

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1965 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

THE PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR

AN EXPLOSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE KLAN'S IMAGINARY WIZARD • COMEDIAN
WOODY ALLEN CAVORTS THROUGH UNDRESS REHEARSALS FOR HIS NEW FLICK
WITH URSULA ANDRESS, PAULA PRENTISS, PETER O'TOOLE, PETER SELLERS
AND THE BARE BELLES OF PARIS' CRAZY HORSES • SHEL SILVERSTEIN ON
FIRE ISLAND • PLUS ROBERT RUARK, J. PAUL CASSIDY AND KEN W. PURDY



crow, crow, crow your boat...

Cool off Bird-style. There's nothing as refreshing (and tasty) as a tall, cool one made with Old Crow. This summertime favorite for generations is modern America's favorite Bourbon. For a raft of drinking pleasure, those who know, drink **OLD CROW**

Famous, Smooth, Mellow

merrily,
merrily,
merrily,
merrily.



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



Please don't drink the suspension system...

Not good for you: we had to add dye to the alcohol-and-water mix in order to avoid paying a liquor tax on every MG Sports Sedan we import.

Besides, there are greater kicks to be had from our new Hydrolastic® Suspension. Teamed with front wheel drive, it gives our five-passenger economy sedan the handling qualities of an expensive sports car. Permanently sealed-in fluid replaces metal springs and shock absorbers. You corner flat, ride level and

hold firm to the road. Most intoxicating, whether you motor for fun or family.

The Sports Sedan earns its name in other ways, as well. MG's 1100 c.c. twin-carburetor power plant hastens you on your way. The big fade-free disc brakes impose control seldom experienced off the race course. The bucket seats and 4-speed stick shift add to the sport.

And it's all yours at a price usually referred to as laughably low.

Want a drink? See your favorite bartender.

Want the sporting life in a family car? See your MG dealer.

In either case ... cheers.



FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. B-8, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY

He was meek and mild



Then he latched on to **h.i.s.** Press-Free 'Swingers'

"Swinger" slacks go to a guy's head like wild. They swing because they're boldly tapered, cuffless, with two scoop pockets and one dashing loop. The Press-Free feature means no ironing ever, no matter what happens—in or out of the wash. Talon zipper, of course. "Swingers" are just \$5.98 to \$7.98 in a variety of colors and fabrics such as Dacron® polyester and cotton, corduroy, hopsacking, gabardines. (Slightly higher in the West). h.i.s., 16 East 34th St., N.Y. 10016.



GETTY



ALLEN



SLESAR



BOLES

PLAYBILL

SCORING A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH on this month's appropriately Playmate Pink cover is Playmate of the Year Jo Collins. Our past December's gatefold girl proved to be an overwhelming favorite with our readers in April's *Playmate Play-off*, despite keen opposition from runners-up Astrid Schulz and China Lee. Her beauteous bona fides are delectably displayed within.

As eminent author Paul Darcy Boles ably demonstrates in our August lead fiction, *The Most Beautiful Race in the World*, it is possible to write a comic story based on the usually sportsmanlike exploits of daredevil drivers in fast cars. Boles, who coincidentally is having his auto-racing novel, *The Streak*, made into a movie by Jack Palance, is himself the owner of an antediluvian Mercedes-Benz, a machine which brings out the worst in what Boles describes as "ham-handed auto mechanics."

Keeping in touch with PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Robert Ruark presents a communications problem of the first magnitude. Attempting to clear up a point in his current story, *Barbara*, we contacted his agent in New York, who gave us some leads as to Ruark's whereabouts. We first called his London digs—no answer; we then put in a call to the Ruark hacienda in Palamós, Spain, and were informed that we'd just missed him, but that we might catch up with him in Rome. We came close in the Eternal City, but Ruark had pushed on to Venice. We finally made contact there, where the peripatetic author told us he'd forward the information from London, his next day's destination.

Woody Allen—author-star of *What's New, Pussycat?* and comic commentator of our *What's Nude, Pussycat?* photo feature—is very depressed. It seems that each time Woody wrote an ending to *Pussycat* during the Paris shooting, he had himself marrying Romy Schneider, and each time, the ending would be rejected (Miss Schneider's contract stipulated that she was to wind up with Peter O'Toole at flick's end). But Allen kept trying for a Woody-gets-Romy finale until the 11th hour, when he had to fly to the U.S. for the Johnson inauguration and in desperation sacrificed cinematic happiness for a shooting schedule. His last romantic hopes shattered, he is hard at work on a new screenplay in which—gloom—he doesn't even come close to getting the girl.

Henry Slesar, concocter of *Melodramine*, a tragicomic sci-fi tour de force, is the wearer of a whole slew of chapeaux. In addition to being a top-drawer movie writer for Warner Bros. (*The Deadly Doll*, *Two on a Guillotine* and, in the works, *The Thing at the Door*), Slesar is president of a new advertising agency and has had short stories included in 35 anthologies.

The setting for our *Playboy Interview* with the Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, Robert Shelton, was hardly prepossessing—a dark office in a shabby building in downtown Tuscaloosa. Some of the office "decorations" provided suitably bizarre trappings for our taping session with Shelton: Conspicuously displayed at his elbow was a Bible; similarly displayed on a nearby radiator were a matched pair of lethal-looking ax handles and an unsheathed, long-bladed bayonet.

The strains, both physical and psychological, of writing are many, but few authors have labored under more frustrating conditions than Poyntz Tyler, who penned this month's chronicle on the antitobacco legions, *Where There's Smoke There's Ire*. Tyler, who journeyed up to New York from his home in Tucker Hill, Virginia, to research the piece, did a large portion of it in the Arents Tobacco Collection rooms at the New York Public Library, where large signs state unequivocally, NO SMOKING. Tyler says his nerves were just about shot by the time he was finished.

Admirably augmenting our August fare: *Milestones of Success*, Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, J. Paul Getty's recounting of crucial turning points on the road to executive success; *Silverstein on Fire Island*, featuring Shel among the gay set; *Friendship*, Ken W. Purdy's Rabelaisian tale of mistaken identity; Part IV of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, in which authors Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert reprise the foreign films of the Twenties; *Bright with White*, Fashion Director Robert L. Green's guide to warm-weather wear-with-all; *Manhattan Tower*, the latest in PLAYBOY's series of urbane bachelor pads; *Fore!*, a par-smashing primer on golf and gear; and our College Bureau Assistant Manager and now Playmate, Lannie Balcom. Be our guest.

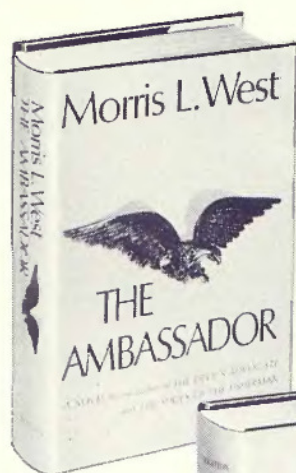
Catch up on your

...through a trial membership in the

CHECK THE BOOKS YOU HAVE SO FAR FAILED TO "GET

Choose Any Three

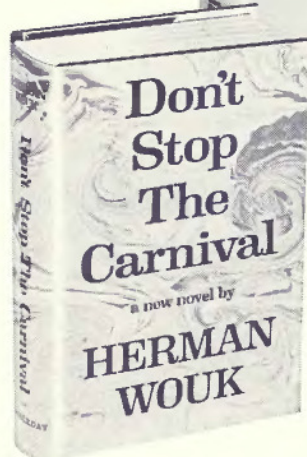
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: SIMPLY BUY THREE ADDITIONAL
AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES...WHICH AVERAGE 20%



☐ 205. **THE AMBASSADOR** by MORRIS L. WEST (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 198. **FUNERAL IN BERLIN** by LEN DEIGHTON (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 199. **DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL** by HERMAN WOUK. (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 200. **A COVENANT WITH DEATH** by STEPHEN BECKER (Retail price \$4.50)



☐ 206. **JOURNAL OF A SOUL** by POPE JOHN XXIII Illustrated. (Retail price \$7.95)



☐ 633. **THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN** by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 106. **REMINISCENCES** by GENERAL DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.95)



☐ 204. **WHITE LOTUS** by JOHN HERSEY. (Retail price \$6.95)



☐ 184. **THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON** by REBECCA WEST (Retail price \$6.95)



☐ 111. **MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY** by CHARLES CHAPLIN. Illustrated (Retail price \$6.95)



☐ 195. **PATTON Ordeal and Triumph** by LADISLAV FARAGO. Maps (Retail price \$9.95)



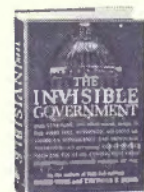
☐ 207. **FRIDAY THE RABBI SLEPT LATE** by HARRY KEMELMAN (Retail price \$3.95)



☐ 208. **THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH** by SAUL BELLOW (Retail price \$6)



☐ 212. **MY DARLING CLEMENTINE** by JACK FISHMAN Illustrated. (Retail price \$5.95)



☐ 640. **THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT** by DAVID WISE and THOMAS B. ROSS (Retail price \$5.95)



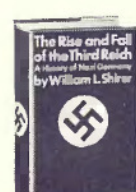
☐ 201. **WE ARE NOT ALONE** by WALTER SULLIVAN. (Retail price \$6.95)



☐ 630. **TOM JONES** by HENRY FIELDING Illustrated by LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH (Retail price \$7.50)



☐ 615. **VON RYAN'S EXPRESS** by DAVID WESTHEIMER. (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 431. **THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH** by WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Retail price \$10)



☐ 619. **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A Biography** by A. L. ROWSE. Illustrated (Retail price \$7.50)



☐ 614. **WHEN THE CHEERING STOPPED** by GENE SMITH. Illustrated. (Retail price \$5.95)



☐ 626. **ASSIGNMENT: SUSPENSE**. 3 Novels by HELEN MAC INNES (Retail price \$5.75)



☐ 487. **THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY** (Retail price \$6)



☐ 570. **THE CLEARING** by ROBERT FROST (Retail price \$4)



☐ 607. **THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH** by JESSICA MITFORD (Retail price \$4.95)



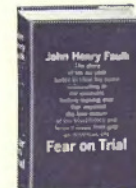
☐ 627. **AMERICANS ON EVEREST** by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN Illustrated. (Retail price \$8.95)



☐ 113. **CHILDREN AND OTHERS** by JAMES GOULD COZZENS. (Retail price \$5.95)



☐ 623. **THE DEPUTY** by ROLF HOCHHUTH (Retail price \$5.95)



☐ 209. **FEAR ON TRIAL** by JOHN HENRY FAULK (Retail price \$6.50)



☐ 620. **THE INCONGRUOUS SPY**. 2 Novels by JOHN LE CARRÉ (Retail price \$5.95)

reading this summer

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

AROUND TO" THROUGH OVERSIGHT OR OVERBUSYNESS

for only \$1

BOOKS WITHIN A YEAR
BELOW RETAIL PRICES



BOOK-DIVIDENDS: The most economical system ever devised for building a well-rounded library of important and useful books... all in the publishers' editions

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, by your own actual experience, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage enjoyed by members: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

* If you continue after this experimental membership, you will receive, with every Club choice you buy, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each Certificate, together with a nominal sum, usually \$1.00 or \$1.50—occasionally more for unusually expensive volumes—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes whose retail prices average \$7. This is probably the most economical means ever devised of building a well-rounded personal library. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, over \$325,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.



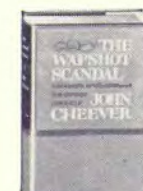
☐ 193. LIFE WITH PICASSO by FRANÇOISE GILOT and CARLTON LAKE Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.95)



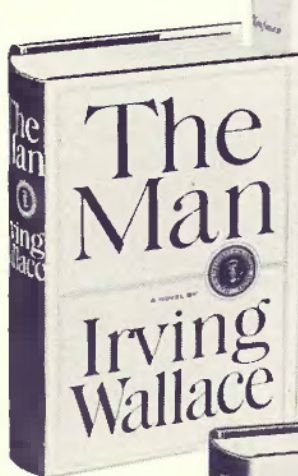
☐ 625. A MOVEABLE FEAST by ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Illustrated. (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 494. GILT-EDGED BONDS by IAN FLEMING (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 617. THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL by JOHN CHEEVER. (Retail price \$4.95)



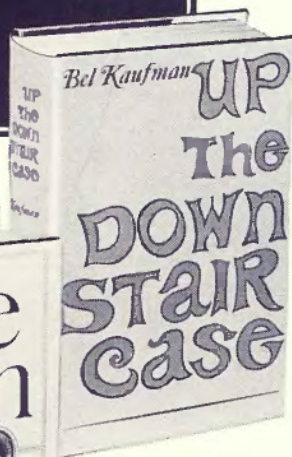
☐ 127. THE MAN by IRVING WALLACE. (Retail price \$5.95)



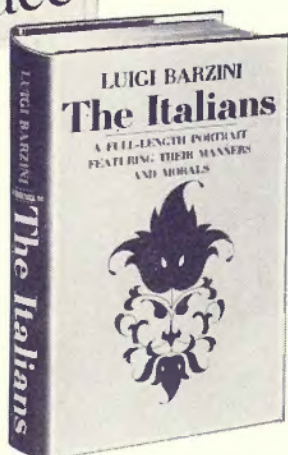
☐ 616. PROFILES IN COURAGE by JOHN F. KENNEDY Memorial Edition (Retail price \$5)



☐ 105. FIVE TIMES MAIGRET. 5 Novels by GEORGES SIMENON (Retail price \$5.95)



☐ 203. UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE by BEL KAUFMAN (Retail price \$4.95)



☐ 148. THE ITALIANS by LUIGI BARZINI. (Retail price \$6.95)



☐ 597. THE VENETIAN AFFAIR by HELEN MAC INNES. (Retail price \$5.95)



☐ 107. CORRIDORS OF POWER by C. P. SNOW. (Retail price \$5.95)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A143-B

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me \$1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than retail prices. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after the trial, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or Alternate—I buy. Each Certificate—together with a nominal sum—can be redeemed for a Book-Dividend which I may choose from a wide variety always available. (A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books together at a special combined price. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR. }
MRS. }
MISS }
Address.....
(Please print plainly)

City.....Zone.....State.....

Selections and Alternates for Canadian members are shipped from Toronto duty free. 5-55

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB and BOOK-DIVIDEND are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.

PLAYBOY®



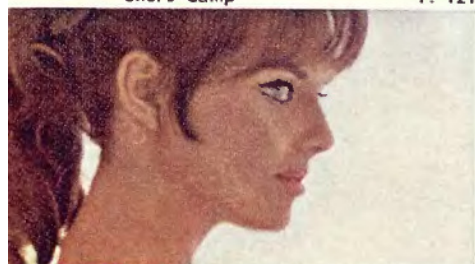
Pussycat

P. 99



Shel's Camp

P. 121



Playmate Victorious

P. 71



Smoke

P. 90

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	23
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	33
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel.....	PATRICK CHASE 37
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	39
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT SHELTON—candid conversation.....	45
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RACE IN THE WORLD—fiction.....	PAUL DARCY BOLES 56
A PLAYBOY PAD: MANHATTAN TOWER—modern living.....	61
MELODRAMINE—fiction.....	HENRY SIESAR 68
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial.....	71
MILESTONES OF SUCCESS—article.....	J. PAUL GETTY 77
BRIGHT WITH WHITE—attire.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 78
BARBARA—fiction.....	ROBERT RUARK 80
COMELY COLLEAGUE—playboy's playmate of the month.....	82
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	88
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S IRE—article.....	POYNITZ TYLER 90
FORE!—sports.....	93
WHAT'S NUDE, PUSSYCAT?—humor.....	WOODY ALLEN 99
FRIENDSHIP—fiction.....	KEN W. PURDY 109
THE GIRAGLIA YACHT RACE—man at his leisure.....	LEROY NEIMAN 110
THE SHEET OF LOVE—ribald classic.....	ABDULLAH BEN ALMOCAFFA 113
THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA—article.....	ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT 114
SILVERSTEIN ON FIRE ISLAND—humor.....	SHEL SILVERSTEIN 121
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	136
PICKUP—satire.....	JULES FEIFFER 145

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 HMM 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: MODEL JO COLLINS, DESIGN BY ARTHUR PAUL. PHOTO BY MARIO CASILLI; P. 3 PHOTOS BY JERRY YULSMAN (2); PIXIE BURGER, FRANK GARNER; P. 45 PHOTOS BY BERN KEATING; P. 63 PHOTO BY PETE TURNER; P. 93-95 PHOTOS BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE; P. 114-119 PHOTOS FROM GIDEON BACHMANN (13); TONY CRAWLEY (2); HERMAN G. WEINBERG; P. 123-125 PHOTOS BY LARRY MOYER; P. 127 PHOTO BY MONETA SLEET, JR.; EDONY; COVER AND P. 71-75 HAIR STYLES BY JIMIE, LOS ANGELES; P. 76-79 DRESSES BY SIZE 9. CHICAGO

PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1965, VOL. 12, NO. 8, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM 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*; ROGER WIDENER *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*; IRV BASEVITZ *promotion art director*; HELMUT LORSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY DUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; WALTER HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager*; ELDON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT PREUSS *business manager & circulation director*.

Margarita

MORE
THAN
A GIRL'S
NAME...



WHITE
OR
GOLD
LABEL
86
PROOF

A Margarita cocktail, made with Jose Cuervo brand, the most honored name in Tequila, is truly wonderful. The Margarita... is an ever-growing favorite among cocktail connoisseurs from the haciendas of sun-drenched Mexico to the smart clubs and bars throughout the world. Jose Cuervo Tequila, basis of many captivating cocktails, including famous Margarita, is the legacy of ancient Aztecs to the sophisticates of 1965. It's incomparable! Send for the Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass. Salud!*



JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS / YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA

Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Dale McRoberts, Sr. is a building security guard in California



Tami Apt operates an art gallery in New York



Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?



Floyd Cummins is a commercial fisherman in Washington

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

SARTRE

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the inspiring and provocative interview with Jean-Paul Sartre in your May issue. As an avid reader of both Sartre and PLAYBOY, I cannot tell you of the pleasure it has given me. I am sure that this feeling is shared by all followers of Sartre and the existentialist movement.

John J. Croat
Ames, Iowa

For me, Jean-Paul Sartre reaches the epitome of mature selfishness. If, instead of resisting the fact that man is primarily driven by selfish motives, we were to accept this truth, we would recognize that as we grow toward maturity, the areas of our selfishness gradually expand—until we reach the point where, like Sartre, we are uncomfortable ourselves when we are aware that there are starving children anywhere in the world.

Mrs. Elizabeth Little
Wayzata, Minnesota

My enjoyment of your interview with Jean-Paul Sartre was marred only by its introduction, in which St. Augustine is erroneously included among French writers of memoirs. Of course, Augustine's *Confessions* are among the best of that genre, but he cannot be considered French. The criteria for designating him as such would be that he had been born in France (which was still Gaul in the Fourth Century) or that he wrote in French (which did not exist as a literary language then). Augustine was born in North Africa, where he lived most of his life. He wrote in Latin.

Eugene E. Kuzirian
History Department
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Our apologies to St. Augustine.

DREAM WORLD

PLAYBOY inadvertently satirizes itself in its April review of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*. The review deals almost exclusively with the book's sexual content (which, in fact, is only one facet of the novel). Because Mailer's protagonist sees his sexual encounters as something quite apart from PLAYBOY's heady,

hedonistic view of erotica, the reviewer picks at the book. He seems to be looking up at Mailer's novel and seeing only the bottom surface of a powerful piece of fiction from the country's finest writer. Perhaps PLAYBOY has spent too long a time in a prostrate position.

Taylor G. White
Highland Park, Illinois

A LIVING DAHL

Roald Dahl's masterpiece, *The Visitor*, rates five stars and a bravo. I, for one, certainly feel that this is the best piece of fiction ever presented in the pages of PLAYBOY. It has been the chief topic around here since the May PLAYBOY arrived. I hope you'll remember Dahl when you vote your best-fiction award at the end of the year, and I hope that PLAYBOY brings to print more of the talent of this gifted writer.

Tony Mecca
U. S. A. F. Hospital
APO New York, New York

The Visitor by Roald Dahl is one of the finest pieces of fiction I have read in PLAYBOY. The short stories you publish are always good, but this time I believe you have outdone yourselves. Please let's have more of Mr. Dahl in the future.

Steven L. Hirsh
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have just finished one of the most fabulous short stories I have ever had the pleasure of reading. My most hearty thanks for *The Visitor* in the May issue. Roald Dahl is truly one of this decade's best short-story writers. I trust we can expect more from Mr. Dahl in the coming issues of PLAYBOY.

James Kelly
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Your trust is not misplaced, gentlemen. Watch for a new Dahl story shortly.

SEX IN CINEMA

With its customary alacrity and acumen, PLAYBOY once again combines a sophisticated wisdom with a happily non-puritanical view of sex, and provides a worthy stage for Messrs. Alpert and Knight and their unusual, informative,

promise her
anything...
but give her

ARE PRESENT

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1965, VOL. 12, NO. 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH 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 \$4.50 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, 2890 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 2-7594; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.



Beer on the rocks?

(oh, no!)

The other day, for the first time, our brewmaster heard of "beer-on-the-rocks." He fell apart.

He really doesn't have anything against ice cubes . . . for scotch or old-fashioned or lemonade. But not for beer. Especially the King of Beers.

You see, he knows how much extra time and expense it takes to get that Budweiser taste and smoothness and drinkability. Add a couple of ice cubes and "bloop" . . . there goes all that extra effort.

Ice cuts down the head and waters down the taste. And with Budweiser, that's a tragedy. Budweiser is the only beer in America that's Beechwood Aged. We allow Bud® to brew its own tiny bubbles . . . slowly, naturally . . . over a dense lattice of beechwood strips. That's why Budweiser tastes better, foams better and sets better—glass after glass.

So if you know somebody who likes to plunk ice cubes in his Budweiser, please don't tell our brewmaster. (We hate to see a grown man cry.)

it's worth it . . . it's Budweiser®

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA • and soon HOUSTON, TEXAS

Mrs. Peter Sellers loves 'That Man'



'That Man' by Revlon

A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE
AND AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.
ALSO SPRAY-DEODORANT BODY TALC,
SDAP, TALC, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

titillating, thoroughly serious *The History of Sex in Cinema*. Congratulations. Amos Vogel, Director
Lincoln Center Film Department
The New York Film Festival
New York, New York

I think the most significant sentence in your entire May issue was found neither in the *Philosophy* nor in the Sartre interview, but on page 177, in the *Sex in Cinema* article. It is the quote attributed to Mack Sennett, who is speaking of the success of his bathing-beauty films: "When the studio received hundreds of letters of protest from women's clubs, I knew I had done the right thing."

Raymond R. Foster
Evansville, Indiana

The History of Sex in Cinema is well documented, but it is clear that the authors, Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, have ably stacked the cards in favor of their provocative thesis. And why not? It makes for good reading. Nevertheless, it is not strictly accurate to give the impression that sensationalism by the old moviemakers outshone their more conventional ventures or that their heavy-handed interpretation of lust was frustrated only by the introduction of censorship. Conspicuous and sustained efforts to be "sensational" eventually pall, and the buying public becomes either surfeited with, or no longer stimulated by, such exhibitions. Even at the peak of their success, the purveyors of shock are usually unrepresentative of the contemporary majority. While movies have gone through many cycles of sexy sensationalism, violence or horror, they have been the quick-buck exceptions to the rule. There have been more cycles where the public preferred grim tragedies; gay, light, or nonsensical comedies; costume romances and adventure, and so on. While the Theda Bara and Annette Kellerman epics stirred up the dust of their times, as did the Gloria Swanson and Clara Bow pictures in theirs, it was the "golden curls and girlish naïveté" of the likes of Mary Pickford that went on and on over the years. The "new ideals and images of womanhood" referred to in the article did not really, as your authors suggest, "eclipse" the "good girl" and the romantic image. In more recent years, the popularity of Irene Dunne and Janet Gaynor outlasted that of Jean Harlow and Jane Russell. In our own time, the late and pathetic Marilyn Monroe was never as reliable at the box office as Doris Day. Joan Crawford was far and away more important as a dramatic actress than as one of *Our Dancing Daughters*.

The old-time stars who continued to outdraw all others over long periods were not the Valentinos or the Gilberts. They were the Ronald Colmans, the

Cary Grants, the Clark Gables, the Gary Coopers, the John Waynes. This is not to suggest that one group had "sex appeal" and the others didn't, but rather that the latter associated themselves with stories and roles that were more "conformist" than the former. The real giants of the early movie days—Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks—have never been superseded, and none of them were ever, for more than a brief spell, outdrawn by the "sexier" stars.

There is room for all, but the most lasting and reliable place is reserved for those who most nearly reflect the happiest and best conventions and aspirations of the society of their times.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kensington, England

Why pin down sex specifically to the cinema or to Hollywood? Sex is the same everywhere. I am 82 years old; 69 of them have been spent in show business. I made over 300 movies. Before acting, I was an artists' model, and posed for all the great sculptors, painters and illustrators. I posed nude before classes at New York's Art Students League and the Maryland Institute. I am for sex. The Creator was for it; that's what started everything. I am sure I became interested in it at six—and being, they said, good-looking, I got to know lots about it in later years.

They so often refer to the wild parties in Hollywood. Yes, there were a few, but almost all those stories about Hollywood are greatly exaggerated, simply because Hollywood makes good copy. Actually, today's Hollywood is a myth. The great personalities are gone and forgotten. The brass stars sunk in the Hollywood pavement bear the names of people I've never heard of. Hollywood is just a trade name. It's never influenced the minds of the young. Sex was there before pictures—Adam and Eve had something to do with it.

It might interest you to know that some years ago, when I was in Shanghai, four of China's greatest statesmen—all elderly—had me to lunch, and proceeded to take me apart for introducing sin into China where none had existed before, because our movies showed women's bosoms, thighs and calves, and all kinds of love play. Evidently emancipating women was our crime.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Never lose an opportunity to see anything that is beautiful." That's why, when I see *PLAYBOY* on the newsstands, I open it to the beautiful Playmate of the Month.

Francis X. Bushman
Pacific Palisades, California

PREMINGER'S KISS

The photographs of the beach sequence from *In Harm's Way* in your May issue [*The Kiss—Circa '65*] were accom-

the Woolletín

VOL. 2 WW-965 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL



VENDOME RING

Man Wears **WOOL** to Woo Girl

College Hall Makes Perfect Coat For Man's Favorite Sport

Ah, the many, manly charms of wool — captured here by College Hall in the sports coat that reflects a man's true nature. The herringbone: bold but never brash; the heather tones: quietly colorful; the tailoring: pure perfection. Well-Dressed/Wool-Dressed, of course.

Wool Wows Girl

Man Gains a Heart But Loses a Coat



Our lady fair fell for natural wool loomed in America by Souhan-Kent Mills. If she won't give it back, our gentleman friend can get another coat for about \$43, in black/gray, black/white, green/gold, blue heather, or in the whiskey heather he had. For store names, write: Dept. 965, American Wool Council, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.

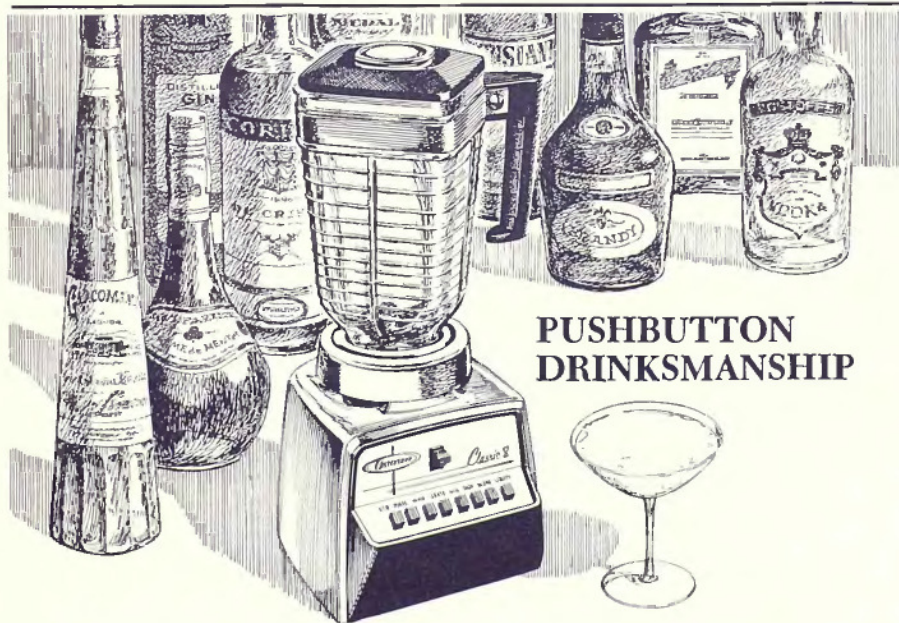


OLD HICKORY



America's Most Magnificent Bourbon

Gown by TRICÈRE



PUSHBUTTON DRINKSMANSHIP

Osterizer CLASSIC VIII with 8 pushbutton speeds

This is the magical device that can change a "Highball Harry" kind of host into a legendary source of delicious, imaginative cocktails. The Osterizer CLASSIC VIII simply spins you free of fussy, time-consuming drink preparation. You smile instead of cringing at orders that call for more than "something on the rocks." Achieving new and unusual drinks with likker is quicker—and so much easier—with pushbutton selection of eight, clearly marked speeds... to stir, whip, blend or frappé your way to success in drinksmanship.



PS: Between cocktail hours, the CLASSIC VIII works wonders in the kitchen. It's the key to a new world of Osterizer Spin Cookery. Give it a whirl!

© 1965 John Oster Manufacturing Co., Dept. PB, 5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217

panied by an article quoting Otto Preminger saying he would never allow the censors to interfere with his rights as an individual, and that he did not intend to cut his film just to please them. Thus, I was vastly amused when I saw the film—with the entire nude sequence omitted.

I got a good laugh, too, out of reading Hugh O'Brian's comment that all the money he was to receive for that particular scene in the picture he would give to charity. I am sure there isn't one of us who would not have done that scene without monetary compensation.

Paul H. Sampliner, President
Independent News Company
New York, New York

Preminger states that while everything in the scene leading up to the embrace was preserved, the kiss itself was cut during final editing of the film, for "technical" reasons, not out of fear of censorship; whatever the reason, "the kiss" is missing from the movie.

GIANT PRAISE

Souvenir by J. G. Ballard [PLAYBOY, May 1965] strikes me as a powerful story, evoking comparison with Kafka and the "fables" sprinkled throughout several of Philip Wylie's books. Oddly enough, I'm also reminded of Jonathan Swift. The unidentified giant on the beach might very well be a latter-day Gulliver, and the fate his carcass meets is typical of that which would be accorded by our own Lilliputian society.

It does happen, you know. Whenever a creative "giant" dies today, the literary scavengers and souvenir hunters set busily to work on his body (and the body of his work), carving him up and dissecting with rare abandon. Perhaps there is no longer a place for giants in our society, be they dead or alive. But I'm happy there's a place for a story like this in PLAYBOY.

Robert Bloch

Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY's and Ballard's thanks to writer Bloch, also a contributor to these pages (most recently: "Beelzebub" in our December 1963 issue), and author of the chiller "Psycho."

CLASSIC CORD

The picture of the original Cord on the first page of *Motoring's Classic Revival* [PLAYBOY, May 1965] shows a Cord 810, not the 812 as stated. As a Marmon owner and one who knows a little of the "lesser" competitors of those glorious years, I noticed the absence of the super-charged exhaust system used on 812 Cords. This was a chief distinction between the two styles.

Richard T. Hammon
Hastings College
Hastings, Nebraska

The auto pictured was a Cord 812. The exhaust system was on the side of the car not shown in the photograph.

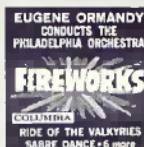
COLUMBIA
STEREO TAPE CLUB
NOW OFFERS YOU
ANY 5

of these exciting
pre-recorded 4-track

STEREO \$2.97
TAPES FOR ONLY

Value up to \$43.75 at regular Club prices

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 150 to be offered in the next 12 months



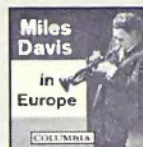
1661. Also: In The Hall of The Mountain King, etc.



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



1650. "A stunning accomplishment!" — American Rec. Guide



1642. Recorded live at the Antibes Jazz Festival



1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.



1603. Bernstein "at top of his form." — High Fidelity

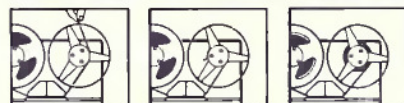


1636. Zen Is When, Rising Sun, Osaka Blues, 8 in all



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

FREE—if you join now
REVOLUTIONARY SELF-THREADING TAKE-UP REEL



Just drop the end of the tape over this reel, start your recorder, and watch it thread itself! Unique Scotch® process automatically threads up tape of any thickness, releases freely on rewind.



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



1683. "Virile grace... noble simplicity." — HiFi/Stereo Rev.



1530. Greater than ever... winner of 6 Academy Awards



1735. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, Just Say I Love Her, etc.



1713. A lively session abounding in passion and truth



1008. Also: Green Onions, Red River Rock, Calcutta, etc.



1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." — New York Times



1349. Also: Sloop John B., This Train, Oarlin' Corey, etc.



1283. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism." — Life



1161. Also: Baby Elephant Walk, Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, etc.



1637. Epitaphy, Four in One, I Mean You, 7 in all



1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem



1640. Also: Camelot, Three Coins in The Fountain, Till, etc.



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



1673-1674. Twin-Pack (Counts As Two Selections.) Blowin' in the Wind, If I Had A Hammer, Five Hundred Miles, 18 in all



1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey



1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram



1714. Also: Autumn Leaves, I Walk A Little Faster, etc.



1706. A sparkling new jazz treatment of this great score



1772. Also: Spanish Harlem, Manha de Carnaval, etc.



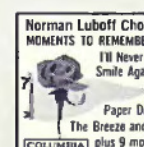
1672. Also: S'posin', Kisses Sweeter Than Wine, etc.



1644. Also: Natural Man, Paul Bunyon, El Camino Real, etc.



1905. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, Emily, 12 in all



1209. Also: Sleepy Lagoon, Flamingo, Time Was, etc.

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE FORTUNATE PEOPLE who owns 4-track stereo tape playback equipment, you know the thrill of the near-perfect fidelity, the unsurpassed sound of tape. Now you have an exceptional opportunity to build an outstanding collection of superb stereo tapes at great savings through the most generous offer ever made by the Columbia Stereo Tape Club!

By joining now, you may have ANY FIVE of the magnificently recorded 4-track stereo tapes described here — sold regularly by the Club for up to \$43.75 — for only \$2.97!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 5 PRE-RECORDED STEREO TAPES FOR ONLY \$2.97 — simply fill in and mail the coupon today. Be sure to indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical or Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts chooses outstanding selections for both Divisions. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of tapes offered in the Magazine to members of both Divisions . . . or take no tape in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase 5 tapes from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional tapes . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE TAPES GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing five tapes, you will receive — FREE — a 4-track stereo tape of your choice for every two additional tapes you buy.

The tapes you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$7.95 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

IMPORTANT NOTE: All tapes offered by the Club must be played on 4-track stereo playback equipment. If your tape recorder does not play 4-track stereo tapes, you may be able to convert it simply and economically. See your local service dealer for complete details.

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana

SEND NO MONEY—mail coupon to receive 5 tapes for \$2.97

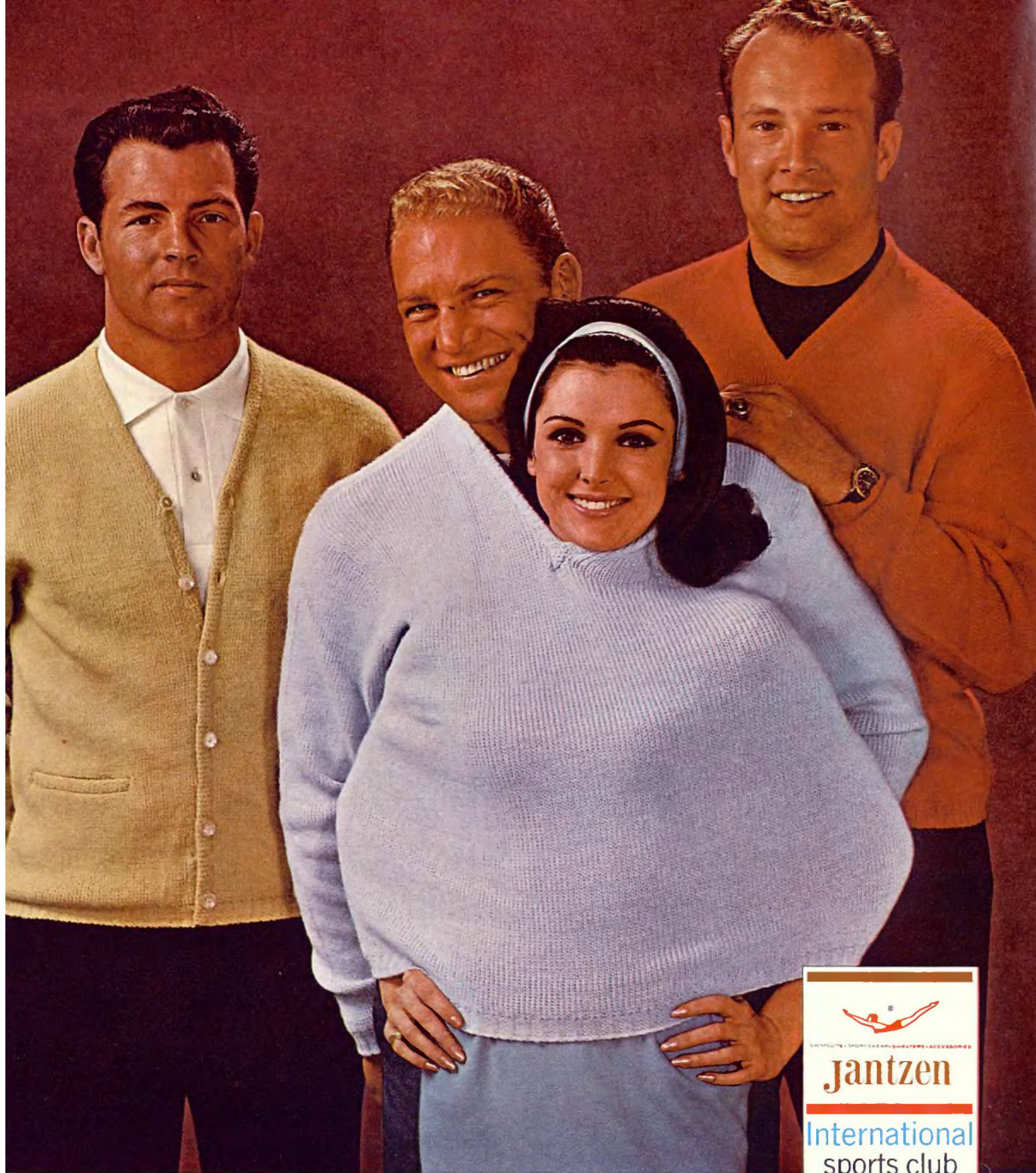
COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB, Dept. 400-4
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808
I accept your special offer and have written in the boxes at the right the numbers of the 5 tapes I would like to receive for \$2.97, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I will also receive my self-threading reel — FREE!
Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:
☐ **CLASSICAL** ☐ **POPULAR**
I understand that I may select tapes from either Division. I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months, at the regular Club price plus a small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a 4-track, pre-recorded tape of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Print Name.....
First Name..... Initial..... Last Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip Code.....

SEND ME THESE FIVE TAPES
(fill in numbers below)


08-L 1

This offer is available only within the continental limits of the U.S.



The Jantzen International Sports Club stretches its membership requirements


What we have here is a very friendly sweater. It stretches. It shapes to your exact size, or to the exact size of friends. Push the sleeves up; they don't bag and the cuffs spring back to shape. Soft, warm, new, lively feel. The waistband holds snugly when you reach or bend. Note the elastic "give" in the body. It gives because it is made of new, amazing Corespun stretch Orlon®, a Dupont trademark. Many grand colors, in both pullovers and cardigans. Now the cast: Bobby Hull, of the Chicago Black Hawks, is in the friendly stretch with the girl who insists on being identified only as a friend. Frank Gifford and Paul Hornung are in the same friendly stretcher. We trust you, too, will be soon.



SWIMSUITS • SPORTWEAR • SWEATERS • ACCESSORIES

Jantzen

International sports club

Frank Gifford	Paul Hornung	Bob Cousy
Dave Marr		Terry Baker
John Severnson	Bobby Hull	Jerry West

sportswear for sportsmen
 JANTZEN INC. PORTLAND 8, OREGON

Ken Purdy's article in the May issue was wonderful. The Cord has always been my dream car; a neighbor had one way back when. I've been dreaming ever since; now my dreams will come true.

Glenn G. Shaw
Bradford, Pennsylvania

JUDAIC SEX

In *What Is Normal?* [PLAYBOY, March 1965], Wardell B. Pomeroy cites an early Judaic code tolerating homosexuality and prostitution, and states "It was a sexual code considerably freer than that which the Jews developed upon their return from the Babylonian exile . . ."

The Mosaic law, in the 18th and 19th chapters of *Leviticus*, forbids both adultery and homosexuality, and discourages prostitution. *Leviticus* is commonly attributed to Moses, and, to have been written by Moses, had to have been written during the 40 years' wandering, almost 15 centuries before Christ. The return from the Babylonian captivity did not take place until the 6th Century B.C. The Jews would thus seem to have had a rather strict sexual code for approximately 10 centuries before Pomeroy credits them with one. Did he possibly have reference to the Exodus from Egypt, which immediately preceded the 40 years' wandering, rather than the return from the Babylonian exile?

Curtis E. Barton
Kansas State Teachers College
Emporia, Kansas

Pomeroy's statement regarding the Babylonian exile is well substantiated; most religious historians consider this period to be the real turning point in Jewish sexual attitudes—with the permissive naturalism of earlier Judaic society being replaced by a strict antisexuality.

The prohibitions to which you refer in "*Leviticus*" were actually religious tribal taboos—unrelated to any general concept of sex morality—intended to separate Jewish rituals (and, thereby, the people themselves) from those of the non-Hebrew tribes around them. Such Old Testament taboos, writes Geoffrey May, in "*Social Control of Sex Expression*," had "no reference to ordinary sexual immorality, but [were] meant only to prohibit ritual prostitution"—sexual intercourse (both heterosexual and homosexual) being a common act of worship among the pagan religions of the time.

The contrast between early "Hebrew naturalism" and the antisexual "dualism" that increasingly infected our entire Judaeo-Christian culture, in the centuries after the end of the Babylonian exile and the beginning of Christianity, is given considerable, authoritative attention by Dr. William Graham Cole in "*Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis*": This new religious dualism "was strongly as-

cetic, regarding sex as at best a necessary evil and at worst slavery to the lower passions. The Old Testament, on the other hand, portrays God as commanding his creatures to be fruitful and multiply. Nowhere in its pages is there a counsel of celibacy or an exaltation of virginity. Jephthah's daughter mourns her virginal estate; the patriarchs and kings of Israel practice polygamy. . . . There is a stern prohibition against adultery in the Law, but this springs from the concern for the [perpetuation of] the family line. That this is not antisexual is demonstrated by the glaring absence of any ban on fornication, an omission which embarrassed later Christians of puritanical hue."

In his book "*Sex in History*," G. Rat-tray Taylor states: The early Jews "believed strongly that one should enjoy the pleasures of life, including those of sex, and some teachers held that at the last day one would have to account to God for every pleasure that one had failed to enjoy . . ." The only sexual injunctions in the Ten Commandments are against adultery and coveting a neighbor's wife. On this, Taylor states: "It must be understood that in this period, just as in Rome and Greece, adultery was a property offense [rather than a moral one] and meant infringing the rights of another man. It did not mean that a man should restrict his attentions to his wife; indeed, when a wife proved barren, she would often give one of her handmaidens to her husband that she might bear children for him. Moreover, as the Bible often reminds us, men were free to maintain mistresses, in addition to their wives; [and] on the number of wives a man might have there was no restriction.

"Nor was there any ban on premarital sex; it is seldom appreciated that nowhere in the Old Testament is there any prohibition of noncommercial, unpremeditated fornication—apart from rape, and subject to a father's right to claim a cash interest in a virgin [daughter]. Once a girl had reached the age of 12½ years, she was free to engage in sexual activity, unless her father specifically forbade it. . . . Nor in pre-Exilic days was sodomy a crime, except when committed as part of religious worship of non-Jewish gods . . ."

After the return from Babylonian exile, as Pomeroy notes, a remarkable change in Jewish sexual attitudes took place. Not only were the old laws reinterpreted in a much broader and stricter fashion, but new laws were added (such as those prohibiting masturbation and making homosexuality a capital crime) in an attempt to further restrict sexual activity. For interested readers, the ninth and tenth installments of "*The Playboy Philosophy*" (PLAYBOY, August and September, 1963) include a brief history of religious antisexuality in Western society.



**WATCH
WHAT
BLACK WATCH
DOES
FOR A
MAN
!**



BLACK WATCH

The Man's Fragrance

shave lotion \$2.50, cologne \$3 PLUS TAX

By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

PSS!



THEY'RE NEW!
Black Watch Instant Foam Shave
Black Watch Pre-Electric Skin Conditioner

THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET WITH STRING CHOIR



Satin Affair



16-28. The silken Shearing touch applied to Stardust, Baubles Bangles and Beads, My Romance, 7 more

Satisfy

from this



19-74. Venus de Milo, Jeru, Israel, Budo, Move, Rouge, Deception, plus many more



14-17. How Deep Is the Ocean, Embraceable You, Nevertheless, 12 in all



5-09. The Song Is Ended, I'll Be Seeing You, Time on My Hands, 9 more



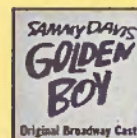
17-05. Everglades, Scotch and Soda, Strawberries, The Tijuana Jail, M.T.A., 12 in all



21-88. A Hard Day's Night, Let's All Do the Swim, It's the Swim by Jim, more



21-74. It's Just a Matter of Time, I'm All I've Got, The Travelin' Life, 11 hits



21-24. From the hit Broadway musical based on the Odets play, 14 great selections



15-33. All the Things You Are, When Your Lover Has Gone, I'm Glad There is You



19-81. Catch a Wave, Surfer Moon, In My Room, Rocking Surfer, Our Car Club, etc.



17-93. I Don't Want It That Way, Sing Another Song, Your Cheatin' Heart, etc.



00-73. All My Loving, Mexican Shuffle, Numero Cinco, South of the Border, etc.



01-27. Everything's Coming Up Roses, The Sound of Music, Take Me Along, etc.



00-28. Shiny Stockings, My Last Affair, Dream a Little Dream of Me, 12 swingers



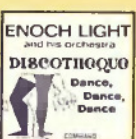
16-59. Just Say I Love Her, Return to Me, You're Breaking My Heart, etc.



20-59. Who Are You Now, If a Girl Isn't Pretty, People, You Are Woman, more



20-12. The Song Is You, Someone to Watch Me, Never Let Me Go, etc.



00-99. Watusi, Frug, Swim, Wobble, Surf, St. Tropez, Shake, Monkey, Cha Cha, etc.



20-67. Charade, Don't Make Me Sorry, Wake the Town and Tell the People, 7 more



15-20. The Second Time Around, Just for a Thrill, My Romance, more top hits



00-35. The Water Is Wide, Joshua, Make a Long Time Man Feel Bad, total of 12



01-44. Swing a Little Taste, What'd I Say, Hide Nor Hair, You Don't Know Me, and many more swinging hits recorded on the spot



21-16. I Want to Hold Your Hand, I Saw Her Standing There, All My Loving, more



00-58. Don't Think Twice, Blower in the Wind, Chariot, Freight Train, 10 in all



15-69A and 15-69B. Counts as 2 selections. Recorded live in concert!



21-44. The Best is Yet to Come, Lay Afternoon, I Wish You Love, People, 12 in all



10-03. Easy, Give Me the Simple Life, Confessin' the Blues, 9 more



18-05. All Through the Night, So in Love, I Get a Kick Out of You, more



900-27. High Hopes, When You Wish Upon a Star, You'll Never Know, All the Way, etc.



20-63. As Long as He Needs Me, What Kind of Fool Am I, Is It Really Me, etc.



01-58. Also: Come Back Silly Girl, There'll Be Some Changes Made, etc.



22-28. Baby's in Black, No Reply, Hey Jude, She's a Woman, 11 hits in all



02-15. A deeply moving work filled with the special Coltrane magic



21-60. Onda Ver, O Pato, Amor Cerinho, Medo de So, Em Teus Bracos, etc.



19-32. You Tell Me Your Dream, Get Out and Get Under the Moon, 10 more



20-99. I Cover the Waterfront, I Should Care, Satin Doll, Peanuts, more



21-00. Also: I'm a Fool to Want You, Angel Eyes, This Love of Mine, more smoothies



00-61. 'Swingin' Light, Jersey Bounce, Surrey with the Fringe on Top, more



00-66. Exotic 13 string Koto blends with modern flute in unique and fascinating album



22-77. Come Sunday, I Believe, Teach Me To Pray, The Sound of Silence, 7 more



22-81. Time Out for Tears, Come to Me, Theme of Love, Gansero, Bellazza, 8 more



21-86. Don't Let Her Know, Understand Your Man, This Ol' Heart, Loose Talk, etc.



16-09. I Feel Pretty, Maria, Tonight, Something's Coming, America, Cool, 9 in all



21-33. Till There Was You, The Sound of Music, Younger Than Springtime, etc.



00-32. Comin' in the Back Door, Baja Nights, Back to Cuernavaca, Acapulco 1922



21-57. Girl from Ipanema, Call Me Irresponsible, Pink Panther Theme, many more



18-86. Lovey Dovey, Let's Go Trippin', Sleep John B, Take It Off, 12 in all



16-02. Flamingo, Black and Tan Fantasy, Warm Valley, in a Sentimental Mood, etc.



00-16. Deserie, Nite Owl, Devil of Angel, Shake a Hand, plus 8 others



20-92. Sweet Talkin' Hannah, But Beautiful, September Song, 9 more swingers

Round out your collection of records by such great stars as FRANK SINATRA,

your special taste in music

collection of 111 great records hand-picked for readers of PLAYBOY



LAURINDO ALMEIDA GUITAR FROM IPANEMA
21-97. The Girl from Ipanema, The Fiddler's Wolf Whistle, Twilight in Rio, Sarah's Samba, Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars, Izabella, 11 in all



STORMY MONDAY LOU RAWLS & LES MCCANN
IN THE EVENING SWEET LOVE, 8 more



THE RAY CHARLES SINGERS
SONGS FOR LONESOME LOVERS



NAT KING COLE LOVE
The Girl from Ipanema, 11 in all



ARTISTRY IN VOICES & BRASS
Music by STAN KENTON
Arrangements by PETE RUGOLO
Lyrics by MILT RASKIN



HERE WE GO AGAIN KINGSTON TRIO
HALL AWAY / 12 HITS

To welcome you to the
CAPITOL RECORD CLUB
you are invited to choose
ANY 6 FREE

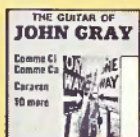
when you buy just one record now and agree to purchase six more in the next year from over 200 a month to be offered



NANCY WILSON



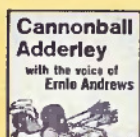
George Chakiris
YOU'RE MINE, YOU BE MINE
Tonight, 12 in all



THE GUITAR OF JOHN GRAY
Come On, Come On, Caravan, 10 more



Goldfinger
The Big Sound of BILLY STRANGE
More Than The Monsters



Cannonball Adderley
with the voice of Ernie Andrews



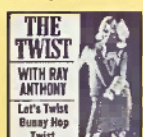
BLACK & BLUE
Boh T'm Pete Kansas City



Al Martino
I love you more and more every day
All My Dreams Many Years Ago



NANCY WILSON
HOW GLAD I AM
The Day From Ipanema People's Choice



THE TWIST
WITH RAY ANTHONY
Let's Twist Runny Hop Twist



THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



BUCK OWENS
I've Got a Thing for the Ladies
Trouble and Me Cries Time



ARTHUR LYMAN PARADISE
Stranger in Paradise Shanghai



RAVI SHANKAR
Impassioned & Theme from Panchali
with Ravi Shankar, Harish Chandra, Gauri Shankar, Louis Hayes



CONCERTOS UNDER THE STARS
Leonard Pennario/piano
Carmen Dragon/Hollywood Bowl Orchestra



BENCH BOYS CONCERT
Fun, Fun, Fun for The Monster Mash



SHELLY MANNE MY FAIR LADY
Fabulous Jazz Arrangements of Great Tunes from the Biggest Show of them All



Ray Charles
THE GENIUS HITS THE ROAD
Georgia on My Mind, Moon over Miami



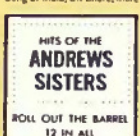
JACKIE GLEASON
LOVER'S PORTFOLIO
I Love Paris, The Party's Over, 2 RECORD SET



I WISH YOU LOVE GLORIA LYNN
Be My Love, End of a Love Affair, 11



EARL "FATHA" HINES
Memories of You, 12 in all



HITS OF THE ANDREWS SISTERS
ROLL OUT THE BARREL, 12 in all



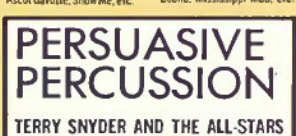
COLUMBIA RECORDS
Presenting the Organ & Harp of CHARLES KYNARD & BUDDY COLLETTE



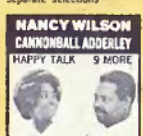
PATSY CLINE'S GOLDEN HITS
Just Out of Reach, I Can See an Angel, 12 in all



BOBBY DARIN
FROM HELLO DOLLY TO GOODBYE CHARLIE
Charade, 10 more



PERSUASIVE PERCUSSION
TERRY SNYDER AND THE ALL-STARS
Love Is a Many Splendored Thing, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, 10 more



NANCY WILSON CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
HAPPY TALK, 9 MORE



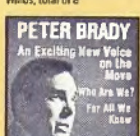
WILD STEREO DRUMS
Bike Pumpa, Bongo Bash, Bangkok Beat



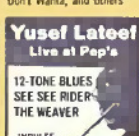
THE FOUR FRESHMEN
VOICES IN LOVE
Still of the Night, I'll Remember April



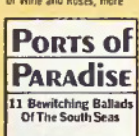
OLDIES BUT GOODIES
Teen Hits by the Stars Who made them Famous



PETER BRADY
An Exciting New Voice on the Move
Who Are We? For All We Know



Yusef Lateef
Live at Pop's
12-TONE BLUES SEE SEE RIDER, THE WEAVER
IMPULSE



PORTS OF PARADISE
11 Bewitching Ballads of The South Seas



COMMANDO
01-10. Brilliant arrangements of I'm in the Mood for Love, Whatever Lola Wants, I Surrender Dear, Tabu, The Breeze and I, Aloha Oe, etc.

Landmarks in CLASSICAL MUSIC

MUSIC FROM GREAT MOTION PICTURES, Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orch. 85-98

STRAVINSKY: RITE OF SPRING, Markovitch. 355-49

CHOPIN: SIX POLONAISES, Malczewski. 357-28

CONCERT OF MARCHES, Scots Quartet. 358-23

BEETHOVEN THIRD (ERICA), SYMPHONY. Klemperer. 358-53

MOZART: SINFONIA CONCERTANTE K364, HAYDN: CONCERTO IN C MAJOR, Menuhin. 361-90

SCHEHERAZADE BY RIMSKY-KORSAKOV, Beecham. 355-05

TCHAIKOVSKY: 1812 OVERTURE, MARCHE SLAVE, Kletzki. 356-21



FRANK SINATRA THE GREAT YEARS
3 RECORD ALBUM



KEEP ON PUSHING
12 in all



GERALD WILSON
Big Band Jazz At His Best



THE BEST OF PEE WEE HUNT
Old, Middle, The Marmalade, Charles



LAURINDO ALMEIDA
Brazilliance
with Buck Shinn



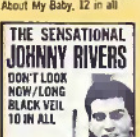
KING CURTIS
SOUL SERENADE
Rocky Top, Just Twist



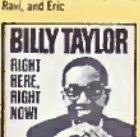
THE LETTERMEN
SHE CRIED
Run to Him, Walk on By



GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET
with NANCY WILSON
The SWINGIN' MUTUAL! Nearness of You, 10 more



THE SENSATIONAL JOHNNY RIVERS
DON'T LOOK NOW/LOOK BACK VEIL 10 in all



BILLY TAYLOR
RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!



PEGGY LEE
IN THE NAME OF LOVE
Boy from Ipanema, 9 more



THE BEATLES
BECONO ALBUM



DEAN MARTIN
HEY, BROTHA PULL THE WINE
Solitaire, 10 others



DAKOTA STATON
the late, late show
Trouble, Me, Summer

MILES DAVIS, STAN KENTON. Just detach, fill out and mail postpaid reply card



This summer you are going to look good behind bars.

Because this summer you are going to whip up the following tempting drinks. All made with Rose's Lime Juice. The lime juice made from juicy yellow West Indian limes. The only lime juice which is so tortly-sweet, so sultry, so wildly good.

1 The Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve in a cocktail glass or on the rocks.

2 The Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, rum or vodka to one part Rose's. Pour over ice, fill with sodo, stir.

3 Rose's Bloody Mary: ½ jigger Rose's, one jigger vodka, tomato juice, salt, pepper, o soupcon of Worcestershire. Shake with ice, serve in a good-sized glass.

4 The Rose's Sour: 4 parts of whiskey (or Scotch), 1 part Rose's. Shoke with ice, strain into a sour glass.

5 Rose's Tonic: odd o dash of Rose's to a jigger of gin, top with Schweppes Tonic.

6 The Margarita: 1 ½ jiggers tequilo, ½ jigger Triple Sec, ½ jigger Rose's. Shoke well with crocked ice and pour into a cocktail glass whose rim has been spun in salt.

Try them oll. You'll enjoy having a wild reputotion.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



It had never occurred to us, until we saw an ad for Kellogg's Rice Krispies in a Danish magazine, that this crunchy breakfast cereal is not only noisy but multilingual. When doused with milk in Denmark, according to the copy, it goes "PIF! PAF! PUF!"—which we gathered is Danish for "SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!" Fascinated by this feat of granular linguistics, we wrote to the Kellogg people in Battle Creek, Michigan (remembering the address from our boyhood box-top days), for an explanation. Though it was not forthcoming—the process involved, they said, was a dark trade secret—they informed us that Rice Krispies, which are marketed world-wide, speak any number of languages besides Danish and English. In Norway and Sweden, for example, if you lean close to a bowlful, you'll hear it muttering a subtle variation on the Danish: "PIFF! PAFF! PUFF!" In nearby Finland, by contrast, it rather belligerently shouts "POKS! RIKS! RAKS!"; and we were impressed to learn that in South Africa it speaks perfect Afrikaans: "KNAP! KNAETTER! KNAK!" Somewhat more soothingly, Mexico's Rice Krispis murmur "PIM! PUM! PAM!" presumably with a mariachi beat. French-Canadian crispies, on the other hand, strike us as a bit too peremptory with their curt "CRIC! CRAC! CROC!" Less brusque, but even more disquieting, we feel, are the guttural exclamations uttered by Rice Krispies in Germany: "KNISPER! KNASPER! KNUSPER!"—which, if true, is as persuasive an argument as we can think of for sticking with bacon and eggs at the breakfast table. At least they have the civility to sit there quietly on the plate.

He-Who-Laughs-Last Award: to the Gotham graffiti writer who, confronted with the subway-station epigram "'God is dead'—Nietzsche," simply drew a bold line through it and wrote: "'Nietzsche is dead'—God."

Inexplicably ignored by most of the nation's newspapers was an eye-opening

labor-relations story, teletyped not long ago by the Associated Press, which began as follows: "A total of 147 men were laid indefinitely today at the Gary Division of the Screw and Bolt Corporation of America."

Nautical intelligence, and a nice display of dry wit, came to us in the form of a handy new tome called *Your Boat and the Law*, by Martin J. Norris. In a chapter headed "Crimes," under the subheading "Seduction," we learn that "Any master, officer, seaman, or other person employed on board of any American vessel, who during the voyage, under promise of marriage, by threats, by the exercise of authority, by solicitation, or by the presentation of gifts, seduces and has illicit sexual intercourse with a female passenger, is liable to a fine of \$1000 or imprisonment of not more than one year, or both." The aforementioned understated—and possibly unwitting—wit occurs farther down on the same page: "It should be noted that these statutes pertain to a member of the crew (or other employee) of a vessel and a female passenger. Therefore, the statutes have never been applied, and are not likely to be, in connection with recreational small boats." Which constitutes, we suppose, one of the unsung fringe benefits of yachting for fun and pleasure.

Sign in a Hayward, California, liquor-store window: A SOFT DRINK TURNETH AWAY COMPANY.

Our Man at the New York World's Fair reports that Flushing Meadow personnel have placed visitors into four categories that determine the degree of ceremony with which they are received in the fair's various pavilions, lounges, bars and dining salons: IIPs, or Incredibly Important People, including the loftiest governmental dignitaries, chairmen of the boards of the largest corporations, key newspaper and magazine publishers,

and an occasional private citizen such as Jackie Kennedy; run-of-the-mill VIPs, ranging from second-echelon public officials to movie stars and baseball players; LUPs, or Little Unimportant People, such as hardware dealers and automobile salesmen armed with company courtesy cards, Hollywood starlets seeking publicity, and stockholders who insist that as shareholders they are entitled to see their company's exhibit without standing in line; and finally those sore-footed nomads for whom the crimson carpet remains unrolled: the RAMs, otherwise known as the Raggedy-Assed Masses.

Shortly after arriving in the nation's capital, according to *The Washington Post*, California's newly elected Republican Senator—the affable ex-song-and-dance man from the movies—was approached outside the Capitol by a lady tourist who asked him timidly, "Excuse me, but didn't you used to be George Murphy?"

This month's award for Euphemistic Originality goes to the *Albuquerque Journal* for the following headline: "CONVICTED RAPIST TO HAVE HEARING ON ILLEGAL ENTRY."

An enterprising travel agency near the Berkeley campus of the University of California, we are reliably informed, offers part-time civil rights workers economy round trips to Jackson, Birmingham and Washington, D.C., under a credit plan called "Demonstrate Now—Pay Later."

With a song in its heart, the Association of Men's Hosiery Manufacturers recently treated a group of New York men's furnishing buyers to cocktails, dinner and an original musical comedy called *Sox and the Single Girl*.

Hollywood, home of the escalating status symbol, is the source of this bit of

SMOOTH MELLOW FLAVOR

Blended with
flavorful Maple
and Old Rum

So gentle
to your
taste

aroma
everybody
loves

Mapleton
aromatic pipe tobacco
Mixture



UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

one-up dialog between a producer and a very high-priced writer. Said the writer, "I hope you won't have trouble reaching me by phone. I've had the second phone removed from my day car, so you'll probably get a busy signal when you call, and my night car has an unlisted number, of course, so I may have to call you."

"The possibility occurred to me," the producer deadpanned, "so I've written down the number of my answering service on this slip of paper. Don't lose it—it's an unlisted number, too."

Incidental Demographic Intelligence, imparted by the following headline from the *Leader-Post* of Regina, Saskatchewan: "POPULATION INCREASE INVOLVES THOUSANDS OF TO AND FRO MOVES."

MOVIES

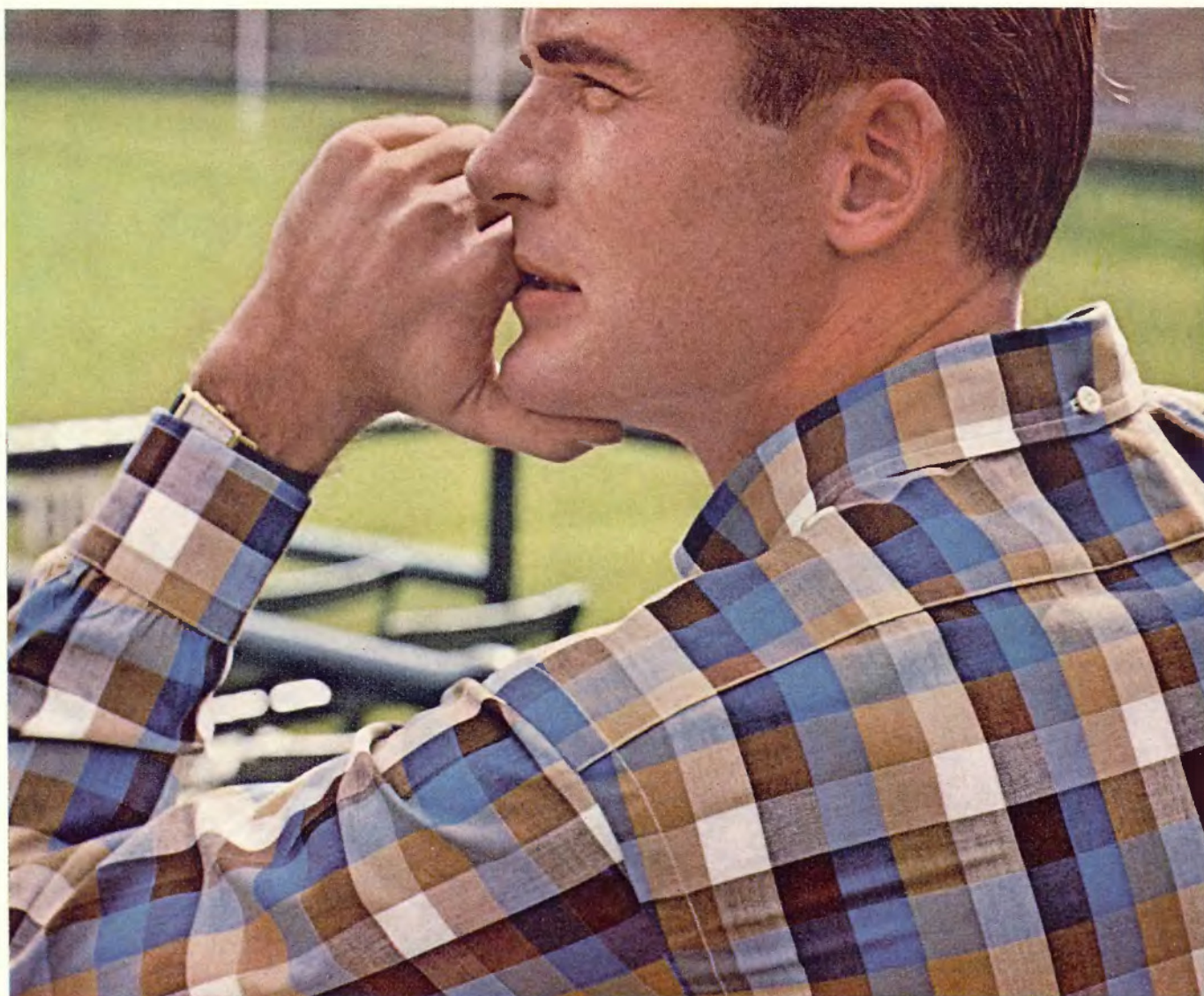
Ship of Fools, as readers of the Katharine Anne Porter best seller will recall, takes place on a German ship Europe bound from Veracruz in 1933; and the cast is a cross section of some crossed-up sections of the Western world: an American divorcee, two young American lovers, a troupe of Spanish dancers, assorted Germans, including a Jew. Besides the national colors, there are character contrasts: hateful and hated, hopeful and hopeless—all living in first-class luxury over a hold full of impoverished Spanish workers. As if the symbols didn't bang out like cymbals, a German dwarf explains directly to us that this is a ship of fools, and darned if each of the principals, likable or not, doesn't show some bit of foolishness en route. The most absorbing story strand concerns La Condesa, a woman of several worlds, played by Simone Signoret, and the ship's doctor, played by Oskar Werner, the Jules of Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*. Miss S., though plumper, is still appealing, and Werner may prove the biggest Continental bombshell since Boyer: quietly and quickly credible and sympathetic. Vivien Leigh plays the divorcee in a familiar key; Elizabeth Ashley and George Segal squabble and squeeze as the young lovers; Lee Marvin is wasted as a washed-up ballplayer; José Greco is serpentine as the dancers' king cobra; and another José—Ferrer—is appropriately dreadful as a dreadful German. Heinz Rühmann is charming as a gentle German Jew, and the dwarf is finely done by Michael Dunn. Stanley Kramer produced and directed with devotion and some skill, but with one pace for everything and pathetic glibness about the depth of what he was saying.

