe Maini; bass saxist Joe Rushton; New Orleans trombonist "Wild Bill" Matthews; ragtime pianist Glover Compton; and Teddy Napoleon, for many years pianist with Gene Krupa. A valued jazz critic, Wilder Hobson (author of *American Jazz Music*, and jazz columnist for the *Saturday Review*), died during the year, as did Moe Gale, owner of the legendary Savoy Ballroom and at one time a major booker and manager of jazz talent.

In jazz recording in 1964, the hit makers were Louis Armstrong (*Hello, Dolly!*) and Stan Getz (*The Girl from Ipanema*). Besides Armstrong and Getz, Ray Charles, organist Jimmy Smith and Dave Brubeck were effective album sellers. Sinatra and the Basie band made the charts with their first collaboration (*It Might As Well Be Swing* on Reprise).

The year's major disaster in the record field was the demise of Riverside, one of the largest of the independents. Cannonball Adderley, that label's best-selling artist, switched to Capitol and announced his intention to go for as large an audience as he can attract through a variety of settings.

There were no jazz break-throughs in prime-time commercial television, although Steve Allen, during the period he hosted a late-night show for Westinghouse TV, featured a sizable number of jazzmen. Allen's successor on the Westinghouse series, Regis Philbin, hired Terry Gibbs to lead a resident sextet on the program. Skitch Henderson's *Tonight Show* orchestra spotlighted trumpeters Clark Terry and Doc Severinsen. An important single event was Robert Herridge's hourlong profile of Duke El-

lington for the Metromedia stations. A minor jazz inroad in television was the commissioning of Dave Brubeck to write the theme music for the new CBS-TV series *Mr. Broadway*. The third series of Ralph Gleason's superior *Jazz Casual* shows was seen on the National Educational Television network, bringing the total of *Jazz Casuals* to 24. Also shown on NET's network were 8 historical half-hour programs on New Orleans jazz.

In radio, jazz disc jockeys continued to abound on FM, and the success of ex-Elington trumpeter Rex Stewart in that role on KNOB in Hollywood gave a small amount of hope to other older jazzmen looking for ways to remain connected with the music when demand for their playing diminishes. A loss on the AM radio scene was the decision of WNEW in New York to end the knowledgeable Billy Taylor's program.

In films, Ray Charles starred in *Light in Darkness*, shot in Europe, and plans were nearly completed for a film version of John Williams' novel of the jazz life, *Night Song*. The latter will now be called *The Bird* and Dick Gregory is likely to play the leading role, which is patterned after Charlie Parker. Striking jazz singer Abbey Lincoln scored as an actress in *Nothing but a Man*, which won an award at the Venice Film Festival and was also well received at the New York Film Festival. Miss Lincoln was also signed to a costarring role in another film, *Duff Anderson*. Her husband, drummer Max Roach, wrote the score for a Japanese film, *The Black Sun*, while on a tour of that country. The most important movie scoring assignment of the year for a jazzman was Quincy Jones' for *The Pawnbroker*.

Dizzy Gillespie was in the cast of the 1963 Academy Award-winning animated short, *The Hole*, produced by John and Faith Hubley. The same team—with the addition of British jazz pianist Dudley Moore—was responsible this past year for *The Hat*, which made its Chicago debut at the new Playboy Theater. The current short, with dialog by Gillespie and Moore, is a mordantly witty exploration of the stubbornly human causes of international tensions, and Gillespie again proves his expertness at improvising spoken as well as musical lines.

There were two important jazz books in 1964. In *A Jazz Lexicon* (Knopf), Robert S. Gold compiled the first authoritative dictionary of jazz terms and usages. In *Music on My Mind: The Memoirs of an American Pianist* (Doubleday), Willie "The Lion" Smith, in collaboration with jazz historian George Hoefer, produced one of the most beguiling of all jazz autobiographies. Also on the lists were *The Jazz Story* (Prentice-Hall), a history by Dave Dexter; and *Improvising Jazz* (Prentice-Hall), a clear, concise introduction to the techniques

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APRÈS-SKI CUISINE

hearty fare fit
for schussboomers
and snow bunnies

food *By* **THOMAS MARIO**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

THERE ARE FEW THINGS on this earth that put a ravenous edge on a man's appetite the way a bracing, frost-nipped day spent on ski slopes does. When the day's skiing is over, Valhalla seems near at hand as the mountain air becomes suffused with the man-made aromas of hot seafood chowder, strong coffee and steaming rum toddies.

There are a number of techniques for negotiating a ski feast. You can muster the whole meal, ready-made—from quiche Lorraine to cognac—using any first-class restaurant or club kitchen as your commissary, and then transport it intact to your lodge where the simple chore of reheating is all that's required. Of course, if your lodge's larder and kitchen facilities lend themselves to on-the-scene cookery, you may prefer starting from scratch. Or you can cook stew or glaze spareribs in your own kitchen beforehand, pack them in widemouthed vacuum jugs and insulated picnic bags, then simply unpack when you're ready to serve the hungry snowmen and their snow bunnies. A gourmet-inclined ski host of the one-day-sojourn-to-a-nearby-slope persuasion carries raw food in his station wagon, (continued on page 153)





"Gosh! No wonder you keep making passes at me!"

JOB JUMPING

& TACTICS OF

THE STRATEGY

OBVIOUSLY, you are happy and love your job and love your company even more. Every ambitious young executive with a smidgen of perception soon learns that dedicated loyalty to one's mother company is a supreme, if unmentioned, requirement for remaining promotable in his company. But it is also true that most of these young executives are movable, and many are movable to the point of itchiness. Being free citizens of a free country, they should feel free to try to advance in the direction of their dreams, wherever this may take them. But the tribal nature of corporate thinking should impel them, in pursuing their wholly legitimate rights, to explore possible moves artfully.

Ambitious men will be tempted to make a break for the outside if they suspect that another company might cherish them more—or make them happier—than their present employer. If they are moderately bright, they also know that up to the age of 35 it usually helps a man in his search both for success and for personal fulfillment to switch jobs a few times. A breadth of experience gives him a very definite advantage for the long haul. And at any age the smart executive likes to ponder suggestions that he might profitably make a move, if only as proof of his potency. Executive recruiter William H. Clark of New York states: "Executives will all listen to us when we call up. We ask them if they have a minute, and they always have a minute."

Switching to another company, however, can be an awkward, difficult and

treacherous business, and so should not be undertaken whimsically. You should not think of moving simply because you may be temporarily teed off at a superior. Also, you shouldn't move (except under extreme provocation) if you have not been with the company at least two years, because leaving may get you pegged as a job jumper. And after the age of 35, moving too many times, even in a two-year pattern, can get you labeled a "two-year man." Before seriously considering the wisdom of moving, you should ask yourself honestly if your ambitions may outstrip your salable talents and thus leave you restless wherever you are. You should wonder, too, if the other company is interested in you primarily because you possess information classified by your own company as secret. This kind of move can give you a poor reputation in your field if you switch.

Finally, you should wonder if you are overly fascinated with the prospect of a larger salary elsewhere. A \$20,000 job where you are may give a better after-tax payoff for the long term than a \$30,000 job across the street if the bonus, insurance, expense-account, pension and stock-option provisions are right.

Still, there are many good and sufficient reasons why an ambitious young man should want to move if he can successfully negotiate the leap. Here are 17 good reasons:

1. More dough.
2. More apparent opportunity, or more belief in your potential on the part of the top brass in your field.
3. Your company is going downhill.
4. Your boss is moving and wants you to go with him. It commonly happens that when he moves to a new company, where knives may be flashing, he wants near him men he can trust as well as men whose abilities and working habits he knows. If he succeeds they usually have a bright future.
5. You have been stuck in the same job three or more years at your company.
6. You are with a company overblessed with managerial talent.

7. Men your own age or younger hold most of the jobs to which you might hope to be promoted. This is particularly grounds for looking around if you were passed over when they were chosen.

8. You suspect your company is about to be merged with a larger company. In some such mergers, men from the smaller company come out better; but they are more likely to come out worse, or be eased out.

9. You are working under an insecure guy who may be jealous of you or sees you as a threat to his own position.

10. You have difficulty feeling any particular loyalty to your superiors. If so, you probably would never be allowed into the inner circle.

11. You don't like the community in which you live and see little prospect that your own company will move you to a more congenial setting.

12. You feel boxed in because you are working under a decent-enough guy who has topped out or gotten beyond his depth and wants to keep you to help him handle his operation.

13. You find that to stay in your present company you will be expected to join a leading golf club (which may cost \$1800 in initiation fees that the company won't pony up) or move into an appropriate, expensive neighborhood that strikes you as stuffy.

14. You see that the good jobs at your company all seem to be going to Ivy League types (if you're not one) or non-Ivy types (if you are), or to people in another functional area such as sales, or to relatives or ex-fraternity brothers of the top leaders.

15. You have to put up with too much nonsense in the way of semi-annual appraisals, periodic psychological assessments, lie-detector tests, surveillance by undercover agents or telephone monitoring.

16. You are a Jew or a Catholic or a Negro or a non-college graduate or a non-Caucasian and see that such types don't seem to get beyond a certain level in the company hierarchy.

17. Your company has structured its managerial jobs so tightly that you have little chance to make meaningful decisions or take on real responsibilities.

William Lear, a self-made multimillionaire who built Lear, Inc., offered excellent advice to talented young managers when he said: "As soon as you have learned how to (continued on page 104)

article By VANCE PACKARD career flight plans for the young exec who wants to soar to new corporate heights



A pair of boulevardiers and their dates stop at a small Paris park for a round of boule. Both men are in sweaters by Cartefiel de España. Bowler on the left wears a combination rust suede and beige knit turtleneck, \$40. His partner sports a bald windowpane V neck, \$42.50.

European Fashion Dateline

attire By Robert L. Green playboy's fashion director scouts london, rome, paris and madrid to bring you the freshest menswear news of the continent

THERE WAS A TIME NOT far back when a Frenchman dining at the Savoy in London was clearly recognizable as a son of Gaul. You didn't even have to hear him speak to know for sure. You could tell from the cut of his jacket and the vamp of his shoe that he could have been outfitted nowhere but in Paris. Today, however, clothing is truly international as style and fashion trends move back and forth across national boundaries like a Goldfinger gold smuggler. While sober economists have been tearing the European Common Market apart with heated debates over the price of French brandy and English textiles, tailors and designers on both sides of the Channel have been quietly stitching



Swinging along the Seine, couples are wearing the best in Continental wear. Above left: The casually correct look is seen in a linen double-breasted blozer, \$175, worn with light whipcord slacks, \$75, a silk shirt, \$40, and a neatly patterned ascot, \$5, all by Angelo of Rome. Above right: Our swain contrasts a turtleneck, \$35, with a car coat, \$275, both by Brioni of Rome. Below: A jaunty Parisian dons a short-length overcoat. Coat, \$225, and hat, \$20, are by Pierre Cardin of Paris, a veteran of haute couture making news in men's fashions this year.





Fashions for people on the move. Above: Making a final map check before heading for the open road are a quartet of niftily garbed sports-car enthusiasts. Well-equipped driver on the left is in a gray car coat, by Litrico of Rome, \$150. The fellow on the right wears a finger-tip-length car coat, by Briani of Rome, \$275. Below left: Briani sets the boating style with a brass-buttoned yachting coat, \$290, over a turtleneck, \$35. Below right: For showing your girl the Paris scene, Pierre Cardin has designed this Tattersall checked sports jacket, \$175.



it back together again—sartorially, at any rate—with some uncommonly good-looking men's fashions that are as at home in a Paris salon as they are in a London club.

After a siege of leadership by the Italians, Europe is seeing a strong bid by England to regain her long-held place of pre-eminence as the number-one international style setter. Largely under this British influence, the European fashion scene has settled down to where each country borrows from the others to produce what will be worn by the internationally sophisticated traveler.

We recently took an extended tour of this uncommon market of men's fashions in search of style trends and ideas that would wear well on a trip across the Atlantic and suit the active American life. Everywhere we went the emphasis was on slimmed styles. Suit coats and sports jackets are cut short across the hips in Europe this year: The whole look makes for a longer, leaner, taller silhouette. In sportswear the key is boldness in color as well as shape. Jackets and blazers are worn over turtleneck sweaters. The jackets themselves are changing in style. We were impressed with the number of no-collar as well as mandarin- and leather-yoke-collar jackets.

As always, formalwear has been the slowest to change. Dress clothes remain largely classic, but several Continental designers are using high imagination in fabrics, working with diagonal silks, brocades, *(continued on page 165)*

British tailoring with a Continental flourish makes the scene with this red-and-blue jazz-check greatcoat, by Hordy Amies of London, \$160.



JOB JUMPING (continued from page 99)

do your job as well as it can be done, ask for more responsibility in your company—or a different job. If you don't get it, get the hell out."

If, then, for whatever reason, you do become interested in changing employers, the first requirement is that you keep this interest an extremely well-guarded secret. Proceed, as in the military, on a "need to know" basis. If your best friend doesn't need to know, don't tell him, because even best friends forget pledges of secrecy when they get loaded and are among mutual friends. Care must be taken in talking too freely about your restlessness with outside companies that might want to hire you. In some industries and regions the companies are tightly knit and swap information on who is job hunting.

Secrecy is crucial in the strategy of job jumping for at least three reasons. First, your own superiors, decent and generous as they may seem to be, are likely to resent, if only subconsciously, evidence that a presumed team player (you) is considering deserting the team. This attitude may seem like archaic nonsense, but it is, alas, a modern-day fact of life in most corporations.

A high-level executive of a billion-dollar corporation who to my astonishment sought my counsel on leads for another job, swore me to the usual secrecy and confided: "You have no idea how careful I have to be. I would be regarded as a traitor if word got out that I was even interested in leaving." Another executive, who has successfully moved from a corporation that tops its field to a top-ranking company in another field, said of his old company's leaders: "To them it was inconceivable that anyone would want to leave. I was caught in the potentially disastrous situation where the president of the company I was negotiating with decided that as a courtesy he should contact the president of the company where I was still employed, to see if he would mind. This was at a point where we still hadn't agreed on salary. It was just dumb luck that my current president said he didn't mind if I left. Maybe he was really an unusually broad-minded guy, but it left me wondering if I was valued as much as I assumed."

A second reason why secrecy is crucial is that if another company is considering you, it may be considering you for a job where the incumbent still does not know he is about to be removed.

But perhaps most important, secrecy improves your own negotiating posture. An average-bright girl knows it is better to seem to be wooed than to woo, and the same applies to job mating. This usually takes some dissimulation, but the executive on the prowl must never seem to be prowling.

You are, of course, pleased to be

sought after. That is permissible and good strategy. And, as a matter of fact, you freely confide that you do occasionally have a wistful yearning for larger challenges than your job at present provides. More dough? Hell, dough simply is a reflection of responsibility and challenge, which are all that concern you. You would only be interested in leaving your present happy situation if a greater challenge seemed to present itself.

To pull off this ploy, an intermediary is always helpful, and may be essential. You certainly can't swing it by passing out mimeographed résumés to 100 potential employers.

One way you lay the groundwork for developing useful intermediaries is to obtain, while on your present job, "visibility" outside your company. You meet fellow executives from many other companies by plunging into community activities and, if you are lucky, you meet officials from investment banks and management consulting firms. You are lucky because they are in an especially good position to know of corporate changes. An acquaintance who got a \$75,000 vice-presidential job tells me he was tipped off by a friend who is a management consultant. You get visibility by writing for your professional journals. You keep your dean and old professors back at your college posted on your progress, because they are often consulted by companies looking for men. And, most important, you involve yourself as far as is decently possible in trade-association work, even to the extent of taking on tiresome chores.

This visibility should, if favorably developed, yield valuable contacts when you are ready to make your move. Most good jobs are filled through personal contacts. Officers of trade associations are in an exceptionally good position to know of openings within their industry. Also, many trade associations, such as the National Federation of Sales Executives, maintain placement services, as do leading business schools, such as the one at Harvard. Leads on openings can also be gained, without your seeming dangerously eager, by politely writing inquiries in response to "Help Wanted" advertisements appearing in financial journals and in the business sections of newspapers. Elaborate casualness should be maintained in making the inquiry, however—because the company advertising might be your own!

When you actively start making your move to land another job, one way to proceed is casually to arrange meetings with a half dozen of your best contacts, one at a time. You can do this at lunch, or at a Saturday-night party, or in a country-club bar. Inevitably, the conversation at some point will turn to how things are going at your shop. Things are going fine, of course, but you do make it

clear you are restless for greater challenges, there or elsewhere. If you know of a specific opening where your contact could be of help, you indicate a normal curiosity in knowing about it and ask his advice as to how such curiosity might most effectively be satisfied.

This approach is preferable to asking him specifically to go to bat for you; because it gives him a chance to evade the role of middleman if such would make him feel uncomfortable, and assures you that if he does accept the role of middleman he will do it much more enthusiastically.

Another and increasingly popular way to establish an intermediary is to turn your problem forthrightly over to an executive recruiting firm. The good ones are fully alert to the need of secrecy and to the need of the job seeker to appear to be happily employed where he is.

Ostensibly, executive recruiting firms work only on behalf of client companies, who do in fact pay the search firms' fees. The client company needs a man and quietly commissions the search firm to undertake the task of finding just the right man. The fee paid to the search firm averages 20 percent to 25 percent of the total compensation that goes with the job in question for the first year. Thus, on a job that offers a \$30,000 "package" in compensation, the search firm will be paid at least \$6000.

Ostensibly, too, these search firms earn their stiff fees by making an enormous search of the national landscape of business to find just the two or three perfect fits for the opening in question, and go to elaborate pains to persuade the individuals they have discovered to permit their names to be presented. The search firms' clients are most likely to be fascinated with someone who seems exceptionally hard to find and get.

Some of the searches are quite taxing. But, increasingly, the search firms need to "search" no farther than their own files. They feed a description of the man who is needed into their computer, and then telephone the individuals whose cards drop out of the stack of cards fed into the machine. Your card may drop out for the very good reason that you have visited or written to the search firm and have given it a good summary of your qualifications.

One leading search firm, Hergenrath Associates, which is headquartered in Los Angeles, acknowledges that it regularly receives about 1000 résumés a month from executives. It reduces the information about the promising executives to computer file cards. Ward Howell Associates, one of the most respected search firms in the nation, estimates that about 50 executives or would-be executives come to its office in New York every day either to leave résumés or to

(continued on page 162)



"Well, I won't be bothering you and Pop with any more embarrassing questions!"

clip of the rimless pince-nez on his thin nose. He was very well dressed and smoked genuine English cigarettes.

Smurov, taking advantage of his silence, suddenly grew more talkative than on previous occasions. Addressing mainly Vanya, he started telling how he had escaped death.

"It happened in Yalta," said Smurov, "when the White Russian troops had already left. I had refused to be evacuated with the others, as I planned to organize a partisan unit and go on fighting the Reds. At first we hid in the hills. During one exchange I was wounded. The bullet passed right through me, just missing my left lung. When I came to, I was lying on my back, and the stars were swimming above me. What could I do? I was bleeding to death, alone in a mountain gorge. I decided to try to make it to Yalta—very risky, but I could not think of any other way. It demanded incredible efforts. I traveled all night, mostly crawling on hands and knees. Finally, at dawn, I got to Yalta. The streets were still fast asleep. Only from the direction of the railway station came the sound of shots. No doubt, somebody was being executed there.

"I had a good friend, a dentist. I went to his house and clapped my hands under the window. He looked out, recognized me, and let me in immediately. I lay in hiding at his place until my wound had healed. He had a young daughter who nursed me tenderly—but that's another story. Obviously, my presence exposed my saviors to dreadful danger, so I was impatient to leave. But where to go? I thought it over and decided to travel north, where it was rumored the civil war had flared up again. So one evening I embraced my kind friend farewell, he gave me some money, which, God willing, I shall repay one day, and here I was, walking once again along the familiar Yalta streets. I had a beard and glasses, and wore an old field jacket. I headed straight for the station. A Red Army soldier was standing at the platform entrance, checking papers. I had a passport bearing the name of Sokolov, army doctor. The Red guard took a look, gave me back the papers, and everything would have gone without a hitch if it hadn't been for a stupid bit of bad luck. Suddenly I heard a woman's voice say, quite calmly, 'He's a White, I know him well.' I kept my wits about me, and made as if to pass through to the platform, without looking around. But I had scarcely walked three paces when a voice, this time a man's, shouted 'Halt!' I halted. Two soldiers and a blowzy female in a military fur cap surrounded me. 'Yes, it's him,' said the woman. 'Take him.' I recognized this Communist as a maid who had formerly

worked for some friends of mine. People used to joke that she had a weakness for me, but I had always found her obesity and her carnal lips extremely repulsive. There appeared three more soldiers and a commissar type in semimilitary dress. 'Get moving,' he said. I shrugged and coolly observed that there had been a mistake. 'We'll see about that afterward,' said the commissar.

"I thought they were taking me away to be interrogated. But I soon realized things were a little worse. When we reached the freight warehouse just beyond the station, I was ordered to undress and stand against the wall. I thrust my hand inside my field jacket, pretending to unbutton it, and, in the next instant, had shot down two soldiers with my Browning, and was running for my life. The rest, of course, opened fire on me. A bullet knocked my cap off. I ran around the warehouse, jumped over a fence, shot a man who came at me with a spade, ran up onto the roadbed, dashed across to the other side of the rails in front of an approaching train and, while the long procession of cars separated me from my pursuers, managed to get away."

Smurov went on to tell how, under the cover of night, he had walked to the sea, slept among some barrels and bags in the port, appropriated a tin of zwiebacks and a keg of Crimean wine, and at daybreak, in the auroral mist, set out alone in a fishing boat, to be rescued after five days of solitary sail by a Greek sloop. He spoke in a calm, matter-of-fact, even slightly monotonous voice, as if talking of trivial matters. Evgenia clucked her tongue sympathetically; Mukhin listened attentively and sagaciously, every now and then clearing his throat softly, as if he could not help being deeply stirred by the narrative and felt respect and even envy—good, healthy envy—toward a man who had fearlessly and frankly looked death in the face. As for Vanya—no, there could be no more doubt, after this she must fall for Smurov. How charmingly her lashes punctuated his speech, how delightful was their flutter of final dots when Smurov finished his tale, what a glance she cast at her sister—a moist, sidelong flash—probably to make sure that the other had not noticed her excitement.

Silence. Mukhin opened his gun-metal cigarette case. Evgenia fussily bethought herself that it was time to call her husband for tea. She turned on the threshold and said something inaudible about a cake. Vanya jumped up from the sofa and ran out too. Mukhin picked up her handkerchief from the floor and laid it carefully on the table.

"May I smoke one of yours?" asked Smurov.

"Certainly," said Mukhin.

"Oh, but you have only one left," said Smurov.

"Go ahead, take it," said Mukhin. "I have more in my overcoat."

"English cigarettes always smell of candied prunes," said Smurov.

"Or molasses," said Mukhin. "Unfortunately," he added in the same tone of voice, "Yalta does not have a railroad station."

This was unexpected and awful. The marvelous soap bubble, bluish, iridescent, with the curved reflection of the window on its glossy side, grows, expands, and suddenly is no longer there, and all that remains is a snitch of ticklish moisture that hits you in the face.

"Before the revolution," said Mukhin, breaking the intolerable silence, "I believe there was a project for a rail link between Yalta and Simferopol. I know Yalta well—been there many times. Tell me, why did you invent all that rigmarole?"

Oh, of course, Smurov could still have saved the situation, still wriggled out of it with some clever new invention, or else, as a last resort, propped up with a good-natured joke what was crumbling with such nauseating speed. Not only did Smurov lose his composure, but he did the worst thing possible. Lowering his voice, he said hoarsely, "Please, I beg you, let this remain between the two of us."

Mukhin obviously felt ashamed for the poor, fantastic fellow; he adjusted his pince-nez and started to say something but stopped short, because at that moment the sisters returned. During tea, Smurov made an agonizing effort to appear gay. But his black suit was shabby and stained, his cheap tie, usually knotted in such a way as to conceal the worn place, tonight exhibited that pitiful tear, and a pimple glowed unpleasantly through the mauve remains of talc on his chin. So that's what it is . . . So it's true after all that there is no riddle to Smurov, that he is but a commonplace babbler, by now unmasked? So that's what it is . . .

No, the riddle remained. One evening, in another house, Smurov's image developed a new and extraordinary aspect, which had previously been only barely perceptible. It was still and dark in the room. A small lamp in the corner was shaded by a newspaper, and this made the ordinary sheet of newsprint acquire a marvelous translucent beauty. And in this penumbra, the conversation suddenly turned to Smurov.

It started with trifles. Fragmentary, vague utterances at first, then persistent allusions to political assassinations in the past, then the terrible name of a famous double agent in old Russia and

(continued on page 156)

MY FRIEND



WAINSCOTT

I ONLY KNEW WAINSCOTT for a brief six weeks during the War, but he is always cropping up in my mind. We joined the Royal Navy in the same rabble, and went for our training to a converted holiday camp on the east coast of England, a depressing place of chicken wire and crumbling plaster, where the wind blew mercilessly, and a few peeling billboards still said HELLO CAMPERS, HELLO. Wainscott seemed cast officially for ridicule: He was round-shouldered, stooping, and giant-footed. His face drooped, and he mumbled and peered. Yet to everything that came his way, taunts included, he showed a mighty indifference; even to his uniform, which hung from him like a tarpaulin. He had no small talk. He never asked a question, and barely answered one. In the mail, all he ever got was an unintelligible weekly postcard, a move in the perpetual chess game he carried on with his grandfather in Mull. His main activity was knotting. Off duty, he sat on his bunk for hours behind his spectacles, knotting a ball of twine into torrents of experimental knots—Turk's-heads, Elizabethan fish-holds, Scottish cardigan knots. He also knotted belts and nets, and had designed, but not yet initiated, a knot shirt. To me, he was a true knotsman; because, ten minutes before lights-out, he would swiftly and masterfully untie his evening's experiments, wind up the twine with care, and go to sleep in his socks.

It was only by accident that I penetrated this profound barrier of knots, chess and silence. The fifth week in the crescendo of our training was given over to seamanship, the backbone of which was daily boat pulling, from eight A.M. until noon. Twelve of us sat in pairs in an unwieldy naval cutter, manhandling huge oars, under the eyes and orders of a coxswain, who stood upright at the tiller. Throughout our week on the ornamental lake deserted by the happy campers, I pulled the bow oar, on the port side. Beside me sat Wainscott, wordless as usual.

Our coxswain was a small wizened petty officer, Brunt by name, who told us with pride, but without explanation, that he was the only man in the Navy with a certificate to prove his sanity. He fairly flayed us with his tongue as we pulled our way from the Monday to the Saturday of boat-pulling week. We were bending our backs over the last half hour when—I cannot guess why—Brunt began idly to count the oars. Abruptly, on a stroke, he gave us "Rest oars," an

*in the long and glorious history
of his majesty's navy, there never
was a foul-up like this tar*

fiction By ALASTAIR REID

order which we always executed with singular efficiency. Then: "Wastewater, count the oars." Wastewater, a pet sheep with nautical ambitions, obeyed with enthusiasm.

"How many?"

"Eleven, sir."

A curious sound, something like the death rattle of an albatross, came from Brunt's throat. Then: "Raise your oars in turn, from aft for'ard." My oar was last but one, and I heaved it up with a dry, unhappy feeling. Then: "Wainscott?"

"Haven't got an oar, sir." Wainscott's soft mumble. For, by some chance, our cutter lacked a 12th oar.

Brunt, whose temper broke daily on the slightest provocation, had no extra resources of rage for this. The boat floated heavily with the weight of the silence. Amazed, we heard Wainscott expound clearly and at length on the priority of Brunt's favorite rule—that no member of a boat's crew should ever speak unless first addressed by the coxswain. It was more than we had ever heard him say. Brunt's face was a dangerous color. We rowed back to the landing stage with the excitement that precedes doom.

Wainscott and the petty officer were away for a long time. But when Wainscott did shuffle back to the hut, he told us simply that nothing had happened; and he gave me a single glance. And nothing did happen, except that Brunt ignored him for the remainder of our training. I understood what his glance meant, and I never told what I knew; which was that all week Wainscott had sat next to me, farthest from the coxswain, with the backs of the rest of the crew to him, oarless. He had rocked back and forth magnificently, vigorously,


gracefully, in time with the stroke. Perhaps even Brunt now appreciated the audacity of his performance; though I doubt it.

During the last week, I was admitted once or twice to what I felt was an audience with Wainscott. He never mentioned the rowing. He showed me a new tasseling knot he had invented. He told me that his grandfather had almost lost the current chess game, through stupidly relying on a defense taught him by his grandson. Then one evening he took from his kit bag a small black box. As he opened it, he looked at me sleepily through his big glasses. "You interested in trains?" he asked.

I said that I was, not daring to end the conversation.

"Where d'you live?"

I told him. "Then I suppose you travel to Edinburgh?" He fumbled in his box and produced a first-class single ticket from London to Edinburgh, unused. "A present," he mumbled. "Your best trains are the 9:04 from Kings Cross, or the 9:52 Night Scot." The black box was crammed with tickets, scissors, stencils, tiny pens, and the like. I began to realize that the boat-pulling episode had been a bagatelle to Wainscott. He had devised elaborate systems for traveling all over the British Isles by train, and his methods had all the patience of his knotting about them. He rebuilt old tickets, repairing punch holes, completing scripts, altering dates, sometimes even constructing new tickets. He had, he hinted, the means of outwitting the most vigilant conductors. There was nothing dishonest about it; he was a most upright man. But he felt bound to assert his own uniqueness in motion as in rest, and the railway companies were merely providing him with a hobby worthy of his contemptuous intelligence. If the Navy had ordered him to proceed independently through the Kiel Canal, he would have gone by train, quietly and ticketlessly. Instead, however, they expected him to row round and round an ornamental lake.

Recently, I found Wainscott's ticket at the back of an old desk. I had never used it, I think simply because I wasn't Wainscott. I last saw him shuffling along the platform on leave, probably armed with a battery of tickets which would take him on whim to Truro or Tobermory, in time to checkmate his grandfather, or else to some small Welsh station, with its name spelled in shells or sea pinks. He had a ball of twine in his hand for the journey. 



Playmate's Progress

a pictorial report of donna michelle's reign as our most glamorous and gifted playmate of the year

MORE THAN JUST her boundless supply of feminine charm and natural talent makes Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle—who is a versatile rhapsody of ballerina, pianist, student, sportswoman and actress—our most “gifted” gatefold eyeful to date. As the first beneficiary of a newly inaugurated PLAYBOY program which will richly reward annual Playmate favorites, Donna, since her unanimous selection as Playmate of the Year in May 1964, has received gifts worth over \$10,000. The largess includes a wardrobe, luggage set, motorcycle and sports car, all in Playmate Pink—a striking new color shade conceived by PLAYBOY for girls like Donna, who have everything else, for their exclusive use in PLAYBOY promotions. Playmate Pink adds a new brilliance to Donna's electrifying beauty, which has already been recognized not only by her selection as Playmate of the Year, but also by her election, by both readers and editors alike, as one of the top ten Playmates of PLAYBOY's first decade. And whether she's striking a pose of sophisticated elegance in mink, or flashing a smile of pure girlish delight amid a cache of lovely gifts, we think readers will agree that Donna never looked better than she does in the pink.



PLAYMATE PINK: Understandably keyed up, Donna sportingly shows off her queenly coche of Playmate of the Year booty. Clockwise from naan: Admiral 21" Chateau color TV and stereo console; custom Ford Mustang in Playmate Pink; matching Ventura custom luggage, also in Playmate Pink; Lady Elgin diamond cocktail ring in 14k gold; 14k 23-jewel Helen wrist watch, by Elgin; My Sin perfume, by Lanvin; all-wool Playmate Pink wardrobe—cocktail dress, suit, blouse and slacks (on Donna)—by Mr. Mort; Admiral AM/FM Galaxy transistor radio; white mink evening jacket, by Alper; Embassy portable stereo and 11-inch Playmate Portable TV, both by Admiral; and Honda 50 motorcycle.

