

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1965 • 75 CENTS

# PLAYBOY



CONTINUING IAN FLEMING'S FINAL JAMES BOND ADVENTURE,  
"THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN" • PLUS JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, ROALD DAHL,  
WILLIAM SAROYAN, KEN W. PURDY AND MARQUIS CHILDS





## MEET OUR 125-M.P.H. TIRE

(MANY 60-M.P.H. DRIVERS WILL BUY IT)

Before bringing out our new Super Sports 500, we put it through every test you could think of. One, for example, was at sustained speeds of 125 mph—24 hours a day, days on end—at our blistering hot Texas test track. Now, you may not want to drive at such speeds, but we wanted to be certain you had an extra margin of safety when you really need it. And, you do. Blowouts? Forget them. This tire has race tire construction that welds the nylon cord body



and tread inseparably together. The wrap-around tread gives cat-claw traction, especially on curves. And tie-bars are built right into the tread to take out wavering at high speeds. The tire has our exclusive Sup-R-Tuf rubber, and that means extra miles and months of service. Those are only a few of the facts. For more information, the man to see is the man who sells the Super Sports 500—at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone T.M.

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE



FROM **FIRESTONE**



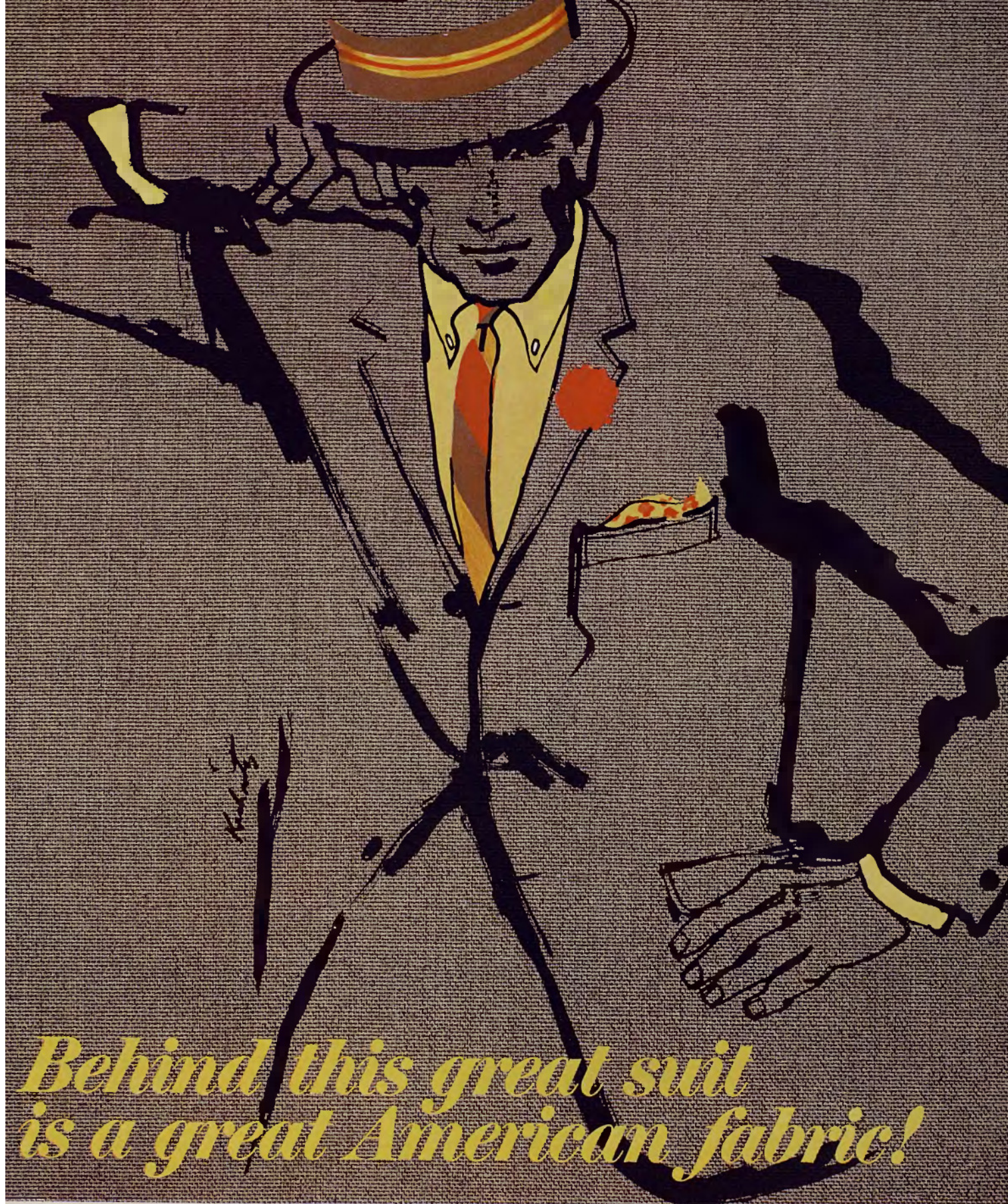


## MY SIN

a most provocative perfume

Extract, Perfume Mist, Eau de Lanvin, Dusting Powder, Talc, Soap, Bath Oil.





*Behind this great suit  
is a great American fabric!*

SUIT BY TROPI-TEX...DACRON\*-WORSTED POPLIN BY RAEFORD.

This new tropical suit is a notable example of the Tropi-Tex tailoring art. And it has even more to recommend it: a fabric by Raeford... a poplin weave of Dacron polyester and worsted that takes heat waves in neat stride. No mill anywhere in the world weaves finer fabrics than Raeford. Great fabrics, made by highly skilled American craftsmen, destined for great suits. Raeford Worsted Company. A Division of Burlington Industries.



**Raeford**



**PLAYBILL** THE LEGGY display of Rabbit-covered calf on our cover (a cause of some concern to the trouser-tugging Femlin) kicks off this multipleasured May issue.

In the fictive world of macabre fantasy, there is no more prestigious name than Roald Dahl. Dogged by deep personal tragedy, Dahl has produced very little in the recent past—*The Visitor*, our May lead fiction, is his first short story in over five years; the last was *A Fine Son*, also in *PLAYBOY* (December 1959). Dahl, who now lives in England, has put an indelible mark on literature with his two short-story collections, *Someone Like You* and *Kiss, Kiss; The Visitor* is sure to further enhance his enviably unique reputation. Enhancing *The Visitor* is Gilbert Stone's evocative illustration. The 24-year-old artist has accomplished a great deal in his brief career: a brace of one-man shows, illustrations in most of the major magazines and a much-prized gold medal in New York's 1964 Annual Illustrators Show.

Our *Playboy Interview* this month is with one of the world's great men of letters, Jean-Paul Sartre. Existentialist, atheist, iconoclast, war hero, rejector of the Nobel Prize for Literature, Sartre, whose recently published first volume of his autobiography, *The Words*, stunned the literary world, was scheduled to deliver a series of lectures last month at Cornell University, his first visit to this country in many years.

*PLAYBOY* Contributing Editor and auto authority Ken W. Purdy, author of this issue's *Motoring's Classic Revival*, has been on behind-the-wheel terms with a host of classic cars; he has owned at one time or another three Phantom I Rolls-Royces, including an ex-Doris Duke limousine and one of the comparatively rare roadsters; a double-cowl Packard touring car; a T-head Mercer Raceabout; Types 35C, 44 and 50 Bugattis—respectively, a *grand prix* car, a touring car and a coupe; an L-29 Cord; and a Morgan Three-Wheeler. He has never owned a Duesenberg, but once tested one for some months as a favor for a friend. He would like to own, but can't find, a good chain-drive Frazer-Nash of the 1930s. Ken's current transportation, in a more con-

temporary vein: a Rover Three Litre and a Porsche SC.

*The Liberal Dilemma*, an insightful appraisal of the political tightrope being walked by today's progress-minded Americans, marks the *PLAYBOY* debut of Washington columnist Marquis Childs. For almost 30 years a well-known pundit on Capitol Hill, Childs has had his syndicated political column, *Washington Calling*, popping out of his typewriter for over two decades, and is the author of a spate of books on crucial national and international affairs.

Another author debuting in *PLAYBOY* this month is J. G. Ballard, whose melancholic grotesquerie, *Souvenir*, augurs well for an encore. Ballard's background has the ring of the fantastic about it. Born in Shanghai in 1930, he was interned by the Japanese during World War II, repatriated to England in 1946, studied medicine at Cambridge, became a copywriter for a London ad agency, an RAF pilot and a science-fiction author. His first novel, *The Drowned World*, was published by Doubleday in March.

William Saroyan (*Being Refined*), Fresno's flamboyant chronicler of Armenia in America, covets his California cosmopolis with typical Armenian fervor. Bill told us recently: "I have my home in Paris on the sixth and top floor of a kind of slumlike flat—no elevator, no heat, and no bohemians, beatniks or philosophers in the neighborhood, except when a few come from the Left Bank to see how the ordinary people live—but when I'm in Paris, I am always still in Fresno; this is not paradoxical, only one of the facts of life among home folk."

Continuing in this issue is Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's in-depth appraisal of movies and sexual mores, *The History of Sex in Cinema*. This installment covers and uncovers the decade 1910-1920. Knight manages to cram into a busy writing schedule a professorship in the University of Southern California's Cinema Department, is curator of Celluloid City's own Hall of Fame, the Hollywood Museum, which is currently appraising. A recent communiqué

from film critic-author (*The Barrymores*) Alpert proves that he believes what he reads in our magazine; he writes: "I took Ken Purdy's advice in *PLAYBOY* and bought a Corvette with automatic transmission. This horrifies young gas-station attendants but pleases me no end. I have discovered the complete myth about that stick-shift stuff; I haven't met a stick shifter yet with the reflexes to beat the automatic."

Also continuing in our May issue, the late Ian Fleming's final James Bond adventure novel, *The Man with the Golden Gun*. Incidental intelligence as to the incredible drawing power of Secret Agent 007: As we go to press with this issue, *You Only Live Twice* (which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*) has been on the best-seller list for six months. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (also first published in *PLAYBOY*) was 1964's best-selling paperback (a total of over 18,000,000 Fleming paperbacks have already been sold).

Rounding out our May offerings, a variety of visual and verbal delights: Murray Teigh Bloom's bump-off Baedeker, *How's and Whys of the Perfect Murder*; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's ode to the world's whiskeys, *Proofs Positive*; Stella by Starlight, a pictorial renewal of old acquaintance with January 1960 Playmate Stella Stevens, who shortly thereafter achieved stardom in Hollywood; Fashion Director Robert L. Green's eye-catching compendium of casualwear shirtings, *Pour le Sport*; Poetry for Moderns, Jack Sharkey's irreverent reconstituting of rickety rhymes; German-born flick queen Barbara Bouchet caught in some damp but delightful high jinks with Hugh O'Brian while filming *In Harm's Way*; further deshabilled derring-do by Little Annie Fanny; May's magnificent Playmate of the Month, Maria McBane; and Part IV of *The Playboy Philosophy's* round-table discussion of America's sexual revolution, with a minister, a priest, a rabbi and *PLAYBOY's* Editor-Publisher, Hugh M. Hefner.

From cover to cover, then, the reader will find this issue—to quote that most quotable of gentlemen, Will Shakespeare—"as full of spirit as the month of May."



BLOOM



CHILDS



DAHL



SAROYAN



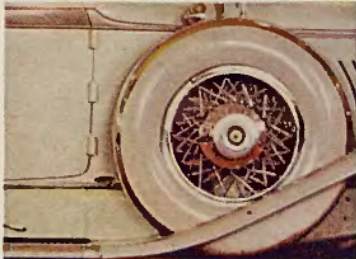
STONE



# PLAYBOY



James Bond P. 86



Classic Revival P. 83



Stella by Starlight P. 120



Pour le Sport P. 109

## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

|  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| PLAYBILL   | 3                                   |
| DEAR PLAYBOY   | 9                                   |
| PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS                                      | 21                                  |
| THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR                                      | 51                                  |
| PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel                  | PATRICK CHASE 57                    |
| THE PLAYBOY FORUM  | 59                                  |
| THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY—editorial                         | HUGH M. HEFNER 63                   |
| PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEAN-PAUL SARTRE—candid conversation  | 69                                  |
| THE VISITOR—fiction                                      | ROALD DAHL 78                       |
| MOTORING'S CLASSIC REVIVAL—article                       | KEN W. PURDY 83                     |
| THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN—fiction                      | IAN FLEMING 86                      |
| THE KISS—CIRCA '65—pictorial                             | 89                                  |
| THE LIBERAL DILEMMA—opinion                              | MARQUIS CHILDS 93                   |
| PROOFS POSITIVE—drink                                    | THOMAS MARIO 94                     |
| SOUVENIR—fiction   | J. G. BALLARD 98                    |
| MADMOISELLE FROM AVIGNON—playboy's playmate of the month | 100                                 |
| PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor                              | 106                                 |
| POUR LE SPORT—attire                                     | ROBERT L. GREEN 109                 |
| BEING REFINED—fiction                                    | WILLIAM SAROYAN 113                 |
| HOWS AND WHYS OF THE PERFECT MURDER—article              | MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM 117              |
| POETRY FOR MODERNS—humor                                 | JACK SHARKEY 118                    |
| STELLA BY STARLIGHT—pictorial                            | 120                                 |
| ON THE SCENE—personalities                               | 128                                 |
| THE INVISIBLE LOVER—ribald classic                       | 131                                 |
| THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA—article                     | ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT 134 |
| THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY—humor                            | JIM BEAMAN 181                      |
| LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire                                | HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 201  |

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1965 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: FEMLIN SCULPTURE BY JUSTIN FOX, JR.; PHOTOGRAPH BY J. GARRY O'ROURKE; P. 3 PHOTOGRAPHS BY POMPEO POSAR VARVIN KONER, JIM MARSHALL; P. 69 PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN LEONARD; P. 89 PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAUDE AZOULAY; P. 90-91 PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO CASILLI; P. 117 PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY GORDON; P. 122 PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK SCHALLWEG; P. 128 PHOTOGRAPH BY WIDE WORLD; P. 134-137 PHOTOGRAPHS BY CULVER (5), R. R. STUART.

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1965, VOL. 12, NO. 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

SHELDON WAX *senior editor*; PETER ANDREWS, FRANK DE BLOIS, MURRAY FISHER, MICHAEL LAURENCE, NAT LEHRMAN, WILLIAM MACKLE *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *associate fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance*; CHARLES BEAUMONT, RICHARD GEHMAN, KEN W. PURDY, ROBERT RUARK *contributing editors*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy chief*; RAY WILLIAMS *assistant editor*; BEV CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor*; BONNIE BOVIK *assistant picture editor*; MARIO CASILLI, LARRY GORDON, J. BARRY O'ROURKE, POMPEO POSAR, JERRY YULSMAN *staff photographers*; STAN MALINOWSKI *contributing photographer*; FRED GLASER *models' stylist*; REID AUSTIN *associate art director*; RON BLUME, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRADENYCH *art assistant*; CYNTHIA MADDOX *assistant cartoon editor*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager*; PAT PAPPAS *rights and permissions* • HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*; JOSEPH FALL *advertising manager*; JULES KASE *associate advertising manager*; SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager*; JOSEPH GUENTHER *detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUTCH *promotion director*; DAN CZUBAK *promotion art director*; HILMUT LORSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY DUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *college bureau*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; WALTER HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager*; ELTON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT PREUSS *business manager & circulation director*.





I'll bet those are  
the only unsleepy pajamas  
in the world.

Most pajamas look like they were designed by a mother-in-law. All safe and sleepy and friendly and clean behind the ears.

Good old Van Heusen.

They're the only people in the world who could get a guy like Bill

into a pair of pajamas... because they're the only people in the world who make pajamas for grown-up men.

Van Heusen doesn't think like a chaperon.

There's nothing cozy about blazer stripes like that. There's nothing safe

about that lean un-floppy fit. In fact, there's absolutely nothing sleepy about this view.

**VAN HEUSEN®**  
**417** younger by design

Van Heusen and Lady Van Heusen Apparel





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





# No additives, please!

We have nothing against salt. On radishes, or french fries. But not in *beer*.

Putting salt in your beer, some say, perks up the head . . . or livens up the taste . . . or makes the beer "drier." With Budweiser, though, all salt can do is make it salty. Budweiser is complete . . . a ready-to-drink beer if there ever was one.

When the bartender serves you a Bud®, let him splash it right down the center of the glass. That fine head of foam is a sure sign of something special below . . . wonderful clarity, real beer aroma, a taste and smoothness we know of in no other beer. No brewmaster in the world has ever found a way to give you that distinctive Budweiser taste without Beechwood Ageing.

So leave the salt in the shaker. We put heart, soul and our exclusive Beechwood Ageing into Budweiser. All you need to enjoy it is a glass . . . and a taste for the real thing.\*

*it's worth it . . . it's Budweiser®*

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

*\*If you really crave something salty with your Bud, how about some peanuts? Or ask the bartender if he knows a good sea story.*



**"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"**



**Join the Unswitchables.  
Get the filter cigarette with the taste worth fighting for!**

Tareyton has a white outer tip  
...and an inner section of charcoal.  
Together, they actually improve  
the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.


***Tareyton***

*Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.*





## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

**YEAH, YEAH, YEAH**

I have always thought the *Playboy* Interview one of the most interesting features of your magazine. But your interview with the Beatles in the February issue topped all others. It showed a side of the Beatles that few people have seen before. It showed them as fun-loving, "dirty young men" as Ringo calls them, "agnostic" as John calls them, and all-around good chaps.

Robert W. Ruble  
Spring Valley, Minnesota

Upon receiving my February copy of *PLAYBOY* in the mail today, as is my custom, I first looked for the monthly interview. To say the least, I was disappointed. I am surprised to find *PLAYBOY* wasting on the Beatles the section of the magazine designed to bring sophisticated young adults information through interviews with interesting people. Not only did the Beatles fail to contribute anything useful to the magazine, they managed to show their ignorance in a very sophomoric manner.

Robert Price, Jr.  
Camp Point, Illinois

I'm neither a Beatles fan nor an anything fan, but I must be frank in admitting that these lads are "where it's at." Other than my own remarks, I've never laughed at anyone's humor as much as these four.

Robert Wood  
New York, New York

Jean Shepherd's interview with the Beatles is the most gratifying piece of iconoclasm I've encountered in quite a spell. Unintentionally and with no obvious malice aforethought, he has exposed the Beatles for what a lot of us have suspected them of being all along: rude, obnoxious and unsophisticated. It becomes shockingly apparent that there is nothing inherently rehabilitative about possessing vast sums of money. If having money was ever sociologically synonymous with having "class" (as we understand the term), the synonym has achieved an unparalleled dichotomy with the Beatles.

James W. Sanders III  
Ithaca, New York

I would like to thank you for your true-to-life article about the Beatles. It woke me up to the fact that (with the possible exception of George Harrison) they don't give a damn whether their fans live or die. Certainly I realize that they are only human and sometimes they get tired of being in the public eye, but someday they are going to wake up and find that their fans don't give a damn whether *they* live or die. I'm 16 years old and I'm still crazy about them, but somehow it's not the same.

Gail Dow  
Brooklyn, New York

Having religiously read *PLAYBOY* for a long time, we were extremely disappointed with the interview that Jean Shepherd conducted with the Beatles. We felt that the interview did not measure up to the literary standards that *PLAYBOY* has met in the past.

We should like to make it clear that we are all avid Beatle fans when it comes to enjoying their recordings and their lone movie venture. However, we also feel that their literary value lies in the teen fan magazines only, since their answers are all comprised of the same nonsense.

Alan Altman  
Marv Copperstein  
Herb Altman  
University of Pittsburgh  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Your interview with the Beatles was excellent. It's good to see that not every teenage idol must be a teenager. The Beatles successfully combine teenage vitality and sense of humor with an adult perspective. Your article provided an insight into their personalities, showing why their personal statures are as attractive as their music.

David Perkins  
Jerome Liof  
W. Corey Rich III  
Yale University  
New Haven, Connecticut

*PLAYBOY*'s interview with the mop tops was absolutely gear, and Jean Shepherd's introduction was a smasher, but I searched through both in vain for a bit of world-shaking inside information I've



The fabled fragrance so elusive  
it took a generation to capture.

**POSSESSION**  
de CORDAY



*A totally new aura in perfume  
Born in France. A legend in its own time  
Three-Fifty to Thirty-Five Dollars*

© 1965 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

**PLAYBOY**, MAY, 1965, VOL. 12, NO. 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$20 FOR THREE YEARS, \$15 FOR TWO YEARS, \$8 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$4.00 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. **ADVERTISING:** HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 405 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022, MU 8-3030; JOSEPH FALL, ADVERTISING MANAGER; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 155 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. MI 2-1000. DETROIT, JOSEPH GUENTHER, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, OL 2-8780; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET; YU 2-7994; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.





The imported one

# BEEFEATER BEEFEATER®

BEEFEATER GIN • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KOBAND, N.Y.



exhilarating elegance FOR MEN...

## JADE EAST



Cologne, 6 oz., \$4.50; After Shave, 6 oz., \$3.50; Deodorant Stick, \$1.75.  
Buddha Soap Gift Set, \$4.00; Spray Cologne, \$3.50.

SWANK, New York—sole distributor PRICES PLUS TAX

always been curious about—their ages. Can you enlighten me?

Lester Hackett  
Chicago, Illinois

John and Ringo are 24, Paul and George are 22.

### POLL WATCHERS

PLAYBOY readers are to be congratulated for their musical acumen. Their choices for the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band (February 1965) coincided with mine.

Jean Jeffries  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have suffered silently for years while the Playboy Jazz Poll has disintegrated to the point of no return. But when your readers hand out medals to the likes of Barbra Streisand, Henry Mancini and Peter, Paul & Mary, it's time to speak up. This is a jazz poll? Who's kidding whom? I predict that among next year's winners will be that jazz giant Lawrence Welk.

Thomas Reilly  
Los Angeles, California

Now you've done it. Peter, Paul & Mary and Barbra Streisand, indeed. King Oliver must be turning over in his grave. How off-key can you get?

Frank Weiss  
Bronx, New York

When we first introduced the Playboy Jazz Poll almost a decade ago, we recognized that the expanding boundaries of America's only original art form made any precise definition of the music or those who perform it impossible. American folk music—including the commercial variations of it performed by popular folk groups such as Peter, Paul & Mary—is actually closer to the traditional roots of jazz than the far-out sounds of such avant-garde jazzmen as Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane and Jimmy Giuffrè, the third-stream experimentation of Gunther Schuller and Stan Kenton's Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra.

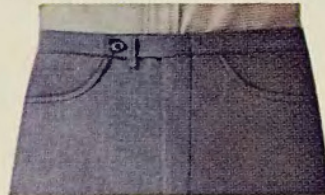
The line of demarcation between American pop music and jazz was always a tenuous one, but it disappeared forever in the Thirties, when jazz evolved into the big-band swing of Benny Goodman, Count Basie and the Dorsey brothers. And if swing is recognized as a form of jazz, then the vocalists with these bands must, logically, be considered jazz singers—not just the obviously jazz-oriented ones such as Anita O'Day, Peggy Lee, Frank Sinatra and Joe Williams, but Art Lund, Dick Haymes and Bob Eberly, too; as well as all similar singers who, for whatever reason, never happened to work with a swing band. The distinguishing factor between such a wide variety of performers then becomes one of quality; and—recognizing that any poll of this kind is, in the final analysis, nothing more or less than a popularity contest—a reflection of how



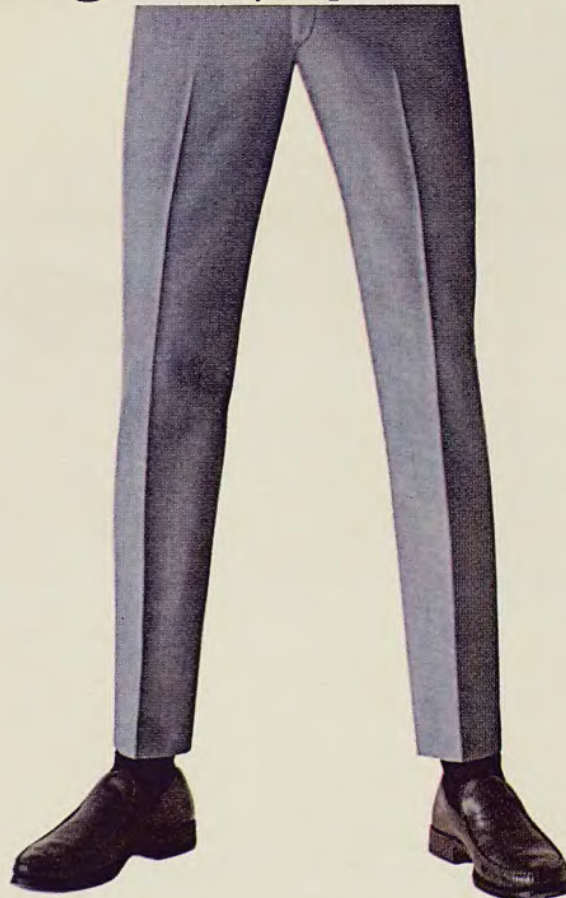
**Take a swinger**



**add two scoops and a loop**



**make his legs trim, tapered and cuffless**



**What have you got? 'Swinger' slacks by**



\$4.98 to \$7.98 depending on fabric (slightly higher in the West). Talon Zipper. For store names write h.i.s., 16 E. 34 St., N.Y. 10016.





A MOST  
EXTRAORDINARY  
FRAGRANCE...  
NOW IN A NEW  
SPRAY MIST!



4 OUNCES 4.75 PLUS TAX

'INTIMATE'  
BY  
REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S  
SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

well the performers have been received by the public. This satisfies our sensibilities as lovers of this thing called jazz; and we find nothing any more incongruous in Barbra Streisand winning a Playboy Jazz Poll award in 1965 than we did when Bing Crosby won a similar honor in a Down Beat jazz poll in the early 1940s.

Jazz, as we know it today, encompasses the traditional sounds of Satchmo and Red Allen, the big-band swing of Ellington, Basie and Herman, the cool school of Brubeck and the MJQ, the avant-gardists, the third-streamers and various aspects of both pop and folk music. We recognize the seeming incongruity of having Miles and Dizzy seated alongside Hirt and Armstrong in the Playboy Jazz Band; however, our annual poll does reflect the changing American taste in the broad spectrum of the contemporary jazz scene. And, of course, for the serious jazzophile—whatever his area of interest—there are the Playboy All-Stars' All-Stars, made up of the jazz musicians' own favorites.

Those Richard Frooman paintings of the Playboy All-Stars' All-Stars in your February issue are really knockouts. What smashing examples of contemporary portraiture and fine representational painting. Years ago he figured as one of the best young artists in our midst; now he keeps improving on top of it. Those spreads of first-class paintings are a real tribute to Art Director Arthur Paul's continuing selection and use of top talent. I'm so impressed with both these guys and the look of the whole thing I just had to put it in writing.

LeRoy Neiman  
New York, New York

Richard Frooman's portrait of Frank Sinatra is a masterpiece. He captured the mood, the essence of the Sinatra personality.

T. Munson  
New York, New York

#### ON OVERBREED

It is not often that I can afford the luxury of buying PLAYBOY, but I consider the money spent on the January 1965 issue well worth it, if only because of the magnificent article, *The Age of Overbreed*, by Sir Julian Huxley. It may be that I am more receptive or more sensitive than others because I live in an underdeveloped country, but it is horrifying for me to watch the predictions made by Sir Julian fulfill themselves inexorably before my eyes and in my own lifetime.

I believe that what Huxley has written should be brought to the immediate attention of every educated person living in an underdeveloped country, so that he may at least give some guidance to his not-so-literate fellow men. I therefore request that you permit me to

translate Sir Julian's article into Hindi and to distribute 1000 copies of the article in both Hindi and English among my students, who, after all, will be responsible for either continuing or halting this population explosion.

B. N. Thadani, Professor and Head  
Structural Engineering Department  
V. J. T. Institute  
Bombay, India  
Permission granted.

*The Age of Overbreed* by Sir Julian Huxley was the most overpowering article I have ever read on the population explosion. He touched all the bases. I wish it were possible to reproduce the article by the millions. It is encouraging to know that the problems of wildlife and open spaces are being given more and more consideration by commentators on the population bomb.

Raymond Mostek, President  
Illinois Audubon Society  
Chicago, Illinois

Sir Julian Huxley's article in the January issue was the best nonfiction to be published by you in the four years that I have been a reader of your magazine. As a Catholic, I cannot practice birth control, I can only have babies and hope like heck that I can support them above the level of poverty.

R. F. Hettinger  
Vermillion, South Dakota

I read Sir Julian Huxley's January article with great interest, because I have known him and admired his works over the years. It is my judgment that *The Age of Overbreed* is an excellent piece dealing with what is perhaps the major problem confronting the world during the rest of this century. Huxley, as usual, has important things to say and says them well. PLAYBOY is to be commended for making this significant article by one of the intellectual giants of our era available to its readers.

Philip M. Hauser, Professor  
and Chairman  
Department of Sociology  
University of Chicago  
Chicago, Illinois

#### GOOD BADDIES

Charles Beaumont's most recent bit of nostalgia, February's *The Heavies*, was right up to his usual excellent standard. I was happy to see the neglected Richard Cramer finally receive proper tribute for his long years of faithful service in the field of film villainy. However, for sheer movie malevolence, I've always maintained that no one could quite equal the leering Warner Richmond. When Richmond grabbed the fragile blonde heroine by the wrist and snarled, "How's about a little kiss, girlie?" you just knew that this had to be the rottenest man who ever lived.

Harry Purvis  
Hamilton, Ontario





## THE HARDEST THING TO MAKE WITH SMIRNOFF IS A CHOICE

There aren't hands enough to hold all the delicious drinks Smirnoff makes. And every one is easy to mix. Just pour a jigger of Smirnoff into orange juice and it becomes a Smirnoff Screwdriver. In tomato juice, it's a Smirnoff Mary, in ginger ale a Smirnoff Highball. Or simply use Smirnoff instead of gin in a frosty Collins or Tonic. Filtered through 14,000 lbs. of activated charcoal, Smirnoff blends with anything that pours. And...it leaves you breathless.

Always ask for *Smirnoff*<sup>®</sup> It leaves you breathless<sup>®</sup>  
VODKA





# A loaf of wine, a jug of bread and (hic) PBM



For the final touch to most any pleasant occasion, may we recommend a PBM jacket? This raised cord, for instance in a 65/35 blend of Dacron and cotton. Or denim, madras, other cool contemporaries. All stay crisp through the hottest circumstances, unruffled when other tropical jackets wilt. PBM is unmistakable in the presence it gives a man.

**PBM**

©1965 Pincus Brothers-Maxwell, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York

## KING CONTINUED

I was immensely impressed by your interview with Dr. Martin Luther King in the January issue; it was one of the best in the series. Such an encompassing presentation provided me, and no doubt many other sympathetic individuals like myself, with a most complete and objective insight into the Negro civil rights movement, thus enabling me to more fully understand and intelligently discuss the most significant sociopolitical event of our time. I was unable to derive such insight and understanding from any of the other media's presentations on the subject, and I finished the interview with a new and profound respect for Dr. King and his work.

1st Lt. S. G. Malek, USMCR  
San Francisco, California

A few words about the interview with the Reverend King which appeared in your January issue. First, I think it was a fine interview, with a good attempt on PLAYBOY's part at objectivity. Also, I should say that I believe that King's views and ideas concerning his theory of nonviolence are to be commended. However, at one point in the interview Dr. King was asked, "Do you feel you have the right to pass judgment on and defy the law—nonviolently or otherwise?" And the good Doctor's answer was, "Yes—morally, if not legally." Funk & Wagnalls' *New Practical Dictionary* defines anarchy as: "Absence or disregard of government; lawless confusion and disorder."

No person or group has the right to take the law into its own hands, be it the NAACP, CORE, the Ku Klux Klan or the White Citizens Council. If we are ever to live together in harmony, without bombings and killings, the first thing that must be learned, by Negro and white alike, is complete respect for and compliance with the law. Unjust laws have been repealed before, they can be repealed (or superseded by new and just laws) again, but only through the due process of law can justice be found for *all* persons. If the Negro takes the law into his own hands, he is no better than the cross burners or vigilantes whom he is trying to remove from power. If the cause of the Negro is ever to be realized, it must be realized through the proper channels, in compliance with the law that governs all citizens of all races. Not all Southerners are fire-breathing, "nigger"-hating bigots. Surprised?

John Garvey

Lake Charles, Louisiana

*We agree with your abhorrence of violence; we agree, too, that generalizations and stereotypes applied to regional or racial groups are damaging and deceiving. However, there are three distinct aspects to the specific issue you raise concerning the quoted statement by Dr. King, and we feel it is impor-*



Keds Mainsails  
were designed to grip  
the heaving,  
sea-swept decks  
of racing  
yachts.



That doesn't mean  
you can't wear Mainsails  
to hang around  
in.

You get a real feeling  
of comfort and security  
from Keds Mainsail boat shoes.

They're the shoes with deep  
zigzag cut outsides for sure grip.  
No skidding. Of course, they have Keds  
shock-proof arch cushions and pull-  
proof eyelets. In white, navy, chino, green,  
or faded blue—so nautical,  
who's to know you've  
never been to sea.



UNIROYAL

Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020 • In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd. **U.S. RUBBER**



80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.



## Gordon's holds the patent on the smoothest, clearest vodka made!

Every drop of Gordon's Vodka is screened 15 times by an exclusive U.S. patented process, using an agent that is actually cleaner than the air you breathe. The Gordon's process produces the smoothest, clearest, most mixable vodka you can buy. Try it soon in your favorite vodka drink.

Enjoy the quality of Gordon's Vodka at an inviting low price.

tant to distinguish among them. First is the moral-philosophical question of violating laws. Like Thoreau, Dr. King feels that legal compliance with bad laws is morally wrong—a view shared by the patriots of the American Revolution and the “Indians” of the Boston Tea Party, among other activists. This was the framework within which Dr. King answered the specific question. Second is the matter of constitutional rights. We do not believe that demonstrating for rights granted by the Constitution can be equated—morally—with cross burning, night riding and other means of intimidation and suppression employed against the exercise of constitutional rights. Third, by passing the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Congress made it a crime to maintain segregation and discrimination in places of public accommodation. In the period since then, the Supreme Court has consistently invalidated discriminatory state laws, and convictions under these laws have been consistently overturned. Where state laws or individual actions violate constitutional rights, the Supreme Court has held that it is not illegal to demonstrate against such laws. None of which condones violence, of course. It is our belief that, for a revolution so long in coming—with so much provocation and such bitter history of frustrated seeking for legal remedies—the Negro revolution has included remarkably little defiance of law and order on the part of the revolutionaries, in contrast with the behavior of many of those who oppose them.

It is hard to conceive that any intelligent American could not be in agreement with the job Martin Luther King is doing. I think it makes it a lot easier for an American to keep his head erect and to be proud of his own country. Working in the field of human motivations, I have, however, often felt that although it may not be a popular approach, it may yet be a pragmatic one to ask Negroes to give credit to white people—not so much to the few who have really tried to do something to help the cause, but also to the many who are truly unprejudiced but for a variety of reasons are unable personally to take any direct militant action.

It is important to analyze what has prevented these other white people, who are willing but unable to make militant contributions. Is it only laziness or cowardice or something deeper? In my opinion it is often due to guilt feelings, and guilt feelings do not necessarily result in remedial action. On the contrary, the compensation for guilt feelings is to develop rationalizations and justifications for one's actions or inaction. By stating publicly that many Negroes understand how difficult it is, even for a well-meaning white, to change his behavior, the result might be a psychological absolu-





# It was just another back yard until Uncle Miles got dressed.

Dressing for a summer affair used to mean plaid shorts, knee socks and a sheepish grin. After Six has changed all that with its Country Formals. Dresses men up with a confident look: A free-wheeling spirit that turns any

back yard into a country club. Turns every Auntie Rose into an "Auntie Mame." The After Six Country Formal is more than a change of clothes. It's a change of heart.



**after  
Six**

FORMAL WEAR BY RUDDKER  
22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA.  
1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NY



# 'BOTANY' 500 TAPERED-TRIM DESIGN



## in Forward Fashion Sport Coats and Slacks

Fashion takes no holiday in these magnificent 'Botany' 500 Sport Coats and Slacks. They express the newest nuances of the world's most fashionable resorts. The fabrics are custom-selected, include DAROLITE (Da-

cron® polyester Worsted) and other fine fabrics. Tapered-Trim designed for slim, trim elegance. America's greatest quality-value. Sport Coats \$39.50 and up; Slacks \$16.95 and up. Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.

### 'BOTANY' 500® TAILORED BY DAROFF

For free booklet, "Secrets of Tapered-Trim" and name of nearby clothier write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.) Prices slightly higher in West. Dress by Junior Sophisticates/Woman's hat by Emme/Handbag by Tano/Woman's shoes by Fiorentina

tion and relief which could more readily bring about the desired help by whites in the cause of freedom for all.

Maybe what we need is some organization consisting of whites and Negroes, and possibly operating in a similar fashion to Alcoholics Anonymous, where the means of learning to overcome one's prejudice could be soberly discussed. Preaching, admonishing and threatening are all at times effective means of changing human behavior; but persuasion, particularly when it uses modern psychological techniques which take both partners of the communication process into consideration, may be an even more effective procedure.

What we need, as an important addition, are new techniques of persuasion that do not result in the creation of guilt feelings among otherwise well-meaning whites—techniques that will instead help to break down the barriers that are preventing these people from taking more positive stands and more militant action.

Ernest Dichter, Ph.D., President  
Institute for Motivational  
Research Inc.

Croton-on-Hudson, New York

### BULL

That disgusting article by Kenneth Tynan, *Beattle in the Bull Ring* (January 1965), sounded like something right out of *Time* magazine. But, try as it did, it didn't change my opinion of El Cordobés. He's still the greatest matador today. When El Cordobés enters the ring, his dynamic personality is felt. That's about the only way to put it—empathy. There is a magic in his performance (sloppy and unartful as it is) that captivates and thrills his aficionados.

Jim Reuhle  
Iowa City, Iowa

### HIGH-POWERED PACKARD

Vance Packard probably knows more about executive recruiting than any other person who doesn't actually participate in that profession. It goes without saying, therefore, that his February article, *The Strategy & Tactics of Job Jumping*, was well done and good reading. I enjoyed it and I am sure many of your readers must have done the same.

Wardwell Howell  
Ward Howell Associates, Inc.  
New York, New York

### STAN THE MAN

I suggest that photographer Stan Malinowski win an award for the best cover in PLAYBOY history. His February cover brought together a fine photographer and a very beautiful model. The results had to be superb. Let's have more of same: the fine photography of Mr. Malinowski and the entrancing beauty of Miss Teddi Smith.

Harold Wright  
Corvallis, Oregon





**...AND YOURS TO KEEP, IF YOU WISH, FOR ONLY \$11.98**





# PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



*Enjoy a long  
cigarette that's  
long on flavor!*

"WHEREVER  
PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Particular about taste?  
Then taste Pall Mall.  
Why? Because Pall Mall's natural mildness means  
just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor—  
the particular flavor you get only from Pall Mall's  
famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.  
Be particular. Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.  
**Outstanding—and they are mild!**



Product of The American Tobacco Company © A.T.C.



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Borrowing a page from the comic books, *Evergreen Review*, the avant-garde literary journal, has come up with a self-satiric subscription offer that totally disarmed our considerable sales resistance. In a recent issue of *The Village Voice*, *ER* ran a half-page cartoon-type strip, in the unintentional pop-art style of the old 98-pound-weakling ads of Charles Atlas. Standing in for that muscle-bound Adonis as the pictured pitchman, in this version, is none other than "J. P. Sartre, Noted Author," who asks atop the page, via the time-honored word bubble, "BUDDY CAN YOU SPARE A FIN?" "Only 15 minutes a day," promises the adjoining headline, "molds a VITAL and more INTERESTING you!!!" Attention galvanized, we hasten on to the story below, where we find our protagonist, Chuck, "handsome young IBM executive," hopelessly attired in bow tie and wide-lapeled sports jacket with padded shoulders, visiting a coffeehouse thronged with hippies and chianti-bottle candlesticks. At the next table, he overhears a group of bearded bohemians discussing the contemporary arts. "Ornette Coleman, Summerhill, Djuna Barnes!" intones a long-haired cat wearing shades. "Eddie Albee, hand-held camera, Arrabal!" replies the beat chick with him. In the next panel, Chuck joins in amiably: "Boy, that EDNA FERBER is one HELL of a writer!!!" A pall descends over the coffeehouse. "EDNA FERBER!!!" gasp the disbelieving patrons, recoiling in horror. "J'accuse!" screams one girl, fixing the Philistine with a finger of scorn. Back at his apartment in the next panel—surrounded by his Glenn Miller records, Grand Rapids furniture and a Walter Keane print of Natalie Wood as a child—Chuck broods about his identity. "What's WRONG with me?" he asks himself. "I'm well built. Nail down 15 thou a year. DRAT IT ALL, ANYWAY!!!" he exclaims, drop-kicking his complete collection of *National Geographics* since 1938 across the room with a visible "BLAM!" Then, as he's leafing through

a magazine, a light bulb materializes above his head. "Hello!" he exclaims. "What's this? Subscribe to the EVERGREEN REVIEW—six issues for five dollars—clip out coupon . . . Hmmm . . . It's worth a try!" In the next panel—one year later—we find Chuck striding dauntlessly back into the scene of his humiliation, as one of the regulars mutters, "Look! Here comes that creep again!" "LET'S PUT HIM DOWN!" hisses his female companion. "Read any good books lately?" they cry raucously, filling the coffeehouse with cruel laughter. But Chuck keeps his cool. Narrow-tied, natural-shouldered, four-buttoned, no-lapeled, a copy of *Evergreen Review* conspicuously in evidence, he murmurs offhandedly, "Marcel Duchamp, morning-glory seeds, Terry Southern, Monk, Sören Kierkegaard, Nova Express, John Cage, Pablo Neruda, Big Sur, Norman Mailer's 'Existentialist Hero,' Roger Corman, Beverly Kenney, Gelber, Malaparte, Satie, *Miraculous Mandarin*, kif, Genet, John Chamberlain, Merce Cunningham, Kiki—AND—*The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*!" The effect is cataclysmic: "GASP!" "WOW!" "WE'RE WIPED OUT!" shout the crowd, snowed out of their sandals. Amid the din of finger-snapping approbation that follows, a groovy-looking skirt in a ponytail throws her arms around our hero's neck and sighs, "Chuck baby, let's fall by my pad and dig some Horace Silver!" "I'm hip," he replies laconically in the last frame—so we scribbled our name and address on the subscription coupon and tore along the dotted line.

Fire-and-brimstone notice posted on a bulletin board in Dallas' Royal Haven Baptist Church: SUNDAY SCHOOL WILL BE HELL AT 10 A.M.

Devotees of spin the bottle, post office, strip poker and dirty Scrabble will want to be the first on their block to draw the shades and try out a brand-new parlor game that promises to sweep the coun-

try: Strip Checkers. The manufacturer, Spacatron, Incorporated, describes it in a news release as follows: "The great new tease game rage. Pictures of bra, hose, pants, etc., adorn each checker. Plays like checkers with the results of strip poker. What a great gift or conversation piece at coffee breaks and parties. Complete set includes full-size apparel checkers, portable felt checkerboard and scintillating rules. Only \$2.95, or 3 for \$5.95."

This month's fig-leaf cluster for Delicacy in Verbal Expression goes to the owner of the padlocked London strip joint who referred to her former patrons as "frustrated gentlemen"—rather than "dirty old men, which is what they really were."

We wouldn't be surprised if the Laguna Beach, California, funeral home that placed the following want ad in the *Los Angeles Times* a few months ago is still waiting for its first reply: "EMBALMER—TO LIVE IN WITH WIFE. Phone 494-3525."

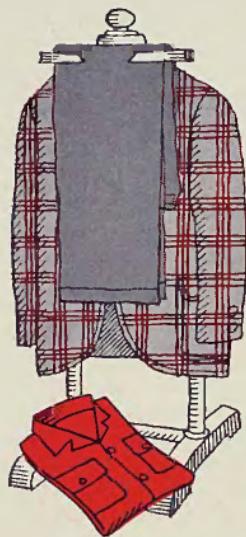
The high cost of dying being what it is, we couldn't help regarding as poetic justice the story that appeared in *The Detroit Free Press* of a distraught woman who collapsed in the arms of a funeral director in Verona, New Jersey, sobbing about the death of her mother. When she finally composed herself and left, he discovered that his wallet was gone.

Not long ago, reports *The Washington Post*, Minnesota Twins' Cuban pitcher Camilo Pascual was awakened at seven A.M. by a phone call from a brash young reporter whose first query was, "Do you speak English?" "Not at seven in the morning," replied Pascual, as he hung up.

The following sporting event, as reported in *Sports Illustrated*, sounds to us a bit racier than the writer may have in-



# Finally—shoes catch up with your 1965 wardrobe



If you have a blazer in your closet—or a red sport shirt—you're part of an important new movement in America.

In the 1920's, if you owned a plaid shirt, you were either a lumberjack or a square. But today you probably have a closetful of sport coats and slacks and a drawerful of colorful sport shirts.

Today we're in the midst of a great fashion movement among American males. But up to now, no one has really shown you a selection of shoes that fit the movement.

Now Roblee brings you a new breed of shoes designed for America's new breed of relaxers. A group of dressy casuals called "Mustangs".

Roblee Mustangs are designed for the man of any age who wants to be comfortable, and rather natty while he's about it.

They're soft and lightweight, and informal in design. And like all Roblee Shoes, Mustangs have a husky quality that tells you they'll wear and wear.

Ask your Roblee dealer to show you the new Mustangs. You'll see what a lot of men will be wearing for the pursuit of happiness this year.

On opposite page: upper left: *Nassau* in brass wax. Also black shrunken grain and brushed tan. Upper right: *Miami* in black shrunken grain. Lower left: *Sun Valley* in dusty buck. Also brass-wax glove leather. Lower right: *Pebble Beach* in white leather. Also soft black grain. About \$16 a pair. Higher Denver west.

[ Write us for the name of your nearest Roblee dealer. Roblee Division,  
Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis. ]

LEATHER REFERS TO UPPERS



QUALITY AT YOUR FEET®

## MUSTANGS BY ROBLEE®

NEW BREED OF SPORT CASUALS FOR AMERICA'S NEW BREED OF RELAXERS









## Nothing can take the press out of Lee-Prēst slacks.

Not that it's on his mind right now. And it needn't be. Those Lee-Prest Leesures can't help but stay crisp and neat. No matter what you put them through. They have a new permanent press. So the crease stays in. The wrinkles stay out. Permanently. And that's without ironing. No touch-ups, either. They're made from Lee's special blend of 50% polyester and 50% combed cotton. For wash and wear... with conviction.

Incidentally, that permanent press is the only change we've made in Leesures. They still have that lean, honest look... smart, tailored fit. New Lee-Prest Leesures. Test their permanent press yourself. It isn't necessary, but it's a great way to spend an evening. From \$5.98 to \$7.98.

# LEE-PRĚST™ Leesures®



tended: "Fifty-two-year-old Sam Snead and 24-year-old Shirley Englehorn combined to win the \$40,000 Haig & Haig Scotch Mixed Foursome Tournament at Sebring, Florida, over Dow Finsterwald, 35, and Marlene Hagge, 30, by a single stroke."

Our Most Fascinating News Story of the Month Award goes to the Associated Press, which recently sent out the following dispatch. We reproduce it in its entirety: "The normal diet of the horned grebe, a swimming bird related to the loon, is 60 percent feathers."

Sign of the times spotted in the window of a Greenwich Village tenement: FURNISHED ROOM TO RENT. NO BATHROOM. SUITABLE FOR ARTIST.

Ever on the alert for typographical errors that just may be Freudian slips, we think we may have discovered one of the niftiest ever, in a three-column headline that appeared in *The News* of Bridgehampton, Long Island. The story under the headline concerns the military transfer of some local members of the Armed Forces. As we reconstruct the crucial event leading up to the Freudful headline, an ex-GI typographer was thinking with distaste about Army grub when he set the type that should have read "THREE SOUTHAMPTON SERVICEMEN SHIFTED," but which, when it appeared in the newspaper, had the middle consonants of the last word neatly transposed.

## RECORDINGS

**Sammy Davis/Count Basie: *Our Shining Hour*** (Verve) has a third magical ingredient going for it: orchestrations by the consummate Quincy Jones. Jones has made the first vinyl meeting of the Count of Red Bank and the Golden Boy one of Stanley-Livingstone proportions. The Basie band and Sammy do the hand-in-glove shtick on *Work Song*, *Why Try to Change Me Now*, that Basie stalwart *April in Paris* and the tag-off *Bill Basie, Won't You Please Come Home*, which features Davis as a hooper. A brace of the arrangements—*Blues for Mr. Charlie* and *The Girl from Ipanema*—are by Sammy's own pianist-conductor, George Rhodes; they are workmanlike but pale beside Jones' infectious orchestrations.

**Monk.** (Columbia) admirably brings to the fore the Thelonious Monk Quartet, a freewheeling foursome whose flights of fancy make it a jazz power to be reckoned with. Monk, of course, is the heart of the matter; his piano musings are all schools and no school. For a study in contrasts, we recommend *That Old Man* (a nursery nonsense song) and the charming chestnut *Just You, Just Me*.

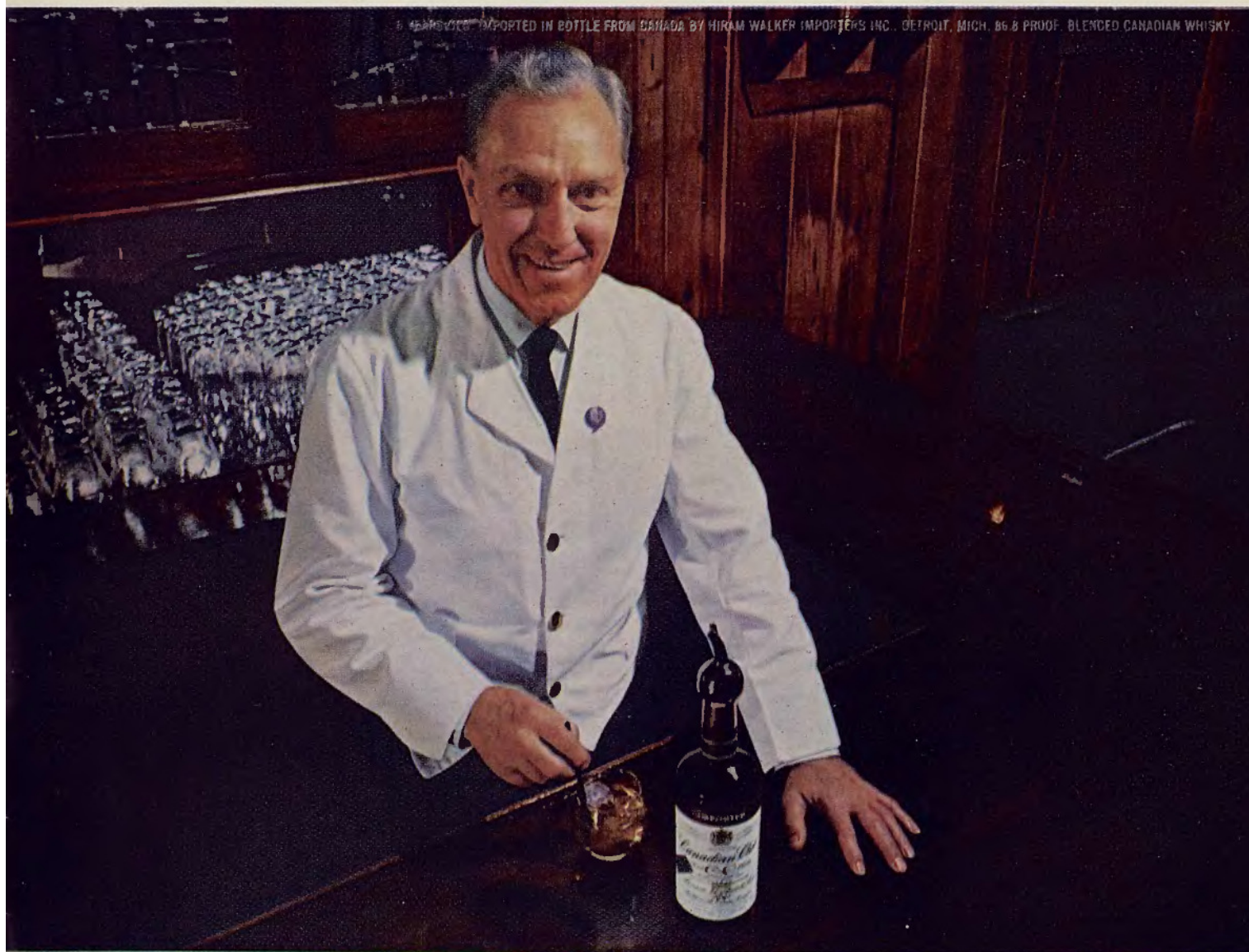


# Recipe for a good bartender:

Mix one part Will Rogers,  
one part Chet Huntley,  
one part Sigmund Freud,  
and one part Grantland Rice.

Add the skill to mix 197 different drinks,  
the stamina to stand up all day long, and the good nature  
to serve each customer as a friend.

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86 & PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



May is National Tavern Month. A good time to drink a toast  
to your favorite bartender...for doing  
so many things so well. Why not stop in tonight?

*Canadian Club*

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II  
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY  
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED  
WALKERVILLE, CANADA





WHO KNOWS  
WHAT THE DAY WILL BRING  
WHEN YOU START WITH  
MAX FACTOR FOR GENTLEMEN



AFTER SHAVE LOTION, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION,  
GENTLEMEN'S COLOGNE AND DEODORANT COLOGNE

The tenor of Charlie Rouse contributes much to the mood.

Take a Gershwin show, a Rodgers and Hart show, add a hip husband-and-wife team and you have the formula for a fine album. By *Jupiter & Girl Crazy* / *Jackie Cain & Roy Kral* (Roulette) is filled with superlative standards rendered more so by Cain and Kral. Among the Rodgers and Hart *By Jupiter* beauties—*Everything I've Got* and *Wait Till You See Him*; the Gershwins' opus contributes *I Got Rhythm*, *Embraceable You* and the great *But Not for Me*.

*Stravinsky Conducts "The Rake's Progress"* (Columbia) is a fascinating work. Saddled with a surprisingly weak libretto by Chester Kallman and poet W. H. Auden, the opera is still a semisuccessful undertaking, if only for Stravinsky's score, which has haunting, often disturbing passages glittering throughout. Under the Stravinsky baton are principals Judith Raskin, Alexander Young, John Reardon and Regina Sarfaty (as Baba the Turk, who must go down as one of the most bizarre characters in all of operadom), the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and The Sadler's Wells Opera Chorus. On three LPs, the three-act opera is handsomely packaged.

A late-comer in the *My Fair Lady* jazz sweepstakes, *My Fair Lady—My Way* / *Johnny Richards* (Roulette) is distinctly in the running for top honors. Johnny's charts are brightly inventive, and both the ensemble sound and the solos are excellent. Particularly grabby is the mellophonium magic of Ray Starling.

Reissues ad infinitum: *Jazz Odyssey* / *The Sound of Harlem* / *Volume III* (Columbia) continues that company's panoramic appraisal of the past. The three LPs glitter with jazz royalty: Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Billie Holiday, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie Lunceford, Teddy Wilson and Chick Webb. These and many more make 125th Street come alive on vinyl. An equally ambitious album is *The Original Sound of the '20s* (Columbia), where nostalgia reigns supreme—Bing Crosby heading up Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, George Gershwin at the piano, Bix Beiderbecke caressing *In a Mist*, Ethel Waters tenderly taking up *Am I Blue*, Helen Morgan doing her classic *Bill*—they're all on the inside. Both albums contain impressive descriptive booklets. ¶ Jazz titan Louis Armstrong is well represented by a trio of vinyl reprises. The best of the lot is *Louis Armstrong / In the '30s / In the '40s* (Victor). A half dozen of the items were recorded in 1933, the rest in 1946 and 1947, with the latter date's *Jack-Armstrong Blues* and *Before Long*—featuring Jack Teagarden—the nonpareils. A close



The  
many  
sounds of  
Eydie Gorme

on Columbia Records



CL 2300/CS 9100\*



CL 2203/CS 9003\*



CL 2012/CS 8812\*



CL 2065/CS 8865\*



CL 2120/CS 8920\*





## *Why do you adore Eydie?*

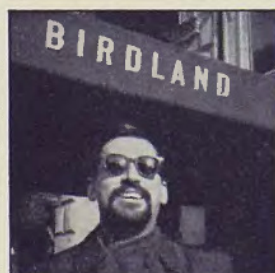
It's her marvelous touch with great Broadway show tunes—the wonderful old ones and the exacting new ones—the kind she sings in her new recording, **The Sound of Music**.



So I turn down the lights, switch on her album, **Amor...** with that combination of Eydie, Trio Los Panchos and those gorgeous Latin love songs, any clown could make out.



What kind of question is that? Haven't you heard that chick do **Blame It on the Bossa Nova**? Man, that whole album with all the swinging hits in it is a gas!



I went to a neighborhood party where they played her recording of old spirituals, **Let the Good Times Roll...** it turned the place into the wildest revival meeting you ever saw.



For me, her recording **Gorme Country Style**, with all those great country and western songs, is a sure cure for homesickness... not that home was ever *that* good. Wish it was.



Eydie who?





# No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's



BOTTLED IN  
**TEACHER'S**  
HIGHLAND  
CREAM

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

second is *The Best of Louis Armstrong* (Audio Fidelity). First recorded about five years ago, the tunes are filled with Satchmo's inimitable brand of ebullience. Peanuts Hucko, Trummy Young and Billy Kyle are among those in attendance. *Satchmo / A Musical Autobiography of Louis Armstrong 1930-1934* (Decca), a fresh pressing of the 1956 master, includes *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, *You Rascal You* and *Lazy River*. ¶ Mainstream Records' reissuance of its Commodore Jazz Classics line is currently showcased by a triumvirate of tenor men. *Sittin' In / Chu Berry* contains some notable achievements by the late sax man—*Stardust* and *Body and Soul*, which takes no back seat to Coleman Hawkins' renowned version. The Hawk is on hand with *Meditations*. *I Surrender Dear* and *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me* have added luster through the presence of Roy Eldridge and Benny Carter: *My Ideal* (our favorite) headlines such stalwarts as Cootie Williams, Art Tatum, Edmond Hall and Oscar Pettiford. Out of a more recent bag is *The Award Winner / Frank Wess*. Wess, who splits his time between tenor and flute, owes his allegiance on the former instrument to Hawkins, but his fluting is all his own. *Pretty Eyes, I'll Be Around* and *You're My Thrill* are the standouts here. ¶ RCA Victor's estimable Vintage Series continues apace, unearthing rare gems in its vaults. *Bechet of New Orleans / Sidney Bechet* is a delight from beginning to end. Bechet's unique vibrato, which made the soprano sax singularly his, is resplendently unfurled on the likes of *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*, *Georgia Cabin* and *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*. *Daybreak Express / Duke Ellington* was etched between 1931 and 1934. The Ellington band, while not as polished as it was to become in later years, was probably at the peak of its exuberance, with Cootie Williams pushing the brass section on to bigger and better things. The LP, crammed with 16 tunes, reflects the band's jumping *joie de vivre*. *Stomps and Joys / Jelly Roll Morton* brings back the irrepressible Mister Jelly Lord and his Red Hot Peppers, as Morton's "avant-garde" ragtime piano leads the way through such neoprimitive items as *Shreveport Stomp*, *Seattle Hunch* and *Mushmouth Shuffle*.

Tony Bennett, who grinds out fine LPs like sausage links, has another one in *Who Can I Turn To* (Columbia). The title tune is absolutely beautiful. Ditto *There's a Lull in My Life*, *I Walk a Little Faster* and Bill Evans' little-known but lovely *Waltz for Debby*. The arrangements are by George Siravo, who heads an enormous aggregation.

To Sweden with love / *The Art Farmer Quartet / Featuring Jim Hall* (Atlantic) was recorded in Stockholm, with the group taking off on traditional Swedish melo-



# Just because a watch is electric, its price doesn't have to be a shocker.



**\$39.95**  
PLUS TAX

Meet the Electric Timex. The most popular electric watch in the world. The first electric watch to sell for less than forty dollars. And who but Timex could bring it to you?

To make a watch so advanced, we started with a modern factory filled

with the finest precision machinery. We designed a superbly functional movement. We concentrated on accuracy. Steady electric accuracy, generated by a powerful long-lasting energy cell. After twelve months, you can replace the energy cell yourself in moments. And for only one dollar.

The Electric Timex is, of course, waterproof,\* dustproof,\* shock resistant. Who else but Timex could bring it to you for only \$39.95 plus tax!



**THE ELECTRIC TIMEX®**  
THIS IS THE ENERGY CELL ACTUAL SIZE



# CARY Middlecoff

## SLACKS with FORTREL®



# SWING INTO ACTION

Take it from a former Masters-and-Open champ and one of America's leading Network TV golf authorities. "Nothing can match Jaymar's Cary Middlecoff Slacks—made of fine blends\* of Fortrel—for slim good looks, wrinkle resistance and wash'n wearability. But, most of all, these slacks are unique in their design for total comfort." Look for the many exclusive Jaymar comfort features in Cary Middlecoff slacks at better men's stores everywhere, or write Jaymar-Ruby, Inc. Michigan City, Indiana for dealer nearest you.

\*Fortrel is a TM of Fiber Industries, Inc.

\$12.95

# CARY Middlecoff

## A JAYMAR® SLACK

\*55% Fortrel polyester/45% "Bud-Rel®" Rayon  
65% Fortrel polyester/35% Cotton

Jaymar Slacks are available at: DAYTON'S, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. • YOUNG-QUINLAN ROTHSCHILD, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA • WEBER & HEILBRONER, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • PAUSON'S, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Other fine stores coast to coast.

dies. Farmer's Flügelhorn and Hall's guitar turn this into a major jazz event. The tunes are unusual, their treatment even more so. Especially intriguing is *De Salde Sina Hemman* (They Sold Their Homestead), a work of poignant lyricism. Bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Pete LaRoca contribute yeoman rhythmic support.

There may have been better live recordings made, but we can't remember one to compare with *Ella at Juan-les Pins/Ella Fitzgerald* (Verve). Backed by the Roy Eldridge Quartet, no small aid when you consider that it also contains Tommy Flanagan's excellent piano, Miss Fitz gives a virtuoso performance that must have left the French jazz buffs openmouthed. The tunes, with the exception of the extemporized *Cricket Song* (an insect that was out en masse at the concert), are all standards. They never had it so good.

Gerry Mulligan / *Butterfly with Hiccups* (Limelight) scores on two counts. Mulligan's men are exceptional—Art Farmer on Flügelhorn, Jim Hall on guitar, Bob Brookmeyer on valve trombone, drummer Dave Bailey and bassist Bill Crow are soul brothers with Mulligan, whose soaring baritone sax and sensitive piano set the pace—and the packaging is a visual pleasure.

The booming, mellifluous baritone of Johnny Hartman is splendidly displayed throughout *The Voice That Is!* (Impulse!). Abetted by a small, Latin-oriented group alternating with a Hank Jones-led quartet, Johnny has chosen material that is diverse and tasteful. *The More I See You*, *These Foolish Things*, *Joey, Joey, Joey*, the touching *Sunrise, Sunset*, from *Fiddler on the Roof*, and the equally haunting *My Ship* which, contrary to what you may read in the liner notes, was one of the standout tunes from Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin's *Lady in the Dark*.

Hubert Laws / *The Laws of Jazz* (Atlantic) showcases flutist Laws (he blows piccolo on two of the seven numbers) and rhythm cooking up a mess of soul. Laws indicates that he is well on his way to becoming an important voice on an instrument that recently has become an important jazz tool. The opener, *Miss Thing* by drummer Bobby Thomas, is a particularly swinging slice of the soul school.

Gustav Mahler's *Symphony No. 9* (Angel), performed by the Berlin Philharmonic under the direction of Sir John Barbirolli, is a work of awesome majesty. From the flowing opening movement to the surging intensity of the final adagio, Barbirolli's interpretation of Mahler's thematic complexities is inspired; the

Berliners under his command react accordingly.

*Softly, as I Leave You/Sinatra* (Reprise) is what singing's all about. Frank, whose pipes have slowly begun to show the wear and tear of the years, can still impart class to any lyric, importance to any melody. As a basic primer for would-be vocalists, we recommend *Emily, Dear Heart, Talk to Me Baby* and the title tune.

## MOVIES

Lord Jim is Peter O'Toole. That's both a fact of casting and of over-all effect. The tall, slender-strong Irish actor, who proved in *Lawrence of Arabia* that he can portray perfectly the man of action who is also a man of mystery, re-creates Joseph Conrad's character with realities that are both immediate and deep: It's a performance you're likely to remember long after you've forgotten the picture. For although it is finely photographed by Frederick (Lawrence) Young, excellently edited by Alan (Guns of Navarone) Osbiston, the script kids enough with Conrad so that it is O'Toole himself who has to keep the tone intact. In adapting the novel to the requirements of the screen, writer-director Richard Brooks has underscored, overloaded, added characters and tended toward a "melodrama with meaning" instead of a soul's adventures through the misadventures of the body. After Jim commits his dishonorable act—deserting the ship on which he is first officer when he thinks it is sinking—the story of his life runs more up narrow Brooks than oceanic Conrad. The Asian island of Patusan becomes a treasury of gems and gold, a character called The General (hammed in the modern "psychological" manner by Eli Wallach) is its dictator, and Jim becomes the little country's liberator. Conrad's theme is shoved at us in italics and capitals. As director, Brooks has functioned much more wisely and well. His cast—excepting Daliah Lavi, who is gorgeously stupid as The Girl—is exceptional. Paul Lukas, as old trader Stein, reminds us of what a very moving actor he can be. James Mason is gnarled and nefarious as Gentleman Brown. Akim Tamiroff, as Schomberg, repeats richly his unshaven tropical tramp. But it is O'Toole—his face, his voice, his last glance at the sky before he dies—who makes the almost-three-hour movie magnificent. He is Lord Jim, as we've always imagined him.

Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The Sound of Music* is now in Todd-AO and color, but it's better suited to the gaslight theater. Rarely has such a mountain of molasses avalanched over such a wide, wide screen. Everything—lyrics, tunes, dialog, settings, lighting—is so





Now there are two  
**"Black & White" Scotch Whiskies**  
 ...and one is **Extra Light!**

equal in quality...identical in price

In "Black & White's" Great Original Scotch, you'll find the body and bouquet of a traditional Scotch. It has the *character* that only "Black & White" knows how to give—the special character of Scotland in every drop.

*Extra Light* "Black & White" Scotch has a smooth, glowing clarity. It is not merely a *light* Scotch, but a light Scotch with the famous "Black & White" *character*. Whichever you choose—you're always right with "Black & White."



# 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.

© The Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. 1964

syrupe that even those in search of a good cry can only weep with disappointment. This is the story of Maria, (Gay, Bubbling, Songful), a postulant in a Salzburg convent, who is sent as nursemaid to the house of Captain Von Trapp (Handsome, Grieving, Stern). He has seven children. The house, like the whole picture, is full of Trapp. Well, believe it or not, the children—who have hated other nursemaids—fall in love with Maria as she teaches them to sing, and Father Trapp throws over his prospective baroness bride to marry this elfin wench who has melted the heart hardened by the death of his wife. At the end they march over the Alps to freedom—and family concert tours—in order to escape the Nazi menace. Julie Andrews, Mary Poppins in a dirndl, is appallingly full of winsome appeal. Christopher Plummer, the captain, is bored and looks it. Eleanor Parker, the baroness, comes on like The Return of Greer Garson. The children are enough to make Scrooges of any parent: the vistas of the Alps are pretty but endless. The true story of the Trapps, like the true beauty of Austria, is affecting; but this movie is merely affected—pure Trapp-clap throughout.

Michelangelo Antonioni's latest film, *Red Desert*, is an even rarer vintage than this master's past products: drier and more delicate. This in spite of the fact that it deals with a woman in neurotic crisis, and its materials are those of drastic inner drama. Antonioni is interested more in meaning than in immediate emotion, and this inevitably makes him a bit remote for those who want everything laid out like an open sandwich. The story concerns the wife of an electronics engineer in up-to-date Ravenna; she is recovering from a suicide attempt in a car crash. Another engineer visits town and, eventually, she has a brief fling with him. To detail the plot would be easy (there isn't much) and pointless (the real point is in the texture of what happens, not the action). The wife embodies a modern crisis, not the corny one of *How Ugly It All Is*, but that change is fast and getting faster, and life, human life, must be made possible in the middle of it. The reality and persistence of hope is Antonioni's theme here. Monica Vitti is perfect as the woman whose nerve ends are almost visible. Carlo Chionetti is solid as her spouse. Richard (*This Sporting Life*) Harris looks and acts good as the other man. This is Antonioni's first color film, possibly the most subtle ever made. Certainly it's the best film ever *thought* in color, rather than just being shot in it. After a lot of more easily moving movies have moved on, this one may still be around as one essence of an agitated age.

*The Yellow Rolls-Royce* is an omnibus



# Act like you've always worn a Worsted-Tex.<sup>®</sup>

## You'll get used to being a leader after a while.

It's easy. In a Worsted-Tex<sup>®</sup> natural shoulder poplin suit that's as trim and fresh at the end of a scorching day as it is at breakfast. The difference in this poplin is Dacron<sup>®</sup> polyester and worsted. From our lightweight Tropi-Tex collection starting at \$65.00,\* other Worsted-Tex suits from \$75.00.\* Worsted-Tex, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019







show up in

# SEAVEES

the new way to go casual

Rally 'round these great new sneakers from B.F. Goodrich. Good looking? You know it. And so will everyone else! What's more, new SEAVEES have the exclusive P-F® Posture Foundation to keep you light and easy on your feet. All day. All through the fun.

Whenever it's a casual affair, show up in new B.F. Goodrich SEAVEES. The ones to wear when you're living right. Look 'em up in any good store near you. Today!



SEAVEES are priced from \$5.95

**B.F. Goodrich**

film about a limousine: three star-studded episodes telling tales on what happened in the back seat with three sets of owners. The same thing happened each time, natch, but with three different duos. The first episode stars Rex Harrison and Jeanne Moreau as a Thirties English aristocrat and his French wife. His assistant at the Foreign Office performs Harrison's connubial duties with Mrs. H.; and Harrison, deciding that divorce is out of the question, does the next best thing by getting rid of the Rolls where she was rolled. The car passes to an American gangster visiting Italy with his moll, who has a secret romance with an Italian roisterer (George C. Scott, Shirley MacLaine, Alain Delon). Last trip, Ingrid Bergman is a domineering American dame touring the Balkans in her Rolls when World War II erupts and involves her with a Yugoslav partisan (Omar Sharif). The script was written by Terence Rattigan, directed by Anthony Asquith, and the first episode fits them like a Piccadilly glove; the other two, about Americans and others, are written uncomfortably and directed unsteadily. Fortunately, the best (Harrison) part comes first. With Rex' exit, the film goes, too; and so can you.

It takes a lot of planning and thought to make the birth, life, work and sacrifice of Jesus Christ into a big windy bore, but *The Greatest Story Ever Told* succeeds almost perfectly. True, there are a few moments here and there that ring with something of the power of this momentous event in Western civilization, but producer-director George Stevens isn't perfect—he couldn't make sure that *every* moment was dead. Give him credit, though, for trying. The formula? Take four hours' worth of 19th Century religious color chromos blown up in Ultra Panavision 70, add swelling choruses (Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* is always serviceable), shoot it in Monument Valley, Utah (allowing time for John Ford's Indians to get the hell out of range), corral a cast of thousands (camels on the skyline instead of horses), and you're away. Far away from content and conviction. The only thing we can be grateful to Stevens for is that he didn't let Charlton Heston play Jesus. Oh, Heston's in the picture, of course, but as John the Baptist, where he can be hairy, heroic and relatively harmless. The fine Swedish actor Max von Sydow (one of Ingmar Bergman's stars) plays Jesus and brings to the role a sensitive face, feeling, and some rich reading of the words (which are more Revised Version than King James); but all Von Sydow's talents cannot beat back the gobs of goo that gurgled up on all sides for four full hours. The cast includes several good actors (Claude Rains, Donald Pleasence, Sidney Poitier) in small roles, and José Ferrer and Telly



Can't much  
blame others for  
trying to copy  
the flavor of  
Country Club  
Malt Liquor.

And missing.







## Would you buy any old pair of new slacks to go with your sport jacket? Of course not.

Now MASTER brings you **MASTER-CREASE®** that never needs ironing. All you do is wear 'em...wash 'em...and wear 'em again. If you want style, comfort and lasting good looks insist on **MASTER SLACKS®**...fortified with Celanese **FORTREL®** polyester...the ultimate in wash and wearability. Available at stores everywhere or write to us for the store nearest you.

*the master touch is evident in all the things that count.*



350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y., a division of Master Trouser Corp.

Savalas (Herod and Pilate) in big ones. As Max Beerbohm said years ago, after detailing the hollow pieties of another *religioso* epic, "Well, I suppose blasphemy pays."

## THEATER

Bill Naughton is a truck driver turned playwright, a middle-aged Anglo-Irishman whose first two London hits, both working-class comedies, reached Broadway this season. The first, *Alfie*, a slangy picaresque series of scenes about a young British bounder, was, undeservedly, a fast flop. Naughton's somewhat less original *All in Good Time*, which London critics picked as their best play in 1962, is having a more rewarding run, but nowhere near the popular success it deserves. It is, quite unlike *Alfie*, a comedy about continence. A young north England couple, Violet and Arthur, marry and, from the wedding night on, put up in his father's house and put up with his father's boorish working-class ways. The boy likes Beethoven, the father believes in basics: If humans were meant to do something, then animals would do it, too. "Did you ever see a horse reading?" he asks. The stifling atmosphere and close quarters impede fulfillment of the marriage: The kids can't make it. "A right bloomin' fiasco," storms groom Arthur (Brian Murray). Bride Violet (Alexandra Berlin) soothes him: "What you never had you'll never miss." The boy's understanding mother (Marjorie Rhodes) pleads, "All in good time," but the father (Donald Wolfitt), once his thick head understands what isn't going on, wants action. The storyline, like the family from that point on, is single-minded, but this is not a one-joke comedy. Naughton is interested in developing character. In the play's funniest, most moving scene, a round-robin attempt by the pairs of parents to rescue the marriage, he reveals that the father, who is so quick to criticize his son, took his best friend along on his honeymoon "so I would have someone to talk to." The author's canvas is small, and sometimes he sentimentalizes (the stubborn son finally asks his stubborn father for advice), but the play is accurate, illuminating and enriched by local color, and the acting is faultless. The mother-in-law has the last word: "I always knew Arthur was reliable." At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

Why not a musical comedy about Sherlock Holmes? Another unromantic Victorian, Henry Higgins, made a convincing romantic hero. The trouble with Alexander Cohen's \$600,000 production, *Baker Street*, is not the premise, but the realization. The Broadway Holmes is not much of a Holmes at all. At times he



## THE OCTAGON SPIRIT: SOME OF US HAVE IT. SOME DON'T (Pity!)



Where and when does it happen that one becomes an MG addict? In the driveway of an adventurous neighbor, the MG lurking—ready, willing and able? In that very first moment you open the taps and feel the surprising surge of power, the MG fairly begging to be driven—hard? No matter. This much is certain: the urge to possess a car of the octagon marque is overpowering and long-lived. (Some devotees have coveted an MG since '48, when we started the whole sports

car thing over here.) What is there about an MG that quickens the pulse and fires the blood? The race-tested 1798 c.c. engine? The firm racing suspension? The positive rack and pinion steering? The twin carburetors and four-speed stick shift? The huge non-fade disc brakes? The interior, perhaps—with its roll-up windows, bucket seats, English leather upholstery and drum-tight convertible top? All of it is want-making, of course.

But all of it is by no means all of it. (Add an envelope body of modern line—yet unmistakably MG. And engineers who know what they're about. And the hard-learned lessons of the race circuit. And above all, the fierce desire to have a real sports car under you.) If you have the octagon spirit, the latest of the breed, an MGB, is waiting to pleasure you. If you don't have it, we're dreadfully sorry.



# Fortrel

the fiber that keeps  
a poplin fresh

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.



**M. Wile** tailored this luxurious looking suit. A natural shoulder Classic by Don Richards, in a lustrous poplin of Fortrel polyester and Zantrel 700 rayon from Burlington Mens Wear. The suit in the same luxurious fabric is also available in contemporary styling. In a complete range of sizes including shorts and extra longs. In tan, olive, dark olive and black. About \$45. At fine stores everywhere.

is a little too much like Higgins, especially when Fritz Weaver talks his songs in praise of intellect and against love—represented by the American actress Irene Adler (Inga Swenson). Dr. Watson is no more than a walk-on (or, rather, a sit-in; he is onstage almost all the time, but does nothing). Author Jerome Coopersmith has taken four Conan Doyle tales, squashed them together, then puffed them up with some invention of his own. The result: a dull play about a hyperactive private eye, a daredevil egg-head—Holmes bottled in Bond. In the Broadway tradition he is assisted by a street gang of juvenile dancelinquents (the “Baker Street Irregulars”), who jump around like rejects from a roadshow *Oliver!* The point is that *Baker Street* has no point and no character. It's not faithful and it's not spoof enough. It wavers across the Broadway boards, cribbing from its betters. The songs, by Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel, are often jarringly out of context. Watson, of all people, croons *A Married Man*, while he and Holmes are bound in chairs and in imminent danger of being blown up by the villain Moriarty's “chronometer of death.” The musical does have its moments, usually when it is nonmusical and most melodramatic, as Weaver, a properly hawk-nosed hawkshaw, dives into the Holmesian prose and pose—and in and out of disguises. The other plus is the sets, marvelously eerie reconstructions, by Oliver Smith, of London streets, back alleys, an opium den and water fronts, all creeping with fog. But the only good that can come from this show is to send disappointed theatergoers back to their Holmes. At the Broadway, 1681 Broadway.

## ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

After creating the most clamorous controversy in jazz since Charlie Parker 15 years before, alto saxophonist **Ornette Coleman** stopped playing in public in December 1962. His reasons: too few jobs and too little bread for what engagements were offered. Since then, underground legends have accelerated. Ornette is painting. Ornette is going on to different instruments. Suddenly Ornette is back on the jazz jousting grounds; and judging from his stay at New York's Village Vanguard, the controversy is sure to spiral again. The lean, slight, bearded musician with the soft voice continues to play with fierce intensity. On alto, he has become more economical, and his solos—though still melodically jagged and rhythmically unpredictable—are more easily absorbable for those not yet entirely oriented in the avant-garde. But Ornette has indeed gone on to other instruments. At the





# This summer send your martini on a long vacation.

## **you'll never miss it.**

The Gimlet will keep you company.  
Beautifully.

Because the Gimlet is the most beautiful thing that ever happened to gin or vodka. It's a tropical cocktail made only with juice of limes grown by Rose's in the sultry West Indies.

The Gimlet is tart and uncluttered and robust and superbly cool. So take four or five parts of gin or vodka, add one part Rose's, ice, stir, serve in a cocktail glass or on the rocks.

If your martini doesn't send a postcard, you'll never know it's away.

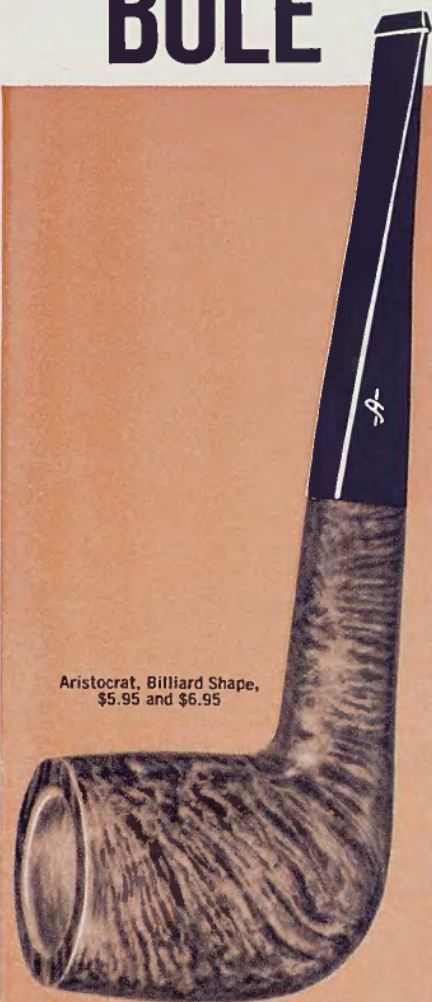




# INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

## YELLO-BOLE



Aristocrat, Billiard Shape,  
\$5.95 and \$6.95

No matter what you smoke you'll like Yello-Bole. The new formula honey lining insures Instant Mildness; protects the imported briar bowl—so completely, it's guaranteed against burn out for life. Why not change your smoking habits the easy way—the Yello-Bole way. \$2.50 to \$6.95.

Official Pipes New York World's Fair

Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 22, Dept. N40.  
By the makers of KAYWOODIE

Vanguard, in addition to the alto, he switched to trumpet and violin. On trumpet, his sound is more choked than it is on alto, indicating he still has to acquire enough technical assurance to "speak" as freely and slashingly on the trumpet as he does on alto. His left-handed violin playing will fire the most controversy. Apparently self-taught on the instrument, Ornette has worked out his own technique and the result is an astringent, scraping tangle of sounds which make his alto playing sound conservative by comparison. Yet, even though his violinwork often sounds inchoate, it, too, expresses the unmistakable personal thrust of Ornette's relentlessly challenging music with its "human" cries, splintered melodies, blues-laced textures and churning beat. He received admirably resourceful support from drummer Charles Moffet and Dave Izenon, a formidably imaginative bassist.

### DINING-DRINKING

True, the leopard cannot change his spots, but a number of Gothamites have changed their favorite dining spot to *The Leopard* (253 East 50th Street). Its unusual name stems from the fact that owner Gioia Cook is a descendant of Prince Niccolo, the viceroy of Sicily under the Bourbons, who was the romanticized subject of both a novel and a motion picture called—you guessed it—*The Leopard*. The restaurant, handsomely ensconced in a midtown brownstone, takes more than the name as its standard; it has a style and flourish worthy of a prince of the House of Bourbon. A small room whose decor is regal in its elegant simplicity, it provides a suitable setting for quiet, luxurious dining. Because of Mrs. Cook's Sicilian background, one might expect *The Leopard* to lean toward pasta-based southern-Italian cuisine, but the bill of fare, as announced (there is no menu), is French. Many of the dishes are cooked according to old family recipes that are distinguished and unique. There is usually a choice of three main courses, the prices of which represent the price of the meal. Wine, appropriate to the course, is included. The appetizers available the night of our visit were quiche Lorraine, prosciutto and melon, salmon mousse and smoked salmon; the soup course offered clear consommé or fresh pea; the main attractions—Filet Béarnaise (\$15), Coq au Vin with Beaujolais (\$12.50) and Lobster au gratin (\$12.50). Dessert is *du jour*, and may be a choice of chocolate or strawberry mousse, ices or fruit. Salad is very Italian, usually with *arugula*. There are only ten tables downstairs, and Mrs. Cook used to ask lingering guests to ascend a spiral staircase to a small balcony for

## FILIPPO VERDE



Sorrento  
from Italy

For nonchalant ease . . . this hand-stitched moccasin in bold-textured leather. So flexible, you can bend it in half. Black or brown. From the Verde (winner of 1965 Caswell-Massey Award) collection, about 15.00.

for name of store nearest you, write:  
**VERDE SHOE CO., Brockton 13, Mass.**

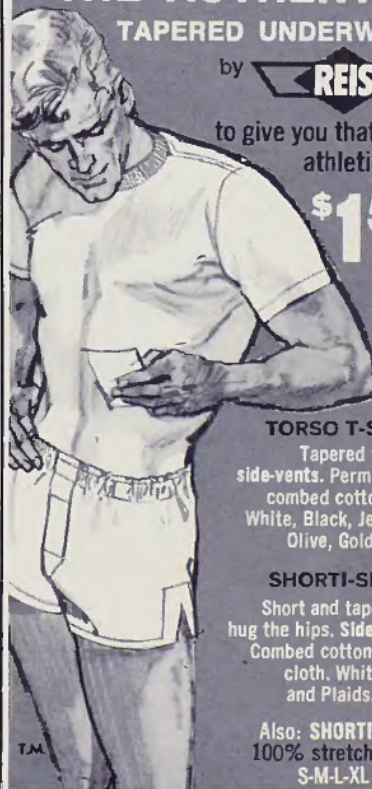
## THE ORIGINAL! THE AUTHENTIC!

TAPERED UNDERWEAR

by **REIS**

to give you that trim,  
athletic look

**\$1.50**  
each



### TORSO T-SHIRT

Tapered fit with side-vents. Perma-Sized combed cotton knit. White, Black, Jet Blue, Olive, Gold. S-M-L

### SHORTI-SHORT

Short and tapered to hug the hips. Side-vents. Combed cotton broadcloth. White, Blue and Plaids. 28-40

Also: **SHORTI-BRIEF**  
100% stretch nylon  
S-M-L-XL \$1.50

at your favorite store, or write...  
**ROBERT REIS AND CO. • 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.**



The kind of nut who wants to pick up his dates with a new scooter instead of an old car.

The kind of nut who wants to scoot to the campus or scoot to work without getting hung up in a traffic jam.

The kind of nut who knows that searching for a parking space can be a real drag.

The kind of nut who's looking for the most comfortable two wheel ride he can get.

The kind of nut who can scoot to the beach... scoot to a ball game... scoot to the corner for a newspaper... and

joy-ride all weekend on just about 30¢ worth of gas.

The kind of nut who knows that: if he has \$324.50\* today, he can be driving a great-looking new Lambretta tomorrow. Some nut.

Don't buy a two wheel vehicle until you read our free brochure: "What kind of a nut buys a Lambretta".

For brochure, nearest dealer or franchise information write to Lambretta, 31-17 38th Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y.

# What kind of a nut buys a Lambretta?



\*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE P.O.E.



## TROUSERED BY CORBIN



ONLY CORBIN MAKES  
NATURAL SHOULDER TROUSERS®

## WICKET WEAVE with DACRON®

Woven exclusively for Corbin, you expect the unexpected with 65% Dacron\* polyester and 35% pima cotton! And you get it—with a new casual air for town and recreation—in interesting colors such as Turkey Red, Corn Meal and Butternut Tan. Wears well, feels cool, looks good. Cut in the Corbin manner for calculated comfort. Write for the select store nearest you: Corbin Ltd., Dept. PM-5, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

\* DuPont's registered trademark



Compare  
your brand  
with the  
Rare One



**J&B** Rare scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST . . . WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

coffee. But business got too good, and dining tables were added to the balcony, putting an end to that charming custom. The Leopard is open for dinner every evening except Sunday from 6:30 until about 11. A reservation is required, and one should ask for Mrs. Cook or her maitre de, Tom.

## BOOKS

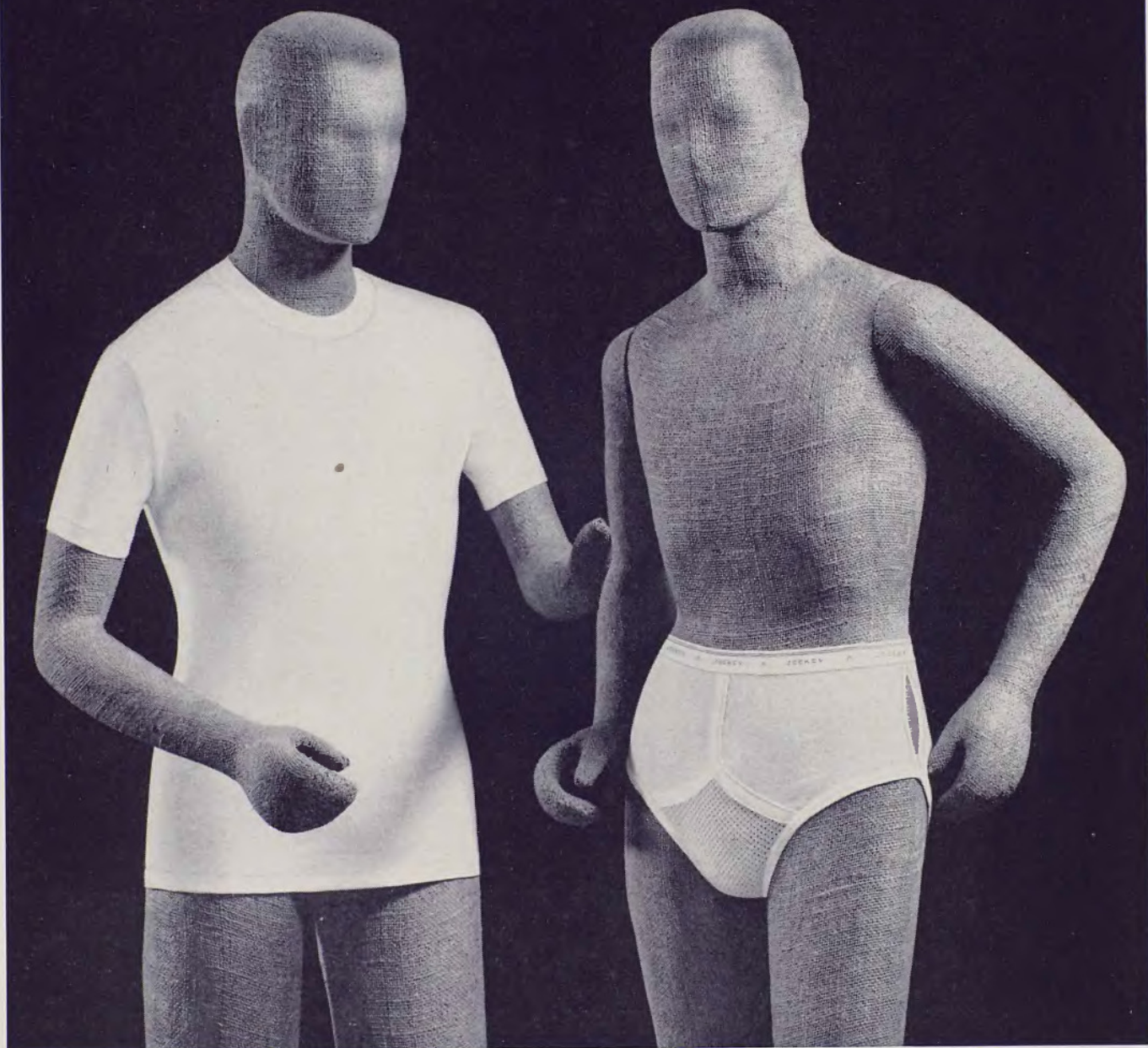
The taut, often scorching fiction of Chester Himes has been divided into his "serious" novels (*If He Hollers Let Him Go* and *The Primitive*) and his astringent series about Harlem police detectives Grave Digger Jones and Cotton Ed Johnson. In 1961, Olympia Press printed Himes' first full-scale venture into that teasing sexual terrain which manages both to put on the hungrily inexperienced reader and titillate sophisticates. The book, *Pinktoes* (Putnam), is now available here, and although notable for unadulterated venom, it is disappointing both in its hammerhead style and in its fetid substance. *Pinktoes*, Himes begins, "is a term of indulgent affection applied to white women by Negro men, and sometimes conversely by Negro women to white men, but never adversely to either." He then proceeds to catalog a faceless, interchangeable round of conversations about and consummations of interracial sex. At the center of this treadmill of mechanical concupiscence is Mamie Mason, an omnivorously amoral Harlem party giver whose circle of caricatures includes editors, foundation officials, educators, party girls, ministers, housewives and race leaders. The ingredients are present for a savagely satirical, Rabelaisian novel; but since Himes' own disgust at his characters—imperfectly hidden behind an attempt at high camp style—is so strong, the result is gamy rather than Gargantuan. The book is essentially a broken record of one joke—the internalization among some whites and Negroes of the sexual fantasies each has of the other. Instead of trenchant comment on the harshness and pathos of a culture that nurtures these biracial fantasies, there is only a nose-thumbing gesture of contempt at the whole piebald swarm of bumbling satyrs and aging nymphomaniacs who inhabit *Pinktoes*. Now that Himes has had his hollow kicks, perhaps he can return to his best kind of writing, in which anger burns rather than tickles and in which the humor is penetrating rather than vacuous.

Samuel Astrachan's new novel, *The Game of Dostoevsky* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is divided into three parts: Monopoly; The Game of Dostoevsky; The Game. There are, however, many more characters than parts. There are three musketeers—Edgar Hope, Max Wise and



This tapered Brute shirt  
gives me a feeling of savoir faire  
—whatever that is.

Dummy! Savoir faire is  
what you have when you wear  
these Slim Guy briefs.



Look alive  
in new **Life** underwear by Jockey®

You're really living. You're going places. You're doing things. You're always on the move. Jockey Menswear's new Life underwear is for you. Get with Life®!

The Life tapered Brute shirt has all the same quality features as the classic Jockey T-shirt, except it's tapered to fit a guy without a paunch. Has a slightly higher neck, too. Life Slim Guy briefs give you famous



JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN  
A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.

Jockey support plus mesh pouch ventilation, low-cut waistband, vented sides, high-cut leg openings.

If you agree that underwear doesn't have to be dull, stop at your favorite men's store. Ask to see the entire Life line—briefs, boxers and five styles of T-shirts. (Styles illustrated —\$1.50.) They're all designed for young men who enjoy life.



## Costlier Bourbon



"It's  
Double  
Distilled"

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe  
... first distilled at low proof then re-distilled  
at higher proof for the smooth, mellow flavor  
so characteristic of our whisky.

Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

90 proof - Star Hill Distilling Company, Marion County, Kentucky

Make  
like a tiger...  
with

*Chenango*



New AFTER SHAVE COLOGNE  
and aerosol DEODORANT FOR MEN.  
Originated by FRANCES DENNEY.  
Available at fine stores.

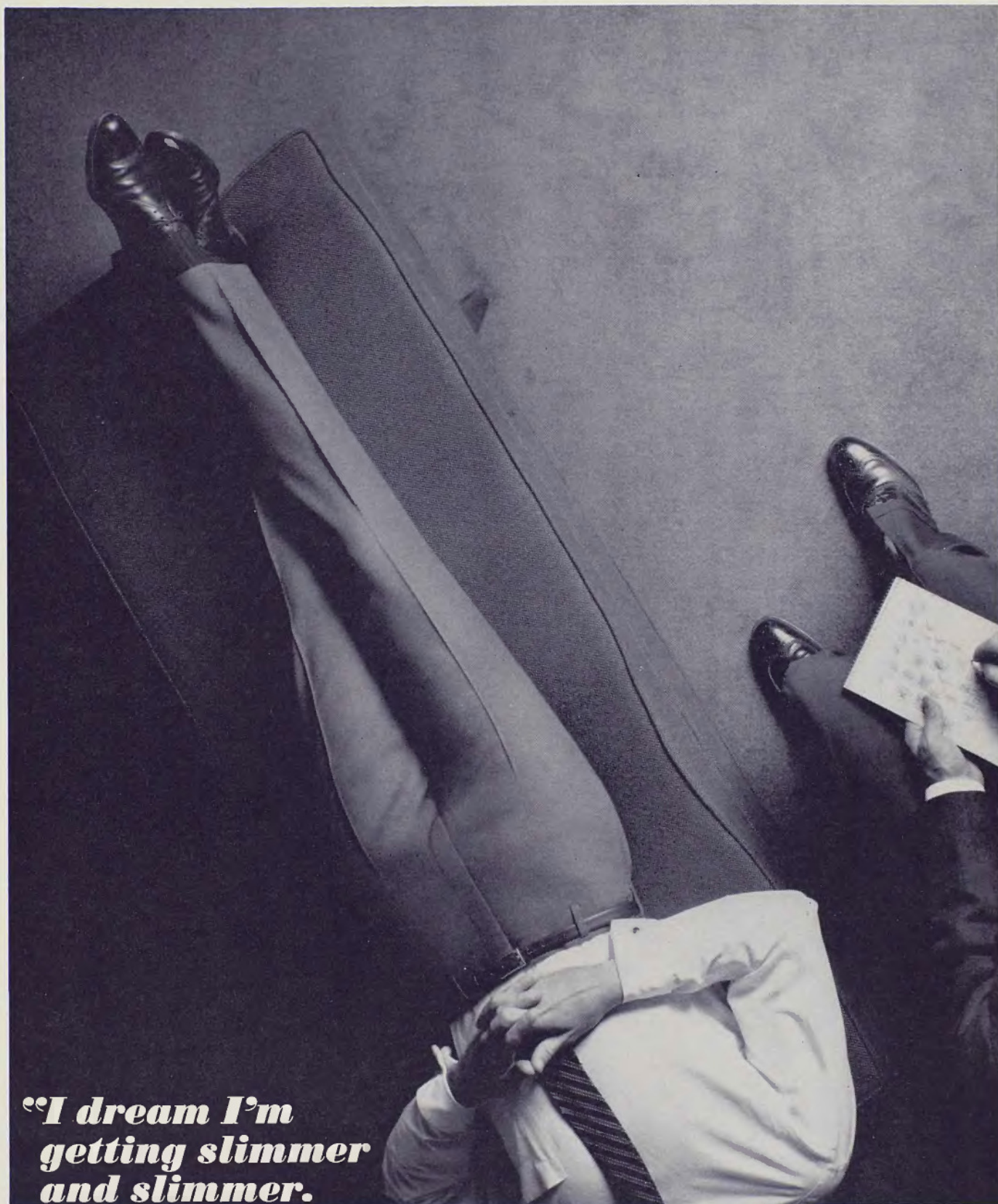
Luther Halverson; there is Victoria Harm, who in the third part becomes the Queen of Hearts. Several more symbolic names and voices appear to speak and play. All have or have had something to do with a university in New York City that brings to mind Columbia, save the Queen of Hearts, whose occupation is cutting off heads. Queen Victoria's apartment is or was on the 27th floor of a Riverside Drive building. Of the five rooms, one was or is very large, providing a view of the New Jersey Palisades remarkable at sunset, when the room, like the sky without, becomes suffused with a rich, dark light. It is here for the most part that the games are played. The Wolfamuts, for that is the name of the group, soon tire of Monopoly and go on to more confessional games. It amuses them to identify with characters in books and to confess to variations on the seven deadly sins. The fact that Victoria was once told by a Cistercian monk that the intellect is vertical and the heart horizontal seems to be of some significance, although it would be tiresome pedantry to explain. Mr. Astrachan's English is precise and clear; nevertheless, to an outsider, the impression is that of being confronted by a porcupine—"an inchling bristles in these pines." One reads reverently and not without fear, for surely these people and the games they play proclaim to the initiate a meaning denied to the common outsider. It must, for example, be portentous that Luther Halverson ceases to exist. Yet why that should be is like practically everything else in this book—not clear, unless it is that he never played the games with any enthusiasm—for which we can only commend him. Still, Astrachan may be involved in a creative enterprise, for, as Edgar Hope, quoting, asks in the beginning: "How but in custom and ceremony/Are innocence and beauty born?" To which one may reply, with all due respect, to the master of these mystical ceremonies: "Chieftain Astrachan of Azcan in caftan/Of tan with henna hackles, halt!"

In the fall of 1959 artist Alan Kaprow invited 75 people to a New York art gallery to witness "18 Happenings [in which] some guests will also act." Kaprow's theatrical event was an improvised play of the absurd, audience-participation show, living sculpture and circus, all in one. Depending on your point of view, it was also either the birth of an art form or a public practical joke. It was the first time the word "Happening" had been used in such a way, although as Michael Kirby points out in his new anthology, *Happenings* (Dutton), it was not the first time the happenstance method had been used. The Happening, says Kirby, is as old as Dada, and is influenced by abstract expressionism, John Cage music and movie comedy

(especially the Marx Brothers), not to mention the Ringling Bros. The five Happenings (what else can you call them?) whose works are collected and described in Kirby's book are, besides Kaprow, Red Grooms, Jim Dine, Claes Oldenburg and Robert Whitman; all are, or were, painters and sculptors. Kirby does not actually define what it is they do, as Happeners, but he does describe the characteristics. Happenings are essentially nonverbal, with indeterminate action. The sensory is emphasized (including smell, like oranges being squeezed). There is some preparation, sketchy directions such as "Big balloons in cave—bang," or even a detailed script. The artist usually acts and the audience is usually the victim. In Kaprow's *A Spring Happening*, spectators were forced to walk at a crouch through a cramped tunnel, where they were assailed with sensations reminiscent of a fun house: Outside the tunnel, a light froze on a naked girl with broccoli hanging out of her mouth; suddenly down in the mouth of the tunnel, charging directly toward the stooped audience, came a power lawn mower. Author Kirby tries to re-create this and 13 other Happenings, by means of the scripts and notes on the actual production, but after reading the long deadpan plot summaries of the plotless plays, we can only hope that the real Happenings were better. A few make us wish we happened to be there. As the entire cast of *Smiling Workman*, Jim Dine ended by drinking a can of paint, pouring two other cans over his head and diving through a canvas. This took place in a church. Others have happened in basements, barns, back yards, stores and, most ambitious of all, a parking lot. Claes Oldenburg's *Autobodys* was the first drive-in Happening (or Happen-in?). The audience came in cars, and the performers acted in cars, and the cars were actors, and so were a cement mixer, a motorcycle, a pickup truck and a wheelchair. Were it not for Kirby's book, Happenings would be almost completely ephemeral—they are hardly ever recorded or reviewed, some last only ten minutes, and are repeated only two or three times. The authors are often as fleeting as their work. Kaprow may be the only full-time Happener extant—but he has a grand design to propagate the art: mail-order Happenings, so that "some man from Oshkosh [could order] a Happening through a Sears, Roebuck catalog, could set the whole thing into motion and play a part, too, just as I now do. I am working on ways to make this possible." Keep at it, Kaprow!

It's easy to take Romain Gary too lightly. The 1964 PLAYBOY prize winner's new novel, *The Ski Bum* (Harper & Row), is "only" a very entertaining, hip story that zips along like a schuss down an





***"I dream I'm  
getting slimmer  
and slimmer.***

***Then... pffft!"***

Analyzing this case is easy. Simply a young, fashionable fellow who's wearing **Mr. Leggs** "Slats." These narrow-margin slacks are tailored for the trim figure. No wonder he dreams he's slim to the vanishing point—he is! If this description fits you, try a pair of **Mr. Leggs** "Slats" in our crisp, new wash-wear blend of 65% "Dacron"\* polyester and 35% cotton tropicals. Dreamy new solid shades, about \$9.95 at well-adjusted stores.

**Dacron**® for Spring! / Get yourself a new pair of **Mr. Leggs**®



Zantrel® doesn't make the slacks. Zantrel makes the difference.



Just the thing for solid comfort, these **MR. HICKS** casuals by Hicks-Ponder. They're Zantrel and cotton in a crisp, carefree blend called Cotton-Plus®. Zantrel Polynosic® rayon keeps the slacks tidy, adds strength for hard wear, luster and a really rich feel. Sanforized-Plus® for wash and wear. Shown: Mr. Hicks' Ivy Style. Cuffs, belt loops, wonderful sharkskin look. Mr. Hicks calls the Erwin fabric "Sharkskin Plus"! Traditional tailoring. Beige, Black, Pewter, Olive, Brown. 28-40. \$4.98. Also in "Sharkskin Plus", the Taper Tab Slim Continental Model. Beltless, daringly slim. Same sizes, colors, price as Ivy Style. For store nearest you, write American Enka Corp., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

"Zantrel" and Polynosic® are registered trademarks of American Enka Corp. for its new high-modulus rayon. Cotton-Plus® American Enka Corp. registered trademark for blends of cotton and Zantrel® Polynosic® rayon that adhere to strict performance standards set by Enka.

— American Enka Corporation, Enka, N.C.  
Producer of nylon • polyester • rayon • yarns • fibers • Zantrel® Polynosic® rayon.

**ENKA ZANTREL**

Alp in the Switzerland where it takes place. But that little word "only" implies that it's easy to construct a consistently interesting tale: to tell it with intense economy yet without missing a glint of highlight; to create people who, if not surpassingly deep, are reliably alive. And to keep stabbing with little knives of feeling all the time. And let's not leave out the fact that Russian-born Gary, a former French diplomat who spent four years as consul general in Los Angeles, has written this book in flawless American-English. (If need be, he could also write equally flawlessly in Russian and Polish, besides, of course, French.) *The Ski Bum* is a tall, good-looking American named Lenny, who lives as an unlicensed instructor to licentious lady skiers and who comes down below the snowline one summer—which makes all ski bums uneasy—to Geneva, where he finds trouble and Jess. ("She had a big, explicit, striptease kind of body.") Jess, 21, a virgin B.L. (Before Lenny), is the daughter of a dipsomaniac American diplomat. The book is made up of equal parts *Weltschmerz* and gelt smuggling—the former exact, the latter exciting. (One character on the periphery is a peripheral American poet named Genghis Cohn.) The book has already been sold to the movies, understandably; but while waiting for the film, there's a pleasant evening to be spent with the novel.

See the great computer laboratories at Los Alamos, at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, at MIT. See the brilliant Ph.D.s burning the midnight oil. What boon to mankind are you perpetrating now, young Einsteins? Atlas missiles to preserve the peace? Gleaming wagons to glide through chartless space? Don't bet on it—not if the moonlighter is a nuclear physicist named Allan N. Wilson. Two years ago a mathematics professor named Thorp ran the equivalent of some 10,000 man-hours of play through an IBM calculator and taught us how to beat the dealer at blackjack—if we could memorize six or a dozen complicated schedules and graphs. Now, in *The Casino Gambler's Guide* (Harper & Row), Dr. Wilson does much of the same for virtually every game you can play in those vast and gilded dens. Roulette, blackjack, keno, craps, *chemin de fer*, baccarat—they're all here, left pinned and wriggling on the answer sheets by one of Wilson's monster machines. The premise is that some of these games can be beaten by the player who understands their mathematical probabilities. And it has been done: Witness the two Chicago graduate students who parlayed 50-cent bets into \$13,000 in a hundred hours at Vegas some years ago. Yet Wilson's methodical approach is likely to leave the ordinary intelligent player cold. Granted, it is reassuring to know that the patient physicist and an associate



were obsessed enough to sit for four solid weeks, around the clock, documenting 80,000 consecutive turns of a single roulette wheel to prove their calculations. But when Wilson proudly announces that his theory-verifying profit on no less than 25,000 spine-numbing hands of blackjack was something under one half of one percent, well may our brows begin to furrow. Even if we could hold Wilson's computations in mind, and could borrow the seat of his indomitable trousers, would we truly want to? Certain rules do demand to be followed, of course—and any veteran gambler knows them, with or without logarithms. But the veteran also knows that what draws him to the tables is in good part the element of chance itself, the delicious tensions that tingle the cerebellum, the exhilaration of the play. Leave it to the computer teams, and the next thing they'll run through their machines is sexual intercourse.

*The Man Who Wrote Dirty Books* (Simon & Schuster) is a fast-paced, generally funny, fictional fling (posing as a novel) by a 28-year-old New Yorker named Hal Dresner, who is not, on the evidence of this volume, a man who writes dirty books. The hero of the piece, on the other hand, is a successful pro pornographer named Mason Clark Greer, who under the pseudonym of Guy LaDouche grinds out paperbacks with titles like *Come Bare with Me*, and *Sin for Your Supper*. Unlike the characters of his titillating tales, Greer-LaDouche is living alone in the isolated outpost of Camphor, Vermont, engaged in nothing more erotic than trying to meet his next deadline when the story opens and the trouble begins. It turns out that one of his most nymphomaniacal creations, Miss Bibbsy Dibbs (heroine of *This Flogged Flesh*) has a real-life counterpart who fits his fictional description in name, proclivities and even appearance, right down to a most unusual birthmark on her behind. She also turns out to have a real-life father who is suing Greer-LaDouche for libel. How Greer gets out of his comically complex tangle of mistaken identities is told in a series of letters to and from the harried hero and his publisher, lawyer, friends, enemies, mother, psychiatrist and aspiring girlfriend. The gimmick of telling the tale through the mail begins to founder about halfway through the book, when the "letters" become scenarios, complete with dialog and novelistic action. But the action and talk remain fast even when they're not so funny, and the hero's troubles are given a further fillip with the entry of a disillusioned FBI agent named Arnold Mordecai Eisenraub, who was studying to be a rabbi until he took an aptitude test that showed "I was low in Religion and Social Work and high in Sports and Law

# The Bacardi Party is complete!

**NOW ASSEMBLE THE "MIXIN'S"  
POUR THE BACARDI RUM AND  
Put on the music!**



ONLY **\$1.25**  
MONO OR  
STEREO  
REGULAR \$4.98  
VALUE!



**BACARDI**  
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS®

A Bacardi Party is where the guests bring the Bacardi rum and the host supplies *all* the mixin's he can think of. Now you can put it to music with the new Bacardi Party Record — popular artists, great music selected for a *fun* party! (Send the coupon right away.)

Bacardi Imports, Inc., Dept. P5  
2100 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, Florida 33137

Please rush to me postpaid.....Bacardi Party  
Album(s). I enclose \$.....(\$1.25 each).

(Check below appropriate box(es) and  
write number of albums desired.)

Monaural ☐..... Stereo ☐.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip Code.....

(Residents of Florida include 4¢ sales tax per album.)

© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, Fla. Rum, 80 & 151 Proof





House of Edgeworth's annual

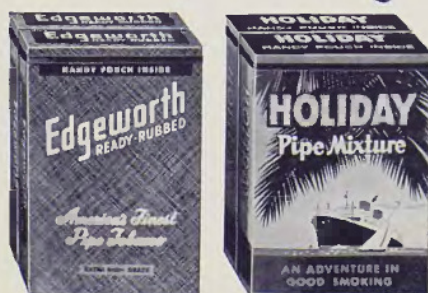
## PIPE-OF-THE-YEAR SALE (\$2.90 VALUE) \$1.69 plus local tax if any

THE PIPE is a hand-rubbed Nob Hill, with quality features from imported briar bowl to non-drip moisture trap.

THE PACKS, two of them, hold either famous, cool-smoking Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, or aromatic Holiday Mixture.

THE PRICE, only \$1.69 for a whopping \$2.90 value. A once-a-year-only offer at tobacco counters now.

LARUS & BROTHER CO., INC.  
Richmond, Va. Fine  
Tobacco Products  
Since 1877



Enforcement. So my mother made me join the FBI." Beset by cops and crackpots, Greer must also endure the incessant encouragement of his pornographic publisher Benjamin Wink, whose classic missives of editorial advice end with inspirational lines like "Hit them where they live, fella!" "Swing from the floor . . . !" and "Stay in a crouch . . . !" Greer not only gets out of his lawsuit, but comes to an unfortunately upbeat ending by forsaking his hot-blooded hackwork for the "serious" books that were lurking all the time beneath the exquisitely filthy pen of Guy LaDouce. As we leave our hero in pursuit of the Nobel Prize, let us hope that author Dresner himself will not get too serious. He must have had a good time doing this one, and we're sure you'll share it with him.

Jean-Paul Sartre's new collection of essays, *Situations* (Braziller), underscores a feeling most recently emphasized by his autobiography—appropriately entitled *The Words*. Here is a man who lives by propagating ideas, and whose ideas seem to be born in apt and telling words (see this month's *Playboy Interview*). Since it's impossible for Sartre to have merely one single idea on a subject that interests him, it is virtually impossible for him to write a short essay. But it's fascinating to watch as one thought brings on another, which stimulates another, which develops a fourth—all born in striking phrases, possessing emotional color as well as intellectual weight. *Situations* consists of articles and of introductions to other men's works that Sartre has written in the past couple of decades. His introduction to a book by Paul Nizan (a writer little known here) provides not only an excellent insight into a lively and probing mind, but is also a touching reminiscence of a youthful friendship when Nizan and Sartre walked about Paris, exchanged argument, affection, experience. The least effective essays are those on Tintoretto and Giacometti. Inevitably, the two most interesting are about Camus. The first is the famous open letter in which Sartre drew the ideological and political battle lines with his former friend; the second is his tribute after Camus' death in an auto accident—a tribute which, without retracting the differences, is a fellow writer's garland of honor. ("We had quarreled, he and I . . . That did not prevent me from thinking of him, from feeling his gaze upon the page of the book, upon the paper that he was reading, and from asking myself: 'What is he saying about it? What is he saying about it at this moment?'") Sartre usually writes too much, extends himself too far, hypothesizes too freely. Despite this—and because of it—he is one of our most valuable intellectual forces.



### ARNOLD PALMER SAYS: ROBERT BRUCE SHIRTS WITH VYCRON® WON'T HELP YOU SCORE (ON THE COURSE, THAT IS.)



These 50% Vycron Polyester/50% cotton knit shirts feel softer, stay neater, keep their shape. "Rib Fit" (top) and "Classic" (bottom right), both about \$5; "Golf Jac" (bottom left) about \$6. Full range of colors. Available at these fine stores:

Alabama—Birmingham: Parisian, Inc.  
Huntsville: Fred Sington, Inc./Budd's  
California—Fresno: Harry Coffee  
Los Angeles: The Broadway/May Co.  
Connecticut—Darien: Knotts of Stamford, Inc.  
District of Columbia—Washington: Hecht Co./S. Kann  
Florida—Miami: Burdine's  
Tampa: Maas Bros.  
Georgia—Atlanta: Davison - Paxon Co./Rich's  
Illinois—Bloomington: Dewenter's  
Chicago: Carson, Pirie, Scott/Marshall Field & Co.  
Indiana—South Bend: M. Gilbert & Sons  
Kansas—Topeka: D'Angelo's  
Louisiana—New Orleans: Maison Blanche  
Maryland—Baltimore: Hutzler Bros. Co.  
Massachusetts—Boston: Kennedy's  
Springfield: Albert Steiger  
Michigan—Detroit: Danby's Store for Men  
Hughes, Hatcher & Saffrin / J. L. Hudson Co.  
Saginaw: Edward Menswear  
Missouri—Springfield: Freeman's  
St. Louis: Famous Barr & Co./Stix Baer & Fuller  
New Jersey—Mt. Ephraim: Ergoods  
New York—Long Beach, L. I.: Smoracks  
New York: Bonds Stores, Inc./Gimbels/Macy's  
Weber & Heilbroner  
Scarsdale: County Boy's & Men's Shop  
Syracuse: E. W. Edwards & Son  
North Carolina—Burlington: B. A. Sellers & Sons  
Chapel Hill: Belk - Leggett - Horton Co.  
Charlotte: Suburban Clothiers  
Durham: Van Straaten/Young Men's Shop  
Greensboro: The Hub  
Greensboro: Guy Hill, Inc.  
Wilson: Moss & Co.  
Ohio—Akron: Nelson Stag Shop/Polsky's Dept. Store  
Cleveland: Diamonds Men's Shops/Higbee Co.  
Dayton: Dunhill's Inc./Metropolitan  
E. Cleveland: Diamond's Men's Shop  
Tiffin: Tiffin Toggery  
Toledo: LaSalle & Koch  
Youngstown: Hartzell's - Rose & Sons  
Warren: Gus Orwell  
Oklahoma—Oklahoma City: Park's Shepard Plaza  
Pennsylvania—Allentown: H. Leh Co.  
Harrisburg: Dautrich & Co.  
Philadelphia: Strawbridge & Clothier/Gimbels  
John Wanamaker / Ward & Ward  
Pittsburgh: Gimbels/Joseph Horne  
Reading: Walter Jones  
Washington: Sol Mintz  
South Carolina—Charleston: Belk's Dept. Stores  
Texas—Houston: Nathan's of Houston, Inc.  
Vermont—Nate's  
Virginia—Norfolk: The Hub  
Wisconsin—Milwaukee: Brills, Inc./Gimbels & Schuster  
Goller-Stein

ROBERT BRUCE, INC.  
"C" & WESTMORELAND STS.  
PHILA., PA. 19134





# Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 58 ©1965, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC.  
DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY  
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

MAY 1965

## BOSTON AND SAN FRANCISCO DEBUT NEXT!

### SAVE \$25 BY APPLYING FOR KEY NOW

CHICAGO (Special)—With two more openings scheduled before the end of this year, Playboy Club keyholders will be using their keys in 14 major U. S. cities and at our tropical Jamaica Bunnyland during 1965.

Boston's Bunny bastion premieres this summer at 54 Park Square, just opposite famous Boston Common. Thirty-five Bunnies will cater to Bostonians' wishes in the many clubrooms—Playboy's Penthouse showroom, the Living Room with fireplace and Piano Bar, and the Playmate Bar with its bumper-pool table for added fun.

Following Boston's debut, San Francisco's Playboy Club, at 736 Montgomery Street, opens its doors to keyholders this fall. Five levels of clubrooms with two showrooms—Penthouse and Playroom—will make our second West Coast Club (the Los Angeles Playboy Club opened New



Architectural sketch of Boston's Playboy. Hutch opens this summer.

Year's Day) the swingingest spot in San Francisco. The site is at the foot of Telegraph Hill, in the heart of the city's fun center.

By ordering your key today, you can take advantage of the \$25 Charter Rate before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect. Once a Playboy Club opens, it has been the practice to raise the key fee to \$50, as it is now within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in Florida (and in Arizona beginning May 1).

In every Playboy Club, beautiful Bunnies greet you and guide you through the world of Playboy, a world designed with your personal pleasure in mind. When you present your own silver key to the Door Bunny (she may be a Playmate from the gatefold of PLAYBOY), your name plate will be posted on the Lobby board while closed-



Bovies of beautiful Bunnies like these PLAYBOY Playmates are waiting to greet you at every Club.

### Phoenix Key Goes to \$50 This Month

PHOENIX (Special)—A Playboy Club key will cost Arizonans \$50 beginning May 1, as it does now in Florida and Chicago. (Applications for key privileges postmarked before May 1 will be honored at the Charter Rate of \$25.)

All the good times found in every Playboy Club are yours for the \$25 Charter Key Fee—gourmet food for the same price as a drink; man-sized drinks; luncheon and cocktail privileges for your playmate; twist parties and jam sessions; plus abundant beautiful Bunnies who are waiting to guide you through a world tailored to your liking.

For entry to all Playboy Clubs in the United States and our Caribbean resort—plus all future Clubs anywhere in the world—fill out coupon today.

#### PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

**Clubs Open**—Atlanta Dinkler Motor Hotel; Baltimore 28 Light St.; Chicago 116 E. Walton St.; Cincinnati 35 E. 7th St.; Detroit 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Jamaica on Bunny Bay, Ocho Rios; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental; Los Angeles 8500 Sunset Blvd.; Miami 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans 727 Rue Iberville; New York 5 E. 59th St.; Phoenix 3033 N. Central; St. Louis 3914 Lindell.

**Locations Set**—Boston 54 Park Square; London 45 Park Lane; San Francisco 736 Montgomery St.

**Next in Line**—Washington, D.C.



Private-party atmosphere prevails in the Living Room of every Playboy Club as beautiful Bunnies serve our famous ounce-and-a-half potables.

circuit TV telecasts your arrival throughout the Club.

New shows in the Penthouse every two weeks (with acts chosen from the largest talent roster in the world), dancing for you and your playmate in most Clubs and the swinging rhythms of the Piano Bar combo offer a complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment—spend an entire evening on the town without ever having to leave the Club.

Man-satisfying food specialties include succulent *filet mignon* and fork-tender sirloin steak in Playboy's Penthouse, and your choice of entrees from the Living Room Buffet (new spring menus are now in effect at all Clubs). The L. A. Penthouse features the chef's distinctive Chicken Kiev. All these Playboy favorites are yours for the same price as a drink. And Playboy's man-sized drink (an ounce-and-a-half of your favorite brand) is known from Massachusetts to California.

For your key privileges in Boston and San Francisco—and every other Playboy Club—mail the coupon today.



Talent headliners like Larry Storch (portraying a barfly for keyholders and guests in the Los Angeles Penthouse here) appear on Playboy Club showroom stages throughout the States and at the Jamaica Club.

#### BECOME A KEYHOLDER/CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY

TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL  
c/o PLAYBOY MAGAZINE, 232 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:

Here is my application for key privileges to The Playboy Club.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY

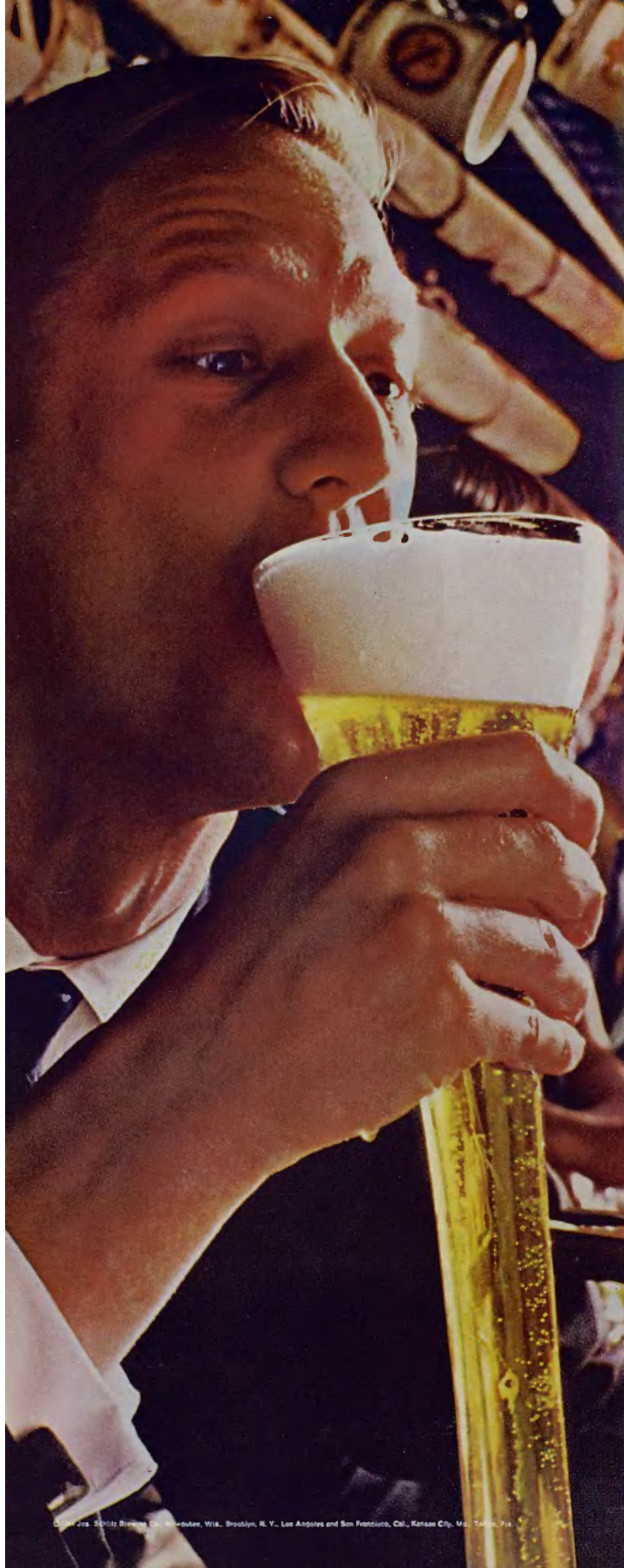
STATE

ZIP CODE

Key Fee is \$25 except within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in Arizona and Florida, where keys are \$50. (Key fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine.)

☐ Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ ☐ Bill me for \$\_\_\_\_\_  
☐ I wish only information about The Playboy Club.





The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous  
... simply because it tastes so good.

**real  
gusto**  
in a great light beer

*Let's get to  
the bottom of this.*



# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am 28, married, and a successful engineer. However, I find that the social life that my wife and I are active in is threatening our happy marriage. Somehow, after Saturday evening out, our group (which consists of couples our age, who have been married for much longer than we have) always ends at my home—which is the most attractive—for that last drink. That last drink, however, usually turns out to be more of the same, with dancing and conversation. A distinct temptation at these late, intimate, boozy parties is to make advances toward someone else's mate. I would like to stop these parties and cultivate other friendships, but I'm afraid that even new friends might lead to the same story.—B. F., Hartford, Connecticut.

If that old gang is breaking up those wedding bells of yours, the solution is to find a new, less rambunctious gang. However, your feeling that even new friends would "lead to the same story" suggests that perhaps you and your wife unconsciously want it that way. Talk it over seriously and honestly with her (that's one of the things wives are for)—and may we suggest you have your talk alone, at home, next Saturday night.

I have been thinking of buying a straight razor. Can I really get an excellent shave with this old-fashioned device? If I do get one, must I also get the strop and honing stone?—D. A. S., Winston, Virginia.

If you have time, patience and a steady hand, the straight razor will give you an excellent shave indeed—perhaps the best. Whether it's really worth all the trouble is something you'll have to decide for yourself. Also, you'll have to resign yourself to weeks, perhaps months, of second-class shaves while you learn to handle the razor correctly. You must, by all means, purchase a strop and use it regularly. We suggest you forget about the honing stone, however. The blade will rarely need a honing, and when it does you'd best take it to a barber, since this operation requires a really professional touch.

My fraternity house has acquired a tandem bicycle for two, provoking a minor argument over cycling protocol, which you can settle by telling us who gets on the bike first, the guy or the girl?—K. L., Atlanta, Georgia.

Etiquette must always give way to safety, which in this instance dictates that the guy take his seat first, to brace the bike firmly before his companion climbs aboard her seat.

In France recently I enjoyed a most interesting light dinner wine called muscadet. Can you tell me anything about it?—J. W., Los Angeles, California.

*Muscadet is a dry, white wine grown around Nantes, near the mouth of the Loire. It doesn't hold up well during sea or air trips, and therefore is rarely exported. Depending on its age when bottled, it sometimes retains a light sparkle.*

For two years I've been going out with one girl, and I have become quite dependent upon her (for dates and companionship, as well as sex), almost to the exclusion of all others. While she's certainly fond of me, I suspect I'm fonder of her. Lately she's begun taking me more and more for granted, a situation I'd naturally like to put a stop to. I've been thinking of scooting off to California for six weeks to "clear the air," so to speak, because I'm sure that after I'm gone for a while she'll come to appreciate me. However, she says that six weeks is all it would take for her to forget about me completely. I know you don't dig platitudes, but which do you subscribe to: "Out of sight, out of mind" or "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"?—K. O., Hingham, Massachusetts.

*Platitudes we don't dig, but maxims we do. One of our favorites comes from La Rochefoucauld, who said: "Just as the wind will snuff out a candle or fan a fire, absence extinguishes small passions and increases great ones." Though you didn't ask us, we have a hunch you may be nurturing a very brief candle.*

At a wild party last weekend, my girlfriend—who is not much of a drinker—got absolutely soused, stripped down to panties and bra, and did an imitation of Doris Day—before passing out. I must admit I was a little high myself, otherwise I probably could have prevented the display. Though everyone thought it was a lark at the time, my girl is now so embarrassed that she refuses to go anywhere where she might encounter witnesses to her performance. Since this was a big party and our friends get around a lot, her reluctance to be seen has seriously cramped our social life. I think she's being silly, don't you?—C. G., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes—although we find her embarrassment over imitating Doris Day perfectly understandable. As for the rest of her conduct, try pointing out that since your friends didn't disapprove of her lark while it was in flight, they probably don't object to it in retrospect either. If



Snuggling closely to your neck, always—that's what you'll like about a coat collar formed by Exclusive

Neck-Zone Tailoring. It's a boon to good grooming featured in all BARDSTOWN Clothes by Merit. All the more so for men who lean to cool, casual sport coats like the BARDSTOWN jacket shown here. Lots of others to choose from, strictly traditional in styling and fabrics. All of them equally

**correct  
for club-  
house or  
conference**



**Bardstown**  
AUTHENTIC TRADITIONAL CLOTHING  
BY MERIT

New! Authoritative!  
"The Art of Being Well-  
Dressed," by Merit.  
Yours Free at your  
BARDSTOWN dealer's,  
or write for a copy to

**BARDSTOWN CLOTHES**  
A Division of Merit Clothing Co.  
Mayfield, Kentucky



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

## English Leather®



- ... \*the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50
- ... \*the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION, \$5.00 (refill \$2.00)
- ... the SHAVING CREAM, \$2.00 ... the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50
- ... \*the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, \$1.50 ... \*the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00
- ... \*the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50 ... the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, \$2.00
- ... \*GIFT SETS from \$3.00 to \$10.00

\*prices plus tax

©M.C. MEM COMPANY, INC. 347 Fifth Avenue, New York

*this doesn't solve the problem, we suspect that a little time will.*

I am the owner of an Austin-Healey Sprite and I attend many sports-car events on Long Island. One question I would like to ask concerns the bumper-to-bumper stripes, usually three, that some car owners paint on their cars. Do they have any meaning?—C. H., Huntington, New York.

The colors of racing stripes are determined by the nationality of the competitor, although not all countries use stripes. The colors are not arbitrary (except in exclusively national or local competition, in which case you can paint your machine pink—à la Donna Mae Mims—purple, or polka-dotted), but were decreed by the Code Sportif International of the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile in the early days of racing. In those days racing cars possessed chassis that were visible beneath the body, so there was often one color for the chassis and another for the body itself. This presented a problem when streamlining came into fashion and the chassis disappeared from sight. As a consequence, the color formerly allotted to the chassis is now applied in the form of stripes or other trim over the color assigned to the body. For example, a car representing a Canadian entry would have a green body (green is the color for England and all members of the British Commonwealth) and two white stripes four inches wide, one on each side of the car's centerline and six inches apart. U.S. cars in international competition are white with blue stripes, Italian cars solid red.

I have always considered myself a normal girl with normal affections. Now I find myself in an unbelievable situation—and in desperate need of advice. I am engaged to and very much in love with a man whom I have been dating for some time. As would be expected, I have met his family; this is the problem. His father is a wealthy insurance executive. Shortly after our intentions were made known, he very cordially asked me to lunch. During this luncheon it became apparent that his intentions were not exactly paternal. He has made several passes since then, which I have rebuffed, of course.

Imagine my horror, then, when I found that my intended's mother also exhibited an affection for me that was considerably more than maternal. Both mother and father have been annoying and persistent. Neither one seems aware of the other's interest in me. I assure you that this is not simply my imagination, nor have I given any indication that I might be interested in an accommoda-





## Want to fill your shoe wardrobe without emptying your wallet? Take a tip from us.

There's something about our new black wing tip slip-on that you can't see at first glance. But you'll know it's there. Day after day after day.

It's "Living (Formula X-1000)™" Leather uppers. "Living" Leather is a natural, top-grade leather, that's been given a pre-conditioning treatment.

A special tanning process protects it against scuffs, scratches, scrapes, strain, rain and mud. All the things



that wreck ordinary shoes.

In addition, this Johnsonian features flex-welt construction that makes it unusually flexible, unusually comfortable.

Those are two examples of the quality we build into Johnsonians to make them last longer, look better.

The price?

Just 8.95 to 14.95.

At those prices (and with our styles) you can dress like a millionaire.

Without losing your shirt.

 **Johnsonian**  
A Quality Product of Endicott Johnson, Endicott, N.Y.

**STERN'S**—42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY: **BERGEN MALL**—PARAMUS, N. J.: **QUACKENBUSH**—PATERSON, N. J. **MARYLAND:** Baltimore: **THE HECHT CO.**, Riverdale: Ben Mar Shop. **MASSACHUSETTS:** North Attleboro: Kearney's Shoe Store. **NEW YORK:** Amagansett, L. I.: La Carrubba's, Astoria, L. I.: Shoeland. **Bronx:** Teddy's Shoes, Joe's Fordham. **Brooklyn:** Barkham Shoes, Teddy's Shoes, A. Frankel, Imperial Shoes. **Fort Plain:** Dutcher's Shoe Store. **New Bedford:** Boyant's Shoe Store. **Newburgh:** Cohen Shoe Store. **New York:** S & M Shoes (Douglas), Sam's Shoes, Shoeland, Teddy's Shoes, Rhinebeck: Hudson-Valley Dept. Store. **Silver Creek:** Erbins Shoe Store. **Southampton, L. I.:** La Carrubba's. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Asheville: Shoetown, Inc., Candler: Army Store, Canton: Army Store, Fletcher: Army Store, Waynesville: Army Store. **RHODE ISLAND:** Warren: Warren Shoe Store.





## down with pants?

First time I heard this rallying cry I blushed. I blinked. All but jumped out of my skin.

But that was before.

Before I realized the boys were tout-  
ing T-ROUSERS.

Now I too join the clamoring chorus. "Down with pants!" No blushing this time.

Pants? Pooh! Passé!

I'm all for the male of the species sporting T-ROUSERS instead.

Trim, tapered T-ROUSERS do something for a guy. They put more go-go-go in his ego.

Make him look more male. More tiger. More . . . um-m-m-m!

So go, go, go. Go get 'em. In cool, easy-wearing, easy-caring Dacron®/cottons. In fabrics that are press-free, that never need ironing. In a fire-works of dazzling new colors. And latch on to a couple of pairs of the new T-ROUSERS Bermudas.

T-ROUSERS and T-ROUSERS Bermudas. The long and short of it.



**The new name for pants.**

by HAPP COMPANY, MACON, GA.

© An Oxford Industry

tion with either of them. As my fiancé is an only child, and very close to his parents, I could not bear to inform him of their behavior—he would be terribly hurt, or think me a bitchy liar, jealous of his affection for his parents. I love this boy very much and I don't want to lose him. Unfortunately, the possibility of our leaving town is out, because he is firmly established in business here. What should I do?—Miss K. E., Nashville, Tennessee.

*If your fiancé is so attached to his parents that you're afraid to speak to him about this difficult situation, then the odds are strongly against your achieving a successful marriage with him. The nature of this problem demands that you discuss it frankly with your fiancé now, not later. If he refuses to believe you, you've no choice but to break off with him, quickly and for keeps. If he accepts your revelation (and for all you know, it may not be news to him), then the two of you can decide your next move—which should probably be out of range of his parents.*

I'm interested in joining the French Foreign Legion. Is it still in existence? If so, can an American join?—J. M., Clarendon Hills, Illinois.

*The French Foreign Legion is still very much in existence (with outposts in Sahara, Madagascar, Djibouti and the French Pacific), though its operations have been abridged somewhat since Algeria became independent. If you're a physically fit American male between 18 and 40 you can join—by presenting yourself at FFL headquarters in Aubagne, France, and signing up for five years. Our State Department won't think much of the move, however, and under a provision of the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, will probably revoke your citizenship—though you may be able to regain it through naturalization after your hitch is up. All things considered, we can think of a great many better ways to pass five years.*

**T**he man who can write out a check for his car on the spot seems to have a bargaining advantage over one who has to arrange financing. However, my own bank account isn't quite that healthy. I wonder if it would be possible for me to get a loan from my bank before I actually went out to dicker for a car? Would the bank be likely to go for this kind of deal, if my credit rating was good? If not, what kind of course would you advise me to pursue in this situation?—B. S., Austin, Texas.

*We think you're wise in not wishing to buy a car on "easy payments" from the auto company—you'll get a better shake from your bank. But you don't*

*need the full purchase price in your checking account in order to negotiate successfully. You can get a loan approved in advance, make any kind of deal you want with the auto seller, leave him a small deposit (not to exceed \$100) and then get your money from the bank.*

I am a sailor, single, and stationed in Morocco. I have been here for ten months and have become extremely fond of a Moroccan girl. My problem: She is a lady of the night. Normally this would preclude any thought of marriage, but in Moroccan society it is acceptable for a girl of little means to engage in prostitution to earn money for her dowry. Since this custom is not proscribed in Moslem society, is it fair to judge her in terms of Western morality? Ignoring her profession, she is an exceedingly attractive and marriageable young woman. Neither she nor I have any particular religious beliefs, so no problems are posed here. Under no circumstances would I relate to my family this girl's personal history. Considering the factors involved, what do you think of our chances?—J. E. F., Fleet Post Office, New York.

*So-so. Any marriage of individuals of drastically different backgrounds invites more than its quota of problems—which is usually large enough without any outside help. Your girl's profession is only one of the obstacles you face: There's also conflicting nationality, culture and language. We don't mean to suggest that these barriers can't be overcome, or that you can't achieve a successful union. You can, but only if you really know what you're getting into. The fact that the girl is a prostitute is perhaps the least of your worries. Prostitutes work for money, rarely for fun, and once the economic need is relieved, they can be just as chaste as the proverbial girl next door. You've got to decide whether you can face the variety of prejudices you'll encounter, bearing in mind that even if you dissemble about her past, some relic of it may return to embarrass you. But if, between the two of you, you can defeat these problems, the rapport you develop in so doing may help you build a better marriage than most.*

*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.*




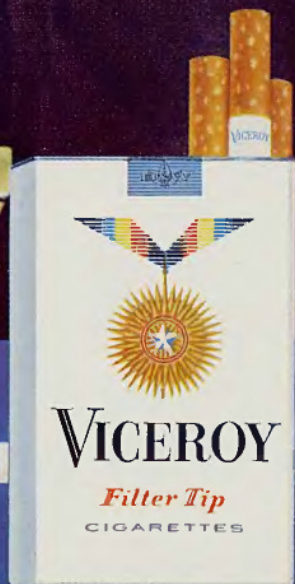


Viceroy's got the filter for  
the taste that's right!



Viceroy is specifically designed to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong... not too light... Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

© 1995, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION  The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products





# There's a tall, handsome Bird in your future

Distinguished, versatile, celebrated... this handsome Bird is destined for you if you are a seeker of Bourbon perfection. But, enough of crystal gazing! Break out the ice. Bring on the mixes. Pour on the Crow. Why wait for tomorrow? Those who know, drink America's historic favorite—famous, smooth, mellow **OLD CROW**

Gaze  
into my  
crystal ball  
and see!



FREE! "MIXING MAGIC" BOOKLET. Dozens of recipes, serving suggestions and party ideas, all colorfully illustrated. Send to Old Crow, Box 166 F, Wall St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10005.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.



## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WHEN JULY's temperature and humidity soar, it's nothing but cool, clear common sense to head north for escape and recreation. While we don't recommend an igloomy fortnight in the arctic, we do think you can comfortably foresee a Scandinavian fjord in your future vacation plans.

In Sweden, our favorite hostelry is the Foresta, a new resort near Stockholm combining its own swimming pool and yacht basin with top food and service. Once settled, you'll want to head for town, there to test the vaunted reputation of Swedish girls. Several places that members of the gentle sex frequent alone include: the Hamburger Börs, intimate, expensive and featuring the best floor-show in town; Club Opera, which serves superb food; and a couple of elegant jazz clubs called the Gyllene Cirkeln and the Gazell. You should have no trouble meeting a companionable guide for the rest of your trip at any of these boites. Once having connected with your own blonde (or brunette) Baedeker, ask her to steer you to some of the swinging spots that cater to couples, not least among them the Bacchi Wapen, in a medieval cellar in the old town.

Only ten minutes from the city and worth a post-prandial jaunt with your Scandinavian *moderne*, is the pleasure island of Djurgården, where open-air dances, concerts, cabaret shows and arena theater entertain Stockholm's young set throughout the sunlit summer evenings. If your companion can swing a weekday afternoon off, go early and let her guide you through Skansen park, an open-air museum presenting a sparkling panorama of Swedish arts and crafts and folklore. Precede your tour with lunch at the rustic Höglöftet, and follow it with dinner at the elegant Sol-liden Restaurant, where a superb view of Stockholm and environs is featured in addition to the excellent viands and potables.

You and your date will doubtless relish an evening at the theater. Take her to the Allé Teatern, which presents Swedish plays in English, or to the richly ornamented Court at Drottningholm Palace for a night at the opera. For a day's swimming and beach lolling, try nearby Erstaviken, or make it an overnight fling at the water-front Grand Hotel in the suburban resort of Saltsjöbaden, where the Sunday-noon smorgasbord is unsurpassable.

After a week or two in Stockholm, you'll probably want to slow down your pace, so take a tour of Scandinavia's


northern region. Emplaning from Sweden's capital to Kiruna, where you may purchase the best in Swedish and Lapp arts and crafts, you then take the luxuriously appointed train into Lapland, along the rugged shores of Lake Torne Träsk to the resort region of Abisko in the heart of the tundra. Stay overnight at the Swedish Touring Club—to enjoy its Finnish sauna—then continue by rail across the Norwegian frontier to Narvik of World War II fame and up in the afternoon to the snow-capped peak of Fagernes Mountain. Then by car from here to Bodö south down the famous Polar Highway, past glittering fjords and more towering mountains. Be sure to take a morning cruise on the blue waters of West Fjord before flying south over Norway's lakes and mountains to Oslo.

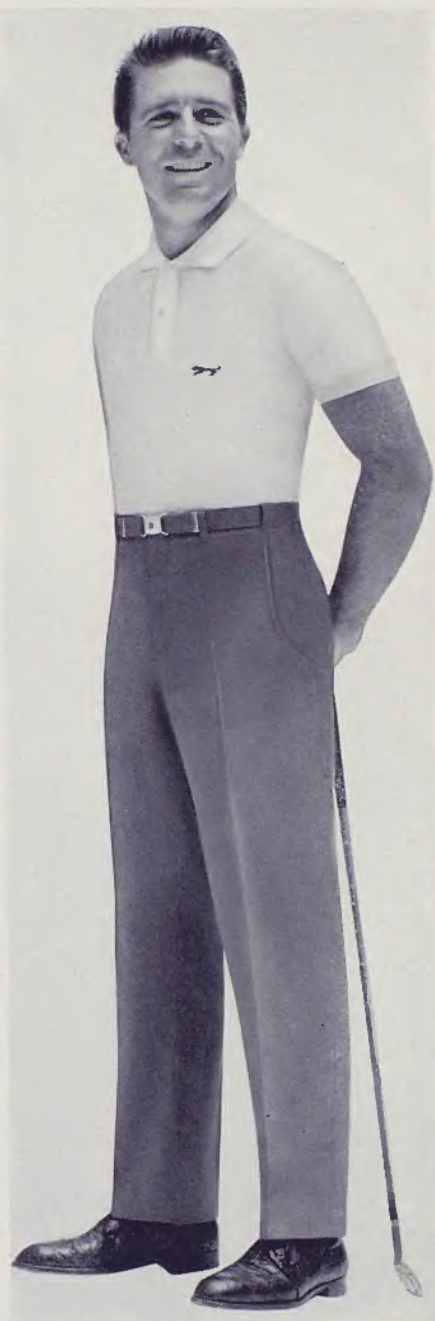
From July 29 to August 1, stop at Molde, Norway's "City of Roses," for its International Jazz Festival. Kenny Drew, Booker Ervin and Sonny Rollins (tentative at this writing) will be among the performers.

If you're not the far-north type at all, you can plan a different type of vacation on the Emerald Coast of the Italian island of Sardinia. The Costa Smeralda, an increasingly "in" spa, boasts homes owned by Ingrid Bergman and Princess Radziwill. The young Aly Khan recently constructed a luxurious resort on the northern tip of the island, just across from Corsica and only two flying hours from Rome. This is, of course, the place to stay.

On the Italian mainland, there's a variety of beaches stretching up and down the Tyrrhenian coast from Ostia, a suburb of Rome. Forty minutes away, the strand at Ostia Lido, just beyond the excavations at Ostia Antica, is an excellent weekday beach (but a nightmare of crowds on weekends). A little farther out, Fregene is the fashionable hangout of many Italian movie stars and wealthy Roman residents.

Still farther north, but only 37 miles from Rome, Santa Marinella is the place where Roberto Rossellini had a villa and where a good many local aristocrats congregate. About 60 miles south of Rome, the charming new resort of Baia d'Argento, near Sabaudia, offers a diversity of small cottages along flowered lanes, an excellent hotel, a good night club, tennis courts, golf course, riding stable and marina.

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



*Gary Player*<sup>†</sup>  
GOLF SLACKS by  
**ASHER**  
WITH DACRON<sup>‡</sup>

We can't guarantee you'll play like Gary when you wear Gary Player<sup>†</sup> Golf Slacks. But you'll certainly look like a pro. Gary designed them with hip-hugging pockets that stay flat while you bend and swing. And the Ban-Rol waistband won't roll over. Asher gives them plenty of Slacks Appeal in a cool, wrinkle-shedding blend of 65% "Dacron" and 35% rayon. \$12.95

**Enter the Gary Player Contest!** Winner gets Asher Slacks wardrobe, complete set of Gary Player<sup>†</sup> Black Knight golf clubs and will play golf with Gary Player! Plus 305 other prizes. Details on every pair of Gary Player<sup>†</sup> slacks. For nearest store write Asher, Dept. P5, Fitchburg, Mass.

<sup>†</sup>Golf Marks N. V. <sup>‡</sup>DuPont's registered T.M.





**Take a peek at PALM BEACH® tropical suits**, in an even more colorful variety than these famous suits usually offer. Credit the green thumb of Burlington Men's Wear, who cultivates new Dacron\* and rayon fabrics exclusively for Palm Beach. You'll see plains, iridescents, shadow checks, overlay plaids, classic hairlines and glens, many others—in cool, wrinkle-free suits with "Contour Collar" tailoring to assure perfect fit. Conventional or natural shoulder styling, \$45. (\$47.50 in Far West.) Take your Palm Beach pick...and look for that Bur-Mil label!



\*DuPont L.m. for its polyester fiber



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## HEFNER ON SUNDAY

I have read the round-table discussions on contemporary morality with interest and great pleasure. In fact, I so appreciated Mr. Hefner's statement of personal philosophy in the January *Dialogue* that I am going to use it as a reading for my service tomorrow morning.

One could almost have predicted the statements made by the three representative clergymen. I think I could have written them myself, knowing the institutions they represent. However, there is no excuse for any responsible person, professional or otherwise, who hides behind the "organization." With no intention of being unkind, it must be said that the views of the clergymen of the panel, with the possible exception of Rabbi Tanenbaum (but only to a very limited extent), were "contemporary" to the Middle Ages. That Mr. Hefner had complete control of the situation goes without saying. The wonderful thing about it is that he has 10,000,000 readers!

Reverend Joseph I. Craig  
All Souls Unitarian Church  
Hallowell, Maine

## THEOLOGIAN'S THOUGHTS

I have been a reader of *PLAYBOY* (though not a subscriber) for some time; and, before the *Dialogue* series, I had already read most of *The Playboy Philosophy*. As a liberal Unitarian minister and as a person (I allow no distinction), I feel that the most salient and encouraging aspect of this series is the unity maintained in Hefner's approach. I don't mean mere consistency, which some regard as a virtue in itself. I'm speaking about the lack of a dichotomy between Hefner's expressed convictions and the facts of social reality. One of the most crippling notions circulating is that there is (and *must* be) a division between the moral and the practical, between what works and what's right. So long as men believe in such a dichotomy they will always be torn between "being virtuous" and "being successful." And when it comes to the erotic, nothing is more obvious (to me) than that just such a dichotomy has permitted 90 percent of the sexual confusion now prevalent. It is my belief that it is inaccurate to characterize the present age as one of "sexual

revolution," "erotic transition," "amoral-ity" or "a need to return to ethics." The present age is the product of years and years of no realistic sexual ethic whatsoever. We are not in "transition" from one code to another; nor do we need some "return" to the sexual ethic of yesterday. We are *in search* of a sexual ethic, one based on our very genuine human needs rather than on some specious set of metaphysical maxims. We need to *discover* for ourselves (as the Greeks discovered for themselves) a unifying principle of thought and behavior that can as naturally and simply guide one's conduct in bed as in a bank, in moments of passion as well as periods of reflection. Hefner's approach seems most promising to me insofar as it is articulating such a unification. As for certain specifics, I feel it is neither here nor there that I agree or disagree with *The Playboy Philosophy*. For essentially I find it to be a realistic and forward-looking attempt.

Reverend James R. Sikes  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

## THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CELIBATE

*PLAYBOY* seems naïve and unsophisticated in the area of sex. While many of your points are sound, you seem not to know—or at least greatly underestimate—the fact that the renunciation of sex for some people and under certain conditions may be an entirely wholesome and even creative act. That this is so is suggested by studies of Catholic priests, showing that mental illness is no more prevalent among them than in the population at large. Celibacy and sexual abstinence *may be* important factors in morale. I do not think that *PLAYBOY* has given enough attention to this aspect of the discussion.

Walter Houston Clark  
Professor of Psychology of Religion  
Andover Newton Theological School  
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

*While we won't deny that celibacy can have its creative aspects—just as fasting can sometimes produce hallucinations—it's not the type of creativity we're particularly partial to. Like fasting, we consider celibacy neither desirable nor necessary.*

## CRUEL PERVERSION

I hope that my reaction to Hefner's *Philosophy* may be as restrained as that of the ecclesiastical figures in the three



ready...  
set... **GLOW!**

*sparkling Champale is like  
nothing else you ever tasted  
(except champagne!)*



FREE—Write today for exciting new  
CHAMPALE Recipe Booklet, Dept. P

METROPOLIS BREWERY OF N.J., INC., TRENTON



*Dialogue* discussions you printed. It is this: You, and the parts of our society which you refer to as being in your "defense," bear a heavy responsibility to whatever god you may subscribe to—and damn the dangling preposition! Your gigantic pandering operation is made only the more offensive by the very numbers to which it caters.

Your chief argument seems to be that extramarital sex promotes a feeling of "identity." Surely this is the most cruel perversion of the facts possible. The raw sex act, torn from love, is the most impersonal and stultifying "pleasure" man knows. Pleasure is to be found, not in self-gratification, but in serving others—and I don't mean providing erotic stimuli for profit. God help you!

Finally, my art helps sublimate raw instincts for me—whatever yours may do.

Jack B. Kellam

Professor of Art

Centre College of Kentucky  
Danville, Kentucky

*You have probably been much too busy sublimating your raw instincts to have read previous installments of "The Playboy Philosophy"—otherwise you would realize that Hefner's "chief argument" has little relationship to what you seem to be accusing him of—and please excuse the dangling preposition. Hefner has never endorsed extramarital sex; he has expressed the belief that in certain circumstances, extramarital sex may be justified, but he has also said that marital happiness is less easily achieved where vows of fidelity are taken lightly by either partner, and that adultery is usually a symptom of marital maladjustment. Nor has he ever suggested that sex should be "torn from love"; he has simply stated that sex does exist, both with and without it, and each individual should have the right to decide such private moral issues for himself.*

*If you are actually interested in Hefner's "chief argument," it is this: Man's moral values should be based upon a rational interest in the welfare of mankind, not on mystical dogma and taboos; we are not going to solve the problems of 20th Century society with the prejudices and superstitions of the Middle Ages.*

#### HELPFUL PHILOSOPHY

I rush to Hefner's defense! In the February *Dialogue* discussion, Father O'Connor says: "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."

Certainly Father O'Connor doesn't, and I don't believe that Hefner, himself, realizes the extent to which many people have been helped by his *Philosophy*.

I wrote to PLAYBOY more than two years ago to thank you for opening my eyes to my own unreasonable reactions to various aspects of sex and religion. I started *thinking* and have been growing more mature, more objective and happier ever since.

I have the greatest husband in the world and have gradually worked up to understanding his logical and sometimes brilliant thinking. I am better equipped to face life and even death, because I have learned how often the process we call thought is really no more than conditioned emotional reaction. Also, my letter (which was published in April 1963) accomplished some quite unexpected benefits, in my opinion. I now correspond with a woman in another part of the country who wrote to me, a stranger, because she had gone through a similar intellectual and emotional growth and had no woman friend to talk to on the same level.

Another woman in a nearby community had a three-hour conversation with me regarding her own search for knowledge and emotional maturity. She's still striving and is a good friend now.

Old friends contacted me after an absence of years, because of this letter.

If anyone ever again says that Hefner's magazine has done little "to advance society, advance a sense of reality," I hope he'll refute him much more vigorously than he refuted Father O'Connor. Certainly the letters you receive indicate the extent to which the *Philosophy* prompts people to read, argue and eventually *think* more objectively about subjects they just reacted to before. The awakening of the human mind is one of the greatest thrills to be had (not that I'm knocking sex), and Hefner must be very proud of his brain child.

Ruth Goldman

Stoughton, Massachusetts

#### AUTHENTICALLY CHRISTIAN

I want to express appreciation to you for the influence you are having on the capable young men and women of our generation. The concerns of religion and ethics discussed in the *Philosophy* are becoming live issues for thousands who would have otherwise been untouched by such concerns. Also, the position you take is more authentically Christian than much that is heard from pulpits today. Keep it up!

Levon G. King

Minister to Students

The Wesley Foundation

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

#### CALIFORNIA SEX EDUCATION

I thought you'd be interested in reading a recent column [for the column, see next letter] by California's State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the enlightened Dr. Max Rafferty. It is incredible to me that a man elected to such a crucially important office can come out with such statements as "Illicit and premarital sex is an offense against both God and man," and others which you can read for yourself. Please keep up your campaign against this type of person and ideas. It can only benefit us all.

Jerry Yudelson

Van Nuys, California

Enclosed is yet another reason why it's still an uphill battle for intelligence, reason, logic and compassion in our supposedly enlightened state of California. We may not have many antisex laws on the books, but there are those still in there trying—such as the author of the enclosed clipping from the editorial section of the *Los Angeles Times*. If the "by" in the by-line were eliminated, it might provide the answer to the good doctor's question.

#### WHO NEEDS MORE SEX EDUCATION?

By Dr. Max Rafferty

At first glance it would seem that today's children need instruction in sexual matters about as much as Custer needed more Indians. From the time they get up in the morning and examine the comic strips until the time they go to bed at night, groggy from the late, late show, they are fed an almost unmixed diet of high-calorie, highly commercialized sex.

With the honorable exception of Walt Disney and a very few others, the motion-picture producers confront the kids with a succession of dismal, dreadful themes ranging from incest to sodomy, with once in a while a little good old-fashioned cannibalism thrown in, just to keep them on their toes.

The so-called legitimate stage has achieved a condition of such sheer filth as to merit the adjective "indescrutable." We are the first generation since time began which has allowed its playwrights and its actors to wallow in vileness. True, Restoration drama in the days of Charles II was pretty gamy, but it was by all odds a healthier, more natural sort of game. Charles, after all, was known as a merry monarch, not a sick one.

The novel today is rapidly becoming a refuge for pathological deviations described in four-letter words. The pocket books on display at our newsstands look as though they had been culled from one of King Farouk's collections. And advertising is



making rapid progress toward its ultimate goal of reducing everything from razor blades to root beer to one common denominator: sex.

As a result of all this, we are seeing in our time and among our children a veritable explosion of all sorts of unpleasant things, from illegitimate pregnancies to venereal disease. So a lot of people are urging the schools to step in and clean this mess up by giving the youngsters a good, stiff dose of sex education.

Now, I'm the last person in the world to come out against any kind of education, but I think we'd better take a long look at the major premise. Proponents of mass compulsory instruction in this field assume that knowledge of principles and techniques will in itself solve the problem.

I doubt it.

People are not discouraged from becoming safe-crackers by learning how to manipulate tumblers in the dark. They avoid a life of crime because they are taught from infancy that crime is evil.

Similarly, I don't think we are going to crack the sex delinquency puzzle by seeing that all the kids understand the mechanics of sex. The only way society has ever found to discourage misconduct is to label it clearly as either a crime or a sin, or both, and then punish it accordingly. Until we as a people recognize openly the ancient truth that illicit and premarital sex is an offense against both God and man, if only because of its chilling selfishness and complete disregard for others, we will not see the current situation improve.