Poor Kim Novak. All she wants is to be a world-famous sex symbol, and they

won't leave her alone—they keep putting her in pictures. If only there were some way to be a big star without having to make movies, she might be the hottest in history. Now they've shoved her into something called *Moll Flanders*—just as if it really were a film version of Defoe's classic novel about an 18th Century beck-and-call girl. What's worse, they thought they'd cash in on the success of *Tom Jones*; but *TJ* had an actor (Albert Finney) in the lead and it was written by a writer—John (Look Back in Anger) Osborne. This script was hacked out, the direction is dull and desperate, and Kim is simply hush-voiced and harassed. She looks so luscious in the low-cut gowns and her high-cut equipment that we'd be happy to settle for stills. Robust Richard Johnson plays her lover, a warmhearted highwayman; Angela Lansbury and Vittorio De Sica do their best as a couple of deadbeat nobles; Lilli Palmer, good in grim stuff, is always a clunk in comedy (she plays a fence); George Sanders slugs along as a moneybags who melts for Moll. The only jolly job is by Leo McKern in the Ustinovlike role of a bearded bumbling bandit. Moll leaves the orphanage to become a maidservant who is soon not a maid, goes on to mix-ups with the law, and transportation to the New World with her robber-lover—but it's all a lot of confusion in color. In the middle of it is Kim, beautiful but numb.

Remember the John Alden—Miles Standish bit—one is great with the girls and the other applies to him for lessons? Well, it's now the basis of a picture so fresh and fast that the idea seems newly hatched. *The Knack and How to Get It*—known simply (and preferably) as *The Knack* when it was done in London and New York—was adapted from Ann Jellicoe's play by Charles Wood and directed by Richard Lester, who made the Beatles' flick, *A Hard Day's Night*, into last year's happiest surprise. Set mainly in a run-down London house that belongs to Colin (shy), who rents a room to Tolen (torrid), the story deals with their dealings with a girl newly come to town who sticks her head innocently in the window to ask the way to the Y. W. C. A., thereby changing her entire life. There is also Tom, a wild Irishman (he hates the color brown and rents dirty digs in dingy places just to repaint them), who accompanies the trio as they traipse and trip up and down stairs and all over London. The plot is nothing; we know the shy one will finally get the girl. But the teeming torrent of Lester's directorial imagination sweeps all before it. Wood's script is full of funnies; he's worked in a muttering chorus of oldsters in the streets to make the film a kind of pitched battle between youthful high jinks and old folks' hatred (resentment, really, that it's all past them). David

Go ahead, raise a few eyebrows.



Strike up the band! You're the smartest spectator in the stadium. With amazing new **Dan-Press® Permanent Press** shirting. It refuses

to wrinkle, never needs to be ironed, even after a machine washing. It's a crisp blend of 50% Fortrel® polyester and 50% cotton. Go on!

Dan River

All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Virginia.



If you wonder how your psychiatrist can stand listening to you, remember that he spends two weeks a year on the 18-hole championship Stardust Hotel* golf course in Las Vegas.



Can a "Hood" be good?

Boola-Boola's is. As good as the Niagara coat it's attached to. A warm friend on a cold day. Always dependable. In a **Borg** deep-pile fabric of Acrilan® acrylic and Verel® modacrylic. Thirty eight inches long. Reversible. Great for gals, too. Beige/carbon brown; beige/black; vicuna/brown; white/black. Sizes SS to XL. Under \$40 at good stores everywhere or write Niagara Apparel Co., 77 Swan Street, Buffalo, New York.



Watkins' camerawork is "colossal"—all the usual modes, plus overexposure, *Nouvelle Vague*, touches of *Vogue*—you name it and you won't name enough. Michael Crawford (Colin), Ray Brooks (Tolen) and Donal Donnelly (Tom) work together like a top trapeze act, and Rita Tushingham, chunky and charming, continues to prove that, by gad, beauty is only skin deep. If the film has a fault, it's that it's got too much of a touch, where others have too little—like a girl overloaded with diamonds. But almost all of them are dazzling. *The Knack* is a knockout.

THEATER

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd is a musical about which it must be said the original-cast album is better. The score is full of big balcony-shatterers like *Who Can I Turn To*, the kind that tax Anthony Newley's tremolo. The only thing wrong with the songs is that some of them are reminiscent of those in Newley's last show, *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*. (Actually, a lot of *TROTG*—*TSOTC* is reminiscent of *STW*—*IWTGO*.) But the book is stupefyingly bad. Star, director, co-author-composer (with Leslie Bricusse), Newley is playing a plotless, witless game of life on a Sean Kenny-designed multicolored game board, surrounded by multileveled disks. Newley as Cocky, a trot-upon little common man, goes up against big Sir (Cyril Ritchard), an upper-class gent who invariably wins. Ritchard, decked out in tails like a tattered, beardless Uncle Sam, preens, frets and prances, while Tony minces, trying to mime like Marceau and waddle like Chaplin, and doing a fair imitation of Jerry Lewis. Poor chap! Always losing—until, in the middle of the second act, he gets tired of it (about one act later than the audience), and talks back. Newley wins! The game, not the show. The dialog is a mixed bag of prosy oaths ("By the sacred bulls of Barnum and Bailey") and forced plays on words ("Are you manna from heaven?" "No, I'm from Manny's gymnasium."). Newley is trying to have it all ways—old, new, borrowed, blue, a big serious play filled with bad low comedy. He promises everything, but, except for the songs, delivers almost nothing. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.

Poor boy meets poor girl. Boy finds fortune. Boy meets rich girl. But boy marries poor girl, still wants rich life. Boy loses fortune, decides who needs fortune? Exit happy. The plot, based on *Kipps*, an autobiographical novel by H. G. Wells about a turn-of-the-century draper's assistant, is as obvious as any turn-of-the-century melodrama—or any

1965 musical comedy. But in music, lyrics, comedy, performance, production and charm, *Half a Sixpence* is worth two of almost any other musical on Broadway. Much of *Sixpence's* success is due to its infectious star, Tommy Steele, a gangly, feather-haired Cockney with a cock-eyed grin—in repose he looks a little like Alfred E. Neuman. Steele is new to America, but years ago, even before the Beatles, he achieved celebrity in England as its top rock-'n'-roll singer. Here, on stage, he instantly belies his pop image. He sings at least as well as most young musical-comedy stars, and singing is among the least of his talents. He dances with a carnival abandon, is a convincing actor and winning clown, and strums a thumping good banjo. The star is surrounded by singers who can sing, dancers who can dance, and many who can do both. Everything seems spontaneous; the sweat that must have gone into the spontaneity doesn't show. David Heneker's score is as rinky-dink as a London music hall, and the show, staged by Gene Saks and Onna White, is as convivial as a London pub. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

RECORDINGS

Jack Jones / My Kind of Town (Kapp) is his best release to date, which takes in a pretty fair amount of territory for the Jones boy. In addition to the swinging title tune, and his country-and-western hit, *The Race Is On*, the LP is filled with all manner of aural goodies—*Somewhere Along the Way*, *Travelin' On*, a fine, fast-paced *Yes, I Can*, and the beautiful ballad *Time After Time*. The charts are by Marty Paich, Don Costa and Glenn Osser, a trio of top-grade arrangers, all of whom have a right to be proud this time around.

Herbie Mann / My Kinda Groove (Atlantic) is our kinda groove. The jazz flutist *extraordinaire* is at the peak of his powers in a catholic collection of soul- and south-of-the-border-oriented opuses. Lending staunch support are vibist Dave Pike and Clark Terry, whose Flügelhorn flights of fancy are a joy.

The 13 string musicians who make up I Solisti di Zagreb have been playing together long enough (since 1953) to have become a remarkably cohesive unit. Under the direction of Antonio Janigro, and with supplemental instrumentation, featuring Herbert Tachezi on harpsichord and organ, they transform 18th Century composer William Boyce's gossamerlike *Eight Symphonies* (Bach Guild) into finely wrought miniatures.

A brace of beauties from songbird Carmen McRae are at hand: **Carmen McRae with Dave Brubeck / Take Five** (Co-

THE BEAT OF BELAFONTE / THE MAGIC OF MAKEBA TOGETHER ON ONE GREAT ALBUM

When Harry Belafonte is joined by the spellbinding voice of Miriam Makeba, the results can be nothing short of legendary.

You'll find a never ending air of excitement and emotion in this new album of twelve superb selections. Included are solos by Mr. Belafonte like "Gone Are My Children" (Baile Banake) and "Give Us Our Land" (Mabayeke), and Miss Makeba's renditions of "To Those We Love" (Nongqongqo) and "Cannon" (Mbayi, Mbayi) plus outstanding duets like "Train Song" (Mbombela) and "My Angel" (Malaika). For that something extra... that something special... get this album soon.

RCA VICTOR

The most trusted name in sound



An Evening With BELAFONTE / MAKEBA





for playboys
and playmates...

**THE
GOLD
PLAYBOY
PIN**

Playboys use it as a smart new tie tack or lapel pin; playmates find its fashionable petiteness perfect for adorning sweater or coat. Of 14k Florentine gold finish. \$5 ppd., F.E.T. included.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
232 East Ohio Street • Chicago 11, Illinois

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



fun at hand...

**THE
PLAYBOY
HAND
PUPPET**

Add a bright touch to any gathering with this captivating puppet modeled after the famous Playboy Rabbit. As a gift, or for yourself, it's the perfect thing for off-the-cuff amusement. \$6, ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**
232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.

lumbia) and *Haven't We Met?* (Mainstream). The former was recorded "live" at Basin Street East and is a marvelous melding of voice and instruments. The Brubeck foursome provides an exciting catalyst for Miss McRae, who does wonders with such offbeat items as the title song, *It's a Raggy Waltz*, *Ode to a Cowboy* and *Lord, Lord*. On the Mainstream etching, she's backed by a king-sized studio orchestra under the aegis of Don Sebesky. Among the tunes that Carmen does to a turn are *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, *Limehouse Blues* and a luminescent but little-played Ellington-Hodges tune, *It Shouldn't Happen to a Dream*.

Bossa nova at its best is represented by *Bud Shank and His Brazilian Friends with Joao Donato* (Pacific Jazz). The latter musician is a Rio pianist who deserves a wider hearing in this country. Altoist Shank, a longtime honorary *carrioca*, is right at home in the bossa-nova milieu, as he leads a quintet through a quintessential slice of Latin life.

My Name Is Barbra (Columbia), Barbra Streisand's latest album, could have been subtitled *The Ages of Woman*. Its contents delineate a number of stages in the life of a female—all the way from a tender appreciation of a four-day-old baby (*Jenny Rebecca*) to the final paean to the enigma of love, *My Man*. In between there are all manner of Streisand gems—a delightful nonsense ditty, *Sweet Zoo*, the Gershwin classic *Someone to Watch Over Me* and the LP's high point, *I've Got No Strings*.

Pop Goes the Basie (Reprise) proves one of the most satisfying samplings of the Basie organization we've heard in a long time. The band, which too often in the recent past has had an automated air about it, is relaxed and very much on the *qui vive*, as trombonist Al Grey leads the brass and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis spearheads the reeds. The "pop" spectrum is wide, encompassing such disparate items as *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands* and *Doo Wah Diddy Diddy*, but the Count and his crew have a ball with them all, and so did we.

The Nat King Cole Songbook by *Sammy Davis* (Reprise) is a splendid tribute to the late singer. Sammy offers 16 of Nat's biggest hits and, with few exceptions, carries them off superbly. This is particularly the case on upbeat items such as *Straighten Up and Fly Right*, *Route 66* and *Walkin' My Baby Back Home*, where Sammy is loose and right on target. *Ballerina*, *Mona Lisa* and *Too Young* were never our special favorites, even when Nat did them, and Sammy, despite a valiant effort, has given us no cause to change our opinion. But the rest is grade A all the way.

BOOKS

To the question "How often can an author use the same material?" Henry Miller replies, "Shaddap!" *Tropic of Capricorn* and *Black Spring* both chewed over much of Miller's pre-Paris life, and just when we thought he hadn't left a stern unturned, we get the American publication of *Sexus* (Grove Press). This first, thick volume in an autobiographical series called *The Rosy Crucifixion* was written in the U.S. during World War Two, was first published in Paris in 1949, and overlaps some of the dames and flames we have already met. Here is Henry back again working at the Cosmodemonic Telegraph Company, married and miserable in Brooklyn, writhing to write, and meanwhile laying much pipe. Of course his true love is not his wife, but that doesn't bother him when he's in bed with her or any other sweetmeat. Someday there'll probably be a scholarly analysis of the number of times and ways Miller makes it. A taxi and the upper deck of a bus are only two of his trysting places, and his tales of tail are as detailed as ever. In fact, there's less philosophical filler in *Sexus* as he progresses from piece to piece, and some of the writing is really ripe. A girl in ecstasy: "Her face went through all the metamorphoses of early uterine life, only in reverse. With the last dying spark it collapsed like a punctured bag, the eyes and nostrils smoking like toasted acorns in a slightly wrinkled lake of pale skin." And most of the heady deep-think is mostly home-brew. But the charmless Miller charm works again. Like a good silent movie—which, corn and all, finally conveys conviction—Miller manages to create a sense of freedom, of full commitment to the living of life, that overcomes the ridiculousness of the ribald rioting and the wind of most of the wisdom. This is not the strongest of his autobiographical books, but, like the others, it leaves the impression that Miller is a gifted and important gossip.

Peter de Vries writes like a man who was christened with a custard pie instead of holy water. And ever since, he has been trying to decide whether this was a gift of the Absurd or an insult from the Almighty. Is life meaningful or is it merely a collection of old vaudeville routines? The first sentence of his new novel, *Let Me Count the Ways* (Little, Brown), proposes the paradox—"Man is vile, I know, but people are wonderful"—which he proceeds to demonstrate via the Waltzes: Stan, Polish-American furniture mover, atheist suffering from a long-run hangover; Elsie, Gospel evangelist now running the business; and Tom, their brilliant, schizo offspring.

The Waltzes, who reside in Slow Rapids, Indiana, perform in a series of tremendously funny set pieces, of which a piano being moved down a narrow flight of stairs is the wildest; they perform, not out of joy, but because they have to, amid gags, puns, parodies, theological homilies, and a rich assortment of unlikely quotations from Ezra Pound, Sidney Hook and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Strictly speaking, there is no plot—the action, concerned largely with Tom's mad misadventures and astounding successes at the college where he teaches, is incidental to the gags. Yet De Vries so clearly wants to be more than a pundit that the exasperated reader may yell: *Stop making me laugh and tell me what you're trying to get at.* But the man really can't say, as he concedes in his exit line: "The universe is like a safe to which there is a combination. But the combination is locked up in the safe." At the end, for some reason or other, father and son go off to Lourdes. The Waltzes have been saved, the reader's ribs are aching, but De Vries, wiping furiously, hasn't been able to get enough of the custard out of his eyes to see who threw it, much less why.

The *Dog Years* (Harcourt, Brace & World) of Günter Grass are the Nazi years. Color them brown: "shit brown, at best clay brown, sodden, pasty. Party brown, SA brown, Eva Braun, uniform brown . . ." Grass uses houndsight and heavy symbolism to fashion this weird and wordy fantasy of village life in the Greater German Reich. He creates a world full of dogs, people and scarecrows, nearly all of whom behave the same way—bestially. The dogs, a pampered line of growling German shepherds, achieve immortality when one of their number is donated to the Führer for the greater glory of the village. His name is Prinz, but it is changed to Pluto, suggesting that the Nazi Establishment was headquartered in hell. As for the scarecrows—they are the work of Eddi Amsel, a good-natured high school student who may or may not be a half-Jew. Amsel turns out thousands of these deft likenesses of local citizens and celebrities. Something of an idiot-savant, Amsel is nudged toward madness by his old buddy, Walter Matern. The two friends are inseparable. They even talk a secret language in which words are pronounced backwards; i.e., "Draude Lesma sklat sdrawkac." One day Amsel fills his garden with storm-trooper scarecrows, mechanical things that march and *heil* in unison. That night he is visited by a dozen hooded hoodlums who proceed to knock out his teeth. Amsel thinks he recognizes one of the fists. "From Amsel's red-foaming mouth, a question blows bubbles: 'Is it you? Si ti uoy?'" Indeed it is, and much of the subsequent story focuses on Matern's guilt and his fumbling at-

The Bacardi Party is complete!

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



LET'S BACARDI PARTY

with the world's greatest talent...the world's greatest tunes!

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. P8
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



HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Everybody should drink it all the time. Or at least once in a while.

Why? Because better beer just isn't made. Need a far instance? O.K. Our brewmasters actually age Heineken for three months. That makes for *naturally tiny bubbles*. And the smaller the bubbles the better the beer. So if you drink Heineken often, you know what great beer is. And, if you enjoy it just once in a while, you know what your regular beer should be.

HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER

How to light a new fire under an old flame



Diamond (large)
Fur (chinchilla)
Flowers (roses, long-stemmed)
Dinner (Chambord)
Your cologne (Sportsman,
spirited new scent
of the sixties)
Once she's known you in
Sportsman, you'll never
be quite the same
to her without it.

COLOGNE
AFTER SHAVE
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE

Sportsman®

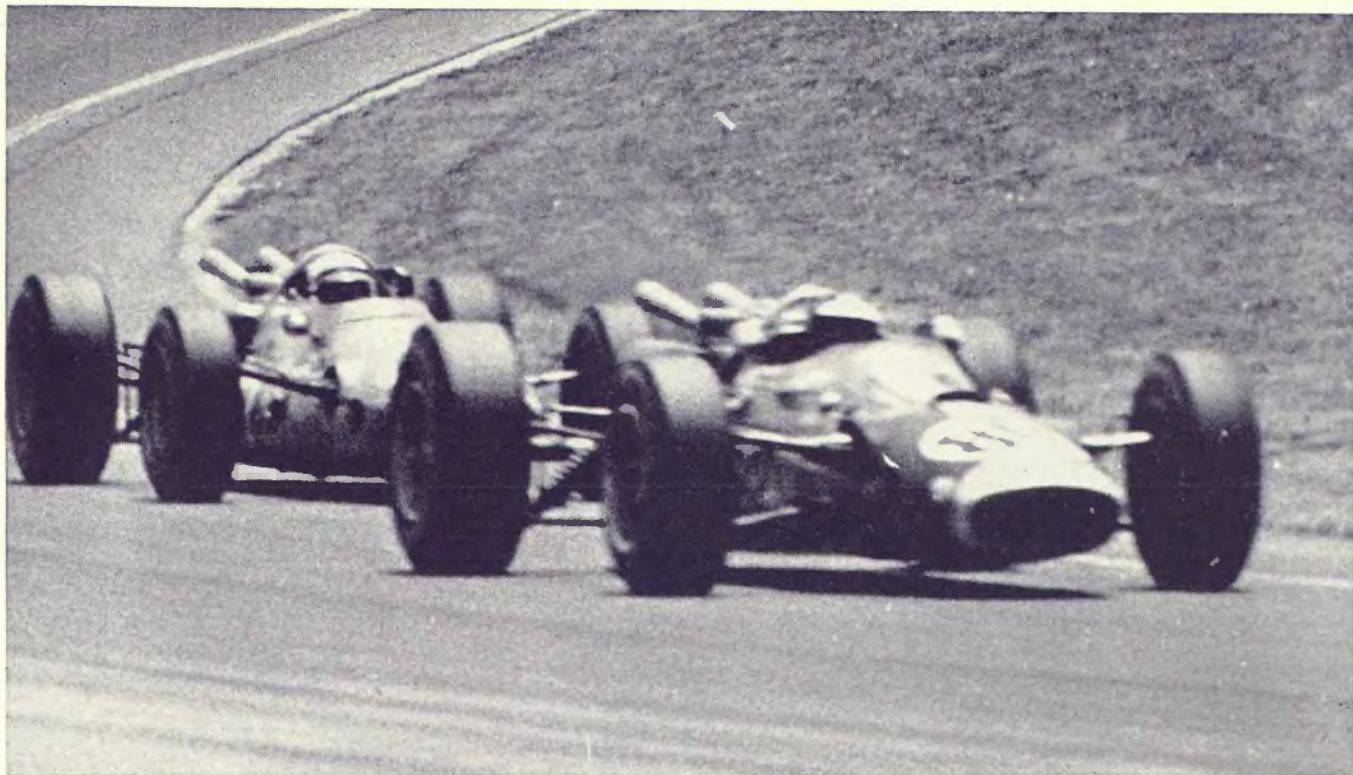
SPIRITED NEW SCENT OF THE SIXTIES
IN THE ALABASTER FLASK
WITH THE HUNTING HORN

RICHARD HUDNUT® NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

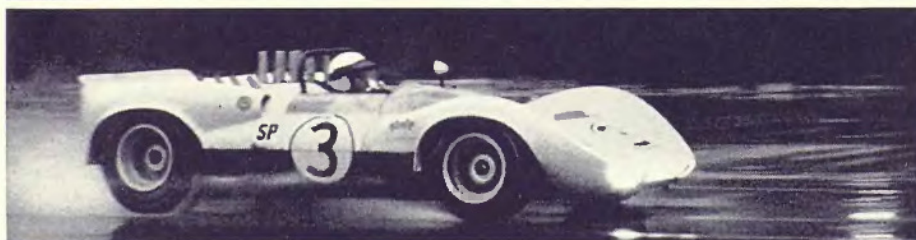
tempts at penance. Grass has given us a windy hodgepodge of symbols and sermons. His characters, like his scarecrows, lack flesh and blood, and his prose, if one can trust the translation, is all bark.

An increasingly acute problem within the civil rights movement is the lack of a sustained dialog among its many parts. It has resulted in a stiffening of divisions (between SNCC and the NAACP, for example) and of "inside" criticism of the most visible leaders. One of the values of Robert Penn Warren's *Who Speaks for the Negro?* (Random House) is that it clarifies the terms for that dialog—if it is ever to occur. The book is a mosaic of interviews between poet-critic-novelist Warren and a wide range of civil rights workers. All the expected luminaries are here (Roy Wilkins, Martin Luther King, James Farmer, the late Malcolm X, Bayard Rustin). But there are also students, professors at Negro colleges, novelists (James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison), psychologists (Dr. Kenneth Clark) and workers in the field, both North and South. Often Warren asks the same questions of each of these figures and then confronts the interviewee with someone else's reply. How far can nonviolence go as a tactic, particularly when the walls of the ghetto in the North are so high and buttressed by so complex a power structure? Does integration mean that the current rising pride of race and of black culture is to be sacrificed for the merger of the Negro into the gray American mainstream? What role can whites play as activists? If demonstrations alone are not enough to produce basic social change, what will be enough? These and other problems receive no definitive answers in the course of Robert Penn Warren's travels with a tape recorder, but by the end of the book it is possible to see where the root divisions within the movement exist. *Who Speaks for the Negro?* is not, however, only an intellectual exploration. Southern-born Warren, still working out his own feelings as a former apologist for "humane" segregation, distills much of the tension, pride, bitterness, irony and grim skepticism among the civil rights troops. And the novelist in him sketches each figure with a remarkable eye for details of speech, dress and mannerisms. The answer to the book's title is that no one man or organization or philosophy speaks for a majority of Negroes. While there is consensus on the need to open up this society for full Negro participation, still to be hammered out is an agreement on what kind of society there will be after desegregation. And most of us, white as well as Negro, haven't even begun to think about *that* problem.





1965 INDIANAPOLIS 500 ... 1965 DAYTONA SPEED WEEKS ... 1965 SEBRING ...



Firestone Nylon "500"

More races are won on Firestones than on any other tires

Early in the history of auto racing, Harvey S. Firestone foresaw the use of race tracks as a laboratory for tire engineering. Since then the Firestone name has been synonymous with racing research. In 1911, in the first Indianapolis 500 race, Ray Harroun rode to victory on Firestone tires. Thus began a winning record—later expanded to include stock cars and sports cars—that is incomparable in any other form of competition. It's simply a fact: more race drivers use—and win with—Firestone tires than any others. (See below.) But it's not what we get out of winning that counts; it's what you get—the confidence in knowing that when you buy a Firestone tire, it's been speedway-proved for your highway safety.

Firestone's Winning Record

INDIANAPOLIS 500.....	Firestone 44—Others 5
DARLINGTON SOUTHERN 500.....	Firestone 13—Others 2
TRENTON SPEEDWAY.....	Firestone 16—Others 3
DAYTONA.....	Firestone 19—Others 4
PIKES PEAK.....	Firestone 41—Others 7

MILWAUKEE 200.....	Firestone 16—Others 1
PHOENIX 100-MILE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.....	Firestone 14—Others 2
RIVERSIDE.....	Firestone 3—Others 1
REBEL 300.....	Firestone 7—Others 2
ATLANTA 500.....	Firestone 4—Others 2
DIXIE 400.....	Firestone 4—Others 1
CHARLOTTE MOTOR SPEEDWAY.....	Firestone 6—Others 5
YANKEE 300.....	Firestone 2—Others 1

"500"®

Firestone
THE GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING FOR OVER 50 YEARS



No.

***You won't see our
patent on smoothness
in your Gordon's Vodka
Screwdriver,***

but every sip says it's there.

No other vodka can match the smoothness of Gordon's Vodka. Very simple reason: Gordon's patented process. Every drop is screened fifteen times, using an agent even purer than clean mountain air.

That's what makes Gordon's so exclusively smooth, so extraordinarily clear, so perfectly mixable...whatever you mix it with. Expensive? Surprisingly, not.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Even though I'm only 25, I've packed a lifetime into the last two years. Luckily, when I was graduated from college I received a handsome bequest from an aunt, and that, added to a better-than-adequate income as an engineering salesman, has given me all the wherewithal I need. But here's the rub: I don't suffer any ill effects from my boozing, wenching and other living it up—I just received a clean bill of health from my M.D.—but I'm beginning to worry whether I'm doing the *right* thing. Having recently leafed through *Songs of Fairly Utter Despair* by Samuel Hoffenstein, I came across the following couplet: "I burned the candle at both ends/ And now have neither foes nor friends." Well, I've still got lots of friends and foes—not to mention some damn good times—but must I settle down to keep them? Have you any words of wisdom on this subject?—H. M., Los Angeles, California.

None better than those of Edna St. Vincent Millay: "My candle burns at both ends/It will not last the night/ But, ah, my foes, and, oh, my friends/ It gives a lovely light."

In reading Anglo-Saxon poems and tales, one often comes across the mention of a drink called "mead." Apparently it is some sort of brew extracted from honey. Could you tell me its ingredients and where it might be obtained?—R. L. J., Princeton, New Jersey.

Mead, a medieval ferment of malt, water and honey, has fallen into richly deserved obsolescence. It is no longer manufactured, for the simple reason that it tastes awful. In spite of the alluring allusions to it in "Beowulf" and other Old English sagas, we can't resist pointing out that one man's mead is most men's poison.

This is a small point that has bothered me from time to time. When you receive a business letter from a woman and it doesn't say whether she's a Miss or a Mrs., what's the proper form of reply?—G. K., Boston, Massachusetts.

Unless you know otherwise, "Miss" is the proper form.

I am a college junior, 20 years old. A little over a year ago, I met a girl whom I shall call Sue. Because of the memory of her first sexual experience—she was raped at the age of 14—she couldn't accept sexual attentions. Every time she came close to intercourse, the memory of that night always ruined things. Well, through patience and understand-

ing, I helped solve her problem. After several bedroom sessions with me, she no longer shook or cried during intercourse, and soon really enjoyed it. During this time, I came to love her, and the next year was wonderful. Then, during the summer session she was asked out by one of our star football players and, she later confessed to me, they went to bed on their first date. She asked my forgiveness, which I gave her, but the same thing happened a week later, on a blind date. The following week, she signed out to spend the weekend with still another guy, and got caught by university authorities.

I haven't dated her since, and have spoken to her only once or twice. She seems very happy and says she didn't ever really love me. OK, I can accept that. But I've been hearing many unpalatable rumors about Sue. As for fact, I know she had intercourse at a party last week with five different boys, because I was there while she was in bed with the fifth. I'm afraid she is on the road to prostitution, or worse. I blame myself. I taught her to enjoy intercourse and started a fire that's out of control. Is it my fault? And what can I do to correct the mistake—if it is?—M. C., Boulder, Colorado.

Don't blame yourself: You did Sue a favor by helping her overcome a serious emotional block. Now she has problems of a different nature—not of your making by any means—and if you want to be a good scout, try persuading her to seek psychiatric counsel.

Since I am a very technically inclined person, I would like to use science to find the sort of mate I am looking for, rather than waste time and money at night clubs and dances. I have heard of computers being used to make matches on the basis of similar interests. My question is this: Where are these machines located and how does one get in touch with the people operating them?—R. M., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The organization you seek is Scientific Marriage Institute, located at 186 East 73rd Street, New York, New York 10021. But be careful—the machine might want to keep you for itself.

Your March advice to R. L. M. on the subject of stereo multiplex reception was correct as far as it went. However, as program manager of an FM station with more than three years' experience in multiplex broadcasting, I know all too well that much faulty or weak separation between stereo channels is due not to the broadcast or receiving apparatus,

THE ORIGINAL! THE AUTHENTIC!

TAPERED UNDERWEAR

by



to
give
you
that trim
athletic
look

\$1.50
each

TORSO T-SHIRT

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

SHORTI-SHORT™

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

Also: SHORTI-BRIEF™

100% DuPont stretch nylon. S-M-L-XL. \$1.50

at your favorite store, or write...
ROBERT REIS AND CO. • 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

English Leather®



...the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE LOTION and DEODORANT STICK, \$3.00
Individually, ALL-PURPOSE LOTION, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50
DEODORANT STICK... \$1.00
all prices plus tax

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

We promised we wouldn't tell anybody about the thirty-dollar 3-day, 2-night package plan at the Stardust Hotel* in Las Vegas, if you didn't. But you had to brag...

*where your "resort dollar" buys more.

but to the recordings themselves. Any real stereo buff knows that—for various reasons—some waxings achieve notably sharper separation than others. Since R. L. M. had separation troubles only "on certain stereo broadcasts," he would have done well, before examining his own gear, to check with the station to determine the separation sharpness of the actual record. (No trouble this—we love to hear from listeners.)—R. R., San Antonio, Texas.

R. R. is correct.

I'm suffering from a great malaise. I'm young, intelligent, virile and unconventional. But I just seem to be drifting nowhere—"measuring out my life with coffee spoons," as the poet said. I can't get excited about anything that's going on in the world today. Now, in past centuries, there were causes—something a fellow could sink his teeth into. Is there some place where a person like me can settle down, now that Greenwich Village and Paris have become tourist traps?—J. M., St. Louis, Missouri.

It isn't where you live, but how you live, that determines how much of an adventure your life is. A person can find stimulating individuals, ideas and issues all around him in society today, if he's receptive to them. In our opinion, there never has been a time in history any more exciting than right now.

Some close friends of mine are members of a private club that I'd very much like to join. Would it be proper for me simply to ask them to try to get me in?—K. A., Lake Forest, Illinois.

No. What makes a private club private is its members' right of selection. The best you can do is hint at your interest—obliquely and discreetly—and wait for your friends to take the initiative. If they don't—forget it.

I consider myself a good driver, and have never even scratched paint in 15 years behind the wheel. Despite this record, I always use a seat belt: in fact, I feel quite uneasy without one. The problem: Should I buckle up on a date? Friends have told me that in so doing, I might scare the girls away.—B. C., Los Angeles, California.

If being unfastened makes you uneasy, then by all means buckle up. Invite your date to strap in, too, because no matter what your friends say, girls dig safety precautions.

Do you know of a culture that condones adultery for both men and women? I can find plenty of examples where men are allowed lots of leeway—but,

since I'm not a man, these don't mean much to me.—Miss E. Y., Glen Burnie, Maryland.

We hope this helps: Extramarital sex for women is condoned by the Masai in East Africa; by the Ifugao tribe in the Philippines; by the Marquesan Islanders; by the Lepcha villagers in the Himalayas; and by the Trobriand Islanders. Even though we've never been to any of these areas, we doubt that they're places you'd care to live.

It seems that I have a hesitation complex every time I approach a young lady. Although told by many that I'm good-looking, I still falter and become disturbingly nervous when asking girls out. I don't seem to be this way when holding a normal everyday chitchat in the office, but the minute I wish to impress a pretty girl, I tighten up and have trouble saying what I really wish. Is this a fear of saying the wrong thing or perhaps a fear of being rejected before I can say what I want?—J. B. W., Gorham, Maine.

"Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire to seem so," wrote the French maximist La Rochefoucauld. Your anxiety to appear at ease creates precisely the opposite effect, thus causing you to be at a loss for words. Stage fright, a similar reaction, frequently disappears as experience with the role is acquired. Why don't you try intentionally exposing yourself to situations that intimidate you—like this one? Eventually, you'll not only know your lines better, but you'll feel more relaxed with your audience.

Since I have exhausted my own ideas, I would like a few from you. My problem is with the girl to whom I am all but engaged. We have a wonderful and very satisfying relationship in every respect but one—we disagree markedly over the status of her education. She has had but one year of college (which she enjoyed) and is now working as a secretary. I have already earned one postgraduate degree and am well on my way to the second, so there is a vast educational gap between us.

This problem has bothered me from the beginning of the relationship and I have tried many different approaches to induce her to return to school, but all have had little or no success. She has refused to think about more formal education, even after I asked her a dozen or so questions on current events ranging from "Who is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court?" to "Who is Charles de Gaulle?" and she scored a flat zero! This girl is genuinely in love with me and wants to get married soon; but no matter how I try, subtly, pleadingly or forcefully, I can get nowhere on this one subject. How do I get this girl to devel-

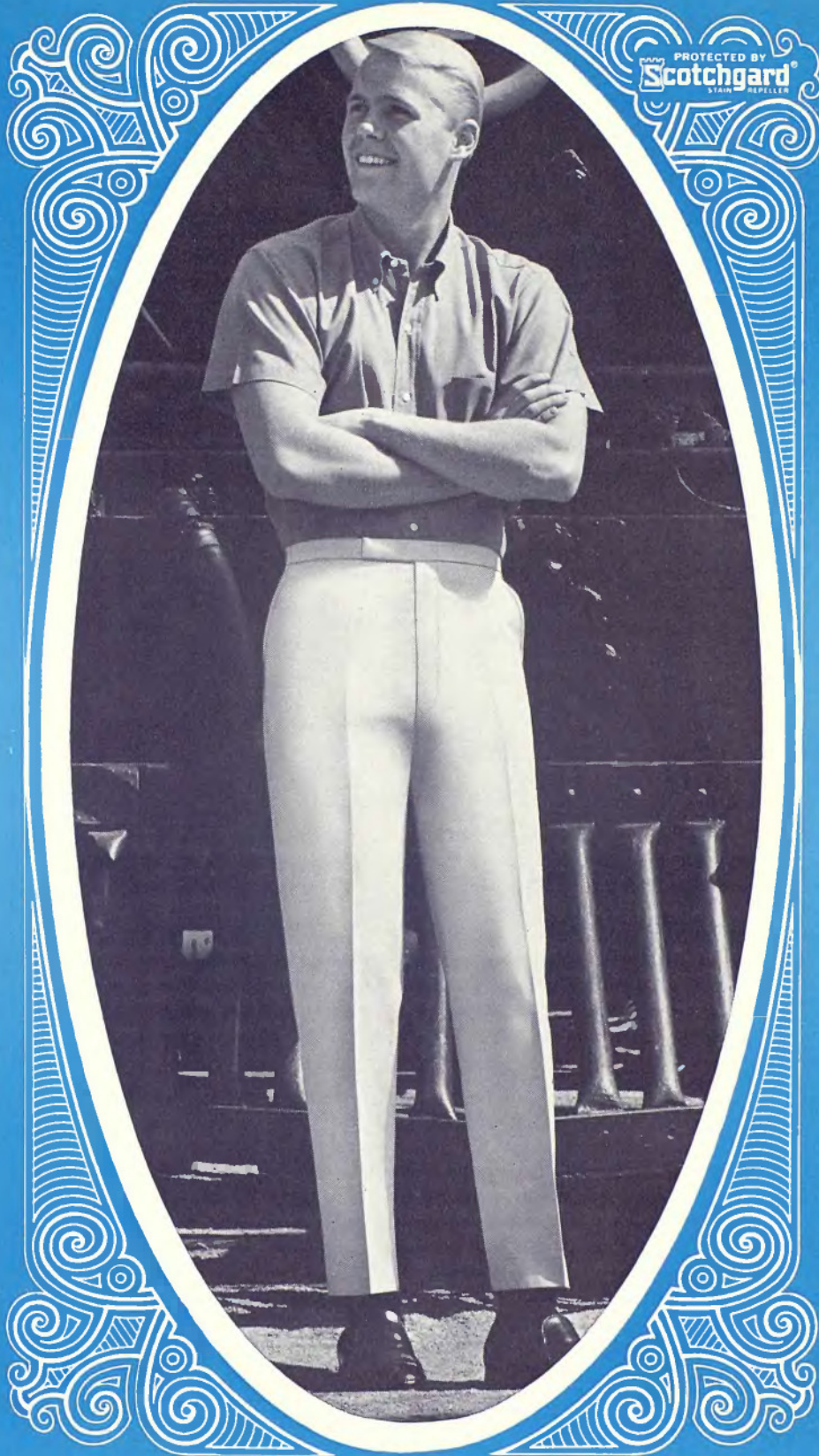
op her intellect to a level that matches her physical attributes and wonderful personality?—D. S., Oakland, California.

We know some kids in elementary school who would have scored well on your test; we also know some university grads who might have flunked it. The mere possession of a degree, unfortunately, neither assures a complete education nor heightens an individual's awareness of what's going on in the world. Since you seek intellectual companionship in your marriage, this girl is probably the wrong one for you.

I am a married woman, age 35, have 7 children and, although I haven't the stereotyped sex appeal, I'm not ugly or malformed and I *am* intelligent, college educated, well read and interested in a great many things, from archaeology and archery to zoology and Zen. I have a good marriage and a satisfying sex life with my husband, but, marriage being what it is, I enjoy an occasional excursion outside the conventional bounds. The problem, however, is that although I have little trouble attracting mature males from 35 to 50 as friends, it's only the youngsters, 30 and under, who seem to have the guts to see a mutual attraction through to its most normal and satisfying end. The older men, invariably, shy away when the situation gets interesting. I'm not asking for or expecting a solution, but do you have an explanation, drawn from your vast store of knowledge regarding the male? Things are so discouraging, I've all but given up extracurricular sex and am thinking of running for President.—Mrs. S. Z., Rockford, Illinois.

We'd guess you lack success with older men because caution and restraint usually go together with maturity. Presumably, most of your older friends are themselves married; perhaps they feel that a possible broken marriage is too high a price to pay for the evanescent pleasure of a quick roll in the hay. Maybe you should seriously consider running for president of something—or becoming otherwise involved in some new outside interests.

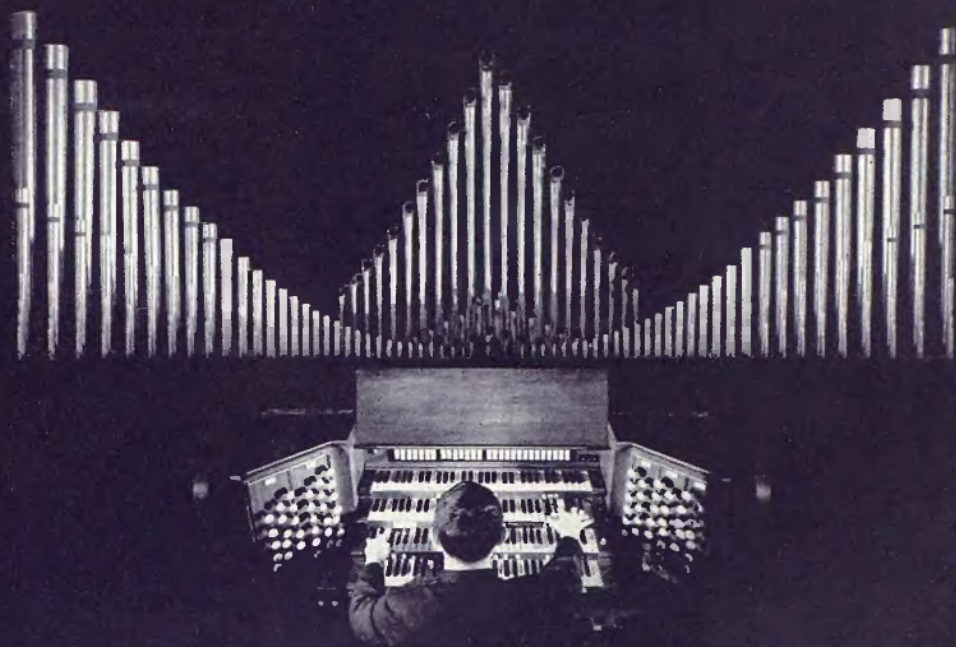
All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois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



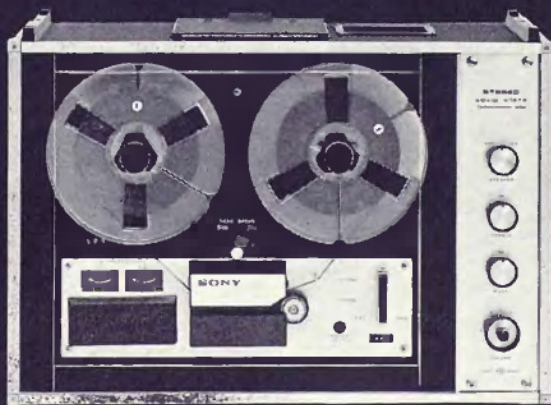
THE CONTINENTAL LOOK! No belt. No pleats. No cuffs. Nothing to detract from the slim, smart lines of LEVI'S Mark I Continentals. Tailored in a handsome, heavyweight weave of 65% "Dacron" polyester and 35% combed cotton. And guaranteed to never need ironing—because they're LEVI'S Sta-Prest—the original permanent-press slacks!

LEVI'S® STA-PREST®
with **DACRON®** *Du Pont's registered trademark

®The word marks LEVI'S and STA-PREST are registered in the U.S. Patent Office and denote garments made only by Levi Strauss & Co., 98 Battery Street, San Francisco 94108.



The majestic power of Sony sound



**All Solid State: The new Sterecorder 260
with radial XL-2* sound projection!**

Listen to the soaring splendor of a Cathedral organ sounding Bach's magnificent *Hallelujah* through the sensational new Sony radial XL-2 sound projection speaker systems. From the highest treble piping to the volcanic power of the bass, you hear every breathtaking sound. **Look**—at the precise functional design of the *facia* panel, with finger-tip controls for maximum ease and efficiency. **Touch**—the concentric, computer-type knobs, responsive to the most sensitive adjustment. **Know**—that this superb instrument is from world-famous Sony, perfect for any recording or playback situation. A complete-in-one portable and home four track solid state stereo tape system, with microphones and Sony radial XL-2 stereo sound projection speakers: *All the best from Sony for less than \$239.50!* Other outstanding features of the Sony Sterecorder 260 include: two professional V.U. meters, automatic shut-off sentinel switch, automatic tape lifters, bass and treble tone controls, vertical and horizontal operation, FM stereo recording inputs, two tape speeds, 20 watts of music power. *An exciting new concept in stereo separation! For nearest dealer write Superscope Inc., Dept. PB-8, Sun Valley, California.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

FALLING NEATLY between the close of the summer season and the opening of winter sports and resorts, October is a nifty month to visit unconventional spots. For languidly sun-filled days and swinging Arabian nights, you needn't go farther than the kingdom of Morocco, a recent contender, with the French and Italian Rivas, for Mediterranean resort honors, and now easily accessible via direct once-a-week flights from the United States. The best hotels, all combining the advantage of metropolitan and beachside proximity, are Le Rif at Tangier, El Mansour at Casablanca and La Tour Hassan at Rabat. All are in the superluxury class despite low rates.

Lacking time to visit all three cities, we would unhesitatingly opt for Tangier, an erstwhile international port that now combines the best of two possible worlds—East and West. Here, veiled women, robed men and Berbers from the nearby hills rub elbows with a small but growing group of expatriate American intellectuals and Continental jet-setters (notably from northern Europe). Reflecting mores that are somewhat less than inhibited, Tangier is a mecca for even the jaded traveler. Little more than a self-introduction is needed to meet feminine companions in the city's jumping *discothèques*, jazz joints, or at the splendid beaches. Because of its location at the top of the continent, you can swim in the Mediterranean in the A.M., then drive over to the Atlantic for an afternoon dip and cocktails. The drill among the expatriate clique is to take lunch at Robinson's bar and restaurant (on the Atlantic side), branch out from there and regather at Jay Hasselwood's in-town Parade Bar after dark. For native entertainment, make your way to the Koutoubia, once a palace and now a lavish night club. The place retains its intricate Moorish sculpture and grill-work set off by tiled mosaic walls. Inside, luxuriously deep couches and low brass tables surround an open dance floor. Add to this the exotic stridencies of an Arab orchestra and the erotic gyrations of the world's best belly dancers, and you'll have the beginnings of a memorable evening. In Casablanca, the scene is similar at the Rissani.

Shopping in Morocco is a continuous Oriental bazaar, not only within the walls of Tangier's Casbah (where you can buy virtually anything), but also in the sooks and *medinas* (old sections) of other cities. Rabat is well known for Moorish carpets and embossed Moroccan leathers. The embroideries of Fez and the pottery of Safi are quite special,


but in any of the sooks you'll find fine native examples of carved and inlaid wood, weapons and silver jewelry.

In another corner of the Dark Continent, you don't have to be a *bwana* to try a short pony safari to the snows of Mt. Kenya for some of the most magnificent camera shooting in Africa. Guided expeditions run about six days, and \$180 pays for tents, sleeping bags and food, at a level of luxury that's become standard in Africa, but makes the average U.S. pack trip look primitive.

India's so-called Black Pagoda of Konarak, so magnificent it is compared with the famed Taj Mahal, is worth a stop if this fascinating country is on your itinerary. A gigantic conception of the sun god's chariot, the pagoda appears to stand on 24 enormous wheels with seven straining horses tugging at the reins. Most notable of its extraordinary carvings—and the entire place is alive with sculpture—are the bas-reliefs which, by comparison, make the highly touted erotica of Pompeii seem like Sunday-school sketches. Sensual figures in postures that boggle the imagination decorate every niche—even to the wheel spokes. If you've seen the pictures (in the till-recently banned *Kama Kala*), you'll want a firsthand view of the originals.

On the western side of India, a hill station near Bombay offers the special attraction of a short panther hunt without the usual costs of a major shikar. Mahabaleshwar, some 4500 feet above sea level on the Western Ghats, offers, in addition, the usual resort facilities—boating on the broad lake, strolls through the scenery-rich hills, shopping in the local bazaar, and considerable hotel comfort at the government Holiday Camp.

Across the world, it will be spring in Australia, and the coral islands of the Great Barrier Reef will be riotous with jungle color rising from rocky coves of white sand into fern-green hills. The islands' greatest beauty, however, lies unseen to all but skindivers, who can glide through acres of delicate coral fingers and fans offset by iridescent lacework in every color and animated by shoals of bright-hued fish darting among the reefs. One of the niftiest ways to enjoy the scene is on a three- or five-day cruise through the Whitsunday island group, aboard a 112-foot motor yacht which makes plenty of stops for swimming from isolated beaches, trophy hunting on exposed reef fringes, and snorkeling over the coral gardens.

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

© SPECIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE, MD. • OTHER BREWERIES: DETROIT, MICH. - MIAMI, FLA.


COLT 45
COLT 45
COLT 45
COLT 45
COLT 45
COLT 45



Name dropper.

Some people are always trying to impress others. Their money, knowledge, good taste . . . That's one reason why Colt 45 has become so popular. It's impressive!

A completely unique experience



If you want to stick to the
scotch you've been
drinking, that's your business.

If you'd like your next taste
of scotch to be something extra-
ordinary, that's our business.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THANA COURTNEY FAN CLUB

In the April issue of *PLAYBOY*, there is a *Forum* letter entitled "Sexual Spectrum," in which Miss Thana Courtney uses the following terms to describe her wondrously varied sex life: fellatio, cunnilingus, nonfixated pygmalionism, undinism, gerontophilia.

Being upperclassmen in college, we consider ourselves reasonably well educated, but we don't know what Miss Courtney is talking about. Apparently Mr. Webster doesn't either; at any rate, *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* wasn't any help. We have come to the conclusion that higher education in the United States is at an extreme ebb—or Thana Courtney has something going that isn't being properly publicized. Will you please correct the situation by supplying the necessary definitions, so that we will be better able to appreciate just what it is that Miss Courtney is up to.

Craig Beck
Andy Garst
Bill Blackburn
Georgetown College
Georgetown, Kentucky

Glad to. Fellatio and cunnilingus refer to the oral stimulation of the male and female sex organs; pygmalionism is the love or sexual attraction for a statue or other object of one's own creation; undinism is the association of sexual desire with water; gerontophilia is a special love-desire for the elderly.

I can't resist making a comment on the letter in your April issue from a woman in Montana about her extremely variegated sex life. It sounded like it was written by an IBM machine that had been given a dose of cantharides and turned loose on an inhabited farm!

Ann Carse
Wilmington, Delaware

All Thana Courtney says about her sex life may be true, but has she ever been kissed?

Woody Hall
Carbondale, Illinois

Our fraternity housemother, a lady of vast dignity and impregnable virtue, a paragon of Southern womanhood, dearly beloved by us all, has recently passed into that Great Beyond where all people live in sexless respectability.

During our period of mourning we

have been looking around for a suitable replacement. However, we are having a hard time finding exactly the kind of lady we have in mind. Therefore, please send us the full address of Thana Courtney. We would like to contact her.

The Men of Phi Delta Theta
University of the South
Sewanee, Tennessee

I am a student at Indiana University and I hope to do my graduate work in research into the sexual activity of the human female. I want to take up where Dr. Kinsey left off. In order to carry out this mammoth project, it would ordinarily be necessary to interview thousands of women about their various sexual activities. However, after reading the letter from Thana Courtney in your April *Forum*, it occurred to me that I can probably do my entire research project by interviewing this one woman. Please send me her complete address.

August Berman
Bloomington, Indiana

Surely the sacrosanct pages of *The Playboy Forum* should be immune to the editors and thus reserved for the rank and file of the readers! But, alas and alack, this is not to be! Some diligent member of the staff evidently sat down with his *Dictionary of American Slang* and produced "Sexual Spectrum" (Ref. *PLAYBOY*, April 1965, page 144).

He overdid himself!

Any editor who could compile such a list of sexual activities with its psychiatric and scientific overtones deserves a raise. This took work! This took research! This took initiative! There was only one slight flaw in the list: It wasn't alphabetized or cross-indexed. But it accomplished its purpose—people read it.

Robert H. Bales
Playa del Rey, California

You're putting us on! Thana Courtney can't be for real! Us pore little country boys, who would like to be real hippies if we lived anywhere but in a cultural cesspool, read *PLAYBOY* as a monthly reminder that life can be beautiful. But to think there really is somebody somewhere like Thana Courtney is just too much. It's like believing in Santa Claus, the Easter bunny, the good fairy and all the other pink sugary fairy

Et tu, Brut?



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

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

tales. Why, even her name sounds like a pseudonym for Santa Claus!

Virgil R. Culpepper
South Boston, Virginia

Yes, Virgil, there is a Thana. See the following letter.

I have received overwhelming response to my letter published in the April issue of PLAYBOY. Though totally unprepared for this, I intend to reply to as much mail as possible. Some of the letters have been misdirected due to the incomplete address published. My mail address is now Box 783, Bozeman, Montana 59715.

Thana Courtney
Bozeman, Montana

THE PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

Congratulations for the excellent insights you offered your readers in the May installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*—especially the parts dealing with the influence of religion on American law.

Although I have been a reader of PLAYBOY since its inception, until now I was somehow unaware of the Playboy Foundation. Since I take an intense interest in the subject of sexual freedom, particularly freedom from the oppression of outmoded, religion-oriented law, I should like to know more about the current work and eventual aims of this foundation. Has any attempt been made toward the creation of a legal organization to perform much the same function as the American Civil Liberties Union, one which might focus on the defense of those charged with violations of the sodomy, fornication and "illicit behavior" codes found in virtually every state? Is PLAYBOY immersed in this subject to the extent that it would take upon itself a direct involvement in litigation, perhaps by means of the *amicus curiae* brief?

It seems to this lowly law student that the most effective attack on the censors of literature and private behavior should be rooted in the legal processes. I know of no attempts that have been made to enjoin the activities of CDL or NODL or any of the neighborhood "civic action" committees, and it is quite possible that the current refreshing atmosphere to be found in the courts of this country might be taken advantage of in this manner. Some organization is needed to make a frontal assault on the legal problems pointed out in the *Philosophy*, and the resources of the foundation should make such an organization possible.

I would like to be involved in a movement to purge the law of its irrational inconsistencies regarding sexual activity and censorship. I feel that our courts and our legislatures are vulnerable to logic and psychiatric testimony, and to pressure brought about by responsible advocates of statutory reform. At this point I know of no vehicle of involve-

ment, other than the ACLU, that concerns itself with the problems you have outlined so well in the *Philosophy*.

Edwin A. McCabe
University of Michigan Law School
Ann Arbor, Michigan

The Playboy Foundation is a newly chartered, not-for-profit corporation organized to pursue, perpetuate and protect the principles of freedom and democracy expounded in "The Playboy Philosophy." It is to be supported by contributions from HMH Publishing Company, Playboy Clubs International, Hefner personally, and other interested parties; contributions from readers who wish to participate will be welcome and all donations are tax deductible. As more details on the Playboy Foundation develop, we will report them in this section of the magazine.

PLAYBOY CHAIR OF THEOLOGY

I teach church history and ethics in a Presbyterian seminary, and have followed *The Playboy Philosophy* with some interest.

I have a suggestion that seems to me to be beautifully consistent with much that Mr. Hefner writes and does. I don't know whether your Playboy Foundation has gotten to the place where it could make a puckish gift, but it would be really tremendous if PLAYBOY were to establish, for example, in this theological seminary the Playboy Chair of American Church History and Ethics. Personally, I would be delighted beyond measure to occupy such a chair. I am not at all sure our trustees would find it easy to accept a gift bearing a title like the one I have suggested, but I would like to see them wrestle with it. We are already dealing with the issues that interest you, both in classwork and in general discussion with students for the Presbyterian ministry, so whether or not an idea like this ever materializes, the issues you are raising are being amply discussed here.

Elwyn A. Smith
Professor of Church History
Pittsburgh Theological Seminary
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

HEFNER THE PROPHET

My basic reaction to the *Dialogue* discussion in *The Playboy Philosophy* is that Mr. Hefner needs to do some reading in the post-Freudian literature on man's sexuality. Just as Darwin did not have the last word on man's origins, Dr. Freud did not prove to be the ultimate authority on man's sexual nature. However, I do appreciate Mr. Hefner's role as a prophet (in the tradition of pointing out the inadequacies of a society) on the confused American sexual scene. With that understanding of his role, I can sympathize with what in my judgment are some of his excessive positions. For instance, while rightly castigating the puritan ethic on pleasure and sex, he at

the same time shows complete dedication to the puritan principle of individualism, which is radically in need of correction by the liberal emphasis on man as a social creature.

Having had an over-all favorable reaction to what this panel was trying to accomplish, I recommended these installments to my brother clergymen for one of the future sessions of our small study group. If you could supply me with six additional copies of this round-table discussion, I would be happy to see that they are put to good use.

The Rev. Harry L. Casey
St. Mary's Episcopal Church
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

OPEN-MINDED CLERGY

I have just finished reading the last of the *Dialogue* discussions, and I must confess that I was quite surprised at the ready concurrence of the clergy with Mr. Hefner's views. Perhaps not quite concurrence, but at any rate the extent to which they did agree is a promising sign for the future. For as long as I've held any opinions on the subject of censorship, I have regarded the clergy as a major reactionary force. With open-minded gentlemen such as these finally exercising their powers of independent thought, the day of a guilt-free sexual attitude may not be too far off.

Eugene Nelson
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

THE HIPPIE AND THE VICAR

Some of these preacher cats are beginning to come through loud and clear. Like, this morning I pick up my trusty *San Francisco Examiner* and find therein a letter from an Episcopal vicar who says what I've been thinking for years. I'm sending it along for your enjoyment.

THE NUDITY ISSUE—A VICAR'S VIEW

I have been distressed by the unrelieved piousness of reporter Dick Hyer and the editorials in the *Examiner* in the cases of the bare-bosomed showgirls. Furthermore, I ache to see the clergy led by the Roman Catholic priest from North Beach proclaim their never-ending anti-sexual view of human nature as they comment on topless entertainment.

PLAYBOY magazine, with its recreational view of sex, not the Church, at least is raising constructively the problem of human sexuality in our time. As usual, Christians have either capitulated to antisexualism or have been silent.

The bare-bosom shows at least—at least—glorify the human body which God has given us. The shows may be coarse and they are juvenile, but they are not obscene. The clubs in the city which are obscene and de-

*Born through fire
but cool as a cucumber*

It all started in Tullahoma back before 1870. In the Highland Rim country of Tennessee. George Dickel brought his very first wagon-load of highland maple and fired it into charcoal granules.

When he mellowed up his whisky by trickling it through 6200 pounds of this charcoal, he said it was "born through fire". Because the charcoal granules and the barreling



*took out the wild-fire,
folks said Mr.
Dickel's Tennessee
Sour Mash
Drinkin' Whisky
was "cool as a cucumber."*

Still is.

humanizing are the Pacific Union, University, Bohemians, etc., which discriminate against Jews and Negroes in their membership.

Christian clergy and laymen are members of these clubs and participate in the obscene and dehumanizing behavior of racial and religious segregation by "gentlemen's agreement."

Choose your obscenities. Let's get to work on the ones in our society which really affect the lives of people—racial and religious segregation—and stop playing with peripheral issues.

The Rev. Canon Robert W. Cromey
Vicar of St. Aidan's Church
Director of the Division of

Urban Work
Episcopal Diocese of California

If there were a few more preachers who were hip to what is going on, who showed some interest in human values instead of spreading abstract dogma and sipping tea, who were more interested in helping the disenfranchised members of the human race instead of paying lip service to mother, home and heaven, then the Church would seem a bit more human (and Christian) and guys like me would be tempted to look inside to see what is going on in those big piles of masonry every Sunday morning.

Keep it up!

Dismer Thompkins
San Francisco, California

CANON COMMENT

I have found *The Playboy Philosophy* interesting reading, and while I do not agree in every detail with the statements or conclusions, I feel that the effort is a valuable contribution in the direction of spurring necessary thinking in a most important area affecting modern life.

The Rev. Canon Albert J. duBois
American Church Union
Pelham, New York

INSIDIOUS EVIL

I think that *PLAYBOY* magazine's efforts to discuss ethics is the most insidious evil ever conjured up by businessmen. I would hope that your magazine goes out of business. Since it appeals to the lowest of mankind, I could not expect you to be anything but masters of deceit from the kind of duplicity that you practice. May God have mercy on all of you.

John T. DeForest, Jr.
St. David's Episcopal Church
San Antonio, Texas

VICAR'S VIEW

I have just read the *Dialogue* discussions in *The Playboy Philosophy* and found them very interesting and truly worth while. I only wish they could be reduced to tract form so that they would be easily available to lay people. When-

ever you have another series on such a timely subject, please send me a copy, as I am extremely interested.

All the best in your work.

The Rev. Walter D. Dennis, Vicar
Saint Cyprian's Episcopal Church
Hampton, Virginia

THE LIVING CHURCH

At its best, the Church is a living, breathing, always changing and growing organism. Whatever the divine inspiration that first gave it life, as a working institution it must necessarily be a reflection of the clergy and practicing Christians within it.

When men of the cloth turn away from the challenge of building the Church to their highest ideals, others will take the lead by default. It is true that Mr. Hefner's published point of view is becoming a force in reshaping the somewhat obsolete facets of our society, but the effect could be multiplied many times if more men with education and ability would assume positions of leadership in the Church.

Jerrie Wells
Willowdale, Ontario

EMBARRASSING MOVIES

I have read the fourth religious round table in the May *Philosophy*, and Mr. Hefner's ideas on censorship, or lack of it, seem realistic and workable. But there is one point I am having trouble with.

I feel that sex is a completely private affair. Books are private whereas movies are not, and this makes a big difference. The old standard fade-out stimulates the audience to imagine a lot more than could be shown. So why the detailed close-up of what the couple is doing? I know Mr. Hefner said if a movie offends a person, he should stay away or leave, but it does not seem fair, or practical, to stay away from a good movie because of a few scenes.

It is tremendously embarrassing for me to sit and watch two people making love, with great crowds around, not because of *what* they are doing, but because it should not be done for public entertainment. Perhaps the embarrassment is due to my confused and old-fashioned sexual ideas. But I would appreciate your views on the difference between sexual freedom in books and in movies.

Roberta Lewis

Newton Upper Falls, Massachusetts

Although we respect your viewpoint, it is nevertheless a highly personal one; recognizing this fact, you should extend the same respect to the differing views and values of others. If you are embarrassed or offended by the explicit sexual detail in a motion picture, you are endowed with sensibilities not shared by many others and it would hardly be "fair, or practical," to make your taste (or anyone else's) the single measure to

which everyone else had to conform. That is why Hefner considers censorship of any kind to be diametrically opposed to the most basic ideals of U.S. democracy.

THE PIOUS CENSORS OF EL PASO

Last fall a group of pious moralists banded together to determine what the people of El Paso may or may not buy at the newsstand. I attended their first meeting. Even though I am from Boston and aware of the steam-roller tactics of the CDL, I was surprised by what I heard. They openly stated, "We do not need the courts; for we can apply pressure on the store owners by causing a scene in their stores." I stated that I was opposed to such extralegal tactics. There was lightning in the air at once. The roof fell in on me. Gone were the beautiful rationalizations for why they were doing this, as these pious, angry men screamed such niceties at me as "immoral, evil, degenerate," etc.

I am alarmed at these tactics and feel that you may have a solution for handling such misguided zealots. Reasoning with these people or pointing out the Constitution to them does not help. Maybe exposure in a national magazine will make them run for cover.

I am a Catholic, married, with four young children. I believe in censorship within my own group. But I don't believe in one group trying to dictate its standards to the rest of the citizenry.

Paul A. Dunne
El Paso, Texas

The best method of combating such censorship activity in any community is public protest to local officials and to the press, TV and radio. The censor cannot succeed in a free society when his actions are subject to the critical scrutiny of an enlightened citizenry.

ILLITERATES FOR DECENT LITERATURE

The following mimeographed gem was sent to my wife to read to her chapter of the Toastmistresses Club:

The Americanism Committee of Indian River Post #22 American Legion, will meet at 730 pm, in the Post home 241 Peachtree Cocoa Fla, Thurs, March 25th

The purpose this meeting is to continue exploring means whereby we may bring about correction of the obscene literature situation in this area. We hope the "decent citizens" can help devise means to bring pressure on those places selling this trash. Your organization is cordially invited to meet with us. We know that we cannot do this job alone, therefore please give us your help at this meeting. Bring anyone interested in helping. Decency is non partisan, non sec-

(continued on page 133)



Until now, these distinguished tobaccos were never offered to cigarette smokers.



Today, a master blend of the world's five great pipe tobaccos is available in a filter cigarette.

Masterpiece cigarettes have briar tips. They come in unique briar-grain packages.

And their distinctive flavor explains why they cost a bit more.



Think of the advantages. Prices start about \$215.* Insurance is painless. Upkeep negligible. And you can park it almost anywhere. The famous 4-stroke Honda engine is precise, predictable. And tough as nails. 15 models offer quite a choice. The one below is the new Honda Super 90. Very sophisticated design. Who needs 4 wheels? After all, you meet the nicest people on a Honda. For further information write to: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Department JY, 100 West Alondra Boulevard, Gardena, California.

HONDA

What's new
in wheels?
4 minus 2



*Honda Super 90 about \$370. Both prices plus dealer's transportation and set-up charges. © AHM 1965

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT SHELTON

a candid conversation with the klan's notorious imperial wizard

Conceived in 1865 by a band of idle young Confederate veterans, the Ku Klux Klan began as a harmless social club—complete with such fraternal jargon as secret words, mysterious rites and outlandish costumes made from bed-sheets and pillowcases. When these juvenile mischief-makers discovered that their nocturnal frolics frightened superstitious Negroes, however, the fun turned ugly, and the Ku Klux Klan (derived from the Greek word *kyklos*, meaning circle) quickly evolved into a terroristic secret society dedicated to depriving the newly freed slaves of their citizenship rights. Floggings, castrations, live cremations, shootings and lynchings of “uppity” Negroes and “nigger-loving” white moderates soon became so repugnant to civilized Southerners that even the first “Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire,” former slave trader Nathan Bedford Forrest, resigned from the Klan in 1869 and urged its dissolution. But the K. K. K. continued to grow—and to commit atrocities—until the forces of racial equality were vanquished in 1876 and white political supremacy was re-established throughout the South. With the Negro again reduced to semislavery, the Klan no longer had a *raison d'être* and, to all appearances, died of inanition.