She had already earned performer's laurels as an accomplished pianist and *première danseuse*, but Donna's artistic career really took flight as a result of her Playmate appearance. Movie and TV offers began pouring in (she received a call from Otto Preminger the same week her Playmate photo hit the stands) and after auditioning for producer-director Arthur Penn, our Prima Donna landed her first film role. Her subsequent video and stage debuts indicate that Donna is on her way to adding acting success to her impressive catalog of accomplishments.



PLAYMATE'S FIRST FILM: On the set of Columbia's upcoming *Mickey One*, Donna gets some last-minute directorial hints from Arthur "Miracle Worker" Penn (top) before a final take. "I play the part of a succubus—a sweet-faced witch," says Donna. "Trying to look saintly and yet seductive on camera is as close to schizophrenia as I've ever come." Above, left: Over a gambling casino prop, Penn discusses the blocking for the next scene with Donna and star Warren Beatty, after which (above, right) Beatty and Donna initiate a memorable love scene. For another preview of Donna's filmic charms, you can find her twisting torridly in the wild shipboard party which prologues *Goodbye Charlie*.



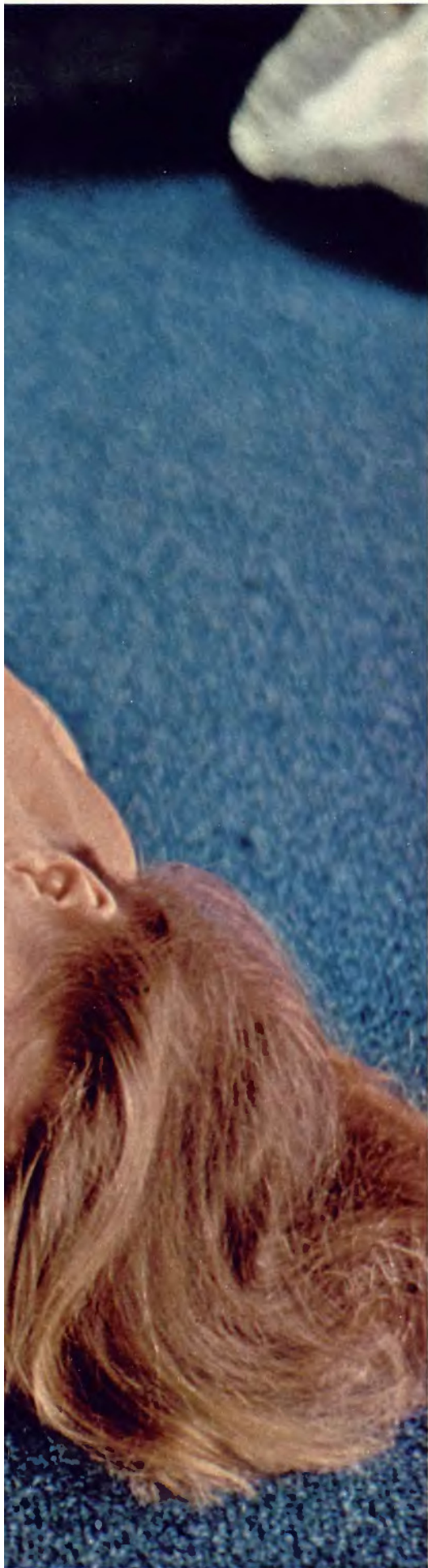
PLAYMATE'S FIRST TV SHOW: Donna's selection as Playmate of the Year brought about her video debut (above) when Steve Allen invited the new gatefold queen, along with gatefold king Hugh Hefner and comedian Louis Nye, to his ABC show. (Hefner is the chap with the pipe, Allen the one in glasses.) More recently, Donna has appeared on Volentine's Day and The Man from U.N.C.L.E. **PLAYMATE'S FIRST PLAY:** Donna made her bow on the legitimate stage in Venice, California, costarring opposite veteran Macdonald Carey in a summer production of *The Seven Year Itch*. When she saw her name on the marquee for the first time, she said: "It may sound corny, but there's nothing as thrilling as seeing your name in lights." Below: The stars make a final run-through (left) with opening night (right) only hours away.





PLAYMATE IN THE LION'S DEN: For this latest and loveliest uncoverage of the versatile Miss Michelle, **PLAYBOY** photographer Pompeo Posar posed Donna atop a lion-skin rug in an effort to capture the catlike appeal of our lithe-limbed lovely. That he succeeded is definitely and delightfully evident from the sex-kittenish allure our reigning Playmate projects here and on the following pages. Even Leo can't disguise his wide-eyed approval. 111









DOUBLE EXPOSURE

wherein a news photographer trains his camera on a seedy young lady and gets more than he bargained for

THE MAESTRO was pounding on the darkroom door. "Four minutes to deadline, Wicky," he said virtuously.

Wickert closed the lightproof developing tank, started the timer and opened the door. "I'll take ten," he said. "Tell them I think I got the flash of the blast, maybe. Hurry up, so you can come back and help me print!"

"They don't like to hold the first edition."

"I don't like to work on my day off, either. Go on, tell them they better hold! And then get back here."

The maestro departed, grumbling, as usual, at anything that upset the frantic rhythm as the paper neared its deadline. He was a hulking, half-foolish old man who had been with the paper 32 years. His idea of a good news picture was just 32 years behind the times, but in the darkroom he was the best. Wickert was not even sure what his name was. Everybody called him "The maestro," half in respect and half in derision.

Wickert, who had not even been born when the maestro went to work here, watched the timer carefully. He had an odd feeling about this roll of film, something pretty close to dread. He wished he could inspect it first alone, but it was too close to deadline for that.

The maestro returned as Wickert took the long strip of film from the fast drier. "They're holding," he said. "Three known dead so far, and they'll be digging most of the night. An explosion, explosion and fire."

"I know. I was there," Wickert said. "You print. Just the last eleven frames. The others are personal."

The old man took the long strip of film. "I know. Art stuff! Nudes, with discreet shadows instead of a fig leaf. Bazooms and bottoms and belly buttons."

"No, not nudes," Wickert said savagely.

The maestro, with an expression of distaste, cut off the last 11 frames, throwing the other 25 into a corner on the enlarger table. He despised 35-millimeter cameras and film; indeed, he despised anything that had come out in photography since the invention of the flashbulb. But his big, soft hands were as gentle as they were swift with any negative, and he never failed to bring out the best possible print in the shortest possible time.

He fed the film into the enlarger. The bright lights went out. A cone of light came on under the enlarger, projecting the first of the 11 frames on the printing easel. It winked out before Wickert could get a look at the image, so fast did the old man work.

"You'll have ten prints," said the maestro. "The first shot is a double exposure."

"A double exposure is impossible with that camera."

"Nothing's impossible with a camera. Nothing! You got a double exposure, two pictures on the same frame. Here!"

There had been a rustle of printing paper, and the enlarger light had blinked on and off again. Wickert took the exposed paper from the maestro's hand and slid it into the tray of developer. Before the image had started to emerge on the first print, the maestro had thrust another into his hand.

"How they look, Wicky?"

The image on the first print materialized quickly, and Wickert caught his breath. "On the button!" he breathed. "You can see every brick. There's a barrel flying through the air—there's a piece of machinery—no, my God, I think it's a human body!"

The maestro went on working. In six (continued on page 120)

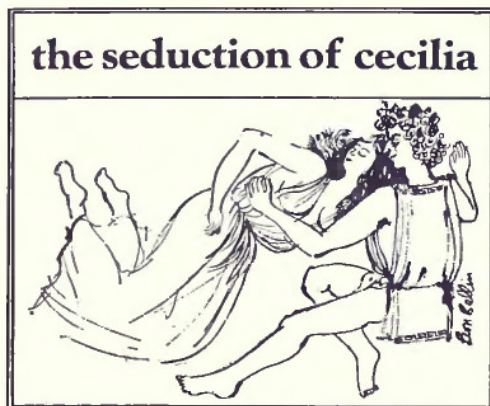


original

*"How thoughtful of him—
an engraved proposition!"*



**Ribald Classic
from the *Satyricon*
of Petronius**



WHEN YOUNG EUMOLPUS was in Asia Minor, he was billeted at a private home in Pergamum. His host's daughter, a fair-haired virgin named Cecilia, was a young woman of extraordinary beauty. Not surprisingly, Eumolpus was soon devising a strategy through which he hoped to become her lover without arousing her old father's suspicion. Whenever he dined with the old man and the conversation turned to copulation, Eumolpus pretended to be so scandalized, and protested so vigorously that his modesty was offended by the mere mention of such things, that the father took him to be a veritable saint. And in no time at all, on the pretext of preventing possible seducers from approaching Cecilia, Eumolpus was chaperoning the girl to market, supervising her studies, and acting as her moral advisor.

One evening, Cecilia and Eumolpus were taking their ease in the dining room, since a holiday had curtailed their studies, and the fatigue that follows too much food and wine had left them even too tired to ascend the stairs. Toward midnight, Eumolpus noticed that Cecilia was not actually asleep. He approached her, and pretended to offer this prayer to Venus: "O Goddess, if I can kiss this sleeping girl without her noticing it, tomorrow I will present her with a white dove." Tempted by this high price Eumolpus would put on his pleasure, Cecilia pretended to doze away, permitting Eumolpus to steal several kisses. And early the next morning, he arose and returned with a white dove.

The following night, Cecilia guilelessly pretended to sleep, and let her robe slip open, revealing to Eumolpus' eyes treasures which he had previously only imagined. Offering a slightly different prayer, Eumolpus said: "O Venus, if I can caress this sleeping girl with a free hand, tomorrow I will bring her a pair of the finest singing nightingales in the world. But she must not be awakened by my touch." At this, Cecilia snuggled closer to him, as if she were afraid that he, too, might fall asleep before he had his chance to explore her mysteries. If she had such fears, Eumolpus quickly relieved them, as his roving hands freely caressed the ample charms beneath her robe, revealing to his touch the treasures that only his eyes had known heretofore. For her part, Cecilia feigned—none too convincingly, Eumolpus thought—that she felt nothing at all. And the next morning, to her delight, he brought her the pair of nightingales.

On the third night, Cecilia once more pretended to sleep, and Eumolpus offered yet another prayer to Venus: "O Goddess, if I can now take from this sleeping girl the perfect pleasure of my dreams, I will bring her tomorrow a splendid Macedonian pony. But on this condition only: She must not be awakened by my embraces."

Never did a girl sleep so soundly; though, indeed, she breathed more quickly than one would expect from a sleeper, her snores sounded very much like joyful sighs, and her lovely form turned about as though she were dreaming of waves in the sea. Eumolpus more than fulfilled his every fancy, taking pleasures that even his rich imagination had not anticipated. Dawn came all too quickly, and he left the house at first light. As you can imagine, it is one thing to buy a dove and some nightingales, but quite another to purchase a Macedonian pony. Moreover, Eumolpus feared that the magnitude of such a gift might make his generosity suspect. So he returned empty-handed and greeted Cecilia with nothing more than a kiss. The bewildered girl looked all about, not knowing what to say, realizing that to reveal her disappointment would also be to reveal her little game. Finally she threw her arms around Eumolpus' waist and said: "Please, my love, where is the pony?"

Eumolpus feared that in breaking his promise (and thus ending the ruse) he had barred the doors of love, but that very night he was determined to embrace Cecilia's charms again. As soon as he heard her father snoring, he crept into her bedroom and pleaded that she forgive him. She was still angry, however, and to all his entreaties she said nothing but: "Go back to sleep or I'll tell my father." But no refusal is so final that a determined lover cannot circumvent it. Eumolpus quite ignored her threats about waking her father, and instead slipped into bed beside her. And after only a brief resistance on her part, he took his pleasure again. Apparently, this highhanded treatment did not offend her. True, she reproached him for breaking his word about the pony, but, she said, "Just to prove that I'm not angry, shall we try it again?"

So Eumolpus had his way with her a second time—at her own invitation. Thereupon, he slipped into a deep sleep. But Cecilia, with all the passive ardor of her youth, was dissatisfied even with his double proof of affection, and in a short while prodded him awake, whispering: "Shall we again?" Her invitation was not entirely unwelcome, and after a good deal of exercise, Eumolpus managed to oblige her, and then, completely spent, slumped immediately off to sleep.

But in less than an hour, she was pinching him once more. "Shall we?" she asked. Understandably exhausted, and otherwise embarrassed in the realization that he had tapped a wellspring he was now unable to cap, Eumolpus could do nought but turn her own words against her: "Go back to sleep," he cried, "or I'll tell your father."

—Retold by Michael Laurence

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

(continued from page 116)

minutes—no record for him—the last picture was in the developer and the first ones were in the fix. The maestro bullied Wickert out of the way to move the prints from developer to rinse to fixing solution himself. When the last one was in the fix, he turned on the bright lights.

"Not bad," he conceded. "That's a man flying through the air, all right—or what's left of him. He has sure got the hell mashed out of him, hasn't he?"

"I felt the concussion myself," said Wickert. "It was unbelievable."

"Too bad you ruined your first shot."

"A double exposure is impossible with that camera."

"Make a print. See for yourself. You have one picture superimposed on another."

The maestro rinsed the prints quickly, slapped them briefly between blotters, and trotted off with them to the city room. Wickert ran the strip of film backward through the enlarger until he came to the first frame. He turned out the lights and studied the projected image on the easel.

It was a double exposure—the explosion superimposed on the face of the girl.

He did not remember taking a big-head close-up of her, but she had had him so rattled that he might have. He decided to print one and see for himself; any darkroom suggestion of the maestro's was worth taking seriously, old fool that he was. He had it printed and in the fix by the time the maestro returned.

"Lucky you!" said the maestro. "They're giving you a picture page. Four more bodies. Seven dead so far. Lucky, lucky, lucky!"

"Maestro," said Wickert, "what do you make of this?"

The old man leaned over the sink and picked the wet print up by a corner. "It's a dandy, all right! Explosion's perfect. Girl's perfect. Only, you'll notice that one's on top of the other. Better get that shutter and film transport checked. You know you can't depend on those miniature gadgets."

On the wall hung Wickert's coat, with the camera in a pocket. Wickert took it out, removed the back and worked the action several times. This "gadget," as the maestro called it, was brand-new, and had cost him \$505.50. It was a perfect piece of precision machining and, although a little stiff from newness, was working perfectly.

"Try it yourself, maestro."

The old man took the empty camera and worked it again and again, in silence. He handed it back to Wickert, and turned to dash the wet print through the rinse water and pat it across a blotter. Both men then leaned over it to study it,

It showed a barrel in the air, and the same human body—a man in white overalls, apparently—that had been in the next frame of film. On that other frame, the body apparently had been descending, while in this one, it was still being hurled upward by the force of the explosion. In the other one, the building had been disintegrating—in this one, it still had four walls and a roof, although Wickert's camera had stopped them in the act of coming apart. Bricks were yielding their grip on ancient mortar as walls assumed a curvature that could not contain the terrible force of the blast. That blur between the bulging roof and the distorted body of the man in white overalls—that was actually a photograph of superheated air expanding so violently that nothing could stop it. He had photographed the explosion itself.

But over it, perfectly framed and in perfect focus, was the girl's face, more childish than Wickert remembered it, and more beautiful, too. The eyes looked straight into his, in them a look that made him turn away guiltily and a little sorrowfully.

The maestro put the picture back into the rinse. "The test of any camera," he said, "is in the pictures it takes. That's basic. Something else is basic, too—that's a double exposure."

Wickert said nothing.

"Very sweet face, Wicky," the maestro murmured, watching the picture that dipped and rose, dipped and rose, in the water in the rinse tank. "Not your type, I'd say. Too innocent. Jailbait, ain't she?"

"About fifteen, I'd say."

"Who is she?"

"I've got her name," Wickert said. "Got some other shots of her to print, too, for her mother."

"I should hope so, at her age, and with a face like that. Go ahead, print. You're a big shot around here, after today. Lucky, lucky, lucky!"

The maestro went out. Wickert turned on the red warning light outside the door and turned off the bright ones inside the darkroom. He took the strip of 25 frames that the maestro had pitched onto the corner of the table, and inserted it in the enlarger. He snapped its switch and there she was, projected on the printing easel.

There was nothing sweet or innocent about her in this shot. He felt again the mixture of lawless desire, civilized fear and the curious, aching pity that the girl herself had inspired . . .

. . .

The pigeons were settling back into the steeple before the last echo of the bell died away. Wickert came to a stop, his camera poised uselessly. He had visualized this picture—of the pigeons scat-

tering as the bell rang—for years. It had been in his mind when he finally nerved himself to pay \$505.50 for a new camera.

He had on the right lens—90 millimeters, medium telephoto. The cold, heavy clouds behind the church were so good he would never see their like again. There was a lonely dullness to the lighting. There were enough white pigeons, but just enough, to make them stand out dramatically from the gray and blue and brown ones.

Everything was exactly right, except that the preacher had rung the bell several minutes early.

"What are you going to take a picture of?" said a voice behind him.

It was a child's voice. He did not turn around. "Nothing," he said shortly.

"What have you got a camera for, then?"

This time he turned. He judged her to be about 15. She wore lipstick and horrible green eye shadow, and there were meager little bulges where her bosom belonged. Her face was thin and fine-boned, her skin white and flawless. Her straight, fair hair, which hung to her thin shoulders, was combed straight back. Her eyes were blue, far too big for her face, and full of far too much gutter wisdom.

She had probably come out of one of the old houses nearby. Fifty years ago this had been a fashionable church, surrounded by fashionable mansions. Now those turreted, dormered, gabled, archaic and gone-to-seed houses had been divided into "light housekeeping rooms." There might be only a gas plate, two beds and a furnace register which, on a day like this, gave forth only clammy gusts to shake the dirty old drapes. But there were parquet floors, marble mantels and plate-glass mirrors that had gone half blind after reflecting a half century of degeneration.

"Nothing," he said again, and began walking.

She fell into step beside him. "Take a picture of me, why don't you?" she said.

"You run along," said Wickert.

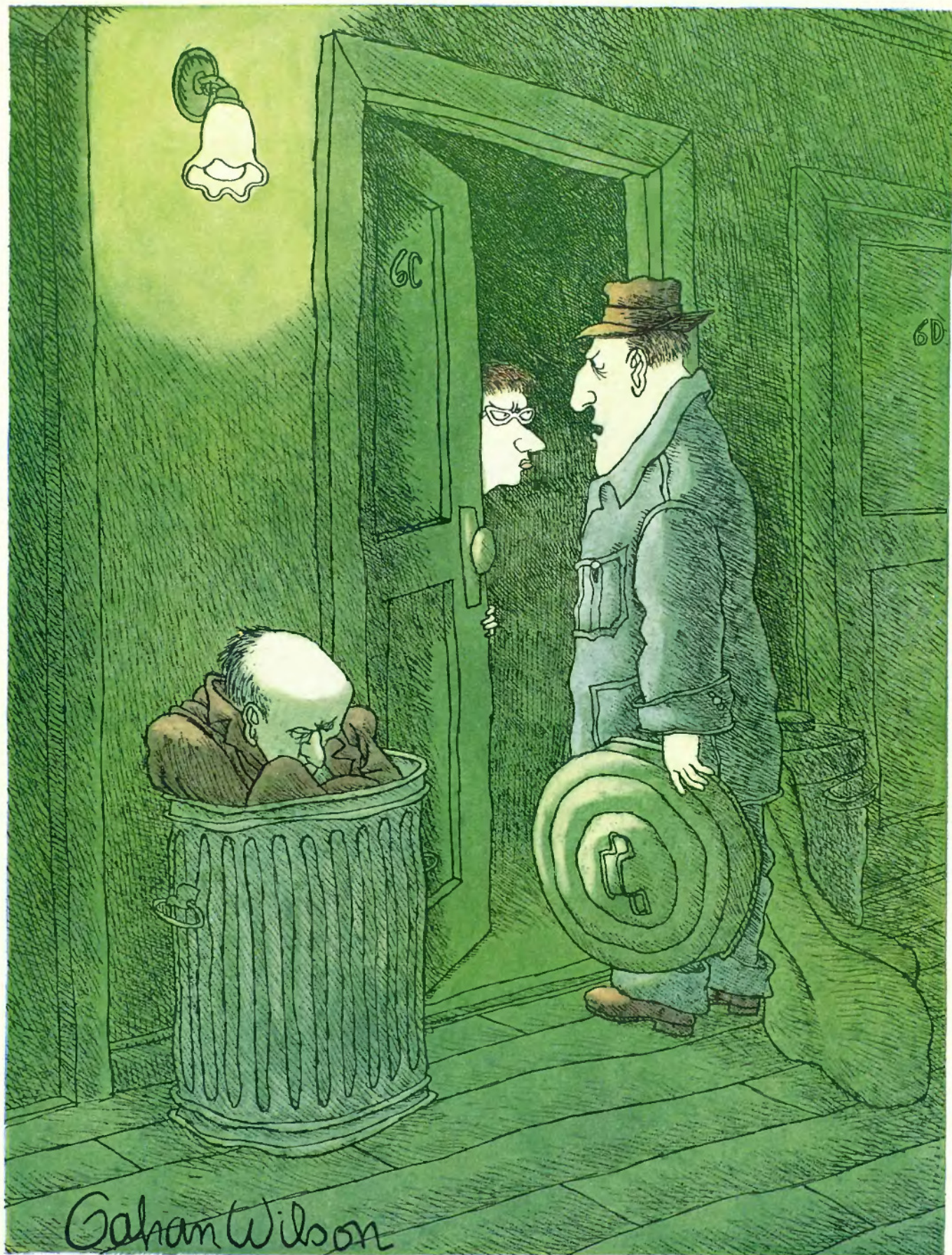
"Aw, come on! Take a picture of me, huh, please?"

He glanced around, and this time he saw the thinness of her bare legs and the thinness of her faded blue dress, which had a collar of darker blue. She must, he thought, be half frozen. The hem of the dress came well above her knees, and he was sure she had no slip on under it.

It struck him that she might be worth photographing. Here was a girl on the verge of spoiling, a girl too pretty for her own good in this ratty slum. The blue collar framed her sharp, wistful, white face perfectly, and the lonely quality of the light was just right for her, as it had been for the pigeons.

Here, he thought, was something worth saving in a picture, whether or

(continued on page 112)



"You don't get rid of him that easy, Mrs. Jacowsky."

SOUNDS OF '65

the latest and best in stereo:
kits, components and modular units



OUR ANNUAL SURVEY of the sonic scene opens on a semantic note. In the last 12 months, high fidelity's lexicon has been enriched by the term "modular"—a word worth some careful consideration by anyone planning to make a major investment in quality listening gear. According to current audio parlance, a "modular" is a series of components made by the same manufacturer specifically designed to operate together as a single sound system and served up as separate units within a uniform furniture design. Prepackaged players have been around for some time, but the new modular outfits stand out by reason of the heavy-duty innards and the sophisticated savvy of their

Above: Stereophonic tape equipment. Clockwise from middle: T-91 three-speed tape recorder featuring fast forward and rewind controls for quick tape positioning, with speakers, by Estey, \$499.95. Model 801 automatic reversible portable tape recorder with solid-state record and playback amplifiers; oil push-button operation, with speakers and microphone, by Concertone, \$399.95. Four-track stereo recorder with detachable wing speakers which lock into place and make a 30-pound portable, by Wollensok, \$199. Model 400 continuous four-track stereo recorder featuring sound-on-sound capability with special bias for FM recording, with speakers, by Roberts, \$699.95. Stereomaster recorder with separate recording and playback heads for continuous recording quality checking, by Dynoco, \$495. Four-track solid-state stereo tape deck designed for inclusion in a custom installation with self-contained transistor preamplifiers as well as recording and playback heads, by Superscope, \$139.50. Recorder with built-in amplifiers, two built-in speakers plus facilities for adding other speakers and hi-fi equipment, by Tandberg, \$449.50. Recorder with feather-light touch, push-button control and 12-watt stereo amplifier, by Viking, \$860. Four-track stereo recorder with two self-contained transistorized power amplifiers, with speakers, by OKI, \$350. Recorder featuring completely solid-state electronics, by Magnecord, \$595. Below: Powerful amplifier-preamplifiers. Top row, l to r: Stereo unit with 30 watts per channel, featuring special record-speed adjust for early-day LPs, by McIntosh, \$349. Silicon 150-watt stereo with front-panel headphone jack, speaker selector switch and audio power for remote accessory system, by Sherwood, \$299.50. Solid-state control unit with front-panel input for stereo headphones, by Acoustech, Inc., \$299. Middle row: Communications receiver with three short-wave bands, on extended-range local broadcast band and slide-rule dial, in walnut-veneer cabinet, by Hallicrofters, \$89.95. Stereo control 26-transistor amplifier with volume control for variable loudness compensation, by Electro-Voice, \$219. Bottom row: Solid-state FM-stereo/multiplex tuner-amplifier with automatic FM-stereo-mono switching, by Eico, \$349.95. Master control 100-watt stereo amplifier with a direct tape monitor and connections for two or more pairs of speakers are incorporated on the speaker terminal strips, by Fisher, \$329.50. Solid-state, 75-watt FM-stereo receiver with tape and headset jacks, by Harman-Kardon, \$469.

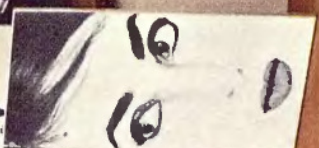




engineering. While they are very definitely in the component class, they carry price tags generally pitched as low or lower than the aggregate cost of a component system. Modulars are particularly suited to the needs of the hi-fi enthusiast plunging for the first time into the often confusing world of quality electronic listening. Since the turntable, amplifier and speakers are all specifically designed to operate together, the purchaser of a modular can invest his money in quality listening without running the risk of mismatching his component units.

Many of the most prestigious hi-fi houses are now espousing the modular concept. Pride of place should rightfully

Above: Record changers and turntables. Top row, l to r: Two-speed (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ - and 45-rpm) isolated-suspension turntable complete with tone arm and base unit, by Rek-O-Kut, \$89.95. TD-124 turntable with built-in illuminated strobe for continuous record-speed checking, with dust cover, by Thorens, \$165 (plus tone arm, \$89.50, and V-15 cartridge, \$62.50, both by Shure). Lab 80 with integral cuing device for nonskid starts on antimagnetic turntable, by Garrard, \$99.50. Bottom row: Belt-driven synchronous turntable with arm and dust cover, by Acoustic Research, \$78. Automatic/standard turntable with detachable cartridge holder, by United Audio, \$69.50. Four-speed turntable with automatic cuing and balanced integrated tone arm, by Bogen, \$64.95. Below: Full-range speakers. Clockwise from one: Mite-sized speaker system with 8" woofer and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " cone tweeter measuring only 19" x 10" x 9", in oiled walnut, by Acoustic Research, \$57. Full-range three-way corner-horn system in hand-rubbed oiled walnut, by Klipsch, \$852. Maximus I miniature speaker measuring 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", with 15-watt power-handling capability, in oiled walnut, by Goodmans, \$59.50. Pillar-shaped Royal Grenadier speaker in satin walnut laminate with imparted marble top, by Empire, \$260. Bookshelf system with 12" subsonic woofer, in oiled-walnut enclosure, by Jensen, \$119.50. Vertical speaker enclosure containing a pair of Altec low-resonance bass speakers and a cast-aluminum sectoral horn powered by a high-frequency driver and a two-section dividing network, finished in walnut, by Altec Lansing, \$356. Mark II classic lowboy-style speaker system standing 28 $\frac{1}{4}$ " high with legs, by University, \$295. Standing to the rear is a 15" monitor dual concentric loudspeaker with 50-watt power-handling capacity, in oiled walnut, by Tonnoy, \$385. Lancer 99 matched stereo pair of precision self-energized loudspeaker systems designed to complement each other's performance characteristics, requires no power amplifier, in hand-carved fretwork, by JBL, \$660 for complete stereo pair. Speaker system with special midrange controls to change speaker tonal quality from soft to brilliant, in walnut finish, by Karlson, \$249.50. Hanging lamp contains two separate speaker systems, a wide-range electrostatic speaker in the shade and a bass system inside the chain lamp to generate sound in a full 360-degree pattern, integrated power-supply and step-up transformer, by Acoustica, \$199.50.





go to the KLH Research and Development Corporation, which started the trend a couple of years ago with its portable Model Eleven system. Since then, this pioneering series has been updated from its humble beginning in luggage casing to lustrous walnut cabinetry. KLH has also brought out more ambitious variants on the modular theme. The latest is the Model Twenty (\$399.95), which encloses a transistorized FM-stereo tuner as well as a 40-watt amplifier in either oiled walnut or mahogany, and a Garrard AT-60 automatic record player in the central module. Like its preceding KLH units, the Model Twenty is "frequency contoured" by tailoring the amplifier's response to fit the

Above: Top-line tuners. Top row, l to r: FM tuner with silent stereo switching and noise-free reception impervious to outside electrical disturbances, by Scott, \$259.95. FM tuner with automated stereomonic multiplex circuit for silent stereo signaling, by Dynaco, \$169.95. AM/FM-stereo solid-state tuner with dynamic side-band regulation for reducing FM distortion, by Allied Radio, \$179.95. Solid-state FM multiplex drift-free stereo tuner, by KLH, \$129.95. Bottom row: FM tuner with an oscilloscope tube tuning indicator plus a panel switch for test displays of left and right FM channels as well as external signals from tape or disc equipment, by Marantz, \$650. Solid-state AM/FM-stereo tuner with adjustable FM squelch to stop between-station noise when traversing the dial, by Heath, \$129.95 (in kit form only). Professional three-inch oscilloscope which displays and monitors the electrical signals in the stereo system, by McIntosh, \$249. Below: Prepackaged modular units. Back row, l to r: Solid-state, 60-watt tuner-amplifier with AM/FM-stereo push-button tuner and on automatic four-speed changer, plus a pair of loudspeakers, by RCA, \$479.80. Solid-state 120-watt amplifier with separate AM/FM-stereo tuner, four-speed changer and a loudspeaker system, by Admiral, \$775. Stereophonic music system features a four-speed changer with self-contained 40-watt stereo preamplifier and a pair of bookshelf speakers, by KLH, \$399.95. Front row: One-piece stereo with two full-range solid-state amplifiers delivering 30 watts of peak power and a three-speaker system all housed within the casing of an automatic four-speed Garrard intermix changer, by Columbia, \$250. Library sound system in walnut cabinetry with solid-state preamplifier-amplifier, V-15 stereo dynamic 15-degree tracking cartridge, automatic turntable that can be used as a public address system, by Shure, \$450. FM-stereo bookshelf system with removable wing speaker cabinets with play-through hinges and two eight-foot extension cords that allow for wide separation to achieve maximum stereo effect, including inputs for adding changer, turntable or tape deck, plus special output jacks for a tape deck to allow recording directly from radio signals, by General Electric, \$179.95. Signal-unit stereo mating a Miracord four-speed turntable with a 36-watt solid-state amplifier that can power any pair of medium- to high-efficiency speakers, oiled walnut enclosure with dust cover, by Benjamin, \$229.50.



particular characteristics of its accompanying speakers.

The pinnacle of modular affluence is reached by Shure Brothers' Library System Model M100W (\$450), a solidly crafted product offering as its prime attractions this company's top-of-the-line V-15 Stereo Dynetic cartridge (of which more anon) and the highly rated Dual 1009 Auto-Professional turntable. A lower cost Shure system, the M100 (\$395), comes in Samsonite luggage cases.

From the firm that imports Miracord automatic turntables comes the Benjamin Stereo 200 (\$229.50). It effects a neat mating of the Miracord 10 four-speed turntable and Elac 222 cartridge with a 36-watt solid-state amplifier. The whole assemblage is housed in a sleek plexiglass-covered cabinet. Benjamin will also supply matching speakers at \$49.50 each, but you're not obligated to get them. The Stereo 200 can drive any speakers of moderate to high efficiency. Quality three-piece modular systems are also purveyed by Fisher (Model 75, \$269.50), H. H. Scott (Stereo Compact 2300, \$299.95; with optional FM tuner for \$129.95 extra), Admiral (Model Y701A, \$775), Columbia (Model M-4550, \$325, including AM/FM tuner), and Electro-Voice (Entertainer I, \$235).