Sex education for high-schoolers, with the written consent of their parents and under conditions of scientific objectivity, may add to their sum total of knowledge about themselves and thus do good. But it will not in itself answer the riddle with which we are confronted.

The riddle is this: How can the schools unilaterally solve a problem which originates outside the schools and which permeates society as a whole?

And the answer is: They cannot. Only when we adults, in our homes, our churches, our businesses, decide that we are going to set a decent example and demand decent behavior from the young will the children start growing up to become the kind of people we want them to be, and should have been ourselves.

In all fairness, it should be noted that Dr. Rafferty's position of Superintendent of Public Instruction in our state is elective, not appointive, and so dominion

over all California public education, kindergarten through high school, has been vested in him by the public.

The most intriguing thing about his article is his Freudian equation of sex with safecracking.

Other than that, the implications in the thought of this man of stature are frightening. Note that he divides "offensive" sex into illicit and premarital categories. Presumably, the doctor would want to set up a board to articulate his ideas of "illicit sex," enact laws to "label it clearly" as a crime, and "then punish it accordingly." I suppose the premarital sex training of the high school kids could be handled by having them write "I will not do it" a thousand times on the blackboard.

Another article like that and the Superintendent should be kept after school.

Larry Grannis

Los Angeles, California

#### WHERE THERE'S LIFE

In the *Dialogue* discussion in the February issue, Hefner mentions the fact that when *Life* publishes photographs of partially nude women or topless bathing suits, they receive a number of protesting letters. Even more ridiculous is the fact that when on the cover of the October 25, 1963, issue, *Life* showed curvy Yvette Mimieux in a bikini, letters of protest poured in from women claiming that the cover was "provocative." The photo showed Yvette leaning on a surfboard—a more wholesome, cleaner, healthier girl you will never see. Evil is indeed in the eye of the beholder.

Mel Snyder

New York, New York

#### SEX IN PRISON

Bravo for the young parolee who dared to speak out against the penal systems of this country [*The Playboy Forum*, *PLAYBOY*, January 1965]. I am glad to know you were interested enough to publish this man's letter. I also hope that your readers read it with as much interest as my husband and I did. It is about time someone looked into this serious problem.

We agree wholeheartedly with at least the sexual outlook of Mississippi's penal system. It's too bad more prisons don't offer some form of sexual outlet for their inmates.

Gloria Cobb

Adams, Massachusetts

#### THE BENEFIT OF IMMERSION

Below is an excerpt from a chapter in my forthcoming book, *The Stranger Inside You* (Westminster Press), which I think you may be interested in.

... at the time of this writing, the most widely circulated pinup

magazine, *PLAYBOY* . . . has just completed the tenth of a series of articles on its *Philosophy*. It is a serious, fairly scholarly and highly readable exposition which attempts to deal with current sex mores and many of the historical religious factors that underlie them. Whatever its intention and bias, it deserves consideration, and it is far more responsible journalism on the subject than some of the material seen in occasional ecclesiastical journals. It may be as suspect as a treatise by Capone on crime, but it has the benefit of immersion in the subject which much writing on sex lacks.

Edward V. Stein

Dean of Students

San Francisco Theological Seminary  
San Anselmo, California

#### DOING SOMETHING

Please allow me to quote from the special issue of *Ramparts* that dealt with the deaths of Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner: Dick Gregory was being interviewed concerning his part in the investigation that followed the crime, specifically in regard to the \$25,000 that he posted as a reward for information:

Q. It was at Meridian that you made your public statement offering the reward?

A. Yes. I had discussed it with [James] Farmer after we left the sheriff's office. I had to make various calls. I called Joe Glaser [Gregory's agent] and I couldn't get in touch with him. Then I called Hugh Hefner and he gave me the money just like that over the phone. I told him I would iron out the details when I got back into Chicago . . .

Any comments that I might add (other than that the information was voluntarily given by Gregory) would be superfluous. Thanks for presenting a philosophy that has relevance to the present situation, and, more importantly, thanks for doing something about those problems that are of importance. *PLAYBOY* will mean a great deal more to a great many people as a result.

Frederick D. Kemp

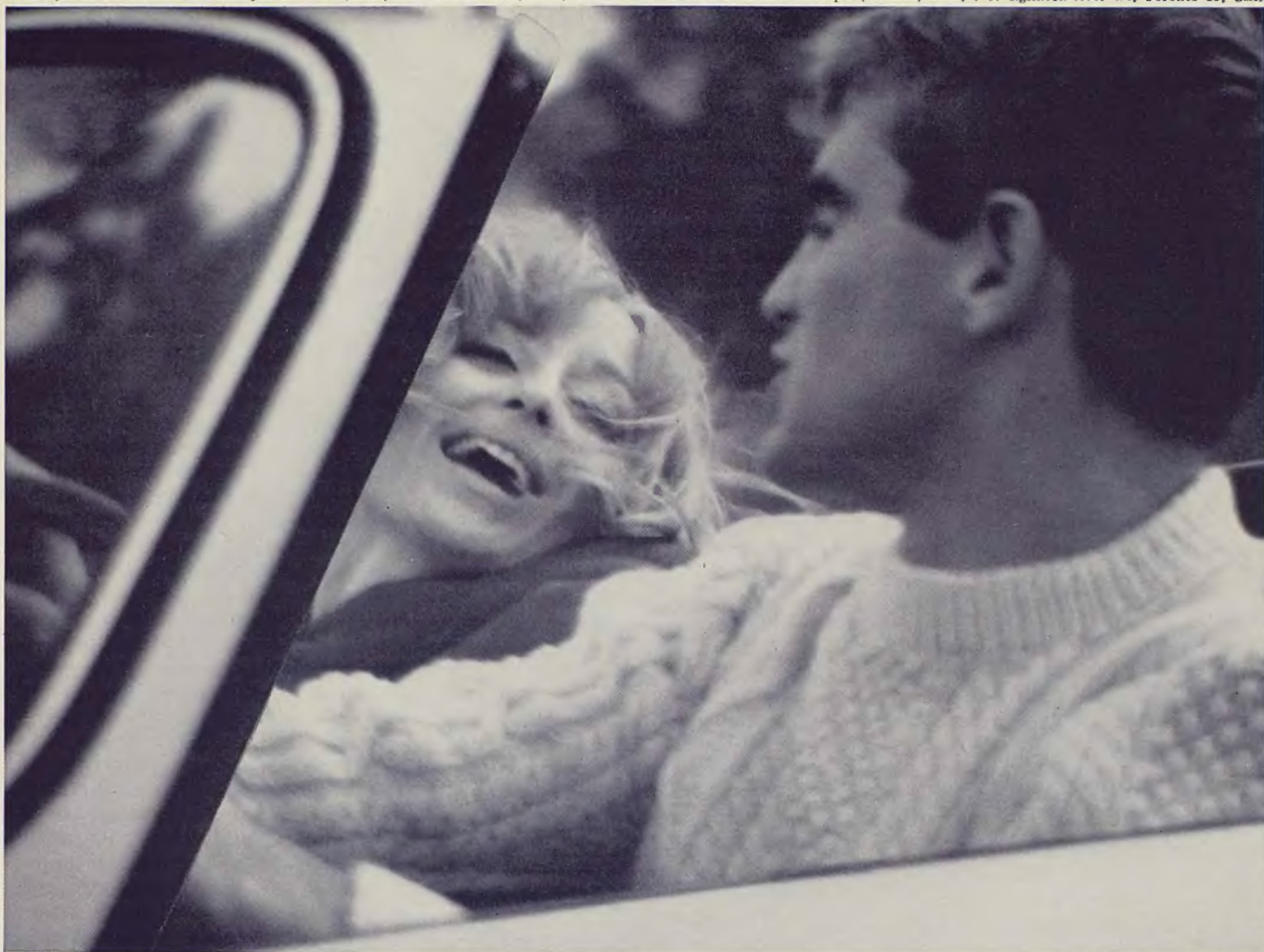
Somerville, Massachusetts

"*The Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "*The Playboy Philosophy*." Address all correspondence on either "*Philosophy*" or "*Forum*" to: *The Playboy Forum*, *PLAYBOY*, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





\*Suggested retail price POE plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. SCCA-approved competition equipment available. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Canada: Standard-Triumph (Canada) Ltd., 1463 Eglinton Ave. W., Toronto 10, Ont.



## What price glory? \$2199\*.

Glory: the new Triumph Spitfire Mk 2. For one thing, the added horsepower rockets you to 60 mph in only 13½ seconds.

(That's faster than her predecessor, a Sports Car Club of America Champion. And voted "Best GT-sports car selling for less than \$2500" by the many readers

of *Car and Driver* magazine.)

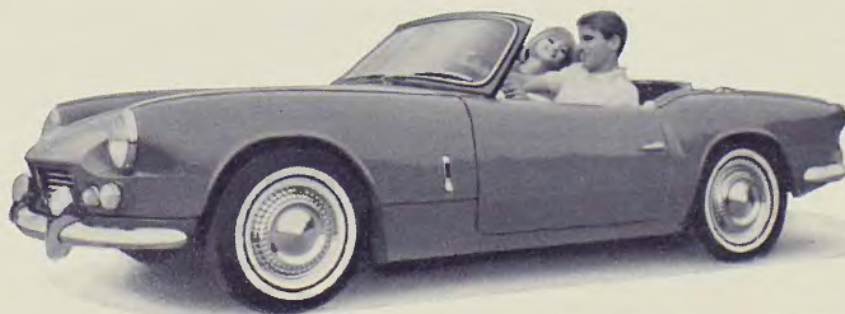
Then there's the plush comfort of body contoured, individually adjustable bucket seats. The luxury of the vinyl-lined, fully-carpeted interior. And the pizzazz of a functional dash with padded top and convenient twin

storage compartments.

Plus rack-and-pinion steering. Disc brakes. Four-wheel independent suspension. Roll-up windows.

So grab some limelight. Slip into the new Triumph Spitfire Mk 2.

And cover yourself with glory!



## Triumph Spitfire Mk 2





# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

THE FIRST SUBJECTS to receive extensive consideration in this editorial series on the social and sexual ills of contemporary society are also the first freedoms guaranteed in the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States of America:

"Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press . . ."

We considered these first rights of the Bill of Rights first, because of their primary importance to the concept of American democracy; and because of the extent to which the insidious antisexualism in our puritan religious tradition has eroded these specific liberties established for us by our founding fathers.

## FREEDOM OF AND FROM RELIGION

On religious freedom, James Madison, chief among the authors of the Constitution, and fourth President of the United States, said in his famous *Remonstrance*: "Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity in exclusion to all other religions may establish, with the same ease, any particular sect of Christians in exclusion of all other sects? During almost 15 centuries has the legal establishment of Christianity been on trial. What has been its fruits? More or less, in all places, pride and indolence in the clergy; ignorance and servility in the laity; in both, superstition, bigotry, and persecution."

Early in *The Playboy Philosophy*, we emphasized the significance of the separation of church and state, as the doctrine that set U. S. democracy apart from the theocratic totalitarianism of the Old World. We pointed out that true religious freedom includes both freedom of—and freedom from—religion; and we illustrated how puritanism had so infiltrated our secular society and the common law of England and the United States, upon which our statutory law is based, that we have failed to maintain the free democracy that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin and the rest of those first American patriots envisioned.

In his book, *All in the Name of God*, Reverend Everett Ross Clinchy, D.D.,

## editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

Ph.D., LL.D., President of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for 30 years, quotes George Washington as saying: "The Government of the United States of America is in no sense founded on the Christian religion. The United States is not a Christian nation any more than it is a Jewish or a Mohammedan nation." This statement by the Father of our Country was not meant to minimize the importance of religion in the life of the new nation, but emphasized, as Reverend Clinchy observes, "the inherent rights of conscience and the equality of all philosophies of life before the law insofar as they are not inimical to the national welfare."

But those inherent, or—as Jefferson referred to them in the Declaration of Independence—those "unalienable rights," have been lost to us, as religious morality overshadowed secular welfare in the establishment of many of the statutes of the sovereign states, and Americans attempted to legislate against "sin." The sexual prohibitions proved to be the most extreme and irrational; they soon included not only behavior, but even the frank praise and appraisal of sex in public speech, in prose and poetry, and in pictures, too. The loss of the first freedom of the First Amendment thus cost us the second two; and so the censor became an *unnaturalized* citizen of the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND PRESS

Regarding censorship of the sexual, James Madison wrote that to make a "distinction between the freedom of and the licentiousness of the press" would subvert the First Amendment. Madison stated further, "Some degree of abuse is inseparable from the proper use of everything and in no instance is this more true than in that of the press. It has accordingly been decided by the practice of the States, that it is better to leave a few of its noxious branches to their luxuriant growth than, by pruning them away, to injure the vigor of those yielding the proper fruit."

Thomas Jefferson, our third President,

author of the Declaration of Independence, and the man most responsible for the addition of the Bill of Rights to the U. S. Constitution, stated in his second inaugural address, "The press, confined to truth, needs no other restraint . . . no other definite line can be drawn between the inestimable liberty of the press and demoralizing licentiousness."

And in 1814, Jefferson wrote, "I am mortified to be told that, in the United States of America, the sale of a book can become a subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry, too, as an offense against religion; that a question like this can be carried before the civil magistrate. Is this then our freedom of religion?"

The end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th Centuries brought the severest sort of sex censorship to our shores. And not until the latter 1950s did this frigid antisexualism show any significant signs of thaw. There has been more progress made toward re-establishing free speech and press in America during the last decade than in the whole of the previous half century.

In a series of recent, precedent-setting decisions, beginning with the *Roth* and *Butler* cases of 1957, the U. S. Supreme Court has severely curtailed the censorship practices of the past. A majority of the Supreme Court justices still considers outright obscenity outside the protections of the First Amendment, but its current rulings are increasingly limiting what can any longer be legally considered "obscene"; and the trend is clearly toward the position previously held by Jefferson and Madison, and presently advocated by Justices Black and Douglas: that *all* censorship is, and should be, unconstitutional.

To some people, our more permissive society of the Sixties is evidence of decadence and moral decay; to others it is the dawn of a new day of free expression in the arts and literature. It is a subject that has prompted considerable controversy and debate in secular and religious circles.

## THE FOURTH RELIGIOUS ROUND TABLE

We were recently invited to participate as a guest panelist in four hour-long religious round-table discussions—



with a priest, a rabbi, and a minister—devoted to *"The Playboy Philosophy"* and *"The American Sexual Revolution,"* as part of a series of Sunday-evening programs, entitled *Dialogue*, presented by the Public Affairs Department of radio station WINS, in cooperation with the Archdiocese of New York, the American Jewish Committee, and the Protestant Council of the City of New York.

The opinions expressed in this unique exchange were both pertinent and of sufficient interest that we decided to include edited transcripts of the programs as a part of this series. The first three panel discussions appeared in installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* in our December, January and February issues. The fourth and final round table was devoted to the problems of censorship and obscenity. It proved to be the liveliest session of all and it appears here.

Our fellow panelists were Father Norman J. O'Connor, Roman Catholic priest, well known for his interest in and association with jazz, for many years the chaplain to Boston University, currently Director of Radio and TV Communications and Films for the Paulist Fathers in New York City; Reverend Richard E. Gary, Episcopal minister, graduate of Yale Divinity School, since 1956 the minister to St. Mary's Church in Manhattanville, highly regarded for his social work as a member of the Department of Christian Social Relations of the Episcopal Diocese of New York; Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum, widely published and influential Jewish leader, formerly Executive Director of the Synagogue Council of America, currently Director of the American Jewish Committee's Interreligious Affairs Department; and Murray Burnett, moderator of these round-table discussions and our host.

#### OBSCENITY AND CENSORSHIP

**BURNETT:** Tonight we're going to talk about one of the touchiest issues of our time—pornography and censorship. And when I say censorship, I mean to include every ramification of the subject: government censorship, community censorship, private censorship; and the responsibility of publishers—and perhaps writers, too, for the editorial material they produce.

So to start things off, I'd like to ask Hugh M. Hefner the first question. Do you believe in any censorship at all, Hugh?

**HEFNER:** Not in the sense that you mean. I don't believe in the censorship of any material because someone, somewhere considers it offensive, for example; or because they take exception to its subject matter, language, or ideas per se. There are only a couple of kinds of censorship that can have any justification in a free society, it seems to me: the first is where you have a proven case of libel—

the dissemination of false information about someone, with malicious intent, that is harmful to him; and then there is the situation that the late Justice Holmes had in mind, when he said that freedom of speech does not include the right to shout "Fire!" in a crowded theater—a situation in which it could be clearly established that the writing or saying of something would lead to some immediately clear and present danger.

**BURNETT:** But shouting obscenities in a crowded theater would not disturb you?

**HEFNER:** Not if it was part of the program I'd paid to see. If it offended me, I'd get up and leave the theater. Of course, if the person shouting obscenities happened to be a member of the audience, and his words and actions were interrupting the performance, or bothering the other members of the audience who were seated around him—that's quite a different matter. That would probably disturb me; and I'd expect to have something done about it. But that wouldn't be censorship; it would be a case of disturbing the peace.

**BURNETT:** Let's consider writing, and photography, and movies. You don't believe there should be any censorship in the field of pornography and obscenity—is that right?

**HEFNER:** A society tends to censor what it fears. In America, we censor sex, because we're afraid of it. Censorship is used to perpetuate past prejudices, superstitions and beliefs. Are our society's sexual values so perfect—so precious—that they deserve to be protected and preserved in this way? I don't think so. I think our sexual values are one of the sickest parts of our society—and most deserving of extensive re-examination and change.

But quite apart from that, and forgetting for the moment that we tend to suppress the most positive forms of sex, and perpetuate its association with sin and shame, I'm opposed to censorship because I believe so strongly in the virtues of a free society. Our democratic form of government is based upon, and draws its greatest strength from, the free exchange of every kind of idea and value. That makes the concept of censorship incompatible with that of American democracy. So even if it could be shown that certain kinds of censorship might benefit society, I'd be against it because of the far greater good to be gained by leaving open all avenues of communication.

Incidentally, the lowest forms of pornography tend to flourish in a sexually suppressive atmosphere rather than one that is open and permissive. It was during the supposedly prudish Victorian era that England produced the greatest outpouring of prurient literature in all of history. Censorship creates an appetite for the hidden and suppressed; pornography would lose much of its appeal in a sexually free society.

#### THE NATURE OF OBSCENITY

**GARY:** I think we've established one thing already. At least Hugh has suggested it; and I'd be the one to second it. And that is that there is no absolute standard or criterion that we can establish here. We have to relate this problem to the conditions that exist in this society at this time. There is no hard and fast rule by which we can say, "This is pornography—this is malicious and destructive and evil—and this isn't."

**BURNETT:** Oh, I think there is . . .

**O'CONNOR:** The Supreme Court seems to think that there is. The Supreme Court has defined obscenity in terms of community standards . . .

**GARY:** But that's not an absolute standard.

**HEFNER:** Supreme Court Justice Douglas has stated that the community-standards definition of obscenity is, to use his words, "too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment." Such a criterion would not be acceptable if religion, economics or politics were involved, so how can it become a constitutional standard for literature dealing with sex? On that basis, Douglas points out, juries could censor, suppress and punish whatever they did not happen to like. This would be community censorship of the worst sort. It would create a regime wherein, says the Supreme Court Justice, "in the battle between the literati and the Philistines, the Philistines are certain to win."

**O'CONNOR:** Well, there are criteria . . .

**GARY:** There are criteria, of course, or we wouldn't be able to talk about it.

**O'CONNOR:** The absolute standard is the fact that pornography is wrong. Right?

**HEFNER:** I don't agree. Would you like a strong statement or two on this subject that we can sort of toss around and argue over? OK. Here's one. I'm of the opinion that most pornography, as we define it today, is probably good for society.

**O'CONNOR:** Do you think that PLAYBOY is obscene?

**HEFNER:** No, of course not. PLAYBOY isn't even in that gray, borderline area, where any serious question could possibly exist.

**O'CONNOR:** Then why do you protest about this?

**HEFNER:** My concern over censorship is not that of the Publisher of PLAYBOY magazine, but of a citizen who wants to live in a free society. Actually, the only significant censorship problems I've had to face in recent years have been brought about by my editorializing on the subject, rather than the other way around. I just happen to believe in a free democratic society, that's all. It's the sort of society in which I want to live.



**O'CONNOR:** But isn't it society, in general, that runs a government; and, inevitably, establishes the censorship rules all the way down the line? We have other kinds of restrictions in society—why not censorship? There are laws governing divorce and remarriage, multiple marriage, laws in most states that say you must go to school until you're 16 years of age, etc. . . .

**HEFNER:** I think we've got to make a distinction between freedom of expression—freedom of speech and press—and freedom of behavior. They are not the same thing. We allow—and should allow—far greater freedom to the exchange of ideas—even unpopular ones—than we do to behavior, because we recognize that democracy draws its real strength from the exchange of many diverse ideas and points of view. And we've the whole of history to prove that the notion, the ideal, the social, scientific or moral "truth" of one era is recognized as false a few generations later.

**TANENBAUM:** Yes, but you don't have that with Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*. In our lifetime, when it was banned, people smuggled it into this country . . .

**O'CONNOR:** Well, James Joyce's *Ulysses* was the original, magnificent example of that . . .

**TANENBAUM:** . . . Or *Franny and Zooey*, and some of the other books that have suddenly become acceptable. Now you put them on the newsstands and they are suddenly available to everybody.

**HEFNER:** But what's wrong with that? That's evidence of our progress toward a freer, more democratic, more adult and sophisticated society, it seems to me.

**BURNETT:** *Franny and Zooey*? There's nothing wrong with *Franny and Zooey*!

**HEFNER:** No, but Salinger has come in for more than his share of criticism and censorship for the sexual honesty of his writing.

**TANENBAUM:** There's as much scatology in *Catcher in the Rye* as I've found in some of the more obviously contrived books.

**BURNETT:** Well, Marc, I just don't think you're up on your scatological literature.

**TANENBAUM:** I confess that you may be a bit ahead of me on that, Murray.

#### PROTECTING THE YOUNG

**O'CONNOR:** But I think that raises the important issue in all of this, which is young people. I think the community interest in censorship stems from a concern over the open availability and sale to children of all kinds of material without any kind of discrimination on the part of the shop owner, or the magazine distributor, or the magazine editor.

**HEFNER:** I'd like to make an important point regarding that, if I may. For there is a simple solution to the question

that you raise. And the fact that those who cry loudest for censorship "for the sake of our children" never come up with this obvious alternative makes me more than a little suspicious of their motives.

I think that children are often used as an excuse for what actually becomes—and is intended to be—the censorship of adult society. And prohibiting the circulation of publications and exhibition of motion pictures to the general public because they are deemed to be unsuitable for minors is illegal, by the way, for it has been held to be unconstitutional by unanimous decision of the U. S. Supreme Court [*Buller vs. Michigan*, 1957]. The high Court held that you cannot use children as a frame of reference for censorship, because, if you did, you would be unreasonably restricting the whole of society for the supposed protection of its juvenile members. This, in the words of Justice Frankfurter, writing the decision for the Court, would surely be burning the house down to roast the pig.

If we are sincerely motivated by a concern for the welfare of our children and convinced that we must exercise a greater control over the books, magazines and movies with which they are permitted to come in contact—if this decision is not to be left to the determination of the individual parents, as I believe it really should be—then the obvious solution is the legal classification of all such materials, designating those considered acceptable only for adults, those also acceptable for an adolescent audience and those acceptable for children. We have laws forbidding the sale of liquor and cigarettes to minors—it would be a relatively simple matter for a state or local government to institute similar controls over the films, books and magazines to be made available to juveniles. In this regard, incidentally, most of the other major countries of the Western world already have a classification system of some kind establishing the suitability of motion pictures for audiences of various ages.

I do not care for this solution, because I question the premise upon which it is based, but it is certainly preferable to any form of more general censorship—with what is fit for children being used as a guide for the restrictions to be placed upon the rest of us—for this would obviously reduce our adult society to the level of the child. This would be a most unfortunate state of affairs and far more detrimental to our social well-being than anything that might occur in a completely open and permissive situation of the sort I have suggested here.

The real irony in the over-all question of sexual censorship, of course, is that if we did permit a completely unrestricted, censor-free society, none of the oft-expressed forebodings of social doom and moral degradation and disintegration

would come to pass. A few people's sensitivities might be shaken, but that would be about the extent of it. A society that was freed of all social and sexual censorship and the more irrational forms of sexual suppression would surely be a healthier and happier place in which to live—a world in which sex would then find its natural position in the scheme of things, and cease to be the source of guilt, shame and incalculable heartache that it is in our society today.

**O'CONNOR:** Hugh, you're isolating. We spent a whole program a week ago discussing the second and third and fourth usages of sex in a contrived, controlled, manipulated way. This is the problem that the parent faces with regard to the child. Today you can buy magazines which, in another type of society, were never available; and if they were available, it was in an urban community, where the child had gone because he was now an adult. But today, if you live on the West Side of New York, or the East Side of New York, all you do is walk to the corner—and available to you are opportunities, the likes of which have never before been found in society with such openness. And I think this is where you find the very real problem with regard to the parent, who feels that somehow or other there should be means by which to control this situation.

**HEFNER:** There are also cigarettes and liquor available at the corner drugstore—but not to children. As I've just said, if society insists that children be given greater protection from this sexually oriented material—and I would again raise the question as to whether even that is a good idea—then let's restrict the purchase of these books and magazines and tickets to these movies to adults. If that's what we want to do, let's do it. But let's not use this concern for our children as an excuse for something else—an insidious attempt to control the free expression of the adult members of society.

**O'CONNOR:** Yes, I agree. But facing a similar problem with the cigarette industry at the moment, I'm wondering if we can do that either.

**HEFNER:** But look, Father, with a free society you also get something else. Right now we are passing through a period of tremendous transition—particularly in the area of communication—moving from an era of extreme sex suppression and censorship to a new openness and permissiveness. Now, quite suddenly, a great many books are being published that could never have been published just a decade ago, and so on . . . Some of them are excellent, with true, lasting literary worth; many of them are of little more than passing contemporary interest; some of them are worthless trash. But the wonderful thing about a free society, the beauty of a truly



free democracy, is the certainty that if you do not restrict and suppress the printed word, the best survives. And if we had a society in which we did not attempt to censor and control, eventually most of the trash would disappear; and eventually most of the taste for it would disappear, too, for we would have put an end to the fascination that persists in the forbidden.

#### CHECKS AND BALANCES

**O'CONNOR:** But you can't isolate sex from the rest of the problems of contemporary society. We've the problems of dropouts, and bad education, and no jobs, and discrimination, and the so-called A-bomb, and all the hectic and confused morality we face in other areas apart from sex. All these things are rumbling rivers that are rolling down on the youngsters in today's society. When you talk about freedom within the realm of sex, that's fine, but when these youngsters are closed off in other areas of expression, then an explosion is going to take place. And it is going to go in the direction in which it can find the quickest and easiest release, which in many instances is sexually. And this is why I think the checks-and-balances scheme, which is an important part of American democracy, is the best approach in this instance.

**HEFNER:** I don't want to seem to be suggesting that I believe a more open and permissive approach to sexual expression is going to solve all the ills of contemporary man—it will only ease his sexual problems, that's all. But that's a whale of a lot. Because sex is intimately related to the problem of personal identity, and if 20th Century man—and woman—can solve their individual identity problems in this complex, impersonal, automated society of ours, they'll be closer to real fulfillment and happiness than ever they dreamed they could be.

Father O'Connor suggests that if our society takes a more permissive posture regarding sex, the person plagued with the unrelenting pressures and problems of modern living may find some release and satisfaction—psychological as well as physical—in this direction. That is certainly a possibility. But I can only consider it a positive one—and certainly preferable to closing off still another avenue of awareness and the potential appreciation of what it means to be truly human and alive. If we attempt to bottle up this outlet of expression, we simply increase the over-all probability of the emotional "explosion" to which Father O'Connor referred, for it must be obvious that explosions—emotional and otherwise—are brought about by increasing rather than decreasing the pressures that may prevail.

I'm not against the concept of checks and balances, as you know, because when I speak of a free society, I don't

mean a society devoid of reasonable restrictions. But there is nothing reasonable about the puritan sexual values that still prevail in America. I do not believe that sexual behavior, or any other kind of behavior, should be irresponsible, and I am strongly opposed to sexual exploitation, coercion or aggression. But what I oppose in each of these instances is not the sexual nature of the acts, but the improper framework in which the sex occurs. I'm against exploitative sex, not because I'm against sex, but because I'm against any exploitation of one human being by another.

**TANENBAUM:** The problem I think Father O'Connor is raising, however, is what do you do in the present situation. You talk about a free society which is a kind of ultimate utopic vision. But in the here and now, there are people who are exploiting pornographic interests. There are people who are very calculatedly creating all kinds of literature, which is stacked up on the newsstands. I'm opposed to the vigilantes going to the newsstand dealers and intimidating them. At the same time, they are making available this kind of trash which appeals to the most primitive and distorted instincts.

#### A CENSOR-FREE SOCIETY

**HEFNER:** Let's follow this thing through to its logical conclusion and see where it leads us. Let's take a closer look at what we might find in a totally censor-free society and see if it's really as terrible as a great many people seem to assume it would be. I'd like to consider the most extreme form of so-called "obscenity," of sexual erotica, imaginable—in a motion picture, for example . . .

**TANENBAUM:** Take the kind of things that mail-order manipulators send through the mails or pass off to kids in high school . . .

**HEFNER:** Let's talk about real hard-core pornography for a minute—that's an area in which we should get some general agreement, at least in terms of definition, I think.

**BURNETT:** What is hard-core pornography?

**HEFNER:** A stag film—an erotic movie devoted to a detailed examination of a couple engaged in various forms of sexual activity and intercourse—produced with the single and obvious intent of sexually arousing its audience. Or a still photograph of similar nature. Or a book, the sole purpose of which is to create the same effect with words that a blue movie does with pictures. Not a book that contains some passages of erotic realism, as a great many of our most highly regarded, best-selling novels do today, but a book quite clearly and totally pornographic in its form and intent. And Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen devoted an entire volume, entitled *Pornography and the Law*, to an

extensive examination of the differences between erotic realism and hard-core pornography.

**BURNETT:** All right.

**HEFNER:** Let's assume that we had no censorship and that this material was, therefore, readily available to the general public. What would be the result of that? What devastating negative effect would it have upon society? Would it destroy the moral fiber of our nation, as the censor contends? There is no evidence to support such a conclusion. In fact, what evidence there is has led the majority of social scientists who have actually studied the matter to the opposite conclusion.

But it isn't necessary to debate the alleged virtues of erotica to see the senselessness of censorship. We need only to consider this: What does the censor give us for the freedom that he takes away? What *value* does a democratic society actually derive from censorship? The censor does nothing but perpetuate past prejudices, superstitions and beliefs that might not otherwise withstand the critical examination to which every idea and ideal should be continually subjected in a free society.

And whatever we may think we gain from censorship is paid for most dearly—with the cost derived from our most precious possession, individual liberty. For I would point out that once you begin to play this game of censorship, there is no telling where it may end. The charge of "obscenity" has been used to censor unpopular religious views in this very city, as I'm sure you're aware. It has been used in the South to perpetuate racial bigotry: Since the Supreme Court has held that obscenity is outside the free speech and press protections of the First Amendment, a movie depicting interracial love or marriage is condemned in some communities as "obscene." And it was not too many years ago that the U.S. Post Office considered all information pertaining to birth control to be unmailable, because it was "obscene."

Supreme Court Justice Black, who opposes censorship of any kind, has commented that it was once the law in Rome that a citizen could be arrested for obscenity and after the reign of Caesar Augustus it became obscene to criticize the emperor. Once you make an exception to the right of free speech and press, the exception can be stretched to include whatever it is you wish to suppress. No opinion, philosophy or idea can any longer be said to be secure.

**O'CONNOR:** Well, as far as hard-core pornography is concerned, it is very much available in society at the present time.

**HEFNER:** Of course it is. The censor is never completely successful in his avowed aim to rid the community of all

(continued on page 141)



With VOIGTLANDER, your pictures will show more than you've ever seen before. Just because all cameras seem to look alike doesn't mean they are. Step back about a dozen feet and look at the picture on this page. See the difference a slight optical correction makes? Glass is glass. It's the experience of 207 years of hallowed lens crafting that makes it Voigtlander. All cameras may look alike but they don't see the same.



This is the Vitrona ...  
the world's only  
35 mm camera with  
built-in electronic  
flash automation.  
Yours for only \$115.

**Voigtlander**



# Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?\*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



BY THE RIVER CHURN, NEAR CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

\* We English.

The Scots distill Haig—  
we jolly well drink Haig.  
Of hundreds of scotches,  
Britain's largest seller is Haig.  
You'll find Haig  
to your taste, too.





# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

*a candid conversation with the charismatic fountainhead of existentialism and rejector of the nobel prize*

French writers have always had a gift for inciting wars of the spirit, but probably no French writer since Voltaire has given the civilized world a case of the jitters comparable to that inflicted upon it by a stocky, walleyed, 59-year-old exp-professor named Jean-Paul Sartre. As a philosopher ("Being and Nothingness," "What Is Existentialism?"), novelist ("Nausea," "The Age of Reason"), playwright ("The Flies," "No Exit," "The Respectful Prostitute"), essayist ("Situations," "Saint Genet"), autobiographer ("The Words"), pamphleteer, editor, author of political petitions and demands, even as a writer of popular songs, he has let loose a torrent of words upon a groaning but responsive public. In his role as a resister, a denier, a ferocious and uncompromising visionary, he began by anatomizing the decay of French democracy between the two Wars. The first great dramatic challenge of his life was the conquest and occupation of France by the Germans, which called forth both the most sordid and most heroic qualities of the French character. Sartre took his place, along with Albert Camus and François Mauriac, as one of the writer-heroes of the Resistance, at the risk of his life and the cost of his freedom; he was imprisoned by the Nazis. Later, atheist Sartre parted company violently with the Catholic Mauriac and the pantheist Camus, and proceeded after the Liberation to assume the role of writer as political leader—founder of parties,

propagandist, struggler for causes, perpetual schismatic. His ambiguous relationship with the Communists, with sexual anarchists, with the oddballs and the woebegone and the nihilists, has given the Sartrean version of existentialism a kind of public influence that none of the milder, more university-oriented forms have ever enjoyed. Christian existentialism could not compete with the wild intellectual activists of the post-War chaos and reformation of Europe. Sartre's personal metabolism outraced the competition—at least in the struggle for the minds of the young.

During the immediate post-War period, many Americans came to study, write, or discover themselves in the nervy, dangerous, angry Paris of those days. For many of them, Sartre's famous love affair with Simone de Beauvoir, his discovery of Juliette Greco and Jean Genet, his patronage of the Café de Flore and the Deux Magots and such night clubs as the Tabou and the Rose Rouge, all were part of the living legend he had become. Sartre also founded a monthly magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*, to expound his unconventional views on everything from China to the orgasm. Meanwhile, the existentialist vocabulary—words like "anguish," "abandonment," "despair" and "forlornness"—poured out of his overflowing heart in a manner that paradoxically suggested both a love of life and a mordant sense of pleasure. The pessimism of the philosopher

seemed to free the man for joy and action.

During the subsequent Americanization of France and of all Europe, however, people began to tire of Sartre's stubborn hammering at them with variations of the same old accusations: "Your life is absurd . . . There is no God . . . Only by marching to the barricades with the workers of the world can a man's life have meaning." The comfortable new generation sat in the Flore and the Deux Magots to discuss business deals and to admire the girls, not to debate concepts of reality. The public had wearied of the hero Sartre, though it was still bemused by the playwright. Sartre had contradicted himself many times—particularly about the anguishing question of the effects of communism on the quality of human life—and he seemed to have abandoned both his projected philosophical masterwork and a long-planned series of novels. He wrote and wrote, and people smiled when his foreword to the collected works of Jean Genet became first an introduction and finally the massive "Saint Genet," a volume longer than the book it was supposedly prefacing. Sartre began to be considered *passé*, a shooting star, an entertainer.

The bitter recriminations that followed the rupture of his friendship with Albert Camus caused many to turn their backs on Sartre. He took an intransigent position against France's efforts to keep its colonies, and probably only his world



"The main reason I surround myself with women is simply that I prefer their company to that of men. As a rule I find men boring. They have specialized sensibilities and they talk shop."



"We are possessed by the things we possess. When I like an object, I always give it to someone. It isn't generosity—it's only because I want others to be enslaved by objects, not me."



"My duty as an intellectual is to think, to think without restriction, even at the risk of blundering. I must set no limits within myself, and I must let no limits be set for me."



fame prevented his going to prison over Algeria. He was called a traitor. His apartment was bombed. He moved, but kept on writing. One of Paris' young intellectual lions said of him then, "Sartre? I remember him. Very funny man. Too serious."

And then, as if to prove that a writer cannot be considered dead until he is lowered into the grave, the seemingly spent bombshell burst once again. With the publication of the first volume of his autobiography, *"The Words,"* Sartre was once more hailed as the high priest of French letters. Ideological opponents and personal enemies, with a rare and un-French generosity, admitted that the sly old boy had done it again—or perhaps had finally fulfilled his promise. He had created a work of heroic power, a work that the future might term one of genius. The autobiographical confession has long been a highly refined genre in French literature—from St. Augustine and Montaigne to Gide and Genet—but with *"The Words"* Sartre brings to it a new power and intention. He not only tells his story, but he makes his point—and he does it genially, wittily, movingly. Words and ideas are not real things, he says, and yet they are the closest men can come to grasping the nature of reality.

It was entirely in character that the attempt of the Nobel Prize committee, last November, to bestow on Sartre its prestigious prize of some \$53,000 was interpreted by its intended recipient as a kind of bribe from the literary establishment. He asked them not to offer him the prize, but they did anyway. Boris Pasternak had refused it in 1958 under pressure from the Soviet government, but Sartre became the first writer in history to spurn this supreme accolade of his own accord. Perhaps a clue to his refusal can be found in his play *"The Devil and the Good Lord,"* at the moment when the demagog Goetz seeks to prove his virtuousness by summoning a leper. As a crowd watches, the leper approaches. Then he sees that Goetz intends to use him by publicly kissing him. The leper raises his hand in disgust and says, "Not on the mouth!"

Always a jealous guardian of his privacy, Sartre has flatly refused to be interviewed by the press since *"The Words"* and the Nobel Prize committee catapulted him back into world-wide fame and fashion. Anticipating the award and the ensuing din of publicity by a few months, however, PLAYBOY was able to persuade the reclusive author, through the kind intermediation of Simone de Beauvoir, his closest friend and colleague for 36 years, to consent to our request for a long and exclusive interview—to be conducted in French, since he speaks little English. It was to be one of three granted by him in more than a

year, and the only one with an American magazine.

Bespectacled and diminutive (only five feet, four), he greeted us cordially in his modest two-room bachelor apartment on the tenth floor of a nondescript apartment building in Paris. Chain-smoking cigarettes before his open window, overlooking the rooftops of Montparnasse, he seemed at first a bit reluctant to speak freely because of our spinning tape recorder; but it was soon forgotten as he, and we, became absorbed in conversation.

**PLAYBOY:** At the end of World War Two, while you were propounding the austere philosophy of existentialism in essays, novels and plays, you were said to preside in Paris over an exuberant, worldly—and some say hedonistic—movement of bohemian singers, actors, musicians, dancers, political activists, journalists and students of every stripe. How do you explain these paradoxical stories about you?

**SARTRE:** The fact is that a few kids who played in orchestras also happened to like my books, and everyone promptly started thinking that this had something to do with my personal philosophy. They used to say I was responsible for a whole generation of young people wearing dirty check shirts from American PXs. What nonsense!

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't your philosophy of "anguish" and "despair" thought to be responsible for many of the suicides that took place in France during these years?

**SARTRE:** Yes, that's so. And a journal called *Samedi Soir* was full of the tallest possible tales about me. Here's one of them: A girl said I'd invited her to my bedroom quite in the manner of the professional seducer; that I opened a cupboard, took out an overripe camembert cheese and held it under her nose, saying, "Smell!" According to her, I then showed her the door and said, "Now you can go." But do you know why I'm really considered "scandalous"? It's because, ever since 1945, the press has made a point of describing me as dead and done for. Every paper has said the same thing, and so the rumor has spread. They haven't stopped announcing my death since I started writing; haven't stopped saying I was played out, in my grave. What infuriates people is that I'm doubly a "traitor." I'm a bourgeois and I speak harshly of the bourgeoisie; an oldster, and my contacts are mostly with young people. I get on well with them. They're my basic public. Men in their forties always disapprove of me, even if they liked me in their youth. So I'm twice a traitor—a traitor in the conflict of the generations, and a traitor in the class war. The 1945 generation thinks I've betrayed them because they got to know me through *No Exit*

and *Nausea*, written at a time when I hadn't yet worked out the Marxist implications of my ideas. Marxism just didn't interest me up to that time. I was young, of good family, and had the impression that the world could be mine without having to undergo the compulsions of want and work. And so I struggled on as best I could.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know yet what you wanted to do with your life?

**SARTRE:** I was beginning to. At sixteen, you see, I wanted to be a novelist. But I had to study philosophy in order to enroll in the École Normale Supérieure. My ambition was to become a professor of literature. Then I came across a book by Henri Bergson in which he describes in a concrete way how time is experienced in one's mind. I recognized the truth of this in myself. A little later, I discovered "phenomenology." That is, I learned that one could talk in a concrete way about any subject whatsoever; also that one could talk in a philosophical way, ranging further, and more scientifically even, than the language of philosophic textbooks. I had the idea of uniting literature and philosophy in a technique of concrete expression—with philosophy providing the method and the discipline, and literature supplying the words. What interested me was unraveling the curious and concrete relations between things and man, and later, between men and themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** In exploring these relations, you have written that you were influenced, during World War Two, by the German philosopher Martin Heidegger.

**SARTRE:** True. I was a prisoner of war and some priests in prison with me asked me to talk to them about philosophy. Heidegger was the only author the Germans allowed us. He argues that, in the last analysis, objects are *utensils*. In my first novel, *Nausea*, I looked at trees and tried to define just what they are by means of words, so as to get down to essences; in other words, I embarked on a perpetual questioning of things, of trying to ascertain what they *are*. What are objects? Why are we here and what are we up to? As Heidegger sees it, a tree is something that's cut down for firewood or for building; a tree is what it's *used* for—like a man. But a man is free to realize himself, to choose for himself and others. I can't examine the structure of a man's life without glimpsing, beneath it, all the other structures that bring us back to human needs—to work, to tools. Even when I make a cup of coffee I change the world. In *Existentialism and Humanism*, I explained that a man's every decision, in the smallest as well as the largest sense, makes him a legislator deciding for the whole of mankind. There must be a complete and profound responsibility.



**PLAYBOY:** You have written that "man is condemned to be free." What did you mean by that?

**SARTRE:** Condemned because he is thrown into the world responsible, without excuse. Abandoned by eternal values, we must create our own values.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**SARTRE:** "Original choice" is the term I use to describe what happens at the moment—a protracted moment, covering a certain span of time—in which one makes something of oneself, of that self which so far has been made by others. We start by being made by others, and then we remake ourselves, starting out from what others have made of us. But at the moment when we remake ourselves, a dialectic comes into play: We find ourselves very different from what we expected and what others expected of us. This is freedom, but it is not a cheerful thing. That's why I use the expression "condemned to be free."

**PLAYBOY:** You have described Jean Genet in those terms. In what way is he "condemned to be free"?

**SARTRE:** The child Genet was completely warped by punishment, by public institutions. But the boy had enough energy, will and intelligence to remake himself. Inevitably, however, he remade himself from the materials given: his deformed self. Also, whatever he did, his intentions were bound to have consequences different from those he really wanted. Nevertheless, like all of us, he is entirely responsible for the direction he has given his life. And Genet hasn't reached the goal he aimed at. As a matter of fact, he *had* no particular aim, except to remake the thief which society had made of him. The fact of being "Genet the poet" led to a presidential pardon for "Genet the criminal"—but also to the drying up of the source of his poetry, which was his struggle for freedom against prison and humiliation. His great creative moment, the time when there was a deep significance in his writing, came when he was struggling, giving voice to his myths, against prison life and humiliation. When his efforts succeeded in making him a sort of *petit bourgeois* by a return to society—though he had no illusions about the social order—the act of writing lost for him its profound significance. Though he has ceased having "myths," and in this sense is perfectly free, the results have thus been rather grim. He is now completely alone.

**PLAYBOY:** How about his homosexual boyfriends?

**SARTRE:** They provide little comfort. His second novel, *The Miracle of the Rose*, documents a conflict between the illusion necessary for his homosexuality and his true understanding of these miserable creatures. This is his dilemma. The men Genet is in love with seem to



**You are invited to a penthouse warming. What should you bring? What should you wear? Maybe you'd better stay home.**



Mughu Pine.  
About \$10.

Oh, go ahead, even if it means going straight from the office without time to change. Just wear this Cricketeer Magna Tropical Homespun suit with side vents and hacking pockets. 55% Dacron\* 45% worsted. Stays neat. About \$65.00. And give them a Mughu Pine. Great for terraces.



Now aren't you glad  
you didn't stay home. Or did you?



No, no, no. Not matched accessories. Your tie, pocket square and belt should be slightly at odds.

**CRICKETEER**  
SUITS, SPORTCOATS AND SLACKS

At most knowledgeable stores. Or write to Cricketeer, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. for store nearest you and for your free "Knowmanship" booklet...a young man's guide to social triumphs.

\*Dacron is DuPont's Reg. T. M. for its polyester fiber.



him both magnificent and pitiable. Just now it's the pitiable aspect that he sees most clearly. Genet has completely changed the objects of his love. Now he focuses on professional risk takers: acrobats, automobile racers. Formerly he loved the "rough-trade" type who gave an illusion of strength while having none. Genet, you see, is a homosexual by force of habit. It's no longer a sexual obsession with fantasies involving his whole being. This doesn't amuse him anymore. I get the impression that he feels obliged to sleep with young men just to justify the kindnesses he will do them.

**PLAYBOY:** In view of his predilections, why did you canonize him as "Saint Genet"?

**SARTRE:** It wasn't I. He canonized himself. When I say Saint Genet, of course, I'm being ironic. There once was a real Saint Genet, by the way, an actor who became a Christian and was put to death by the Romans. But Genet the writer always says in his books, "I'm a saint," or rather, "I'm a *girl* saint." This sums up what he wants, what he aims at. But it's not what he *is*, because one never *is*. We *tend* to be, but we don't achieve our intention.

**PLAYBOY:** In your play *The Flies* you wrote: "Once freedom has lit its beacon in a man's heart, the gods are powerless against him." But in asserting that "the gods are powerless," aren't you—who profess to be an atheist—acknowledging that God exists?

**SARTRE:** If I have this theory of freedom, it's precisely because I do *not* believe in God. On several occasions I have drawn attention to a very interesting aspect of Christianity. According to the fathers of the Church, Augustine in particular, God had a respect for human freedom. God created man free, so as to respect this freedom. So God isn't there to call the Christian to account for his decisions. He is alone. It's too easy to fall back on God's commandments. Actually, then, the Christian is alone—like me, like Genet, like anyone else. There is, of course, the theory of grace. But in practice there are several such theories, and even when grace is operative, there still comes a moment when you are alone, facing up to God. God had nothing to say, for example, about the Algerian War. There were priests who behaved like decent folk and others who behaved like swine—either with an eye to true morality or with an eye to the interests of the established Church.

**PLAYBOY:** Carrying your personal theology a step further, would you explain the statement in *No Exit* that "Hell is other people!"?

**SARTRE:** Other people are hell insofar as you are plunged from birth into a situation to which you are obliged to submit. You are born the son of a rich man,

or an Algerian, or a doctor, or an American. Then you have a cut-and-dried future mapped out, a future made for you by others. They haven't created it directly, but they are part of a social order that makes you what you are. If you're a peasant's son, the social order obliges you to move to the city where machines await you, machines that need fellows like you to keep them going. So it's your fate to be a certain type of worker, a country kid who has been driven away from the country by a certain type of capitalist pressure. Now the factory is a function of your being. What exactly is your "being"? It is the job you're doing, a job that masters you completely because it wears you down—along with your pay, which classifies you exactly by your standard of living. All this has been thrust on you by other people. Hell is the proper description for that kind of existence. Or take a child who was born in Algeria in 1930 or 1935. He was doomed to an explosion into death and the tortures that were his destiny. That, too, is hell.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there no hope, "no exit" from this destiny?

**SARTRE:** Certainly there is. You can take action against what people have made of you and transform yourself. That Algerian child, though predestined to torture or to death, is living out his revolt today; it's he who makes that revolution. Genet, too.

**PLAYBOY:** You speak of artists and revolutionaries. Do you think there are many others in the world who are capable of changing their fate?

**SARTRE:** It takes a lot to change a destiny. That destiny has got to be intolerable. And when it's tolerable, it's really worse. This is what I call "alienation." In our social order a man is always dominated by material things, and these things are themselves produced, created and exploited by others. These others do not confront him face to face. No. They impinge on him through the agency of objects. You, for example, have separated yourself from me—alienated me—with this tape recorder. We put all of modern civilization between us. Thus we *ourselves* become things. A crowd of other things intervene, from the maker of this gadget of yours to the magazine that you represent.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics have taken you to task for dwelling fatalistically on such themes: on the "alienation," "anguish" and "despair" of modern life, while at the same time preaching freedom as an attainable goal—yet without proposing a concrete or affirmative means of achieving it.

**SARTRE:** People think that one fine morning, when he's pulling on his socks, a man can decide: "Hmm, today I shall invent a moral code." But a moral code can't be "invented." It must be

something that already exists in some way. We must not confuse the moralist with the founder of a religion. Mohammed utilized existing religions; as you know, all that's basic to the Koran was the work of Jews. The Koran is a transformation of Judaism, carried out by some Semitic tribes. Mohammed, however, claimed to be directly inspired by Allah: "Here is what Allah says we must do." But a true moralist—that's something very different. A system of morality that dictates its own laws, without taking into account existing moral laws—though amending them, of course—would not really be a system of morals. It would merely reflect the ideas of the social group to which the man preaching it belonged.

Here's an example: André Gide says: "Don't search for God elsewhere than everywhere." And he goes on to preach "fervor," "thirst," "surrender to sensual joys," and so on. Do you think Gide's code makes sense for a factoryworker, or even for an engineer, or for a doctor who has a waiting room crowded with patients? All it means is this: "I, Gide, belong to the upper-middle class and have the special sensitivity cultivated in that class. That's why I have been able to devote myself to literary work. This literary work shows that I have a sensibility adaptable to every variety of experience." Here we have the moral code of an upper-middle-class writer. It is acceptable to other writers belonging to the same class. I can understand it, though I'm not a member of that class by birth. I can wonder if it wouldn't be rewarding to act like Gide's character. But advice of that sort is lost on a worker who does eight hours on an assembly line. He's tired out. How can one tell him to go out and ransack the universe for sensations when he has been stupefied by a day of brain-deadening, brutalizing labor?

**PLAYBOY:** But do you have a meaningful moral code, some tangible means of attaining freedom, to offer this worker?

**SARTRE:** His problem is not to keep his freedom but to *win* it. And we must help him do this. No true moral system exists today, because the conditions of a moral code worthy of the name are not present. Men are not visible to one another. Too many machines and social structures, as I was saying, block the view. It's impossible to speak of any true moral system today; only of moral codes applying to certain classes and reflecting specific habits and interests. The basic conditions enabling men to be available for a new social order are lacking. In a society such as ours, it's inevitable that the mass of social structures—not to mention the personal compulsions, private destinies—form barriers to mutual understanding. Thus you trot along with your personal destiny and you meet a Negro, an Arab, a Cuban, each with



*Good times call for good taste...*



*Change to Winston and change for good...  
for good taste every time!*



Up front in the tobacco end, Winston packs Filter-Blend ... tobaccos specially selected to give you the best taste in filter smoking. Enjoy America's largest-selling filter cigarette, by far ... Winston.



**Winston tastes good like a cigarette should!**

© 1965 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



his own destiny, and any real relationship proves extremely difficult. Or else you must belong to a "movement" in which you make a total break with everything outside it and associate yourself with, say, the Cuban struggle or the Algerian struggle. Yet even then—with the best intentions—you will not achieve complete solidarity. The man whom you contact won't be *completely* a man for you; he'll be a "thing." For the American, for example, the Cuban is "sugar"—a reminder that there is trouble over sugar.

**PLAYBOY:** Or communism.

**SARTRE:** Yes—or some kind of propaganda. Today, to establish fellowship among men, we must struggle against the order of things. That's the worthwhile moral imperative. As to what people will make of their freedom, if and when they win it, it's not for us who are completely isolated—alienated—to predict. But to treat a man as a man, as a human being, is a matter of principle, a principle we must never abandon.

**PLAYBOY:** Though you are a Marxist, you have never joined the Communist Party and, despite your many trips to the U. S. S. R., the French Communist Party doesn't approve of you. You are not on the side of the *bourgeoisie*, yet you aren't wholeheartedly with the Communists, either. Just where do you stand ideologically?

**SARTRE:** I'm an intellectual, not a politician. But as a citizen, I can join pressure groups. That explains why I was wholeheartedly with the Algerians. These are the duties of a citizen. Since my skills are intellectual, I can serve as a citizen by writing. My duty as an intellectual is to think, to think without restriction, even at the risk of blundering. I must set no limits within myself, and I must let no limits be set for me. As for my relations with the Communist Party, Marxism can work out its full possibilities only if it has "fellow travelers"—that is, friends of the Communists who do not fetter themselves politically and try to study Marxism objectively from within.

**PLAYBOY:** Do the Communists permit objective study of Marxism from within?

**SARTRE:** Right now it's a problem that's being faced openly almost everywhere in eastern Europe. It's the problem of the relation between political discipline and the demands of intellectual life—not intellectual life practiced in isolation, but *revolutionary* intellectual life. The liberation demanded by the intellectuals of the East is not to reinstate a sort of bourgeois eclecticism, but the freedom to continue the revolution through intellectual means.

**PLAYBOY:** You speak of agitating for revolution—presumably by the proletariat against the capitalists. But isn't it true that the working class in western Eu-

rope, certainly including France, is enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity, that the conditions of economic oppression which breed revolution, therefore, just don't exist any longer? Your critics ask that you stop visiting the revolutionary countries: Cuba, Algeria, China, the U.S.S.R., and see France as it really is.

**SARTRE:** The France I see today is not so beautiful that I should spend that much time in consecration of her. It's a France riddled with lies. When I hear talk of an "affluent society," I think we're being hoodwinked. The fact is that about half the French population lives at the bare subsistence level. The government camouflages the facts. Just now a kind of spurious optimism prevails in France. They want to transform us into a society of consumers. By harping on this idea of affluence, they try to make us think that the demand for wage increases is no longer due to exploitation of the workers—a monstrous travesty of the facts! Next, starting out from that notion of affluence, they are trying to condition us by conditioning our purchases. They want to create the organization man—in other words, to build up a sort of twofold technocratic slavery, and at the same time create the consumer-minded man; that is, a man whose desires are molded by the desires of others. All these things are taking place today and link up with capitalism's attempts to hold its ground.

We, the French, are trying everywhere we can—in the French Congo, for example—to transform capitalism into neo-capitalism. We keep in power, as our accomplices, a black *bourgeoisie*, thanks to which investments can still be made. Thus we retain an economic hold on a country we have ceased to rule by repression. In Algeria, on the other hand, French financial aid is being given to a socialist government capable of sharing this aid with the workers.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you approve of De Gaulle's economic policy in Algeria?

**SARTRE:** It was simply in De Gaulle's interest that it couldn't be said that Algeria, ceasing to be a colony, became a land where people died of hunger. This, of course, was in the interests of "the system." But it's above all in our own interest, the interest of the French people in general, to carry on our aid to, and retain our link with, Algeria. What's good about this aid is that we are assisting not a class but a government. That's the big difference.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel in general about De Gaulle's foreign policy?

**SARTRE:** De Gaulle's foreign policy seems to me entirely bound up with nothing more than the need to have a foreign policy of some sort. It has no real substance. But in a way it's good, since it tends to loosen the ties within alliances.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as NATO?

**SARTRE:** I was thinking of the consequences of his decision to recognize Communist China. When Algeria was freed, De Gaulle decided to support an underdeveloped country—Red China—against the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., thus claiming that he, as the leader of a developed capitalist country, was championing the cause of the underdeveloped peoples. This, of course, was preposterous. France simply hasn't the means to give effective help to the underdeveloped countries. Moreover, when we compare what the Americans *could* do, but do not do, with what the Russians *are* doing—at Aswan, for instance—we can see that the underdeveloped countries have no special interest in linking themselves to France, given the structure of present-day France. Thus this policy has no real foundation. But it's very important for the Chinese, because it gives them one more ally at the UN. As regards France, it represents only the fanciful efforts of a man who, in point of fact, is just attempting to dream up a foreign policy.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the keystones of De Gaulle's foreign policy is his atomic *force de frappe*, with which he hopes to enforce France's claim as "a third power" between East and West. How do you feel about it?

**SARTRE:** It's a terrible risk, not because of our poor little bomb, with which we'll never do anything, but simply because Germany and every other country will now have a right to make its own bomb. Two notions are suggested by this *force de frappe*: on the one hand, the ideas of "grandeur" and "splendid isolation" for which De Gaulle stands; and, on the other, the impossibility for France to have a Leftist foreign policy—that of a world in which individual nations are not crushed into a conglomerate mass. While De Gaulle tries to work out a foreign policy in solitary grandeur, we find, alas, that we are being invaded by American culture and American social mores. I fight against this because I think that all forms of independence should be preserved, but in another fashion than De Gaulle's. Only the Left can bring about this freedom. But the Americans are wrong to worry about De Gaulle's occasional gestures of independence. At the least hint of real outside danger, things would resume their usual course, and France would retreat under America's nuclear umbrella.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you share the concern of most Americans about the dangers of nuclear power in the hands of several nations?

**SARTRE:** No, because I'm French and we French seem to have a complete lightheadedness about the bomb. I remember a cartoon showing a café in



which Americans, British and Frenchmen are sitting. The Anglo-Americans are reading papers headlined THE BOMB, but the French are reading papers headlined THE PRICE OF MILK HAS GONE UP. We French display an amazing lack of interest in the bomb and even regard our indifference as a slight superiority. The last twelve years of colonial warfare have swamped all our powers of attention on this issue. We were too much taken up with the Algerian War to worry about the production of atomic armament. Fascism is what the Frenchman is afraid of. But he's blind to what is really threatening us: as I said earlier, a form of technocratic organization which is weakening men's political awareness and slowly but surely reducing them to the servile state.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that this is true of French letters as well as French society?

**SARTRE:** I'm afraid so. There are no great writers in France today. The practitioners of the "New Novel" are talented, and viewed as experiments in form, their books are interesting. But they bring us absolutely nothing except a justification of our technocratic, politically sterile French social order. Literature should be the work of clear-eyed men who take into account the totality of mankind. Literature has got to realize that it exists in a world where children die of hunger. Literature has got to realize that it lies within our power, as writers and as human beings, to do something for others. And others can do something for us.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you wrote in your last book, *The Words*, that "I am disillusioned . . . I no longer know what to make of my life."

**SARTRE:** When I said that, I meant that I had cured myself of my youthful illusions.

**PLAYBOY:** What illusions?

**SARTRE:** The illusion that a bourgeois writer is bound to be pessimistic, that he is condemned to solitude by the fact of his taking arms against society. In *The Words*, I describe how I have come to realize that I am a member of society—a society in motion. And because I have now broken free from the illusions of youth, I believe I've become an optimist.

**PLAYBOY:** If that's so, why did you write that you no longer know what to make of your life?

**SARTRE:** When I said that, I meant that with one's liberation from illusion comes a curious feeling of detachment, of being at loose ends—in my case, not because I can think of nothing worth doing, but because there remain so many tasks for me to embark on: keeping in touch with the world, with the social order, perhaps even indulging in Camus' "sensual raptures." But let me illustrate further what I mean when I say that I no longer know what to make of my life. Any man feels that way when he's sud-



## Be a navel man...see the world in TNT sportswear by Robert Bruce!

Sleek and swingin' sportswear . . . Tailored 'N' Tapered for the man of action by world-famous Robert Bruce! (upper left) The "Vycron Jac" of 50% Vycron® polyester, 50% cotton. Sizes S,M,L. About \$8.00. Worn with "Newport Swimwalkers" in matching fabric. Sizes 28-38. About \$6.00. (upper right) The "Harvard" henley-neck shirt in cotton jersey. Sizes S,M,L. About \$4.00. (lower left) "Lycraplaid" stretch trunks of cotton and Lycra® Spandex. Sizes 28-38. About \$5.00. (lower right) "Aquabelt" Lycra lastex formfit trunks. Sizes 28-38. About \$5.00.

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE OR WRITE ROBERT BRUCE, INC., PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA 19134.

\*Registered TM for Beaunit's polyester fiber

\*\*Du Pont's registered T.M. for its spandex fiber



denly cured of a grand passion—for a woman, say. When it's over, one asks oneself, "Why did I love that woman?"—and can't even remember just who she was. Once you had a compulsion to see this woman, to hear her voice, think about her, spy on her. All that is ended. You are cured of a monomaniacal obsession and you feel a relief, because this kind of passion for a woman is not an ideal state—and yet you also feel at loose ends, detached.

**PLAYBOY:** You speak, obviously from experience, about emotional involvement with women; yet you seldom write about it in your books. Why?

**SARTRE:** I simply have other things to write about. That doesn't mean I don't have, and haven't had, my share of emotional involvements; as a matter of fact, women play a rather large role in my life—but a small one in my books. Those raptures—I know them well, but I feel a distaste for writing about them, because underlying them is the idea that one can actually be a *man* today, when in fact it's impossible. Camus can say, "We must uphold man's right to be happy." That's quite right, but he thinks it can and must be upheld *immediately*; in other words, that the conditions of happiness can be achieved *today*. It would be very agreeable, of course, if one could share one's sensual raptures with everybody by writing about them—but enjoying them alone means shutting oneself off from certain relations with our fellow human beings. When I was in Algeria, it was hard to indulge in joys of that kind when just beside me was a child whose eye was eaten out by flies. I'm not saying it was impossible; only that it would have made me feel embarrassed. Then, too, as a writer, I feel I should deal with what I'm best fitted for—what others cannot say better than I can. I often think that someday I'll write about my joys, but then I remind myself that this side of my life isn't really worth holding up as an example.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you being modest? We're told that in public you're almost constantly surrounded by admiring and attractive women.

**SARTRE:** It's true that I have always tried to surround myself with women who are at least agreeable to look at. Feminine ugliness is offensive to me. I admit this and I'm ashamed of it. But the reason is simple. Even at its most formal level, even when there's complete indifference, the association of a man with a woman always has sexual implications. An ugly woman evokes, like all women, that special pleasure we get from being in a woman's company, but she spoils it by her ugliness. Alas. When you have the man-woman relation interfered with by ugliness—provoked

and denied, well, it's a very awkward business.

But the main reason I surround myself with women is simply that I prefer their company to that of men. As a rule I find men boring. They have specialized sensibilities and they talk shop. But there are qualities in woman that derive from the female predicament, from the fact that she is both a slave and an accomplice. That's why her sensibility ranges so much wider than a man's. She is available. For instance, one cannot sit in a café and talk with a man about the people passing by. He gets bored with this and goes back to his professional worries, or else to intellectual gymnastics. But intellectual gymnastics are something I can quite adequately indulge in all by myself. In fact, it's more rewarding to wrestle with one's words and problems alone. Discussions with men never much entertain me; the conversation always sinks. But from a woman you get the sensibility of a different being, an intelligence perhaps superior to a man's, and not hampered by the same preoccupations.

Similarly, what I particularly appreciate in my Jewish friends is a gentleness and subtlety that is certainly an outcome of anti-Semitism. That's why we are always race-conscious, even if we disapprove of racialism. I like the Jews as they have been made by persecution. In my opinion, they stand for one of the values of the present-day world, just because of the way they have been shaped by persecution. A Jew, of course, might retort: "That's racial prejudice. It's up to you to like us as men, or as a religious community, but you shouldn't indulge in satisfactions of your sensibility or intellect just because we have managed to win through after starting with an intolerable handicap imposed on us by others." To come back to women, I think I must have a feminine side to my mind which pleases them. And like Simone de Beauvoir, I'm in favor of total feminine emancipation. But when the day comes, of course, the special qualities of sensibility for which I prefer the company of women will be due purely to chance; sometimes a woman will have them, sometimes a man. They'll cease being a feminine prerogative.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's turn to the subject of your preferences in literature, if we may. Some years ago you said that you regarded John Dos Passos as "the great writer of our time." Why did you think so? And do you still feel that way?

**SARTRE:** I found his books, and those of Faulkner, most interesting. He invented certain journalistic techniques, certain cinematic techniques, and simultaneity. This was new at the time. I especially liked his *Manhattan Transfer* and *The 42nd Parallel*. But he didn't continue.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you read any other American books you've liked in recent years?

**SARTRE:** Very few.

**PLAYBOY:** For instance?

**SARTRE:** Well, I've liked most *The Organization Man* by Whyte, *The Exurbianites* by Spector, and all the books of C. Wright Mills, my late and dear friend.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about your own work. Several of your plays have been adapted for the screen; have you liked any of them?

**SARTRE:** The movie versions of my plays have all been very bad—except for *The Respectful Prostitute*.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, haven't you earned a good deal in royalties from these films? Besides, you are a continual best seller.

**SARTRE:** True; I have quite large sums of money to spend, as a matter of fact. But I also have many obligations. And the fact is that I hate to possess. It seems to me that we are possessed by the things we possess—whether it be money or the things it buys. When I like an object, I always want to give it to someone. It isn't generosity—it's only because I want *others* to be enslaved by objects, not me. And I get pleasure from the thought that someone will like an object I give him.

**PLAYBOY:** You eschew wealth—but how about fame? Are you pleased with the world-wide eminence you've attained, or rather regained, in recent years?

**SARTRE:** In some ways, perhaps—but I don't want to become the prisoner of my status, whatever it may be at the moment. Always the here and now is a condition I regard as temporary and wish to leave behind. I persist in a childish illusion: the illusion that a man can always better himself. I warn myself that I've written some books, but if I feel it my duty to defend the ideas expressed in these books, even if things change, then I am no longer myself. I would become the victim of my own books. I don't think that one should make a point, as Gide did, of systematically breaking with one's past; but I want always to be accessible to change. I don't feel bound by anything I've written. Nevertheless, I don't disown a word of it, either.

[The following exchange took place several months later, immediately after Sartre's refusal of the 1964 Nobel Prize for Literature.]

**PLAYBOY:** One final question: Why did you reject the Nobel Prize?

**SARTRE:** I'd rather not talk about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**SARTRE:** Because I don't think that an academy or a prize has anything to do with me. I consider that the greatest honor I can have is to be read.







## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man at home with the world of music, the PLAYBOY reader has a natural talent for surrounding himself with the fairest femmes in sight—and finest gear in sound. Facts: 91.9% or 2,407,000 PLAYBOY households own hi-fi equipment—either a packaged unit or component equipment. 56.1% own *component* hi-fi stereo equipment. And one out of every three PLAYBOY households owns a tape recorder. This propensity for audio-product ownership naturally makes PLAYBOY a prime showcase for radio, phono and component advertising. To amplify your product's sales: Tune in a high-volume market—PLAYBOY. (Source: *Playboy Reader Survey, Benn Management Corporation.*)

Advertising Offices: New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta



# THE VISITOR

*he met a man who would not resent your flirting with his wife—but who would kill you immediately if he caught you in her bed*

*fiction* **By ROALD DAHL**

NOT LONG AGO, a large wooden case was deposited at the door of my house by the railway delivery service. It was an unusually strong and well-constructed object, and made of some kind of dark-red hardwood, not unlike mahogany. I lifted it with great difficulty onto a table in the garden, and examined it carefully. The stenciling on one side said that it had been shipped from Haifa by the m/v Waverley Star, but I could find no sender's name or address. I tried to think of somebody living in Haifa or thereabouts who might be wanting to send me a magnificent present. I could think of no one. I walked slowly to the tool shed, still pondering the matter deeply, and returned with a hammer and screwdriver. Then I began gently to prise open the top of the case.

Behold, it was filled with books! Extraordinary books! One by one, I lifted them all out (not yet looking inside any of them) and stacked them in three tall piles on the table. There were 28 volumes altogether, and very beautiful they were indeed. Each of them was identically and superbly bound in rich green morocco, with the initials O. H. C. and a Roman numeral (I to XXVIII) tooled in gold upon the spine.

I took up the nearest volume, number XVI, and opened it. The unlined white pages were filled with a neat small handwriting in black ink. On the title page was written "1934." Nothing else. I took up another volume, number XXI. It contained more manuscript in the same handwriting, but on the title page it said "1939." I put it down and pulled out volume I, hoping to find a preface of some kind there, or perhaps the author's name. Instead, I found an envelope inside the cover. The envelope was addressed to me. I took out the letter it contained and glanced quickly at the signature. *Oswald Hendryks Cornelius*, it said.

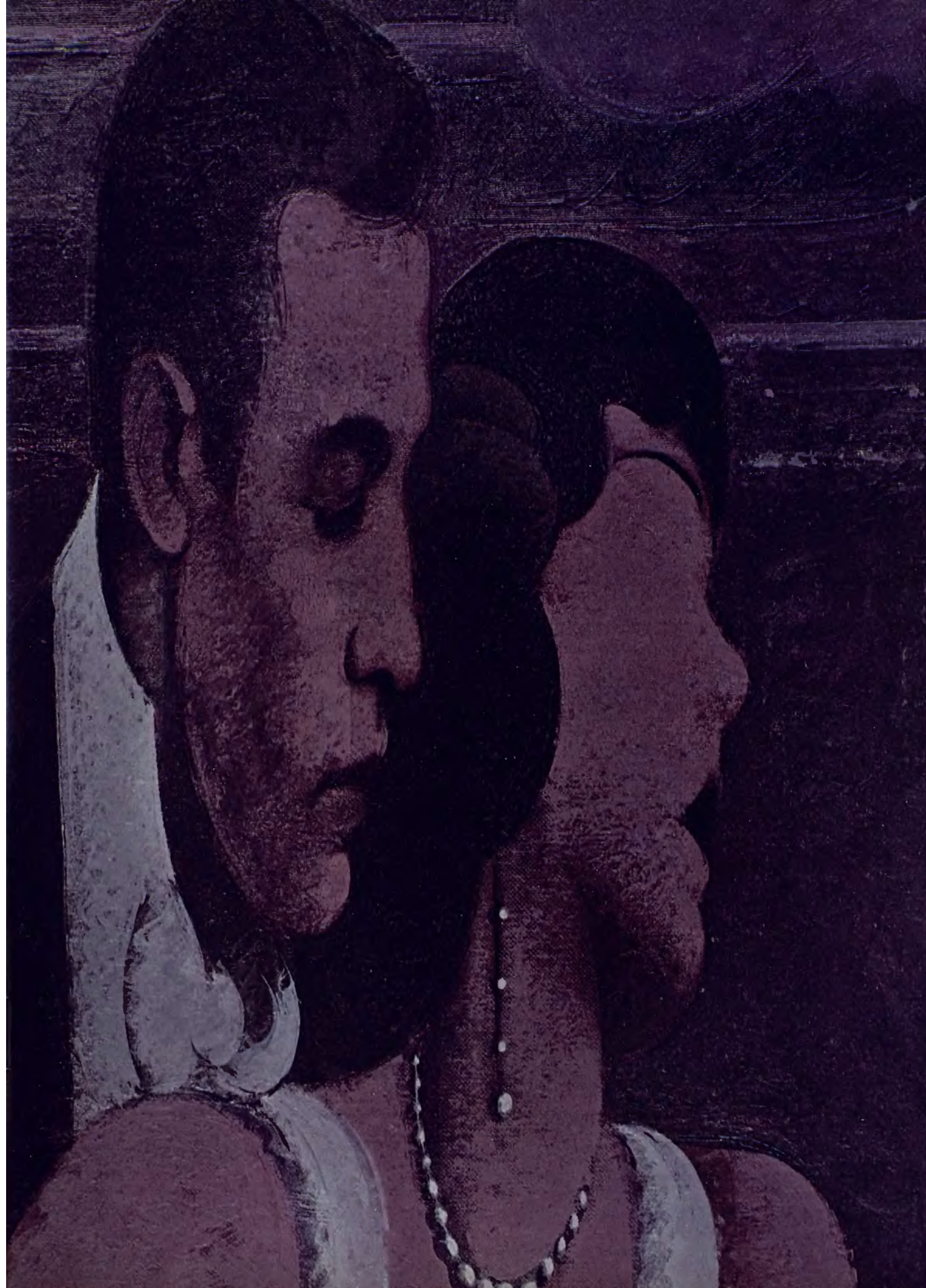
It was Uncle Oswald!

No member of the family had heard from Uncle Oswald for over 30 years. This letter was dated March 10, 1964, and until its arrival, we could only assume that he still existed. Nothing was really known about him except that he lived in France, that he traveled a great deal, that he was a wealthy bachelor with unsavory but glamorous habits who steadfastly refused to have anything to do with his own relatives. The rest was all rumor and hearsay, but the rumors were so splendid and the hearsay so exotic that Oswald had long since become a shining hero and a legend to us all.

"My dear boy," the letter began, "I believe that you and your three sisters are my closest surviving blood relations. You are therefore my rightful heirs, and because I have made no will, all that I leave behind me when I die will be yours. Alas, I have nothing to leave. I used to have quite a lot, and the fact that I have recently disposed of it all in my own way is none of your business. As consolation, though, I am sending you my private diaries. These, I think, ought to remain in the family. They cover all the best years of my life, and it will do you no harm to read them. But if you show them around or lend them out to strangers, you do so at your own great peril. If you publish them, then that, I should imagine, would be the end of both you and your publisher simultaneously. For you must understand that thousands of the heroines whom I mention in the diaries are still only half dead, and if you









were foolish enough to splash their lily-white reputations with scarlet print, they would have your head on a salver in two seconds flat, and probably roast it in the oven for good measure. So you'd better be careful. I only met you once. That was years ago, in 1921, when your family was living in that large ugly house in South Wales. I was your big uncle and you were a very small boy, about five years old. I don't suppose you remember the young Norwegian nursemaid you had then. A remarkably clean, well-built girl she was, and exquisitely shaped even in her uniform with its ridiculous starched white shield concealing her lovely bosom. The afternoon I was there, she was taking you for a walk in the woods to pick bluebells, and I asked if I might come along. And when we got well into the middle of the woods, I told you I'd give you a bar of chocolate if you could find your own way home. And you did (see Vol. IV). You were a sensible child. Farewell—Oswald Hendryks Cornelius."

Twenty-eight volumes with exactly three hundred pages to each volume take a deal of reading, and there are precious few writers who could hold an audience over a distance like that. But Oswald did it. The narrative never seemed to lose its flavor, the pace seldom slackened, and almost without exception, every single entry, whether it was long or short, and whatever the subject, became a marvelous little individual story that was complete in itself. And at the end of it all, when the last page of the last volume had been read, one was left with the rather breathless feeling that this might just possibly be one of the major autobiographical works of our time.

There was social dynamite on every page; Oswald was right about that. But he was surely wrong in thinking that the explosions would all come from the women. What about their husbands, the humiliated cock sparrows, the cuckolds? The cuckold, when aroused, is a very fierce bird indeed, and there would be thousands upon thousands of them rising up out of the bushes if *The Cornelius Diaries*, unabridged, saw the light of day while they were still alive. Publication, therefore, was right out of the question.

A pity, this. Such a pity, in fact, that I thought something ought to be done about it. So I sat down and reread the diaries from beginning to end in the hope that I might discover at least one complete passage which could be printed and published without involving both the publisher and myself in serious litigation. To my joy, I found no less than six. I showed them to a lawyer. He said he thought they *might* be "safe," but he wouldn't guarantee it. One of them—"The Sinai Desert Episode"—seemed "safer" than the other five, he added.

So I have decided to start with that

one and to offer it for publication right away, at the end of this short preface. If it is accepted and all goes well, then perhaps I shall release one or two more.

The Sinai entry is from the last volume of all, Vol. XXVIII, and is dated August 24, 1946. In point of fact, it is the *very last entry* of the last volume of all, the last thing Oswald ever wrote, and we have no record of where he went or what he did after that date. One can only guess. You shall have the entry verbatim in a moment, but first of all, and so that you may more easily understand some of the things Oswald says and does in his story, let me try to tell you a little about the man himself. Out of the mass of confession and opinion contained in those 28 volumes, there emerges a fairly clear picture of his character.

At the time of the Sinai episode, Oswald Hendryks Cornelius was 51 years old, and he had, of course, never been married. "I am afraid," he was in the habit of saying, "that I have been blessed, or should I call it burdened, with an uncommonly fastidious nature."

Oswald had been amusing himself by motoring at a fairly leisurely pace down from Khartoum to Cairo. His car was a superlative prewar Lagonda which had been carefully stored in Switzerland during the war years, and as you can imagine, it was fitted with every kind of gadget under the sun. On the day before Sinai (August 23, 1946), he was in Cairo, staying at Shepherd's Hotel, and that evening, after a series of impudent maneuvers, he had succeeded in getting hold of a Moorish lady of supposedly aristocratic descent, called Isabella. Isabella happened to be the jealously guarded mistress of none other than a certain notorious and dyspeptic Royal Personage (there was still a monarchy in Egypt then). This was a typically Oswaldian move.

But there was more to come. At midnight, he drove the lady out to Giza and persuaded her to climb with him in the moonlight right to the very top of the great Pyramid of Cheops.