Rumors of its death, however, were greatly exaggerated, for in 1915 it was sparked back to life with a vengeance by a racial and religious fanatic named William Simmons of Atlanta, Georgia, who

added to the original anti-Negro malice a systematic hatred of Roman Catholics, Jews, labor unions and the foreign born of any race or religion. These new prejudices attracted bigots of every stripe throughout the nation, and the Klan grew to such power in the Twenties and Thirties that in many areas, including such Northern states as Indiana, most candidates for public office had to be Klansmen or open sympathizers to win election. Finally deprived of faith in its venal leaders, who were found guilty of crimes ranging from embezzlement to rape, the discredited Klan again faded into obscurity just before World War Two.

Then came the historic Supreme Court decision of 1954 which ordered the desegregation of public schools, and the dormant Klan spirit was reawakened once again. Catalyzed into being by the widened, sharpened Negro revolution of the Sixties, scores of Klan cells announced their rebirth with cross burnings, bombings and beatings throughout the South. Unlike the monolithic and politically powerful nationwide K. K. K. of the Twenties, many of the new Klan “klaverns” are autonomous local units that recognize no Klan authority beyond their own mountain hollow or city limits; and some are banded together in loose regional and state-wide federations. Overlapping loyalties among splinter Klans, unwritten alliances among certain Klan federations—and violent hostility

among others—have confused reporters trying to make sense of the turbulent renaissance of the hooded order of white, Anglo-Saxon, native-born Protestant superpatriots.

Out of the kaleidoscopic shifting of Klan liaisons, however, one leader has emerged as the most notorious, and the most powerful, of the lot: Robert Shelton of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, whose federation, rightly or wrongly, is blamed for nearly every Klan outrage from Florida to Texas. Because the K. K. K. is a secret society, no one outside the Klan knows just who and how many belong to Shelton's group, but the best-informed observers in the FBI and the Southern press estimate his membership—mostly in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee—at about 10,000.

Little more is known for certain about Shelton himself, or his ascendancy to Klan leadership, for he refuses to discuss either his past or his private life. But investigators have been able to ascertain a few solid facts about his personal background: Born 36 years ago in Tuscaloosa, he was educated in public schools there, dropped out of the University of Alabama after taking a few courses, then attended a vocational trade school where he studied automobile mechanics. After serving as a sergeant in the Army from 1949 to 1951, he went to work as a factory hand for the B. F. Goodrich Company in Tuscaloosa, but was fired for



“Only white, gentile, Protestant, native-born Americans can take the Klan oath. The Klan is a fraternal order of real men who are 100-percent American.”



“When the President went into the White House and went around turning out the lights, I was puzzled. Then the Jenkins case came along and I understood.”



“Our studies have found there is more stirring and movement of the nigras when they have a full moon. They show a higher increase of crime and sex.”

refusing to give up his extracurricular Klan activities. For a year he managed a local tire store, which he quit to supervise public relations for a trucking company; after another year he quit again, this time to become an air-conditioner salesman. Then, about nine months ago—having served as Imperial Wizard of the United Klans since 1961—he abandoned all outside work to devote his full energies to the K. K. K.

In the interests of finding out more about Shelton, his Klan and his racist convictions, we obtained his unlisted Tuscaloosa office phone number from a knowledgeable Southern newspaperman (who made us promise not to reveal where we got it) and called the Imperial Wizard with our request for an exclusive interview.

"You're the magazine that published that nigger pinup last March," he told us. "Well, I talk with most anybody as part of my job, so I guess I'll even talk to you."

Arriving in Tuscaloosa a week later, we drove to the address he gave us—a ramshackle downtown office building—spied the United Klan office door at the end of a dingy hall, walked in and found ourselves in a room overflowing with untidy piles of newspapers, unopened mail and mimeographed press releases. A pleasant secretary ushered us into the inner office, where Shelton himself greeted us unsmilingly with a cold handshake from behind a desk flanked by American and Confederate flags.

Ascetically thin and hawk-faced, he was totally unlike the stereotype of the hot-eyed fanatic. His speech was curiously flat, toneless and unpunctuated, and except for a solitary mirthless smile, when he commented that the Johnson-Humphrey ticket had not been on the ballot in Alabama last November, his face was inscrutably masklike and expressionless throughout our four-hour conversation. Nattily bedecked—not in his familiar Klan robes, but in an Ivy League houndstooth sports jacket, black knit tie, black slacks and an enormous diamond ring on his little finger—Shelton bypassed the amenities, making no secret of his antipathy toward the press, and instructed us to get right down to business. We did. (In order to preserve the flavor of Shelton's delivery, we have made no effort to correct either his syntax or his pronunciation.)

PLAYBOY: What are the aims of the Ku Klux Klan?

SHELTON: To protect this great country and oppose mongrelization of the races. It is obligatory upon the nigma to recognize they are living in the land of the white race by courtesy of the white race.

PLAYBOY: America's 20,000,000 native-born Negroes would undoubtedly take issue with that statement.

SHELTON: That's just why the Klan exists.

White people cannot be expected to surrender control to any other race.

PLAYBOY: They're not being asked to.

SHELTON: On the contrary, they are being made to do so. The white man is being defranchised as our forefathers were in the Reconstruction era.

PLAYBOY: By Negroes?

SHELTON: By the Civil Rights Act, which is nothing but legislation for the nigma. This dastardly, infamous piece of legislation is designed solely to bring about turmoil.

PLAYBOY: Why can't whites keep every right they now have and still extend rights to Negroes?

SHELTON: The Jewish race as well as the Catholics and other religious faiths have their rights, but this does not give them the right to destroy the faith of a settled race on this continent. Don't force something we don't want in our faith.

PLAYBOY: How are Jews and Catholics forcing their beliefs on you?

SHELTON: With this liberalism, this civil rights. It's understandable that the Jew and the Catholic, being a minority themselves, would be sympathetic with the nigma. They have in the past contributed financially, morally and physically to the civil rights struggle. But now they are changing. They are beginning to see that the nigma thinks he is the all-power controlling factor. Many other people, too, that had been inclined to show partiality to the nigma in his struggle are reverting to the segregationist side because of the outside interference and because they have had an opportunity to see the low morals and the inner workings of the civil rights movement.

PLAYBOY: If this alleged drift from sympathy for Negroes continues among Jews and Catholics, would they be welcomed into the Klan?

SHELTON: No. Only white, gentile, Protestant, native-born Americans can take the Klan oath. The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan is a fraternal order of real men who are 100-percent American. But the Jew or Catholic might be welcomed into the Klan if he qualified.

PLAYBOY: What would he have to do to qualify?

SHELTON: Give up his religion.

PLAYBOY: What is the purpose of the Klan's concealing robes and hoods?

SHELTON: The robes are in memorandum of our forefathers and are used in ritualistic work. We wear hoods, but this organization does not use masks. We do not hide our identity. Our meetings are public.

PLAYBOY: What is the symbolism of the burning cross at all Klan gatherings?

SHELTON: The cross has been used by crusaders for the last 19 centuries.

PLAYBOY: There weren't any crusaders until the 11th Century.

SHELTON: Today we use the cross as a rallying point to meet oppression and to establish Christianity.

PLAYBOY: Christianity was established 1965 years ago. But why do you burn the cross?

SHELTON: Lighting the cross signifies that this is to light the way of Christ and to show light of truth to the world. We use it to rally Christians and to meet the oncoming tide.

PLAYBOY: What tide?

SHELTON: The tide of world communism.

PLAYBOY: Are you attempting to stem that tide when you burn crosses on the lawns of civil rights sympathizers?

SHELTON: This organization does not participate in burning crosses of intimidation. When we have a problem to discuss with any individual, a committee of one, two or three Klansmen in street clothes will approach this person to discuss any grievances we may have with him, to give him our point of view, to persuade him to see things our way.

PLAYBOY: This technique seems to be effective. In January of this year, Klan threats forced the cancellation of a speech in Bogalusa, Louisiana, by Brooks Hays, a Southern moderate political leader. How do you justify such violations of the right to free speech and assembly?

SHELTON: This is not a one-sided sword. The FBI and the Justice Department has harassed members of this Klan and other right-wing organizations, causing them to lose their jobs. They have harassed Klansmen at work though the Klansmen asked them not to come to the job but to their homes if they wanted to discuss anything. And that's just part of the story of economic intimidation, reprisals and harassments that individuals receive when they become known as Klansmen—from employers who fire Klansmen, from the FBI and the Justice Department.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the Klan under Federal surveillance and investigation because of its own intimidation and brutalization of civil rights workers?

SHELTON: We do not believe in violence.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why do the Justice Department and many local police officials, including secret infiltrators of the Klan, blame the K. K. K.—in the 10 years since its revival in 1954—for 32 bombings in Alabama, 34 bombings in Georgia, 10 racial killings in Alabama, 30 Negro church burnings in Mississippi, the ambush killing of Colonel Lemuel Penn, the castration of an elderly Negro in Birmingham, the murders of Reverend James Reeb and Mrs. Anthony Liuzzo in Alabama, plus many floggings of civil rights workers and labor leaders?

SHELTON: This is a prejudice of the misinformed public and harassment by this FBI and Justice Department that don't know what they are talking about. I would like to point out that no Klansman has ever been convicted of those crimes, and I think it would be only fair

Try some in your igloo —
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth,
Sweet or Extra Dry,
All by itself “on the rocks”.
The cool favorite from Yonkers to the Yukon.



RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED **MARTINI** VERMOUTH

to not blame the Klan for things that hasn't been proved. Not one conviction. As I said, we do not believe in violence—despite that certain individuals have committed acts of violence under cover of darkness, shielded by masks and robes resembling the official regalia of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. "Ballots not bullets" is our motto.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile that statement with the testimony of eyewitnesses that Dr. Robert Hayling, a Negro civil rights leader in St. Augustine, Florida, was caught spying on a recent Klan meeting and publicly beaten?

SHELTON: We do not believe in violence.

PLAYBOY: In Pike County, Mississippi, sheriff's records show two Negro floggings, four Negro churches burned and one bombed, along with thirteen Negro homes, a Negro store and a Negro barbershop—all during the summer of 1964. One of the eleven men convicted of the bombings carried a card signed by you. Can you explain that?

SHELTON: That was merely a card that I have given to thousands of people. It is just a form of pocket card for advertising, with a calendar on the back side and the insignia of the Klan on the front side, along with my name and address, in case anybody wants to reach me.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you explain the case of Paul Dewey Wilson, who was arrested last year in McComb, Mississippi, while wearing a deputy sheriff's badge and hauling four rifles, a pistol, eight wooden clubs, a blackjack, brass knuckles and a hypodermic syringe in his car—and carrying a membership card in the United Klan signed by you?

SHELTON: We don't have membership cards. The card he had was the card I described—just a business card.

PLAYBOY: He also had a black leatherette apron and black hood, which are allegedly the Klan executioner's garb. Are they?

SHELTON: No—not in our organization.

PLAYBOY: Even segregationist Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi has said, "The Klan claims it does not indulge in violence. Its activities, however, indicate otherwise." Any comment?

SHELTON: He is entitled to his opinion. We are against violence.

PLAYBOY: So you've said.

SHELTON: There is several Klans, you know. That is the trouble of throwing every nut in the same bag and saying it's all the same kind of nuts.

PLAYBOY: That's an aptly chosen metaphor. But all of those arrested for recent racial murders—those of Lemuel Penn, Reverend Reeb and Mrs. Liuzzo—have been members of your own United Klan.

SHELTON: There are many Klans. The FBI has arrested people without any proof whatsoever.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming that the men arrested for these murders are not members of your United Klan?

SHELTON: I'm not saying they were and I'm not saying they're not. It would be a violation of my sacred Klan oath to identify members of the Klan. But speaking of violating oaths, we are finding many cases where the Federal Bureau of Investigation is purging witnesses with attempts to bribe.

PLAYBOY: Don't you mean *suborning* witnesses?

SHELTON: I mean they are offering money to get them to make statements on promises of giving them land, relocating their family, giving them money.

PLAYBOY: Can you cite a case?

SHELTON: I certainly can: that pimp Gary Rowe, the FBI informer in this Luziano case.

PLAYBOY: You mean Liuzzo?

SHELTON: Even the FBI admits they gave him \$3000, and we have reason to think it was more.

PLAYBOY: You call Rowe a pimp. What do you mean by that?

SHELTON: There are three kinds of undercover agents. There is the spy; there is the inside informer; and there is the pimp. By that I mean the kind of fellow who eggs along, who urges on his cohorts to do his dastardly deeds and then reports them. And this man is one of those—a pimp.

PLAYBOY: You mean he urged the three Klansmen to murder Mrs. Liuzzo?

SHELTON: He is a pimp and I have told you what a pimp is.

PLAYBOY: Is Collie Leroy Wilkins, who was tried for the murder of Mrs. Liuzzo, a United Klansman?

SHELTON: That's only speculation. I'm not saying yes or no.

PLAYBOY: If he isn't, we find it odd that he was defended with Klan funds by a Klan lawyer, and that you sat throughout most of the trial beside Wilkins at the defense counsel's table. Were there any Klansmen on the jury?

SHELTON: That is what is irksome to me. The prosecutor asked every jurymen if he was a member of a secret order. But I notice he did not ask if they were Knights of Columbus, just Klansmen.

PLAYBOY: But it was an accused Klansman on trial, not a Knight of Columbus.

SHELTON: Well, there was no Klansman on that jury, that much I can tell you flatly. The prosecutor made sure of that.

PLAYBOY: In any event, the case ended in a mistrial when the jurors failed to agree on a verdict. Do you feel that justice was served?

SHELTON: No, I do not. After the President's accusations on television, it was impossible for Wilkins to have an impartial trial. In the first place, the Government had no evidence whatsoever to submit at the pretrial hearing to show cause to hold these individuals. They were no witnesses presented, yet the bond was established at \$50,000 each. We immediately requested a hearing before a Federal judge to appeal for a

more reasonable bond; but he had already prejudged the cases—evidently he had heard the President make the accusation on national television—and he refused to even discuss setting a lower bond for the murderers of the woman from Detroit. It shows the unfairness of prejudging, as the President did in this case.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you just prejudged them yourself by calling them "the murderers of the woman from Detroit"?

SHELTON: Oh, I meant to say "the *accused* murderers," of course. But as I was saying, it set a low presency for the highest executive of this land to go before the general citizenry to establish himself as a megalomaniac. Meaningly, that he places himself above God to be the judge on an individual's guilt by judging him without any evidence being submitted whatsoever. Had it not been for the President's intrusions, Wilkins would have been acquitted on the first ballot.

PLAYBOY: As part of his summation to the jury, the Klan's attorney, Matt Murphy, said: "I never thought I'd see the day when Communists and niggers and Jews were flying around under the banner of the United Nations, not the American flag of the country we fought for, not the flag of the country we are in, and I am proud to be white and I stand here as a white man and I say we are never going to mongrelize the race with nigger blood and the Martin Luther Kings, the white niggers, the Jews, the Zionists who run that bunch of niggers, the white people are not going to run before them. Jim Clark says 'Never.' I say 'Never' myself . . . I urge you as patriotic Americans not to find this young man guilty." Are those also your own sentiments?

SHELTON: Certainly. Those beatniks, tennis-shoe wearers, sex perverts at Selma were carrying the United Nations flag for anybody to see.

PLAYBOY: Well, it's not a crime to carry a UN flag, of course. But even if your description of the Selma marchers were accurate, how is it relevant to the innocence or guilt of the Klansmen accused of Mrs. Liuzzo's murder?

SHELTON: It is further evidence of the pressure of the influx of these outsiders, of the Federal Government, of the whole international conspiracy to break the back of the Klan. They will stoop to any level. They were offering only the word of a pimp, Gary Rowe. He is not a real informer; he is a political prostitute. I have letters from relatives of his in Savannah, Georgia, saying he is the lowest scum on earth. Why, just two days before the shooting, he pistol-whipped a man in Birmingham, beat him senseless to the ground with the butt of his pistol.

PLAYBOY: What was the man's name?

SHELTON: The man was a religious member of a sect that doesn't permit violence, so he just held his arms to his

sides while this pimp pistol-whipped him.

PLAYBOY: What was the man's name?

SHELTON: Rowe did the same thing a month previous.

PLAYBOY: Can you prove these charges?

SHELTON: It is on the police docket in Birmingham. Look it up. He said and kept hollering while he hit that man that nobody could touch him because he was protected by the Federal Government. When the FBI stoops to using people that low, we have come a long way downhill and it is time to stop and take a look around to see what is happening to us.

[Subsequent investigation of Shelton's charges revealed that Rowe was tried for assault and battery in Birmingham Court on March 15, 1965, but the case was dismissed on the grounds of insufficient evidence. The other incident took place in Fultondale, Alabama, not Birmingham; the charge was public drunkenness, not assault; and the man charged, and tried on March 23, 1965, was not Rowe but a man named Charles Powell. According to the town's mayor, in fact, it was Rowe who brought the charges against Powell.]

PLAYBOY: Let's move on, if we may—

SHELTON: Before you change the subject, I would like to call your attention to a few facts in connection with this Luziano case.

PLAYBOY: Liuzzo.

SHELTON: From medical records which was called into this office and to my lawyer from one of the institutions in Detroit, we find that she has been an in-and-out patient in a mental hospital there in Detroit. We also find at the time she was killed she was on probation from courts in Detroit. There is even some doubt as to whether or not her and her husband were actually living together for the last three months.

[Mr. Liuzzo's attorney states she was never a patient in a mental hospital and that she was indeed living with Mr. Liuzzo up to the moment of her departure for Selma. It is true that she was on probation—as the result of having refused to send her children to school, to call attention to the Michigan legislature's refusal to raise the compulsory school age from 16 to 18.]

PLAYBOY: Even if your charges were true, do you consider this a justification for killing her?

SHELTON: I am violently opposed to death by violence. But if Mrs. Liuzzo had been at home with her family, this incident wouldn't never have happened. She should have stayed home and not come to Selma.

PLAYBOY: Why? Didn't she and the other out-of-state demonstrators at Selma have every Constitutional right to go to Alabama or any other part of the United States they chose?

CONFIDENCE, MAN!



On the GO? GO with confidence!

Get new Tackle Spray Deodorant and you've got protection that goes with you all day, all night. Great scent, too. Cool and crisp as a costly man's cologne.

NEW TACKLE® SPRAY DEODORANT
FOR INSTANT SOCIAL SECURITY



SHELTON: We're not going to Detroit to demonstrate demanding that they take nigras off registration. Let the people of Detroit clean up their own back yard and tend to their own confounded business and leave us alone. When you bring in outside agitators who are misfits in other societies, it brings resentment from all people.

PLAYBOY: Not *all* people. Nor do most Americans consider civil rights workers misfits. But speaking of Detroit back yards, a Klan-type cross was burned in the back yard of Mrs. Liuzzo's Detroit home shortly after her funeral. Does your Klan have a klavern in Detroit?

SHELTON: I'm not going to be specific in the location of any unit.

PLAYBOY: A reporter quoted an unidentified Klansman at a rally in Morganton, North Carolina, as saying that Mrs. Liuzzo "got what she deserved." Do you agree?

SHELTON: I am not for any person's life being taken through violence. I am saying, however, that she was out of her rightful place at home; a married woman and a mother, she was off involved in immoral surroundings.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of immoral surroundings, Anthony Liuzzo said after his wife's death, "They should put a 90-foot fence around Alabama and let those segregationists live with themselves." Any comment?

SHELTON: The only necessity of putting a fence around Alabama is to keep some of the misfits and sex perverts out.

PLAYBOY: Does that include Mrs. Liuzzo and Reverend Reeb?

SHELTON: If they had stayed home, this would never have happened.

PLAYBOY: At a press conference after Mrs. Liuzzo's death, you said that the Klan "Bureau of Investigation" was looking into her background for "possible Communist connections." Do you claim to have found any?

SHELTON: No, but we are certainly checking her background.

PLAYBOY: Mrs. Liuzzo was a Roman Catholic. Communism is atheistic. Do you think she could be both a Catholic and a Communist?

SHELTON: Perhaps she was a Communist dupe rather than a conscious agent. However, there was numbers of priests and nuns at Selma, and one Catholic that viewed the march on television told me it was uncommon to see a nun in high-heeled shoes or a priest in his regalia of the Church with suede shoes on.

PLAYBOY: Why is it that none of the several hundred members of the press on the march reported seeing this?

SHELTON: Well, this Catholic friend of mine saw it and he told me about it.

PLAYBOY: What is his name?

SHELTON: I can't violate his confidence.

PLAYBOY: Then let's change the subject. At a recent Klan rally in Hemingway, South Carolina, you called President

Johnson "a conniving, misgiving fool." What did you mean by that?

SHELTON: I did not say that. That is a misinterpretation. I only called him a megalomaniac.

PLAYBOY: We're sorry to contradict you, but that rally was televised nationally on ABC, and you were clearly heard by millions of viewers to say, and we quote you: "If LBJ thinks that he is going to run the Klan underground or break our backs by using us as a fish bait to his liberal element, the demands to investigate the United Klans of America by the House Inactivities Committee, he is a conniving, misgiving fool." In that same speech, you also said of the President, "If he continues with his yakking, he will be one of the greatest organizers the Klan has ever had." Would you elaborate?

SHELTON: I may make him an honorary Klansman, he has done us so much good with his yakking. You can see from the unopened mail deliveries on my desk, consisting of up to 33,000 letters [our estimate: about 300], that the ratio is running about 99 to 1 in favor.

PLAYBOY: How do you know the sentiment of an unopened letter?

SHELTON: Well, the two or three I have had the time to open was certainly in favor. The people are saying if the President is going to be on the side of Martin Luther King, they want to be on the side of the Ku Klux Klan.

PLAYBOY: At the time of his announcement that the FBI had arrested four Klansmen for the murder of Mrs. Liuzzo, the President warned Klansmen to resign "before it is too late." What do you think he was threatening to those who did not get out?

SHELTON: The President of the United States thinks he can force a Klansman to choose his associations and his fraternal organization for his "New Society."

PLAYBOY: Great Society.

SHELTON: Whatever you call it, if this society he is advocating with the civil rights struggle is composed of sex perverts, beatniks, pinkos, Communists, the lowest misfits from all over the country that are participating in all of these sex orgies openly, in defiance of the public eye, of indecent exposure, I want no part of it.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the fornication that allegedly took place—according to segregationist "eyewitnesses"—on the march from Selma to Montgomery?

SHELTON: I am—and it did.

PLAYBOY: Hundreds of clergymen, newsmen and press photographers accompanied the marchers; yet none of them reported the slightest breach of propriety en route.

SHELTON: Either they were blind or covering up. There has been a compiled listing of pictures and films showing these fornications. I have over 5000 photographs—pictures of the charges that

have been made of fornication. They will be shown at a later date.

PLAYBOY: Pictures of the charges or pictures of the fornication?

SHELTON: Of the fornication.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you made them public?

SHELTON: At the proper time they will be presented.

PLAYBOY: When?

SHELTON: In due time and to the proper investigation authorities.

PLAYBOY: Did you have Klan secret agents among the marchers?

SHELTON: I'm not saying. But I don't think we could hardly have gotten all the photographs but what we have sources of getting information.

PLAYBOY: In a telegram you sent to the President after his televised denunciation of the Klan, you said you wanted to confer with him privately about "sex perverts in Government and Communist agents in the civil rights movement." Would you elaborate?

SHELTON: When the President first went into the White House and went around turning out all the lights, I was puzzled what he was up to. Then the Jenkins case came along and I understood.

PLAYBOY: What are you implying?

SHELTON: Everybody is familiar with the Jenkins case. The general public should become aware of the investigation that has been suppressed.

[The findings of the FBI investigation of Jenkins, which was ordered by the President, were summarized in an eight-page report that was released to the press by J. Edgar Hoover on October 22, 1964.]

PLAYBOY: How about Communist agents in the civil rights movement? Would you name some?

SHELTON: There have been definite indications in investigations in this area.

PLAYBOY: Conducted by whom?

SHELTON: By the Klan Bureau of Investigation, among others.

PLAYBOY: You'll forgive us if we don't accept its findings as documentary fact.

SHELTON: Don't take our word for it. Counteragents working with the Federal Government have also signed notarized statements saying there are *many* active Communists in the civil rights struggle.

PLAYBOY: Can you show us these statements?

SHELTON: I have them in my files.

PLAYBOY: The FBI has reported that there are a few Communists active in some of the more militant civil rights groups, but Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach has said that their numbers are insignificant and that the Communist Party cannot be said to exert any influence whatever over the civil rights movement or its leaders.

SHELTON: He is ignorant of the conspiracy. He knows better.

PLAYBOY: How can he be ignorant and yet also know better?

Enjoy a great new taste: pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!



You get pleasing aroma and a great new taste! The secret? This filter cigarette is packed with America's best-tasting pipe tobacco—famous Half and Half! Smoke new Half and Half Filter Cigarettes. You'll enjoy a cargo of full flavor and aroma.

SHELTON: I have pictures implicating many known Communists.

PLAYBOY: Can you show us the pictures, cite specific names, tell us to whom, apart from you, they are "known" as Communists?

SHELTON: I am not privileged to divulge that information at this time.

PLAYBOY: On several occasions you have called for a House Un-American Activities Committee investigation of CORE, SNCC and the NAACP for possible Communist infiltration. Would you be as willing to submit to a Congressional investigation of the Klan?

SHELTON: Certainly. Why not? What's good for the goose is good for the gander. If the civil rights groups were being investigated, we would gladly open our doors to the same scrutiny.

PLAYBOY: The Attorney General has said that the Klan has been infiltrated by many FBI agents. Did this come as a surprise to you?

SHELTON: No. We know we have infiltration. However, it's not necessary for them to infiltrate. If they fill out an application, they can do so and we'll welcome them into the Klan and have fraternal unionism.

PLAYBOY: Have you spotted any of the FBI spies in your own Klan?

SHELTON: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Do you have them under countersurveillance?

SHELTON: No, because we have nothing to hide. In some cases, these informers are actually turning the money they get for informing to the FBI back to the Klan itself.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

SHELTON: These so-called informers are sometimes more loyal to the Klan than the FBI knows.

PLAYBOY: As you know, several Klansmen besides Gary Rowe have promised to reveal Klan secrets to the Un-American Activities Committee. What's your reaction?

SHELTON: Any individual who would reveal secrets of the Klan would be violating his oath to his God and to his fellow Klansmen.

PLAYBOY: If you were subpoenaed to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, would you do so?

SHELTON: No, I would not. The same law that applies to the NAACP, the Communist Party, SNCC and CORE would also have to apply to us.

PLAYBOY: You mean the Fifth Amendment, which empowers a witness to avoid self-incrimination by refusing to testify?

SHELTON: That's correct.

PLAYBOY: But if you have nothing to hide, why would you refuse to testify?

SHELTON: Well, if I did not have to violate my sacred oath by divulging Klan secrets, I might testify—provided the Committee was carrying out its purpose of investigating for infiltration of

communism and of individuals and groups advocating the overthrow of the American Government. But if it is for the purpose of left-wing elements using the Klan as the bait to destroy the Committee itself because of its Southern membership, then I am opposed to any type of investigation, and I would refuse to testify. The FBI has already slandered the Klan by calling it a subversive organization, which is an outrageous lie.

PLAYBOY: Four Klan groups are cited on the subversive list.

SHELTON: This Klan is not on the list. The four Klan groups cited are not the United Klan. Of course, the Attorney General at a stroke of a pen can put any group he wishes on the subversive list.

PLAYBOY: Any group? How about the Boy Scouts?

SHELTON: Perhaps not, but I am surprised he hasn't already done it to us, since he is of the liberal mind himself.

PLAYBOY: President Johnson said of the Klan, "I know their loyalty is not to the United States but to a hooded society." Is that true?

SHELTON: That was the remark that I called him a liar for. Better than 70 percent of the Klan are veterans of World War One, World War Two and the Korean conflict. The Grand Dragon of Tennessee has sent the President a telegram telling him what to do with the two Silver Stars, the two bronze medals, the two Purple Hearts and the left arm he left in Korea. Practically all of the leadership of the Klan are veterans that received medals.

PLAYBOY: Victor Riesel, the labor columnist, recently wrote that the majority of Klansmen are "the unlettered, the semiliterate, the unskilled." Do you disagree?

SHELTON: Absolutely. I don't know what script he is reading from. We have many people in the Klan—doctors, lawyers, veterans. We have all phases of the everyday life of the people.

PLAYBOY: Are there Klansmen in police and sheriff's departments?

SHELTON: Yes. We have Klans people in all walks of life.

PLAYBOY: Calvin Craig of Georgia, your second-in-command, has said the United Klan has members holding high-ranking Federal jobs. Which jobs?

SHELTON: We have Klansmen in all walks of life, but I don't care to be more exact. I would be violating my Klan oath. If they want to reveal themselves as members, of course, that is their business.

PLAYBOY: Do these Federal officeholders report to the Klan and take Klan orders?

SHELTON: We have loyal members in all walks of life.

PLAYBOY: Does the Klan have connections with other conservative groups, such as the John Birch Society, the Minute Men and the Christian Crusade?

SHELTON: We are not associated with any other patriot group. However, we are not opposing.

PLAYBOY: Do you endorse the views and objectives of the Birch Society?

SHELTON: Which views?

PLAYBOY: Well, do you share the Society's conviction that the mental-health program is part and parcel of "the international Communist conspiracy"?

SHELTON: Certainly there are dangers in the mental-health program instituted by the World Council through the United Nations.

PLAYBOY: There is no such organization as the World Council.

SHELTON: Part of their program was executed against General Edwin Walker at the riots in Oxford, Mississippi. In any case, there is no such thing as mental health. The Government is attempting to execute it in order to have loopholes where individuals that are outspoken critics of any Administration could be declared a lunatic, to be incompetent in his community, and giving them the power as they executed with General Walker that they might ship you off to any part of the country and hold you as a political prisoner.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Klansmen and other critics of the Administration, such as General Walker, have been railroaded on mental-health pretexts and held incommunicado?

SHELTON: I have letters from Texas from people who have had members of their families or their friends carried off. Under the new Federal mental-health laws, practically every health officer has full and unchallengeable power. A mental-health officer might enter your home without a search warrant.

PLAYBOY: According to law, a person would have to be charged with a Federal crime before a Federal agent could concern himself with that person's mental condition, let alone enter his home—with or without a search warrant. Then the accused would have to be given a full hearing in Federal court, with testimony by psychiatric experts, before he could be committed to an institution.

SHELTON: Well, it's an everyday occurrence, just about.

PLAYBOY: Can you cite specific cases?

SHELTON: One case, in North Carolina, recently, when the FBI entered an individual's home even without a search warrant and that individual was held incommunicado.

PLAYBOY: What was his name and home town? How long was he held, and why?

SHELTON: It is in my files somewhere, but I can't just quickly answer that.

PLAYBOY: What is your attitude on the fluoridation of water, another "Communist-inspired" bugaboo of the John Birch Society?

SHELTON: It is establishing socialized medicine. I am not against any individual that has a desire for his child to receive fluoride for preventing tooth decay, which I am told it does, but I am



**Never, under any circumstances,
let a girl borrow your
White Levi's® of Cone Corduroy**

If she says she's going to a costume party and wants to go dressed as Huckleberry Finn, turn a deaf ear, or tell her to buy her own White Levi's. (Now that they're made for girls, too.) But don't part with yours. Girls find long, lean, well-tailored Levi's irresistible. Especially in extra-heavyweight corduroy. And if yours happen to be softened up with age, so they look and feel like old leather, you're a goner. So be strong unless you own 3 or 4 pairs. In sand, loden, antelope, faded blue. Boys' regular and slim, 6-12, \$4.98. Men's, 26-38, \$5.98. Ladies', 22-36, \$5.98. Available at your favorite store. Cone Corduroy is another fine fabric of Cone Mills, Inc., 1440 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

opposed to forcing or for establishing socialized medicine, which certainly injecting fluoride is—especially a *chemical* fluoride, which they are using to prevent tooth decay. It is not generally known that the fluoride used in water systems is a by-product of aluminum-alloy shavings, which is a deadly poison.

PLAYBOY: Dental authorities assert that the fluoride used to prevent tooth decay does not cause harmful side effects. Do you share the view of the Birch Society that fluoridation is part of a conspiracy to poison Americans through the pretense of preventing tooth decay?

SHELTON: Well, it can be used in a conspiracy. Very definitely the Russians used fluoride effectively on their prisoners in the concentration camps in Russia.

PLAYBOY: For what purpose?

SHELTON: To break down their resistance to propaganda, to help brainwash them. It has the effect to accumulate. The body absorbs small doses and there is no method of the body casting this out as it does other chemicals.

PLAYBOY: Laboratory researchers have found no evidence whatever of such bizarre mental side effects from the use of sodium fluoride. But let's move on to another Birch Society *cause célèbre*: the nuclear test ban treaty, which it violently opposes. How do you feel about it?

SHELTON: I am against making any agreement on a disarmament program, of which this would be a first step.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SHELTON: The United Nations disarmament program will leave the individual citizen disarmed in his own home.

PLAYBOY: The nuclear test ban treaty was signed to prevent further contamination of the atmosphere with radioactive fallout. What possible connection could this have with the control of private firearms?

SHELTON: It's the opening wedge, the start of this three-stage disarmament plot. In the event of a revolution, as is predicted by many people, America might find itself unarmed.

PLAYBOY: What revolution? Waged by whom and against what?

SHELTON: From the evidence we have in regards to the civil rights struggle in Selma, Montgomery, Marion and Birmingham, the tone of speech being used in the riots in Harlem, New York, many of the *nigra* leaders are strong advocates of a bloody revolution. We witnessed them on television call for a hundred volunteers to go out into the street.

PLAYBOY: Who made this appeal? The only speeches we have heard called for peaceful demonstrations.

SHELTON: We have witnessed these *nigras* in Selma making speeches saying: "If it's war the Southerner wants, we will burn Jim Crowism and any other opposition as Sherman burned the South

to the ground in the Civil War. We will march through Dixie and leave a blood-bath. There is no other way out."

PLAYBOY: Who made that speech?

SHELTON: Well, King was one.

PLAYBOY: That isn't true.

SHELTON: Well, there is violence everywhere he goes.

PLAYBOY: But the violence is directed against Dr. King and his followers by white segregationists. He does not initiate it. In the event of a Negro rebellion such as you predict, however, don't you think the U.S. Army or the National Guard would be adequate to put down the revolt—especially since Negroes as well as white Southerners would presumably be disarmed?

SHELTON: Eventual execution of the disarmament program will place us under the protection of a One World police force from the United Nations; we could not be under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Army or our own troops.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get that extraordinary idea? It's not in the American Constitution, the United Nations Charter, or in any legislative or executive program of the American Government.

SHELTON: You can see it plainly, the drift to One-Worldism. If revolution was to take place and we had troops down here from the Congo or Leopoldville or some Asian country, you can realize the dangers of oppression to white Americans. We would be under a worse heel of tyranny than we are under now.

PLAYBOY: What sort of tyranny?

SHELTON: I can see you've been soft-soaped like most of the unsuspecting American public. It's all part of the One World conspiracy to internationalize this country with its One World court, its One World race—even its One World language, which will probably be some mumbo jumbo from the dark jungles of Africa. This international conspiracy has as its purpose the complete undermining of the American way of life.

PLAYBOY: By whom is this "conspiracy" being engineered?

SHELTON: The key individuals involved in this international conspiracy are those who are speaking out against the segregationists of the South, against the John Birch Society, against the Minute Men and the Klan.

PLAYBOY: That includes most of the American public. Are they *all* in on the conspiracy?

SHELTON: In the first place, don't be too sure the American public is all that much against us. It is later than you think. We've got to realize when we refer to Russia and the Communist state, this is not where the financial structure was that brought about the revolution of the Bolsheviks against the Czar. The money was supplied and many men was supplied from New York City.

PLAYBOY: By whom?

SHELTON: By the international banking

concern of Kuhn and Loeb.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean the Wall Street investment banking house?

SHELTON: Yes, this international banking concern—with a network of confederate banking interests in England, Switzerland, and so forth—is not only the moneybags but the brain trust of the international Communist conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying, in other words, that the secret headquarters of world communism is New York rather than Moscow or Peking, and that Kosygin, Brezhnev and Mao Tse-Tung take their orders from a group of international banking firms headed by Kuhn, Loeb and Company?

SHELTON: Absolutely right.

PLAYBOY: That will come as news not only to political scientists but also to Kosygin, Brezhnev and Mao, not to mention Kuhn and Loeb. How did you come by this fascinating bit of intelligence?

SHELTON: I have my sources. I cannot name them for fear of reprisal against them by the conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us the names of those who head the conspiracy?

SHELTON: I told you—Kuhn and Loeb, and a group of other international financiers.

PLAYBOY: Are these financiers Jewish, by any chance?

SHELTON: All of them, to my knowledge. They are financial wizards, and they head an international cartel that already owns our monetary system and controls the economy of this country.

PLAYBOY: How, exactly?

SHELTON: By keeping us drained through taxation and by executing their liberal spending policies abroad.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you didn't know that tax laws are passed by the Congress, and that the nation's spending policies are determined by the President and the Bureau of the Budget.

SHELTON: Don't you believe it. Not only does this international cartel control the economy, but it is financing a Bolshevik revolution right here in the United States, just as it did in Russia in 1917. This conspiracy existed even at the time of the War Between the States.

PLAYBOY: Kuhn, Loeb and Company, which you called the brain trust of the conspiracy, wasn't founded until 1867, after the War was over. Who was in charge of it in 1861?

SHELTON: The House of Rothschild. This was their method of maneuvering the country into civil strife to divide in order to conquer.

PLAYBOY: Has this remarkable conspiracy been going on ever since then?

SHELTON: Indeed it has.

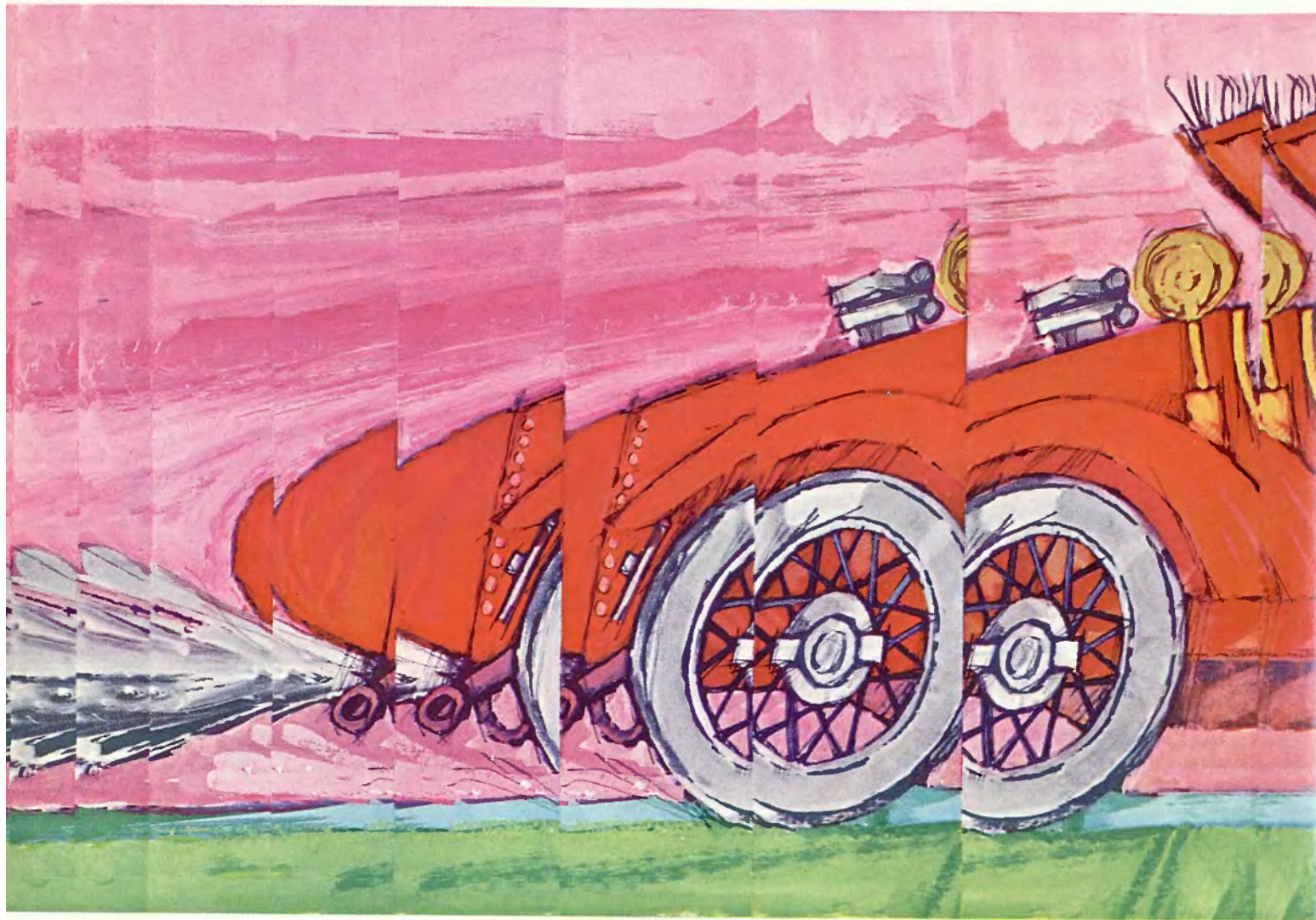
PLAYBOY: Do you believe that Jewish financiers were also responsible for, say, World War One?

(continued on page 141)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who makes a "hit" at the box office, the PLAYBOY reader frequently enjoys two on the aisle and one on his arm. And when he's moved to entertainment, it's frequently to the movies. Facts: Nearly 1,000,000 tickets are sold to PLAYBOY male readers each week, the highest percentage of any magazine, double the national average. And it's this continuing interest in and search for the "best in entertainment" that keeps him coming back for PLAYBOY in increasing numbers each month. Current sale: over 3,000,000 copies a month. If you want to line him up for your production—or your product—PLAYBOY is definitely your best buy. (Source: 1965 Starch Consumer Magazine Report.)



fiction By PAUL DARCY BOLES BEFORE I KNEW which end was up and could stand for my honorable instincts, Truffi had us talked into it. He'd called the meeting; we sat around a table in a corner of the plaza, nobody else around us, all the waiters shooed off.

Truffi—dark, deep-eyed, long-jawed. He was an amazing driver; we five were the best in the world at that time; the best in Italy, so, the earth's best.

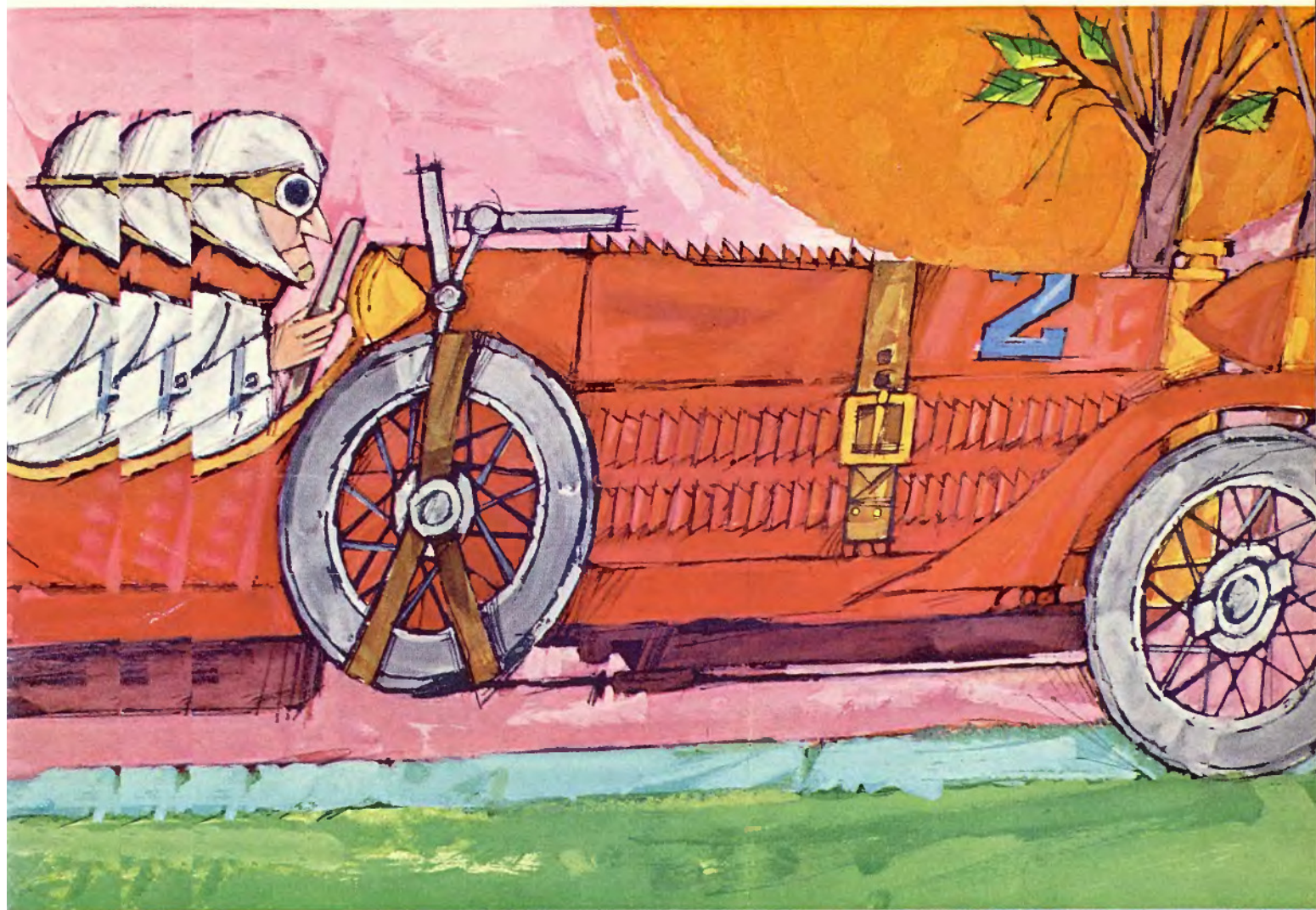
"It is hundreds of thousands in lire, more than a hundred thousand in the American dollar," Truffi said, opening his right hand and shutting it as if he had a girl in it. A very wonderful girl. "That's the first prize, the big raffle prize. And it will go to some peasant. A national racing lottery, to some peasant! Now, what I am saying is, I am saying *we* go to the peasant first. To one of the five people who will win these five tickets."

"You mean we go to the peasant *when* the ticket is won; and *before* the race in which we five participate," said Arito. He was our oldest, and fattest; he had eyelids like a lizard's. He shut those eyelids and smiled gently. His face was rich and dark, like a big pudding. "Just get your crooked facts straight, Truffi," he murmured. "Me, I like the idea. When it comes to that much money my backbone is a pillar of ectoplasm."

56 Truffi said, "Correct. All right, we guarantee a win for this peasant. That means we split six ways. Out of a lousy

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RACE IN THE WORLD

they say that every man has his price, and when the loot is large, even competition drivers can prove to be all too human



season—and my God, haven't we had a lousy season!—we gain a few roses.”

His damn-everything eyes—like hot tar—raked us one by one. Nobody talked back. Here we were, the flower of Italian racing, planning to trick humanity, trick our nation and the world. It had indeed been a terrible season, what with the rains, the national depression, and such things as Mussolini; they were events of God which a good honest racing driver should never have had to trouble his head about.

I nodded, and Truffi's eyebrows arched in two perfect caterpillars as he nodded back; he then looked over at Fione. Fione—somehow he always resembled a flea, small, quick, somewhat wise—grinned. “I stand with Truffi.”

D'Angelo fidgeted for a second under Truffi's eyes. Then D'Angelo, his face a thoughtful devil's—he was our youngest—coughed politely. “I stand with Truffi and,” he jerked his head at me, “you, Castello, and you, Fione.”

He looked sidewise at Arito. “And you, Arito,” he said. “Hey! That makes all of us!”

Then Arito belched for joy, everybody sat up higher, and everybody looked exactly what he was thinking: which was that it was a wonderful idea, an inspiration. We were all so broke. We were all such national heroes. We were all tired of giving blood for insufficient money. We were all thinking of the more than 100,000 American dollars, the full amount of the lottery's first prize, broken into good spending lire, and cut six ways. We shouted

for the waiters and ordered and drank up with grace and enthusiasm. We put the bill for the drinks on Truffi's tab; it had been his idea.

. . .

That was in May; in June the drawings were held, and published in all the papers. We met in Truffi's kitchen, in his villa for which he was forever a couple of months behind on the rent. A nice place on a hill, nobody and nothing but trees around for acres.

We had a little trouble choosing the ticket winner we wished to bribe. Each of us, it turned out, wanted to bribe the person who held the ticket on *him*, personally; for a while each of us defended his choice, carefully pointing out in the newspaper photos the trustworthy lineaments of our man or woman. It struck us after a while—over the fifth bottle of grappa—that we *all* wanted to win. Even in a put-up job, we wanted to win. It was a singular revelation. Finally, we stirred the five names in a hat, blindfolded D'Angelo, thickly, so he couldn't cheat, and had him pull the name. He pulled the name of the man who held a ticket on Truffi to win.

Immediately, Truffi's small chest—like a bantam rooster's—expanded about 12 inches, and he was ready to crow. How we envied him; all he had to do now was coast in, let us make it look hard for him, while we made it so easy. And he would get what we wouldn't; the same amount of money, yes; but the cheers, man, the cheers!

The name of the dodo who held Truffi's ticket was Stanguenetti, and his reproduction in the newspaper made him resemble a religious mongoose. He lived in a village about 30 kilometers out in the country. Next night, as the two who were supposed to be best with words and conviction, Fione and I drove down to call on this Stanguenetti.

He was a farmer; Rossellini could have made a great series of movies just from the smell of his boots. We sat on a fence, downwind of those boots. Fione said mournfully, "A filthy year for the crops."

"A man can use more money, constantly," I said.

"God's truth, expressed with wit, *Signor Castello*," said Stanguenetti.

Fione said delicately, "Now your regal daughter whom we met a moment past, Stanguenetti, would she not like golden gowns, perfumes, a trip to Capri, perhaps even Paris?"

Stanguenetti picked at the fur in his nose. "What did the brat ever do for me? Now, look. What the hell are you here for? You're big-time drivers. You, Fione; you, Castello. OK. I hold the ticket on Truffi. That adds up."

Fione sighed. "Move your feet just a little farther away, please. That's better . . . all right, Stanguenetti, the first point is, can you keep your mouth shut?"

It turned out that he could. This was

the answer to every one of his prayers—that he could cheat the government, which, as he put it, was being ruined swiftly by that wheat-shoveling bastard, Mussolini, who made the trains run on time and made the working class a laugh for every worker; and at the same time, he could cash in hugely.

Just in the spirit of general good will, we also had him sign an ironclad secret contract—not quite in blood, though that's what we sweated—stating that the six-way split was understood by him, and that he was 100 percent for it. We figured if he tried to back out later, we could produce the document and threaten to drag him down with us. I found myself loving him. On the way home, Fione driving, I said, "The working class of Italy is its lifeblood. You can depend on it in a pinch."

"Yes," Fione said, between his teeth, because he does not even like to talk while driving as a civilian—he *never* trusts a civilian driver, and he is a fine old man today—"Viva for him. *Evviva!*"

. . .

The race was July 18th. No rain; a perfect day. It burst over me like a great blossom the second I woke up. I rushed to the window and looked out. Already the boys on the motorcycles—in that city they come out of the cracks like ambitious roaches—were hitting one another and breaking up their machines down in front of the hotel. The officials were chasing them away from the roped-off part of the course. Some of the motorcycle boys were throwing bottles at the officials. And it was only a bit after seven o'clock. Everything was very propitious.

I dressed quickly in my whites; the dazzle of the trousers, the blue stripe on the white shirt made me square my shoulders at myself in the mirror. "Come, Castello," I said. "Tonight you will be comparatively rich. And, barring acts of God, you will be alive. That is a new feeling."

I went so far as to do a small dance, an impromptu tarantella. When I stepped out in the hall, there was Truffi. He strutted mildly as we walked along. "How I slept," he said. "A baby couldn't do it. Dishonesty is healthy."

"True," I said. "But remember Dead Man's Corner. It is where we have our duel on the one-hundredth lap. We dice for honors."

"Make me look good," he said. "Make yourself look fine, but me better. Quiet, now."

We had come out into the lobby. All the kids with their autograph books open came running up—about as many for me as for Truffi, I was glad to note. I squinted importantly, frowned, and signed my name with flourishes, thinking hard of my share of the money. Envy is for small men, and Truffi is smaller than I.

Photographers jumped around, blinding us. Reporters asked for statements. I said this was a solemn moment; Truffi said it was a noble challenge. Out in the sun, I nudged Truffi and whispered, "I'll make it look marvelous, for the honor of the country."

"That's the correct spirit," Truffi told me. Then we were marching down a lane between people who with reluctance stepped back so we might get to the machines. I kept wanting to plant a kick on Truffi. I used forbearance.

D'Angelo trotted over from his machine. Soft-voiced, he said, "You son of a bitch, Truffi, if you crowd me beside the gasworks—"

"Oh, I will have to do a little crowding," Truffi said. "Think of your bank account and yield. I will be thinking of your bank account also."

Biting his lip, D'Angelo walked away. Fione appeared beside us. He said, confidentially, "I have arranged to lose my steering wheel during the end of this thing. I will make it tremendous."

Truffi frowned with slight distaste. "Don't overact," he said. "Anything makes me sick, it's an act grabber. I am the star, this trip."

Cocking his eyes skyward, Fione said with softness, "I've been wondering . . . when we put those names in a hat, at your house—who held the hat?" With a finger he stabbed Truffi's chest. Truffi then spoke very loudly for the benefit of the people now clustering around: "And I wish you a great race as well, old comrade!"—and some damned fool cheered.

Slouching, doleful, appearing extremely baggy, Arito ambled over to us. He said, "I bet a little dough on myself. To make it look good. But hell, I'm the real favorite; I couldn't get decent odds."

Expansively, Truffi said, "I'll pay you back every cent you have invested in yourself."

Arito's sleepy eyes looked Truffi up and down. "You're insufferable," he said, and turned and oozed off.

Then the engines were being warmed, and you couldn't even hear the engines for the people, or see the grass for them. In the cockpit of my machine I checked everything. The rewards ahead kept jumping in front of my eyes; sliding coins and mint-new, crackling lire. From the corners of my eyes I could see Truffi on the left, D'Angelo on my right. I thought: It will be nice and will give that goddamned Truffi a jolt to let him worry a little bit. I will get a jump on him and let him stew awhile. From D'Angelo's face I could tell he was thinking the same. Even *money* is no good unless you can get at least a tiny kick from making it.

Beyond D'Angelo I could see part of Fione's head: an ear and a cheekbone

(continued overleaf)



"All our stuff is wash and wear, too."

below the helmet. And then Arito's—just a slab of the jowl. No doubt they were thinking as I was.

The starter's flag came rippling down and everything moved.

. . .

You can never remember the jockeying at the start. You can only remember the point when you get out of it. And when something like position starts to show up. You can't hear anything over the engines and the crowd. D'Angelo came up fine in the small pack—five is nothing; it is a dream, a breeze—but I was just enough ahead of D'Angelo so he couldn't get first position. I had it. There was nothing in front of me but the course.

In that city, on that course, you have to begin changing down and braking in a peculiar way at the first bend, if you wish to keep both your teeth and your position. It is done with rapidity. I cannot tell it as quickly as it is done. The feet move like a mad animal's. But they move correctly—heel and toe, brake and gas, so and so. The hands also are on fire. It is a good accustomed fire. Journalists do not write well of this and I don't blame them. Copulation is comparable, but only when one is young and freshly inventive. Yet this thing goes on and Truffi is an old man, retired and happy, and I am, too. It is strange.

In the mirror I glimpsed Truffi back there. He seemed to be shouting unspeakable things. I turned for a whistling second and lifted my left hand from the steering wheel to thumb my nose at him. The body of my machine was pounding wonderfully. It wasn't as streamlined as they became later, but it would do. It was shaking my heart to jelly. The engine was giving fabulous response.

The first lap went like this: down through the city, all the city bends, the long straight past the three churches, with men and boys and young girls, charming girls even when seen in a flash, on the roofs and clinging to the steeples of two of the churches; then the ending of the lap, out into the country and back again and around and up on the narrow, shadowed stones between the buildings, and finally into sun flooding out before the hotel where we had started. On the far side of that first lap I looked into the mirror again. Hey-ho! Truffi had dropped back to fourth. Between me and that crazy rooster were D'Angelo and Fione. Trees went streaming by. It's nice country out there in the suburbs, very pleasant. Arito was just behind Truffi. In fact, Arito was really dogging it, which was, for Arito, miraculous.

Why was he dogging it, that fat calm man? Not until we were past the hotel and into the first bend again, with my hands and feet and back muscles work-

ing for me and my brain off somewhere else, did I get another look at Truffi in my mirror. This time he was *much* farther back—a good 600 meters. For the first time, I lifted my right foot—at a point on the course where I'd never ordinarily have done this in 10,000,000 years. D'Angelo drew up alongside me. I swung over toward him. We were two or two and a half inches apart. I could read his tachometer with clarity. He could read mine; they read the same.

I jerked a thumb backward. Nodding, D'Angelo shouted: "Trouble! It's his carburetion!"

Simultaneously, Fione came up on my inboard side and hung there. He made a slight pass at me—this, for the benefit of people who were standing on, and hanging from, a tall rock just beside this section of the course. I responded with a modest pass at Fione.

Then, "What the hell?" Fione yelled wonderingly. "What's with Truffi?" With my face and my shoulders I told him I didn't know. Fione grimaced, called, "I'll keep pace awhile—" and gunned on around D'Angelo and me.

I signaled D'Angelo to move ahead, too, and he gunned up just behind Fione. Now a glance in the mirror showed me Truffi even *farther* back . . . and Arito, like somebody following a truck on a narrow road, right behind Truffi. What a lemon this was becoming!

They were both at least a thousand meters back. This was getting to be no contest. It was getting damned serious. Ahead, D'Angelo and Fione had slowed up once more, perhaps in sympathy and certainly because they were puzzled. We'd all cut down speed to about 30 kph. The one saving point was that we'd reached the countryside again. There weren't so many people out here. And we were heading into a stretch where there were *no* people; only a couple of cows in a field, chewing whatever they chew all day.

I braked hard, spun, corrected, braked again, and didn't spin out. I turned and waved to Truffi to stop. He did, masterfully; so did Arito, on his tail. For this breath of time there was no one else but us in sight. Us and those cows. Ahead, I could hear D'Angelo and Fione drumming along; I could tell they had cut their speed even more. They were worried because we weren't yet in sight.

Shadows of roadside boulders cast gloom over Truffi and Arito and me as we got out of our machines for a swift conference.

Truffi exploded: "My God, this is embarrassing! My God, I hold my foot to the floor boards and nothing, nothing! Like riding a merry-go-round!"

Arito said with dark melancholy, "We should not simply stand here; somebody

might see us. We might all be disqualified. Together. It's unfortunate; I was all set to buy this chicken farm, and—"

"This, that, and double it on your chicken farm," Truffi said. His ears were flaming and his strong nose had gone white. He gripped my shoulder. "Stand behind me, Cassy; you and Ritti and all of you. Now, you've got to. You've got to lose this goddamned race no matter what . . ." He wheeled around. "Ritti!" Arito was waddling toward Truffi's machine; by the time Truffi got to him, he had the bonnet up. Truffi howled. "What the screaming holy impossible are you doing?"

Very placidly, if with considerable worry, his chins shaking, Arito said, "I'm no mechanic . . . but I was thinking, if we could change carburetors—you take mine, I yours—if there's time—"

Truffi very nearly blew across the landscape. Even the cows raised their ears. When he had finished blasting, Truffi yelled, "Quick, back in your machine, you weird, gross ape! Somebody is no doubt coming *right now*—they'll send an ambulance, we've been here long enough to grow beards . . . oh—my—God." His great black eyes popped wide. Mine, too; and Arito's. Because here, from *behind*, came D'Angelo and Fione, running nearly neck and neck; they saw us in time to make loud rubber-stinking stops. The cows ran away across the pasture, udders flapping. The day was surely fine, small blue and white-and-gold flowers everywhere, much clover smell on the air. "Don't get out, they'll find us all stopped and shoot us," Truffi screamed, waving Fione and D'Angelo back into their cockpits.

Rather meditatively, Arito said, "We *could* change cars, but I imagine somebody would notice . . ."

From his cockpit D'Angelo called, "You bastard, you bastard, Truffi! We've completely lapped you!" He was furious, waving his fists. "Think of Stanguenetti! Think of that poor farmer!" He was also almost crying.

Bringing a ghost of order among us, Fione shouted sternly: "They don't know we've lapped him. Now he has to *keep* in front, at all costs. *At all costs!* You and I, Angie, we stay here, we let Truffi go ahead and make a lap, then after that he *stays* ahead—all the way home!"

Of course, by *home* he meant for the rest of the race. My jaw dropped. But it was not only practical, it was the only thing to do. The race was for 115 laps. Shutting my mouth, I ran for my car; Truffi bounded into his; Arito, like a brown bear in deep thought, scratched his behind as he settled himself in his mount. In a cloud of blue exhaust

(continued on page 66)



A PLAYBOY PAD: MANHATTAN TOWER

a free-lance photographer chooses an elegant, contemporary apartment with all of gotham at his feet

HIGH AMID THE TOWERING SPIRES of New York, free-lance photographer Pete Turner combines an office and a home into a top-floor bachelor-pad apartment ideally suited to his jet-propelled life as one of the busiest camera artists on the international scene. Tucked away in the caverns of Gotham, these colorfully compact yet supremely functional digs, commanding a panoramic view of Manhattan from every window, make a perfect *pied-à-ciel* for a globe-trotting lensman like Turner.

With careful planning and an acute and sophisticated color sense which guides and controls his preference for vivid hues, Turner has managed to turn a fairly standard New York two-bedroom apartment into

Below: Looking uptown from the living room after dark. Right: A walnut shelf unit in the living room provides a spacious area for books, artifacts and stereo gear. A confirmed high-fidelity buff, Turner has wired the apartment for sound with extension speakers in every room, including the two baths. All of the permanent lighting is recessed and can be controlled to create any mood desired.



a private haven that reflects his moods and tastes.

"I decorated it myself," explains Turner, "not because I necessarily have such great ideas, but because I wanted to. I used to live in one of those professionally decorated show apartments and I didn't like it. I suppose all the right things were in the right places, but it lacked individuality; it wasn't me. When I first moved here I got in a decorator to handle the work, but he started to do the same sorts of things all over again. So I called him off and decided to do it on my own. I didn't begin for about six months, while I read up on interior design. I figured this time, even if it isn't exactly right, it's going to be me."

A master of color and dramatic lighting in his photography, Turner turned his expertise loose on his apartment. By employing the primary colors of blue and red and then toning them down through judicious placement of walnut and pine paneling, Turner achieved a sense of expansiveness that belies the relatively moderate size of the apartment. The lighting throughout is recessed and operates on rheostats, which gives him complete control and lets him establish whatever mood setting he wants—from a brightly lit party atmosphere to a quiet romantic glow. By running the lights from soft to bright, Turner can actually change color tones in the room from a soft mauve to a russet red.

Without any partitioning, he created two separate areas within the 25-by-17-foot living room. A custom-built walnut shelf and storage unit was placed along the entire length of one wall to handle the utilitarian



Turner's pod is decorated with items selected during his travels. Above is a Danish teakwood box, custom-created by Illums of Copenhagen, that shuts up into a neat end table.



Above left: The shelf space in the living-room wall unit is highlighted with international memorabilia. The red clock is imported by Dunhill. Above right: Jazzman Quincy Jones joins Turner to listen to the latest Brazilian bossa-nova sounds Pete recorded on a trip to Rio while covering the Mardi Gras. For his hi-fi gear Pete uses Roberts 997 and Roberts 1040 tape machines to facilitate tape-to-tape recording and a Fisher 500 amplifier. A Rek-O-Kut turntable is stowed below.



Above left: The pad's second bedroom was converted into Turner's office with a series of detachable storage cabinets. Above right: Turner looks over the results of a hard day's shooting at an ingeniously designed flip-top desk with a self-contained light box. Below: A pair of Pete's pretty girlfriends, Bobbie Darby, left, and Reine Angeli, right, help out as cohostesses for convivial cocktails. With correct furniture placement, the 25-by-17-foot living room can handle soirees of up to 50 people.



chores of housing his books and elaborate high-fidelity / stereo system. At the same time, the unit fulfills the aesthetic need for a focal point that is missing in most modern apartment living rooms without a fireplace.

The other half of the living room is furnished for quiet conversation with a small grouping of two upholstered swivel chairs and a long corner couch.

"I like modern furniture," Turner says, "but sometimes it can be too sterile. My European friends helped me fill out the room with warmth and a sense of the casual I don't always have."

Turner carefully mixed the best of American and Continental furnishings. Between a pair of American chairs by Directional he placed an ingenious teakwood combination cabinet table and bar custom-made by Illums of Copenhagen. Folded up, it is a solid square end table. When the top is extended, it becomes an elegant home bar and serving area for potables. Wooden masks from Tahiti and sculpture from Bali combine with Paul McCobb furniture and Leonard Larsen fabrics to complete an international ambience.

(concluded on page 155)



Right: Highlights of a master's bedroom. Above: The bed is set against a custom-built headrest. Center: A master control panel which regulates the pad's lighting and hi-fi speaker system throughout, operates the drapes and monitors the house intercom unit. To the right is an adjustable bed lamp with automatic dimmer control, by Stiffel. Bottom: Turner designed the custom well as a handy reservoir for holding glasses and champagne bucket.