Although the modular approach appeals primarily to the hi-fi neophyte, it's also worth consideration by the enthusiast looking for an auxiliary outfit for his den, office or country hideaway. A high-quality unit at a low price is the GE Stereo Model T2000 (\$179.95) with an AM/FM tuner and jacks for tape or turntable. Potential second-system customers should make note also of Columbia's Stereo 360 (\$250), a miniaturized all-in-one phonograph designed by Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, the canny Columbia Broadcasting System engineer responsible for developing the long-playing microgroove disc. For a record player of its size and price, the Stereo 360 has such refinements as a cartridge with .5-mil stylus tracking at 2 grams.

The blandishments of these ready-made systems notwithstanding, the tops in sound flexibility still comes from individual components. Without further ado, we'll turn to the new models on view this season and discuss them component by component.

Starting at the beginning with automatic turntables, we note a top-to-bottom refurbishing of the British-made Garrard line. *Pièce de résistance* of the new series is the Lab 80 (\$99.50, plus base), a two-speed (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ - and 45-rpm) mechanism that incorporates some features we have never encountered before in an automatic turntable, including a low-resonance tone arm built of light African wood with an adjustable bias compensator to guard against skating. The Lab 80 also features an integral cuing

device that will be particularly welcomed by the heavy-handed type who is apt to create sonic bedlam whenever he lowers a pickup into the lead-in groove. In manual mode the tone arm swings a safe half inch above the record surface. All you have to do is get it over the groove and press the tab control. The arm will descend gently without noise or mayhem. A cuing mechanism is now also offered by Miracord in its new Model 18H (\$119.50, plus base), a single-play version of the well-established Model 10H automatic turntable. Both Miracords come equipped with a Pabst hysteresis motor designed to ensure constant speed maintenance regardless of line voltage. United Audio's fancy Dual 1009 (\$99.50, plus base) remains the only automatic turntable offering variable pitch control within each of its four basic playing speeds. If delicate pitch adjustment is of no concern, you might look into the economy version of this turntable, the recently introduced Dual 1010 (\$69.50, plus base).

An entirely fresh approach to integrated turntable and tone-arm design has been propounded by the Marantz Company, whose Model SLT-12 (about \$295, complete with cartridge) is being prepared for delivery, hopefully some time this spring. SLT stands for "straight line tracking." Instead of employing an arm that pivots from a corner of the turntable base, Marantz engineers have mounted the cartridge on the tip of a thin tubular shaft that works its way straight across the radius of the disc like a rigid snake slowly emerging from its lair. Although straight-line radial playback has long been recognized as the surest theoretical way of eliminating tracking error and inner-groove distortion, previous attempts at putting it into practice have always run into excessive mechanical friction. Marantz says it has solved these problems and devised a record-playing system that will in time become standard. The vagaries of the hi-fi industry are many, however, and if you would rather leave pioneering to the more adventurous, there are a number of excellent conventional turntable-arm combinations around to whet your fancy. Among the newcomers this year are the Weathers Townsend (\$59.95), which measures a scant 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches from top of tone arm to bottom of base, and the Swiss-made Bogen B-62 (\$64.95, plus base), which offers continuous variable speed from 29 to 86 rpm—a must for the collector of those wonderfully nostalgic but sometimes wobbly 78s from the pre-1920 era. You can't go wrong, of course, with any of the proven pacesetters: the Acoustic Research integrated turntable (\$78), Rek-O-Kut R-34 (\$89.95), Thorens TD-135 (\$99.75), Stanton 800B (\$99) and Empire Troubador 398 (\$169.95).

Current cartridge design is emphasizing the 15-degree vertical tracking angle and the elliptical stylus, which are calculated to keep groove tracing precisely in tune with the original groove cutting. Most records are cut at roughly a 15-degree angle, and since the advent of stereo, it has become established that the rake of the playback stylus should be about the same to ensure minimal distortion. Similarly, a stylus of elliptical shape comes closer to matching the chisel contour of the cutting tool than the conical tips used in the past, and achieves a closer fit in the groove. Both refinements are found in the aforementioned Shure V-15 Stereo Dynetic (\$62.50), and in the ADC Point Four/E (\$60), Pickering V-15/AME-1 (\$29.95) and Empire 880PE (\$29.95) cartridges. Each of these is equipped to negotiate the grooves at tracking forces of $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ grams.

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Electronics—the tuner, preamp and power-amplifier stages of the high-fidelity chain—are fast turning solidly to solid state. Although a good deal of tube equipment is still being manufactured, the new models are leaning heavily toward transistorized circuitry. The reason behind this swing to semiconductors has less to do with electronic performance than with the simple logistics of space and heat. In high-fidelity equipment unwieldy dimensions and sizzling temperatures have always been major stumbling blocks to devotees who wanted big sounds in limited space. Transistors, smaller in size and cooler in operation than tubes, are proving especially useful in solving these problems. It's not surprising, therefore, to find major solid-state emphasis being directed to a powerful but compact all-in-one tuner/amplifier, formerly a bulky electronic oven requiring as many as 20 tubes.

The Fisher 600-T (\$595), with which we've spent some very contented hours recently, typifies the new transistorized breed. It is a single-chassis FM Stereo receiver that can deliver almost a concert-hall 100 watts of amplification, yet takes up less space than tube units with half the power. In spite of its reduced format, the brushed-gold front panel accommodates push-button switches for loudness contour, muting, mono-stereo, and high and low filters, as well as the usual tone, volume, balance and selector controls. The illuminated tuning dial features a signal-strength meter and stereo indicator, which automatically pops on a red light when the tuner locks into a multiplex signal. Harman-Kardon is offering three solid-state FM stereo receivers that range in price from \$279 to \$469, depending upon power output and control flexibility. The top H-K model, SR 900, is a 75-watt job featuring

(continued on page 150)



NG 0001 scratchy records

TWANG FURTY TAKES FIVE

IS WE FOLK, MOMMY? • JOHN CHEEVER • BEATS WORKIN' • BLEECKER STREET, THE BLEECKEST STREET OF ALL • THE TWA SISTERS • DROPPIN' THEM G'S FOR JESUS • A WALK ON THE WILDE SIDE • JIMMY HOFFA: WAGONMASTER • CARELESS LOVE AND RISING BLUE CROSS RATES • ON THE BATESVILLE, YAZOO, COLDWATER & SLEDGE LINE • YOU STOLE MY GAL, GONIF! • THE BALLAD OF J. EDGAR HOOVER





TWANG FURTY TAKES FIVE

IN HIS RECENT comprehensive and scholarly book on folk music, *But Seriously—Folk . . .*, Matthew Freen says, "Show me 180 sweating, illiterate field hands on the bayous of Louisiana releasing their anger, frustrations and boredom in spontaneous songs and I'll show you 180 listeners."

Freen is, of course, a musical purist—a fact that is further borne out in his recent article in *Down Beat* entitled "Why Do Blind Beggars Always Sing Off Key?" So it is perhaps quite significant that he considers Twang Furty to be "the most talented folk singer to come out of a Sutton Place penthouse in the last five months."

A 17-year-old Chase Manhattan Bank vice-president, Furty has spent his later years roaming the length and breadth of East 57th Street in New York, "picking up the songs of my people." Like most folk singers, Furty has strong feelings regarding social and economic injustices ("I just happen to be for them," he maintains).

Born in rural New England, he earned his first pennies pickin' and singin' in the crowded bar cars of the old New Haven Railroad on trips to the city where his father toiled away his life as a *New Yorker* copy editor and his mother coordinated fashions for a strugglin' chain of tots-to-teens dress shops. Lookin' back on this period, Twang says, "I resolved right then never to edit no copy or coordinate no fashions." The rest is history.

Albeit that as it may, no one who has heard this extremely talented young man doubts that a new voice now cries in the toe-tappin' wilderness of folk music. If that voice is anything but purty, Mr. Furty would indubitably have it so. "The country around New Haven ain't purty," is the way he explains it.

Almost all of the numbers in a typical Twang concert are original with the composer, none other than Twang Furty himself, and in most cases they are composed on the spot and in a variety of styles, be it bluegrass, blues or gospel. *Beats Workin'* is a social protest against the brutal efforts of the San Francisco police to drive the artists and poets out of North Beach taverns into undignified jobs in the forestry service. *John Cheever* is the hauntin' saga of a short-story writer who murdered an Italian laborer and spent the rest of his life justifyin' the act in a lugubrious trilogy called the *Shot Wop Chronicle*. *Bleecker Street, the Bleeckest Street of All* tells of his early struggles in the Village for recognition as an artist. But this does not begin to exhaust the scope and range of Mr. Furty's invention nor of his sympathies. In *The TWA Sisters*, for example—the tragedy of two airline stewardesses cursin' and strainin' at the bonds of consanguinity out of love for the same captain, who turns out to be their brother—we witness Mr. Furty at his favorite work of refurbishin' themes from

the pre-Elizabethan past in the reverberatin' rhetoric of the onrushin' present.

Also included in this soon-to-be-forgotten album are: *A Walk on the Wilde Side*, a poignant tale of a sensitive poet's first romance; *Jimmy Hoffa: Wagonmaster*, a paean to the 25-hour work week, Florida real-estate development and man's striving to attain—for himself and/or his people—a "piece of the action"; *Careless Love and Rising Blue Cross Rates*, the story of how a young girl from a small mining town in the West found happiness as the mistress of England's richest and most handsome lord; *The Ballad of J. Edgar Hoover*, sung to the tune of *We Shall Overcome*.

On the *Batesville, Yazoo, Coldwater & Sledge Line*, one of the most stirring fight songs of the Lincoln Brigade, tells of an ill-fated commuters' revolt over the inhuman living conditions in the 5:23's club car, of how the brave but doomed insurgents wind up getting their faces punched along with their commutation tickets.

You Stole My Gal, Gonif! is one of Furty's favorite Blue Ridge variations on the old English madrigal *To Stealeth the Heart's Desire of One's Boon Companion Requireth Infinite Chutzpah*.

Finally, the varied themes of home, mother and ramshackle religion are subsumed in such throat-lumpin' offerin's as *Is We Folk, Mommy?*—reported to be Twang's first words, spoken when he was only three days old; and *Droppin' Them G's for Jesus*—a "meetin'" favorite which Cardinal Cushin' is said to have specifically requested on one of his infrequent visits to the Extralight Coffeehouse on Macdougall Street.

Twang Furty acknowledges the influences of the past but keeps his gaze firmly—almost furtively—riveted upon the future of the idiom. "I remember him," he reminisces in response to a question about one of the early greats of folkdom—"he never made it real big." To Twang Furty, "makin' it big" means spoonin' out the sets to expatriate Bronx college girls and off-duty quick-sketch artists in Greenwich Village cabarets until he has them slack-jawed with admiration and that "suspension of disbelief" of which William Wordsworth, himself a great folk artist of another place and time, so eloquently sang.

Here, then, is the first album of a young but already legendary folk singer. Those of us who have followed his brief but fantastic career realize, of course, that both music and humanity in general were dealt irreparable blows when, on the evening of December 14, 1964, a small twin-engine plane crashed in a snowstorm over Colorado, and its sole occupant, Twang Furty, was thrown clear, suffering an extremely untimely survival.

—James Ransom

This Scratchy Record was made under technically impossible and decidedly unsanitary conditions in the total darkness of Momma Mendelbaum's Espresso House and Service Station (all oil-company credit cards accepted) just a hoot 'n' a holler from the Manhattan entrance to the Holland Tunnel. Most of the extraneous background noises have been engineered out except for some of the heavier diesels, but what do you want for \$3.98? For best results, drill a neat hole in the exact center of the record, just a little larger than your phonograph spindle.

SCRATCHY RECORDS NG 0001

front cover photo by Larry Gordon



*"I've heard that during the Depression, you
couldn't even give it away!"*



Top row, l to r: Erich von Stroheim in "Foolish Wives," Gale Sondergaard in "The Letter," Edward G. Robinson in "Little Caesar," Richard Widmark as Tommy Udo in "Kiss of Death," Charles Middleton as Ming the Merciless in "Flinch"

A RETROSPECTIVE APPRECIATION OF FILMDOM'S BLACK- HEARTED BAD GUYS THE HEAVIES

By CHARLES BEAUMONT

might be decent, hard-working cowpokes, passing through on their way to honest employment elsewhere. But you knew better. There was a sulphurous tinge about them, a satanic aura that wafted pure evil back to the seat where you were scrooched down, hand poised over the half-empty box of popcorn, and you thrilled again at the shock of recognition. They didn't have to say anything, those four horsemen of the Apocalypse. You had only to look at their filthy clothes and beard-stubbed faces and dark, shifty eyes to be certain that they had come, like a terrible plague, to destroy this peaceful valley—that was, as soon as they got their orders from the boss.

You knew the boss, too. He was the town banker: hearty, helpful, polite and suave on the surface, inwardly a rapacious wolf, as shown by his string tie, immaculate linen, too-formally cut black suit, barber-trimmed mustache, and obvious desire to do unspeakable things to and with the heroine.

These were the heavies.

Raven they were. Totally black, unregenerate characters, revealing no trace, however minuscule, of human kindness, dedicated always to the destruction of the forces of good. Of course they never won, but they

YOU KNEW who they were, immediately, beyond any doubt. To the others—those in the movie and even those about you in the theater—the quartet of men riding into town



Gordon." Bottom row, l to r: Boris Karloff in "The Tower of London," Chief Thundercloud in "Geronimo," James Cagney in "Public Enemy," Harry Woods in "Bullet Code," Humphrey Bogart as Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest,"

came close, occasionally, and when that happened, audiences throughout the world were seized by an almost intolerable tension. Upon the relief of this tension, as the heavies fell, vanquished, there came a satisfaction, and a confidence, almost unknown to the audiences of today.

Because the heavies are disappearing. Those few who remain, on afternoon TV shows, can hardly be recognized. Indeed, it has become difficult to tell the heavy from the hero without a program. Fed on a matinee diet that has substituted a gray collage of everyday human problems (homosexuality, miscegenation, alcoholism, fetishism, nymphomania, transvestitism, drug addiction, cannibalism) for the clash of right versus wrong, today's young audiences are denied the innocent joy of booing the villain. They will never know the overwhelming, shivery sense of impending doom which accompanied the screen appearances of the insidious Doctor Fu Manchu. They will not quail before Ming the Merciless as he levels a clawlike hand and orders Flash Gordon into the atomic furnace—except on Saturday-afternoon TV. Nor does it seem possible that moviegoers, whose most recent opportunity to hate a character wholly was *Suddenly, Last Summer* (if a plant—the Venus'-flytrap—may be considered a character), will ever witness a gathering of such unredeemed individuals as those who met under a dark star in *Three Strangers*. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet and Geraldine Fitzgerald, each worse in morality and intent than the other, formed a veritable ring of malevolence. When they received their just deserts, the theaters pulsed with glee. Now those same theaters would be sibilant with sighs over the sad fate of the three unhappy, misguided, helpless neurotics.

They were heavies to us, something we could tie onto, a point of reference; a solid rock of antilaw for us to



Flavor that goes with fun...



Up front, in the tobacco end, Winston packs FILTER-BLEND...a special selection of golden tobaccos blended to give you the best taste in filter smoking. Change to America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette by far.....Winston!

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should!

enthusiase against, relish the downfall of and work off our repressions on. By their natures they made all other things seem good and worth while. Whether signifying evil incarnate, as Richard Widmark, the giggling killer in *Kiss of Death*, or in one of its guises—say the weak, sleazy blackmailer played by Dan Duryea in *The Woman in the Window*; or the wild Cody Jarred of James Cagney in *White Heat*—the heavy represented excitement, fear and release, of which the first and last are going, if not already gone.

The reasons are compound. But of all his implacable foes, growing awareness of the human condition perhaps did most to bring the heavy down. Of course, he never did exist in really worth-while, adult drama. Medea was probably not hissed. Neither was Macbeth, nor, for that matter, was his wife. The great dramatists have always dug deep and found a deposit of good and bad in every man. But at least they admitted the existence of the two forces. Today the very words are considered quaint. And how could it be otherwise in a world which doubts the rewards of heaven and the punishments of hell, which cannot answer the question "Why not, then, since there is no such thing as sin, go forth and commit those acts you'd taken to be sins?" The mass morality of the future, if there is to be a future, will probably differ from that of the present only insofar as false, traditional restrictions, imposed by fear and ignorance, will be abandoned. We will all learn what a few have always known: that the little "evil" in the best of us makes us coresponsible for the great "evil" in the worst of us. Capital punishment will probably be a shame of the past within a few generations. Prisons may well be replaced with hospitals. And, on the whole, the world should be a better place in which to live.

But the heavies will be gone, and there are those who will miss them and the simple, bad old world they symbolized.

It would be a lie to say that we did not love them. The conscienceless Professor Moriarty, Simon Legree, the quintessence of badness (from whom the very countenance of the classic heavy was derived), Tommy Udo, Little Caesar, Count Colonna—the whole wonderful circus of bad men whose mere presence was a threatening rumble of thunder before the dagger strike of a lightning storm. Scowling, smiling or deadpan; toying with a switchblade or fingering the keys of a piano; cleaning a revolver or delivering a bouquet of roses to a victim's widow, there was no mistaking their intentions. They were out to do all those things we ourselves wanted to do, though we didn't realize it; and to hate them unqualifiedly would have been to

hate ourselves unqualifiedly. It was doubtless wrong to murder children as Peter Lorre did in *M*, and certainly it was gratifying to see that one could not hope to retire to one's country estate after so much wholesale slaughter; but still, for all his villainy, we could not help feeling a bit sorry for the little bald man.

The truth is, we felt a bit sorry for all of them. Secretly, in our hearts, we wanted them to win, just once, to triumph over the hero, over the law, over life, but, needless to say, that wouldn't have done. Nor would it truly have pleased us, as we were to observe much later when our wish started to come true. We glorified the screen heavy, to be sure, but he did not inspire us to follow in his footsteps, because he always died hideously or, at best, was sentenced to life imprisonment. If that hadn't obtained, the real-life crime statistics of the first half of this century might have been considerably higher.

The first heavies, as we knew and loved them, appeared almost from the beginning of motion pictures. The reason we were able to recognize them immediately was that visual symbols were necessary in those early silents. No one could be expected to follow the plot otherwise, unless the producers resorted, as they sometimes did, to excessive use of subtitles. But that proved tiresome and, to many, distracting. It was easier to identify the villain by his dress and manner. It had been good enough for the stage, after all; why not for films? Thus, Western villains took on a certain, very specific appearance, as did those of other locales and periods. These had variety in that the differing stations of the villains (boss, lieutenant, henchman) had to be shown, but they soon became constants. For *The Great Train Robbery* and its first hundred or so sequels, it was enough to give the heavy a black mustache and/or an unshaven face. Later the subcategories began and, a decade before the advent of sound, took on their final form. The boss was always a banker, or a landlord, or a cattle baron. He was invariably unctuous in manner, soft-spoken, condescending to the hero, overly chivalrous to the heroine, tyrannical to his underlings. He was also shrewd, cynical and cowardly. His lieutenant was something of a bouncer: big, tough, merciless, obedient. The henchmen had merely to look unwashed and ill-dressed. One had a different sort of fear and respect for each.

Since long before the beginning of drama as an art form, black has symbolized evil, whereas white has symbolized virtue. It is therefore understandable and fitting that no heavy ever rode any horse or wore any costume that wasn't black. This, plus the classical attitudes

they assumed, plus the fact that they were portrayed by the same actors in every picture, made picking the heavies duck soup. Why the others, particularly the heroes, were fooled, we could never understand. Yet they were, always. It was stupid of them, but we forgave, assuming that they had been blinded by their own essential goodness. Still, one could not help losing patience occasionally, even with one so thoroughly admirable as Buck Jones. The most obvious heavy in the world could have said to him, "I'll keep little Ann with me—to protect her, you understand—while you go after those ruffians," and he would have said OK.

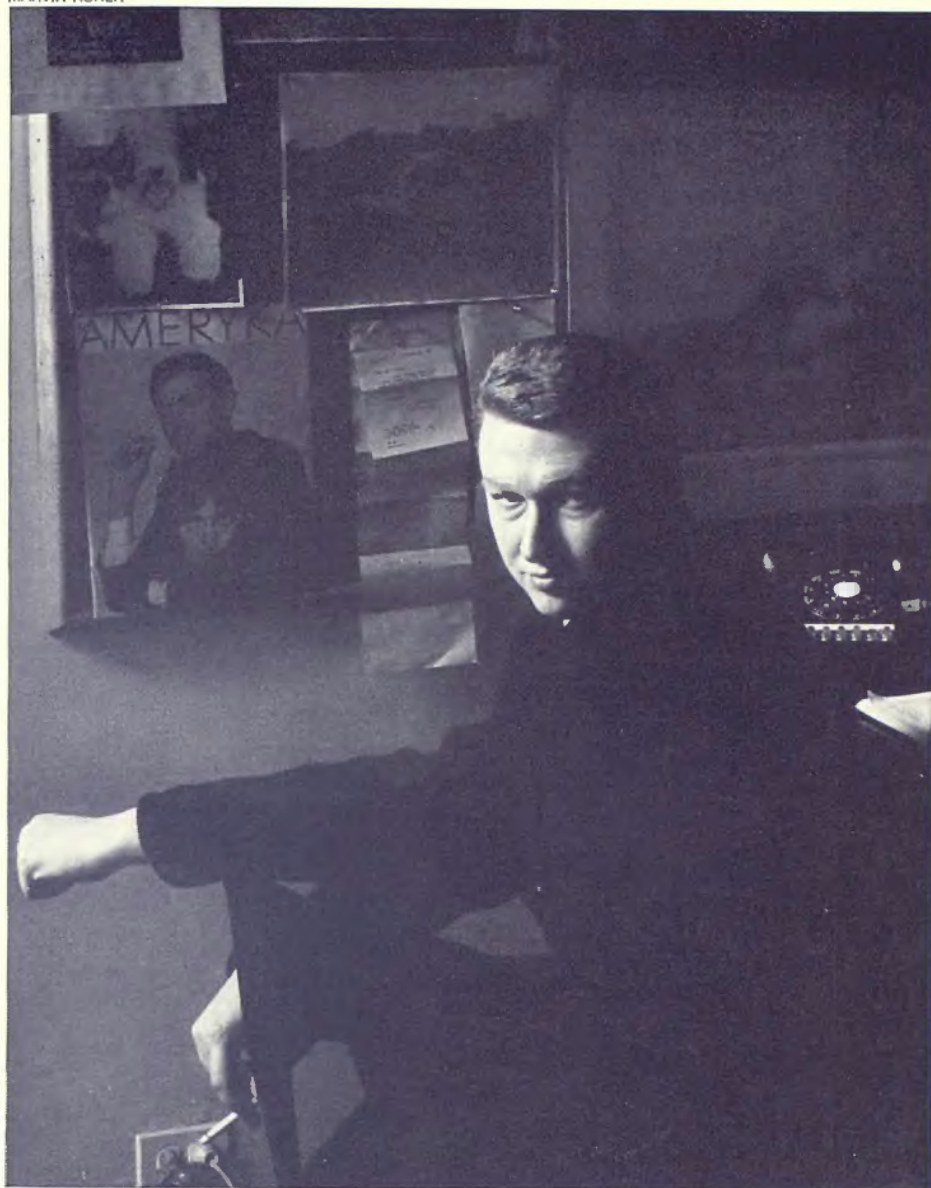
The heavies in both historical and contemporary dramas were a bit more difficult to spot, at first. For one thing, they couldn't always wear string ties and ride black horses. However, that problem was soon licked. The villains in the historicals were given waxed mustaches, after the manner of *olio*, or Mr. Coffee Nerves, and the contemporaries were portrayed as Orientals, Mexicans, Germans, Britishers, Jews, Frenchmen and similar untrustworthy foreign types. Of course, the hero was invariably Anglo-Saxon American, tall, handsome, strong, innocent of guile, and at least as virginal as the heroine.

In those days before the talkies, sex was something only heavies dealt in. It could be that we identified with the hero, thought of the heroine as Mother, and equated the heavy with dear old Dad. In any case, we found the subject detestable. It was all right for the hero to kiss his horse, but unthinkable that he should attempt any such thing with the heroine. That was what he was protecting her from, wasn't it? One couldn't imagine what else the heavy might have on his mind.

The 15- or 20-chapter serials of the day were, if anything, even more clear-cut. Whether he was a detective or a cowboy, the hero was always the same dull-witted clod, in whom no one could possibly be interested except insofar as he was the antithesis of the heavy. And there was where the fun came in, for in those unforgotten *Meisterwerke* the heavy achieved his finest hour. He put to shame the banker, the fake preacher, the corrupt judge, the simple outlaws, even the hooded executioners. And the reason he did was that there was no depredation of which he was incapable, no foul crime he would not commit gladly, with a happy smile on his lips. The others wanted simply to kiss the heroine; the serial heavy wanted to kill her. It was his *raison d'être*. His face never truly showed pleasure until he had some innocent maiden lashed to the railroad tracks, with the train fast approaching; or to a log, drawing nearer and nearer to

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MARVIN KONER



ON THE SCENE

MIKE NICHOLS *making hay without may*

ALTHOUGH HE CURRENTLY RATES as the hottest director on Broadway, the first person to deflate the Nichols-for-genius boom will probably be Mike himself. The male half of the celebrated Nichols and May comedy team is already a bit edgy about his new-found renown. "I hope it stops with me soon," he recently said, but his wish is likely to go unfulfilled as long as his three humor triumphs, *Barefoot in the Park*, *The Knack* (off-Broadway) and *Luv* keep filling their respective theaters. The three-letter production is one of those rare plays that received unstinting praise from all six of the New York press' traditionally hard-nosed critics. Typical was Kerr of the *Herald Tribune*, who said the play was "the answer to a theatergoer's prayer." Mike has long been accustomed to critical, as well as popular, esteem. Ever since he encountered Elaine May on a Chicago platform of the Illinois Central railroad in 1954—and they picked each other up with an impromptu spy dialog—he and she have fractured audiences by employing skillful acting, improvised conversation and split-second timing (rather than socko gag lines), all honed to razor sharpness during their stint with the first cabaret theater, Chicago's experimental Compass group. After their highly acclaimed Broadway run of *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May* (1961), both performers decided to expend their primary energies in separate directions, although they continue to work together on television guest shots and as the unidentified voices for several regional beer commercials. In Mike's case, the director's chair was the direction he wanted, according to him, "Because I get to go home nights." According to a recent *Life* profile, however, his remarkable facility for amplifying—and slightly distorting—ordinary conversation into superb comedy is not only "his genius as a performer, but his talent as a director." Now 33, Mike is getting busier and busier. In the offing are another Broadway show (Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple*), two movies (*The Public Eye* and *The Graduates*), Chekhov (maybe) and, for the luv of Mike, who knows what else?

LEROI JONES *vagabond king*

IN A SMALL FLAT in lower Manhattan, right around the corner from McSorley's storied saloon, dwells one of the more turbulent writers of our day, LeRoi ("The King") Jones, like François Villon an emperor among the vagabonds. At McSorley's, seated amid the mute chorus of pensioners and panhandlers, he drinks ale warmed on the hob of a potbellied stove, gazes idly at the painting-festooned walls, and ponders the drama and poetry that have made him the most discussed—and admired—young Negro writer since James Baldwin. Like Baldwin, Jones is an angry man. The Negroes he creates are inevitably doomed, spiritually gelded, and hostile to the white race. They live in a hopeless limbo, even when they fruitlessly attempt to conform to the white man's morals and mores, yet they plod on relentlessly toward the end of some half-remembered rainbow. Best known of Jones' work is his one-act play *Dutchman*, the story of a brief tragic encounter between a sexy white girl and a bourgeois young Negro, a hyperconformist from his three-button jacket down to his cordovan bluchers. Thirty-year-old Jones, son of a postman, graduated from Howard University, has attended Columbia and the New School for Social Research (where he now teaches), has won a John Hay Whitney Fellowship and several other grants. Besides *Dutchman*, his writings include a half-dozen other plays, two books of poetry, *Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note* and *The Dead Lecturer*, and a great deal of commentary on the jazz scene. Of his work he says simply, "I write of the Negro." Yet beneath the surface picture he creates, there are other images that disquiet and sometimes horrify, and sometimes these uncover not only the neurosis of the white man in regard to the Negro, but the underlying neuroses of the American people. And beyond this pale lives the writer himself, strangely amiable and wearing a half smile as he pokes through the passages of hell. "My poetry is whatever I think I am," he says. "What I see I am touched by. All are poetry and nothing moves with any grace when pried from these things. There cannot be closet poetry unless the closet be as wide as God's eyes."

RICHARD SAUNDERS



WARD SWINGLE *back to bach*

THE VOCAL ALCHEMY of France's Swingle Singers, which transforms such formidable works as Bach's *Prelude for Organ Chorale No. 1* and Vivaldi's *Fugue from L'Estro Armonico Op. 3, No. 11* into pop "Hot 100" chart makers, has been hosannaed by jazz buffs and classicists alike. Led by Ward Swingle—a 37-year-old Paris-based Alabaman who has long since discarded his Southern drawl in favor of a French accent—the Singers, in their two short years of existence, have copped two Grammys, an Académie du Disque award, a White House appearance and a brace of best-selling LPs—*Bach's Greatest Hits* and *Going Baroque*. The family tree of the scat-singing Swingles is tangled at best. Both Swingle and his lead soprano, Christiane Legrand (sister of Michel) were in the Blue Stars (of *Lullaby of Birdland* fame) formed by another American expatriate, Blossom Dearie. Ward and Christiane next worked (along with Ward's fellow tenor Claude Germain) in the Double Six of Paris, the Gallic equivalent of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. While there, Ward and those who were to become the Swingle Singers spent their off-hours in a *cappella* enjoyment of the intricacies of Bach. They soon discovered that Johann Sebastian was graciously lending himself to a beat. A bass and drum were added to accent the rhythm which was innately there, and at the insistence and through the persistence of Christiane, a very determined *femme*, Swingle and his seven fellow workers recorded their first album. The rest, so goes the cliché, is history. The Double Six splinter group found itself in business—full time. Swingle, who has paid his dues as a saxophonist in Ted Fiorito's band, as a piano accompanist for Zizi Jeanmaire, and as a musician in most of the Paris recording studios' orchestras, plans to have his group work its way chronologically through the classical repertoire, hopes one day to commission works for the Swingles. Meanwhile, Ward and his wards, who have just had a Mozart album dropped into the dealers' racks, are busy convincing the public that Swingle is the present tense of "swing."



JERRY YULSMAN

PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY (continued from page 48)

HEFNER: And some experts suggest that it may be because they keep honest records of suicides in Sweden and we don't . . . that our religious tradition makes suicide a sin and so we tend to cover up a great many of them, and they appear in the records as accidental deaths.

TANENBAUM: I say you can draw a great many conclusions from this. But I think that what we're talking about here—at least the thing I'm trying to come to grips with—is that I'm only comfortable so long as I'm citing classic Jewish tradition and practice on this. Classic Jewish tradition had its expression in classic Jewish practice up to the period of the Enlightenment. In Europe, during the Middle Ages, and down to the 18th Century, marriages were arranged by parents and marriages took place early. Love was not a question.

HEFNER: The notion that people have a right to happiness in marriage, and in life, is a rather new one.

TANENBAUM: One of the by-products of the whole rational enlightenment,

with its concentration on the individual and his self-realization and his fulfillment and his personal happiness, rather than the family or the group or the religious community or the nation, has been a much greater emphasis on romantic fulfillment through eros; and this is the new reality in this civilization, which I don't think our classic morality has really come to grips with. And when Dick Gary does not want to address himself to this, I think it's quite understandable, because our traditions have not addressed themselves to the problem—at least not in America. We're still operating on the Puritan-Victorian code in this country, which has not moved measurably from where it was in the 19th Century.