"... There can be no safer place," he wrote in the diary, "nor a more romantic one, than the apex of a pyramid on a warm night when the moon is full. The passions are stirred not only by the magnificent view but also by that curious sensation of power that surges within the body whenever one surveys the world from a great height. And as for safety—this pyramid is exactly 450 feet high, which is 85 feet higher than the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, and from the summit one can observe all the approaches with the greatest of ease. No other boudoir on earth can offer this facility. None has so many emergency exits, either, so that if some sinister figure should happen to come clambering up in pursuit on one side of the pyramid, one has only to slip calmly and quietly

down the other . . ."

As it happened, Oswald had a very narrow squeak indeed that night. Somehow, the palace must have got word of the little affair, for Oswald, from his lofty moonlit pinnacle, suddenly observed *three* sinister figures, not one, closing in on three different sides, and starting to climb. But luckily for him, there is a fourth side to the great Pyramid of Cheops, and by the time those Arab thugs had reached the top, the two lovers were already at the bottom and getting into the car.

The entry for August 24th takes up the story at exactly this point. It is reproduced here word for word and comma for comma as Oswald wrote it. Nothing has been altered or added or taken away.

. . .

August 24, 1946

"He'll chop off Isabella's head if he catch her now," Isabella said.

"Rubbish," I answered, but I reckoned she was probably right.

"He'll chop off Oswald's head, too," she said.

"Not mine, dear lady. I shall be a long way away from here when daylight comes. I'm heading straight up the Nile for Luxor immediately."

We were driving quickly away from the pyramids now. It was about 2:30 A.M.

"To Luxor?" she said.

"Yes."

"And Isabella is going with you."

"No," I said.

"Yes," she said.

"It is against my principles to travel with a lady," I said.

I could see some lights ahead of us. They came from the Mena House Hotel, a place where tourists stay out in the desert, not far from the pyramids. I drove fairly close to the hotel and stopped the car.

"I'm going to drop you here," I said. "We had a fine time."

"So you won't take Isabella to Luxor?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "Come on, hop it."

She started to get out of the car, then she paused with one foot on the road, and suddenly she swung round and poured out upon me a torrent of language so filthy yet so fluent that I had heard nothing like it from the lips of a lady since . . . well, since 1931, in Marrakech, when the greedy old Duchess of Glasgow put her hand into a chocolate box and got nipped by a scorpion (Vol. XIII, June 5th, 1931).

"You are disgusting," I said.

Isabella leaped out and slammed the door so hard the whole car jumped on its wheels. I drove off very fast. Thank heaven I was rid of her. I cannot abide bad manners in a pretty girl.

As I drove, I kept one eye on the mir-

(continued overleaf)





*"Well, I've always looked at it as sort of  
stockpiling the American Dream!"*



ror, but as yet no car seemed to be following me. When I came to the outskirts of Cairo, I began threading my way through the side roads, avoiding the center of the city. I was not particularly worried. The royal watchdogs were unlikely to carry the matter much further. All the same, it would have been foolhardy to go back to Shephard's at this point. It wasn't necessary, anyway, because all my baggage, except for a small valise, was with me in the car. I never leave suitcases behind me in my room when I go out of an evening in a foreign city. I like to be mobile.

I had no intention, of course, of going to Luxor. I wanted now to get away from Egypt altogether. I didn't like the country at all. Come to think of it, I never had. The place made me feel uncomfortable in my skin. It was the dirtiness of it all, I think, and the putrid smells. But then let us face it, it really is a rather squalid country; and I have a powerful suspicion, though I hate to say it, that the Egyptians wash themselves less thoroughly than any other peoples in the world—with the possible exception of the Mongolians. Certainly they do not wash their crockery to my taste. There was, believe it or not, a long, crusted, coffee-colored lipmark stamped upon the rim of the cup they placed before me at breakfast yesterday. Ugh! It was repulsive! I kept staring at it and wondering whose slobbery lower lip had done the deed.

I was driving now through the narrow dirty streets of the eastern suburbs of Cairo. I knew precisely where I was going. I had made up my mind about that before I was even halfway down the pyramid with Isabella. I was going to Jerusalem. It was no distance to speak of, and it was a city that I always enjoyed. Furthermore, it was the quickest way out of Egypt. I would proceed as follows:

1. Cairo to Ismailia. About three hours' driving. Sing an opera on the way, as usual. Arrive Ismailia six-seven A.M. Take a room and have a two-hour sleep. Then shower, shave and breakfast.

2. At ten A.M., cross over the Suez Canal by the Ismailia bridge and take the desert road across Sinai to the Palestine border. Time, about four hours, arriving Palestine border two P.M.

3. From there, continue straight on to Jerusalem via Beersheba, reaching the King David Hotel in time for cocktails and dinner.

It didn't take me long to find the main road to Ismailia, and as soon as I was on it, I settled the Lagonda down to a steady 65 miles an hour. The road was narrow, but it had a smooth surface, and there was no traffic. The Delta country lay bleak and dismal around me in the moonlight, the flat treeless fields, the ditches running between, and the black

black soil everywhere. It was inexpressibly dreary.

The Lagonda moved on smoothly through the night. Now for an opera. Which one should it be this time? I was in the mood for a Verdi. What about *Aida*? Of course! It must be *Aida*—the Egyptian opera! Most appropriate.

I began to sing. I was in exceptionally good voice. I let myself go. It was delightful; and as I drove through the small town of Bilbeis, I was *Aida* herself, singing "*Numi, pietà.*" the beautiful concluding passage of the first scene.

Half an hour later, at Zagazig, I was Amonasro begging the King of Egypt to save the Ethiopian captives with "*Ma tu, o Re, tu signore possente.*"

Passing through El Abbasa, I was Rhadames, rendering "*Fuggiamo da queste mura,*" and now I opened all the windows of the car so that this incomparable love song might reach the ears of the fellahin snoring in their hovels along the roadside, and perhaps mingle with their dreams.

As I pulled into Ismailia, it was six o'clock in the morning and the sun was already climbing high in a milky-blue heaven, but I myself was in the terrible sealed-up dungeon with *Aida*, singing "*O terra, addio; addio valle di pianti . . .*"

How swiftly the journey had gone. I drove to a hotel. The staff was just beginning to stir. I stirred them up some more and got the best room available. The sheets and blanket on the bed looked as though they had been slept in by 25 unwashed Egyptians on 25 consecutive nights, and I tore them off with my own hands (which I scrubbed immediately afterward with antiseptic soap) and replaced them with my personal bedding. Then I set my alarm and slept soundly for two hours.

For breakfast I ordered a poached egg and one rasher of bacon. When the dish arrived—and I tell you, it makes my stomach curdle just to write about it—there was a *gleaming, curly, jet-black human hair*, three inches long, lying diagonally across the yolk of my poached egg. It was too much. I leaped up from the table and rushed out of the dining room. "*Addio!*" I cried, flinging some money at the cashier as I went by, "*Addio valle di pianti!*" And with that I shook the filthy dust of the hotel from my feet.

Now for the Sinai Desert. What a welcome change that would be. A real desert is one of the least contaminated places on earth, and Sinai was no exception. The road across it was a narrow strip of black tarmac about 140 miles long, with only a single filling station and a group of huts at the halfway mark, at a place called Bir Rod Salim. Otherwise there was nothing but pure uninhabited desert all the way. It would be

very hot at this time of year, and it was essential to carry drinking water in case of a breakdown. I therefore pulled up outside a kind of general store in the main street of Ismailia to get my emergency canister refilled.

I went in and spoke to the proprietor. The man had a nasty case of trachoma. The granulation on the under surfaces of his eyelids was so acute that the lids themselves were raised right up off the eyeballs—a beastly sight. I asked him if he would sell me a gallon of *boiled* water. He thought I was mad, and madder still when I insisted on following him back into his grimy kitchen to make sure that he did things properly. He filled a kettle with tap water and placed it on a paraffin stove. The stove had a tiny little smoky yellow flame. The proprietor seemed very proud of the stove and of its performance. He stood admiring it, his head on one side. Then he suggested that I might prefer to go back and wait in the shop. He would bring me the water, he said, when it was ready. I refused to leave. I stood there watching the kettle like a lion, waiting for the water to boil; and while I was doing this, the breakfast scene suddenly started coming back to me in all its horror—the egg, the yolk and the hair. Whose hair was it that had lain embedded in the slimy yolk of my egg at breakfast? Undoubtedly it was the cook's hair. And when, pray, had the cook last washed his head? He had probably never washed his head. Very well, then. He was almost certainly verminous. But that in itself would not cause a hair to fall out. What *did* cause the cook's hair, then, to fall out onto my poached egg this morning as he transferred the egg from the pan to the plate? There is a reason for all things, and in this case the reason was obvious. The cook's scalp was infested with purulent seborrheic impetigo. And the hair itself, the long black hair that I might so easily have swallowed had I been less alert, was therefore swarming with millions and millions of living pathogenic cocci whose exact scientific name I have, happily, forgotten.

Can I, you ask, be absolutely sure that the cook had purulent seborrheic impetigo? Not absolutely sure—no. But if he hadn't, then he certainly had ringworm instead. And what did that mean? I know only too well what it meant. It meant that 10,000,000 Microsporons had been clinging and clustering around that awful hair, waiting to go into my mouth.

I began to feel sick.

"The water boils," the shopkeeper said triumphantly.

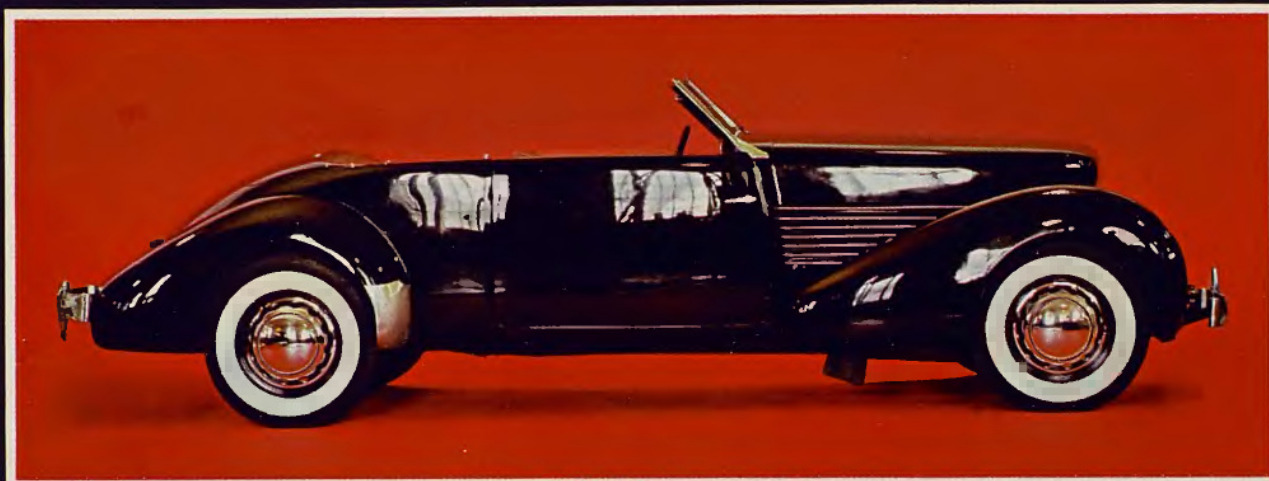
"Let it boil," I told him. "Give it eight minutes more. What is it you want me to get—typhus?"

Personally, I never drink plain water  
(continued on page 114)

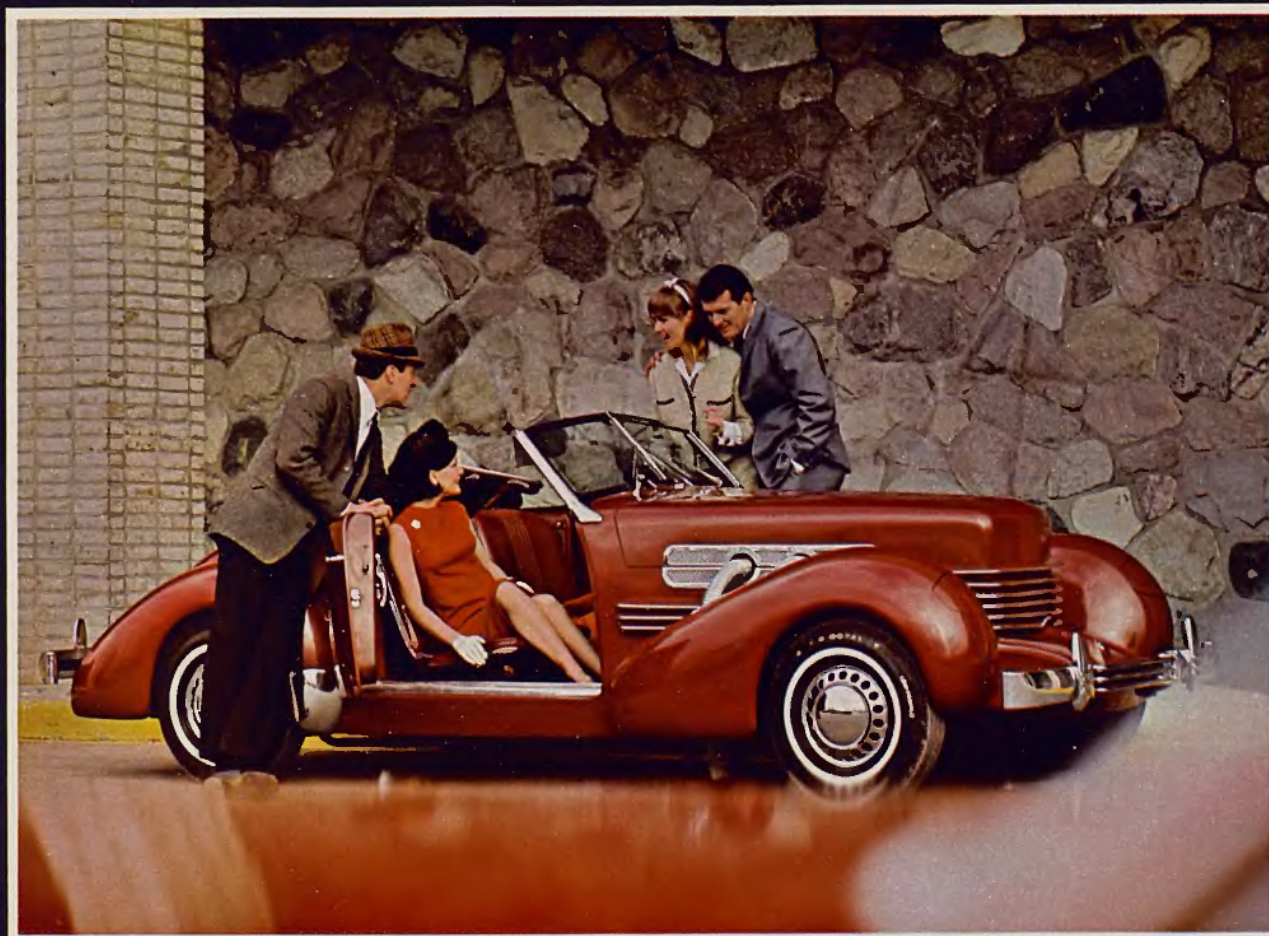


# MOTORING'S CLASSIC REVIVAL

*grand old names and deathless designs from the golden age of cars have returned to the contemporary scene*



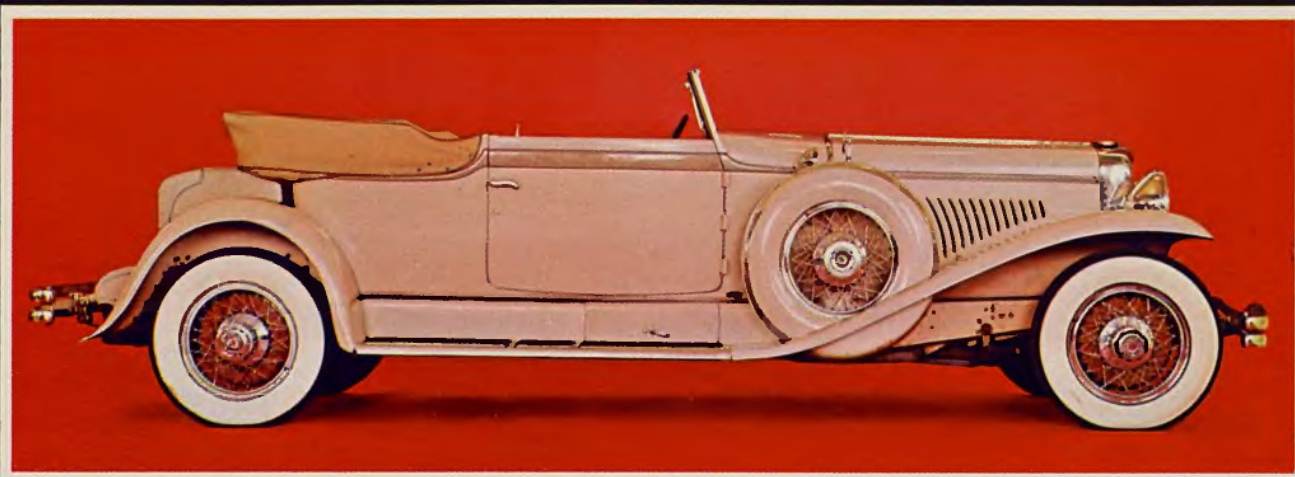
1937 CORD 812 PHAETON



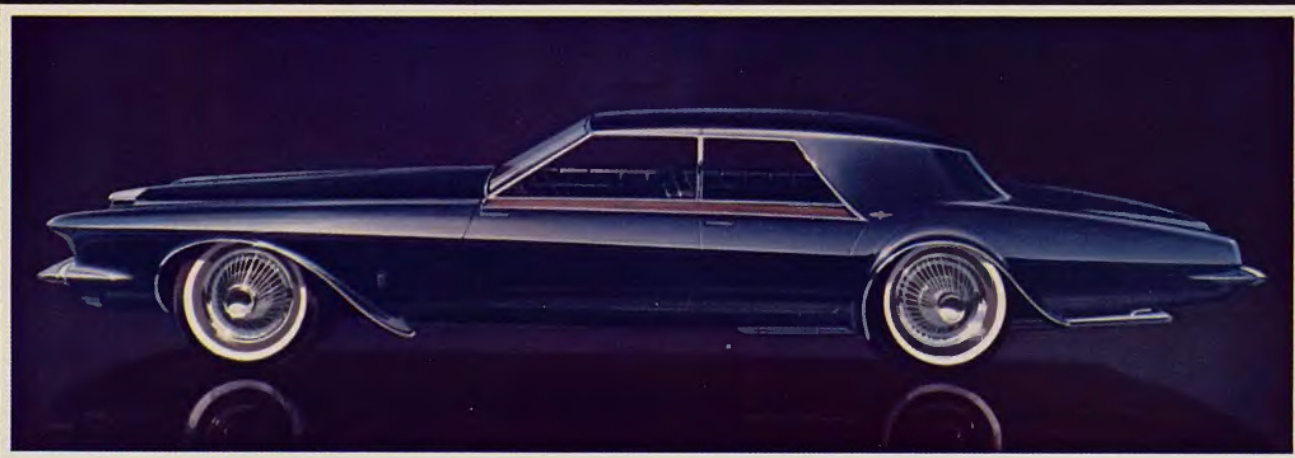
1965 CORD SPORTSMAN 8/10

Last of the fabled pre-War Cord line, the 812 featured front-wheel drive, a 289-cu.-in. supercharged V8 engine and Gordon Buehrig's renowned design. New version is four fifths size of original, has cellular plastic body, Carvair engine.





1931 DUESENBERG J VICTORIA



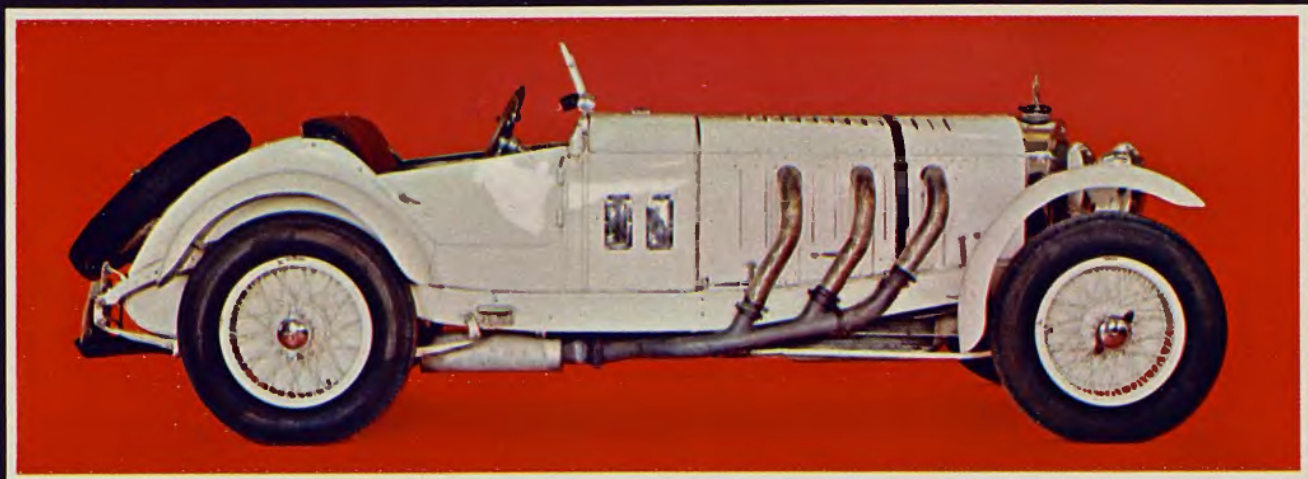
1965 DUESENBERG (TENTATIVE DESIGN)

The Duesenberg J and its successor, the SJ, have been called the finest American cars ever built. Engine and chassis (coachwork was custom) sold for \$9500. New Duesey, designed by Virgil Exner, will have an Italian body, sell for about \$18,000.

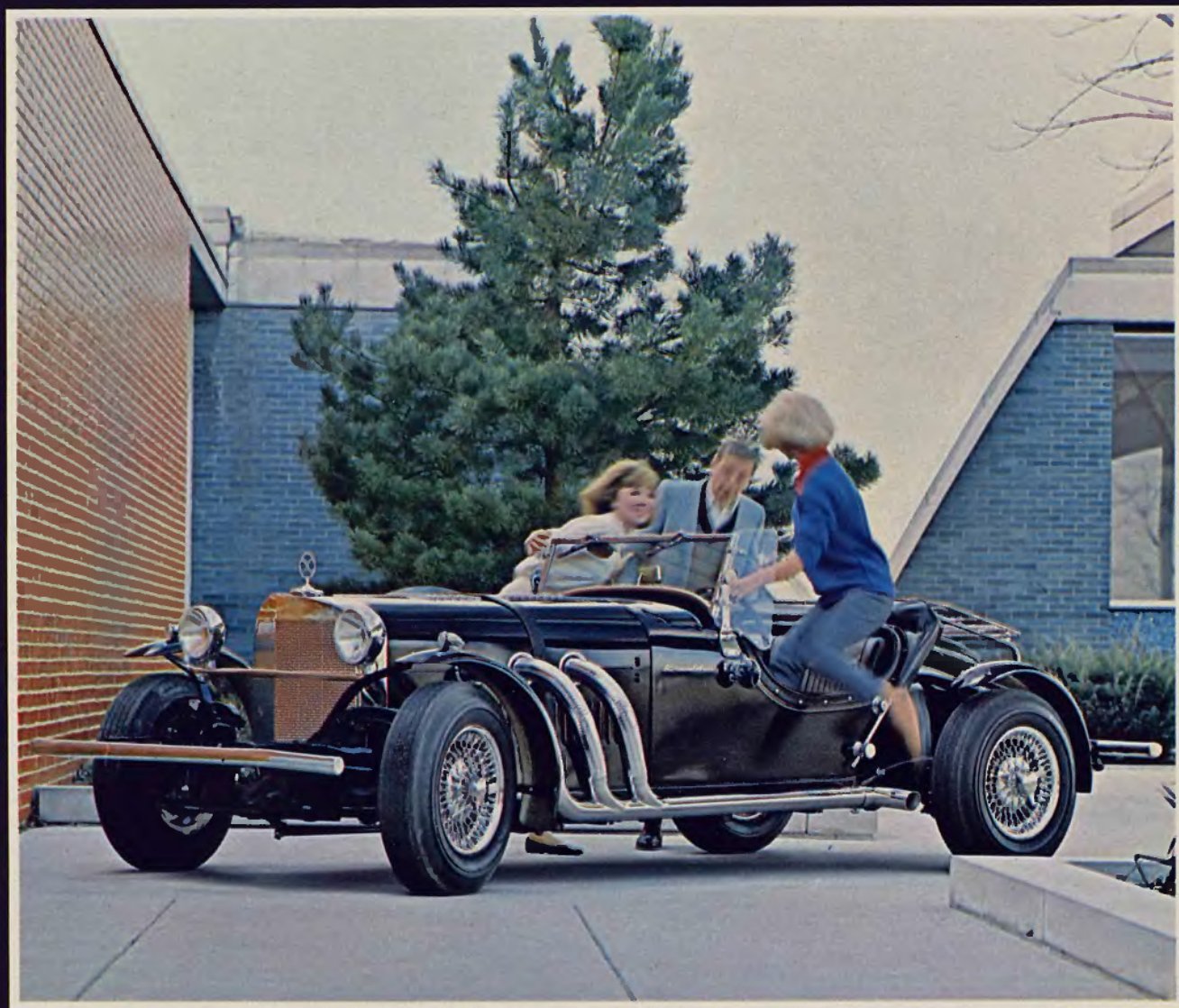
*article* **BY KEN W. PURDY** TIME WAS, say just after World War II, when \$1500 would buy a Duesenberg double-cowl phaeton in fair shape. Coffin-nosed 810-812 Cords went for half that. *Before* the War, an example of the rarest of all U. S.-built automobiles, the T-head Mercer Raceabout, was sold for \$50. Three hundred times that price might buy it today, and it might not. A good Model J Duesenberg can bring \$10,000. An old story, to be sure. A few of the things man makes, even though the creations of craftsmen, not artists, are so happily conceived that they outlive their lifetimes. There are never enough of them to go around: George III thujawood cabinets, Bréguet watches, clocks by Thomas Tompion, silver by Paul Revere. When demand exceeds supply and prices become no matter, someone will take action and the result will be either a counterfeit or a replica. A replica, someone has said, is a forgery made by an honest man, like the replicas of the British sovereign minted a few years ago for sale to European hoarders. They were exact copies, but they weren't counterfeit because the British government no longer made the coin, it wasn't in circulation, and because the man who did make them saw to it that they had a bit more gold content than the British mint itself had used.

As far as I know, no one has ever forged an automobile. But the notion of making replicas of desirable models is no new thing. In the 1930s Frazer-Nash made the Tourist Trophy Replica, a duplicate of a famous race-winning car. Again in the 1930s the Brewster company of New York used to buy Rolls-Royce limousines and town cars, discard the original bodies and mount two-seater roadsters on them, replicas of the standard, but always rare Piccadilly model. An elegant carriage it was, too, transportation (continued on page 132)





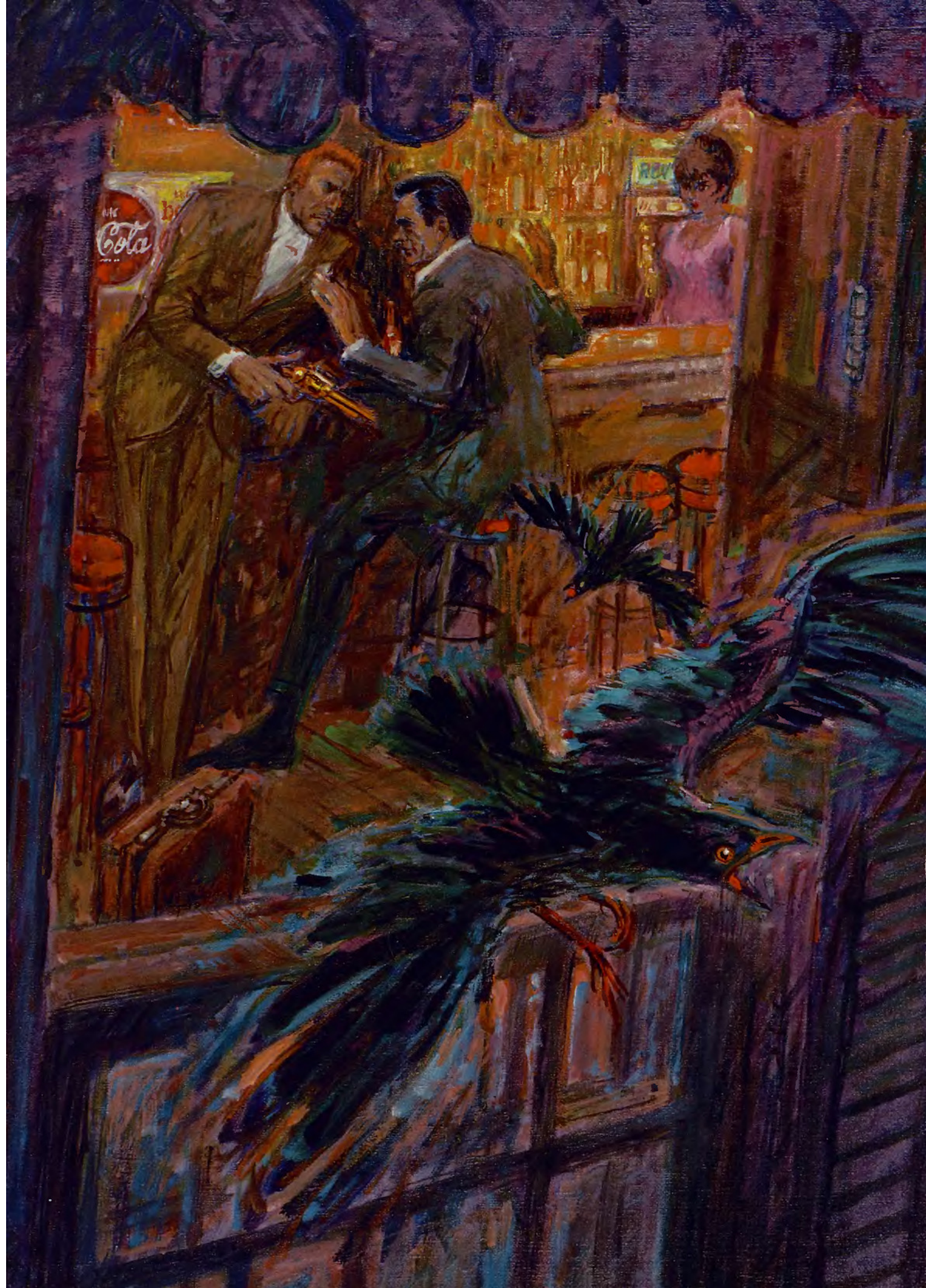
1929 MERCEDES-BENZ SSK



1965 EXCALIBUR SS

Original Mercedes-Benz SSK was a rare (only 33 were built) hairy beast. It boasted blown 420-cu.-in. engine, top speed of 120 mph. Brooks Stevens' variation on the SSK theme sports Studebaker chassis, Corvette engine, disk brakes, optional blower.









# THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN

*the grim opportunity was there, the stars foretold, and James Bond had to seize it—or die*

*Part Two of the final novel*

**By IAN FLEMING**

**SYNOPSIS:** *The girl at the switchboard at the Ministry of Defense flicked the switch to HOLD and said to her neighbor, "It's another nut who says he's James Bond. Even knows his code number. Says he wants to speak to M personally."*

*The other girl shrugged. The switchboard had had quite a few calls since Bond's death on a mission to Japan had been announced to the press. But this time it was Bond. He spoke again, slowly and clearly. "This is 007. Would you put me through to M? I want to make an appointment. Miss Mary Goodnight was my secretary. She'd recognize me."*

*Although Mary Goodnight had been transferred elsewhere, Bond soon stood before M, inscrutable chief of Her Majesty's Secret Service. 007 closed his mind to the stream of reflections that rose to its surface upon this reunion with his old leader. A victim of amnesia, picked up in Vladivostok and brainwashed by the K.G.B., Bond now had to concentrate upon his mission from Moscow: the murder of M. And this was the only opportunity he would get to fulfill that mission.*

*Facing M, he moved his hand nonchalantly to his right-hand coat pocket. M, with equal casualness, shifted his chair back from his desk. His left hand felt for the button under the arm of the chair, for M knew now that death had walked into the room and was standing beside him.*

*Suddenly Bond's hand, snub-nosed with black metal, flashed from his pocket, but as the cyanide hissed down the barrel of the bulb-butted pistol, a great sheet of protective glass hurtled down from the ceiling. A jet of viscous brown fluid splashed harmlessly into its center. Then M's Chief of Staff hurled himself into the room, followed by the Head of Security. Even as they seized James Bond, his head fell forward on his chest. Rehabilitation already had begun for 007.*

*Later M, bland as a Buddha behind his cigar, spoke to his chiefs. "He was a good agent once. Give me the file on Scaramanga. If we can get Bond fit again, that's the right-sized target for him—and if he brings it off, he'll have won his spurs back and we can all forget the past."*

*Scaramanga—"The Man with the Golden Gun"—was secret agent and hired assassin for Castro. Now he stalked the entire Caribbean, was a confidant of the world's foremost hoods and, as a sideline, was an insatiable wom-*

**There was a quick flash of gold and the small black hole looked directly at James Bond's navel as, with a great din of metallic squawks, the birds fled for the window like black thieves escaping into the night.**



anizer who invariably made violent love just before killing. This was the man M had picked as Bond's target.

Had he signed the death warrant of 007?

THERE ARE FEW less prepossessing places to spend a hot afternoon than Kingston International Airport in Jamaica. All the money has been spent on lengthening the runway out into the harbor to take the big jets and little was left over for the comfort of transit passengers. James Bond had come in an hour before on a B.W.I.A. flight from Trinidad and there were two hours to go before his connection with a Cuban Airways flight for Havana. He had taken off his coat and tie and now sat on a hard bench gloomily surveying the contents of the in-bond shop with its expensive scents, liquor and piles of overdecorated native ware. He had had luncheon on the plane, it was the wrong time for a drink and it was too hot and too far to take a taxi into Kingston, even had he wanted to. He wiped his already soaking handkerchief over his face and neck and cursed softly and fluently.

A cleaner ambled in and, with the exquisite languor of such people throughout the Caribbean, proceeded to sweep very small bits of rubbish hither and thither, occasionally dipping a boneless hand into a bucket to sprinkle water over the dusty cement floor. Through the slatted shutters a small breeze, reeking of the mangrove swamps, briefly stirred the dead air and then was gone. There were only two other passengers in the "lounge," Cubans perhaps, with jipijapa luggage. A man and a woman. They sat close together against the opposite wall and stared fixedly at James Bond, adding minutely to the oppression of the atmosphere. Bond got up and went over to the shop. He bought a *Daily Gleaner* and returned to his place. Because of its inconsequence and occasionally bizarre choice of news, the *Gleaner* was a favorite paper of Bond's. Almost the whole of that day's front page was taken up with new ganja laws to prevent the consumption, sale and cultivation of this local version of marijuana. Bond read the whole paper—"country news bits" and all—with the minute care bred of desperation. His horoscope said: "CHEER UP! Today will bring a pleasant surprise and the fulfillment of a dear wish. But you must earn your good fortune by watching closely for the golden opportunity when it presents itself and then seizing it with both hands." Bond smiled grimly. He would be unlikely to get on the scent of Scaramanga on his first evening in Havana. It was not even certain that Scaramanga was there. This was a last resort.

For six weeks, Bond had been chasing his man round the Caribbean and Central America. He had missed him by a day in Trinidad and by only a matter of hours in Caracas. Now he had rather reluctantly taken the decision to try and ferret him out on his home ground, a particularly inimical home ground, with which Bond was barely familiar. At least he had fortified himself in British Guiana with a diplomatic passport and he was now "Courier" Bond with splendidly engraved instructions from Her Majesty to pick up the Jamaican diplomatic bag in Havana and return with it. He had even borrowed an example of the famous Silver Greyhound, the British Courier's emblem for 300 years. If he could do his job and then get a few hundred yards' start, this would at least give him sanctuary in the British Embassy. Then it would be up to the Foreign Office to bargain him out. If he could find his man. If he could carry out his instructions. If he could get away from the scene of the shooting. If, if, if . . . Bond turned to the advertisements on the back page. At once an item caught his eye. It was so typically "old" Jamaica. This is what he read:

#### FOR SALE BY AUCTION

AT 77 HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON,  
At 10:30 A.M. on WEDNESDAY,  
27th MAY

under Powers of Sale contained in a mortgage from Cornelius Brown *et ux.*

No. 3½ LOVE LANE,  
SAVANNAH LA MAR

Containing the substantial residence and all that parcel of land by measurement on the Northern Boundary three chains and five perches, on the Southern Boundary five chains and one perch, on the Eastern Boundary two chains exactly and on the Western Boundary four chains and two perches be the same in each case and more or less and butting Northerly on No. 4 Love Lane.

THE C. D. ALEXANDER  
CO. LTD.

77 HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON  
PHONE 4897.

There was the customary central display stand holding messages for incoming and outgoing passengers. As usual, Bond wondered whether there would be something for him. In all his life there never had been. Automatically he ran his eye over the scattered envelopes, held, under tape, beneath each parent letter. Nothing under B and nothing under his alias H for "Hazard, Mark" of the "Transworld Consortium," successor to the old "Universal Export," that had recently been discarded as cover for the Secret Service. Nothing. He ran a bored eye over the other envelopes. He suddenly froze. He looked around him, languidly, casually. The Cuban couple was out of sight. Nobody else was looking.

He reached out a quick hand, wrapped in his handkerchief, and pocketed the buff envelope that said "Scaramanga. B.O.A.C. passenger from Lima." He stayed where he was for a few minutes and then wandered slowly off to the door marked MEN.

He locked the door and sat down. The envelope was not sealed. It contained a B.W.I.A. message form. The neat B.W.I.A. writing said "Message received from Kingston at 12:15; the samples will be available at No. 3½ S.L.M. as from midday tomorrow." There was no signature. Bond uttered a short bark of laughter and triumph. S.L.M.—Savannah La Mar. Could it be? It must be! At last the three red stars of a jackpot had clicked into line. What was it his *Gleaner* horoscope had said? Well, he would go nap on this clue from outer space—seize it with both hands as the *Gleaner* had instructed. He read the message again and carefully put it back in the envelope. His damp handkerchief had left marks on the buff envelope. In this heat they would dry out in a matter of minutes. He went out and sauntered over to the stand. There was no one in sight. He slipped the message back into its place under S and walked over to the Cuban Airlines booth and canceled his reservation. He then went to the B. O. A. C. counter and looked through the timetable. Yes, the Lima flight for Kingston, New York and London was due in at 1315 the next day. He was going to need help. He remembered the name of Head of Station J. He went over to the telephone booth and got through to the High Commissioner's Office. He asked for Commander Ross. After a moment a girl's voice came on the line. "Commander Ross' assistant. Can I help you?"

There was something vaguely familiar in the lilt of the voice. Bond said, "Could I speak to Commander Ross? This is a friend from London."

The girl's voice became suddenly alert. "I'm afraid Commander Ross is away from Jamaica. Is there anything I can do?" There was a pause. "What name did you say?"

"I didn't say any name. But in fact it's—"

The voice broke in excitedly, "Don't tell me. It's James!"

Bond laughed. "Well I'm damned! It's Goodnight! What the hell are you doing here?"

"More or less what I used to do for you. I heard you were back, but I thought you were ill or something. How absolutely marvelous! But where are you talking from?"

"Kingston Airport. Now listen, darling. I need help. We can talk later. Can you get cracking?"

"Of course. Wait till I get a pencil. Right."

(continued on page 165)



# THE KISS CIRCA '65

IN HIS LATEST film, *In Harm's Way*, precedent-busting producer-director Otto Preminger escalates his war against movie censorship with a contemporary variation on the classic cinematic clinch, with German-born beauty Barbara Bouchet (right) wrapped in warm unadorned embrace with ex-TV cowboy Hugh O'Brian on the sandy shores of Waikiki Beach. Although *PLAYBOY* has featured other filmic highlights of natatorial nudity in the past—Susannah York (June 1964), Elsa Martinelli in the arms of Robert Mitchum (October 1963)—the beachside buss on the following pages establishes a precedent for U.S. cinemaphiles in that Preminger vows it will not be restricted to European consumption. The film, which covers the attack on Pearl Harbor, opens with an officers' party and an orgasmic dance scene between Barbara (who plays Kirk Douglas' wayward spouse) and O'Brian, followed by their adulterous *luau*-for-two and subsequent demise during the Japanese attack. Amidst a star-filled cast, which includes John Wayne, Patricia Neal, Paula Prentiss, Burgess Meredith, Henry Fonda and others, Barbara's brief debut adds appealing new dimensions (35-22-34) to American moviemaking.



*producer-director otto preminger introduces german beauty barbara bouchet to american moviegoers in a steamy au naturel screen smooch with hugh o'brian—and comments on the scene in a playboy exclusive*



“I don't make different films for European and American audiences. I would never do that. If the nudity in this scene were not essential to the total effect of the film and, most important, handled in good taste, it would not have been included. To use nudity for its own sake would have been pointless. To have used it in bad taste—unforgivable. Could *PLAYBOY* have remained so successful if it did not maintain certain standards of good taste? Of course not! As for Miss Bouchet, her performance needs no special jus-

tification. She can act—dressed or undressed.

“Naturally, there will always be those who object to any form of nudity unless, of course, it has been hanging in a museum for the past few centuries. I respect their right to express their opinions; but I will never allow them to interfere with my rights as an individual. I do not recognize such people as lawmakers or taste-makers, and I don't intend to cut my film just to please them. Censorship is the first step on the road to authoritarian government.”





Stripped for action, blonde and blue-eyed Barbara Bouchet, the latest in Otto Preminger's impressive procession of distracting discoveries (Jean Seberg, Carol Lynley, et al.), joins actor Hugh O'Brian (who donated his fee for this cameo appearance to charity) for an *au naturel* embrace in the shallows off Waikiki and a final take of their opening-reel love scene for *In Harm's Way*. The 20-year-old starlet balked at playing the scene ("I can't even swim") until Preminger unleashed one of his famous directorial diatribes. "I wouldn't have had the courage to do it," says Barbara, "if Otto hadn't gotten mad."









Gahan Wilson



**T**HE PROLONGED ORATORICAL BINGE that is a Presidential election campaign does not in the normal course of events lay down guidelines for future policy. Our political dialog is too amorphous, too charged with the cult of personality. But a national election can and often does serve a useful end in knocking down, if only for the time being, bogeys conjured up out of fear and distrust.

That is what happened last November. Two specters were put down in an overwhelming response from the great majority of Americans. The racist appeal was rejected decisively throughout the nation—except in the South, where it is endemic. The blackmailing threat of the extremist was denied, particularly in those sparsely populated states where a little organization and a generous use of money had gone a long way.

These were formidable achievements to come out of a campaign full of sound and fury signifying little. But it would be unrealistic to take these achievements as a kind of automatic go sign for the new initiatives at home and abroad that the times call for. It is rather, for the liberal who has long been aware of the need for such initiatives, a reprieve—a temporary opportunity to appraise the drift of recent years and to try to chart a course for the future.

If the liberal looks at his situation in the light of sober reality, he will acknowledge that he has been a rather unwelcome fellow traveler in the overcrowded center of the political highway. A freeloader, a hitchhiker, he has been part of the incongruous company moving down the congested middle corridor. The principal—some would say the only—access route to political office and political action, this route required a protective coloration of neutrality if the traveler was not to be pushed toward the left and possible political oblivion.

The reprieve of November owes a great deal to the Negro. In a sense it represents a pause in the

Negro revolution. The lines were clearly drawn. Was it to be more riots and arson—precisely what the racist appeal needed to feed on? Or was it to be a massive procession to the ballot box? The latter was the answer, and it is therefore now in this hour of reprieve that new initiatives must be pushed forward with all possible vigor.

The inhibiting fear of the McCarthy era has been a great roadblock to social thought and action. But even before the election cleared the air, the Negro revolution had become the inevitable cause for the liberal. Something quite extraordinary had been occurring. This was the way in which hundreds, thousands, actually, of the young in colleges across the land embraced the cause of Negro equality. For the first time since the New Deal and, a little later, the war against fascism, the young had a cause which they felt they could rush into with a whole heart. They have been called pawns of the hard-line Negro leaders. They have been accused of seeking a self-righteous martyrdom. But I saw them in Mississippi and I was impressed. One may find them foolish, naïvely idealistic, sometimes smug and intolerant, but they know what they want and they are not afraid to work for it, often in the face of great hazards. This is a development of first importance—because part of the liberal's unhappy plight, as he sought safe haven in the center, was that he lacked a goal.

He was determined to be part of the movement that is the principal force for change in American life. Yet because he feared that the white majority—more than 80 percent of the population—could so readily be turned against the minority by Negro tactics of violence and extremism, he was sorely tried. He became aware of this at the start of a political campaign which threatened to put an unprecedented strain on the effort to reach a reasonable consensus (continued on page 184)

# THE LIBERAL DILEMMA

*a noted political commentator's view of the predicament facing progress-minded Americans*  
*opinion*

**By MARQUIS CHILDS**



# PROOFS POSITIVE

a spirited tribute to the whiskies and whiskeys  
of ireland, canada, scotland and the united states

drink **BY THOMAS MARIO**





BOBBIE BURNS, liquordom's Scottish laureate, left no doubt about the wellspring of his inspiration when he said, "O whisky soul o' play and pranks/Accept a bardie's gratefu' thanks." Americans say thanks not in verse but in the gallonage they drink. Three out of every four bottles of the distilled spirits with which they now commune are whiskey. Most of it's whiskey spelled with an "e," an added tribute which the thrifty Scots and Canadians never have found really essential.

Any intelligent owner of a liquor cabinet nowadays knows that he can get away with one kind of gin, one kind of vodka, one kind of brandy and one, maybe two, kinds of rum. But when it comes to whiskey, he must be able to dispense at least five different kinds—U. S. blended whiskey, bourbon, Canadian, Scotch and Irish. If his whiskey outlook is liberal, he'll offer two from each class. The making of whiskey in all countries follows steps that are essentially the same. A mash is made of grain. Malt turns it to sugar. Yeast turns it to alcohol. Heat vaporizes the alcohol. It cools





into whiskey. Wood ages it. But the subtle variations in the finished product are virtually limitless.

There are whiskey disciples who still believe that what's very old is naturally superior to what's contemporary. We've recently tested the theory by sipping a jigger of Gibson's Ancient Special Reserve Pure Rye Whiskey, distilled in 1916. Among pre-Prohibition playboys, its heavy rye flavor, with pungent straw overtones, held pride of place. Drinking it today makes a man feel about as relaxed as he would be dressed in a long duster, cap and goggles, at the wheel of a 1916 Cadillac that was negotiating a potholed back road. It's a perfectly preserved specimen of a type of whiskey against which drinkers have successfully rebelled and are still rebelling, championing in its stead the lighter proofs, the lighter flavors and the lighter bodies—and by body we mean quantity of flavor, not quality.

In distinguishing the lighter from the heavier whiskeys you'll note, after a little practice, that both types create an aftertaste of sorts. The light whiskey leaves a pleasant small glow that seems to linger in the back of your mouth. A heavier whiskey taste hangs around the front of the tongue and the lips, and usually overstays its welcome. Don't let color influence your judgment. In whiskey laboratories, they use garnet-colored glasses to eliminate the bias of the eye in favor of deep colors. Some whiskeys receive their tint from the casks in which they're aged. In others, caramel coloring is added.

Lightness is only one of the good features of a whiskey's profile. The things that make up whiskey flavor, that give it its essence, are called congeners. To recruit the pleasant congeners and stave off the poor ones is the real science and sorcery of whiskey making. In a fifth of whiskey there is, all told, only about a teaspoon of congeners. Without them, it would be plain alcohol. Some congeners are born in the kind of grain used. Others owe their genes to the yeast's paternity. Congeners must be controlled during their stormy adolescence in the big fermenting vats. In the still they're carefully hoarded by drawing off the liquor at low proofs. By law, whiskey in this country must be taken out of the still below 160 proof. Actually, most of them are drawn off at proofs from 115 to 140. They're later cut to drinking strength. If the liquor trickling out of the still goes above 190, all the gusto of the grain simply disappears. You then have neutral spirits. It's like a steak cooked rare retaining its magnificent flavor and a steak cooked well done losing its juices. The comparison must be amended, because whiskey only begins to flash its good stuff—when the congeners become

mellow—after long aging in the wood.

Whiskey flavor is coaxed out of a grain mash by either a pot still or a column still. The pot still isn't a yawning soup pot, but a huge metal flask with a dome-shaped bottom, having a blazing fire beneath it and a narrow outlet at the top for trapping and delivering the whiskey vapors into a coil where they're cooled back to a liquid. Some pot stills in Ireland today are monsters holding over 20,000 gallons each. The other, more modern utensil is the column still, a lanky affair three or four stories high in which the alcohol is wheedled out by live steam inside the column rather than flames beneath it. Column stills are like modern coffee makers—the slave of science rather than art—producing a suave, controlled flavor. Pot stills are like old-fashioned enamel coffee pots in which the ground beans dumped into the boiling water swirled around to bring out all the robust coffee essence, a technique that could throw the amateur. But those who handle both the pot stills and the column stills in the big-name distilleries today are pros, highly disciplined in the virtuosity and the chemistry of spirits. Some bourbons today are made, as they were generations ago, in pot stills. Others flow from column stills. Most of the Scotch and Irish whiskeys exported to this country are now combinations of pot- and column-stilled spirits.

In buying whiskey, don't judge its personality exclusively by age. Some whiskeys mature earlier than others. Weaker spirits age more quickly than stronger ones. Whiskey in a large hogshead takes longer to mature than the same whiskey in a small cask, because less of it's in contact with the wood. If certain whiskeys are left too long in the wood, for age's sake alone, they sometimes begin to show the "casky" flavor of old age.

#### U.S. WHISKEYS

For all practical purposes, American whiskey production falls into three categories:

*Straight whiskey.* Whiskey distilled at 160 proof or less and aged for at least two years.

*Blends of straight whiskey.* Two or more straights married to combine their best features, some for mellowness, some for strength, some for aroma.

*Blended whiskey.* A U.S. blend of about one third straight whiskey at 100 proof (the law says one fifth is enough) and two thirds nonwhiskey neutral spirits.

Like a stubborn gate-crashing ghost, the word *rye* keeps weaving in and out of bars and drinking parties when what's really meant is blended whiskey. Actually, less than one half of one percent of the whiskey wetting American throats is

straight rye—that is, a straight whiskey concocted from a grain mixture containing more than half rye. In the finer liquor stores you may still find a distinguished old bottling of straight rye, but that is decidedly the exception. Rye, the grain, is used in many American whiskeys as a minor ingredient along with other grains such as wheat and barley. But to call for rye today in a bar is as illogical as asking for an onion stew when you really want a beef stew, on the grounds that onions are used for seasoning purposes. Among those most guilty in perpetuating the rye myth are hotel-keepers and restaurateurs who still present bar menus with the heading Rye Whiskey, followed by a list of well-known blended whiskeys. When the Government christened blended whiskey with its name, it invented an unimaginative phrase that drinkers are loathe to use. Fortunately, fewer and fewer drinkers are calling for rye by name and instead ask for the brand name of the blended whiskey they want.

Before Prohibition, three out of every four bottles of redevye were blended whiskey. It had the boilermaker's touch. Today's blended whiskeys are liquor-dom's light fantasies. We've never swallowed the old saw that says in effect that blended whiskey appeals only to those drinkers who have discovered to their distress that whiskey has a taste. For manhattans, old fashioned, whiskey sours, whiskey collinses as well as winter and summer punch bowls, 99 out of 100 bartenders, pro and amateur, use blended whiskey. In all of these drinks it's the necessity that turns out to be a happy virtue.

As you move westward across the U.S., you'll hear bibbers now and then calling for bourbon when *they* mean blended whiskey. This happens to be less of a semantic crime than that committed by the rye name-droppers, because the whiskey used in blended whiskey is usually straight bourbon. At the end of World War II, three out of four jiggers of whiskey were the neutral-flavored blended whiskey. Shortly thereafter, bourbon men began to cut their traditional 100-proof liquors down to 86. Many of them started to spin out lighter flavors. But it was still bourbon, made from the seraphic oils of the corn, its new easier flavor as perfectly burnished as ever. Bourbon sales blasted off and have now eclipsed blended whiskey. Its first well-known distiller was a Baptist minister, the Reverend Elijah Craig. It was named after a section of north-eastern Kentucky called Bourbon to honor Louis XVI of France for his help in freeing the colonies from Britain. Two centuries later, bourbon the whiskey is now being tasted for the first time by many Frenchmen who still, of

(continued on page 190)





*"Well, I'm glad she's finally getting interested  
in something besides running around with boys!"*









# SOUVENIR

abruptly there was a shout from the crowd and it surged over the dead monster cast up by the sea  
fiction By J. G. BALLARD

ON THE MORNING after the storm the body of a drowned giant was washed ashore on the beach five miles to the northwest of the city. The first news of its arrival was brought by a nearby farmer and subsequently confirmed by the local newspaper reporters and the police. Despite this the majority of people, myself among them, remained skeptical, but the return of more and more eyewitnesses attesting to the vast size of the giant was finally too much for our curiosity. The library where my colleagues and I were carrying out our research was almost deserted when we set off for the coast shortly after two o'clock, and throughout the day people continued to leave their offices and shops as accounts of the giant circulated around the city.

By the time we reached the dunes above the beach a substantial crowd had gathered, and we could see the body lying in the shallow water 200 yards away. At first the estimates of its size seemed greatly exaggerated. It was then at low tide, and almost all the giant's body was exposed, but he appeared to be little larger than a basking shark. He lay on his back with his arms at his sides, in an attitude of repose, as if asleep on the mirror of wet sand, the reflection of his blanched skin fading as the water receded. In the clear sunlight his body glistened like the white plumage of a sea bird.

Puzzled by this spectacle, and dissatisfied with the matter-of-fact explanations of the crowd, my friends and I stepped down from the dunes onto the shingle. Everyone seemed reluctant to approach the giant, but half an hour later two fishermen in wading boots walked out across the sand. As their diminutive figures neared the recumbent body a sudden hubbub of conversation broke out among the spectators. The two men were completely dwarfed by the giant. Although his heels were partly submerged in the sand, the feet rose to at least twice the fishermen's height, and we immediately realized that this (continued on page 108)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM V. FIGGE AND EDWARD OELONG



# mademoiselle from avignon

*may playmate maria mcbane is  
half irish, half french and all girl*

FRANCOPHILES will be pleasantly surprised to learn that, despite the unmistakably Celtic ring to her name, May Playmate Maria McBane is every bit as French as *croissants* and the cancan. Born in Avignon, in the heart of the French wine region of Provence, our 19-year-old May miss was reared in the traditions of the provincial *petite française* until the age of ten, when her family sold their small vineyard and came to America. As she recalls: "We settled in Detroit. My father had always had a certain flair for mechanical work, and he felt that the automobile industry offered the most opportunity for him to develop this talent. No one seemed to mind the change in customs except me. For one thing, I had been drinking wine since I was old enough to lift a glass, and topping off a hearty meal with milk seemed positively primitive at first. Another thing I missed was the community folk dancing. Back in Provence, any feast day or civic event was ample excuse for the whole town to get together and dance all day." Maria's penchant for things terpsichorean was further enhanced during her high school days in Detroit, when she was asked to join a professional teenage folk-dancing troupe called The Tambouritzans and subsequently toured the country during a summer

Right: Out for a weekend romp on the briny with friends, our oble-bodied May Playmate tries out her sea legs. "I've got a lot to learn about sailing," admits Maria, "but I at least rate an E for enthusiasm." Below: Cooler feet prevail.







MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



vacation. "When the group made its West Coast swing," says Maria, "I immediately fell in love with California. For a girl brought up in the sunny clime of southern France, California was just what the doctor ordered." Since her graduation from Detroit's Western High last June, Maria has been a confirmed resident of the Golden State, where she commutes daily from her apartment (furnished, naturally, in French Provincial) in suburban Glendale to her job as a Los Angeles dentist's assistant. Eschewing the possibility of a career as a professional danseuse, this month's bilingual beauty still keeps in shape (36-22-36) by taking weekly lessons in modern-jazz and folk dancing. "I can't see myself making a living as a hooper," she confides, "but I would like to take a crack at operating my own dancing school someday." On weekends, Maria heeds the call of *la mer* and heads for Newport harbor, where Saturday sailors can rent a sloop for the afternoon at a nominal fee ("I've already picked out an eighteen-foot day sailer to buy with the money I receive for my Playmate appearance"). After dark, she prefers a quiet *repas* with a guy who's "witty and has eyes only for me." Those who haven't already eyed the centerfold, *regardez, tout de suite!*

Top: On the dock at Newport harbor, Maria (left) and her crew take time out to reflect while waiting for their ship to come in. Center: When she's ashore, our salty skipper figures what she can't see (left) won't hurt her, but once under sail (right) she keeps a sharp watch. Bottom: Captain McBane gives shipmates the order to prepare to come about.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After an evening at the theater and several nightcaps at an intimate little bistro, the young man whispered to his date, "How do you feel about making love to men?"

"That's my business," she snapped. "Ah," he said. "A professional!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alimony* as the billing without the cooing.

The Texas oil millionaire, an old-time wild-catter who had been so busy making money all his life that he'd never had time to learn to read and write, took the pen from the hotel clerk and signed the register with an X. Then, after a thoughtful glance at the blonde he had picked up in a nearby cocktail lounge, he drew a circle around the X.

"I've had people sign their name with an X before," remarked the curious clerk, "but what's the circle for?"

"Shucks, sonny," retorted the oilman, "when a man checks into a strange hotel with a gal he's just met, y'all can't expect him to use his right name."

While visiting the livestock exhibit at a county fair with her husband, the overbearing wife asked one of the bull breeders how many times a week his animals performed their stud function.

"Oh, about four or five times," replied the owner.

Turning to her husband with a scornful look, she said, "You see, four or five times a week is not unusual among champions."

Realizing that he had contributed to the woman's abuse of her husband, the breeder quickly added, "Of course, we never use the same cow twice."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *polyunsaturated* as a dry parrot.

A French actress, returning from a visit to the United States, brought back a superb mink coat.

"How beautiful," remarked an envious script girl at the studio. "Where did *Mademoiselle* get that?"

"I met a gentleman," said the haughty actress disdainfully, "who had five thousand dollars . . . *et voilà!*"

That summer the script girl took her vacation in the U. S. On her return, she sported a mink coat equally beautiful as the actress'.

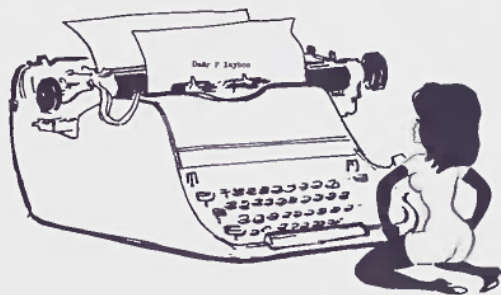
"*Sacrebleu!*" exclaimed the astonished actress, "how did you get that?"

"The same way as *Mademoiselle*," replied the script girl icily. "Only in my case, I met a hundred gentlemen, and each had fifty dollars."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *henpecked husband* as one who is afraid to tell his pregnant wife that he is sterile.

Passing a cemetery in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign that read, RING THE BELL FOR THE CARETAKER. He did just that, and a sleepy-eyed man staggered to the gate. "What do you want at this hour?" the man demanded.

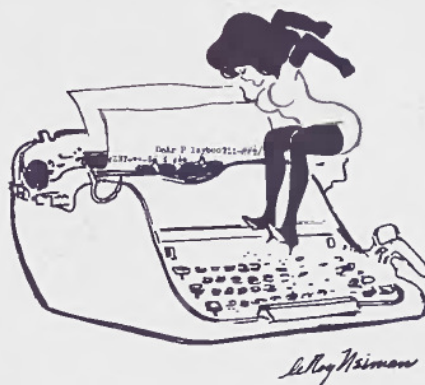
The drunk looked the caretaker over for a minute and then retorted, "I want to know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself?"



After repeatedly warding off her date's amorous advances during the evening, the pretty young thing decided to put her foot down: "See here," she shouted indignantly. "This is positively the last time I'm going to tell you 'no.'"

"Splendid!" exclaimed her date. "Now we can start making some progress."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *snow job* as something a man uses to defrost a woman.



When one of the two first-grade teachers at the posh suburb's new school left on her two-week honeymoon, the other volunteered to teach both classes in her absence. A few weeks later, at a housewarming party given by the newlyweds, the guests were somewhat taken aback as the groom introduced them to his wife's teaching colleague:

"And this, ladies and gentlemen," announced the grateful husband, "is the lovely lady who substituted for my wife during our honeymoon."

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.





*"Golly, Mr. Shircliff—it should be fun using the pool at night!"*



## SOUVENIR (continued from page 99)

drowned leviathan had the mass and dimensions of the largest sperm whale.

Three fishing snags had arrived on the scene and with keels raised remained a quarter of a mile offshore, the crews watching from the bows. Their discretion deterred the spectators on the shore from wading out across the sand. Impatiently everyone stepped down from the dunes and waited on the shingle slopes, eager for a closer view. Around the margins of the figure the sand had been washed away, forming a hollow, as if the giant had fallen out of the sky. The two fishermen were standing between the immense plinths of the feet, waving to us like tourists among the columns of some water-lapped temple on the Nile. For a moment I feared that the giant was merely asleep and might suddenly stir and clap his heels together, but his glazed eyes stared skyward, unaware of the minuscule replicas of himself between his feet.

The fishermen then began a circuit of the corpse, strolling past the long white flanks of the legs. After a pause to examine the fingers of the supine hand, they disappeared from sight between the arm and chest, then re-emerged to survey the head, shielding their eyes as they gazed up at its Grecian profile. The shallow forehead, straight high-bridged nose and curling lips reminded me of a Roman copy of Praxiteles, and the elegantly formed cartouches of the nostrils emphasized the resemblance to sculpture.

Abruptly there was a shout from the crowd, and a hundred arms pointed toward the sea. With a start I saw that one of the fishermen had climbed onto the giant's chest and was now strolling about and signaling to the shore. There was a roar of surprise and triumph from the crowd, lost in a rushing avalanche of shingle as everyone surged forward across the sand.

As we approached the recumbent figure, which was lying in a pool of water the size of a field, our excited chatter fell away again, subdued by the huge physical dimensions of this dead colossus. He was stretched out at a slight angle to the shore, his legs carried nearer the beach, and this foreshortening had disguised his true length. Despite the two fishermen standing on his abdomen, the crowd formed itself into a wide circle, groups of people tentatively advancing toward the hands and feet.

My companions and I walked around the seaward side of the giant, whose hips and thorax towered above us like the hull of a stranded ship. His pearl-colored skin, distended by immersion in salt water, masked the contours of the enormous muscles and tendons. We passed below the left knee, which was flexed slightly, threads of damp seaweed

clinging to its sides. Draped loosely across the midriff, and preserving a tenuous propriety, was a shawl of heavy open-weave material, bleached to a pale yellow by the water. A strong odor of brine came from the garment as it steamed in the sun, mingled with the sweet, potent scent of the giant's skin.

We stopped by his shoulder and gazed up at the motionless profile. The lips were parted slightly, the open eye cloudy and occluded, as if injected with some blue milky liquid, but the delicate arches of the nostrils and eyebrows invested the face with an ornate charm that belied the brutish power of the chest and shoulders.

The ear was suspended in mid-air over our heads like a sculptured doorway. As I raised my hand to touch the pendulous lobe, someone appeared over the edge of the forehead and shouted down at me. Startled by this apparition, I stepped back, and then saw that a group of youths had climbed up onto the face and were jostling each other in and out of the orbits.

People were now clambering all over the giant, whose reclining arms provided a double stairway. From the palms they walked along the forearms to the elbows and then crawled over the distended belly of the biceps to the flat promenade of the pectoral muscles which covered the upper half of the smooth hairless chest. From here they climbed up onto the face, hand over hand along the lips and nose, or forayed down the abdomen to meet others who had straddled the ankles and were patrolling the twin columns of the thighs.

We continued our circuit through the crowd, and stopped to examine the outstretched right hand. A small pool of water lay in the palm, like the residue of another world, now being kicked away by the people ascending the arm. I tried to read the palmlines that grooved the skin, searching for some clue to the giant's character, but the distention of the tissues had almost obliterated them, carrying away all trace of the giant's identity and his last tragic predicament. The huge muscles and wristbones of the hand seemed to deny any sensitivity to their owner, but the delicate flexion of the fingers and the well-tended nails, each cut symmetrically to within six inches of the quick, argued a certain refinement of temperament, illustrated in the Grecian features of the face, on which the townsfolk were now sitting like flies.

One youth was even standing, arms wavering at his sides, on the very tip of the nose, shouting down at his companions, but the face of the giant still retained its massive composure.

Returning to the shore, we sat down

on the shingle and watched the continuous stream of people arriving from the city. Some six or seven fishing boats had collected offshore, and their crews waded in through the shallow water for a closer look at this enormous storm catch. Later a party of police appeared and made a halfhearted attempt to cordon off the beach, but after walking up to the recumbent figure, any such thoughts left their minds, and they went off together with bemused backward glances.

An hour later there were a thousand people present on the beach, at least two hundred of them standing or sitting on the giant, crowded along his arms and legs or circulating in a ceaseless melee across his chest and stomach. A large gang of youths occupied the head, toppling each other off the cheeks and sliding down the smooth planes of the jaw. Two or three straddled the nose, and another crawled into one of the nostrils, from which he emitted barking noises like a demented dog.

That afternoon the police returned and cleared a way through the crowd for a party of scientific experts—authorities on gross anatomy and marine biology—from the university. The gang of youths and most of the people on the giant climbed down, leaving behind a few hardy spirits perched on the tips of the toes and on the forehead. The experts strode around the giant, heads nodding in vigorous consultation, preceded by the policemen who pushed back the press of spectators. When they reached the outstretched hand the senior officer offered to assist them up onto the palm, but the experts hastily demurred.

After they returned to the shore, the crowd once more climbed onto the giant, and was in full possession when we left at five o'clock, covering the arms and legs like a dense flock of gulls sitting on the corpse of a large fish.

. . .

I next visited the beach three days later. My friends at the library had returned to their work, and delegated to me the task of keeping the giant under observation and preparing a report. Perhaps they sensed my particular interest in the case, and it was certainly true that I was eager to return to the beach. There was nothing necrophilic about this, for to all intents the giant was still alive for me, indeed more alive than many of the people watching him. What I found so fascinating was partly his immense scale, the huge volumes of space occupied by his arms and legs, which seemed to confirm the identity of my own miniature limbs, but above all, the mere categorical fact of his existence. Whatever else in our lives might be open to doubt, the giant, dead or alive, existed in an absolute sense, providing a glimpse into a world of similar absolutes

(continued on page 192)






attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN** *an eye-arresting bazaar of summertime shirtings*

The sport shirt can be the key to correct summer styling: In bright patterns or bold stripes it lends a needed flash of brightness to the natural-shaded sports jackets that are big this season; in solid colors it brings those way-out madras outfits back down to earth. Our PLAYBOY anthology of these summer fashions begins with a collection of easy pullovers displayed over a fetchingly laid-out miss. Reading from head to toe: English velour, sheared cotton terrycloth polo style with zip pocket, by Herbert Aronson Ltd., \$9. Portuguese cotton velour V-neck, by Leonardo Strassi, \$7. Blazer-striped Kodel and cotton links-stitch knit, by Robert Bruce, \$8. Red-and-blue wide-striped Orlon "bicycle" shirt with mock turtleneck collar, by Glasgo, \$11. Beige Italian acetate mesh-knit with ribbed collar and cuffs, by Damon of Italy, \$19.





Stripes will offer a colorfully sophisticated touch to your summer shirt wardrobe.

The reclining damsel at left shows off a collection of these sprightly stylings suitable for every sporting occasion. Reading

down: Imported brown-striped oxfordcloth with short sleeves, buttondown collar and zip

pocket, by Sero of New Haven, \$8. Thinly lined

short-sleeved cotton oxford with Henley collar trimmed in navy, by H.I.S., \$3. Rayon and silk nubby-weave short-sleeved shirt jac in natural-hued vertical stripes, by Truval, \$5.

Alongside is short-sleeved white cotton sateen shirt jac with red stripes and one-piece

Continental collar, by Jayson, \$6. Finally,

metallic-threaded multistripe wool shirt jac with long sleeves and pearl shank buttons, by Damon of Italy, \$20. At right, our

survey ends with a compendium of patterns both plain and fancy. Delightfully working our way

southward: Plaid cotton short-sleeved shirt jac with buttondown collar, by

Truval, \$4. Red bandanna-print cotton with short sleeves and buttondown collar, by Creighton

Shirtmakers, \$6. Short-sleeved navy and yellow block-plaid cotton tapered shirt with buttondown collar, by Aetna, \$6. White

cotton short-sleeve style with an over-all blue abstract fish-print pattern, by Izod, \$13. Cotton short-sleeved shirt with a bold block pattern on a natural ground, by House of Yorke, \$5.









*"That art school did him a world of good!"*



# BEING REFINED

fiction

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

BEING REFINED is a very nice thing, and I have had some happy times noticing refinement in the members of my family, most of whom, especially those who were born in the old country, in Bitlis, finally learned that vocal modulation, for instance, constituted one of the many signs of being refined. Shouting was all right in the family, but out among Americans and people like that it was always a good idea to modulate the voice, at least until you found out that the Americans themselves weren't very refined, which my Uncle Shag seemed to be finding out all the time.

Another good sign of being refined was to look at a painting and not have your mouth hanging open in wonder because the fruit on the plate seemed so real you wanted to reach out and take some, which was pretty much the way paintings were appreciated by the immigrants who had only recently arrived in America.

Still another good idea was not to ask priests difficult questions about God, or biology, or about a stick becoming a snake, or a body of water dividing itself so that there would be a dry road running through it, or a dead man coming to life. Asking such questions really didn't demonstrate that you were an intelligent man, or that you had safely emerged from the Dark Ages, or that you knew how to think for yourself; all it seemed to do was make refined people look at you sideways, cockeyed-like, by which they meant that you must be some sort of unrefined person, all of your success as a lawyer, for instance, and all of your wealth notwithstanding. In the presence of music you hated, something classical by Ethelbert Nevin, being played on the piano by somebody's wife, accompanied by somebody else's daughter on the cello, it was not a sign of refinement to blurt out, "Can't you play something lively, like *Dari Lolo*?" Or if somebody you had just met looked ill, worn-out from worry of some sort, sunk in spirit, it was not courteous to say, "What's the matter with you? Why don't you stand up straight?"

Shag, or as he had it in full on his card and on the door of his office, Arshag Bashmanian, by the time he was 55

and all the rest of us were in our early 20s, had picked up a wide variety of pointers, as he put it, on how to be refined; and whenever it was in order to demonstrate his refinement, he hardly ever failed to do so.

The year his first daughter, named by her mother Genevieve because the name was refined, became engaged to an American boy named Edmund Armbruster who was a premed student in San Francisco, Arshag was obliged to drive there from Fresno, so that Mr. and Mrs. Armbruster, the boy's father and mother, could meet Arshag and his wife Shushanik, who had a wide circle of friends disciplined to calling her Susan because Shushanik just wouldn't do. And of course the Armbrusters were dying to have a look at the girl their boy had fallen in love with.

Taking his wife and daughter in the Cadillac to San Francisco didn't appeal to Shag, so he asked me to sit up front with him, while they sat in the back, where they belonged, and somehow I wasn't able to get out of it.

"Be in front of your house at five minutes to six," he said. "I'll pick you up, and we'll go right on."

"Isn't that a little early? It's only a five-hour drive, with one stop for gasoline, comfort, and maybe a cup of coffee."

"The earlier we start the better," Shag said. "I've always believed that."

"Are they expecting you at ten in the morning?"

"Well, don't argue," Shag said. "Don't argue about *everything*. Just be in front of your house in your best suit at five minutes to six, and I'll pick you up."

"How long will we be gone?"

"Well, we don't know yet. These people want to see if I pass the inspection. If I do, *that* will be *that*, and we'll come right back. If I don't, we'll come back the next day. If you ask me, I think they're going to have a very pleasant little surprise for themselves. I suppose they think we're country people. I don't suppose they expect to see somebody like me, in the kind of clothes I wear, driving a Cadillac."

"OK, I'll be standing there."

"A white shirt, a tie, and shine your



*big shag the armenian had learned  
all the rules—he would  
show them how a gentleman acts  
when he meets a real lady*

shoes. And when we get up there and go into their house, don't all of a sudden say, 'I'm so hungry I could eat a horse,' or hint around that you want them to give us lunch. I think they'll give us lunch anyway."

"OK."

"And if any of their women—besides the boy, I think they've got two daughters—are beautiful, just compliment them in a nice way, and if they like it and start flirting, flirt back, but *politely*."

"OK."

"I don't like the idea of driving two hundred miles to have some people I don't know inspect me, but what are you going to do (continued on page 187)



## THE VISITOR

(continued from page 82)

by itself if I can help it, however pure it may be. Plain water has no flavor at all. I take it, of course, as tea or as coffee, but even then I try to arrange for bottled Vichy or Malvern to be used in the preparation. I avoid tap water. Tap water is diabolical stuff. Often it is nothing more nor less than reclaimed sewage.

"Soon this water will be boiled away in steam," the proprietor said, grinning at me with green teeth.

I lifted the kettle myself and poured the contents into my canister.

Back in the shop, I bought six oranges, a small watermelon and a slab of well-wrapped English chocolate. Then I returned to the Lagonda. Now at last I was away.

A few minutes later, I had crossed the sliding bridge that went over the Suez Canal just above Lake Timsah, and ahead of me lay the flat blazing desert and the little tarmac road stretching out before me like a black ribbon all the way to the horizon. I settled the Lagonda down to the usual steady 65 miles an hour, and I opened the windows wide. The air that came in was like the breath of an oven. The time was almost noon, and the sun was throwing its heat directly onto the roof of the car. My thermometer inside registered 103 degrees. But as you know, a touch of warmth never bothers me so long as I am sitting still and am wearing suitable clothes—in this case a pair of cream-colored linen slacks, a white aertex shirt, and a spider's-silk tie of the most lovely rich moss green. I felt perfectly comfortable and at peace with the world.

I had so far met not a single vehicle nor seen a living creature since leaving Ismailia an hour ago. This pleased me. Sinai was authentic desert. I pulled up on the side of the road, and switched off the engine. I was thirsty, so I ate an orange. Then I put my white topee on my head, and eased myself slowly out of the car, out of my comfortable hermit-crab shell and into the sunlight. For a full minute I stood motionless in the middle of the road, blinking at the brilliance of the surroundings.

There was a blazing sun, a vast hot sky, and beneath it all on every side a great pale sea of yellow sand that was not quite of this world. There were mountains now in the distance on the south side of the road, bare, pale-brown, Tanagra-colored mountains faintly glazed with blue and purple, that rose up suddenly out of the desert and faded away in a haze of heat against the sky. The stillness was overpowering. There was no sound at all, no voice of bird or insect anywhere, and it gave me a queer godlike feeling to be standing there alone in the middle of such a splendid,

hot, inhuman landscape—as though I were on another planet altogether, on Jupiter or Mars, or in some place more distant and desolate still, where never would the grass grow or the clouds turn red.

The more contented I am, the slower I drive. I drove quite slowly now, and it must have taken me nearly an hour more to reach Bir Rod Salim, the half-way station. It was a most unenticing place. On the left, there was a single gasoline pump and a wooden shack. On the right, there were three more shacks, each about the size of a potting shed. The rest was desert. There was not a soul in sight. The time was twenty minutes before two in the afternoon, and the temperature inside the car was 106 degrees.

What with the nonsense of getting the water boiled before leaving Ismailia, I had forgotten completely to fill up with gasoline before leaving, and my gauge was now registering slightly less than two gallons. I'd cut it rather fine—but no matter. I pulled in alongside the pump, and waited. Nobody appeared. I pressed the horn button, and the four tuned horns of the Lagonda shouted their wonderful "*Son gia mille e tre!*" across the desert. Nobody appeared. I pressed again. Mozart sounded magnificent in these surroundings. But still nobody appeared. The inhabitants of Bir Rod Salim didn't give a damn, it seemed, about my friend Don Giovanni and the 1003 women he had deflowered in Spain.

At last, after I had played the horns no less than six times, the door of the hut behind the gasoline pump opened and a tallish man emerged and stood on the threshold, doing up his buttons with both hands. He took his time over this, and not until he had finished did he glance up at the Lagonda. I looked back at him through my open window. I saw him take the first step in my direction . . . he took it very, very slowly . . . Then he took a second step . . .

My God! I thought at once. The spirochetes have got him!

He had the slow, wobbly walk, the loose-limbed, high-stepping gait of a man with locomotor ataxia. With each step he took, the front foot was raised high in the air before him and brought down violently to the ground, as though he were stamping on a dangerous insect.

I thought: *I had better get out of here. I had better start the motor and get the hell out of here before he reaches me.* But I knew I couldn't. I had to have the gasoline. I sat in the car staring at the awful creature as he came stamping laboriously over the sand. He must have had the revolting disease for years and years, otherwise it wouldn't have developed into ataxia. *Tabes dorsalis* they call

it in professional circles, and pathologically this means that the victim is suffering from degeneration of the posterior columns of the spinal cord. But ah my foes and oh my friends, it is really a lot worse than that; it is a slow and merciless consuming of the actual nerve fibers of the body by syphilitic toxins.

The man—the Arab, I shall call him—came right up to the door on my side of the car and peered in through the open window. I leaned away from him, praying that he would come not an inch closer. Without a doubt, he was one of the most blighted humans I had ever seen. His face had the eroded, eaten-away look of an old wood carving when the worm has been at it, and the sight of it made me wonder how many other diseases the man was suffering from, besides syphilis.