Above: Pete checks his work by throwing slide-projector images onto a built-in office screen. Right: It's no work at all for Turner as he and his date compete with the Chrysler Building for cast their own early-morning image across the New York skyline.



smoke, his engine truly coughing now, the machine bucking a trifle, Truffi set off ahead of us. He vanished from sight around the bend very slowly. Arito gunned his engine.

I said, "Shut up, Rittil!" He stopped the gunning, and then, again, we could all hear Truffi's car spitting its way around. It would surely make a resplendent sight, creeping past the hotel.

D'Angelo, who must have been doing some figuring, called to me, "Cassy, it would be more natural if you and Ritti showed up behind him. Just don't get too close. *You* don't have to lose *another* lap: just Fione and I have to stay here."

I said OK, and gave the nod to Arito, and we put our machines in gear and pulled off. It couldn't have been more than a few seconds before we came up alongside Truffi, one on each flank. Truffi was staring straight ahead; his knuckles seemed stark white on his steering wheel.

None of us was going fast enough to limit any understandable conversation.

Leaning out a bit, I said, "Look, Truffi, it's not so rotten—at the pit maybe you can get a new carb; or something . . ."

I felt quite bad about him, you know. He was so cocky, and you hate to see the feathers lie flat.

In a voice he managed to keep fairly low, just over the coughing of his engine, Truffi said, "It is more than the so-and-so, unspeakable, mother-kissing carb." His big jaw was out a foot. He didn't trust himself to look at me. Now and then he lifted both hands from the steering wheel and slapped his own ears. "The whole machine feels generically unsound. It's coming apart in unison, Cassy. All we can do—"

At length, then, he turned around to face me. This didn't matter; if he'd hit something, nobody would have been hurt; jostled, but not shaken. He looked like the world's end, concentrated. "All we can do—" Truffi choked. We were now coming out of the country stretch, from the pastures and trees into the populous part. Ahead, people wedged along the roadside tighter than fence posts, tighter than olive pits in olives. Truffi's voice broke. "All we can do is pretend everything is *fine*." And then he was grinning, hard, for the people along the road. We could have reached out and shaken hands with these people. We could have talked a little; inquired about their health, their families.

All of them stayed very hushed, wondering, awed, as we went by. The three of us grinned and stared directly in front of us. Truffi was slightly in the lead. It was all very sedate. All grinning. All staring straight forward.

Truffi's pit stop didn't help. Very shortly after he limped into his pit, Arito and I headed into ours. Then D'Angelo and Fione came very carefully around and with caution drove into *their* pits. All five of us, in the pits . . . my mechanics looked at me white-eyed, as if the world had gone brutally mad. I said, "Work slow. Truffi's going to be in his pit for a while."

My oldest mechanic, Tiponi, craned around to inspect me and said, "Concussion. You have been grievously whacked."

I said, "I've got this one in the bag, you fool. Work *slow*. I need time to breathe in."

Tiponi threw his wrench down. It bounced quite a lot.

"You need time to breathe, *maestro*. You need it to what? To sleep?"

He turned around and went away. I didn't see him till much later; it was years before he began to trust me again.

The crowds, mothers and fathers and children, lovers and aunts, uncles and babies and cats, were absolutely quiet as we all came out of the pits. The signal for us to do this was Truffi, crawling out ahead of us, obviously in no better condition than before. We would never dare to pass him. For, if we passed him, we would never be able to lessen our speed enough to let him catch up and pass *us*. As we came out I could see small knots of officials arguing wildly. Five of us in the pits *together* . . . a clump of three, then another two joining the first three . . . now all five leaving together . . . it was a case to make any official head spin, the blood rise.

Quietly we navigated out of the city, into the suburbs, through the countryside. I managed to find a cigarette and light it. It was small trouble, there was no true wind stream.

We were strung out now in a careful line. We passed a group carrying lunch baskets over its collective arms. There were seven; each man in his Sunday best, the women in shining black with shawls and headcloths. As we passed they ceased to eat; bread, wine hung in the air; they gaped. Their heads turned slowly to follow us. That was all. I could personally feel their eyes on the back of my neck for a long time.

Behind me, that round, sound driver Arito said, "There's a donkey cart. I think I can hit it."

It was something one might have prayed for—a donkey cart, all right, its driver oblivious to the fact that the course was closed to other traffic. No doubt he lived down a side lane. Arito and I—and the others behind us—half stood and watched while Truffi went sneaking, closer and closer, to the cart's

rear wheels. The donkey's hoofs made a gentle noise in the dust. The driver, asleep, slept on. The cart was constructed of wicker.

Standing in his cockpit, Truffi remarked to the cart with a kind of anguished politeness, "Move aside, please. We're racing."

Waking, the driver veered around, blinked, and said, "Naturally, *signori*." He clucked to the donkey, which changed its course a trifle and kept on. Then, for a while, it was touch and go—but Truffi was in luck; it was level ground with no hills, and at length he managed to pass. From the back, Truffi appeared a shade more like himself, a shade cockier; it was the first moving thing he had passed for some time. The back of his neck had more rigidity, and he waved to us with triumph.

"Now, hit it," I said to Arito. "Not with violence. And afterward, be sure to get the man's name—so full restitution can be made."

With huge dignity, Arito grunted, drove around me and advanced upon the cart. He was within a few inches, judging his point of contact nicely, when the driver came erect again and protested: "You will strike me!"

Hands off the steering wheel, palms spread widely, Arito shrugged.

The driver whipped up the donkey. He also caused it to trot toward the opposite side of the road. Arito, enjoying this challenge, immediately changed direction, and the driver, glancing back judgmentally, changed *his* direction again. A dozen times the two, Arito and the donkey driver, zigged, zagged and zigged—until at last, with a satisfying though humble crunch, Arito managed the job. Then the donkey stopped, and Arito said with fat gladness, "You've crushed my radiator." He got out; the driver of the cart descended. The last I saw, they were talking with easy animation, perhaps about the weather. Not about cars, or racing.

D'Angelo developed sparkplug difficulty. He developed it by stopping, getting out, lifting his bonnet and disconnecting two plugs. Later he said it helped him monstrously. It gave his engine a significant cough and stutter, as though it had developed some fabulous mechanical tuberculosis.

As for Fione, at the 200th lap he shut his eyes and casually, with immense flair, drove off through a fence, into a field inhabited only by several sheep and singing larks, and went on driving until his machine rolled down a moderate slope and came to rest in an even more moderate creek—depth, two inches. He was saved from drowning by a party of drinkers, too far gone to hate us all, who had through opera glasses observed the

(concluded on page 154)



*"Remember, dear?—You said that if I wanted a full-length
mink coat, I'd have to earn the money myself."*

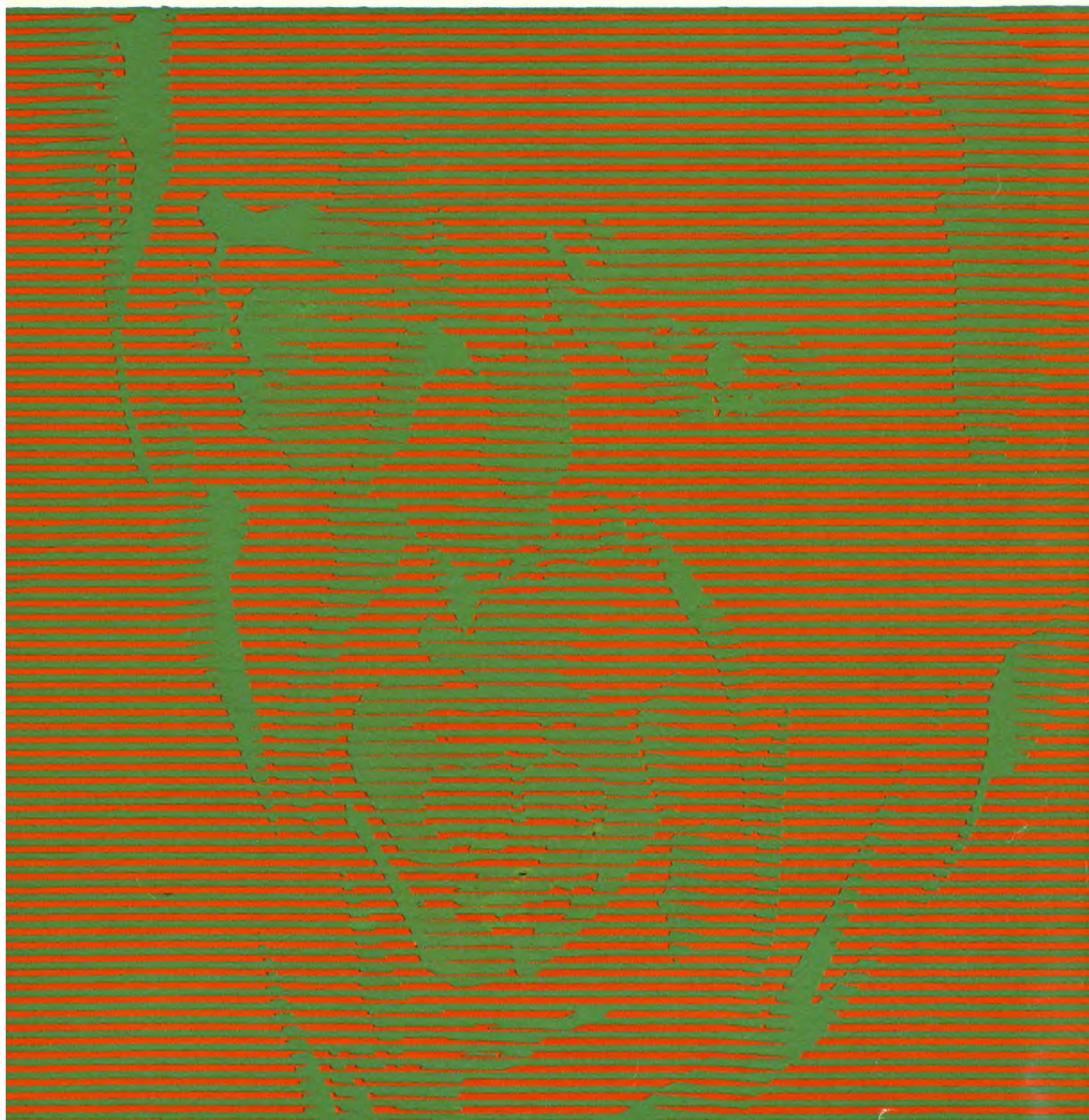
fiction By HENRY SLESAR

MELODRAMINE

MY FINGERNAILS dug into concrete as I clung to the narrow ledge 30 stories above Fifth Avenue. It was a windless night, thank God, the slightest breeze off the river would have blown me into eternity. Somehow, I negotiated my way to the next window and managed to kick out the glass with my heel; the pane shattered in big, shiny pieces. I almost cried with relief once I was inside and saw that by some miracle I had crashed my own apartment. A second later, I knew there was no worse place to be that night. Questikian would be waiting for me.

"Welcome home." His too-familiar voice sounded sibilant no matter what the words. "Nice of you to drop in."

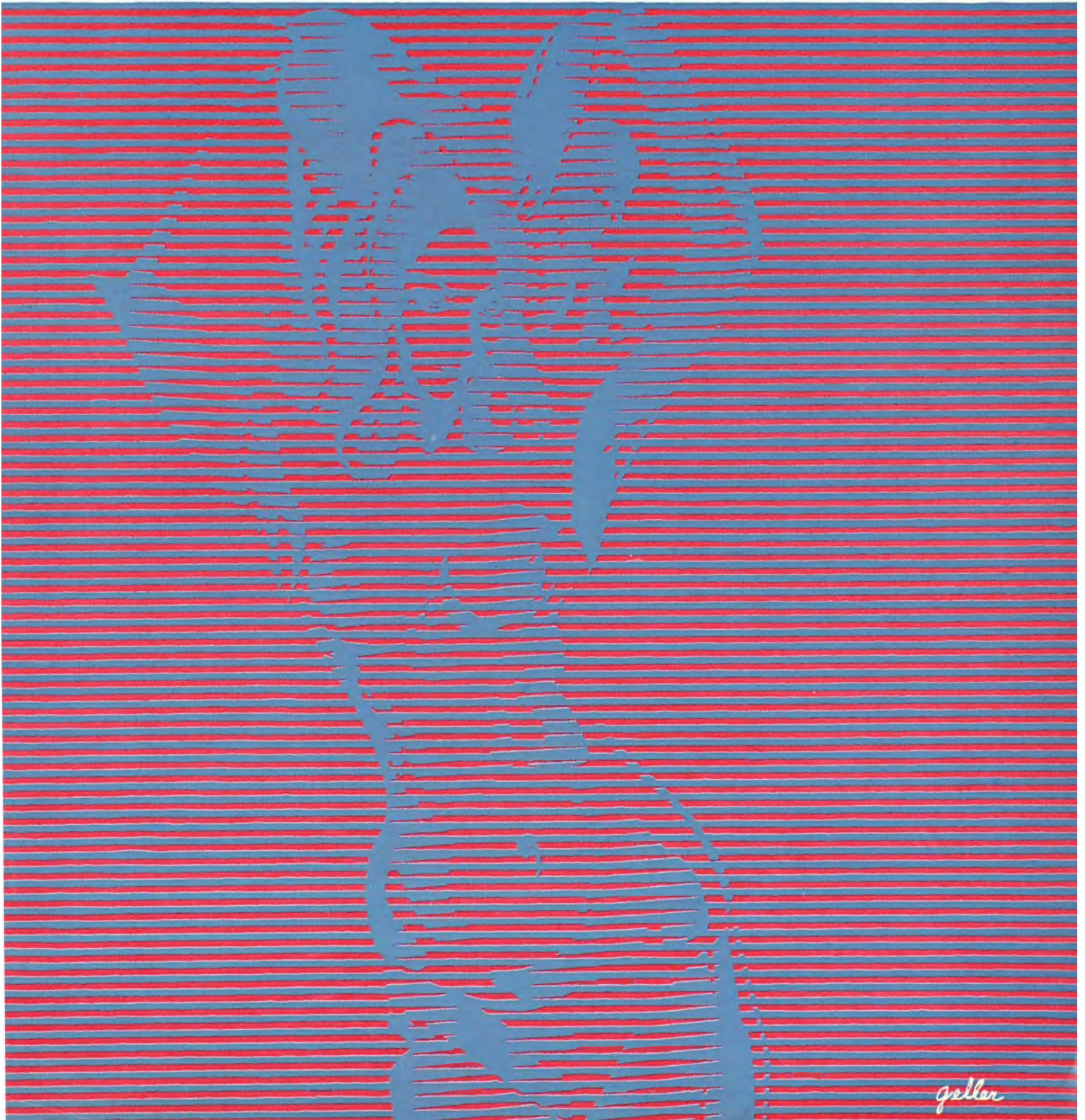
"Bad joke," I snarled. "Bad joke, Questikian, that's all you're capable of. But I've got a new punch line for



he could have anything and everything, he could be anybody—he did and he was—even at the risk of death invading the weird world of his hallucinations

you. The Broomstick Missile is off the launching pad. The guidance-system plans are in a fat envelope heading for the CIA in Washington. You're too late, my friend."

Questikian went slack-jawed and lost his sense of humor. I never expected him to fire that stubby Luger he carried, but he surprised both of us and pulled the trigger twice. The bullets slammed me back against the wall, but I bounced and hit him with my right hand and discovered I couldn't use my left. One blow was enough, however. His sparrow's body crumpled, and once I had him under my hands, I knew I owed the free world the favor of killing him: I went about the job with cold precision, putting my palm firmly over his mouth and pinching his nostrils with my



geller

fingers. He bucked a few times, like a dying fish, and then went speedily to Hell.

By the time I was through, my left shoulder was beating like a bass drum in a mimmers' parade. I staggered to my study and with tears of pain in my eyes peeled off my blood-soaked jacket. No, that was wrong, there wasn't a drop of blood on my coat or shirt. I fell into the chair behind the desk, pulled my notebook toward me and wrote:

Frank—

Writing this as effect of the drug recedes, but if past experience repeats, myosergicin will take over again in approximately 15 minutes. Unlike most hallucinogens, myosergicin seems to have total hallucinatory effect; no trace of reality left during periods of involvement. For God's sake, Frank, don't wait too long to find antidote, am convinced these hallucinations leading to stoppage of heart action. Not five minutes ago took two hallucinatory bullets in chest from hallucinatory agent of Smersh or something, and while I have not yet made reading, am certain blood pressure dangerously high. Anyway, facts. Took 10 c.c.s of myosergicin—believe we should rename drug melodramine because of nature of hallucinations it inspires—on Saturday, April 4, 2:30 P.M. After ten minutes, severe nosebleed and headache warned me of extraordinary rise in blood pressure, receding quickly upon realization that I was armed. This part hard to explain. Found hallucinatory shoulder holster and service revolver on my person, and the realization that I had a weapon somehow succeeded in calming me down. Theory: Drug causes critical rise in pressure, and melodramatic fantasy created by mind reduces pressure until action leads to crisis point (viz.: the bullet wounds). Frank, if Questikian had aimed better I'd be dead now. But there is no Questikian, is there? Getting confused. Melodramine—I mean myosergicin—must be taking over again. Why did I ever fool around with this damned stuff? Frank, if you can't work out antidote I'm a dead man. See my notes on formulation, pages 83-95 of workbook. And for God's sake, don't move me, remember what happened to hamsters. General symptoms at present: weakness, sweating of palms, nervousness, headache, pounding, pounding. Someone at door, not sure if real or hallucinatory.

Hal

"I trust you were expecting me."

She swept into the room with an imperious flourish of her fur-fringed coat. I judged her to be a woman in her 30s,

much too artful to let you determine her exact years. She held onto the jeweled handle of her umbrella as delicately as if it were a porcelain teacup. However, a certain coarseness about her hands led me to say:

"Tell me something, Lady Ortinby. Did you meet your husband in a restaurant or in his own kitchen?"

Dragons are said to emit fire from their mouths, but beautiful angry women flash it from their eyes.

"Sir! Who has told you about me?"

"Beyond the fact that you called for this appointment, I know nothing," I said. "However, I recognize that ailment common to kitchen employees which might be called scullery knuckles."

She smiled grudgingly. "Yes," she said, "I have heard you are clever. But it's not cleverness I need. It's nerve!"

"Ah." I showed her to a chair.

"As you have so neatly determined," Lady Ortinby expounded, "I was a poor kitchenmaid when Lord Ortinby flattered me with his attentions, and when I became his bride two months ago, there wasn't a happier woman in England. However, my happiness was doomed to be short-lived because of—certain communications I fervently wish had never been written."

"Love letters, Lady Ortinby?"

"Intimate letters," she said, coloring to the roots of her exquisite coiffure, "written with a passion long since spent. And some anonymous fiend has been using them to extort funds from me that I can ill afford to pay."

"You did not think of the police?"

"My husband, sir, is the police!" And, of course, I recollected then that Lord Ortinby had recently been appointed Deputy Commissioner of the Yard.

"A difficult and delicate situation," I said, "but surely one best faced by honesty. A blackmailer's pockets can never be filled, my good woman. Why not make a clean breast of the affair?"

"I cannot!" she cried. "My husband is insanely jealous, and I swore to him upon our betrothal that there had been no other loves before him. I cannot tell him the truth, nor can I continue to meet this blackmailer's exorbitant demands. There is only one solution. I must recover those damnable letters! Will you help me?"

"By what means?"

"I have never confronted my blackmailer in person; all my instructions have come by telephone. But I have refused to pay another penny unless he appears and shows me that he truly possesses these letters."

"Good heavens!" I said. "Have you been accepting him at his word?"

"No," she said, and fumbled within her purse. "He has sent me one sample." She thrust an envelope toward me. By its delicate weight and faint perfume I recognized its romantic errand. But in addi-

tion to the address, I recognized still another marking on the envelope, and caught my breath in surprise and sudden understanding.

"Lady Ortinby," I began—but the sentence was to remain unfinished. The door of my flat burst open and almost fell from its hinges. The hulking figure of a man in a checkered greatcoat exploded into the room, brandishing a silver lion-headed stick as if he meant to use it as a weapon.

"Hubert!" Lady Ortinby cried. "You followed me!"

"Yes!" he bellowed, and seemed about to bring that club of a walking stick down upon her fragile white brow. "So *this* is the ladyfriend you went to meet this afternoon!"

I stepped between them quickly.

"You misjudge your wife, Lord Ortinby; if she lied to you, it was only for fear of your displeasure. Her business with me is purely professional."

"Professional!" he roared, going purple about the jowls. "I'll give you professional business, you jackal! I'll have you locked up—"

"You will do nothing of the kind!"

The biting edge of my words brought him to his sanity, and his furor subsided.

"No, Lord Ortinby," I said icily. "You will not again misuse your office as Deputy Commissioner of the Yard; you have done damage enough."

"Misuse my office?" he said hoarsely. "Sir, you dare—"

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"It's elementary, my dear woman. One glance at this envelope revealed the sickening truth of this matter. It bears a date stamp commonly employed by the clerks at Scotland Yard upon receipt of evidence. This letter, madam, came to you by way of the police."

"But that's impossible!"

"Only too possible. Evidently, the Yard apprehended a felon who had these letters in his possession. In the course of the investigation they came to the desk of your husband; his maniacal jealousy drove him to torture you with them. Lady Ortinby, behold your blackmailer!"

"You devil!" Lord Ortinby roared. The lion-headed cane flashed in a silver arc, and I could not avoid the murderous blow that struck my collarbone and surely fractured it. I glimpsed the eyes of a man gone berserk as he lifted the stick again and brought it crashing down on my skull. Even as I lost consciousness, I knew that the madman would never be satisfied until he had bludgeoned every faint impulse of life from my body.

• • •

Saw the ceiling and knew that I was on the sofa. Both Lord and Lady Ortinby were gone. I tried to deduce what had occurred from the condition of the room. I found myself utterly incapable

(continued on page 150)



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

*december's delectable jo collins is
our readers' choice as the choicest of the choice*

UNABLE TO DECIDE which of three similarly striking 1964 Playmates—Jo Collins (Miss December), China Lee (Miss August) and Astrid Schulz (Miss September)—should reign as the current Playmate of the Year, we appealed to PLAYBOY readers last April to help us solve our dilemma by casting their votes for the candidate of their choice. In a down-to-the-wire race for centerfolddom's highest honor, the final tally revealed that 20-year-old Jo Collins had garnered the lioness' share of your ballots, which would seem to indicate that December is truly the "fairest" month of all—weather notwithstanding—since Jo is the third consecutive yuletide Playmate to be so honored. We were even more convinced of the pervasive power of the holiday season when Jo informed us that her initial appearance in these pages had helped her get a shapely leg in the door at American International Pictures, where she recently made (text concluded on page 156)



In addition to her new United Artists movie role and other Playmate of the Year prizes pictured at left, Jo's munificent cache also includes a 10-speed Schwinn bike, four-piece Ventura luggage, Armac bumper-pool table, Smith-Corona portable electric typewriter, swimsuit wardrobe by Jantzen, Thompson water skis and aquatic accessories, lamé stretch pants and shirt by Levi-Strauss, sweaters and knit pants by Catalina and a Honda motorcycle—all in Playmate Pink; plus a white mink cape by Alper Furs (Chicago), Lady Hamilton gold wrist watch, Argus "Super 8" movie camera and projector, 12 bottles of Sea and Ski suntan lotion, LP libraries from Capitol, Mercury and Chess Records, Celui perfume and *parfum de toilette* by Jean Dessés, platinum-blond wig by Fashion Tress, case of Almaden pink champagne, gallon bottle of Kahlua, pair of Sony Tape-mates, 14-carat-gold Rabbit Pin by Maria Vogt (New York), Lady Norelco professional hair drier and beauty sachet kit, complete set of art-studio materials by Grumbacher (New York), and a day at a Garrison-Rainon Beauty Salon. In all, a queen's ransom befitting any Playmate who can claim so many loyal subjects.

Above: Sporting an ensemble from her new Playmate Pink wardrobe by Robert Leader of New York and one of a dozen pink-lensed pairs of Renault of France sunglasses, centerfolddom's current queen perches atop another token of our advertisers' esteem—a Playmate Pink Sunbeam Tiger. Below and right: More of Miss Collins' winning form.







Left: Jo clings lovingly to one of her most coveted prizes. Said she: "If anyone had told me I'd be wearing mink by my 20th birthday, I'd have sworn they were ribbing me."



Above and right: Our flashing-eyed Playmate of the Year proffers ample proof of her campaign supporters' sound judgment: "I still can't imagine why they chose me." We can.





"Wait'll my analyst hears about this!"

MILESTONES OF SUCCESS

THOSE CRITICAL DECISIONS THAT DETERMINE THE COURSE AND THE PROGRESS OF EXECUTIVE CAREERS

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

THERE ISN'T A HUMAN BEING who can be right about all things at all times—and this is at least as true of businessmen as it is of bartenders, biologists or bus drivers. On the other hand, there are times when a businessman makes what prove to be exactly the right decisions and takes what are precisely the proper courses of action in certain situations. It is at these times that he achieves the major successes that form the milestones in his business career.

My own first big success stemmed from the purchase of the Nancy Taylor Allotment Lease in Oklahoma in 1915. Although I realized only some \$12,000 profit after drilling my first producing well on the property and then selling the lease, this initial triumph had a very important effect on my life. Several factors involved in the Nancy Taylor Allotment episode served to determine the course my business career would thenceforth follow.

First, I had originally bought the lease from under the noses of older, more experienced oilmen—and this gave me the confidence I needed in my own judgment and basic business ability. Then, having drilled a well and struck oil, I gained confidence in my abilities as an independent oil operator. Last—but far from least—the exhilaration I derived from this initial success was enough to convince me that I would never be content working anywhere but in the oil business.

I can recall other notable milestone successes during my wildcatting days. In 1921, the California Oil Rush was reaching new peak levels. Notwithstanding a break in crude-oil prices earlier in the year, the petroleum industry was rapidly getting back to normal, and by fall, the fever to open new producing fields in Southern California had once more reached epidemic proportions.

My father and I were contemplating a joint exploration and drilling venture in Southern California, but we hadn't yet made up our minds exactly where to begin our "prospecting" operations. In October 1921, a new field was opened up in the Santa Fe Springs area south of Los Angeles. During the first days of November, my father and I decided to drive down to Santa Fe Springs to see for ourselves whether the region held any further promise.

Wanting to have the best of expert advice, we retained a highly regarded geologist to accompany us. I drove the car, and when we reached the area, we rode around slowly, all three of us carefully eying the topography of the land. The geologist wasn't very enthusiastic about what he saw.

"I'd say there were much better possibilities elsewhere in Southern California," he declared dourly as we drove along Telegraph Avenue. "This doesn't look like very promising oil land to me."

A few moments later, we saw a long freight train laboring across what appeared to be a level expanse until it reached the crossing at Telegraph Avenue. After that, it began to gather momentum; although the locomotive's power eased off, the train steadily picked up speed. Clearly, there was a slight gradient—imperceptible to the eye—that had its summit at Telegraph Avenue. The implications of this struck both my father and me at the same moment.

"Did you see that?" my father demanded, a note of excitement creeping into his voice.

"I'll say I did!" I exclaimed.

"This is oil land—I'm sure of it!" Father declared. "The top of the structure—the dome—is right here along Telegraph Avenue!"

I nodded my agreement enthusiastically—and even our companion, the geologist, had to admit that we had probably made a valuable discovery.

On November 21, 1921, my father and I bought the Nordstrom Lease covering four lots located right on Telegraph Avenue in Santa Fe Springs. We spudded our first well on the property a short time later, and it came in early the following year to produce 2300 barrels daily.

The real value of the discovery we'd made while *(continued on page 98)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN a summer staple couples smartly with a rich-hued spectrum of stylish toppers

BRIGHT WITH WHITE



SWINGING ALONG the great white way, four guys and their dolls make the long hot summer look like a breeze. How? Colorfully coupling white slacks with an assortment of bright tops, the men have boosted a classic summer stand-by into an all-purpose sunshine special, perfect for deck or dance floor. From left to right: A red Orlon V-neck sweater, by Himalaya, \$25, topping off Dacron-and-poplin wash-and-wear slacks, by Asher, \$11, and llama-finished calf shoes, by Winthrop, \$16. A wool cardigan, by Lord Jeff, \$17, complemented by paisley-



patterned silk ascot, by Handcraft, \$5, Arnel and rayon oxford-weave trousers, by Esquire, \$17, and grained glove-leather loafers, by Renegades, \$17. A yellow cotton-velour pullover, by Robert Bruce, \$8, worn over Arnel and Avron flannel slacks, by YMM, \$20, and soft-grained shoes, by Renegades, \$15. A wool-hopsack blazer, by PBM, \$45, with a Dacron-cotton shirt, by Truval, \$5, wool-challis tie, by Berkley, \$3.50, pocket square, by Handcraft, \$3, lightweight slacks, by Corbin, \$18.50, and calf slip-ons, by Roblee, \$16.

ALEC BARR often told himself years later that he had never really intended to do anything serious at all about Barbara. He had embarked on a lecture tour starting in Chicago, just after the birth of a new book, had got himself drunk because he hated what he was doing, and he was wearing such a crashing hangover on the plane that it was an hour before he noticed his seatmate, who had settled in a sort of blonde mist beside him.

"They don't seem to serve any booze on this flight," a soft, clearly enunciated voice roused him from his drowsing misery. "I just happen to be the sort of old-fashioned girl who packs a flask in her handbag. I think you ought either to be revived or else to be put entirely out of your misery, Mr. Barr. Which will it be?"

"You know me?" Alec asked foolishly, blinking. The light hurt his scratchy eyes. "Have met?"

"I know you. You're not entirely unknown. I haven't actually met you, but they put you on dust jackets of books and also in newspapers. As a matter of fact, we're on the same TV panel show after you do your little rope trick for your publishers. I'm called Barbara Bayne. I am a professional bad actress."

Alec blinked again, this time slightly less stupidly, and accepted the half-pint hammered-silver flask. His eyes painfully focused.

"Of course I know you. I've seen dozens of your movies. But you were brunette then. And that last play, the one that——"

"Folded after five performances? You saw *that*, too, did you, and you're still willing to drink my whiskey?" Barbara Bayne's voice was very cheerful for a morning flight to a grimy wind-nagged city Alec hadn't wanted to visit until this moment.

"Actually, I didn't think the play was all that bad. And I thought you were——"

"*'Adequate,'* the critics said. That's about all they ever see in me, that nasty word—*'adequacy.'* But the truth is that I do direct easily and rarely feud with the other, better actors. That makes me constantly hireable. You want some water with that Scotch?"

"Nunh-uh." Alec shook his head, then bowed slightly at Barbara Bayne. "I intend to take this one straight. I need the transfusion. You not having any?"

"Not until you take me to lunch in Chicago," Barbara Bayne said sweetly. "I've been waiting for this moment for years. And I did think your last book, *Total Loss*, was magnificent. Must have been hauled straight out of your guts."

Alec Barr took a deep pull at the flask and shuddered.

"It did. Come out of my guts, I mean. But it's the last intestinal gesture. Anyhow, it's a very nice compliment, and I would love to take you to lunch. And I would also love to take you to dinner, and I would also——"

Barbara Bayne smiled, her dimple deepening.

"No. That'll have to come much later."

Alec could feel himself blush. He groped for cigarettes and offered her one, using the motion as an excuse for closer inspection. Barbara Bayne had a clear cameo face and that one very deep dimple.

"I meant to say, there's a fair fight on tonight which I thought might amuse you, if you like fights." He made conversation.

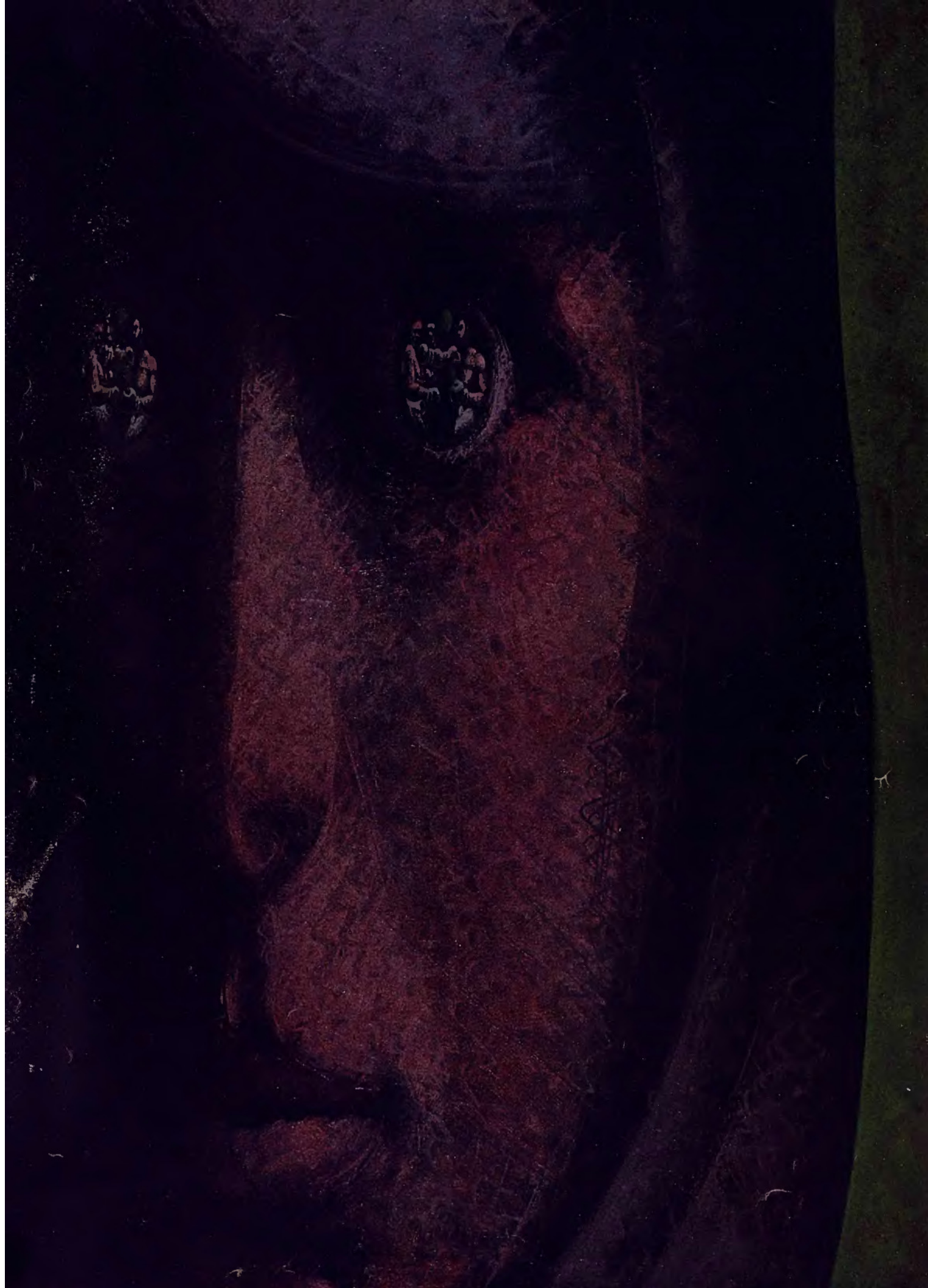
"I like fights," said Barbara Bayne, "of all kinds. I'd love to see a prize fight for real."

"You look larger on the stage," he said, through the cigarette. "And older. You look very wicked and (continued on page 108)

*he would take her to lunch and then to dinner—
and the rest, he felt sure, would come later*

fiction By ROBERT RUARK

BARBARA





august playmate lannie balcom is one of playboy's loveliest distaff staffers



COMELY COLLEAGUE

ALTHOUGH our continuing search for Playmate candidates may take us anywhere in the world, we're never averse to finding fair damsels right in our own back yard. In the case of our august beauty for August, 24-year-old Lannie Balcom, the back yard we refer to is our Chicago front office, where this blonde and gray-eyed eyeful does her daily nine-to-five duties as the Assistant Manager of PLAYBOY's College Bureau. "I've had lots of interesting jobs before—dancing teacher, stewardess, dental assistant and secretary," says Lannie, "but my present position is by far the most demanding of the lot. I'm the sort of person who's not happy unless I'm busy all the time, and with my current responsibilities to the magazine's more than 450 campus representatives, in addition to working on college surveys, subscriptions and correspondence with students and local advertisers, I hardly have time for a coffee break. Don't get the idea that I'm complaining, though, because I wouldn't have it any other way. In fact, I'm looking forward to adding the upcoming Playmate promotion tours to my schedule." Celebrating her first anniversary as a PLAYBOY employee, centerfolddom's favorite campus correspondent initially graced these pages

Left: Honey-haired Miss August arrives at the office early to catch up on her backlog of College Bureau correspondence.



Above: On the job, our loatest stoff sweetheart proves you don't need lights to brighten up on office. "One college subscriber I corresponded with is now o pilot in Vietnam," reports Lonnie, "ond he wrote bock to tell me he named his helicopter the Miss Bolcom." Below: Lonnie takes time out for o quick coffee break with co-workers (left) before checking out compus promotion copy with Senior Editor Shel Wox.





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Below: On holiday in Phoenix, our attractive Arizonan inspects antique six-shooter (left), then samples the latest in Apache head-gear. At home with her dad, Lannie smooches on the living-room sofa with an old friend—Maja, the family toy poodle.



last August as one of the *Bunnies of Chicago* and subsequently adorned our April cover, meanwhile trading in her cotton-tail for a career in publishing. "I enjoyed being a Bunny," she told us, "but when I found out the magazine was looking for an editorial receptionist, I decided to throw my hat in the ring. I never dreamed I'd come up through the ranks so quickly, but that's the way things are around here—fast and furious." Lannie currently shares an apartment with two of her former cottontailed colleagues at the Playboy Mansion, and, although she still gets homesick for her native Phoenix—where she recently returned for a vacation—she now considers herself a confirmed Chicagoan. "The Balcoms are a very close-knit family by nature," Lannie confided. "I guess that comes from their history of frontier living. One of my ancestors, a distant aunt named Elizabeth Balcombe, struck up more than just a nodding acquaintance with Napoleon and, as a result, the Balcoms had to leave Europe in a hurry after Waterloo. Most of them headed for Australia, but our branch of the clan settled in what is now Clarkdale, Arizona, and kept fighting Indians until their tenancy rights were no longer questioned." On her few dateless nights, Lannie prefers good books to bad video ("Steinbeck, Fleming and Tennessee Williams are my favorites"), or brushes up on her culinary capacities ("I specialize in Mexican dishes, but my homemade cheesecake is the most"). And so is Lannie.



Above: At Phoenix Playboy Club, Lannie gives brother Jerry some bumper-pool pointers, then shows him around Playmate Bar.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Today's playboy is like a modern cleanser: works fast and leaves no ring.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *psychiatrist* as someone who doesn't have to worry as long as other people do.



The attractive and grief-stricken widow had been living in seclusion at the home of her deceased husband's younger brother for several weeks. One evening, when she could no longer control her emotions, she barged into her brother-in-law's study and pleaded, "James, I want you to take off my dress." The brother-in-law did as she requested. "Now," she continued, "take off my slip." He again complied. "And now," she said, with a slight blush, "remove my panties and bra." Once more James obeyed her command.

Then, regaining her composure, she stared directly at the embarrassed young man and boldly announced, "I have only one more request, James. Don't ever let me catch you wearing my things again."

After spending his wedding night in a motel, the young man approached the desk clerk and asked for his bill.

"Our charge for a double room is seven dollars apiece," advised the clerk. The newlywed grumbled something about the price being a bit steep, then dug out his wallet and handed the clerk 42 dollars.

Then there was the little old lady who walked up to the beatnik in Greenwich Village and asked, "Cross-town buses run all night?" Whereupon the young bohemian snapped his fingers and replied, "Doo-dah, Doo-dah."

The pretty young schoolteacher was concerned about one of her 11-year-old students. Taking him aside after class one day, she asked, "Victor, why has your schoolwork been so poor lately?"

"I can't concentrate," replied the lad. "I'm afraid I've fallen in love."

"Is that so?" said the teacher, holding back an urge to smile. "And with whom?"

"With you," he answered.

"But Victor," exclaimed the secretly pleased young lady, "don't you see how silly that is? It's true that I would like a husband of my own someday; but I don't want a child."

"Oh, don't worry," said Victor reassuringly. "I'll be careful."

"I'll never marry a man who snores," said the pretty young thing.

"All right," replied her mother, "but be careful how you find out."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chafing dish* as a girl in a tight leotard.

A bachelor friend of ours reminds us that sometimes a girl can attract a man with her mind, but it's easier to attract him with what she doesn't mind.



Have you heard about the masochist who had to break a date because he was going to be tied up all night?

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *drive-in* as a place where a guy parks his car to try out his clutch.

Any girl who believes that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach is obviously setting her standards too high.



Two drunks wandered into a zoo and as they staggered past a lion's cage, the king of beasts let out a terrific roar.

"C'mon, let's get out of here," said the first drunk.

"You go ahead if you want to," replied his more inebriated cohort. "I'm gonna stay for the movie!"

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.



*"Don't you think on her last day here we should throw
a little party or something for Margaret Mead?"*

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S IRE

an inflammatory excursion into the trials of tobacco fanciers beset by self-appointed weed killers

AESOP'S FABLED SHEPHERD BOY, the one who fooled the neighbors with so many false cries of "Wolf!" that they simply went back to sleep when a real wolf finally appeared, evokes little sympathy. Most people feel he got exactly what was coming to him (the wolf, a good trencherman, ate him along with the sheep), but today there is concern that the same thing could be happening with the Surgeon General's 1964 report linking cigarette smoking with lung cancer. The concern is justified, whether or not one personally accepts the report as a genuine cry of wolf—and there does exist a considerable body of informed opinion that is dubious on the point. There are those, too, who believe the report, just as they believe the annual statistics on motor-vehicle mortality, but they have no more intention of giving up cigarettes than they do of abandoning the pleasures of motoring for pedestrianism.

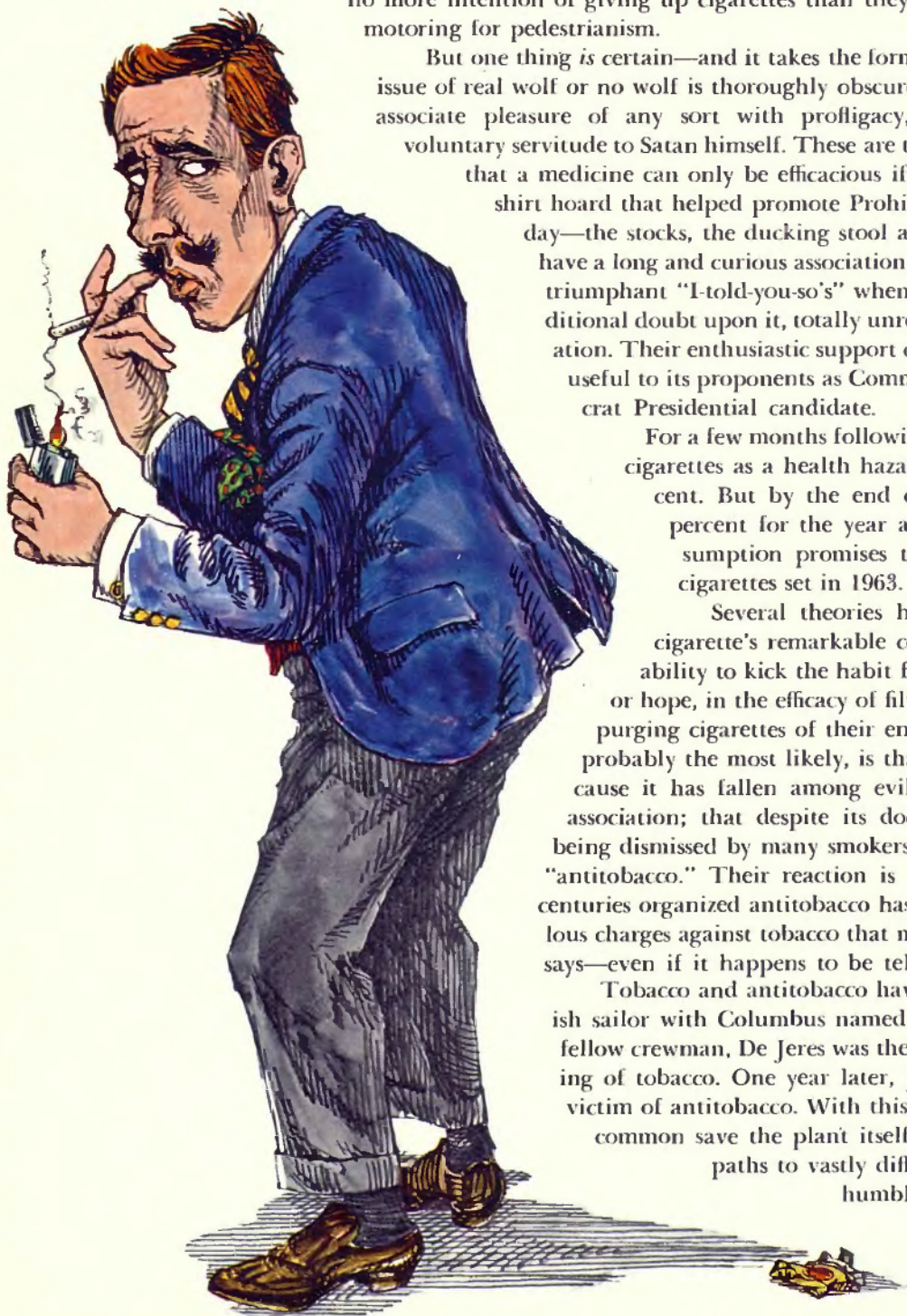
But one thing is certain—and it takes the form of a nonnicotinic smoke cloud. The issue of real wolf or no wolf is thoroughly obscured by the legions of joy killers who associate pleasure of any sort with profligacy, immorality, sin, vice, crime and voluntary servitude to Satan himself. These are the people who believe in their hearts that a medicine can only be efficacious if it tastes terrible; they are the hair-shirt hoard that helped promote Prohibition, blue laws and—in an earlier day—the stocks, the ducking stool and the scarlet A. They and tobacco have a long and curious association in the light of which their raucously triumphant "I-told-you-so's" when the report was issued have cast additional doubt upon it, totally unrelated to questions of scientific evaluation. Their enthusiastic support of anticigarette legislation is about as useful to its proponents as Communist support would be for a Dixiecrat Presidential candidate.

For a few months following the January 1964 report indicting cigarettes as a health hazard, their sales dropped over 10 percent. But by the end of 1964 sales were down only 2.34 percent for the year and rising so rapidly that 1965 consumption promises to exceed the record of 510 billion cigarettes set in 1963.

Several theories have been advanced to explain the cigarette's remarkable comeback. One is the widespread inability to kick the habit for good. Another is a growing faith, or hope, in the efficacy of filters, or the discovery of a process for purging cigarettes of their endangering ingredients. A third, and probably the most likely, is that the Surgeon General's report, because it has fallen among evil companions, is suffering guilt by association; that despite its documentation and sponsorship, it is being dismissed by many smokers as just another blast at tobacco by "antitobacco." Their reaction is understandable. During nearly five centuries organized antitobacco has made so many dubious and ridiculous charges against tobacco that many now refuse to believe a word it says—even if it happens to be telling the truth.

Tobacco and antitobacco have one bond between them—a Spanish sailor with Columbus named Rodrigo de Jeres. In 1492, with a fellow crewman, De Jeres was the first white man to witness the smoking of tobacco. One year later, jailed for smoking, he was the first victim of antitobacco. With this exception, the two have nothing in common save the plant itself, and they have followed divergent

paths to vastly different ends. Tobacco has risen from humble beginnings to become a vital factor in the American economy and so generous a contributor to the tax gatherers that it is exceeded



article **BY POYNTZ TYLER**



only by booze and the income tax itself as a source of public revenue. Antitobacco, after some heady initial triumphs (during the 17th Century, for example, Shah Safi of Persia punished smokers by pouring molten lead down their throats), has known few but evil days. Not one American state retains the laws against cigarettes that made the early years of this century so trying.

Such nostalgia can always warm the cockles of the Right Thinking, for there were giants in those days, men of renown. There was James I of England, whose *Counterblaste to Tobacco* in 1604 remains an enduring monument to the beauty of his prose and the futility of his effort. There was Ch'ung Te, 17th Century emperor of China, who ordered decapitation for any soldier caught smoking, and rescinded the order only when army brass, addicts all, assured him that smoking was a new cure for the common cold. There was Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, father of Hodgkin's disease, who claimed in 1857 that tobacco provoked such a craving for strong drink that its very name derived from the fact that it drove its disciples to *Bacchus*. There was the Reverend George Trask, who maintained with a straight face that cannibals would not eat the flesh of smokers. And there was Miss Lucy Page Gaston of Illinois, who aspired to the Presidency on the platform that she looked like Abraham Lincoln (no other woman has cared to make that claim) and would outlaw tobacco in all its forms on her first day in the White House.

Finally, and this was the noblest foe-man of them all, there was Dr. Charles Giffin Pease, a lively, lovable little man who looked like a miniature Robert E. Lee and demonstrated the same devotion for a cause that was lost. His devotion led him down strange paths into strange ways. At a testimonial dinner for General John Joseph Pershing in the early Twenties he strode up to the guest of honor, a man who had frightened more GIs during the first World War than had the German army, and without a tremor snatched the cigarette from his lips.

The discovery of tobacco, so necessary to the antitobacco movement, was as inadvertent as the discovery of America itself. Columbus raised Cuba on October 28, 1492, and, basing his statement on the belief that his first landfall at San Salvador had been the (East) Indies, announced to a cheering company that they were now skirting the coast of Japan. A few days later, after further recourse to log and sextant, he changed his mind, and when he dropped anchor at what is now Gibara in Oriente Province on November first, he pointed to the lush Cuban landscape and admitted to his men that he had made a slight, a pardonable error in reckoning. They were not in Japan at all, he said; they

were in China, and emissaries would be dispatched to con the great Khan.

The two men selected were singularly well equipped for their mission. One was De Jeres, able seaman, who had once visited a Negro king in Guinea and was hence assumed capable of understanding any language affected by a colored people. The other, just in case, was an interpreter named Luis de Torres, who could speak fluently in Aramaic and Hebrew and could get by in Arabic. Both, moreover, could assay gold at a hundred paces with the naked eye, and Columbus was convinced they would be doing just that, with bulging eyes, by nightfall. They weren't. Leaving Gibara on November first, they trekked inland for two days, inquiring their way of friendly natives to the gold-encrusted capital of the Khan. The natives invariably pointed south and, in the manner of Montana farmers describing the grandeur of Butte, indicated by signs that the city they were approaching was unequalled anywhere for wealth, beauty, culture and civic enterprise.

Reality was a dismal letdown, for they reached their destination on November third and found that the fabled City of Gold was a collection of huts that were constructed, however ingeniously, of such nonnegotiable materials as timber, palm fronds and mud. Sick with disappointment, they lingered scarcely long enough to be polite before heading back to the coast, and it was during this mournful return that De Torres and De Jeres became the first white men to witness the smoking of tobacco. Columbus himself had been presented with some ceremonial leaves on landing at San Salvador, but the man who could stand an egg on end hadn't the slightest conception of their use. His ambassadors found out. Meeting some natives on the trail, they were invited to rest awhile and each was handed a roll of "herbs" wrapped in a dry leaf which the donors identified as *tabacos*—or so it sounded. The Spaniards, assuming these to be tokens of esteem, put them in their pockets. The natives put theirs in their mouths, lighted the end with a smoldering brand they carried for the purpose, and "swallowed" the smoke. Then they squatted on their haunches, puffed their primitive cigars and began to chat.

This was the discovery of smoking by the white man, and within a month of returning to Spain De Jeres was in jail for doing just that—put there by the Inquisition on the logical assumption that anyone who emitted smoke was possessed of devils. He did an exorcising stretch of several years and then disappeared from history. Lately he has enjoyed a renaissance. Citizens of Ayamonte, his home town, now claim him as the local boy who first introduced tobacco into Europe. He must share the honor. Practically every member of

Columbus' crew took tobacco home with him, and by the middle of the 16th Century it had spread to most of the accessible world.

Tobacco—and later tobacco culture—spread from Spanish and Portuguese America into every part of the world that the industrious Iberians could penetrate. They took it to Africa and the Near East, to China, India, Korea, Malaya, the East Indies and the Philippines. They took it, in short, everywhere they went except across the Pyrenees into Europe. The slight was intentional. Spain and Portugal owned, or said they did, all the tobacco-producing areas in America and its cultivation elsewhere in the world was under their strict control. They enjoyed a monopoly they saw no reason to share with the rest of Europe and they enjoyed it immensely until 1560 when Jean Nicot, French ambassador to Lisbon, smuggled some tobacco plants to the queen mother in Paris. This was the hole in the dike. From then on anybody could get into the act and the whole world was a stage for antitobacco.

For a generation whose experience with antitobacco is largely limited to medical reports and educational tracts, it is difficult to understand the barbarity of the movement's early years. Shah Abbas of Persia, grandfather of the kindly Safi previously cited, would consign to the flames any tobacco found on his soldiers, along with the soldiers. Czar Michael of Russia decreed flogging, slitting of the nose, or castration for anyone caught smoking, and the 17th Century sultans of Turkey added their own refinement. After slitting the nose, they would pass a rope through the incision and suspend the culprit in mid-air. Inveterate smokers got the ultimate deterrent. They were beheaded.

Some of the early prohibitions were based on morality, others on what monarchs termed "convenience and necessity." The Russian czars punished smokers because careless smokers caused fires, while the Parsis of India abstained from smoking (and still do) because it profanes fire, which they hold sacred. Ahmed I of Turkey forbade tobacco because he thought it was against the laws of the Koran; his son Ibrahim I, although equally devout, forbade it because he thought tobacco caused sterility and would curtail production of cannon fodder. Other rulers banned it, and punished its use unmercifully, because they felt smoking led to sociability, sociability led to talk, and talk led to rebellion. Proscription on religious grounds was rare and frequently on thin theological ice. Both the Bible and the Koran were written centuries before tobacco was known, so neither, of course, mentions it; but several Mohammedan sects in North Africa punish its use to this day on the grounds that Mohammed would

(continued on page 156)



FORE!

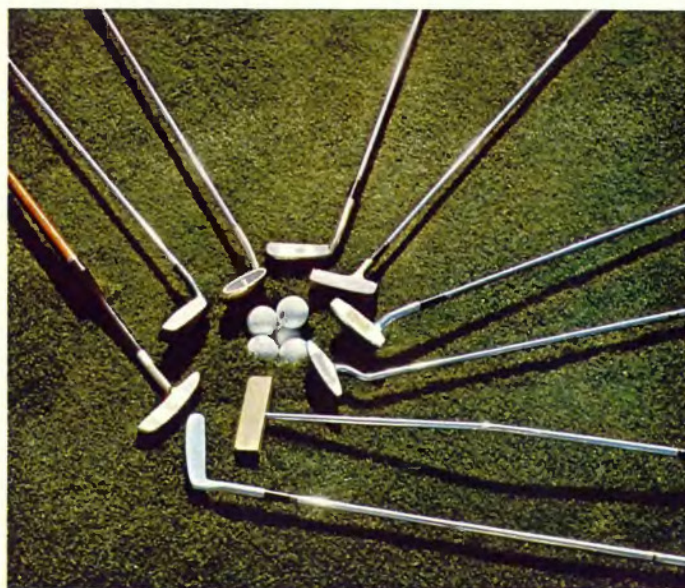
*playboy's guide to golf: its unique pleasures and its lore, plus a report
on the best in courses and linkage gear for the passionate pursuer of par*



Preceding page: Teeing off at Pebble Beach, the driver is wearing an imparted six-button Alpaca cardigan, by Van Heusen, \$19, over tapered, half-belt Arnold Palmer golf slacks, by Sunstate, \$11. His appanent looks on in an Alpaca wool link-stitch V-neck pullover, by Robert Bruce, \$20, and Dacron and cotton slacks, by McGregor, \$15. Above: Top-line linkage gear. From left to right (all prices are far full set of four woods and nine irons except where noted): Alligator-kangaroo bag, \$150, shag bag, \$18, woods, \$108, and irons, \$179.10, all by Ben Hogan. Duck and vinyl bag with club covers, \$65, waods, \$107, and irons, \$171, all by Arnold Palmer. Bag is on an aluminum galf cart, by Northwestern, \$39.95. Cowhide bag, \$125, woods and irons combined, \$342.50, all by Northwestern. Ponyskin bag, \$95, woods, \$110, and eight irans, \$160, all by Spaulding. Kangaroo bag, \$145, woods, \$108, and irons, \$175, oll by MacGregor. Vinyl and alligator bag with head covers, \$90, umbrella, \$20, waods, \$120, and irons, \$177.75, all by PGA. Cowhide bag, \$150, matching carry-all, \$57, umbrella, \$15, waods, \$108, and irons, \$175, all by Wilson.

GOLF IS A GENTLEMEN'S endeavor which began during the Renaissance and engaged the mind and body of civilized man 300 years before he first tried to play the piano. The keyboard has been largely mastered, but golf remains elusive and distant, withstanding the best efforts to bring it to terms.

To the true golfer, the lure of this "royal and ancient" game is complete and irresistible. He will play anywhere and under any circumstances. On the lush layout near Wankie in Rhodesia, an elephant rifle for protection against dangerous animals is a must. In Victoria Falls, club members share the course with crocodiles from the Zambezi. When the intrepid British explorer Robert Scott went to the South Pole, he took along a shag bag of practice balls and a midiron to work on his approach shots. An Australian, Stanley Gard, once played 256 holes in a single day. Only a fellow golfer can really understand this passion for the game. To nonplayers who share the opinion of Westbrook Pegler that golf is "the most needless outdoor game ever designed to waste the time and try the spirit of man," the bewilderment is absolute. Certainly no game supposedly played for pleasure gives so much pain to the par-





Below left: A swirl of putters. Clockwise from 9: Wood-shaft putter, from Northwestern, \$22. Aluminum mallet putter, by Walter Hagen, \$14.50. Steel-shaft Playboy Putter, by Playboy Products, \$22. Gold-plated "flat-lie" putter, from Northwestern, \$16. Roil cross putter, \$16, and triangular mollet putter, \$15, both by Ben Hogon. "Blythfield" putter, by Walter Hagen, \$14.50. Croquet model, by Golf Designs, \$14.95. Personal putter, by Arnold Palmer, \$15.95. Below, top row: Two-tone golf shoe, by Johnston & Murphy, \$40, burgundy, and red kangaroo, golf shoes, both by Connolly, \$35 each. Middle row, from left to right: Exer-grips, by Voit, \$1 each. Ball marker, by United Metal Products, \$4.95. Distance measurer, by Pedometer, \$7.95. Colored "Visa Balls," by Plymouth Golf Ball Co., \$1 each. Ball monogrommer, by Asam Products, \$4.95. Practice swinger, by J. D. Anderson, \$9.95. Golf mitt, by Swing Cover, \$2.95. Gloves, from Northwestern, \$4.50 each. Bottom row: Roller-head practice putter, by Hole-In Putter, \$20.50. Swing-weight exerciser for strengthening the left arm, by Golf Designs, \$10.95. A 10 1/2-foot-extension boll retriever, from Northwestern, \$5.95.



ticipants. In the earliest history of golf, men went to jail rather than forgo their regular round. During the 15th Century so many Scottish soldiers sneaked away from archery practice to play at the links nearby that the game was temporarily outlawed. In 1593 John Henrie and Pat Rogie were arrested in Edinburgh for "playing of gowlf on the links of Leith every sabbath at the time of the sermones."

Although the law and the Church have since relented, the punishing strains of this Scottish invention carry on. Going for an easy tournament win, Bobby Jones once lost 18 pounds in three days. A professional, Ivan Gantz, who almost never had an easy win, became so enraged about his bad play in a match that he bashed himself in the forehead with a club and finished the round with blood streaming down his face. Gantz, who was plagued by a balky putter, used to get so infuriated watching his putts go off line that he regularly flung himself into sand traps and water hazards.

But, in spite of everything, golf remains a triumph of hope over experience. No matter how high the handicap, every golfer is convinced deep in his heart that he is on the verge

of conquering the game. If he can just hold his left arm straighter or turn his hips more quickly, everything will fall into place. Brassie shots will stay on line, an easy camaraderie with Palmer and Nicklaus, a scratch handicap—all these can be his. After all, Walter Travis never even began to play the game until he was in his middle 30s and four years later, in 1900, he was the National Amateur Champion.

Golf is the eternal siren's song. Ostensibly, all a player has to do is stand over a ball that cannot possibly move until it is hit. Then, by taking a club that has been specifically designed for the job at hand by experienced craftsmen, a man is required only to strike at this immobile sphere and keep it somewhere within a spacious acreage of greensward generously provided by an indulgent greens committee. Almost any golfer with the requisite number of limbs can, without ever hitting a really exceptional shot, par any given hole on any golf course in the world. (That he can continue to play that same hole and not par it again for the next ten years is a mystery as impenetrable as Stonehenge.) But no matter. Even a single great shot is as possible for the duffer as it is for the professional. Last year an 84-year-old geezer scored a hole in one. So did a nine-year-old boy. So did a woman who was eight months pregnant. Cheered by the warmth of these comfortable dreams, the duffer can engage in a sporting game that is unequaled for the richness of its lineage. The player today who finds himself tightly bunkered can be consoled with the knowledge that Britain's James I shared a similar anguish. James, in fact, was the first head of state to become hopelessly addicted to golf. He was so smitten he established the honored position of Royal Clubmaker. Later, miffed over the rising prices of decent golf balls, he created the post of Royal Ballmaker in an effort to keep the price down to four shillings apiece. In America, President Taft, swathed in a pair of blazing knickers, set a precedent for American Presidents to follow. Wilson, a high-handicap *aficionado* who usually shot in the 100s, wooed and won Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, whose game was a ladylike 180. Eisenhower ignored political jibes to play. The late President John F. Kennedy, a keen player in his own right, refused to allow any pictures to be taken of him while actually playing. He relented once and promptly lashed out a slicing drive that hit his own caddie standing well down the fairway.

The game today is peopled by the giants of the sporting scene. An Arnold Palmer and a Jack Nicklaus make money beyond the wildest dream of a Mickey Mantle. Last year each man won more than \$113,000 in official purses alone and easily another half million each in endorsement and related earnings.

"Arnie's Army," the gaggle of fans that troop after their hero regardless of his standing in the field, is the most loyal group of fans in sports today.

• • •

Golf was brought to America in 1888 when John Reid, the father of American golf, wrote to Scotland for some clubs and a few feather-stuffed balls. After they arrived, he rapped out a few shots down what is now 72nd Street in New York City and began the age-old golfer's search for a match. He found one quickly enough and the game was first played in America on February 22 over a three-hole course in a cow pasture in Yonkers.

Then, as now, bright plumage was the sartorial order of the day in linkagewear. When Reid established the New St. Andrews Golf Club, the official uniform for all players even on the hottest day consisted of a red jacket, white shirt and club tie. Trousers, while not specified, were, presumably, mandatory. Top honors for the most—if not the best-dressed golfer in the history of the game, however, must go to Adam Green, who played during the early 1900s. Green regularly golfed in patent-leather shoes, wing-tipped spats, knickers, checked jacket, celluloid collar and cuffs and red gloves. Thus attired, the resplendent Green wore goggles while driving off the tee and then switched to a monocle for his approach shots.

Golf, said Dr. Samuel Johnson, is "a game in which you claim the privileges of age and retain the playthings of childhood." Just how many of Dr. Johnson's playthings a golfer should carry has always been a delicate point. "Do not carry more clubs than absolutely necessary," counseled expert Joshua Taylor. "Unless you feel full confidence in a weapon, you had better leave it in your locker." For a long time golfers heeded this advice. In Scotland a man who needed more than three balls and six clubs was considered a spendthrift, and probably the sort of man who couldn't be trusted out of sight in the rough. When Chick Evans won the 1916 U. S. Open, he had only seven clubs in his bag.

Walter Hagen changed all of that. "Sir Walter" was the master of the grand gesture. In the days when touring professionals were barred from using the members' entrance of English clubs, Hagen stayed outside and shared a box luncheon with his caddie on the running board of his Rolls-Royce. On the course, however, Walter was something less than the caddie's friend. He regularly played with his bag loaded down with a dazzling assortment of clubs, a dozen or so balls, an umbrella, a clock, ball cleaner, a thermometer, a wind gauge, a caddie whistle, a rule book and a complete change of clothes. Hagen made up for the excess baggage once when he won the British Open and tipped his caddie by giving him the entire purse. The

giant California shotmaker Lawson Little went even further and regularly carried as many as 30 clubs.

For today's golfer something smaller than Lawson Little's armory is in order, but the investment in basic equipment is still extensive. The rules of golf today allow a player to carry no more than 14 clubs with him on any single round, and there is extensive lobbying by professionals and club manufacturers to increase that maximum to 16 to allow for more specialized clubs. Although some purists decry this proliferation of equipage as an attempt to buy shots in the pro shop instead of making them on the course, most players want all the help they can get. A golfer going first-class buying clubs can plan on spending more than \$100 for a set of four woods, and around \$175 for the usual complement of nine irons. While there is a plethora of "bargain" sets on the market, it rarely pays to try to cut corners. Any set of irons selling for less than \$125 is almost certainly sacrificing quality craftsmanship. The top manufacturers, such as PGA, Wilson, Spaulding, MacGregor and Northwestern, as well as some special autograph lines, such as Hagen, Hogan and Palmer, all make high-quality equipment within similar price ranges. Last year PGA came out with the first really new club since Gene Sarazen developed the sand wedge to compensate for his generally poor trap play. Called the "scrambler," this club combines a heavy sole on the bottom of the blade, like a wedge, to help it get through thick rough, and a straightened face like a mid-iron to get distance. Effective for shots as long as 150 yards, the scrambler is an excellent buy for players who spend a good deal of time off the fairway.

The best way for a player to equip himself is to go first to a golf professional for help. A good teaching pro will know the right equipment for you. "Don't try to teach yourself golf any more than you would medicine," goes the old warning, "it's too expensive"; a pro is absolutely necessary to anyone trying to play golf seriously. The average golf score in America is around 105, yet almost anyone can be regularly shooting in the 90s within one season if he gets the proper instruction. And the difference between going around in the 90s and going around in the 100s is the difference between actually playing one of the most satisfying games devised by man and hacking at a ball with a stick.