HEFNER: And, gentlemen, unless you are willing, as the religious leaders of our land, to begin relating to this problem *realistically* and making suggestions for the establishment of a new, enlightened contemporary morality that *works*, people will look elsewhere for their answers, or continue to be lost in this gap

that exists between complete permissiveness and the traditional all too negative thou-shalt-not morality of old.

SEXUAL EMPHASIS OR EXPLOITATION

O'CONNOR: Hugh, there was a very interesting point related to all of this made in a little magazine called *Christianity and Crisis* by a young man by the name of Harvey Cox, who teaches at Andover Newton Theological School near Boston. And he sums up the situation as a problem of sexual stimulation caused by our economic system—that seems to require a constant perversion of sexuality in order to survive. Commercial exploitation of the sex drive, not the callgirls, is our most serious form of prostitution today, according to Cox. Now, I have the feeling—and, of course, I don't have a Kinsey to support me on this, but perhaps we can get a grant-in-aid from the Playboy Foundation to study the matter a little more thoroughly—that the concept which governs most young people today is still the traditional one, but the exploitation that goes on at the secondary, and at the third and fourth levels of society is where the real problem exists. And in the maintaining of this, they can't compete against PLAYBOY, or *Glamour*, or *Harper's Bazaar*, or television, and this is where the difficulties in morality arise. The problem, then, is not with the concepts, as such, but with this exploitation of sex that we find in society today.

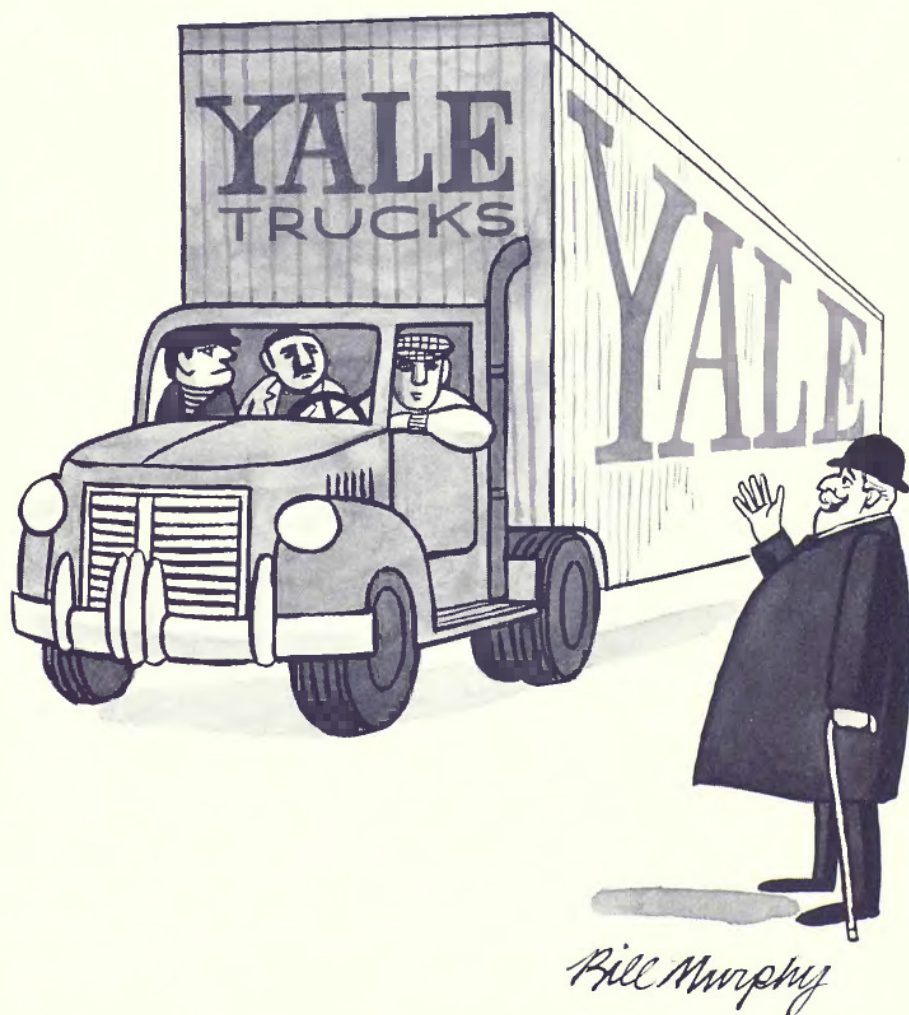
BURNETT: But Father O'Connor, as you yourself said earlier, these problems are not new. Many years ago, long before PLAYBOY and the rest of whatever is unique about modern civilization, we had the very same problems.

O'CONNOR: We had nothing like the mass communications of today previous to our own time.

TANENBAUM: It would be possible to maintain a formal position—a kind of classic theology—on this, and there would be fewer defections from it, I suppose, if there were no mass media to throw it back in our faces every day. You can get along with it, as long as it's kept under control, but now the mass media are reflecting the social reality in such dramatic ways that they can't be evaded; we can't take comfort back in the traditional theology and say the problems do not exist.

HEFNER: I'd like to comment on this, if I may, because it is obviously related to PLAYBOY, as one of the means of mass communication that Rabbi Tanenbaum says are "reflecting reality" and that Father O'Connor, expressing it more negatively, says are "exploiting" it.

Now, "exploitation" is a negative term and the implication here, quite clearly, is that there is something negative in the attention that the mass media bring to this subject. But I don't believe that an emphasis on sex can be considered negative unless the sex that is being empha-



"Class of '07 — boola boola!!!"

sized is, itself, negative. In the early part of this evening's discussion, I expressed my own opposition to the antisexuality to be found in American magazines and most of the other forms of mass communication little more than a decade ago. But this sexual negativism in our mass media is now undergoing a definite change for the better—with books, magazines, movies and television displaying a greater maturity and openness on the subject than would have seemed possible a few short years ago. As for *PLAYBOY*, its interest in sex has been positive from the outset.

Father O'Connor obviously has something more in mind. A little earlier, he expressed the feeling that too much attention was being placed upon sex in our society, and that this put sex in the minds of young people, who might not otherwise be thinking about it. Here we have the real objection, I think—an opposition to even a positive emphasis upon sex, or perhaps *most especially* to a positive emphasis, in media that may reach both the married and unmarried, the adult and the adolescent. Such an objection is based upon an erroneous assumption, however.

There is considerable scientific evidence to prove that the sexual responsiveness of the individual is primarily dependent upon his inner physical drives and not upon the psychological stimuli with which his society surrounds him. When a person is in a responsive mood, he may be stimulated by a wide variety of internal and/or external images; when he is in a less receptive mood, there is very little in his environment that will act as a sexual stimulus. The Victorian male was just as aroused by the sight of a female ankle, when it happened to show itself beneath the traditionally street-length skirts of that day, as the modern man is apt to be when he is confronted on the beach by a girl in an almost totally revealing bikini. If anything, the Victorian male was a little *more* inclined to sexual stimulation and response, because a sexually suppressed society soon becomes a sexually *obsessed* one. And the Victorian era, for example, is recognized as having been exactly that.

Where cultural environment plays a part, and an important one, is in the establishment of the form and direction that sexual stimulation and expression are to have. A society may offer negative, suppressive, perverted concepts of sex, relating sex to sin, sickness, shame and guilt; or, hopefully, it may offer a positive, permissive, natural view, where sex is related to happiness, to beauty, to health and to feelings of pleasure and fulfillment.

But what you cannot have is a society that stresses the negative side of sex prior to marriage, with the anticipation



that it can all be replaced with a positive responsiveness to sex immediately after the marital rites take place. A healthy sexual attitude isn't like a dress suit, that can be hidden away in a trunk in the attic all the young years of one's life, and then brought forth when needed—cleaned, pressed and slipped into—on the wedding day. It just doesn't work like that.

Sow concepts of sin, shame and suppression in the early years of life and you will reap frustration, frigidity, impotence and unhappiness in the years thereafter.

There are a great many well-meaning members of our own society who sincerely believe that we would have a happier, healthier civilization if there were less emphasis upon sex in it. These people are ignorant of the most fundamental facts on the subject. What is clearly needed is a *greater* emphasis upon sex, not the opposite. Provided, of course, that we really do want a healthy, heterosexual society.

In commenting upon the prevalence of homosexuality and perversion in the United States, Dr. Paul Gebhard, presently chief of staff at the Institute for

Sex Research, has said that the only thing likely to change the situation in the future would be a far greater emphasis upon heterosexuality than our puritan traditions have permitted heretofore. The choice is ours. If we desire a healthy, heterosexual society, we must begin stressing heterosexual sex; otherwise, our society will remain sick and perverted. There is no other alternative.

In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner covers the last of these four religious round-table discussions, in which the panelists exchange views on censorship, obscenity and true "hard-core" pornography.

*See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Two booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments one through seven and eight through twelve, 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 39)

far and wide for something that should be nobody's concern but his own.

A more liberal attitude—a more realistic attitude—would greatly benefit America, by removing this threat of scandal and blackmail and permitting the person of homosexual bent, who was otherwise qualified, to serve his country like the rest of us, without fear or qualification.

G. R. Ramsey III
Washington, D. C.

CHILDREN IN A SANDBOX

As I continue to read *The Playboy Philosophy*, and various other articles, about our sex statutes, I attempt to disassociate myself from the problem in order to attain a view in proper perspective. I can come to only one impression of our society's laws and its acceptance of them: a group of children in a sandbox, making rules with their friends, but too immature to realize why the rules simply will not work.

It is a shame that the majority of our society missed the very poignant message of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. Only when society accepts the fact that morality is a matter of individual responsibility (which cannot be achieved

through legislation) can we hope for more realistic views on sex or any other matter of morality. This realization can only come from the wisdom of social maturity which we have not yet acquired.

Ralph E. Barker, Jr.
Santa Clara, California

ADULTERY

In Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*, is there ever any excuse for adultery?

Sam Gavin
Sidney, New York

Though Hefner has never endorsed it, he believes there are many extenuations for adultery—rejection by the marriage partner, mutual consent, or permanent separation, to name but three—each of greater or lesser admissibility depending on the circumstances surrounding the act. Hefner considers extramarital intercourse a more complex moral question than premarital intercourse, however, and does not believe that marital happiness is as easily achieved where vows of fidelity are taken lightly by either partner; adultery is most often a result, rather than a cause, of marital maladjustment, and we feel that in a mature marriage, based on mutual respect and

understanding, technical sexual fidelity should be of secondary importance. The primary point that Hefner has been making regarding adultery in recent installments of "Philosophy" is that it should be a question of personal religious-moral determination and responsibility, and not something legislated by the government in a free democratic society.

MEN WANTED

We have read with interest Hefner's attitude concerning heterosexual relationships between adults, and we, too, think it wise and pleasurable for two responsible adults to engage with honesty and respect in a mutually beneficial sexual relationship. We are young, mature, attractive, intelligent, fashion-conscious, educated coeds—supposedly fulfilling the qualifications of interesting partners. Yet we do not find men with similar attitudes and attributes at the narrow-minded university we attend. Nearly all the men here are either hustlers or "nice" types who consider any woman who has a sexual relationship outside of marriage a promiscuous slut. Not wishing to be considered objects or sluts, we are celibate.

Our point is this: Hefner encourages women to ignore traditional social attitudes toward sex, but where are our enlightened male counterparts?

(Names withheld by request)
Ames, Iowa

During a period of significant transition in sex morality, like the one in which our society is presently involved, individuals are continually confronted with inconsistent ideas and values caused by the intermixture of the traditional and contemporary—in society at large, in other individuals, and within themselves, as well. Since the uncertainty of current sexual standards is the single certainty, you can do no better than just what you are doing now—wait until the time, the place and the person seem exactly what you think they ought to be.

In the meanwhile, your letter will undoubtedly motivate innumerable would-be "enlightened male counterparts" among your classmates to try solving the riddle of your identities, while cursing the absence, not only of your names, but even of a solitary clue to who you are.

FOR THE GREATER GOOD

Re your answer to the letter headed "Liberal Claims" in the November Forum: You make the statement that "Hefner's philosophy stands for, among other things, competitive capitalism under a government that guarantees the rights and privileges of every minority, including that smallest of minorities—the individual."



"I don't miss the good old days nearly as much as the good old nights."

There is no doubt that Hefner is for sexual freedom and against regulation in this area of personal relationships. But in other aspects of individual freedom, where does Hefner stand? The individual who is really free will discriminate in his selection of associates, his church, his political party, his reading, etc. He may even be an ornery soul who likes to send his child to the neighborhood school. Isn't Hefner willing to accept regulation and coercion of the individual in many areas of personal relations for the greater good of society?

Louis R. Wirak

Lady Lake, Florida

No complex contemporary social order could exist without some regulation and coercion of its members—whether established as a democracy or a dictatorship. The primary difference in these two opposing forms of government is in the relative emphasis that each places upon the individual vs. society. In a democracy, the individual citizen is paramount, and society and the state are intended to serve him, to protect and perpetuate his rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; in a dictatorship, society and the state are supreme, with individual interests subservient to the greater power, wealth and glory of the government, or of the ruling class or clique.

Hefner accepts the necessity of regulation and coercion for the "greater good of society," as long as society is clearly recognized as no more than the combined interests of its individual members, and the "greater good" is accomplished without losing sight of the rights of the least of our citizens and infringing upon them no more than is absolutely necessary. Our democracy is endangered when the concept of "greater good" is allowed to override every minority consideration, without a care or concern for what is being sacrificed; and when the concept of "society" begins to develop a separate identity, apart from the citizens it was established to serve, we are taking a serious step in the direction of totalitarianism.

But there is clearly something less abstract that is implicit, if not fully stated, in this letter, and it appears to be the real point and purpose of it all.

You state, "The individual who is really free will discriminate in his selection of associates, his church, his political party, his reading, etc. He may even be an ornery soul who likes to send his child to the neighborhood school." And we wholeheartedly agree.

But the democratic right to discriminate extends only to the point at which another's rights are abridged. Individual freedom doesn't mean we are free to exclude any other citizen who may wish to worship in the same church, live in the same neighborhood and send his chil-

dren to the same school. And unless the store, hotel, restaurant and park that are open to the "public" are open to all the public, unless similar job opportunities are available in society on the basis of individual initiative and ability, unless there is equal justice under the law for every citizen, we do not have a free democratic society—we have an aristocracy, operated for the benefit of an elite ruling class. That isn't the kind of America we want to live in—not even as members of the elite.

LENNY BRUCE IN ILLINOIS

The *Playboy Philosophy* is more than a timely dissertation on the sexual revolution, it is an advance guide to coming events in such areas as the censorship of free speech and press. In commenting on the Chicago obscenity trial of comedian Lenny Bruce, in the May 1963 installment of *Philosophy*, immediately following Lenny's conviction, Hefner said: "Since—the acts of this particular judge and jury notwithstanding—the Lenny Bruce performance was not actually obscene, the decision will most certainly be reversed on appeal to a higher court."

It was a long time in coming, because the Court of Appeals and the Illinois Supreme Court both upheld the conviction; but now, based upon recent U.S. Supreme Court decisions in similar cases, the Illinois high court has reversed itself and decided in Bruce's favor. A Chicago newspaper carried the following story in one of its late-November issues:

LENNY BRUCE'S ACT HELD NOT OBSCENE

Reversing itself, the Illinois Supreme Court Tuesday held that a performance by comedian Lenny Bruce at a Chicago night club was not obscene.

The reversal was based on a U.S. Supreme Court decision last June in an obscenity case from another state. It struck down a previously used precedent that obscene portions of a performance must be weighed against positive values to determine which predominates.

Bruce's conviction in Circuit Court after his arrest for a performance at the Gate of Horn had been upheld June 18 by the state Supreme Court. But that ruling was vacated July 7, after the U.S. court's decision.

"Our original opinion," the state court said, "recognized the defendant's right to satirize society's attitudes on contemporary problems and to express his ideas, however bizarre, as long as the method used in so doing was not so objectionable as to render the entire performance obscene."

In view of the U.S. high court's ruling, the state court said, it is clear that the "balancing test" rule

is no longer a constitutionally acceptable method of determining whether material is obscene. "It is there made clear (the U.S. ruling) that material having any social importance is constitutionally protected," the state ruling said.

In a concurring opinion, Justice Walter V. Schaefer said, "The fact that some fragments relate to matters of social importance does not, in my opinion, always immunize the whole. But the major portion of this performance, before an adult nightclub audience, related to social problems, and most of the objectionable passages were integral parts of the protected material."

Bruce was arrested in 1963. He was sentenced to a year in prison and fined \$1000.

Every American, whether he happens to be a fan of Lenny Bruce or not (I'm not), should applaud this judicial reaffirmation of every citizen's right to free speech. And those of us who are regular readers of *PLAYBOY* and the *Philosophy* have just had another confirmation of the acumen and perception of the Editor-Publisher of our favorite magazine.

M. L. Johnson

Chicago, Illinois

The Illinois Supreme Court is to be congratulated for the judicial insight and integrity involved in this reversal of its own previous decision. If the other state and Federal courts faced with censorship cases were similarly attentive to the recent precedent-setting U.S. Supreme Court decisions in this area, the majority of the community-level infringements of free speech and press that continue to exist throughout much of the country would cease.

A few days before Lenny Bruce was exonerated by the Illinois Supreme Court, as he had previously been by the courts of California, in both San Francisco and Los Angeles, a three-judge criminal court in Manhattan found the comedian guilty (in a two-to-one split decision) under a New York State law which forbids any "obscene, indecent, immoral or impure" public performance, and sentenced him to three years in prison. As Bruce prepares to appeal an obscenity charge in still another state, the extent to which due process of law can sometimes assume the shape of extralegal harassment becomes increasingly apparent.

"The *Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our 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.



DOUBLE EXPOSURE

(continued from page 120)

not it would be saved in the girl herself. They were walking along beside the brick wall of a warehouse, a perfect background for her. If he could capture the dull desperation of her environment, and at the same time catch a look of pale-skinned, vulnerable innocence and beauty—

"All right," he said, reaching into his pocket for pencil and paper. "What are your parents' names and address?"

"What do you want that for?" she said suspiciously.

"So I can send them the pictures." No use trying to explain to this child that he would need her parents' legal release, in case he did get a picture good enough to sell.

"My dad ran off a long time ago. I live with my mother, Mrs. Loretta Norman, 573 Amber, apartment J," the girl said eagerly. "You really going to take my picture?"

"Yes. Now, what's your name?"

"Brenda. Brenda Norman."

Brenda! All that style, but no coat and no underwear, in a slum like this. He took a reading with his light meter and decided—luckily—to leave on the 90-mm. lens. He set the shutter at 1/1000 of a second—luckily. The explosion was still ten blocks and nearly an hour away, but luckily he did all the right things to have his camera ready for it.

"OK, wipe off that lipstick and eye shadow, Brenda."

"Wha-a-at?" she demanded, indignantly.

He knew how to handle kids by now. "All right, we'll take a few your way and a few mine. Don't look straight into the camera and none of that breathe-deeply stuff."

"I haven't got on any bra," she said, with a slight giggle.

"Sure, fine, but just lean against the wall there, and look across the street. Put your foot against the wall and your hands behind you, and sort of look down. Never mind your hair! Just let it fall."

"Like this?"

"No, honey, keep your head down," he said, as she tried again to thrust out her immature breasts.

"You called me 'honey,'" she said, with another giggle.

"Yeah. Just hold it. Lean against the wall more!"

He got several shots of her that way. She did not seem to feel the cold bricks, and no matter how hard she tried, she could not get her thin body into an ungraceful pose. It was her face that was all wrong. With all that dime-store make-up, she looked like a juvenile hustler waiting to earn a hamburger and a package of gum from the first degenerate to

come along.

"Let's wipe off the lipstick and that green gunk around your eyes now," he suggested.

He handed her the clean handkerchief from the breast pocket of his coat. She unfolded it carefully, watching him in a strange sort of silence as she rubbed off the make-up. She handed the handkerchief back.

"Now what do you want me to do?"

"Let's stand over there by the wall again. Same shot, only without the gunk."

She gave him another of those bold, upward glances. "What'll you give me if I let you take my picture naked?" she said.

It caught him by surprise, and so did the response of his own body. That he could feel desire for such a skinny, shabby child shocked him deeply. He looked around in confusion and panic. There was not a soul to be seen. They were alone in a slum where, as any newspaperman knew, these suggestions, these desires, this flouting of the law whether in thought or act, were quite normal.

"We can go to my place," she said. "Momma's at work. I'll go up, and you come a few minutes later. Nobody will see you! You can take me in front of a mirror, huh? How much will you give me? Five dollars?"

Why not? he thought. What can I know that she doesn't already know? And if I don't, someone else will . . .

Yet he did not, nor was it fear of the law alone that made him take a quick grip on himself. The very boldness of her proposition was a kind of innocence. Virginity, after all, was a medical technicality. Even if she had lost that or was trying to lose it, there was still much, much more to lose in her before she descended to the level of her environment.

And that was what he wanted to photograph. "Get that out of your mind right now, Brenda," he said sternly. "I'll pay your mother ten dollars for these pictures, and if it's all right with her, I'll give you another five. But now do as I say. Back to the wall!"

She went reluctantly. She wanted the five dollars, yes, but she also wanted a picture of herself naked, and she wanted him to take it. She was lonely and cold. She wanted him close to her, warming her as her precocious instincts told her he could. She wanted love.

He did not keep track of the shots he made; later, having escaped, he noticed that the counter on the film transport was at 26.

I could have gotten away with it, he thought, as he sat down in a lunchroom for a cup of coffee. I don't know what I got in the way of pictures. But I know what I missed . . .

He had not, but somebody else would.

He finished the coffee and started back to his car. He was climbing the steep alley steps to the high lot where it was parked, when he was aware of a hard flash of brilliant light behind him. His new camera, luckily ready for anything, dangled from a strap around his neck.

He turned quickly, just as a hard gust knocked him down. He found himself sitting on the top step, some 12 feet above the alley, watching a building blow itself to pieces on the other side of it. The concussion pressed him backward, but without thinking he fired his camera, cocked it and fired it, again and again, until he ran out of film.

He had used up the whole roll before the debris began to fall around him. The searing heat from the flames that were roaring up in the heap of bricks across the alley made his face smart. His ears rang, and there was no other sound in them for a moment. When he stood up, his knees trembled and he found he had lost his sense of balance.

His first thought was to call the paper, but all the nearby phones were dead. By the time he found one that worked, three blocks away, he could hear sirens. The city desk was sending a crew, so he could hurry in and print his lucky, lucky pictures. His wits were clear enough, and his hand steady enough, by the time he got to the paper. And yet, even in the excitement of the explosion, he could not rid himself of the memory of the girl, and of the strange, pitiful, about-to-be-lost expression of innocence in her thin, white face.

. . .

He printed the 25 pictures of her rapidly. Not one had the quality he had been seeking. These were photographs of a brash little tramp who was trying to look sexy, and who was succeeding in a way she could not possibly understand.

He was studying that puzzling double exposure again when the maestro returned. "Nine dead so far," the old man said, importantly. "It was a candy factory. Somebody put a steel barrel of vegetable fat on the range without opening the bung. Eight or ten more of 'em blew up before they damped out the fire, and you were right there. Lucky, lucky, lucky!"

"Sure," said Wickert, handing him the other 25 prints. "What do you think of these, maestro?"

The old man merely glanced through them before returning to the double exposure. "This is still your best shot, Wicky. Too bad you screwed it up. Best of the explosion and best of the girl."

"Right."

"Those others—snapshot stuff. This is the face of—well, of an angel."

"The others?"

"Snapshots, I said, of a little bum."

"I'm not so sure."

"Where's she live?"

"Near Grace Church, say ten blocks from the candy factory."

The maestro snorted. "In that neighborhood, for five bucks you could have shot her naked."

The old man did not see Wickert's guilty movement, nor the way the curiously mixed sensations of shame, regret and pity drove the color from his face. Wickert never wanted to see the girl again, but that remark of the maestro's warned him that he must. Had anyone happened to see him taking pictures of her, or if she talked—and kids her age did talk—he could be in serious trouble.

Firemen were still grubbing through the debris of the candy factory when he passed it, but the rest of the story was being covered by a fresh crew. He had had his luck for the day. He drove on and parked near the church. 573 Amber Street turned out to be a frame shingle-down of three stories, with a turret, a ramshackle veranda, and a fanlight of colored glass over the front door.

It was almost dusk, and the neighborhood looked grimmer and more depressingly disreputable than ever. There was no doorbell, and when he went inside, he found that every downstairs room had been converted into a separate "light housekeeping room." They seemed to be deserted, however, although he thought he could hear the murmur of voices upstairs.

By the dim light in the old-fashioned foyer, he determined that the apartments on the first floor stopped at E, and the girl and her mother lived in J. He went up the dark, shabby but still graceful old staircase, and at the top discovered why the lower floor was empty. Everyone in the house seemed to be milling around in this hall, muttering and murmuring by the light of another small bulb. There was a smell of stale cabbage, and another, quite like it, of unwashed socks.

A blowzy, blonde woman saw him and approached him suspiciously, blocking his way near the top of the stairs. "Can I help you?" she said.

"Please. I'm looking for apartment J, Mrs. Loretta Norman," Wickert said.

"Why? Are you another reporter?"

Why another? He played it safe. "No ma'am," he said, holding out the envelope of pictures. "I just want to deliver this and talk to Mrs. Norman."

"I'm afraid you can't. Give me the package. I'll see that she gets it."

He had to have the child's mother's signature. He shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't. I owe her some money, too, and I have to get a receipt."

"Money? Oh, that'll help! Every

cent's going to count now. Her little girl's dead, you know."

Wickert felt the same weak-kneed dizziness that he had felt as the debris from the explosion at the candy factory began to fall around him. "Dead?" he said. "You mean Brenda, by any chance?"

The woman began weeping. "Her only child. It was an explosion in the factory where Loretta worked."

"Let's get this straight," Wickert said thickly. "A thin girl, about fifteen?"

"Thirteen. I guess she wanted to walk home with her mother. Loretta was out on an errand—she wasn't hurt at all. But Brenda was in the kitchen, right where it happened. At least that's what they think. She never had a chance! They had to identify her by pieces of her dress."

The woman had talked herself into a good cry. "A blue dress," Wickert said, "trimmed in darker blue?"

"Yes. The only comfort is that she must have died instantly. She was right in the middle of it, the explosion, I mean. That's all they found of her, pieces of the dress."

Wickert promised to return later to make his delivery, although he knew that he never would. Have the child re-



membered by these wanton, guttersnipe pictures? Oh no! The sooner he destroyed them, the better he'd feel.

What if he had taken her up on her proposition? Suppose he *had* gone home with her, to photograph her naked? She wouldn't have gone to the candy factory then. She would have missed the explosion. This minute she would be alive.

But then what? There were so few white pigeons here, and so many gray and blue and brown ones. At least, Wickert thought, she won't be waiting here for somebody who would take her up on it.

The weight of the camera in his pocket reminded him of something the maestro had said: "Nothing's impossible with a camera." How had this one, this foolproof gem of precision machining, made a double exposure?

Or had it? He remembered something else the maestro had said: "The face of an angel." Was it really a double exposure? Or had he photographed Brenda after death, in the infinitesimal instant of transfiguration, as she escaped the earth untouched by whoever would have taken her up on the next proposition? Was that it? Was it? Was it? Was it?

PLAYBOY ALL-STARS (continued from page 96)

of jazz by Jerry Coker, formerly with Woody Herman.

The intermittent interplay between jazz and religion continued in 1964. A new jazz setting of the Eucharist, *The Whole World in His Hands*, by Bruce Prince-Joseph was performed at All Saints Episcopal Church in New York in May with Thad Jones and Melba Liston among the jazz celebrants. Pianist-composer Randy Weston took part in several church services in New York, including one appearance at 8:30 on a Sunday morning at the Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village. The occasion was, *Down Beat* noted, "one of the earliest jazz gigs since the days of the breakfast dance."

Father Norman O'Connor, the Paulist priest long associated with jazz, continued to press for the introduction of jazz into Roman Catholic services. "The music now being written for the Mass," Father O'Connor observed during the year, "should be related to our day, just as the Gregorian chants and the music of Palestrina were to theirs. I think that the church composers of 1964 should be more concerned with Duke Ellington than with Bach." (For Father O'Connor's comments on contemporary morals, see this month's *Playboy Philosophy*.)

As for developments within jazz itself,

the big-band arena remained small. Ellington, as noted, towered over the rest; but Woody Herman's orchestra, spurred by the enlistment of tenor saxophonist Andy McGhee and singer Joe Carroll, was a powerhouse of swing. The Basie band continued to sound more like a highly efficient machine than a spontaneous jazz unit. The year's major composers remained Ellington, Monk, Mingus, Gil Evans, George Russell and John Lewis, with Gary McFarland adding to his rising reputation.

Among the combos, Miles Davis strengthened his group by bringing in Wayne Shorter on tenor; Horace Silver fielded an entirely new combo; John Coltrane plunged ever more deeply into swirling improvisations that sometimes lasted as long as an hour apiece; and Bill Evans led the most absorbing and resourceful trio in jazz. The Modern Jazz Quartet became even more polished with an increasingly internationalized repertory, and the aforementioned Charles Mingus headed an instantly inflammable crew.

There were no startling "new stars," although 18-year-old Tony Williams with Miles Davis continued to startle audiences and other drummers with his wide-ranging imagination, wit and power. Long-delayed recognition was given

gnarled clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, who discovered that audiences in America and Europe were according him a quality of response reserved for jazz titans.

Musicians on the way up included Albert Ayler, a demoniacally intense, avant-garde tenor saxophonist. Also on the ascent were tenor men Booker Ervin and Archie Shepp; alto saxophonists Jimmy Woods and John Tchicai; trombonist Grachan Moncur III; vibists Bobby Hutcherson and Gary Burton; pianists Don Friedman, Paul Bley and Andrew Hill; bassists Steve Swallow, Ron Carter, Richard Davis and David Izenzon; and drummer Sonny Murray.

Although jobs for relatively unknown jazzmen were in scarce supply, there was no diminution of creative experimentation in jazz during the past year. The work of the musicians already cited underlined the basic changes that were taking place in the jazz language—a greater withdrawal from conventional chord structures and, for that matter, from any chord structures; an emphasis on a more flexible, subtle and sometimes never explicitly stated jazz beat; and a growing interest in materials from other folk traditions, including the Hindu and the African.

Nonetheless, Stan Kenton, long identified as a searcher after the new in jazz, proclaimed during a panel discussion at the University of California at Los Angeles in the spring that "jazz is finished." The prophet explained that "jazz as we've known it is losing its individual identity because so many of its qualities have been taken over by musicians in other areas. Jazz stars," Kenton predicted dourly, "will simply not rise as they have in the past. We've seen our last Ellington. There are no more contributions to make."

Nowhere in the jazz community did Kenton receive any support for his Cassandra-like keening. By the fall, Kenton himself had established a permanent orchestra in Los Angeles to perform "exceptionally exciting" modern works by American and foreign composers. Its name: the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra.

Instead of paying heed to Kenton's prognosis, a group of young jazzmen at the end of the year asserted that not only is the music more alive and distinctive than it ever was, but that a growing audience does exist for the avant-garde—if the musicians can reach it. Following a successful four-day exposure of the avant-garde in a series called *The October Revolution in Jazz* at a club on New York's Upper West Side, a nucleus of players formed a cooperative movement in late October. Included were trumpeter Bill Dixon, pianist-composer Cecil Taylor, leader-composer Sun Ra, alto



"Oh, him . . . ! That's my friend, Charlie—he's been spending a few nights with me while you've been away!"

saxophonist John Tchicai, trombonist Roswell Rudd and tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp. The jazz co-op members planned to establish a playing and rehearsal headquarters in New York and also intended to form their own record company. Eventually other musicians will be invited to join under the provision that they work only through the co-operative. "We are trying," said a spokesman for the new organization, "for a new American revolution—the abolition of the middleman in jazz." Another illustration of the nascent self-help movement among jazz musicians was Charles Mingus' announcement that he himself would sell recordings by mail of his wildly received Monterey Festival performances.