"Salaam," he mumbled.

"Fill up the tank," I told him.

He didn't move. He was inspecting the interior of the Lagonda with great interest. A terrible feculent odor came wafting in from his direction.

"Come along!" I said sharply. "I want some gasoline!"

He looked at me and grinned. It was more of a leer than a grin, an insolent mocking leer that seemed to be saying, "I am the king of the gasoline pump at Bir Rod Salim! Touch me if you dare!" A fly had settled in the corner of one of his eyes. He made no attempt to brush it away.

"You want gasoline?" he said, taunting me.

I was about to swear at him, but I checked myself just in time, and answered politely, "Yes, please, I would be very grateful."

He watched me slyly for a few moments to be sure I wasn't mocking him, then he nodded as though satisfied now with my behavior. He turned away and started slowly toward the rear of the car. I reached into the door pocket for my bottle of Glenmorangie. I poured myself a stiff one, and sat sipping it. That man's face had been within a yard of my own; his fetid breath had come pouring into the car . . . and who knows how many billions of airborne viruses might not have come pouring in with it? On such an occasion it is a fine thing to sterilize the mouth and throat with a drop of Highland whisky. The whisky is also a solace. I emptied the glass, and poured myself another. Soon I began to feel less alarmed. I noticed the watermelon lying on the seat beside me. I decided that a slice of it at this moment would be refreshing. I took my knife from its case and cut out a thick section. Then, with the point of the knife, carefully picked out all the black seeds, using the rest of the melon as a receptacle.

I sat drinking the whisky and eating the melon. Both were delicious.

(continued overleaf)





*"And this time, be more careful!"*



"Gasoline is done," the dreadful Arab said, appearing at the window. "I check water now, and oil."

I would have preferred him to keep his hands off the Lagonda altogether, but rather than risk an argument, I said nothing. He went clumping off toward the front of the car, and his walk reminded me of a drunken Hitler storm trooper doing the goose step in very slow motion.

*Tabes dorsalis*, as I live and breathe.

The only other disease to induce that queer high-stepping gait is chronic beriberi. Well—he probably had that one, too. I cut myself another slice of watermelon, and concentrated for a minute or so on taking out the seeds with the knife. When I looked up again, I saw that the Arab had raised the bonnet of the car on the right-hand side, and was bending over the engine. His head and shoulders were out of sight, and so were his hands and arms. What on earth was the man doing? The oil dipstick was on the other side. I rapped on the windshield. He seemed not to hear me. I put my head out of the window and shouted, "Hey! Come out of there!"

Slowly, he straightened up, and as he drew his right arm out of the bowels of the engine, I saw that he was holding in his fingers something that was long and black and curly and very thin.

Good God! I thought. *He's found a snake in there!*

He came round to the window, grinning at me and holding the object out for me to see; and only then, as I got a closer look, did I realize that it was not a snake at all—it was the fan belt of my Lagonda!

All the awful implications of suddenly being stranded in this outlandish place with this disgusting man came flooding over me as I sat there staring dumbly at my broken fan belt.

"You can see," the Arab was saying, "it was hanging on by a single thread. A good thing I noticed it."

I took it from him and examined it closely. "You cut it!" I cried.

"Cut it?" he answered softly. "Why should I cut it?"

To be perfectly honest, it was impossible for me to judge whether he had or had not cut it. If he had, then he had also taken the trouble to fray the severed ends with some instrument to make it look like an ordinary break. Even so, my guess was that he *had* cut it, and if I was right, then the implications were more sinister than ever.

"I suppose you know I can't go on without a fan belt?" I said.

He grinned again with that awful mutilated mouth, showing ulcerated gums. "If you go on now," he said, "you will boil over in three minutes."

"So what do you suggest?"

"I shall get you another fan belt."

"You will?"

"Of course. There is a telephone here, and if you will pay for the call, I will telephone to Ismailia. And if they haven't got one in Ismailia, I will telephone to Cairo. There is no problem."

"No problem!" I shouted, getting out of the car. "And when, pray, do you think the fan belt is going to arrive in this ghastly place?"

"There is a mail truck comes through every morning about ten o'clock. You would have it tomorrow."

The man had all the answers. He never even had to think before replying.

*This bastard, I thought, has cut fan belts before.*

I was very alert now, and watching him closely.

"They will not have a fan belt for a machine of this make in Ismailia," I said. "It would have to come from the agents in Cairo. I will telephone them myself." The fact that there was a telephone gave me some comfort. The telephone poles had followed the road all the way across the desert, and I could see the two wires leading into the hut from the nearest pole. "I will ask the agents in Cairo to set out immediately for this place in a special vehicle," I said.

The Arab looked along the road toward Cairo, some 200 miles away. "Who is going to drive six hours here and six hours back to bring a fan belt?" he said. "The mail will be just as quick."

"Show me the telephone," I said, starting toward the hut. Then a nasty thought struck me, and I stopped.

How could I possibly use this man's contaminated instrument? The earpiece would have to be pressed against my ear, and the mouthpiece would almost certainly touch my mouth; and I didn't give a damn what the doctors said about the impossibility of catching syphilis from remote contact. A syphilitic mouthpiece was a syphilitic mouthpiece, and you wouldn't catch *me* putting it anywhere near *my* lips, thank you very much. I wouldn't even enter his hut.

I stood there in the sizzling heat of the afternoon and looked at the Arab with his ghastly diseased face, and the Arab looked back at me, as cool and unruffled as you please.

"You want the telephone?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Can you read English?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well. I shall write down for you the name of the agents and the name of this car, and also my own name. They know me there. You will then tell them what is wanted. And listen . . . tell them to dispatch a special car immediately at my expense. I will pay them well. And if they won't do that, tell them they *have* to get the fan belt to Ismailia in time to catch the mail truck. You understand?"

"There is no problem," the Arab said.

So I wrote down what was necessary on a piece of paper and gave it to him. He walked away with the slow, stamping

tread toward the hut, and disappeared inside. I closed the bonnet of the car. Then I went back and sat in the driver's seat to think things out.

I poured myself another whisky, and lit a cigarette. There must be *some* traffic on this road. Somebody would surely come along before nightfall. But would that help me? No, it wouldn't—unless I were prepared to hitch a ride and leave the Lagonda and all my baggage behind to the tender mercies of the Arab. Was I prepared to do that? I didn't know. Probably yes. But if I were forced to stay the night, I would lock myself in the car and try to keep awake as much as possible. On no account would I enter the shack where that creature lived. Nor would I touch his food. I had whisky and water, and I had half a watermelon and a slab of chocolate. That was ample.

The heat was pretty bad. The thermometer in the car was still around 104 degrees. It was hotter outside in the sun. I was perspiring freely. My God, what a place to get stranded in! And what a companion!

After about 15 minutes, the Arab came out of the hut. I watched him all the way to the car.

"I talked to garage in Cairo," he said, pushing his face in through the window. "Fan belt will arrive tomorrow by mail truck. Everything arranged."

"Did you ask them about sending it at once?"

"They said impossible," he answered.

"You're sure you asked them?"

He inclined his head to one side and gave me that sly, insolent grin. I turned away and waited for him to go. He stayed where he was. "We have house for visitors," he said. "You can sleep there very nice. My wife will make food, but you will have to pay."

"Who else is here besides you and your wife?"

"Another man," he said. He waved an arm in the direction of the three shacks across the road, and I turned and saw a man standing in the doorway of the middle shack, a short, wide man who was dressed in dirty khaki slacks and shirt. He was standing absolutely motionless in the shadow of the doorway, his arms dangling at his sides. He was looking at me.

"Who is he?" I said.

"Saleh."

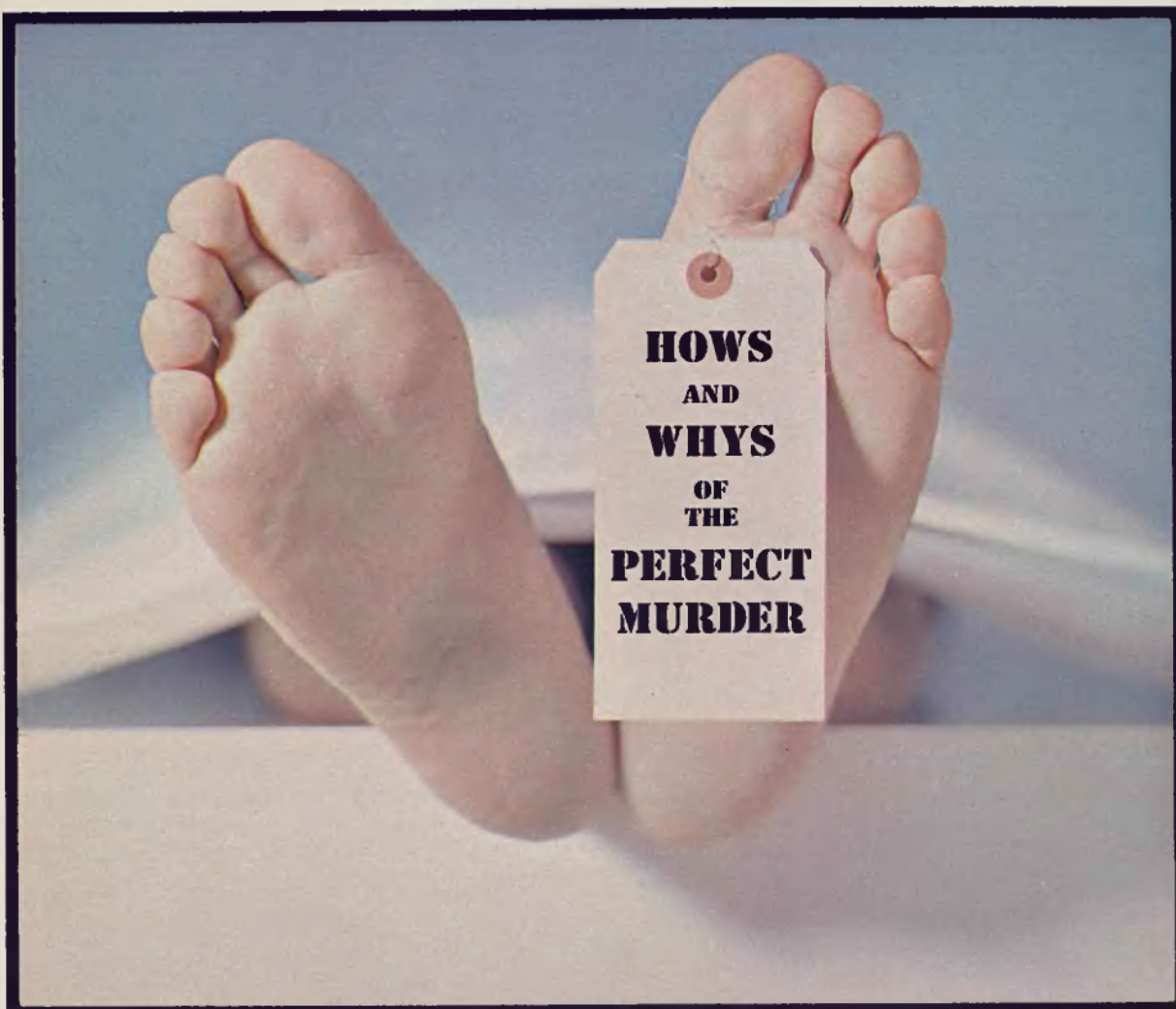
"What does he do?"

"He helps."

"I will sleep in the car," I said. "And it will not be necessary for your wife to prepare food. I have my own." The Arab shrugged and turned away and started back toward the shack where the telephone was. I stayed in the car. What else could I do? It was just after 2:30. In

(continued on page 154)





*the anatomy of certain arcane, unsolved homicides and a selection of undetectable avenues of dispatch*  
article **BY MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM**

BY THE TIME you are 18 you have probably spoken at least 60,000,000 words, says Dr. Paul L. Soper of the University of North Carolina. Surely among them will be these universal six:

"Someone ought to kill that sonofabitch."

Everyone has thought it, said it, and probably even acted out a tentative little psychodrama toward its fulfillment. You don't need a violent temper and great provocation to transform the "someone" into "I." No one could have been gentler and had a greater appreciation of life than James Agee, author of the classic *A Death in the Family*. When he was 26, Agee was in the middle of a continuing correspondence with Father Flye, his former English teacher at St. Andrew's.

"I have thought how interesting and serviceable it would be," wrote Agee, "to organize a group of terrorists; say 600 young men who don't care especially for their lives: to pair them off to trail the 300 key sonsofbitches of the earth . . . and exactly a year from then, at just the same hour all over the world, to ring up the assassinations . . ."

Women have the need, too. The English writer Mrs. Friniwyd Tennyson Jesse, who edited the "British Notable Trial" book series, once summed it up incisively: "We must admit that most of us would have committed at least one murder had we known we could go absolutely free from detection."

Agee never did organize his elite corps of assassins, but thousands of his contemporaries were doing their own work directly: Most murders in the U. S. are committed by men under 30. These come to about 8500 a year—about one every hour—which is a great slowdown from the 12,000 a year we used to tote up in the murderous Thirties when we had 50,000,000 fewer people.

The sonsofbitches are much safer in England, where the murder rate is only a tenth of ours. New York has a murder a day; London has one only every two weeks. Paris is more like home: Until quite recently it had two murders a day. Bloody passions run higher as you move toward the Equator. In Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi and Tennessee, the criminal homicide rate is 12 times higher than in the New England states.

*Home, Sweet Homicide* ran an archly cute but statistically accurate whodunit title a few years ago. Women kill most often in the kitchen but are killed usually in the bedroom, according to a study by University of Pennsylvania criminologist Marvin E. Wolfgang. Men, however, kill and are killed most often in the street. Usually, men who kill are younger than those they kill. Women most often kill their husbands, lovers or infants.

The weapons used are almost always the terribly obvious: guns or knives or rocks. But firearms are far more popular with white killers (continued on page 126)



# POETRY FOR MODERNS *a tongue-in-cheek updating of yesteryear's familiar verses*

IF YOU'RE WONDERING where poetry is headed these days, the answer is from bad to verse. Blame for the gloomy state of modern poesy should not be heaped on modern bards—many members of the wastelanded gentry could still make it with the muse if given half a chance. No, the real trouble is this: The function of the poet is to romanticize life—and in our atomic age there is just not one hell of a lot left in life to romanticize about. Not even a first-rate layman can get very many flights of poetic fancy off the ground when his themes involve civilization, or lack of it, in the Sixties. As proof thereof, consider what might result if some of the celebrated poets of the past were plying their craft today. **humor By JACK SHARKEY**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLY NEIBART



OMAR KHAYYAM

*A book of Green Stamps underneath the el,  
Some protein bread, a glass of Metrecal, and gel-  
Atin dissolved in juice to save my nails,  
And gleaming bars on hygienic jails.*



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

*How do I love thee? Let me compute the ways—  
I'll feed the data into my chrome-plated IBM machine  
And pweet, phwoop, tweetle-oop, tweetle-ump, blat, ping—!*



EDGAR ALLAN POE

*Once upon a midnight dreary,  
As I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
As I nodded, nearly napping,  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of someone gently rapping, rapping on my chamber door.  
'Twas my Carter's Pills (de-livered), from the local  
merchant's store.  
"Take three weeks, then nothing more."*



LEWIS CARROLL

*"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
"And your hair has become very white;  
Haven't you heard about Miss Clairol?"*



JOHN MILTON

*When I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
My friends insist it's due to mental fallacies,  
Easily cured by a few competent psychoanalyses.*



CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE

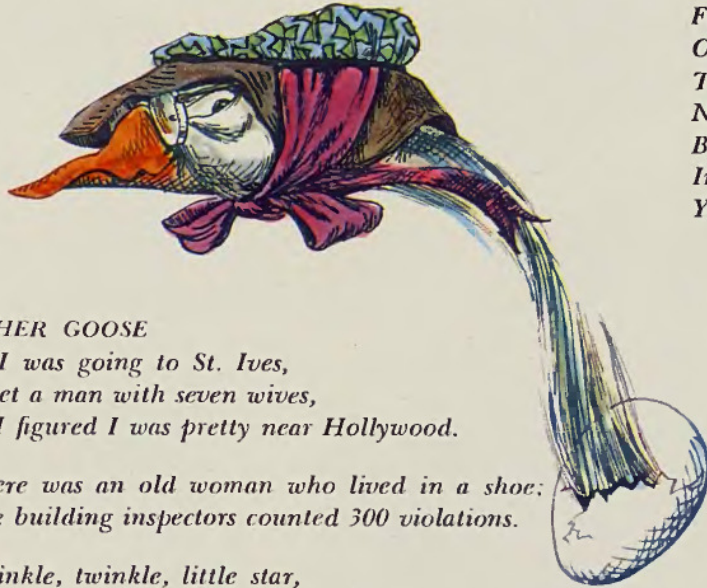
*'Twas the night before Christmas,  
When all through the house,  
Not a creature was solvent,  
Thanks to advertising pressures from Madison Avenue.*





EDWARD LEAR

*The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat.  
The S.P.C.A.'ll  
Have their owner in jail  
Before they're ten minutes afloat.*



MOTHER GOOSE

*As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives,  
So I figured I was pretty near Hollywood.*

*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;  
The building inspectors counted 300 violations.*

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder where you are.  
You can't be seen with the naked eye,  
Since Sputnik, Explorer, Discoverer, Vanguard,  
Midas, Transit, Greb, Echo, Courier, Tiros and all those  
astronauts started passing by.*

*The king was in the countinghouse, floating a foreign loan,  
The queen was in the kitchen, using Comet on a stain,  
The maid was picketing the palace for higher wages;  
Along came the neutron bomb, then silence, peace and  
high-roentgen rain.*

*Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean.  
A real sweet pair of neurotics.*

*Jack and Jill went over the hill.  
Universal military training will never be popular.*

*Seesaw, Marjorie Daw, Jack shall have a new master.  
That's what he gets for not buying Savings Bonds or  
supporting Radio Free Europe.*



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*First to thine own self be true; thou canst not  
Then write a single  
Commercial jingle.*

*Friends, Romans, countrymen—We interrupt this  
telecast to bring you a special news bulletin—*

*But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?  
Is Juliet watching the late-late show again?*

*Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious  
summer by central heating.*

*Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
You think maybe it's the fallout?*



JOYCE KILMER

*I think that I shall never see  
A snowless show on my TV,  
Because of trees whose boughs impinge  
Upon reception in this fringe.*



ROBERT BURNS

*Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us!  
Thus all the TV stars lamented,  
Till program taping was invented.*



# stella by starlight



*playboy revisits an erstwhile playmate who has risen to stardom in hollywood's heavens*

STELLA STEVENS, one of Hollywood's fastest rising stars, has the rare distinction of being the only erstwhile Playmate (January 1960) whose cinematic career reached its turning point *during* rather than after the unveiling of her centerfold charms. Since that fateful day, when PLAYBOY's lensmen stopped shooting long enough for Stella to answer her telephone and accept the part of Appassionata von Climax in the film version of *Li'l Abner*, her status as a screen siren has been secure. Yielding to producers' efforts to typecast her as a blonde bombshell, à la Playmates Mansfield and Monroe, Stella has given her appealing all, opposite such diverse leading men as Glenn Ford, Jerry Lewis and Elvis Presley ("The sexy parts always attract more attention"), but now she is playing roles which call upon the full range of her dramatic talents (*Synanon* and *The Secret of My Success*) and has signed a five-picture contract with Columbia.









*Stella's Playmate pose (above) touched off a series of sermons against nudity by a local preacher in her home town of Memphis. "I may not have gone over too well with the Tennessee Baptists," muses centerfolddom's most recent cinematic sex symbol, "but it certainly didn't hurt my career any. The important thing is to be singled out. That's next door to being loved. I think I can make it big if I really work at it. After all, Stella does mean star."*









An outspoken critic of conformity, Stella once refused an offer of free plane fare to Hollywood from a major-film-studio exec because "too many people are always looking for the free ride in life." A bride, mother and divorcee, all before the tender age of 18, she now alternates a busy shooting schedule at Columbia and a hectic home life that embraces one "terribly bright" son, a "frenetic" housekeeper, and two neurotic pet spaniels "who think they're really people." On her career: "I dislike the idea of setting goals for myself. Perhaps I'm just basically lazy, but I refuse to look at a career as some sort of life plan. I prefer to play things by ear, and do the best job I can with each new role." On nudity: "I think the people who condemn it the most are probably the least psychologically fit to make judgments about anything." On sex: "The more the better, both on and off the



screen. Our society is slowly pulling away from the old puritanical ties, and **PLAYBOY** has undoubtedly been a major force in this sexual evolution. I'm proud of being associated with the magazine." On the ideal man: "For me there's no such person as Mr. Right. Why waste time looking for someone who meets a bunch of rigid pre-established standards? It takes all the mystery out of life. When it comes to men, I prefer to be surprised." On children: "I'd like to have at least two more—preferably after I've remarried." On herself: "I guess you could call me a typical bohemian. I love to paint, write poetry, and, most important, live a life that's free to go in any direction."







# PERFECT MURDER (continued from page 117)

than with Negro, who depend on knives. Women, white and Negro, also are more apt to use knives and ice picks than men.

Why do these murders happen? Here statistics are available but quite unreliable, even meaningless. The Philadelphia Police Homicide Squad, points out Dr. Wolfgang, "is well aware that most underlying 'causes' and unconscious motivations usually lie beyond the realm of necessary police investigation." In short, the tabloids can scream "PASSION MURDER" in Second Coming type, but the killing could just as well have been motivated "because she had thick legs." At least, that was the original motive given by Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the 19th Century English art critic and forger, when asked why he killed a woman friend.

In his investigation of Philadelphia murders, Dr. Wolfgang found that 36 percent of the cases resulted from an altercation of "relatively trivial origin": Someone used the wrong word and forgot to smile. About 14 percent of the murders stemmed from a husband-and-wife argument. Jealousy followed next (11 percent), and then fights over money (10 percent). Revenge accounted for 5 percent. Murder resulting from the commission of another crime is comparatively minor. Robberies leading to murder accounted for 8 percent. Curiously, this figure is just as low in England.

The categories are too tight to cover all cases such as the great American classic: the murder of Grace Brown by Chester Gillette at Big Moose Lake in the Adirondacks in 1906. Of course, you know it better in the fictional mold Theodore Dreiser gave it in *An American Tragedy*. In the novel, you will recall, Clyde Griffiths lets his pregnant girlfriend, Roberta Alden, drown because he wants to marry the boss' daughter, Sondra Finchley. Nice, clear, understandable motive, well suited to a less sophisticated age. We're trickier today.

Some 150 miles southwest of Big Moose Lake is Elmira, New York. Here on May 23, 1953, an 18-year-old college freshman stabbed his father while he slept next to the boy's mother. He returned to his dormitory at Hobart College. A few days later he confessed. Why did he kill his father? The lad was a homosexual and his father had taunted him about being a sissy. As yet, there's no official police category for this motive.

The murder rate is remarkably low, considering that nearly all of us at one time or another have strong motives for homicide. "If wishes were horses they would pull the hearses of our dearest friends and nearest relatives," says Dr. John M. Macdonald, Chief of Forensic Psychiatry at the University of Colorado

School of Medicine. "All men are murderers at heart."

"Other sinnes onley speake; Murther shriekes out," proclaims a character in the Elizabethan drama *The Duchess of Malfi*. This is standard copybook maxim from the Bible, Chaucer and Shakespeare onward. It is firm, comforting—and nonsense. Murder most often will not out. Worse, most often we don't even know it has taken place.

The official line, as expressed by an administrative officer of the United States Courts recently, was that a murderer's chances of being caught are 95 out of every 100. He came to this reassuring conclusion by depending on the standard evasion of police bureaucracy: They say 95 percent of all murders result in an arrest. (Still, most of Chicago's nearly 1000 gangland murders have not been "solved" even by arrest.)

As you might suspect, there's a great gap between arrest and conviction for murder. Fewer than 60 percent of those arrested for murder are convicted and sentenced in an average year in the U. S. So that right there we have 3200 murders a year for which there is no conviction. Perfect murders, in effect. But there's worse to come.

Dr. Henry W. Turkel, the San Francisco Coroner, conducted an investigation that should have made many local doctors feel miserably incompetent. In 100 cases he undertook postmortem investigations and found that the cause of death ascribed by the attending physician was wrong nearly half the time. Then he went on to a larger series of 400 cases. From these he selected 232 deaths in which he ordinarily would have accepted the evidence of the dead person's known history of illness and the external examination of the body. Instead, Coroner Turkel treated these 232 deaths as if he had some reason to suspect the given cause. The careful postmortems on each of these 232 deaths brought forth the fact that at least eight of them were due to some kind of hidden violence. Eight out of 232 means that 3.4 percent of all normally unsuspecting deaths might well be due to murder. In any given year this could easily be more than 25,000 perfect murders, or three times the known murders. In short, not only are most murders never solved, but there's a strong suspicion most murders are never detected.

Hans von Hentig, one of the world's great criminologists, believes "the murderer is to be encountered 80 percent in free life, 15 percent in mental institutions and at most 5 percent in prisons—and this 5 percent represents a maximum."

Even this 5 percent who are caught and sentenced, Von Hentig points out,

would be much, much smaller "if so many murderers having been undetected on former occasions did not grow success drunk and overconfident. If actually 'murder will out,' it probably does so only on the second or third time."

Few of our institutions of social control stand in the way of the perfect murderer. One of them is a new Manhattan six-story building, the finest and most modernly equipped medical examiner's center in the world. On the black-marble wall of the lobby is a somber motto in three-inch aluminum letters in Latin. "Let conversation cease," runs the translation. "Let laughter flee. This place is where death delights to help the living." Boss of the building is Dr. Milton Helpern, New York's Chief Medical Examiner, generally considered one of the world's great authorities in the determination of the causes of sudden, unexpected, suspicious and violent deaths.

"I think we do a careful, diligent job here," he told me, "yet I know we still miss a few every year. But we do turn up at least 300 violent deaths a year that would have ordinarily been missed by the average doctor." Dr. Helpern's staff screens 86,000 deaths a year. Of these, they closely investigate 23,000 and that, in turn, leads to 6500 autopsies.

"Many autopsies elsewhere," he said, "are routine body-opening procedures. A good autopsy by a careful well-trained man—and there aren't a hundred men in the country who can do a really professional autopsy—should take a minimum of an hour; many will run four to five hours. And even then it's damned easy to miss something. Worse, you don't even know you're missing it, no matter how good you are. Unfortunately, there are a lot of men in this field who will still label a case homicide only if there's an obvious gunshot wound or a stab. God knows how many cases of secret homicide are missed."

Most of our coroners and medical examiners are not nearly as diligent as Dr. Helpern and his staff. In fact, in 41 states these officials are not even required to be doctors. If qualified doctor-coroners miss so many cases of murder, then unqualified politician-coroners are surely going to miss many, many more. They do. Consider the Kentucky case in which the body of a man was found lying face up on his bedroom floor. The untrained coroner took a quick look from the doorway and said heart failure. After he left, the undertaker turned the body over. Between the shoulder blades was a knife.

. . .

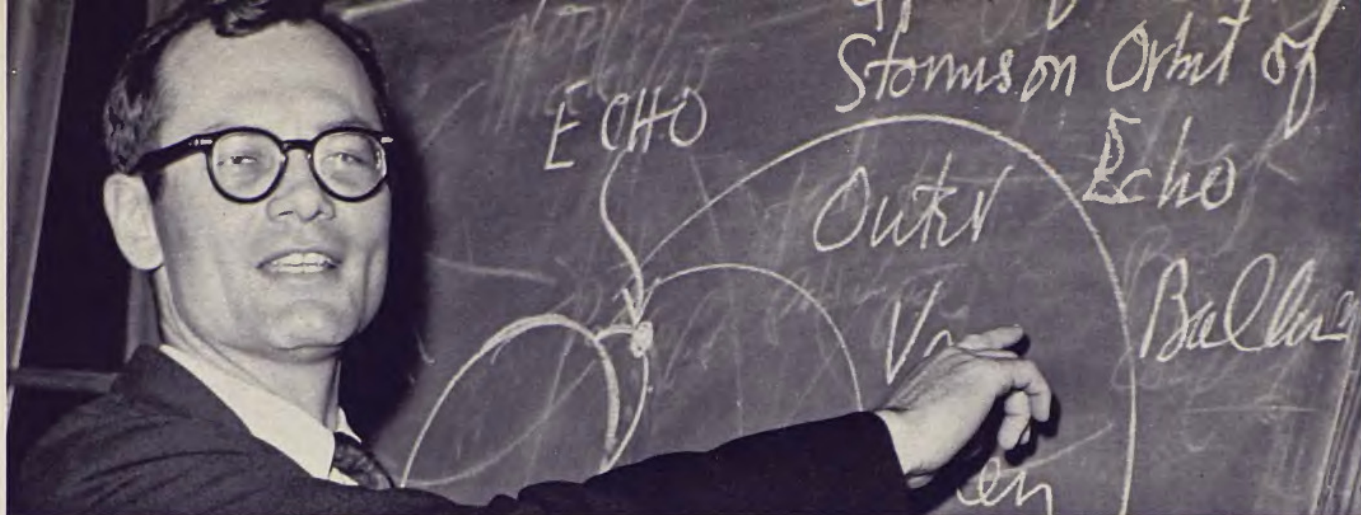
When I started thinking of the perfect murder I first went back to the dandy methods devised by murder mystery writers. Just by sampling a few dozen  
(continued on page 196)





*"Oh, I almost forgot. Leave an additional pint of cream today."*





## ROBERT JASTROW *far-out physicist*

UNCLE SAM HAS PROMISED the world that our astronauts will be on the moon before 1970. It is largely up to scientists such as Dr. Robert Jastrow to see that they get there on time. Formerly the chief theoretical physicist for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and now director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies, Jastrow—and his associates—must master the complex and still unproved physical laws of outer space before the first lunar flight. A theoretical physicist has two jobs: The first is to construct theories or speculations on energy and matter which help explain the structure of the universe. The second, according to Jastrow, is to "work like hell." A Ph. D. at 22, he has done plenty of both. He currently directs the efforts of some of the greatest basic research scientists in America, who periodically forgather at Goddard. A bachelor and accomplished skier, the 40-year-old Bronx-born scientist also holds an adjunct professor's chair at Columbia, where he instructs on the physics of the upper atmosphere. His primary interest is the moon, which he calls "the Rosetta stone of the universe," and the probable key to solving the riddle of the birth of our planet. It is not good scientific form to dwell in public on the "space race" between the U.S. and Russia, and Jastrow follows the rules. But he did pull off a classic ploy in astrophysical one-upmanship not long ago when former Soviet premier Khrushchev accused the U.S. of hiding and refusing to give back a Sputnik that supposedly crashed in Alaska. Using data from the Sputnik's last-known radar position, Jastrow calculated the final orbit of the dying satellite and later presented a paper in Moscow telling the Russians where they could find it—in Soviet-held Mongolia. Indeed, there it was.

J. BARRY O'ROURKE

## FRANK GALLO *away from the trash heap*

THE IRONCLAD RULE among American sculptors today is to break all the rules of sculpture. On this ground, Frank Gallo, a 31-year-old *émigré* from the wastelands of Toledo, Ohio, is strictly a conformist. His waxy nudes, composed of polyester resin reinforced by fiberglass, melt unctuously into vacuous backgrounds—and emerge seemingly as impermanent as a bar of soap, sporting the bland and unbeguiling look of fugitives from Madame Tussaud's museum. His success has been formidable. Casts of Gallo's now-famed *Girl in Sling Chair* have been sold three times at \$3500 apiece (to the Museum of Modern Art, to PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, and to an unnamed philanthropist who is paying for her in installments while she waits patiently in the window of a Chicago art gallery). Gallo, who earned his B.F.A. at the University of Toledo and his M.F.A. at the State University of Iowa, completely controls his total production and is unique among contemporary sculptors in that he makes and finishes each cast of a work himself. The finished figures possess the aura of *art nouveau* innocence, sly decadence and a sensuality of surface unlike any other currently seen. Gallo, who produced *Girl* and several hundred other sculptures of the human female in a drafty barn behind his home in Urbana, Illinois, is lanky, rumped, married, the father of a small son, a hat wearer at work and a foe of New York cocktail parties ("I'm moving to Maine to escape the dry martini"). His *Weltanschauung*: "I'd like to bring sculpture away from the contemporary trash heap and back to the masters where it rightly belongs."





## JOHN LINDSAY *he'd rather be president*

THE SPOKESMAN in the U. S. House of Representatives for 382,320 people who populate its most famed Congressional district is a handsome, liberal, 43-year-old Republican named John Vliet Lindsay. His bailiwick is Manhattan Island's "Silk Stocking" district, bounded on the south by Greenwich Village, on the north by Spanish Harlem and including, in between, Park Avenue and millionaires' row on the Upper East Side. Elected to a fourth term, despite a Democratic sweep of his state, Lindsay remains a maverick; he has voted against his own party as often as he has voted with it. He believes in Medicare, aid to Appalachia, NATO, the UN, and the political philosophy of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He opposes isolation, cartels, the John Birch Society, Barry Goldwater, and other hallmarks of right-wing Republicanism. Indeed, he refused to support Goldwater in his Presidential campaign last year and was a leading participant in the fight to reapportion seats in the House. His rewards for this unusual behavior have been meager: In six years as a Congressman, he has been appointed to few important committee posts, while legislation he introduces rarely gets out of committee hearings. Yet he is quite possibly the most exciting politician the Republicans have unearthed in New York City since Fiorello LaGuardia, and is consistently mentioned by his party as its next candidate for mayor, for governor and (eventually, he hopes) for the Presidency. He is a married man, has four children, lives quietly in New York and Washington; yet his campaign headquarters last fall smelled as sweet as a harem, with a dozen pretty volunteers stationed at typewriters and telephones. He is a man in the middle, caught between the pressures of his own party and his own predilections, often closely identified with the enemy camp. Why, with his particular point of view, is Lindsay a Republican? "Because ninety-nine percent of my classmates at Yale Law were Democrats," he says, tongue firmly in cheek.

ON  
THE  
SCENE





"As long as you're up,  
darling, get me my pants."

Vargas





## the invisible lover



### Ribald Classic a 15th Century Florentine tale

COUNT VESTIGGIO of Firenze was a maker of practical jokes, one who lived for the cackle of laughter that rested like ants upon bars surrounding piazzas. In addition, it is presented here that the count was more consumed with japery than with his performance in quilt—to the dismay of his countess, Gianina the fair.

The mark of many of Vestiggio's cruel arrows of jest was an honest stonemason, Calandruccio, a man handsome and virile, but surely not wise. Thus he readily succumbed to the sport of the count.

Now, this gave some discomfort to Gianina, who had observed her husband at play with the wits of the simple stonemason, and who wished more time were spent by the count jousting in her chambers and less jesting in *trattorias*. Accordingly, she resolved to bring this foolish thing to a halt—and she thought of Calandruccio. Why could not this simple man provide an amiable means to satisfy her end?

One afternoon she overheard the count and his loafers discuss a plot designed to fraudulently convince Calandruccio that he was invisible. Then, utilizing the duplicity for which women have long been renowned, she hurried to the home of the stonemason and spoke to him firmly.

"Calandruccio, long has it been my will to bed with you; yet, alas, I have concealed my desires, for I fear that clown in bedroom and bar, my husband, might somehow uncover our prancings. But just now have I learned that we may yet take our pleasure, sans fear, if you act with restraint and with guile."

"Ah," replied the stonemason, boggle-eyed with incredulity, "tell me more, *mia contessa*."

"My husband and his foolish friends have learned of a rare stone that makes him who finds it as invisible as air. And I have word that they may soon invite you to join them in search of this stone. When they do this, accompany them and look most diligently. Then, if you find it, proceed directly to my house. I shall await you."

Soon came the day when Count Vestiggio and his fellow buffoons told the ever-receptive Calandruccio of stones unique—and native to the plain of Mongone—strong in the sorcerous power of invisibility. The simple fellow agreed to join the schemers' quest and all set out together.

Now, after they had been at this for some time, the stonemason picked up a small rock and spoke to the rest: "Gentlemen, could this be one of those of which you spoke?"

"What's this?" cried the count, mock incredulity stamped upon his face, as though implanted there by the hoof of an ass. "I hear the voice of Calandruccio, yet I see not the scamp!"

"I am here!" replied the poor fellow, in all honesty, confused.

"It need be the heat," cried the count. "Either it blinds the eye—or dupes the ear!"

"But no," said one of his scamps. "Perhaps the knave has really uncovered the stone of invisibility."

At this, Calandruccio, convinced, ran swiftly from the scene, with the count and his friends in leisurely pursuit, jesting the while of how the stonemason had once again played the role of a fool.

But Calandruccio, intent upon his ways, soon made to the house of Vestiggio, and there leapt with alacrity upon the bed of the countess. In this situation, but now somewhat spent, they were interrupted by the count and his cohorts, still laughing boisterously of how they had duped the poor stonemason into believing himself invisible.

"But what's here?" thundered Vestiggio, observing his spouse in the limp embrace of the simpleton.

Calandruccio, alarmed and believing his invisibility had suddenly disappeared, leapt from the bed and fled. But the countess merely yawned and, with a treacherous smile, looked upon her mate.

"I need had to go along with him, my husband," she said. "For, after all, I dared not spoil your joke. *Scusi*."

—Retold by Paul J. Gillette





## CLASSIC REVIVAL (continued from page 84)

*de grande luxe* for two people, its tiny cabin atop the long wheelbase giving it something of the air of a Louis Quatorze sedan chair carried on poles long enough for four bearers fore and aft. I owned one, and regret selling it. I owned a T-head Mercer, too, and a Packard double-cowl touring car, and I would like all of them back. It cannot be done. However, though there be small hope for me, there is hope for you, if you pine for a coffin-nosed Cord, or a Duesenberg, or the SSK Mercedes-Benz of the 1930s, for plans to make replicas of these cars, varying in precision from case to case, are afoot.

The Duesenberg project is the most ambitious, which is fitting, since the Duesenberg was among the most notable of American motorcars. The company's life was short, and few Duesenbergs were built, only about 470 of the Model J and SJ cars on which the legend is based. The car was expensive, from \$14,750 to \$25,000. It was big, and not by present standards an easy car to handle. Driving one now, one notices a "trucky" feeling at low speeds: The steering, the clutch, the brakes are heavier than custom today will tolerate, and the car seems very big indeed. All this fades away on the high side of 50 miles an hour, coming into what is after all the country in which the Duesenberg was meant to live. As a limousine it hadn't quite the degree of hushed mechanical refinement that marked the great Rolls-Royces that were its contemporaries, although the detail and luxury of its coachwork equaled anything on the road, and surpassed most. But the Duesenberg was two things, the Rolls-Royce only one: Both cars made elegant town carriages, but the Duesenberg was a tiger on the open road as well. Its builders proposed to throw it into competition with the best European makes, Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, Hispano-Suiza, Isotta-Fraschini, Minerva, Bentley (nothing American was then its peer) and they succeeded so handsomely that to this day most people believe the Duesenberg was made in Germany.

The name, of course, is German; Fred and August Duesenberg were born in Germany, and comparison of the Duesenberg, particularly the SJ model, with the 540K Mercedes-Benz, another fast, luxurious, eight-cylinder supercharged automobile, is legitimate, but there the matter ends.

Fritz Duesenberg, August Duesenberg's son and Fred Duesenberg's nephew, is chairman of the board of the new Duesenberg company, and the first of the new cars will be in its owner's hands, if all goes well, one day in 1965, just short of 30 years after the last of the old ones was sold: November 1936. The two will look nothing like each other.

The new body is by Virgil Exner, former Chrysler vice-president, a major figure in automobile styling, and his son Virgil Exner, Jr. Final decisions had not been made when this was written, but the body will be, the Exners intend, massively impressive, elegant and carrying about it a slightly sporting air. Effort has been made to bring to it some design points, particularly in the front end, reminiscent of the classic car, but they are not many. (Exner has done this before; he showed a "modern" Mercer Raceabout at this year's Paris Salon.) A near copy would be difficult and impracticable in many ways. There was really no "standard" Duesenberg—bodies were made by many coachmakers: Rollston, Derham, Murphy, Willoughby, LeBaron, Judkins, Weymann, Walker, Holbrook, Brunn, Castagna, Hibbard & Darrin, Bohman & Schwartz, Dietrich, Locke, Fernandez. About 175 different bodies were built on the J chassis, and probably as many as 100 of them were unique—one of a kind.

Performance of the new Duesenberg must be surmised at the moment, since the essential factor, the power-to-weight ratio, hasn't been established. The car will weigh something around three tons and the engine will produce 400 to 500 horsepower. It will probably be a Lincoln engine, which is to say Ford, and 500 horsepower is well within reach. The old supercharged Duesenbergs, the SJ model—only 38 were made—had 325 horsepower and were guaranteed at 104 miles an hour in second, 130 in third. Performance of the new one should be comparable. If aluminum or fiberglass were used for the body, it would be quicker, but the decision has been taken to do it in steel, and in Italy. Nowhere else in the world today are there coachmakers who could undertake the assignment at anything approaching a feasible cost. As it is the car will cost about \$18,000, a startling figure at first glance, but reasonable in the present limited luxury-motorcar market: The standard Phantom V Rolls-Royce V-8 costs \$26,000 in London; the bottom of the line, the Silver Cloud model, \$15,445. The Ferrari 330 GT brings \$17,000-odd in the same market, and the British dealer sold six of them off the floor at the last London show. The new Duesenberg company's hope to sell 300 units the first year thus appears rational. The car is coming in a boom time, as did the old one, regularly priced at \$14,750 to \$17,500 with a few to individual order at \$20,000 and perhaps two at \$25,000. In 1935 \$17,000 was a great deal more money than \$18,000 is today.

Ettore Bugatti, a man who lived and thought on baronial levels, had a hotel near his plant in Molsheim in France for the convenience of customers who pre-

ferred to pick up their own cars rather than trust them even to factory delivery drivers. Duesenberg has adopted this notion and improved on it: There will be guesthouses on the factory grounds available to clients at no charge. (Sometimes Bugatti clients were given bills on checking out, sometimes not, depending upon the impression the great man had of them.)

Certainly the Duesenberg will be unique in the American market. Owners need not expect to meet another one in a good many thousands of miles of driving. If the first model, the sedan, has the somewhat sedate air inherent in that kind of body, still it will be luxurious, beautifully finished, extraordinarily satisfying; and the convertible model expected to appear perhaps in 1966 should be as spectacular as any *décapotable* France or Italy ever knew.

No one has much doubt that an exciting body will come off Exner's drawing board, and the engine poses no problem. There are half a dozen V-8s in Detroit that would do nicely. Knowledgeable engineers do have some reservations about the chassis. The design of a chassis from scratch is not as simple as it sounds; it is not just a matter of riveting up a steel framework and hanging engine bearers and four wheels on it. Inevitably, hundreds of unpredictable little problems arise; the debugging of a new chassis design is a frustrating and time-consuming business. Still, experience and the weight of money counts and Fred McManis, Jr., president of the company, has said that there is \$40,000,000 of Texas money in the vaults, and more where that came from. Paul Farago, a Chrysler veteran, is in charge of production, and Dale Cosper, ex-Studebaker, is chief engineer.

Brooks Stevens of Milwaukee, among the best-known and most versatile industrial designers in the country (he has done everything from trains to eggbeaters), has taken an easier road with his Excalibur SS: He is using the standard Studebaker Daytona chassis, the Chevrolet 327 engine and the Paxton supercharger, all time-proved components. His plans are less ambitious, too: He hopes to make 16 cars a month to sell for \$7000 with no intention of expanding production beyond that. Eight cars had been built, sold and delivered last January, putting Stevens and his son William, whose particular baby the project has been, well ahead of the field. Stevens has a second replica, a Bugatti, on the stocks for 1966.

Unlike the Duesenberg people, who have said that they want nothing to do with automobile buffs, that they intend making only a limited appeal to nostalgia, that they are creating a new car on an old name, Stevens is taking dead aim

(continued on page 150)





*"Lively little shrub, isn't it?"*



article *by*  
**Arthur Knight**  
and  
**Hollis Alpert**

*graduating from the nickelodeon to the local bijou, the movies began to attract a wider audience during the decade of 1910 to 1920—as well as the scrutiny of censors scandalized by its graphic depictions of the seamier, steamier side of sex*

*the*  
**HISTORY**  
*of*  
**SEX**  
*in*  
**CINEMA**

### *Part Two: Compounding the Sin*

THE REPRESENTATION of true love on America's silver screen was never more spiritual than the treacly version offered prior to the First World War. Simpering little girls with ribbons in their hair were constantly being led to the altar by upright young men who had just succeeded, generally by fisticuffs rather than mental agility, in foiling the mustachioed villain who dared to leer in her direction. Marriage invariably meant housekeeping and children, and the occasional male interloper who intruded upon this idyllic existence was promptly and righteously repudiated. More often, in that innocent age, it was *The Other Woman* who tried to break up a marriage; and the word coined to describe her was "vamp." High priestess of this sultry and exotic cult was a raven-haired, square-jawed beauty with great piercing dark eyes (she was extremely nearsighted), Theda Bara.

The young lady's real name was Theodosia Goodman, and she hailed from Cleveland, Ohio. Developing stage ambitions, she went to New York, where she applied for screen work with Frank Powell, a director for the William Fox producing company; and he selected her to play the leading role in *A Fool There Was*, made late in 1914. The

**SWANSON:** *One of the few girls to graduate from the ranks of Mack Sennett's surfside sorority of Keystone bathing beauties was a petite teenager named Gloria Swanson. Destined to become a reigning femme fatale of films, she was still a starlet in "The Pullman Bride" (1917), which found her, at left, cuddled by fat funnyman Mack Swain.*





movie was based on a then-current stage play inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem *The Vampire*, which in turn had been inspired by a Burne-Jones painting. It was the saga of a wanton who used all of her female wiles to lure respectable citizens from the bosom of their family to her own. For her, men were not merely playthings; they were creatures to be conquered, subdued into abject slavery to her every whim, and cast aside only after the final shred of self-respect had been stripped away. Typically vulpine is the ludicrous scene from *A Fool There Was* in which one of her victims threatens her with a pistol. Laughing scornfully, she beats away the weapon with a rose. The hapless wretch then uses it on himself—the pistol, not the rose—while his erstwhile mistress shrugs and strolls past his lifeless form. When the picture appeared in 1915, it was an immediate box-office sensation, and Theda Bara became famous overnight.

But the Circe who lured men to their doom had begun her evolution a bit earlier: The Danes claimed that they had invented vamps in 1910 and that they had dubbed their predatory femme fatales “vampires”—in Danish, of course. A star of these Danish films, Betty Nansen, actually went to California in 1915 to compete with the home-grown product. The American originator of the vampire woman was Alice Hollister, who played her with sanguinary relish in a film called, not coincidentally, *The Vampire* in 1913, and again in a similar scenery chewer, *The Destroyer*. Theda Bara, however, was said to represent “the whole art of vampirism,” and it is true that with her arrival the entire country became suddenly vampire-stricken in an understandable reaction to the cloyingly pure, eternally virginal Mary Pickfords, Lillian Gishes and Mae Marshes of the day, who were just too good to be true. American men, taught to protect Sis and worship Mom, had already developed a double



**IN HOT WATER:** Moralists and moviegoers worked up a lather over eye-opening scenes such as the one above, from “*A Man's World*” (1918), in which Mignon Craig disrobes for a dip; and, below, from De Mille’s “*Male and Female*” (1919), in which Gloria Swanson comes clean with the help of a handmaiden.







standard of womanhood, both of which were somewhat larger than life. On the one hand there was the "nice girl" father had married; and on the other, the knowing "woman of the world," the "bad girl" who might be bedded but never wedded. When they turned up on the screen, they were inevitably distorted still further, but at least the vamp could be enjoyed vicariously. Theda Bara provided deliciously illicit but socially acceptable titillation in no less than 40 films, most of them produced between 1915 and 1920.

Her screen name was the invention of Frank Powell, her first director—an exotic contraction of her own first name and the last name of one of her relatives, Barranger. Her screen image, however, was largely the creation of two canny publicity men, John Goldfrap and Al Selig, who assumed—apparently with some reason—that American men were nothing if not naïve. Her face they described as "the wickedest in the world, dark-brooding, beautiful and heartless." They let the newspapers in on the incidental intelligence that the letters of her name, rearranged, spelled out "Arab Death." They further claimed that she was born in the shadow of Egyptian pyramids, forbidden fruit of the sinful love of a French Algerian artist and an Arabian wench whose lineage could be traced all the way back to the Pharaohs. As a young girl, it was said, she had been entrusted to the care of desert nomads, from whom she was stolen by a troupe of murderous Arabian wrestlers. She was constantly being posed by Goldfrap and Selig in gossamer Eastern veils, peering into crystal balls, or hovering over skulls and bones. She was said to possess occult powers, and her past naturally included a litter of wrecked male hearts. Never before had a screen player been the subject of so intensive a build-up in the press, nor an off-screen character so patently contrived to coincide with an on-screen personality. Thus Theda Bara, though no great shakes as an actress, had at least the distinction of becoming the screen's first manufactured star.

It was a role she played to the tips of her mandarin fingernails. Stopping off in Chicago for some publicity interviews en route to Fox' new studio in Hollywood, she held court in a parlor of the Blackstone Hotel, a room redraped in red and black for the occasion, and pungent with the heavy aroma of burning incense. She turned up swathed in funereal garb, her face chalky white, her manner languid. After giving polite whispered answers to the awed reporters, and after the last was ushered from her presence, she was heard to gasp out, "Give me air!" and the windows of the room were flung wide open.

Vamp followers were soon following in her cloven footsteps. Valeska Suratt, a vamp on the stage, shrewdly transferred her predatory predilections to the screen. Another, Virginia Pearson, gotten up in much the same

**THE VAMP:** High priestess of Hollywood's home wreckers before World War I was the predatory vamp, exotically embodied by Theda Bara, working her wiles, at left, on a mesmerized Mark Antony (played by stage star Fritz Lieber) in the screen's first "Cleopatra."





**SKIN GAME:** In a scenic scene from "Man, Woman, Marriage" (above), an episodic early spectacle on the evolution of love, the Emperor Constantine (portrayed as an erotically enlightened despot by James Kirkwood) holds court over a coterie of adoring subjects. Below left: The barbaric rites of a flagellant New Mexico religious cult—climaxed by a nude crucifixion—were graphically depicted, and piously deplored, in a savage sexual extravaganza called "The Penitente." Below right: Lithe-limbed Annette Kellerman, who pioneered the "daring" one-piece bathing suit, scandalized the censors—and became a box-office bonanza—by stripping to the skin in 1916 as the well-tressed heroine of "Daughter of the Gods."





drag as Bara—slinky gowns, turban head-dress, serpentine jewelry—soon starred in *The Kiss of a Vampire*. Louise Glaum made public appearances in a leopard coat purchased, so the releases said, “in an Oriental market place.”

The vamps appeared for the most part in stories of domestic intrigue. They were wicked, taunting, irresistible wantons, and their helpless prey were rich, respectable, married men. The motivation of their roles was simplicity itself: They were evil to the core. But the curious thing about these pictures was the ease with which the vamp could induce her intended victim to abandon wife and family and plunge into a life of debauchery, more often intimated than explicit. This, and the public's ready acceptance of these witches' potboilers, spoke volumes on the state of domestic bliss just prior to World War I. Further, the men in these pictures rarely struggled to escape from the silken net so diabolically spun for them; and if they did escape, it was invariably through some outside force—a brother-in-law, for example, who manages to bring the errant husband to his senses for the sake of his bedridden sister. But the husbands obviously preferred hedonistic abandonment to conjugal virtue; and so did the audience. For most movie audiences in that age of innocence, it was their first taste of sin on the screen, and the demarcations between the innocents and the sinful ones were made easily recognizable: The vamps were brunette, and the heroines were blonde. (Strangely enough, after World War II the hair-color characteristics were reversed, with blonde hair considered the sexier.)

In Europe, meanwhile, the vamp myth also flourished. After cropping up in Denmark, as has been mentioned, the seeds sprouted farther south in Italy, and grew into a star figure called the “diva,” a term which, where movies were concerned, translated into “sex goddess.” Such commanding “divas” as Lyda Borelli and Francesca Bertini were considerably more closely allied in their roles to the 19th Century femme fatales of the popular novel than to the press-agent-created Theda Bara, and they embodied far more mortal passions. Borelli, for instance, played roles resplendent not only with gestures but also with blatant eroticism. She represented smoldering, all-consuming love—by which *she* was burned as well as her adoring male slave. Usually bedecked in silks and feathers, she roused an immediate desire to tear these draperies away. In *La Donna Nuda* (1914) she made the simplest housewifely task—including the beating of eggs—seem an obscene invitation.

The equally popular Bertini heaved with what purported to be panting sen-

suality on divans and pantherskins. In *La Luxure* she caused a man who had wronged her to literally die of unsated hunger for her—after being subjected to a series of erotic hallucinations in which she enticingly dallied herself before him. Even though modestly gowned in these steamily seductive scenes, she managed to convey brazenly the voracity of her own sexual appetite. In one scene from the aforementioned picture she is seen writhing in frustration on the grass beside a husband who is too old to keep up with her marathon sexual demands. In another, after the merciful demise of this unfortunate gentleman, she squirms in sensuous admiration (though still dressed in widow's weeds) of a dashing young count among the mourners. Another Italian seductress, Pina Menichelli, was the embodiment of antimasculine cruelty. Feverishly she sowed evil and unhappiness all about her. Press agents said of this woman's malevolent glance that one day her own adored little dog looked soulfully into her eyes and immediately perished.

• • •

Actually, the Europeans—French and Italian film makers in particular—did a good deal more than simply spice up the programs in the years before World War I. While the American studios were still grinding out one- and two-reelers, pictures began to be imported from abroad that ran anywhere from an hour to over two hours.

Films like the 1912 Italian extravaganza *Quo Vadis?*, two hours long, bypassed the nickelodeons completely, playing instead on a road-show basis at legitimate theaters all over the country. As a result, the movies began to attract a new class of customer: nothing less than the comfortable middle class. Inspired by the longer films from abroad, American directors pressed beyond the arbitrary two-reel limit, and these longer films began to play in new and fancier movie houses with names like “Bluebird,” “Idle Hour” and “Bijou Dream.” Almost automatically, the standards of films made after 1912 were adjusted to reflect the stuffer morality of the new-found patrons.

With startling swiftness, the accustomed backgrounds of slum sweatshops, pawnshops and groghops, characteristic of films made for the former predominantly working-class audience, gave way to the overstuffed, antimacassared sofas and potted palms of the well to do (at least, as imagined by parvenu producers all too recently recruited from the fur and glove industries). In their haste to acquire respectability, film makers not only shunned their own humble origins—they actively turned against them. In a typical film, a rich young girl, disobeying

her mother's wishes for her happiness, brushed off a suitably prosperous suitor—and met tragedy when she ran off with a penniless but persuasive music teacher. The moral was plain: Different economic classes simply do not mix—certainly not romantically.

A stock formula for treating sex respectably on the screen quickly emerged: Show it, then condemn it. The pioneer in exploring and exploiting this profitable hypocrisy was George Loane Tucker, a director for Universal's I. M. P. productions. In 1913 he became imbued with the urge to make a movie about white slavery and police efforts to curb it. Vice investigations into the white-slave traffic had made sensational headlines in several American cities during the early years of the century. But when Tucker took his idea to Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, he met opposition on the grounds that it was against company policy to handle multireel movies. Laemmle also thought that the \$5000 budget requested by Tucker was unnecessarily exorbitant.

Tucker proceeded with his project anyway. Continuing to turn out two-reel potboilers for the studio, he made *Traffic in Souls* a scene at a time during spare moments. When it finally opened in New York in November 1913, the picture was advertised as follows:

TRAFFIC IN SOULS—The sensational motion-picture dramatization based on the Rockefeller White Slavery Report and on the investigation of the Vice Trust. . . . A \$200,000 spectacle in 700 scenes with 800 players, showing the traps cunningly laid for young girls by vice agents . . .

The rest, as they say, is history. Thirty thousand spectators saw the film in its first week, paying the then almost unheard-of price of 25 cents per ticket. Soon, 28 theaters were showing the picture in the metropolitan area alone, and it eventually took in nearly half a million dollars. A cycle of white-slavery films was immediately under way. The story ideas were not burdened with originality. The plot pattern of *Traffic in Souls* was usually followed with minor variations: A country lass comes to town, is accosted at the railway station by a smooth stranger who, abetted by an unscrupulous cab driver, convinces her that he can obtain better accommodations for her money than she would be able to find alone. Her new abode turns out to be sumptuous indeed, but the tariff, alas, is higher than she had thought—nothing less than a life of shame. But for the intervention of the New York City vice squad, the heroine of *Traffic in Souls* would have wound up aboard a vice vessel bound for South American brothels.

(continued on page 177)





**Johnnie Walker Red**, smooth enough to be the world's largest-selling Scotch.









its erotic art and literature. And it's interesting to note the apparent lack of any ill effect upon the censor, who presumably deals with obscene materials on a regular basis. Who is he trying to protect and from what?

**O'CONNOR:** But regardless of some of the faults that go along with it, censorship in itself is not an absolute negation. I mean, you were talking a little earlier about some of the things that, like sexuality, are not evil in themselves. Like smoking, for instance. These things don't have a moral value attached to them until they are improperly used. And censorship falls into exactly that same category, because, basically, censorship is what? It's simply warning you that certain things are of an unwholesome type or character, and restricting their free and open usage . . .

**HEFNER:** I can't agree. Because there is all the difference in the world between the controls placed upon foods and drugs and those placed upon ideas. There can be absolute agreement, based upon irrefutable evidence, on the deadliness of a particular poison. But there is no absolute agreement on which ideas, words and images are pure and which ones poisonous. And this fact is nowhere clearer than in the area of sex, where the standards of one period are roundly rejected by the next. D. H. Lawrence made what is, for me, really the most beautiful statement on this. He said, "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another." The question is, have we the right to suppress what one person considers the laughter of genius simply because another person thinks it is pornography?

**O'CONNOR:** But you just gave us a definition for hard-core pornography . . .

**HEFNER:** Only within the context of this particular society at this particular time. I would be the last one to suggest that what we might agree to refer to as hard-core pornography is anything more than a work on which we have passed a subjective value judgment—a reflection of the taste and ideas we've derived from the culture in which we presently exist.

For myself, I think there is something sick about a society that accepts detailed descriptions and images of human beings killing and maiming one another, but suppresses any too precise picture or phrase about the physical act of love. What sort of society is it that tolerates violence, pain and the destruction of life in its books, magazines and movies, but is bothered, embarrassed and even outraged by any too intimate interest in an act of tenderness, pleasure and procreation?

I'm opposed to the basic concept of censorship and believe that it has no place in a free democracy. But above and beyond that, I'm appalled by the

utter confusion, lack of knowledge and of understanding that surrounds our society's censoring of sex. Contemporary censorship concentrates on the extent and explicitness of the erotic in a work of art or literature, when it ought to be primarily concerned with the positive or negative *nature* of the sexual content.

If we want to have a healthier, happier society, we ought logically to approve of whatever art and literature treats sex in an attractive and appealing way and disapprove of that which makes sex seem ugly or shameful. We do just the opposite, of course, because the censor and the prude understand almost nothing about the subject with which they are so concerned. Thus they tend to attack the healthiest, most heterosexual expressions of the erotic, all but ignoring the sex associated with sickness and sin. We pander to the perverted, the sado-masochistic, the guilt- and fear-ridden, perpetuating the most negative side of man's sexual nature. The extent to which a society emphasizes sex isn't what matters, but the way in which it is emphasized is. I don't think it is possible to overemphasize that which suggests that sex is a healthy and good thing.

**BURNETT:** Does pornography suggest that? Does a stag film suggest that sex is a healthy and good thing?

**HEFNER:** Suppose it was a beautiful stag film?

**O'CONNOR:** Then you've got a contradiction in terms. It's like a nonbeing and being at the same time. What kind of thing is that?

**HEFNER:** I'm defining "stag film" as a motion picture devoted to the sex act. Now suppose it was beautifully done. I hope no one here insists that the sex act itself is ugly. I'm not expressing any opinion on the problems of taste inherent in the production of such a picture—it's the pointlessness of censorship that I'm concerned with.

**O'CONNOR:** Yes, but a stag film, by its very nature is . . . well . . .

**TANENBAUM:** No, by Hugh Hefner's logic, the film that he describes would be one that an open society would allow and people would be altogether comfortable with . . .

**HEFNER:** What would we suffer? I know what we would gain.

**O'CONNOR:** Well, then it no longer qualifies as hard-core pornography or as a stag film—as we understand them in this community at the present time. So it's now a beautiful art film.

**HEFNER:** But it's still the same movie—and that's my point. Erotic material isn't banned on the basis of its beauty—it's banned because it's erotic. In this society, we are afraid of sex and that's why we suppress it. And it is the most attractive, most appealing descriptions and

images of sex that are most apt to be censored, because they're the most erotic.

**O'CONNOR:** All you're testifying to is the complications of handling the question of sex.

**HEFNER:** Well, my point, really, is this: I know what we give up when we take the first steps toward censorship—and I feel that it's a great deal. I am not convinced that we gain very much by it. I'm not convinced at all.

#### A QUESTION OF RESPONSIBILITY

**O'CONNOR:** Did you see Sidney Hook's article in *The New York Times* just a couple of weeks ago on the rational need for limits within a society? It emphasized the error in the ritualistic liberalism of saying that everything is permissible.

**HEFNER:** Please understand that I am not in favor of a completely unrestricted society. I haven't seen the article in *The New York Times*, but I certainly approve of the concept of *rational* limits; the trouble in our contemporary culture is that the limits are so *irrational*! I believe that a person should be responsible, and held accountable, for his acts; but I also believe there is a great difference between behavior and freedom of speech and press.

**TANENBAUM:** Yes.

**BURNETT:** Hugh, I have no quarrel, personally, with some of the things you have said, and I don't think, perhaps, the other gentlemen do either. But I keep coming back to the question of responsibility—the responsibility of the religious leaders, the responsibility of the publishers—not only you, but the publishers of *The New York Times*, for example.

I have here the book review section of last Sunday's *Times*, and I would like to read you an ad that appears therein. The ad reads: "Forbidden books, banned in the past, suppressed for many years, at last available, complete, uncensored, unexpurgated! *The Gangrene!* Banned in France. The true, first-hand, detailed account by seven Algerian intellectuals of some of the most horrible tortures ever inflicted on man. Confiscated by the French police who raided the printing plant and smashed the plates. Not for anyone with a weak stomach . . . !"

Now will someone here please explain to me why a newspaper prints an ad like this? To what part of the public are they appealing? How much would it have cost them to refuse to print this? Are we all agreed that this is a bad ad . . . ?

**HEFNER:** Yes.

**O'CONNOR:** Yes.

**BURNETT:** . . . Are we agreed that this book can serve no worth-while purpose?

**TANENBAUM:** I really don't know. I can't tell from the ad. It may very well be that the book is quite innocuous.

**HEFNER:** The basic appeals in this ad are 141



directly related to the fact that we live in a very sexually suppressed society. Because of that fact, it is possible—through exaggeration and innuendo—to appeal to the public's interest in what is hidden and forbidden. They can sell a great many books in this way.

**BURNETT:** You bet they can—and that's why they took the ad! And I say that's irresponsible . . . !

**HEFNER:** If we had a freer society, such appeals wouldn't work.

**TANENBAUM:** Yes, I think that this actually supports Hugh Hefner's thesis. The question is whether the alternative he suggests is the best alternative. And I can see our arriving at some kind of middle ground here. I'm not sure it's clearly defined, but these are certainly not the only possible alternatives—a society of either total or unreasonable repression, as against a society of no repression at all. A society has the right to set certain standards for itself.

**HEFNER:** I agree.

**TANENBAUM:** And the problem is to define what constitutes a reasonable treatment of the sexual impulse without contributing to the destruction of the moral fabric of the society. And I think eventually we have to confront the problem of the background morality against which things are being judged as pornographic. What is pornographic to some of our Catholic friends, for example, is not regarded as pornographic by some Protestants and by some Jews—not by virtue of differing social mores, but by virtue of their theological positions and the ways their respective religions look at this. There is a much stricter attitude in Catholicism toward anything that appeals to the sexual side of man . . . a greater emphasis on asceticism and more taboos surrounding sex.

**HEFNER:** Which is why—in a pluralistic, secular society, such as ours—it is essential to keep private and public morality separate, with the state involved only in the latter and the former left to the conscience of the individual and the appeals of the various religions. Shouldn't we point out, too, that the very concept that we're using here—morality—is primarily a religious evaluation of these acts.

#### SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

**O'CONNOR:** I recently received a letter with a quotation by George Washington in it that I think may be applicable here. This was sent to me by a Navy chaplain out in Subic. Do you know where that is? Subic Navy Base. Well, anyway, it reads: "Religion and morality are indispensable supporters to political prosperity. Virtue, or morality, is the necessary spring of popular government. No one who is a sincere friend of free government can look with indifference upon the attempts to shake its foundations in morality."

**HEFNER:** Is that a quote from George Washington?

**O'CONNOR:** Yes.

**HEFNER:** Can I give you another?

**O'CONNOR:** Go ahead.

**HEFNER:** This is also a quote from George Washington: "The U. S. Government is in no sense based upon the Christian religion . . ."

**O'CONNOR:** Where is your quote from?

**HEFNER:** Mr. Washington.

**TANENBAUM:** I don't know where this gets us, because you have the same kind of quotes from Jefferson on race relations . . .

**HEFNER:** But Washington wasn't making an anti-Christian or antireligious statement, he was simply endorsing the secular, pluralistic nature of the Government of the United States. This quotation was offered as an example of our first President's religious tolerance in a book by Reverend Everett Clinchy, who served for three decades as the President of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

**O'CONNOR:** What I was going to ask, though, in terms of this particular point, is this: What happens when a person is invested with the authority to judge in these particular situations? Which gets into, I think, what you feel about your Chicago censorship case. You've accused all those poor little old Irish guys in Chicago of being, well, you know, prejudiced against PLAYBOY . . .

**HEFNER:** . . . Not clearly separating, in their own minds, the right and proper place of church and state.

**O'CONNOR:** Yes.

**HEFNER:** This is sometimes difficult for the individual to do, though our late President did a beautiful job of it.

**O'CONNOR:** Well, Hugh, this is my point: What does a person in government do in a situation of this kind, when he finds a particular moral conviction stabilized both in his own faith and in many of the feelings of those around him who have voted for him?

**TANENBAUM:** Hugh Hefner's saying that the faith ought to examine itself . . .

**HEFNER:** Well, the individual ought to . . . because the man in political office, or in any part of government, is there to represent, or serve, *all* the people, not just those of any one particular religious or moral persuasion.

**O'CONNOR:** My point is that this is an existential situation—in which a person is given this material and has to make this decision at this particular moment. Theologically and philosophically it's very good to speak of the separation of church and state, but he's in charge of the particular department which makes these particular decisions and he's got to make it.

**HEFNER:** No question but what it's difficult to do as a human being—to separate one's religious and political

responsibilities—but it's essential that all men who hold public office, or who serve or represent the public in any official capacity, recognize the necessity for distinguishing between the two. To whatever extent this is not done, we have lost that much of the religious freedom guaranteed to all of us by the Constitution. The United States of America draws its greatest strength from this concept of separation of church and state—from the belief that a Catholic official can and will serve, equally well, not only his Catholic constituents, but the Protestant and Jewish members of society, too. Of course, we know it doesn't always work out that way, but the wonderful thing about American democracy is that it *does* work that way most of the time.

#### SELF-CENSORSHIP

**BURNETT:** I'd like to ask you a different sort of question regarding censorship, Hugh. I happen to know that you, yourself, censor a certain amount of the advertising that goes into PLAYBOY magazine.

**HEFNER:** That isn't censorship, Murray. You spoke a little earlier about the responsibility, or lack of responsibility, exercised by a particular writer, editor or publisher. PLAYBOY is my magazine. It has my name on it. It represents my taste and my point of view on society. I willingly accept, as an editor-publisher should, the final responsibility for everything that appears in PLAYBOY—editorially and in the advertising, too. Just as the publisher of *The New York Times* is responsible for that book ad you read to us a few minutes ago.

It may come as something of a surprise to those in our audience who are not particularly well acquainted with our publication, but PLAYBOY has the toughest advertising restrictions, related to taste, of any nationally distributed magazine in the country, with the possible exception of *The New Yorker*, because we do have such strong feelings on the matter.

But that's not censorship. It's the kind of integrity and responsibility that I think we would agree every producer of motion pictures, and publisher of magazines and books, should exercise—whether we always agreed on their individual interpretations of that responsibility or not. Censorship, on the other hand, is the suppression of a person's ideas by an outside party—whether it is an official of the government or some unofficial citizens' vigilante or pressure group.

#### PORNOGRAPHY AND DELINQUENCY

**GARY:** One of the central questions inherent in any discussion of censorship, it seems to me, is the intent or purpose of it all. Let me offer this personal experience, for whatever insights it may sup-





*Welcome Home, Stubborn George -  
back after 53 years*

*Early last October we opened a  
barrel of George Dickel Whisky.*

*First time in 53 years anyone  
had tasted this original Sour  
Mash recipe. (Prohibition came  
to Coffee County, Tennessee 53  
years ago. And Mr. Dickel  
wouldn't have his drinkin'  
whisky made anywhere else.)*

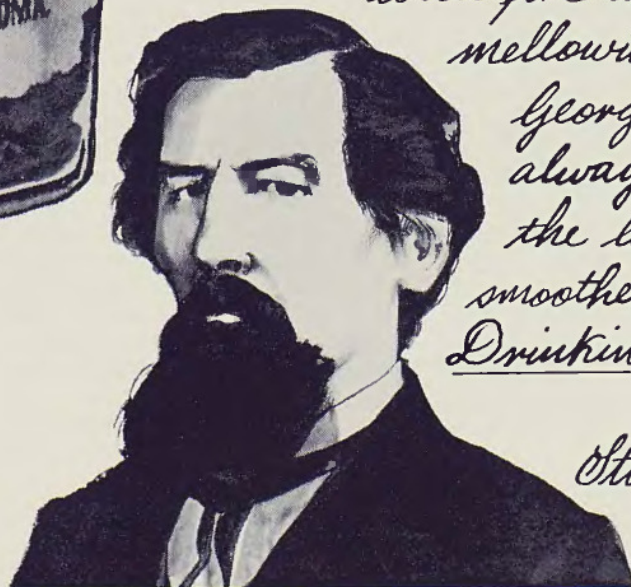
*Now it's back. And nothing's  
changed. Same  
secret recipe.  
Same freestone  
water and hard  
sugar maple  
granules for  
driving out the*



If you'd like to receive  
free copies of the Dickel  
paper (published every  
now and then), write  
to George A. Dickel  
Company, Dickel,  
Tennessee.

*wild fire and  
mellowing it up.  
George Dickel  
always was  
the lighter,  
smoother Tennessee  
Drinkin' Whisky.*

*Still is.*





ply: Several years ago—about six, to be exact—I was invited to become a member of an interfaith group which was to concern itself with the problems of juvenile delinquency. Now, at the time, I was deeply involved in the problems of a very destructive gang of youngsters, who lived in the area around my parish. I had continuing, very often daily, contact with these youngsters, so I knew something about them and what caused their difficulties.

At the convening meeting of this civic group, the members immediately took hold of the problem of pornographic materials as a contributing factor to delinquency. I think at one point in *The Playboy Philosophy*, you questioned this assumption, Hugh, and I think that this myth—which, in my opinion, is a myth—ought to be examined here by us . . .

HEFNER: . . . The myth that there is a causal relationship between pornography and delinquency?

GARY: That's right.

HEFNER: Well, I certainly agree.

GARY: Because, in the work that I've done with these youngsters—and they must have numbered at least one hundred—I never saw a single piece of this sort of material. I asked the kids about it, because I was concerned about this—and they simply weren't interested. They were *acting out* not only their sexual interests, but also other types of aggression, on people around them in society, in the community at large. Now, in terms of a contributing factor to juvenile delinquency, I don't think pornography even enters the picture.

HEFNER: It doesn't.

GARY: And I think we ought to know, when we're talking about censorship, we're not talking about restraining delinquency. I judge we are not restraining deviancy either . . .

HEFNER: In simple truth, as a matter of fact, a freer society would be a more normal, heterosexual society. It's suppression that produces perversion.

GARY: The footnote on this is that they kicked me off of this group. (*Laughter*)

O'CONNOR: You deserved to be.

GARY: And six years later, they're still on censorship and still studying pornographic materials.

TANENBAUM: That's an impressive point. I think that there's going to be exploitation of censorship when you don't have an answer to a very serious psychosocial problem like delinquency. People look for an easy answer, and this becomes a technique . . .

HEFNER: Sure. All of society's ills can be blamed on an imaginary "multimillion-dollar smut racket"—except that such a thing simply doesn't exist.

O'CONNOR: One of the curious facts, relative to this, is that there has been little research on the effect of violence on social behavior, particularly among

teenagers, as well as a lack of research with regard to the effect of excessive sexual stimulation on the young. But you do find—in some of the reports of individual counselors—the conclusion that some of the material that these kids have been reading has influenced them in a sense. Now, I agree, you can find considerable argument on both sides of the question, because this is a very controversial issue, but there seem to be certain psychiatrists, or psychologists, at the moment, who seem to speak in these terms. I agree that much more has been made of this than seems justified, which may be the point at issue, but I think there is also a tendency to dismiss it entirely, which would be an equally serious mistake.

I think part of the problem here is, we get ourselves into polarized positions, where no one wants to meet the other over a common concern. And the concern, in this particular instance, can be that of individual parents, or an entire community, which is in a quandary about this. Censorship is a complex question, so we either tend to dismiss it, or we believe in it completely, as a total solution to the problem.

I agree with what Dick was saying about isolating any one small aspect of the problem, like pornography, in a community where there's a juvenile delinquency situation, when there are also no parks to play in, the school situation is bad, and all the rest of the situation is unhealthy, too.

TANENBAUM: I think what happens in such situations is the parents find themselves confronted with the problem and want to feel they're dealing with it—they want something tangible and they hook onto this. You have this organization, for example, this Citizens for Decent Literature, which is predominantly Catholic in its composition. I know very little about this organization, but the very pulling together of a group of people who focus their entire concern on this one issue—as though this were the sum of these complex problems—led me, from the first time I heard about it, to wonder what motivates such people? How do they justify their existence?

O'CONNOR: I don't seek to justify them. But I think, in this sense, that each one of us goes . . . well, you're the interreligious director for the American Jewish Committee.

HEFNER: But when their basic premise is wrong . . . !

O'CONNOR: It's not a premise, it's a question of practice. I suspect in most instances they'd like to do more, but they don't know what to do about it.

HEFNER: The basic premise is wrong to this extent: They are legitimately concerned with a real problem in society—the problem of delinquency, the prob-

lem of youth gone astray. But by every piece of evidence that we're able to bring to bear on the problem, there is no causal relationship—there isn't even a correlation—between delinquency and pornography.

O'CONNOR: Hugh, I would disagree with you there.

TANENBAUM: I think it's more of a symptom than the cause of the problem.

HEFNER: It isn't even a symptom. Look, your delinquents are not reading pornography—hard-core or otherwise. The problem would be to get them to read anything at all, wouldn't it?

TANENBAUM: That's right.

O'CONNOR: Hugh, we're not only worried about the delinquency that exists in the very poor neighborhood, but the delinquency that also exists in too many average American homes—the boy or girl who is caught in a pregnancy problem, or the youngster down the street who gets into trouble . . . What are the causes of this? Maybe it's because the parents were delinquent. Maybe it's because of the school. These are all parts of this problem.

TANENBAUM: But, Norman, if one can generalize, I think the parent in such a situation is searching for an explanation, and when a child is seen holding pornographic literature, this is kind of a red flag that something has happened to the whole morality of the youngster.

O'CONNOR: I agree, Marc, but my point is that the pornographic material is there, isn't it? And it's being used by the youngster for some reason or other. Now *why* becomes the problem.

TANENBAUM: But if we focus solely on that material and have an illusory sense that by removing it we have dealt with the problem, we're doing a great disservice.

O'CONNOR: Agreed.

TANENBAUM: Part of our responsibility is the sense of evasion of parents.

O'CONNOR: I agree with that, but Mr. Hugh Hefner was making the statement that there is *no* relationship.

HEFNER: I would like to make the statement once again, because it is a statement that very few people seem to understand and that simply doesn't get expressed very often on the air or in public print. As a part of our continuing editorial series on the social and sexual ills of contemporary society, it has been necessary for us to probe deeply into every aspect of this censorship question. As background for that particular portion of *The Playboy Philosophy*, we surveyed everything of any significance that we could find in the way of scientific research on the subject over the past 20 years—and there are, unfortunately, very few authoritative studies available that even touch on the relationship between delinquency and pornography.

O'CONNOR: I agree with you thoroughly.



**HEFNER:** . . . But the overwhelming conclusion of the research that does exist, and of the experts in the field who are most in a position to know, is—in simple fact—that there is no cause-and-effect relationship of any kind between any sort of reading matter and the problem of juvenile delinquency. This fact is so universally recognized and accepted in respected scientific circles that some of the major investigations of adolescent antisocial activity haven't even bothered to include pornography, or any kind of obscene materials, as one of the criteria worthy of consideration. The classic studies of Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck are the best example of this, as was pointed out, and reconfirmed, in a report prepared by a committee of Brown University psychologists . . .

**O'CONNOR:** Hugh, I can name you three fairly prominent psychiatrists who would not agree with your conclusion—one is Francis J. Braceland of Hartford, Connecticut.

**HEFNER:** We all recognize that it is possible to come up with a dissenting view on almost any subject under the sun . . .