A half-hour lesson with a good pro should cost between \$4 and \$10, depending on the stature of the teacher. Probably the best instruction of all comes from a playing lesson, when the pro goes along and plays nine holes with you. It will cost \$10 to \$25 for nine holes, and the pro should discuss each shot with you and answer any questions. Remember

(concluded on page 149)



Gahan
Wilson

"Can't we just go after sailfish . . . ?"

MILESTONES OF SUCCESS *(continued from page 77)*

watching the freight train chuff its way past the Telegraph Avenue crossing became apparent soon enough. The Nordstrom Lease property proved to be extremely rich in oil, and we drilled additional wells, all of which proved to be excellent producers. In the 15 years between 1922 and 1937, the wells we drilled on the Nordstrom Lease sites showed a total excess recovery—a total clear profit—of \$6,387,946!

The Athens Lease was another turning-point success for me. I bought the lease in 1924—on my own account—paying about \$12,000 for it. The lease covered a property located in what were then the southern suburbs of the city of Los Angeles—on Hoover Street between 127th and 128th Streets.

Other operators were already drilling in the area, but they were going after oil in the deep zone. After taking a careful look at the drilling operations then under way, I became convinced that greater production could be obtained at considerably less expense if one drilled for oil in the upper zone, and went ahead with my own operations accordingly, personally supervising the drilling.

I completed my first Athens Lease well on February 16, 1925, and it yielded 1500 barrels daily. Three weeks later, I spudded my second well and brought it in within six days for an initial daily yield of 2000 barrels. The two wells were to show an excess recovery of over \$400,000—and other operators promptly began to alter their drilling programs to go after the oil I had proved existed in abundance in the upper zone.

A year later, I was offered the Cleaver Lease in Alamitos Heights by a man who had bought it less than a week earlier. I knew the property and felt certain that there was oil on it.

"How much do you want for the lease?" I asked.

"I paid four thousand dollars—and I'm satisfied to double my money," came the reply. I didn't argue—not for a single moment.

"You've just made a sale," I grinned, taking out my personal checkbook and writing a check for \$8000.

The four wells I drilled on the Cleaver Lease property brought in almost \$800,000 in clear profit during the next 12 years.

These and other fortuitous lease purchases and drilling operations were all important successes during the period when I was just a wildcatting operator. A truly major triumph of an entirely different sort was my successful campaign to gain control of the Tide Water Associated Oil Company—a campaign that began in March 1932 and did not end in final victory until almost 20 years later.

There is, of course, a vast difference

between buying an oil lease and drilling a well and setting out to buy a controlling interest in a major oil company. Tide Water Associated was an old, established American firm. It had been founded in 1878 as the Tide Water Pipe Company to build and operate a then-revolutionary 104-mile-long pipeline for transporting oil from Titusville to Williamsport in Pennsylvania. In the decades that followed, the company had grown into one of the American petroleum industry's giants. By 1932, it was among the 12 or 15 largest oil companies in the United States.

Tide Water Associated was big business—and its incumbent directors and management personnel were big businessmen with a great deal of experience and with huge financial resources behind them. By sharp contrast, I was nothing more than a comparatively insignificant upstart wildcatting oil operator.

Nonetheless, I made what proved to be the right decisions, and—with the invaluable assistance and advice of my aides and associates—took the right steps at the right times. It was a long, difficult fight, but in the end, I won it. Much of the credit for the victory belongs to the men who remained fiercely loyal and confident even when the outlook was so bleak that it appeared virtually hopeless.

The late David Hecht, my brilliant and tireless attorney, guided the myriad operations involved through labyrinthine legal mazes. E. F. Hutton and Company brokers Gordon Cray, Ruloff Cutten and Don Phillips worked miracles for me with their adroit handling of stock transactions on the New York Stock Exchange. Emil Kluth and Harold Rowland were only two among many who gave me moral and material support when such support was needed most. Without the help of these men, the campaign that resulted in my biggest single business triumph might well have ended as my biggest and most dismal business failure.

The success of my companies' operations in the Middle East has been another important milestone in my business career. There, again, it was necessary to make the right decisions and follow the correct course of action—and the allowable margin for error was slim, indeed.

Admittedly, by the time I embarked on the Middle Eastern venture, I was a seasoned businessman. Even so, it was a giant step into what, for me, were relatively uncharted fields, and the problems involved were proportionately as formidable as any I had encountered previously during my business career.

In short, what I sought was a concession to drill for oil in the neutral zone, a largely barren desert area lying between the kingdom of Saudi Arabia and the sheikdom of Kuwait on the Per-

sian Gulf—actually an arbitrarily defined geographical area owned jointly by the two states.

In 1948, two half concessions—one Kuwaiti, the other Saudi Arabian—became available. Another firm—formed by a consortium of oil companies—obtained the half that was the Sheik of Kuwait's to grant. There remained the other half—the 50-percent concession controlled by His Majesty, King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia.

My initial decision to enter into the bidding for this latter half was influenced in no small part by the highly favorable reports on the region that were made by Dr. Paul Walton and Emil Kluth, outstanding geologists associated with my companies. They concurred in the opinion that tremendous quantities of oil lay beneath the trackless wasteland of the neutral zone and recommended that I take the multimillion-dollar gamble necessary to obtain the concession and begin prospecting and drilling operations.

"In the Name of God, the Merciful and Compassionate, this agreement is entered into in Riyadh on the 22nd day of the month of Rabie II, in the year 1368, corresponding to the 20th day of February, 1949 . . ." Thus reads the opening line of the voluminous agreement that my representative, Barney Hadfield, signed when negotiations for the concession had been successfully concluded.

The agreement granted me a 60-year concession on a half interest in neutral-zone oil. In consideration, I made an immediate cash payment of \$12,500,000—but this was only the beginning. I would spend a total of considerably more than three times that amount before the first barrel of crude oil was brought in.

Now, the half interest granted me by the King of Saudi Arabia was, like the half granted to the other company by the Sheik of Kuwait, an undivided half—an indivisible share. In other words, although two companies had been granted separate concessions by the rulers of two different states having cocontrol over the neutral zone, the companies were required to share equally in oil discovered and produced by either. In this way, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait would each receive revenues and royalties according to the terms of their respective concession agreements, but based on equal quantities of oil.

It would hardly seem necessary to point out that this arrangement posed many knotty problems—some of which occasionally grew to the proportions of major dilemmas. For example, the company that had obtained its half-interest concession from the Sheik of Kuwait had its own ideas about prospecting and drilling for oil in the neutral zone. These views did not coincide with those

(continued on page 146)



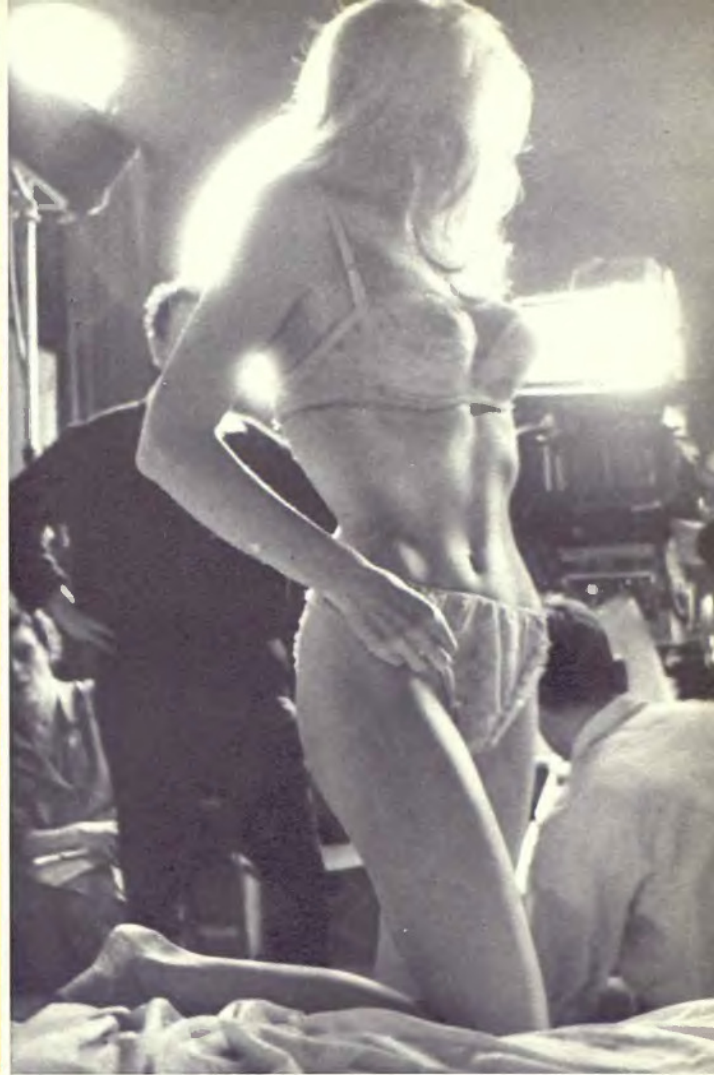
*what's
nude,
pussycat?*



"This scene from *Pussycat* is based on a real incident from my own life and shows Ursula Andress with Peter Sellers, Romy Schneider with Peter O'Toole, and me with a copy of *Heidi*—a book that has sustained me in my darkest moments. As you can see, I'm no fun at orgies."

By WOODY ALLEN *the screenwriter-screwball and assorted stars cavort through the undress rehearsals of the wildest, wackiest movie of the year*

WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT? marks my filmic debut—both as an actor and screenwriter—so I suppose I shouldn't admit that I wrote the whole thing as a joke, never once believing that the Charles K. Feldman who commissioned me to do the script was actually *the* Charles K. Feldman, or that anyone in their right mind would ever produce such a film. The final version of *Pussycat* is the result of a 200-page film script that blew out of a taxicab window and was never put back in its original order after its retrieval from a passing chestnut vendor's pushcart, my typist having forgotten to number the pages. That Peters O'Toole and Sellers agreed to play the lead roles in the film is a miracle, and I'm certain that neither would have touched it in its original form. Therefore, credit must be given to the cabdriver who helped me put the script into its present order—especially since the loss of certain pages provided the plot with just the proper shade of incoherence. My initial story described the search of a psychotic gynecologist and a Lithuanian jockey for stable values in a world threatened by the influx of bad singing groups—with Romy Schneider, Capucine, Paula Prentiss and Ursula Andress cast as the 1936 Notre Dame backfield. United Artists felt this was a little too "offbeat," and made a few subtle changes. The present plot involves a Paris fashion editor (O'Toole) and a horny Viennese psychiatrist (Sellers) in search of Romy, Capucine, Paula, Ursula and a clutch of strippers from the Crazy Horse Saloon—with a special role written in for me to give the film an earthy appeal.



Above: "Here we see Sellers in one of his incredible make-up jobs, doing a stand-in for Ursula Andress and capturing, I must admit, her most salient features." Below: "This is the real Ursula (you'll note the striking resemblance between these and the top photos), except for the bottom shot where Sellers returns to play both Ursula and Peter O'Toole simultaneously in bed. Very taxing role."





Above: "This is Paula Prentiss doing her strip scene from the film. Poula plays the port of an exotic donseuse at the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris, and I play the guy backstage who helps dress and undress the girls between their stints. Of course, I would have preferred a role that colled more upon the full ronge of my Thespion talents, but I sacrificed myself for the good of the film. What we needed was someone who could hold the audience's attention ond satisfy their need for virility, even when surrounded by o swarm of naked females. Going the obvious route, they used me. Poula is so beautiful that I pulled a muscle in my hip just watching her rehearse this number. She's the kind of tall, violently sexual woman I knock off every doy by the corlood—in daydreams. In real life, she could turn me into o lamp bose."





Below: "Being a trained Stanislavskyan actor (I once played the title role in an off-Broadway production of *The Cherry Orchard*), I had to live my part while off camera in order to properly prepare for it. These are photographs of Paula and me working out together. I couldn't bear to tell her that our big scene had already been cut out of the final script, so I did the most humane thing possible under the circumstances—I kept rehearsing it with her. As you can see, I run the full gamut of emotions during this picture sequence, ending up a passion-ridden, snarling maniac (right). Incidentally, during rehearsals I had to be hosed down several times by the studio's volunteer fire department to prevent an ugly scene. That I'm an animal soon became apparent to everyone who played love scenes with me."





Above: "Here we have Peter Sellers carrying on with a couple of bimbos in one of the flick's more surrealistic moments. Sellers is a brilliant comedian—one of my best pupils. He is also playing the girl in the two top right-hand photos—whom you undoubtedly mistook for one of the strippers from the film. Once again, Sellers has shown himself to be a true master of disguise and scored another triumph for modern cosmetology." Below: "In yet another of the film's big emotional climaxes, the scene switches to the stage of the Crozy Horse. In one of the most moving and profound moments on celluloid, Monique gets religion and decides to return to medical school."





Above: "These are real strippers backstage at the real Crazy Horse Saloon, and I am diligently practicing for my role as a professional dresser and general lecher. In method acting, there is no substitute for firsthand experience. During this phase of my research I tried to follow one simple rule at all times: If it moves, fandle it!" Below: "These shots depict the actual Crazy Horse girls in their average workday world, suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous bald-headed guys who always sit in the front row. I had hoped to sit out front and lend the girls moral support, but during their acts I was backstage getting my insulin shots."





Above: "Here we see a delightful football extravaganza, in which yours truly and the Crazy Horse girls celebrate the joys of body-contact sports with zest and gusto. (Funny, they all resembled Y. A. Tittle in a sense.) These scenes do not appear in the film, but the girls were nice enough to horse around with me for the sake of good sportsmanship and the *PLAYBOY* cameras. By the way, I still have the scars from this little impromptu scrimmage." Right: "Here I was penalized for too much time in the huddle, but it was worth it. Fondling the bare back of a French stripper is the greatest tactile sensation I've had since jumping noked into a vat of cold Roosevelt dimes."

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR *PLAYBOY* BY LARRY SHAW



BARBARA (continued from page 80)

worldly in the movies. But I suppose that's because you were brunette. I suppose you'll hate me for saying that close up you look both younger and prettier. And vastly more innocent."

Barbara Bayne dipped her shining blonde head and produced a fair imitation of bridle.

"It's my hairdresser's fault," she said. "I really don't know what the pansies are plotting from day to day. I'm told the fluffy-duckling bit goes very well with my special kind of beady brown eyes."

"I'd like you if your eyes were pink. And crossed. That's my first compliment from your whiskey, and so I think I shall invade the flask again and appear at some later stage resembling normal. Then I make compliments on my own time."

He drank again and handed back the flask. "I say, you *are* a pretty woman now that the alcohol's at work. Maybe even without it. You've a nice early-morning face."

"Thank you, kind sir. That's a pretty turn of phrase. I might say the same for you. Even with that hangover you're wearing. And you really don't strike me as the mysterious sort of public kind of writer with something very important to say that nobody really understands but you."

"I am really only a professional writer who makes a decent living writing. If anything important slips out, it's largely accidental. I'm afraid I don't qualify for the Faulkner-Hemingway school of off-stage eccentricity. I just sort of write, dull-like, daily, and hope my agent doesn't grimace too much when he gets the copy. He's been known to. Grimace, I mean. He's got the face for it."

"No pride of authorship? No reassessment of the priceless pearls that spill from your fingers? No hammer-and-tongs warfare with your employers over a delicate, if possibly moot, point of craftsmanship?"

"Very little. Practically none." Alec Barr grinned uneasily. "I don't like to sound smug, but I've been a pro for such a long time. I'm like a good, sturdy whore. I can handle any number of sailors on any given night."

"You sound like a publisher's dream author," Barbara Bayne said. "Any other noble aspects of character? Not even a touch of ordinary artistic temperament? Wife beater? Dog kicker? Children hater? I know you have a wife, of course. I've seen her quite often at '21.' She's very pretty."

"Thank you. She *is* very pretty, and she's also a very nice woman. She has one basic fault. I've a feeling she understands me too well. That's to say, I think she knows I'm a rotten husband. I think

she hates the mistress I keep in the back room."

There was no intentionally coy blankness on Barbara Bayne's face.

"That lousy typewriter?"

"That lousy typewriter. The unfortunate thing is that I don't know any other way to make a living. And, equally unfortunately, when you're being director, production manager, producer, scripter, and all of the actors, young and old, male and female, black and white, you're so bloody tired at the end of a day in the embrace of the Iron Maiden that you've lost your own identity. All you want to do is sink a couple of fast martinis and fall into bed with your book on your subconscious back, so you can get up and tackle the whole dreary mess again tomorrow. Eventually you may have a book, but you've mostly canceled out yourself as a human being in the dismal process of building it."

"Gracious," Barbara Bayne said. "I don't think I'd want you permanently for a house pet. Don't you ever have any fun?"

"Not when I'm working. I'm generally much too tired. I used to take off once in a while and go looking for what you might call fun, but I find I don't care much for carousing anymore. I have vicious hangovers and I'm sort of shy about sleeping with people I don't know very well."

Barbara Bayne said, "I think your genes have frozen, or something. Your psyche needs a little shaking up. Shall we attempt it tonight after the work's done? After the fight's over?"

"Consider me shook," Alec Barr said. "Well, here's Chicago. You made it a very short trip. Thanks. Now if only we don't crash coming into this lovely, inefficient airport."

"We'd only be following the current fashion if we did," Barbara Bayne said. "Now I'm hungry and terribly thirsty and I haven't been to the Pump Room in a coon's. I warn you, I'm expensive to victual. I'm a very strong girl, and I need my steady rations."

"I brought some money with me, and have beautiful credit cards as well," Alec Barr said. The plane landed with a bump. "Well, we made it alive again. Come on, let's go produce a taxi and hasten to the Pump. Not to insult the handy flask, which saved my life, but I'm mostly a martini man at midday."

. . .

"I don't know if this thing is going to be worth our effort," Alec said. "It seems to me there's more bums around than when I was a boy. Last really good one I saw was the first Louis-Conn. just before the War, when Conn had old Joe loopy until Conn got cocky and Joe coiled him."

They were having a quick dinner be-

fore the fight, which was supposed to be for the honor of meeting the middle-weight champion of the world at some future date, to be decided by the television sponsors.

"I have never heard of either one of these guys, but then, I don't follow fights much anymore. I know some names like Sugar Ray and Marciano and Graziano sure, but there aren't any Barney Rosses around—no Henry Armstrong, no Lou Ambers, not to mention the Baer boys and Ceferino Garcia and, God help us all, Tony Galento. I saw most of the good ones—I should say all the real good ones—before the War. After the War, I switched from prize fights to bull-fights. At least the bull is honest."

Barbara took a bite of her steak.

"I love 'em, bums or not," she said. "I watch them on TV all the time. But I never saw one in the flesh before."

Alec shook his head.

"It's the TV—and prosperity—that's ruined the racket. Television killed all the little clubs, where kids really learned how to fight before they got tossed in against real opposition. And prosperity ruined the burning urge. Who wants a busted nose and a lumpy ear anymore when he can make a hundred bucks a week as an office boy and three hundred as a plumber? A growling belly made the good fighters. It was the only way they could struggle up from the streets."

He looked at his watch and called for the check.

"About time we got moving if we're going to see Tiger Taggart demolish Bolo Bermudez. It's an unusual fight for these times. The Tiger is actually white. I thought we'd about run out of white fighters."

They pushed their way down the aisle to the third row.

"Why, you've got working-press seats," Barbara said, impressed.

"Hell's delight, honey, anything for a hundred rows back is called 'working press' these days. It's a status symbol. And some of the boys still remember me from the good old days of Jacobs' Beach, when I covered these things."

A gnomish, almost-albino man turned from a corner of the ring, caught Alec's eye and waved.

"Hi, Whitey," Alec yelled through the smoke. "That's Whitey Bimstein—probably the greatest and most imperishable handler of all time. See Whitey with a couple of swabs in his mouth and you know nobody's gonna call the fight on account of blood. He and Ray Arcel were the best."

"You like remembering it, don't you?"

"I suppose. I like remembering the night Galento, full of beer, caught a prime Louis with a surprise left hook and damned near chilled him. And I remember a night in Washington when Buddy Baer, who wasn't much of a fighter,

(continued on page 138)

FRIENDSHIP

in the darkness the shape seemed familiar, so he acted with alacrity

fiction **By KEN W. PURDY**

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING is bounded by Fifth Avenue and the Avenue of the Americas and by 33rd and 34th Streets. He saw this little cluster of fact drop into focus in his mind, precious, a thing beyond value; it hung, a gold-wire mobile, just behind the curtain of his eyes, swinging in a black velvety cylinder. So, he said aloud, that's the top of the Empire State, there beside the moon; I know that, and therefore, I know where I am and I can get back to Betty's. Now, where am I? He didn't know. He leaned against the bricks of the building behind him, full of fright, worse than fright, terror, and wondered why he didn't know. It came to him after a while. He couldn't know where he was because he didn't know from which of the four primary directions he was seeing the Empire State Building. Half of me, he said, is blind drunk; the other half might as well be living inside an idiot.

A pair of headlights turned into the block and drifted toward him. He moved along the building to a doorway. The car ran dead silently in the dark street, a cardboard cutout pulled by strings, with two cop-faces in a bright green dashboard light, staring straight ahead. I didn't do it, he said. The butler did it. Did what? Whatever it was he might have done since—he looked at his watch, it was 1:20—since, let me think, since about 10. About 10, because he had left Betty at 8 to go to The Hole, and he remembered when he'd left The Hole because the 10-o'clock news was on the black little radio on the back bar. Then he'd made it to Pete Masconi's flat, where the party was; he remembered going up the two flights of stairs, and he remembered Pete coming to the door, and he remembered a redhead with a drink in her hand looking over Pete's shoulder at him. She was nude . . . wasn't she? Yes, or had that been later? At any rate, he'd made it to Masconi's. And of course Betty hadn't been there, he'd told her he couldn't take her, and told her why: it had been some good reason but still she'd been hotly furious. The reel of his memory ran out there.

He moved out of the doorway, turned left and walked. It was a damned dark street and the dark and jumbled buildings lining it told him nothing, but in the fullness of time he saw a river. Whether it was the East River or the Hudson he couldn't know and it didn't matter. He turned himself around and went back the way he'd come. He told himself, with elaborate patience, that now he must come to an avenue, and on the avenue there would be a taxi, and that was how it turned out.

He had taken the key off the ring in the cab, and now he held it carefully in his right hand and guided it into the hole with his left, smoothly, noiselessly. There was no light in the apartment. He pulled out of his shoes and made the little distance to the living-room archway. The bed was down. He closed his eyes and waited 30 seconds or so and looked again. Yes, just one rounded shape under the covers. He undressed in the bathroom and he slid into the empty side of the bed, slowly, most carefully. He could hear her breathing, but she made no other sound. He lay on his back. He let a deep breath whistle softly out of him. My God, he said, I made it. I'm safe. He listened. The slow breathing beside him, the hum of the little refrigerator, outside the mad soft howl of the nighttime city, and that was all. His identity flowed back into him like new blood. He knew who he was and where he was. Courage rose in him. I'm still drunk, he said, but at least now I know where I am. Slowly, he moved his left foot until it touched her. He waited. He flexed his knee, and pressed that leg against hers. She stirred and sighed.

"Hi," he said.

She didn't answer, but her left arm came from under the warm covers and up his arm to his shoulder. He turned on his side and reached for her. She moved to him.

"I'm sorry about tonight," he said. "I know how mad it made you." She didn't answer.

All right, he thought. That's OK. He leaned gently on the far arch of her hip

until she was flat on the bed again. He went into her. She sighed again, and held him, and moved against him gently three or four times. Her left arm reached out, he heard her hand brush the table, a glass tinkled, the light went on. She looked up at him. The whole room swung, he felt his brain bulge in his skull. He had never seen her before. She smiled, a pretty girl, a strong face, a big generous-looking mouth, her lips just open, her eyes slitted against the light.

"I don't think we've met," she said.

His heart raced. The blood surged into his head, his face burned with it. The girl was holding him tightly, laughing, laughing, laughing. Everything was clear enough: wrong building, wrong apartment, wrong city, wrong country, wrong world; he looked to the doorway, in which he knew a man must instantly appear, he would be eight feet tall and four feet wide, he would have seven wedding rings on his left hand and a bloody ax in his right. He tried to pull away from the girl, but her arms and her legs were strong and locked around him.

"Who are you?" he heard someone whisper. "And who am I?"

"I'm a friend of a friend of yours," she said. "And I know who you are: you're a friend of a friend of mine. Your friend, and mine, is in my apartment, not alone, and I'm in hers, not alone. You see?"

He nodded.

"You can kiss me again now," he said. "The joke part is over."

In the morning, when Betty came, they were making love again and laughing. Each forgave the other two, callousnesses, drunkennesses, infidelities, frights, all were forgiven, and for a long time after that, for a year nearly, they lived together in contentment. They laughed a lot.

"Who are you?" one would ask, and the others would say in unison, loudly or softly as it chanced, "I am a friend of a friend of yours."

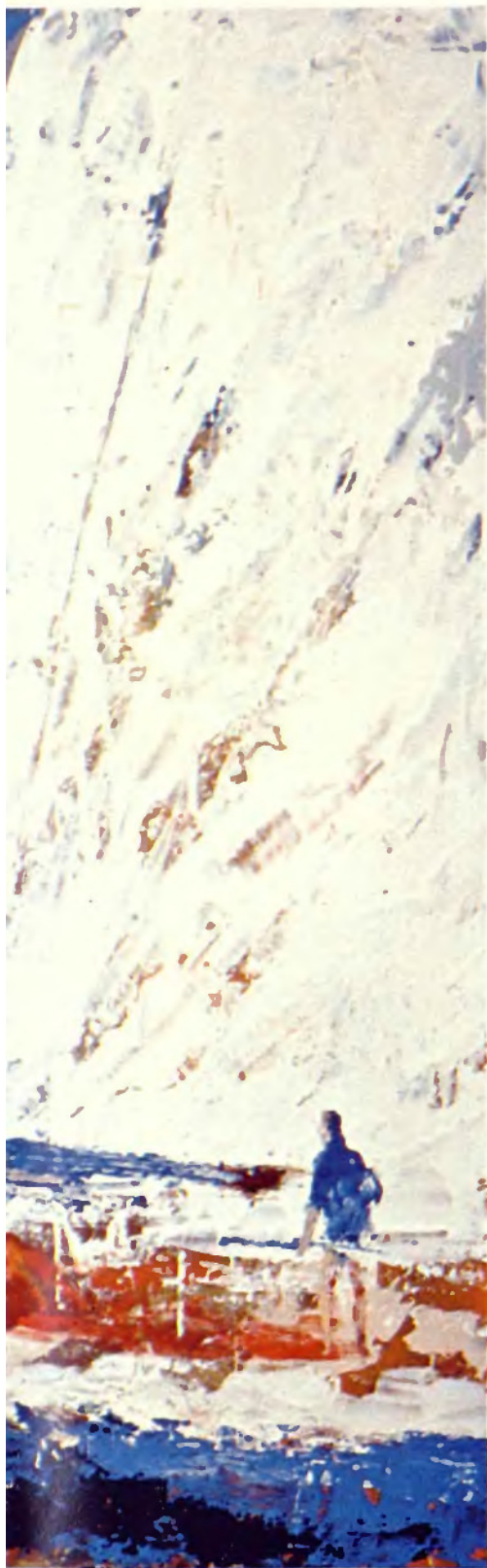


neiman captures the salty air of a



All hands are tensed and on the alert as the close-hauled boats maneuver within inches of one another. Those that succeed in jockeying for preferred slots will cross the starting line at full speed—and with maximum advantage—just at the moment the starting gun booms out.

breeze-swept mediterranean yacht race **man at his leisure**



THE GIRAGLIA YACHT RACE, an annual regatta running 243 whirlwind miles from San Remo, Italy, to Toulon, France (and vice versa during alternate years), is the nautical apogee of the summer for the Riviera set. Following a round of on-shore parties, as many as 80 skippers from a variety of nations point their yachts at the tiny island of Giraglia (off the northern tip of Corsica), circle it, and race for their trophy. "The Giraglia is always up for grabs, with no favorites," observed artist LeRoy Neiman from his vantage point aboard an Italian fishing boat in the spectator fleet. "Anything can happen because of the vagaries of the wind, with strong mistrals blowing up to 100 kilometers an hour. One year, 35 percent of the entries had to abandon the competition and return." Augmenting his appreciation of the sight of sun-dappled Mediterranean waters and of colorful pennants and burgees was the electric atmosphere of pre-race excitement. Neiman noted: "What could be more enjoyable than to see the start with all its pageantry, enjoy a cool drink, then hop into your car for a leisurely drive to Toulon for the finish, with stops at palmy spas like Monte Carlo, Nice, Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, Cannes and St.-Tropez? This puts you in a perfect frame of mind for the thrilling moments of the finish watched from Fort Saint Louis."



Top right: A husky member of the foredeck crew helps sway up a running backstay. Above: With a stiff breeze and fast-ebbing tide going in opposite directions, the Midi waters kick up a wicked sea. This makes for dusty going, which tries the mettle of men and ships.

*"I really do appreciate the
new negligee, darling, but I
know that later you'll just
try to talk me out of it."*



the sheet of love from *Kalilah wa-Dignah* by Abdullah ben Almocaffa



Mindful of his new-found vigor, she went to him—and again the cloak worked its magic.

AGES PAST IN ARABY there dwelt a merchant who took to wife a lady so fair that his next-door neighbor, a painter, loved her beyond the bounds of neighborliness.

It came to pass that on a certain night, her husband being absent, they frolicked in the garden, and the lady said: "Devise, I pray, some sign or signal by which I may acquaint myself of your coming into this garden. This done, I could haste to meet you without your calling, which is dangerous."

The painter pondered this deeply and replied: "So be it. I shall paint pictures on a white sheet so that it will resemble no other piece of linen. When you see one walking in the shadows draped in the sheet, that one will be none other than myself, and you can come to me. Such will be the signal of love betwixt us."


Alas, since even Allah sleeps and evil prevails, one of the lady's menservants overheard this parley and hoarded the secret in his heart. A few nights after the sheet had been painted and tried and proven, the servant betook himself in secret to the maidservant of the painter, who was his friend, and said: "That painted sheet of thy master—I would borrow it for the evening, and before he returns, I will return it to thee."

"Thy command is my delight," said the maidservant, nor did she question him as to the reason for the loan. And that same night he robed himself in the sheet and strolled in the moonlit garden until the merchant's wife espied him and made haste to be at his side, but silently. Nor did the manservant in the sheet utter a word lest he be overheard. And in the darkness he and the lady secured the felicity they sought, and the merchant's wife returned to her bed somewhat surprised at her lover's unaccustomed vigor and virility.

Allah still nodded, for later that same night the painter returned home and felt a longing to spend an hour of bliss with his sweetheart. Wrapped in the sheet, long since returned by the manservant, he made entrance into the garden where the lady soon saw him, for she was restless and was gazing from a window. Mindful of his new-found vigor, she quickly went to him, and again in the dark garden the sheet of love worked its magic.

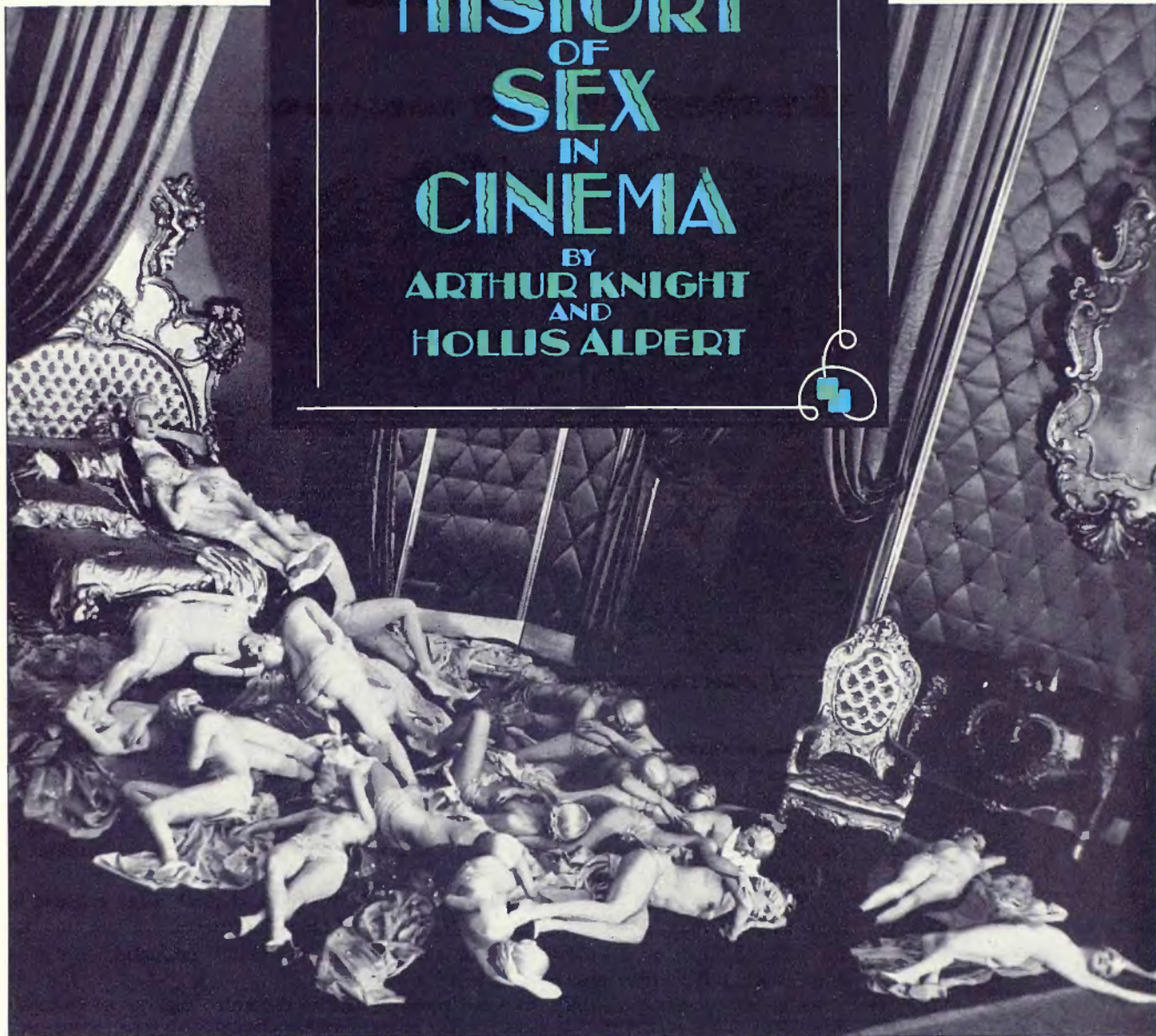
But as the painter folded his sheet and made ready to seek the confines of his house, the merchant's wife laughed and said: "How was it tonight, my love, that you trod the path of delight once and then again? Mayhap we tread it thrice another night."

The painter in his wisdom answered not and withdrew in haste, and that night was the last that he walked in the moonlight draped in the sheet of love. That device had indeed, at least for him, outlived its purpose.

—Retold by J. A. Gato 

THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT AND HOLLIS ALPERT



PART FOUR: THE TWENTIES—EUROPE'S DECADE OF DECADENCE AND DELIRIUM

clasping freud to its artistic bosom, the continent ran cinematically amuck—from the aberrant eroticism of the german moviemakers to the far-out, phantasmagorical creations of the french surrealists

BACK IN SILENT DAYS, American audiences were exposed to far more foreign movies than they are today. For one thing, there were no language barriers. Distributors merely inserted English subtitles to replace the original French, German or Italian, and advertised an "all-star cast" to obscure the fact that nobody in the film had ever been heard of before. Nor did such pictures play in tiny, tony art houses; on the contrary, the better ones opened in the largest theaters on Broadway, and a great many more found their way into the neighborhoods. As a result, the American moviegoer of the Twenties was quite unconsciously the recipient of two distinct and often conflicting screen moralities—Europe's and Hollywood's. With ever-increasing domination of the Hays Office over the home-grown product, it's small wonder that critics and intellectuals of the era, not to mention the public, found greater challenge and stimulation in those pictures that came from abroad.

Undoubtedly, they were correct. No American firm, for example, could possibly have produced *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, the first of many films that established the German studios as the most creative in the world during the early Twenties. (Admittedly, *Caligari* was not the first to arrive here from Germany; but because of the recent hostilities, many German films had slipped into the country in the guise of "Swedish" or "Scandinavian" imports.) Superficially, *Caligari* is the story of a series of grisly murders that break out in a small town in Germany, murders that the police are unable to solve. When his best friend also becomes a victim, Francis, the hero, takes matters into his own hands. Suspecting that the criminal is a fairground charlatan named Caligari, who displays for the delectation of the crowds a wraithlike male somnambulist named Cesare, the young man spies on the doctor and his "cabinet," in



THE BITCH GODDESS: Leggy Marlene Dietrich (above) erotically embodies a cold-blooded new breed of cinematic femme fatale as the siren Lola Lola, a seductive night-club singer who lures a lust-struck professor (played by Emil Jannings) to his doom in "The Blue Angel," Germany's first talking picture, released in 1929.



DOUBLE PLAY: Hollywood's sloe-eyed Louise Brooks (above) starred for German director G. W. Pabst in "Pandora's Box" as an amoral vamp who dispenses her favors no less freely to a portly publisher than to his virile son, off screen.

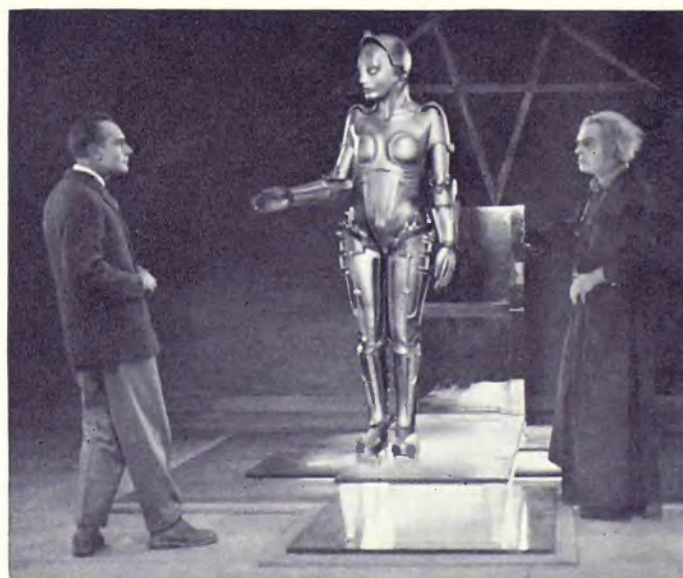
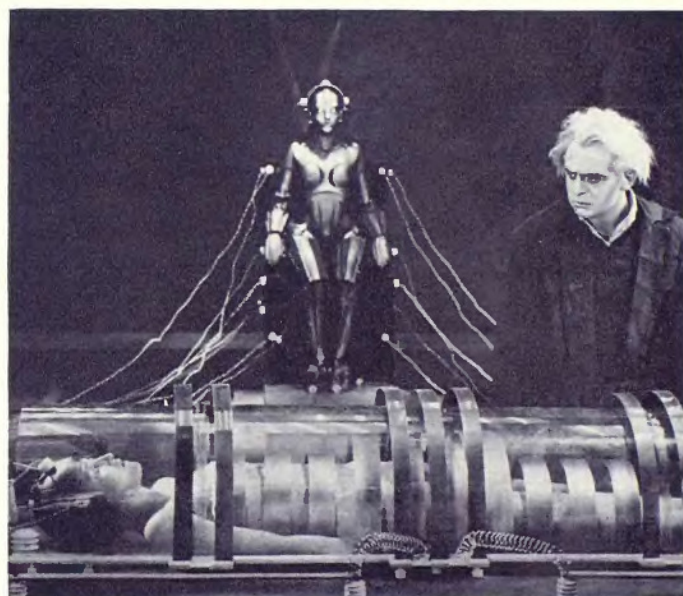
RUSSIAN UNDRESSING: Italian film makers dodged government censorial restrictions by disguising nudity as anti-Communist propaganda in "The Last Czars" (below), a 1928 potboiler directed by Baldassare Negroni, in which a pair of bearded Bolsheviks reap the spoils of revolution.



SEXUAL SURREALISM: "Un Chien Andalou," the Salvador Dalí-Luis Buñuel 1929 classic, included a still-controversial sequence (below) in which a man, titillated by the sight of an auto accident, fondles a woman's breast through her dress, which disappears, baring her bosom—which becomes her buttocks.



EROTIC AUTOMATION: While filming his marathon superepic "Metropolis" in 1926, the great German director Fritz Lang (below) shows an actor how to manhandle the helpless heroine (Brigitte Helm), whose nude likeness is transferred (center) to the metal body of a robot, which comes to life (bottom) before its creator and his sponsor, a power-mad industrialist.



which Cesare is supposedly sleeping. But even while Francis and the police watch Caligari, Cesare is attempting to knife Jane, Francis' fiancée, in her bed. Changing his mind, he abducts her instead, carrying the girl over angular rooftops and shadowy paths until killed by his pursuers. Caligari himself, learning of the death, escapes to an insane asylum, with Francis following after. The audience soon learns that Caligari is in fact the head of the asylum, that Francis is one of his charges—and so are Cesare and Jane.

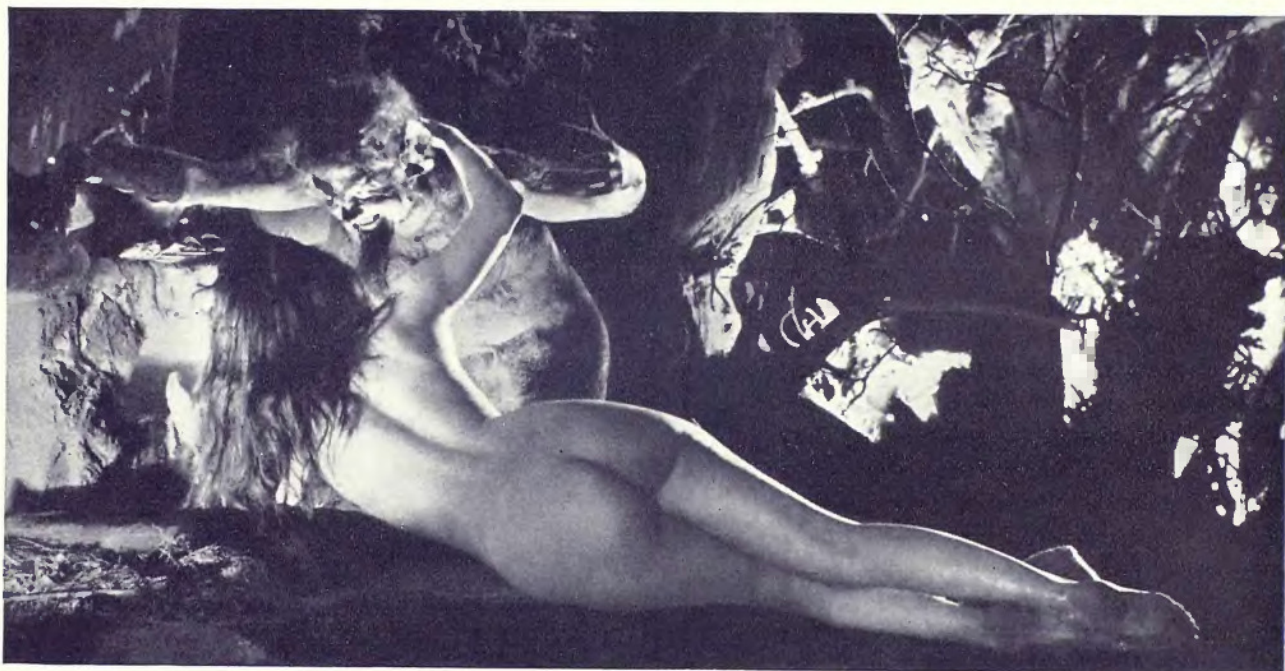
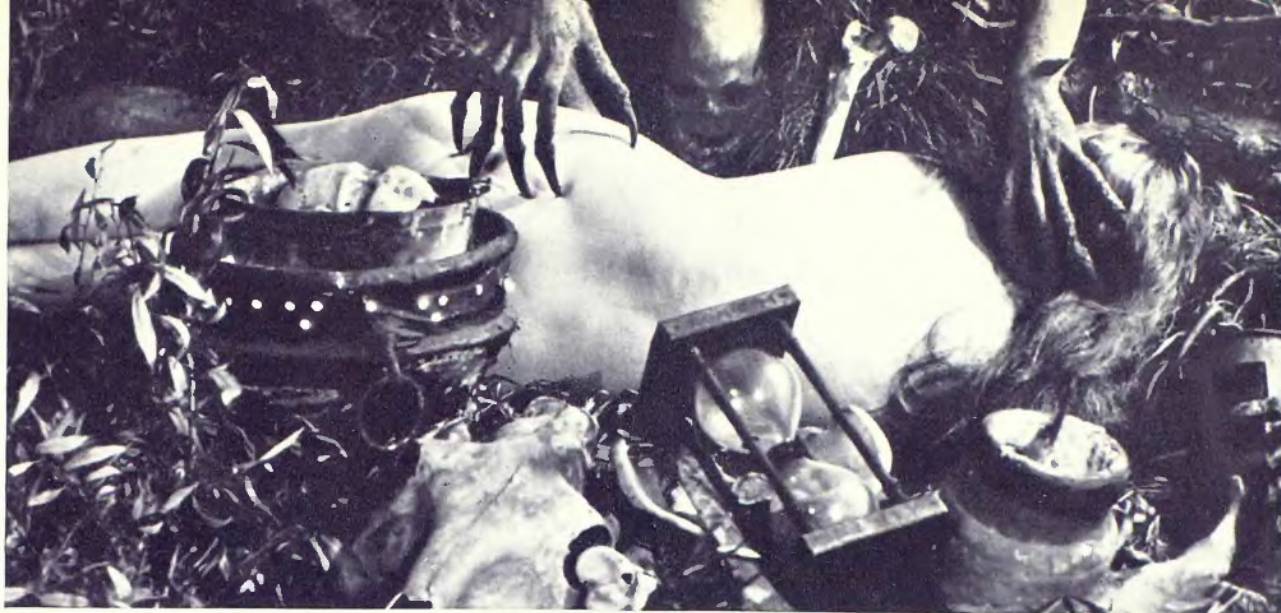
For its time, the picture exuded an impressive profundity. Madness had been reflected on the screen before, to be sure. In *Caligari*, however, one actually saw the world through the eyes of a madman—Francis—a world that Sigmund Freud was just beginning to penetrate and explain. Moreover, the film was acted in the exaggerated style of the German expressionist theater, while its decor seemed related to the then-emerging designs of the Cubist painters. Obviously, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* was art.

Although Siegfried Kracauer, author of the definitive history of the German film, *From Caligari to Hitler*, has discovered all sorts of sinister sociological implications in the film, for sophisticated minds there lurked in it even more sinister *sexual* overtones.

Clearly, what the film has shown is Francis' fantasy. But just before the picture ends, we are returned to reality. There is a shot of a very slender and ascetic Cesare delicately toying with a flower; and this is followed by a shot of Jane, alone in a white flowing dress. Now the story behind the story begins to fit together. If Cesare is still alive—after appearing to have been killed by his pursuers—then Francis must have *fantasized* his death. But why? The only reasonable explanation seems to be that Francis is wildly jealous of Cesare's imagined love for Jane. And yet, when we see Cesare at the end of the film, not only is he paying no attention whatsoever to Jane, but he actually appears to be the kind of young man who wouldn't be interested in *any* girl. Since Caligari himself is shown throughout as an archetypal representation of the hated, authoritarian father image, and the whole fantastic episode is triggered by the death of Francis' best friend, it is possible that—perhaps unconsciously—beneath the surface of their film, the authors are telling another story altogether, a story with homosexual implications. In any case, there is no escaping what one critic has termed its "dark neurotic tone," the morbid fascination with sick and twisted minds that suffuses its every image. *Caligari* has long been hailed as a film that broke new paths for the cinema. One of



OVEREXPOSURE: The lavish Italian remake of "Quo Vadis?" in 1924 abandoned all pretense to piety in a bid for box-office bounty. When the film flopped, despite such orgy scenes as the one (right) in which a girl's toga is tugged off by a rapacious Roman, it became clear that screen sex for its own sake no longer guaranteed success.



SATANIC SABBATS: Replete with graphic scenes of fetishism, nudity, unholy rites and macabre, Bergmanesque symbols of death and demonology, the Swedish-made "Witchcraft Through the Ages" (above) was banned from public showings almost everywhere in the world.

A FAMILY AFFAIR: Italy's "Beatrice Cenci" (1926) was an eye-filling melodrama of incestuous love between a lascivious nobleman (seen top right divesting a loyal subject of her inhibitions) and his enticing daughter (shown opposite). The picture was never shown in the U.S.

these paths led to an intense absorption with the depiction of perverse and abnormal personalities.

Never has the screen been more thoroughly pervaded with the darker side of the human soul than in those films that came from Germany throughout the Twenties. Caligari, Count Dracula, the Golem, Ivan the Terrible, Jack the Ripper, the mad financier Mabuse, the mad scientist Rotwang—these were the creatures who populated major productions from Berlin's superbly equipped Ufa studios, monsters who tortured and tormented with all the enthusiasm and ingenuity of a Marquis de Sade. In such films as *Nosferatu*, *Waxworks*, *Dr. Mabuse*, and practically all the later silents by G. W. Pabst, abnormality was the norm. Vampirism, fetishism, flagellation and perversion in all its forms crowded the scenes of the biggest and most popular German films, catering to—and also reflecting—the tastes of what was probably the most thoroughly demoralized and dissolute nation in all of post-War Europe. And Berlin, notoriously the center of this corruption, was also the center of film production.

Even before the War had ended, a few of the German producers had begun turning out what were frankly sex films, blatantly prurient in both content and intent. Under the sponsorship of the Society for Combating Venereal Diseases, Richard Oswald directed a vivid dramatization of the woes of the syphilitic, depicting as a matter of course the sources of infection. His *Let There Be Light* (*Es werde Licht*) was so successful that Oswald continued his enlightenment through three more episodes, with an appendix titled *Prostitution* for good measure. In 1918, the august Emil Jannings lent his presence to *Germinating Life* (*Keimendes Leben*), also on the subject of sex hygiene—this one bearing a seal of approval from an important medical officer in the government, Dr. Paul Meissner. Without question, these high-sounding sponsorships were obtained for



the sole purpose of getting the films past Imperial Germany's official censor board, for as soon as the War was over and the new Council of People's Representatives abolished all forms of censor control, the number and variety of sex films increased enormously—but now without the slightest pretense of official or scientific sanction. Their mask of moral uplift abandoned, the producers turned with unabashed enthusiasm to the task of depicting debauchery in all its forms and guises on the screen.

In many instances, the titles were self-explanatory: *The Seducer* (*Die Verführten*), *Free Love* (*Freie Liebe*), *Hyenas of Lust* (*Hyänen der Lust*), *Demi-Monde* (*Halbwelt*), *Miss Mother* (*Fräulein Mutter*), *Paradise of the Prostitutes* (*Das Paradies Der Dirnen*), and many more. In these, nudity was incidental to the graphic delineation of fleshly pleasures and excesses. The camera lingered upon scenes of seduction like a hot-eyed voyeur, panting over every detail of amorous play preceding the moment of triumph, at which point there was generally a reluctant fade-out. In the numerous films featuring prostitution, the ladies left no doubt as to their profession, exhibiting their wares promptly, provocatively and repeatedly. Homosexuality was, quite openly, the theme of films like *A Man's Girlhood* (*Aus eines Mannes Mädchenjahren*); transvestitism was the subject of *Prince von Pappenheim* (*Der Fürst von Pappenheim*); while in *Opium*, the drug was held responsible for every conceivable form of eroticism and perversion. *The Steinach Film*, prepared with the authorization of the noted Austrian surgeon, presented on celluloid his experiments in the sexual rejuvenation of animals and man. It included not only shots of the sexual organs, but also of copulation—all in the interests of science, of course.

Since the motion picture often acts as a seismograph for changes in society's moral climate and social conventions, the emergence of these conspicuously sex-oriented films in Germany at the end of World War One is not particularly strange. What places them apart from films made anywhere else in the world at that time, however, is their morbid absorption with pathological sex—sex not as an affirmation of life, but as a crippler and destroyer. Symptomatically, many were presented as dire warnings to adolescents of both sexes, stressing the dangers rather than the delights of sensual gratification—a particularly profitable way to have your cake and eat it, too. In any case, these pictures were notably successful for a year or two, despite the mounting protests from every shade of German opinion from the Socialist Party to the Boy Scouts. And no doubt they were a major consideration when, in May of 1920, the National Assembly of the infant Weimar Republic voted a full return

to state censorship of motion pictures.

Surprisingly, however, the German censors seemed remarkably unconcerned with the morality of their movies, centering their attention instead on films that were in any way *politically* suspect—a practice that was maintained, with some shift of emphasis, throughout the Hitlerian era. As a result, not only was there considerable nudity on the German screen, but also considerable latitude in depicting relations between the sexes—the greater “realism” that critics are fond of referring to when making comparisons between European pictures and our own. In the original German version of *Variety*, for example—a film that enjoyed enormous success in this country in the middle Twenties—Emil Jannings is seen as a man who abandons his wife and child and gives up his carnival side show when he falls under the spell of Lya de Putti, a sexy trapeze performer who later betrays him with another man. Jannings goes to jail for the murder of her lover. When the film was prepared for American distribution, however, the abandoned wife was edited out and the titles were rewritten to suggest that the aerialist was Jannings' wife instead of his mistress, thus creating a situation at once more conventional and more readily condoned by the average audience.

Despite such alterations, critics and audiences alike sensed the advent of a more human, more psychologically valid form of cinema in the sumptuous productions that issued from the German studios in such awesome profusion during the early Twenties. First to catch the public's eye and fancy was a long, elaborate series of films that “humanized” history by concentrating on the sex lives (usually unsavory) of historical figures. In *Deception*, a typical example of this “humanizing,” Emil Jannings as Henry VIII plays hide-and-seek with the ladies of his court through the hedges of a formal garden, then ardently massages their bosoms when he catches up with them.

Throughout the Twenties, the German studios continued to produce titillating superpics—chief among them being *The Loves of Pharaoh* (*Das Weib des Pharaos*), the two-part *Nibelungen* and *Metropolis*. In *Metropolis*, Fritz Lang's protracted glimpse into the world of the future, a scientist creates a robot woman in the image of the leader of the workers; unlike most movie ventures of this sort, she emerges from the test tube totally *en déshabillé*. Perhaps the most famous of the Ufa *Kulturfilme*, a long series of science-oriented educational pictures produced for theatrical exhibition, was *Ways to Health and Beauty* (*Wege zu Kraft und Schönheit*), a feature-length documentary that sang the praises of sports and calisthenics in elaborately staged recreations of Roman baths and ancient Greek gymnasiums. Although the screen was crowded with naked youths and

maidens leaping, running, dancing and just posing, film historian Siegfried Krauer reports that “the bodily beauties [were] so massed together that they affected one neither sensually nor aesthetically.”

On the other hand, the morbid strain in the German soul, adumbrated by *Caligari*, found expression in a long series of pictures that linked sex unmistakably with sadism, torture and death. In *Vanina*, the daughter of a feudal lord learns that her father has jailed her lover, the leader of an aborted uprising. On her pleading, the father releases the young man and agrees to their wedding, then whimsically orders him hanged during the ceremony. With Vanina looking on, the execution is carried out, whereupon she dies as well—on the spot, of a broken heart—as the sadistic tyrant cackles over his macabre joke on the two lovers.

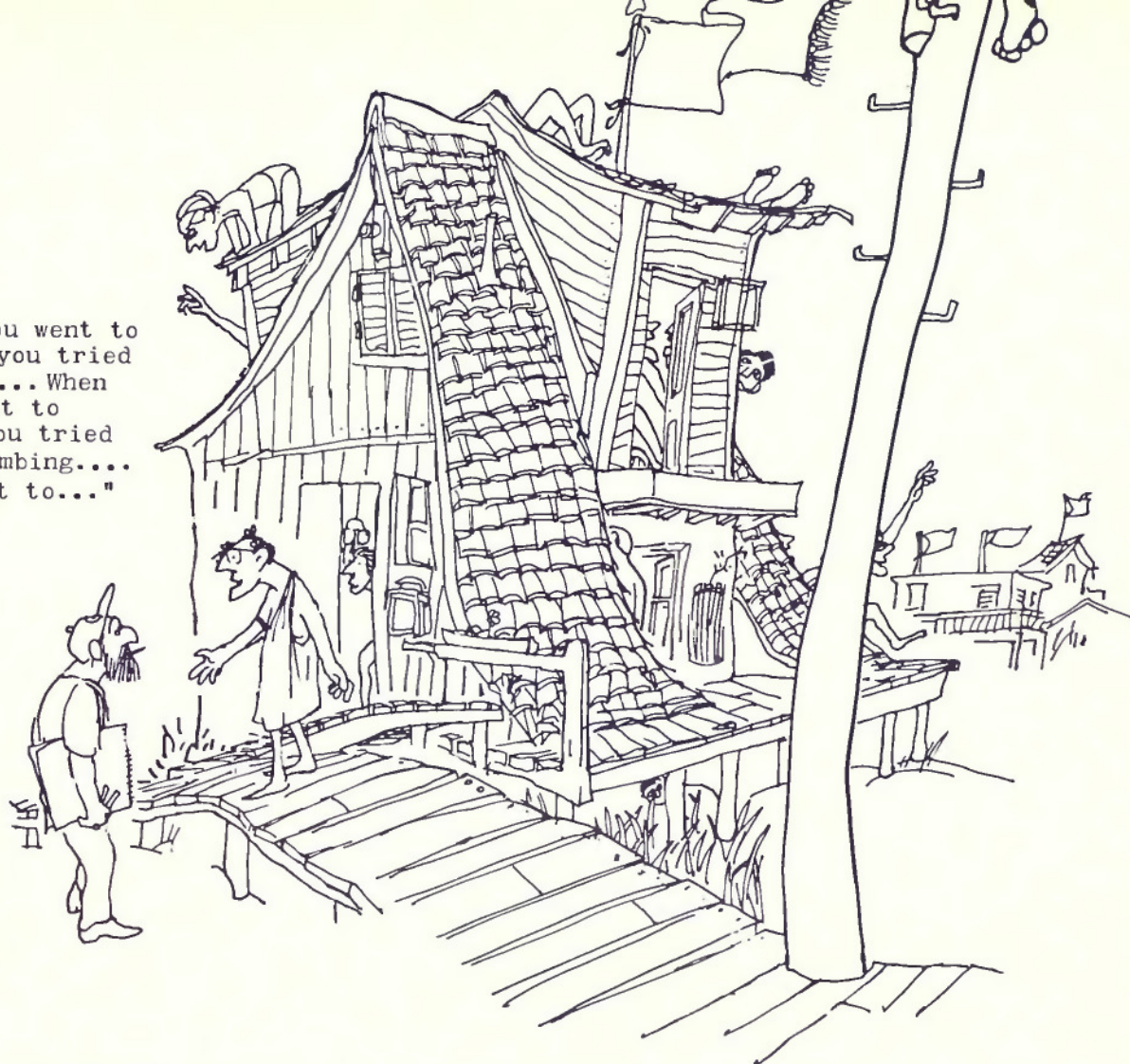
This atmosphere of sinister sexuality reached its apogee in *Waxworks* (*Das Wachsfigurenkabinett*), which impregnated each of its three episodes with the mounting horror of lusts unbridled. The opening sequence is a disarming burlesque in which Harun al-Rashid, played by the ubiquitous Emil Jannings under an enormous turban, uses his position to seduce a baker's wife and to cut off the head of anyone who happens to displease him. As one critic noted of this dubious comedic romp, it was a bit like “trying hard to laugh boisterously around a sickbed.” What follows is sicker by far. In the second episode, Harun's tongue-in-cheek seductions give way to Ivan the Terrible forcing himself upon the bride of one of his courtiers on their wedding night, and gleefully devising the most ingenious torments for the prisoners in his torture chambers below until madness overtakes him.

These nightmares had their counterparts in the daily life of Germany during the first hectic years of the Weimar Republic. Political murders were common. The tyrants behind the scenes of government—including Hitler—were dispensing justice as quixotically, and as cold-bloodedly, as any of the celluloid monsters on the screen. To the average German, understandably, the world was filled with intangible menace. Reflecting this insecurity was a spate of films, beginning as early as 1920, that focused the camera upon the anarchic street life of a major city.

The plots of these so-called “street” films were remarkably similar, invariably depicting the adventures of an ordinary, middle-class citizen alone in the city at night. Also invariably, they included sex adventures—generally with a prostitute. Prototype for this genre was a picture titled, appropriately enough, *The Street* (*Die Strasse*), written and directed by Karl Grune in 1923. In it, the somewhat

(continued on page 126)

"But when you went to
Spain, you tried
bullfighting.... When
you went to
Switzerland, you tried
mountain climbing....
When you went to..."

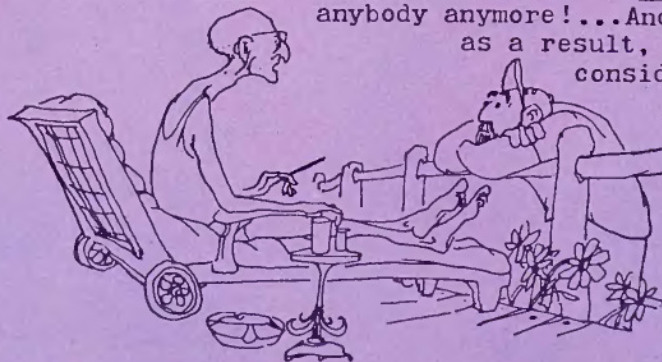


Silverstein on Fire Island

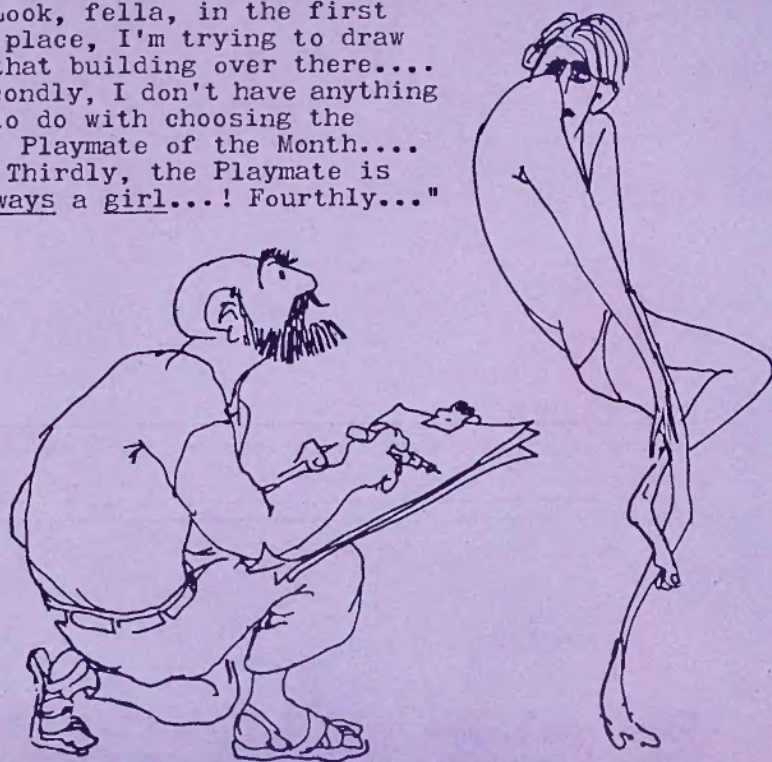
*foot-loose shel
visits the gay side
of gotham's
offshore bohemia—
where the fruits
are unforbidden*

"Fifty years ago it was something special to be a homosexual: people were prejudiced against us...we were persecuted...we were social outcasts...we couldn't find work! Now we're everywhere: in positions of importance in Hollywood...of prominence in New York theater...of prestige on the national literary scene. Homosexuality is openly discussed and defended in the mass media--in major magazines, on radio and television; we also have our own publications, and national organizations and societies--we even have our own lobby in Washington. Today we're accepted in most liberal, upper-level sections of society; and in sophisticated circles, we're considered chic! We're not controversial any longer!...We don't shock

anybody anymore!...And as a result, I'm seriously considering going straight!!"

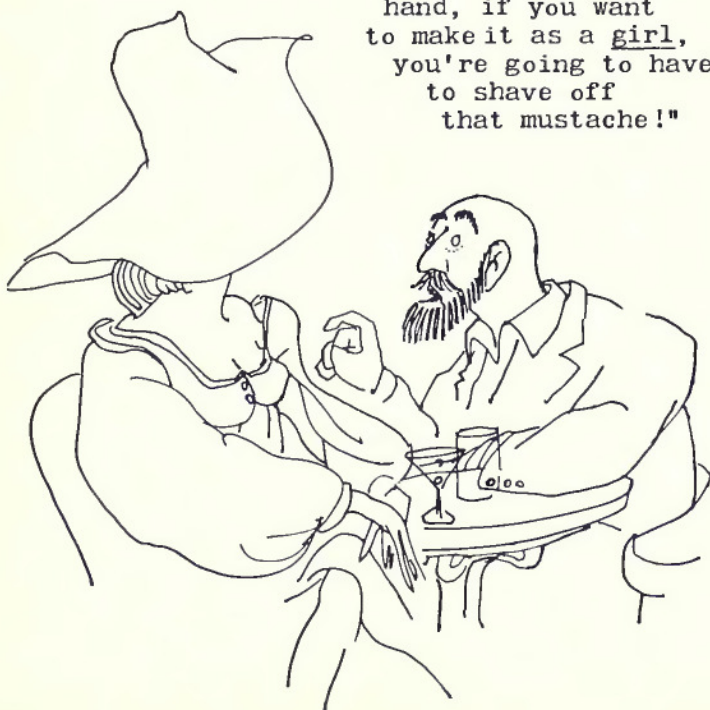


"Look, fella, in the first place, I'm trying to draw that building over there.... Secondly, I don't have anything to do with choosing the Playmate of the Month.... Thirdly, the Playmate is always a girl....! Fourthly...."