Even Dizzy Gillespie, who has no problems in finding work, was also thinking in terms of an association of jazz musicians. His plan, which he had already discussed with Max Roach and others by the fall, calls for a kind of co-operative which might in time function as a musician-owned booking office and which would also produce concerts as well as act as a spokesman for jazz players in establishing policies in night clubs and with record companies.

A different trend toward jazzmen's becoming involved in communal action was the enlistment of jazz musicians in HARYOU-ACT (Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited and the Associated Community Teams), a massive project, financed by the Federal Government and the city of New York, to stimulate the youth of central Harlem to find and act on their capacities. The project is involved in a wide range of stimuli—from participation in the arts to organizing neighborhoods for social change. Jazz bassist Julian Euell is a key staff member, and trumpeter Kenny Dorham helps coach the large HARYOU jazz band. A number of established musicians—Clifford Jordan, Barry Harris and Walter Bishop among them—have also played for and advised the Harlem youngsters. In 1965 more bands, including a number of combos, will be formed as part of HARYOU-ACT.

Meanwhile, there are indications that other such social-action centers around the country are beginning to plan the enlistment of jazz musicians as staff members to reach the "alienated" young and spur them to express themselves through music. At the end of the year, therefore, signs were more and more clear that jazz is not only far from dead, but is starting to extend its influence into wider areas of activity—both internationally and in terms of such community-organization projects as HARYOU-ACT. Said one young experimental jazzman in New York: "We may have to go back into the streets—where jazz started

—to find our audiences. But we are going to find them. And if we get them young enough, we're going to train them to become the hippest audiences jazz has ever had."

• • •

While 1964's last bars were being played, PLAYBOY's readers and the magazine's 1964 All-Stars' All-Stars were casting their votes in the ninth annual Playboy Jazz Poll. The readers were deciding who would make up the 1965 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band; the musicians were asked to choose this year's All-Stars' All-Stars. There were large areas of agreement between musicians and readers but, as in the past, differences of opinion were conspicuously in evidence. Those 1964 Playboy Jazz Medal winners eligible to vote in their own poll were: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, John Coltrane, Bill Comstock (Four Freshmen), Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Philly Joe Jones, Henry Mancini, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding, Peter Yarrow (Peter, Paul & Mary) and Si Zentner.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: The only change from last year's top five rankings was Maynard Ferguson moving up to fourth while Stan Kenton dropped to fifth. 1. Duke Ellington; 2. Count Basie; 3. Woody Herman; 4. Maynard Ferguson; 5. Stan Kenton.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: The first three trumpet slots remained the same, but Freddie Hubbard edged up to fourth, with Art Farmer taking over fifth place. 1. Dizzy Gillespie; 2. Miles Davis; 3. Clark Terry; 4. Freddie Hubbard; 5. Art Farmer.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: J. J. again had no competition; all the changes occurred in the lower echelons, as three bone men tied for fifth. 1. J. J. Johnson; 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Kai Winding; 4. Urbie Green; 5. Carl Fontana, Tyree Glenn, Frank Rosolino.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: The Cannonball Express moved back into first place, unseating last year's winner, Paul Desmond. Phil Woods edged up to exchange fourth for third with Sonny Stitt. 1. Cannonball Adderley; 2. Paul Desmond; 3. Phil Woods; 4. Sonny Stitt; 5. Johnny Hodges.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: Last year's top three remained the same, but Sonny Stitt managed to finish fourth on what for him was a secondary instrument. 1. Stan Getz; 2. John Coltrane; 3. Zoot Sims; 4. Sonny Stitt; 5. James Moody, Sonny Rollins.

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ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: Gerry Mulligan again led all the rest as the only change in the baritone front-runners found Charlie Davis displacing Cecil Payne for fourth place. 1. **Gerry Mulligan**; 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Charlie Davis; 5. Cecil Payne.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: The only "new" faces in the clarinet listings showed up in the fourth and fifth slots as Pete Fountain won the former while Bill Smith ranked number five. 1. **Buddy DeFranco**; 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Jimmy Giuffre; 4. Pete Fountain; 5. Bill Smith.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Only Hank Jones' tying Thelonious Monk for fourth position changed the order of last year's top finishers. 1. **Oscar Peterson**; 2. Bill Evans; 3. Dave Brubeck; 4. Hank Jones, Thelonious Monk.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: The shake-up among last year's top five was considerable; Herb Ellis took over third, Jimmy Raney, fourth, while Kenny Burrell dropped to fifth. 1. **Wes Montgomery**; 2. Jim Hall; 3. Herb Ellis; 4. Jimmy Raney; 5. Kenny Burrell.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Only champ Ray Brown was *status quo* this go-round. Red Mitchell moved up a notch to second, while Ron Carter took over his spot. Percy Heath and Milt Hinton, unplaced last year, tied for fourth. 1. **Ray Brown**; 2. Red Mitchell; 3. Ron Carter; 4. Percy Heath, Milt Hinton.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: One of the Jones boys is again number-one skin man, but this year it's Elvin, as Philly Joe slipped badly to fifth position. 1. **Elvin Jones**; 2. Art Blakey; 3. Shelly Manne; 4. Joe Morello; 5. Philly Joe Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: Except for Milt Jackson's continued domination of this category, there was much activity in the ranks, with Roland Kirk, unplaced last year, finishing second and Yusef Lateef putting in an appearance for the first time. 1. **Milt Jackson, vibes**; 2. Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch*; 3. Jimmy Smith, *organ*; 4. Yusef Lateef, *flute*; 5. Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Last year's one-two finish of Sinatra and Charles was reprised for '65, but Mel Tormé edged back into the finishers along with Nat Cole. 1. **Frank Sinatra**; 2. Ray Charles; 3. Tony Bennett; 4. Nat "King" Cole, Mel Tormé.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Among musicians, Ella was the most popular figure in jazzdom. Carmen McRae came from out of nowhere this year to tie the Divine Sarah for second place, dropping Nancy Wilson to fourth and Peggy Lee to fifth. 1. **Ella Fitzgerald**; 2. Carmen McRae, Sarah Vaughan; 4. Nancy Wilson; 5. Peggy Lee.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL

COMBO: Dave Brubeck's foursome once more shaded the Peterson three as the MJQ moved up to a third-place tie with Cannonball's contingent. 1. **Dave Brubeck Quartet**; 2. Oscar Peterson Trio; 3. Cannonball Adderley Sextet, Modern Jazz Quartet; 5. Miles Davis Quintet, Dizzy Gillespie Quintet.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: This year's top five had a decidedly Gallic flavor as the Double Six of Paris carried off the winner's laurels while the Swingle Singers rocketed to fourth. 1. **Double Six of Paris**; 2. Four Freshmen; 3. Hi-Lo's; 4. Swingle Singers; 5. Peter, Paul & Mary.

Our readers' choices in the poll, a deluge of ballots, returned a flock of old favorites to their thrones, but there were longtime idols shattered.

Henry Mancini widened the gap between himself and the also-rans for leader of the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. Stan Kenton, who was edged out by Mancini last year, dropped to fourth behind Duke Ellington and Count Basie. Maynard Ferguson repeated last year's fifth-place finish, while Herdsman Herman slipped past Quincy Jones into sixth.

PLAYBOY's trumpet section continues last year's personnel with Gillespie and Armstrong changing chairs; Louis is now third, Diz fourth. Worthy of mention is Chet Baker's reappearance in the listings, having achieved a highly respectable (after so long a hiatus) tenth-place finish.

The trombone section changed not at all in either personnel or position. Jack Teagarden's passing removed a formidable contender from the race as Slide Hampton moved up to fill the Big T's vacant fifth slot.

Cannonball Adderley as first alto sax, and Paul Desmond as second, repeated last year's conquests, with third through fifth finishers also *status quo*. Art Pepper, long absent from the jazz ranks, returned to finish tenth.

As with the altos, the tenor sax one-two finish of 1964 was encored, with Stan Getz, via his *Girl from Ipanema*, more popular than ever (and the most popular musician in the readers' poll). Lined up in back of runner-up John Coltrane were a number of chaps who finished in much the same order as last year.

The baritone-sax stew seems always to wind up Mulligan. The rest of the troops finished far behind in the balloting.

The clarinetists strung out in back of winner Pete Fountain did very little leapfrogging this year. Woody Herman went two rungs higher to fourth, while Acker Bilk displaced the Swing King for second.

While Dave Brubeck again won piano honors handily, there were upheavals among the contenders, with Peter Nero



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moving up to second from fourth and the Monk zooming to third from eighth.

Charlie Byrd, repeating his guitar win of last year, again had Nashville's pride, Chet Atkins, hard on his heels. The rest of the field trailed in the distance.

For the first time since its inception, the Playboy Jazz Poll has a new people's choice on bass. Charles Mingus, who really came into his own this past year, also came into a Playboy Jazz Medal, just edging out bass titan Ray Brown. The next three were dittoed from 1964.

There was almost no movement up or down in the skin trade as Brubeck man Morello again dominated his drumming confreres. Ageless Gene Krupa did manage to edge out almost-as-ageless Shelly Manne for the runner-up slot.

Vibist Lionel Hampton, Krupa's old-time Goodman partner, again drew the hosannas of *vox populi* in the miscellaneous-instrument category, as the next six places changed very little from 1964.

Frank Sinatra once more made a run-away of the male-vocalist voting, but there were interesting carryings-on farther down the list. Johnny Mathis dropped from third to sixth and young Jack Jones, in a first-year showing, came in an incredible fourth. Sammy Davis Jr., who seemed to be everywhere this past year, soared from ninth to fifth.

The big explosion was in the distaff-vocalist balloting. Perennial winner Ella was toppled at last as *Funny Girl* Barbara Streisand came up with a handful of votes more than second-place finisher Nancy Wilson. Miss Fitz had to be satisfied with third. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

Although the Dave Brubeck Quartet again made a shambles of the instrumental-combo results, the natives were restless below them. The great leap forward was taken by the Stan Getz Quartet, which advanced from fourteenth to third. Al Hirt's Bourbon Street bunch jumped to second from fifth.

Peter, Paul & Mary had the vocal-group voting all to themselves as the breakup of the Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan trio eliminated their strongest competition. The Swingle Singers made their mark on the standings in fine fashion, finishing fifth, while their compatriots, the Double Six of Paris, advanced from thirteenth to sixth.

The following is a tabulation of the many thousands of votes cast in this biggest of all jazz polls. The names of the jazzmen who won places on the 1965 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band are in bold-face type. In some categories, there are two or more winners in order to make up a full-scale jazz orchestra. Artists polling fewer than 100 votes are not listed; in categories where two choices were allowed, those receiving fewer than 200 votes are not listed; in categories where four votes were allowed, no one with under 400 votes is listed.

(continued on next page)

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LEADER

1. Henry Mancini	10,373
2. Duke Ellington	3,144
3. Count Basie	3,080
4. Stan Kenton	3,010
5. Maynard Ferguson	1,076
6. Woody Herman	1,070
7. Quincy Jones	1,051
8. Ray Conniff	1,021
9. Gil Evans	870
10. Gerry Mulligan	858
11. Si Zentner	738
12. Dizzy Gillespie	695
13. Gerald Wilson	582
14. Benny Goodman	571
15. Nelson Riddle	440
16. Lionel Hampton	384
17. Oliver Nelson	339
18. Les Elgart	275
19. Les Brown	251
20. Harry James	217
21. Ted Heath	160
22. Billy May	130
23. Pete Rugolo	111
24. Marty Paich	101

TRUMPET

1. Miles Davis	18,093
2. Al Hirt	15,907
3. Louis Armstrong	12,281
4. Dizzy Gillespie	12,067
5. Maynard Ferguson	7,976
6. Jonah Jones	6,043
7. Nat Adderley	4,147
8. Bobby Hackett	3,928
9. Clark Terry	3,442
10. Chet Baker	3,300
11. Art Farmer	3,182
12. Doc Severinsen	3,173
13. Harry James	3,049
14. Billy Butterfield	2,553
15. Shorty Rogers	1,641
16. Donald Byrd	1,175
17. Pete Candoli	1,062
18. Lee Morgan	1,033
19. Conte Candoli	951
20. Roy Eldridge	933
21. Red Nichols	833
22. Freddie Hubbard	827
23. Don Cherry	583
24. Blue Mitchell	552
24. Jack Sheldon	552
26. Thad Jones	534
27. Wild Bill Davison	502
28. Carmell Jones	449
29. Don Ellis	446
30. Buck Clayton	427
31. Charlie Shavers	405
32. Joe Newman	400

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson	18,480
2. Kai Winding	13,905
3. Si Zentner	13,492
4. Bob Brookmeyer	9,905
5. Slide Hampton	4,915
6. Urbie Green	3,591
7. Frank Rosolino	3,159
8. Curtis Fuller	2,905
9. Turk Murphy	2,882
10. J. C. Higginbotham	2,642
11. Jimmy Cleveland	2,532
12. Dave Baker	2,399
13. Kid Ory	2,177
14. Milt Bernhart	1,927
15. Bennie Green	1,722
16. Bob Fitzpatrick	1,551
17. Quentin Jackson	1,401
18. Carl Fontana	1,372

19. Dick Nash	1,367
20. Al Grey	1,346
21. Bill Harris	1,327
22. Trummy Young	1,298
23. Fred Assunto	1,282
24. Wayne Henderson	1,115
25. Harry Betts	1,082
26. Lawrence Brown	1,043
27. Wilbur De Paris	1,023
28. Phil Wilson	746
29. Benny Powell	727
30. Lou McGarity	667
31. Jimmy Knepper	663
32. Tommy Pederson	628
33. Vic Dickenson	603
34. Cutty Cutshall	586
35. Benny Morton	528
36. Dickie Wells	527
37. Albert Mangelsdorff	470
38. Melba Liston	418

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley	16,962
2. Paul Desmond	15,872
3. Earl Bostic	3,262
4. Johnny Hodges	2,650
5. Zoot Sims	1,745
6. Ornette Coleman	1,423
7. Sonny Stitt	1,418
8. Bud Shank	1,403
9. Paul Horn	1,374
10. Art Pepper	1,219
11. Ted Nash	1,032
12. James Moody	890
13. Phil Woods	843
14. Benny Carter	773
15. Jackie McLean	745
16. Hank Crawford	695
17. Lee Konitz	683
18. Charlie Mariano	567
19. Gabe Baltazar	528
20. Jimmy Woods	476
21. Lou Donaldson	468
22. Willie Smith	411
23. Al Belletto	395
24. Lennie Niehaus	391
25. Walt Levinsky	381
26. Herb Geller	328
27. John Handy	270
28. Leo Wright	268
29. Gigi Gryce	239

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz	22,132
2. John Coltrane	9,324
3. Coleman Hawkins	3,198
4. Sonny Rollins	3,092
5. Zoot Sims	1,487
6. "Fathead" Newman	1,279
7. Yusef Lateef	1,068
8. Bud Freeman	990
9. Eddie Harris	935
10. Roland Kirk	892
11. Al Cohn	880
12. Eddie Davis	851
13. Ben Webster	815
14. Sam Donahue	730
15. Georgie Auld	635
16. Paul Gonsalves	626
17. Hank Mobley	606
18. Illinois Jacquet	586
19. Dave Pell	555
20. Buddy Tate	550
21. Sonny Stitt	520
22. James Moody	487
23. Plas Johnson	481
24. Jimmy Heath	480
25. Sal Nistico	461
26. Eddie Miller	412

27. Stanley Turrentine	411
28. Bob Cooper	382
29. Vido Musso	356
30. Benny Golson	335
31. Bill Perkins	333
32. Charles Lloyd	296
33. Al Klink	255
34. Richie Kamuca	251
35. Flip Phillips	227
36. Teddy Edwards	219
36. Booker Ervin	219
38. Budd Johnson	203

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan	20,143
2. Jimmy Giuffre	1,241
3. Pepper Adams	901
4. Bud Shank	879
5. Charles Davis	876
6. Harry Carney	643
7. Chuck Gentry	595
8. Lonnie Shaw	581
9. Sahib Shihab	567
10. Jerome Richardson	459
11. Jack Nimitz	436
12. Peter Leeds	376
13. Frank Hittner	352
14. Bill Hood	345
15. Ernie Caceres	236
16. Clifford Scott	234
17. Jay Cameron	231
18. Stanley Webb	228
19. Cecil Payne	181

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain	10,496
2. Acker Bilk	3,871
3. Benny Goodman	3,740
4. Woody Herman	2,963
5. Buddy DeFranco	2,359
6. Jimmy Giuffre	2,206
7. Paul Horn	1,042
8. Pee Wee Russell	852
9. Buddy Collette	691
10. Phil Woods	436
11. Jimmy Hamilton	368
12. Tony Scott	331
13. Bill Smith	302
14. Sol Yaged	215
15. Edmond Hall	163
16. Matty Matlock	135
17. Barney Bigard	111
18. Peanuts Hucko	102

PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck	7,331
2. Peter Nero	3,727
3. Thelonious Monk	2,596
4. Oscar Peterson	2,503
5. André Previn	2,345
6. George Shearing	1,351
7. Erroll Garner	1,304
8. Ahmad Jamal	1,239
9. Bill Evans	1,162
10. Count Basie	1,067
11. Ramsey Lewis	963
12. Duke Ellington	687
13. Vince Guaraldi	456
14. Mose Allison	418
15. Les McCann	350
16. Don Shirley	272
17. John Lewis	267
18. Horace Silver	255
19. Teddy Wilson	231
20. Wynton Kelly	221
20. McCoy Tyner	221
22. Eddie Heywood	153
22. Pete Jolly	153
24. Earl "Fatha" Hines	136

24. Junior Mance	136
26. Phincas Newborn, Jr.	100

GUITAR

1. Charlie Byrd	7,148
2. Chet Atkins	6,961
3. Wes Montgomery	2,083
4. Laurindo Almeida	1,575
5. Jim Hall	1,467
6. Kenny Burrell	1,379
7. Barney Kessel	1,366
8. Herb Ellis	948
9. Eddie Condon	855
10. Les Paul	779
11. Johnny Smith	712
12. Tony Mottola	698
13. Al Viola	531
14. Bola Sete	391
15. Howard Roberts	382
16. Joe Pass	347
17. Sal Salvador	344
18. Mundell Lowe	318
19. Gabor Szabo	263
20. Freddie Green	235
21. George Van Eps	223
22. Al Hendrickson	200
23. Oscar Moore	184
24. Grant Green	161
25. João Gilberto	136
26. Bill Harris	111
27. Johnny Gray	102

BASS

1. Charles Mingus	6,091
2. Ray Brown	6,074
3. Gene Wright	2,644
4. Paul Chambers	1,250
5. Art Davis	968
6. Percy Heath	801
7. Leroy Vinnegar	715
8. Norman Bates	687
9. Sam Jones	683
10. Monk Montgomery	659
11. Chubby Jackson	582
12. Bob Haggart	571
13. Red Mitchell	540
14. El Dee Young	525
15. Leroy Betts	491
16. Don Bagley	488
17. Buddy Clark	483
18. Arvell Shaw	430
19. Milt Hinton	411
20. Eddie Safranski	407
21. Ron Carter	403
22. Pops Foster	298
23. Slam Stewart	291
24. Eddie Jones	266
25. Gary Peacock	263
26. Howard Rumsey	232
26. Joe Benjamin	232
28. Chuck Andrus	219
29. Mike Rubin	194
30. George Tucker	191
31. Red Callender	176
32. Major Holley	175
33. Monty Budwig	171
34. Bill Crow	168
35. Joe Mondragon	103

DRUMS

1. Joe Morello	7,840
2. Gene Krupa	4,339
3. Shelly Manne	3,161
4. Cozy Cole	1,956
5. Art Blakey	1,875
6. Buddy Rich	1,315
7. Philly Joe Jones	1,201
8. Max Roach	871
9. Chico Hamilton	832

10. Louis Bellson	602
11. Elvin Jones	596
12. Ed Thigpen	515
13. Rufus Jones	443
14. Jo Jones	430
15. Sonny Payne	410
16. Connie Kay	284
17. Jack Sperling	280
18. Jake Hanna	271
19. Red Holt	243
20. Mel Lewis	214
21. Sandy Nelson	203
22. Dave Bailey	161
22. Sam Woodyard	161
24. Ringo Starr	160
25. Stan Levey	155
26. Danny Barcelona	152
27. Louis Hayes	146
28. Sonny Greer	142
29. Roy Haynes	139
29. Vernel Fournier	139
31. Ron Jefferson	123
32. Frank Capp	121
33. Tony Williams	101
34. Nick Fatool	100

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

1. Lionel Hampton, <i>vibes</i> ..	5,821
2. Herbie Mann, <i>flute</i> ..	3,459
3. Jimmy Smith, <i>organ</i> ..	2,904
4. Milt Jackson, <i>vibes</i> ..	1,802
5. Cal Tjader, <i>vibes</i> ..	1,746
6. Miles Davis, <i>Flügelhorn</i> ..	1,731
7. John Coltrane, <i>soprano sax</i> ..	1,423
8. Yusef Lateef, <i>flute</i> ..	867
9. Chet Baker, <i>Flügelhorn</i> ..	846
10. Roland Kirk, <i>manzello, stritch</i> ..	759
11. Red Norvo, <i>vibes</i> ..	746
12. Candido, <i>bongo</i> ..	719
13. Art Van Damme, <i>accordion</i> ..	708
14. Terry Gibbs, <i>vibes</i> ..	627
15. Clark Terry, <i>Flügelhorn</i> ..	476
16. Gary Burton, <i>vibes</i> ..	443
17. Paul Horn, <i>flute</i> ..	371
18. Art Farmer, <i>Flügelhorn</i> ..	343
19. Shorty Rogers, <i>Flügelhorn</i> ..	338
20. Bud Shank, <i>flute</i> ..	303
21. Dick Roberts, <i>banjo</i> ..	267
22. Shirley Scott, <i>organ</i> ..	261
23. Buddy Collette, <i>flute</i> ..	258
24. Ray Starling, <i>mellophonium</i> ..	255
25. Milt Buckner, <i>organ</i> ..	239
26. James Moody, <i>flute</i> ..	203
27. Ray Brown, <i>cello</i> ..	201
28. Bob Rosengarden, <i>bongo</i> ..	187
29. Frank Wess, <i>flute</i> ..	176
30. Leo Diamond, <i>harmonica</i> ..	148
31. Larry Bunker, <i>vibes</i> ..	144
31. Steve Lacy, <i>soprano sax</i> ..	144
33. Jesse Fuller, <i>harmonica</i> ..	139
34. Julius Watkins, <i>French horn</i> ..	123
34. Don Elliott, <i>vibes, mellophone</i> ..	123
36. Victor Feldman, <i>vibes</i> ..	120
37. Jean Thielemans, <i>harmonica</i> ..	119
38. Bob Cooper, <i>oboe</i> ..	111
38. Charles Lloyd, <i>flute</i> ..	111

MALE VOCALIST

1. Frank Sinatra	6,331
2. Ray Charles	3,464
3. Andy Williams	1,891
4. Jack Jones	1,888
5. Sammy Davis Jr.	1,767
6. Johnny Mathis	1,412
7. Mel Tormé	1,404
8. Harry Belafonte	1,144
9. Trini Lopez	1,088
10. Tony Bennett	1,010
11. Mose Allison	931
12. Oscar Brown, Jr.	911
13. Joe Williams	899
14. Nat "King" Cole	755
15. Dean Martin	686
16. Louis Armstrong	567
17. Steve Lawrence	435
18. Buddy Greco	371
19. Jon Hendricks	301
20. Bobby Darin	280
21. Arthur Prysock	258
22. Lightnin' Hopkins	240
23. Johnny Hartman	227
24. Vic Damone	192
24. Billy Eckstine	192
26. John Gary	183
27. Mark Murphy	179
28. Frankie Laine	151
29. Brook Benton	131
30. Lou Rawls	126
31. Jimmy Witherspoon	124
32. Bing Crosby	123
33. Fats Domino	119
34. Bill Henderson	114
35. Frank D'Rone	100

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Barbra Streisand ..	6,575
2. Nancy Wilson	6,432
3. Ella Fitzgerald	4,524
4. Joan Baez	1,819
5. Julie London	1,143
6. Peggy Lee	975
7. Nina Simone	741
8. Connie Francis	596
9. Eydie Gormé	585
10. Carmen McRae	521
11. Sarah Vaughan	487
12. Della Reese	376
13. June Christy	367
14. Doris Day	350
15. Gloria Lynne	295
16. Pearl Bailey	284
17. Keely Smith	255
18. Vikki Carr	242
19. Joanie Sommers	236
20. Miriam Makeba	210
21. Jennie Smith	208
22. Mahalia Jackson	195
23. Anita O'Day	172
24. Judy Garland	163
25. Diahann Carroll	159
26. Carol Sloane	147
27. Lena Horne	134
28. Ethel Ennis	131
28. Jo Stafford	131
30. Astrud Gilberto	122
31. Dakota Staton	120
32. Aretha Franklin	116
33. Jaye P. Morgan	112
34. Annie Ross	107

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. Dave Brubeck Quartet ..	9,108
2. Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet ..	2,271
3. Stan Getz Quartet ..	1,427
4. Oscar Peterson Trio ..	1,372



5. Miles Davis Quintet ..	1,303
6. Modern Jazz Quartet ..	1,240
7. George Shearing Quintet ..	1,235
8. Louis Armstrong All-Stars ..	1,067
9. Cannonball Adderley Sextet ..	956
10. Ramsey Lewis Trio ..	903
11. Thelonious Monk Quartet ..	727
12. Ahmad Jamal Trio ..	687
13. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers ..	624
14. Charlie Byrd Trio ..	535
14. John Coltrane Quartet ..	535
16. André Previn Trio ..	521
17. Gerry Mulligan Quartet ..	419
18. Dizzy Gillespie Quintet ..	407
19. Kai Winding Sextet ..	391
20. Cal Tjader Quintet ..	368
21. Jazz Crusaders ..	351
22. Dukes of Dixieland ..	341
22. Vince Guaraldi Trio ..	341
24. Erroll Garner Trio ..	252
25. Les McCann Ltd.	239
26. Charles Mingus Sextet ..	235
27. Bill Evans Trio	220
28. Horace Silver Quintet ..	192
29. Jonah Jones Quartet ..	183
30. Chet Baker Quintet ..	179
31. Nina Simone and her Trio ..	171
32. Terry Brookmeyer Quintet ..	168
33. Gene Krupa Quartet ..	162
34. Shelly Manne and his Men ..	152
35. Firehouse Five plus Two ..	139

36. Turk Murphy's Jazz Band ..	122
37. Red Nichols' Five Pennies ..	115
37. Paul Winter Sextet ..	115
39. Art Farmer Quartet ..	106
40. Chico Hamilton Quintet ..	102

VOCAL GROUP

1. Peter, Paul & Mary ..	6,620
2. Four Freshmen	3,123
3. Chad Mitchell Trio ..	2,312
4. Kingston Trio	1,919
5. Swingle Singers	1,739
6. Double Six of Paris ..	1,667
7. Jon Hendricks Singers ..	1,454
8. Hi-Lo's	1,379
9. J's with Jamie	1,068
10. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral ..	964
11. Limelites	838
12. Brothers Four	808
13. The Raelets	648
14. Platters	551
14. Kirby Stone Four ..	551
16. New Christy Minstrels ..	521
17. Mills Brothers	471
18. Clancy Bros. & Makem ..	464
19. Anita Kerr Singers ..	328
20. Weavers	307
21. Beatles	295
21. Mary Kaye Trio	295
23. Ink Spots	261
24. Clara Ward Singers ..	216
25. Ames Brothers	188
26. Modernaires	183
27. Four Lads	171
28. King Sisters	167
29. McGuire Sisters	132



SOUNDS OF '65 (continued from page 128)

separate tone controls for left and right channels. Electro-Voice's foray into transistorized electronic merchandise is spearheaded by two FM stereo receivers, the 80-watt E-V 88 (\$397) and the 40-watt E-V 77 (\$297), which eschew the conventional long-flat silhouette and come in more boxlike shapes. Other contenders in the transistorized tuner-amplifier sweepstakes come from H. H. Scott (Model 344, 50 watts, \$429.95), Bogen (Model RT 6000, 60 watts, \$399.95), Pilot (Model TR-702, 70 watts, \$399.50) and Bell (Imperial 1000, 80 watts, \$499.95). We should point out that experienced kit builders can save themselves a wad of cash with Eico's all-transistor, 66-watt Model 3566 (\$229.95 in kit form, or \$349.95 factory wired).

The audio perfectionist who favors separated tuner and amplification gear can have it transistorized, too. There's room here to mention only a few of the highlights. There is the KLH Model 18 stereo FM tuner (\$129.95), which is small and light enough to be held in the palm of one hand; the Allied Knight KN265, FM/AM tuner (\$179.95), with a dynamic side-band regulation to reduce FM distortion; the Heath Company AM/FM/FM-stereo tuner (\$129.95 in kit only), a 25-transistor model with adjustable FM squelch to stop between-station noise when tuning across the dial; the James B. Lansing Graphic Controller (\$450), a *ne plus ultra* preamplifier featuring straight-line slide controls and such bonus refinements as a 1000-cycle test tone generator for speaker balancing and orientation; Harman-Kardon's 80-watt Citation B (\$335 in kit form, or \$425 factory wired), a basic amplifier designed to deliver full undistorted power from 15 to 50,000 cps; the Acoustech V (\$299), an integrated 60-watt control amplifier employing silicon output transistors and individual circuit boards from preamplifier and amplifier stages; and the Sherwood S-9000 (\$299.50), another all-silicon control amplifier, rated at a giant 150 watts.

However, not all that glitters electronically this season is *ipso facto* solid state. The Marantz Model 10B (\$650), a "state of the art" FM tuner with oscilloscope multipath indicator which indicates when your antenna is pointed directly at the signal source, relies exclusively on vacuum tubes—as does this entire Marantz line of preamps and power amplifiers. Dynaco, the Philadelphia manufacturer that specializes in no-frills equipment with impressive specifications, is also remaining loyal to tubes. Other companies are dividing their allegiance by turning out hybrid tube/transistor models. The McIntosh MA-230 (\$349), a 60-watt integrated control amplifier, goes solid state in the preamp stage, then switches to tubes for

the power amplifier. Altec Lansing's Model 708A stereo FM receiver (\$597) espouses tubes for the tuner portion and transistors thereafter.

. . .

In speaker design the trend is toward new shapes and sizes. There's a deluge of small-to-tiny boxes that produce more sound from minimal cubic volume than we ever thought possible. There is also an epidemic of exotic models that aren't even boxes at all. We'll begin with the latter category by noting the appearance on the audio landscape of Acoustica Associates, a West Coast outfit responsible for introducing the Omnisonic Lamp-Speaker. To the untutored eye, Omnisonics are just lamps—either of the table or ceiling variety—but plug them into an amplifier and they radiate music. The secret lies in a wide-dispersion electrostatic tweeter located in the lamp shade and a 6-inch cone woofer hidden in the base. They combine to produce a very respectable blend of sound, if not quite rafter-shaking in power and range. Prices hover around the \$200 mark. Another offbeat system comes from Empire Scientific with its cylindrical, marble-topped Royal Grenadier, Model 9000 (\$260). Cashed in the base of this portly pillar is a 15-inch high-compliance woofer. Mid- and high-frequency drivers are situated behind a die-cut acoustic lens on the curved surface. If you will settle for a 12-inch woofer without the marble, Empire can supply you with its Model 8000 at a somewhat lower cost.