**O'CONNOR:** But this is what my point is. The validity of either position then depends on what?

**HEFNER:** My point being that on the one hand you have the considered conclusion of the contemporary scientific community; and on the other, you have the dissent of an occasional scientist who, for whatever reason, prefers to express a personal opinion more in line with the popular prejudices of the past. But these antiobscenity, procensorship pronouncements—given extensive attention in the press and always certain to be acclaimed by the least enlightened part of the public—aren't based upon any statistically valid evidence of an actual causal relationship between delinquency and the obscene, because it simply does not exist.

**O'CONNOR:** Well, maybe the statistically valid evidence exists in his own particular experience; maybe this is what his judgment is based upon. This is true of the guy from Harlem—the one who has been involved in the problems of tension and violence in the Harlem community . . .

**BURNETT:** What's his name?

**TANENBAUM:** . . . The Negro psychologist?

**O'CONNOR:** No, he's white. . . . I can't recall his name. And then there is Dr. Wertham from Philadelphia . . .

**BURNETT:** Dr. Fredric Wertham?

**O'CONNOR:** Yes.

**TANENBAUM:** Wertham's gone way overboard on the whole question of a relationship between imitative behavior and the display of aggression and violence on television. His book, *The Show of Violence*, is, you know, not at all scientific or objective . . .

**HEFNER:** Clearly and obviously the great

majority of public statements on this subject—those to be found most often in the mass magazines, newspapers, on television and radio—have been exactly opposite to the point I've just made, which is why I am stressing it.

The general public continues to receive the impression that there is some kind of causal relationship between obscenity and delinquency, when, in fact, there is absolutely no evidence of any kind to support such an assumption, and every study of any significance that has been done to date suggests exactly the opposite.

Having reviewed the results of all scientific inquiry and research on the matter, to date, the Brown University report concluded: "There is no reliable evidence that reading or other fantasy activities lead to antisocial behavior." While agreeing with this conclusion, in their book *Pornography and the Law*, Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen state that "we would go further and suggest that erotic books may fulfill several eminently useful and therapeutic functions."

The effect of erotic writing and pictures on human behavior is worthy of additional scientific study, both because of the manner in which the present lack of understanding is used by the bigot and the censor in society, and because it would add to our over-all awareness and appreciation of the true sexual nature of man. I've been trying to get the Kinsey people—Dr. Gebhard and his associates at the Institute for Sex Research, at Indiana University—to do some further research on this, because I think it's very important.

**O'CONNOR:** Why doesn't the Playboy Foundation give them a grant?

**HEFNER:** As a matter of fact, I think we may, because a really thorough and authoritative study might finally put to rest, forever, the notion that you can achieve a sexually healthy society through censorship and suppression. Though I may be overly optimistic, in this regard, because I heard the two very worth-while original studies by Dr. Kinsey and his associates questioned a bit in an earlier segment of this round-table discussion. But, hopefully, further research of this sort might kill the sexual bugaboo that is used as an excuse to censor free expression.

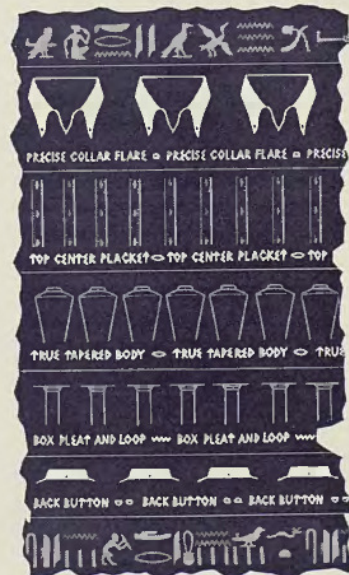
**O'CONNOR:** Part of the difficulty in this regard may be that some parents feel this is a justifiable position to take, because of the influence such materials may have, one way or another, in their own lives. I don't know.

**HEFNER:** It's easy to understand why a great many people are willing to accept the idea that there is a link between obscenity and delinquency, because it supports the antisexuality that is so much a



Irelin Solids . . . 55% Cotton/45% Linen. Luxurious. Washable. In 7 solid colors.

if you wear  
the authentic  
shirt...



we speak  
your  
language!



GOLDEN AWARD, a Div'n of Wings Shirt Co., Inc., 4 W. 33, N.Y.



part of our puritan culture; and it supplies a simple solution to a complex social dilemma. If the members of society who are sincerely concerned with the problem of delinquency would stop emphasizing these easy answers, which are not really related at all, perhaps they would begin to place greater emphasis where it really belongs. Perhaps they would spend their time, not joining censorship groups, but trying to understand and care for, and about, their own children; and building a better home, school, work and play environment for young people in general.

**O'CONNOR:** With this we all agree, Hugh, but the problem facing most parents is, what institutions do you go to right now that can correct these things immediately?

**HEFNER:** Stay away from and oppose the censorship groups—that's the point being made by Mr. Hefner!

**O'CONNOR:** Well, there are very few of them around anyway . . .

**HEFNER:** The fewer the better.

#### A NEW MORAL VIEW

**GARY:** I don't suppose we've successfully established the point that there is no connection between pornography and delinquency, have we? I don't think Father O'Connor agrees with us on this.

**BURNETT:** Are we generally agreed that the less censorship the better?

**HEFNER:** I think we'd probably all agree on that. In other words, we might draw the line at different places, but if we see the virtue and strength in a free society, I think we would all agree that the restrictions should be as limited as possible.

**BURNETT:** Do you agree, Rabbi?

**TANENBAUM:** I'm not sure.

**BURNETT:** You see, we can't get any real agreement here. That's why you can never reach a conclusion on this, really . . .

**HEFNER:** Isn't that the best argument of all against censorship—the fact that you can't get any common agreement on the matter? That emphasizes the importance of not curtailing one man's views to please another, it seems to me.

**O'CONNOR:** That sounds like an argument against religion. *(Laughter)*

**BURNETT:** The thing I find remarkable is that here we have three religious leaders in the community who are saying, well, not exactly the less censorship the better, but that censorship itself is not a good thing.

**TANENBAUM:** I'm not sure, when it comes to pornographic materials . . .

**BURNETT:** Excuse me, Rabbi, but I sat in this very studio with another gentleman of the cloth, who shall remain nameless, and his charming wife . . .

**O'CONNOR:** He wasn't Catholic, I know that. *(Laughter)*

**TANENBAUM:** Not a very respectable one, anyway.

**GARY:** I hear there are one or two around.

**O'CONNOR:** They're all in Germany, though.

**BURNETT:** At any rate, I sat here with this clergyman and his charming wife . . . and for some reason we were discussing obscenity and censorship, and his wife said, "Well, one book I would certainly ban is *The Wayward Bus* by John Steinbeck . . ."

**TANENBAUM:** When was this . . . 1923?

**BURNETT:** This was two nights ago, Marc . . . And I said that I certainly couldn't agree with her about banning that book. And this is the trouble you get into.

**TANENBAUM:** There's a problem here of making a distinction between artistic and moral censorship, on the one hand, and the censorship of pornography, on the other. There's a difference, I think, and we're not making the distinction in this discussion.

**BURNETT:** Hugh was very clear about that. He said, "Gentlemen, let's consider the most extreme forms of hard-core pornography—designed solely for the purpose of sexual stimulation. Suppose we had no censorship in society to suppress them. What would be the result? It would not be so terrible."

**TANENBAUM:** He said, in a "free society"—and he established a frame of reference that was almost utopic, where all men are reasonably mature.

**HEFNER:** No, no, not at all . . . !

**TANENBAUM:** I know what you're going to say: that we've got to begin someplace, in order to make any progress.

**HEFNER:** That's right. And I don't think we have to wait for utopia, or a world filled with angels. I think a censor-free society is something that we could have the day after tomorrow, if we simply decided we wanted it. It's the kind of society our founding fathers intended us to have. There weren't supposed to be any exceptions to the free speech and press guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

**TANENBAUM:** I think a risk is involved, and I am prepared to take a risk in order to move in the direction you suggest, but the interim period bothers me . . .

**HEFNER:** A period of transition is always a little uncomfortable . . .

**O'CONNOR:** You are making it too simple. Life is more complicated than you are making it out to be . . .

**TANENBAUM:** Hugh's argument with regard to the traditional condemnation of sex in our religious heritage is sound, I think . . .

**O'CONNOR:** Look, the world has been around a long time and sex has, too. It's a part of our living tradition . . .



"Dad, excuse me for interrupting, but is this birds-and-bees jazz a chicken way of explaining the reproductive process of people?"



**BURNETT:** . . . Without it there wouldn't be any living, would there?

**O'CONNOR:** Exactly. . . . We are all here because of it. . . . And that's why it is essentially good. But, basically, that means that how best to handle it has been an extended debate, going back through the centuries to the beginning of civilization . . .

**TANENBAUM:** The question is whether our methods up to this point have been effective.

**O'CONNOR:** But when you say that this is the one and only way it should be done, I would disagree with you, just as much as I might if somebody were to say that censorship is the only solution. Because I don't think we can deal in absolutes in these areas; and given the democratic regime we live in, I don't think we should try, because there are too many factors we can't control.

**HEFNER:** But, Father, you're actually making the same point I am. I favor a permissive, censor-free society precisely because I agree that we shouldn't "deal in absolutes in these areas." And that concept is one of the cornerstones of American democracy.

Incidentally, I'd like to express to all of you what has been, for me, one of the most satisfying aspects of these four round-table discussions. We were kidding a little earlier, when someone suggested that the one thing we were apt to prove here is that U.S. religion really doesn't know where it stands any longer on the subject of sex. I think there is a certain truth in that thought and, from my point of view at least, it is a very good and healthy thing, because I know the puritanical positions that each of your religions might have expected on these problems in the past would have distressed me greatly. Whatever difficulty each of you may have had in delineating an absolute sex standard or code of conduct for your respective religions is a positive reflection, I think, of the soul-searching and re-evaluation taking place within *both* religious and secular society today. Organized religion's re-examination of its traditional thou-shalt-not attitude toward sex should result in a new morality that is essentially more human and humane.

**O'CONNOR:** I've got to take exception to that, Hugh. Just what position would the Catholic Church have taken 25 years ago? I don't know. I couldn't tell you, because it varied from place to place.

**BURNETT:** But wouldn't it be the same position then and now?

**O'CONNOR:** In terms of the practical problem of how to handle the situation here in the United States, it might have been different, because of a difference in the experience of the people up to that point. Different from the experience of the European Catholic, for example.

**HEFNER:** I think we all recognize, because we discussed it in our first hour together, that American puritanism has influenced *all* U.S. religion, and not just the Protestant part of it. So I would be the first to agree that American Catholicism differs in many ways from the Catholicism to be found in other countries.

And it is precisely because the major religions of any society do tend to both influence and be influenced by the secular culture in which they exist that our own religions here in the U.S.—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish—are caught up, to varying degrees, in this current sociosexual transition and the moral dilemmas and debate that are a part of it.

And that's all I'm really saying: that the sexual revolution isn't a conflict between the religious and secular sides of society, but a re-examination of old traditions and taboos that is taking place throughout the total community. It's an important distinction, I think, and one I'm quite pleased about.

I'm not suggesting that our views are all alike on this subject. We know that isn't true. We know there is a wide range of opinions—even within individual Protestant, Catholic and Jewish circles. But the over-all trend toward a more positive, more permissive position is also clear.

A number of Protestant clergymen now openly oppose our religious heritage of puritanism as basically un-Christian. And isn't the growing Roman Catholic controversy over birth control part of the same thing? Some of the most vociferous criticism of the Church's traditional position in this matter is coming from prominent Roman Catholics. Our concepts of obscenity and censorship have certainly changed radically in a single generation—a change that clearly includes a revision of both religious and secular views on the subject . . .

**O'CONNOR:** But what is the Roman Catholic view on censorship . . . ?

**HEFNER:** I think it's more permissive than it used to be.

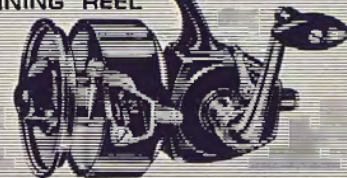
**O'CONNOR:** I don't know, because it wasn't that much more suppressive 25 years ago anyway, because it didn't have that much influence here in America.

**HEFNER:** I don't see how you can say that, Father. The censorship of books and magazines inspired by the NODL was a national disgrace a few years ago, until vigorous public protest sent the worst of the censors scurrying back into the shadows; now prominent members of the Catholic clergy are publicly suggesting that the NODL and similar Catholic censor groups ought to be permanently disbanded.

The CDL is a recent symptom of the same infection, but it has been relatively ineffectual, because the climate has changed so remarkably in the past few

**EASY!  
EASY!  
EASY!  
EASY!**

**GYRO  
"BAIL FREE"  
SPINNING REEL**



EASY, SMOOTH, POWERFUL AND RUDDY. A NEW AND EXCITING CONCEPT OF A SPINNING REEL. AS EASY TO OPERATE AS A CLOSED FACE, MORE TROUBLE-FREE THAN AN OPEN FACE REEL. CREATIVE ENGINEERING AT ITS BEST. EASY TO REACH ANTI-REVERSE. MULTIPLE DISC DRAG. ALSO CONTAINS AN EXTRA PICK UP ARM WITHIN THE BODY. ANODIZED SPOOL - WON'T PIT, PEEL OR CHIP.

REEL PRICED UNDER  
GYRO 300 SPOOL PRE-WOUND-250 YDS. 6 LB. RODDY MOND. \$30  
GYRO 225 SPOOL PRE-WOUND-250 YDS. 12 LB. RODDY MOND. \$30  
GYRO 210 SPOOL PRE-WOUND-300 YDS. 25 LB. RODDY MOND. \$43

SEND 50c FOR YOUR 64 PAGE FULL COLOR RODDY ANNUAL  
1526 W. 166TH STREET • P. O. BOX 431 • GARDENA, CALIF. 90247

**RODDY**

FISHING TACKLE ENGINEERS

**W+H** for Him & Her . . .



**'Candy Stripe'  
Sleepshirts  
by Pleetway**

The pin-stripe shirt goes to new lengths for slumber. Flavored for pleasant dreams in blue or red . . . with white. Tasty fashion for nite-play . . .

With handy plastic travel case too. His Sizes: A-B-C-D Her Sizes: 11/12 13/14 15/16

**\$95 ea**

**Weber & Heilbrocker**  
Madison Avenue & 42nd St., N.Y. 17 AL 5-0800

| by Pleetway           | Quantity | Size | Color |
|-----------------------|----------|------|-------|
| His Sleepshirt @ 5.95 |          |      |       |
| Her Sleepshirt @ 5.95 |          |      |       |

☐ Check ☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Diners' Club No. \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Add 35c for handling deliveries beyond United Parcel Zone. 4% sales tax for city deliveries. Add 50c charge on C.O.D.'s



years that the censor no longer finds himself welcome in most of our society.

But I think the best example is the Legion of Decency, and the tremendous negative influence they exerted over the motion picture industry in the Thirties and Forties; they have become increasingly more permissive in their picture ratings in recent years, reflecting the new maturity to be found in society in general.

The Legion of Decency has been the single most powerful organization, outside the film industry, affecting the over-all approach to moviemaking in Hollywood. At its peak, the Legion's influence was incredible. Its imprint was clearly discernible on the Hollywood Production Code adopted, under considerable duress, by the heads of all the major studios in the early Thirties. The result was a long line of the most sterile, superficial, Sanforized pictures ever produced. No controversial social problem could be realistically explored in that period; and the restrictions on sex were so severe that not even a husband and wife could be shown together in the same bed—twin beds were required.

For the rest of that decade, Hollywood emphasized farce, musicals and—not surprisingly, since violence and sadism usually go hand in hand with sex suppression—gangster movies. In the early Forties, the emphasis switched to farce, musicals and the violence and sadism of war films.

All that has changed in recent years. The competition from television, and the rise of the independent producer, were the major factors in upgrading U.S. film fare, but the point I want to make is that motion pictures are more adult, sophisticated and direct in their handling of sex than would have seemed possible a generation ago. Society has obviously become sophisticated enough, or mature enough, over the past 20 or 30 years, to accept this more adult brand of moviemaking; but, and this is what I find interesting, so has the Legion of Decency. For despite the remarkable contrast in the general sex and sophistication level of motion pictures—then and now—the Legion of Decency appears to be more satisfied with the over-all moral quality of U.S. films today than ever before. That is to say, a higher percentage of Hollywood movies are now being given Legion approval—something like 85 percent of all domestic films for the past year, I believe, but I'm not sure if that's the actual figure . . .

**O'CONNOR:** Do you think this wasn't true in 1934 and 1935?

**HEFNER:** Look at the level of films that were being produced then . . .

**O'CONNOR:** All right. We are looking at some very wonderful films, because we are looking at the films of Charlie Chaplin and . . .

**HEFNER:** Chaplin typifies the films produced in the Twenties, Father. The depths of Hollywood's . . .

**O'CONNOR:** *The Great Dictator* was made in the Twenties . . . ?

**HEFNER:** No, *The Great Dictator* wasn't, but the major trend in motion pictures during the Thirties, the films that typified the period . . .

**O'CONNOR:** The Garbo pictures were made in the Twenties . . . ?

**HEFNER:** Most of them, yes. Chaplin and Garbo are certainly more representative of the 1920s than . . .

**O'CONNOR:** I stayed up and watched a Garbo movie the other night, entitled *The Painted Veil*, that was made in 1935 . . .

**HEFNER:** I think we're wandering away from the point here. I didn't mean to suggest that a number of fine films weren't made during the Depression and War years. But any film historian will tell you that there were two peaks in U.S. moviemaking—the 1920s and right now; the low period was the 1930s and 1940s . . .

**TANENBAUM:** Norman, why are you so offended by what Hugh Hefner has to say about religious communities coming to grips with this on a more direct basis . . . ?

**O'CONNOR:** I'm not offended by it. I just feel that when you generalize in this particular area, you give the impression that the religious community shares a common consent, which I don't think is true.

**HEFNER:** Oh, no, I've suggested just the opposite . . .

**TANENBAUM:** No, Norman, Hugh said we're involved in a common search . . .

**HEFNER:** . . . A re-examination of old ideas . . .

**TANENBAUM:** . . . Along with the lay community.

**O'CONNOR:** Well, you referred to the religious community in the 1935–1936 period, when the Legion of Decency was established; but there wasn't that much common agreement about what should, or should not, be in films then either. This thing came about because the movie industry itself was willing to stand up and have Martin Quigley and Daniel Lord write a code for it.

**HEFNER:** All I've been trying to establish is the extent to which times have changed—and how our moral views on sex are changing. These changes have implications for the individual, for society, and for the religious community—and during our four round-table discussions, we've attempted to sort out some of these implications and see what we could make of them. I've stated my views in rather direct and positive terms—or tried to. It has been more difficult, it seemed to me, for each of you to state the position of your own religious affiliations on this subject. And I'm not so sure but what that isn't a good thing, because I

don't believe you would have had the same difficulty a generation or two ago; and the position you would have had to take then would have been distressingly negative.

**TANENBAUM:** I think Hugh Hefner has said something which is real. I think there are classic theological positions that each of us could have trotted out and, to some extent, have tried to trot out in this discussion . . .

**GARY:** That's true.

**TANENBAUM:** They can be very clearly stated in doctrinal terms, almost catechetically, but to try and relate them to the changing patterns of contemporary society is something else again. We are dealing with new realities and our problem, as conscientious members of the religious community, is to try and decide to what extent our classic positions must be changed to accommodate the new realities—to what extent are we trying to impose the classic positions on contemporary society in an attempt to get it to conform more to what we have regarded in the past as the good, the true, and the beautiful.

**O'CONNOR:** I see that we've only a minute remaining, so, Hugh, I want to thank you for taking time out from your busy schedule to come from Chicago for these discussions. It was very nice to see you.

**HEFNER:** I couldn't have enjoyed them more. This has been one of the most stimulating programs in which I have ever participated. I wish it were continuing for another four weeks . . .

**TANENBAUM:** I don't know if Dick Gary and Norman O'Connor will agree with this, but if Hugh Hefner comes away with a certain view about the changing situation in religious leadership, then I'd like to propose that what he needs more than anything at this moment is an interfaith cabinet for PLAYBOY.

**HEFNER:** You may be right. A good beginning might be to publish portions of these four *Dialogue* programs as installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*. . . I believe I will do that.

*In the next installments of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner makes a concluding statement on U.S. sex laws and some suggestions for their improvement; and discusses both the social and legal aspects of birth control, abortion, prostitution, gambling, drug addiction, crime prevention and punishment.*

*See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including parts 1–7, 8–12 and 13–18, are available at \$1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*







IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTENBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383. ENJOY A FOAMING STEIN IN ITS NATIVE BAVARIAN SETTING....BE SURE TO VISIT THE BEAUTIFUL LÖWENBRÄU GARDENS AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

*Which tastes better...bottled or draught?*

(now you've got us over a barrel)



## CLASSIC REVIVAL (continued from page 132)

on the fanatics who count four or five years well spent in the restoration of a classic car. Down to the great slab of leather hood strap, he and his son have tried their hardest to make the Excalibur SS look 35 years old.

"We want to make a *reliable* classic car," Stevens told me. "Our idea is that here's a classic that will take you where you want to go *and* bring you back."

He has something there. I've driven thousands of miles in classic motorcars, my own and other people's, and to tell the truth I was uncomfortable much of the time. One listens to the sound of the thing like a symphony conductor terrified that the first-chair oboe will goof in the middle of an eight-bar solo. One develops an absurd ability to distinguish among engine sounds—is that a loose bearing? is that piston slap? the supercharger gears didn't sound like that yesterday—and chassis and body noise. Things happen so suddenly. I was driving an Isotta-Fraschini town car on a dark country road one night when without a second's warning the entire electrical system quit: ignition and all the lights. Driving a Bugatti, a sudden tremendous rhythmic thumping began on the floor boards. I thought it was the drive shaft, running, on that model, at engine speed because the gearbox was on the back axle. I had visions of this big black steel column, about four inches in diameter, coming up through the one-inch wood floor and beating me to death. I shut everything off. It was a generator belt come loose, nothing, it took barely an hour and a half on my back in the gravel to put on the spare that a previous, and bright owner had provided. I've had the chain come off a Morgan Three-Wheeler, wrap itself around the single rear wheel and lock it, at 40 miles an hour, tight as a bank vault, setting up a remarkable skid. And so it goes. Brooks and William Stevens may well be stoned to death some dark night by a posse from The Classic Car Club, but they've produced a car that looks, to all but the most discerning eye (fat tires, disk brakes and so forth), as if it had been hand-assembled in 1930 but owns no screw or bolt that will mystify the smallest Chevrolet or Studebaker dealership in North Dakota. Except that I know that among all right-thinking folk the penalty for the usage is death by drawing and quartering, I would say it was a fun thing, the Excalibur SS.

It's extraordinarily seductive on first sight. Stevens set the engine well back in the frame, not only for better balance, but to give the machine the radiator-behind-axle look that characterized the original. (This design point appeared

last on the British-built H.R.G., still available post-War, and I for one was sorry to see it go.) The radiator itself is a massive slab of chromium cut as near as no matter at all to the mold of the original SS and SSK Mercedes-Benz cars. The outside exhaust pipes come from the same German maker who supplied them to Mercedes. And the thing will go. I haven't driven it, since the first one has yet to come to England, but Stevens tells me his son has seen the high side of 150 miles an hour in the supercharged version, and that brings up another point. The temptation is great, in driving a classic car of notable performance, to use the performance, and this is not the course of wisdom. A competent and indisputably courageous race driver once almost indignantly refused to drive my 1912 Mercer. "If you put that thing through a crack-test," he told me, "you wouldn't have the guts to sit in it, much less drive it." He was right.

No such inhibitions will mar the pleasure of driving an Excalibur SS. It can be fully extended in confidence that it is as likely to stay together as any other motorcar; further, it's remarkably roadable, and well endowed with the other two primary safety factors, tremendous acceleration and great braking power. It is meant to serve as a perfectly tractable high-performance road car, a *gran turismo* motorcar, but it has shown startlingly fast test times over standard sports-car road circuits. The Stevenses, father and son, expect to campaign an SS or two this summer.

The original S cars from which the Excalibur is derived were road cars, too, in basic origin, but they were campaigned in races all over the world. They were heavy, going nearly two tons, and hard to handle, but they would stick, they were quick, and they were built to last the distance. They took a lot of silverware back to Germany.

They were created by that genuinely great designer, Ferdinand Porsche, who has so many legendary motor vehicles to his credit, from the Prince Henry Austro-Daimler to the Tiger Tank of World War II, the Volkswagen before it and the Porsche after it. There were four variants: S, SS, SSK and SSKL—Sports, Super-Sports, Super-Sports-Kurtz (Short) and Super-Sports-Kurtz-Leicht (Light). First time out, in June 1927, with Rudolph Caracciola driving, an S won the race inaugurating the opening of the Nürburgring circuit in Germany. From then into the early 1930s the S cars did well, sometimes attracting more attention by their near misses than by their outright wins. For example, Caracciola came very near winning the 1929 Grand

Prix de Monaco in an SSK. One would think the car ill-suited to the circuit, a true city-street course, with straights so short that even today's GP cars can't get over 120 miles an hour on the longest of them, and well studded with right-angle corners. Still, in a car with 110 mph top speed and an acceleration time of 45 seconds from 0 to 90, Caracciola led the race for a time, and probably would have won except for a two-minute-plus pit stop for tires and gasoline. He came third to two Bugattis. Again, in the 1930 Le Mans, a race held to be the private property of the Bentleys, which had won it in 1927, 1928 and 1929, a single SSK, Caracciola again up, with Christian Werner codriving, led the field until the failure of a component—the generator—put its lights out around midnight. But Caracciola won the 1930 Irish Grand Prix in an SSK, and set a new course record doing it.

It was just at this time that one could see the watershed of design begin to move away from the heavy brute cars of racing's beginnings toward the tiny, feather-light *grand prix* cars of today, and Hans Nibel, who had succeeded Porsche in Daimler-Benz, attempted to lighten the SSK without basic change. Holes, big ones, were drilled all over the chassis, until the side members looked like Zeppelin framings; the camshaft profiles were changed and the valves enlarged and a bigger blower, stuffing the air in at 12 pounds per square inch instead of 8½, was fitted. The horsepower of the resulting SSKL was rated 300 and it won the 1931 *Mille Miglia*. But the Daimler-Benz engineers knew that Porsche's basic design had been taken as far as it would go. They tried one last thing: streamlining the stark, wind-grabbing chassis for the 1933 Eifelrennen on the Nürburgring, but Caracciola couldn't drive the car (brake failure had broken his thigh in practice at Monte Carlo; he had hit one of the stone walls that line the circuit almost from end to end). Otto Merz ran in his stead, lost the car on a rain-washed circuit and was killed.

Stevens' Excalibur SS should be faster than Daimler-Benz' SSK, and more comfortable, but it will lack one characteristic that endeared the old car to many. It was a characteristic of Mercedes supercharging that the pump blew air *through* the carburetors rather than sucking from them as is the usual practice. A hurricane of pressure air blasting through a three-inch carburetor throat past valves and venturis and what not set up a great racket, and the supercharger scream of the S cars, as well as the 540Ks that followed them, was a notable feature of the design, indeed one hard to miss noting, particularly since it was intermittent: Use of the blower for longer than 10 seconds at a time was not recommended, since it would raise the horse-





*"I'll see if he's in."*



*"He's in!"*

*Enterland*



power from, say, 120 to 180, imposing considerable stress. The total effect was as if, in a modern car, one dropped from fourth gear to third and simultaneously turned on a siren. No one sets up a supercharger to blow through the carburetor anymore; the Paxton that Stevens uses is almost silent. It might be suggested that he set up a little siren to fake it, but he would doubtless hear from the police if he did.

The new Cord will be supercharged, too, if the client pleases. It is using a proprietary engine, the Chevrolet Corvair, which comes with a supercharger option. The Cord departs even further than Brooks Stevens from the Duesenberg base idea of making no attempt at simulation of the original: It's a precise copy, to 8/10ths scale, of the Model 810-812 Cord of the 1930s, coffin nose, front-wheel drive and all. Only the body material will be wholly different: a thermoplastic laminate called Expanded Royalite, made by U.S. Rubber. This is so remarkable a substance that one's inclined to the German word *Wunderstuff*: It's cheap, light, easily formed in heated dies; very rigid, resistant to weather, acid, salts and so on, integrally colored, has high insulation properties, and is stronger than 18-gauge steel. One more: When someone puts a fist-size dent into it you pick up a commercial air gun, blow 500 degrees of heat on it, and the dent rises to the original surface.

Like the Duesenberg and the S Mercedes-Benz cars, the Cord is a venerated image, and with reason. The first one, the lanky-looking L-29 model, appeared in 1929, an interesting automobile, but no great success. It was too long, at very nearly 138 inches of wheelbase, and there was a serious design flaw buried in it: The engine had been set so far back in the chassis that insufficient weight bore on the front wheels. Running at a steep slippery hill, weight transfer on the L-29 would put so much on the rear wheels, which were slave, and so little on the front, which drove, that the car might refuse the slope. This annoyed the owner, particularly if mass-produced Detroit tin stampings at 25 percent of the Cord's cost were running on past it. The L-29s were very good-looking indeed, though, particularly the roadsters, and they were the first front-wheel-drive cars to go into series production in the United States.

The front-wheel-drive idea, at the moment in the ascendancy in the United States, is an old idea in Europe, where it originated. There's a choice of historical precedent: Nicholas Cugnot's steam tri-cycle of 1769 drove through the single front wheel. Latil of France built a proper front-wheel-drive vehicle in 1899, driving the steered wheels through universal joints. The American Walter Christie built a front-wheel-drive race car in 1904, and six more after it, and

some New York City taxicabs after them. The race cars were fast, but brutes to handle and difficult to start. Christie mounted his engines sidewise in front, a notion held to be one of the pre-eminent signs of brilliance in the famous Mini-Minor by British designer Alec Issigonis. A million Mini-Minors have been turned out in the last few years and the design will certainly be imbedded in the history of the automobile. The French Citroën is probably the best-known front-wheel-drive car in the world, and is another classic design.

Advantages of the system are compactness, extra interior room due to the absence of the tunnel carrying the drive shaft to the rear wheels and the front-compartment hump housing the clutch—these and a positive superiority in traction on slippery surfaces. The number of times the world's most exacting rallies have been won in recent years by Minis and SAABs (a Swedish front-wheel-drive) clearly demonstrates that. This year's Monte Carlo rally was so brutal that of 237 cars starting, only 35 reached Monte Carlo at all, never mind reached it with a chance of winning. A Mini won it, a Porsche was second, a SAAB third. Granted the driver was the Finnish champion Timo Makinen, one of the finest snow-and-ice specialists of all time (second, Eugen Bohringer, the German champion; third, Pat Moss-Carlsson for the highest placement a woman has ever made in the Monte), and granted that he was well supported by the British Motor Company factory with such niceties as 86 sets of tires for the 2600 miles, including five kinds of steel-studded covers, still it was another demonstration of the virtues of front-wheel drive on dicey surfaces. The heart of the matter is that when you turn the front wheels into a hard corner, and apply power to them, you get a better response, directionally, than you do if you apply power to the rear wheels, which are still a little way *out* of the corner, and tending to push the car straight on, and thus *out* of the corner. There are many funny little tricks an expert can do to demonstrate the agility peculiar to front-wheel drive; for example, he can run the car fast down a narrow road, put the wheel all the way over, accelerator hard on, lock the rear wheels for an instant with the hand brake, and whap! the thing has spun in its own length and is motoring rapidly back where it came from. An expert, I said. If you must try it, I suggest a supermarket parking lot on a Sunday. Incidentally, Makinen never takes his right foot off the accelerator, does all braking with his left.

The 810-812 Cords, the coffin-nosed cars, were born out of the Duesenberg. Fred Duesenberg had died, as a result of an accident in one of his own cars in the Pennsylvania mountains in July 1932, and the Duesenberg company, 12

months later, was beginning seriously to feel the loss. Harold Ames, the new president, asked Gordon Buehrig, then with General Motors, to come to Indianapolis and design a small, low-priced Duesenberg to be built on the Auburn chassis. The design was made and set aside and Buehrig was transferred to Auburn, where he did the boattail Auburn Speedster. In 1934 the Auburn company decided to revive the small Duesenberg program, with two changes: abandon the Auburn chassis for a new front-wheel-drive design, and call it not a Duesenberg but a Cord, after E. L. Cord, who controlled the company—he had originally backed the Duesenberg brothers. The new design was finished in the summer of 1934, and summarily dropped in December of that year. In July 1935, with the company in bad shape, the panic button down and locked. Buehrig, in Indianapolis, was given 24 hours in which to prepare, and deliver in Chicago for a board meeting, photographs of the quarter-scale design model of the Cord that had been on ice for six months. The pictures were made by an assistant of Buehrig's, Dale Cospier, whose name now appears on the new Duesenberg board of directors. They were done by two A.M. and the decision next day was to go, to make a new car, although there was less than a million dollars in the bank.

Gordon Buehrig, who's now with Ford, has always had full credit for the Cord design, and he has spent years trying to point out that he did only the body shape and the interior. Ted Allen, Herbert Snow, George Kublin, Louis Schwitzer, George Ritts, Bart Cotter, Stanley Thomas, Stan Menton and many other people worked on engine and chassis and production. Buehrig had three assistants besides Cospier—Vince Gardner, Paul Peter Renter von Lorenzen and Richard Robinson. But while the Lycoming engine in the Cord was a good one, the chassis design sound, and the production of the car—on a bargain-basement, cut-rate system that would make a modern Detroit engineer whimper with fright—a miracle of enterprise, the primary factor in its success *was* the styling. A compliment Buehrig has treasured was, "The car looks as if it had been born on the road and grew up there."

The 810 Cord had a lot of things first: It was the first true four-passenger convertible, it had a true disappearing top, it was first to demonstrate the no-running-board thesis successfully, it had a step-down floor and such novelties as disappearing headlights, this minute being made much of by, for one, the Buick Riviera.

The Cord failed for two reasons: The six-month lag between design and decision to build gave insufficient time to produce cars for the arbitrary deadline,



the New York Automobile Show of November 1935. Cars were produced, but they were largely mock-ups. There was not enough time for testing, and the first models delivered to customers had two bad faults: They overheated and they jumped out of gear. These were bugs easy to eradicate, but they hurt, and they furnished ammunition for rival companies' counterselling. ("Counterselling" is unselling, or propaganda, as when a salesman tells a prospect, "Of course, you know that the Blank V-10 has a tendency to put itself into first gear if you leave the engine running? Yeah, they lose a lot of people that way. Crushed to death against the garage doors.") For another thing, the Cord was expensive. It was a \$2000-\$3000 car, at a time when a Buick cost \$885, a Studebaker President under \$1000, and even a Lincoln-Zephyr only \$1320. Those were the only things wrong with it, though. When the engineers had worked the bugs out, it was a fine, fast, roadable motorcar, and almost universally thought to be a beautiful one. It has stood the test: An as-new Cord is worth more today than it was in 1937, when production stopped. That is true of few automobiles.

The veneration in which the Cord is held was the primary thing that brought the new company into being. Glenn Pray, a former Tulsa high school teacher, and Wayne McKinley, a Belleville, Illinois, auto dealer, thought of it, as others had, but they took action. They formed a company and bought what was left of the original Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg company. They got patterns, dies, blueprints, 600,000 pounds of spare parts and had it all shipped to an abandoned cannery in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. The production factory will be in Tulsa, and it's hoped that the first year will see 2000 cars made and sold at around \$4000.

At least one group of overseas businessmen must be watching the new Cord operation with interest: the ones who own the original Cord body dies. Just before World War II, these dies, with the New York City Sixth Avenue Elevated and a lot of other scrap, were shipped to Japan. Most of the stuff was fired back at us, but someone in Yokohama thought the Cord dies were too nice to break up for bombs, so they're still there. I'm sure the Tulsa people intend theirs to be the first and last of the Cord replicas. Perhaps not.

But one thing we do know. If sales of the Cord, Duesenberg and Excalibur SS equal or surpass expectations, we can look forward to all manner of rejuvenated makes and models, from exotic foreign vintage machinery down to—but maybe not including—the Edsel.



Go well-dressed ...  
Go with confidence

Wembley suggests for young men going places the traditional look of BRIXTON ties ... authentic repps, foulards and club motifs.

  
**wembley®**  
The "Color Guide" Tie  
that takes the guessing out of dressing®



\$2.50 and \$3.50



© 1965 Wembley Inc., Empire State Building, New York City



## THE VISITOR

(continued from page 116)

three or four hours' time it would start to get a little cooler. Meanwhile, I must make the best of things as they were. I reached into the back of the car where I kept my box of books, and without looking, I took out the first one that I touched. The box contained 30 or 40 of the best books in the world, and all of them could be reread a hundred times and would improve with each reading. It was immaterial which one I got. It turned out to be *The Natural History of Selborne*. I opened it at random.

It must have been about an hour later that I noticed a small dark speck moving toward me along the road in the far distance, coming from the Jerusalem direction. I laid aside my book without taking my eyes away from the speck. I watched it growing bigger and bigger. It was traveling at a great speed, at a really amazing speed. I got out of the Lagonda and hurried to the side of the road and stood there, ready to signal the driver to stop.

Closer and closer it came, and when it was about a quarter of a mile away, it began to slow down. Suddenly, I noticed the shape of its radiator. It was a *Rolls-Royce*! I raised an arm and kept it raised, and the big green car with a man at the wheel pulled in off the road and stopped beside my Lagonda.

I felt absurdly elated. Had it been a Ford or a Morris, I would have been pleased enough, but I would not have been elated. The fact that it was a Rolls—a Bentley would have done equally well, or an Isotta, or another Lagonda—

was a virtual guarantee that I would receive all the assistance I required; for whether you know it or not, there is a powerful brotherhood existing among people who own very costly automobiles. They respect one another automatically, and the reason they respect one another is simply that wealth respects wealth. In point of fact, there is nobody in the world whom a very wealthy person respects more than another very wealthy person, and because of this, they naturally seek each other out wherever they go. Recognition signals of many kinds are used among them. With the female, the wearing of massive jewels is perhaps the most common; but the costly automobile is also much favored, and is used by both sexes. It is a traveling placard, a public declaration of affluence, and as such, it is also a card of membership to the excellent unofficial society, the Very-Wealthy-Peoples Union. I am a member myself of long standing, and am delighted to be one. When I meet another member, as I was about to do now, I feel an immediate rapport. I respect him. We speak the same language. He is one of *us*. I had good reason, therefore, to be elated.

The driver of the Rolls climbed out and came toward me. He was a small dark man with olive skin, and he wore an immaculate white linen suit. Probably a Syrian, I thought. Just possibly a Greek. In the heat of the day he looked as cool as could be.

"Good afternoon," he said. "Are you having trouble?"

I greeted him, and then bit by bit, I

told him everything that had happened.

"My dear fellow," he said in perfect English, "but my *dear fellow*, how very distressing. What rotten luck. This is no place to get stranded in."

"It isn't, is it?"

"And you say that a new fan belt has definitely been ordered?"

"Yes," I answered, "if I can rely upon the proprietor of this establishment."

The Arab, who had emerged from his shack almost before the Rolls had come to a stop, had now joined us, and the stranger proceeded to question him swiftly in Arabic about the steps he had taken on my behalf. It seemed to me that the two knew each other pretty well, and it was clear that the Arab was in great awe of the new arrival. He was practically crawling along the ground in his presence.

"Well—that seems to be all right," the stranger said at last, turning to me. "But quite obviously you won't be able to move on from here until tomorrow morning. Where were you headed for?"

"Jerusalem," I said. "And I don't relish the idea of spending the night in this infernal spot."

"I should say not, my dear man. That would be most uncomfortable." He smiled at me, showing exceptionally white teeth. Then he took out a cigarette case, and offered me a cigarette. The case was gold, and on the outside of it there was a thin line of dark-green jade inlaid diagonally from corner to corner. It was a beautiful thing. I accepted the cigarette. He lit it for me, then lit his own.

The stranger took a long pull at his cigarette, inhaling deeply. Then he tilted back his head and blew the smoke up into the sun. "We shall both get heat-stroke if we stand around here much longer," he said. "Will you permit me to make a suggestion?"

"But of course."

"I do hope you won't consider it presumptuous, coming from a complete stranger . . ."

"Please . . ."

"You can't possibly remain here, so I suggest you come back and stay the night in my house."

There! The Rolls-Royce was smiling at the Lagonda—smiling at it as it would never have smiled at a Ford or a Morris!

"You mean in Ismailia?" I said.

"No, no," he answered, laughing. "I live just around the corner, just over there." He waved a hand in the direction he had come from.

"But surely you were going to Ismailia? I wouldn't want you to change your plans on my behalf."

"I wasn't going to Ismailia at all," he said. "I was coming down here to collect the mail. My house—and this may surprise you—is quite close to where we are standing. You see that mountain.



"Don't they usually quit after the reception?"



That's Maghara. I'm immediately behind it."

I looked at the mountain. It lay about ten miles to the north, a yellow rocky lump, perhaps two thousand feet high. "Do you really mean that you have a house in the middle of all this . . . this wasteland?" I asked.

"You don't believe me?" he said, smiling.

"Of course I believe you," I answered. "Nothing surprises me anymore. Except, perhaps," and here I smiled back at him, "except when I meet a stranger in the middle of the desert, and he treats me like a brother. I am overwhelmed by your offer."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. My motives are entirely selfish. Civilized company is not easy to come by in these parts. I am quite thrilled at the thought of having a guest for dinner. Permit me to introduce myself—Abdul Aziz." He made a quick little bow.

"Oswald Cornelius," I said. "It is a great pleasure." We shook hands.

"I live partly in Beirut," he said.

"I live in Paris."

"Charming. And now—shall we go? Are you ready?"

"But my car," I said. "Can I leave it here safely?"

"Have no fear about that. Omar is a friend of mine. He's not much to look

at, poor chap, but he won't let you down if you're with me. And the other one, Saleh, is a good mechanic. He'll fit your new fan belt when it arrives tomorrow. I'll tell him now."

Saleh, the man from across the road, had walked over while we were talking. Mr. Aziz gave him his instructions. He then spoke to both men about guarding the Lagonda. He was brief and incisive. Omar and Saleh stood bowing and scraping. I went across to the Lagonda to get a suitcase. I needed a change of clothes badly.

"Oh, by the way," Mr. Aziz called over to me, "I usually put on a black tie for dinner."

"Of course," I murmured, quickly pushing back my first choice of suitcase and taking another.

"I do it for the ladies mostly. They seem to like dressing themselves up for dinner."

I turned sharply and looked at him, but he was already getting into his car.

"Ready?" he said.

I took the suitcase and placed it in the back of the Rolls. Then I climbed into the front seat beside him, and we drove off.

During the drive, we talked casually about this and that. He told me that his business was in carpets. He had offices in Beirut and Damascus. His forefathers,

he said, had been in the trade for hundreds of years.

I mentioned that I had a 17th Century Damascus carpet on the floor of my bedroom in Paris.

"You don't mean it!" he cried, nearly swerving off the road with excitement. "Is it silk and wool, with the warp made entirely of silk? And has it got a ground of gold and silver threads?"

"Yes," I said. "Exactly."

"But my dear fellow! You mustn't put a thing like that on the floor!"

"It is touched only by bare feet," I said. That pleased him.

Soon we turned left off the tarred road onto a hard stony track and headed straight over the desert toward the mountain. "This is my private driveway," Mr. Aziz said. "It is five miles long."

"You are even on the telephone," I said, noticing the poles that branched off the main road to follow his private drive.

And then suddenly a queer thought struck me.

That Arab at the filling station . . . he also was on the telephone . . .

Might not this, then, explain the fortuitous arrival of Mr. Aziz?

Was it possible that my lonely host had devised a clever method of shang-

livelier lather  
for really  
smooth shaves!  
1.00

glides on  
deodorant  
protection  
you can trust!  
1.00

cool, exciting—  
brisk as an  
ocean breeze!  
1.25

SHULTON

*Old Spice* —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!



hailing travelers off the road in order to provide himself with what he called "civilized company" for dinner? Had he, in fact, given the Arab standing instructions to immobilize the cars of all likely looking persons one after the other as they came along? "Just cut the fan belt, Omar. Then phone me up quick. But make sure it's a decent-looking fellow with a good car. Then I'll pop along and see if I think he's worth inviting to the house . . ."

It was ridiculous, of course.

"I think," my companion was saying, "that you are wondering why in the world I should choose to have a house out here in a place like this."

"Well, yes, I am a bit."

"Everyone does," he said.

"Everyone," I said.

"Yes," he said.

Well, well, I thought—everyone.

"I live here," he said, "because I have a peculiar affinity with the desert. I am drawn to it in the same way a sailor is drawn to the sea. Does that seem so very strange to you?"

"No," I answered, "it doesn't seem strange at all."

He paused and took a pull at his cigarette. Then he said, "That is one reason. But there is another. Are you a family man, Mr. Cornelius?"

"Unfortunately not," I answered cautiously.

"I am," he said. "I have a wife and a daughter. Both of them, in my eyes at any rate, are very beautiful. My daughter is just eighteen. She has been to an excellent boarding school in England, and she is now . . ." he shrugged . . . "she is now just sitting around and waiting until she is old enough to get married. But this waiting period—what does one do with a beautiful young girl during that time? I can't let her loose. She is far too desirable for that. When I take her to Beirut, I see the men hanging around her like wolves waiting to pounce. It drives me nearly out of my mind. I know all about men, Mr. Cornelius. I know how they behave. It is true, of course, that I am not the only father who has had this problem. But the others seem somehow able to face it and accept it. They let their daughters go. They just turn them out of the house and look the other way. I cannot do that. I simply *cannot* bring myself to do it! I refuse to allow her to be mauled by every Achmed, Ali and Hamil that comes along. And that, you see, is the other reason why I live in the desert—to protect my lovely child for a few more years from the wild beasts. Did you say that you had no family at all, Mr. Cornelius?"

"I'm afraid that's true."

"Oh." He seemed disappointed. "You mean you've never been married?"

"Well . . . no," I said. "No, I haven't."

I waited for the next inevitable question. It came about a minute later.

"Have you never *wanted* to get married and have children?"

They all asked that one. It was simply another way of saying, "Are you, in that case, homosexual?"

"Once," I said. "Just once."

"What happened?"

"There was only one person ever in my life, Mr. Aziz . . . and after she went . . ." I sighed.

"You mean she died?"

I nodded, too choked up to answer.

"My dear fellow," he said. "Oh, I am so sorry. Forgive me for intruding."

We drove on for a while in silence.

"It's amazing," I murmured, "how one loses all interest in matters of the flesh after a thing like that. I suppose it's the shock. One never gets over it."

He nodded sympathetically, swallowing it all.

"So now I just travel around trying to forget. I've been doing it for years . . ."

We had reached the foot of Mount Maghara now and were following the track as it curved around the mountain toward the side that was invisible from the road—the north side. "As soon as we round the next bend you'll see the house," Mr. Aziz said.

We rounded the bend . . . and there it was! I blinked and stared, and I tell you that for the first few seconds I literally could not believe my eyes. I saw before me a white castle—I mean it—a *tall, white castle* with turrets and towers and little spires all over it, standing like a fairy tale in the middle of a small splash of green vegetation on the lower slope of the blazing-hot, yellow, bare mountain! It was fantastic! It was straight out of Hans Andersen or Grimm. I had seen plenty of romantic-looking Rhine and Loire valley castles in my time, but never before had I seen anything with such a slender, graceful, fairy-tale quality as this! The greenery, as I observed when we drew closer, was a pretty garden of lawns and date palms, and there was a high white wall going all the way round to keep out the desert.

"Do you approve?" my host asked, smiling.

"It's fabulous!" I said. "It's like all the fairy-tale castles in the world made into one."

"That's exactly what it is!" he cried. "It's a fairy-tale castle! I built it especially for my daughter, my beautiful Princess."

*And the beautiful Princess is imprisoned within its walls by her strict and jealous father, King Abdul Aziz, who refuses to allow her the pleasures of masculine company. But watch out, for here comes Prince Oswald Cornelius to the rescue! Unbeknownst to the King, he is going to ravish the beautiful Princess, and make her very happy.*

"You have to admit it's different," Mr. Aziz said.

"It is that."

"It is also nice and private. I sleep very peacefully here. So does the Princess. No unpleasant young men are likely to come climbing in through *those* windows during the night."

"Quite so," I said.

"It used to be a small oasis," he went on. "I bought it from the government. We have ample water for the house, the swimming pool, and three acres of garden."

We drove through the main gates, and I must say it was wonderful to come suddenly into a miniature paradise of green lawns and flower beds and palm trees. Everything was in perfect order, and water sprinklers were playing on the lawns. When we stopped at the front door of the house, two servants in spotless galabias and scarlet tarbooshes ran out immediately, one to each side of the car, to open the doors for us.

Two servants? But would both of them have come out like that unless they'd been expecting *two* people? I doubted it. More and more, it began to look as though my odd little theory about being shanghaied as a dinner guest was turning out to be correct. It was all very amusing.

My host ushered me in through the front door, and at once I got that lovely shivery feeling that comes over the skin as one walks suddenly out of intense heat into an air-conditioned room. I was standing in the hall. The floor was of green marble. On my right, there was a wide archway leading to a large room, and I received a fleeting impression of cool white walls, fine pictures and superlative Louis XV furniture. What a place to find oneself in, in the middle of the Sinai Desert!

And now a woman was coming slowly down the stairs. My host had turned away to speak to the servants, and he didn't see her at once, so when she reached the bottom step, the woman paused, and she laid her naked arm like a white anaconda along the rail of the banister, and there she stood, looking at me as though she were Queen Semiramis on the steps of Babylon, and I was a candidate who might or might not be to her taste. Her hair was jet black, and she had a figure that made me wet my lips.

When Mr. Aziz turned and saw her, he said, "Oh darling, there you are. I've brought you a guest. His car broke down at the filling station—such rotten luck—so I asked him to come back and stay the night. Mr. Cornelius . . . my wife."

"How very nice," she said quietly, coming forward.

I took her hand and raised it to my lips. "I am overcome by your kindness, madam," I murmured. There was, upon





## DOWN, CATS HERE COMES THE REAL TIGER

There are a lot of cats roaming around beating their chests. But it takes a real cat to recognize the top cat—The Tiger—a supremely masculine, true British sports car with a wallop that makes lesser cars sulk in their garages. Fast? With a Ford V-8 power plant it doesn't take off, it leaps! That's why it placed first and second in its class

in the 1965 Monte Carlo Rally. It takes a lot of know-how to produce the world's fastest sports car for \$3499. And it takes a lot of man to ride this Tiger. Test yourself in the Sunbeam Tiger today.

**P.S.** Look at the Tiger's lair-mate, the Sunbeam Alpine (SCCA Class F champion), priced at an easy-to-take **\$2399**. *ASK ABOUT OUR OVERSEAS DELIVERY PLAN*

**"CAR & DRIVER" READERS VOTE THE TIGER BEST GRAND TOURING SPORTS CAR \$2500 TO \$3500**

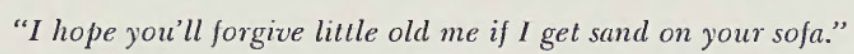
**'65 Sunbeam Tiger**

A ROOTES PRODUCT



Prices East P. O. E. Whitewall tires optional extra. For information write Rootes Motors, 505 Park Avenue, N.Y. or 9830 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles







that hand of hers, a diabolical perfume. It was almost exclusively animal. The subtle, sexy secretions of the sperm whale, the male musk deer and the beaver were all there, pungent and obscene beyond words; they dominated the blend completely, and only faint traces of the clean vegetable oils—lemon, cajuput and zero—were allowed to come through. It was superb! And another thing I noticed in the flash of that first moment was this: When I took her hand, she did not, as other women do, let it lie limply across my palm like a fillet of raw fish. Instead, she placed her thumb *underneath* my own hand, with the fingers on top; and thus she was able to—and I swear she did—exert a gentle but suggestive pressure upon my hand as I administered the conventional kiss.

"Where is Diana?" asked Mr. Aziz.

"She's out by the pool," the woman said. And turning to me, "Would you like a swim, Mr. Cornelius? You must be roasted after hanging around that awful filling station."

She had huge velvet eyes, so dark they were almost black, and when she smiled at me, the end of her nose moved upward, distending the nostrils.

*There and then, Prince Oswald Cornelius decided that he cared not one whit about the beautiful Princess who was held captive in the castle by the jealous King. He would ravish the Queen instead.*

"Well . . ." I said.

"I'm going to have one," Mr. Aziz said.

"Let's all have one," his wife said. "We'll lend you a pair of trunks if you haven't got any."

I asked if I might go up to my room first and get out a clean shirt and clean slacks to put on after the swim, and my hostess said, "Yes, of course," and told one of the servants to show me the way. He took me up two flights of stairs, and we entered a large white bedroom which had in it an exceptionally large double bed. There was a well-equipped bathroom leading off to one side, with a pale-blue bathtub and a bidet to match. Everywhere, things were scrupulously clean and very much to my liking. While the servant was unpacking my case, I went over to the window and looked out, and I saw the great blazing desert sweeping in like a yellow sea all the way from the horizon until it met the white garden wall just below me, and there, within the wall, I could see the swimming pool, and beside the pool there was a girl lying on her back in the shade of a big pink parasol. The girl was wearing a white swimming costume, and she was reading a book. She had long slim legs and black hair. She was the Princess.

What a setup, I thought. The white castle, the comfort, the cleanliness, the air conditioning, the two dazzlingly beautiful females, the watchdog hus-

band, and a whole evening to work in! The situation was so perfectly designed for my entertainment that it would have been impossible to improve upon it. The problems that lay ahead appealed to me very much. A simple straightforward seduction did not amuse me anymore. There was no artistry in that sort of thing; and I can assure you that had I been able, by waving a magic wand, to make Mr. Abdul Aziz, the jealous watchdog, disappear for the night, I would not have done so. I wanted no Pyrrhic victories.

When I left the room, the servant accompanied me. We descended the first flight of stairs, and then, on the landing of the floor below my own, I paused and said casually, "Does the whole family sleep on this floor?"

"Oh, yes," the servant said. "That is the master's room there"—indicating a door—"and next to it is Mrs. Aziz. Miss Diana is opposite."

Three separate rooms. All very close together. Virtually impregnable. I tucked the information away in my mind and went on down to the pool. My host and hostess were there before me.

"This is my daughter, Diana," my host said.

The girl in the white swimming suit stood up and I kissed her hand. "Hello, Mr. Cornelius," she said.

She was using the same heavy animal perfume as her mother—ambergris, musk and castor! What a smell it had—bitchy, brazen and marvelous! I sniffed at it like a dog. She was, I thought, even more beautiful than the parent, if that were possible. She had the same large velvety eyes, the same black hair, and the same shape of face; but her legs were unquestionably longer, and there was something about her body that gave it a slight edge over the older woman's: It was more sinuous, more snaky, and almost certain to be a good deal more flexible. But the older woman, who was probably 37 and looked no more than 25, had a spark in her eye that the daughter could not possibly match.

*Eeny, meeny, miney, mo—just a little while ago, Prince Oswald had sworn that he would ravish the Queen alone, and to hell with the Princess. But now that he had seen the Princess in the flesh, he did not know which one to prefer. Both of them, in their different ways, held forth a promise of innumerable delights, the one innocent and eager, the other expert and voracious. The truth of the matter was that he would like to have them both—the Princess as an hors d'oeuvre, and the Queen as the main dish.*

"Help yourself to a pair of trunks in the changing room, Mr. Cornelius," Mrs. Aziz was saying, so I went into the hut and changed, and when I came out again the three of them were already splashing about in the water. I dived in

and joined them. The water was so cold it made me gasp.

"I thought that would surprise you," Mr. Aziz said, laughing. "It's cooled. I keep it at sixty-five degrees. It's more refreshing in this climate."

Later, when the sun began dropping lower in the sky, we all sat around in our wet swimming clothes while a servant brought us pale, ice-cold martinis, and it was at this point that I began, very slowly, very cautiously, to seduce the two ladies in my own particular fashion. Normally, when I am given a free hand, this is not especially difficult for me to do. The curious little talent that I happen to possess—the ability to hypnotize a woman with words—very seldom lets me down. It is not, of course, done only with words. The words themselves, the innocuous, superficial words, are spoken only by the mouth, whereas the real message, the improper and exciting promise, comes from all the limbs and organs of the body, and is transmitted through the eyes. More than that I cannot honestly tell you about how it is done. The point is that it works. It works like cantharides. I believe that I could sit down opposite the Pope's wife, if he had one, and within 15 minutes, were I to try hard enough, she would be leaning toward me over the table with her lips apart and her eyes glazed with desire. It is a minor talent, not a great one, but I am nonetheless thankful to have had it bestowed upon me, and I have done my best at all times to see that it has not been wasted.

So the four of us, the two wondrous women, the little man and myself, sat close together in a semicircle beside the swimming pool, lounging in deck chairs and sipping our drinks and feeling the warm six-o'clock sunshine upon our skin. I was in good form. I made them laugh a great deal. The story about the greedy old Duchess of Glasgow putting her hand in the chocolate box and getting nipped by a scorpion had the daughter falling out of her chair with mirth.

It was at this stage that I noticed the eyes of Mr. Abdul Aziz resting upon me in a good-humored, twinkling kind of way. "Well, well," the eyes seemed to be saying, "we are glad to see that you are not quite so disinterested in women as you led us to believe in the car . . ." Or is it, perhaps, that these congenial surroundings are helping you to forget that great sorrow of yours at last . . ." Mr. Aziz smiled at me, showing his pure white teeth. It was a friendly smile. I gave him a friendly smile back. What a friendly little fellow he was. He was genuinely delighted to see me paying so much attention to the ladies. So far, then, so good.

I shall skip very quickly over the next 159



few hours, for it was not until after midnight that anything really tremendous happened to me. A few brief notes will suffice to cover the intervening period:

At seven o'clock, we all left the swimming pool and returned to the house to dress for dinner.

At eight o'clock, we assembled in the big living room to drink another cocktail. The two ladies were both superbly turned out, and sparkling with jewels. Both of them wore low-cut, sleeveless evening dresses which had come, without any doubt at all, from some great fashion house in Paris. My hostess was in black, her daughter in pale blue, and the scent of that intoxicating perfume was everywhere about them. What a pair they were! The older woman had that slight forward hunch to her shoulders which one sees only in the most passionate and practiced of females; for in the same way as a horsey woman will become bandy-legged from sitting constantly upon a horse, so a woman of great passion will develop a curious roundness of the shoulders from continually embracing men. It is an occupational deformity, and the noblest of them all.

The daughter was not yet old enough to have acquired this singular badge of honor, but with her it was enough for me simply to stand back and observe the shape of her body and to notice the splendid sliding motion of her thighs underneath the tight silk dress as she

wandered about the room. She had a line of tiny soft golden hairs growing all the way up the exposed length of her spine, and when I stood behind her it was difficult to resist the temptation of running my knuckles up and down those lovely vertebrae.

At 8:30, we moved into the dining room. The dinner that followed was a really magnificent affair, but I shall waste no time here describing food or wine. Throughout the meal I continued to play most delicately and insidiously upon the sensibilities of the women, employing every skill that I possessed; and by the time the dessert arrived, they were melting before my eyes like butter in the sun.

After dinner we returned to the living room for coffee and brandy, and then, at my host's suggestion, we played a couple of rubbers of bridge.

By the end of the evening, I knew for certain that I had done my work well. The old magic had not let me down. Either of the two ladies, should the circumstances permit, was mine for the asking. I was not deluding myself over this. It was a straightforward, obvious fact. It stood out a mile. The face of my hostess was bright with excitement, and whenever she looked at me across the card table, those huge dark velvety eyes would grow bigger and bigger, and the nostrils would dilate, and the mouth would

open slightly to reveal the tip of a moist pink tongue squeezing through between the teeth. It was a marvelously lascivious gesture, and more than once it caused me to trump my own trick. The daughter was less daring but equally direct. Each time her eyes met mine, and that was often enough, she would raise her brows just the tiniest fraction of a centimeter, as though asking a question; then she would make a quick sly little smile, supplying the answer.

"I think it's time we all went to bed," Mr. Aziz said, examining his watch. "It's after eleven. Come along, my dears."

Then a queer thing happened. At once, without a second's hesitation and without another glance in my direction, both ladies rose and made for the door! It was astonishing. It left me stunned. I didn't know what to make of it. It was the quickest thing I'd ever seen. And yet it wasn't as though Mr. Aziz had spoken angrily. His voice, to me at any rate, had sounded as pleasant as ever. But now he was already turning out the lights, indicating clearly that he wished me also to retire. What a blow! I had expected at least to receive a whisper from either the wife or the daughter before we separated for the night, just a quick three or four words telling me where to go and when; but instead, I was left standing like a fool beside the card table while the two ladies glided out of the room.

My host and I followed them up the stairs. On the landing of the first floor, the mother and daughter stood side by side, waiting for me.

"Good night, Mr. Cornelius," my hostess said.

"Good night, Mr. Cornelius," the daughter said.

"Good night, my dear fellow," Mr. Aziz said, "I do hope you have everything you want."

They turned away, and there was nothing for me to do but continue slowly, reluctantly, up the second flight of stairs to my own room. I entered it and closed the door. The heavy brocade curtains had already been drawn by one of the servants, but I parted them and leaned out the window to take a look at the night. The air was still and warm, and a brilliant moon was shining over the desert. Below me, the swimming pool in the moonlight looked something like an enormous glass mirror lying flat on the lawn, and beside it I could see the four deck chairs we had been sitting in earlier on.

Well, well, I thought. What happens now?

One thing I knew I must not do in this house was to venture out of my room and go prowling around the corridors. That would be suicide. I had learned many years ago that there are three breeds of husband with whom one must never take unnecessary risks—the



"Has anyone ever suggested you try a man's deodorant?"



Bulgarian, the Greek and the Syrian. None of them, for some reason, resents your flirting quite openly with his wife, but he will kill you at once if he catches you getting into her bed. Mr. Aziz was a Syrian. A degree of prudence was therefore essential, and if any move were going to be made now, it must be made not by me but by one of the two women, for only she (or they) would know precisely what was safe and what was dangerous. Yet I had to admit that after witnessing the way in which my host had called them both to heel four minutes ago, there was very little hope of further action in the near future. The trouble was, though, that I had gotten myself so infernally steamed up.

I undressed and took a long, cold shower. That helped. Then, because I have never been able to sleep in the moonlight, I made sure that the curtains were tightly drawn together. I got into bed, and for the next hour or so I lay reading some more of Gilbert White's *The Natural History of Selborne*. That also helped, and at last, somewhere between midnight and one A.M., there came a time when I was able to switch out the light and prepare myself for sleep without altogether too many regrets.

I was just beginning to doze off when I heard some tiny sounds. I recognized them at once. They were sounds that I

had heard many times before in my life, and yet they were still, for me, the most thrilling and evocative in the whole world. They consisted of a series of little soft metallic noises, of metal grating gently against metal, and they were made, they were always made by somebody who was very slowly, very cautiously, turning the handle of one's door from the outside. Instantly, I became wide awake. But I did not move. I simply opened my eyes and stared in the direction of the door; and I can remember wishing at that moment for a gap in the curtain, for just a small thin shaft of moonlight to come in from outside so that I could at least catch a glimpse of the shadow of the lovely form that was about to enter. But the room was as dark as a dungeon.

I did not hear the door open. No hinge squeaked. But suddenly a little gust of air swept through the room and rustled the curtains, and a moment later I heard the soft thud of wood against wood as the door was carefully closed again. Then came the click of the latch as the handle was released.

Next, I heard feet tiptoeing toward me over the carpet.

For one horrible second, it occurred to me that this might just possibly be Mr. Abdul Aziz creeping in upon me with a long knife in his hand, but then all at once a warm extensible body was bending

over mine, and a woman's voice was whispering in my ear, "Don't make a sound!"

"My dearest beloved," I said, wondering which one of them it was, "I knew you'd—" Instantly her hand came over my mouth.

"Please!" she whispered. "Not another word!"

I didn't argue. My lips had many better things to do than that. So had hers.

Here I must pause. This is not like me at all—I know that. But just for once, I wish to be excused a detailed description of the great scene that followed. I have my own reasons for this and I beg you to respect them. In any case, it will do you no harm to exercise your own imagination for a change, and if you wish, I will stimulate it a little by saying simply and truthfully that of the many thousands and thousands of women I have known in my time, none has transported me to greater extremes of ecstasy than this lady of the Sinai Desert. Her dexterity was amazing. Her passion was intense. Her range was unbelievable. At every turn, she was ready with some new and intricate maneuver. And to cap it all, she possessed the most subtle and recondite style I have ever encountered. She was a great artist. She was a genius.

All this, you will probably say, indicated clearly that my visitor must have been the older woman. You would be



## FIND THE UNSHRINKABLES

**First wool socks that won't shrink in the washer or dryer!** They're the ones with the Red Toe Stripe™. That stripe is the mark of a Thorobred®—Jockey Thorobred wool hose. It's a guarantee, too: if these socks shrink out of size, you get a new pair



free. So go ahead—enjoy the comfort and absorbency that only wool socks can give. But make sure you choose The Unshrinkables—Jockey Thorobred wool hose. Ankle and over-the-calf styles. Imported from England, yet only \$2.

JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WIS.—A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.



wrong. It indicated nothing. True genius is a gift of birth. It has very little to do with age; and I can assure you I had no way of knowing for certain which of them it was in the darkness of that room. I wouldn't have bet a penny on it either way. At one moment, after some particularly boisterous cadenza, I would be convinced it was the wife. *It must be the wife!* Then suddenly the whole tempo would begin to change, and the melody would become so childlike and innocent that I found myself swearing it was the daughter. *It must be the daughter!*

Maddening it was not to know the true answer. It tantalized me. It also humbled me, for after all, a connoisseur, a supreme connoisseur, should always be able to guess the vintage without seeing the label on the bottle. But this one really had me beat. At one point, I reached for cigarettes, intending to solve the mystery in the flare of a match, but her hand was on me in a flash, and cigarettes and matches both were snatched away and flung across the room. More than once, I began to whisper the question itself into her ear, but I never got three words out before the hand shot up again and smacked itself over my mouth. Rather violently, too.

Very well, I thought. Let it be for now. Tomorrow morning, downstairs in the daylight, I shall know for certain which one of you it was. I shall know by the glow on the face, by the way the eyes look back into mine, and by a hundred other little telltale signs. I shall also know by the marks that my teeth have made on the left side of the neck, above the dress line. A rather wily move, that one, I thought, and so perfectly timed—my vicious bite was administered during the height of her passion—that she never for one moment realized the significance of the act.

It was altogether a most memorable night, and at least four hours must have gone by before she gave me a final fierce embrace, and slipped out of the room as quickly as she had come in.

The next morning I did not awaken until after ten o'clock. I got out of bed and drew open the curtains. It was another brilliant, hot desert day. I took a leisurely bath, then dressed myself as carefully as ever. I felt relaxed and chipper. It made me very happy to think that I could still summon a woman to my room with my eyes alone, even in middle age. And what a woman! It would be fascinating to find out which one of them she was. I would soon know.

I made my way slowly down the two flights of stairs.

"Good morning, my dear fellow, good morning!" Mr. Aziz said, rising from a small desk he had been writing at in the living room. "Did you have a good night?"

"Excellent, thank you," I answered,

trying not to sound smug.

He came and stood close to me, smiling with his very white teeth. His shrewd little eyes rested on my face and moved over it slowly, as though searching for something.

"I have good news for you," he said. "They called up from Bir Rod Salim five minutes ago and said your new fan belt had arrived by the mail truck. Saleh is fitting it on now. It'll be ready in an hour. So when you've had some breakfast, I'll drive you over and you can be on your way."

I told him how grateful I was.

"We'll be sorry to see you go," he said. "It's been an immense pleasure for all of us having you drop in like this, an immense pleasure."

I had my breakfast alone in the dining room. Afterward, I returned to the living room to smoke a cigarette while my host continued writing at his desk.

"Do forgive me," he said. "I just have a couple of things to finish here. I won't be long. I've arranged for your case to be packed and put in the car, so you have nothing to worry about. Sit down and enjoy your cigarette. The ladies ought to be down any minute now."

The wife arrived first. She came sailing into the room looking more than ever like the dazzling Queen Semiramis of the Nile, and the first thing I noticed about her was the pale green chiffon scarf knotted casually around her neck! Casually but carefully! So carefully that no part of the skin of the neck was visible. The woman went straight over to her husband and kissed him on the cheek. "Good morning, my darling," she said.

*You cunning beautiful bitch,* I thought.

"Good morning, Mr. Cornelius," she said gaily, coming over to sit in the chair opposite mine. "Did you have a good night? I do hope you had everything you wanted."

Never in my life have I seen such a sparkle in a woman's eyes as I saw in hers that morning, nor such a glow of pleasure in a woman's face.

"I had a very good night indeed, thank you," I answered, showing her that I knew.

She smiled and lit a cigarette. I glanced over at Mr. Aziz who was still writing away busily at the desk with his back to us. He wasn't paying the slightest attention to his wife or to me. He was, I thought, exactly like all the other poor cuckolds that I had ever created. Not one of them would believe that it could happen to him, not right under his own nose.

"Good morning, everybody!" cried the daughter, sweeping into the room. "Good morning, Daddy! Good morning, Mummy!" She gave them each a kiss. "Good morning, Mr. Cornelius!" She was wearing a pair of pink slacks

and a rust-colored blouse, and I'll be damned if she didn't also have a scarf tied carelessly but carefully around her neck! A chiffon scarf!

"Did you have a decent night?" she asked, perching herself like a young bride on the arm of my chair, arranging herself in such a way that one of her thighs rested against my forearm. I leaned back and looked at her closely. She looked back at me and winked. She actually winked! Her face was glowing and sparkling every bit as much as her mother's, and if anything, she seemed even more pleased with herself than the older woman.

I felt pretty confused. Only one of them had a bite mark to conceal, yet both of them had covered their necks with scarves. I conceded that this might be a coincidence, but on the face of it, it looked much more like a conspiracy to me. It looked as though they were both working closely together to keep me from discovering the truth. But what an extraordinary screwy business! And what was the purpose of it all? And in what other peculiar ways, might I ask, did they plot and plan together between themselves? Had they drawn lots or something the night before? Or did they simply take it in turns with visitors? I must come back again, I told myself, for another visit as soon as possible just to see what happens the next time. In fact, I might motor down specially from Jerusalem in a day or two. It would be easy, I reckoned, to get myself invited again.

"Are you ready, Mr. Cornelius?" Mr. Aziz said, rising from his desk.

"Quite ready," I answered.

The ladies, sleek and smiling, led the way outside to where the big green Rolls-Royce was waiting. I kissed their hands and murmured a million thanks to each of them. Then I got into the front seat beside my host, and we drove off. The mother and daughter waved. I lowered my window and waved back. Then we were out of the garden and into the desert, following the stony yellow track as it skirted the base of Mount Maghara, with the telephone poles marching along beside us.

During the journey, my host and I conversed pleasantly about this and that. I was at pains to be as agreeable as possible, because my one object now was to get myself invited to stay at the house again. If I didn't succeed in getting *him* to ask *me*, then I should have to ask *him*. I would do it at the last moment. "Goodbye, my dear friend," I would say, gripping him warmly. "May I have the pleasure of dropping in to see you again if I happen to be passing this way?" And of course he would say yes.

"Did you think I exaggerated when I told you my daughter was beautiful?" he asked me.

"You understated it," I said. "She's a raving beauty. I do congratulate you. But your wife is no less lovely. In fact,



# THE BEST OF BAR COMPANIONS...

...come from  
**PLAYBOY**



**A.** LeRoy Neiman Art Portfolio (six dramatic prints in full color), Code No. P4, \$25. **B.** Playboy Liquor Caddy (sans bottle), Code No. D20, \$7.50. **C.** Playboy Jumbo Lighter, Code No. M32, \$20. **D.** The Playboy Gourmet (an expert guide to food and drink), Code No. B96, \$12.50. **E.** Cocktails for Two Set. Regular Set (includes pourer, two glasses, stirrer), Code No. D12, \$5. Deluxe Set (includes, in addition to above, snack tray, knife and cutting tile), Code No. D8, \$15. **F.** Cocktail Napkins by Cole (pack), Code No. D32, \$1. **G.** Playboy Playing Cards (two decks, boxed), Code No. M44, \$3. **H.** Playboy Matches (personalized), Code No. D24, \$3. **I.** Playboy Beer Mug, Code No. D4, \$5. **J.** Playboy Coffee Mug, Code No. D16, \$2.50. **K.** Playboy Party Pack (swizzles, picks, napkins), Code No. D36, \$3.50.

Shall we include a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to:  
**PLAYBOY PRODUCTS** 232 East Ohio Street Chicago, Illinois 60611  
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.





between the two of them they almost swept me off my feet," I added, laughing.

"I noticed that," he said, laughing with me. "They're a couple of very naughty girls. They do so love to flirt with other men. But why should I mind? There's no harm in flirting."

"None whatsoever," I said.

"I think it's gay and fun."

"It's charming," I said.

In less than half an hour we had reached the main Ismailia-Jerusalem road. Mr. Aziz turned the Rolls onto the black tarmac strip and headed for the filling station at 70 miles an hour. In a few minutes we would be there. So now I tried moving a little closer to the subject of another visit, fishing gently for an invitation. "I can't get over your house," I said. "I think it's simply wonderful."

"It is nice, isn't it?"

"I suppose you're bound to get pretty lonely out there, on and off, just the three of you together?"

"It's no worse than anywhere else," he said. "People get lonely wherever they are. A desert, or a city—it doesn't make much difference, really. But we do have visitors, you know. You'd be surprised at the number of people who drop in from time to time. Like you, for instance. It was a great pleasure having you with us, my dear fellow."

"I shall never forget it," I said. "It is a rare thing to find kindness and hospitality of that order nowadays."

I waited for him to tell me that I must come again, but he didn't. A little silence sprang up between us, a slightly uneasy little silence. To bridge it, I said, "I think yours is the most thoughtful pa-

ternal gesture I've ever heard of in my life."

"Mine?"

"Yes. Building a house right out there in the back of beyond and living in it just for your daughter's sake, to protect her. I think it's remarkable."

I saw him smile, but he kept his eyes on the road and said nothing. The filling station and the group of huts were now in sight about a mile ahead of us. The sun was high and it was getting hot inside the car.

"Not many fathers would put themselves out to that extent," I went on.

Again he smiled, but somewhat bashfully this time, I thought. And then he said, "I don't deserve *quite* as much credit as you like to give me, really I don't. To be absolutely honest with you, that pretty daughter of mine isn't the only reason for my living in such splendid isolation."

"I know that."

"You do?"

"You told me. You said the other reason was the desert. You loved it, you said, as a sailor loves the sea."

"So I did. And it's quite true. But there's still a third reason."

"Oh, and what is that?"

He didn't answer me. He sat quite still with his hands on the wheel and his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I shouldn't have asked the question. It's none of my business."

"No, no, that's quite all right," he said. "Don't apologize."

I stared out of the window at the desert. "I think it's hotter than yester-

day," I said. "It must be well over a hundred already."

"Yes."

I saw him shifting a little in his seat, as though trying to get comfortable, and then he said, "I don't really see why I shouldn't tell you the truth about that house. You don't strike me as being a gossip."

"Certainly not," I said.

We were close to the filling station now, and he had slowed the car down almost to walking speed to give himself time to say what he had to say. I could see the two Arabs standing beside my Lagonda, watching us.

"That daughter," he said at length, "the one you met—she isn't the only daughter I have."

"Oh, really?"

"I've got another who is five years older than her."

"And just as beautiful, no doubt," I said. "Where does she live? In Beirut?"

"No, she's in the house."

"In which house? Not the one we've just left?"

"Yes."

"But I never saw her!"

"Well," he said, turning suddenly to watch my face, "maybe not."

"But why?"

"She has leprosy."

I jumped.

"Yes, I know," he said, "it's a terrible thing. She has the worst kind, too, poor girl. It's called anesthetic leprosy. It is highly resistant, and almost impossible to cure. If only it were the nodular variety, it would be much easier. But it isn't, and there you are. So when a visitor comes to the house, she keeps to her own apartment, on the third floor . . ."

The car must have pulled into the filling station about then, because the next thing I can remember was seeing Mr. Abdul Aziz sitting there looking at me with those small clever black eyes of his, and he was saying, "But my dear fellow, you mustn't alarm yourself like this. Calm yourself down, Mr. Cornelius, calm yourself down! There's absolutely nothing in the world for you to worry about. It is not a very contagious disease. You have to have the most *intimate* contact with the person in order to catch it . . ."

I got out of the car very slowly and stood in the sunshine. The Arab with the diseased face was grinning at me and saying, "Fan belt all fixed now. Everything fine." I reached into my pocket for cigarettes, but my hand was shaking so violently I dropped the packet on the ground. I bent down and retrieved it. Then I got a cigarette out and managed to light it. When I looked up again, I saw the green Rolls-Royce already half a mile down the road, and going away fast.



## THE GOLDEN GUN

(continued from page 88)

"First I need a car. Anything that'll go. Then I want the name of the top man at Frome; you know, the West Indian Sugar Company estate beyond Savannah La Mar. Large-scale survey map of that area, a hundred pounds in Jamaican money. Then be an angel and ring up Alexander's, the auctioneers, and find out anything you can about a property that's advertised in today's *Gleaner*. Say you're a prospective buyer. Three and a half Love Lane. You'll see the details. Then I want you to come out to Morgan's Harbor where I'm going in a minute, be staying the night there, and we'll have dinner and swap secrets until the dawn steals over the Blue Mountains. Can do?"

"Of course. But that's a hell of a lot of secrets. What shall I wear?"

"Something that's tight in the right places. Not too many buttons."

She laughed. "You've established your identity. Now I'll get on with all this. See you about seven. Bye."