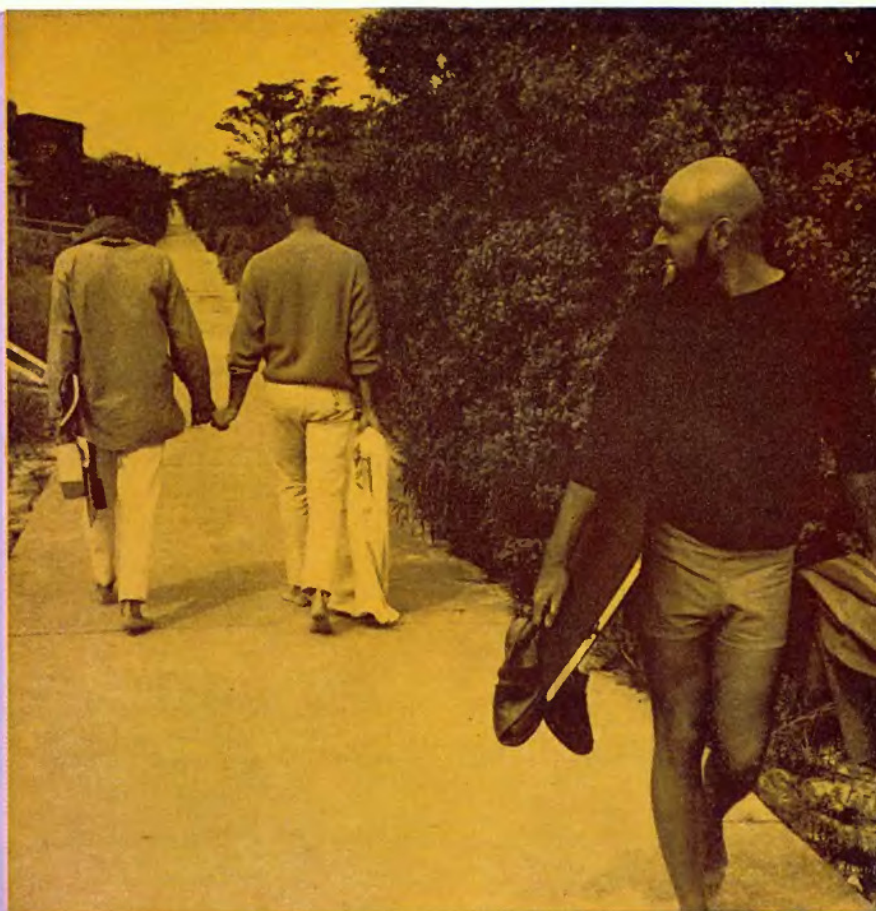
IN THE EIGHT YEARS he's been reporting for PLAYBOY, roving cartoonist Shel Silverstein has worked his inky wit in the four corners of the globe. In the line-drawing of duty he has been gored in a Spanish bull ring, badly injured on safari in Uganda, knocked off the mound in spring training with the Chicago White Sox, and sunburned all over at a New Jersey nudist camp. All these high adventures pale by comparison, however, with Shel's most recent (and most unusual) PLAYBOY assignment: to relax, as best he could, for a week at a high-camp summer resort. In the last few years homosexuality as a social phenomenon has emerged from the shadows, to the extent that today there are clearly recognized gay enclaves in most big cities. Near New York City, off the south coast of Long Island, there's Fire Island's incongruously yclept Cherry Grove community, a small section of the free-swinging island resort traditionally (and almost exclusively) the province of Gothamites who would rather switch than fight. Here, sans stares, homosexuals of every stripe gayly enjoy the amenities of a thriving vacation community. And here, through this summer fairyland, strolled our straight John, bewhiskered, bare-pated and bewildered, recording for posterity his walk on the Wilde side.

"Look, Charlie, I'm no psychiatrist, but it seems to me that if you want to function as a man, you're going to have to stop wearing women's clothes, and walking and talking funny, and dating guys.... On the other hand, if you want to make it as a girl, you're going to have to shave off that mustache!"



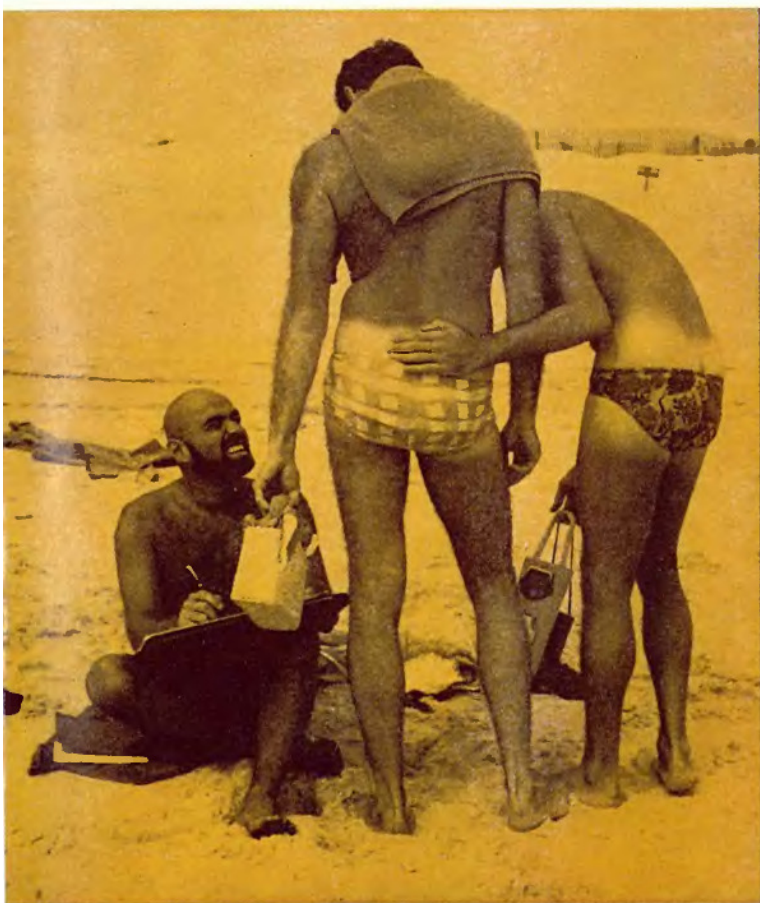
"You say this guy walked up to you while you were sketching, started getting friendly told you you had beautiful eyes, and then tried to make a pass?! Well, that's the way these fagots are, buddy--and I got to patrol this damn beach all summer, and keep these screaming queens in line, and watch them swishing, and listen to their screeching, and now that you mention it, buddy, you do have beautiful eyes....!"

"Actually, we just use it for carrying the groceries--but it sure shakes everyone up!"

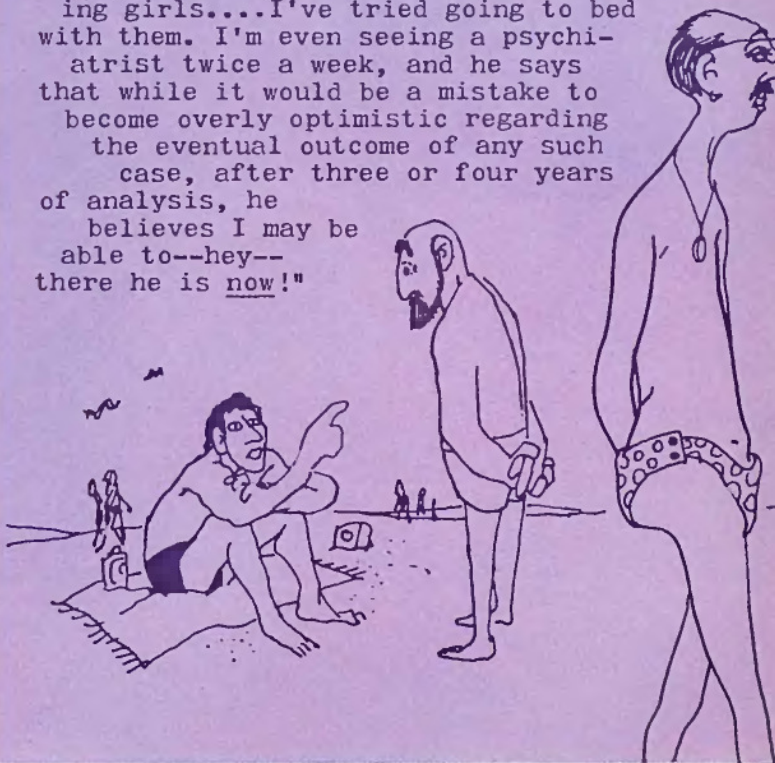


Above: A stronger in paradise, our outcast islander ponders status quo.

Below: Sketching Shel hears bold new solution to population explosion.



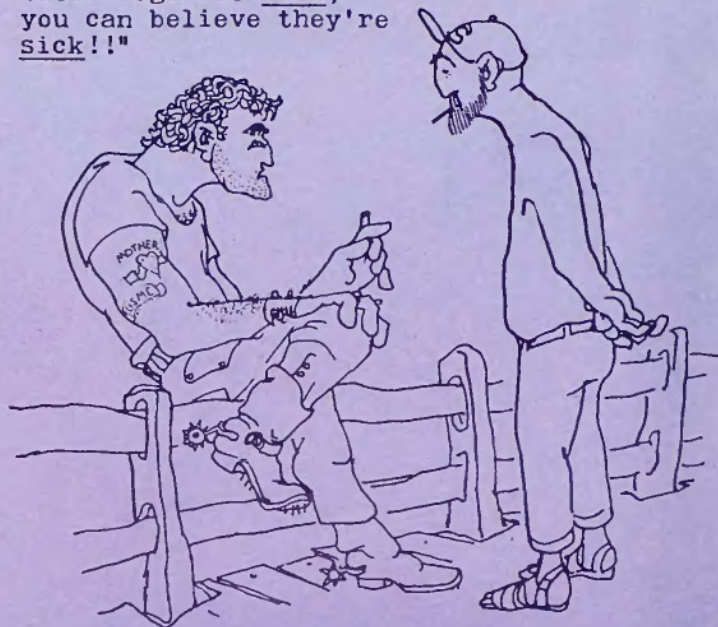
"Don't think I haven't made a real effort to change the way I am...! I've gone to straight parties....I've tried dating girls....I've tried going to bed with them. I'm even seeing a psychiatrist twice a week, and he says that while it would be a mistake to become overly optimistic regarding the eventual outcome of any such case, after three or four years of analysis, he believes I may be able to--hey--there he is now!"



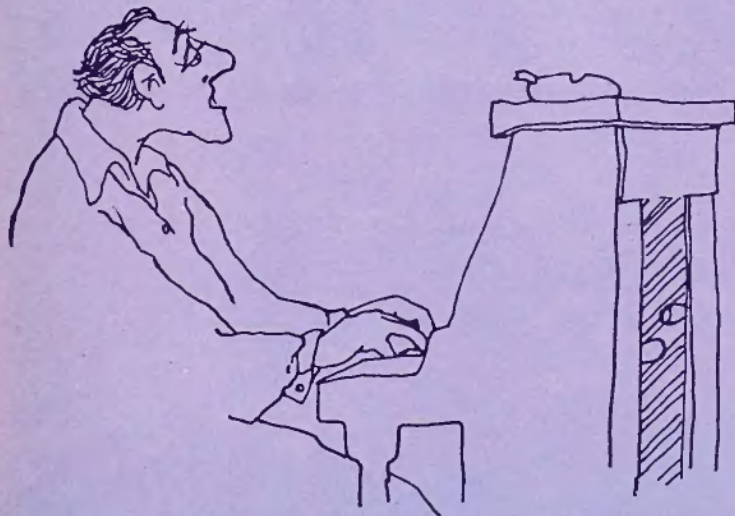
"Well, I suppose
drawing cartoons for
PLAYBOY isn't too bad....
It's the fellow who
has to photograph
all those naked girls
I feel sorry for!"



"The gay boys call us 'rough trade'!
We're the ones they date....We're the ones
they buy presents for....And we're the
ones who always give them a hard time,
who beat them up and steal their money....
So when I tell you
these fags are sick,
you can believe they're
sick!!"



"I'd like to kick off
tonight's show with a medley
of evergreens, including
'Mad About the Boy,' 'Just My Bill,'
'He's Funny That Way,'
'My Buddy'
and
'I Enjoy
Being a Girl'....!"



"Gosh, Sally, imagine finding a
great-looking girl like you
in a place like this!...
But what do you mean,
you're in drag?!"



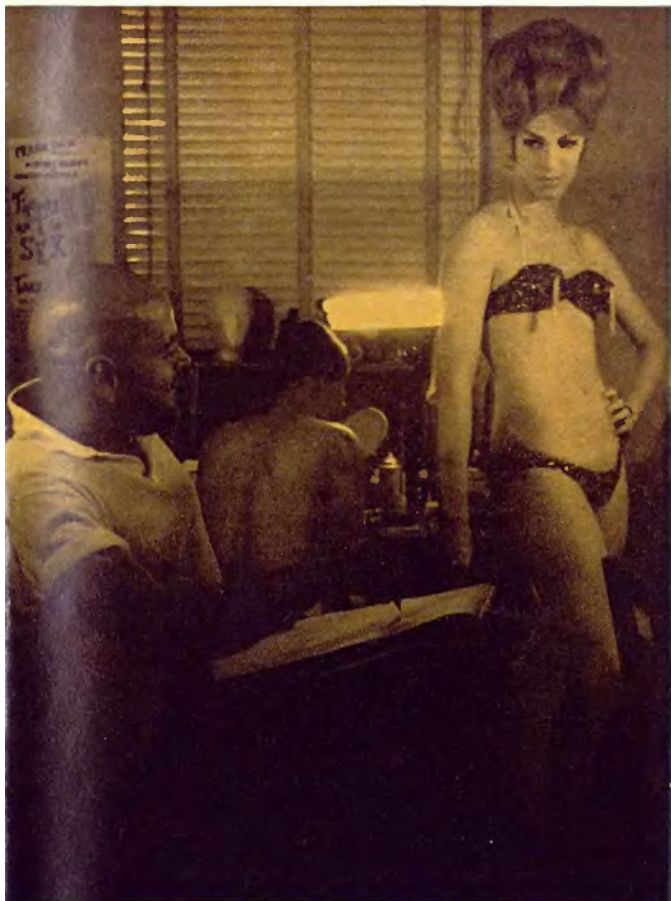


Above: Shel extols virtues of heterosexuality to skeptical couple.

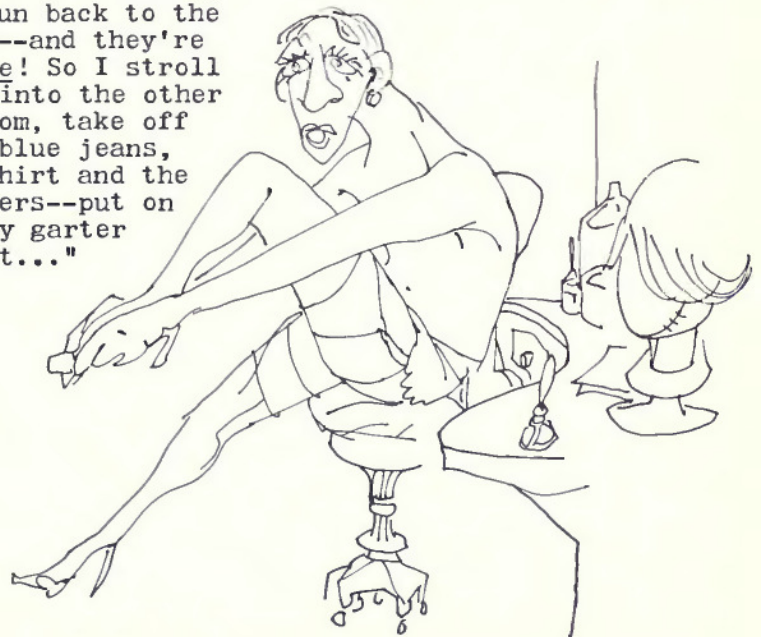
"Hello, Mom, this is Betty....Yeah, I had a nice trip, Mom....No, the motorcycle didn't give me any trouble....Yes, Mom, I'm staying with a girlfriend....No....I didn't take my pink chiffon gown, because I don't have any use for it here....Well, sure, Mom....sure there are lots of nice Jewish boys around, but..."



Below: Goy deceiver pouts provocatively for our omused cartoonist.



"...I'm relaxing in my cottage yesterday afternoon, when the doorbell rings--and me--thinking it's Philip, I run and put on my best cologne, I put on my garter belt, I put on my nylons and spike heels, I put on my black negligee, I put on my wig and make-up, and I run to the window and peek out--and it's my parents!! So I run back into the other room, I wipe off my make-up, pull off my wig, slip out of the negligee, kick off the heels, remove the nylons and take off the garter belt--put on a pair of blue jeans, a flannel shirt and a pair of loafers, and run back to the door--and they're gone! So I stroll back into the other room, take off the blue jeans, the shirt and the loafers--put on my garter belt..."



stuffy hero is lured from his safe apartment by the razzle-dazzle of lights and speeding cars outside his window. Once on the street, a display of nude paintings in an art store whets his appetite for an illicit romance. A streetwalker soon obliges, leading him to a gaudy night club where she is joined by her pimp and a friend. In the course of the evening, they pick up—and murder—a rich bumpkin just arrived in the city, then make the bourgeois appear to be the guilty party. He is arrested and carted off to jail, attempts suicide, and is released only after the real killer confesses. He staggers home at dawn through empty streets; as his wife silently sets his plate of warmed-over soup before him, the implication is that he has had enough adventuring to last him a lifetime. Home is the only place where he can find shelter from the maelstrom outside.

This theme was reiterated in many ways. In *Husbands or Lovers?* (*Nju*), it is a married woman who leaves her bourgeois home and husband (Jannings again) to become the mistress of a sexually stimulating stranger. In this instance, however, when the adventure is over and the lover suggests that she go back to her husband, the woman prefers suicide. For some, the refuge of the home was no more attractive than the chaos of the streets.

Perhaps the most realistic of all the street films was *The Joyless Street* (*Die freudlose Gasse*), which numbered among its distinctions the appearance of Greta Garbo in her first major role outside her native Sweden, and Marlene Dietrich in a bit part. A low-key study of the social disintegration brought on by inflation, it was directed by Austrian-born G. W. Pabst, soon to become the greatest of all German directors of films on sexual themes, if not, indeed, one of the greatest in the world. In *The Joyless Street*, he paraded the entire gamut of Depression-bred types: war profiteers and black marketers, kept women and prostitutes, and a middle class forced to choose between corruption and starvation. So forthright was his treatment of this moral upheaval that the film has rarely been seen in its entirety; in country after country, the censors have made their cuts—although rarely concurring on just what should be eliminated. Missing from the version shown in the United States, for example, was all the action centering on Asta Nielsen as a prostitute who sends her lover to the gallows; while the Italians cut out scenes of Garbo being recruited for a brothel by a procuress—despite the fact that she was saved from this fate worse than death by the intercession of a handsome young American Red Cross officer.

Shortly after *The Joyless Street*, Pabst

Freud's collaborators, Dr. Hanns Sachs and Dr. Karl Abraham, to turn an actual psychoanalytical case history into a motion picture. Since German films—including his own—had always been particularly rich in visual symbols, Pabst saw in the dream imagery of the subconscious an appropriate extension of the domain of the camera. *Secrets of a Soul* (*Geheimnisse einer Seele*) was the first serious attempt to demonstrate Freud's methods on the screen; and if the process, in view of present-day knowledge of psychiatric treatment, seems ridiculously oversimplified, it must also be admitted that to date no one has remotely rivaled the multilayered symbology with which Pabst depicted the dreams and hallucinations of his tormented hero. The man, a college professor, has long been sexually impotent, but becomes acutely disturbed after a dream in which he attempts to cut his wife's throat with a dagger—an act which he comes close to duplicating in real life a few days later. Afraid now to even touch a knife, he seeks psychiatric help; and the remainder of the film summarizes his sessions on the couch, during which the ordinary objects that surround him in everyday life—gates, ladders, bells, doors, trains, knives—become transformed into sexual symbols of impotence and frustration, virility and fecundity. To illustrate the success of the Freudian method, the film ends with the professor proudly dandling his newborn baby, as the sun glows on distant mountain peaks.

More than any other director, Pabst was aware of the affective power of things as symbols, of objects charged with emotional overtones while still retaining their ordinary significance in the context of a scene. In the final years of the silent era, Pabst used this technique to shape a series of films that remain unique in their revelation of eroticism and their awareness of sexual appetites. The opening of *The Love of Jeanne Ney* (*Die Liebe der Jeanne Ney*) is masterly in this regard. To establish clearly the scabrous character of the Russian spy Khalibiev, the camera silently surveys his filthy room—empty liquor bottles, overflowing ashtrays and, tacked to the walls, nude pictures torn from magazines. No more need be said; and it comes as no surprise when later, as Khalibiev proposes to the blind daughter of a well-to-do businessman, he is simultaneously pawing at Jeanne Ney. His insidious brand of symbolism is seen again toward the end of the film when, in preparation for raping Jeanne in a railway compartment, Khalibiev slowly, suggestively, opens his tie. A master realist as well, Pabst staged another sequence for the picture, an orgy, by simply hiring a hundred or so White Russian officers, plying them with vodka and women,

and filming the uninhibited results.

Pabst went on from here to create a trio of films—*Crisis* (*Abwege*), *Pandora's Box* (*Die Büchse der Pandora*) and *Diary of a Lost One* (*Tagebuch einer Verlorenen*)—centered wholly upon the sexual drives of their neurotic heroines. Lulu, the heroine of Frank Wedekind's two plays on which *Pandora's Box* was based, was in the words of one commentator "a forthright and earthy vampire who had to have the innocence of a child in her face, the instincts of a black widow spider and the beauty of Semiramis." If patent-leathery Louise Brooks filled the bill—and she did—it was because her director knew how to articulate her every smile, gesture, movement or *moue* of petulance into his over-all pattern of deadly erotic fascination. Both Lulu and Thymian (the "lost one") were innocents; their hold over men was not calculated—but neither were they concerned when, after they had drained them of both their riches and their vitality, they left behind a shattered hulk. Amoral, driven by an insatiable hunger for sexual experiences of every sort, both women seem to pass through life unscathed—at least until, in *Pandora's Box*, Lulu meets an almost inevitable fate at the hands of the sex murderer Jack the Ripper. Brigitte Helm, the woman in *Crisis*, was far less innocent, but no less driven by her appetites. Bored with her wealthy husband, she sets off on a round of cheap affairs and premeditated debauchery.

The women Pabst depicted, motivated by their sexual needs of the moment, found lasting incarnation in Marlene Dietrich's flaunting and forthright Lola Lola, the heroine of *The Blue Angel* (*Der blaue Engel*). The first of the German sound films (albeit directed by an American, Joseph von Sternberg), it traced the degradation of a middle-aged professor (Jannings again) caught in the cobweb of a beautiful but predatory cabaret entertainer. Why does this eminently desirable woman give herself to the stuffy but respected *Doktor*? Simply because, for her, he represents a new kind of sexual experience, an interesting change from the adoring youths and blasé night-club performers who habitually cluster about her. And why, later, does she marry him? Obviously, for no reason other than the status of his position. But when, because of this marriage, the professor is dismissed from the school, Lola Lola promptly reduces him to her menial and resumes her affairs with other men. The crowning indignity comes as the troupe returns to the professor's home town. Dressed in a clown's costume, an outsized collar draped around his neck, his "act" is to crow like a rooster while a magician breaks eggs against his brow.

If this willful degradation of the male is just a bit reminiscent of Theda Bara

she's got everything...



...including Athlete's Foot. But Desenex® will soon take care of that.

**Desenex really works.
Most often recommended
and prescribed by doctors.**





"Ours is an interesting story . . ."

in *A Fool There Was*, of the vamp as femme fatale, there is one significant difference. The vamp actively and deliberately exerted her charms to lure men to their destruction; while no small part of the attraction of these latter-day sirens was their total unconcern as to whether they were loved or not. As Dietrich sings in *The Blue Angel*, nonchalantly displaying her gorgeous legs:

"Men cluster to me
Like moths around a flame,
And if their wings burn
I know I'm not to blame . . ."

Nor is she. In *The Blue Angel*, she goes no further than to peel off a black stocking or to expose a naked shoulder. The desire is in the men; and when that desire no longer excites her own, it is time for her to move on to someone else who will. Perhaps these wanton women of the German film at the close of the Twenties bear some resemblance to the femmes fatales of earlier years in that they, too, leave behind a trail of human wreckage. But it is worth noting that by the end of the decade, the femme fatale had completely disappeared from the German screen—and in her place, triumphant, stood the wanton woman.

. . .

Films flourished in Germany throughout the Twenties because, beginning with the War years, they enjoyed the support and subsidy of the German government. Elsewhere in Europe, movie-makers were not so fortunate. World War One had literally devastated the industry, creating a shambles that took the better part of a decade to clear away. Among the Allied nations, studios had closed down for lack of heat and power. The War over, the Americans pressed their advantage, buying into theater chains and potentially competitive studios and, above all, buying up whatever European talent reared its lovely head. Revolution in Russia brought the films of that nation under the control of the Commissariat for Education and Propaganda; and its directors did little more than reiterate the rightness of the Communist cause in a series of propaganda pictures that were technically advanced, morally pure and deadly dull. The new Soviet hero would rather attack the Winter Palace than molest a female.

The rise of fascism in Italy had its own curiously puritanical effect upon Italian film makers—except where they could exhibit nudity under the guise of historicity, as in the popular *Maciste* movies and in the gargantuan *Quo Vadis?*, coproduced with Germany in 1924. Shortly after the War, however, film makers in England sought to regain audiences with a series of blatantly sexy pictures. *The Honey Pot*, for example, purporting to be a story of theatrical life, featured a theater manager who was

little more than a procurer of men for the women of his company, who were all too willing to be procured for. "The stage door of the Diadem Theater," read one of its subtitles, "where voices and figures are bought and virtue is sold." The film was called in by the censors, as were *The Door That Has No Key*, *Love Maggie*, *Tell Your Children*, and the few others produced in a similar vein. Harassed by censorship and economics, film activity in England remained negligible in quantity and quality throughout the Twenties.

But not in France. Although after the War the French industry was so thoroughly demoralized that Charles Pathé, the leading producer, was forced to sell his studios and equipment, a new element had entered the scene. The young French aesthetes—writers, poets, painters—had suddenly discovered the cinema. Throughout the War years, these avant-gardists, under the leadership of critic Louis Delluc, had written essays, criticisms and even *cinépoèmes* to publicize their enthusiasm for the new "art form." Now, the War over and studios up for grabs, would-be producers were willing to gamble on anyone with a script and the conviction to see it through for little or no money. Film theoreticians suddenly became film makers.

For their models they chose American and Scandinavian pictures in preference to the mannered, theatrical style of their own *film d'art* tradition. They preferred their more realistic themes and settings, their use of nature and the out-of-doors—but, Delluc added, "the French cinema must be *French*." As much out of theory as out of economic necessity, they carried their cameras into the Paris streets and the French countryside, to the Marseilles waterfront and the Rhone valley. Their pictures were populated with sailors, working-class types, and that most durable of French literary inventions, the goodhearted prostitute. And while their plots were frequently little more than an excuse for visual effects, somehow not only the effects but the characters and the stories themselves still smacked of literature. In one film, for example, a charming seducer hands a rose to his victim: a close-up reveals a black caterpillar inching along its stem.

Typical of the period was Delluc's own *Fever* (*Fièvre*), a purposeful attempt to capture the atmosphere of a waterfront bar. A group of sailors swagger in, just returned from a cruise to exotic lands. One of them has brought home an Oriental wife (or at least an Oriental girl—the film makes no positive identification). The room grows tense as the bar's hard-faced proprietress makes a play for the sailor. A fight breaks out, a man is killed, and as gendarmes clear the saloon, the Oriental, who has remained impassively curled up in a corner

throughout, cautiously reaches for a flower on the counter, only to discover that it is artificial. The entire film has the feeling of being a symbol, and a somewhat literary symbol at that; but Delluc's real achievement lay in the infusion of his sordid settings with the frank sexuality of sailors ashore after weeks of enforced celibacy, and the cold jealousy of the woman behind the bar toward the little Oriental girl.

While it was technique that interested Delluc and his adherents far more than story, the content of many of their films was also breaking new ground for the French cinema. As in Germany, studies of everyday life became popular—although, being French, the touch was lighter and more provocative. In *La Fête Espagnole*, for example, a woman is loved by two wealthy, elderly men. When forced to make a choice, she tells them to fight it out between them: they kill each other, and she gaily dances off with a younger suitor. In *Eldorado*, the mother of an illegitimate child takes weird revenge on her seducer. When his own legitimate daughter is about to be married to a wealthy landowner whom the father has selected, the mother locks the girl in a building overnight with the young painter she really loves.

From such themes and characters, it was but a short step to the flowering of the French film in the late Twenties, with pictures like Jean Renoir's *Nana* and Jacques Feyder's *Thérèse Raquin* again emphasizing the combination of atmospheric settings and literary sources. Renoir, son of the great Impressionist painter, filmed Zola's story of an imperious cocotte in a style reminiscent of his father's canvases and the backstage lithos of Toulouse-Lautrec, accenting with youthful zeal the woman's merciless drive for absolute dominance over her retinue of lovers. Memorable is a scene in which a sedate nobleman humiliates himself at her whim, dancing and begging like a little dog in return for her favors. An atmosphere of *fin-de-siècle* eroticism pervades the entire film, from a torrid, sweaty cancan early in the picture to the interlude, as *Nana* lies dying of smallpox, when one of her servants plunges his hand into the bodice of her maid and pulls forth a large and shapely breast. Above all, there is the voluptuous presence of *Nana* herself, played by Catherine Hessling, whose enormous eyes and bee-stung lips set in a dead-white face were fully as disturbing to the ordinary moviegoer as they were to the wealthy nobles who flocked about her on the screen.

In *Thérèse Raquin*, another of Zola's "heroines" was simplified in Feyder's version to a woman motivated almost solely by lust. Married to a sickly shopkeeper, she takes a lover and together they murder the husband. Later, after

they have set up light housekeeping in the rooms behind the shop, the paralytic mother of the murdered man contrives to murder *them*. As a study of unsatisfied sex, of the viciousness and sensuality of a passionate yet heartless woman, *Thérèse Raquin* stands remarkably close to *Pandora's Box*, with the difference that where Lulu portrayed the depravity of the *haut monde*, Thérèse demonstrated that it could flourish just as luridly in the most bourgeois of homes.

Feyder's next film, *The New Gentlemen* (*Les Nouveaux Messieurs*), was a comedy that lightly satirized French politics—but it brought him head on with the French censors. As in Germany, sex was not the censors' primary concern; nudity was rampant on the French screen in such thoroughly commercial items as *Casanova* and in innumerable films that had the Paris music halls for a background—such as Josephine Baker's *Papitou*, with its interminable parades of nudes à la Folies-Bergère. But *The New Gentlemen* centered on a young union leader who rises in politics, becomes a member of the French *Parlement*, and acquires a ballerina as his mistress. Formerly the mistress of a rightist deputy, she continues to change partners with the shifts in their political fortunes. A particularly bright sequence includes a vision of a *Parlement* session in which all the benches are occupied, not by the ministers, but by the actresses and ballerinas whom they are currently keeping. This seems to have particularly outraged the French censors, who hitherto had confined their activities to protecting their nation against such sinister foreign influences as *Potemkin* and *Ten Days That Shook the World*. When they banned *The New Gentlemen* outright, Feyder left France for Hollywood.

• • •

Along with the experiments that Delluc and his disciples were carrying out in the creation of the new French cinema, there were two other important influences that left their mark on the French film of the Twenties—the large colony of Russian *émigrés* and Paris' own considerable body of artists in residence. The artistic world of Paris being particularly closely knit at this time, not infrequently the three spheres met and overlapped, with a resulting interchange not only of ideas, but of personnel. In 1919, after the Russian Revolution had driven out of that country virtually its entire motion-picture industry, Paris became the unofficial headquarters for the *émigrés*—producers, directors and, perhaps most notably, the international favorite Ivan Mosjoukine. Mosjoukine, a fine actor, was cut in the style of a European John Barrymore—handsome, swash-buckling, romantic. In *The Burning Fire* (*Le Brasier Ardent*), which he di-

rected himself, he called upon all these qualities to create a gallery of dream lovers for a lonely woman; the ones she favors soon materialize in her waking life. His greatest success, although certainly not his greatest picture, came with *Casanova*, the lavish Franco-Italian production that made life in 18th Century Paris, Moscow and Venice seem one long—and somewhat boring—round of orgies. As prototype of the artist-libertine, Casanova, Mosjoukine cut an elegant swath through droves of damsels (including Catherine the Great) who flung themselves, in varying states of undress, around his aristocratic neck. In the end, their very profusion worked against the film's deliberate attempt at eroticism. At the conclusion of one gigantic orgy, Casanova lies in his splendid tufted bed surrounded by better than a dozen naked beauties. Fully dressed and wigged himself, he stares glassily into space. Obviously, one can have too much of a good thing.

Among the *émigrés*, but very much his own man, was a young violinist who determined that he, too, would be a film maker: Dmitri Kirsanov. Working feverishly with whatever slim resources he could lay his hands on, he served as a spiritual link between the Russians and the French avant-garde movement. Although he belonged to neither group, *Ménilmontant*, his masterpiece, shares many of the characteristics of the Delluc school—but done with a force, a *brio* and an originality unmatched by Delluc's *littérateurs*. The film begins with a horrifying montage as two young girls witness the hatchet murder of their parents. Moving to Paris, they become *midinettes* in an artificial flower factory. Soon both sisters have been seduced by the same young man, who is later killed in a knife brawl over a prostitute. The younger sister, pregnant, goes to a hospital to have her baby; when she is discharged, she discovers that her older sister has become a streetwalker. The two girls, both of them hardened by experience, take incestuous comfort in each other. All of this is set forth, without subtitles, in marvelously compressed, beautifully impressionistic images that suggest far more than they actually tell. When the young man, for example, leads the older sister to a cheap hotel, the camera remains on the street as they enter, then swings up to a window just as the light inside goes on.

With so much interest focused upon the aesthetics of cinema not merely by the youthful *cinéastes*, but by serious critics and intellectuals as well, it was inevitable that practitioners of the older, more established arts would also want to investigate the medium, even if only tentatively. It was also inevitable that the films they made would be the very antithesis of anything turned out by the commer-

cial studios. They formed a third circle, tied closely to such then-current art movements as Dadaism, Surrealism and nonobjective painting; and their films reflected their common desire to disturb and shock the *bourgeoisie*. Sometimes these were mere pranks, as when René Clair in *Entracte* photographed from below the rising and falling *tutu* of a graceful ballerina, then ran his camera caressingly up the length of her body to reveal that she was in fact a handsomely bearded gentleman. The American photographer Man Ray, working in Paris, inserted into his first film, *The Return to Reason* (*Le Retour à la Raison*), along with flashing glimpses of pins, needles and collar buttons, the negative of a luscious nude. In *Starfish* (*Etoile de Mer*), in conscious parody of Hollywood movies, Man Ray has a young man take a girl to his room. When she has completely undressed and is holding out her arms to him expectantly from the bed, the young man tips his hat politely and says "Adieu." End of scene.

But Surrealism, appearing in the last half of the Twenties, was no joking matter. Armed with a new awareness of Freud and the symbolism of dreams, the Surrealists embraced the film medium with a special enthusiasm. In it, they realized, dreams could be arranged and photographed, and symbolic language could be used to tell what could not be stated directly. While Germaine Dulac's *The Seashell and the Clergyman* (*La Coquille et le Clergyman*), the first of the Surrealist efforts, suffered from an overly explicit, overly literal translation of story elements into symbolic images, nevertheless its very simplicity helped clarify the technique. The film leads us into the dream world of a repressed and impotent young priest, harassed on the one hand by such surrogate father figures as a general, a jailer and his superior in the order, and on the other hand by his thoughts of a beautiful woman who flaunts herself repeatedly before him, yet constantly eludes him. The symbols are obvious: the clergyman filling glass phials with water, then dropping them to the floor where they smash in slow motion; a hate dream in which the father-general's head is split down the middle through trick photography. And at one point, symbolism is abandoned completely as the priest is shown masturbating under his cassock. In the words of a contemporary critic, it is a "pseudoscientific statement, much more like a doctor's bill than a poem." Yet filmic poetry was what these artists had in mind.

Far more successful artistically—indeed, perhaps the most successful avant-garde film ever made—was the Salvador Dalí-Luis Buñuel Surrealist nightmare, *An Andalusian Dog* (*Un Chien Andalou*), which plumbed the depths of the

SEE ANNETTE starring
in Walt Disney's new
movie, "The Monkey's
Uncle," featuring
Stanley the chimp. It's
now out at your
neighborhood theater—and
Yamaha is now in at
your Yamaha dealer!



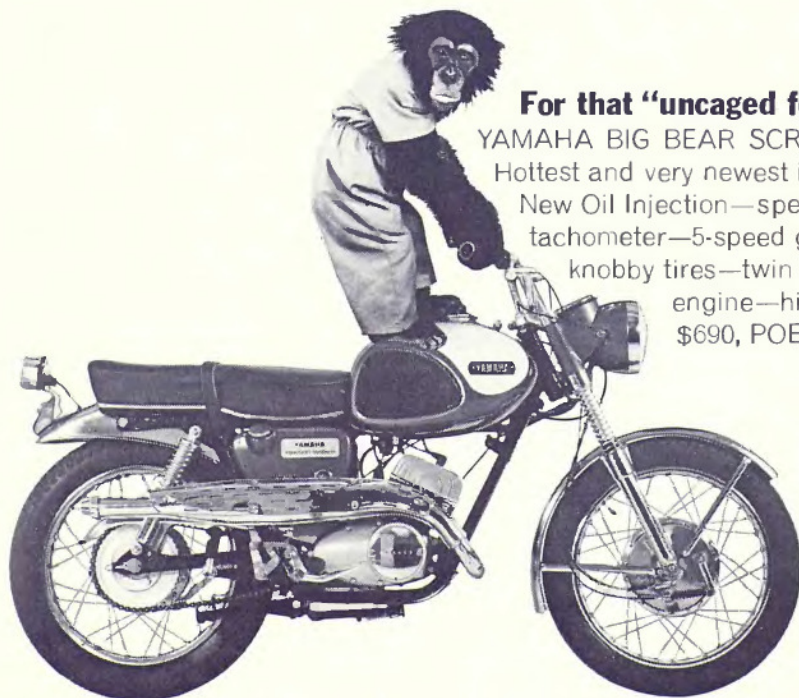
YAMAHA— more fun than a barrel of monkeys!

Walt Disney's new movie,
"THE MONKEY'S UNCLE"—
more fun than a
barrel of people!

© 1965 Walt Disney Prod.



The one to go "ape" over—
YAMAHA ROTARY JET 80 (YG-1SK)—
Fastest seller in America—Rotary Valve Engine—Oil Injection—
big, dustproof, waterproof brakes—\$350, POE, Los Angeles.



For that "uncaged feeling"—
YAMAHA BIG BEAR SCRAMBLER 250 (YDS-3C)—
Hottest and very newest in the Yamaha line.
New Oil Injection—speedometer—
tachometer—5-speed gearbox—
knobby tires—twin carburetor
engine—high pipes—
\$690, POE, Los Angeles.



All Yamahas have hearts of pure "go."
They are inspired by the World
Grand Prix Champion racing Yamahas.

Get Going on the Greatest Going—YAMAHA
INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION



subconscious mind to dredge up images at once compelling and horrifying. Although the film has no story in any conventional sense, it suggests the dichotomy between good and evil in every man, with death the ultimate victor. Visions of death recur: the death's-head pattern of a moth; the shooting of a man in a Corotlike forest who, as he dies, caresses with trembling fingers the naked back of a girl who materializes for an instant, then disappears; the final shot of two lovers propped up dead and desiccated in the burning sand. But more of the images are disturbing for what they show of life. Dali's recurrent image of putrefaction—ants crawling from a hole in a man's hand—is seen twice in the film; while the vision of a Lesbian toying with a severed hand sets off in the hero a chain reaction of naked lust. Turning to the woman he is standing with, hands cupped, he attacks her breasts. As she shrinks away, he pursues her, backing her against the wall until he can fondle her at will. Her dress magically disappears and the breasts are exposed, but

they dissolve almost immediately into her naked buttocks. The man continues his caresses, and in a close-up we see a mixture of saliva and blood dribbling from his mouth, his eyes rolled back in their sockets. At another point in his pursuit of the woman, he struggles toward her dragging after him the symbolic accouterments of organized society: two grand pianos, each draped with the bleeding carcass of a donkey and, hitched together by ropes, a brace of clergymen and what seem to be the two tablets of the Ten Commandments.

As a prelude to *Un Chien Andalou*, Dali and Buñuel filmed a sequence in which a young man (played by Buñuel himself) steps out onto a Paris balcony and gazes calmly at the night sky; then, as a thin cloud cuts across the full moon, in extreme close-up, he takes a straight razor and slashes an eyeball of the girl sharing the balcony with him. It is a horrifying moment, but one fully consonant with the purposes both of the picture and of the Surrealists. In as direct a metaphor as has ever been put on the screen,

the public's eye is opened to a new kind of vision, a new interpretation of beauty—and ugliness. But even as the film appeared, the era for aesthetes and aesthetics was rapidly drawing to a close. Germany's endemic depression was widening, soon to envelop the entire Western world. Ugly clashes between the extreme right and the extreme left spread from the political arena out into the streets, ultimately affecting all areas of life. The premiere of the second Dali-Buñuel collaboration, *The Age of Gold* (*L'Age d'Or*), for example, was halted not because of its extravagant eroticism, which included the extraordinary scene in which two lovers, inflamed by the music of Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, roll in the gravel at a garden party, frantically biting and chewing at each other until blood comes; and which finishes with the woman, utterly frustrated, sucking on the toe of a marble statue. It was ended by a riot fomented by the *Action Française*, an extreme rightist group that objected to the film's anticlerical and antimonarchist implications.

But the final period to the entire movement was set neither by politics nor by aesthetics. By 1929, sound films had arrived; and by the end of that year, no one could doubt any longer that they had come to stay. No more could a young artist set off with a camera and a few thousand francs and make a picture. Now, studios were a necessity—and with them, all the costly paraphernalia of sound recording and reproduction. Even the smallest theaters were converting to "talkies"; a silent picture could scarcely be given away. At this juncture, Jean Cocteau, sturdiest of the Surrealists, elected to make his first film, producing—with sound—his quasi-autobiographical *The Blood of a Poet* (*Le Sang d'un Poète*), filled with homosexual symbols, literary allusions and a maddening narcissism. Instead of a new beginning, it proved to be a last gasp. By the time the film appeared, the Thirties were already upon us—and with them, a new urge for realism created by the talkies, and demanded by audiences suddenly sobered by the great Depression. "Art for art's sake" was no longer a tenable position in the face of bank failures and bread lines. Now what the public wanted was entertainment—and, as Mae West was shortly to observe, "Goodness had nothing to do with it."

This is the fourth in a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema." In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert dolly in for searching close-ups of the legendary sex symbols, male and female, who made the Twenties the golden age of the silent screen: Garbo, Valentino, Dietrich, Swanson, Gilbert, Negri, Bow and Barrymore.



"From now on you'll be known as agent S.E.X.
I suppose you can guess what we expect of you?"

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 42)

tarian anti communist.

I rescued it from the trash can in order to pass it on to you and show you what kind of illiterates are trying to pass judgment on "literature" here in the shadow of Cape Kennedy.

Marshall Giller, President
Cape Canaveral Federal
Savings and Loan Association
Cocoa, Florida

A FULL MAN

It is so terribly hard to be a full man down here in the South. Hatred and bigotry reign as gods here. Everything we say in the way of truth is immediately branded as "Communist" by Carl McIntire, "Com-Symp" by the local John Birch Society, and "atheist" by the local Baptist minister. It gets extremely exasperating and sometimes it hurts, but I will continue my fight.

I also thank you for your leadership in the area of equality. I have long fought for it, and it is heart-warming to hear someone in your position say, "We're for it, too."

Peter Lee
University of South Carolina
Columbia, South Carolina

IVY LEAGUE MORALITY

As female products of a university environment, Connie and I had analyzed and attempted to apply many of the precepts of *The Playboy Philosophy* even before we read them in your publication. Mr. Hefner's views have largely coincided with ours in most of the fields he has discussed—religion, ethics and morality included. However, since the inception of the *Philosophy* as a major force shaping the minds of our society, we have watched the results with dismay. Basically, we have discovered that in the area of sexual relations, even the most vocal of your proponents are incapable of putting your *Philosophy* into practice.

It is true that most mature males can understand liberated femininity. However, one cannot equate understanding with acceptance.

That moral codes have been broken down, surreptitiously or overtly, is evident. As far as liberality can go, however, we feel that mutual regard must be a primary requisite for potential sexual partners. If this regard exists *before* the act, why should it be dissolved *by* the act? Respect can be an immediate reaction or one that develops with time. Sexual desire can be gratified in a moment, or it can be withheld as the situation warrants. However, when a lip-service Playboy Philosopher says the time is now, who can know until the phone doesn't ring or there is no knock on the door that he didn't even believe himself?

SOFT
AS
A
KISS

**INVER
HOUSE**

IMPORTED RARE SCOTCH



100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA.

All the New 1600 Needs is You...to Stir Up a Storm!

Here's plush new beauty, quality detailing and race-winning performance features never before available in a true sports car—at such a low price! Equipped with dozens of 'no cost' extras, including:

NEW (1600 cc) 96 hp ENGINE
NEW DISC BRAKES & WSW TIRES
NEW FULL SYNCH TRANSMISSION
4-SPEED STICK & TACHOMETER
DUAL CARBS & ALTERNATOR

TRANSISTOR RADIO & HEATER
BUCKET SEATS & SEAT BELTS
CARPETS & ROLL-UP WINDOWS
TRIP METER & VENT CONTROLS
Tonneau Cover & EXTRA BOOT

\$2595. delivered fully equipped, plus tax, license, D&H and local freight, if any. For Dealer name and literature, write Nissan Motor Corp., in U.S.A., 137 E. Alondra Blvd., Gardena, California.



D **DATSUN** TEST DRIVE THE '1600' THIS VERY WEEK!

What makes a potentially sincere individual corrupt an honest relationship?

The Playboy Philosophy is in widespread use—as a script for a one-act play.

We used to go to parties and we'd meet guys. Sometimes there were fireworks, sometimes only a pale gleam. We called it physical intensity, but I think it was more spiritual than anything else. Whatever it was, it commanded our attention and our respect. They made us feel that we weren't alone. We enjoyed them and we felt needed. And they were all handsome. Boys with Ivy League bodies and sometimes even Ivy League minds.

Connie met an Ivy League moralist once. She said he was a hypocrite: To the victor belong the spoils and who wants garbage. But I think he spoke for all of collegekind. What he said was a truism: "For every battle there is a victory; for every victory there is a loss." For the man—for the boy, rather—who is looking for warmth, the words are the weapon. The words are the means to his end. And then? He never returns. He and all the others who don't return are our loss.

I met a sweet boy once. I asked him to love me without saying "love." He was sweet and he thought I wasn't because I would not let him call it love. The warmth of strong arms was more precious to me than a soft voice. I would not listen to words. I wanted to give with my body and hold with my heart. I never saw the sweet boy again.

Connie met a violent boy once. "Give all of yourself to me," he said, "and I will give you none of myself." Once she told him she loved him. "I cannot tolerate weakness," he said, and he left her. Then he came back, and she loved him once more. In his arms one night she said she had found the strength to love him no longer. After he made love to her that night, he went away.

What is love? Cooperation, compassion, coordination, communion. Then what is sex?

And so it goes: Ivy League morality. If we love we must sleep with a sword or a wall or a mile between us. Without the sword even friendship is impossible. Maybe it shouldn't be this way, but it is.

Gloria Thorne

Los Angeles, California

THE DURANTE PHILOSOPHY

Kudos for the forthright stand you've taken in your *Playboy Philosophy*. Having worked in a mental hospital for nearly six years, I can testify that our sexually repressive society has driven a good many men and women insane. And I'd hate to count the number of syphilitics that I've shipped to the morgue, people who'd be alive and healthy today if they'd been exposed to even the barest rudiments of sex education.

Being a normal male with healthy het-

erosexual instincts, I'm dismayed that society's laws consider me an immoral blackguard for doing what comes naturally. In the words of Jimmy Durante: "Why the hell don't everybody leave everybody else the hell alone?"

Brynn Sean Starbuck
Highland, California

FILET MIGNON AND HAMBURGER, TOO

My personal reaction when I first read *The Playboy Philosophy* was one of profound relief that someone finally had enough courage to speak some sense about taboo-ridden subjects.

When society imposes restrictions that are not justified, then it is not only a right but a duty to squawk loud and long. And when society can tell me when, where, how and to whom I may make love, society is meddling where it has no right to meddle!

Hefner advocates living life to the fullest in every respect and enjoying the process. If that is hedonism, then call me a hedonist.

I told my husband even before we were married that he could have as many extracurricular activities as he could handle, as long as he continued to love me. After all, even a man who is served *filet mignon* every night (and I am not so conceited as to class myself as *filet mignon*) might like a taste of hamburger now and then. Nevertheless, though he knows there is no objection, he has not become a libertine. I think many a man would do less "running around" if everything were honest and aboveboard. There seems to be a special fascination in the hidden and forbidden.

I am a very happily married woman. I agree with *The Playboy Philosophy* in almost every instance, for Hefner is saying things I have thought for years.

My credo is very simple: Do what you please, as long as you don't hurt other people. My rights end where other people's begin, and vice versa. Fair enough?

Arda K. Romain

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Fair enough.

SAVING THE SEED

If you love someone deeply, you will care what happens to them for a lifetime. Besides the other rewards of married life such as having someone to come home to, the sexual pleasures can be so satisfying that one would not even think of looking for satisfaction elsewhere. The ideal married life is when a couple makes each day like their wedding day, when they were so much in love with each other, and each night like their wedding night, when they enjoyed sexual union. The only way it is possible for a couple to enjoy sexual union every morning and every night is by the practice of male continence. The theory of male continence recognizes that sexual

union in marriage has two purposes: reproduction and an expression of affection. These two functions are separate from each other. When a husband and wife want to have a baby, he discharges his seed during sexual union. If they just want to show their deep affection for each other, the husband does not discharge his seed during sexual union. As long as he does not waste his seed, both husband and wife can enjoy sexual union every morning and every night. If the husband wastes his seed at each sexual union, then they cannot enjoy it every day. By living such an ideal married sex life, a couple would never need to look for sexual satisfaction outside of marriage.

Coleman Slezecki

Bayside, New York

That's an ideal married sex life?

VIEW FROM INDIA

The early Christians lived in ancient Rome. In that city, slaves of all ages and both sexes were displayed naked for sale. Children quite commonly went about naked until they reached the age of 12. In the arena, public sadism was carried to the point of public murder for amusement. Whatever else it may have been, this hardly adds up to an atmosphere of prudery.

In Jerusalem itself, the accusation was brought against the founder of Christianity: *This man consorts with sinners*. Indeed, he did consort with sinners, and seems to have thought them a better lot than the priests in the temple.

Many unauthorized attachments have been added to Christianity, such as, for example, the Prohibition law in the U.S.A., which was supported by the Protestant clergy. This, however, had no roots in earlier Christian history.

When I was in the U.S.A., I worked for an "Anti-Communism Crusade." From time to time, I invented good ideas to fight the Communists. I found that these ideas were not wanted at all. The "Anti-Communist Crusader" was not really against communism at all. He loved it, because he was making his living out of it. What would he ever do without "good old communism"? He might have had to go back to work. In the same way, the "antisex" people in the U.S.A. simply want to make their livings out of sex. Is this not really a form of harlotry, after all?

R. Khrisnu

Gandhidham, India

SWINGIN' VICTORIA

I suppose you know that Queen Victoria had her man. After the death of the Prince Consort, a man was kept in the royal palace for her health and well being. When first told of this, I was horrified and said that I couldn't see how she could stand for that. He was a political necessity, my informer told me, and

added that the health and welfare of the Queen was of more importance to her than her feelings. His name was John Brown. He lived in the royal palace and had a room next to that of the Queen. He was popular with the royal children, who ran to him to intercede with the Queen if they got into difficulties. Everybody knew that he was there, they knew what he was there for, and nobody said anything about it. I have found his name mentioned in other places and am sure that it is true. Queen Victoria was a stickler for proprieties.

The Rev. Floyd Cartwright
Danville, Virginia

That's Victorianism, all right! Live one way, pretend to live another way, and call the pretense "propriety." Brown's role in Victoria's life, incidentally, is discussed in detail in Elizabeth Longford's recent and worthy biography, "Victoria: Born to Succeed."

THE SAGA OF MARY ELLEN

Recently, I picked up a back issue of *Life* magazine and was surprised to see that Miss Mary Ellen Terziu had been fired from her position as a Bunny at the Baltimore Playboy Club. Reportedly this was due to her campaign work for Senator Joseph Tydings. Although the story does not so state, apparently Miss Terziu worked for the Senator in her off hours. If she did this campaigning on her own time, then her firing is at considerable odds with the ideals stated in *The Playboy Philosophy* with regard to personal freedom.

While I certainly recognize the possibility of *Life* slanting the story to suit themselves, if it was presented factually, then the whole *Playboy Philosophy* comes off smelling strongly of hypocrisy. It would seem, if the story is true, that personal freedoms are one thing for the leaders of the Playboy Empire and quite another for those employed by it.

It would seem that a word of explanation is in order. Would you please oblige?

John B. Nail, Jr.
Moundsville, West Virginia

PLAYBOY magazine and the Playboy Clubs are popular targets with both publicity seekers and the press, because anything involving Playboy is certain to attract public attention. Playboy isn't perfect, but the personal and professional ethics of our enterprises are something in which we take justifiable pride; most of the negative news about Playboy is as phony as this tale of political intrigue in Bunnyland. Although the story appeared in both Life and Time, as well as in a number of newspapers across the country, and Bunny Mary Ellen Terziu was even interviewed on the "Tonight" show by Johnny Carson, her termination from the Baltimore Playboy Club (by the Club Bunny Mother) wasn't remotely related to politics. If the press

had bothered to check, they would have discovered that Miss Terziu worked as a part-time secretary for Senator Tydings prior to being hired as a Baltimore Bunny, and she actually gave the Senator as one of her employment references; contrary to what the news story suggests, Playboy encourages such outside interests and activities for Bunnies. After her separation from the Baltimore Club, Mary Ellen worked briefly as a Bunny in Miami, and is currently employed as a secretary to Congressman Adam Clayton Powell of New York.

PERCEPTIVE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

The following dispatch from the UPI News Service should interest you:

Washington—Asst. Prosecuting Attorney Joseph B. Clark, defending Connecticut's anti-birth-control law before the Supreme Court: "There can be no doubt that abstinence from sexual intercourse will prevent pregnancy."

Stan T. Major, Senior Editor
KLIF
Dallas, Texas

I believe that you should hand out awards for "The Most Progressive Idea of 1965," and I hereby nominate Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Joseph B. Clark of the State of Connecticut for his modern and progressive suggestions on ways to limit the size of families.

Alan Eiger
Brooklyn, New York

The Supreme Court was similarly unimpressed with the arguments of Clark and his colleagues: The case ended in a 7 to 2 decision declaring Connecticut's anticontraception law unconstitutional.

SCANDINAVIAN SUICIDE

Throughout the 1964 Presidential campaign, I was forced to listen to ultra-conservative friends cite Sweden's suicide rate as proof of the evils of welfare legislation.

However, I lose patience when a man of Rabbi Tanenbaum's background suggests, as he did in the February installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, that there might be a causal relationship between Sweden's "problem of sexual promiscuity" and its suicide motive (as far as I know, there are no statistics available). I will simply point out that Norway, a country equally addicted to the same forms of social democracy ravaging Sweden, has one of the world's lowest suicide rates.

Jerry Patterson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

SEX IN OSLO

How difficult it is for human beings to accept sex as a primary factor of human life! How can sex, which is so important

for a human's happiness, be a sin? I can respect a person for his puritan point of view, but not if he condemns another person just because of his convictions. It was shocking to read that there exist laws in the U.S.A. that can regulate people's behavior in the bedroom, even if they are married. Even if the laws are not used often, it is an insult to the freedom and dignity of the individual. Society does not care to regulate sexual behavior here in Norway.

I hope that *The Playboy Philosophy* will continue, for I think it is a valuable contribution to the struggle for a more unprejudiced America, and a more unprejudiced world.

Bjørn Christensen
Oslo, Norway

SEX IN THE ORIENT

Please accept sincere congratulations on Hefner's eloquent and informative remarks in the May *Philosophy*. How any perceptive person could remain in favor of censorship after this objective analysis is beyond me.

Hefner briefly touched on an ironical aspect of our society which never ceases to amaze me. This is the fact that the widespread popularity of eroticism that currently pervades movies, literature, advertising—you name it—is under constant attack by various righteous citizens. They bemoan this degrading and degenerative obsession with sex, and fight against everything from topless bathing suits to sex education in the schools. The real irony, however, lies in the fact that it is precisely and entirely because contemporary society is so sexually maladjusted and suppressed that these external manifestations of sexuality receive an audience. When I was in the Orient, this farce was acutely apparent. There, sex was an integrated part of the culture and was completely and realistically accepted. Moreover, the abundant availability of sex contrasted strongly (at least to me, an American) with the lack of public monomania regarding it. It certainly provided an enlightening perspective to the truly sick, repressive attitude toward sex existing in the U.S. today.

Richard L. Kuhn
Santa Ana, California

"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." Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12 and 13-18, are available at \$1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





O'ROURKE

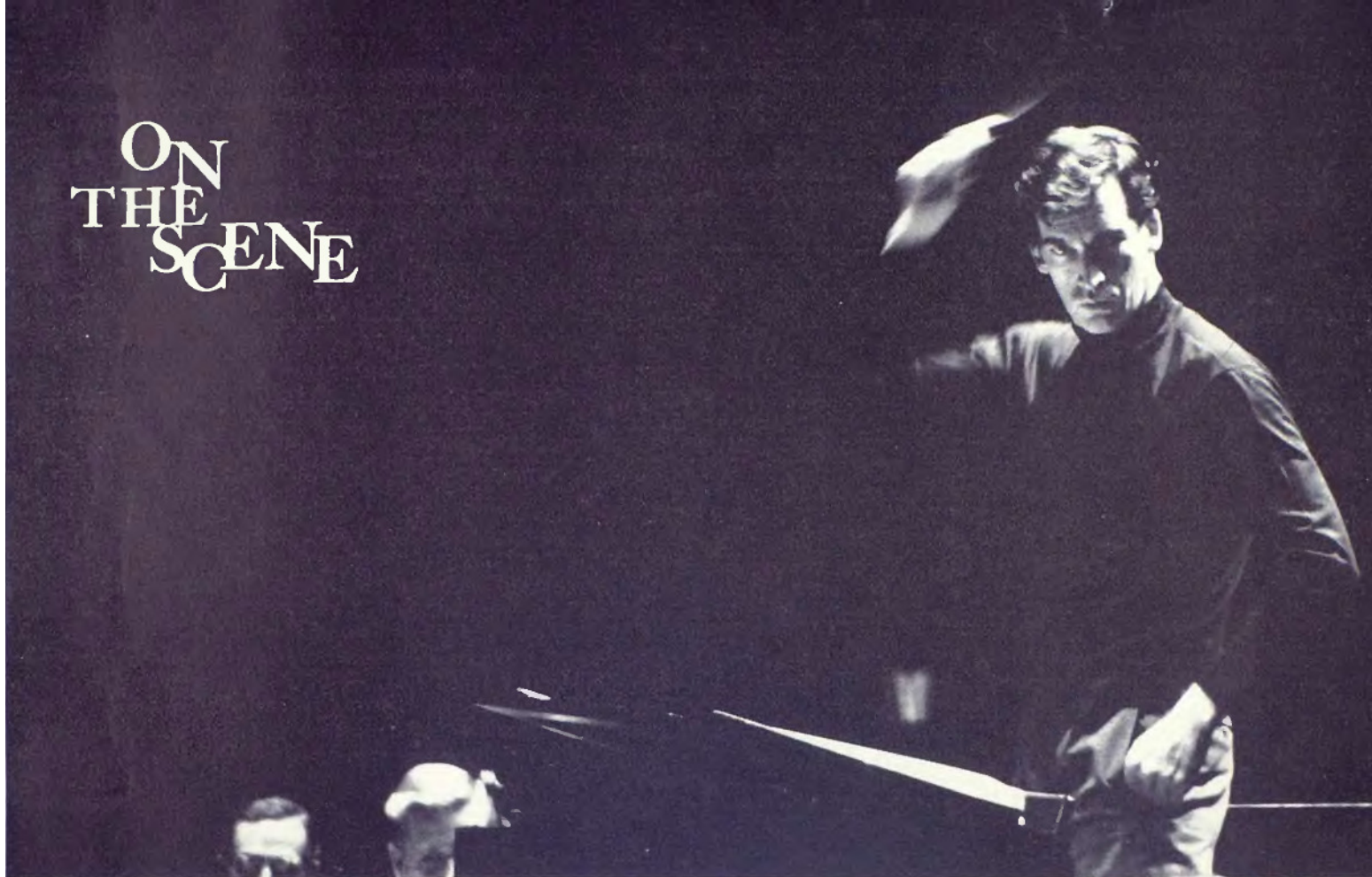
CARROLL SHELBY *ferrari's formidable foe*

ONETIME chicken farmer, former race driver (SCCA National Champion in 1956 and 1957) and current auto entrepreneur, ex-Texan Carroll Shelby—whose stock in trade is a corralful of ornery Mustang GT350s and a basketful of deadly Cobras—is taking dead aim at international motor sport's World Manufacturers' Championship for Grand Touring Production autos. Heretofore the Holy Grail of the bolide builders has been won with monotonous regularity by Italian auto wizard Enzo Ferrari. But Shelby American, Inc., has traveled very far very fast from the day early in 1962 when a British AC body was mated with a Ford 260-cu.-in. V8 and gave birth to the Cobra. With Ford's hot engines under his Cobras' hoods and Dearborn's engineering staff lending staunch support, Shelby—who looks like he just stepped out of a "Marlboro country" ad—came bumper close to heisting the hardware from *Il Commendatore* in 1964. That season, Carroll's Cobras started off with a whoosh by coming in one-two-three in the Grand Touring class at Sebring's grueling 12-hour grind. By season's end, however, Ferrari's long experience had paid off, but 1965 may prove to be a horsepower of another color. February's Daytona Continental found Cobra GTs again one-two-three in class. Sebring, next on the agenda, piled up more points for the Shelby shock troops, as a Cobra GT finished first in class (the Ford GT40, also under the Shelby aegis, knocked off the Ferrari prototypes in this one, too). The 42-year-old Shelby (who has long since discarded the bib overalls and basketball sneakers that were trademarks in his more carefree driving days) is a man with a mission ("I think we've paid homage to European ideas in international racing for too long"); if Ferrari's all-powerful Prancing Horse succumbs to Cobra venom, and Carroll jets back to his Los Angeles home base with the United States' first World Manufacturers' Championship in tow, he will indeed have gone a long way toward convincing those in search of superior motor-racing machinery that their best bet is to See America First.

EDWARD BROOKE *against the odds*

WHEN Edward Brooke ran for the office of attorney general of Massachusetts last year, he had every portent of disaster going for him. He was a Republican running in a solidly Democratic state during Lyndon Johnson's blitz. He was a Protestant in one of the most heavily Roman Catholic states in the country. He was a Negro in a state that is 98-percent white. In spite of these staggering political millstones, he romped home an easy winner and became the first Negro to hold such a high state political office in America since the Reconstruction era. A Bronze Star infantry veteran of World War Two campaigns in North Africa and Italy, the state's top legal officer represents a break from the typical Negro politician of the past, who dealt primarily in racial problems. Brooke seeks and gets votes on the basis of broad-based political issues, not color. "I didn't run to be the first Negro attorney general," Brooke says, "I just wanted to be the attorney general of Massachusetts." Campaigning on a straight antimachine, crime-busting platform, Brooke drew support from the left and right wings of both parties. After his election, he moved swiftly to secure indictments against moguls on both sides of the political fence: A consulting state engineer, an attorney, a judge, a Government councilor and a waterways director have all been nailed in Brooke's far-reaching cleanup of Massachusetts' odiferous political dumps. A vigorous civil rights advocate, but admittedly not a "militant," Brooke is active across the political spectrum. "Today, the Negro has to be broader in his vision, in his participation in public life and in his total responsibilities," Brooke says. He labors 18 hours a day at his job of attorney "for all the people—the guilty as well as the innocent," but many pundits in a resurgent Massachusetts G. O. P. are looking further ahead. To them, the most vigorous vote getter in the state looks tailor-made for the governor's chair.

ON THE SCENE



YULSMAN

THOMAS SCHIPPERS *boss baton at the met*

UNLIKE MOST CHILD PRODIGES in the performing arts, whose careers are usually characterized by too much notoriety too soon and early relegation to artistic oblivion, Thomas Schippers, the 35-year-old boss baton of the Metropolitan Opera and current musical toast of two continents, has yet to miss a beat in his rise to the apogee of international acclaim since his debut as a concert pianist at the age of six. Schippers, an athletically built six-footer who could double for Maximilian Schell, took his next step up the musical ladder of fame when, at 13, he was accepted at Philadelphia's famed Curtis Institute as a budding concert pianist and organist. In his typically precocious fashion, Schippers arrived at the major turning point in his career shortly after his 18th birthday, when he entered the Philadelphia Orchestra's annual International Young Conductors Contest and took second-place honors despite his lack of any previous conducting experience. His musical métier thus established, he made his professional podium debut the same year with New York's Lemonade Opera, and two years later premiered Menotti's *The Consul* on Broadway. Since 1955, when he became the youngest American ever to conduct at the Met, Schippers has spent his working year shuttling back and forth between his job as Met maestro and the top opera houses of Europe, where he has reigned as artistic director of the Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, Italy, for the past eight years. Currently honeymooning at his summer home on the island of Corfu, Schippers will lead the Israel Philharmonic in a concert series next month before returning to open the Met's 1966 season. He hopes to have his own orchestra someday which will be "one third Jewish for sound, one third Italian for line, and one third German for solidity."



BARBARA (continued from page 108)

started a right hand in Bethesda and hit Joe on the chin and knocked him clean out of the ring and into my lap. You could have scraped my eyes off with spoons. But Joe always came back and demolished the people who got lucky with him—that is, until his legs went and Marciano persuaded him to retire with a lot of right hands."

The announcer was introducing the fighters now.

The white boy, Tiger Taggart, was lean and freckled and towheaded and looked mean. He also looked durable. The colored boy, Bolo Bermudez, was compact, with no rough edges, no corners.