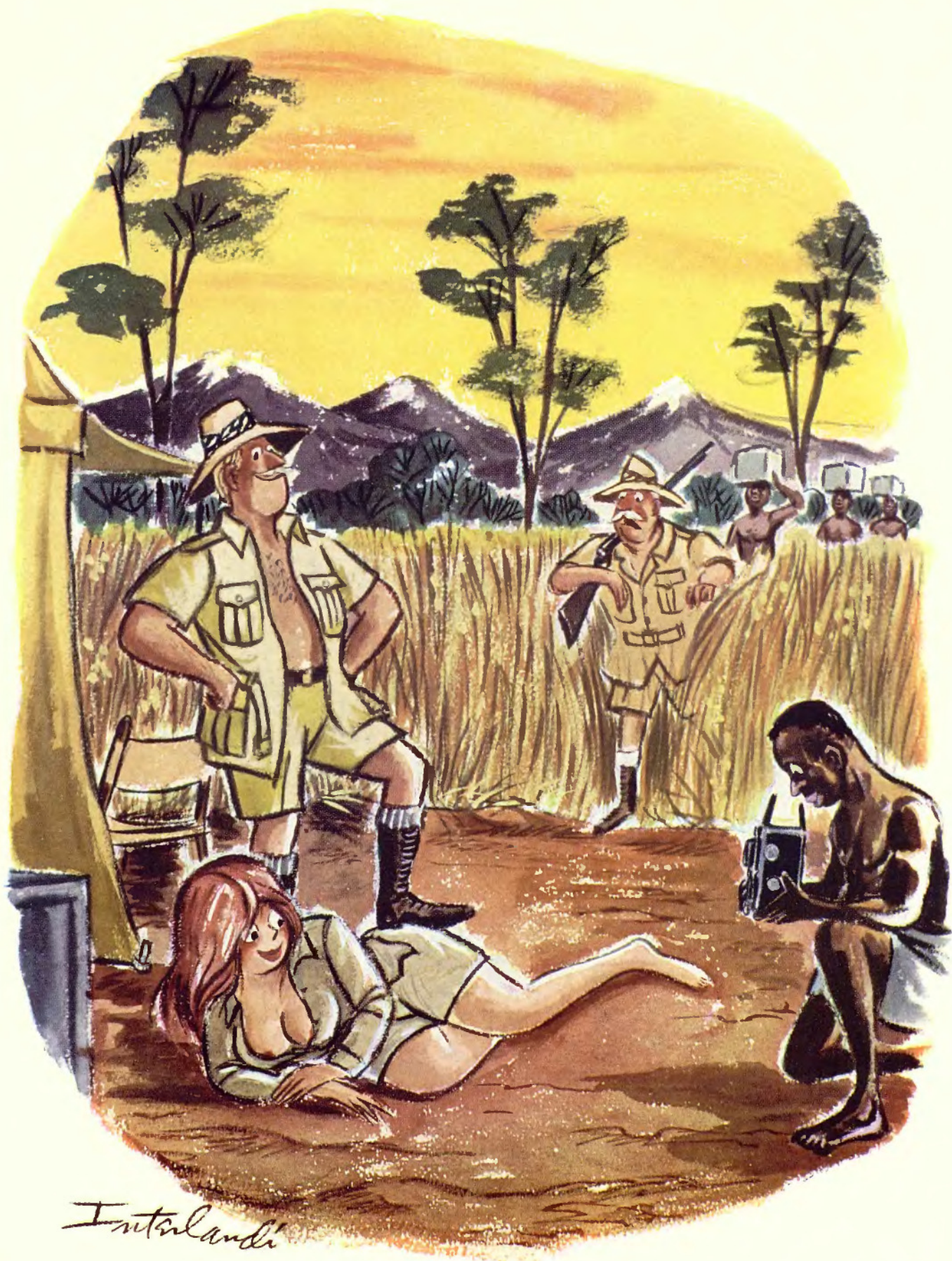
Should the lamp-shade or pillar ploys not appeal, you can try a series of expensive handmade speakers in the shape of screens or picture frames. Joining the already established screenlike KLH Nine (\$1140 per pair) in the full-range electrostatic field is the similarly styled Acoustech X (\$1690 per pair), a system designed by Janszen with its own solid-state power amplifiers and crossover networks. From France comes the Orthophase Model OR-12 (\$785), a tilted panel roughly 28 inches square and 7 inches deep, incorporating a dozen of the much-touted Ge-Go induction cells. Each cell consists of expanded plastic foam onto which a zigzag of aluminum stripping has been laminated. Ceramic magnets between the strips cause the whole cell to vibrate uniformly when energized by an audio signal, and 12 cells working together reproduce the full musical spectrum with striking clarity and power. University's Syl-O-Ette (\$95.95) puts an ultrathin woofer and tweeter combination into a picture-frame enclosure. The same company's Tri-Planar (\$79.95) achieves what may be the ultimate in thinness by encasing a wood-panel doublet speaker system in a frame that measures 1 3/4 inches across.

The traditional bookshelf speaker no longer requires outside shelving for installation. In fact, the appellation may soon be changed to shoe-box speaker. Beginning at the dwarf end of the scale, we've been properly dazzled by Goodmans' Maximus I (\$59.50), which packs some very major performance into some very minor dimensions (10 1/2" x 5 1/2" x 7 1/4"). The drivers—a heavy-magnet woofer and a backloaded midrange/high-frequency unit with crossover at 1900 cps—were especially developed in England for this miniaturized system. Sonotone's Sonomaster RM-1 (\$42.50) and University's Mini-Flex II (\$49.50) measure a few inches more in each direction, but still seem minuscule by usual standards. Both contain 6-inch woofers, and the Sonomaster features a calibrated level control for adjusting the tweeter.

Acoustic Research, the company that started us all thinking in terms of bookshelf speakers some ten years ago, is presenting this season the AR-4 (\$57 in oiled walnut, and \$51 in unfinished pine). A far smaller but almost equally splendid-sounding version of the pace-setting AR-3, this new model, like its predecessors, adheres to the principle of "acoustic suspension" where its completely sealed 8-inch woofer overlaps with the dome-center tweeter at about 1500 cps. But unlike the grandiose AR-3 which requires an amplifier of at least 35 watts, the AR-4 can be driven by as little as 15 watts. KLH makes its bid for small-speaker consideration with the new Model 17 (\$69.95), which is also of the acoustic-suspension type but a mite larger because of its 10-inch, long-excursion woofer. A snap-on panel facilitates change of grille cloth. Fisher's candidate for the space-conscious customer is the XP-5 (\$54.50), with an 8-inch free-piston woofer crossed over to a cone tweeter at 2000 cps.

We reach the standard bookshelf category when the minimum cabinetry depth or height measurement reaches 12 inches. A number of new entries are on hand this year—ADC's Model 303A Brentwood (\$95), Utah's PRO (\$99.50), Jensen's PR-150 (\$119.50)—all offering minor variations on the classic acoustic-suspension theme. A really radical departure is encountered in the JBL Lancer 99 (\$660 per pair), which puts a 14-inch woofer in a ducted-port enclosure and incorporates a built-in solid-state power amplifier specifically matched to the system's energy requirements.

The fidelitarian with plentiful space and the requisite wherewithal will continue to give his custom to speaker systems of outsize dimensions, a breed that remains unsurpassed for heft and smoothness of over-all response. If there's less new activity in this area, it's simply because the standards already achieved are hard to beat. It takes some



Interlandi

"I say, Penelope—what's been going on here?!"

doing to improve on such stalwarts as the Electro-Voice E-V 6 with its 18-inch woofer (\$297), the Bozak Symphony No. 1 (\$495), the sand-filled Wharfedale W90 (\$272.50), the Klipschorn corner-horn system (\$852), or the horn-loaded Tannoy GRF (\$385). Nevertheless, despite the spectacular competition, a few new large systems have been introduced for our delectation. Altec Lansing's Malibu (\$356) comes in a particularly handsome piece of walnut cabinetry with angled recessed base and subtly curved framing. The innards comprise a pair of low-resonance woofers and a cast-aluminum sectoral horn powered by Altec's 804A high-frequency driver. Stanton Magnetics, a firm hitherto dedicated to the turntable-arm-cartridge end of the high-fidelity chain, is making its speaker debut with the Stanton Electrostatic System (\$295), which mates an electrostatic panel for the highs with a cone woofer for the lows. This, too, earns high marks for styling, the slight tilt to the electrostatic panel serving to modify the severely rectangular appearance of a largish enclosure.

...

Tape equipment is now *de rigueur* for the up-to-date rig—in token whereof manufacturers have responded with a flood of agreeable merchandise. Before examining it in detail, it might be well to emphasize once again the distinction

between tape decks and tape recorders. The deck works in conjunction with a separate amplifier and a pair of speakers (a separate preamplifier is required for tape recording). Thus, the deck should be regarded as one of the components in a complete installation. The term "tape recorder" has come to mean a self-contained record/playback system, with its own amplifier and speakers—the latter either built in or detachable. Tape recorders with high-quality satellite speakers are akin to the three-piece modular systems, except that they play four-track tapes instead of microgroove discs.

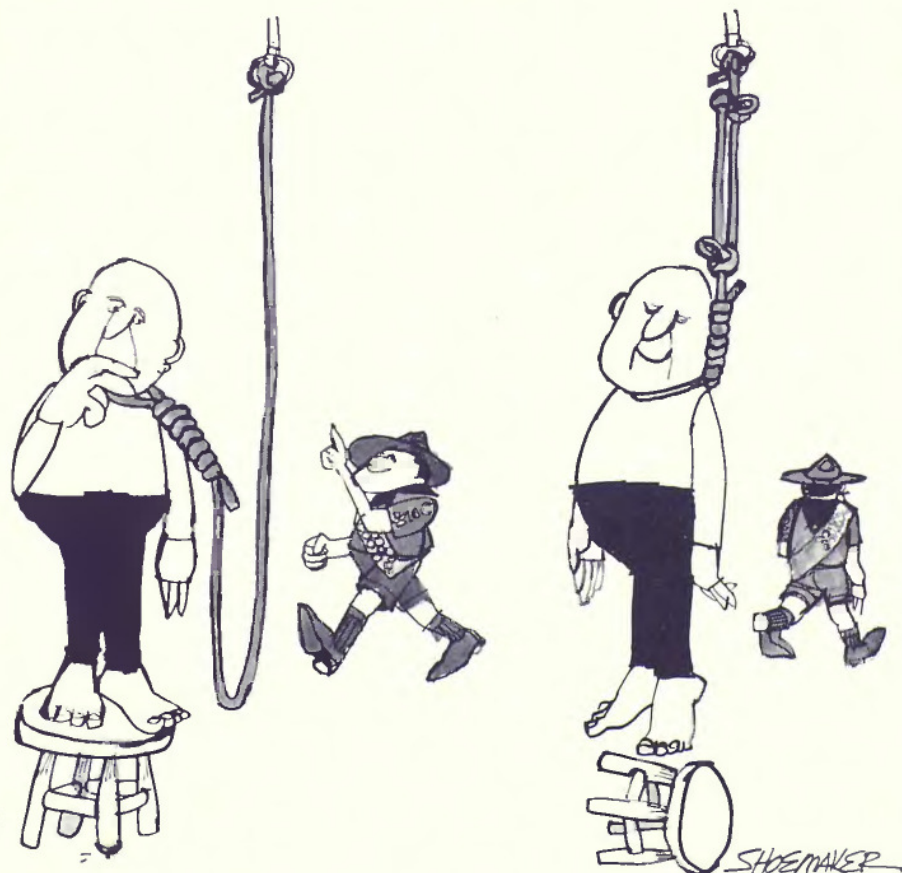
Automatic reversal is the latest tape refinement—and it's a feature we commend highly, especially to anyone amassing a library of prerecorded tapes. In the old days you played a four-track tape all the way through from left to right (tracks A and C), then switched reels and—after rethreading—played it through again in the same direction (tracks B and D). Fortunately, automatic-reversal machines have put an end to interruptions. They play the first two tracks of a stereo tape in the left-to-right direction, then reverse themselves automatically and play the remaining two tracks right to left. The "cue" for automatic reversal is an inaudible electronic signal which you record on the tape at whatever point you want the reels to change direction. By recording a cue at either end of the tape, your machine will play back

and forth endlessly—or at least as long as you manage to keep up with the electric bill.

The new Ampex 2000 series (deck model 2050, \$439, and recorder model 2070, \$499) includes automatic reversal in its list of specifications as well as an ingenious threading device which starts the tape winding on the empty reel simply by dropping it into an automatic take-up slot. Concertone's 800 series (deck model 802, \$349.95, and recorder model 801, \$399.95) has six heads. Two are for play, two for record, and two for erase, which permits it to record as well as play in the reverse (right-to-left) direction. The Roberts Reversatile (deck model 400-D, \$599.95, and recorder model 400, \$699.95) and Viking Retro-matic deck 220 (\$860) feature solenoid relays for their push-button controls as a welcome bonus to the automatic-reverse function. All four machines, incidentally, are equipped for two-speed ($3\frac{3}{4}$ - and $7\frac{1}{2}$ -ips) operation.

An incredibly inexpensive deck is being imported from Japan by Sony Superscope, the Model 250 (\$139.50), which includes all the essentials for playback and record, including dual VU meters. Also from Sony comes the new Model 500-A (\$399.50), a lavishly versatile tape recorder equipped with two acoustic-suspension speaker systems and a pair of F-96 dynamic microphones in one luggage-type assemblage. Dynaco makes an entry into the tape-recorder field with a machine of Danish origin (\$495) which contains all of the needed amplification equipment but is packaged without speakers. Notable for its slide-type mixing controls on a tilted console panel, the Dynaco uses a setup similar to the kind employed by big-league recording engineers. This is representative of a heartening tendency. More and more, home-recording equipment is edging into the professional class with other such recent arrivals as the Cipher Denon 800 (\$499.95), Magnecord Model 1024 (\$595), Estey T-91 Recorder (\$499.95), OKI 555 Recorder (\$350), Tandberg 74B (\$449.50) and Roberts Model 4550-D (\$499.95) leading the way. All are broadcast-quality machines with the capability of meeting any recording exigency and the rugged dependability for continuous "work-horse" operation.

We're not altogether certain whether high-fidelity gear should be classified as an example of conspicuous consumption or not. But we can't believe that Veblen, alas, no longer around to adjudicate the point, would be too hard on equipment that produces so much in the way of magnificent sound. A well-acquainted rig is as soothing to the spirit as it is pleasing to the ear. And this season's abundantly varied innovations will be hard to resist.



APRÈS-SKI CUISINE

(continued from page 97)

drops the tail gate for a buffet table, lights the hibachi or gasoline stove and broils the teriyaki or sautés the steaks to order. For the short haul, a big wicker basket is eminently useful.

If you think the latter approach sounds very much like a summer picnic, you'll soon discover major differences. There are no ants in the winter, a consummation devoutly to be enjoyed. On the other hand, there are some ski stamping grounds where Klondike readings on the thermometer cause dinner plates or mugs carried in the luggage section to become so frostbitten they can hardly be handled; it's wise to protect them in an insulated picnic box—normally used in the summer to keep things cold. If you're carrying hot grog, remember that most winter drinks are made with boiling water, and the mugs are really tall drinks. If in the summer you're in the habit of toting a quart of liquor, you'll have come to know that your quart is the equivalent of 16 two-ounce jiggers. A quart of mulled whiskey, on the other hand, will just about fill four mugs. It's the experience of most winter picnickers that a gallon vacuum jug isn't too much for reviving a party of four to six skiers.

Every first-rate bartender understands the principle of heat transfer. To keep your hot grog hot, you should preheat the vacuum jug. Pour boiling water into it and let it remain for about five minutes. Then empty it and pour in the hot potation.

There was a time when buying cooked collations meant a lot of bother. Advance shopping these days requires about as much effort as a trip on a chair lift. If you've access to a Swedish food shop or café, Swedish meat balls in brown gravy, flavored with allspice, as well as sweet and sour baked beans, seem especially designed for modern appetites. Neapolitan Italy may not be the habitat for skiing, but any of the small pastas in rich cheese sauce or tomato sauce are perfect for relishing under the open sky. Food knickknackery such as aspic stars and water-cress bouquets have no place in the snow, but a jar of Italian olive-and-pepper salad in olive oil or the crisp sour German or Danish *Senfgrurken* provide fine munching. For cooking on the station-wagon barbecue, tender meats such as minute steaks, lamb steaks or ham steaks or teriyaki (soy-flavored beef threaded on a skewer or bamboo stick) are all quickly done over a crackling fire. The double-size hibachi works just fine.

Explorers of ski trails still find sweets as important as they used to be in the days of the knapsack and the chocolate bar. Any snow-based buffet menu should have its sweet ending. Slices of brandy-

soaked or rum-soaked fruitcake are easily clutched and maneuverable. Swiss apple turnovers or the French almond-paste-covered tarts are perfect with hot coffee.

Of the recipes which follow, the hot hors d'oeuvres and the beef with onion-horseradish sauce are planned for *après-ski* dining in the luxury of your lodge. The rest are for the kind of hot food and drink that can be consumed either *al fresco* at the scene of the climb or before a roaring hearth in your ski snuggery.

HOT DRAMBUIE TODDY (Serves one)

2 ozs. Drambuie
1/2 oz. lemon juice
1 slice lemon
1 slice orange
4 ozs. boiling water
1 piece stick cinnamon
Pour Drambuie and lemon juice into preheated mug or punch cup. (To preheat mug, fill with boiling water for about a minute, then discard water.) Add lemon slice, orange slice and 4 ozs. boiling water. Stir with cinnamon stick. Let cinnamon stick remain in mug.

BUTTERED QUARTER DECK (Serves one)

2 ozs. golden rum
1 teaspoon dark Jamaica rum
1 oz. dark sweet sherry
Juice of 1/2 lime
2 teaspoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon sweet butter
1 thin slice lime
5 ozs. boiling water
Put all ingredients into preheated mug or punch cup. Stir well.

HOT SOUTHERN COMFORT NOG (Serves two)

6 ozs. milk
2 ozs. heavy cream
1 egg
2 teaspoons sugar
2 ozs. Southern Comfort
2 ozs. bourbon
Freshly grated nutmeg
Heat milk and heavy cream in saucepan. Bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil. In a narrow bowl, beat egg until thick and lemon colored. Slowly add sugar while beating. Stir in Southern Comfort and bourbon. Slowly stir in milk-cream mixture. Pour into preheated mugs. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

HOT GRUYÈRE AND ANCHOVY CANAPÉS (24 pieces)

4 slices white bread
Sweet butter
4 ozs. gruyère cheese, shredded
8 flat anchovy fillets, minced fine
1/2 cup mayonnaise
4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
Paprika
Preheat oven at 450°. Toast bread un-

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der broiler on one side only. Spread untoasted side with butter. Mix gruyère cheese with minced anchovy fillets, mayonnaise and parmesan cheese. Spread cheese mixture evenly on untoasted sides of bread. Sprinkle with paprika. Place bread, cheese side up, on the back of a large baking pan or cookie sheet. Bake 5 minutes. Cut each slice into 6 pieces. Serve very hot, on platter with large paper doily or cloth napkin.

MUSSEL CHOWDER (Two quarts)

- 1 large onion, small dice
- 2 pieces celery, small dice
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 small bay leaf
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 9-oz. can mussels
- 8-oz. bottle clam juice
- 3 cups water
- 3 packets instant bouillon powder
- 3 medium-size potatoes, small dice
- 1 pint milk
- 1 cup light cream
- 4-oz. jar pimientos, drained, small dice
- Salt, pepper, celery salt, monosodium glutamate

In soup pot sauté onion, celery and garlic in butter until onion just turns yellow. Avoid browning. Add bay leaf, parsley and thyme. Stir in flour, mixing well. Add juice from mussels, clam juice and water. Bring to a boil. Add bouillon powder and potatoes. Simmer slowly, until potatoes are very tender—about ½ hour. Cut mussels into medium-size dice. Add mussels, milk, cream and pimientos to pot. Bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Season to taste.

SHRIMP BEIGNETS (About four doz., hors d'oeuvre size)

- 7-oz. pkg. frozen cleaned and peeled shrimps
- 1 cup water
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon celery salt
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 4 eggs
- 1 small onion
- Deep fat for frying

Cook shrimps, following directions on package. Drain and put through meat grinder, using fine blade. Bring water to a boil in a heavy saucepan. Add butter, monosodium glutamate, salt, celery salt and pepper. When butter melts, add flour all at once. Stir well. Remove from flame. Stir until no dry flour is visible—batter will be very stiff. Transfer batter to electric mixer. Gradually add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition. Grate onion

into batter. Add ground shrimps and mix well. Keep batter, covered, in refrigerator until very cold—at least 2 hours. Heat deep fat to 370° or until it shows the first wisp of smoke; or heat 1 in. fat in electric skillet preheated at 370°. Drop batter by heaping teaspoons into fat. Turn once to brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with salt and serve with Chinese-style mustard.

SPARERIBS, FRUIT SAUCE (Serves four)

- 3 lbs. spareribs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- Juice of 3 lemons
- Juice of 2 oranges
- 2 medium-size onions, sliced
- 2 cloves garlic, smashed
- Salt, pepper
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard

Have butcher cut spareribs into serving-size pieces. Place spareribs in a bowl. Mix brown sugar, lemon juice and orange juice until sugar dissolves. Pour over spareribs. Add onions and garlic; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover and marinate overnight, turning meat several times to marinate thoroughly. Place spareribs in a baking pan, sufficiently large so that pieces of meat only slightly overlap. Strain marinade into pan. Preheat oven at 325°. Bake spareribs, uncovered, about 2 hours, or until well browned and tender. Turn meat to brown on both sides. Baste about every 20 minutes with liquid in pan. Remove ribs from pan and keep in a warm place. Remove fat from drippings. This can be done quickly by pouring liquid from baking pan into a bowl or saucepan and adding a tray of ice cubes. The fat will solidify, and liquid can then be poured into small saucepan. Heat liquid up to boiling point. Dissolve cornstarch and mustard in 2 tablespoons cold water. Slowly stir into sauce. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Serve sauce either hot or cold with spareribs. If spareribs are to be reheated, place in baking pan, cover with aluminum foil, reheat in moderate oven.

BRAISED BEEF, ONION-HORSERADISH SAUCE (Serves four)

- 2-lb. eye of the round roast
- 2 large onions
- 2 pieces celery
- 1 carrot
- 6 sprigs parsley
- 4 cups water
- Salt, pepper, paprika
- 2 packets instant bouillon powder
- 1 cup quick-cooking rice
- 2 tablespoons horseradish
- Bread crumbs
- Butter

Place meat, fat side up, in shallow uncovered roasting pan in oven preheated at 450°. Roast 30 to 40 minutes or until meat is well browned. Transfer meat to

large saucepan or Dutch oven. Add onions, celery, carrot, parsley and 4 cups water. Add 1 teaspoon salt and bouillon powder. If there are drippings from pan in which meat was roasted, pour ½ cup boiling water into roasting pan, scrape to loosen all drippings and pour into saucepan. Cover pan with tight lid and simmer over very low flame until meat is tender—about 2½ hours. Remove meat from pan and cool for at least a half hour; or use next day, if desired. Cook rice, following directions on package. Put rice, onions from pot and 2 cups liquid from pot into electric blender. (Do not blend liquid while hot.) Blend 30 seconds or until sauce is smooth. Add horseradish and season with salt and pepper. Cut meat lengthwise in half, then into slices ⅛ in. thick. Place slices in a large shallow casserole in stacks of 3 or 4 each. Between each slice spoon about a teaspoon of sauce. Pour balance of sauce over stacks of meat. Sprinkle generously with bread crumbs, lightly with paprika. Dot with butter. Bake in oven, preheated at 375°, 25 to 30 minutes or until bread crumbs are browned.

BEEF IN MUSTARD SAUCE (Serves six)

- 3 lbs. top sirloin of beef
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 Spanish onion, minced fine
- 1 clove garlic, minced fine
- 2 pieces celery, minced fine
- ½ cup dry red wine
- ¼ cup apple brandy
- 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- ¼ teaspoon ground coriander
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- ¼ cup heavy cream
- ¼ cup prepared mustard

Cut beef into strips ⅓ in. thick and ¾ in. square, or have butcher do this rather tedious job for you. Be sure beef is not thicker than ⅛ in. Heat oil in heavy saucepan or Dutch oven. Sauté beef until it loses its red color. Add onion, garlic and celery. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Keep pot tightly covered to save meat juices. Add wine, apple brandy, tomato sauce, coriander, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. When gravy boils, dissolve cornstarch in 2 tablespoons cold water and slowly stir into pan. Simmer very slowly, stirring occasionally until meat is tender—about 1 to 1½ hours. Remove pan from flame and slowly stir in cream and mustard. Correct seasoning.

It matters not whether the troops under your command have spent the day on the beginners' slopes or have schussed with professional perfection; these gustatorial rewards will make one and all feel as though they've just won a gold medal for the giant slalom.





"M-m-m-m-m! What's that you have on, Miss Ballantine?"

such separate words as "blood . . . a lot of bother . . . enough . . ." Gradually this autobiographical introduction grew coherent and, after a brief account of a quiet end from a perfectly respectable illness, an odd conclusion to a singularly vile life, the following was spelled out:

"Now this is a warning. Watch out for a certain man. He follows in my footsteps. He spies, he lures, he betrays. He has already been responsible for the death of many. A young *émigré* group is about to cross the border to organize underground work in Russia. But the nets will be set, the group will perish. He spies, lures, betrays. Be on your guard. Watch out for a small man in black. Do not be deceived by his modest appearance. I am telling the truth . . ."

"And who is this man?" asked Weinstock.

The answer was slow in coming.

"Please, Azef, tell us who is this man?"

Under Weinstock's limp fingers, the reversed saucer again moved all over the sheet with the alphabet, dashing hither and thither as it oriented the mark on

its rim toward this or that letter. It made six such stops before freezing like a shocked tortoise. Weinstock wrote down and read aloud a familiar name.

"Do you hear?" he said, addressing someone in the darkest corner of the room. "A pretty business! Of course, I need not tell you that I don't believe this for a second. I hope you are not offended. And why should you be offended? It happens quite often at séances that spirits spout nonsense." And Weinstock feigned to laugh it off.

. . .

The situation was becoming a curious one. I could already count three versions of Smurov, while the original remained unknown. This occurs in scientific classification. Long ago, Linnaeus described a common species of butterfly, adding the laconic note "*in pratis Westmanniae*." Time passes, and in the laudable pursuit of accuracy, new investigators name the various southern and Alpine races of this common species, so that soon there is not a spot left in Europe where one finds the nominal race and not a local subspecies. Where is the type,

the model, the original? Then, at last, a grave entomologist discusses in a detailed paper the whole complex of named races and accepts as the representative of the typical one the almost 200-year-old, faded Scandinavian specimen collected by Linnaeus; and this identification sets everything right.

In the same way I resolved to dig up the true Smurov, being already aware that his image was influenced by the climatic conditions prevailing in various souls—that within a cold soul he assumed one aspect but in a glowing one had a different coloration. I was beginning to enjoy this game. Personally, I viewed Smurov without emotion. A certain bias in his favor that had existed at the outset, had given way to simple curiosity. And yet I experienced an excitement new to me. Just as the scientist does not care whether the color of a wing is pretty or not, or whether its markings are delicate or lurid (but is interested only in its taxonomic characters), I regarded Smurov, without any aesthetic tremor; instead, I found a keen thrill in the classification of Smurovian masks that I had so casually undertaken.

The task was far from easy. For instance, I knew perfectly well that insipid Marianna saw in Smurov a brutal and brilliant officer of the White Army, "the kind that went around stringing people up right and left," as Evgenia informed me in the greatest secrecy during a confidential chat. To define this image accurately, however, I would have had to be familiar with Marianna's entire life, with all the secondary associations that came alive inside her when she looked at Smurov—other reminiscences, other chance impressions and all those lighting effects that vary from soul to soul. My conversation with Evgenia took place soon after Marianna Nikolaevna's departure; it was said she was going to Warsaw, but there were obscure implications of a still more eastwardly journey—perhaps back to the fold; and so Marianna carried away with her and, unless someone sets her right, will preserve to the end of her days, a very particular idea of Smurov.

"And how about you," I asked Evgenia, "what idea have you formed?"

"Oh, that's hard to say, all at once," she replied, a smile enhancing both her resemblance to a cute bulldog and the velvety shade of her eyes.

"Please," I insisted.

"In the first place there is his shyness," she said swiftly. "Yes, yes, a great deal of shyness. I had a cousin, a very gentle, pleasant young man, but whenever he had to confront a crowd of strangers in a fashionable drawing room, he would come in whistling to give himself an independent air—casual and tough at the same time."

"Yes, go on?"

"Let me see, what else is there . . .



"Let me put it this way, Miss Harcomb—you mean more to me than any girl I've met recently."

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Sensitivity, I would say, great sensitivity, and, of course, youth; and lack of experience with people . . ."

There was nothing more to be wheedled out of her, and the resulting eidolon was rather pale and not very attractive. It was Vanya's version of Smurov, however, that interested me most of all. I thought about this constantly. I remember how, one evening, chance seemed about to favor me with an answer. I had climbed up from my gloomy room to their sixth-floor apartment only to find both sisters with Khrushchov and Mukhin on the point of leaving for the theater. Having nothing better to do, I went out to accompany them to the taxi stand. Suddenly I noticed that I had forgotten my downstairs key.

"Oh, don't worry, we have two sets," said Evgenia, "you're lucky we live in the same house. Here, you can give them back tomorrow. Good night."

I walked homeward and on the way had a wonderful idea. I imagined a sleek movie villain reading a document he has found on someone else's desk. True, my plan was very sketchy. Smurov had once brought Vanya a yellow, dark-dappled orchid somewhat resembling a frog; now I could ascertain if perhaps Vanya had preserved the cherished remains of the flower in some secret drawer. Once he had brought her a little volume of Gumilyov, the poet of fortitude; it might be worth while checking if the pages had been cut and if the book were lying perhaps on her night table. There was also a photograph, taken with a magnesium flash, in which Smurov had come out magnificently—in semiprofile, very pale, one eyebrow raised—and beside him stood Vanya, while Mukhin skulked in the rear. And, generally speaking, there were many things to discover. Having decided that if I ran into the maid (a very pretty girl, by the way), I would explain that I had come to return the keys, I cautiously unlocked the door of the Khrushchov apartment and tiptoed into the parlor.

It is amusing to catch another's room by surprise. The furniture froze in amazement when I switched on the light. Somebody had left a letter on the table; the empty envelope lay there like an old useless mother, and the little sheet of note paper seemed to be sitting up like a robust babe. But the eagerness, the throb of excitement, the precipitous movement of my hand, all proved uncalled-for. The letter was from a person unknown to me, a certain Uncle Pasha. It contained not a single allusion to Smurov! And if it was coded, then I did not know the key. I flitted over into the dining room. Raisins and nuts in a bowl, and, next to it, spread-eagled and prone, a French novel—the adventures of *Ar-*

iane, Jeune Fille Russe. In Vanya's bedroom, where I went next, it was cold from the open window. I found it so strange to look at the lace bedspread and the altarlike toilet table, where cut glass glistened mystically. The orchid was nowhere to be seen, but in recompense there was the photo propped against the bedside lamp. It had been taken by Roman Bogdanovich. It showed Vanya sitting with luminous legs crossed, behind her was the narrow face of Mukhin, and to Vanya's left, one could make out a black elbow—all that remained of lopped-off Smurov. Shattering evidence! On Vanya's lace-covered pillow there suddenly appeared a star-shaped hollow—the violent imprint of my fist, and in the next moment I was already in the dining room, devouring the raisins and still trembling. Here I remembered the *escritoire* in the parlor and noiselessly hurried to it. But at this moment the metallic fidgeting of a key sounded from the direction of the front door. I began to retreat hastily, switching off lights as I went, until I found myself in a satiny little boudoir next to the dining room. I fumbled about in the dark, bumped into a sofa and stretched out on it as if I had gone in to take a nap.

In the meantime voices carried from the hallway—those of the two sisters and that of Khrushchov. They were saying goodbye to Mukhin. Wouldn't he come in for a minute? No, it was late, he would not. Late? Had my disincarnate flitting from room to room really lasted three hours? Somewhere in a theater one had had time to perform a silly play I had seen many times while here a man had but walked through three rooms. Three rooms: three acts. Had I really pondered over a letter in the parlor a whole hour, and a whole hour over a book in the dining room, and an hour again over a snapshot in the strange coolness of the bedroom? . . . My time and theirs had nothing in common.

Khrushchov probably went right to bed; the sisters entered the dining room alone. The door to my dark damasked lair was not shut tight. I believed that now I would learn all I wanted about Smurov.

". . . But rather exhausting," said Vanya and made a soft *och-ing* sound conveying to me a yawn. "Give me some root beer, I don't want any tea." There was the light scrape of a chair being moved to the table.

A long silence. Then Evgenia's voice—so close that I cast an alarmed look at the slit of light. ". . . The main thing is, let him tell them his terms. That's the main thing. After all, he speaks English and those Germans don't. I'm not sure I like this fruit paste."

Silence again. "All right, I'll advise him to do that," said Vanya. Something

tinkled and fell—a spoon, maybe—and then there was another long pause.

"Look at this," said Vanya with a laugh. "What's it made of, wood?" asked her sister.

"I don't know," said Vanya and laughed again.

After a while, Evgenia yawned, even more cosily than Vanya.

". . . clock has stopped," she said.

And that was all. They sat on for quite a while; they made clinking sounds with something or other; the nutcracker would crunch and return to the tablecloth with a thump; but there was no more talk. Then the chairs moved again. "Oh, we can leave it there," drawled Evgenia languidly, and the magical slit from which I had expected so much was abruptly extinguished. Somewhere a door slammed, Vanya's faraway voice said something, by now unintelligible, and then followed silence and darkness. I lay on the sofa for a while longer and suddenly noticed that it was already dawn. Whereupon I cautiously made my way to the staircase and returned to my room.

I imagined rather vividly Vanya protruding the tip of her tongue at one side of her mouth and snipping off with her little scissors the unwanted Smurov. But maybe it was not so at all: sometimes something is cut off in order to be framed separately. And to confirm this last conjecture, a few days later Uncle Pasha quite unexpectedly arrived from Munich. He was going to London to visit his brother and stayed in Berlin only a couple of days. The old goat had not seen his nieces for a very long time and was inclined to recall how he used to place sobbing Vanya across his knee and spank her. At first sight this Uncle Pasha seemed merely three times her age but one had only to look a little closer and he deteriorated under your very eyes. In point of fact, he was not 50 but 80, and one could imagine nothing more dreadful than this mixture of youthfulness and decrepitude. A jolly corpse in a blue suit, with dandruff on his shoulders, clean-shaven, with bushy eyebrows and prodigious tufts in his nostrils, Uncle Pasha was mobile, noisy and inquisitive. At his first appearance he interrogated Evgenia in a sprayey whisper about every guest, quite openly pointing now at this person, now at that, with his index, which ended in a yellow, monstrously long nail. On the following day occurred one of those coincidences involving new arrivals that for some reason are so frequent, as if there existed some tasteless prankish Fate not unlike Weinstock's Abum who, on the very day you return home from a journey, has you meet the man who had chanced to be sitting opposite you in the railway car. For several days already I had felt a strange discomfort in my bullet-punctured chest, a sensation resembling a

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THE LUTE PLAYER *By Jim Beaman*



"For the last time, Miss Prescott, is it 'Yes' or 'No'?"

draft in a dark room. I went to see a Russian doctor, and there, sitting in the waiting room, was of course Uncle Pasha. While I was debating whether or not to accost him (assuming that since the previous evening he had had time to forget both my face and my name), this decrepit prattler, loath to keep hidden a single grain from the storage bins of his experience, started a conversation with an elderly lady who did not know him, but who was evidently fond of openhearted strangers. At first I did not follow their talk, but suddenly Smurov's name gave me a jolt. What I learned from Uncle Pasha's pompous and trite words was so important that when he finally disappeared behind the doctor's door, I left immediately without waiting my turn—and did so quite automatically, as if I had come to the doctor's office only to hear Uncle Pasha: now the performance was over and I could leave. "Imagine," Uncle Pasha had said, "the baby girl blossomed into a genuine rose. I'm an expert in roses and concluded at once that there must be a young man in the picture. And then her sister says to me, 'It's a great secret, Uncle, so don't tell anyone, but she's been in love with this Smurov for a long time.' Well, of course, it's none of my business. One Smurov is no worse than another. But it really gives me a kick to think that there was a time when I used to give that lassie a good spanking on her bare little buttocks, and now there she is, a bride. She simply worships him. Well, that's the way it is, my good lady, we've had our fling, now let the others have theirs . . ."

So—it has happened. Smurov is loved. Evidently Vanya, myopic but sensitive Vanya, had discerned something out of the ordinary in Smurov, had understood something about him, and his quietness had not deceived her. That same evening, at the Khrushchovs', Smurov was particularly quiet and humble. Now, however, when one knew what bliss had smitten him—yes, smitten (for there is bliss so strong that, with its blast, with its hurricane howl, it resembles a cataclysm)—now a certain palpitation could be discerned in his quietude, and the carnation of joy showed through his enigmatic pallor. And dear God, how he gazed at Vanya! She would lower her lashes, her nostrils would quiver, she would even bite her lips a little, hiding from all her exquisite feelings. That night it seemed that something must be resolved.

Poor Mukhin was not there: he had gone for a few days to London. Khrushchov was also absent. In compensation, however, Roman Bogdanovich (who was gathering material for the diary which with old-maidish precision he weekly sent to a friend in Tallin) was

more than ever his sonorous and importunate self. The sisters sat on the sofa as always. Smurov stood leaning one elbow on the piano, ardently gazing at the smooth parting in Vanya's hair, at her dusky-red cheeks . . . Evgenia several times jumped up and thrust her head out of the window—Uncle Pasha was coming to say goodbye and she wanted to be sure and be on hand to unlock the elevator for him. "I adore him," she said, laughing. "He is such a character. I bet he won't let us accompany him to the station."

"Do you play?" Roman Bogdanovich politely asked Smurov, with a meaningful look at the piano. "I used to play once," Smurov calmly replied. He opened the lid, glanced dreamily at the bared teeth of the keyboard, and brought the lid back down. "I love music," Roman Bogdanovich observed confidentially. "I recall, in my student days—"

"Music," said Smurov in a louder tone, "good music at least, expresses that which is inexpressible in words. Therein lie the meaning and the mystery of music."

"There he is," shouted Evgenia and left the room.

"And you, Varvara?" asked Roman Bogdanovich in his coarse, thick voice. "You—with fingers lighter than a dream"—eh? Come on, anything . . . Some little ritornello." Vanya shook her head and seemed about to frown but instead giggled and lowered her face. No doubt, what excited her mirth was this thickhead's inviting her to sit down at the piano when her soul was ringing and flowing with its own melody. At this moment one could have noted in Smurov's face a most violent desire that the elevator carrying Evgenia and Uncle Pasha get stuck forever, that Roman Bogdanovich tumble right into the jaws of the blue Persian lion depicted on the rug, and, most important, that I—the cold, insistent, tireless eye—disappear.

Meanwhile Uncle Pasha was already blowing his nose and chuckling in the hall; now he came in and paused on the threshold, smiling foolishly and rubbing his hands. "Evgenia," he said, "I'm afraid I don't know anybody here. Come, make the introductions."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Evgenia. "It's your own niece!"

"So it is, so it is," said Uncle Pasha and added something outrageous about cheeks and peaches.

"He probably won't recognize the others either," sighed Evgenia and began introducing us in a loud voice.

"Smurov!" exclaimed Uncle Pasha, and his eyebrows bristled. "Oh, Smurov and I are old friends. Happy, happy man," he went on mischievously, palpat- ing Smurov's arms and shoulders. "And you think we don't know . . . We know

all about it . . . I'll say one thing—take good care of her! She is a gift from heaven. May you be happy, my children . . ."

He turned to Vanya but she, pressing a crumpled handkerchief to her mouth, ran out of the room. Evgenia, emitting an odd sound, hurried off after her. Yet Uncle Pasha did not notice that his careless babbling, intolerable to a sensitive being, had driven Vanya to tears. Eyes bulging, Roman Bogdanovich peered with great curiosity at Smurov, who—whatever his feelings—maintained an impeccable composure.

"Love is a great thing," said Uncle Pasha, and Smurov smiled politely. "This girl is a treasure. And you, you're a young engineer, aren't you? Your job coming along well?"

Without going into details Smurov said he was doing all right. Roman Bogdanovich suddenly slapped his knee and grew purple.

"I'll put in a good word for you in London," Uncle Pasha said. "I have many connections. Yes, I'm off, I'm off. Right now, as a matter of fact."

And the astounding old fellow glanced at his watch and proffered us both hands. Smurov, overcome with love's bliss, unexpectedly embraced him.

"How do you like that? . . . There is a queer one for you!" said Roman Bogdanovich, when the door had closed behind Uncle Pasha.

Evgenia came back into the parlor. "Where is he?" she asked with surprise: there was something magical about his disappearance.

She hastened up to Smurov. "Please, excuse my uncle," she began. "I was foolish enough to tell him about Vanya and Mukhin. He must have got the names mixed up. At first I did not realize how gaga he was—"

"And I listened and thought I was going crazy," Roman Bogdanovich put in, spreading his hands.

"Oh, come on, come on, Smurov," Evgenia went on. "What's the matter with you? You must not take it to heart like that. After all, it's no insult to you."

"I'm all right, I just did not know," Smurov said hoarsely.

"What do you mean you did not know? Everybody knows . . . It's been going on for ages. Yes, of course, they adore each other. It's almost two years now. Listen, I'll tell you something amusing about Uncle Pasha: once, when he was still relatively young—no, don't you turn away, it's a very interesting story—one day, when he was relatively young he happened to be walking along Nevski Avenue—"

This is the second of a three-part serialization of "The Eye" by Vladimir Nabokov. The conclusion will appear next month.



JOB JUMPING (continued from page 104)

visit. And an official of another of the biggest search firms in the nation acknowledged to me the other day that, more and more, men are "taking the initiative" in making search firms aware of their availability in the event a really challenging job comes along.

The bright men who are restless are not content simply with supplying search firms with information that can be fed into their computers or massive index files. They call their contact at the search firm every few months to report progress, seek advice, etc. The purpose, of course, is to make sure that they remain in the back of the recruiter's mind and are not just names on cards filed in the firm's computer system.

Many of these search firms—and there are now several hundred of them across the nation of widely varying quality—are now nationwide or international in their operations, or have exchange arrangements with firms in other cities. Boyden

Associates, Inc., which maintains a sumptuous suite of offices on Madison Avenue in New York, has branches in such cities as Fort Worth, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco and Geneva, Switzerland. Most of the leading search firms have their headquarters in midtown Manhattan. Among the better known of these (in addition to Howell and Boyden) are Handy Associates, Inc.; Executive Manpower Corporation; Ashton Dunn Associates, Inc.; Canny Bowen Howard Peck & Associates, Inc.; Thorndike Deland Associates; William H. Clark Associates. Another leading search firm, Clark-Channel, Inc., is in Stamford, Connecticut. Chicago serves as headquarters for a number of major search firms, such as Heidrick & Struggles, Inc. Perhaps the most famous in Chicago is George Fry & Associates, Inc., which also does management consulting work. Another major management consulting firm deep in the search business is Booz, Allen and Ham-

ilton, Inc. It has offices in many cities.

A curious executive outside New York seeking information on reputable recruiting firms that may have offices or contacts in his area might address an inquiry to the Association of Executive Recruiting Consultants, Post Office Box 490, New York, New York.

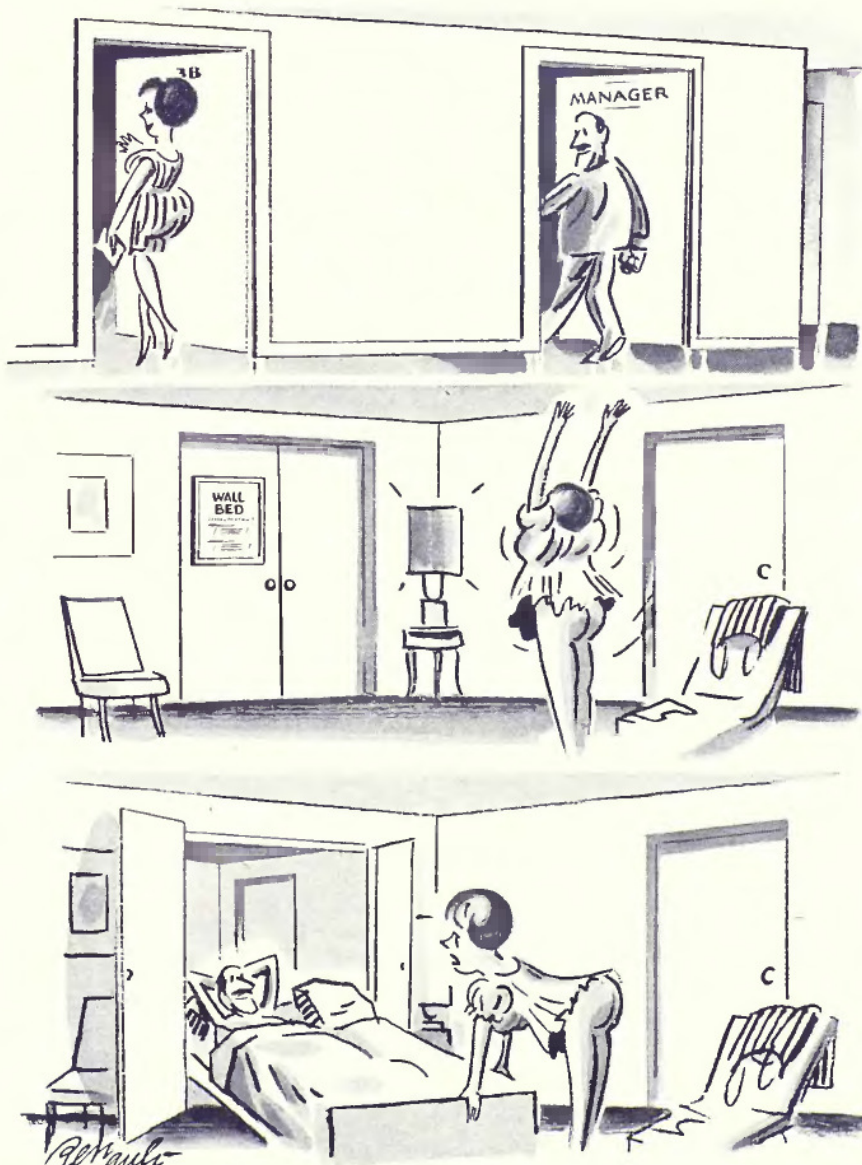
If you happen to be seen by your superiors or colleagues at the office of a recruiting firm or chatting somewhere with a recruiter, this need not be disastrous. Fortunately, there is an easy—and flattering—explanation available. The recruiter simply is seeking your counsel on possible candidates for a job which must be filled. This happens frequently enough to make the explanation plausible.

Ordinarily, when a recruiter contacts you he will try to reach you at home. Certainly he will not talk with you by phone at your office in any incriminating way. Too many companies these days have machines monitoring calls. If he talks with your secretary he will pretend to be a stranger and simply leave his name (or an agreed code name) and his number.

If you move through the various stages from being a "suspect" for a specific opening to a "prospect" to a "candidate" to a "finalist," you will only at the last stage be told the name of the client company. And only if you become a finalist will your name be revealed to the company. A meeting for a mutual inspection will then be arranged, perhaps as a casual encounter at a bar or in a hotel lobby in some neutral city where you are unlikely to be known. Perhaps it will be arranged that you share a room in a railroad car, or that you meet while admiring antiques in a window on Second Avenue in New York. (The prospective employer, as indicated, may have his reasons for being secretive, too.)

Search firms ordinarily like to handle "suspects" who can command at least \$20,000 a year, for the perfectly greedy reason that their fee is geared to the compensation you can command. In some instances they will take on a man merely looking for a \$10,000 job if he is young and seems full of promise. Such a comer can later be shifted into higher-paying jobs yielding more respectable fees to the search firm.

If a search firm seems reluctant to take you on, it may not be because you are unworthy of its effort but because, unknown to you, it has rendered man-searching assignments for your present company. As a matter of "ethics" it usually will not seek to lure away an employee of a client company. This courtesy of not raiding client companies has produced some intriguing results. A good many of the larger companies, rich in executive talent, consider it ordinary business prudence to take out insurance



against being raided. They do this by occasionally throwing assignments to the major search firms, and thus putting themselves off limits to these major raiders. But that is not the end of the interesting ramifications. Some of the big search firms will not take certain big executive-rich corporations as clients because they can make more money raiding these companies!

Another hazard that the restless young executive must beware is the possibility that he is working in an industry where all the major companies have an unwritten antiraiding pact. Usually this can be surmised by keeping an ear to interoffice gossip. Corporate chieftains who observe these antiraiding pacts usually explain them on the ground that raiding isn't a fraternal kind of thing to do. Brotherhood aside, the pacts have an economic appeal. By making it less likely that a valued manager will jump the reservation and go to a competitor, they need worry less about demands for higher pay from the managers, and about the possible loss of company know-how.

The executive-recruiting firms usually know about, or suspect, the existence of such pacts and will certainly assume they may be a factor, for example, when commissioned to find a man for a company in the oil, chemical, soap, steel, tobacco, aircraft or tire industries. Usually the pacts only involve the major producers in such industries; the majors continue to regard the smaller firms in their industry as fair game for raiding. Ward Howell commented that when he is asked to find a man by a company, he asks right away whether "we may look in the logical places for the man who is needed."

A restless young man who concludes that he is in an industry that has an antiraiding pact must think in terms of getting into another spot within his own company or moving to a company in another industry (or going to a smaller company in his industry). Fortunately, a well-trained professional manager has knowledge (say, cost control) and leadership abilities that will usually make him attractive to companies outside his own industry. The trend in companies to diversify their products, furthermore, helps make their managers more competent to handle jobs in industries where the principal product may be different from their own. As diversification spreads, some pros are coming to feel that a company is a company is a company.

Once a specific company begins showing interest in you as a manager, you should, of course, be as hard-boiled in assessing it as it is in assessing you:

Get a Dun & Bradstreet report on it. And ask your broker about it as an investment.

Check people in the industry to find what the company's main challenges are

and from which functional areas it has been drawing most of its top men.

Try to check with people in the company or town to assess its working climate: Is it static and highly orderly, or is it fast-changing and freewheeling; is it stuffy or shirt-sleeve; is it relaxed or suspicion-ridden?

Is it so big and does it have so many layers of authority that you might feel lost in it?

Is it highly paternal, or will it let you lead your own life?

Is it a company where individual integrity will be cherished, or will you find yourself in an environment where kickbacks, price fixing, private nest feathering, record juggling, the making of phony claims for its products or comparable plaguing ethical questions are likely to arise with uncomfortable frequency?

And whom will you be working under, if it is not a top job? Is he a decent type or a potential s. o. b.? Is he constricted or flexible? Will you be hitching your wagon to a star in the company, or has he plateaued out? Is he a confident guy who will respect your ability to handle the job that is open; or is he an insecure guy who may harass you with constant, detailed supervision?

In short, would you feel comfortable and work your best in this company's environment, and would it give you a feeling that you are making a creative contribution?

Meanwhile, if you are a finalist, the prospective employer will of course be checking you out, or he will have had his search firm handle most of it. You should make sure you are solid on the more common knockout factors that employing companies watch for.

Most important, you should not have a harem problem that could be bothersome in the community where you are going to be. You should not be so overextended financially that this will show up in your credit rating (which certainly will be checked). You should be able to handle booze and, if you are married, you should not have a wife who gets publicly plastered or is sexually restless in public. And you should not be vague or seriously inaccurate about dates in describing the sequence of your job and school histories.

When the time comes for the confrontation—or crucial interview—with the company official who must decide whether or not to hire you, be relaxed, confident, crisp, serious and reasonably candid. You should make it plain you are assessing his company as much as he is assessing you. Talk easily and articulately but not compulsively. (Engineers and accountants are especially prone to freeze up in such interviews, whereas salesmen are prone to talk too much.)

Within the bounds of decency, look the part. Unfortunately, many hiring

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"Intermission's over, Lester."

officials, in their conceit, believe they can spot the best prospect within one minute after he steps across the threshold. If it is an important job, such officials are likely to be impressed by a "commanding appearance" and "executive bearing." One reason that appearances have become so important lately is that more and more companies are assessing strangers from other areas and have little chance to know them personally (because they don't bother to take the time). The growing use of executive recruiting firms has tended to produce a greater emphasis upon "the executive look." As middlemen, they must find a candidate and sell him to the management. They tend to fall into the habit of looking for a man who is a "successful package"; and a part of a successful package is the look of an executive, in many cases. The recruiters find it easier to sell such a man to their client. This, incidentally, has brought charges that some of these search firms tend too much to be typecasting bureaus.

In any case, it is safer in the crucial interview if you leave behind in your closet your bright ties, pink shirts, sports jackets, loafers, multicolored socks or alligator shoes. Wear a suit, the duller and neater the better. In general, it will help

your cause—regardless of specific garb—if you visually project an image of sobriety, responsibility, restraint.

Don't be disconcerted if after you have filled out a 12-page questionnaire, submitted to a battery of psychological tests and have been thoroughly sleuthed as to background by ex-FBI men, the official who is interviewing you leans back and says: "Tell me about yourself." Three different executives have told me they had this maddening experience. Perhaps the official has been too lazy, before the interview, to read all the reports available on you. Or perhaps he trusts his own intuition more than reports. He knows that many of the traits most crucial to executive success cannot be measured. Thus, while you are talking he may not be listening at all to the tale of your career, but may be trying to surmise from the way you talk how you stack up on such crucial abilities as:

Will you be able to maintain a high level of thrust?

Do you appear to be the sort who is deft in handling people?

Do you have a reasonably good mind that can get to the heart of things and bring order out of confusion?

As you talk, are you demonstrating

that you are a good communicator of ideas and facts?

Do you appear to be tough enough to stand up under a good deal of harassment, infighting and tension?

Would you really be the kind who would enjoy taking over responsibility for an important project?

Would you be likely to be able to generate trust and confidence in the people working under you?

On top of all this, the man—whether fair or not—is reacting to you on the basis of body chemistry. Do you hit it off together or don't you? If you don't, then you can lose out for the job even though you are perfectly fitted for it. But then again, maybe the guy will take a liking to you, or at least consider that you are OK. If so, you will get an offer, and perhaps a good one that you cannot resist.

You may be tempted to want to talk over the offer with your present employer before giving the prospective employer a final answer. Unless you are genuinely torn—or have been soliciting offers simply to use as leverage in trying to improve your position in the home company—this is probably a bad idea. Your present employer is a poor person to give you objective advice in this situation; and if he seems relatively undistressed that you are leaving (by not offering to improve your present arrangement), it may give you a down feeling.

On the other hand, your present boss should be the very first to hear of your decision to leave. The skill with which you make your break with the old company can be highly important for the future. Resist all temptation to spill your pent-up grievances and dislikes at this point. Just tell him you have an offer that is too hard to resist and let it go at that.

If you are still relatively young, bear in mind that you will quite likely be changing companies again in a few years, maybe less if the new job proves disappointing. And at such a future time when prospective employers turn loose their investigators on your background, they will most assuredly talk with at least your last two employers. Therefore, if for no other reason, it is prudent to try to leave behind you as many bosses and associates as possible who will recall you as being a basically good guy.

The process of pulling off a good move smoothly may seem to take a lot out of you emotionally. There are, indeed, hazards, anxiety and suspense. But the total feeling, if you are a natural executive type, will be one of exhilaration, because it is a major period of testing for you. The incidents in this testing will in later years stand out among the more vivid memories of your career.

European Fashion

(continued from page 103)

as well as silk and cotton materials known as baratheas.

The nucleus of all this activity in Europe is a handful of highly creative fashion houses in London, Rome, Paris and Madrid. The ateliers of Europe have a much more direct influence over fashion trends than their American counterparts. Often even the most carefully dressed American who knows exactly where he bought his clothes doesn't have the faintest idea who designed them. In Europe, men's fashion-design houses are almost as well known as the great distaff houses of Dior and Givenchy.

In London, the unmistakable leader of men's-fashion styling is Hardy Amies. He has gone back and re-created the Edwardian style. The silhouette is long, lean and high, and the total effect is a covered-up appearance with the top button of the jacket about where we have the first button on our shirts. While this may be extreme for our tastes right now, the style could become the next U.S. fashion trend. Amies' jackets have wide sloping shoulders and are worn with trousers that might be a bit slim for the average American but should help narrow the too-full trouser that is still around. He has borrowed from the Latins and uses browns in warm, matching shades. The elegantly turned-out wearer of Amies clothes is seen in lots of black-and-white combinations, silver grays and bright blues. Amies has revived a hint of chalk stripes on black and blue backgrounds. His shirts have high collars and his ties are narrow. For country wear, he uses the true boot with trousers tucked in. His hats come in small shapes with high crowns and narrow brims. This hat style, by the way, is going in the opposite direction of the American design, which has been through that phase and is moving back to a slightly wider brim.

Amies is one of the few Europeans who have been able to combine creative designing with production and marketing techniques without sacrificing quality or originality. One innovation you may see more of at American stores in the future is the Amies concept of merchandising not just an individual suit, but an entire coordinated ensemble. The careful clothes buyer selecting an Amies suit in London may at the same time buy his shirts, ties, and even handkerchiefs all specially patterned to tone in as one costume.

Going off in another fashion direction is the energetic John Stevens, who calls the fashion signals for the way-out, elegant Mods (when they are not rumbling with the way-out, unelegant Rockers). Working out of his shop on Carnaby Street in Soho, Stevens takes the Amies look and shapes it to appeal to his

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younger clientele. Shoulders are broad and the goal is to give a no-hips appearance. Stevens works extensively with suede coats and leather waistcoats.

In Italy, the styles have settled down to something less aggressively Italian than we have seen in the last few years. The changes are subtle and depend more on detailing and stitching than on any really new styling. Jackets are slightly longer and, as always, fitted. The Italian shaped suit will take some time to catch on here, but its custom look seems like a solid bet for American adaptation. The Italian houses make great use of turtleneck sweaters, not only combined with jackets but also worn over slacks and with a just-below-the-knee car coat. Unlike American versions, which are cut full and loose, the Italian car coat is fitted. Silk shirts, which ten years ago were supposed to be corny, are coming back as sport shirts with ascots.

The Italians have produced a number of three-piece country ensembles, including trousers, jacket and topcoat, all of the same material. Each of the Italian design houses has taken a corner of the fashion picture for itself and specialized in a particular approach.

Franzoni is hooked on double-breasted fitted car coats. Brioni is featuring severely classic suits and topcoats. A special attraction is a curry-shade car coat with full lapels, worn directly over a turtleneck sweater. The master tailor, Litrico of Rome, likes to operate at all levels of fashion. He showed us everything from a striped linen beach shirt to a dark-blue silk shantung overcoat. We especially like a double-breasted navy-

blue yachting coat worn directly over a lime-colored turtleneck. Angelo of Rome designed a blue linen blazer to be worn over whipcord slacks with an orange shirt and ascot.

In France, the new big name in menswear is Pierre Cardin, a member of the *haute couture* lately turning his talents to men's fashions. Cardin innovates with coat and jacket shoulders widened not so much by padding but more by contrast with distinctly fitted body shaping, like reverse parentheses. In jackets he likes deep side and back vents which look particularly good as sporty casualwear. Cardin specialties include a double-breasted, fitted short overcoat cut three inches above the knee, and a fitted, high-buttoned sports jacket with small lapels and large patch pockets in a gray, brown and white Tattersall check.

In Spain, the big influence comes from the stream of creativity that pours out of the design studios of Cortefiel de España. With a traditional Spanish sense of colors, Cortefiel isn't afraid to blend warm browns and rusts with hot reds and yellows. The effect is a burning sense of color that combines with his correctness of line. A special favorite of ours is a bold windowpane sweater in Costa Brava blue and toreador red, outlined in yellow with solid yellow sleeves. Cortefiel also matches suedes and knits in sweaters and pullovers. Using an idea accepted in Spain for many years, Cortefiel is producing suede raincoats and sweaters that should make exciting news on the American fashion scene in the months to come.



HEAVIES

(continued from page 135)

the spinning circular saw; or to a canoe headed for the Great Falls. He also enjoyed slaughtering old ladies and small children, and derived a certain amusement from making bons mots at the expense of the hopelessly doomed hero. He smoked opium, dealt in black magic, made deals with the Devil, kept innumerable slaves, and generally had a hell of a good time.

Then came sound and the beginning of the end of the heavies.

They flourished, however, for several years, reaching—as in the case of the great comics—their richest flowering just prior to the final darkness. It is their unregenerate scoundrels we remember so fondly when we think of the heavies.

They were refined but not changed in the Westerns, where they made their first and, probably, their last appearance. As in the Edison and Vitagraph days, they continued to cast murky shadows in the sleepy towns. Dogs continued to snarl at them (dogs were *never* fooled), and they continued to kick the animals as their first bit of establishing action. They wore identifying black from first to last. The killers in *High Noon*, and the evil gunman in *Shane*, were the same heavies we hissed, and loved, when we and films were very young. And the heroes weren't much different, either. Gary Cooper and Alan Ladd were tougher, and certainly more grown-up, but—apart from Cooper's patent fear in *High Noon*—their behavior was otherwise indistinguishable from that of Ken Maynard and Hoot Gibson. Now even the Western mold is broken. We see, in *Ride the High Country*, that heroes get old, that they wear red longies, that they find nothing particularly objectionable in the idea of a marriage in a whorehouse. Most sadly, we see that the heavies aren't really bad people but, instead, young men who don't happen to be very bright. And none of them shoots a gun very well.

Such things were unthinkable, of course, in the good days when Charles King, Ed Coxen and James Mason were terrorizing the countryside. Nor did it occur to anyone that there was anything wrong in portraying Mexicans as oily, gross, hideous, overdressed *bandidos*, not to be trusted for a moment. Richard Cramer alone gave the Mexican government ample grounds for war. Then came awareness and with it, embarrassment. Which was either a sign of maturity or, as James Agee felt, "softening of the brain." When one considers that we lost not only foreign villains (some of whom were resuscitated during World War II) but also dialect humor, racial humor, and other main currents of



"The trouble is that only a fraction of the voters show up for these elections."

American thoughtlessness, it may be considered that Agee had a point. Perhaps he had a vision of the day, upon us now, when it would be as impossible to portray a Mexican as a killer as it once was to portray him as a judge.

Cramer, at any rate, was the compleat heavy. He was one of the greatest lollers ever to appear on screen. He could lean against the wall of a building, cigarette dangling from his pendulous lower lip, and, without so much as a flicker of an eyelash, convey that the hero was as good as dead. So villainous was his countenance that he made a marvelous burlesque heavy, appearing often in the Laurel and Hardy comedies of the period without any change in the characterization.

The members of the outlaw gang were always the same, as noted, but the "legal crook" of the Westerns wore many disguises. However, his neatness always gave him away: He was the only man in the cast who was as clean as the hero. Whether banker, attorney, newspaper editor or family friend, he was always meticulously dressed. It bespoke an overweening vanity; also, his addiction to the inevitable string tie (otherwise the mark of a gambler), in a country where honest men wore bandannas or flowing four-in-hands, left little doubt that this man was not to be trusted with anything more valuable than a bag of marbles—glassies, chippies, agates and other losers, at that.

In his activities, too, the inside-the-law, or unsuspected, operator was usually too smooth. He was always ready to arrange a loan for the temporarily luckless mine operator; eager to escort the widower's daughter to Dodge City; inclined to press his assistance on the orphaned young woman who has just returned from an Eastern finishing school and needs a protector—actions which might seem fairly normal, even laudable, in real life, but which, in Western language, communicated that here was an unprincipled scoundrel.

Making him doubly dangerous was the fact that his vocation usually put him close to inside information: that a railroad was planned for the valley; that there was a cache of gold somewhere on the ranch; that a new dam would bring fertility to barren acres; or that the seeming poor orphan girl was actually the heiress to a vast Eastern fortune.

Of course, sometimes the in-group heavy, or boss, was a gambler, generally the proprietor of the town's largest saloon. In this case he could dress even more modishly without raising suspicion; but the tip-off should have been the way he treated his girls (of whom it was never thought, for a moment, that they were prostitutes, any more than *Guns Smoke's* Miss Kitty is thought of as a

madam). In the accepted code of the West, no man would ever strike a woman except in the extremes of self-defense. So if Harry Woods, a Monogram player of the Thirties, backhanded one of his dance-hall queens, there could hardly be any doubt that it was *he* who set the trap for Rex Bell.

Sound, with its alarming, and curious, suggestion of reality, did not immediately corrupt the choreography. Before the fancy-shirted singers, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, et al., who dispensed such painful tedium to the Western fans, the heroes and heavies went through their traditional steps. Sex never did get a foot in, at least from the standpoint of the hero. Implacably he continued to play the eunuch, touching lips to female flesh only as a final fade-out clinch, this embarrassment usually inspired by a nudge from his horse. It is true that Ken Maynard, Buck Jones and William Boyd occasionally fell from grace, but they trod the straight and narrow often enough to keep our loyalty. The heavies, however, did not waver in their course. What we later found to be a completely normal, healthy amount of desire was, by contrast to the priestly status of the hero, an unquenchable lust which could only lead to rapine and defloration.

Returning to "foreign" heavies, we must give full marks to the Indian. The pubescents of today know him only as the wronged American whose rights were abrogated by the iniquitous white man. It was not so in the early days. Then he was a merciless savage who seldom appeared in tribes of less than 20 braves. He was cowardly and vicious. Skulking in the distance, unseen, unheard ("That's what worries me, Captain"), he was capable of infamies undreamed of. Indeed, he was filled with an unreasoning, inhuman hatred of "Americans" and dedicated to their extinction.

His leader was either a granite-faced chief who grunted monosyllabically, or a renegade, educated by a generous United States Government, who had turned against his benefactors and was now in charge of a pillaging band of red devils. Of the two, the chief was the less detestable. He was full-blooded, for one thing, whereas the renegade was more often than not a half-breed; and for another, he seemed, in an odd way, rather fond of his people. But whether he was trying to defeat progress by denying the pioneers the right to move West, or by keeping a trail herd away from a water hole, the real extent of his villainy was emphasized by the scalps dangling from his belt.

A meeting between the antagonists, face to face, to discuss terms, usually ended with the departure of the whites in attitudes of sorrowful frustration. In the

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event anyone should have gazed at the patriarchal chief's face, which was generally rather kindly, instead of at his belt, we were set right by the hero's right-hand man. "Did you notice those scalps, Captain? One of them was a *woman's*!"

Still, the half-breed renegade was worse. He was not only interested in plundering the herds and burning the ranch buildings of the settlers; he had eyes for the heroine, a frail vessel who would obviously wither and die under the harsh treatment accorded to squaws. If the renegade's intentions were honorable, that is, which was doubtful. The suggestion of unimaginable sex practices and tortures, to which she would unquestionably be subject ("Here, Molly, take this gun. If they get in, you know what to do."), made her seizure by savages even more to be feared than the immoral, perverted designs of the ordinary heavy, who, at least, wouldn't lash her to a cross and cut off her scalp. Or so we fancied. In any case, the thrill of the Indian heavy was mixed with something like real fear. When he and his savage fellows crept stealthily around the campfire, moving implacably toward the sleeping girl, we were perhaps somewhat more uncomfortable than we would have preferred.

Still, we were sorry to see him go, in a way. It wasn't much fun having our redskin revealed as a fine, upstanding American, far more entitled to the name than any of us, possessing a different but entirely worth-while culture of his own. Worse, it was confusing, since Hollywood went to extremes in the matter of correcting the earlier characterization. Overnight, it seemed, the white men became the treacherous devils. Custer, who had stood so valiantly against a horde of bloodthirsty Injuns, was suddenly a blundering idiot whose incompetence and prejudice caused the famous massacre. Audiences were asked to accept the Indian (Cochise, Sitting Bull, even Geronimo) as the hero, which was rather like asking us to leave our sister in the care of the Dalton boys. We couldn't cooperate, though we pretended. Perhaps it might have worked if any of the producers had placed the finger on the true causes of Indian-white bloodshed, but that wasn't done. So we have lost a wonderfully exciting heavy—needlessly, it could be argued, since few, if any, of those nurtured on the old concept are any the less sympathetic toward the plight of the Indian today. Moved by make-believe villainy we certainly were, but to most of us it usually remained make-believe, which is a point that seems to escape reformers.

They've had their way, nonetheless. Today's Western, in particular the emasculated, shoddy facsimile which nightly flickers on the TV screen, dispenses almost entirely with the classical formula.

But in steering away from the Scylla of stereotype, it has sailed, so to speak, smack into the Charybdis of cliché. It frequently tries, but clichés, or embarrassment, are usually the result of merely competent craftsmen striving for something far beyond their reach.

Competence was enough in the halcyon days of the heavies. They did not appear in the cinema; they appeared in movies. And such was their appeal, for a time, that no self-respecting character actor would dream of turning down a juicy villainous role. Lionel Barrymore, Jean Hersholt, George Macready and hundreds more derived some of their greatest enjoyment from enacting detestable scoundrels. It was easier, for one thing, and it got rid of some bile. Furthermore, it pleased audiences.

No one questioned the characterizations, then. Robert Louis Stevenson hinted at the sad truth when he showed us that the perfidious Hyde was nothing more than a manifestation of the good Doctor Jekyll, but the hint was not taken. His great story, made into three spine-chilling movies, was assumed to be a horror yarn. The point was missed. John Barrymore, Fredric March and Spencer Tracy were not thought to bear any relationship to the fiendish monsters they became. They were enchanted, that was all, as the prince of legend had been turned into a frog. As Jekylls they were wholly heroic types; as Hydres they were enough to disturb the dreams of the most stouthearted. Then came the fourth production of the classic, a few years back. A Hammer film, it suggested that the whole thing was actually nothing more than a slight case of schizophrenia. Had Jekyll's beard not mysteriously disappeared upon his transmutation, it would be somewhat difficult to tell them apart. Jekyll, in this version, is an overwhelmingly industrious sort, but then, so is Hyde. The former expresses his good, virtuous nature by mumbling and staring off in a presumably holy fashion; the latter shows his base, evil nature by pouring some whiskey into the open mouth of a sleeping tramp and by openly consorting with women. Both are terrible bores.

There was nothing boring about the great heavies of yesteryear. As Duke Mantee, Humphrey Bogart displayed his only discernible trace of human decency when he accommodated Leslie Howard, who asked to be murdered. No such weakness was shown either by Edward G. Robinson, as Little Caesar, or by Paul Muni, as Scarface. And certainly there was little virtue to be noticed in Sydney Greenstreet, whose appearances were always heralded by trumpets in a minor key. They were black villains, to the marrow of their bones. So was Boris Karloff. Whether he was Doctor Fu

Manchu or Richard III's chief executioner, or Gray, the body snatcher, you knew he was entirely lacking in conscience. As was Bela Lugosi, in any of his roles. Unlike Karloff, he never sank to portraying ordinary human beings with ordinary faults and virtues; he was the uncorrupted blackguard upon whom you would never turn your back. If he was not sucking people's blood, he was sending forth a monster to throttle them, or otherwise arranging for their demise.

James Cagney was equally hateful in his early films. Putting bullets through the trunk lid of a car and into the unfortunate victims stowed thereunder, or taking care of an uncooperative warehouse owner, or merely pushing a grapefruit into Mae Clarke's face, he carried conviction.

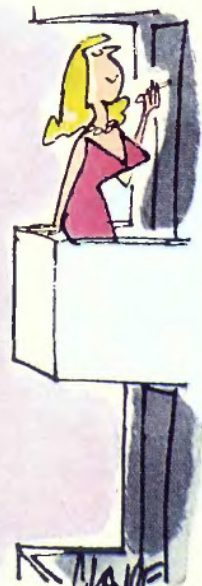
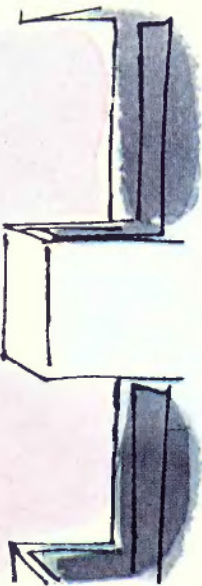
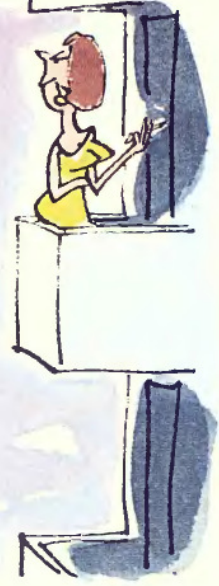
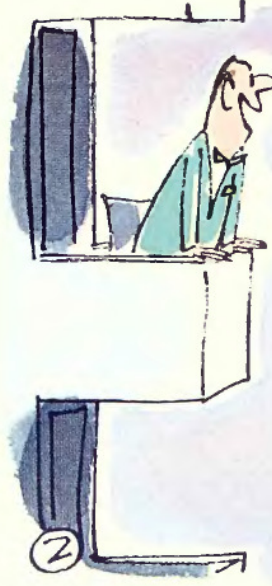
No one could have identified with Scarface. As he tried out his new toy, a tommy gun, by cutting down innocent pedestrians, one had to shrink away. Perhaps because Al Capone was around in those days, though probably it was because of the look of genuine glee on Muni's face. It may not have been his greatest role, but he is certainly remembered for it; as Edward G. Robinson is remembered for his characterization of Little Caesar, Erich von Stroheim for his numerous foul Prussian officers, Charles Middleton for his Ming the Merciless, Richard Widmark for his Tommy Udo.

The last named could very well represent the high point of movie heavydom. When the giggling killer tied the helpless old woman in her wheelchair and sent her careening down that flight of stairs, a certain kind of greatness was achieved.

Shortly after that memorable scene, the gangster movie, as such, expired. It was said to glorify crime, showing vicious killers having the time of their lives through nine tenths of every picture, only to pay for their depredations in the closing moments, usually as a result of an easily avoided bit of carelessness. This was true, though one doesn't notice any sharp decrease in the crime rate with the passing of those unwholesome epics.

The nonwhite as menace also vanished, to the dismay of heavyphiles. No longer could one be certain that the red, yellow, brown or tan man with the shifty eyes (they all used to have shifty eyes) was the villain; quite the reverse: One could be certain that he wasn't.

Still it remains that the Germans' greatest contribution to the art of cinema, discounting Fritz Lang and Caligari, was their wonderful heavies. First there was the despised Hun, portrayed convincingly by actors of almost every nationality except German. Lon Chaney in his spiked helmet, and Walter Long in his, struck terror into many an American



CHANCE

heart, though not so much, perhaps, as the inhuman, bull-necked officer enacted by Erich von Stroheim. This Austrian, who became known as one of the half-dozen truly great directors of all time, projected an image of the German male that persists to this day. The lot of them were monsters.

Oddly, the German screen heavy of the early Forties was a good deal less contemptible. While the Nazis were known to have committed atrocities presumably unimagined by their predecessors, they were, on the whole, gently treated. The common soldier was portrayed as a fiend, almost as brutal and sadistic as our American screen Indian; but the officers fared considerably better. They seemed, except for the icily sadistic SS officers, to be an intelligent group of gentlemen, more misguided than naturally barbarous. In the interpretations of Carl Esmond, J. Edward Bromberg and Paul Lukas, not to mention Marlon Brando's later interpretation, we gathered these Nazi chaps would be worthwhile members of the world community once their ideals were properly sorted out. Otto Preminger tried to correct this image, in *Stalag 17*, but in his broad parody of the Prussian officer, or "filthy Boche," of World War I, he was too late with too little.

No such mistake was made in our treatment of the Japanese. If one's only knowledge of them were gained from the American films produced between 1942 and 1949, one would write off the entire population as a band of hopeless barbarians. While the Nazis were almost always Nazis, or at worst "dirty Nazis," the Japanese were Japs, yellow bellies, monkeys and apes. They never came out in the open to fight, as the Germans did, but hid in the tops of palm trees. Whenever one was shot down, it was a joyful occasion. After all, it wasn't as if they were human. Whenever he raked a belly with machine-gun bullets, or drove in a bayonet, John Wayne delivered the typical epitaph. "Well, scratch another slant-eye," may be considered the archetype.

Of course now we understand that the Japanese are peace-loving friends, if anything more cultivated than Americans, so it would appear that we have used up our supply of foreign heavies, in any case. Of course, one could go back to the Chinese, the original yellow peril, and the Russians, but that would hardly be wise, considering the form an angry response might take. John Frankenheimer flirted with the idea in his delicious *Manchurian Candidate*, but it's doubtful his lead will be followed.

One must not, while one is at it, neglect the ladies. They were never very convincing, or frightening, as heavies, but they tried. God knows they played

hell with the heroes' lives, however difficult that may have been to understand. (Children characteristically dismiss the idea that women are to be taken seriously; when they know better, it is usually too late.) The first female villains, or villainesses, were called vamps. No one knew exactly what the word meant, but it was taken to signify any woman with a great deal of eye make-up who could, and did, distract men of honorable intent from their chosen courses. The queen of them all was Theda Bara (an anagram, her publicist insisted, of Arab Death). Miss Bara was an uncommonly attractive creature, though anyone could tell at a glance that she spelled trouble for any man foolish enough to succumb to her charms. They all did, needless to say, and they went through torment, while audiences shifted uncomfortably (the kids), breathed hard (the older men) or stared aghast (the women). Slightly below Bara in the vamp category, though a far greater star, was Gloria Swanson. The ease with which she led honest men down the primrose path was almost frightening. Pola Negri, Virginia Pearson, Valeska Suratt, Louise Glaum and Barbara La Marr were second stringers, but they kept busy. Then, for no discernible reason, the vamp lost her hold. Audiences who had taken the slinky, masqueraded femmes fatales seriously only a short time before now started to laugh at them. With that, they climbed into their leopard-skin caskets to wait for the reawakening. It never came.

Later actresses attempted to emulate the males in the matter of badness, but they were rather lightweight heavies at best. Bette Davis could hardly be characterized as a "good woman" in any of her pictures, but she seldom had the necessary dark effulgence, though of late she, and Joan Crawford, are staging something of a return match. Gale Sondergaard appeared to know her way about the dark alleys, it's true, and one was forced to admit that a few others—Ann Blyth in *Mildred Pierce*, Margaret Hamilton in *The Wizard of Oz*, Claudette Colbert in *Cleopatra*, Judith Anderson in *Rebecca*, Agnes Moorehead in a wide variety of performances—had something less than the best intentions; but we always felt that in a pinch we could cope with them. At no time did they seem to be more deadly than the male. Everyone knew it took strength to be downright evil, and the worst of the ladies, or all of them together, would have withered before Charles Laughton's Captain Bligh.

This character may be taken as the symbol of our dissolution, or progress, depending upon one's point of view. The original *Mutiny on the Bounty* showed us good and evil in their purest

forms. No one could have been truer of heart than Clark Gable, or baser than Laughton. The latter's scowling, sneering, sadistic Bligh was perhaps the meanest man in the world. He had not a single redeeming quality. When he ordered a crewman flogged, or hung from the highest yardarm, he had it done out of a pure sense of malice. Everyone hated him. The new *Bounty* is a different story altogether. Fletcher Christian, as played by Marlon Brando, is a clever, mincing, high-voiced, aristocratic fop who invites the contempt of his fellows. Bligh, on the other hand, is a plain, decent, unlettered man of the sea who is anxious to do well on his first captaincy. Of the two, it is Christian who is the less appealing. Such an interpretation, it goes without saying, would have been unthinkable 20 years ago. Audiences would have bolted the theaters, disgusted, if not altogether enraged. Yet no one seems to mind today. The new version, after all, is closer to the facts. It is more intelligent, subtler, deeper. After all, the history books show, do they not, that Bligh was not really such a bad sort; no worse, certainly, than any of the other British captains. Indeed, he ended as a full admiral, while the mutineer died of syphilis.

Today's audiences appear to be pleased with the transition, though it does seem a tentative sort of pleasure. They know it's silly to hate anyone, even that neurotic Hitler; yet they get a strange, melancholy look on their faces as they sit before their TV sets, staring at *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, *Little Caesar*, *The Plainsman*, *Drums Along the Mohawk* and all the other hopelessly juvenile movies of yesterday. They remind themselves that the cinema has grown up since then. Even those absurd heavies grew up. Humphrey Bogart, there, blasting helpless policemen with his pistol; didn't he go on to better things? A hunted killer in his first movie, he was a responsible businessman in his last, dispensing brotherly advice instead of bullets. Or take that snarling gangland boss there—what does he have in common with the Edward G. Robinson of today? Or that little hoodlum whose blood-spattered body is being propped against his mother's doorstep. He went on to win an Academy Award for his portrayal of George M. Cohan. Boris Karloff, Richard Widmark, Jack Palance, Akim Tamiroff, Basil Rathbone—the whole lot of them: They're respectable now, fine legitimate actors or amusing comedians. And we should all be very grateful.

Oh, well, there's always Frank Nitti. But, come to think of it, *he* isn't looking too healthy these days . . .



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TOMORROW

(continued from page 64)

tion, Benstead knew, and he tried to show him nothing.

"They were big, those coins," Lamson said, "the size of the American silver dollar, say a five-shilling piece, a crown, milled on the edges and all. He wouldn't sell under a hundred at a time."

"How much were they?" Benstead said.

"Whatever they were worth then," Lamson said, "you can think what they'd be worth now, with silver and platinum where they are. You can't have electronics without platinum, just to mention one thing, and with every little tuppence-ha'penny country in the world whimpering for electric plant, not to say nuclear plant . . . and none of it coming from Russia, you may be bloody sure."

Benstead drank his gin, and waited.

"I know a man," Lamson said, "who bought, hear me, now, a million pounds sterling worth of those platinum discs."

"What became of them?" Benstead said.

"He still has them," Lamson said.

"What would they be worth now?"

Benstead said.

"Five," Lamson said flatly. "Five, at the worst of it. And a seller's market, and no questions asked. Germany. Switzerland. The States. Here. Anywhere. My God, Katanga, if you like."

"In a bank vault, I suppose?"

"No. In his house."

"In the U.K.?"

"In Sussex. A country house. A hundred years ago, with the house over a hundred years old then, they built a vault into it. Steel walls, concrete around them, a safe door. It's a big vault, a walk-in vault; matter of fact, it was at one time used as a wine cellar. The steel was good steel in its day, and the locks the best locks, in their day. Twenty minutes' work now, I should think, with a cutting torch, would see you inside."

"That sounds as if anybody could do it, anybody at all."

"Ah. But there is always the chance of a nasty little surprise, isn't there. Things that look easy often aren't. I know the man. He's in his seventies. He's crafty. You might call him mad, too, and not be far off the mark. He's the kind of man might know about mantraps and dead-falls and that sort of nastiness."

Benstead went to the bar and brought back drinks.

"Now, then," he said. "It's time to talk. You've come looking for me, haven't you?"

"Yes," Lamson said.

"Right. I want to know how you picked me out. I want to know now, and I will know, or it's out the door."

Lamson looked into his eyes and the fat face smiled. "The modern Army, as you must know," he said, "wants more than strong backs and weak brains. They ask you about yourself, and you tell them, and it all goes down on punch cards for the great iron thinking machine. If the Army wants to know who is thirty-three, a locksmith, an explosives expert, without a police record and due for early mustering out, the great iron machine will tell. If one has access to the machine, good. Or, if, as in my case, one has access to someone who has access to the machine . . ."

Benstead said nothing.

"I, too, have no police record," Lamson said. "It is essential in the sort of enterprise I have in mind."

"How do you happen to know about the platinum, the vault and all that?" Benstead said.

"I was butler in that house for a couple of years," Lamson said.

"Recently?"

"No, no indeed. I left, quietly and of my own accord, I may say, in 1957."

"The platinum may not be there still."

"It is, though."

Benstead said nothing. Five millions sterling. If you could get that to the States it would be \$14,000,000. Seven and a half million dollars each. Fourteen million dollars that a madman had, and clearly didn't even need, since he hadn't touched it for three decades. There it lay, for the taking. But, thinking about it was one thing, and to put foot on the road for Sussex, irretrievably, irrevocably committed, was something else . . .

Lamson touched his arm. "You see that little blonde over under the lamp?" he said, "the one the boy with her has all the hair?"

Benstead nodded.

"I've been watching them," Lamson said. "He's had two pints of mild since he left her last. He'll be for the men's any minute. When he does, I'm going over and put it to her flat."

The curtain to the other room was still swinging under the wind of the boy's passing when Lamson was whispering to the girl. He was back inside 90 seconds.

"Done and done," he said.

"Never," Benstead said.

"Watch," Lamson said. "She'll make him put her into a cab, she'll go once around the square, I'll be waiting at the top, and I'll get in. You'll see."

"What'd you tell her?" Benstead said.

"Something so outrageous you could never believe it," Lamson said. "Something very simple and outrageous."

The boy came back. The argument was short. He went to the street and

when he came back and held the door open for her, they could see the cab at the curb. The boy came in alone and went to the bar, dark-faced, for another pint. Lamson and Benstead left. They stood together at the top of the street and watched the square black nose of the cab poke around the corner. The little blonde was tucked tightly into the far corner of the seat.

"I don't really want her," Lamson said softly to Benstead, "although certainly there must be worse ways to spend an hour or two. But I did want to show you what resolution will do, what action will do. Think of her as platinum, there for our taking, there for our pleasure."

"Ours?" Benstead said.

"Of course," Lamson said. "What else did you think I could say to startle her in that much time? I offered her two men for one boy. It's a fair deal. Get in. After you."

He gave the driver an address and went in himself. He pulled down a jump seat and each time the cab passed a streetlight Benstead saw his placid, incurious eyes. Very much as he looks now, he thought, remembering, and coming away from the train window. Lamson's light snapped on.

"What were you thinking about so hard?" Lamson said. "What was wrinkling up your forehead so?"

"Just then, about Rosemary, if that was her name," Benstead said.

"Weren't you surprised at the amount of ambition in that little thing, and the staying power of her, and she didn't weigh eight stone?" Lamson said.

"She was a marvel," Benstead said. "She'd have managed two more like us. But I wasn't thinking about that. I was thinking about the flat you took us to. Didn't look much lived in, that place."

"If you'll recall," Lamson said mildly, "I didn't tell you it was mine, I didn't say I lived there."

"No," Benstead said. "You didn't. But you hadn't told me, then, about your house in Drayton Gardens, either, had you? As for the flat, you had that just for the night, didn't you?"

"Yes," Lamson said.

"And the girl was bought and paid for as well, wasn't she?"

"No, dear boy," Lamson said. "She's an old friend of mine, Rosemary, and she did it as a favor. As for the boy, he wasn't in on it at all, it was all real for him."

"You're too clever by half," Benstead said.

Lamson shrugged. "I was offering you a ticket to a banquet, and you weren't taking it," he said. "You needed leading. You'll be glad, this time, tomorrow."

"Maybe," Benstead said.

"If you're really miffed about it,"

Lamson said, "we'll call off the whole party, and go back to London. Because there are three things that spoil an enterprise like ours: cheating in the split, too much spending afterward, bad feeling at the time. If you hold it against me that I spread the girl's legs for you, say so now, to me, so you won't be tempted to say so later, to the coppers."

"No," Benstead said. "I'm not that much a bastard. If you'd picked some tramp, now . . . but she *was* a flaming marvel, that one."

"Natural aptitude," Lamson said. "And careful schooling."

. . .

An hour and 20 minutes out of London they left the train, at Etchingham in Kent. Five or six others got off with them, all plainly locals. They gave up their tickets to the platform man, walked across the footbridge to the parking lot and the cars Lamson had dropped the day before. One was a black

Jensen. "Only schoolboys and motor-magazine fanatics know a Jensen when they see one," Lamson had said, "and there's that big fat American Chrysler engine in it, that'll start before you can get your thumb off the teat, no matter what. And do 140, should one need it."

A black Ford panel van stood beside it. Benstead leaned close to read the chaste gilt lettering: "J. Smithfield & Sons, Provisioners, Bexhill-on-Sea."

"All your own," Lamson said. "No such firm, of course. We're in Seddlescomb at five-thirty. Slow, up the road to Westfield, and if we don't meet him, around again and we'll check the pub."

Benstead gave himself one quick look at the map tucked under the seat. It was the large-scale map, the 50-inch one showing fence posts, footpaths and every building. At 5:30 on the button they started up the hill toward Westfield, the truck ahead, and within a quarter mile the big man on the bicycle passed them.



coasting. The caretaker, on his way to The Sawyer's Arms, where, unless the building burned, he'd stay until closing. With him gone, Lamson said, the house was dead empty. He had shown Benstead the cutting from *The Times*: "Sir Mark Barnal and Lady Barnal will spend Christmas in Gstaad."

They ran up the long drive and around the gray old manor house, formless with the added-on bits and pieces of two and a half centuries. They put the cars under a shed.

The grass underfoot was frozen and lumpy. Thin clouds scudded so low, under a cold, driving east wind, a strong man might have thrown a stone into them. Benstead looked around.

"Not to worry," Lamson said, "the old bastard's too miserly to feed a dog. Or even a cat."

Benstead ran his hands over the door. He slipped a piece of plastic into the crack and felt the latch run back, but the door held. "Probably a little sliding bolt as well," he said. "Put your shoulder on it. Now. Shove." With a stifled woody screech the door swung. "Right," Lamson said. "This way." He walked briskly through long hallways and carpeted rooms up two steps here, down three there.

The door was man-size. Welded in the center of it, a lozenge shape of steel carried Victorian lettering: MARSHALL & TATE, 12, STRAND, LONDON. LOCKSMITHS.

Benstead ran a short file across it. A bright sliver lifted. "Jesus," he said, "it's not true."

He pulled the zipper on his satchel and set up the two short fat tanks. He slipped on a pair of goggles and lit the torch. The good cold steel, a century from a Birmingham forge, ran under the pointed hissing flame. He cut it like cake. The combination fell out.

"What do you think?" Lamson said.

Benstead pushed the goggles to his forehead. "He might have something rigged inside," he said, "but for some reason I doubt it. Let's have a look."

He pushed a light through the ragged-edged hole where the combination had been.

"The lolly's there all right," he said. "Stacks of it. And not a wire in sight. The place is clean, I'm sure of it. I'm going to knock the bolts loose."

They were inside 30 seconds later.

The discs were stacked, from end to end of the long room, like markers around a roulette table. Benstead had expected they'd shine like silver, but they were dull, the color of aluminum kitchenware. He lifted one off its stack.

"Platinum, 99.4 Percent Fine Guaranteed." The marking was the same on both sides. The edge milling was sharp and hard.

"Oh, ye of little faith," Lamson said. "We should have brought the shovels and the buckets with us. I'll fetch them." He ran into the darkness.

It took them two hours of hard labor, two hours of shoveling platinum. For all the double springs under it, for all the 60 pounds of air in the tires, the Ford sagged. The rear end of the Jensen was down, too.

They closed the vault door. Benstead welded the cut circlet of steel back into it, a crude quick job, but it might pass notice from a little way off; he puttied the bolt back to the doorframe and went out a window. They drove carefully to London. The fog began at Sidcup, and they were two hours from there to Chelsea. They ran the cars into Lamson's little maisonette-cum-garage in Drayton Gardens and closed the doors. The oil-fired furnace stood against the far wall, and in the closet behind it, they knew, the bullion molds awaited the white-hot metal.

"Do you know," Lamson said, "the older I get, the more I realize that the old copybook clichés tell us the truth?"

"Do they?" Benstead said.

"Yes," Lamson said. "For example: 'Riches come to those who toil for them.' Look at my hands. Look at yours."

They admired their reddened palms. Lamson had a couple of small blisters.

"Think how we must sweat, melting the stuff down to bars," Lamson said. "Damned near a ton of it."

"Pitiful," Benstead said. "And for what? For a miserable five million quid."

"Why is there no drama?" Lamson said. "Where is the excitement?"

"You tell me," Benstead said.

"Because we got away with it," Lamson said. "Drama is for losers."

"There may be drama later, after the newspapers have the story," Benstead said.

"Never a line in the papers, you silly bastard," Lamson said. "It's absolutely illegal to hold platinum. He'll not dare say a word, ever."

"That's jolly," Benstead said.

Lamson shrugged. "My own belief," he said, "jobs like this are pulled off every day and nobody ever the wiser. As with killings. Do you know the Interpol estimate? Twenty thousand flipping murders a year, unreported, this side of Russia, every one passed as natural death or accident."

They climbed the narrow winding iron stairs to the floor above. They dropped a double Scotch apiece.

"If we could make it to The Grapes through this muck," Benstead said, "I could do with a Guinness and a sausage."

"Right," Lamson said.

They walked along briskly, and the

fog eddied behind them. Lamson was as sure and steady as a bloodhound. Their footfalls were muffled. For a long block, a bus, a great lighted house, crawled along beside them. They passed a couple on a corner. "No, my dear," a soft Negro voice was saying, "it *cannot* be to the left."

"Do you know what I would like?" Benstead said.

"No," Lamson said. "Tell me—bearing in mind that there is nothing, I should think, that you cannot hope to have very soon, nothing that money can buy, at any rate."

"That Rosemary," Benstead said. "I'd like another go at that. D'you think she'll be in The Grapes?"

"She often is," Lamson said. He laughed. "Are you thinking of telling her what you owe her, in the way of inspiration?"

"No, I'm not," Benstead said. "Isn't that the steeple of the Oratory over there?"

"Right," Lamson said. "Two more squares."

"Coming in, on the wireless," Benstead said, "the B.B.C. said this muck should have blown off by this time, tomorrow."

"We live in hope," Lamson said.

The cut-and-frosted glass of the pub door came up suddenly in front of them, as things do in fog. Lamson pushed it open, and they went into the warm, beery-smelling, softly lighted place.

They were in the public bar. They went on through to the lounge. They stood, just inside, looking around.

"Well, by God," Lamson said, "and there she is!"

"And alone, from the look of things," Benstead said. He smiled slowly. A warm and glowing sense of pleasure crept over him.

"Well, now," he said, "what are we waiting for—or what am I waiting for, since I gather you're not really interested, this time?"

"Press on," Lamson said. "Just one thing—I shouldn't count on making a night of it. Won't do to leave the stuff in Drayton Gardens alone too long. And it'll take both of us to look after it properly, I should think."

"Ah, *that*," Benstead said. "That'll keep. This might not."

The girl looked across, saw him, smiled in what he chose to regard as a shy and tentative fashion. He walked toward her, resisting an impulse to snap his fingers to the beat of an unheard song. He stood over her, he looked down at her. That, he said to himself, is mine. It's mine, and I'm taking it home with me.

"Hello," she said.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH RUSS HEATH & FRANK FRAZETTA

PART II OF A TWO-PART JAMES BOMB ADVENTURE. SYNOPSIS - SMERSH, THE SOVIET COUNTERSPY APPARAT, HAS SENT AGENT IVAN FLAMYINK TO LIQUIDATE BOMB. MEANWHILE, ANNIE HAS PERSUADED BOMB TO MAKE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION NOT TO KILL ANYMORE "A VOW THAT DEPRIVES HIM OF HIS FAITH-DREAM IN HIS OWN MASCULINE KILLER IMAGE. "WHAT ARE WE WITHOUT OUR DREAMS BUT SOFT, EMPTY SHELLS?" SIGHS BOMB. "HOW RIGHT YOU ARE," SNEERS ANNIE, REMOVING HER SOFT, EMPTY SHELL, REVEALING SMERSH AGENT IVAN FLAMYINK!







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