Gasping for air, James Bond pushed his way out of the little sweatbox. He ran his handkerchief over his face and neck. He'd be damned! Mary Goodnight, his darling secretary from the old days in the 00 Section! At Headquarters they had said she was abroad. He hadn't asked any questions. Perhaps she had opted for a change when he had been reported missing. Anyway, what a break! Now he'd got an ally, someone he knew. Good old *Gleaner*! He got his bag from the Cuban Airlines booth and went out and hailed a taxi and said "Morgan's Harbor" and sat back and let the air from the open windows begin to dry him.

The romantic little hotel is on the site of Port Royal at the tip of the Palisadoes. The proprietor, an Englishman who had once been in Intelligence himself and who guessed what Bond's job was, was glad to see him. He showed Bond to a comfortable air-conditioned room with a view of the pool and the wide mirror of Kingston harbor. He said, "What is it this time? Cubans or smuggling? They're the popular targets these days."

"Just on my way through. Got any lobsters?"

"Of course."

"Be a good chap and save two for dinner. Broiled with melted butter. And a pot of that ridiculously expensive *foie gras* of yours. All right?"

"Wilco. Celebration? Champagne on ice?"

"Good idea. Now I must get a shower and some sleep. That Kingston Airport's murder."

James Bond awoke at six. At first he didn't know where he was. He lay and remembered. Sir James Molony had said



for men  
who get  
around  
a  
lot



Most styles 16.95 to 24.95

**PORTAGE**



*Porto-Ped Shoes*

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee 1, Wis., makers of the famous Weyenberg, Massagic, Portage, and Porto-Ped Shoes for Men

**Man, Slimu thins  
you! Instantly.  
Comfortably.  
Two way stretch  
abdominal band.  
Exclusive  
Male Pouch design.  
Healthful support.  
Get that lean-look.  
Get Slimu. It Makes  
a BIG Difference!**

**\$1.95**

Available in these Brief or Mid-Thi styles.  
Ask to see Slimu III. New this year.



**Munsingwear**  
Minneapolis 5, Minnesota



SLIMU 1 Brief



SLIMU 1 Mid-Thi



SLIMU 2 Brief



SLIMU 2 Mid-Thi





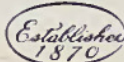
IN FINE WHISKEY

# FLEISCHMANN'S

is the big buy!

## First taste tells you why!

Blended Whiskey • 86 & 90 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits  
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, New York City



that his memory would be sluggish for a while. The E.C.T. treatment at The Park, a discreet so-called "convalescent home" in a vast mansion in Kent, had been fierce. Twenty-four bashes at his brain from the black box in thirty days. After it was over, Sir James had confessed that, if he had been practicing in America, he wouldn't have been allowed to administer more than eighteen. At first, Bond had been terrified at the sight of the box and of the two cathodes that would be cupped to each temple. He had heard that people undergoing shock treatment had to be strapped down, that their jerking, twitching bodies, impelled by the volts, often hurtled off the operating table. But that, it seemed, was old hat. Now there was the longed-for needle with the Pentothal, and Sir James said there was no movement of the body when the current flashed through except a slight twitching of the eyelids. And the results had been miraculous. After the pleasant, quiet-spoken analyst had explained to him what had been done to him in Russia, and after he had passed through the mental agony of knowing what he had nearly done to M, the old fierce hatred of the K.G.B. and all its works had been reborn in him and, six weeks after he had entered The Park, all he wanted was to get back at the people who had invaded his brain for their own murderous purposes. And then had come his physical rehabilitation and the inexplicable amount of gun practice he had had to do at the Maidstone police range. And then the day arrived when the Chief of Staff had come down and explained about the gun practice and had spent the day with him and given him his orders, the scribble of green ink, signed "M," that wished him luck, and then the excitement of the ride to London Airport on his way across the world.

Bond took another shower and dressed in shirt, slacks and sandals and wandered over to the little bar on the waterfront and ordered a double Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon on the rocks and watched the pelicans diving for their dinner. Then he had another drink with a water chaser to break it down and wondered about 3½ Love Lane and what the "samples" would consist of and how he would take Scaramanga. This had been worrying him since he had been given his orders. It was all very fine to be told to "eliminate" the man, but James Bond had never liked killing in cold blood and to provoke a draw against a man who was possibly the fastest gun in the world was suicide. Well, he would just have to see which way the cards fell. The first thing to do was to clean up his cover. The diplomatic passport he would leave with Goodnight. He would now be "Mark Hazard" of "The Transworld Consortium," the splendidly vague title which could cover almost any kind of human activity. His business



would have to be with the West Indian Sugar Company, because that was the only business, apart from Kaiser Bauxite, that existed in the comparatively deserted western districts of Jamaica. There was also the Negril project for developing one of the most spectacular beaches in the world, beginning with the building of the Thunderbird Hotel. He could be a rich man looking around for a building site. If his hunch and the childish predictions of his horoscope were right, and if he came up with Scaramanga at the romantic Love Lane address, it would be a question of playing it by ear.

The prairie fire of the sunset raged briefly in the west and the molten sea cooled off into moonlit gun metal.

A naked arm smelling of Chanel No. 5 snaked round his neck and warm lips kissed the corner of his mouth. As he reached up to hold the arm where it was, a breathless voice said, "Oh, James! I'm sorry. I just had to! It's so wonderful to have you back."

Bond put his hand under the soft chin and lifted up her mouth and kissed her full on the half-open lips. He said, "Why didn't we ever think of doing that before, Goodnight? Three years with only that door between us! What must we have been thinking of?"

She stood away from him. The golden bell of hair fell back to embrace her neck. She hadn't changed. Still only the faintest trace of make-up, but now the face was golden with sun tan from which the wide-apart blue eyes, now ablaze with the moon, shone out with that challenging directness that had disconcerted him when they had argued over some office problem. Still the same glint of health over the good bones and the broad uninhibited smile from the full lips that, in repose, were so exciting. But now the clothes were different. Instead of the severe shirt and skirt of the days at Headquarters, she was wearing a single string of pearls and a one-piece short-skirted frock in the color of a pink gin with a lot of bitters in it—the orange-pink of the inside of a conch shell. It was all tight against the bosom and the hips. She smiled at his scrutiny. "The buttons are down the back. This is standard uniform for a tropical Station."

"I can just see Q Branch dreaming it up. I suppose one of the pearls has a death pill in it."

"Of course. But I can't remember which. I'll just have to swallow the whole string. Can I have a daiquiri, please, instead?"

Bond gave the order. "Sorry, Goodnight. My manners are slipping. I was dazzled. It's so tremendous finding you here. And I've never seen you in your working clothes before. Now then, tell me the news. Where's Ross? How long have you been here? Have you managed to cope with all that junk I gave you?"

Her drink came. She sipped it carefully. Bond remembered that she rarely drank and didn't smoke. He ordered another for himself and felt vaguely guilty that this was his third double and that she wouldn't know it and when it came wouldn't recognize it as a double. He lit a cigarette. Nowadays he was trying to keep to twenty and failing by about five. He stabbed the cigarette out. He was getting near to his target and the rigid training rules that had been drilled into him at The Park must from now on be observed meticulously. The champagne wouldn't count. He was amused by the conscience this girl had awakened in him. He was also surprised and impressed.

Mary Goodnight knew that the last question was the one he would want answered first. She reached into a plain straw handbag on a gold metal chain and handed him a thick envelope. She said, "Mostly in used singles. A few fivers. Shall I debit you direct or put it in as expenses?"

"Direct, please."

"The car's outside. You remember Strangways? Well, it's his old Sunbeam Alpine. The Station bought it and now I use it. The tank's full and it goes like a bird. The top man at Frome is a man called Tony Hugill. Ex-navy. Nice man. Nice wife. Nice children. Does a good job. Has a lot of trouble with cane burning and other small sabotage—mostly with thermite bombs brought in from Cuba. Cuba's sugar crop is Jamaica's chief rival, and with Hurricane Flora

and all the rains they've been having over there, the Cuban crop is going to be only about three million tons this year, compared with a Batista level of about seven, and very late, because the rains have played havoc with the sucrose content." She smiled her wide smile. "No secrets. Just reading the *Gleaner*. So it's worth Castro's trouble to try and keep the world price up by doing as much damage as he can to rival crops so that he's in a better position to bargain with Russia. He's only got his sugar to sell and he wants food badly. This wheat the Americans are selling to Russia. A lot of that will find its way back to Cuba, in exchange for sugar, to feed the Cuban sugar croppers." She smiled again. "Pretty daft business, isn't it? I don't think Castro can hold out much longer. The missile business in Cuba must have cost Russia about a billion pounds. And now they're having to pour money into Cuba, money and goods, to keep the place on its feet. I can't help thinking they'll pull out soon and leave Castro to go the way Batista went. It's a fiercely Catholic country and Hurricane Flora was considered the final judgment from heaven. It sat over the island and simply whipped it, day after day, for five days. No hurricane in history has ever behaved like that. The churchgoers don't miss an omen like that. It was a straight indictment of the regime."

Bond said with admiration, "Goodnight, you're a treasure. You've certainly been doing your homework."

The direct blue eyes looked straight



"My colleague and I would like to spend a year touring the spas and pleasure domes of the world, illustrating by their corrupting effect on us just how sick contemporary society is."



into his, dodging the compliment. "This is the stuff I live with here. It's built into the Station. But I thought you might like some background to Frome, and what I've said explains why WISCO are getting these cane fires. At least we think it is. Apparently there's a tremendous chess game going on all over the world in sugar—in what they call sugar futures: that's sort of buying the stuff forward for delivery dates later in the year. Washington's trying to keep the price down, to upset Cuba's economy, but there's increased world consumption and a shortage largely due to Flora and the tremendous rains we've been having here after Flora which have delayed the Jamaican crop. I don't understand it all, but it's in Cuba's interest to do as much damage as possible to the Jamaican crop, and this place Frome you're interested in produces about a quarter of Jamaica's total output." She took a sip of her drink. "Well, that's all about sugar. The top man there is this man Hugill. We've had a lot to do with him, so he'll be friendly. He was in Naval Intelligence during the War, sort of commando job, so he knows the score. The car's a bit aged, but it's still pretty fast and it won't let you down. It's rather bashed about so it won't be conspicuous. I've put the survey map in the glove compartment."

"That's fine. Now, last question and then we'll go and have dinner and tell each other our life stories. But, by the way, what's happened to your chief, Ross?"

Mary Goodnight looked worried. "To tell you the truth, I don't exactly know. He went off last week on some job to Trinidad. It was to try and locate a man called Scaramanga. He's a local gunman of some sort. I don't know much about him. Apparently Headquarters wants him traced for some reason." She smiled ruefully. "Nobody ever tells me anything that's interesting. I just do the donkey-work. Well, Commander Ross was due back two days ago and he hasn't turned up. I've had to send off a Red Warning, but I've been told to give him another week."

"Well, I'm glad he's out of the way. I'd rather have his number two. Last question. What about this three and a half Love Lane? Did you get anywhere?"

Mary Goodnight blushed. "Did I not! That was a fine question to get me mixed up with. Alexander's were non-committal and I finally had to go to the Special Branch. I shan't be able to show my face there for weeks. Heaven knows what they must think of you. That place is a, is a, er—" She wrinkled her nose. "It's a famous disorderly house in Sav' La Mar."

Bond laughed out loud at her discomfiture. He teased her with malicious but gentle sadism. "You mean it's a whorehouse?"

"James! For heaven's sake! Must you be so crude?"

• • •

The south coast of Jamaica is not as beautiful as the north, and it is a long 120-mile hack over very mixed road surfaces from Kingston to Savannah La Mar. Mary Goodnight had insisted on coming along, "to navigate and help with the punctures." Bond had not demurred.

Spanish Town, May Pen, Alligator Pond, Black River, Whitehouse Inn, where they had luncheon—the miles unrolled under the fierce sun until, around four in the afternoon, a stretch of good straight road brought them among the spruce little villas, each with its patch of brownish lawn, bougainvillea, and single bed of canna lilies and crotons, which make up the "smart" suburbs of the modest little coastal township that is, in the vernacular, Sav' La Mar.

Except for the old quarter on the waterfront, it is not a typically Jamaican town, nor a very attractive one. The villas, built for the senior staff of the Frome sugar estates, are drably respectable, and the small straight streets smack of a most un-Jamaican bout of town planning around the 1920s. Bond stopped at the first garage, took in petrol and put Mary Goodnight into a hired car for the return trip. He had told her nothing of his assignment and she had asked no questions when Bond told her vaguely that it was "something to do with Cuba." Bond said he would keep in touch when he could, and get back to her when his job was done and then, businesslike, she was off back down the dusty road and Bond drove slowly down to the waterfront. He identified Love Lane, a narrow street of broken-down shops and houses that meandered back into the town from the jetty. He circled the area to get the neighboring geography clear in his mind and parked the car in a deserted area near the spit of sand on which fishing canoes were drawn up on raised stilts. He locked the car and sauntered back and into Love Lane. There were a few people about, poor people of the fisherman class. Bond bought a packet of Royal Blend at a small general store that smelled of spices. He asked where No. 3½ was and got a look of polite curiosity. "Further up de street. Mebbe a chain. Big house on de right." Bond moved over to the shady side and strolled on. He slit open the packet with his thumbnail and lit a cigarette to help the picture of an idle tourist examining a corner of old Jamaica. There was only one big house on the right. He took some time lighting the cigarette while he examined it.

It must once have had importance, perhaps as the private house of a merchant. It was of two stories with balconies running all the way round and it was wooden built with silvery shingles,

but the gingerbread tracery beneath the eaves was broken in many places and there was hardly a scrap of paint left on the jalousies that closed off all the upstairs windows and most of those below. The patch of "yard" bordering the street was inhabited by a clutch of vulturine-necked chickens that pecked at nothing and three skeletal Jamaican black-and-tan mongrels. They gazed lazily across the street at Bond and scratched and bit at invisible flies. But, in the background, there was one very beautiful lignum vitae tree in full blue blossom. Bond guessed that it was as old as the house—perhaps 50 years. It certainly owned the property by right of strength and adornment. In its delicious black shade a girl in a rocking chair sat reading a magazine. At the range of about 30 yards she looked tidy and pretty. Bond strolled up the opposite side of the street until a corner of the house hid the girl. Then he stopped and examined the house more closely.

Wooden steps ran up to an open front door, over whose lintel, whereas few of the other buildings in the street bore numbers, a big enameled metal sign announced 3½ in white on dark blue. Of the two broad windows that bracketed the door, the left-hand one was shuttered, but the right-hand one was a single broad sheet of rather dusty glass through which tables and chairs and a serving counter could be seen. Over the door a swinging sign said DREAMLAND CAFÉ in sun-bleached letters, and round this window were advertisements for Red Stripe beer, Royal Blend, Four Aces cigarettes and Coca-Cola. A hand-painted sign said snax and, underneath, "Hot Cock Soup Fresh Daily."

Bond walked across the street and up the steps and parted the bead curtain that hung over the entrance. He walked over to the counter and was inspecting its contents, a plate of dry-looking ginger cakes, a pile of packeted banana crisps, and some sweet jars, when he heard quick steps outside. The girl from the garden came in. The beads clashed softly behind her. She was an octoroon, pretty as, in Bond's imagination, the word octoroon suggested. She had bold, brown eyes, slightly uptilted at the corners, beneath a fringe of silken black hair. (Bond reflected that there would be Chinese blood somewhere in her past.) She was dressed in a short frock of shocking pink which went well with the coffee and cream of her skin. Her wrists and ankles were tiny. She smiled politely. The eyes flirted. "Evenin'."

"Good evening. Could I have a Red Stripe?"

"Sure." She went behind the counter. She gave him a quick glimpse of fine bosoms as she bent to the door of the icebox—a glimpse not dictated by the geography of the place. She nudged the door shut with a knee, deftly un-



capped the bottle and put it on the counter beside an almost clean glass. "That'll be one and six."

Bond paid. She rang the money into the cash register. Bond drew up a stool to the counter and sat down. She rested her arms on the wooden top and looked across at him. "Passing through?"

"More or less. I saw this place was for sale in yesterday's *Gleaner*. I thought I'd take a look at it. Nice big house. Does it belong to you?"

She laughed. It was a pity, because she was a pretty girl, but the teeth had been sharpened by munching raw sugar cane. "What a hope! I'm sort of, well, sort of manager. There's the café" (she pronounced it caif) "and mebbe you heard we got other attractions."

Bond looked puzzled. "What sort?"

"Girls. Six bedrooms upstairs. Very clean. It only cost a pound. There's Sarah up there now. Care to meet up with her?"

"Not today, thanks. It's too hot. But do you only have one at a time?"

"There's Lindy, but she's engaged. She's a big girl. If you like them big, she'll be free in half an hour." She glanced at a kitchen clock on the wall behind her. "Around six o'clock. It'll be cooler then."

"I prefer girls like you. What's your name?"

She giggled. "I only do it for love. I

told you I just manage the place. They call me Tiffany."

"That's an unusual name. How did you come by it?"

"My momma had six girls. Called them all after flowers. Violet, Rose, Cherry, Pansy and Lily. Then when I came, she couldn't think of any more flower names, so she called me 'Artificial.'" Tiffany waited for him to laugh. When he didn't, she went on. "When I went to school they all said it was a wrong name and laughed at me and shortened it to Tiffany and that's how I've stayed."

"Well, I think it's a very pretty name. My name's Mark."

She flirted. "You a saint, too?"

"No one's ever accused me of it. I've been up at Frome doing a job. I like this part of the island and it crossed my mind to find some place to rent. But I want to be closer to the sea than this. I'll have to look around a bit more. Do you rent rooms by the night?"

She reflected. "Sure. Why not. But you may find it a bit noisy. There's sometimes a customer who's taken some drinks too many. And there's not too much plumbing." She leaned closer and lowered her voice. "But I wouldn't have advised you to rent the place. The shingles are in bad shape. Cost you mebbe five hunnerd, mebbe a thousand to get the roof done."

"It's nice of you to tell me that. But

why's the place being sold? Trouble with the police?"

"Not so much. We operate a respectable place. But in the *Gleaner*, after Mr. Brown, that's my boss, you read that 'et ux.?'"

"Yes."

"Well, seems that means 'and his wife.' And Mistress Brown, Mistress Agatha Brown, she was Church of England, but she just done gone to the Catholics. And it seems they don't hold with places like three and a half, not even when they're decently run. And their church here, just up the street, seems that needs a new roof like here. So Mistress Brown figures to kill two birds with the same stone and she goes on at Mr. Brown to close the place down and sell it and with her portion she goin' fix the roof for the Catholics."

"That's a shame. It seems a nice quiet place. What's going to happen to you?"

"Guess I'll move to Kingston. Live with one of my sisters and mebbe work in one of the big stores—Issa's mebbe, or Nathan's. Sav' La Mar is sort of quiet." The brown eyes became introspective. "But I'll sure miss the place. Folks have fun here and Love Lane's a pretty street. We're all friends up and down the Lane. It's got sort of, sort of . . ."

"Atmosphere."

"Right. That's what it's got. Like sort

## SURFs UP!

*Riding the curl or shooting the tube, there's no smarter way to challenge the big ones than in authentic, action-tested*  
**SURFERS®** of fast,  
fast drying 100% Nylon!  
(l) 'SURF CLUB' jacket \$9.95  
trunks \$7.95 and (r)  
**SCOTCH N' WATER** parka \$8.95  
trunks \$7.95.

**Catalina**  
**SURFERS®**





of old Jamaica. Like it must have been in the old days. Everyone's friends with each other. Help each other when they have trouble. You'd be surprised how often the girls do it for free if the man's a good feller, regular customer sort of, and he's short." The brown eyes gazed inquiringly at Bond to see if he understood the strength of the evidence.

"That's nice of them. But it can't be good for business."

She laughed. "This ain't no business, Mister Mark. Not while I'm running it. This is a public service, like water and electricity and health and education and . . ." She broke off and glanced over her shoulder at the clock which said 5:45. "Hell! You got me talking so much I've forgot Joe and May. It's their supper." She went to the café window and wound it down. At once, from the direction of the *lignum vitae* tree, two large black birds, slightly smaller than a raven, whirled in, circled the interior of the café amid a metallic clangor of song unlike the song of any other bird in the world, and untidily landed on the counter within reach of Bond's hand. They strutted up and down imperiously, eyeing Bond without fear from bold, golden eyes, and went through a piercing repertoire of tinny whistles and trills, some of which required them to ruffle themselves up to almost twice their normal size.

Tiffany went back behind the bar, took two pennies out of her purse, rang them up on the register and took two ginger cakes out of the flyblown display case.

She broke off bits and fed the two birds, always the smaller of the two, the female, first, and they greedily seized the pieces from her fingers, and, holding the scraps to the wooden counter with a claw, tore them into smaller fragments and devoured them. When it was all over, and Tiffany had chided them both for pecking her fingers, they made small, neat white messes on the counter and looked pleased with themselves. Tiffany took a cloth and cleaned up the messes. She said, "We call them kling-klings, but learned folk call them Jamaican grackles. They're very friendly folk. The doctor-bird, the hummingbird with the streamer tail, is the Jamaican national bird, but I like these best. They're not so beautiful, but they're the friendliest bird and they're funny besides. They seem to know it. They're like naughty black thieves." The kling-kings eyed the cake stand and complained stridently that their supper was over. James Bond produced twopence and handed it over. "They're wonderful. Like mechanical toys. Give them a second course from me."

Tiffany rang up the money and took out two more cakes. "Now listen, Joe and May. This nice gemmun's been nice to Tiffany and he's now being nice to you. So don't you peck my fingers and make messes or mebbe he won't visit us again." She was halfway through feeding the birds when she cocked an ear. There was the noise of creaking boards somewhere overhead and then the sound of quiet footsteps treading stairs. All of a

sudden Tiffany's animated face became quiet and tense. She whispered to Bond. "That's Lindy's man. Important man. He's a good customer here. But he don't like me, because I won't go with him. So he can talk rough sometimes. And he don't like Joe and May, because he reckons they make too much noise." She shooed the birds in the direction of the open window, but they saw there was half their cake to come and they just fluttered into the air and then down to the counter again. Tiffany appealed to Bond. "Be a good friend and just sit quiet whatever he says. He likes to get people mad. And then . . ." She stopped. "Will you have another Red Stripe, mister?"

Bead curtains swished in the shadowy back of the room.

Bond had been sitting with his chin propped on his right hand. He now dropped the hand to the counter and sat back. The Walther PPK inside the waistband of his trousers to the left of his flat stomach signaled its presence to his skin. The fingers of his right hand curled slightly, ready to receive its butt. He moved his left foot off the rail of the stool onto the floor. He said, "That'd be fine." He unbuttoned his coat with his left hand and then, with the same hand, took out his handkerchief and wiped his face with it. "It always gets extra hot around six before the undertaker's wind has started to blow."

"Mister, the undertaker's right here. You care to feel his wind?"

James Bond turned his head slowly. Dusk had crept into the big room and all he could see was a pale, tall outline. The man was carrying a suitcase. He put it down on the floor and came forward. He must have been wearing rubber-soled shoes, for his feet made no sound. Tiffany moved nervously behind the counter and a switch clicked. Half a dozen low-voltage bulbs came to life in rusty brackets around the walls.

Bond said easily, "You made me jump."

Scaramanga came up and leaned against the counter. The description in Records was exact, but it had not caught the catlike menace of the big man, the extreme breadth of the shoulders and the narrow waist, or the cold immobility of the eyes that now examined Bond with an expression of aloof disinterest. He was wearing a well-cut, single-breasted tan suit and "correspondent" shoes in brown and white. Instead of a tie, he wore a high stock in white silk secured by a gold pin the shape of a miniature pistol. There should have been something theatrical about the getup, but, perhaps because of the man's fine figure, there wasn't.

He said, "I sometimes make 'em dance. Then I shoot their feet off." There was no trace of a foreign accent underneath the American.

Bond said, "That sounds rather dras-



"So far, so good."



# LOOK TO PLAYBOY...

...for Gifts For all Seasons or Reasons

- A. Playboy Money Fold (in black or olive), Code No. J100, \$5
- B. Playboy Card Case (in black only), Code No. J16, \$7.50
- C. Playboy Valet (with matching clothesbrush), Code No. W28, \$50
- D. Femlin Tile, Code No. M20, \$2
- E. Playboy Jumbo Lighter, Code No. M32, \$20
- F. Gold Playboy Club Key Charm (14-kt.), Code No. J120, \$20
- G. Playboy Club Necklace (sterling), Code No. J92, \$7.50
- H. Gold Playboy Club Necklace (14-kt.), Code No. J60, \$20
- I. Playboy Club Pin, Code No. J96, \$5
- J. Playboy Key Chain, Code No. J88, \$3.50
- K. Playboy Bow Tie (in red, grey, olive, or navy), Code No. W12, \$3.50
- L. Playboy Tie (in olive, red, grey, navy, brown, wine or black), Code No. W16, \$5
- M. Playboy Ascot (in red, grey, navy or olive), Code No. W8, \$10
- N. Playboy Cocktails for Two Set (tumbler, stirrer, two glasses), Code No. D12, \$5
- O. Deluxe Playboy Cocktails for Two Set (as pictured, with tray, tile and knife), Code No. D8, \$15
- P. Playboy Bunny Tail Wall Plaque, Code No. M4, \$15

All items are delivered ppd., F.E.T. included.



Please specify Code No., quantity and color (where choice is given). Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS Department 1**

232 East Ohio Street Chicago, Illinois 60611

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



tic. What do you do it for?"

"The last time it was five thousand dollars. Seems like you don't know who I am. Didn't the cool cat tell you?"

Bond glanced at Tiffany. She was standing very still, her hands by her sides. The knuckles were white.

Bond said, "Why should she? Why would I want to know?"

There was a quick flash of gold. The small black hole looked directly at Bond's navel. "Because of this. What are you doing here, stranger? Kind of a coincidence finding a city slicker at three and a half. Or at Sav' La Mar, for the matter of that. Not by any chance from the police? Or any of their friends?"

"Kamerad!" Bond raised his hands in mock surrender. He lowered them and turned to Tiffany. "Who is this man? A one-man take-over bid for Jamaica? Or a refugee from a circus? Ask him what he'd like to drink. Whoever he is, it was a good act." James Bond knew that he had very nearly pulled the trigger of the gun. Hit a gunman in his vanity... He had a quick vision of himself writhing on the floor, his right hand without the power to reach for his own weapon. Tiffany's pretty face was no longer pretty. It was a taut skull. She stared at James Bond. Her mouth opened, but no sound came from the gaping lips. She liked him and she knew he was dead. The kling-klings, Joe and May, smelled the same electricity. With a tremendous din of metallic squawks, they fled for the open window like black thieves escaping into the night.

The explosions from the Colt .45 were

deafening. The two birds disintegrated against the violet backdrop of the dusk, the scraps of feathers and pink flesh blasting out of the yellow light of the café into the limbo of the deserted street like shrapnel.

There was a moment of deafening silence. James Bond didn't move. He sat where he was, waiting for the tension of the deed to relax. It didn't. With an inarticulate scream that was half a filthy word, Tiffany took James Bond's bottle of Red Stripe off the counter and clumsily flung it. There came a distant crash of glass from the back of the room. Then, having made her puny gesture, Tiffany fell to her knees behind the counter and went into sobbing hysterics.

James Bond drank down the rest of his beer and got slowly to his feet. He walked toward Scaramanga and was about to pass him when the man reached out a languid left arm and caught him at the biceps. He held the snout of his gun to his nose, sniffing delicately. The expression in the dead brown eyes was faraway. He said, "Mister, there's something quite extra about the smell of death. Care to try it?" He held out the glittering gun as if he were offering James Bond a rose.

Bond stood quite still. He said, "Mind your manners. Take your hand off me."

Scaramanga raised his eyebrows. The flat, leaden gaze seemed to take in Bond for the first time.

He released his grip.

James Bond went on round the edge of the counter. When he came opposite the other man, he found the eyes were now looking at him with faint, scornful

curiosity. Bond stopped. The sobbing of the girl was the crying of a small dog. Somewhere down the street a "sound system"—a loudspeaker record player—began braying calypso.

Bond looked the man in the eye. He said, "I've tried the smell of death. I recommend the Berlin vintage. 1945." He smiled a friendly, only slightly ironical smile. "But I expect you were too young to be at that tasting."

Bond knelt down beside Tiffany and gave her a couple of sharp slaps on the right cheek. Then on the left. The wet eyes came back into focus. She put her hand up to her face and looked at Bond with surprise. Bond got to his feet. He took a cloth and wetted it at the tap, then leaned down and put his arm round her and wiped the cloth gently over her face. Then he lifted her up and handed her her bag that was on a shelf behind the counter. He said, "Come on, Tiffany. Make up that pretty face again. Business'll be warming up soon. The leading lady's got to look her best."

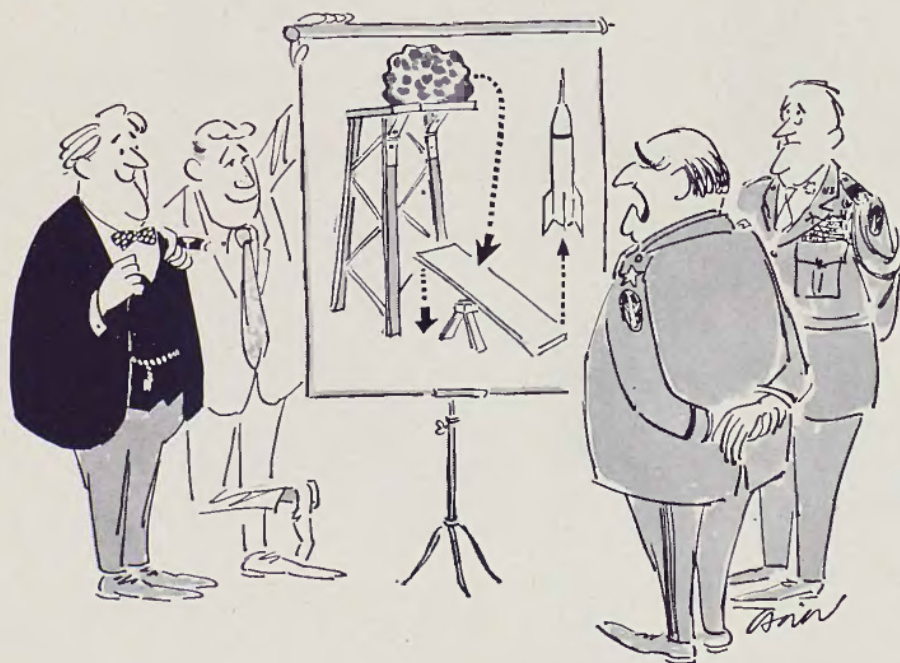
Tiffany took the bag and opened it. She looked past Bond and saw Scaramanga for the first time since the shooting. The pretty lips drew back in a snarl. She whispered fiercely so that only Bond could hear, "I'm goin' fix that man, but good. There's Mother Edna up Orange Hill way. She's an obeah top woman. I'll go up there tomorrow. Come a few days, he won't know what hit him." She took out a mirror and began doing up her face. Bond reached into his hip pocket and counted out five one-pound notes. He stuffed them into her open bag.

"You forget all about it. This'll buy you a nice canary in a cage to keep you company. Anyway, another pair of klings'll come along if you put some food out." He patted her shoulder and moved away. When he came up to Scaramanga he stopped and said, "That may have been a good circus act" (he used the word again on purpose) "but it was rough on the girl. Give her some money."

Scaramanga said, "Shove it," out of the corner of his mouth. He said suspiciously, "And what's all this yak about circuses?" He turned to face Bond. "Just stop where you are, mister, and answer a few questions. Like I said, are you from the police? You've sure got the smell of cops around you. If not, what are you doing hereabouts?"

Bond said, "People don't tell me what to do. I tell them." He walked on into the middle of the room and sat down at a table. He said, "Come and sit down and stop trying to lean on me. I'm unleanable-on."

Scaramanga shrugged. He took two long strides, picked up one of the metal chairs, twirled it round and thrust it between his legs and sat bassackwards, his left arm lying along the back of the



"I assure you, Senator, we will give your nephew's solid fuel system the attention it deserves!"



chair. His right arm rested on his thigh, inches from the ivory pistol butt that showed above the waistband of his trousers. Bond recognized that it was a good working position for a gunman, the metal back of the chair acting as a shield for most of the body. This was certainly a most careful and professional man.

Bond, both hands in full view on the tabletop, said cheerfully, "No. I'm not from the police. My name's Mark Hazard. I'm from a company called World Consortium. I've been doing a job up at Frome, the WISCO sugar place. Know it?"

"Sure I know it. What you been doing there?"

"Not so fast, my friend. First of all, who are you and what's your business?"

"Scaramanga. Francisco Scaramanga. Labor relations. Ever heard of me?"

Bond frowned. "Can't say I have. Should I have?"

"Some people who hadn't are dead."

"A lot of people who hadn't heard of me are dead." Bond leaned back. He crossed one leg over the other, above the knee, and grasped the ankle in a clubman pose. "I do wish you'd stop talking in heroics. For instance, seven hundred million Chinese have certainly heard of neither of us. You must be a frog in a very small pool."

Scaramanga did not rise to the jibe. He said reflectively, "Yeah. I guess you

could call the Caribbean a pretty small pool. But there's good pickin's to be had from it. 'The man with the golden gun.' That's what they call me in these parts."

"It's a handy tool for solving labor problems. We could do with you up at Frome."

"Been having trouble up there?" Scaramanga looked bored.

"Too many cane fires."

"Was that your business?"

"Sort of. One of the jobs of my company is insurance investigation."

"Security work. I've come across guys like you before. Thought I could smell the cop smell." Scaramanga looked satisfied that his guess had been right.

"Did you get anywhere?"

"Picked up a few Rastafari. I'd have liked to get rid of the lot of them. But they went crying to their union that they were being discriminated against because of their religion, so we had to call a halt. So the fires'll begin again soon. That's why I say we could do with a good enforcer up there." Bond added blandly, "I take it that's another name for your profession?"

Again Scaramanga dodged the sneer. He said, "You carry a gun?"

"Of course. You don't go after the Rastas without one."

"What kind of a gun?"

"Walther PPK. 7.65 millimeter."

"Yes, that's a stopper all right." Scara-

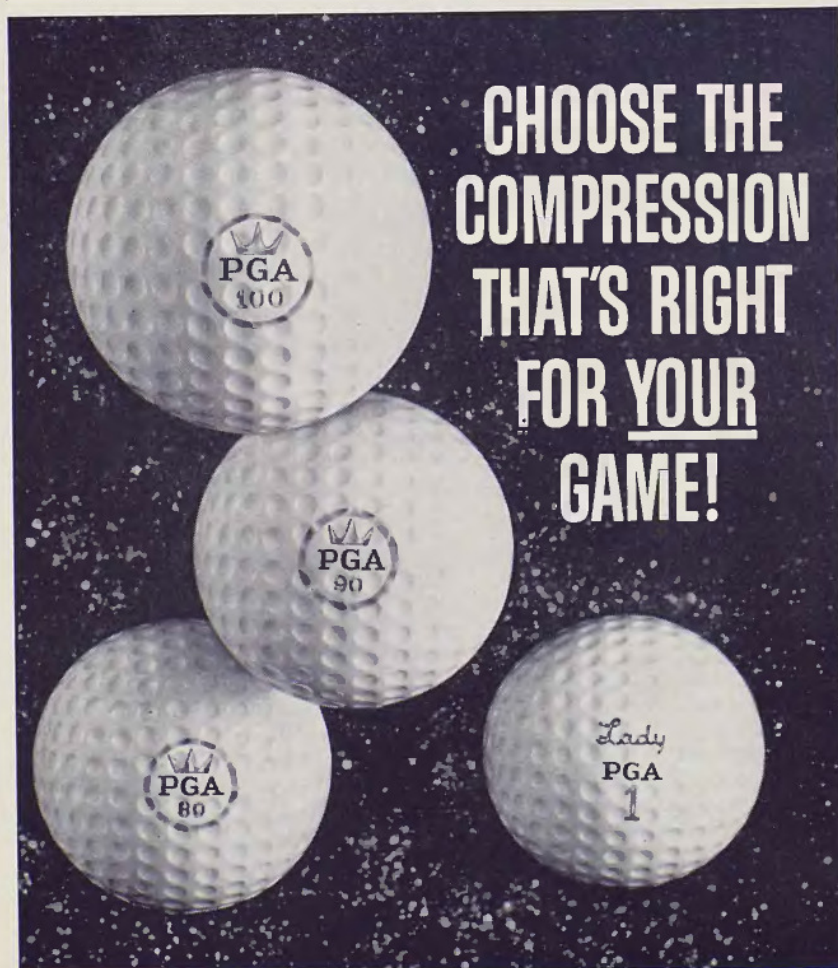
manga turned toward the counter. "Hey, cool cat. Couple of Red Stripes, if you're in business again." He turned back and the blank eyes looked hard at Bond. "What's your next job?"

"Don't know. I'll have to contact London and find out if they've got any other problems in the area. But I'm in no hurry. I work for them more or less on a free-lance basis. Why? Any suggestions?"

The other man sat quiet while Tiffany came out from behind the counter. She came over to the table and placed the tin tray with the bottles and glasses in front of Bond. She didn't look at Scaramanga. Scaramanga uttered a harsh bark of laughter. He reached inside his coat and took out an alligatorskin billfold. He extracted a hundred-dollar bill and threw it on the table. "No hard feelings, cool cat. You'd be OK if you didn't always keep your legs together. Go buy yourself some more birds with that. I like to have smiling people around me."

Tiffany picked up the note. She said, "Thanks, mister. You'd be surprised what I'm going to spend your money on." She gave him a long, hard look and turned on her heel.

Scaramanga shrugged. He reached for a bottle of beer and a glass and both men poured and drank. Scaramanga took out an expensive cigar case, selected a pencil-thin cheroot and lit it with a match. He let the smoke dribble out be-




**CHOOSE THE  
COMPRESSION  
THAT'S RIGHT  
FOR YOUR  
GAME!**

Get greater distance than you ever thought possible... with PGA Ryder Cup Golf Balls! They offer three compression ranges to match *your* swing. The PGA 100 compression, for hard-hitters. The PGA 90, for better-than-average players. The PGA 80, for smooth, easy swingers, also great for cold-weather play. Then there's the Lady PGA Golf Ball... an exclusive design with lower compression assuring maximum mileage from a lady's power-potential. Choose *your* distance-getting PGA Ryder Cup... the *only* golf ball tested and approved by the Professional Golfers' Association. Sold only through golf professionals.



**PGA GOLF EQUIPMENT**

a division of  VICTOR GOLF CO.  
8350 N. LEHIGH AVE. MORTON GROVE, ILL. 60053  
TEL. 966-6300 (AREA CODE 312)



tween his lips and inhaled the thin stream up his nostrils. He did this several times with the same mouthful of smoke until the smoke was dissipated. All the while he stared across the table at Bond, seeming to weigh up something in his mind. He said, "Care to earn yourself a grand—a thousand bucks?"

Bond said, "Possibly." He paused and added, "Probably." What he meant was, "Of course! If it means staying close to you, my friend."

Scaramanga smoked awhile in silence. A car stopped outside and two laughing men came quickly up the steps. When they came through the bead curtains, working-class Jamaicans, they stopped laughing and went quietly over to the counter and began whispering to Tiffy. Then they both slapped a pound note on the counter and, making a wide detour away from the white men, disappeared through the curtains at the back of the room. Their laughter began again as Bond heard their footsteps on the stairs.

Scaramanga hadn't taken his eyes from Bond's face. Now he said, keeping his voice low, "I got myself a problem. Some partners of mine, they've taken an interest in this Negril development. Far end of the property. Place called Bloody Bay. Know it?"

"I've seen it on the map. Just short of Green Island Harbor."

"Right. So I've got some shares in the business. So we start building a hotel and get the first story finished and the main living rooms and restaurant and so on. So then the tourist boom slackens off—Americans get frightened of being so close to Cuba or some such crap. And the banks get difficult and money begins to run short. Follow me?"

"So you're a stale bull of the place?"

"Right. So I came over a few days ago and I'm staying at the Thundercrap and I've got a half dozen of the main stockholders to fly in for a meeting on the spot. Sort of look the place over and get our heads together and figure what to do next. Now, I want to give these guys a good time, so I've got a smart combo over from Kingston, calypso singers, limbo, plenty of girls—all the jazz. And there's swimming and one of the features of the place is a small-scale railway that used to handle the sugar cane. Runs to Green Island Harbor where I got a forty-foot Chris-Craft Roamer. Deep-sea fishing. That'll be another outing. Get me? Give the fellers a real good time."

"So that they'll get all enthusiastic and buy out your share of the stock?"

Scaramanga frowned angrily. "I'm not paying you a grand to get the wrong ideas. Or any ideas, for the matter of that."

"What for, then?"

For a moment or two Scaramanga

went through his smoking routine, the little pillars of smoke vanishing again and again into the black nostrils. It seemed to calm him. His forehead cleared. He said, "Some of these men are kind of rough. We're all stockholders, of course, but that don't necessarily mean we're friends. Understand? I'll be wanting to hold some meetings, private meetings, with mebbe only two or three guys at a time, sort of sounding out the different interests. Could be that some of the other guys, the ones not invited to a particular meeting, might get it into their heads to bug a meeting or try and get wise to what goes on in one way or another. So it jes' occurs to me that you being live to security and such, that you could act as a kind of guard at these meetings, clean the room for mikes, stay outside the door and see that no one comes nosing around, see that when I want to be private I git private. D'you get the photo?"

Bond had to laugh. He said, "So you want to hire me as a kind of personal bodyguard. Is that it?"

The frown was back. "And what's so funny about that, mister? It's good money, ain't it? Three, mebbe four days in a luxury joint like the Thunderbird. A thousand bucks at the end of it? What's so screwy about that proposition, eh?" Scaramanga mashed out the butt of his cigar against the underside of the table. A shower of sparks fell. He let them lie.

Bond scratched the back of his head as if reflecting. Which he was—furiously. He knew that he hadn't heard the full story. He also knew that it was odd, to say the least of it, for this man to hire a complete stranger to do this job for him. The job itself stood up, but only just. It made sense that Scaramanga would not want to hire a local man, an ex-police-man, for instance, even if one could be found. Such a man might have friends in the hotel business who would be interested in the speculative side of the Negril development. And, of course, on the plus side, Bond would be achieving what he had never thought possible—he would have got right inside Scaramanga's guard. Or would he? There was the strong smell of a trap. But, assuming that Bond had not, by some obscure bit of ill luck, been blown, he couldn't for the life of him see what the trap could be. Well, clearly, he must make the gamble. In so many respects it was a chance in a million.

Bond lit a cigarette. He said, "I was only laughing at the idea of a man of your particular skills wanting protection. But it all sounds great fun. Of course I'll come along. When do we start? I've got a car at the bottom of the road."

Scaramanga thrust out an inside wrist and looked at a thin gold watch on a two-colored gold bracelet. He said, "Six-thirty-two. My car'll be outside." He got

up. "Let's go. But don't forget one thing, Mister Whoosis. I rile mighty easy. Get me?"

Bond said easily, "I saw how annoyed you got with those inoffensive birds." He stood up. "I don't see any reason why either of us should get riled."

Scaramanga said indifferently, "OK, then." He walked to the back of the room and picked up his suitcase, new-looking but cheap, strode to the exit and crashed through the bead curtain and down the steps.

Bond went quickly over to the counter. "Goodbye, Tiffy. Hope I'll be coming by again one day. If anyone should ask after me, say I'm at the Thunderbird Hotel at Bloody Bay."

Tiffy reached out a hand and timidly touched his sleeve. "Go careful over there, Mister Mark. There's gangster money in that place. And watch out for yourself." She jerked her head toward the exit: "That's the worstest man I ever heard tell of." She leaned forward and whispered, "That's a thousand pound worth of ganja he's got in that bag. Rasta left it for him this morning. So I smelled the bag." She drew quickly back.

Bond said, "Thanks, Tiffy. See Mother Edna puts a good hex on him. I'll tell you why someday. I hope. 'Bye!" He went quickly out and down into the street where a red Thunderbird convertible was waiting, its exhaust making a noise like an expensive motorboat. The chauffeur was a Jamaican, smartly dressed, with a peaked cap. A red pennant on the wireless aerial said "The Thunderbird Hotel" in gold. Scaramanga was sitting beside the chauffeur. He said impatiently, "Get in the back. Lift you down to your car. Then follow along. It gets a good road after a while."

James Bond got into the car behind Scaramanga and wondered whether to shoot the man now, in the back of the head—the old Gestapo-K.G.B. point of puncture. A mixture of reasons prevented him—the itch of curiosity, an inbuilt dislike of cold murder, the feeling that this was not the predestined moment, the likelihood that he would have to murder the chauffeur also—these, combined with the softness of the night and the fact that the "sound system" was now playing a good recording of one of his favorites, *After You've Gone*, and that cicadas were singing from the lig-num vitae tree, said "No." But at that moment, as the car coasted down Love Lane toward the bright mercury of the sea, James Bond knew that he was not only disobeying orders, or at best dodging them, he was also being a bloody fool.

*This is the second installment of Ian Fleming's final James Bond novel, "The Man with the Golden Gun." Part III will appear next month.*







Practically everything a man can wear  
is a better buy in a famous brand.

What do you pay for a well-known label? Nothing when you consider what you get. Better materials. Better workmanship. Better styling. Better fit. Better wear. All-around better value. Brand manufacturers are proud of the value they offer. That's why they sign their name to the products they produce. Next time, buy a famous brand. **Brand Names Foundation, Inc.**



LOOK FOR EXTRA VALUES DURING BRAND NAMES APPAREL WEEK, MAY 13-23.







## SEX in CINEMA (continued from page 138)

A similar film, *The Inside of the White Slave Traffic*, distinguished itself as the first movie to employ testimonials from a respectable "authority" in order to forestall censorship. Naturally, the motives for making such films were of the purest; and prominent citizens were drafted to endorse this disinterested and high-minded type of public service. When *Damaged Goods*, the best of the cycle, opened on Broadway, the first showing was accompanied by a "live" lecture from a doctor on "civilization by syphilization," in line with the picture's graphic warnings about the dangers of venereal disease.

The dodge worked, up to a point, but the law of diminishing returns inevitably went into operation—and with it, the censors. In 1916, after New York's Department of Licenses damned no less than five "vice films"—*Sex Lure*, *It May Be Your Daughter*, *War's Women*, *Protect Your Daughter* and *Twilight Sleep*—the bottom dropped out of the market. But birth control and the ethics of surgical abortion had become topics for parlor talk, opening up rich new sexual gold mines for the film makers. *Motherhood* was one of the first to deal with the "evils" of contraceptives, and the users of such vile devices were depicted as roasting in a cinematic hell filled with off-screen smoke pots. When it occurred to an exhibitor that the title might have a bit too Pollyannish a ring, he wisely changed it to *The Doctor and Your Wife*; it did much better business. Another moral-studded drama, this one about abortion, was piteously titled *Where Are My Children?* It dealt harshly with a number of sybaritic society women who refused to bear children. As the film opens, we see them repairing in their motorcars to the office of an abortionist without the knowledge of their husbands. When a district attorney hauls the unscrupulous doctor into court, he discovers, of course, that his own wife is among the doctor's clients. The wife repents, but it is too late. She can only cry out, "Where are my children?" But the callous public soon lost interest in these clinical pictures, too—probably because it discovered that the films had nothing to say about the matter that they could not hear in church.

The producers responded by addressing their scrutiny and castigation to the morals of "the younger generation." One of these films, *Flaming Youth*, was to give its name to the generation that was beginning to show signs of kicking over the traces of a morality inherited intact from the Victorian era.

• • •

Of outright nudity, however, there

was precious little in the American-made films prior to World War I. Certainly, the vamps revealed little of what men were presumably willing to sacrifice so much for. As Ogden Nash put it:

... to lure a bishop from his crosier  
She needed no pectoral exposure,  
But trapped the prelate passing by  
With her melting mouth and harem  
eye.  
A gob of lipstick and mascara  
Was weapon enough for Theda  
Bara . . .

Actually, Miss Bara went considerably further than most of her contemporaries in displaying her more visible charms—but not in the vamp films. Under the pretext of historicity, in such later films as *Salome* and *Cleopatra* she wore costumes that would be considered daring even by today's permissive standards. As "the serpent of the Nile," for example, she sported an appropriately serpentine bra that lovingly encircled her breasts while leaving the nipples bare. And in *Salome*, a few loops of pearls provided less than ample coverage for her more than ample bosom.

A few years earlier, the country had begun to acquire a taste for shapely legs and arms from Mack Sennett's "madcap bathing beauties" who, though somewhat overdressed for the seashore—and rarely venturing into the water—cavorted through a long series of slapstick comedies. Their debut came in 1914 when Sennett noticed that an unknown but decidedly attractive girl had made the front pages of the newspapers, complete with pictures, while a major story about President Wilson had been relegated to an inside page. He concluded that it was because her knees were showing in the photograph, and immediately sent out a call for pretty girls with pretty knees, and ordered them into bathing suits designed to reveal the essential contours of the owner. Then he turned them loose among his pie-heaving comedians. "When the studio received hundreds of letters of protest from women's clubs, I knew I had done the right thing," he later confided. The bathing girls ran into repeated accusations that they corrupted morals; but they remained, next to the Keystone Cops, the most salable item of merchandise manufactured by Sennett's remarkable fun factory.

A more complete view of the female form became available in *The Daughter of the Gods*, a movie that featured Annette Kellerman, a beautiful diving champion and exponent of physical culture who preferred to appear, as *Variety* put it, "sans habillement on every possible occasion." Pioneering the one-piece

bathing suit, Miss Kellerman had earned a fortune diving into glass tanks on vaudeville stages. Now, for the sake of her art, she doffed her swimming togs and launched into a series of pictures calculated to emphasize the aesthetic of the epidermis. Her career, though cut short by a tragic accident, inspired a number of bathing-beauty spectaculars which proved so popular during the War years that beach scenes were interpolated with enthusiastic but complete irrelevance into all kinds of films. Women were clearly emerging from beneath their Victorian wraps in both real and reel life.

Meanwhile, of course, self- and state-appointed watchdogs over the young were proliferating. During the days of the nickelodeons, the age-old excuse of the morality-minded reformers had been that it was necessary "to protect the young" from their corrupting influence. (Even then there were those who wondered, perhaps hopefully, if it were possible for anyone to be corrupted for a nickel.) Movie parlors were suspected on principle, along with such shady institutions as the pool hall. Though the films often did bear slightly risqué titles, they were as chaste and simple-minded as nursery rhymes. Nevertheless, the first state censorship law was bulled through in Pennsylvania in 1911. Kansas and Ohio followed in 1913. As movies grew longer and more fertile in invention, as their impact on American society increased, so did the insistence on censorship and controls. So strong was the tide that in 1915 Congress was presented with a plan for a Federal motion-picture commission, obviously designed to be the first step toward a national censorship.

Leading the cry for reform and restraint was the International Reform Bureau, under the direction of the relentless Reverend Wilbur Fisk Crafts. After crusading fiercely against opium, alcohol and sex, Crafts found even bigger game in the cinema. Moving to Washington, he lobbied for years to win the legislation that would, in his words, "rescue the motion picture from the hands of the Devil and 500 un-Christian Jews." Against such attacks, the movie industry's defenses were woefully inadequate. In 1909, to avert a wholesale crackdown on New York exhibitors, a National Board of Censorship was hastily formed, largely financed by the producers themselves. Although it grew into a national organization within the next few years, the Board was unable to contain the vociferous proponents of outside-the-industry censorship. In 1915, as we mentioned in our first installment, it was reorganized as the National Board of Review, but limited its activities to viewing and classifying pictures as to "audience suitability"—in which form it continues to exist to this day.

What little the film producers and ex- 177





## SAMPLE THIS EXCEPTIONAL PIPE BLEND

Straus Brothers' Private Stock Pipe Mixture has enjoyed a discriminating clientele for 70 years. Every state and most foreign countries are represented on our customer list. Private Stock's rare excellence will find favor with the smoker who demands products of unusual merit. We will be pleased to send along a generous sample in re-usable pouch. Gratis, of course. Please specify plain or aromatic:

(Continental U.S. only)

Write: Straus Bros., Inc.  
412 Walnut • Cincinnati 2, Ohio

## \* QM SHIP MATES

Perfect companions. Our trim, tapered walk jeans in saddle stitched blue denim. Our Henley knit cotton pull-over with contrasting piped trim. They were just meant for each other!

WALK JEANS 3.98 HENLEY KNIT 2.98



\*Signature of the  
Quality Man

# Ripley

(Dept. C) 19 Chapel Street, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

Please send me:

Walk Jeans, 3.98 ea. Quantity: \_\_\_\_\_  
Sizes: ☐ 26 ☐ 28 ☐ 30 ☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36

Henley Knits, 2.98 ea. Quantity: \_\_\_\_\_  
Sizes: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

Colors: ☐ Blue ☐ Navy ☐ White ☐ Flame

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Add 50¢ for postage and handling

hibitors did to combat censorship was dictated far less by a defense of their artistic freedom than of their pocketbooks. The arrival of the feature film and, with it, the star system, had sent production costs skyrocketing. With an increase in the length of films came an increase in the cost of censorship to the producers, for the fees charged by the numerous state and local censorship boards were based on so much per thousand feet of film inspected. Not only did the producers bear the cost of censorship; they had, in addition, to lay out considerable cash for the retakes and retitling demanded by the censorship boards, or to conceal their scissoring. Some films required complete revamping before the censor deemed them acceptable.

The Pennsylvania Board was particularly noted for the inordinate extent of its whitewashing excisions and revisions. In the auditorium of an old Philadelphia church fitted up for the work, six screens were placed side by side on a long wall and simultaneously serviced by six projectors, before which the salaried board of three censorship workers viewed between 10,000,000 and 20,000,000 feet of film a year, keeping a sharp lookout for any scenes and subjects which they had agreed in advance to disapprove. Thanks to this supreme self-sacrifice, they "protected" the public from exposure to, in their words, "pandering, procuration, prostitution, white slavery, strumpets and houses of ill fame; the seduction of women, habit-forming drugs, nudity, knifings, abortions, birth control, light treatment of the Church, fornication and adultery, honeymoon scenes, drunkenness, gunplay, sensual kissing and lovemaking, lewd dancing, men and women in bed together, venereal disease, lingerie displays."

After scissoring out all of the above—and more—the Board would then adopt what it termed a "constructive attitude" and help the producer sew together the mutilated carcass of his picture. Ellis Paxon Oberholtzer, who worked on the Pennsylvania Board, proudly explained to all those who would emulate him how the transformation could be accomplished. "Such material as is at hand," he wrote, "should be utilized." He recommended that scenes be cut and rearranged, and mentioned the good work that could be done by changing titles and captions. By such methods, he enthused, the following cinematic transfigurations could be effected: "A man living with a mistress finds himself married to her. A bastard is legitimized. Whole relationships throughout the story are changed." Oberholtzer, upon coming across a deserted, unmarried mother

in a film, would transform her into a blushing bride whose new husband had been inconveniently shipped abroad.

The forces gathering in opposition to censorship, meanwhile, were delivered a stunning blow when, in 1915, an Ohio distributor, fighting back against a township's local ban on one of his films, carried his appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Arguing that such action constituted a "prior restraint" in direct contradiction to the guarantees of freedom of the press and freedom of speech afforded by the Constitution, the lawyers sought redress under the First Amendment. The Court found otherwise, ruling that motion pictures were mere spectacles "capable of evil," particularly because of their attractiveness and manner of exhibition. "Besides, there are some things that should not have pictorial representation in public places and to all audiences. . . . The exhibition of motion pictures," the Court concluded, "is a business pure and simple, originated and conducted for profit, like other spectacles, not to be regarded, nor intended to be regarded . . . as a part of the press of the country or as organs of public opinion."

This historic decision, which was to stand unchallenged until the celebrated case of *The Miracle* in 1952, immediately opened the floodgates to state censorship. Within a few years of this ruling, Maryland, Virginia, Florida, Massachusetts and New York had enacted their own censorship legislation. New York's law, typical of those passed elsewhere, provided that a film could be licensed for exhibition—"unless such film or a part thereof is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious or is of such character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime." To determine what pictures were wholly free of these undesirable, if somewhat amorphous, qualities was the task of a panel of state-appointed film reviewers, none of whom was required to take an examination that inquired into his own morals and habits. But the sound of their scissors was heard throughout the land.

It was about this time, happily, that George Bernard Shaw, noting the sanctimonious moral character of the movies he saw, complained: "The danger of the cinema is not the danger of immorality, but of morality. . . . People who, like myself, frequent the cinemas, testify to their desolating romantic morality. There is no comedy, no wit, no criticism of morals by ridicule or otherwise, no exposure of the unpleasant consequences of romantic sentimentality and reckless tomfoolery in real life, nothing that could give a disagreeable shock to



the stupid or shake the self-complacency of the smug. The leveling down has been thoroughly accomplished."

Britain had introduced film censorship in 1912. Actually, the British Board of Film Censors was set up by the movie industry itself "in consultation" with the government. Agitation for controls began when an American-made religious film, *From the Manger to the Cross*, portrayed the Saviour in human form—a kind of presentation that was deemed sacrilegious in Anglican England. Also officially frowned upon was cruelty to animals, or any kind of film violence. English censorship was notably more relaxed about the question of sex on the screen, but perhaps this was because there was so little of it in English films in the first place.

France, which had led the way in film pornography, undertook its censorship of movies for quite another reason. The start came in 1909, after the newsreel filming of four criminals under the knife of Mother Guillotine. The persistent cameraman, after failing to receive permission to record the execution, somehow managed to "sneak" his shots. The government promptly impounded the film, then, with characteristic Gallic ingenuity, passed a law to make the seizure legal. Upon this basis, the whole structure of French censorship was built. In

1916 the law was amended to provide for a commission of five members to examine and control the exhibition of films and issue certificates for their showing. The commission, however, was not empowered to interfere with the prefects of the various departments of the country, who had been authorized to prohibit "the cinema representation of crimes, capital executions and, in general, all scenes of an immoral and scandalous nature." French films were, for the most part, oddly chaste after the law was passed and remained so until well after World War I.

By 1910, Sweden had a growing and active film industry. Accordingly, official censorship was instituted in 1911, aimed primarily at toning down violence and brutality on the screen. Local police were allowed to handle the matter; whereupon, curiously, one small-town police commissioner became famous throughout the land for his habit of censoring pictures in which china was smashed. Presumably, he felt that such goings-on set a bad example for serving maids. Less whimsically, but no less effectively, Denmark and Norway brought in censorship in 1913.

It might be observed that this worldwide rise of censorship just prior to World War I corresponded with a growing awareness of the graphic and expres-

sive potentialities of the cinematic medium. The fundamental contradictions and hypocrisies of the various social and moral structures within each country were suddenly—and nakedly—exposed. It was as if the authorities actually feared that conventional morality would topple, that long-established customs and manners would crumble should the movies be permitted to pursue their course unchecked. Censorship, they obviously felt, was the one way to preserve the *status quo*. It was a tribute of sorts to the power of a medium that was just beginning to find its artistic legs.

Among those who joined the anticensorship forces of this time was D. W. Griffith, the pioneering director whose *The Birth of a Nation* had roused a raging controversy in 1915, mainly because of what struck the North as its pro-Southern bias. Griffith had portrayed the rise of the Ku Klux Klan after the Civil War with apparent sympathy, and he had indulged his own Southern origins to the extent of portraying Negroes in decidedly stereotyped terms. One famous scene had to do with a mulatto character called Lynch who lures a white girl to his house and offers to make her "the queen of the black empire." Naturally, the heroine, played by Lillian Gish, recoils in horror at this suggestion, upon which the maddened mulatto attempts



Completely new, completely casual, completely friendly to your foot. Available in soft brushed or smooth glove leathers, the comfortable new Beagle will be your best friend, too. Notice the secret stretch under the ears when you try 'em on...easy, snug fit. Beagles — for casual wear, everywhere.

**crosby  
square**

Div. of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.





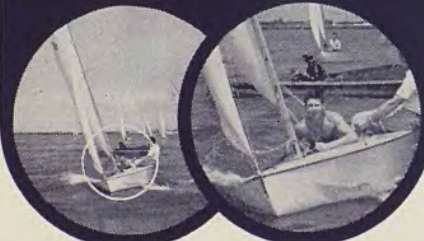
### Alpine-styled short shorts

Authentic details right down to the cuffs. Flapped double pockets front and rear, adjustable double ring sash belt. Washable cotton gabardine in olive, light tan, denim blue, black or pewter. Sizes 28 to 38. By Cisco . . . . . **7.95**

**wallachs**

Mail orders to 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101. Tel. EM 1-7500

## NEVER BEFORE! KALIMAR POWER ZOOM SCOPE



**ZOOMS YOU IN CLOSE AND BACK OUT  
AUTOMATICALLY  
AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON**



Electrically powered. Magnifications from 2½ to 8 times. Stays in focus all the way.

Entirely new! The Kalimar Power Zoom Scope enables you to zoom in and see all the details of action close up, just like television. Excellent for spectator sports, hunting and travel. Lightweight. Rugged. Penlite battery powered.

Complete with carrying case—under \$200

**KALIMAR INC.** 2644 MICHIGAN AVE.  
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63118  
KALIMAR INC. OF CALIF.  
6363 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90038

to make use of her for his "savage appetites," only to be frustrated by the arrival of some heroic members of the K. K. K. In another scene, a Negro renegade pursues Mae Marsh for miles through a forest and up to the edge of a cliff. Although the title reads, "I just want to kiss you, Missy," it seemed obvious that both Miss Marsh and the audience knew better. As the soldier draws closer, the girl flings herself to her death on the rocks below.

Griffith's notions about sex and the "dishonor" it could bring to a woman were no more enlightened than those of most of his contemporaries; but at the same time he felt it incumbent upon himself to fight the censure of his film, in which both press and pulpit joined. He published at his own expense a pamphlet called *The Rise and Fall of Free Speech in America*, a naïve but effective defense of the screen's right to deal with controversial subjects. The complexities of the censorship problem deepened when liberals, who deplored the bias in the film, found themselves allied with the bluenoses on the issue of control of the screen.

Yet Griffith, along with practically everyone else in the film industry, tacitly approved what was tantamount to screen censorship when the United States entered the War in 1917. Such dramas as *Pershing's Crusaders* demonstrated the avidity of America's soldiers to save civilization from the barbaric "Huns." Meanwhile, George Creel, chairman of the semiofficial Committee on Public Information, set up after war was declared, put a ban on those movies so ill-advised as to have incorporated a "peace" message before American entry into the War. *War Brides*, for example, dealing with the purported unwillingness of the German people to participate in the Kaiser's War, was immediately suppressed. Creel's job was defined as "selling the War to America," but it also included film censorship.

Sensing big box office, the movie companies did their bit to "sell" the War with films such as *The Little American*, directed by Cecil B. De Mille. In it, Mary Pickford, then the most popular female star in the world, played a French spy captured by the Germans. Learning of the savage rape of another prisoner, she asked a Prussian colonel why this had been allowed to happen. "My men must have their relaxation," he sneered in captioned reply. At the invitation of the British government Griffith produced two patriotic films in England, *Hearts of the World* and *The Great Love*. The former also featured Lillian Gish as a French girl trapped by the invading Boche, commanded by the bullet-headed Erich von Stroheim. Miss

Gish played a virtual repeat of her scene with Lynch the mulatto—only this time her would-be rapist was a German officer. In the flood of anti-German pictures during the War years and immediately after, virtually every leading lady played at least one scene in which she quaked in mortal danger of being ravished by a leering Hun.

Another kind of movie actively encouraged by the Government was the sex-education film, designed to purvey information on venereal disease to the troops, or to warn them against the evils of masturbation (*The Solitary Sin*). In one of the former type, an encounter with a street-corner slut was shown leading straight to a hospital bed, where doctors stared glumly at the wreck of an American fighting man, ruined not only for the trenches but for a respectable married life after the War. Captions underlined preventive methods in the event that, despite the warnings, a soldier still strayed. *The Solitary Sin* showed a soldier collapsing while training, then revealed that his physical deterioration was the result of a vile nocturnal habit. The captions suggested that appropriate sports and healthful activities, as well as religious dedication, were all helpful in overcoming the dreadful temptation. After the War, the Johns Hopkins Psychological Laboratory studied the effects of these films on young people, and reported that when exhibited to boys and young men alone such films "showed no ill effects on them"; but when shown to mixed groups of boys and girls, there appeared a "strong tendency toward flip-pant discussion and innuendo." The report made it clear that such a tendency was regarded as deleterious.

By the end of the War, the American film enjoyed world-wide acceptance—and not merely because the vicissitudes of war had virtually eliminated European competition. America's opulence, America's optimism and, above all, America's stars, lent glamor and romance to a world that otherwise lived in daily touch with holocaust. And with the appearance of motion-picture-company listings on Wall Street's "big board" early in 1919, the emergence of the movie as a marketable commodity and its acceptance as primarily a middle-class entertainment was complete. Even before the War was over, there were film makers who sensed that the public was tiring of patriotic pictures featuring hordes of rapacious Huns and maidenheads in distress. The only question was, which way would audiences jump? Cannily, Cecil B. De Mille released in quick succession four quite different pictures, then waited for the box office to supply the answer. The indicator clearly pointed to sex. One of the four, *Old Wives for New*,



# THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



A SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE GRANDE JATTE By Jim Beaman



whose story centered about the conspicuous and scandalous absence of marital bliss in an upper-class household, proved the winner hands down. Its open discussion of divorce (and its subplot, in which an aging roué is murdered by one of his several ladyfriends) was titillating enough to get the film banned in a number of cities. And it was the first picture to feature what subsequently became a De Mille trademark—the Byzantine bathroom.

While much of America was still using outhouses, De Mille, according to his brother William, "made of the bathroom a delightful resort . . . a mystic place dedicated to Venus, and the art of bathing was shown as a lovely ceremony rather than a merely sanitary duty. Undressing was not just the taking off of clothes; it was a progressive revelation of entrancing beauty; a study in diminishing draperies." Brother William may have seen more in the movies than actually met the eye, for the draperies, seen today, do not diminish to any notable degree. Empresses were forever stepping from tubs into king-sized towels or silken robes which transformed what might have been the moment of total revelation into the tantalizing frustration of neatly calculated concealment. Nevertheless, along the way were gauzy, semi-transparent chemises, and yards and yards of filmy, form-clinging nightgowns, usually worn by Gloria Swanson, which spurred new fashions in feminine nightwear. And the luxurious bedchambers in which Miss Swanson dressed and undressed hinted that they were useful for more than slumber. What C. B. had

discovered was glamor, and the American movie wasted no time in pursuing the theme, with De Mille himself at the head of the pack.

He quickly made films such as *Don't Change Your Husband*, *For Better, for Worse*, *Why Change Your Wife?* and *Male and Female*. The titles usually promised more than the films actually delivered, and such transgressions as occurred in De Mille movies were thoroughly paid for by the end of the picture. De Mille later incorporated this sure-fire blend of sex and moral piety into his Biblical epics, instinctively or perhaps cynically aware of the chinks in America's puritan armor.

More startling, and no less successful, were the films that Erich von Stroheim made immediately after World War I: *Blind Husbands*, *The Devil's Pass Keys* and *Foolish Wives*. Heel clicking and quirt flicking in innumerable War movies, the Austrian-born Von Stroheim had also acted as military advisor and assistant director on many of the same pictures. Now ready for a higher destiny, he was able to sell Carl Laemmle not only a script he had written, but also himself as both director and star, playing the villainous Lieutenant Von Steuben, who plots to seduce the wife of an American doctor on a holiday in the Dolomites. What Von Stroheim tried to suggest in this trio of films, all of which he wrote and directed, was that American women were particularly susceptible to European lady-killers, because their money-grubbing husbands paid altogether too much attention to business and not nearly enough to monkey business. He was

not moralizing à la De Mille, but merely stating a fact. And though the hand-kissing Continental seducer was rarely successful, and invariably came to a bad end, he was never a totally unsympathetic character. The public's ready acceptance of these films provided yet another hint that Victorianism was fast losing its grip.

Actually, love itself was being redefined in the movies of the immediate post-War period. Formerly reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of the young, virtuous and unmarried, love was becoming a divertimento to which husbands and wives might also devote themselves—though not necessarily with each other. Boy still met girl in the new films, "but they were considerably older boys and girls than the adolescent screen was used to," as Arthur Mayer and Richard Griffith put it in a book called *The Movies*. New ideals and images of womanhood emerged to eclipse the golden curls and girlish naïveté of such dimpled darlings as Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter. Now came Gloria Swanson—svelte, seductive, sophisticated, sensuous. Now came such worldly creatures as Norma Talmadge and Florence Vidor—women voluptuously unabashed in their appetite for love and luxury.

The Jazz Age was about to begin. New axioms about sex were current; and a favorite saying at War's end was, "If you can't be good, be careful." Divorce was no longer merely discussed, and in one popular film, *The Horror of Mary Black*, a persuasive case was made for a long-suffering heroine's abandonment of her unloving and unfaithful mate. Many began to view this accelerating evolution of social and sexual mores with considerable alarm—as an ominous process of moral disintegration rather than of maturation; and they turned the full fury of their fears on the film industry. In 1919, though hardly more than seven years old, Hollywood was described in Congress as a hotbed of "debauchery, riotous living, drunkenness, ribaldry, dissipation and free love." This ripe description seemed an overstatement at the time, but a succession of shocking scandals was soon to spur a remorseless new bluenose crusade to shackle the big business that movies had become.

This is the second in a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema." In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert chronicle "The Sinful Twenties," the age of the flapper and the sheik, when Clara Bow and Rudolph Valentino became the sex symbols of the jazz age and the superstars of the scandal-ridden movie capital—amid a rising chorus of pious condemnation from the self-proclaimed watchdogs of "decency."

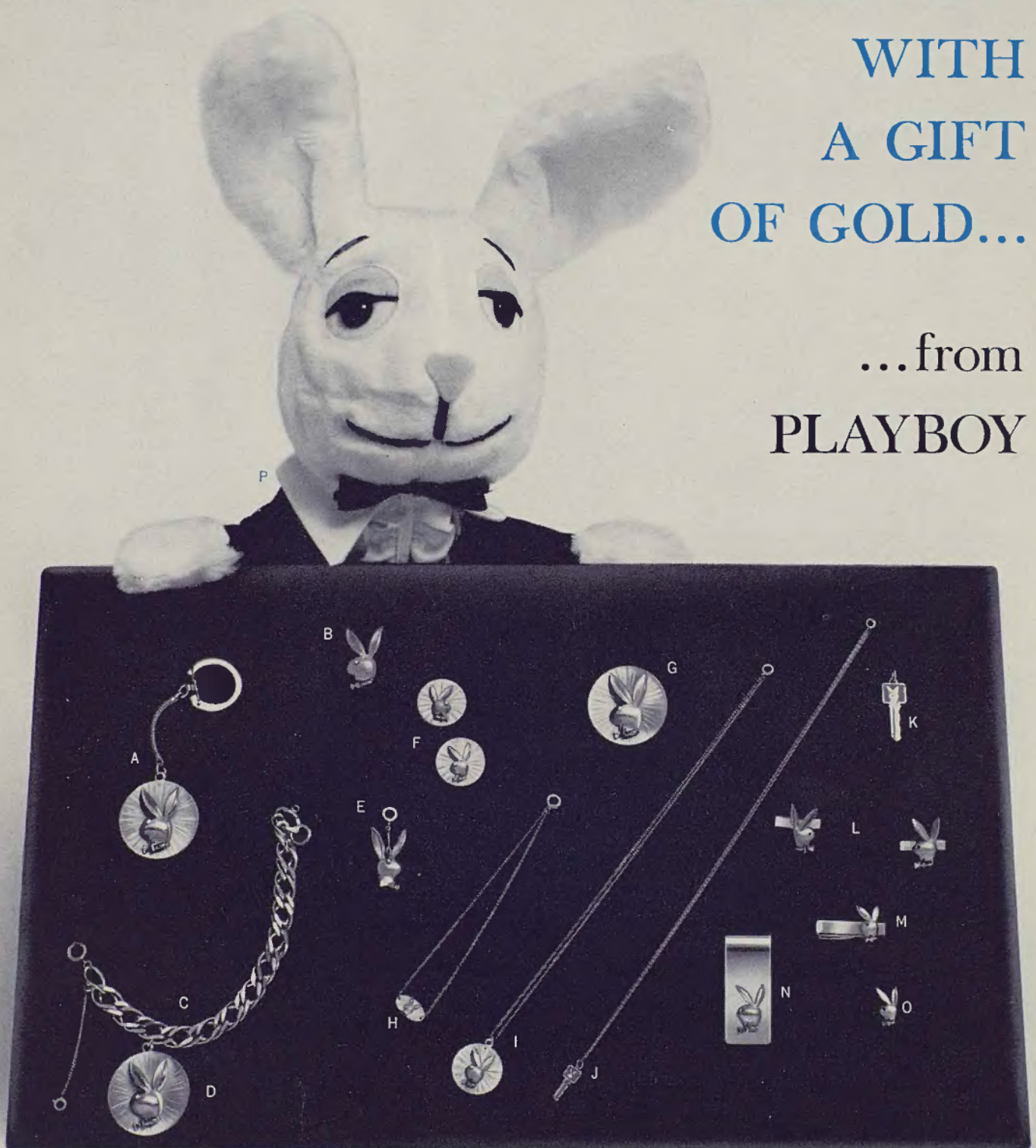


"Oh, no! The old man really got out on the wrong side of the bed this time!"



# REMEMBER WITH A GIFT OF GOLD...

...from  
PLAYBOY



A. Gold Playmate Key Chain, \$10. B. Gold Playmate Pin, \$6. C. Gold Playmate Charm Bracelet, \$12.50. D. Gold Playmate Charm with Disc, \$8.50. E. Gold Playmate Charm, Dimensional, \$8. F. Gold Playmate Earrings, \$10. G. Gold Playmate Pin with Disc, \$8. H. Gold Playmate Ankle Bracelet, \$7.50. I. Gold Playmate Pendant, \$10. J. Gold Playboy Club Necklace (14 kt.), \$20. K. Gold Playboy Club Charm (14 kt.), \$20. L. Gold Playboy Cuff Links, \$10. M. Gold Playboy Tie Bar, \$5. N. Gold Playboy Money Clip, \$7.50. O. Gold Playboy Pin, \$5. P. Playboy Hand Puppet, \$6. All items, except J., K. and P., are of lustrous gold finish. J. and K. are of solid 14-kt. gold. All prices are ppd., F.E.T. included. Please specify code letter when ordering.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to:  
**PLAYBOY PRODUCTS Department G** 232 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. 60611

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



## LIBERAL DILEMMA (continued from page 93)

in the American tradition. Yet November third showed that it was possible to reach at least a decent level of tolerance despite prolonged efforts to stir prejudice and passion.

The liberal's search for goals has seen many historic objectives fading from view. Not so long ago, Justice Brandeis' *The Curse of Bigness* was a rallying cry. (There was a curious and distorted echo of this cry in Senator Goldwater's campaign.) Brandeis' goal was fair competition, which would bring low prices; if competition could not be enforced by government regulation, then government as competitor would provide a yardstick. That was the theory behind the Tennessee Valley Authority. Theodore Roosevelt and a generation following him inveighed against the trusts and corporate greed. The little band of Senate liberals that set out in 1962 to frustrate the proposal of the Kennedy Administration to turn over hundreds of millions of dollars in government research to a great private corporation, dominated by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, was in this tradition. After a futile filibuster, only 11 votes could be mustered against the Comsat Corporation.

If bigness is indeed a curse, the public has seemingly become reconciled to it. There was little evidence of public support for the lonely 11 who tried to hold the line against the giant corporations and their grip on communications. The

fall of this last redoubt may have had greater meaning than was understood at the time. One of the ancient battlegrounds of the liberal army was left to dusty neglect with scarcely a mark to note where it had been. Bryan's populism and the thunder of T. R. against the trusts are only a faint memory in the affluent society of today.

The liberal questions how real that affluence is. But many of the aims of those who formerly carried the banners of the army fighting for a good life have been achieved. Medical care under Social Security was pushed aside once again in 1964. Yet with the changes that have come in the House of Representatives and the force of President Johnson's victory, it will come this year, despite the fulminations of the right and the anguish of the American Medical Association.

By the continuing development of the welfare program begun in the mid-Thirties, the content of political exchange has been cut down. There is less to argue about. The dimensions of political life, not only in this country but in western Europe as well, are foreshortened, and the managerial revolution in government—executive government—takes precedence over legislative government. One consequence is that the liberal finds himself without a cause; and without a cause, he fights a rear-guard action to hold off his attackers on the right.

Turning to the field of foreign policy, the liberal cannot feel very much happier about the dilemma of the center. Here the damage done by World War II and the Cold War to the left lane is incalculable. The nature of communism for many years was obscured in part by very skillful propaganda, but largely by the passions of war itself and our alliance with the Soviet Union. Many Americans, and in particular hopeful liberals, were wholly unprepared for the hard realities of Stalinist Russia in the immediate post-War period. Much of their hope had been reposed in the United Nations—with the result that its inherent limitations were overlooked.

Today the UN appears an amorphous body with the United States and Sierra Leone each having a vote of the same weight. It is doing splendid work in a dozen different directions, and in at least a half dozen instances it has kept perilous brush fires under control. But this is the work of a dedicated bureaucracy of which the late Dag Hammarskjöld was the embodiment. It is hard to become impassioned about the partition of Cyprus when that quarrel seems merely another outbreak of the old Balkan blood feud. Even Senator Goldwater, having retreated from an earlier position calling for American withdrawal, ultimately favored improving the UN.

What this comes down to, perhaps, is that liberals have fallen into the habit of tiptoeing nervously around those sub-



*"I hate to shatter what was obviously a beautiful rapport between man and machine."*



jects that arouse passionate opinions. Plain speaking has been in short supply on the liberal side. No world organization that ignores Red China with its 800,000,000 people and pretends that the island of Formosa is China can be really effective, but the UN is seldom criticized from this standpoint. The voting system, the veto in the Security Council, all the defects are treated as one would treat infirmities in an aged invalid. This—and here is the nub—leaves a great silence that the right fills with its shrill and uncompromising indictments of the United Nations.