"He's a Cuban," Alec said. "There's one country that's still hungry enough to produce good fighters from the cane fields. They get a lot of practice swinging that machete for ten cents a day. I will bet you two to one—ten bucks to five—on the Cubano."

"You've seen the odds?"

"There aren't really any important odds on a fight like this. Six to five and take your pick. You want it the other way round, I'll give you two to one and take the white boy."

"I'll go with the Tiger," Barbara said. "He looks like a hitter. Lots of leverage in those long arms."

"Well, we'll see," Alec said. "Here's the bell."

The Tiger was a shuffler. He moved flat-footed toward the center of the ring, hands low, and as the compact Cuban roared in, swinging, the freckled white boy lifted a long left and stuck it into the Cuban's nose. There seemed little effort—not much more than a push—but blood jumped from Bermudez' nostrils. The Tiger moved in, still flat-footed, and sank a right into the Cuban's stomach, doubling him over. Stepping back, the Tiger hooked his left sharply to the Cuban's jaw, and you could see his head snap.

"Looks like a short night," Alec muttered, as the Bolo wrestled into a clinch. "You want me to pay you now?"

"Not this very moment," Barbara said huskily. "Look at *that*."

Bolo Bermudez was biting the Tiger on the neck, and in the clinch he was pumping furious short punches at the white boy's lean, muscled belly. When the referee pushed them apart, the Cuban took a solid shot at the white boy's jaw, staggering him, and the referee held the Cuban off, cautioning him against hitting on the break. There was blood on the Tiger's shoulder, from Bermudez' bleeding nose, but there was also an angry area of pink on the white boy's belly—pink that had come from the infighting.

"Maybe my lad's tougher than we thought," Alec murmured. "Now look at *that*."

Bermudez roared in, took another straight left in the mouth, ignored it, and hit the Tiger a solid hook to the jaw, followed by a straight right to the chin. The Tiger's mouthpiece flew out in a spray of spittle, and the Bolo was on him, crowding him into the ropes, driving piston punches to the belly.

Taggart catapulted himself off the ropes, led with a left that looked low and crossed with a right that put the black boy down on one knee. He took the count of eight and was up when the bell rang.

"Well, my lad loses that one on points as well as that foul from hitting going out of the clinch," Alec said. "But we ain't home yet."

Round two found both fighters in the middle of the ring, slugging flat-footed, firmly planted. Alec looked at Barbara Bayne, whose breath was coming in short hisses from white-pinked nostrils. Her lips were bitten together in a straight line, and her breast heaved every time one of the men connected solidly.

There was no finesse to the fight. The men swung, Alec thought, as Tony Zale used to swing when he was indestructible, as Henry Armstrong punched when he was a flailing windmill of leather. The Bolo's right eye was completely closed, with a deep cut in the brow that gushed blood. The referee was making small effort toward separation as both fighters heeled and butted and punched as they voluntarily broke themselves.

The white boy, Tiger, was painted with the Cuban's blood. He himself was not cut, but both eyes were swollen into slits, and his belly was almost as red as his shoulders from the savage inside pounding he was taking. The crowd had risen, screaming, and Alec was astounded at the savage shrillness of the voice belonging to the pretty blonde girl beside him.

"Kill him, Tiger! Now, now, the right, the right!" Barbara Bayne was screeching, and Alec could see her dilated pupils, like the eyes of a crazy horse.

The bell rang as the men stood toe to toe, and they kept slugging until the referee pulled them violently apart.

"My mistake," Alec said mildly to Barbara. "We seem to have run onto quite a massacre here."

Barbara did not appear to hear him. She was leaning forward, breathing heavily, with her eyes intent on the white boy's corner, where the seconds were working frantically to give him his breath back.

The bell for round three banged and both men rushed out again, with no attempt at feint or parry. Both swung right hands from the deck, and both connected on the point of each other's jaw. Both went down like axed cattle—

the white boy on his face, the black boy on his back. The crowd was standing, a solid animal roar filling the arena, and again Alec was startled, and not a little shocked, to hear a keening, almost a crooning, coming from the mouth of Barbara Bayne. Her lips now were drawn back over her teeth.

Quite obviously the referee had never been confronted with a similar situation. He stood, finally, equidistant between the two men and began his count. At seven Bolo Bermudez got up on one knee. He was on his feet at nine. He staggered over to the neutral corner and clung gasping to the ropes. At the count of ten the white boy hadn't stirred. The referee walked over to the neutral corner, beckoned to Bolo Bermudez, and the black Cuban staggered out. The referee raised his hand. When he released it, the Cuban sank to the floor again, out as cold as his opponent.

Elbowing through the crowd, Alec said, "I'll be damned if I saw anything like that in all the fights I covered—two guys knocking each other stiff on the same punch. You live and you learn. Hey, what's the matter with you?"

Barbara was deathly pale.

"I—I can't get my breath. I need some air—some air and maybe a drink. And to sit down. I guess I got carried away. Was I very noisy?"

"Noisy enough," Alec grinned. "I was afraid once that you were going into the ring with a shoe in your hand to help your boy. How come you never saw a real prize fight before?"

"Nobody ever asked me," Barbara Bayne said. "But it was marvelous. I've never been so excited in my life."

"I better keep you away from bullfights," Alec murmured, "if the sight of blood affects you this way. The bullfighters have a saying, if a lady is emotionally affected by a *corrida*: '*Que mantenga el taxi corriendo*.'"

"Which means?"

"Keep the taxi running during the last bull so you can get the lady home quick before she cools off."

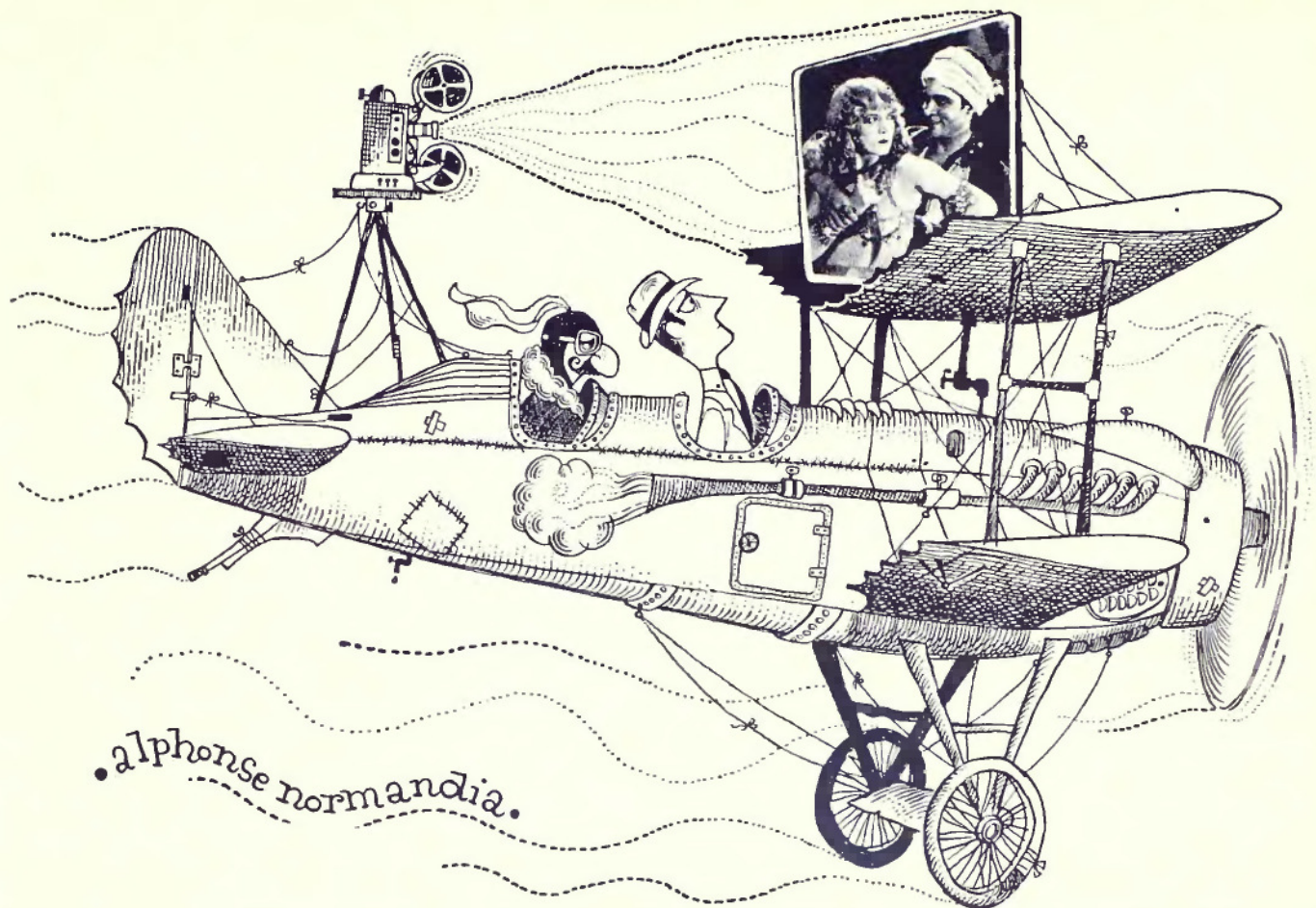
"Do you have a taxi running?" asked Barbara Bayne, and her eyes were very wide.

• • •

"I was told it could happen this way," Alec Barr said. "I did not believe it could happen this way. I still don't believe it can happen this way. Not so soon—not so swiftly. It almost did, once, in London, a long time ago, in similar circumstances involving blood and excitement. But I was putting off for tomorrow what should have been done at the time, whether either one of us knew it or not."

Barbara Bayne was unashamedly naked as she walked across the room to find cigarettes.

"I suppose you think me wanton," she said. "Wanton this, wanton that. I'm



not, really. I don't—I really don't—"

"It is a very familiar line," Alec said. "Last heard in London."

"And what was London?"

Alec's voice was bitter.

"I was put in the position of being rather indirectly responsible for killing a girl with whom I was about to be in love. It's a long story and will wait. We should have succumbed to impulse, as you and I did tonight, but—" he shook his head. "I didn't know then that you were supposed to seize happiness in your hand at the moment of offer. I returned next night to collect my love and found a flattened house. The Germans beat me to my date. Enough of that."

"I'm terribly sorry," Barbara Bayne said. "But I'm not sorry about our precipitous rush into bed. And don't blame it on the fights, either. I'd have had you sooner or later, although—" she chuckled, "I must say, that ready taxi was a fine idea. Now," she said briskly, "it's early. I suggest we sling on some clothes and go out to inspect the village. There's a lot of night left."

Alec got out of bed, and Barbara slapped him lightly on the backside.

"I think you could use another shave," she said. "You're just a little bristly. There's a razor in my dressing kit."

Alec winced. There was entirely too much Sheila in the room tonight. His

mind raced as he showered and then scraped at his midnight beard. These things didn't happen to stodgy, professorial-type, married authors. Not to meet in the morning and to bed before 11. It was too fast—much too fast. But there it was. It wasn't cheap and it wasn't awkward and it was altogether—*lovely*. Barbara Bayne. Famous actress. Three bloody rounds of prize fight and straight off to bed. He shook his head again, like a groggy boxer. All of a sudden he felt lightheaded and strangely purified and young and—and *wonderful*.

"You can't stay in there all night," her voice said. "Give a girl a chance at that shower, will you?"

"All yours," Alec said, and came out with a towel wrapped round his loins. Barbara kissed him in passing and patted him lightly again.

"Mmmm," she said. "What a clean, sweet-smelling, lovely man. I'll be out in a minute. My flask is at your disposal."

"You're a very strange man," Barbara said hours later. "Somewhere along the line you must have been stultified by something or, more likely, clobbered by somebody. Mother complex?"

They were sitting in a place called Le Boeuf, listening to a tremulous piano being played by a girl named Jeri. Barbara Bayne had just reached out and

touched Alec Barr tenderly on the cheeks with her fingertips and, rising in her seat, had kissed him lightly on the lips.

"Wasn't anybody ever nice to you before?" Barbara Bayne asked. "Nobody ever patted you on the fanny because she felt like it?"

"I really don't know," Alec said. "Maybe I never thought about it much. I have, it seems to me, been so very terribly busy ever since I can remember. Maybe I haven't had time for anybody to be what you call 'nice' to me. Maybe I haven't allowed it."

"You *are* a fool, you know," Barbara Bayne said. She was looking beautiful in the firelight, which did dramatic things to her cheekbones and the fine straight nose, digging a deeper smoky hole into her dimple.

"You're a fool," she repeated. "Because you have an unrealized talent for fun. You were happy today at lunch in the Pump, and you were sincerely pleased—maybe even a little flattered—when Phil remembered you and Kup came over to have a drink. You were happy to be recognized at the fights. You've a nice way with people—I watched you with the waiters and the cabbies. You're great in—pardon the expression—bed. But don't you ever, ever, really let loose and *howl*? Do you ever get drunk? I mean *real*—"

Like nothing else you ever tasted
(except champagne!)



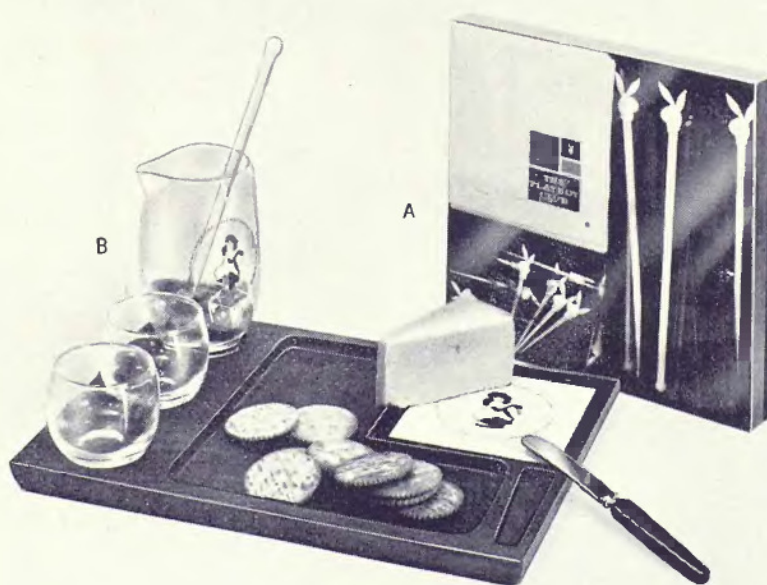
CHAMPALE is America's Original Sparkling Malt Liqueur. Gives a champagne glow to any occasion...yet costs just pennies more than beer. Buy it wherever beer is sold.

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

SPARKLING
Champale
MALT LIQUOR

Metropolis Brewery of N. J., Trenton ©

PLAYBOY'S BAR COMPANIONS



A. Playboy Party Pack, Code No. D36, \$3.50 ppd.

B. Regular Cocktails for Two Set, includes mixer, stirrer, two glasses, Code No. D12, \$5 ppd.

Deluxe Cocktails for Two Set, includes above plus snack tray, knife and Femlin tile, Code No. D8, \$15 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**
232 East Ohio St. • Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing keyno.

ly. Fallin'-down, stinkin'. Ugly. Noisy. Furniture-breaking sort of drunk?"

"Not that I can remember," Alec Barr said. "I am what you might call a well-contained load. That's to say, I generally know enough to go to bed before somebody advises it. Truth is, I get sleepy."

"By God, you're *contained*, all right," Barbara Bayne said. "I don't know if I'd want to be around when you spill over the millrace. You'd probably fire the barn and shoot the constable before you raped the duchess."

"I've very little experience with duchesses," Alec said. "I knew a rather nice viscountess once, though, on shipboard."

"You tell the damndest anecdotes," Barbara said. "Then what?"

"Nothing very much. I haven't got the facility for personal color. Everybody does something unusual in a war, even if it's only a command that changes the world. In my case, my best command came when a gun broke down in an unlikely manner and immediate counsel was sought."

"What'd you say: 'Damn the torpedoes'?" Barbara asked. "'Full speed ahead?'"

"No," Alec replied. "I just said to the gunner's mate on the battle phones: 'Fix it.' The story gained considerable currency as time wore on."

"You're a complete phony about your War, aren't you?"

"I didn't know it showed so clearly. Actually, I was scared to death."

"And still are?"

"Not really. Well, yes, maybe. Some of the time. I frequently have the feeling that whatever I've got, somebody will surely come and take it away from me someday—when they see through me, I mean. I don't really believe I was ever in a war. I don't really believe I've written all the things I've written. Every time I sign a check I think maybe the cops will slap me into jail for forgery. I don't believe I ever shot an elephant or kissed a pretty woman or went satisfactorily to bed with one."

"I have, as they say, news for you, friend. Maybe you've never been in a war. Maybe you never wrote a novel. Maybe you never shot an elephant. Maybe somebody will come and take everything away from you someday. But you know something else?"

"I think so," Alec Barr dipped his head. "Yes, that I believe."

"You better believe it," Barbara Bayne said, and leaned across the table to kiss him. This time her lips were warm and soft and lingering.

"It's an old joke," Alec Barr said. "But I'll make it again. My room or yours?"

"Don't argue," replied Barbara Bayne, snatching up her handbag.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 54)

SHELTON: Absolutely. And when Hitler was gaining his power, he had the financing of Jews. Then he more or less double-crossed them. You know, of course, that Hitler's grandmother was Jewish. The *Police Gazette* had an article showing gravestones and saying that some of his forebears were Jewish.

PLAYBOY: Most scholars do not consider the *Police Gazette* an unimpeachable source. But tell us: Did you approve of Hitler's actions against the Jews?

SHELTON: I don't approve of the destruction and death of any person.

PLAYBOY: Was the Jewish conspiracy also responsible for the Depression, in your opinion?

SHELTON: Absolutely. Herbert Hoover has gotten the blame for it, but he was placed in leadership when this country was already at its lowest ebb because of the conspiracy engineered by these international financiers.

PLAYBOY: Actually, the Depression didn't begin until after Hoover had been President for several months. In any case, it hardly seems likely that these international financiers would have conspired to create a monetary crisis that would result in their own bankruptcy—which happened in many cases. What's your opinion of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, which many credit with rescuing the country from the Depression?

SHELTON: Roosevelt did more than any other President to liberalize, to socialize and to bring this country into the social revolution we are experiencing today.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that he was a conscious agent of the conspiracy?

SHELTON: Either that or he allowed himself to be duped.

PLAYBOY: Was Harry Truman a dupe, too?

SHELTON: He was a fair President, but too many of the conspirators had already infiltrated the Government, so that he had no choice but to follow their conspiratorial policy.

PLAYBOY: How about Eisenhower?

SHELTON: If he had had the initiative to take the steps his conscience told him he should, he could have reversed this trend to communism.

PLAYBOY: But he didn't?

SHELTON: No.

PLAYBOY: Did John F. Kennedy?

SHELTON: President Kennedy had realized he was being guided into the deep-blue end of the stream. He was struggling to get back on dry land, and this was the reason of the assassination.

PLAYBOY: He was assassinated because he was resisting the international financiers' conspiracy?

SHELTON: He was trying desperately to pull away. That was the reason of the assassination.

PLAYBOY: Oswald was not an independent agent?

SHELTON: Absolutely not. He was a Marxist assassin acting on orders. The Warren Commission was nothing but a Sunday-coating dress-up to suppress the facts.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the assassination, and this alleged suppression of "the facts," were engineered by the international Jewish financiers' conspiracy?

SHELTON: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: And Jack Ruby, of course, being Jewish . . .

SHELTON: Absolutely. Hired to silence Oswald.

PLAYBOY: Is President Johnson, too, in on the conspiracy?

SHELTON: Clearly. President Johnson is a power-hungry politician. In statements he made in the Senate, he was opposed to civil rights as being unconstitutional, saying that he hoped he would never see anything so drastic as the Civil Rights Bill being brought forth. Now we see a complete reversal. It reminds me of LBJ vs. LBJ in a lawsuit.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of Barry Goldwater?

SHELTON: He was the lesser of two evils in the race. There was things of Senator Goldwater that I didn't agree with.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

SHELTON: Well, the mental health. He was instrumental at the beginning of this program.

PLAYBOY: Then is he in on the conspiracy, too?

SHELTON: Well, he certainly was not a segregationist, since as governor of Arizona he desegregated the National Guard.

PLAYBOY: Goldwater was never governor of Arizona, nor did he have anything to do with the desegregation of the Air National Guard, as claimed by his supporters during the campaign. Considering what you apparently believed to be his integrationist convictions, however—plus the fact that he is half Jewish and William Miller is Catholic, why did the Klan endorse the Goldwater-Miller ticket rather than the Democratic nominees, who were white, Anglo-Saxon Protestants?

SHELTON: In Alabama the Johnson and Horatio ticket was not even on the ballot, so we didn't have that problem.

PLAYBOY: If not Goldwater or Johnson, who do you feel *would* make a good President?

SHELTON: Governor Wallace. Of course, it's an impossibility. It shows the Southern people is the most discriminated against than even the nigras race. It would be impossible for a Southerner to become President.

PLAYBOY: President Johnson is a Southerner.

SHELTON: He is a Texan, not a Southerner.

PLAYBOY: Well, Texas was one of the Confederate states; most of the state lies farther south than Tuscaloosa; the eastern half lives on cotton; segregation is widespread; and almost everybody stands when the band plays *Dixie*. That sounds like a Southern state to us. But let's get back to Governor Wallace. What quali-



"Nice break!"



FOR THE FUN OF IT... let yourself go in Cactus Press'd Heathers. Cactus Casuals are *made* for fun. Keep their crease, stay wrinkle-free—even if you fall in. Cactus Press'd Heathers, the no-iron slacks with the suavest fit this side of Savile Row. 50% Orlon acrylic, 50% Avril rayon; Cactus Cut styling in Heather tones: Green, Black, Brown. About \$7.95. Get some...for the fun of it.

CACTUS PRESS'D
CACTUS CASUALS
 BOX 2266, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

fications do you feel he has for the Presidency?

SHELTON: He would not show prejudice against nigras, Northerners, Catholics, Jews. He has shown that he is interested in the welfare of this country.

PLAYBOY: In the opinion of many who have followed his career, little if anything the Governor has done since taking office could be considered in the best interests either of the Negro or of the nation. Is it true that your father is an officer on Wallace's staff?

SHELTON: I believe so.

PLAYBOY: Do you know the Governor personally?

SHELTON: Certainly I know him.

PLAYBOY: Does he ever confer with you about state affairs?

SHELTON: If I would answer you about that, there would be questions raised, so I don't care to comment.

PLAYBOY: Governor Wallace has denounced the press for its "leftist bias" in reporting about the civil rights movement—particularly about racial incidents in Alabama. Do you agree with him?

SHELTON: Absolutely. The vast majority of the press is in on the conspiracy. The local reporter is usually all right; he has to make a living for his family. It is in the editorial head offices that you find the distortion directed by this conspiratorially controlled press. The national news medias creates anything that is sensational, that will sell copy. They go out of their way to grasp anything that appears sensational in racial demonstrations to sell news.

PLAYBOY: Such as the Reeb and Liuzzo killings, and the deaths of the four Negro girls in the Birmingham church bombing?

SHELTON: The Klan can be made a sensational issue by reaching into the past pedestals of history and trying to place the Klan of today in the same category as the Klan of the Reconstruction era. But this Klan is definitely not the Klan of our forefathers, because this is a different time.

PLAYBOY: All the murders we mentioned have been committed during your administration as Imperial Wizard of the United Klans.

SHELTON: As I said before, we had nothing to do with any of them. We do not believe in violence.

PLAYBOY: Let's change the subject. How do you feel about mixing the races?

SHELTON: I would say race mixture is definitely harmful.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SHELTON: There are various hereditary diseases that certainly would bring about withholding of advancement. For example, the nigra has a dread disease called sickle-cell anemia that is only found in the nigra. It is not found in the white race unless there is mixing of the blood.

PLAYBOY: A national survey conducted

some years back reported that almost one in five "white" Americans had some Negro blood. Do you accept those figures?

SHELTON: It is possible.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider someone of, say, 1/32 Negro ancestry to be white?

SHELTON: If you're breeding animals for registration and you don't have the full breed, you don't get your papers. For maintaining the heritage of the race, we've got to maintain a pure race.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SHELTON: To maintain the power to govern for future generations. Only the pure race have to the highest degree the power to govern. You cannot show me any nation in history that did not crumble once they allowed their races to become amalgamated and thus lost their moral foundations.

PLAYBOY: Can you name one that did?

SHELTON: The Roman Empire, for instance, fell after their morals collapsed.

PLAYBOY: The Roman Empire was at its height during the reigns of its pagan emperors and did not collapse till after its emperors and most Romans had been Christians for more than a hundred years. Since you profess to be a Christian yourself, can you tell us where it says in the Bible that segregation is morally right?

SHELTON: There are many verses in the Bible that verify and maintain this.

PLAYBOY: Name one.

SHELTON: Well, *Acts*, 17th chapter, 26th verse, for instance.

PLAYBOY: Let's look it up in this Bible on your desk . . . The opening words of that verse are "God hath made of one blood all nations of men . . ."

SHELTON: Many so-called students of the Bible attempt to use partial phrases of the Scripture as you just did to justify intermingling of the races, to create a false image of the fatherhood under God and the brotherhood of man.

PLAYBOY: There's no such thing as the brotherhood of man?

SHELTON: Only of white, native-born, gentile, Protestant Americans. I don't have to accept a nigra into my home, and if I refuse him this hospitality, I am not a sinful person.

PLAYBOY: The purpose of the civil rights movement is not to force anyone to accept Negroes into his home, but to win for Negroes the same fundamental human rights enjoyed by whites—the vote, adequate housing and schooling anywhere they choose, equal job opportunities, equal access to public accommodations.

SHELTON: Asking me to take a nigra into my home is the same as a minister of the Gospel being forced to accept a criminal, or a bootlegger, or a gambler into his home on a social basis.

PLAYBOY: Are you equating Negroes with criminals, bootleggers and gamblers?

SHELTON: Certainly not. Not in all cases. But if it is distasteful to me for nigras to be in my house, it is my right not to have them in my house.

PLAYBOY: That is your privilege as a private citizen. Federal law clearly states, however, that it is not your privilege to refuse the use of *public* facilities—including churches—to anyone on the basis of skin color, no matter how distasteful it may be to you personally. Recognizing this fact, the national governing body of the Methodist Church, to which you belong, has urged racial integration of its member churches. Has yours complied?

SHELTON: No, sir, it certainly has not.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if it did?

SHELTON: I would leave the church. Many people would leave the church. I have no desire to meet the nigra. I don't want him forcing himself on my society.

PLAYBOY: Do you know any Negroes personally?

SHELTON: Certainly. How could you avoid it?

PLAYBOY: Do you have any Negro friends?

SHELTON: I do not. I don't want the nigra forcing himself socially.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any white friends?

SHELTON: Those who feel as I do—and there are many of them. But about these churches and integration. The Southern Baptists and also the so-called Methodists have went to the extent of recommending such books as James Baldwin's *Another Country* and Martin Luther King's books. In these books are nothing but the utmost of filth.

PLAYBOY: Filth in Dr. King's books? Where?

SHELTON: You have to read them for yourself.

PLAYBOY: We have, and we don't find any in them.

SHELTON: For any church that calls itself a church to recommend this type of literature for the age group of 14 to 19 is beyond anything I can say. The beginning of *Another Country* is a sex orgy of interracial participation. Definition of sexual feelings and desires and how they are animally carried out.

PLAYBOY: How can you place Baldwin's erotic novel—which has received wide critical acclaim—in the same category with the writings of Martin Luther King?

SHELTON: I have just given you two examples. I could name countless others. The newsstands are flooded with filth.

PLAYBOY: Magazines as well as books?

SHELTON: All kinds of publications are going overboard in trying to create a sexual desire, a lust for sexual latitude in this country. When you create a lustful desire in the younger generation, you break down the morality of the country, and once you do that the country itself will tumble.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us the titles of a few magazines that you feel are generating this moral decay?

SHELTON: *PLAYBOY* is one of them. Why, you even had a nude nigra model in the March issue, who incidentally comes from Tuscaloosa.

PLAYBOY: You sound a strange note of civic pride. Do you think movies are obscene, too?

SHELTON: Absolutely, many of them. They should be cleaned up. There should even be a cleaning up of television programs.

PLAYBOY: Which programs?

SHELTON: It's not exactly what they say, but the motions that's carried out on the programs. [Shelton stood up and did an animated imitation of a belly dance.]

PLAYBOY: What show did you see that on?

SHELTON: I am too busy to be memorizing the names of television shows. I am too busy combating the civil rights phase of this international conspiracy to demoralize our children and adults, to weaken our moral strength and introduce debauchery so as to make the eventual take-over easier.

PLAYBOY: Do you subscribe to the common segregationist belief that Negroes have lower standards of sexual morality than whites?

SHELTON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you also share the conviction that Negroes are endowed with larger sexual organs, greater lasting power and more active libidos than whites?

SHELTON: I do.

PLAYBOY: Do you base that belief on firsthand knowledge?

SHELTON: Certainly not. But scientific texts I have read show this clearly.

PLAYBOY: What texts?

SHELTON: I can't name them offhand.

PLAYBOY: You announced in a speech not long ago that Negroes are "responsive to the phases of the moon." Just what did you mean by that?

SHELTON: Our research and studies have found that there is more stirring and movement of the nigra when they have a full moon. They show a higher increase in the rate of crime and sex during the full moon.

PLAYBOY: Can you name the scientific sources on which this "research" was based?

SHELTON: Not right off.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that Negro men yearn after white women in preference to Negro women?

SHELTON: Why else do we see so many attacks being made in New York and Chicago, where the nigra thinks he is strong with his civil rights movement? Why do we see all of these assaults and rapes being committed against white women? There is a psychological reason

why they have eliminated the practice of describing rapists in Northern newspapers as being nigra.

PLAYBOY: A study of nationwide police records by an NBC investigating team found that only an insignificant percentage of rape cases are interracial. The vast majority are rapes of black by black and white by white. In Philadelphia, to name one Northern city, the number of whites raped by blacks is almost identical to the number of blacks raped by whites.

SHELTON: Well, all I can say is, let the nigra have his enjoyments with his own race, but meantime don't interfere with the same activity of the white.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that so-called "unconventional" sex practices are more common among Negroes than among whites?

SHELTON: From some of the whites that I witnessed participating in this civil rights struggle—these sex perverts and beaniks and pinkos, tennis-shoe wearers and all—these whites that have been involved in the civil rights movement here in Alabama are misfits and in all probability are perverts just as oddball as some nigras.

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as saying if the police cannot stop civil rights demonstrations, the Klan will. You said you will use "whatever means are necessary." Would those means include the use of firearms?

SHELTON: That is a misquote. I said if it reached the point the police could not stop the nigra invasion of private property and the protection of the home, then the Klan would take whatever steps were necessary.

PLAYBOY: Would those steps include the use of firearms?

SHELTON: An individual must maintain the power to protect his home. His home is his castle, or it was till the advocates of civil rights, as at Selma, denied the right of a man to his private property by walking up on his porch and asking to use the rest room and when refused exposing themselves off the front porch and into the front yard.

PLAYBOY: Can you document these charges?

SHELTON: When a case such as this occurs, an individual should have the right to protect his property and I am certainly going to protect mine.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if Martin Luther King were to launch a Negro voter-registration drive in Tuscaloosa?

SHELTON: The Klan has never had any objections to a nigra qualifying to vote if he is qualified. However, we are opposed to nigra or white who are not qualified to register and vote.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the voting test in Alabama has been honestly run?

SHELTON: There might have been some discrepancies because of the nigras' intimidations and demands for massive

demonstrations instead of coming up as individuals. The Klan has never had any objections to a nigra qualifying to vote if he can qualify. But there must be some type of aptitude test on the national level.

PLAYBOY: But the Klan has protested that they did not want the Federal Government intruding in the state's control of its own voting requirements.

SHELTON: You have to screen out the unqualified. But the majority of the nigras have never had a desire to vote, anyway.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

SHELTON: They have never even requested the vote on many occasions. But they have never been denied this right to the extent that the news medias make an issue of it. The only time that we see a collection of nigras is when an individual like Martin Luther King or some such professional agitators and promoters come into town and, through the superstitious belief of religion, they whip the local nigras into a frenzy so that they can just about guide them into the streets and do anything else they want to. But once they leave, then you see the nigra going back to his daily routine of life. They do not have and have not shown the initiative to have any mass voter-registration drives in the past.

PLAYBOY: The mass march from Selma to Montgomery to demand those voting rights was led by Nobel Prize winner Dr. Martin Luther King. Doesn't this honor indicate that world opinion is with the Negro rather than with the Klan?

SHELTON: It was a pathetic thing to give King the Nobel Peace Prize. He has done more than any other individual to create turmoil and tension and to divide the races, white and black.

PLAYBOY: Many would feel that is a curious statement coming from one of the nation's leading exponents of racial segregation. But speaking of dividing the races, many of your views are shared by the Black Muslims, the segregationist Negro religious sect headed by Elijah Muhammad. What do you think of their proposal to gather the nation's 20,000,000 Negroes into black enclaves from which all whites would be excluded?

SHELTON: It would be a workable solution, whether in the United States or in north Brazil or in South America.

PLAYBOY: Brazil or South America?

SHELTON: Or wherever. It might be Africa.

PLAYBOY: The Muslims have suggested that Negroes might take over a whole state. How about Alabama?

SHELTON: Why not New York instead? I know what you are trying to get me to say. You want me to agree with the Black Muslims.

PLAYBOY: You just did when you said that the Muslims' segregated resettlement plan was "a workable solution."

SHELTON: Well, I have never associated

with the Black Muslims. I have never met with any Black Muslim and I have no desire to meet one. Jim Venable, the head of the so-called National Klans, used to be associated with me till I heard of him defending a Black Muslim in Shreveport. That was the last I cared to have to do with him.

PLAYBOY: Several reporters who covered a recent United Klan rally in Atlanta said that Jeremiah X, the Atlanta Muslim leader, attended and was favorably referred to by the speakers.

SHELTON: Not by me.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to Malcolm X's statement, shortly before his death, that he was going to present evidence in court that the Black Muslims have received financial and moral support from the Klan?

SHELTON: This Klan does not have money to give to the Black Muslims or anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Malcolm was murdered by Muslim assassins before he could testify. You have said Martin Luther King will also be assassinated. By a Klansman?

SHELTON: Certainly not. No, it will be by one of his own people. There is a power struggle within the movement. They all want to sit in the King's seat. And that seat they want is in the best restaurant in town.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any plans to thwart the public-accommodations section of the Civil Rights Act? How are you going to prevent integration of schools, lunchrooms, hotels, swimming pools, playgrounds and golf courses?

SHELTON: We shall borrow a page from the North and resort to *de facto* segregation. And eventually, when the Negroes realize we will never give in or give up, both races will go back to peaceful segregation by the natural grouping of races in different residential neighborhoods and in their own places of worship, schooling and recreation.

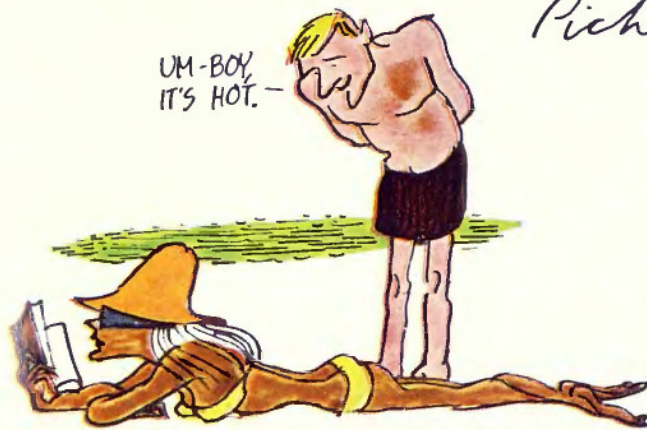
PLAYBOY: In view of the quickening pace at which integration is proceeding throughout the South, and the determination of the Administration to enforce it, your prediction would seem to be wishful thinking. There is every indication that most Southerners are beginning to realize that integration cannot be stopped. Do you seriously believe that the Klan can hold it back forever?

SHELTON: Certainly. That is the purpose of my life. The Klan can hold back any massive movement for right now. Then a cycle or revolution is going to come to pass and it is going to revert back. Then one day we are going to witness a stronger, even more segregated society than we have ever before witnessed in the past.

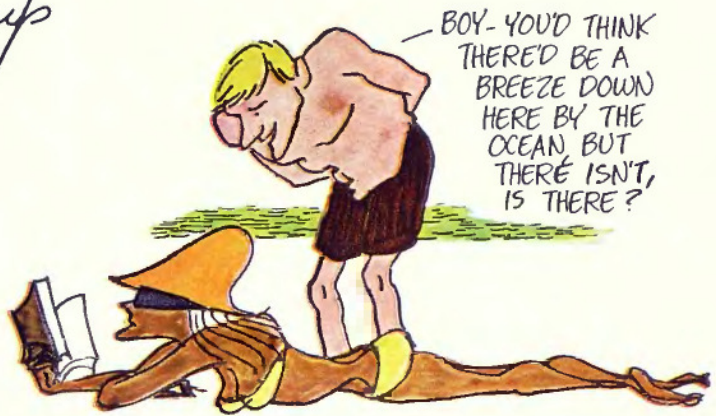
PLAYBOY: We hope and believe, Mr. Shelton, that you couldn't be more wrong.



Pickup



UM-BOY
IT'S HOT.



BOY-YOUD THINK
THERE'D BE A
BREEZE DOWN
HERE BY THE
OCEAN BUT
THERE ISN'T,
IS THERE?

WHAT ARE YOU READING?
PROUST? FUNNY, I
ALWAYS
MEANT
TO READ.



BLOW!

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO
THEM? I NEVER
KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



UM-BOY, IT'S HOT.

YES, IT IS.



BOY-YOUD THINK THERE'D
BE A BREEZE DOWN
HERE BY THE OCEAN-

BUT THERE
ISN'T, IS
THERE?

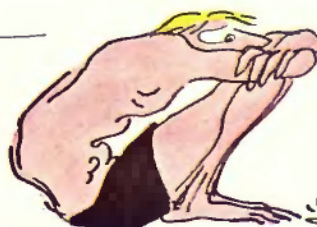


WHAT ARE YOU
READING? P-R-O-U-

OH, JUST A BOOK.
ACTUALLY I'M
MUCH MORE IN
THE MOOD FOR
A SWIM.



LOOKS LIKE
A LONG HOT
SUMMER.



STOP
THAT!

YOU
MAKE
ME!

FEIBER

MILESTONES OF SUCCESS *(continued from page 98)*

shared by my associates and me, with the inevitable result that a great deal of time that could have been devoted to finding and producing oil was spent in negotiation and controversy over who was to do what where, when and how.

I wanted to drill in a certain region, but the other firm's experts insisted on starting drilling operations in another spot some miles away. I capitulated, and a great deal of time—some four years in all—and fantastic sums of money were spent in futile operations.

Eventually, however, it came our team's turn to call the shots. In 1953, we discovered one field which, by 1957, was producing nearly 9,000,000 barrels annually. In 1955, we located another field and drilled two wells which were producing at an annual rate of some 2,000,000 barrels by the following year.

Then, in 1957, having obtained a considerable degree of autonomy in regard to our oil-prospecting operations, we really hit our stride. We quickly discovered several additional new fields and drilled many more wells—boosting neutral-zone production into the tens of millions of barrels annually. Another success had been achieved, but the end is nowhere in sight. Independent geological surveys state that proven reserves in place in the area covered by my concession exceed 13.5 billion barrels!

My business career began when I struck oil on the Nancy Taylor Allotment in Oklahoma and realized a \$12,000 profit after selling the lease on the property. I encountered many difficulties and experienced many disappointments in the years that followed. But I can chart the course of my career by such milestone successes as those I have described.

I think the same holds true for any successful businessman. His first notable success serves to give direction and impetus to his career in whatever field he enters. If he possesses the inclinations of the true business entrepreneur, he strives constantly to achieve progressively bigger successes. Wherever possible, he builds each new one on the foundations provided by those he has already achieved.

To the real entrepreneur, there is no such thing as an ultimate triumph. His aim is to make a continuing and over-all success of his career, and he knows the only way this can be accomplished is by achieving a continuing series of successes.

The businessman who wants to reach the top can afford to be pleased when he manages to accomplish an end against the odds he inevitably faces. But he cannot afford to allow any of his achievements to make him complacent.

While the successful businessman recognizes his notable achievements for their importance, he regards them pri-

marily as road markers that serve as invaluable aids in guiding the future course of his business operations and career.

In my own case, I firmly determined to stay in the oil business after my initial success with the Nancy Taylor Allotment Lease. Subsequent successes as a wildcatter provided me with additional experience, produced more profits that I could use as working capital to expand my operations and gave me more confidence in my business ability. Each of my milestone successes also served to whet my appetite for facing increasingly greater challenges.

By the time I started my campaign to gain control of the Tide Water Associated Oil Company, I felt that I had served a hard, instructive apprenticeship in the oil business. I had learned my oilman's trade from the bottom up.

I believed that I'd learned my lessons well. I wanted to apply my knowledge to projects of broader scope. I was convinced that by implementing ideas and plans I had formulated in the oil fields, I could direct the operations of Tide Water Associated more successfully than they were then being directed by the company's incumbent management.

I did, of course, eventually succeed in my campaign to gain control of Tide Water Associated—but only after a long, uphill fight against odds that look frightening even in retrospect, long after the battle was won. Yet, I consider my victory only a minor achievement compared to the far more important and meaningful success my associates and I achieved in building up the company after I had gained control of it.

The assets of Tidewater Oil Company—the name was changed some years ago—have multiplied until they now exceed \$800,000,000. Tidewater's operations have mushroomed in size and scope; it operates with greater efficiency and with greater benefit to stockholders, employees, customers and the public at large. Nevertheless, I do not consider even these achievements anywhere near final. In my opinion, the company still has far to go.

My attitudes toward the operations of Getty interests in the Middle East conform to similar patterns. Obtaining the neutral-zone concession, locating the area's vast oil deposits and eventually attaining high levels of oil production there are all achievements that can be considered milestone successes in my career. But the job in our Middle East oil fields is far from finished. There is room there, too, for expansion and improvement—room for more and bigger successes.

I believe that to be truly successful, the businessman must first discard—or, at the very least, greatly discount—most

traditional concepts of success. And he should critically examine whatever preconceived theories he may have about gauging or achieving it.

Let me reiterate my contention that there is no such thing as the ultimate success in any business that operates under a competitive, free-enterprise system. Nor is there any such thing as success that is inherently lasting, that will not fade unless it is nurtured.

There is nothing constant about business. The business world is a changing one; the business scene varies from day to day and even from hour to hour. Thus, no single achievement will long retain its initial value. The startling success of today can soon become obsolete and worthless—the abject failure of tomorrow.

I learned early in my career that an oil well that came in for, say, 2000 barrels a day initial production could run dry long before the costs of drilling it had been recovered.

By the same token, a manufacturer may put a revolutionary new product on the market one week only to have a competitor introduce an even more revolutionary one the next. A sales campaign that is sweeping the market can be buried by the avalanche of another that proves to be more effective. The programs introduced by a company president may achieve great success for a time and then be wrecked overnight by developments over which neither he nor anyone in the company has any control.

Success is at best fleeting. The only way in which a businessman can hope to achieve anything remotely approaching lasting success is by striving constantly for success in everything he attempts.

In this, a rough analogy can be drawn between the businessman and the motion-picture or stage star. A relatively unknown actor may be catapulted to stardom because of a part he plays in a single production. Overnight he becomes a popular idol, and he is swamped with offers from producers. But what happens if his next role is a bad one, or if the next production in which he appears is a flop? His popularity wanes rapidly. Unless the roles he plays and the productions in which he plays them immediately after his setback are successful, the star will find that he has become a has-been.

Intelligent theatrical personalities—those who have remained on top year after year—are acutely aware of these perils. They examine all offers with extreme care, turning down roles they do not feel suit them, refusing to appear in productions that are below standard. When a theatrical big name does accept a role, he spares no effort to give the best performance he can.

Naturally, every performance and

CUSTER STATE PARK, SOUTH DAKOTA



SUZUKI ARE HERE

CUTTING OUT YEARLINGS FROM ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST BISON HERDS. PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER.



Whether you're herding buffalo or going to the corner store, there's a Suzuki model for you: \$245.00 to \$589.00. Sample the spirit of Suzuki at your local dealer. For free booklet "The Cycle Story," all about bikes, engines, financing, insurance, etc., write to U.S. Suzuki Motor Corp., 200 W. Central Ave., Santa Ana, Calif.

every production cannot be an Academy Award winner or draw critical raves. There will be some of each that will be mediocre or even bad. But the top names are those whose average of hits is highest and who consistently do their utmost to do their best. It seems to me that to these extents the successful actor and the successful businessman have much in common.

The businessman who can build an entire career on a single success is a rare bird, indeed, if he exists at all. The businessman whose career can survive an unbroken series of failures after even the most remarkable of initial successes is rarer still.

To carry the analogy one or two steps further: The successful actor meticulously examines scripts offered to him. He learns all he can about the producer, director, the other actors proposed for var-

ious roles and the technical personnel with whom he will be working if he accepts the part offered to him. If he does accept, he rehearses endlessly—and then gives the finest performance he possibly can.

A businessman reaches the top and stays there in much the same manner. He realizes that business successes are seldom coups, but, rather, the results of painstaking planning and hard work. The successful businessman examines any given business situation with at least as much attention and care as the successful actor examines his scripts. Usually, the businessman will be even more painstaking, for he must concern himself with such added dimensions as costs and competition, production rates and profits and other such matters not normally within the actor's province.

The businessman also concerns himself with people—the personnel with

whom he has to work as well as those with whom he is dealing or intends to deal. Then he plans carefully, going over his plans again and again, searching for flaws, seeking ways to improve or better them—and this is the businessman's version of the actor's rehearsals. When, at last, the plans are ready and it is time for him to act—in the broad sense of the word, of course—the businessman, like the actor, gives the finest performance he possibly can.

No matter how well things turn out, the seasoned businessman knows that he cannot stand indefinitely taking bows and acknowledging the applause. If he wants to stay in business, he must do something for an encore—and the sooner the better.

When the late, great John Barrymore achieved his first huge successes as a star of the legitimate theater, he was once asked what he thought about while taking his opening-night curtain calls.

"I think about two things," Barrymore is said to have replied. "First of all, I think about improving my next performance so that I'll get more curtain calls. Then I think about what part I'd like to play after the show finally closes."

It may be true that there's no business like show business, but everyday businessmen could do far worse than to use a paraphrased version of John Barrymore's answer as their guide. Once a business success has been achieved, the astute businessman gives thought to amplifying his achievement—and he is immediately alert to opportunities that may grow out of it, or to new opportunities that may present themselves.

Sooner or later, every businessman has his big opportunities to achieve big successes. He must be able to recognize them when they present themselves, and he must also possess imagination, ability and willingness to work hard—the elements needed to make the most of his opportunities. These are not necessarily innate traits or abilities. In most instances, businessmen acquire and develop them as they go along.

But once he's recognized his opportunity and set his sights on a goal, the businessman must lay his plans with great care. He must hand-pick the aides and associates in whom he reposes the greatest confidence—individuals he can inspire to devote their utmost energies to the tasks he has set for them, just as he must exert his own energies to the utmost.

If he does these things, he will greatly enhance his chances of achieving a milestone success. After a while, it will become almost a habit, and a series of milestones will mark the path of a long and truly successful business career.



FORE

(continued from page 96)

however, a pro is just that, and don't expect him to play with you for free unless you are good friends.

There are more than 14,000 golf courses in the world, and half of them are in America, occupying more than one billion dollars' worth of real estate. Of the 7112 registered U.S. courses, a handful qualify as authentically great.

Brookline, outside of Boston, where teenager Francis Ouimet defeated the English giants Harry Vardon and Ed Ray in 1913 to win the U.S. Open, remains one of the great tests of the classic game. The Merion Cricket Club near Philadelphia, where Bobby Jones completed his grand-slam victory of winning the U.S. Open, the British Amateur, the British Open and the U.S. Amateur in 1930, is still, perhaps, the best all-around course in America. The giant Pine Valley outside of Camden, New Jersey, is the most horrific course in the United States. The great golf-course architect Charles MacDonald once said that "the object of a bunker or a trap is not only to punish lack of control, but also to punish pride and egoism." There are no egoists at Pine Valley, particularly at the 570-yard seventh hole, which offers one fairway trap that measures an acre and a half and has rough inside it. Jack Nicklaus interrupted his honeymoon just to play Pine Valley while his bride, Barbara, waited in the car (no ladies permitted). Pebble Beach and its neighbor Cypress Point, in California, are, by common acceptance, the greatest oceanside courses in America. Georgia's Augusta National, where Gene Sarazen won the Masters Tournament in 1935 by stuffing in a four wood from 235 yards out for a double eagle, is another supreme example of golf-course architecture at its best. The Delray Beach layout in Florida is a new course that has achieved greatness to the point where Arnold Palmer is paying \$12,000 of his own money to join. In recent years the velvety greens of Palm Springs, California, have become the winter capital of golf in America, where more than 400,000 rounds are shot each season on such modern marvels as La Quinta, Thunderbird and Eldorado.

While most of the fine courses in America still belong to private clubs, the day has long since passed that the venerable Chevy Chase Club outside Washington, D.C., closed its austere gates to "persons engaged in trade." The courses, if not actual membership, in almost any club are available to guests upon introduction and invitation. Some of the best courses in the country, such as Pebble Beach, double in brass. Pebble Beach serves as a private membership club for those living in the area and is open on

greens'-fee basis to anyone staying at the adjacent Del Monte Lodge.

Probably the best single golfing buy in America is a special off-season package offered by Pinehurst in North Carolina. From November through February there is a winter rate of \$89 a week which includes a comfortable room, meals, tips and access to five championship courses.

The accommodations at the various clubs and resort hotels run the full range. Burning Tree, in Maryland, sticks close to the simplicity of its turn-of-the-century clubhouse Sanford White designed, when all a golfer wanted was a place to change his clothes and store a handy supply of potables. Other golf clubs have expanded their facilities to include bridle paths, polo fields, tennis courts, hockey rinks, bowling alleys and dance hall all in one huge, monstrosity equipped clubhouse. The eminent golf critic Herbert Warren Wind described one such as looking "like some magnificent luxury liner that someone had forgotten to launch." In Texas, naturally, it is possible to arrange to have frozen daiquiris helicoptered out to you while on the course.

The true believer must sooner or later make the pilgrimage to the British Isles and play the ancient courses of the game's birthplace. British Overseas Airways Corp. offers the best single sporting tour available—a 15-day visit to the great courses of Scotland and England for \$695 round trip from New York. This allows you to tread such legendary courses as Prestwick, Troon, Gleneagles and, the holy of holies, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

In both Scotland and America some of the externals of the game are changing. Regular courses have been getting longer. A course length of 6800 yards was once considered more than enough. Now tournaments are played on courses measuring 7200 yards. Today's players are a different, beefier breed. From the hallowed spot at Augusta where Sarazen hit his four wood, Nicklaus in the Masters this year used a five iron to get home and probably could have hit a seven if he had felt like it.

Where there isn't room to build a regulation course, developers are carving out specially designed pitch-and-putt, par-three courses with powerful lights rigged to wrench a few more hours of playing time out of the day. But in spite of refinements, improved equipment, changed concepts and all the rest, the ancient challenge of golf remains.

"Those who are familiar with the game know that no man living can ever hope to approach its possibilities," said golfer John Henry Smith. "They know it is the grandest sport designed since man has inhabited this globe."



Reserve Your Place In The Sun With . . .

THE PLAYBOY KING-SIZE TOWEL

A brightly colored, luxurious Terry cloth towel big enough (66" x 36") for a stylish wrap-up to any aquatic occasion. Code No. M36, \$6 ppd.



Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**
232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.

Cross-country swimmers prefer...



Across America, Master Hosts motor hotels boast refreshing swimming pools and the most relaxing, enjoyable facilities possible. When you travel, look for the most refreshing sign on the road: the bright gold knocker of Master Hosts . . .

Coast to Coast Guaranteed America's Finest Motor Hotels

Send for your **FREE** directory today
MASTER HOSTS, 6000 Camp Bowie Boulevard
Fort Worth, Texas 76116

name (print)

address

city

state

zipcode



of making an intelligent surmise, and then remembered that I was 100-percent New Jersey-born American and why the hell was I *thinking* with an English accent? I pushed myself into sitting position and discovered that an anvil had been sewn inside my skull. But I went to the desk and found my notebook, opened, thank God, and covered with Frank's cramped, unpunctuated, lovely scrawl.

Hal—

Arrived 9:20 and found you in study chair in what appeared to be coma Upon reading your notes tried to bring you around with injection meprobamate recalling its efficacy as antidote for other hallucinogens but results negative. Hal this was crazy stunt you must have known danger of drug after hamsters death how could you be so stupid Have gone to lab to try and work out something If you can manage call me there

Frank

The fingers of my right hand felt like five lead cylinders, but I succeeded in dialing the number. It was some time before Frank answered, and I knew he must be absorbed with retorts and microscope. Then he spoke, but instead of the relief I expected to hear in his voice, there was anxiety and even hysteria.

"Hal!" he said. "Thank God—I was hoping—" He made a gasping noise. "Hal, you've got to get over here right away. The yellow fungus—"

"The what? Frank, what's going on there?"

"The fungus we scraped from the meteorite! Hal, it's spreading. Clinging—to everything! On my legs now—my arm—spreading—"

There was a clatter, and a succession of meaningless—no, God help me, meaningful sounds! Quiet, gentle Frank, who never raised his voice above a murmur, was screaming. Screaming!

I slammed the phone into its cradle and grabbed my coat. On an impulse, I found the bulky Army automatic I had kept untouched in a bureau drawer, and shoved the muzzle under my belt. Then I went out.

As I headed into the street, the shadow of the saucer which had been hovering over the city for the past 11 days made a pool of darkness that added to my gloom and the sense of impending disaster. Now it seemed odd to me that Frank and I had never connected the meteorite with that menacing shadow. When it appeared in the heavens, to instill unreasoning panic in the populace and start wild speculations about Russian attack and outer-space invasion, we had joined the scientific skeptics in the argument that it was only a meteorological phenomenon, some kind of atmos-

pheric mirage. Telescopes had failed to penetrate its secret, and high-altitude planes had failed to reach it. Then the peculiar diamond-shaped meteorite had been discovered, and Frank was determined to probe its yellow fungus. Had he succeeded—only too well?

I hailed a taxi and snapped the address to the driver. We had gone only half-a-dozen blocks when he made an unexpected turn down a street darkened into the semblance of night by the saucer's shadow.

"Hey!" I said. "This isn't the way to Fourth Street—"

"Mister, I—" He turned an agonized face toward me, his fingers white on the wheel. "I can't help myself! I can't control this buggy!"

I heard the cabby's yowl as he tried to stop his plunging vehicle and I braced myself for a crash; I never anticipated the sensation that followed. *The taxi was leaving the ground.* It was being lifted into the air as if by a giant's fingers, and careless fingers at that. I was hurled against the side of the car as was the driver, but my door held and his didn't. I heard his shriek of terror as he clung to the door handle, but the giant that had us in its grip shook him loose into nothing, and at the same time battered me into unconsciousness.

When I opened my eyes, I wished I hadn't. Before me was a floating balloon of flesh that made my gorge rise and almost unhinged my sanity. It swayed hypnotically, its single red-veined orb fixing me with an unblinking, lidless stare, the stringy, liver-colored appendages dangling from the thing, swaying as if in a breeze. I turned my head away from the sight and glimpsed a gleaming complexity of machinery; I tried to move, and realized that I was imprisoned by a "chair" of some spongy substance that left only my hands free. Without reasoning, I knew where I was and what I faced. I was inside the spaceship that was darkening the Earth, and I was confronting the spokesman of the alien race which had brought it there.

"Speak," said a voice inside my head. "I will understand you. I am Jushru, the Overseer. Your mind is filled with questions, and it is my will to answer."

"My friend!" I gasped, somehow certain that this creature would know Frank's fate. "What has become of him?"

"The Flikkari has covered him," said the voice, "as the Flikkari will soon cover all. Our estimate is two lunar periods. I anticipate your next question. What is the Flikkari?"

"Yes," I said, trying not to think, not of Frank, not of Earth, not of anything.

"The Flikkari is an enzyme," Jushru the Overseer said. "It is the detergent with which we shall scour and cleanse your planet of its undesirable life and

foliation. When the process is completed to our standards, we will bring our vessels and our people to your planet. Thus do we populate the galaxies. We are the Stushuri, inheritors of the Universe."

"And I?"

"For my collection," Jushru said delicately. "You are a prize specimen, you know. In all my travels through the cosmos I have never met your physiological equal, with your loose skin flapping about and the strange metallic appendage on your hip . . ."

I realized then that Jushru, for all his intelligence, had not yet recognized that my "skin" was clothing and that the metal appendage was my Army automatic. The knowledge that my weapon was still with me filled me with sudden hope—not that I could be saved, but that at least the Overseer of the Stushuri might die with me. Carefully, I took the gun into my hand and pointed it at the thing that bobbed before me.

"Would you like to know the purpose of the appendage?" I asked.

"Yes, specimen," Jushru replied heartily, and I fired. The bullet hit the balloon of flesh and it splattered with an ugly sound. Splattered, exploded and was no more, and simultaneously, deprived of its captain, the ship gave a sickening lurch and started to descend. If the spongy arms of the chair hadn't held me, I would have been dashed to pieces against the bulkhead of the vessel, but I knew it would not be long before Mother Earth herself would welcome me in thunder and death, and I prayed that my act hadn't come too late to save the human race . . .

. . .

Raised myself from the soft ground and looked about for signs of wreckage. There wasn't a thing on the carpet. Could I have crashed through the roof of my own apartment house? I shook my head to rid it of this ludicrous notion, and stumbled to the desk, hoping that there would be further word from the laboratory. There was.

Hal—

Found your notes and have developed antidote along lines you suggested Will return as soon as experiments on lab animals completed. Hal am greatly concerned whether antidote merely intensifies or alters nature of myosergericin's effects but if animals survive tests will return within few hours and make the attempt

Frank

My nose was bleeding. I knew it was the result of my heightened blood pressure, and I quickly pressed my handkerchief to my face. I didn't like the way the count was staring at me across the room. "Perhaps it's the altitude," I said gaily. "Your mountainous country doesn't suit a lowlander like myself, Count."

His lips parted in a smile, and once

again I remarked his unusual long white canines with their gleaming points. I refused to give credence to the superstitious tales of the villagers, and yet . . .

"Your blood is very red," the count said with a disarming chuckle. "It is a shame to lose so much of it for a mere nosebleed."

"And just how," said the Oriental leaning against the carved mantelpiece, "do you suggest blood should be lost, Count? In what service besides bestial appetite?"

The count snarled audibly at this, but the Celestial, tugging at his long mustache, merely smiled. His other hand lightly stroked the dark hair of the lovely sloe-eyed woman who sat beside him, and I cringed at the sight of his talon-like nails on her white skin. I knew, of course, how determined he was to eradicate the Caucasian race in its entirety, and I wouldn't have been surprised to see that hand signal to his dacoits to garrote the lot of us. Mata, however, seemed fearless.

"There is only one honorable way to shed one's blood," she said coolly, "and that, of course, is in the service of one's country. Don't you agree with that, Monsieur Egypt?"

I followed her eyes to the pudgy little

man on the sofa. He wore a red fez and appeared to be asleep, and I realized with a start how closely he resembled the late Peter Lorre. I was almost ready to comment on the resemblance when Bogart entered the room brandishing the hand grenade. I tried to tell him whose side I was on, but when I glanced down and saw the Nazi uniform I wore, I was no longer certain myself. In the distance I could hear the pounding of Japanese cannon and the ugly buzz of the Zeros overhead. When the tear-gas bomb exploded in the room, I tried to find my way to the cupboard where the artillery was stored, but that dirty fink Nitti had hidden the key and all I could find was one stinking Tommy gun. I spit out all its bullets at the cops in the street until they blinded me with their spotlight. I had to get out of there, because I knew Maria would be waiting for me on the bridge, and I had promised to bring the dynamite before nightfall. The roof was my only avenue of escape, and I would have gained my freedom easily if that damned music-hall mentalist hadn't reached it before me and brought a hundred Viennese policemen into the chase. Luckily, I caught a dangling vine and swung over the precipice to the next cliff, but found myself surrounded by a

pack of lions intent upon making me their midday meal. I cried out to Simba, and my old friend responded and led them away. It wasn't hard to pick up the trail of Denham and the rest; all I had to do was listen for their cries of terror as they fled from the path of Kong. Suddenly my foot became entangled with a monstrous root and I went crashing to the jungle floor, my ankle twisting underneath me. Crippled, I watched the fearsome Brontosaurus lumber toward me, and even the sight of my rescuers didn't succeed in calming my fears, for I recognized their ragged uniforms and the tricolor sashes at their waists, and wondered what kind of death I would make at the foot of the guillotine; but no, even that quick end was to be denied me, for when I looked up and saw the blade, it was swinging, swinging like a gigantic pendulum, drawing ever closer, closer, until finally its razor-sharp edge slit through my clothing and I could hear the suspense no longer and opted for the Pit . . .

.
Climbed out and of course saw that my shirt was gone, no doubt slashed to pieces. There was, however, a strip of adhesive on my left biceps. I lifted myself from the study chair and found my-



"I believe you when you say you'll call me in the city, but as a token of good faith, couldn't you give me your watch to hold?"

self too weak to move. It was an effort even to bring the notebook in front of my eyes. There was a third scrawl from Frank, but my vision was so blurred by whatever substance he had injected into my blood stream that it took me a full five minutes to decipher the message.

Hal—

The lab animals responded positively to the antidote but am still not sure of its efficacy. However feel obliged to try as myosergicin seems to be having increased deleterious effect on your system. Gave you 20 c.c.s. Will return shortly. Pray this is the answer.

Frank

When I heard the knock at the door, I knew at once that Frank wasn't my middle-of-the-night caller. Frank owned a rude set of knuckles, and this was a gentle tapping, so discreet that I knew a woman would respond to my "Come in!"

It was, indeed, a woman, the beautiful Lady Isobel whose husband, Lord Drago, ruled this principality with an iron hand. Evidently that hand was lacking in human warmth; with white bosom heaving, Lady Isobel pulled me into her boudoir and locked the door. I laughed as I unbuckled my sword and said: "Ods blood, milady, this is a turn for the better! When I arrived with the Queen's party, you seemed disdainful of a mere member of the Royal Escorts."

"Your reputation had preceded you," she said coyly, "and I could do nothing to make my husband suspicious."

"And now?"

"And now," the lady said, "with his Lordship safely in consultation with the Queen's deputies, you may proceed to live up to that reputation."

Live up to it I did, and would have perhaps exceeded her expectations if Lord Drago had not thoughtlessly returned from his conference and entered the bedroom. With an oath, he lunged at me with his sword and, having time for neither dressing nor defending, I wisely chose the open window and the trailing ladders of ivy. "Guards! Guards!" he shouted, and the clatter of their boots sounded all about me. Fortunately, a helping hand, belonging to a shapely ladies' maid named Françoise, came to my rescue.

"In here!" she whispered, showing me into her darkened bedchamber. I breathed a sigh of relief, which she plainly interpreted as one of passion. She flung herself into my arms, and I soon learned that her lowly station diminished neither her charms nor her ardor. Yet even as we sported I sensed an alien presence in the room, and lifted myself from her arms to see the glowering face of a young servingman, who held a candle aloft that cast moving shadows of our dalliance on the wall.

"Rudolpho!" she screamed. "My husband!"

Rudolpho's oath was earthier than his Lordship's, and his weapon was a wicked knife which he drew from his shirtwaist. I met his attack with an upraised pillow, but knowing I would be no match for his brawn in my weakened state, made my escape through fleetness of foot. By this time, the alarm was general throughout the palace and, outnumbered, unarmed and undressed, I chuckled at the turning of fate that had brought me to this pass, and when I heard the upstairs door creak open and saw the Queen herself beckon me toward her, I vaulted the stairs and prepared once more to do battle in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity.

As the sun came up, the golden peak of the minaret flashed into my eyes and I sat up quickly, remembering to praise Allah that I had lived to see another dawn. I gathered my rags about me and prepared to venture forth once more into the crowded streets of Baghdad, in the hope that some nobleman would pity my hunger. The morning was almost gone when I saw eunuchs with staves marching before the harem of some great sultan, and as I moved my worthless self from their path I heard a woman's voice cry:

"Seize him! Seize that beggar!"

And lo, the eunuchs placed their hands upon me and bound me with ropes and, despite my cries, bore me to the magnificence of the sultan's palace. I trembled with fear for my young life, even as the slave girls stripped me of my rags, scrubbed and cleansed and perfumed me with rose water and gave me the splendid clothes of a prince to wear. I was then brought into a great hall, where singing women beat upon taborets and dancing women undulated their bodies like flowers, the petals of their clothing offering tantalizing glimpses of their naked loveliness; and seated upon the cushions, drawing my eyes like the rising of the full moon, was a beautiful lady of the sultan's harem. She held out her jeweled hand and spoke:

"Welcome, welcome, O mighty one," she said. "Welcome to us, Chosen of Allah."

I fell upon my knees and begged for explanation, and heard these words:

"Mighty one, thou art the lost son of the Sultan Haroun-el-Akbar, stolen from your inheritance by a wicked sorcerer. But now we have found you again, and all the wonders of your domain and your palace are yours again, for—alas!—your father, the Sultan Haroun-el-Akbar, is dead. For thirty moons we have been without our beloved lord and have yearned for the day when we might find his son, our master."

And thus saying, the beautiful woman drew me toward her, and I knew delights such as no mortal man, Haroun-el-Akbar excepted, had ever known. And even as the long night ended, I knew

that she was only one of the harem's many treasures, and that I was the most blessed of men. Not because I was the son of a sultan—for, indeed, I was only the son of Abu Kir, a lowly dealer in carpets—but because Allah, in his compassion, had placed me in a harem that had grown tired of waiting . . .

Once again the sun was in my eyes, but I opened them and saw Scarlett at the vanity, plaiting her auburn hair, and I chuckled and pulled at her dressing gown, and while she made soft, cooing Southern sounds of protest, she let the silken robe slip and slide down over her shoulders and across her legs and I picked her up in my arms and carried her up the winding stairway. By the time I was ready to come downstairs again, the party was in full sway, the drums pounding and the strings throbbing, and I tightened the sash about my waist, lit a cigarette and snapped my finger on the brim of my hat before moving out onto the dance floor where Carlotta gyrated sensuously to the rhythm of the tango. At my touch she shivered, and then yielded to me as a partner of the dance, and her eyes promised that later she would be my partner in love . . . But other eyes were seeking mine—the *contessa*, stripping off her clothes in the middle of a bored circle of spectators, a sight that the damned photographers of Rome would have given their eyeteeth to witness. Very well, I thought wearily, I will make the *vita* a little more *dolce* for you, *Contessa*, and nodded my head. She ran toward me eagerly, but I snarled and stuck the cold muzzle of the .38 against her soft white belly and then kissed her hard on the mouth. Her kiss was like Candy. "Goodness gracious," she said, "I'm only a little girl child, and I don't think Daddy would like this at all." I didn't care what her daddy-o thought, man. I mean, like, I didn't give a damn. I mean, like, her and me, we had this date a long time, and even if dames were like streetcars, tonight was the night, dig? And so I ordered the Nubians to depart, and drew the curtains, and slowly removed the splendor of her garments, except for the Egyptian crown that topped her imperious queenly head. "Are you really Playmate of the Year?" I whispered. "Call me Sophia," she said, and held me close. When she finally let me go, I made my way to the study desk and wrote:

Frank—

Stuff you gave me no antidote at all, merely changed hallucinatory point of view. For God's sake, keep a record of the formula, it's worth a million bucks. And don't worry about finding antidote. If this damned stuff is going to kill me it's not a bad way to die.

Hal



"... And how did you get started in this business, Miss Andrews?"

MOST BEAUTIFUL RACE

(continued from page 66)

debacle; they fed him and gave him spirits to keep him in fighting trim as they hauled him off in the race ambulance, which at this time made its only appearance of the day.

During the same lap and after Fione had left us for the duration, I drew level with Truffi on the country stretch and said evilly, "It was at Dead Man's Corner you reminded me to duel. There, we'll duel."

Just ahead lay the bend in question; we were negotiating it a moment later at a pace that let me see each sparkle of mica in the rock which stood in the bend's right-hand side.

Truffi sighed. "Fifteen laps left. Will they stone us, do you think?"

"It's a possibility," I said.

Presently he said, "Thank God there are no American or British journalists handy. Thank God our glorious dictator kept this one in the country. Cassy, I am sorry my greed did this to us."

I reached out and patted his shoulder; he needed it. "Not alone yours, Truffi. Ours. And we share that, too."

Then I rolled ahead of him, pulled hard right, and at approximately ten kph, hit the mammoth rock. It gave me a dent, nothing worse. So I was forced to drive off the course and seek out a better rock, which took off my oil pan.

• • •

That evening the hotel lights shone joyous and welcoming. But as we five walked in, fresh from the incredibly stiff ceremony of cup giving, no men crowded forward to shake my hand or any of our hands. No woman warm with the need to sleep with a courageous driver came toward me. Even children stared with chill and cocked their noses. Little Fione said, "I am dispossessed. Goddamn it, at my age, after all I've done . . ."

Then two things gave me a whisper of cheer. One was Stanguenetti, who winked and leered from around a lobby

column. The other was the gorgeous young woman, sleek as new wheat and gowned by some flesh-loving Tintoretto, who strode up and took Truffi's hand and whispered something into his ear. He excused himself and walked off with her. Watching them go, or rather watching her go, I thought there was something familiar about the sumptuous rear of the lady. But I could not quite place it.

• • •

For a few days after that we were more or less barricaded, then the summons came—not from Mussolini, but from another high official. We were escorted to his state chambers. He had a forceful mustache, a sign of privilege—Mussolini didn't like mustaches.

As soon as we were seated, another door opened and Stanguenetti came in. After him came the girl who had tapped Truffi for honors the night of the race. As Truffi sat up, frowning and alert as a nervous horse, I recognized her. It was Stanguenetti's daughter—Fione and I had seen her, very briefly, the night we made plots with that larcenous farmer. She hadn't, then, looked like *this* . . . suddenly a vicious, bad thought came to me, and I nudged Truffi. "Truffi," I hissed, "you spent a night with this." He nodded. "In your pocket," I went on, "you had a sacrosanct document. The one Fione and I made Stanguenetti sign, so he could never, with grace, withdraw from our six-way bargain. Truffi, where is that contract?"

"The damndest thing," he whispered. "She wouldn't take any money . . ."

I went pale. I hardly needed to hear the official when he began, quite smoothly, telling us that Signor Stanguenetti had, in light of the questionable circumstances surrounding the race, and because of his intense patriotism, decided to split his winnings 50-50 with the nation. The official was in it with the Stanguenettis up to his fat neck, but even so, that left the Stanguenettis, father and daughter, with plenty. I think I felt worst while we all posed, Stanguenetti's hairy arm around my shoulders, for the newspaper photographers. Then the Stanguenettis had gone, the official gave us his blessing and let us go, and we five slunk off to our table in a corner of the plaza. We sat looking at Truffi for a long time, then fat Arito laughed.

"I hope she was good," he said. "Not your fault, really. You'd never seen her before. But by God, I hope she was worth our money, all of it. Was she?"

Truffi reflected. "Yes, pretty good. You know, I've had worse." Then we all laughed, there being little else to do, and ordered drinks; we put them on Truffi's tab.



MANHATTAN TOWER

(continued from page 61)

The setting is ideal for small-scale entertaining. "I can handle up to 50 people with no trouble," says Turner, "but the apartment is best when there are just four or five couples. To me, that's about the right number for a party anyway. I don't know how to cook and I never step inside my kitchen except to get ice."

Whether for a small party or a tête-à-tête dinner, it is after dark that the apartment really comes into its own. Turner can turn down the ceiling lamps until the room is tinged with a bluish cast and let the brilliance of Manhattan at night fill the room.

After photography, music is Pete Turner's consuming interest. Whenever he takes off on a foreign assignment, he tries to bring back a few hours' worth of tape recordings of the local music. He wired his apartment for sound with separate volume-control speakers in every room.

In sharp contrast to the rich colors he used in the rest of the apartment, Turner opted for light tones in his master bedroom. The room is simple and uncluttered, with a king-size bed and a custom-made headboard as its major piece of furniture. The headrest doubles as an electronic headquarters and houses a central panel that controls all stereo functions, the lighting throughout the whole apartment, as well as the extension speaker system.

The work center of Turner's digs was originally the second bedroom. With desk-top storage units and soft pine paneling, the office seems more like a casual second sitting room than a working studio.

"I had to make this room livable," explains Turner, "because when I get back from an assignment and settle down to go over my work, I feel like I am literally living here for days at a stretch."

He installed two banks of cabinets. One runs along the length of a wall and provides ample storage space for filing. The other forms an L-shaped work area with a recessed light box under a flip-up desktop.

Like the living-room wall unit, all of the cabinetry in the office area was built as separate units and is removable.

"I try to keep organized so I can put my hands on anything as soon as I need it," he says. "I never know where I am going to be next, so I have to be ready to pack in 15 minutes to go on a round-the-world trip. If I had to, I could probably move everything I own out of here in half a day."

A restless traveler, Pete Turner someday may have to move on. But for now he lives the life he likes, where he wants to live it—in a high-level bachelor's lair overlooking the lights and colors that make up the fascination of a great city.



CONTACT

We call it the Frontiersman tames the port has just finished
—an urbane take-off on the racing the fraternity's
classic Western jean. wild western Aurora Model Motor-
Three-wale corduroy ing set. You'll find
makes it as welcome in jean...and sets just like it at many
Westchester as it is in Contact dealers. Come on
West Texas. Note the results are in and race against
that the big "C" is absolutely your friends. (You
cut to make you look man-slim, not kid-skinny may even win a set.)
...long-legged, not gangly. For nearest retailer, write
The pretty bird from West- epicene. Contact, 140 West 51 St.,
New York, New York 10019

Abraham & Straus, N. Y. • Gimbel's, Pittsburgh—N. Y. • May Co., Cleveland • Meier & Frank, Portland • Todd's, Detroit
Burdine's, Miami • Thalheimer's, N. C. • Johnny Walker, Milw. • Karoll's, Chicago • Muse's, Atlanta • Dayton's, Minneapolis

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 71)

her cinematic debut in a trio of teenage titles—*Ski Party*, *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini* and *Sergeant Deadhead*. Jo's acting ambitions will soon be more substantially enhanced, however, when she receives a United Artists contract to play a part in Blake Edwards' forthcoming film *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*, as part of her Playmate of the Year booty.

As this year's titleholder, and the second beneficiary of a newly instituted PLAYBOY program of additional largess designed to suitably honor its annual Playmate favorite, Jo will be awarded over \$10,000 in prizes (see page 72 for a partial listing of this year's Playmate of the Year awards), many of them in PLAYBOY's sophisticated new color shade—Playmate Pink. We are also pleased

to announce that future Playmates of the Month will receive a total of \$5000 in modeling and promotional fees for their centerfold appearances in the magazine, which represents almost a 50-percent increase in tribute to the glamor of our gatefold girls.

When told that our readers had really put her in the Playmate Pink of things, Jo was so excited that it took several long-distance telephonic minutes' worth of feminine squeals and sobs before she calmed down enough to tell us: "The other two girls looked so great in their April photos that I never dreamed I'd win. I'm so happy I feel like running out and giving everyone who voted for me a hug and a kiss. Honestly, I feel like I've just been crowned Queen for a Year." And so she has.



"Who wants a piece of tail?"

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

(continued from page 92)

have forbidden tobacco (as he did alcohol) had he known about it. Christian reformers can only envy them this assumption. Mohammed did not claim divinity, only that he was the Prophet of Allah, but the Mosaic law came directly from God and God most assuredly would have known.

Confusion in religion and morals spilled over into medicine. Until recently, when antitobacco latched onto lung cancer to the virtual exclusion of all other diseases, tobacco has been blamed for almost every ailment known to man except frostbite. Yet when tobacco first entered Europe it was hailed as a wonder drug, the sovereign remedy for the very ills it was later accused of causing. Nicot himself, whom botanists immortalized by naming the plant *Nicotiana tabacum* after him, thought it a drug. In the covering letter to his shipment from Lisbon he described how poultices of tobacco leaves had cured an eroding ulcer, a fistula, even a severed thumb, and for years the physicians of Europe believed this therapeutic nonsense. Herbalists and apothecaries, not planters, raised tobacco, and men of medicine vied with one another in discovering new cures. Paralysis? Drink four ounces of tobacco juice, it purges "up and down." Running sores? Cover them with tobacco leaves. Labor pains? A leaf of tobacco, very hot, on the navel. Corns? Gangrene? Itching? Rabies? Drink the juice. Rheums? Catarrhs? Gonorrhea? Warts? Smoke a pipe and be whole. During the Great Plague of 1664-1666 English schoolboys at Eton were made to smoke an inoculating pipe each morning, and Samuel Pepys mentions in his *Diary* that he used the same preventive in another form. He "chewed" it.

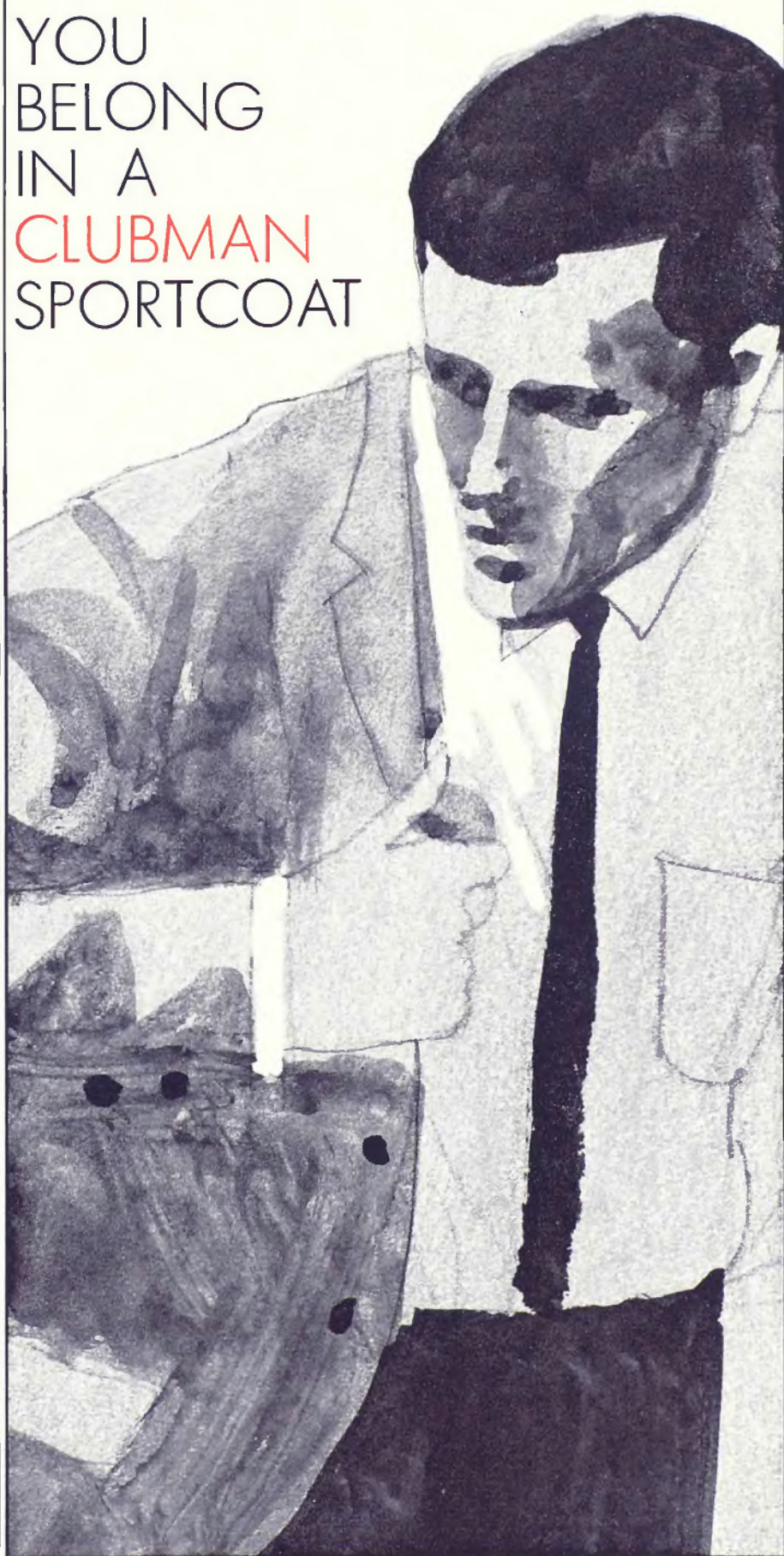
With tobacco occupying such a profitable place in the pharmacopoeia, it is not surprising that doctors were among the first and bitterest enemies of tobacco for pleasure. They were against it to a man, and they were against it for the same reason that the madam in *Shanghai Gesture* was against debutantes. "They give away," she complained, "what I sell," and a layman with his own pipe, snuffbox or quid could wreak similar havoc on the profession of medicine. Tobacco in unskilled hands, the doctors said in effect, could be as dangerous as the ailment itself. Would you mend your own shoes? Build your own house? Baptize your own baby? Similarly, if you wished to be cured of, say, epilepsy, you should consult your physician for a scientific prescription of the new panacea. They said this in pamphlets, speeches and learned journals and they said it to increasingly deaf ears. The use of tobacco for pleasure swept Europe,

sweeping aside the medicos and gathering unto itself a fresh set of enemies that ranged from James in England to the Pope in Rome.

It was not so much the use of tobacco as its misuse that first raised such eminent anger. The Archbishop of Seville banned smoking in his cathedral, not because he thought it sinful, but because the constant clash of flint on steel as smokers lit their pipes drowned out the Mass. The ban was ignored, as was a later one in 1642 by Pope Urban VII that carried the penalty of excommunication. "The use of tobacco," said Urban, "has gained so strong a hold on . . . even the priests and clerics that during the actual celebration of the Holy Mass they do not shrink from taking tobacco through the mouth and nostrils, thus soiling the altar linen and infecting the churches with its noxious fumes, sacrilegiously and to the great scandal of the pious." Sacrilege was not the sole offense of smokers, nor were only the pious scandalized. English toffs, after intensive tutoring by a "professor in the art of whiffing," would flaunt such accomplishments as *The Ring*, *The Wiffle* (emit smoke in short puffs) and *The Gulp* (inhale) wherever they could find an audience. Theaters were the greatest sufferers, closely followed by taverns, and many of Shakespeare's plays had their "world premier" under conditions that would have shamed a stag party in Gomorrah. Dominating the pit and "clouding the loathing ayr with foggie fume" were the "reeking gallants" and their "artillery." Their reck came, mainly, from the harsh tobacco of the day; their artillery was the fancy ordnance needed to cope with it—a set of pipes, a pipe pick, a large box of tobacco, a knife to shred it, and a pair of silver tongs to handle the glowing ember that was passed from one lout to another on the point of a sword. The general effect was that of a three-alarm in Bedlam and the audience reaction was what Madison Avenue would term negative—so negative that theater buffs were the first to applaud when James let fly with his *Counterblast to Tobacco*.

James I of England, known to his loyal subjects as "the wisest fool in Christendom," was also Christendom's greatest misocapnist, a word meaning hater of tobacco smoke. "Where there's smoke there's ire," they said of James, but there is reason to believe that his ire was directed as much at Sir Walter Raleigh—whom he correctly suspected of having opposed his accession to the throne on the death of Elizabeth—as at tobacco itself. Raleigh did not introduce tobacco into England as is generally supposed, but he championed its commercial possibilities and saw in tobacco the fabulous gold of the New World

YOU BELONG IN A CLUBMAN SPORTCOAT



CLUBMAN SPORTCOATS—DIVISION OF SAGNER, INC.—953 SOUTH MAPLE AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90018

that England never found. He was right. (In 1964 the United States mined some \$60,000,000 worth of gold. In the same year the 8-billion-dollar-a-year tobacco industry paid the Federal Government \$2,095,176,000 in excise taxes on cigarettes and other tobacco products. State and local taxes on cigarettes added another \$1,342,000,000, bringing the total tab to \$3,437,176,000.) But any friends of Raleigh were enemies of James and most of them got it in the neck. Some, like Raleigh himself, got it with the ax. Tobacco got it with the *Counterblaste*, a document that has been called "the Bible of no-tobacco." It deserves the accolade. Published over three centuries ago, it anticipates every argument ever marshaled against tobacco and derides its medicinal use with a wit and logic rare among reformers. "It cures the gout in the feet," says James at one point, "and in that very instant when the smoke thereof, as light, flies up into the head, the virtue thereof, as heavy, runs down to the little toe." Other cures attributed to the "precious stink" got equally short shrift and his Majesty then turns to the social shortcomings of the "stinking Suffimigation." It is a form of lust, he says, and a branch of the sin of drunkenness that stupefies the user and, worse, makes him unfit for the military service of his king. It spoils the food, smells up the house, causes bad breath and forces the "delicate, wholesome and clean complexioned wife" to embrace the filthy habit in self-defense against the horrid stench of her husband. Smoking, in short, is "a custome Loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomeless."

Counterblaste, which set the tone for all no-tobacco tracts published since, had no more effect on smokers than did the 4000-percent boost in the duty on tobacco with which James followed it. The book was ignored and the tax simply encouraged smuggling, but what really scuttled the king's crusade was his own namesake, the colony of Jamestown in Virginia. Founded three years after the *Counterblaste*, Jamestown was the first permanent English settlement in America, and for a time enjoyed the added distinction of being the only one established for the avowed purpose of making money. It was neither a haven for the oppressed nor an enlightened experiment in penology; it was unashamedly for the fast buck and the fast buck was dreadfully slow in coming.

The principal cause of delay was the poor quality of Virginia tobacco. A variety known as *Nicotiana rustica*, it was raw and bitter, utterly incapable of competing with the mild *Nicotiana tabacum* that was native to Latin America and

whose seeds were still a closely guarded monopoly of the Spanish and Portuguese. Far from producing wealth, *Nicotiana rustica* only diverted the colonists from producing food and for five years Jamestown verged on starvation. The next five were better, for in 1612 John Rolfe (later to marry Pocahontas) got his hands on a packet of *Nicotiana tabacum* seeds smuggled out of Cuba. It was a small packet, but it was enough (tobacco seeds are so tiny they have to be mixed with sand for sowing and a tablespoonful will provide the makings for over 8000 cartons of cigarettes), and by the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1620, Virginia was on the road to wealth. Tobacco, as Raleigh had maintained, was gold, and tobacco's archenemy James was quick to grab his share—he gave Virginia tobacco preferential tariff treatment over Spain's and made tobacco a royal monopoly. This was a shoddy betrayal of anti-tobacco, and anti-tobacco never forgave him. From then on he was their erring knight, and when he died in 1625 they sang, along with smokers, a song that put him in his place:

*Sir Walter Raleigh! name of worth,
How sweet for thee to know;
King James who never smoked on
earth,
Is smoking down below.*

James died but *Counterblaste* lived on, and no-tobacco has cribbed from it ever since. One of the author's more fanciful flights was that autopsies on smokers invariably revealed "an unctious and oily kind of soot" in the lungs. Three hundred years later the embattled Lucy Page Gaston could still wow the faithful with a grisly gag about an unidentified corpse whose lungs were "so full of soot the coroner couldn't tell whether he smoked cigarettes or came from Pittsburgh." James listed an imposing array of ailments he said were caused by tobacco. This same list, constantly enlarged, was a standard feature of anti-tobacco literature thereafter and by 1857 had reached such frightening proportions that England's noted medical journal *The Lancet* published it in full as a public service. The editors, after a firm disclaimer of agreement, presented over a hundred diseases, moral lapses and financial disasters that were blamed on tobacco. Among them were early death, insanity, tantrums, softening of the brain, paralysis, apoplexy, delirium tremens, neuralgia, sterility, ulcers, impotency, consumption, dyspepsia, heartburn, flatulence, loss of memory and a passion for obtaining money by fraud. (Modern medicine supports only the first. "Smoking definitely shortens a man's days," agreed the late Sir William Osler, famous physician and medical historian. "I stopped once and the days

were about 90 hours long.") Nor is this all. Leeches, bugs and fleas that bite smokers suffer instant death and the children of inveterate smokers are prone to enervation, hypochondria, hysteria, insanity, dwarfish deformity and a life of pain. The state itself is imperiled. "Tobacco," said anti-tobacco in a paragraph that ends with what must have been the greatest anticlimax of the 19th Century, "impairs the vigour and energy of the English people and causes them to sink in the scale of nations. It ruins young men, pauperizes workers, counterworks the ministers of religion, and renders the old women of Ireland troublesome to the dispensary doctors."

There were few dispensaries in America in 1857, so data on the behavior of their aging female clientele is meager, but no patriot need feel that his smoking ancestors courted less imposing ailments than did addicts in the mother country. Beginning in 1798 with Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, the United States has produced a line of reformers who could cry havoc with the best that Britain, indeed all Europe, could offer. Prior to Rush their voices had been stilled by the operation of an economic law expounded by Al Smith in the 1930s. "Nobody shoots Santa Claus," said the Happy Warrior, and tobacco had been such a mainstay of the Colonial economy that to condemn it was to flirt with treason. New England Puritans, almost from habit, had passed a few restrictive laws against smoking, and a Virginia planter named John Hartwell Cooke had fulminated against tobacco because it impoverished the soil, but nobody paid much attention to either. Independence changed the picture. The diversification of agriculture and industry that followed the Revolution robbed tobacco of its immunity from criticism and the eminent Dr. Rush was quick to raise his hand against it.

Rush was truly eminent, anti-tobacco's man of distinction. As a signer of the Declaration of Independence and Surgeon General of the Continental Army under Washington, his name carried weight, a great deal more weight than his findings. His principal finding, presumably based on personal observation of the Philadelphia fauna, was that tobacco gave users a raging thirst that only booze could slake and was the first step toward skid row and the municipal lodging houses. This parlay of tobacco with whiskey became established dogma with every reformer who followed him. "First smokers frequent soda fountains," said the Reverend Orin Fowler in 1845, "and from soda water get drinking beer, and then brandy, and finally whiskey. One tenth of all the drunkards annually made in the nation are made drunkards through the use of tobacco." The Rev-

erend Fowler was one of three brothers—Orin, Orson and L. N.—who joined with the Reverend George Trask and Dr. Joel Shew to lead the fight against tobacco in the years before the cigarette. The cigar, the pipe, the quid and the pinch of snuff were their enemies and they fought with bales of homemade statistics and hundreds of horrible examples drawn from their own experience. Among them they must have known every lush and every loose woman in the United States, for each of these unfortunate victims of tobacco was invariably one of their nearest and dearest. "He died in my arms," was a favorite obit with the Reverend Trask, "felled in his prime by the Stinking Weed."

Trask was by far the most industrious of the lot. As president of the American and Foreign Anti-Tobacco Society and proprietor of the Anti-Tobacco Tract Depository, both of Massachusetts, he compiled and published some 20 tracts a year and "preached against Strong Drink and Tobacco in places near and far on wellnigh every Sabbath and addressed over 120 Sabbath-schools." Such husbandry bore much fruit. In his annual report for 1865 he gloats that "No Smoking signs are on the increase from Dan to Beersheba; many merchants won't hire clerks who use tobacco; and spittoons are vanishing from pulpits, pews and parlors, a significant indication that chewers of the quid are losing caste with those who don't." Trask himself was a brand snatched from the burning. In a thinly disguised autobiographical pamphlet titled "How James Blake Dropped His Cigar and Found Christ," he confesses that he smoked cigars for 20 years, despite warnings from his Aunt Rhoda that "religion which begins in smoke ends in smoke, and no votary of tobacco can be a spiritual man." He smoked six a day, "first thing each morning, last thing at night, and no devotee of Bacchus, no Brahmin, no Hindoo, worshiped with more fidelity." When he couldn't buy tobacco he borrowed it, and if unable to borrow would have stolen "as I am told our fast young men do today." He would buy cigars "even on Sunday" and on one occasion, so low had tobacco brought him, he "stopped an unwashed Irishman on the street to beg a light of him and felt it no compromise to my dignity. I loved cigars more than my mother, my good name, my church." Then illness struck and Trask found himself attended by a consecrated physician. "'Tobacco has laid you low,'" said the doctor. "'You must drop it or be a dead man; perhaps in two days.' Here was an epoch in my life and I had strength left only to drop my cigar and feebly whisper 'I will never take another whiff' and *I never have!*"

Himself saved, Trask devoted his life to saving others and, in addition to his

regular crusade, took to needling his betters by mail. No one was immune. In 1860 he wrote the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, and rebuked him for setting a bad example for American youth during a recent visit to the United States. The royal mouth, Trask complained, was always stuffed with a meerschau pipe and children throughout the land were now following his noxious example. Trask demanded that he quit smoking. "I cannot ask it on grounds of expense," he wrote, "for what is money to a Royal Purse, but it wastes time, too, and makes you look ridiculous. [Tobacco's wastage of time also dismayed Philip, Earl of Stanhope, an English historian. A man taking snuff, said his lordship, does so every ten minutes. Each inhalation (inhalation, sneezing, wiping the nose) takes 1½ minutes, 36½ days a year. In 40 years of life a man would spend 2 years taking snuff and another 2 years wiping his nose, 4 years he could have spent to better advantage.] Also, think of your children of the Royal Line. The sin of the father is never so strikingly visited on his children as is the sin of tobacco smoking . . . and the man is not yet born who can take the gauge and dimensions of this insidious enemy which has smote great nations."

The prince, who got quite enough of this sort of thing from his mother, Queen Victoria, did not reply, but Trask was undaunted. He published the letter as a tract and five years later was writing to General Grant in the same vein. "Give up your cigar," he implored. "You conquered in spite of it, and it sets a bad example to one and all. What shall we do with our Bands of Hope and our gallant Cold Water Armies after your horrid example?" Grant doubtless had constructive ideas about what Trask could do with his Cold Water Armies and his Bands of Hope—two adolescent organizations pledged to abstinence from alcohol, tobacco and profanity—but he was too polite to suggest them to a man of the cloth. He just went on smoking and a great many of his countrymen did the same. But they were not necessarily following his example; they were following history.

Every American war has stimulated the use of tobacco. "If you can't send money," a desperate Washington wrote Congress from Valley Forge, "send tobacco." It was an excellent substitute. By issuing it to his men they could momentarily forget that they were ill-paid, ill-clothed and ill-fed. By selling or trading it he could get supplies. Bills and soldiers were frequently paid in tobacco, and Benedict Arnold's sole use by the British after his treason was as nominal leader of an expedition to destroy the tobacco crops and warehouses in Virginia that were the rebel army's principal source of cash and comfort. After York-

town, soldiers brought the tobacco habit home with them, spreading both its use and cultivation. The Mexican War, short and remote, did little but popularize the cigar, but the Civil War, fought largely in tobacco country, brought tobacco into almost every home that sent a soldier to the front. Four years of it wiped out the work of a lifetime for such men as Trask, leaving them little but to wonder at what had happened to the country and themselves.

They would have done better to stop wondering and read their own literature. Few Americans doubted the reformers' motives—in Trask's best year his salary and expenses were both met from contributions of less than \$1500—but fewer yet believed their words. In attempting to equate the use of tobacco with drunkenness, debauchery and disease, they invariably overshot the mark, citing "facts" a child could disprove and "authorities" no one could find. Dr. Orson S. Fowler, the "practical phrenologist," was forever quoting fellow healers who were figments of his own imagination. "Dr. Smith of Pennsylvania," he would tell the Right Thinking ladies of New England, "has treated three cases of palsy caused by chewing tobacco," and the ladies of Pennsylvania would shudder at the "weed-soaked wretches" treated by a Dr. Jones of Maine. Others fell back on chemistry. "The bath water used by a smoker will kill geraniums," Dr. Joel Shew told a Lyceum audience in Fall River, "and emanations from the pores of a smoker will kill the wife who shares his bed." Why she should wish to share it was not explained, for sterility and impotence were supposed to be among the first fruits of tobacco, but reformers were not interested in domestic relations or the niceties of logic. They were interested in the eradication of tobacco and they flayed it with so many ridiculous charges that following the Civil War the antitobacco movement virtually disappeared in a gale of laughter and a cloud of smoke.

Then came The Little White Slaver.

In 1964 the United States consumed 497,446,509,387 cigarettes, a figure that compares favorably with the number of accounts of their origin. Some scholars say the Aztecs were smoking cigarettes when the Spaniards arrived and offered some to Cortes. Others, equally learned, say that what the Aztecs smoked weren't cigarettes at all, they were simply tubular pipes made from reeds, and that the cigarette was invented in Peru. Every historian has a theory of his own, each impeccably documented. The most likely theory and certainly the only one that could possibly be made into a movie is that the cigarette was invented by an Egyptian artilleryman at the siege of Acre in 1832. Being under siege was, for Acre, old hat. This time the Turks, under Suleiman Bey, were inside; the Egypt-



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 61

©1965, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC.
DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

AUGUST 1965

SAN FRANCISCO AND BOSTON DEBUT SOON!



Headliner Teddi King performs for Atlanta showgoers in Playboy's Penthouse while the Bunnies serve hearty dinner and drink specialties.

ENJOY AN ENTIRE EVENING ON THE TOWN WITHOUT LEAVING THE CLUB!

CHICAGO (Special)—Whatever your favorite form of night-club entertainment, you'll find it in the many informal, yet elegant clubrooms of The Playboy Club. Enjoy a new variety show in Playboy's Penthouse every two weeks (with talent chosen from the largest roster in the world) or hear cool jazz at the swinging Living Room Piano Bar. There's dancing for you and your playmate in most Clubs—either to the rhythms of an upbeat Playboy combo or to the whirl of the *discothèque*. Or try your skill at the bumper-pool table in the Playmate Bar—test your ability against that of the Pool Bunny.

The relaxed and friendly atmosphere of a private party prevails in your favorite clubroom in every Playboy Bunny haven. And your one key unlocks the door to every Playboy clubroom in the world!

Dine for the Same Price as a Drink

CHICAGO (Special)—Now you can lunch at the Club 12 times in a row without having the same entree twice! The famous Living Room buffet offers keyholders a choice of 10 Playboy luncheon specialties each week. You may also enjoy tender *filet mignon* in the Penthouse or beefy London broil from the Playmate Bar chuckwagon (both in some Clubs)—each for the same price as a drink!

Our cornucopian dinner buffet features heaping platters of steak-kabobs, bite-size chicken and barbecued baby back ribs. Penthouse and Playroom dinner favorites are Playboy's steak specials — *filet mignon* or New York-cut, 8-oz. sirloin steak. (L.A. and Cincinnati Clubs also feature the chef's succulent

Chicken Kiev.) And don't miss our hearty breakfast buffet — three eggs, baked ham, pizza, English muffin and coffee.

All these mouth-watering Playboy specialties are priced the same as a drink, only \$1.50.

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 8560 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 Street.

Next in Line—Washington, D.C.

Save \$25! Apply for Your Key Now

CHICAGO (Special) — Keyholders will be using their personal Playboy Club keys in 16 cities this year with the debuts of the San Francisco, Boston and London Bunny habitats. (For all locations, see box on this page.)

San Francisco's Playboy Club, nearing completion at 736 Montgomery Street, premieres this fall with five levels of clubrooms including two showrooms — Playboy's Penthouse and Playroom—and the elegant VIP Room. The club will be a \$1,500,000 showcase with such special features as balconies with planted areas on each floor and a rock garden below the Playmate Bar. The Club is at the foot of famous Telegraph Hill in the heart of the city's fun area.

Boston debuts next, at 54 Park Square, with 35 of our loveliest Bunnies pampering the best of Boston, our Playboy keyholders and friends, in the many festive clubrooms. The Party Room, Penthouse, Playmate Bar with bumper-pool table and the Living Room with convivial Piano Bar and fireplace promise to make our easternmost Playboy the liveliest spot in Boston.

Guests can park their cars beneath Boston Common, just across from our hutch.

Order your key today to take advantage of the \$25 Charter Rate for keys in new Club areas before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect. (Over 10,000 residents of Chicago, Arizona and Florida have paid the \$50 fee.)

When you present your key to the Door Bunny (she may be a PLAYBOY Playmate), she will place your name on the Lobby board while closed-circuit TV telecasts your arrival to friends who may be awaiting you.

In these new Clubs, keyholders will find top-talent entertainment, live jazz, the same friendly, informal atmosphere that prevails in every Playboy Club and, of course, the beautiful Bunnies. Gourmet lunches and dinners are yours for the same price as a drink—and Playboy's man-sized drink (an ounce and a half of the finest liquors) is known throughout the land.

Save \$25 and apply for the key that unlocks a world designed with your pleasure in mind. Mail the coupon today.



San Francisco Club nears completion in picture taken last May (left). Rendering (right) shows hutch as it will appear for its fall premiere.

BECOME A KEYHOLER / 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.

tians, under Ibrahim Pasha (great-grandfather of the late Farouk), were outside—trying to get in. They were finding it rough going, for the walls of Acre were thick and the Egyptian artillery fire was slow. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the rate of fire for one Egyptian battery became almost staccato and Ibrahim sent aides to find out what had happened. What had happened was that a cannoner, tired of laboriously spooning powder into the powder holes, had taken to rolling it into paper spills and pouring the stuff into the gun like water. The rest is history. Ibrahim rewarded the fellow with a sack of tobacco and the ingenious gunner, having no pipe, rolled the tobacco in paper as he had the powder and gave the world the cigarette.

The cigarette reached America just in time to renew antitobacco's lease on life and make a modest contribution toward the cost of the Civil War. The boost for antitobacco was in a new and seemingly vulnerable form of the ancient enemy. The contribution to the War was \$15,000 paid in excise taxes in 1865, and comparison of this figure with the total taxes of \$3,331,979,000 paid by cigarettes in 1964 is an exact measure of antitobacco's success in fighting them. It is a dismal record and some of its worst enemies feel that antitobacco deserved better, for during some 60 years following 1880 it fought a good fight. It was very tough, very determined and, thanks to

two of its outstanding leaders, it was even entertaining.

The first of these was Lucy Page Gaston, the Carry Nation of antitobacco and the greatest antitobaccoist of the 19th Century. Lucy had what it takes. Born in 1860 of a long line of Abolitionists and hell-fire gospel shouters, she was tall and gangly, with high cheekbones and a long upper lip garnished with warts. At 13 she was teaching Sunday school. At 16, wearing the colors of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, she was wielding the ax. She swung it in saloons, bordellos, gambling halls and tobacco shops, but at heart Lucy was a specialist. The cigarette was her enemy, her personal enemy, and she had "a clear call from God to fight it." The cigarette led to drink, delinquency, disease, divorce and death, and at 30 it led Lucy right out of the W.C.T.U. and into a crusade of her own.

Chicago became her headquarters, and detractors claimed that between Lucy and the stockyards the town was almost uninhabitable. Lucy paid them no mind. Armed with the Clean Life Pledge—no tobacco, no swearing, no vice—she stumped the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor circuits, calling for personal purity and laws against the cigarette. This last was an imposing goal, but not impossible. Lucy lived in an era that believed in legislating evil under the rug, so all she had to do was prove that cigarettes were evil. In this she had a pecu-

lar ally, the cigar industry. Alarmed at the inroads of cigarettes on their sales, the cigar makers fought them with rumors, charges and innuendoes and even hired Greenwich Village hacks to write articles condemning them. The authors earned their pay. Cigarettes, they wrote, were made from cigar-factory sweepings and from cigar butts that Bowery bums—"butt grubbers"—were paid to retrieve from the sidewalks of New York. Cigarette tobacco, to mask its odious origins, was doped with opium, morphine or chloral hydrate. Cigarette papers were made in China by lepers and bleached with arsenic, antimony, mercury or white lead. Cigarettes were rolled by workers whose hands were "a mass of scrofulous or venereal sores."

Miss Gaston not only believed these charges—she helped make them up, embroidered them and spread them. In 1899 she organized the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League, and two years later expanded it into the National Anti-Cigarette League to save the entire country. Parades, pledges, threats, tracts, harangues and noisy legislative lobbying were her weapons and youth was her primary target. "You're just the boy I'm looking for," she would cry, pouncing on some smoking urchin in the street. "I want to tell you what that cigarette is doing to you." Then she'd tell him. An early, merciful death was the cheeriest prospect she could hold out to him, and she would personally guarantee it if he persisted in smoking what she called "the little white hearse plume." An astonishing number of boys believed her, but no convert was allowed to swear off on the spot. He must go home and think it over, then report to Anti-Cigarette headquarters, sign the Clean Life Pledge and receive a Clean Life button. Only then was he saved, for, as Lucy pointed out, "he would rather cut off his hand than break his word." The boy could also join the Anti-Cigarette League, if sponsored by an accredited Sunday school, and receive the A.C.L. button. This last was more desirable than the Clean Life button, for it entitled the wearer to jeer smokers on the street and even snatch cigarettes from their mouths. Their favorite jibe at a cigarette smoker as he polluted the public air was "Stinker! Stinker! Stinker!" so they soon became known and despised as Little Stinkers. To this day anyone who refers to an obnoxious brat as "a little stinker" is paying unconscious tribute to Lucy Page Gaston.

Lucy earned the homage. By 1907 cigarettes were prohibited in Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Nebraska, and when a similar bill reached the legislature in Albany, Lucy dashed to New York City to rally support. The "bastion of sin" was a tough nut to crack. Hear-



"Personally, I think you should have stuck with Abstract Expressionism."

ing that society women smoked, she wrote their clubs urging them to join the Anti-Cigarette League and sign the Clean Life Pledge. "Where Fifth Avenue leads," she said, "the Bowery will follow." Society gave her the frost and the New York legislature proved almost as slippery as the one in Illinois. Solons there had passed what they assured her was an anticigarette law, but they had purposely drawn it in such vague and ambiguous terms that the courts had no choice but to declare it invalid. The New York legislature simply let its bill die in committee, but by 1913, thanks largely to Lucy's Anti-Cigarette League, 13 states had laws against the sale of cigarettes and cigarette papers.

Smoking, of course, went on as usual in the blighted areas. Cigarette papers were bought by mail, and cigar stores would charge 20 cents for a box of matches and throw in the cigarettes free. Lucy, unaware of these dodges, developed a cure for such addicts as the legislation might have been too late to save. It was a nauseous mouthwash of silver nitrate to be used after meals for three days, and its effectiveness lay in making the gargler sick as a dog if he took so much as one puff from a cigarette during treatment. After three days of abstinence the patient was presumed to be off the weed permanently, but if the craving returned he was to chew on a piece of gentian root to bolster his resolve. Lucy always carried gentian root in her handbag, stuffed in with the pamphlets, Clean Life Pledges and graham crackers. The graham crackers she ate personally, and frequently they were all she had. Every dime she could get went to The Cause and as time passed, despite her victories, she kept getting fewer and fewer dimes. The fault was her own. Lucy had appropriated the cigarette as her own personal enemy and she had determined to keep it. Privates were welcomed into her army, but she despised generals and, since there simply were not enough mentionable vices for every reformer to have one of his own, a good many generals insisted upon joining. As her National Anti-Cigarette League grew—it became the International Anti-Cigarette League in 1911—the discordant brass grew with it and the movement demonstrated an alarming tendency to grow out from under Lucy's thumb. Taking a leaf from the anti-saloon people, who long ago had decided that Carry Nation's method of closing gin mills with an ax was not ladylike, anticigarette became more sophisticated. Education, the upstarts told Lucy, was the new approach, and her habit of slug-ging smokers over the head with her reticule was really not educational in the finest sense of the word. When Lucy paid no attention, they reduced both her authority as president and her income,

and only the fortuitous arrival of World War One kept her in the public eye.

World War One separated the men from the boys in antitobacco. With Pershing pleading for cigarettes to cheer the troops, who wanted silver nitrate and gentian root? Lucy did, and she was one of the very few in antitobacco who had the nerve to say so. No country saturated with nicotine could lick the Kaiser, she said, dodging brickbats the while, and the cigarette was even more dangerous to the soldier than to the civilian. It drugged his senses, making him easy prey to the Boche, and its glowing tip made a perfect target at night. When the tobacco companies answered Pershing's appeal with carloads of cigarettes, Lucy accused them of slaughtering "our own dear boys" to counteract their bad publicity during the antitrust suits brought against them, successfully, in 1911. When a patriotic organization in Kansas sent cartons of little white hearse plumes to the front, she hauled it into court (also successfully) under the state's anti-cigarette law. If she saw a soldier smoking, she snatched the cigarette from his lips. And when the armistice was signed she announced that "the War is over, so the cigarette is once again poison."

Hardly anyone listened, for the coffin nail had lost its power to frighten. Most of the states with anticigarette laws repealed them, substituting laws against sales to minors. At 60, tired and poor, Lucy had all her work to do over again and the old methods wouldn't work anymore. The International Anti-Cigarette League knew this all too well and began concentrating on school children and the "scientific" aspects of smoking. Lucy wouldn't, or couldn't, change her tactics, and when her diatribes and cigarette snatchings raised a storm of lawsuits, she was asked to resign as president. She did, on the last day of 1919, and the next day announced her candidacy for President of the United States. Her announced qualifications were that she looked like Abraham Lincoln and had no husband to distract her from affairs of state. Her platform was "morality."

Lucy's morality plank called for the prohibition of smoking, burlesque shows, suggestive movies, tight brassieres and modern dancing. In their stead she wanted "clean sweet things" on stage and screen, community singing instead of dancing, debating societies and spelling bees instead of cabarets. She actually entered the Republican primaries in South Dakota, but offered to withdraw "in favor of any man who will endorse the moral reforms for which I stand." William Jennings Bryan must have qualified, for when he was nominated by the Prohibition Party she was a delegate to the convention that named him by acclamation. The country elected Warren G. Harding, a cigarette fiend who



virgin sound
KENWOOD
SOLID STATE STEREO

the
sound
approach
to
quality



AUTOMATIC AM/FM MULTIPLEX RECEIVER
Write for the name of the nearest KENWOOD
franchised dealer and illustrated brochure.
KENWOOD ELECTRONICS, INC., Dept. P
3700 S. Broadway Pl., Los Angeles, Calif. 90007

PLAYBOY BINDER



Keep six issues of your favorite magazine, PLAYBOY, neatly protected in our sturdy antique tan leatherette binder. PLAYBOY's name and rabbit emblem stamped in gold leaf. \$3, ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois



THE PLAYMATE ANKLE BRACELET

Trim touch for a trim
ankle... a delicate
ankle bracelet with
the distinctive
Playboy Rabbit
charm. In black
enamel on rhodium.
Safety clasp. \$3.50 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
232 East Ohio St. Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.



for the
continental touch . . .

THE PLAYBOY ASCOT

And, for other distinctive Playboy neckwear, try the Playboy Neck Tie or the Playboy Bow Tie. All are of the finest silk featuring the same eye-catching Rabbit design.

Ascot and Bow Tie are available in olive, gray, red and navy. Regular Playboy Tie available in red, gray, olive, brown, navy, wine and black.

Playboy Ascot, \$10

Playboy Tie, \$5

Playboy Bow Tie, \$3.50

All prices postpaid.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street - Chicago 11, Illinois

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

More than just a telescope . . .
More than just a microscope

Emoskop: a complete vestpocket optical system.

ONLY
\$12.95
With Case



We went to Wetzlar, Germany (world capital of fine optics) to find such perfection at such a price. Remove the EMOSKOP from its fitted leather case and it is a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 2.5-power telescope (ideal for theater, field and sky). Another twist and you have a choice of magnifying glasses: 5-, 10-, or 15-powers! ■ The perfect vestpocket companion for exacting professionals and scientists. Indispensable for students, serious collectors, and all who wish to observe anything more closely and clearly. ■ A most discreet opera glass. ■ If you make a fetish of quality, the EMOSKOP will do you proud. Five coated lenses, fully achromatic, absolutely flat field. ■ As exclusive distributors for Seibert Optical, Haverhill's guarantees your satisfaction without qualification.

INSTANT ORDER BLANK

Mail to: Haverhill's, 465 California St.,
San Francisco, Calif. 94104

Send me _____ Emoskop Optical Systems @ \$12.95*
plus \$1.00 insurance and postage.

(*California residents add 4% Sales Tax)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill Diners ☐ Bill

American Express. Acct. # _____

Name _____

Address _____

"P-8"

©1965, Haverhill's

Haverhill's

Searching the World to bring you the Best

had been selected in a smoke-filled hotel room, so Lucy girded her loins to stay the nation's coming ruin. She founded another National Anti-Cigarette League, to fight both the cigarette and the International League that had deposed her, but her voice was too shrill even for her new creation. When she announced plans to publish a magazine called *Coffin Nails*, it cut off her funds and she was reduced to berating women smokers and writing President Harding's sister to make him give up cigarettes "for the sake of American youth." In 1923 she died, felled by a truck as she left an anti-cigarette rally, and her last request was that the faithful omit flowers and give the money to The Cause. Four school children recited the Clean Life Pledge over her grave.

Lucy's career has been called "the story of antitobacco in miniature." It is an apt phrase. At one time there were over 60 antitobacco organizations in the United States, each with branches, and it was a house divided. Lucy split with her own league over policy, others split over trivia. Mark Twain's boast that "it's easy to give up smoking, I've done it hundreds of times" tore the movement in two. One group rebuked him for levity, the other missed the point completely and praised his perseverance. Eamon de Valera provoked a similar schism. Arrested by the British for his part in Ireland's Easter Rebellion of 1916, he paused at the jailhouse door and smashed his pipe to the ground. "I'm not going to give you English bastards the pleasure of taking it away from me," he explained. "I've just quit smoking." Again, one group cheered his reformation, the other chided him for swearing. When he resumed smoking the moment of his release, however, both united to deplore his backsliding. Even the death of General Lew Wallace, author of *Ben Hur*, caused dissension. "General Wallace," said the Waterville, Maine, *Banner of Health*, "died at the early age of 78, another victim of the deadly cigarette. But for the filthy weed he might have lived to an even hundred." The Jericho, Arkansas, *Primitive Christian* saw things differently. "General Lew Wallace," it said, "died at 78, having prolonged his life beyond the Scriptural threescore and ten by the use of those devilish cigarettes. God made 70 the limit of our years and those who violate it by employing drugs will surely suffer."

Dissension did not extend into exaggeration, a field in which all segments of antitobacco scored equally high marks. It is doubtful that a dozen statements by antitobacco since it first claimed Rodrigo de Jerez was possessed of devils could withstand medical, legal or editorial scrutiny, yet nothing has restrained it from making them. And such statements as "Cigarettes spread leprosy" or "No

smoker can enter the kingdom of Heaven" were not offered as expressions of opinion. They were offered as proven facts, and not all of them were advanced by professional reformers. In 1914 Thomas A. Edison put aside his cigar for a moment to blast the cigarette. "The injurious agent in cigarettes," he wrote in *The Case Against the Little White Slaver*, a series of booklets published by Henry Ford, "comes principally from the burning paper wrapper. The substance thereby formed is called acrolein. It has a violent action on the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys. Unlike most narcotics, the degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable. I employ no person who smokes cigarettes." Another contributor to the same booklets, billed anonymously as "a woman of exceptional mental attainments," buttressed Edison's case with a simple household experiment. She soaked 15 cigarette papers in three tablespoons of water and found that "a few drops of this fluid will kill a mouse quicker than you can say 'Jack Robinson.'" She had killed dozens of mice in this fashion, she claimed, as had her friends, and what she wanted to know—addressing herself point-blank to Percival Smith Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company—was what effect this paper would have on human beings. Mr. Hill did not reply, but Dr. Charles A. Greene, one of antitobacco's favorite medical authorities, was happy to oblige. "After five years of smoking," said Dr. Greene, "the blood of a cigarette addict is as black as ink."

Mr. Hill's failure to reply was based on hard experience. No reply, no denial, would be accepted, and the cigarette industry had stopped making them. From a strictly business point of view they were unnecessary, for cigarettes, then as now, thrived on abuse. When Lucy Page Gaston began her crusade against them the nation's annual consumption was a little over two billion; when she died it was over seventy billion. Antitobacco was better than an advertising campaign, its every knock a boost, and in the early Twenties, oddly enough, the industry's main concern was not antitobacco at all, but antisaloon. Brewers and bartenders were not the only people made jobless by the 18th Amendment. Thousands of professional reformers were also thrown out of work and the logical place for their peculiar talents was antitobacco. The thought of an attack mounted by these hardened veterans gave the tobacco industry nightmares, and not even the soothing words of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, head of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals could quiet its nerves. "The desperate efforts of the outlawed liquor traffic," said Dr. Wilson, "to make credulous people be-

lieve that the victorious Prohibitionists will now demand a Constitutional amendment against tobacco—not to mention dancing and failure to attend Wednesday-night Prayer Meeting—is the limit of hypocrisy."

The cigarette industry was not notably credulous, but that is precisely what it believed, and with good reason. "Prohibition is won," cried Billy Sunday, the center fielder turned evangelist, "now for tobacco!" Early developments were ominous. A national No-Tobacco Army was organized "in the interest of personal purity, civil righteousness and the final prohibition of the tobacco trade" and prohibitory bills began dropping into legislative hoppers. One of them, introduced in Indiana, would have made smokers ineligible for public office and liable to imprisonment at hard labor. "No cigar, pipe or cigarette fiend," said its sponsor, "has the right to pollute the air another breathes." The bill failed to pass, but similar measures throughout the land received alarming support and reformers everywhere adopted the stance of those who've got it made. "If you want to be on the side that's going to win," crowed the *No-Tobacco Educator*, "join the No-Tobacco Army!" And thousands did.


Then, for three basic reasons, the movement fell flat on its face. One reason was the widespread use of cigarettes, by both sexes, engendered by the War. Another was the obvious failure of Prohibition, necessitating money and manpower to protect the 18th Amendment itself. The third was the continuing inability of reformers to show that tobacco was harmful to the average smoker. It was one thing to point to a lush sleeping in the gutter and prove the evils of excessive drinking. It was quite another to point to the President of the United States and convince people he might have done well in life had he stayed off the weed. Many reformers tried—Harding got more letters asking him to stop smoking than asking him for jobs—but most were content with smaller game. Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of *Physical Culture* magazine, begged youth to abstain from cigarettes and promised they would be "cleaner and sweeter" for it. "The first step in making a 'bad' boy," he wrote, "is to teach a good boy to smoke . . . Most accounts of the execution of youthful criminals end with the words: 'He went to the chair with a cigarette on his lips.'" Many others raised their voices against cigarettes—Ty Cobb, Luther Burbank, Connie Mack, Gene Tunney—but by the mid-Twenties, with consumption soaring and financial support of antitobacco reduced to a trickle, most people and most organizations bowed to the inevitable. A few, a pitiful few, never surrendered, and the most memorable of these was Dr. Charles Giffin Pease, that reasonable facsimile of

Robert E. Lee who snatched the cigarette from Pershing's mouth and became the last great champion of no-tobacco.

Pease was against almost everything. He was against tobacco, whiskey, coffee, tea, corsets, cocoa, ginger ale, meat, Hershey bars, vaccination, capital punishment, Tammany Hall, the Salvation Army and artificially flavored lollipops, and by the time he died in 1941 at 86, every one of these evils had felt the back of his hand. Tobacco was his first enemy, cigarettes his greatest, and he fought them in prose and in person. Prose was almost his undoing. In 1913 a "tool of the tobacco trust" wrote a letter to the editor of the *New York Sun* taking issue with a previous letter from Dr. Pease in which he had denounced smoking. Pease replied instantly, but in a misguided effort to indicate widespread support he signed his reply as coming from a fictitious Annette Hazelton at an equally fictitious address in the Bronx. "Dr. Pease," Annette's letter concluded, after several paragraphs of fulsome praise, "is our greatest fighter for a nation free of drug addiction and I am with him." When this letter was publicly revealed as a fake, those last four words rose up to haunt their author. Reporters ignored the exposure and feigned to believe from the phrase "I am with him" that Dr. Pease, twice a widower, was living with Annette in a Bronx love nest. "How's Annette?" they would ask him, "I hear she smokes like a chimney." In 1915 they carried the joke a bit far. Henry Ford, an admirer of Pease and a fellow eccentric, invited him to sail on the *Oscar II*, the Peace Ship sponsored by Ford that somehow was to end the War in Europe and "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." Pease accepted, but when the ship sailed on December 4, he was not aboard. He was on the pier, surrounded by his luggage and telling reporters he had been forced to disembark by the sudden illness of his mother. The truth was almost heart-rending. A playful reporter had inquired of Ford if "Miss Hazelton" would be sharing a cabin with Dr. Pease. When Ford asked who Miss Hazelton might be and was told she was Dr. Pease's boon companion, he was shocked to the marrow and had "the immoral fellow" tossed ashore, bag and baggage. The Peace Ship, a pathetic failure, could ill afford the loss. Dr. Pease could probably have stopped a world war with the same facility he started wars of his own.

One of his best was fought in 1909 with the New York City Board of Health over smoking on the elevated railways and Pease won it, he always maintained, by teaming up with God. Pease had harried the Board for years with demands that it prohibit smoking on the trains and for years the Board had brushed him off. Finally, to quiet him, it proposed a compromise it felt no

New from COLPIX RECORDS



WOODY ALLEN VOLUME 2

THE LAUGH RECORD THAT PUTS YOU

WAY IN WITH WOODY



FAMILY ARMS

genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

7" x 6"	— \$ 9.00
12" x 10"	— \$20.00
14" x 12"	— \$25.00
22" x 18"	— \$40.00

postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct. Dept. PB.

YORK INSIGNIA LTD.,
YORK, ENGLAND

Rochester



BIG MEN



TALL MEN



EXTRA SHORT MEN



ALPACA
cardigan—Bell sleeves and raglan shoulder by Himalaya
Black
Blue
Red
Gold
Bone
Yellow
Royal
Green
Grey

BIG SIZES
46 to 60
TALL SIZES
38 to 52

\$35.00

For Mail Orders, Use handy order form

Size _____ Color _____

☐ Check enclosed—price includes Tax and prepaid delivery.

ROCHESTER CLOTHING
Corner Mission at Third
San Francisco, Calif.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Write for free catalog

reasonable man could refuse—an offer to prohibit smoking in all save the last car of each train. Pease was not a reasonable man. “It was only half a loaf,” he would often recall later, with little or no encouragement, “but even as I rode the elevated to the public hearing I could think of no reason for rejecting it. Then, when I got off the train, a voice spoke to me as from a burning bush. ‘Look at the motorman,’ it said. ‘Look at the motorman.’ I did, and my enemies were delivered into my hands. My station was the end of the line and the motorman, the control lever in his hand, was walking from the first car to the last. I saw that he was not going to turn the train around for the return trip. He was simply going to operate it from the other end and on the journey uptown the last car would be first and the first last. There were only three cars on the trains of those days, so this meant that all the cars except the one in the middle—that sweet oasis—would soon be filled with the vile stench and debris of the tobacco fiends. We got our law, of course. Who could deny Him?”

Dr. Pease was one of the few doctors active in no-tobacco whose title was authentic. He was both an M.D. and a D.D.S. and it was probably this eminent background that saved him from the physical violence his behavior so often invited. At a dinner of the Men's League for Women's Suffrage in 1912, he went from table to table snatching cigarettes and cigars from the guests' mouths. Some left and others relit, but no one hit him. For years he personally enforced the law against smoking in the subway. When he couldn't tell whether a cigar was actually lighted, he would knock off the ash with a folded newspaper. If a spark glowed, he led the culprit to a policeman and demanded his arrest. Later, when tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate were added to his stable of poisons, he would walk through Central Park snatching Hershey bars from children. Mothers or nurses usually called the cops, but the cops wanted nothing to do with him. They would rather buy the child a fresh candy bar than listen to the doctor's harangue at the station house.

Pease's list of proscribed items grew with the years, and for reasons that frequently left his disciples in the dark. His disciples were organized into the Non-Smokers Protective League of America and not a few of its members found themselves fighting corsets and coffee and sirloin steaks when all they really wanted was less tobacco smoke in public places. Their leader always explained. Corsets were bad because they restricted circulation. Sirloin steaks were bad because sirloin was beef, beef was meat, and Dr. Pease was a vegetarian. Tea and coffee and many soft drinks contained theine. Chocolate and all its derivatives,

including Hershey bars, were bad because they contained theobromine and the Salvation Army was wicked because it gave coffee to the troops and spoiled their aim. Tammany Hall was corrupt and refused to outlaw smoking on the streets. Artificially flavored lollipops contained a habit-forming drug that enriched the manufacturer by enslaving the child. Capital punishment was bad because it dispatched criminals before they could renounce the tobacco that led them into crime.

So it went, and with all these enemies it is surprising that Pease had any friends, but he had thousands. Many of them were reporters. Reporters loved him personally and as copy and they demonstrated their affection by constant baiting. Pease was always available to those seeking redemption, and his admirers on the night shift would sometimes keep him on the telephone until dawn to bolster their will as they “fought the craving for the weed.” Charles MacArthur, the playwright, was particularly adept at this. He would call Pease, sometimes from as far away as Chicago, to plead piteously for “One puff, doctor! Just one puff!” Dr. Pease would be adamant against even this small concession, but he was so kind and concerned that MacArthur's conscience would hurt him for days. On one occasion he was so contrite he actually contemplated giving up smoking. Nothing came of this high resolve, mainly because MacArthur shared with other reporters a sneaking belief that Dr. Pease *must* be pulling their legs as assiduously as they pulled his. He wasn't. When he told them that President McKinley, as a smoker, was a greater criminal than the man who assassinated him, he was expressing his sincere belief. And when he said that he personally knew a horse that had jumped off a cliff in hysteria after inadvertently eating some tobacco leaves in its hay, he was not joking. He never told a joke in his life—nor saw one.

This lack of humor was the hallmark of antitobacco. The only remark approaching the jocular in all its history was Horace Greeley's reference to the cigar as “a flame at one end and a fool at the other,” and scholars suspect that Greeley stole this line just as he stole the more famous “Go West, young man” from an editorial in the *Terre Haute, Indiana, Express* by John Babson Lane Soule. Its dourness has cost antitobacco dear, but no one ever bled so profusely from its lack of humor as did the late Richard John Walsh, a writer, editor and parodist. Mr. Walsh suffered, for a parodist, the fate worse than death: He wrote a parody of no-tobacco tracts that was so close to reality the parodied themselves embraced him as their own. His take-off, *The Burning Shame of America*, appeared as “a labor of love of a devoted band of women and men of

the No-Nicotine Alliance, founded at Illyria, Illinois, on a lovely spring day in 1924,” and it was described on the title page as a “handbook of easy reference for speakers and organizers against the evils of tobacco.” To Mr. Walsh's horror, that is precisely how it was accepted. His “Primrose Pathfinders,” rhymed slogans, were recited by the very people they sought to burlesque. “To keep our glorious nation clean/Stomp out the viper nicotine!” was considered especially suitable for songfests, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the house when the speaker gave out with “Besotted father who defiled/The air around his helpless child.” Dr. Pease himself plugged two of them—“Vile men who smoke upon the street/Are not the kind I care to meet” for young ladies, and “The butt by wanton smoker tossed/Has kindled many a holocaust” for firemen and conservationists. In addition to poetry and some splendid homilies in prose, Mr. Walsh provided invaluable economic data for domestic use. Outstanding were his bald statements that “the lumber wasted annually on matches to light cigarettes would build 5000 homes” and “a man who smokes ten cigars a day can become a millionaire in his old age by giving them up.” And if such tugs at the purse strings didn't make a husband abstain, he could usually be brought to heel with Mr. Walsh's concluding paragraph. “Worst of all,” he says, “is the smoky odor that hangs about the house. It gets into the lungs of the whole family, prejudicing them to all kinds of diseases; makes it impossible for them to enjoy the pure air, the smell of flowers, rubber plants and ferns, and the perfume that mother sprays about her boudoir. In many smoking houses it becomes necessary to open the windows at night to let out the vapors of tobacco, thus exposing the family to the dangers of drafts and the risky night air.”

There is little market for such material today, but it will doubtless be revived if the Surgeon General's report should join the *Counterblast* and those troublesome old ladies of the Irish dispensaries. Such material was still being used during the Forties, and Mr. Walsh may yet find himself standing shoulder to shoulder with James I and Lucy Page Gaston in the bright galaxy of no-tobacco. It will be an honored place, but it will be three steps to the rear of the incomparable Pease. For who but Charles Giffin Pease, told that a woman who had smoked since childhood had just died at 106, could make the reply that shines as a beacon in the deadpan literature of antitobacco? “What a shame!” he cried. “What a dreadful shame! Who knows to what a ripe old age she might have lived had it not been for that death-dealing weed.”



John
Dempsey

"Thank you, my dear."

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.

College Hall Sports Coats	13
Cone Corduroy (Levi's Slacks)	53
Contact Slacks	155
Dan River Shirts	25
H.I.S. Slacks	2
Honda	44
Interwoven Socks	3rd C
Jantzen Sweaters	16
Levi Mark I Slacks	35
MG Auto	1
Osterizer	14
Robert Reis Menswear	28
Sony Stereocorder 260	36
Yamaha Sportcycles	131

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

PLAYBOY



- ☐ 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.
HH

NEXT MONTH:



CHARIOT OF FIRE



MOREAU MYSTIQUE



PIGSKIN PREVIEW



HEMINGWAY

"AFTERNOON IN ANDALUSIA"—THE WRITER AND THE MOVIE STAR LOOKED FORWARD TO PARTICIPATING IN THE SOPHISTICATED *TIENTA*, BUT WEREN'T PREPARED FOR THE BARBED COURTESY OF THEIR PUNCTILIOUS HOST—BY **ROBERT RUARK**

PETER O'TOOLE, THE FIERY IRISH FILM STAR, DEFIES THE CONVENTIONS IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY NOTED CRITIC **KENNETH TYNAN**

"CALL THEM MADAM"—THE HIGH LIFE AND TIMES OF CHICAGO'S EVERLEIGH SISTERS, PROPRIETRESSES OF AMERICA'S MOST OPULENT PLEASURE PALACE—BY **IRVING WALLACE**

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—PRE-SEASON PICKS FOR THE TOP COLLEGE TEAMS AND PLAYERS—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"THE MOREAU MYSTIQUE"—AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** PICTORIAL FEATURE ON **JEANNE MOREAU**, FRANCE'S BROODING, BEGUILING CINEMACTRESS

"HORSEING THEM IN WITH HEMINGWAY"—RECOLLECTIONS, NOT ALL OF THEM ROSY, OF A FISHING EXPEDITION WITH PAPA AND JOHN DOS PASSOS—BY **ARNOLD GINGRICH**

"CHARIOT OF FIRE"—AN IRONIC TALE OF HOLLYWOOD ANGST AND ROMANCE, WHEREIN A CUSTOMIZED CAR PLAYS A POTENT, IF SYMBOLIC, ROLE—BY **RAY RUSSELL**

"THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA"—PART FIVE: THE LEGENDARY SEX STARS OF THE ROARING TWENTIES—BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT** AND **HOLLIS ALPERT**

"BYE-BYE STICK SHIFT"—IN THE LIGHT OF CURRENT AUTORACING RESULTS, OUR AUTOMOTIVE AUTHORITY PROPHESES THE FATE OF FOUR-ON-THE-FLOOR—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

"SATURDAY NIGHT WITH GENGHIS KHAN"—OUR LENS-MAN IS ON THE MOVIE SET AS THE VERY MODEL OF A MONGOL MAJOR GENERAL FILLS HIS OUTSIZED BATHTUB WITH A STEAMY ARRAY OF SLOE-EYED, SEXY ORIENTAL BEAUTIES

"BACK TO CAMPUS"—CLASSIC REVIVALS AND NEW DIRECTIONS IN ATTIRE AND APPURTENANCES FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR—BY **PLAYBOY** FASHION DIRECTOR **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"THROUGH A WINEGLASS HAZILY"—A STAGGERING ACCOUNT OF ONE OF THE WETTEST JUNKETS IN THE HISTORY OF FREELOADING SHINDIGS—BY **EDWARD B. MARKS**

Why wear black in the afternoon?

Choose socks that show a little imagination while showing no leg.

Ban-Lon® O.T.C. (over-the-calf) socks in new businesslike patterns and colors.



They never fall down on the job.

Pin dot stretch-knit of 70% Ban-Lon® nylon, 30% Dacron® polyester with spandex in top. Regular fits men up to 6 ft. Tall fits men over 6 ft. \$2. Another fine product of  Kayser-Roth.



Interwoven®
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

GALA
BICENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION

WINSTON TASTES GOOD
• LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD •

Pardon us for drumming it in:

Winston
KING SIZE
FILTER CIGARETTES
FULL RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR

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

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