Until recently the same cautionary silence shrouded the ticklish subject of deficit spending, which bears on both domestic and foreign policy, since the outflow of gold and the stability of the dollar are part of the stake. In the center the ancient signs, "a balanced budget," "spending into bankruptcy," completely hid the view. Only lately and somewhat timidly has a new banner with a strange device, "deficit spending to stimulate the economy," been held aloft slightly to the left of center.

This last, one does not need to be told, has been the standard practice of every nation in post-War Europe. It was here in the field of economics that the late President Kennedy proved he could learn the hard lessons of government management and bite the liberal bullet. He flew in the face of the orthodoxy not only of Republicans but of many Democrats, among them the most powerful committee chairmen in the Congress. For Senator Byrd, a balanced budget is all the Ten Commandments rolled into one noble injunction.

Under the persuasion of Walter Heller, the chairman of his Council of Economic Advisors, Kennedy came out for a tax cut even though this would mean putting the Government deeper into the red. He made this proposal, radical in that it came from a President of the United States, against loud prophecies of doom from the budget balancers. It was a decision to use one of the devices which Germany, France, Britain, Sweden and other countries have made part of their normal fiscal policy. The deficit as the fiscal year ended in mid-1964, after passage of a sizable tax cut, was larger than any ever before in peacetime, except the Eisenhower recession deficit in 1958. But a recession had been averted and the level of prosperity was rapidly rising, with no serious inflationary cloud on the horizon.

Timing in these matters counts for so much, as does the luck of the draw. The example of Britain is instructive. The Liberal party in the early years of this century put through a great series of reforms that meant a profound modification of the old, openhanded capitalism of the age of Victoria. The needs of the time and the party met by fortunate



**PASS UP THE ORDINARY . . .** pick up these! You'll love the fit . . . look . . . feel of Casuals. Bold new designs . . . brawny fabrics. Permanent crease assured with exclusive PRES-NO-MORE process . . . stretch models, too! Pick your favorites, at better stores everywhere. 4.95, 5.95, 6.95!

**you're more  
of a man in** *Male*  
CASUAL SLACKS

Designed to Take It! by H-K Corporation, 1819 Peachtree Road, Atlanta, Georgia  
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED IN LEADING MEN'S MAGAZINES



**Gin and Vodka's  
new rival...**



**GAVILAN  
TEQUILA!**

Meet this spirited  
new challenger in the  
Tequini  
(Gavilan Martini)  
Margharita  
Bloody Matador!

Send for free recipes:  
Foreign Vintages, 45 Rocke-  
feller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.  
Sole U.S.A. Distributors

90 Proof

**for single men & women**

**Bachelor Party®**  
**CRUISES & TOURS**

EUROPE, CARIBBEAN, CALIFORNIA,  
MEXICO, ORIENT, HAWAII, WORLD

Send for FREE 32 pg. Travel Catalog — Dept. PB

**BACHELOR PARTY** Tours, Inc. | 444 Madison Avenue  
New York PL 8-2433

YE'-YE'



CI 7-1990 35 West 56th St. New York City

**FOR THE FUN OF IT...**  
**ALCORT**

**Sailfish® · Sunfish®**  
**NEW Catfish®**



**ALCORT, INC., Dept. P-55**  
Box 1345, Waterbury, Connecticut  
In Canada: Sailfish Sportscraft, Ltd.  
59 Industrial Road, Richmond Hill, Ontario

Send color folders on Sailfish, Sunfish, Catfish.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

coincidence; and another piece of luck was the magic of Lloyd George, whose demagoguery was of a singularly subtle and insidious kind. But when the reforms were put through and the times changed, the Liberal party was squeezed between the Socialists and the Conservatives. It is today a splinter, led by attractive, articulate men and women who have little popular support and only a handful of seats in the House of Commons.

A political party, a political movement, must be able to stay the course. The liberal in America finds this difficult in an era in which the Toynbee pattern of challenge and response has come to have a monotonous and repetitive quality. Take, for example, the annual struggle over foreign aid. This is like a dreary morality play or a television Western in which the good guys and the bad guys say the same lines each time. The passion for charging up the hill is harder to generate each year, the troops more indifferent and lackluster.

But here again, it seems to me that it is plain speaking that has been badly wanted. Or, rather—and this may be merely putting it another way—the failure is in not confronting the truly controversial aspects of foreign aid, a confrontation that has been sidetracked by the attackers who raise all sorts of tangential prejudices to cripple and limit the program. Few defenders are bold enough to say out loud that it is an absurd illusion to believe that the underdeveloped countries can adopt America's free enterprise system. The kind of capital formation that took place here for a century is simply beyond the reach of the new struggling Asian, African and Latin-American nations. To think that our economic system can be imposed with foreign aid as a weapon is probably in the long run to insure that very little (if any) good will come of the effort. A signal example of this folly was the refusal to grant a loan to India for the Bokara steel mill because it was to be operated by the government. There may have been other valid reasons for such a denial. But to say, in effect, that India's mixed economy is improper, if not downright immoral, was a piece of nonsense that could only do harm all around.

For liberals more than perhaps any other element in the political spectrum, the sticking point is that ancient American bogey: the authority of a centralized government asserted over the rights of the states. From the time of the Articles of Confederation, a hopeless coalition of sovereign state governments unable to agree even on how to operate a postal service, this has plagued a people who still reflect the frontier distrust of the sheriff. Throughout the South and in other areas, hostility to the Government in Washington is considered the beginning of wisdom. It is a passion played

upon by the propaganda of innumerable organizations running a curious gamut from the John Birch Society to the American Civil Liberties Union.

Nor is it altogether a bogey. The liberal is suspicious of centralized authority, especially as manifested in a police force. He tends to look with distrust on the FBI and its increasing size and scope. When President Kennedy and his brother, the Attorney General, set out to discipline the United States Steel Corporation for raising prices, there were quieting reports of agents calling on possible sources of information in the early hours of the morning. Whether real or fancied, here was an echo of the midnight knock. Hardly anyone, not the liberals and not J. Edgar Hoover, would want a Federal police force. Yet faced with the resistance of a state's authority to the enforcement of Federal law—as in Mississippi—where is the power to uphold a valid statute? Is nullification to be the answer?

Eleven years after the United States Supreme Court, in *Brown vs. Board of Education*, declared school segregation unlawful, only token changes have taken place in most Southern states. It is between these two horns—the lack of Federal power of enforcement, and nullification—that the hopeful reformer often finds himself helpless. The rule of law is a noble concept. But when laws are passed that mean a profound alteration in patterns of living, the conflict between authority and individual freedom is bound to occur.

As the right hardens in areas such as Southern California, it becomes progressively more determined to stamp out any opinion that differs however slightly from ultraconservative orthodoxy. Public libraries, schools, and agencies of local government come under suspicion; individuals who resist the pressures are harassed and in some instances driven out. In these areas even the term moderate is regarded with suspicion. It was this conformity that the voters rejected in instance after instance last fall.

To be doctrinaire, as the conservatives have become, is to have a body of doctrine. While the doctrine of the right is thin gruel, it is nevertheless doctrine. The contemporary liberal is too often doctrinaire on the doctrine of the past—doctrine that has withered away or ceased to have any meaning. This is the most formidable challenge: to seek out a new body of belief that will take into account the profound changes of the past 20 years. It will be far from easy. A growing alienation on the left and the right leaves less and less room for reasoned conviction. But in this search, the issue, it is fair to say, is survival itself. Survival, that is, for free and independent opinion.





## BEING REFINED

(continued from page 113)

when you've got a daughter who's in love and a wife who wants her daughter to marry into the best possible family? You've got to go, that's all. What kind of a father would I be if I wouldn't do my daughter and my wife a little favor like that? I've met the boy, Bobby, and he's got class, there's no question about that, and if his people are anything like him, *they've* got class, too."

"Isn't his name Edmund?"

"Is that what it is? Well, anyway, he's a nice boy, a slow boy, slow in the head, but nice. Every time he said Bashmanian, I almost didn't know what he was saying. He took too long. It's not a complicated name, all you've got to do is say Bashmanian, not Bash Man Ian. But Jenny thinks she loves him, so maybe she does, so maybe you better go get a haircut, too, and be sure to shave real neat. Here's fifty cents for the haircut, give the barber a dime tip, keep the rest."

"OK."

I didn't get a haircut, but I did all the other things he said, and I was in front of my house at five minutes to six. Less than two minutes later the big sky-blue Cadillac drew up and I got in and sat beside him. His wife and daughter looked very nice in their new dresses and coats, and Shag himself looked all right, too. He was wearing everything. Diamond stickpin in his tie. Silk handkerchief in his jacket. Gold watch chain across the vest, gold watch attached to the chain. Red rose in the lapel button-hole. Haircut, shampoo, manicure, shoeshine, Sen-Sen in his mouth—the damned smell nearly knocked me over.

We stopped for gas, comfort and coffee in Modesto, and we were in San Francisco at a quarter to eleven. At four minutes to eleven the Cadillac drew up in front of the house, which was in a neighborhood called Seacliff, where only rich people could afford to live, or as Shag put it, "They've got money all right, but let me tell you something. I can buy and sell them any day in the week, and don't ever forget it."

"Poppa," his daughter said. "Please don't talk that way. Just, please, forget that they've got money and that we've got money."

"All right, honey, for your sake I'll let it go this time, but I don't want these people putting on a lot of airs with *me*. I'm Arshag Bashmanian, who the hell do they think they are? Three-car garage. Why three? Why not make the whole house a garage?"

"Poppa, please."

"All right, all right, don't worry about your father."

The door was opened by a rather

you're  
**IN**  
with

**Tads**

lavishly tailored trousers

Tads is real Man Stuff and she'll love the way Tads give you that lean, trim and tapered look! You're **IN** with Tads' legendary fit combined with exclusive design and rich new fabrics. Go get 'em! Buy an armload . . . at better stores everywhere! 7.95 to 18.95.

**Tads** CREATED BY THE MAKERS OF **Kaminsky**  
Custom Tailored Trousers

H. R. Kaminsky & Sons, Inc. The Empire State Building, New York 1, New York

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED IN LEADING MEN'S MAGAZINES.





**for VALUE**  
**Vanderbilt**  
 • SPORT SHIRTS  
 • DRESS SHIRTS  
 • PAJAMAS  
 AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

### CASUAL CONTINENTALS in Olive Wax Leather



Be relaxed  
and carefree...  
yet impeccably correct

... in these rich brown Olive Wax Leather Thong Sandals. Choose roped SAVOY or all-leather CALAIS. Expertly made, luxuriously comfortable... you'll want both for your casual wardrobe.

**MEN'S SIZES 6 to 13 \$10.75**

**Women's Sizes 4 to 10 \$9.75**

ALL POSTPAID

Brochure  
available.  
Money back  
guarantee.

**Bloom's**

311 Sixth Ave., Dept. P-55  
New York 14, N. Y.

"Down in the Village" over 65 years

### TEST SMOKE This NEW CIGAR ON THE HOUSE

Now—a new way of life for cigar smokers! Here's a completely new, modern cigar, a long full 6 inch PALMA that's so mild even cigarette smokers will enjoy it. And man, does it taste good! That's because it's a special blend with a beautiful new kind of mild Candela wrapper that's completely different in character, light, smooth and modern in taste.

This new Wally Frank CANDELA PALMA promises to completely revolutionize the cigar business. We plan to bring out these extra long PALMAS to compete with expensive luxury cigars. But before spending big money in advertising, we want your opinion as a cross check on our own tremendous enthusiasm. We'll rush you 20 Humidor-fresh cigars, plus a Free cigar holder. Send us nothing for the cigars, we've written them off for the test... Just send \$1.00 to help cover postage, expense and cigar tax on this non-profit transaction. When they arrive, test smoke as many as you like, on the house, and tell us what you think of them. Then, if you're not delighted, return the balance for your \$1.00 back in full. (Sorry only 20 cigars to a customer). (In U.S.A. only).

**WALLY FRANK Ltd.**

132 Church St. Dept. CP 153

New York, N. Y. 10007

I enclose \$1.00, send me 20 cigars, described above, on your Money Back Guarantee, and the Free cigar holder.

Please print name and address below.

handsome woman in her late 40s, and from the expression of surprise on Shag's face I was sure he imagined that this was the mother of the boy his daughter had fallen in love with. He had never before visited anybody who had had a servant.

"Yes?" she said.

"Are you sure this is the right address?" Shag said to his daughter, who instead of answering him said to the woman, "I'm Genevieve Bashmanian, and this is my father, and my mother, and my cousin."

"Oh, yes, of course," the woman said. "Won't you please come in and sit down."

Well, the place was really swank. It was certainly the swankest place I had ever walked into, but it gave Shag an awful pain, because by comparison his mansion on Van Ness Avenue in Fresno was a remodeled barn full of Grand Rapids furniture and an original oil painting for which he had paid \$1000 by somebody named Gaston Voillard, 1874—a meaningless landscape in dull colors. Three years before when Shag had asked me over to the house to see how a successful man was entitled to live, so that it would be a lesson to me, he showed me the picture, told me how much he had paid for it, and then said, "This Gaston Voillard, 1874, he's one of the greatest painters, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is," I said.

Encouraged by my lie, Shag then said, "For God's sake, look at that picture, will you? Look at those leaves on those trees. The man's a genius. I wouldn't take five thousand dollars for that picture, if you want to know the truth."

But of course I didn't want to know the truth, so the conversation collapsed and we went to the little bar just off the kitchen, where he poured each of us a drink of raki.

Well, on the walls of the room in which we were now sitting there was an original Cézanne, an original Matisse and an original Picasso. Shag looked from one to the other, and then at me. He leaned his head over slowly to the right, and at the same time lifted his eyebrows, by which he meant, "What kind of cockeyed paintings do you call those?"

Soon the father, the mother, the son and a daughter of 11 came into the room. They were nice people, very gracious, very warm, and yet somehow in spite of everything, even in spite of the fine paintings they owned, they seemed to lack something. I really didn't know what it was, but it was a rather large thing. I suppose it might have been wit of some kind, or maybe health of some kind, or maybe humor. At any rate, it was impossible to be really at ease with them.

The boy's mother said lunch would be at one, and she would be terribly let

down if we had made other plans. As a matter of fact, she would insist that we change our plans. In the meantime, perhaps we'd like to see the rest of the house, and then the garden, and after that we might enjoy taking a short drive up to the Legion of Honor Palace to see the new show.

"What kind of a show is it?" Shag said, as if it just might unaccountably be burlesque or something, in which case he would let these people know he didn't take his women to places like that.

"Well, it's the Second Winter Invitational, and I think even better than the first, which was an enormous success."

Shag looked at me, so I said, "California painters?"

"Well, actually, Northern California painters."

"Oh, paintings," Shag said. "Sure, let's go see 'em."

And so first we saw the house, and then the garden, and every bit of each burned hell out of Shag, and then we were all asked to get in the chauffeur-driven Rolls, but Shag said, "No, let's not all of us try to get into one car. I'll drive up with my nephew."

"Just follow us, then," the father of the boy said, "unless you know the way."

Following the Rolls, Shag said, "What do you think?"

"They're nice people all right."

"No, I don't mean *them*. What do you think of the impression I've made so far?"

"So far it's been pretty good, I must say."

"Voice modulated, smiles, politeness?"

"Yes, you showed them all those things all right."

"I'll show them plenty more, too."

At the museum the Second Winter Invitational wasn't bad, although not much good, either, mainly a lot of stuff without any style of any kind, most of it experimental and messy. Not one picture like the one painted by Gaston Voillard, 1874.

"Shall we look at the permanent collection as well?" the mother asked.

Shag said, "Why not?"

Well, it was the older stuff, an El Greco, a Rembrandt, a Rubens, but none of it especially exciting, certainly not to Shag; but then in the first of the five small rooms just off the main hall, to the left, there was a painting that really impressed him. Years later I made a point of going back and getting the name of the thing, and of the painter. His name was Jean Marc Nattier, French, 1685-1766, and the name of the picture was *The Duchess of Chateauroux as Thalia, Muse of Comedy*. It was a rather big picture of this pretty girl whose right breast was delightfully exposed. It was as big as life, very white, with a nipple the size and color of a pink rosebud. The girl's face had a twinkle to it, as of mischief.





All around her were foldings of dark velvet, and in the background was a small stage with actors upon it.

We all stopped in front of the picture, and after a moment Shag said, "My goodness, that girl's chest is so real you could reach out and touch it."

Lunch was soup, fish, meat, raspberries with ice cream and coffee.

Somewhere near the end of lunch there was a moment of silence, whereupon Shag said, "I don't think I've ever seen anything more real than that girl's chest."

Less than an hour after lunch we got back into the Cadillac, and Shag began to drive back to Fresno. He had been refined every minute he had been with the elegant people. He had worked very hard at it, saying, for instance, my goodness, and chest, for instance, but what is a man to do about a daughter? A daughter is always a lot of trouble, and now all of a sudden she was crying.

The upshot of the whole thing was that the engagement was slowly broken, or possibly it was simply permitted by time and silence to fade away, and a year later Genevieve married a poor but

ambitious boy, by whom she now has four sons and three daughters.

As for Shag, one day he said, "I never did like those Armstrongs."

"Isn't the name Armbruster?"

"That's exactly what I mean. There's such a thing as a name like Armstrong, but whoever heard of a name like Armbruster? Those people were phonies. They weren't really refined. They were performing, like those little trained dogs at vaudeville shows, and one thing I can't stand is a lousy performance."





## PROOFS POSITIVE (continued from page 96)

course, possess the most aristocratic palates in the world. Henri Gault in the Paris *L'Intransigeant* recently told how men at the Ritz bar, at Fouquet's and the Grande Séverine were demanding bourbon and seemed completely enraptured by it. In France, bourbon was originally a snob drink. With all due credit to snobbery for its motivating value if for nothing else, a stream of bourbon is now wending its way through all the principal playgrounds of Europe. Even the Scots are drinking it clandestinely. In this country, the city that drinks more bourbon than any other is the one that from many standpoints, but particularly the gourmet's, is our finest metropolis, San Francisco. It must rankle old horse breeders to realize that Louisville, Kentucky (31st in total population), ranks an undistinguished 20th among U.S. cities in its consumption of bourbon.

Kentuckians will insist, however, that the only true bourbon is one made from special water running down limestone rocks in the Bluegrass State. Bourbon men from Pennsylvania and Illinois argue that water is indeed important, but that it flows just as sweetly if not more so from their own private springs. Some vow that whiskey ages best when the barrels are exposed to all the heat of summer and the icy cold of winter. Others coddle their whiskey in the air-conditioned comfort of streamlined warehouses. All whiskey men guard their yeast formulas like dowry rights.

For those seeking special whiskeys, bottled-in-bond is the most eminent. It can be spotted by its green rather than red stamp. It must be a straight whiskey (and is almost always bourbon) produced by a single distillery in one year, at least four years old, bottled at 100 proof and kept under more or less constant surveillance. During its slumber, it's tax-free, and during this time it's watched by Internal Revenue men who look upon their quarry as something of a cross between the *Pietà* of Michelangelo and the man at the head of the FBI's ten-most-wanted list. Theoretically, it can be a very poor whiskey and still be bottled-in-bond; the revenuers don't care about quality. Actually, most of the prominent bottled-in-bonds are the very cream of the present bourbon dynasty.

The terms sweet mash and sour mash can stand clarification. A sour-mash bourbon means that the grain mixture contained some "spent" beer from a previous run of whiskey. Like the chunk of leftover dough bakers use for their sour rye bread, it's the kind of leftover that up-rather than downgrades the new batch of whiskey. Sweet-mash bourbon starts off with a clean slate. The thing to remember is that sour-mash whiskey actually has a sweeter flavor than the so-called sweet mash.

Finally, there's corn whiskey. It's made up and distilled like bourbon but must contain at least 80 percent corn, as compared with bourbon's minimum of 51 percent. Here the resemblance ends. It's aged in uncharred or reused oak barrels and lacks the deep mellowness of bourbon, although it has its faithful Southern following.

### SCOTCH WHISKY

If America makes a god of corn, Scotland does the same of barley. Young drinkers who take their first sip of Scotch are sometimes torn between what they think they should like and what they actually like. But something of a mellow note draws them back, and before long they're in tune with the great Highland fling. Long before the whiskey insurrection here in the Thirties, in 1908 in fact, a Royal Commission looking into British whiskey tastes had warned that the drinking public wanted a whiskey "of less marked characteristics." They were talking about the old heavy-weight Scotch malts made with grain, as it is today, dried over peat smoke. They're still the foundation of Scotch whisky, but they're only half the picture. The rest are light whiskies made from corn, rye and wheat, sent through the stills at high proof, as light as thistle-down, almost but not quite on the borderline of neutral spirits. All Scotches are now blends not of one heavy whisky with one light, but often of as many as a dozen heavies with a dozen lights. The breeding and crossbreeding of blends is a Scottish native art and you must be born on Scottish soil and breathe its mists in order to acquire it. What's so amazing is that year after year Scottish shippers, sometimes using their own whisky, sometimes not, can turn out a spirit that seldom varies, as purebred in flavor as bottles of a vintage wine from the same grapes on the same hillside of the same château.

The thrifty Scotsman usually wastes no mixers on his hallowed whisky. The Scotch toddy in which a squirt of lemon juice is introduced is a notable exception. Each member of the old Nine Tumblers Club of St. Andrews was required to be able to down, at a leisurely pace, nine tumblers of Scotch toddy and be able to enunciate clearly at the end of the session the words Bib-li-cal criticism. In cold or stormy weather, it's a fascinating indoor sport to try in your own turreted castle. In this country, the modern Scotches are usually found swirling over the rocks more than in any other form. The Scotch old fashioned or the rob roy—a manhattan made with Scotch—are fine old stand-bys that also seem to fare much better with the lighter Scotches than with the dark old malts.

Before the War, all Scotches coming to

this shore were at least eight years old. Now they're running between five and seven years, even though many labels indicate no age at all. If you're in a mood for taste exploration, try the same brand of Scotch in an eight- and twelve-year-old version. The satiny smoothness of the older Scotch is roamin' in the gloamin' at its best. Now and then a label will read "Liqueur Scotch Whisky." It's not a sweet liqueur in the literal sense, but indicates an older Scotch which the shipper presents as his gilt-edged potation.

### CANADIAN WHISKY

If in spelling whisky, the Scot in the Canadian seems to have taken charge, in distilling it, the French *canadien* is obviously the creative force. For Canada turns out the world's lightest, most delicate of spirits, a marvelous balance of corn, rye and barley. While every bottle of Canadian whisky seems to reflect the icy clarity of the cold arctic, you can depend upon its eventual effect to be as warming as any 86-proof potable in the world.

As far as public behavior is concerned, our neighbors to the north are notoriously stiff-necked puritans. There are few Canadian cities where you'll find men and women drinking in a cocktail room. A barmaid is unknown. A man carrying a bottle from a government liquor store can be jailed if the wrapper should accidentally drop off his fifth. Even the Queen's health at state dinners is toasted in ice water. But while the puritan is thus all powerful in public, in the privacy of the great old distilleries, the government is the soul of leniency. Canadian liquor men are subject to only a fraction of the rules besetting distillers in the States. Since 1800 when every miller in Canada was also a distiller, the whisky taste makers have used charred or uncharred oak barrels as they please. Their own self-imposed code is responsible for the light brilliant spirits, at least six years old, now sent into the States. Travelers in Canada often notice that in its native habitat, Canadian whisky seems even softer than in the States. The simple explanation is that in Canada many of the best-known brands are sold at 80 proof.

### IRISH WHISKEY

After a few sturdy drams, amateur whiskey genealogists often trace Irish whiskey to its first maker, Patrick, patron saint of Ireland. When literal-minded whiskey historians insist that St. Patrick in the Fifth Century was a brewer of beer rather than a distiller of whiskey, Irishmen aren't in the least bit rattled. Whiskey is only distilled beer, which is true, just as brandy is distilled wine. And the whole history of distilling, they point out, from the ancient Arabs onward is such a barmy tale that St. Patrick might just as well be credited as less



worthy benefactors. When impertinent Sassenachs say Irish whiskey is like Canadian but more robust, they make a comparison that may be true but is nevertheless odious to any true Irishman who can point out that the world owes the very word whiskey to the Gaelic *uisgebeatha*, water of life.

There's something regal in the flavor of Irish whiskey, best described in Holinshed's *Chronicles* in 1577, "Trulie it is a sovereign liquor if it be orderlie taken." Its base is barley, with wheat, rye and oats for additional flavoring. The grain is dried over closed fires. Unlike Scotch, smoke never gets in its eyes.

In Ireland there's a saying that whiskey takes seven days of a man's time and seven years of the whiskey's time. This is just about the lowest age at which Irish whiskey is now exported to the States. The most recent version in which it's "orderlie taken" is, of course, Irish coffee—a drink as good iced as hot. Good Irish coffee needs honest whipped cream, always enhanced if it's laced with either Irish Mist or coffee liqueur.

Herewith an intercontinental compendium of original PLAYBOY recipes offering urbane approaches to the whiskey-with theme.

#### SCOTCH SOLACE

2½ ozs. Scotch  
1 tablespoon honey  
½ oz. triple sec

5 ozs. milk  
1 oz. heavy cream  
⅛ teaspoon freshly grated orange rind  
Pour whisky, honey and triple sec into 12-oz. highball glass. Stir until honey is thoroughly blended. Add milk, cream and orange rind. Add ice cubes to fill glass to brim. Stir well.

#### KERRY COOLER

2 ozs. Irish whiskey  
1½ ozs. madeira or sherry  
1 oz. orgeat (almond syrup)  
1 oz. lemon juice  
Chilled club soda  
1 slice lemon

In 12-oz. highball glass pour whiskey, madeira, orgeat and lemon juice. Stir well. Add 3 large ice cubes. Fill with club soda. Stir. Float lemon slice on top.

#### DOUBLE DERBY

2½ ozs. bourbon  
2 ozs. cold strong black tea  
2 ozs. claret  
1 oz. red currant syrup  
1 oz. orange juice  
½ oz. lemon juice  
1 wedge cocktail orange in syrup  
Pour bourbon, tea, claret, red currant syrup, orange juice and lemon juice into double old fashioned glass. Add ice cubes to fill glass to brim. Stir well. Add cocktail orange. (If red currant syrup is not available, red currant jelly to which a

teaspoon of hot water has been added may be heated over a low flame and stirred constantly until jelly is liquid.)

#### CANADIAN FROZEN FRAISE

2 ozs. Canadian whisky  
1 oz. fraise (strawberry liqueur)  
1 extra-large strawberry  
Superfine sugar

Fill a 6-oz. saucer champagne glass with very finely crushed ice. Pour whisky and fraise into glass. (If champagne glass is less than 6 ozs., reduce liquors proportionately.) Dip strawberry in small amount of fraise; dip tip in sugar and place on center of ice. Serve with short straw as post-prandial frappé.

Drinking tastes are always in ferment, or they wouldn't be tastes. Where future whiskey tastes are destined is any bar philosopher's guess. But learned whiskey men believe that in the years just ahead many of the 86-proof whiskeys will probably be offered in 80-proof versions—several have already appeared—and that the lighter flavors will become lighter before they become heavier.

But be it 86 or 80, the real proof of the whiskey is in the drinking. And having discovered this, more and more Americans find themselves in felicitous accord with the canny Scotsman who said, "There's whusky and there's guid whusky, but there's nae bad whusky."

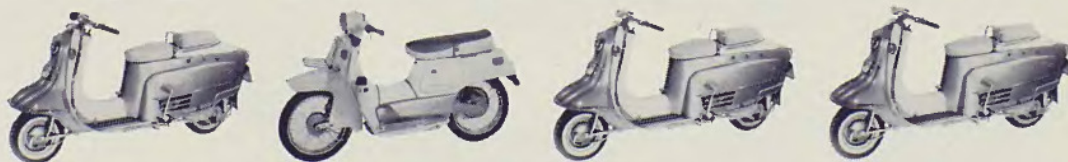


## The *Rabbit* is multiplying . . .

When you hop on a Rabbit, it's a safe bet you'll never have so much fun for so little money. Rabbit is safe, too . . . Safe, swift and sure. Rabbit purrs with quality. And no wonder. Rabbit is designed and manufactured by internationally famed Fuji Heavy Industries, Ltd., a world leader in the production of roaring jet aircraft, automobiles, trucks and trains.

## HAVE YOU GOT YOURS YET?

Rabbit represents the most sweeping change ever seen in two-wheel transportation. Rabbit is the modern way to go . . . the fun way . . . for EVERY member of the family. You should try it. You'll want to go that way, too.



# Rabbit

Write for free brochure and the name of your nearest Rabbit dealer. Take a test ride and you'll be convinced — Rabbit is the most luxurious motor scooter in all the world. American Rabbit Corp., a division of Fuji Heavy Industries, Ltd., exclusive U.S. distributor, 6802-6810 El Cajon Blvd., San Diego, Calif.



## SOUVENIR (continued from page 108)

of which we spectators on the beach were such imperfect and puny copies.

When I arrived at the beach the crowd was considerably smaller, and some two or three hundred people sat on the shingle, picnicking and watching the groups of visitors who walked out across the sand. The successive tides had carried the giant nearer the shore, swinging his head and shoulders toward the beach, so that he seemed doubly to gain in size, his huge body dwarfing the fishing boats beached beside his feet. The uneven contours of the beach had pushed his spine into a slight arch, expanding his chest and tilting back the head, forcing him into a more expressly heroic posture. The combined effects of sea water and the tumefaction of the tissues had given the face a sleeker and less youthful look. Although the vast proportions of the features made it impossible to assess the age and character of the giant, on my previous visit his classically modeled mouth and nose suggested that he had been a young man of discreet and modest temper. Now, however, he appeared to be at least in early middle age. The puffy cheeks, thicker nose and temples and narrowing eyes gave him a look of well-fed maturity that even now hinted at a growing corruption to come.

This accelerated post-mortem development of the giant's character, as if the latent elements of his personality had gained sufficient momentum during his life to discharge themselves in a brief final résumé, continued to fascinate me. It marked the beginning of the giant's surrender to that all-demanding system of time in which the rest of humanity

finds itself, and of which, like the million twisted ripples of a fragmented whirlpool, our finite lives are the concluding products. I took up my position on the shingle directly opposite the giant's head, from where I could see the new arrivals and the children clambering over the legs and arms.

Among the morning's visitors were a number of men in leather jackets and cloth caps, who peered up critically at the giant with a professional eye, pacing out his dimensions and making rough calculations in the sand with spars of driftwood. I assumed them to be from the public works department and other municipal bodies, no doubt wondering how to dispose of this monster.

Several rather more smartly attired individuals, circus proprietors and the like, also appeared on the scene, and strolled slowly around the giant, hands in the pockets of their long overcoats, saying nothing to one another. Evidently its bulk was too great even for their matchless enterprise. After they had gone the children continued to run up and down the arms and legs, and the youths wrestled with each other over the supine face, the damp sand from their feet covering the white skin.

• • •

The following day I deliberately postponed my visit until the late afternoon, and when I arrived there were fewer than 50 or 60 people sitting on the shingle. The giant had been carried still closer to the shore, and was now little more than 75 yards away, his feet crushing the palisade of a rotting breakwater. The slope of the firmer sand tilted his

body toward the sea, the bruised swollen face averted in an almost conscious gesture. I sat down on a large metal wing which had been shackled to a concrete caisson above the shingle, and looked down at the recumbent figure.

His blanched skin had now lost its pearly translucence and was spattered with dirty sand which replaced that washed away by the night tide. Clumps of seaweed filled the intervals between the fingers and a collection of litter and cuttlebones lay in the crevices below the hips and knees. But despite this, and the continuous thickening of his features, the giant still retained his magnificent Homeric stature. The enormous breadth of the shoulders, and the huge columns of the arms and legs, still carried the figure into another dimension, and the giant seemed a more authentic image of one of the drowned Argonauts or heroes of the *Odyssey* than the conventional portrait previously in my mind.

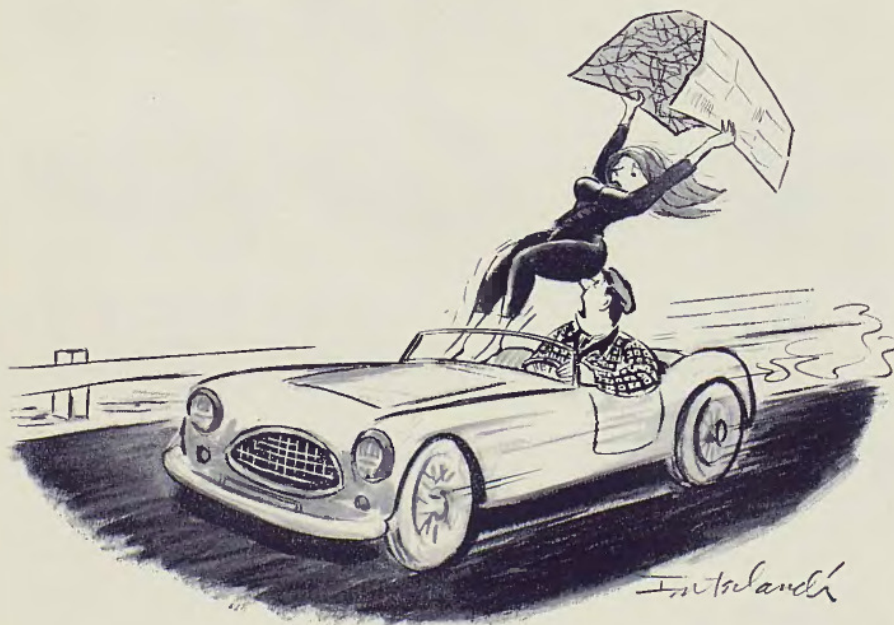
I stepped down onto the sand, and walked between the pools of water toward the giant. Two small boys were sitting in the well of the ear, and at the far end a solitary youth stood perched high on one of the toes, surveying me as I approached. As I had hoped when delaying my visit, no one else paid any attention to me, and the people on the shore remained huddled beneath their coats.

The giant's supine right hand was covered with broken shells and sand, in which a score of footprints were visible. The rounded bulk of the hip towered above me, cutting off all sight of the sea. The sweetly acrid odor I had noticed before was now more pungent, and through the opaque skin I could see the serpentine coils of congealed blood vessels. However repellent it seemed, this ceaseless metamorphosis, a macabre life-in-death, alone permitted me to set foot on the corpse.

Using the jutting thumb as a stair rail, I climbed up onto the palm and began my ascent. The skin was harder than I expected, barely yielding to my weight. Quickly I walked up the sloping forearm and the bulging balloon of the biceps. The face of the drowned giant loomed to my right, the cavernous nostrils and huge flanks of the cheeks like the cone of some freakish volcano.

Safely rounding the shoulder, I stepped out onto the broad promenade of the chest, across which the bony ridges of the rib cage lay like huge rafters. The white skin was dappled by the darkening bruises of countless footprints, in which the patterns of individual heel marks were clearly visible. Someone had built a small sand castle on the center of the sternum, and I climbed onto this partly demolished structure to get a better view of the face.

The two children had now scaled the ear and were pulling themselves into the right orbit, whose blue globe, completely



"The map—let go of the map, Cynthia!"



# THE PLAYBOY GOURMET

Whether entertaining *à deux* or *en masse*, THE PLAYBOY GOURMET will earn for you a glowing reputation as a chef supreme and a host unparalleled. Not the homemaker's all-purpose encyclopedia of ho-hum cookery, THE PLAYBOY GOURMET is tastefully attuned to the educated palate of the urban male. Its 22 chapters, 320 pages, run the gastronomic gamut from canapé to *glacé*, apéritif to cordial, picnic capers to holiday cheer. Over 75 color illustrations season this sumptuously bound symposium of PLAYBOY's epicurean essays—written with wit and wisdom by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario. Served up with an introduction by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, the book is laced with tidbits of gastronomic lore and common-sense culinary tips. THE PLAYBOY GOURMET is dedicated to the pleasure of eating and drinking well.

the  
complete  
food & drink  
handbook  
for the  
host  
at home

## THE PLAYBOY GOURMET

A FOOD AND DRINK HANDBOOK FOR THE HOST AT HOME



BY THOMAS MARIO FOOD AND DRINK EDITOR OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

### ORDER YOUR PLAYBOY GOURMET NOW

Tempting to the eye  
Pleasure for the palate  
THE PLAYBOY GOURMET  
Use the handy coupon at the right  
to order your copies.  
Makes a superb gift for your  
favorite host or hostess.  
PRICE: \$12.50 PER COPY

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of THE PLAYBOY GOURMET at \$12.50 per copy.  
Check or money order is enclosed for \$\_\_\_\_\_  
Charge to my Playboy Club Key number which is \_\_\_\_\_

name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip code \_\_\_\_\_

PLAYBOY BOOKS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611



Have a "soft" summer!  
WEAR  
**Wigwam**  
SOCKS  
for every sport . . . and everyday wear, too!



"Cushion Foot"  
S-t-r-e-t-c-h Sock  
in White and Colors



All Purpose  
Sport and  
Casual Sock

WIGWAM MILLS, INC., Sheboygan, Wis.  
In Canada: Hanson Mills Ltd., Hull, Que.

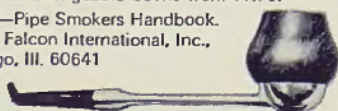


Ever tried smoking  
a FALCON?



Enjoy smoking without worry. Falcon's patented tar-trap condenses all moisture and tars before the smoke reaches the air-cooled stem. You get a cool, dry smoke . . . all the pleasure of fine briar and tobacco. Your dealer has a wide choice of Falcons at \$3.95 and \$4.95. Extra interchangeable bowls from \$1.75.

**FREE**—Pipe Smokers Handbook.  
Write: Falcon International, Inc.,  
Chicago, Ill. 60641



occluded by some milk-colored fluid, gazed sightlessly past their miniature forms. Seen obliquely from below, the face was devoid of all grace and repose, the drawn mouth and raised chin propped up by gigantic slings of muscles resembling the torn prow of a colossal wreck. For the first time I became aware of the extremity of this last physical agony of the giant, no less painful for his unawareness of the collapsing musculature and tissues. The absolute isolation of the ruined figure, cast like an abandoned ship upon the empty shore, almost out of sound of the waves, transformed his face into a mask of exhaustion and helplessness.

As I stepped forward, my foot sank into a trough of soft tissue, and a gust of fetid gas blew through an aperture between the ribs. Retreating from the fouled air, which hung like a cloud over my head, I turned toward the sea to clear my lungs. To my surprise I saw that the giant's left hand had been amputated.

I stared with shocked bewilderment at the blackening stump, while the solitary youth reclining on his aerial perch a hundred feet away surveyed me with a sanguinary eye.

This was only the first of a sequence of depredations. I spent the following two days in the library, for some reason reluctant to visit the shore, aware that I had probably witnessed the approaching end of a magnificent illusion. When I next crossed the dunes and set foot on the shingle, the giant was little more than 20 yards away, and with this close proximity to the rough pebbles all traces had vanished of the magic which once surrounded his distant wave-washed form. Despite his immense size, the bruises and dirt that covered his body made him appear merely human in scale, his vast dimensions only increasing his vulnerability.

His right hand and foot had been removed, dragged up the slope and trundled away by cart. After questioning the small group of people huddled by the breakwater, I gathered that a fertilizer company and a cattle-food manufacturer were responsible.

The giant's remaining foot rose into the air, a steel hawser fixed to the large toe, evidently in preparation for the following day. The surrounding beach had been disturbed by a score of workmen, and deep ruts marked the ground where the hands and foot had been hauled away. A dark brackish fluid leaked from the stumps, and stained the sand and the white cones of the cuttlefish. As I walked down the shingle I noticed that a number of jocular slogans, swastikas and other signs had been cut into the gray skin, as if the mutilation of this motionless colossus had released a sudden flood of repressed spite. The lobe of one of the ears was pierced by a spear of timber,

and a small fire had burned out in the center of the chest, blackening the surrounding skin. The fine wood ash was still being scattered by the wind.

A foul smell enveloped the cadaver, the undisguisable signature of putrefaction, which had at last driven away the usual gathering of youths. I returned to the shingle and climbed up onto the winch. The giant's swollen cheeks had now almost closed his eyes, drawing the lips back in a monumental gape. The once-straight Grecian nose had been twisted and flattened, stamped into the ballooning face by countless heels.

When I visited the beach the following day I found, almost with relief, that the head had been removed.

. . .

Some weeks elapsed before I made my next journey to the beach, and by then the human likeness I had noticed earlier had vanished again. On close inspection the recumbent thorax and abdomen were unmistakably manlike, but as each of the limbs was chopped off, first at the knee and elbow, and then at shoulder and thigh, the carcass resembled that of any headless sea animal—whale or whale shark. With this loss of identity, and the few traces of personality that had clung tenuously to the figure, the interest of the spectators expired, and the foreshore was deserted except for an elderly beachcomber and the watchman sitting in the doorway of the contractor's hut.

A loose wooden scaffolding had been erected around the carcass, from which a dozen ladders swung in the wind, and the surrounding sand was littered with coils of rope, long metal-handled knives and grappling irons, the pebbles oily with blood and pieces of bone and skin.

I nodded to the watchman, who regarded me dourly over his brazier of burning coke. The whole area was pervaded by the pungent smell of huge squares of blubber being simmered in a vat behind the hut.

Both the thighbones had been removed, with the assistance of a small crane draped in the gauzelike fabric which had once covered the waist of the giant, and the open sockets gaped like barn doors. The upper arms, collarbones and pudenda had likewise been dispatched. What remained of the skin over the thorax and abdomen had been marked out in parallel strips with a tarbrush, and the first five or six sections had been pared away from the midriff, revealing the great arch of the rib cage.

As I left, a flock of gulls wheeled down from the sky and alighted on the beach, picking at the stained sand with ferocious cries.

. . .

Several months later, when the news of his arrival had been generally forgotten, various pieces of the body of the dismembered giant began to reappear all over the city. Most of these were



bones, which the fertilizer manufacturers had found too difficult to crush, and their massive size, and the huge tendons and discs of cartilage attached to their joints, immediately identified them. For some reason, these disembodied fragments seemed better to convey the essence of the giant's original magnificence than the bloated appendages that had been subsequently amputated. As I looked across the road at the premises of the largest wholesale merchants in the meat market, I recognized the two enormous thighbones on either side of the doorway. They towered over the porters' heads like the threatening megaliths of some primitive druidical religion, and I had a sudden vision of the giant climbing to his knees upon these bare bones and striding away through the streets of the city, picking up the scattered fragments of himself on his return journey to the sea.

A few days later I saw the left humerus lying in the entrance to one of the shipyards. In the same week the mummified right hand was exhibited on a carnival float during the annual pageant of the guilds.

The lower jaw, typically, found its way to the museum of natural history. The remainder of the skull has disappeared, but is probably still lurking in the waste grounds or private gardens of the city—quite recently, while sailing down the river, I noticed two ribs of the giant forming a decorative arch in a waterside garden, possibly confused with the jawbones of a whale. A large square of tanned and tattooed skin, the size of an Indian blanket, forms a back cloth to the dolls and masks in a novelty shop near the amusement park, and I have no doubt that elsewhere in the city, in the hotels or golf clubs, the mummified nose or ears of the giant hang from the wall above a fireplace. As for the immense pizzle, this ends its days in the freak museum of a circus which travels up and down the northwest. This monumental apparatus, stunning in its proportions and sometime potency, occupies a complete booth to itself. The irony is that it is wrongly identified as that of a whale, and indeed most people, even those who first saw him cast up on the shore after the storm, now remember the giant, if at all, as a large sea beast.

The remainder of the skeleton, stripped of all flesh, still rests on the seashore, the clutter of bleached ribs like the timbers of a derelict ship. The contractor's hut, the crane and scaffolding have been removed, and the sand being driven into the bay along the coast has buried the pelvis and backbone. In the winter the high curved bones are deserted, battered by the breaking waves, but in the summer they provide an excellent perch for the sea-wearying gulls.



## New slant on shorts

*SLIM*  
**MacLean**

Get outdoors and relax in the casual comfort of Slim MacLean's high style shorts. They come to life in great new spring colors, weaves and textures.

Classic Ivy Rancho Besam

"FOR THE ACTIVE MAN"

BOYS **\$3<sup>98</sup>**

MENS **\$4<sup>98</sup>**

CONTINENTAL OF OSKALOOSA,  
NEW YORK ■ OSKALOOSA, IOWA

"He's smoking  
**WILD  
CHERRY**

**...smells good enough to eat!"**

Others may try but none can match WILD CHERRY... the original wild cherry tobacco. This unique tobacco offers a double treat... fresh, delicious flavor for you—delicate, delightful aroma for those close to you. Ask your dealer for the one that tastes as good as it should... WILD CHERRY. Pocket pouch—40¢.

LANE, LTD., 419 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016  
Blenders of quality tobaccos for over three generations.





VISIT NEW YORK  
HOME OF THE WORLD FAMOUS  
MUSICAL HIT!

**HELLO, DOLLY!**

MAIL ORDERS FILLED  
Evg.: \$9.90, 8.05, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60.  
Wed. & Sat. Mats.: \$6.25, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.  
ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO NEW YORK TO  
SEE "HELLO DOLLY!" HEAR IT ON THE  
RCA VICTOR ORIGINAL CAST SHOW ALBUM



AWARD  
WINNER  
FROM ITALY!

Here it is! The shoe that won the famous Caswell-Massey Award for the BEST shoe style of the year! Leather soles and heels. Made in American sizes. In mellow Black Smooth leather, sizes 5 to 13, or in soft Black Suede, 6 to 13. Both medium width. \$14.95 postpaid, or \$2 deposit on C.O.D., you pay postage. Other styles imported from Italy, Spain and England from \$9.95 to \$24.95, A to EEE.

#4127  
Smooth  
#4128  
Suede

**\$14.95**

Write for  
FREE  
catalog

*Eleganza*  
IMPORTS

1235 Monument St., Brockton, Mass.

**TREND**  
LITTLE MILD CIGARS  
**TREND**  
35¢ PACK OF 20

THE PLAYMATE  
CIGARETTE CASE...  
...AND PLAYBOY LIGHTER



Case of soft glove leather, lined in Rabbit-patterned pure silk. Playboy Lighter tucks neatly into Case pocket. Available in black only. Both Case and Lighter \$6 ppd., F.E.T. included.

Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**  
232 East Ohio St. • Chicago, Illinois 60611

## PERFECT MURDER

(continued from page 126)

volumes I found these marvelous ingenuities:

- have the victim lick poisoned stamps
- poisoned mattresses
- electrocution by telephone
- air bubbles injected into the arteries
- frightening to death
- the thermometer that explodes a bomb when the temperature of the room reaches a certain height
- poisoned boiled eggs
- shaving brushes inoculated with some dread disease germs
- stabbing with a sharp icicle
- a gun mechanism concealed in a telephone receiver that fires a bullet into the victim's head when he puts the receiver to his ear
- the clock that fires a bullet when you wind it
- the bed that exhales a deadly gas when your body warms it
- the pistol with the string to the trigger that is pulled by the expansion of water as it freezes.

The trouble with all these devices, Raymond Chandler once pointed out, is that "the boys with their feet on the desks know that the easiest murder in the world to break is the one somebody tried to get very cute with; the one that really bothers them is the murder somebody thought of only two minutes before he pulled it off." In short, those who can, do. Those who can't, write murder mysteries.

The idea of injecting air into a vein by means of a hypodermic has a certain simple appeal. The trouble is, you just couldn't inject enough air to matter with a hypodermic. You need something more on the order of a bicycle pump.

Still, there are several hundred air-bubble deaths in the U.S. every year. Most of them stem from the fact that some 750,000 to 2,000,000 illicit abortions are performed in the United States annually. Of these, about 5000 result in the woman's death. Several hundred women die from air embolisms that occur when the abortionist inadvertently forces an air bubble ahead of the soapy or chemical solution he squirts into the uterus. Death from the air bubble will follow in a few minutes. Occasionally, the putative father tries to help his girlfriend abort by blowing air into her uterus. This may kill the fetus—but not until the pregnant woman's heart is stopped by the air bubble carried in her blood stream.

The electrocution ploy has been tried by several real-life killers. One of the more recent, an Englishman named Whybrow, was quite annoyed with his wife. He wired the metal soap dish in the bathroom to a bedroom switch tied to the house current. When he heard his wife in the bath he pulled the switch.

All that happened was that she got a mild shock, and acute suspicion. Her husband was tried and convicted of attempted murder.

Another bungler with an original idea was Robert James, a 39-year-old California barber who wanted to become a widower again quickly. (He had had four previous wives.) He bought a few rattlesnakes and tested them first on rabbits. He got his wife stretched out on the kitchen table—she thought her good man was going to perform a thrifty abortion on her—and then tied her down firmly. He forced her left foot into the box of rattlesnakes. He and his pal, Chuck Hope, returned an hour later and found his wife still very much alive and struggling. God knows why. She was then dragged to the bathroom and drowned in the bathtub, a traditionally reliable method.

These curious details and a lot more—James had been having an affair with a niece—came out when Chuck Hope talked to the police. Chuck's little speech got him life imprisonment; James was hanged at San Quentin in 1942. Later investigation disclosed that James had almost certainly murdered his first wife, too, in 1932. She apparently drowned in a bathtub and the coroner called it accidental without an autopsy. James collected a \$5000 insurance policy on her death and thus learned that you can always depend on the bathtub, even when more ingenious methods fail.

Murder made to resemble accidental drowning is a perennial favorite. George Joseph Smith drowned his successive wives by simply holding their knees out of the water while they were in the bathtub. This, of course, made it almost impossible for them to lift their heads above water. Medical examiners have long known and worried about the fact that if a person is rapidly disabled and thrown into the water, the findings will often resemble accidental drowning.

Nature sometimes provides its own perfect gimmicks for murderers: lakes that have a swift-flowing bottom stream feeding into an inaccessible underground lake. Crescent Lake in the northwest corner of the state of Washington is one of these thrifty jumbo-size Disposals. Although it had a normal quota of drownings, the lake never yielded a body until one turned up in 1939—turned up only because an overanxious murderous husband had roped a heavy weight to his wife's body. The weight had kept the body from being swept into the underground lake. After several years the rope holding the weight frayed, snapped, and the body rose to the surface. It was almost 100 percent pure soap. Since the lake had no bacteria that would normally decay the body, it had turned to adipocere, a soaplike substance resulting from chemical change that takes place in corpses in the absence of air. After some







knickers by  
**Newman**



avored by  
the demanding  
gentleman for  
over half a  
century

The return of casual distinction is apparent in Newman's trim revival of a sportman's classic. Tailored of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% imported linen. \$21.50

At the fine stores nearest you, or write:  
SOL NEWMAN TROUSERS, LTD.  
53 West 23 St., N. Y., N.Y. 10010

clever detective work, the woman was identified and the husband was tried and convicted.

(One of the stereotyped murder-mystery methods of getting rid of your victim's body—putting it into a lime pit—doesn't work. Lime will preserve the body rather than destroy it.)

In spite of another curiously widespread misconception, *corpus delicti* does *not* mean that a body or part of one is needed to prove murder. *Corpus delicti* simply means the body of the crime—the *substantial fact that a crime has been committed*.

There are at least eight known cases in the U. S. and Great Britain in which killers have been convicted of murder or manslaughter even though no traces of the bodies of the alleged victims were ever found. One notable exception: Texas, which has one of the highest murder rates in the nation, provides in its penal code that "no person shall be convicted of any grade of homicide unless the body of the deceased, or portions of it, are found and sufficiently identified to establish the fact of the death of the person charged to have been killed."

This Texas law is ridiculed by Professor Rollin M. Perkins of UCLA, a great authority on criminal law:

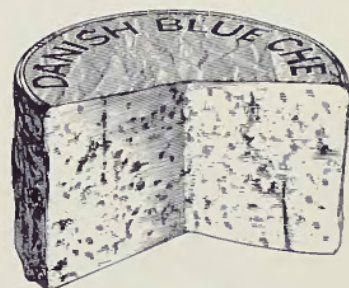
"Should murder be accomplished by throwing an innocent victim into a vat of molten steel, conviction under this statute would seem impossible *even if there had been a dozen eyewitnesses to the fatal act*, because neither the dead body nor any identifiable portion could ever be found."

For tried methods of perfect murder, the most useful and practical clues are provided by the men who know murder best—the medical examiners and coroners. Their daily proximity to violent death gives them puckish humors and from time to time they love to expound on how to commit the perfect murder. They laugh politely while doing it, but their advice has the ring of wish fulfillment. Like most of us, they, too, must have certain candidates in mind.

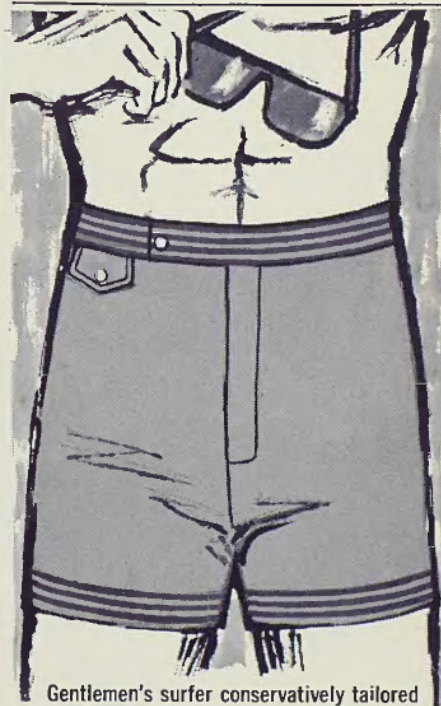
Not long ago Sir Bentley Purchase who, as coroner of London for 40 years conducted 20,000 inquests, suggested that the perfect murder could be done by using "a certain agricultural chemical, easily obtainable." If put on the naked skin of your victim it will kill him in half an hour and leave no telltale marks. How to apply it? Why not put it on his or her bath towel just before the victim is due to take a bath and then let him automatically infect himself. Sir Bentley wouldn't let wild horses drag the name of the chemical out of him.

An English barrister-physician, J. D. J. Havard, recently completed a thorough study of the English system of investigation of sudden and unexplained deaths. He suggested many needed reforms and then, unable to resist suggesting condi-

Nibble it  
Munch it  
Chew it  
Melt it  
Mash it  
Sprinkle it  
Dip it



IMPORTED **DANISH  
BLUE CHEESE**  
will thrill you



Gentlemen's surfer conservatively tailored in a blend of 50% Vycron and 50% cotton. Linen-textured; contrasting striped waistband and leg. Yellow, navy, olive. 28-44.

Kingswood Swimwear from \$4.95 to \$13.95

BETTER-TAILORED SWIMWEAR BY  
**KINGSWOOD**

102 Madison Ave. • New York 16, N. Y. • OR 9-3263



tions for the perfect murder, set forth his own:

"First kill in such a way that no external marks of violence are left on the body. Secondly, make sure that no witnesses are in the vicinity; and thirdly, ensure that the body is found in just such a place as might have been expected if the person had suddenly dropped dead from a natural cause, such as heart failure."

For further insurance of perfect murder, Barrister Havard added two footnotes: Pick an area where few autopsies are performed. And pick a victim who has recently consulted his own doctor for some illness that might conceivably lead to sudden death such as coronary heart disease.

Dr. Milton Helpern thinks the cases that experts miss most often are homicides in which the victim is smothered or strangled. "In strangulation the signs can be extremely subtle; and in smothering there are almost no signs. If the killer knows how to rest the victim's head right after death, it's just about impossible to detect the fact that murder has taken place."

Incidentally, normal throttling or strangulation is fatally fast. Usually it is over in less than 15 seconds. Years ago, stage hypnotists sometimes made their subjects momentarily unconscious by pressure on the carotid artery in the neck or the head—near the right ear. There were fatalities. Even a little pressure is very dangerous and could easily cause death in a susceptible person. Several edge-of-the-hand judo chops to the side of the neck are intended to accomplish just this. And there's the classic case of the boy who watched an old lady's Adam's apple going up and down. He made to catch it as one would a butterfly. He merely touched her neck and she fell dead.

For centuries the most popular poison has been arsenic. It is ideal, lacking color, taste or smell. But for the past 129 years it has been the most dangerous poison from the viewpoint of the poisoner. In 1836 the Marsh test for the detection of arsenic in the victim's intestines was developed.

Most medical examiners are pleasantly surprised there aren't more than two or three known attempts at murder by bacterial injections. In a classic case in Calcutta a man was killed by being injected—during a railway-station crush—with bubonic plague. This successful attempt followed a previous failure in which bubonic plague bacilli were smeared on the bridge of his eyeglasses by his stepbrother. But the cuter the gimmick the likelier the solution. Since there hadn't been any plague cases in Calcutta for two previous years, the police assumed murder.

Ground glass, another stereotyped stand-by, turns out to be nonsense. If the glass is finely powdered it does no harm;



*"Have you ever thought of leaving anything to medical science, Miss Tuckett?"*

if it is coarse the victim notices it immediately.

An American medical examiner, talking to mystery writers, volunteered that they were making too much of procuring rare and mysterious poisons. "What are you guys knocking yourselves out for on this angle?" he asked. "Didn't anyone tell you that a common household remedy, calomel, combined with ordinary lemonade makes bichloride of mercury? Acute nephritis ensues in five days and leads to prolonged and painful death."

"Why look for mysterious poisons," he went on, "when right in your own backyard you probably have a great source: the mountain laurel bush. It contains a poison, andromedotoxin, which kills many cattle and sheep every year and is just as deadly to humans. Rhododendron and western azaleas have the same poison."

These are only three of dozens of ordinary plants that yield fatal poisons. Go through *Poisonous Plants of the United States*, Professor Walter C. Muenscher's standard text, and pretty soon you look upon any avid gardener as an apprentice Borgia. Dr. Muenscher lists 16 ordinary plants that produce hydrocyanic acid, or prussic acid as it is commonly called, which, as every murder devotee knows, kills almost instantly. These include the cherry laurel, chokecherry, flax, mountain mahogany, sorghum, Sudan grass and Johnson grass. English and Japanese yews have a poisonous alkaloid, taxine, a dangerous heart depressant. Ordinary pokeweed contains several poisons that cause paralysis of the respiratory or-

gans. English ivy berries have a poison, hederin, that will kill quickly. The very common water hemlock has a fatal poison, cicutoxin. The fleshy roots have been fed to victims who mistakenly took them for parsnips or artichokes. Three castor-oil plant beans will kill an adult.

Reading Dr. Muenscher's book is enough to make any threatened person a strict meat-and-potatoes man. The only trouble is that potatoes aren't so safe, either. The "eyes" or new sprouts on the tubers contain solanine, which has killed many humans.

Recently I discussed some of these garden-variety poisons with medical examiner Milton Helpern, an apartment dweller and nongardener. "Unfortunately, you don't even have to go to all that work to distill the poisons out of those plants," he said. "In the old days—say, 25 years ago—you had maybe 30 poisons to worry about, mostly arsenic and mercury. Today we're in the age of overkill in toxicology. There are 5000 poisons around that can kill and an awful lot of them are pretty easy to get hold of, because they're not considered poisons: barbiturates and tranquilizers, hundreds of industrial chemicals and insecticides. A lot of these modern poisons are incredibly difficult to detect—even if you know what you're looking for. In most cases, of course, you don't. To make things worse, today there are probably no more than 100 chemists in the whole country who are any good on one of these blind poison investigations. Any medical examiner or coroner who tells



you he catches every death by poison in his district is a lying idiot."

At the January 1964 meeting of the Mystery Writers of America, Alfred F. Zobel, an official of Hoffman-La Roche, the pharmaceutical firm, went into greater detail on today's subtler poisons. Almost any potent modern drug can be employed in murder by anyone with "know-how and imperfect morals," he said. Take methylcholanthrene, used by researchers to induce cancer in experimental animals. A tiny amount introduced into the victim's food each day for about six months would produce the same result. Isuprel, used mainly to treat asthma by dilating the bronchi, would produce the equivalent of a heart attack if injected in large quantities. Cortisone, under certain circumstances, can lower resistance or cause relapse in an illness.

There are simpler, more obvious drug killers: too much salt in the diet of a victim with kidney trouble; too much sugar to a diabetic. And the tiniest trace of *Bacillus botulinus*—a millionth of a milligram even—can kill anyone if placed in his food. Any competent bacteriologist can make his own.

If sins of commission are so often difficult to detect in homicide, the sins of omission are not only often impossible to uncover but are also almost proof against prosecution. Withholding of drugs or adequate food from invalids or bedridden patients, for example. This is particularly easy for killers who are women, points out Dr. Otto Pollak, of the University of Pennsylvania.

"Woman is not only the preparer of meals, she is also the nurse of the sick. . . . In this function she serves as an aide and assistant to the doctor . . . therefore she usually does not fall under suspicion by the one person who otherwise would be best equipped to notice foul play." (In general, persons with long-standing illnesses are more apt to be murdered than the rest of us, H. W. Turkel, the San Francisco coroner, discovered.)

Still subtler and totally impossible to detect as homicide is what Dr. Joost A. M. Meerloo, a leading New York psychiatrist, calls "psychic murder." He believes that many persons who kill themselves do so because they are literally driven to it by someone with whom they identify. He tells of the case of a man who refused to let his wife undergo psychiatric treatment for a depressed state. He took a vacation with his secretary—with whom he was having an affair—leaving his wife alone at home. After two days she committed suicide on his unconscious command, says Dr. Meerloo.

"In another case, an engineer, struggling all his life with a harsh, domineering and alcoholic father, gave his father, during his last visit, a bottle of barbiturates to 'cure' his addiction. He was very

well aware of what he expected his father to do. Two days later came the telegram announcing the suicidal death of his father. After he gambled away the money his father left, he came into psychiatric treatment, but he was never willing to face his psychic murder."

Unfortunately, Dr. Meerloo points out, the act of psychic murder is "legally not punishable yet. . . . These unconscious attacks on a person's will and integrity become more and more relevant."

. . .

The real trouble with perfect murder is that you can never be *sure*. "There is something really wild in the universe," said William James. And sometimes this wild thing seems to be engaged in mocking observation of "perfect" murderers.

Two Australian fishermen captured a 14-foot shark which was placed in an aquarium. A few days later the shark vomited up a well-preserved human arm. Tattoo marks and fingerprints made it clear that the arm belonged to a man who had disappeared nine days before the shark's capture.

Sir Sydney Smith, reconstructing the crime, believed that the victim was killed in a seaside cottage, stuffed into a tin trunk that was taken out to sea and then dumped. But the murderer had not been able to get the tattooed arm into the trunk. He cut it off and attached it to the trunk with rope from the boat. The arm worked loose and was swallowed by the shark.

"What a queer series of coincidences it was that brought the crime to light," says Sir Sydney. "The trunk was too little, too small to take all the remains, and the only part of the body with a distinguishing mark was left out. This part worked loose and was swallowed whole by a shark—and, out of the thousands of sharks that infest the beaches of Australia, that particular shark had to be caught alive and exhibited in the aquarium. Further, out of all the sharks put in aquaria, that one had to become sick and vomit up the contents of its stomach, including the arm, which led to the identification. . . ."

Often the perfect murderer is apt to make his detection easier by the compulsive need to talk about his crime. If you can't talk about it, how can you win applause for the marvelous stunt you've pulled? Surely this vanity of villainy is worth a colony of coroners!

But man and law have devised curious ways to let some murderers go unpunished. For several centuries in England it was just about impossible to execute a murderer who could read the 51st Psalm. ("Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy steadfast love . . . blot out my transgressions.") This "benefit of clergy" provision was originally intended to pro-

tect clergymen from the exactions of the incredibly harsh criminal laws of the day, but gradually it was extended to protect another national resource—those who could read and write, a tiny minority in the unlettered medieval world. Some illiterate scoundrels successfully pleaded benefit of clergy after coaching and memorization of the preselected page of the Bible which the ecclesiastical court would ask them to read. If the clerics departed from custom and selected another Psalm, the rogue was as good as dead. Not until 1828 was benefit of clergy completely wiped out in England. By then, a lot of murderous Englishmen had learned to read the 51st Psalm, and more, too.

On the Continent there were other curious ways to escape the consequences of murder. Until the end of the 17th Century, in Germany "a pure virgin" who asked to marry the condemned man could effect his release and pardon. Switzerland had the same law even until the 18th Century, but the reprieved killer and his woman would then be banished. A woman who had borne seven sons was allowed to cut the rope of the doomed man before he was hanged—and they didn't have to be *his* seven sons. In other parts of Europe you could beat the noose or the garrote if some pure thing who still loved you was willing to run naked nine times around the market place or three times around the prison where you awaited your execution.

Perhaps Western civilization made a mistake in doing away with these useful customs. I would like to hear a rousing college debate on "Resolved, every human being is entitled to one murder." I know the demographers could annihilate this statistically and point to an ultimate world with one last killer. But I assume that most of us don't *need* a real murder in our lifetimes. Killing our enemies with our wicked thoughts and reading certain obituaries with great satisfaction will remain the socially approved forms of homicide.

Still, there will always be the man who will need a real murder. Now, if he had a virgin who was willing to run around Sing Sing three times, in the nude, to spare her condemned man . . .

Film and TV plots would never be the same again. Romantic love fiction would have a great rebirth. After all, the concept of romantic love in fiction depends on unattainability and in our time this is difficult to make credible. But, if a homicidally inclined man *had* to keep at least one woman virginal as life insurance, why then, a new morality might very well evolve:

"Darling," she whispered, "I must stay virtuous for *your* sake. You know what a vile temper you have."





# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER  
WITH JACK DAVIS & FRANK FRAZETTA

**I**T IS SAID THAT JUSTICE IS BLIND. NOT SO IN THIS STANZA. HAD JUSTICE INDEED BEEN BLIND, WE WOULD HAVE HAD NO STORY TO TELL ON THE DAY OUR LITTLE EYEFUL WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE BAR IN A BATHING SUIT -



C-CAN I GET OUT NOW, S-S-SOLLY? THE REPORTERS WILL NEVER C-COME IN THIS WEATHER, JUST TO SEE ME S-S-SWIMMING.

SWEETIE - BABY ... EVEN IF IT'S LENA THE HYENA, SWIMMING OUT OF SEASON ALWAYS MAKES PAGE ONE.

THINK OF THE PUBLICITY AND YOU WON'T MIND THE COLD.



IT'S NOT THE C-COLD I MIND, IT'S THE TOPLESS B-B-BATHING SUIT!

I'VE NOTIFIED THE PAPERS, THE WIRE SERVICES AND THE TV NETWORKS! THE CROWDS WILL BE CONVERGING ANY MINUTE NOW -

-AND HERE THEY COME!



THE CROWDS CONVERGED, ALL RIGHT ... ONLY THEY WERE ALL POLICEMEN !

THE ACCUSED WILL POST BAIL, PENDING TRIAL FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE ... DISTURBING THE PEACE -

INDECENT EXPOSURE AND DISTURBING THE PEACE ? ON THAT DESERTED BEACH ?

HOO BOY, WERE WE DISTURBED !

... WHERE'S A PHONE ? I WANT TO MAKE A CALL !

TO A LAWYER ?



- TO A PAPER !  
... PUBLICITY, BABY.

WE'LL GET THE BEST LAWYERS AND FIGHT THIS THING TO THE SUPREME COURT EVEN IF IT TAKES EVERY PENNY WE'VE GOT ! ... UNFORTUNATELY, I'M BROKE AT THE PRESENT, BUT YOU'LL NEVER REGRET PUTTING UP THE BAIL MONEY, SWEETIE ! THIS STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS !  
**FREEDOM TO UNDRESS !**



BUT, SOLLY ... IF THIS MAN IS THE BEST TRIAL LAWYER IN TOWN, HOW CAN WE AFFORD HIM ?

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST THIS TEST OF THE CONSTITUTION !

- AND SO, EVEN THOUGH MY CLIENT WAS THE ONLY OTHER PERSON PRESENT IN THE HIGH-FLYING U-2, I WILL PROVE HE WAS NOT THE ONE WHO MURDERED THE PILOT !

I CONFESS ! I CONFESS ! I MURDERED HIM ! IT WAS A PERFECT CRIME ! OH DRAT THAT DIXON MASON !



A COURTROOM CONFESSION !  
... DIXON MASON DID IT AGAIN !

DIXON MASON, HERE'S \$5,000 ON RETAINER AND \$1,000 AGAINST EXPENSES ! TAKE MY CASE.

TAKE MY CASE !  
TAKE MY CASE !

OH, SOLLY ... WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE MONEY TO HIRE DIXON MASON !

SWEETIE - BABY ... WHAT'S MONEY TO A LAWYER WHEN HE HAS A CHANCE TO RE-DEFINE THE FIRST AMENDMENT ?



- I'VE BEEN CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MY BUTLER, IN A SEALED ROOM THAT HAD NO VISIBLE MEANS OF ENTRY OR EGRESS ... A PERFECT FRAME-UP -

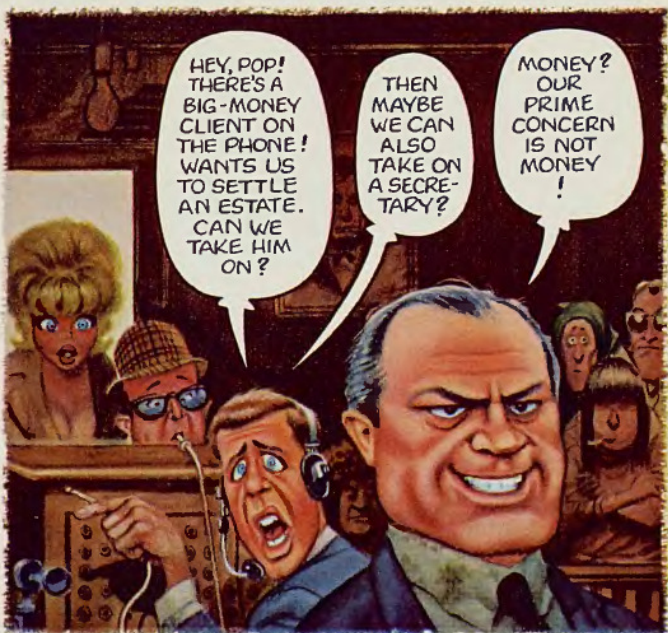
YOUR CASE SOUNDS INTERESTING !  
... I'LL TAKE YOUR CASE.

HE'S TAKING HIS CASE !

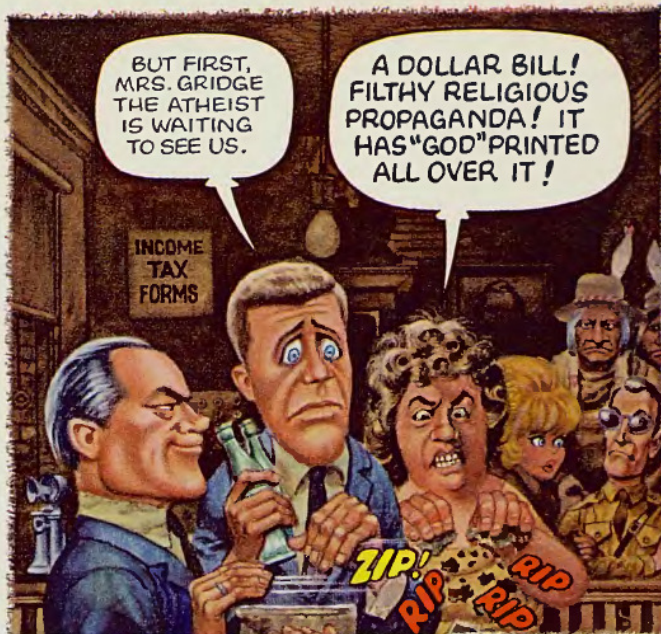
I CONFESS ! I CONFESS ! I'M THE MURDERER ! I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP IF DIXON MASON IS TAKING THE CASE !

















## PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

|                                      |       |                               |       |
|--------------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|-------|
| After Six Formal Wear<br>by Rudofsky | 17    | MG Auto                       | 37    |
| American Enka<br>(Mr. Hicks Casuals) | 46    | Mr. Leggs Socks               | 45    |
| Asher Socks                          | 57    | Mustangs by Roblee<br>Shoes   | 22-23 |
| Barstow Traditional<br>Clothing      | 51    | Palm Beach Suits              | 58    |
| 'Botany' 500 Clothing                | 18    | PBM Clothes                   | 14    |
| Cary Middlecoff Socks                | 38    | PGA Golf Equipment            | 173   |
| by Jaymar                            | 30    | Portage Shoes                 | 165   |
| Catalina Sportswear                  | 169   | RaeFord Worsted-<br>Tex Suits | 2     |
| Carlin Ltd. Trousers                 | 42    | Seavees by<br>R. F. Goodrich  | 34    |
| Cricketer Suits                      | 71    | Slimu Briefs                  | 165   |
| Crosby Square Shoes                  | 179   | Sunbeam Tiger Auto            | 157   |
| Eagle Clothes                        | 17    | Timex Watches                 | 29    |
| Fortel Mr. Wife Suits                | 38    | Triumph Auto                  | 62    |
| H.I.S. Socks                         | 11    | Van Heusen 417                | 5     |
| Honda                                | 3rd C | Pajamas                       | 75    |
| Jockey Hosiery                       | 161   | Vycron-Robert Bruce           | 27    |
| Jockey Menswear                      | 43    | Vycron-Itulin Grnis           | 153   |
| Johnsonian Shoes                     | 53    | Wendley Ties                  | 145   |
| Keds                                 | 15    | Wings Golden Award<br>Shirts  | 33    |
| Lambretta                            | 41    | Worsted-<br>Tex               | 33    |
| Leesures by Lee                      | 24    |                               |       |

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

### PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611

**SEND  
PLAYBOY  
EVERY  
MONTH**



- ☐ 3 yrs. for \$20 (Save \$10.00)  
☐ 1 yr. for \$8 (Save \$2.00)  
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

name

address

city state zip code no.

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

EH

## NEXT MONTH:



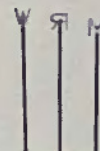
BUNNY HOP



THE NUDE URSULA



RJARK'S SHEILA



DADS AND GRADS

**"SHEILA"**—AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER AND A BEAUTIFUL BRITISH GIRL SHARE A STAR-CROSSED BRIEF ENCOUNTER IN BOMB-BATTERED WARTIME LONDON—BY **ROBERT RUARK**

**"SHE"**—FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE, THE NUDE BEAUTY OF STUNNING **URSULA ADDRESS**, CAPTURED IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** PICTORIAL—BY **JOHN DEREK**

**"THE BIG BUNNY HOP"**—FROM CALIFORNIA TO THE CARIBBEAN, WE TAKE YOU TO THE SWINGING DEBUTS OF OUR HOLLYWOOD HUTCH AND COCONUT-PALMED JAMAICA CLUB-RESORT

**"A CANDID CONVERSATION WITH MELVIN BELLI"**—THE FLAMBOYANT, OUTSPOKEN DEFENSE LAWYER FOR JACK RUBY ATTACKS DALLAS JUSTICE, THE FBI AND LEGAL HARASSMENT—IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

**"THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN"**—PART THREE OF JAMES BOND'S FINAL ADVENTURE—BY **IAN FLEMING**

**"THE ACADEMY"**—A CHILLING HORROR TALE OF A MILITARY SCHOOL UNLIKE ANY OTHER—BY **DAVID ELY**

**"THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA"**—CONTINUING THE DEFINITIVE STUDY OF THE EROTIC CONTENT OF FILMS—BY NOTED CRITICS **ARTHUR KNIGHT** AND **HOLLIS ALPERT**

**"THE OVERNIGHT GUEST"**—A BOORISH HUSBAND, HIS BORED WIFE AND HER ONETIME FLAME CREATE A TRIANGLE THAT IS DECIDEDLY UNSQUARE—BY THE AUTHOR OF **CHRIST IN CONCRETE**, **PIETRO DI DONATO**

**"CRUISING"**—THE TRENCANT ACCOUNT OF A TENSE AND RACIALLY EXPLOSIVE TOUR OF DUTY WITH A COUPLE OF CALIFORNIA PLAINCLOTHESMEN ON PATROL—BY **PAUL JACOBS**

**"A SHORT HISTORY OF BEER"**—ON TAP, A HEADY CHRONICLE OF THAT BENEFICENT BREW—BY **WILLIAM IVERSEN**

**"IN PRAISE OF OBESITY"**—A RECALCITRANT ROLY-POLY ACTOR PUTS UP A FORMIDABLY STOUT FRONT AGAINST THE PROSELYTIZERS OF THE LANK LOOK—BY **ROBERT MORLEY**

**"PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS"**—A ROUNDUP OF RICH REWARDS FOR PATRESFAMILIAS AND BACCALAUREATES





© 1965 AMERICAN HONDA MOTOR CO., INC.

How can you pass up a Honda? There's so much going for you. Price, insurance, upkeep. The lowest in the business. A Honda sips gas: up to 200 miles to the gallon. The 4-stroke OHV engine is a model of precision. And almost too reliable.

Sometimes you'd like an excuse to tinker with it. Although Honda has the largest parts and service organization in the country standing by. Just in case. And with 15 models to choose from nobody gets left out. Start with Honda. Trade up

to Honda. Trade-in terms are generous. For further information, write American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Department J1, 100 West Alondra, Gardena, California.

you meet the nicest people on a **HONDA** world's biggest seller!

Above: CB 160, about \$530. Right: Trail 90, about \$330 plus dealer's transportation and set-up charges.







It was London 1769, the night Alexander Gordon introduced his new discovery to the boys.

It was just another get-together. Then Mr. Gordon poured that first silky-smooth, icy-dry glass of Gordon's. When the boys regained their British reserve, they lost no time spreading the good cheer throughout London. It hasn't stopped spreading since. And that was 196 years ago. Which accounts for the fact that Gordon's is still biggest seller in England. And America. And the whole civilised world. Have you discovered the delectable difference that makes Gordon's so glorious? You really should. The whole civilised world can't be wrong.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY.