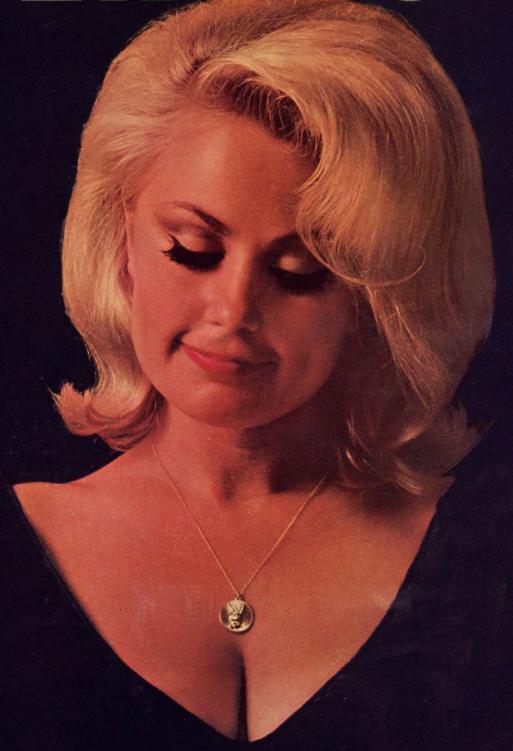
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

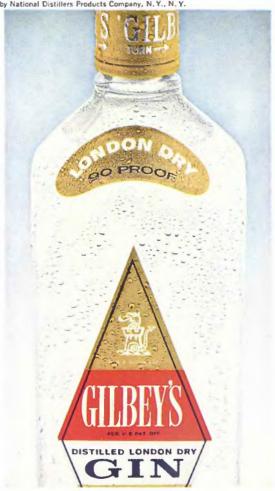
SEPTEMBER 1965 . 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



AN IRREVERENT INTERVIEW WITH PETER O'TOOLE • OUR ANNUAL PIGSKIN PREVIEW THE LEGENDARY SEX STARS OF THE TWENTIES • GAHAN WILSON'S MOTHER GOOSE ROBERT RUARK, IRVING WALLACE, KEN W. PURDY, RAY RUSSELL, ARNOLD GINGRICH



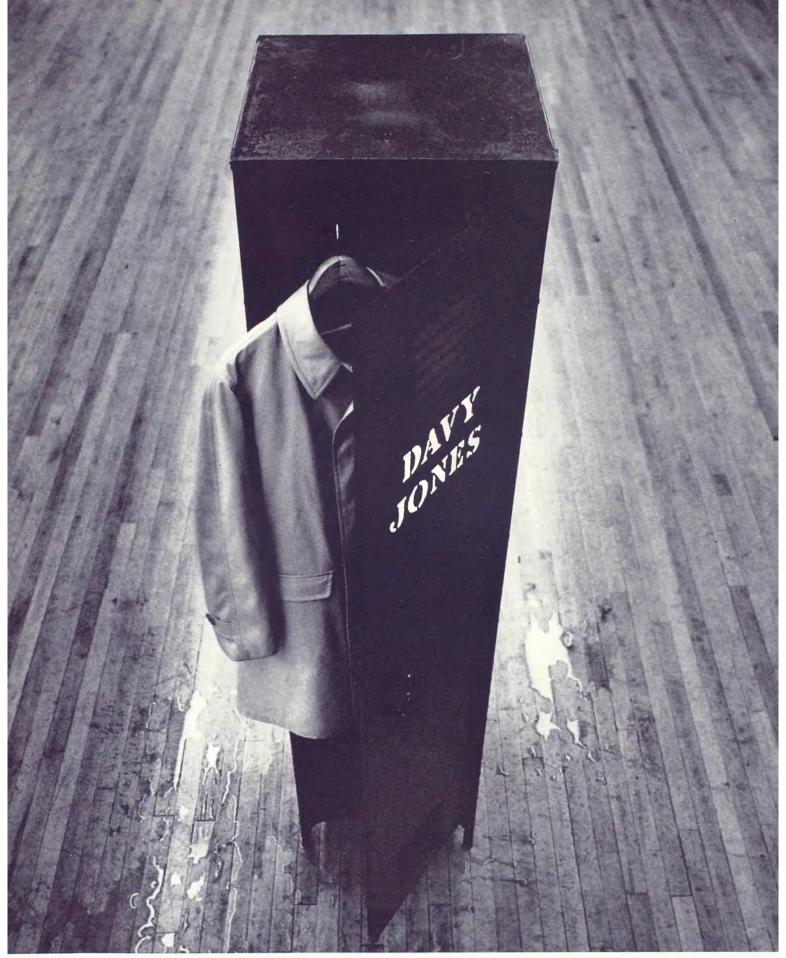


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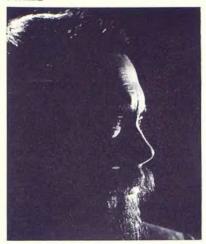


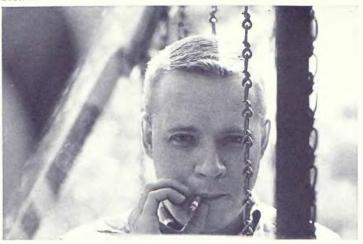
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WALLACE RUSSELL BUDRYS







THIS SEPTEMBER ISSUE, introduced by PLAYBILL THIS SEPTEMBER 1350-1 Smith in her fourth cover appearance, is our biggest (and, we think, our best) back-to-campus number ever. For undergrad and alum alike, we offer our annual Pigskin Preview which, for pictorial purposes, required logistical legerdemain of a high order. Twenty-two players plus coach had to be assembled in one place at one time from distant campuses in California, Florida, Louisiana. New York and points in between. The success of our Photo Department's Operation All-America is attested to by the unique gridiron shots herein. The success of prognosticator Anson Mount's predictions (his past picks rank him among the leaders as a teller of football fortunes) will have to be determined in the months ahead.

As this issue went to press, we were stunned to learn of the sudden, untimely death, in London, of Contributing Editor and good friend Robert Ruark. This month's Afternoon in Andalusia is our third and final Ruark short story with the character Alec Barr as its protagonist. All three will be part of The Honey Badger, Ruark's forthcoming novel for McGraw-Hill. Bob, only 49 at the time of his death, will be missed both

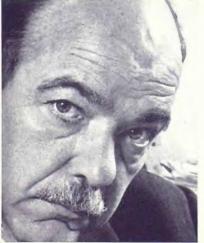
as a writer and as a gentleman without peer.

In our September lead fiction, Chariot of Fire, Ray Russell once more uses his home ground, Hollywood, as a backdrop for his cast of characters. Ray, at this writing, is heading for Africa to research a film. Irving Wallace, a part-time resident of Spain (he has a farmhouse on the island of Minorca) and longtime occupant of the best-seller lists (The Man, The Prize, The Three Sirens, The Chapman Report), recalls with fondness a pair of enterprising and engaging ladies, the Everleigh sisters, in this month's Call Them Madam, which will appear in slightly different form in his forthcoming Simon & Schuster book, The Country Gentleman. Wallace, who's in the midst of his next novel, The Plot, set Hollywood's fiscal seismographs aflutter by closing a seven-figure deal with 20th Century-Fox for screen rights to two of his novels. As a tribute to Wallace's top-drawer professionalism and ability to deliver, the money was paid to him before one word of either novel had been put on paper.

Dr. Alfred Kinsey, the man whose sex studies gave Wallace the idea for The Chapman Report, and the Institute he founded at Bloomington. Indiana, are described for the first time anywhere with reportorial thoroughness and objectivity in Ernest Havemann's The Sex Institute. A former editor for Time and Life, and a top magazine writer for almost two decades, Havemann, whose 1962 book Men, Women and Marriage drew on the work of Kinsey and other researchers, was Institute head Paul Gebhard's personal choice to do the piece for several reasons: Havemann's reputation for fairness and accuracy and his long and intimate contact with the Institute and its field of inquiry. As the writer most closely connected with the Institute, he has had access to its library of erotica, has worked closely with its staff since the Kinsey report on women in 1953. Havemann was the author of Life's muchacclaimed, in-depth study of homosexuality in the United States (June 26, 1964) and collaborated with Dr. Gebhard on a two-part summary of the Institute's just-published report, Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types, which appeared recently in the Ladies' Home Journal. Over the years, he has authored many pieces on psychology and psychiatry.

There appears to be some hope for peace in our time (at least in the world of journalism) when two presumed archrivals of the magazine world, PLAYBOY and Esquire, can get on so famously in 1965: The latter had a good-natured spoof of PLAYBOY in its August issue, in which we were joined with Reader's Digest to form Digest Boy, and in this September issue, PLAYBOY presents Esquire publisher Arnold Gingrich's entertaining memoir, Horsing Them In with Hemingway (which will appear as part of his The Well-Tempered Angler, to be published by Alfred Knopf). In it, Gingrich-who was Esquire's editor from its birth in 1933 until 1945 and has been its publisher since 1952-recounts some wild fishing expeditions in the Thirties with Papa and novelist John Dos Passos.

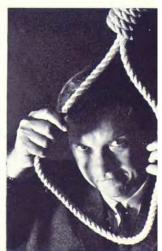
Also on the September agenda: Gahan Wilson's Mother Goose, bizarre cartoon twists on children's classics; William Pearson's Las Vegas-based The Muses of Ruin, which will form part of a novel by the same name to be published by McGraw-Hill; Sex Stars of the Twenties, Part V of Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's The History of Sex in Cinema; Algis Budrys' chilling fantasy, The Ultimate Brunette; and many other fact, fiction and photo features to fill the eye and mind, lift the spirit and fire the fancy.



GINGRICH







WILSON

PLAYBOY



Genghis

P. 153



Goose

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Moreau

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Campus

P. 140

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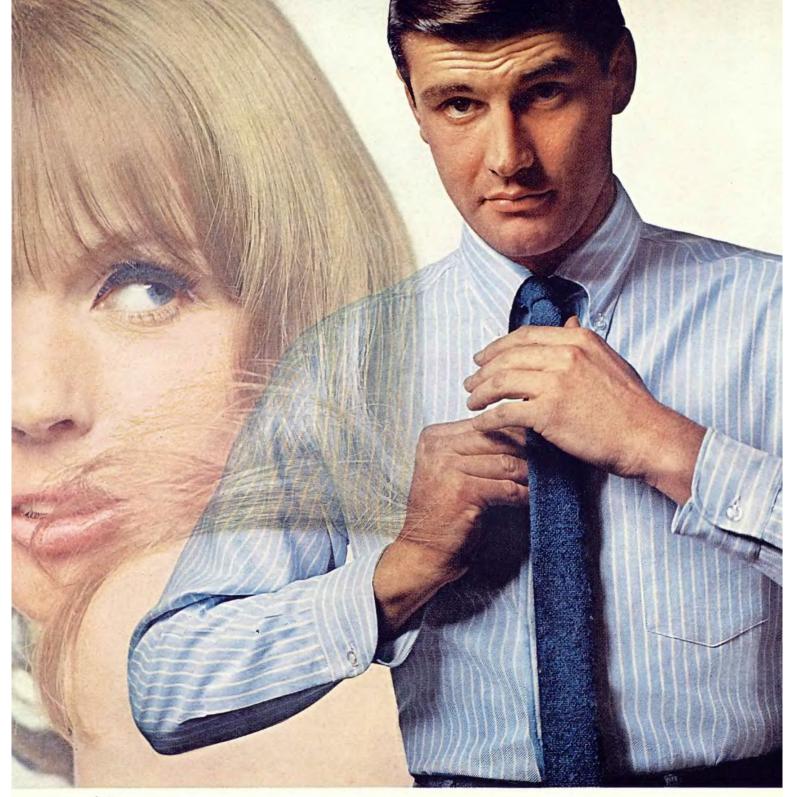
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In fact, shirt, let's start playing hookey right now. Hmmm?

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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LAWMAN

I wish to express my appreciation to you for the conversation with Melvin Belli in the June issue of PLAYBOY. It gave me a new understanding of this brilliant, courageous, witty man. Here, at last, is a man who did what he believed with all of his heart should be done. Many of us seem to "believe something should be done" about so many things. Few of us are willing to try.

Forrest J. Willingham Pompano Beach, Florida

Mr. Belli roared into Dallas as the King of Torts and sneaked out as the Court Jester.

> Kay Kayse Dallas, Texas

I was quite perturbed, after reading the Melvin Belli interview, to find that a man with what is unquestionably one of the great legal minds of our time has such a biased and narrow view of the integrity of his fellow man. It is disappointing to think that everything with which Mr. Belli disagrees becomes a "travesty," "outrageous," "incredible," a "scandal," ad infinitum, while everything with which he agrees becomes "incontrovertible evidence," "fact," or the "truth." I only hope that someday I shall become as infallible as Mr. Belli.

N. MacDonald Bruce, Jr. School of Law Southern Methodist University Dallas, Texas

Melvin Belli is not unknown to our profession. He is not only flamboyant, he is the most egotistical individual I have ever met. Nevertheless, and probably because of his flamboyancy and egotism, he commands the respect of thousands of American lawyers. We wish to congratulate PLAYBOY upon the presentation of Mr. Belli and his views. We take no issue with his remarks concerning (1) Dallas, (2) the trial of Jack Ruby, (3) insurance companies, (4) police officers and prosecutors. Our own experience indicates that his comments are accurate (although caustic), and our reading of newspaper accounts of the Ruby trial is sufficient to convince us that the protections guaranteed by the United States Constitution were left crumbled by Dallas authorities. Only the Belli interview could have topped the Beatles one.

Richard M. Huckeby Cisneros & Huckeby, Attorneys at Law Denver, Colorado

Your interview with Belli has literally fed my being. He is a guy I'd like to know. It seems to me that one of the rarest and most valuable human traits is that of awareness. He is real; to him, life and other people are real, too. Thanks, PLAYBOY. You've once again presented a meaningful, memorable interview with an important person. Your interviews are not equaled anywhere else.

Mrs. Susan Betz Hoskin Carmel, California

The most interesting thing brought out in your interview with Mr. Belli is his double standard—one standard for Melvin Belli and another for the rest of the world. Wire tapping is "morally, legally, innately wrong; it stinks of spying." J. Edgar Hoover is a dangerous man for advocating it. But the Belli firm employs it. H. Louis Nichols' act of giving an interview to the press after seeing Oswald was "unthinkable and unforgivable" because it "helped the Dallas establishment condition public opinion against any insanity defense by Oswald." And yet what effect on public opinion, and on any future trials of Jack Ruby, had Mr. Belli's outburst after the verdict in Ruby's trial?

Mr. Belli's seminars teaching lawyers, among other things, "how to sue malpracticing doctors," are very admirable. However, I see no mention of his teaching them how to sue malpracticing lawyers. I am sure that some defendants are occasionally convicted as a result of some lawyer's having made a mistake or having poorly prepared their defense. And the physical and mental damage the defendants suffer can be as bad as that inflicted by malpracticing doctors. I am sure that Mr. Belli would have much more success getting doctors to testify against one another if lawyers led the way by testifying against their fellow lawyers in cases of legal malpractice.

Mr. Belli advises law students to acquire some knowledge of medicine,

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surgery, surgical instruments, hospital paraphernalia, etc. Likewise, perhaps some of the courses in medical schools should be dropped and replaced by courses in law. Then if lawyers were made liable for mishandling a case, physicians could advise the patients when to initiate suit. For example, a psychiatrist seeing patients on death row, or seeing someone like Jack Ruby, might think they had suffered a lot of personal injury as a result of some lawyer's bungling.

I am sure that Mr. Belli speaks the truth when he says, "I probably know as much medicine as I do law." However, even my wife, who is a layman, knows that "amenorrhea" means absence of menstruation and not irregular menstruation.

Stephen D. Bourgeois, M.D. Evreux, France

Re your *Playboy Interview* with Melvin Belli: As a Texan warped by Texas newspaper editorials concerning Mr. Belli, it was a refreshing change to get to know the *real* "mad genius of the San Francisco bar."

Hermon W. McCoy Houston, Texas

After reading Mr. Belli's remarks about Senator Robert Kennedy in your June Playboy Interview, I felt a deep sense of revulsion at what I personally feel to be a wholly unfair, unjustified and undignified attack upon one of our nation's finest men. Mr. Belli pictures Senator Kennedy as an unscrupulous. unprincipled, little man, who would use the engine of government to his own ends. This type of character assassination does not speak well for Mr. Belli. As a lawyer, he should know that words can often do irreparable damage to the character and reputation of people, particularly those who serve in the public eye.

Bill Hennessy Urbana, Illinois

Being a lawyer for an insurance company, I've developed a sensitive ear for a phony story, and your June interview with Melvin Belli sounded like one. Your interviewer seemed to regard modest Melvin as some kind of national folk hero, instead of the biggest unmoored gasbag west of Lakehurst. I don't know what he was doing while Belli (who was probably trying to locate some more publicity-filled cases to screw up) was phoning Canada, New York City, Pittsburgh and the Virgin Islands. I do know that if he'd been reading a book Belli wrote ten years ago, called Ready for the Plaintiff, he'd have realized that a great deal of his candid conversation was warmed-over baloney. Many of Belli's quotes are lifted almost verbatim from the book which, dealing primarily in self-praise, was a flagrant violation of the Canon of Legal Ethics forbidding attorneys from advertising.





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Regarding his explanation for losing the Ruby case, it still seems incredible to me that any intelligent lawyer, however publicity-conscious, would attempt to defend his client by insulting the entire prospective jury panel and everyone else in town in advance of a capital case. At any rate, if those Texans really scared Belli, as he claims, he's apparently managed a full recovery.

William J. Regan New York, New York

I have read your brilliant interview with Melvin Belli and thoroughly enjoyed it. However, there is one legal battle Belli has won that you failed to mention, probably because it was very recent. It seems that the San Francisco Police Department raided the North Beach section of town and arrested all of the topless showgirls for indecent exposure and lewd conduct. The club owners employed Belli as their legal advisor and within a few short weeks the topless girls were acquitted and back in business. Another cheer for Mel Belli and PLAYBOY.

Pete Kalk Vallejo, California

Your interview with Melvin Belli is to be lauded. That jejune word game exposed this babbling hypocrite to even the most naïve of your readers, and revealed his elaborate windbaggery and rambling rhetoric. His criticism of Mr. Hoover and our FBI was especially objectionable, and like Mr. Belli's other charges, was based on emotional hysteria and not facts. As for Mr. Belli's use of the word "outrage" to describe Dallas, I think the term is more suitable to describe himself, for he is an outrage to this country's entire legal system.

Ralph P. Yates Fresno, California

Not only is Melvin Belli probably the most fascinating character you have ever interviewed, but the interview itself was one of the most informative and most well written of any you have done. I feel compelled to thank you for an insight into a very interesting and obviously intelligent individual.

Robert Berman Columbus, Ohio

Three cheers for Melvin Belli. The people who condemn him are the people who don't have his guts. Freedom of speech is one of our most treasured rights and it's about time someone took advantage of it. I'm not saying I agree with everything he says, but I do admire the way he says it. He is one of the few people who will stand up for what they think is right at all costs. As far as I'm concerned, he's not only a great lawyer, but a great man as well.

Sherrill Addis Cleveland, Ohio



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RUARK

I can't tell you what a delight it was to find your June issue graced by Robert Ruark's story Sheila, and what a shock it was to learn of his death soon afterward. Having been more than somewhat involved in World War Two (as an infantryman in France), I must say that Ruark's backdrop of wartime London brought back a wealth of memories, some fond, others tragic. My thanks to Playboy for printing something fine to remember Ruark by.

George Reid Boston, Massachusetts

We know you'll appreciate this issue's "Afternoon in Andalusia," Bob's last work of fiction for us.

SHE BOOM

You descrive most hearty appliause for the June pictorial of Ursula Andress. The fine photography, some of the best we've seen in PLAYBOY, coupled with Ursula's magnificence, produced a feature of taste and beauty. The feeling here is that you've done your best pictorial to date.

> Steve Malone Jeff Burtt University of California Berkeley, California

Not only is *She* lovely, in the June issue, but judging from the pictures of her smiling, she takes good care of her teeth.
Frederic E. Sibley, D.M.D.

Haverhill, Massachuseus

I congratulate Ursula Andress for being Ursula Andress, John Derek for being her husband, and PLAYBOY for being the means by which John Derek could share his treasure with the rest of the world.

Joseph Wood Middlebury, Vermont

Thanks for the pix of Ursula Andress, Ursula has what I admire most in a woman—a superb rib cage.

Charles L. Sords Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Sure, Charlie.

I recently read a spread on Ursula Undress (if you can call that reading) in PLAYBOY. I'd certainly hate to have her water bill!

> Phyllis Diller New York, New York

PRAISE FOR PIETRO

It's been too long in coming, but now that PLAYBOY has run its first story by Pietro di Donato [The Overnight Guest.]
June], all is forgiven. I remember the thrill of discovery I felt upon reading his Christ in Concrete many years ago and recognizing a unique writing talent. It still is: The Overnight Guest was superb.

Anthony Romano Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor Liz



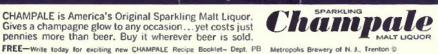
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SEX IN CINEMA

PLAYBOY'S June issue delighted me when I found it included a full-page picture of my mother, Colleen Moore, in a scene from one of her silent films. [The History of Sex in Cinema: The Twenties-Hollywood's Flaming Youth.] I'm sure it isn't often you receive a letter from somebody telling you how much he enjoyed seeing his mother's picture in your magazine. In any event, I was delighted and I'm sure she will be, too, when she receives a copy in Paris, where she is spending the summer.

> Homer Hargrave, Jr. Homer Hargrave & Co. Chicago, Illinois

I was quite surprised, when reading The History of Sex in Cinema by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, to find that nothing of its kind had ever been published previously-at least to my knowledge. I think that Knight and Alpert have done a remarkable job, as far as I can see from reading the first three installments in the series, in depicting some of the goriest details of the sex life of the movies and the people who make them. They are to be congratulated.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D., Executive Director The Institute for Rational Living New York, New York

I'm jealous of Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert because they're doing-and so damn well-what I had hoped to do a few years ago. My work was to have been primarily pictorial-titled Love for Sale -A Pictorial History of Love and Sex in Cinema. By the time it appeared, it had been edited strenuously and published as Screen Lovers, a properly innocuous title for the bland remains of the original.

But please, Hollis and Arthur, when you get to the Thirties, don't neglect Sylvia Sidney, who had an earthy passion-real sex that put most of those glamor girls to shame. Of course, they mostly wasted her in tenement-girl roles, but there was more sex in any love scene of hers-from You Only Live Once or Merrily We Go to Hell, for instancethan in a whole screen full of undraped Goldwyn Girls.

John Springer John Springer Associates New York, New York

There is much to be said for the relatively objective treatment of The History of Sex in Cinema by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert. After all, one man's sexpot may be another man's sleeping pill, and with sex, above all other subjects, facts are always safer than truths. Nonetheless, I must take issue with the Messrs. Alpert and Knight over their neglecting to mention Louise Brooks and Evelyn Brent in whole paragraphs consecrated to the mediocrity of Clara Bow. Nor do I approve of the familiar

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slander of Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh as Victorian actresses supplanted erotically by Theda Bara. This is like arguing from the evidence of pinup archives that more pulses were quickened in the Forties by Betty Grable than by Ingrid Bergman and Jennifer Jones. The point is that, in the anonymous darkness of the cinema, we secretly covet the beautiful more than the salacious. Finally, I am disappointed that Alpert and Knight failed to track down and destroy the vicious rumor that Theda Bara was really William S. Hart in drag, or, as the degenerate Romans used to say,

Andrew Sarris
The Village Voice
New York, New York

FEET IN MOUTHS

"Cave campem."

We are all in agreement that the feet used to illustrate Murray Teigh Bloom's Hows and Whys of the Perfect Murder in the May issue must belong to a pretty young female under 23, under 118 in weight, probably a secretary, who doesn't walk too much and who must be pretty well familiar with proper foot care. Three of us say that she's a blonde, two say a redhead, and two say she's dark-tressed. Can you show us the face and figure that go with those pedal extremities in some future issue?

The Seven Sole Soothers Second Floor Clinic Ohio College of Podiatry Cleveland, Ohio

No, but we can tell you that "she" is 6'1", 175 pounds, wears her blond hair in a crewcut and answers to the name of Norman.

ON TAP

William Iversen's statement "Burton brew was indeed fit for a queen," in his Keg o' My Heart article in your June issue, might lead readers to believe that there is no longer a Burton brew, let alone one fit for a queen. Bass, which Iversen acknowledged as a famous beer, and its stable companion Worthington, are still brewed at Burton, where we have been brewing since 1777.

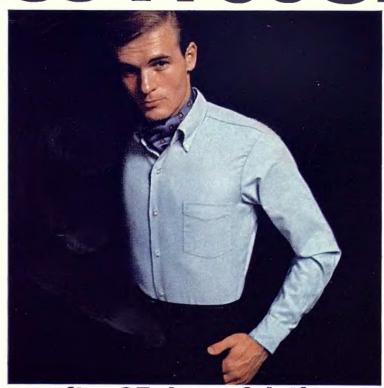
P. M. Davis, Secretary Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton, Ltd. London, England

Re Keg o' My Heart: I must say that I started reading Mr. Iversen's article with a vague idea that I would get through two or three paragraphs and get lost in "dry" history. Not so. I found his writing as bubbling, smooth and delightful as his subject. Let's drink to Mr. Iversen.

R. M. Callison Washington, D.C.

Iversen may have done too much practical research in his subject. Tell him that *Hiawatha* and the *Kalevala* are in

Actual unretouched photo of the h.i.s. Press-Free Shirt



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trochaic tetrameter and not in iambic pentameter,

B. R. Gambrinus New York, New York

From the depths
of borough Brooklyn,
By the shining Manahatta,
Comes Bill Iversen's "Excuse me,"
A trochaic-limned "Excuse me."

FAT CATS

Robert Morley (In Praise of Obesity, PLAYBOY, June 1965) is incorrect in asserting that "unlike other minorities, we [fat people] cannot in all fairness demand a council for our advancement, a society dedicated to our care and protection." He is wrong, I say, for last February a number of us here at Princeton took matters into our own hands and, in fact, did establish just such an organization: The Butte & Bellye Society. The avowed purpose of our group is, of course, to recognize widespread achievement on the part of the truly big men on campus. Needless to say, we have thus far had broad success in our endeavors. At present, we are interested in spreading ourselves even further; that is to say, we welcome inquiries from parties on campuses throughout the country eager to obtain charters of their own. Our motto, by the way: "Let It All Hang Out!"

P. Thomas Benghauser, President The Butte & Bellye Society Princeton University Princeton, New Jersey

PLAYMATE CANDIDATE

I've noticed that most of your Playmates seem to come from the big cities. Is there any chance of a small-town girl



who doesn't know any important prolessional photographers (this photo was taken by a friend) becoming a Playmate? Dinah Willis

Hobbs, New Mexico

A very good chance, Dinah. A member of our Photo Department will contact

you to arrange for a test shooting at the Playboy Studio.

CRUISING

I was particularly impressed by your June article Cruising. This incident could have happened in any "less respectable" white community. I attend college in the racially troubled section of Rochester, New York, and my home is located in a community that has but a handful of Negro families. The same incidents that occur in Rochester, or in the city on which the article is based, also occur in the white community in my home town.

One of the officers in the piece referred to the Negro woman as a "black-assed nigger bitch." Another officer referred to the Negroes as "animals." How in God's name are we going to live in peace with the Negroes if we refer to them as the officers did? The only thing that is really different among the races is the pigment of their skin. When are people going to realize this? We have treated the Negro as an inferior (that's putting it mildly) ever since he came to America. It's about time the white populace shaped up.

D. Johnston Rochester, New York

I have just finished reading Paul Jacobs' Cruising in my June PLAYBOY. I'm sorry he didn't have time to tell those respectable colored citizens that he is for civil rights. After all, it really was that "burly cop" who caused their "justifiable" resistance to him by interfering in their business. They were only violating the law by cursing and fighting on a public street, and everybody knows that they have an equal right to do that if they want to. If he was worried about the ugly looks they gave him, he should have carried a sign stating that he is for violence and against the police, then they would have known he was on their side. I wonder, if they had attacked those two policemen before they could radio for help, if he would have tried to help the police or the mob.

No. I'm not prejudiced against Negroes. The sooner these patriots of freedom realize that there is a difference between a Negro and a nigger, the better off they will be. A Negro is a member of the Negroid race. Many of my acquaintances and one of my best friends is a Negro, a lieutenant in this department, in fact. A nigger, on the other hand, is of a social class equivalent to what we down here call "Tobacco Road white trash" in the Caucasian race. No respectable Negro or white would associate with either a nigger or white trash. These are individuals whom we police officers, both colored and white, have to deal with and recognize as the main source of law vio-





530 • Soundtrack recording of Academy Award-winning score from Disney's new film classic for every family that enjoy being a family. Chim Chim Cheree, Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious, etc.



602 . Estrellita. to Lose, Tippin' In.



534 • La Virgen de la Macarena, The ToyTrumpet,others. 536 • Timothy, Lu-jon, Fallout!, Ex-periment in Terror.

460 - His biggest



545 • Red Roses for a Blue Lady, Good-night Sweet Dreams.

234 • His all-time best-seller! Day-0, Jamaica Farewell ©

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20 TOP TEEN TUNES 593 • He's So Fine, Walk Right In, Hey Paula, El Watusi.



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548. The man with the golden horn in Stella By Starlight, When the Saints Go Marching In, I Love Paris, Bourbon Street Parade, Poor Butterfly, Holiday For Trumpet, Stranger In Paradise, etc.



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DUANE EDDY

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William See



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604 • That Old Black Magic, Gypsy in My Soul, Love for Sale,

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Watiem Tell Dense Macabro Hungarian Dance Rp. 6 5 more

558 • 8 favorites by Brahms, Wagner, Rossini and others.



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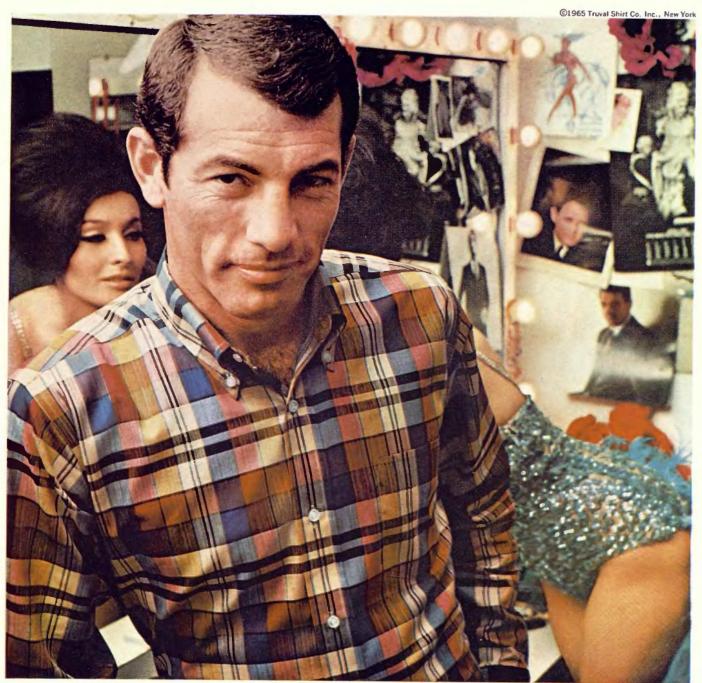
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lators. It is a statistical fact that most of the crime today is committed by niggers (not Negroes), so if Mr. Jacobs' "burly cop" sees fit to interrogate one that he observes in the wrong section of the city, he should be free to do so without Mr. Jacobs' criticism and implication that just because the man was a Negro he had to be questioned. "Frank, the burly cop," as Mr. Jacobs describes him, would probably have been just as anxious to question a white burn in a well-to-do neighborhood, be it colored or white.

If Mr. Jacobs wants to get the real view from a police cruiser, let him put down his pencil and notebook and strap on a gun every day for a living and try to protect the ungrateful public from the scum (be their skin black, white, red or yellow) that he and his kind look to as martyrs when caught by the police and heroes when they gang up on us.

Donald Duke New Orleans, Louisiana

PLAYBOY IDOL

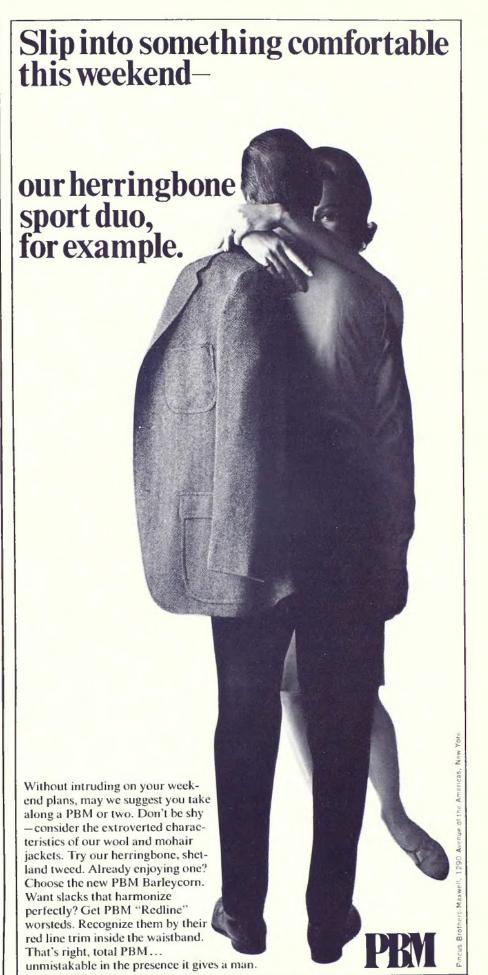
My eye fell on this familiar little fertility figure in the headman's hut on one of the San Blas Islands off the

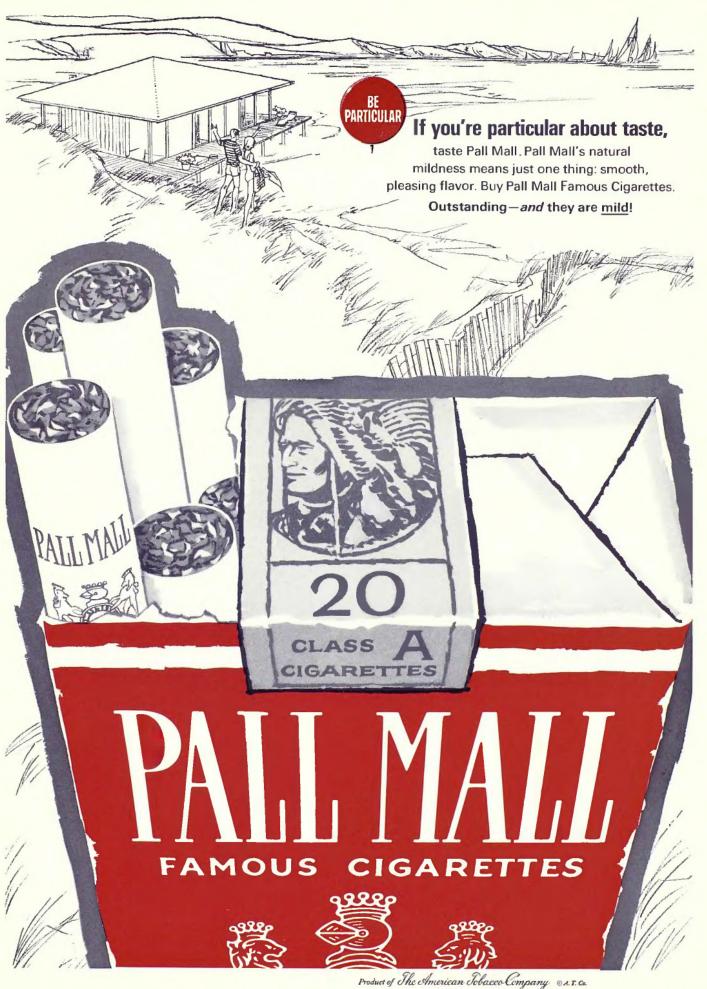


Caribbean coast of Panama. I was just disentangling myself from the headman's hanmock after sampling the charms of his favorite wife—by his invitation, of course—when I saw it in a niche above the hammock. He was loathe to part with it at first, but after I explained who you-all were and presented him with a couple of back numbers of the magazine, he was more than happy to give it up. As I left, he was installing the magazines in the niche where the idol had previously held sway.

Tom Davis

New York, New York
Our thanks to intrepid playboyexplorer Tom Davis and his San Blas
Island chieftain friend for this native
version of the Playboy Rabbit.





PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



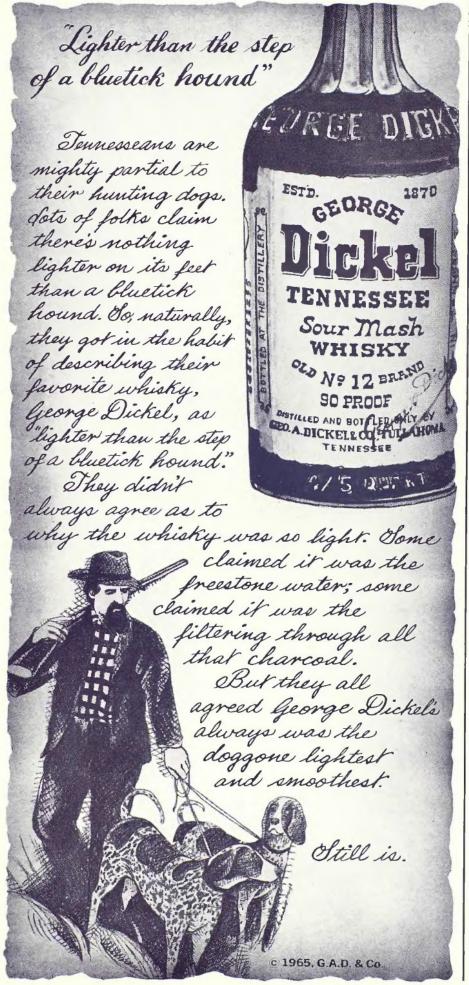
yamp, for the information of those C few who may not yet be with it, no longer refers to the manner, manners or shacking up of homosexuals, any more than it does to that quaint institution, a place in the country where parents can get rid of their kids for the summer. The word camp has now been appropriated by the heterosexual cognoscenti-to describe anything that's in laughably, outlandishly, irredeemably bad taste; so bad, in fact, that it's good, and/or so far out that it's in. Wedgies, Victor Mature movies. Forest Lawn. Lawrence Welk and souvenir ashtrays in the shape of the Statue of Liberty, for example, are all considered camp, because their quintessential squareness makes them almost a parody of tastelessness. But there's more to it than that. As Susan Sontag, a professor of philosophy at Columbia University, wrote in an article on camp for Partisan Review a few months ago, "When something is just bad (rather than camp), it's often because it is too mediocre in its ambition. . . . The hallmark of camp is the spirit of extravagance." Among the shining examples of camp she lists to illustrate her point are Aubrey Beardsley drawings, Tiffany lamps, the gory stories and headlines in the National Enquirer and stag movies "seen without lust." Another camp follower, writing for The New York Times Magazine, listed Barbara Stanwyck, Monopoly sets in Italian, stereoscopes and Busby Berkeley's movie musical Golddiggers of 1933 with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. In an aesthetic sense, it would be very "high" camp, as they say in the trade, to collect Brillo boxes and Campbell's soup cans as objets d'art; but a pop-art replica of either, because it was created as a conscious and deliberate satire of the real thing, and has earned the kiss of death of public acceptance, would be considered emphatically noncamp. Which is not to say that camp can't be intentional and premeditated or that something can't be camp if it's popular, Both Stanley Kubrick's nightmare comedy Dr. Strangelove and Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg's erotic farce Candy, for instance, rank high in the hierarchy of camp, though both were made with satiric malice aforethought and both were huge commercial successes.

Confused? If so, we refer you to an instructive cram course in camp that's been prepared, and will soon be published, by a trio of hip New Yorkers named Chris Dritsas, Michael McWhinney and Stephen Miller. Called The Underground Guide to Camp, it's appropriately dedicated to Tarzan, Jane, Boy and Cheetah, and begins with a random rundown of campiana: Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour, senior proms, lilies on condolence cards, Willkie buttons, Philadelphia, 3-D movies, BUY BONDS posters, the white cliffs of Dover, GOD BLESS OUR HOME samplers and the L. B. J. ranch. Next comes a Who's Who of camp celebrities to memorize: Kate Smith, Arthur Lake, Lois Lane, Mr. Kitzel, Dale Evans (but not Roy Rogers or Trigger), Snooky Lanson, Ilka Chase, Rudolf Friml, Yma Sumac, Mr. Clean, Nancy, Sluggo and Fritzie Ritz, and the entire Truman family. Mary Baker Eddy, in her day, was also very high camp, the authors note. But Rosemary de Camp isn't. And Bette Davis, Tallulah Bankhead and Madame Maria Ouspenskaya "stopped being camp the minute people realized they were." So did Flicka. And there are many things that might seem to be camp but really aren't, according to the guide. Among them: Phyllis Diller, old movie posters, female impersonators, Crawford, feather boas, James Bond pictures, Butterfly McQueen and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. It's very camp, however, "to eat franks and beans, to bring home a six-pack of Moxie, to reread Barchester Towers, to smoke Fatimas, and to whistle Wave the Flag for Hudson High, Boys while taking a shower bath." Mary Noble, Backstage Wife, is also camp, we learn, but Stella Dallas isn't. Neither are hot-water bottles, but bedpans are. Barry Goldwater, by the same token, isn't, but William Miller is. And Clifton Daniels isn't, but his hair is.

Tippi Hedren isn't, either, but her name is. Barbra Streisand isn't, but her nose is. And June Taylor definitely isn't, but her dancers are.

In the realm of geographic intelligence, we made note of the fact that Los Angeles is, but San Francisco isn't. And we plan to visit the following camp tourist attractions on our next vacation: the Panama Canal, Knott's Berry Farm, the Aleutian Islands and Grossinger's. The high-camp days—Ground Hog Day, Mother's Day and Purim—should be celebrated in gala fashion by "having Postum at Schrafft's." And the guide's skyhigh camp gift suggestions include a box of Girl Scout cookies, a mah-jongg set, a Betty Grable pinup picture from World War Two, a Captain Midnight decoding ring, a paperweight that snows when you shake it and a lifetime subscription to Family Circle magazine. As for one's own prized possessions, "if you have five of the following," the authors inform us. "you're on the right track": a stuffed elk, a Dr Pepper, a "cute" swizzle stick, a copy of Forever Amber, a refinished basement, a decaled turtle, a Wurlitzer organ, comedy-tragedy masks as decor, a 78-rpm record of the Andrews Sisters, and a chef's apron that exclaims "Come And Get It!"

Anyone who appreciates camp, the guide continues, should also join at least three of the following organizations: the P. T. A., the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the V.F.W., the D.A.R. (if you're a guy), the Brownies and the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. It's also camp to know: all the songs that were dropped from The Wizard of Oz, the entire introduction to the radio program Grand Central Station. Lady Bird's real name, how Catherine the Great died, what Olympiad we're in, that Frankfort is the capital of Kentucky and that Mrs. Richard Rodgers invented the Jonny Mop. But it's not quite camp to know that Ethel Zimmerman is the former Mrs. Ernest Borgnine. If you know what the "E." stands for in Thomas E. Dewey, however, "you're



higher camp than anything in this book."

The authors next quote a selection of immortal camp lines to live by: "The sun flew in my window and crept in bed with me" (Oscar Hammerstein); "Can a girl from the mining town of Silver Creek, Colorado, find happiness as the wife of a wealthy, entitled Englishman?" (Our Gal Sunday); "This is Mrs. Norman Maine" (Judy Garland in A Star Is Born); and "Let's not ask for the moon. We already have the stars" (Bette Davis in Now, Voyager). With a view to rounding out our cultural background, they then go on to list a few famous camps of yesteryear: dirigibles, marathons, conga lines, Kay Kyser. Lum and Abner, rolling pins and all of the Sitwells. The book concludes with a prophecy of things that will be camp in 20 years: royalty. discothèques, Disneyland. Scopitone, Vincent Price ("maybe") and the Seventh Commandment. The authors neglected to tell us whether camp itself will be camp two decades hencewe suspect not; or whether The Underground Guide to Camp is camp. We say it is-but it wasn't until we called it that.

Nice Work if You Can Get It Department: The following ad ran in the "Help Wanted" column of England's Birmingham Evening Mail—"YOUTHS for screwing, good piecework rates. George Burn Ltd., Rabone Lane, Smethwick."

Mad Ave Goes Nautical: An outfit peddling houseboats in Westport, Connecticut, where admen make up a large percentage of the population, calls itself Coastwise Marine.

Our man in London informs us that the offices of Britain's Timber Decay Enquiry Bureau are located on Wormwood Street.

For partygivers who like to plan ahead, we recommend the following recipe for eggnog from *Bon Appétit*, a San Francisco drinker's guide:

12 egg yolks

1/2 lb. sugar

I quart milk

I fifth light rum

I quart heavy cream

Beat yolks until light. Add sugar until thick. Stir in milk and rum. Chill three years, fold in whipped cream. Serve sprinkled with nutmeg.

Executives at Warner Bros. Studio in Burbank recently received business cards from the Hi-Ho Motor Hotel on Ventura Boulevard in Studio City, California. In addition to the motel's name and address, each card bore the blurb "SPECIAL SIESTA RATES 10 TO 6" in addition to an engraved drawing of the three

Looks like cashmere. Feels like cashmere.

Wears like crazy.
Costs like nothing.
Must be Gold Cup.

There's no sock quite like Gold Cup.
It's made for fun.
Comfortable. Luxurious.

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We make this buttery sock in no less than 41 different colors.

Heathers. Brights. Darks. Lights. Even whites.

\$1.50 buys a pair. If you don't have the name of your nearest store, we do.

Write. BURLINGTON GOLD CUP*







BLIMEY! Oo'd 'ave thought a shoe could look as bloomin' gorgeous as a golden pint of ale?



Ah, but "English Pub," our new leather brogue color, is just that. In fact, we discovered this perfect shade leaning our tweeded elbows on the soft, worn wood of 'Arry's bar in

Shropshire. The color is a tawny, woody tone with just a dash of bitters.

The shoes, of course, are soft, supple as

them-each with the air celled rubber cushion in the sole, the padded archlift, the special steel shank that makes a shoe strong and another cushion in the heel.

Now 'adn't you better grab a 'andful o' shillings and get your "English Pub" straight away. From 16.95 to 24.95.



the Cheshire Cat WEVENBERG SHOE MFG. CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN SHEET

stretched out on the bar, and they're crafted to coddle you as only Weyenberg can cobble Weyenberg Massagic

Funny, what women will do for men in Paris.

(a) They'll show their wild side to men in Paris Reversibles. Two-faced steerhide glove leather. Harness Brown, with the flip side Black. Heads you win. Tails you win, too. 5.00 (b) They'll need no introductions to men in Club Stripes by Paris. The colors catch the eye. They're bold. Like the women who admire them. 3.50 takes one home. (c) They'll warm up to men in Regimental Stripe Ribbons. Trimmed

with glove-tanned cowhide. Adjustable. Dish out some dash. 3.50 (d) They'll turn devilish for men in hell-for-leather Paris steerhide. Saddlestitched. Solid brass buckle. Hefty enough to do more than hold your pants up. 3.50 Fashion-wise swingers, the famous Paris College Advisory Board, voted these belts Most Likely to Succeed on Campus this fall. So you know they'll be perfect for your school. And

(b)

save the tag from your Paris belt! Send it with \$2 to Paris for a regulation-size (22" x 3½" x½") hard (ouch!) maple fraternity paddle with a leather thong. Beautifully grained and

finished. Shipped postpaid. Write: Paris Belts, P.O. Box 3836, Chicago, Ill. 60654. Please indicate your college or university.

PARIS' BELI'S

1

He owns a \$2,200 runabout and a \$75 English jacket, yet he wears \$4.98 Leesures.



He took one look at Lee Classics and said hang the inexpense. Why not? Lee Classic slacks dock at the best marinas. And wherever they go, they cut quite a figure with their tapered sea-legs and taut fit. Like the seaworthy Classic above in a rugged sateen of super polished cotton. Sanforized and Mercerized for lasting good looks and easy care. And notice how masterfully Lee Classics underscore that blazer for the smart

yacht-club look. Classics dig inland life, too. In Sand, Loden, Sand Green, and Black. Other fine Leesures from \$4.98 to \$7.98. Pipe 'em aboard.

Leesures by Lee H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City 41, Mo.

monkeys who speak no evil, see no evil and hear no evil.

Our award for Understatement of the Month goes to the Vancouver magistrate who, after handing down a six-month jail term to a 73-year-old prostitute, sternly told her: "There seems to be no hope for rehabilitating you."

The New Haven Railroad has plenty of critics, according to The New York Times, but none so scathing as a Cherokee passenger who told a reporter not long ago: "My ancestors used to attack trains like this."

Heart-warming theological intelligence: In Wabaunsee, Kansas, there's a house of worship that calls itself the Beecher Bible and Rifle Church.

We wish the best of luck to the party who placed the following ad in the classified column of Halifax, Nova Scotia's, Mail-Star: "WANTED-DOG-Male Preferred. Must be of Collie strain and be able to lip-read and be billingual. Apply: Box 3935, Chronicle-Herald."

Paternal Candor Department: Dr. Marshall B. Clinard, author of the definitive tome Sociology of Deviant Behavior, has warmly dedicated the book "To my children, from whom I have learned a great deal."

As Shel Silverstein told us in his pictorial visit to Manhattan's Fire Island in the August issue, the denizens of Cherry Grove—a haven for the swishy set in the epicenter of that offshore elysium-are great music lovers, among other things. Atop the flit parade along the beach, he reported, are such sentimental evergreens as He's Funny That Way. My Buddy, Mad About the Boy, Just My Bill and I Enjoy Being a Girl. Unfortunately, he didn't have space for the rest of the top 20 favorites, so he asked us to list them here. Always happy to oblige: A Fellow Needs a Guy, Alexander's Fag-Time Band, Camping Tonight. Ain't Mince Behavin', When You Swish upon a Star, Simpertime, Ain't He Sweet, Gay by Day. We Were Cruising Along, Ma. He's Makin' Eyes at Me, For Me and My Guy, You're the Queen in My Coffee, Top Hat, White Tie and Heels. The Queerness of You, and that grand old standard, I Want a Guy Just Like the Guy That Married Dear Old Dad.

BOOKS

Theodore White's 1964 version of The Making of the President (Atheneum) is rather like the campaign itself-wordy. predictable and laden with piety. As if

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3

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1875-1876-1877

WOODY HERMAN



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1307







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The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$3.79 (Classical \$4.79; occasional Original Cast records and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

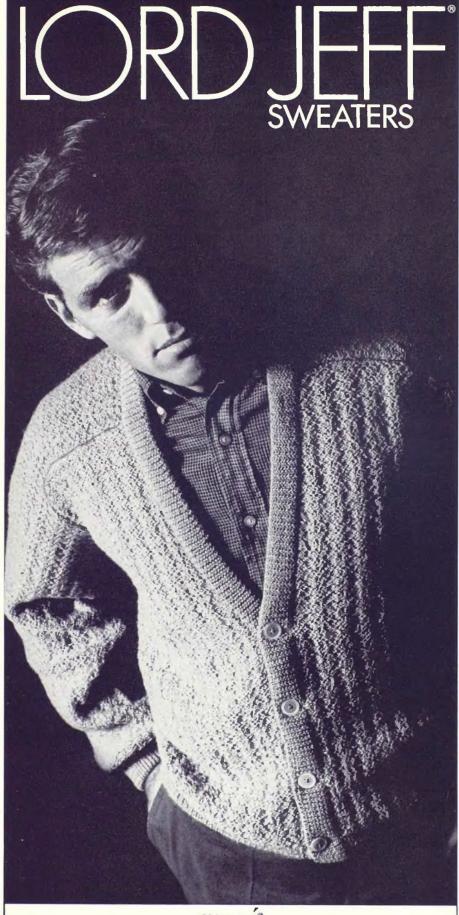
COLU	MBIA	RECORD	CLUB,	Dept.	226-3
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Name(Please Print)		Initial	Last Name
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2 SEND ME	THESE FOUR R		R ONLY 99¢

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3	SEND		RECORDS		

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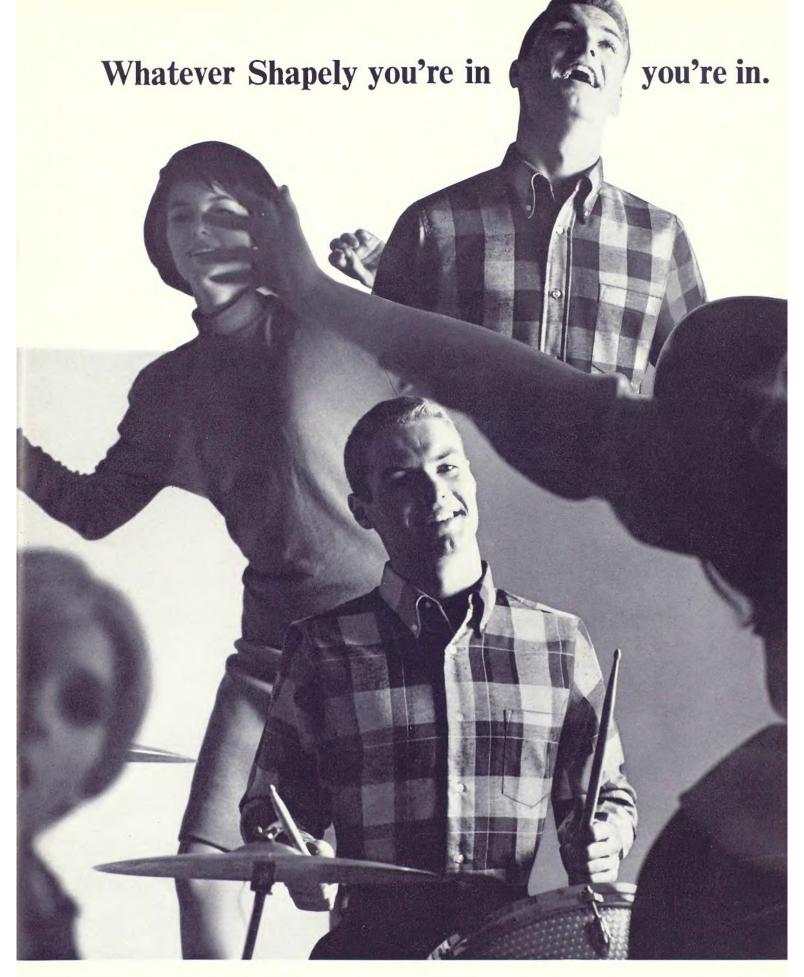
21-M8 APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer [21-M8] CANADA: prices slightly higher; 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ont.



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in parody of stylistic contrast between John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson, White's 1960 prose has gone slack. Rhetoric now passes for reportage. The new, unimproved White is capable of using the word "American" as a valueloaded adjective (as in "They made the wise American decision . . . "); of calling a campaign speech "excellent" or "one of the worst" without bothering to tell why; and of converting simple propositions into rococo profundities (thus the purpose of the American space program is "to gain a lead in mankind's first primitive probing of the galaxies"). A considerable portion of the book is really a White Paper on the civil rights movement, which he correctly sees as a ubiquitous backdrop to the 1964 campaign, particularly during the long hot summer in Northern cities. But he fails to describe either the source of the heat or its intensity. Indeed, one senses that White covered the New York City civil rights movement not from Harlem but from City Hall, where he easily identified with the Establishment. He describes Mayor Wagner as a man "who has done as much for civil rights as any elected official of the United States"-a notion that will certainly astonish Negro leaders who are still trying to crack the mayor's opposition to the setting up of a civilian board to review charges of police brutality. Whenever White stops analyzing and starts reporting, he generates some of his 1960 fascination-particularly at the level of political gossip. We are fascinated, for example, to learn that it was by order of L. B. J. that the Kennedy memorial film shown at the Democratic convention contained no clips of Bobby. Beyond such tidbits, though, there is little that amuses and less that illuminates. One notable exception is White's account of the Goldwater-Rockefeller primaries, in which he establishes beyond reasonable doubt that divorce and remarriage were Rockefeller's undoing. Sitting in the gallery while Rockefeller addressed a hostile convention, White observed "a tall, thin, blonde woman. her fists upraised and shaking, screaming at the top of her lungs: 'You lousy lover. you lousy lover, you lousy lover!" How did she know?

It is more than 30 years since James M. Cain first made it, and more than 25 since Edmund Wilson dubbed him the poet of the tabloid murder. He was that and then some. His early books reeked with tension, and the film versions stick in the mind as the best of their kind: Garfield and Lana Turner in The Postman Always Rings Twice, Joan Crawford in Mildred Pierce, Stanwyck and MacMurray in Double Indemnity. Granted, Cain wrote to a formula—wife and lover murdering the husband and then spiraling down into some twisted hell of their own—but each new variant.



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was deft and sure. Who can forget those agonized realizations that the female was deadlier by far than the male, that loverboy had been suckered for fair? Yet most of Cain's later work has made no mark at all. In his newest offering, The Magicion's Wife (Dial Press)-about a business executive in love with the sexy title character, whose mother has a letch for the executive-the trusted pattern is solid rust. Colloquialisms like "step out," "heel," "crumb," "dumbbell," "patsy," "spud," "wolf," "chaser," "dibs," give the book such a stale tone that we might be reading something Cain tossed into a bottom drawer several decades ago and, unfortunately, happened upon again. The once-electric style has come unplugged: clichés run amuck: "the coast was clear," "cash in his chips," "really did his stuff." "take the bull by the horns," "till hell freezes over," "in the soup." "You made my heart go bump," says a damsel with the hots. Worse, however, Cain seems to have lost his touch for the exactness of detail that melodrama demands if it is to remain credible. By way of an alibi, for example, the wife must be seen entering a movie theater, where she is known by both the cashier and the ticket taker, and then leaving at the end of the show. Once inside, she exits via a fire door. How she manages to re-enter without being noticed is simply glossed over. In the early books, Cain's people were so real that we began to perspire as they got sucked in beyond their depth. Here, they are only pasteboard, and it is they who get soggy.

"Money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly spoken of in parlors without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses." This quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson, of all people, introduces Growth Opportunities in Common Stocks (Harper & Row) by Winthrop Knowlton, vice-president in charge of research at Wall Street's White, Weld & Co. Mr. Knowlton relishes the world of common stocks, where immutable laws are mutated, and where investors' whims are as significant as price-earnings ratios. If your goal is to get rich quick, you will find his book conservative: "I believe that if you make an 8 percent return on your common stock investments over a period of years, you can regard yourself as having earned a fair and satisfactory return. If you earn 10 to 15 percent, you can be proud of yourself." One of the most important chapters for the amateur investor deals with the selection of a good broker. That this may not be as simple as it seems is illustrated by the following from the SEC: ". . . almost 28 percent of the 210 firms registered with the Commission during the first quarter of 1961 included no experienced persons among their principals, and over 50 percent of the firms were in the hands of persons

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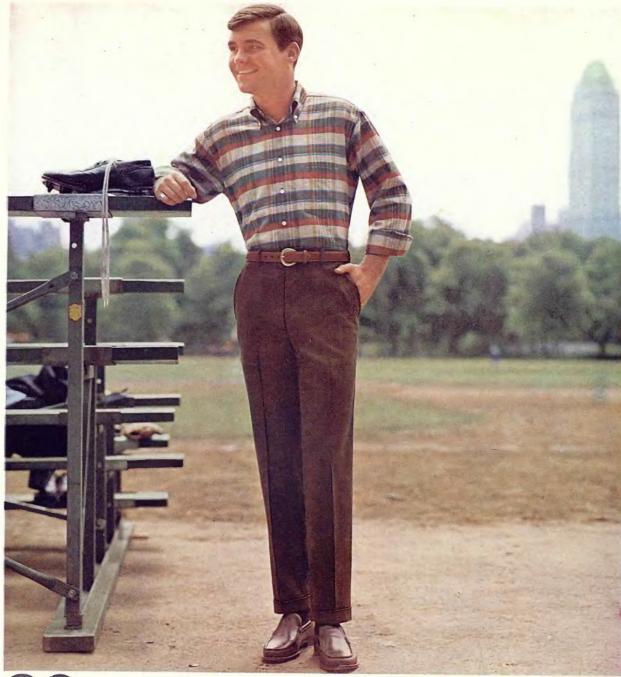
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with under two years' experience." Mr. Knowlton comes down hard on brokerage houses that lure the amateur with ads like WRITE NOW FOR OUR BOOKLET DESCRIBING 45 ISSUES FOR CAPITAL APPRE-CIATION WITH ABOVE-AVERAGE DIVIDEND INCOME. He observes, "If I could come up with just two or three issues per year that provided meaningful capital appreciation with above-average dividend income I would be happy." If you are thinking of joining the 17,000,000 investors extant, this book provides an excellent entree, though it does not quite refute the old saying, "The only way to make a killing in the market is to shoot your broker.'

The Human Comedy may or may not be getting less human (depending on which prophet you read), but it's certainly not getting any less comic, as Roy Bongartz shows in Twelve Chases on West 99th Street (Houghton Mifflin). The book consists of a dozen interconnected tales set on New York's Upper West Side, in an ex-nabob neighborhood now full of room ing houses for working people of all colors and with more than its share of weirdies of all colors. The hero (a comic term in itself with this guy) is Benny, a 40-plus parking-lot attendant. The thread through the stories is his pursuit of Flo, a skinny waitress whom he wants to make and, eventually, wants to make his wife. Benny always bobbles his chances, but the stories are worked for much more than Chaplin choke-ups. In his pursuit of Flo, considerable character is created for both of them, and a lot of other people come vividly alive: Ray, the Negro who breaks his neck and hates the hospital; Fredo, the ten-yearold who pals around with Benny: Phil, the shady parking-lot boss. It's a well-galvanized gallery. What Bongartz has really done is create one big supercharacter -the City, or at least this section of it: a squabbling, busy, harried, hateful but understandable and thus moving monster. Three of the standout stories are Gloria, in which Flo brings a gorgeous Negro sister-waitress to hide out from her boyfriend in Benny's apartment where the three of them spend a pathetic weekend: The Steel Ball, in which Benny, Flo and Fredo pretend to be living in an apartment in an abandoned building to help out Phil who owns the house; and Changing Places, in which Benny finally pops his marriage proposal. Bongartz has a sharp ear, sympathy, and the ability to see an orderly story in disorderly life.

Maurice Girodias founded the unique Olympia Press in 1953. Not only did it publish books in a foreign language (English in Paris); not only did it grab avant-garde books of quality that conventional publishers would not touch; but it also served as a kind of bank for

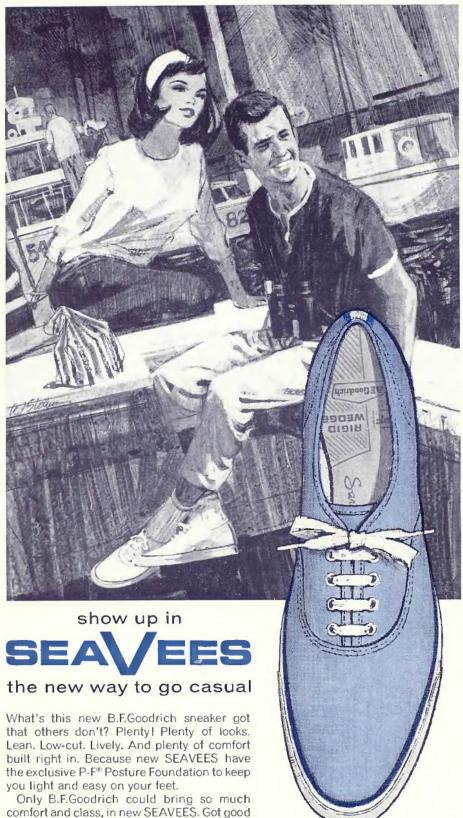


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expatriates—talented and otherwise where they could pick up a few francs by writing frank pornography under pen names. The Olympia Reader (Grove Press) is a steamy sampling of the Press' career, with an interesting introduction by Monsieur G., and with notes about each of the pieces, in some of which he plucks the plume from the nom de plume. One could dismiss Girodias as just another feelthy-book fellow if not for two things: First, many of his pornobooks are pretty good tongue-in-cheek: and second, he has published some genuine literature. The pornography by the pseudonymous scribes is designed for appeal to all tastes: Rabelaisian by Beauregard de Farniente. Indian by Ataullah Mardaan, Chinese by Wu Wu Meng: there are sadism, masochism, and more varieties of venery than Heinz has pickles, as well as funny-type fooling like Candy and Zazie and Fanny Hill. The other excerpts run from the dubious to the indisputably good, from William Burroughs to Jean Genet and Samuel Beckett, with waylays for Henry Miller, De Sade, Lawrence Durrell and others. No press, no matter how purple, can be brushed off if it brought out J.P. Donleavy's The Ginger Man, which is represented here, or Nabokov's Lolita, which is not represented because reprint permission was refused. Instead, Girodias supplies an account of his relations with Nabokov which shows that this superhuman author is as mortal as any. The whole anthology, though it sometimes pants and unpants a bit ludicrously, stands as a significant part of our times in literature and in life.

Woody Guthrie, spiritual father of Bob Dylan and all the other young, restless, topical folk-song writers, has been silent since 1952, when he was hospitalized with a progressive neurological disease. Now, Robert Shelton, folk-music critic for The New York Times, has edited in Born to Win (Macmillan) a torrent of his previously unpublished notes, essays, verse, maxims, lyrics and letters. There are tales of Woody's wanderings through this country and of his merchant marine experiences during the Second World War. There are celebrations of physical love, and prescriptions for the good socialist life. Guthrie was not a doctrinaire socialist. It was always difficult for him to generalize; he was drawn to the specific, to the man who preferred drinking in a decaying, dark bar because in the bright places "he didn't like them neon lights 'cause it shines in the girls' faces and made them look like they was dead corpses." Children absorbed him. Of his own, there was the quicksilver Cathy, the basis for many of the laughing children's songs he wrote and recorded. His description of Cathy's death by fire is the most painful section of the book. Yet even that loss

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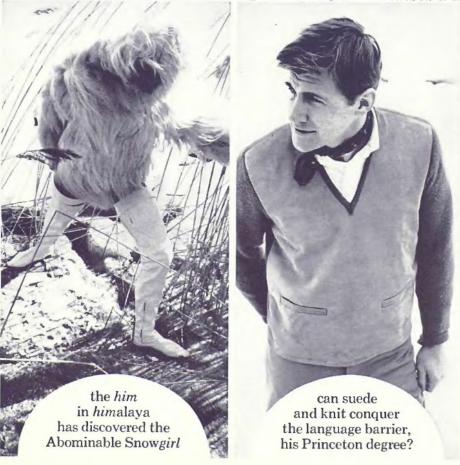


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couldn't keep Guthrie down. He was an incurable optimist—and the title of the book, Born to Win, is both the name of one of his songs and his credo. If Win has one underlying theme in addition to the perfectability of man, it is the importance of song. As this decade's civil rights workers have discovered, "Singing helps to keep you going. It might not be all that keeps you going, but it's a mighty powerful way of telling somebody that you aim to keep going." And no folk composer of this century has been a more powerful poet of his own and others' keep-goingness than Woody Guthrie.

Did you know that to lie with a buttered bun means going to bed with a woman who has just been enjoyed by another man? This delightful piece of information comes from a delightful old book, Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongues, which in turn comes from a delightful new book, The Golden Age of Erotica (Sherbourne Press) by Bernhardt J. Hurwood. Hurwood is the sex-conscious man's H. G. Wells. His book is an outline of erotic history in that golden age running from 1660, when King Charles II was crowned and took all his wenches to court with him, to the late 1870s, when sex had "become such a dreaded concept that even statues were deprived of their genitals." Hurwood flashes through all segments of erotica. from Joe Miller gags to exotic fads of the day, to books, theater (American whores reserved whole sections, using the theater as kind of a "sexual stock exchange"), even to magazines. A chapter titled "PLAYBOY'S Ancestors" reports that there was a magazine in 1785 England called Rambler's Magazine: Or, "The Annals of Gallantry, Glee, Pleasure and the Bon Ton: Calculated for the Entertainment of the Polite World; and to furnish the Man of Pleasure with a most delicious banquet of Amorous, Bacchanalian, Whimsical, Humorous, Theatrical and Polite Entertainment." One of Rambler's regular features was a directory of whores. Rambler's even had a philosophy of its own. "We have not flattered hypocrites and scoundrels," the editors wrote, "that we might share in their dishonest plunder. To unmask these has been our object . . . We have expressed that openly, which others did by innuendoes, and equivoques; we have made love our principal theme . . . and for this we have incurred the malice of a gang of reverent hypocrites." Author Hurwood points out that American eroticism took a different road from that of our English forefathers. The American puritanism turned morality topsy-turvy. As long as sin was loudly and clearly denounced, "It was perfectly permissible to tell any kind of story or paint any verbal picture. It was all right to stimulate the reader's imagination." And thus it remains in mid-20th Century America,

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with True Confessions, Peyton Place, Harlow, and a mass culture spinning still from the impetus of that early American sexual self-loathing.

A new contender for the international intrigue medal lately worn by Ian Fleming is James Munro, the pseudonym of an English college lecturer who has produced The Man Who Sold Death (Knopf). Munro, like Fleming, is writing of the end of innocence, of the new era in which CIAs, Special Services and smershes live by their own laws so that others may live or die. But Munro has installed a giant brain in the smooth James Bond machine, and added a halfheart and semisoul to John Le Carré's burned-out Leamas. A gunrunner to the Algerians during the death stand of the French generals, John Craig is marked for assassination by a fanatic plastique-thrower who employs torture and murder not for sadism's sake, but because these are efficient and so is he. Craig unfolds in the fashionable antihero manner through a style that is spare but not self-consciously so. And he engages, inevitably, in the personal violence that mirrors society's methods of solving vexatious problems. Craig is addicted to danger, but, like all addicts, he does not so much enjoy his craving as simply require it. Understanding these weaknesses and strengths and exploiting them artfully is Loomis, a British spymaster whose role is similar to that of M, Bond's manipulator, But Loomis, unlike M, is frankly inhuman while directing an inhuman operation. Contemptuous of the niceties of social intercourse, he is "a gross, sloppily dressed man" with "manic eyes . . . gangster, judge, detective; and all in one fat, messy parcel." Craig, clutching for the tatters of his soul, increasingly seeks absolution for his own misdeeds. "I killed him, didn't I?" he asks Loomis' lieutenant. "He fell on the wire." Absolution granted. In the end, however, as Craig's enemies die, so does that part of him that is not contained in flesh and blood. He is like the headlines, trapped in a ghastly march. and Munro has captured its cadence all too well.

Surely there is no figure in the history of world letters whose name has been so bandied about while his works have been so banned as Comte Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade. Everyone knows, generally by hearsay, of his vices, and now with the publication of The Marquis de Sade (Grove Press), a wider American audience has an opportunity to discover his virtues. De Sade had the courage to accept prison rather than sacrifice "my principles or my tastes," and it was during his years in the dungeons and asylums of France that he dreamed up the proudly perverse ro-

Slightly Higher West Coast



















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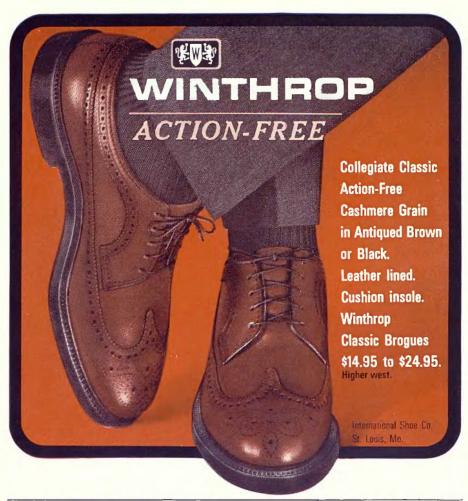
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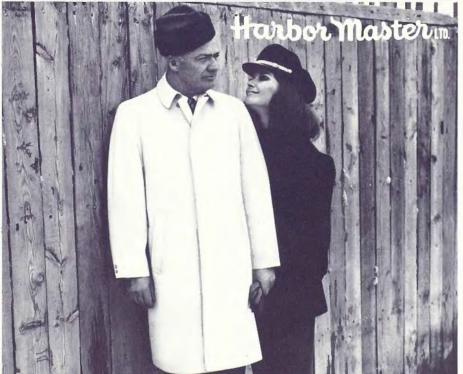


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mances and deeply revolutionary philosophical statements that have been burned by many and cherished by a few ever since. The present volume, intelligently compiled and translated by Richard Seaver and Austryn Wainhouse, boasts, for the first time in this country, the complete Justine. De Sade's most famous tale. It's told mainly by the beset lass herself, a virtuous maid, "the toy of villainy: the target of every debauch; exposed to the most barbarous, the most monstrous caprices; driven witless by the most brazen, the most specious sophistries: prey to the most cunning seductions, the most irresistible subornations." It is difficult to take the Marquis' expressions of indignation at poor Justine's treatment altogether seriously (he enjoys it too much), but the writing unquestionably merits more serious attention than it has received from those who have been either outraged or delighted by finding nothing in it besides a series of incredible incidents. Also included in this fat book is another "Moral Tale." two "Philosophical Dialogs" and several critical and biographical pieces. One need not belong to the cult of those who hail the Divine Marquis as the greatest religious prophet since Mohammed to be grateful for the long-overdue publication of the unbowdlerized works of a man who elevated perversity into a strangely noble style of life and pornography into authentic literature.

It was Michael Harrington's book The Other America that rediscovered the poor in America and helped set off the present "war" on poverty. In his new volume, The Accidental Century (Macmillan). Harrington's subject is much vaster and much more complicated. He describes it as "a hopeful book about decadence. It focuses upon death in order to understand the new life which is possible." What is dying are the old economic and religious value systems and mythologies of Western civilization. They are being destroyed by a sweeping technological revolution, now accelerated into cybernation. But we have "lurched into the unprecedented transformation of human life without thinking about it." without planning for it. Harrington's exploration of this accidental transformation is buttressed by critical analyses of the work and theories of seminal figures in the arts, social criticism, economics and philosophy-Thomas Mann, Dostoievsky, Freud, Baudelaire, Nietzsche, C. Wright Mills, Yeats, Ortega v Gasset. Without rational human direction. Harrington warns, we are moving toward an "inhuman collectivism" in which "the ideal of autonomous and choosing man will become a memory, like Eden." But he believes the accidental revolution can become "socially conscious of itself through a profound deepening of democracy": and this goal

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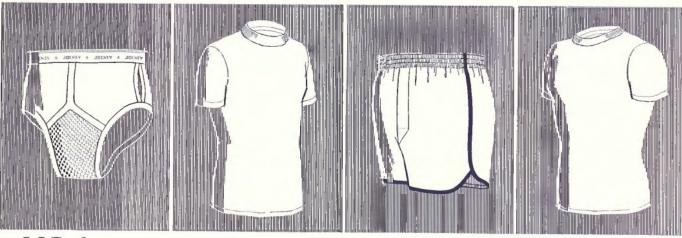


A. CLASS OF '66

B. VETERAN POLITICO

C. ALLIGATOR WRESTLER

D. PSYCHIATRIST



1. <u>し</u> 行 ® SLIM GUY* BRIEF

2. <u>にむむ</u> HI-NECK BO'SUN SHIRT

3. <u>にも</u>を TAPEREO SLIM GUY RACER

4. <u>にも</u>行金 TAPERED BRUTE SHIRT

Answers: (A-3) He's a big man on campus...a leader ... head of his class. It's no surprise that his underwear has pace-setter style. It's the new Slim Guy racer. Tailored for the new, trim, fashionable look. The shorter, tapered legs have new racing vents and contrasting trim. \$1.50.

(B-1) Though there's snow on the roof, there's still plenty

of *life* in the old boy. His vote is cast for new Slim Guy briefs, styled for men who think young. They give you famous Jockey support plus mesh-pouch ventilation, action side vents, high-cut leg openings. And they feel really great. \$1.50.

(C-4) No self-respecting alligator wrestler would wear anything but the tapered Brute shirt. It has all the quality features

of the classic Jockey T-shirt plus a new tapered cut to fit a guy without a paunch. Try it. You may not be an alligator wrestler, but you'll sure feel like one. \$1.50.

(D-2) He has blue eyes and brown hair, so naturally he chooses the hi-neck Bo'sun shirt with its action styling, longer sleeves, longer tail, and heavier body fabric. What have blue

eyes and brown hair got to do with choosing underwear? Don't ask us. He's the psychiatrist. \$1.50.

JOCKEY
MENSWEAR

How about wear match out during Month. Now

How about you? Which Jockey underwear matches you best? Come in and find out during Jockey "Meet Your Match" Month. Now at your favorite men's wear or department store.



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But it can also tell elapsed time anywhere. In the air. Under water. On good old terra firma. Anywhere.

It can take your pulse and respiration (which you might be interested in knowing under the appropriate conditions).

It's a yachting timer. It's a time-out watch. It can tell you what time it is in any time zone other than your own.

It's a racer's watch. (Built-in tachometer, you know.) It's waterproof*, shock-resistant, luminous.

And the way it starts conversations has to be seen to be believed.

Of course, the most incredible thing about it is the price. For \$100 you can make time or anything else you might have in mind.

*Provided case unopened, crown, crystal intact.

he calls socialism. Because of cybernation, abundance for all is possible, but it will be only if the management of the technological revolution is taken out of private hands and made subject to the democratic decisions of the majority. Then, with all routine and repetitious chores done by machines, "man can be freed for activity of his own choosing." As a socialist, Harrington does not want to "seize" power, but rather to transform it. How? Perhaps the means of accomplishing this trick will be the subject of a future Harrington book.

"Caviar emptor!" Sum scribtics wit of John Lennon's sirprizing fist cullsection of stormies, pombs and drangings, In His Own Write. Udders disgust the snories and poobs and dribbings as sift they meerily imijaded far butter and far smartists. Bad weather rejoycing or leary, must innervitably grave into the didly temptimitation to wit about the wirk in Lennon's hone nonsentice, wicktty, confamusing, butt sumptimes (aloss, too offan) simptly biffling and esoterribic linguage. Wee all sew plaid quilt. But from this point on we'll try to resist. At least long enough to report that Lennon's second bank-er, book-A Spaniard in the Works (Simon & Schuster), is at its best another dose of arsenickers at convention, at its worst merely moron the same. His biting average remains a steady .275, no Stan Muscle or Joe L'Maggination but good enough to stay in the league. An occasional hit ("the honeymood was don short," "it is just a face she is going through") and a lot of misses ("you'll have a nervous breadvan," "he turned the other cheese," "I find it recornered in my nosebook"). Unfortunately, these last examples are more representative-not puns really, but merely arbitrary changes in words, without incisive point or witty association. At times it seems that Ringo has been sneaking into his room in the middle of the night and changing the keys on his typewriter. Since every story depends almost entirely on its language (read straight they have little point), the reader spends as much time deciphering as laughing. It should also be noted that many of the stories and drawings, in their profusion of scatological imagery, not only submit to but demand a psychiatrust's analalysis-the book could almost be subtitled "Phallus in Wonderland," or "Finneganus' Wake." But when Lennon's admirers point to Joyce, no matter how modestly, they overlook a crucial point. Joyce, too, tore apart and reconstructed language-but with love, and for a purpose, to break what Valéry called the "beautiful chains" of language, to force it to express what must otherwise remain mute. But Lennon has no such love; his writing is not so much purposeful reconstruction as gratuitous mutilation. But perhaps-for it's becom-

"I WON'T WEAR A THING BUT TOWNE AND KING!"



says ELMER TWANG, game warden

ATHERTON, CAL., Aug. 18—A plague of quail has made a disaster area out of this pleasant hamlet. Millions of birds have stripped the landscape of every green leaf. Citizens begged for an open season on quail. No dice! Instead, the game warden imported 27 Siamese tomcats to scare the birds away. When last seen, the cats were ½-way to Las Vegas, with quail commandos on their tails. Wearing his new T&K cardigan 6-button classic—50% Peruvian Alpaca/50% virgin wool—the warden said, "How did I know those cats would chicken out?" His sweater, one of 7 great colors, 16.95.

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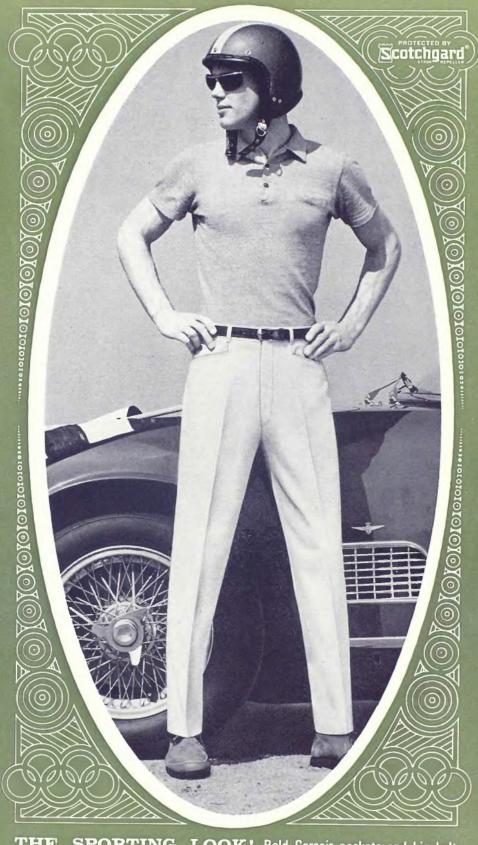
ing fashionable to take the Beatles very, very seriously-perhaps he has Wittgenstein rather than Joyce in mind: "My aim is to teach you to pass from a piece of disguised nonsense to something that is patent nonsense."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Mort Sahl once observed that Eddie Fisher really wanted to be Frank Sinatra, but that he'd have to be Peter Lawford first-because, cracked the comedian, there is no short cut to greatness. In the most flattering sense, something similar might be said of the "new" Nancy Wilson. She seems headed determinedly toward the summit that is Lena Horne by way of the knoll that is Diahann Carroll. Miss Wilson's sheer sex appeal cut like a laser beam through the male division of the celebrity-rich audience in her recent return to Los Angeles' popular Cocoanut Grove. On display was a glittering new act cooked up by arranger Luther Henderson and special-material writer Bob Hergert. Conceive, if you will, a tipsily freewheeling Beer Barrel Polka or a put-on medley of current Mersey-rock. This from Nancy? This, indeed. What's more, she sold it madly to a capacity crowd feverishly nibbling from her palm. The ballads, of course, were there. Who Can I Turn To, More and the nowadays seldom-sung If You Are But a Dream nicely paced Miss Wilson's hourlong opening show, but it was the "special" tunes that really soughtand found-acceptance. A medley, for example, of what Miss Wilson termed "The Emerging Songs-the new culture, y'know." turned into delightful spoof as she churned out-with appropriately frugish gyrations-A Hard Day's Night, I'm Telling You Now, Eight Days a Week and I Know a Place. For treatment of the material, Luther Henderson won plaudits. As chief implementer of devices musical, pianist Ronell Bright was outstanding-simpatico to every Wilson nuance, bend of phrase, note. At the droms, the singer's husband, Kenny Dennis, proved a true helpmeet. Down to her exquisite gowning, it is certainly a New Image for La Wilson. Onstage, Nancy is now fancy; her patter verges at times on the razor's edge of coyness. She remains, though, a songseller of powerful individuality and a super show-woman.

THEATER

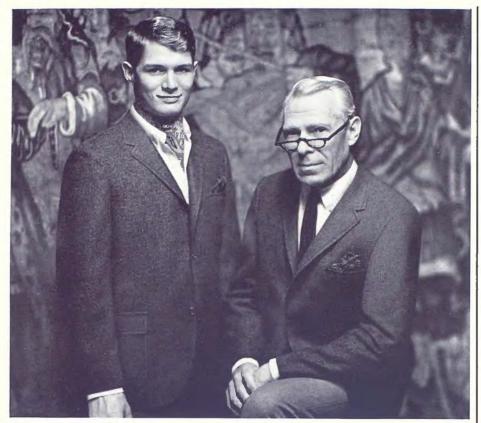
The same disconcerting facts of financial life that have plagued the Broadway theater are now very much part of off-Broadway's existence. The hit-or-miss syndrome (a show is either a hit or a hasbeen), endemic to the uptown stage, has wreaked havoc among even the most modest of downtown productions. Thus,



THE SPORTING LOOK! Bold Corsair pockets and big belt loops set off the trim action-cut of new LEVI'S Rods—the slim slacks for active living! The fabric is a handsome, heavyweight weave of 65% "Dacron" polyester, and 35% combed cotton. And these slacks will never need ironing-because they're LEVI'S Sta-Prest-the original permanent-press slacks!

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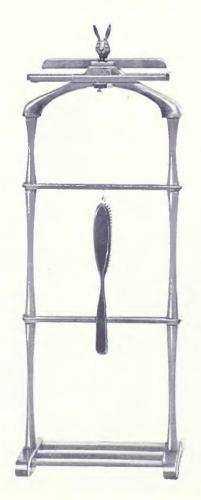
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the seeker after summer off-Broadway fare may find only three shows at his disposal.

The title of John Arden's Live Like Pigs is apt. The main characters are the inter- and overrelated members of the swinish Sawney clan, who have been dispossessed from their squatter life in a discarded tramcar and resituated by the British government in a five-year-old housing project with lights, running water, doors and other conveniences-all of which are unfamiliar and unwanted. The Sawneys can't stand their new home or their neighbors, so they wreck the home and reciprocate the patronizing advances of friendship with curses, insults and flying garbage. In a program note, Arden explains that he is not taking sides with either the Sawneys or their bourgeois neighbors. He is mocking both, and what they represent: outrageous individualism and smug socialism. Director David Wheeler's Theater Company of Boston has come to town with a woefully amateurish cast, which is not up to the author's intentions and makes up for its failings by overacting. At the Actors' Playhouse, 100 7th Avenue South.

Cole Porter's work spanned two World Wars and countless revolutions in fads and folk heroes. Porter was, and is, fresh, sophisticated, sleek, soigné and sexy. Someone ought to devote an evening to singing his songs and his praises. Ben Bagley tries; he has had the interesting notion of assembling a show from Porter's lesser-known material, such as Poor Little Oyster. The choice of numbers is admirable. Lesser Porter turns out to be not lesser at all-except, apparently, to Bagley. He calls his evening The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited, and it is his misconception to assail Porter's contemporaneity. As Porter was writing his escapist witties, American troops were marching into battle. Bagley illustrates this with slides: Mussolini on screen, Porter on stage. But Bagley is no Joan Littlewood, whose World War One musical take-off, Oh What a Lovely War, was acrid and amusing. Thankfully, Bagley's performers are shrewd enough not to belabor the camp. Comedienne Kave Ballard has tuned her broadness down, and when she is called upon to spoof singers-Mabel Mercer, Bea Lillie and Sophie Tucker-rather than songs, the results are, gleefully, right on target. Miss Ballard and the other two girls (two men, too, and a piano) also get to sing an obscure ballad apiece, with no fooling around, which should be enough to make anyone realize that Cole lives! The order all around is Porter straight. Unfortunately, what is served up is a mixed Bagley. At Square East, 15 West 4th Street.

The off-Broadway production of A View from the Bridge uses Arthur Miller's expanded, full-length version of his



What makes cocktails swing?

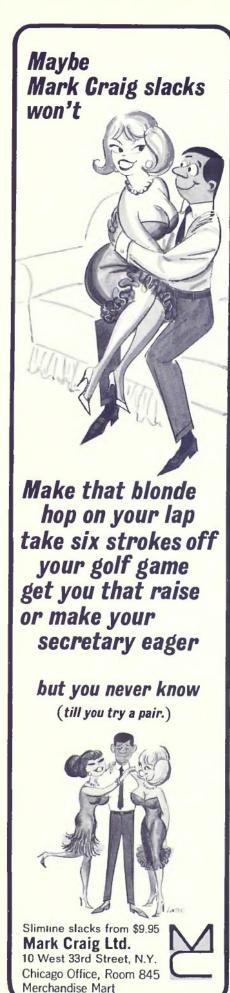
Calypso limes.

Calypso limes. The juicy yellow limes Rose's Lime Juice is made from. Limes grown in the sultry West Indies. Ripened slowly in the deep heat. Mon, limes grown elsewhere aren't in this race. That's why cocktails made from Rose's are rather

special. Like the Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve it in a cocktail glass or on the rocks. Or the Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, vodka or rum to one part Rose's. Pour over ice, fill with soda, stir. Or the Bloody Mary: One jigger vodka, ½ jigger Rose's, tomato juice, salt, pepper, Worcestershire. Shake with ice, serve in a tall glass.

Or the Rose's Sour: 4 parts whiskey to 1 part Rose's. Shake, with ice, strain into a sour glass. Or Rose's Tonic: Add a dosh of Rose's to a jigger of gin topped with Schweppes Tonic.

Plenty more, too. Get yourself plenty of Rose's Lime Juice. And swing.



one-act Broadway play. In all other respects, the new production cuts the play down to size-and in so doing, oddly enough, makes it appear a better work. Bridge never succeeded as a Greek tragedy about an Italian family on the Brooklyn waterfront, with a gabby lawyer as a one-man chorus. Longshoreman Eddie Carbone is just not an epic hero. Ulu Grosbard's uncluttered, straightforward production emphasizes the reality of Eddie's predicament. He is a man perverted by his love for his niece into revenging himself on her lover-and loses his niece, his good name and his life, without ever really becoming aware of what he is doing. The play is staged in the round, with a minimum of scenery and props, and with simplified lighting. What could be declamatory is now conversational. The few real outbursts are shattering in their intensity and their proximity: The audience is sitting in Eddie's house. For the most part, the actors are unfamiliar faces with impressive talents. Not only do they make the characters' actions and inactions credible, they even seem Italian. One additional surprise in this production is that it reveals, in Miller, a feeling for the rhythms of working-class speech. At the Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 7th Avenue South.

DINING-DRINKING

In this era of way-out, ultraexotic restaurants, it's a refreshing change of pace to get back to basics. Whyte's is admirably old-fashioned in its concepts of service and turn-of-the-century culinary standards. First established 57 years ago at 145 Fulton Street in downtown Gotham, it still stands there, surrounded by quick-lunch caravansaries, as a bastion of good eating. It is matched in almost every respect by an uptown branch at 344 West 57th Street. Ray Hopper, the owner of Whyte's, quietly, warmly, but firmly oversees the entire operation and steadfastly refuses to allow any touch of ungraciousness to plague either of his houses-uptown or down. The menu, which has been enjoyed by Presidents, is simple fare, with emphasis on the piscatorial. The Mulligatawny soup is indicative of how Mr. Hopper runs his place; it's made with a touch of curry that's conjured up on the premises from an old Indian recipe. Number-one best seller in recent years has been the Finnan Haddie-unsurpassed even in Boston. Frozen foods are anathema; all vegetables are garden fresh. The bread and rolls are a special delight, made in Whyte's own ovens, slow-baked over hot bricks. The pastries, also home-grown. are multitudinous and mouth-watering. The fare is so completely American-and we mean that in the best culinary sense of the word-that even the many curry

"I WON'T WEAR A THING BUT TOWNE AND KING!"



says DICK CHUTE, sky diver

GRAVITY, MONT., Sept. 6—Testing a parachute of his own design today, Dick Chute broke 2 records, and 6 ribs. He put fins on the thing and guided it into a bull's eye on the roof of Zeke Murphy's silo. He was first to use an aqualung as a retro-rocket. Voted the best-dressed space-jumper, folks in the drop zone asked where he got the "jet-styled" 75% wool/25% mohair, 3-color-toned pullover... and how much? "Any good store features Towne and King," says Dick. "This sweater? 16.95."

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dishes have been successfully naturalized. The only Continental touch is the well-stocked wine cellar, with recommendations capably made by an experienced and well-trained staff. Whyte's on Fulton Street is open Monday to Friday, for lunch and dinner, until 9 P.M. Uptown on 57th Street, where an outdoor garden is available for dining during the warm-weather months, it's open for lunch and dinner from Monday to Saturday, from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.

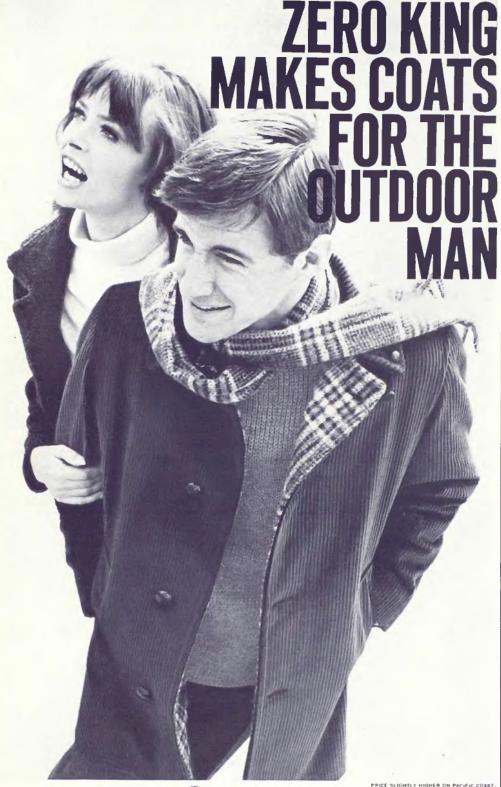
It's away from Chicago's posher precincts, in a neighborhood that might have seen better days, but The Bukery (2218 N. Lincoln Avenue) is a gustatory oasis that transcends its surroundings. Presided over by the fiercely mustachioed but engagingly amiable Louis Szathmary and his wife, The Bakery is a small, pleasantly unpretentious affair. The main dining room, whose white walls are covered with collages made of matchbooks in antique frames, holds about a dozen tables. A second, even more casual, room in the rear, dubbed "the kitchen" (the salad chef operates in full view), is set up to handle large parties. The dinner is prix fixe (\$5) and leans heavily to the Hungarian, befitting chef Szathmary's forebears; he does wonders with such main courses as chicken paprikash, goulash and roast breast of veal stuffed with pork. However, we went with the fillet of beef Wellington whose crisp pastry shell proved as tastily rewarding as the beef itself. Other specialties include bouillabaisse and roast duck with cherry glaze. The entree is preceded by either a rich Gallantine of duck pâté, crêpes de mer in a white wine sauce or boneless chicken wings filled with chicken livers sautéed in bread crumbs and served with mustard-honey sauce, and a soup which varies in content but not in quality from day to day-in warm weather it may be cold apple soup or garden vegetable: at other times it may be savory cream of potato, leek or consommé. Desserts are disastrously caloric, but who can argue with a Hungarian? A wide variety of Viennese tortes, over 200 kinds of crepes and assorted soufflés make up the list from which the daily dessert offerings are drawn. The Bakery is open for dinner only from 5 to 11, Monday through Thursday, and from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. on Friday and Saturday. It's wise to make a reservation and it's necessary to bring your own wine, a minor inconvenience in light of the major repast that awaits you. No bar, either, so do your cocktailing at your apartment.

MOVIES

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines or How I Flew from London to Paris in 25 Hours and 11 Minutes has a terrific basic idea. The producers have built repli-







and for men who go outdoors.

THE TOTE COAT: Rugged corduroy by CROMPTON, handsomely lined with brushed wool by FARIBO®, duplicated in a removable 6-ft. scarf. Expertly tailored with set-in sleeves, welt slash pockets, leather buttons, detachable throat latch. Shades of green or brown with complementary plaids. About \$45. B. W. Harris Manufacturing Company, Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minn.

cas of the airplanes of about 1905 (what a collection!), and the planes are actually flown, or half flown, in this comedy about an air race from L. to P. at that time. Robert Morley is an English newspaper publisher whose daughter is plane crazy and whose flying boyfriend convinces the old man to put up a big prize for the race. It happens: Japanese, Italian, French planes and pilots arrive, and a 100-typical Imperial German Army team. There's an American, too, of course, who flips for the lord's lassie. If they had only stuck to the marvelous material that was there, producer Stan Margulies and director (also co-author) Ken Annakin would have had a fine film about those kookie crates and the nervy nuts who flew them. But they wanted to make it Big-which meant long enough to have an intermission and sell "hard tickets," which meant Todd-AO as well as DeLuxe color. So they stuffed it with two sets of running gags (Red Skelton and Irina Demick). both fabulously unfunny; and they dug up all the Keystone Cops tricks that used to be done with tin lizzies-only now it's with patchwork planes. Warmed-over gags took over from comic reality. Stuart Whitman (the Yank) and James Fox (the Englishman) are right as race- and girlrivals; Sarah Miles, the girl, is mediocre: Alberto Sordi, Jean-Pierre Cassel and Terry-Thomas kid themselves, But Gert (Goldfinger) Frobe is sharp as the Kaiser's colonel. Whatever the film's faults, go dig those crazy aircraft.

The samurai who was really a swinger with his sword was to the East what the fastest gun was to the West. Maybe neither was as good as the movies say, but who cares? There's room for a little exaggeration on a wide, wide screen. Somurai Assossin, with Toshiro Mifune. is still another story of mid-19th Century Japan when the feudal system became futile and the samurai were being cut adrift from lordly retinues. Mifune plays a samurai who hires out as killer for a crew of rebels. The band plans the killing of a nasty nobleman; ratting members are rubbed out; and the close resemblance of a restaurant girl to a princess he loved and lost makes Mifune moony. It all ends in an attack on the lord and his laddies that provides one of the fiercest swordplay displays ever screened. Mifune's only shortcoming as the errant knight-errant is that he's played that part enough already (Yojimbo, Sanjuro). He's too versatile a type to let himself get typed. Newcomer (to the U.S.) Kihachi Okamoto, the director, has obviously been seeing a lot of Kurosawa-but he'd be crazy if he hadn't. The delicate touch that the Japanese give these saber sagas -in pictorial composition, in exact editing-makes them a good cut above mere melodrama.

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What's New, Pussycut? is a farce that has everything-except a plot, but that doesn't seem to matter. It has talent galore (Peter O'Toole and Peter Sellers); swift direction (Clive Donner, who did Nothing But the Best); miles of funny lines and lots of sprightly sight gags in a script by Woody Allen. It even has Woody Allen, as we showed you last month in What's Nude, Pussycat? The story, such as it is, goes like so: O'Toole -displaying a zesty flair for far-out comedy-is a fashion-mag editor in Paris, Sellers a wacky psychiatrist with a penchant for patients of the opposite sex. P. O. goes to P. S. for help with his problem: He attracts girls and likes it; he wants to get married, but he can't stop sowing his oats. P. S. likes girls, too, but has much more trouble getting them to reciprocate—perhaps because he wears red velvet suits and shoulder-length hair -so he takes to trailing his patient around for tips. Woody is a beatnik painter, a pal of O'Toole's, and also has difficulty with dames. Though some of the dialog is more frantic than funny, many of the lines are inspired lunacy: Allen says he has finally got a job, helping girls to dress and undress at a strip joint. "How much?" asks O. "Twenty francs," says A. "Not much," says O. "It's all I can afford," says A. And the visual gags are wild (especially an insane scene by the Seine, and a manic Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World-type climactic chase on gocarts). 'The three stooges' female foils-Ursula Andress, Romy Schneider, Capucine and Paula Prentiss-haven't got much to do except look luscious, but they provide a delectable meringue for this nut-filled cinematic pie in the face.

Ecco! is this season's entry in the Mondo Cane sweepstakes-and it's really getting down to sweepings. If there's a nut or a freak anywhere in the world who hasn't been filmed, let him be patient; the types who make these so-called documentaries are on the way. It's all in color, of course, has a lush theme song, and a narration to class it up (this time by George Sanders). Some of the tastier tidbits: a derrière club in Paris where girls poke their poops through curtains and the members choose the cheekiest; a Lesbian club, also Paris, with "he" and she dancers getting down to it; musclemen flexing their flexibles for a female audience in Reno; a muscle woman-a blonde singer in a San Francisco bar who bends iron bars as she warbles. Of course there are the sadism bits: a Black Mass in modern England where they cut a chicken's throat over a reclining naked girl, and a German students' dueling club. There's the usual religious icing: a Greek rocktop monastery and the famous Christ over Rio. There are some interesting nonsensational items: the treetop Kenya hotel, from which wild animals can be watched; hand-harpoon whale



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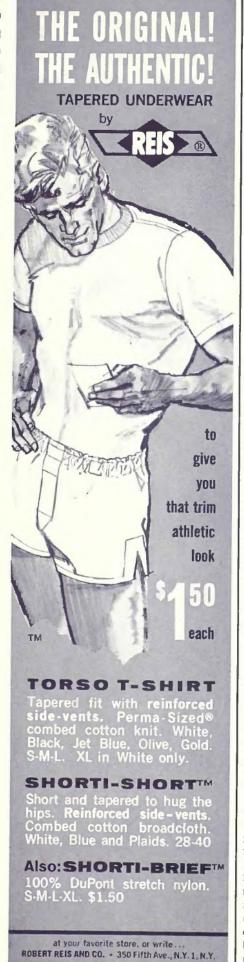


fishing that still goes on off Portugal; an annual do in Osaka when hundreds and hundreds of youths crowd into a small temple for a religious contest. *Ecco!* only echoes its predecessors; but for those who liked them, here is even more.

The Harlow sweepstakes is now over. The Carol Lynley and Carroll Baker flicks are now out, and as to which one is the "real" Harlow, the answer is "neither." The Lynley film is a black-andwhite quickie made in Electronovisiona process wherein a scene is shot with several cameras, and angles may be switched without stopping the action. As in TV, they can see it as they film it and can edit as they go. This first Harlow was made in eight days and is not as bad as that sounds. The photography and lighting are under par, but Miss Lynley, trying hard, sometimes hits the mark; Hurd Hatfield is impressive as hubby Paul Bern; Ginger Rogers and Barry Sullivan, as Ma and Step-pa, pass a couple of musters. Alex (All the Way Home) Segal probably did the best direction possible with a low-level script and a high-speed shooting schedule. The Baker opus, riding high on Joseph E. Levine's pinnacle purse, rolls in with Panavision and Technicolor and some of the swankiest settings since Gloria Swanson. There's the bedroom of a millionaire (Howard Hughes?) with a panel of push buttons that operate everything. Well, almost everything. And there are producers' offices and stars' homes such as they would like us to believe don't exist anymore. Carroll looks more like Harlow than Carol, but she gives some instructive lessons in How Not to Act. (Cauch the scene where she looks in her purse and sees she has no money for lunch: more Mary Pickford than Harlow.) Anyway, neither Carroll nor Carol has a bit of the Blonde Bombshell's slinky, sexy, comic quality. John Michael Hayes' script for Baker is based on the Irving Shulman barrel-bottom biography and ranges from rapid repartee to stunted stalks that aren't even corn. ("Momma, all they want is my body.") The story is -naturally-more or less the same in both pix, but there is a slightly different emphasis. Lynley's film portrays Marie Dressler and Maria Ouspenskaya as characters who try to warn Step-ma about the groom's condition (impotence); the Baker film builds up Arthur Landau. Jean's agent, who supplied Shulman with info. Landau is played by Red Buttons in still another of his portrayals that provide heartburn instead of heart. Peter Lawford looks fat and acts fatuous as Bern; Michael Connors is cast as Harlow's costar and spurned suitor, presumably because he has dimples like the late Gable. But there are two standout performances: Martin Balsam, as the studio chief, and Raf Vallone, as Step-pa, are so solid that they make the sob story sub-

the Mooletin





stantial when they're around. Gordon Douglas directed this movie-type movie with appropriate skill. Both of these pictures are better than expected: The quickie is cheap and choppy, but has touches of truth; the biggie is a confession-mag confection with some real moments of movieland madness. But the Harlow story is basically a horror story, and neither of these pictures really wraps it up.

The Longest Day was a solid, wideranging, frequently jim-dandy panorama of D day, 1944. The "sequel," Up from the Beach, is shorter but seems longer, much narrower in range, and generally gimcrack. It starts on D plus one and tries to tell how one squad gets off the beach, but as a film it never gets off its rump. Cliff Robertson is a sergeant who stumbles onto a group of French villagers being held hostage by a few Germans. He leads his squad to rescue the villagers, and then a choleric colonel tells him the place is going to be shelled, to get these people down to the beach and evacuated to England. Red Buttons, again, seemingly still around from The Longest Day, is a Pfc. assigned to help him. When the bunch gets back to the beach, there is no ship, so the French are all ordered back to the village. But they can't go there because of the barrage, so back and forth Cliff and Red shuttle their charges, which gives too much time for character vignettes of the French and a sort of romance with a sort of girl named Irina Demick. There's a German officer prisoner in the group, and guess what: He's not a Nazi, he hates war, he's been commandant of this village for several years and the people respect him. Robertson does his best to keep the film on the ground but not under it, and Marius Goring, as the German, keeps a stiff upper nostril. Buttons is stomach-turning. This is a war drama with the overpowering conviction of papier-mâché.

Ernest Pintoff, who made such sharp cartoon shorts as The Critic, has now filmed his first feature with actors: Harvey Middleman, Fireman. Bad news. Pintoff, who has shown offbeat wit and originality, still has them; they're all clearly visible in HM, F, but, like, under glass. The chief pane is the story. Pintoff has focused on an average joe who lives in a Jersey suburb with wife and kids and works for the New York Fire Department. One day his engine gets called to a fire in a chick's apartment, and while rescuing her, Happy Husband Harvey gets some itchy ideas. So there are lengthy lunches with the tomato and sneaking out of the house at night to call her from phone booths. Little laughs litter the way, a touch or two of heart tug, even a mite of imagination. but nothing like what Pintoff's past promised. The principal character is the

principal pleasure—Harvey, as played by Gene Troobnick. He's the potato-nosed comic of the original Second City troupe (and former PLAYBOY staffer) who shows here a gift for quiet feeling and a strong simple presence that would take him far, if a man without conventional good looks could go far in American movies. Arlene Golonka (wife) and Patricia Harty (chick) are cozy (wife) and cute (chick). Hermione Gingold is wildly miscast as Mrs. Koogleman, a marriage counselor, in a series of scenes that never pay off in this trite triangular tale.

The Ipcress File is an English suspense film, and Ipcress itself is not a person, place or thing. To tell what it is would be to give the show away, and it's too good a show for that. The adaptation of the novel by Len Deighton deals with a secret army operative who's fancy with food and great with girls, and who's pitted against a huge foreign plot. It's unfair to say that it's filched from Fleming, but Deighton's popularity probably came from the public enthusiasm that sent up James Bond's stock. Harry Palmer (neatly played by Michael Caine) is a bit of a bounder who is sprung from military prison by an intelligence officer who then makes him take tough jobs on the threat of putting him back in the jug. Our man is assigned to a group investigating the snatch of a top scientist, headed by a mustached major who prods Palmer pitilessly. Also in the group is a delish dish (Sue Lloyd), widow of a former agent, whose thoughts and nights are now free. The push to solve the socalled Brain Drain ends with Palmer in a torture chamber equipped with all the up-to-date psychological improvements. The dialog is fast and fairly funny, the plot is just plausible enough. But the color is rather corny, and director Sidney J. Furie is too fond of nonpregnant pauses and trick shots (for instance, watching a man approach through a pair of glasses lying on the floor). This would have been better than betterthan-average with direction that was faster than Furie.

RECORDINGS

This Is Damita Jo (Epic) and a fine thrush she is, with an outsized voice, astute phrasing and a swinging approach to a ditty. The ex-stalwart of Steve Gibson's Red Caps turns her attentions to such upbeat arabesques as Nobody Knows You when You're Down and Out, Bye Bye Love and Silver Dollar, with a fistful of ballads tossed in for good measure. Damita Jo is a joy.

Not that we need it, but Proof Positive / J. J. Johnson (Impulse!) offers just that of J. J.'s trombone wizardry. In the



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context of a quartet (except on Lullaby of Jazzland, which is performed by a quintet). Johnson is formidably creative, turning Miles' Neo, Max Roach's Blues Waltz and the Victor Young war horse Stella by Starlight into highly personal tours de force.

The Astrud Gilberto Album (Verve) is another softly persuasive slice of Brazilian life served up by the girl from Ipanema. With a large assist from composerguitarist Antonio Carlos Jobim, who duets with her on the album's best number, Agua de Beber, Astrud projects with an assurance that has come with experience. The charts are by Marty Paich, and among the expert instrumentalists in attendance are flutist Bud Shank and bone man Milt Bernhardt.

Happily brought together are Bob Brookmeyer and Friends / Stan Getz / Herbie Hancock / Ron Carter / Gary Burton / Elvin Jones (Columbia). The atmosphere is relaxed and lilting; the material is a mixed bag of originals and standards (including a glittering Skylark); and the solo work of Brookmeyer, Getz and vibist Gary Burton is continually rewarding.

The Oscar Peterson Trio / Canadiana Suite (Limelight) is an ambitious project and a highly successful one. An eight-part tribute by Oscar to his native land (his confreres, bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen, are now also bona fide Canucks), it is an evocatively imaginative portrait in jazz. Playboy illustrator Thomas Strobel's paintings add visual appeal to the album.

Joe Williams has to rate an E for effort on The Song Is You (Victor). So many of the works on display aren't worthy of Joe's talent. What he's doing with Yours Is My Heart Alone, My Darling and People, for example, is more than we can fathom. There's nothing wrong with Williams that a little discretion in his choice of material wouldn't cure.

New York Jazz Sextet / Group Therapy (Scepter) brings together some excellent musicians headed by Art Farmer on Flügelhorn and tenor man James Moody, who doubles on flute. Add trombonist Tom McIntosh, pianist Tommy Flanagan, flesh it out with drums and bass, and you have the makings of good jazz. Unquestionably the man of the hour is Farmer, whose Flügelhorn work is in a class by itself. Runner-up is Flanagan, a prodigious piano man of shockingly unproclaimed talent.

In a recording of rare and delicate beauty, the esteemed baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskou (Angel), accompanied by a chamber group, sings (in Latin and German) cantatas by early-18th Century composers François Couperin, Alessandro Scarlatti and Georg Philipp Telemann. Fischer-Dieskau's voice is a marvelous instrument, capable of dramatically conveying a wide spectrum of emotions while retaining its pure, crystalline quality.

New Dimensions / The American Jazz Ensemble (Epic) features one of the few modern jazz clarinetists around, Bill Smith, and his partner in time, pianist Johnny Eaton, with the quartet rounded out by bassist Richard Davis and drummer Paul Motian. Their approach is avant-garde but understandable, and their fresh ideas put new life into such chestnuts as Makin' Whoopee and It's All Right with Me. The main attractions, however, are such modern melodies as the Bird's Cheryl, Miles' Little Willie Leaps and their own creations.

Nobody but Lou/Lou Rawls (Capitol) is further evidence of the young singer's growing stature as a belter of note. Performing in front of a Benny Carter-led and -charted orchestra, Rawls has a ball blasting his way through It's Monday Every Day, Nobody but Me, Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You and eight other power-packed tone poems.

The overseas aggregation on Now Hear Our Meanin': The Kenny Clarke / Francy Boland Big Band (Columbia) makes its meaning very clear. Fronted by Belgian pianist Boland and expatriate drummer Clarke, the European orchestra speaks a universal language. Superb instrumentalists such as trumpeter Benny Bailey, trombonist Ake Person and reed man Sahib Shihab augment an incisively biting ensemble effort on a trio of Boland compositions, the Rodgers and Hart stand-by Johnny One Note, and a pair of jazz originals.

The score for *The Pawnbroker* (Mercury), composed, arranged and conducted by Quincy Jones, is a stunning achievement. A faithful and provocative mirror of the film, Jones' first creation for an American movie (he did one for the Swedish film *Boy in the Tree*) stands beautifully on its own. Discount the opening vocal by Marc Allen of the *Theme from "The Pawnbroker"*; it's inappropriate and insipid. (Why must there always be a title song?) From there on the LP's a gem.

There's absolutely no chance of our taking the advice offered in the title Peggy Lee / Poss Me By (Capitol). The lyrical Miss Lee is at the top of her form in a highly impromptu small-group session (Pass Me By and That's What It Takes are the big-band exceptions) that moves with wondrous ease and impeccability through such as Sneakin' Up on You, I

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The leader of the jazz-can-be-fun school has a fine time on Dizzy Gillespie / Jambo Caribe (Limelight). In a puckish calypso mood, the Diz—encouraged by James Moody on tenor and flute, Kenny Barron on piano, and a rhythm section—lets joy be unconfined with his ebullient tilted trumpeting and happily hokey vocalizing. Mon, we dig it.

Eydie Gormé Sings the Great Songs from The Sound of Music and Other Broadway Hits (Columbia) has its brightest moments in the "Other" category. Given that high Gorme gloss are It Never Entered My Mind (from Higher and Higher), Bill (Show Boat), As Long as He Needs Me (Oliver!) and Just One of Those Things (Jubilee)—all top-drawer melodies and all improved upon by Eydie.

One of the most engagingly pleasant Broadway scores we've heard in a long time, Half a Sixpence (Victor) has music and lyrics by David Heneker; while faintly reminiscent of My Fair Lady and Oliver!, they still have their own ambiance, and Tommy Steele as Kipps is a first-rate performer.

Bartók / The Six String Quartets (Columbia), performed by The Juilliard String Quartet, spans 30 years of the composer's life and is an accurate barometer of a genius rooted in classical form yet constantly striving for fresh avenues of expression. The Juilliard group—Robert Mann and Isidore Cohen, violins; Raphael Hillyer, viola; Claus Adam, cello—possesses the technical skill and sympathetic grasp necessary to convey the breadth and scope of Bartók's demanding works.

The weird, wonderful world of Woody Allen, Volume 2 (Colpix) is filled with wildly inventive risibilities. To wit: He was kidnaped ("When my parents realized I'd been kidnaped they rented out my room"); at 13 he entered an amateur music contest where he won two weeks at an interfaith camp ("I was sadistically beaten by kids of all races and religions"). He recalls a Miami Beach synagogue ("B'nai à GoGo"); his wedding night ("My wife gave me a standing ovation"); the girl he met in Rome who became a streetwalker in Venice and drowned; the veterinarian faith healer who restored speech to a parrot; the art-movie theater that serves pre-Columbian coffee and whose ushers are on Rhodes scholarships; and the sexual freedom in Scandinavia ("I have this picture of American cops knocking on Sweden's door and yelling, 'All right, Sweden, we know what you're doing in there' ").

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Playboy Club News



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Outstanding among recent offerings of folk fare: Odetta Sings Dylan (Victor), in which the gifted lady from San Francisco applies her deep, full-throated voice to a selection of Bob Dylan's compositions, highlighted by the popular The Times They Are A-Changin', Masters of War and Don't Think Twice, It's All Right. The self-styled poet of protest never sounded so good. On his own record, Bob Dylan / Bringing It All Back Home (Columbia), he introduces a new bindle of original compositions, linernoted by several snatches of very free verse. Quoth Dylan: "i am called a songwriter . . . some people say that i am a poet." Songwriter, yes; poet, perhaps (if your taste runs to self-conscious illiteration); but we're not yet ready to call him a singer. On a Vintage Series reissue, John Jacob Niles / Folk Balladeer (Victor). the venerable performer sensitively interprets an assortment of Appalachian ballads collected by Dr. Francis James Child, the eminent 19th Century scholar and folklorist. In a similar vein, the Kentucky Cumberlands are mined for a rich lode on A Time for Singing / Jean Ritchie (Warner Bros.). In collaboration with 'Than Hall, who sings and adds a full-bodied guitar accompaniment to her wispy dulcimer, Miss Ritchie renders with polished authenticity a dozen tunes remembered from her childhood. We're not among those who scorn Peter, Paul and Mary for being neat, articulate and thoroughly professional, and we're pleased to report that their A Song Will Rise (Warner Bros.) contains stellar renditions of a dozen ditties, ranging from the rowdy San Francisco Bay Blues to Peter Yarrow's moving solo of his own composition, Gilgarry Mountain, Two Africa-oriented LPs-both as different as black and white-are Makeba Sings! / Miriam Makeba (Victor) and Sebastian Temple / Africa Belongs to the Lion (Capitol). Miss Makeba makes a musical tour of the world, from Brazil to California. with an extended visit to the Dark Continent in between. Her wide vocal range is especially suited to several Zulu songs, but she comes across equally well in English. Sebastian Temple, a native of Pretoria, is a new face on the folk scene. Judging by his effective and enthusiastic handling of a dozen original, Afrikaner-inspired tunes, the folkniks will be paying homage to Temple for a long time to come. More high-caliber Makeba may be found on An Evening with Belafonte / Makeba (Victor). The two share the solo spotlight and team up for delightful duets on a brace of the numbers, Train Song and My Angel. It is a concert of native African songs-Zulu, Sotho, Xhosa and Swahili-and both Miss Makeba and Mr. Belafonte beautifully communicate their unique qualities.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A playmate of mine claims she can hear TV and radio programs through the fillings in her teeth. I'm beginning to wonder who she is listening to—me or Frank Sinatra. Is she putting me on?—S. P. C., Miami, Florida.

An official of the Federal Communications Commission has stated: "It is quite possible that a person, when standing in the strong electromagnetic field vadiated from a nearby, high-powered radio transmitter, could hear the program being broadcast by that station because of certain characteristics in his dentalwork." She may not be putting you on at all. Why not suggest that a D. D. S. tune out her dental antenna? If she continues to hear strange voices when she should be responding to yours, a bench check of her mental antennae might be in order.

While poring over a weighty volume of erotica, I came across the word karezza. From the context, I gathered it was some kind of technique. Is it? And am I missing anything?—K. E., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Yes, it is a technique, and no, you're not missing anything. According to Kinsey, the word comes from Sanskrit and Hindu literature and means coitus reservatus—or the deliberate avoidance of a sexual climax. It was practiced by whole communities, such as the 19th Century Oneida Community in New York State, who felt that by avoiding a single summit, they could experience as many as a dozen or more peaks of response. Most modern authorities agree, however, that the price in frazzled nerves is too great to pay for the dubious pleasure this technique may bring.

know that the bottom button of the vest is always left open. But why?—N. L., Rochester, New York.

Rather than turn away the dainty dishes set before the king, England's corpulent Edward VII preferred opening the last button of his vest. The fashion remains today because of utility—overcating has not yet gone out of style—and convention: To paraphrase Swinburne, is not a king the precedent of men?

At a friend's wedding reception, I spent the evening with a girl whom I had not seen for some time but know fairly well. I asked her for a date the following Saturday and she said yes. After taking her out, she agreed to another date. But when I called her, she promptly broke it, saying that she had a previous engagement and had forgotten about it. She apologized, but

insisted that proper etiquette demanded that the prior commitment be honored. My problem is this: My friends say she's conning me, that I should have told her off right then and there, and that I should forget about her. However, she has expressed a desire to see me again, so I'm hung on the proverbial horns. What is your advice? Should I forget about this girl or should I try again?—P. M. D., Akron, Ohio.

Try again. We don't agree with your friends that an occasional lapse of memory justifies your writing the girl off. Of course, if her "previous engagements" become a habit, she may indeed be trying to tell you something.

y fiancée and I have reached an impasse over a point of social etiquette. Whenever we're invited to visit friends, she accepts without asking who else will be there. Personally, I like to know who I'm going to spend an evening with, and I think she should inquire before accepting. Who's right?—R. L. P., San Mateo, California.

She is.

have always been under the impression that baccarat and *chemin de fer* are one and the same card game. If they are two separate games, as I was informed not long ago, what are the main differences between them?—I. J. H., Miami, Florida.

The two are almost the same. In baccarat the house keeps the bank, while in chemin de fer the players alternate in banking the game.

I've been going with my girl for three years, and we recently became engaged. I thought she was a virgin and, wanting her to remain that way until we were married, I never made any advances. A few days ago, I visited a recent acquaintance's pad and spied a photograph of her on his desk. She was doing a suggestive dance, seemed highly intoxicated and was barely clad. When I asked him about it, he said she was just a silly kid who came over once in a while for some kicks because the guy she was engaged to wouldn't lay a hand on her. What do I do now?—R. B., Blacksburg, Virginia.

Have a heart-to-heart talk with her and promise to provide at home what she's been forced to seek on the road.

just bought my first sports car, an MG Midget, and I have been accused by several of my more experienced driver friends of not getting the full potential out of my four-speed gearbox. For example, I always take the tachome-



ter up to red line (6000 rpm) in first and second gears, but when I reach the legal speed limit in third—which generally occurs at about 3000 rpm—I automatically shift into high gear for cruising. Now I'm told that it would be better to stay in third gear while cruising than to shift into high before reaching 6000 rpm in third. If I were to follow this advice, I would rarely get into fourth gear under normal driving conditions. So who's right; should I always try to go to red line in each gear or continue to cruise in high gear?—M. C., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Your friends are wrong. It's pointless, wasteful of gasoline and rubber, and destructive of the engine to run a car on the red line all the time. The tachometer red line is put there to remind you that if you go much past it you are likely to blow up the engine. (In racing, a driver will run to the limit before shifting, and perhaps a couple of hundred revs over the limit, but long engine life is a factor of minimal concern in his thinking.) It is also bad practice to run a small, light engine slowly under load. but most engines of this type are happy in the band from 2000 to 4000 rpm and this is where they should be for most of the time.

im a writer—not a well-known writer, but a modestly successful one—who lives in an enviable bachelor pad on the East Side of New York. I do most of my work at home, often into the wee hours, and I require absolute quiet. My next-door neighbor constantly throws raucous parties, well past midnight, and the noise is seriously interfering with my work. My patience has just about reached its end, and since there must be legal succor for people like me, I'm thinking of involving him in a little litigation. What do you advise?—N. M., New York, New York.

If we were you, we'd try to wheedle an invitation to one of your neighbor's parties. Once you know him, explain your problem. Discuss his social life and your working life, and see if you can't schedule them to alternate both your nocturnal activities. If he's unreasonable, consider a change in working hours—or another apartment. If you find that unreasonable, then see a lawyer. But before doing so, bear in mind Ambrose Bierce's definition of litigation: "A machine which you go into as a pig and come out as a sausage."

lease forgive any imprecision of wording or thought, but I'm writing this letter under the influence of a racking hangover. In my right hand, I hold the pen that shapes these words, and in my left, I've a potently mixed bloody mary—the "hair of the dog that bit me," as they say. The phrase is my reason for writing. Can you explain its origin?—P. R. T., San Francisco, California.

The idea of "like curing like" (similia similibus curantur) goes back to ancient times, although it's not such a primitive notion when you consider modern medicine's extensive use of bacteria in the form of inoculations against certain diseases. Specifically, the phrase comes from the Roman belief that the best cure for dogbite was application of the burned hair of the offending dog. Hope you feel better by the time you read this.

have a friend who continually asserts that approaching young, good-looking gals in downtown Washington with the statement "Hi, babe, going my way?" is the only way to meet them. I say that a casual, polite approach is better, but impossible to use except at a party. Do you have any advice for snagging any of this wonderful supply of wild game, or is this to be left untapped?—C. J. M., Washington, D. C.

If your buddy isn't putting you on, he probably also sports a necktie that lights up and says "Kiss me quick!" There are no set rules for striking up an acquaintance with a total stranger. Although it's easiest to wait for a legitimate openingsuch as at a social gathering-you can utilize a "casual, polite approach" in some public places (parks, stores, museums, theaters). Try one of the venerable conversational gambits-the time, the weather, directions, the paintings you're both viewing, the movie you've just seen, or whatever seems appropriate. The lady's initial response-encouraging or cold-should clue you in on your follow-up.

wife and I often dine at a good restaurant in the Colorado Rockies. As with most of the enterprises in the region, this restaurant depends on the summer tourist season for most of its business, but it remains open year-round. During the off season we are often served personally by the genial owner. My question concerns the leaving of a tip. I am certainly not opposed to tipping for good service, but is it proper when you know you are being served by the owner himself?—S. S., Boulder, Colorado.

It's not a question of propriety; tipping the owner simply isn't necessary. If you know him well, you might invite him to join you for a drink, but payment of the tab and compliments to the chef (if warranted) should be reward enough.

For the past six months I have been dating a 37-year-old married man with two children. In all this time we have never been intimate, due to his inability to make love to me. He claims that he wants me, and that he has never been

impotent with his wife, but I'm afraid that this may turn out to be more than a temporary hang-up. Although I'm only 19, I can tell from our conversations that I've experienced considerably more sexual variety than he has, and I'm certain that this situation will eventually destroy his pride if it continues. What should I do?—Miss J. G., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Impotence is often induced by guilt, and since your friend has no difficulty with his wife, this could very well be his problem. Why don't you maintain your relationship on a platonic plane (this would solve his sexual conflict) and find yourself a younger, single boyfriend (to prevent any of your own).

was interested in buying a Kodak Instamatic 800 camera, but a friend, who is a photography buff, suggested that I should not. He said that since the camera does everything automatically. I would never learn the pleasures of photography as a hobby. Price, incidentally, is no consideration. What's your point of view?—L. T., Jr., Des Moines, Iowa.

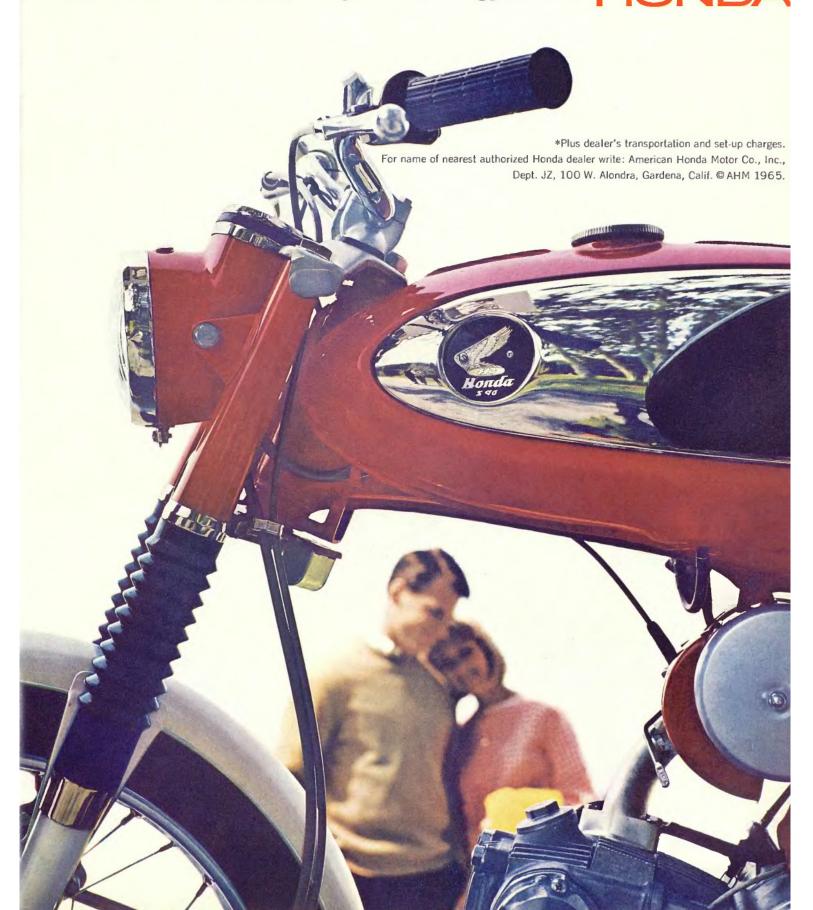
If you're interested in a simple, no-fuss, no-bother instrument, the Instamatic—as well as many other fully automatic brands—is fine. If you plan to make photography a hobby (you didn't say), then you'll want a more complex camera in order to experiment with light, speed and focus. Since you won't know which way to lean until you try, why not play it both ways? Buy the Instamatic for your girlfriend and a good camera with manual controls for yourself.

find myself increasingly under fire from male friends because of my refusal to join them in divulging intimate facts about my past and present relationships with girls. I maintain that things like this are too important to discuss just for the sake of lively conversation. However, some of my friends, who have less luck with women than I, have accused me of covering up just to discourage competition. Who's right?—J. W., Manchester, New Hampshire.

You are. It's been our experience that the fair sex is much more likely to entrust both confidence and affection to guys whose discretion they know is above reproach—which may explain why you have more "luck" than your bigmouthed buddies.

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

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

YOU CAN LEAVE autumn leaves behind and jet-hop into spring by visiting some of the great resorts of South America this November. Many of them offer the triple treat of incomparable beaches; lavish after-dark facilities, combining gambling, dancing, entertainment and fine cuisine (not to mention a bevy of vacationing señoritas eager to be bowled over by un amigo norteamericano): and relatively easy access to S. A.'s most cosmopolitan cities. One of the smartest and liveliest areas is Argentina's Mar del Plata. Its 250 hotels include the luxurious Provincial (with the world's largest casino next door), and the better-thanaverage Horizontes. Hermitage. Nogaro and Royal. Additional diversion is provided by a good golf course and side trips to huge Argentine ranches at Chapadmalal and Ojo de Agua (a breeding center for world-famous Argentine race horses).

Brazil's Copacabana is fronted by an especially splendid beach in lively Rio de Janeiro. Places to stay include the Copacabana Palace, the Excelsior-Copacabana, Miramar Palace and Ouro Verde. At one end of Copacabana beach lies the Leme Palace, newest hotel within reach of Rio.

Chile's Vina del Mar is a justly well-known and stunning blend of rocky cliffs, blazing flowers and brilliant sea, only a couple of hours by car from Santiago through a lush green valley. Although there are other towns and beaches nearby, each with its rocky coves and op- and pop-artfully decorated umbrellas, Vina's casino is where the evening action takes place. There are a'so horse racing at the Sporting Club and golfing at the Country Club. Places to stay: the O'Higgins, Vina del Mar, San Martin and Algazar.

In Cartagena, Colombia, we like the Boca Grande at Boca Grande Beach, within easy access of the city's waterfront markets and lovely homes. Cartagena's narrow streets are lined by thick-walled white houses and palaces enclosing gardened patios: its wide fortified Spanish ramparts stretch more than 16 miles. From the Boca Grande you can also reach the casino in the Hotel Casino for gambling and entertainment, and you can go by launch south through the bay past primitive fishing villages to tropical islands for skindiving, notably from Pirate Island in the Rosario group.

The little country of Peru offers a large variety of unusual vacation pleasures. In addition to the novel sport of sand skiing on the coastal mountain slopes at Pasamayo Grande and surfing at Miraflores Beach, some of the best deep-sea fishing in the world is located off Peru's coastline at Cabo Blanco (reached by Panagra to Lima, with connections to Tarala). Sport fishermen find unlimited prey here, including black marlin (the record catch of 1560 pounds belongs to Cabo Blanco), broad-billed swordfish, Pacific big-eyed tuna, striped marlin and Pacific sailfish. Surf casting from the beach of the Club Cabo Blanco (an excellent place to stay) will get you snook, robalo, grouper and corvina.

In Uruguay there are no less than eight beaches within 12 miles of downtown Montevideo. Pocitos is the city's most fashionable (stay at the Hotel-Casino) and Carrasco, certainly the most attractive (best hotel: the Ermitage), Many of the beaches boast casinos, busy cafés and jumping boites. Numerous other strands stretch up the coast from Montevideo—notably Atlântida, Piriápolis and, the real glamor spot, Punta del Este, whose Cantegril Country Club is an elite resort.

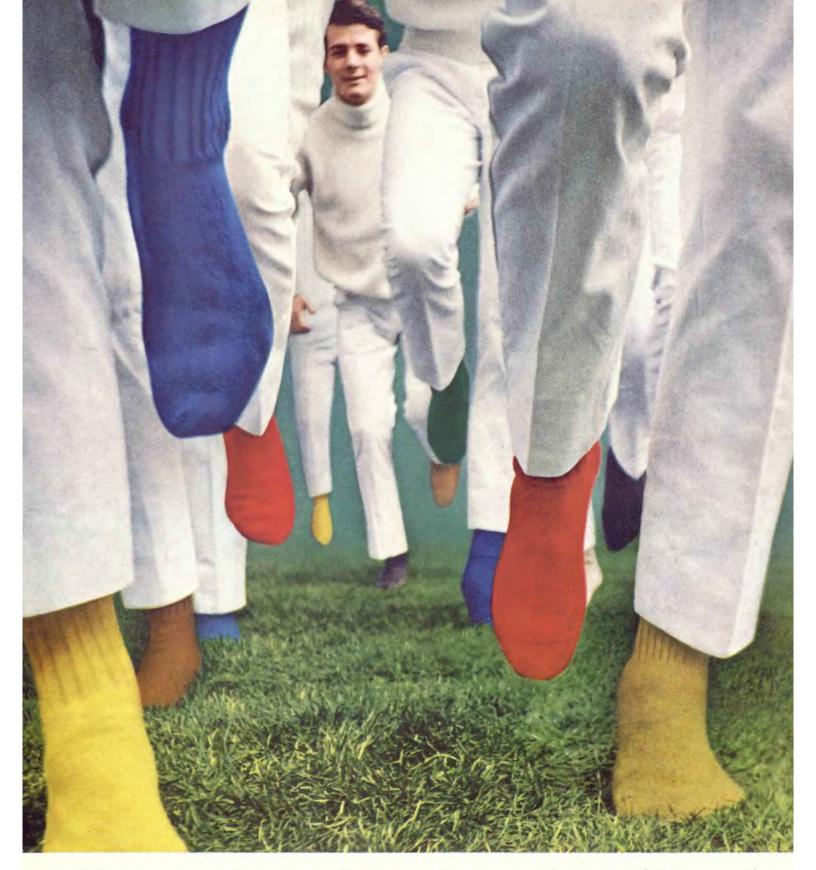
The alphabetical rundown leaves Venezuela, where dramatic ruins of ancient Spanish fortifications dot a flowered coast and rocky shores. It's an easy flight from Caracas to Margarita Island; the manager of the Bella Vista can provide you with the necessary government permit to don scuba and dive for your own pearls from beds that have been cultivated since the mid-16th Century.

November's a perfect month to visit Japan, but if you want to add early-bird skiing to your other pleasures, head for the Akakura region near Nagano. The Shiga Heights Hotel, more Western than Oriental, offers first-rate cuisine and volcanically heated mineral hot-springs pools for relaxing after a day of schussing. Eight ski lifts provide an over-all rise of about 900 feet to fine downhill and cross-country runs on artificial slopes.

If you're headed for Europe, reserve time for the Spanish specialty of partridge shooting. You can expect to bag anywhere from 300 to 750 braces of the bird during a seven-day tour in the environs of Madrid. Since most European preserves are private, you'll find it convenient to join an organized party (a travel agent can help). What's more, you'll enjoy ready-made company often including top-ranking Spaniards who'll be a source of hospitality later in the main cities.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, 111. 60611.





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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

RIGHTS BEFORE BIRTH

In the June Forum, Richard Kelly opines that the legal point at which a human being comes into existence should be established as the moment of birth. This would leave the way open to legalizing unrestricted abortions.

I would like to refer Mr. Kelly to the April 30 issue of *Time* magazine which reported on an interesting aspect of this question in its "Law" column on page 58.

It seems that recent court decisions have granted damages to people who have sued for injuries sustained before they were born. It has been proven by medical science, the article pointed out, that the fetus is most susceptible to permanent injury during the first three months of pregnancy. On this basis, juries have been awarding damages for injuries sustained during this period.

Now, the question that arises is this: If a person has the legal right to sue for damages sustained before birth, can he not also make claim to the most basic of our inalienable rights—the right to life? I think he can.

Viewed in this light, abortion is simply murder, and is no more a solution to the population problem than Hitler's policy of genocide.

Terrence J. Gibbons Brooklyn, New York

I read with disgust the letter entitled "The Case for Abortion" by Richard Kelly in the June Forum.

I do not intend to express my views on abortion, but merely to point out Mr. Kelly's unfamiliarity with the facts, his illogical presentation, and the inhumane attitudes expressed in his letter.

First, in discussing when a human being *legally* comes into existence, he says: "What more reasonable point could be chosen than that of birth? Surely no one will say that when the sperm first penetrates the egg a human being with legally enforceable rights has come into existence . . ."

As a matter of fact, there are those who hold the theory of Immediate Animation. This theory states that the soul is infused at conception. This makes the embryo a human being; that is, it has a body and soul. It seems to me that a human being deserves legally enforceable rights from the time it comes into existence, solely on the grounds that it is human.

There is another theory, that of Mediate Animation, which says that the soul is infused when the embryo takes on the shape of a human (six to eight weeks). If this theory is true, an embryo deserves legally enforceable rights six to eight weeks after conception.

But the belief of most philosophers is that the soul is infused when no further division of the embryo is possible; that is, when it is impossible for identical twins to be formed. Even in this case, the embryo deserves legally enforceable rights before birth.

The Catholic Church's position is that the soul is infused at some point before birth, and since the exact time when this occurs cannot be known, abortion, even in the early weeks of gestation, may involve the destruction of a human being.

Mr. Kelly says that countless human lives are injured by the Catholic Church's inhumane stance. First of all, the number of injuries per year which abortion would prevent is far from countless. Secondly, he ignores the number of human beings (embryos) that are killed every year.

Mr. Kelly asks, "Is it in society's best interest to force an unwanted baby on a couple that is not yet mature or financially stable?" I say that it is in society's best interest to prevent the conception of unwanted children. The question could be: Is it in the couple's best interest? Perhaps not, but there are more humane actions that could be taken than abortion.

Mr. Kelly says that "legalized abortion is basic to the existence of the premarital sexual freedom that Mr. Hefner advocates . . ." To my knowledge, Mr. Hefner does not advocate premarital conception. He advocates premarital sexual freedom for those who are responsible enough to prevent conception.

If there is a case for abortion, it certainly was not presented by Mr. Kelly.

Jim Snyder Loyola College Baltimore, Maryland

We believe there is a case to be made for abortion, and Hefner intends devoting an entire upcoming installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" to a discussion of the subject, including its moral, religious, legal, social and scientific implications.



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THE DONN CALDWELL CASE

I was shocked to read the letter by former disc jockey Donn Caldwell in the June PLAYBOY. The description of his crimes carried by the wire services and newspapers was quite different at the time of his arrest, but I do not for one moment doubt the absolute truth of Caldwell's version. I have been a disc jockey for about ten years and I'm sure all of us in this business have, at one time or another, felt the hot breath of possible ruin on our necks from similar situations.

In Mr. Caldwell's case, what would the rest of us have done? A young girl, a desirable man, a fear of pregnancy. The result? A relationship that provides mutual satisfaction without intercourse-a wise and commonplace course of action. Except, in this case, someone found out. Then came the humiliation of having publicly to answer for a "crime" in which all of us engage. For committing this "crime," Mr. Caldwell faced not only humiliation, but the loss of his career and freedom-the possibility of ten years in prison and the prospect of having to start all over again afterward. While others snicker ("Oh. that sly dog Caldwell-got caught with a young one"), Caldwell himself is suffering the extreme of puritanical social damnation.

The laws of West Virginia that permitted this to happen scare me, frankly. I would leave this state, except that conditions elsewhere are essentially the same. It is even more regretable that in this society I cannot sign my name to this letter; it might easily be recognized and cause professional repercussions.

(Disc jockey's name withheld by request) Huntington, West Virginia

Both my wife and I were amazed by the letter from Donn Caldwell in the June Forum. I certainly feel that the crime for which he was imprisoned is no more serious than ordinary sexual intercourse. This is not sodomy as I understand the word. Oral-genital intimacy is a legitimate part of love play and is accepted as such by many happily married couples.

Norman McQuillin Brooklyn, New York

I am a 20-year-old college girl—neither promiscuous nor virgin—but I was truly shocked to learn that 49 of the 50 states have sodomy laws forbidding oral-genital intimacy. The existence of these laws is horrifying.

I was under the impression that such activity was a natural and delightful part of sexual foreplay. I live in California. Am I breaking the law on this count?

> (Name withheld by request) Reseda, California

Yes. Oral-genital sex play is illegal in every state except Illinois, even between a husband and wife. (See "The Playboy Philosophy," February, April, September, 1964.) Hefner will offer a concluding statement on these irrational and suppressive U.S. sex statutes in the next issue.

May I join the rising swell of applause for PLAYBOY's effort to enlighten the public concerning the old-fashioned and malfashioned elements in our society? The letter from Donn Caldwell was so unbelievable that it took two readings before I could totally realize the enormity of the situation. As such letters reach you, and through you the public. surely there must be a renaissance of reason which will carry us out of such medieval injustice. I encourage you to continue the fight for sanity. If there is to be a "Great Society," it will have to include PLAYBOY and its Philosophy as an integral part of its structure.

> Vinton Cerf Stanford University Stanford, California

Having just read the June issue of PLAYBOY, I am almost speechless. In response to "A 'Sex Offender' Speaks," you state that the same statute that sent Donn Caldwell to prison, for from one to ten years, applies equally to every married couple in West Virginia. I am 18, my husband is 22, and though we are not "ignorant hillbillies" who indulge freely and then tote a kid on each hip (a common misconception of West Virginians), we do enjoy each other every night. We express our feelings in whatever form seems to be the most effective at the time, as I imagine 90 percent of all other married couples do.

I suggest that the Charleston Police Department start an immediate methodical check of all the city's bedrooms—working at night, of course—and within 72 hours they would have enough fines (forget jail sentences, there's no money in them for the C.P.D.) to throw the biggest policemen's ball in history.

Please, please withhold my name for fear I will be jailed for loving my husband.

> (Name withheld by request) Charleston, West Virginia

Concerning the Caldwell case, am I to believe that our society is so smug and impersonal that the cold facts of an individual's suffering from a gross injustice can be openly brought to public light without eliciting immediate and corrective action?

I accept the fact that outmoded sex laws, and the antiquated moral codes by which they were instituted, are changeable only gradually. But has the time come when we Americans are so impassive that we can sit back and read publicly of judicial coercion and do nothing?

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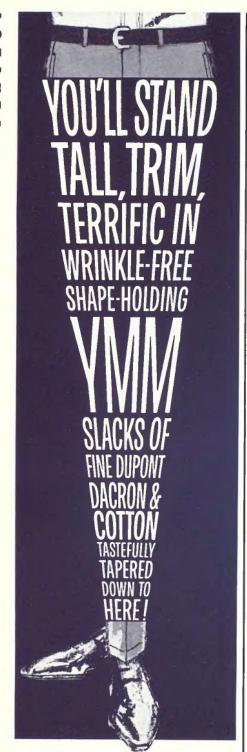
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myself a rather entrenched realist and a somewhat cynical observer of the evils on the human scene. However, public callousness such as this exceeds my most blasé attitudes and makes me feel like a hopeless idealist by comparison.

Richard L. Kuhn Santa Ana College Santa Ana, California

I knew a little boy once, years ago, who had a very domineering mother who made him wash his hands every time he touched his "wienie," because it was dirty . . . and so he was constantly washing his hands. The last I heard of him, he was studying law in the state of West Virginia and hoped to become a prosecuting attorney or even a judge someday.

Could you tell me the name of the prosecuting attorney and the judge in the Donn Caldwell case? I've always wondered what happened to that little boy.

William W. Bliss Los Angeles, California

The judge was Thomas T. O'Brien and the prosecuting attorney—who has since been voted out of office—was Thomas A. Goodwin.

It's a rather sad commentary on PLAYBOY's editorial viewpoint that you were so quick to sympathize with the sex offender whose letter appeared in your June Forum.

By the offender's own statements, he is a "college graduate [and] an ex-GI" and was "a radio-TV personality . . . with a rather large teenage following . . . [with a] home . . . swimming pool and built-in hi-fi [and] a new Jaguar XK-E." This probably puts him in the 22-to-28-year-old age group, and in a position to wield great influence with young, impressionable teenagers. It is easy to imagine how one in his position might involve a young girl in such an act with "no force involved."

Consider also his statement that neither the girl nor her parents ever brought any charges against him. It is easily understandable that the family would want to avoid any publicity in such a matter. This raises the question, then, of how the issue did come to light. If neither he nor the girl disclosed their actions, the act must have been witnessed by someone, and this is surely not something that should be done in public or in any place where the public might chance to be.

If you weren't so quick to jump to the defense of a person who has suffered at the hands of a law with which you disagree, you might decide that this person should be categorized as a "dirty old man" or, quite possibly, a pervert.

If his statements about the underhanded legal mechanics of his case are true, one might apply the hackneyed phrase that "the end often justifies the means." This man very probably ruined the life of an impressionable young girl and made any measures used to remove him from society completely justifiable.

> Bill Sykes New Orleans, Louisiana

The Donn Caldwell case is a sheer travesty of justice. If the laws concerning "the abominable and detestable crimes against nature" were strictly enforced, the penal institutions of this country would not be able to handle the overflow.

Significantly, the interview with Melvin Belli was also in the June issue. I don't think it would hurt Mr. Caldwell's case if Mr. Belli were induced to take an interest in it.

Bob Brown Lehigh University Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

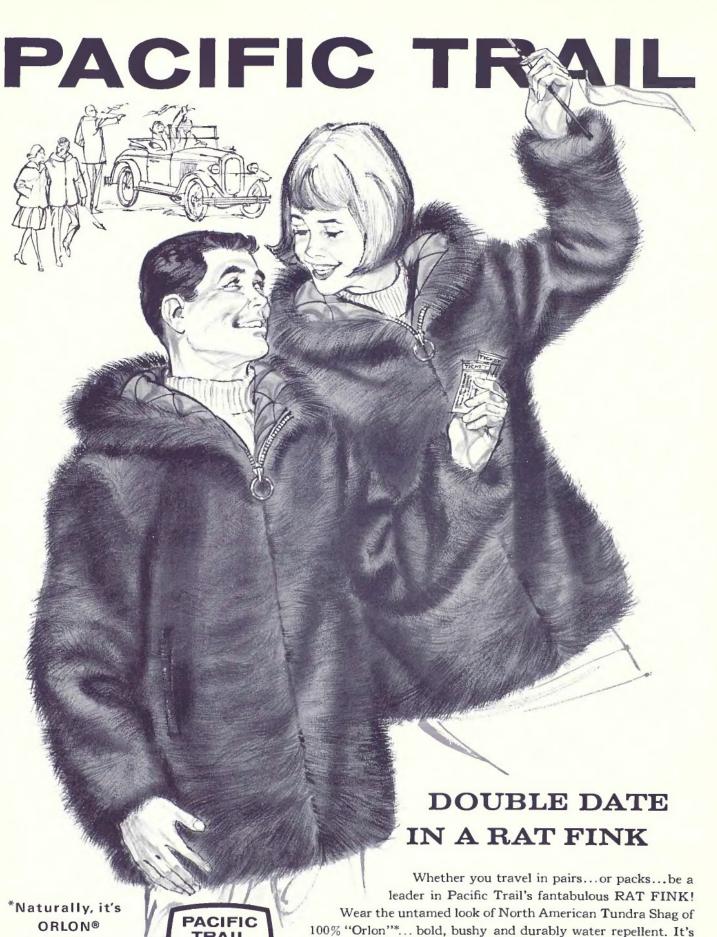
After reading "A 'Sex Offender' Speaks" in the June Forum, my wife and I feel obligated to express our support of freedom of sex by mutual consent. There was a time when I was a minister in one of our major Protestant denominations, but I have left that vocation for personal reasons, and I am now serving as a professional librarian in the public schools. My wife is a registered medical technologist. Having stated these personal facts, we wish to announce publicly via your magazine that we would be happy to serve (in whatever capacity we can) in support of the cause of advocating changes in our sex laws so that sexual action by mutual consent will never be a punishable crime in these United States. We hope to encourage others by our public announcement to speak out and work in behalf of liberalizing our obsolete sex laws.

There is a Biblical passage which goes. "You shall know them by their disciples . . ." Perhaps viewpoints should be judged partly by the type of people who hold them. We believe that sex by mutual consent is a harmless, wholesome, humanitarian view—and what's more, we're a happy couple going on our sixth year of marriage.

Ralph Pfiester Champaign, Illinois

I was appalled by the letter from Donn Caldwell. To think that in this day and age, and in this country, such a travesty of justice could occur! I congratulate you on the stand you have taken against such laws as these. It is time we completely re-examined our sex statutes and endeavored to correct the situation.

In the meantime, I sincerely hope that Mr. Caldwell's letter will have caused



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enough furor in West Virginia to force action on his parole.

Eleanor White Bogota, New Jersey

On reading the letter from Donn Caldwell in the June Forum, I sent him a note expressing my profound sympathy and asking if he needed food or books.

That was three or four weeks ago. I have not received a reply. Whether this is because he does not feel like answering or for some other reason, I do not know. Perhaps my letter was withheld from the addressee by the penitentiary authorities for some reason. I have no idea what rules concerning correspondence with prisoners may prevail at the West Virginia State Penitentiary.

In any case, cannot something be done to lighten the lot of this unfortunate man? His letter describes a hideous injustice.

H. D. Craft
New York Military Academy
Cornwall on the Hudson, New York
See the following letter.

I am writing you on behalf of my son Donn Caldwell. His story would fill a book. He was framed and railroaded.

Thank you for publishing his letter. He has been swamped with letters of protest. The warden and others are very hot about this issue and are withholding all his mail. Donn was given these letters the first day they started coming in, but since then, all letters have been withheld.

Donn was informed last week that he would soon be coming up for parole—thanks to PLAYBOY! If he gets paroled, he will answer all his mail as soon as he is released.

If you have received any letters favorable to him, would you please forward them to Governor Hulett Smith or to Mr. Robert Kuhns, Chairman of the Board of Parole, Charleston, West Virginia?

The entire state knew of this terrible injustice, but no one would go out on a limb to help us.

The mail is still coming in. Thanks again and God bless you.

Mrs. Victor D. Caldwell Moundsville, West Virginia

TIME FOR ACTION

Those of us who are not residents of West Virginia can do nothing to change its laws, no matter how archaic they are. However, if you have looked into the case of Donn Caldwell and feel that he has been unjustly treated, why don't you do something about getting him out of jail? From his letter, it seems that one of his major problems, and one keeping him from being considered for parole, is his lack of a job. Surely, a young man who managed to become such a success would be an asset to any business.



The *Philosophy* is fine, but let's get a little action in here.

Mrs. Bernard M. Yoffee Rantoul, Illinois

RE LETTER JUNE ISSUE DONN CALDWELL
HAS A JOB WITH ME HOPE IT HELPS

MARTIN J. COHN, PRESIDENT
BRIDGE ENTERPRISES
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

My husband and I are shocked by the fact that authorities can step in and cut good, productive years out of an ordinary citizen's life. We think Mr. Hefner is doing a fine thing with his *Playboy Philosophy* and we would like to help in some way—but what can the average citizen do? Have you any suggestions for interested readers?

Alice Leavitt Salem, Massachusetts

Each individual is able to help in a different way-as the telegram above clearly indicates. The average citizen can help combat suppressive sex and censorship laws through frequent public protests to his own state and local elected officials, and to the newspapers, radio and TV stations that, in turn, influence community opinion. Quite probably, if there had been any sort of public outcry in Donn Caldwell's behalf when he was originally arrested, he would never have been railroaded into prison; almost certainly, a single crusading West Virginia newspaper editor, or radio or TV newscaster, who had been willing to take Caldwell's case to the people, could have saved him. But no one cared enough to get involved.

That's what the average citizen can do to help—he can care enough, he can get involved, because he realizes that the erosion of just one man's unalienable rights unquestionably affects us all. As John Donne said: "No man is an island, entire of itself . . . therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

For readers who desire a more direct and immediate participation in "The Playboy Philosophy" itself, it is now possible to contribute financially to it through The Playboy Foundation, a newly formed, nonprofit corporation, organized to further the same ends Hefner has been writing about in his editorial series.

Your June issue strongly presented two points: (1) Many state sex laws are hostile to basic human rights and the welfare of our society. (2) Few elected officials will dare to promote the needed reforms.

State-by-state attacks on these laws are obviously impractical. Relief must come down from the top, as in the 1954 Civil Rights decision by our Supreme Court. The Supreme Court is immune to pressures that frighten elected officials at all

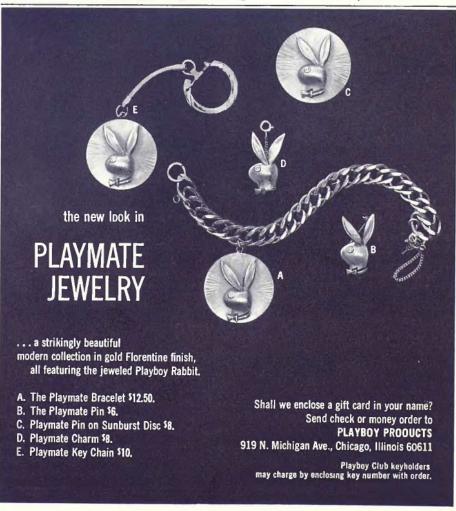


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levels. The recent trend of its decisions certainly gives grounds for hope that it would invalidate these "morality" laws en masse.

Every worth-while reform has required leadership and money, PLAYBOV is the leadership. The question is whether we, the readers, are a *Forum* or a *force* for promoting the best interests of our society. After concluding that these laws must go, are we willing to just sit and wait?

I think not! Lead on.

Donald G. MacChesney Alexandria, Virginia

We believe that the time has come for PLAYBOY to demonstrate that it can not only comment responsibly on important moral and social issues in our society, but is also willing and eager to use its considerable resources in an active pursuit of realistic legal codes regarding sexual behavior.

What we propose specifically is that PLAYBOY back financially a challenge through the Federal courts of the constitutionality of outdated state statutes, such as the one in West Virginia under which Donn Caldwell was convicted. We propose that PLAYBOY act as a point for rallying public financial and moral support in this matter. We suggest this to PLAYBOY because of its unique position as the focus of opinion and discussion concerning "delicate" social problems and because we feel that PLAYBOY is the only possible organization able to effectively pursue such a course of action.

PLAYBOY, the time has come for action on your part. You can count on at least three active supporters.

Max Koslow Creig Klute Dean Brown Dartmouth College

Hanover, New Hampshire We accept, as two of the first projects of The Playboy Foundation: (1) Gaining a parole for the imprisoned Donn Caldwell; and (2) establishing a suitable case in the Federal courts, so as to secure a Supreme Court test of the constitutionality of a typical state sodomy statute, similar to the West Virginia law under which Caldwell was convicted, and the other sodomy, perversion and "crime against nature" legislation to be found in 49 of the 50 states and the District of Columbia.

Those wishing to contribute to these two, and similar future projects inspired by the basic precepts of "The Playboy Philosophy," should make checks payable to "The Playboy Foundation," c/o PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

CALDWELL AND THE CONSTITUTION

I am constantly outraged and perplexed by archaic sex laws such as the sodomy statute that was used to convict Donn Caldwell. One question weighs



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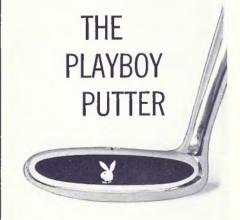
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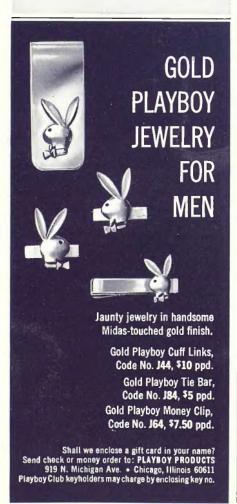
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heavily on my mind whenever such "justice" is mentioned: Are cases such as Donn Caldwell's ever appealed? He was denied probation, but could he not have been retried in a higher court? I am thinking mainly of a test case to have such puritanical laws judged unconstitutional.

I cannot accept an Orwellian society that enters the bedroom and dictates personal sexual mores. For even married couples to be convicted of practicing fellatio (along with nearly every other sexual practice, barring simple coitus) seems incomprehensible. It is akin to being imprisoned for eating strawberries during the month of June or being incarcerated for wearing the color green. Are there no avenues of law open to test and eradicate such statutes other than for state senates to revoke the laws (which seems unlikely)?

I am not knowledgeable in constitutional law, but doesn't freedom of sexual practice come under some aspect of the Constitution? Surely it involves the pursuit of happiness.

Perhaps you, as the only voice damning irrational sex laws, could enlighten me concerning this heartfelt query.

Mrs. Derrick W. Brown Willingboro, New Jersey

Sexual freedom, like the right of marital privacy, is not mentioned specifically in the Constitution, the Bill of Rights or later amendments. Hopefully, however, the Supreme Court's recent decision invalidating Connecticut's antiquated birth-control law will establish a healthy precedent. Justice Douglas, in his majority opinion, cited the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Amendments, all relating to "zones of privacy," with which the high Court held the Connecticut anticontraception law interfered; so, it would seem, do most state sodomy statutes, and for much the same reason. In addition, as Hefner has pointed out previously, there is the basic question of whether or not any law which is clearly no more than a secular codification of a religious taboo isn't an infringement of the First Amendment's guarantee of a separate church and state (see the letter that follows). Hefner will consider the constitutional implications of U.S. sex legislation in greater detail in his next installment of "Philosophy."

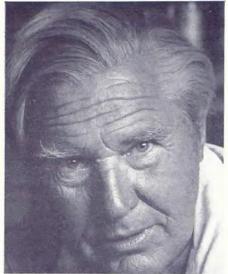
In one letter in *The Playboy Forum* for June 1965, it is pointed out that the Nebraska attorney general, Clarence Meyer, has said the constitutionality of many sex laws has never been tested. It seems to me that the present judicial climate in Washington is a favorable one in which to press for abrogation of these unjust laws on constitutional grounds.

Another letter in the same Forum—from Donn Caldwell, an inmate in the West Virginia State Penitentiary—relates a case that may be appropriately ap-

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MEN! Pinaud pays \$50 for Unforgettable Faces used in advertising! Send photo (male only) to: Ed. Pinaud, Inc., Dept. P-5, 902 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y. Do it today! pealed on constitutional grounds. The overthrow of one of these laws in one state, by the U. S. Supreme Court, would go a long way toward getting rid of them all. The Caldwell case suffers a defect in that the other participant was a minor, although the law under which Caldwell was convicted is apparently not concerned with that. But there must be many people languishing in state prisons for participating in sexual acts with other adults by mutual consent.

Some such case should be tested in the Supreme Court. Perhaps it's time for PLAYBOY to put some money where its mouth is. PLAYBOY's attorneys could locate the "straightest" feasible case for the test.

It may be that some of your readers are not aware of the constitutional principle involved. It is so straightforward, however, that I am truly amazed that it has never been applied. Please allow me to elucidate:

- A sin is a transgression against the law of God.
- A crime is a transgression against the law of man.
- 3. If the Government defines as a crime (in other words, passes a law against) an act that is a sin. *only* because it is a sin—that is establishment, as the law of the land, of the teachings of a religion or of a group of religions.
- 4. This is clearly in violation of the constitutional guarantee of separation of church and state.

Millard H. Perstein United Sexual Rights Committee Pasadena. California

CHANGING DEFINITION OF PERVERSION

After reading Donn Caldwell's letter in the June Forum, I immediately recalled a discussion some friends and I had recently about the definitions of the terms cunnilinction and fellatorism which are found in Stedman's Medical Dictionary.

Cunnilinction and fellatorism are both defined as forms of sexual perversion, the former a lingual-vulvar contact, the latter a buccal-penal contact. Since cunnilinction is a natural and common occurrence among many species of animals, as is fellatorism (although to a lesser extent), we concluded that either (1) animals are perverted or (2) the acts in question are not forms of perversion.

Obviously, the definition of the term perversion is a changing one, relative to the time and place of its usage. If perversion is defined as "contrary to normal," then we suspect that Mr. Stedman is ignorant of both animal and human sexual contact. If perversion is defined as "contrary to the moral way," then we thank Mr. Stedman for including a bit of his personal morality in his dictionary definitions.

On the other hand, Dorland's Medical

Dictionary defines both words without a moral judgment.

C. G. G. Chicago, Illinois

SEX IN SWEDEN

I am an American studying sociology in Stockholm, Sweden. In one of the seminars I attend, we examine Swedish sexual attitudes and behavior. It would seem that the common conception of 'Swedish sin," held by many Americans and reflected by Rabbi Tanenbaum's statement that there is a "problem of sexual promiscuity between unmarried males and females, with a kind of national license that operates there" (February 1965 Playboy Philosophy), is rather inaccurate. Although there are disappointingly few sociological or psychological studies on the issue in Sweden, those studies that exist would seem to indicate that the percentage of people indulging in premarital sexual relations is not much greater in Sweden than in the United States.

But there is, of course, a great difference between the sexual attitudes in the two countries. In the United States, premarital relations are roundly and almost universally condemned, whereas in Sweden they are not only tolerated, but often considered right and proper. Sweden's reputation of allowing greater freedom in sexual relations would actually seem to be based on this more liberal attitude, rather than a reflection of actual practice.

It should be added that the Swedish concept of free love does not condone promiscuity, but is a highly moral concept stressing the development of responsibility. In fact, my guess would be that promiscuity is less frequent in Sweden than in the United States. On the other hand, Swedes acknowledge that the situation is somewhat less than perfect, but rather than be prudish about it, they face the matter candidly and openly and try to bring about some amelioration.

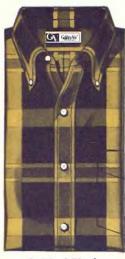
As a footnote, I might add that the idea that the suicide rate is "enormous" (also expressed by Rabbi Tanenbaum) or increasing in Sweden is also incorrect. The rate has fluctuated in the half century between 1911 and 1960, but has increased only 1.5 per 100.000 population from the period 1911–1915 to the period 1955–1960, a truly insignificant difference.

James Roth Stocksund, Sweden

IMPERSONAL SEX

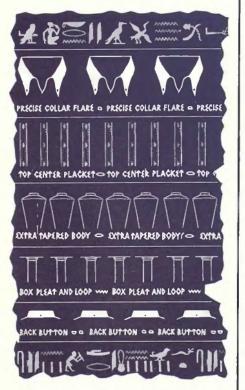
I have read the religious round-table discussion with some care and considerable interest, and I want to say that this portion of *The Playboy Philosophy* was an attempt in the right direction. As the *Trialogue* turns out, however, it strikes me as an opportunity for Mr. Hefner to expatiate his ideas while subtly conveying to his readers the rather obtuse





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and sometimes innocuous generalizations of the clergy. Perhaps I am overly sensitive in this area, but it seems to me that they appeared to be theological straight men for Hefner's articulate commentary.

Hefner's comment on the freedom of the individual is an unassailable premise. The right of the individual, from which Mr. Hefner says everything else evolves, is of paramount importance to us all. I agree with him when he says "I believe that every individual should have the right to explore his own individuality, and that society should assist him in this." However, our paths begin to diverge when Mr. Hefner says "I believe that man is a rational being, and though his heredity and environment play a major role in establishing the pattern of his existence, he possesses the ability to reason and the capacity of choice not granted to the lower animals." I believe man is indeed a rational being and does have the capacity to choose, but I suppose I am more aware that along with man's finite freedom, he is sometimes subtly enslaved by his own psychological blocks and he is not above victimizing others. While I do believe man can make a rational choice and can behave decently. I have seen too many instances where he has both enslaved and exploited his fellow man. In no one area of life can a person be more dehumanized, exploited or enslaved than in sex.

There is a difference between liberty and libertinism, and individual freedom is always subject to two qualifications: that a man's act will not enslave another person, and that a man's acts will not enslave himself. While I share Hefner's view that a man has the right to discover his own individuality, I do not believe he has the right to do so at the expense of violating the same rights in others. Perhaps Hefner agrees with this, but I get the impression from reading PLAYBOY that this is not the case. For example, in one recent PLAYBOY fiction piece a girl said it was better to make love under water where no talk is possible. This may be satisfying for a man, in the sense in which Theodore Reik writes that sex for the man is simply to be enjoyed like a good steak, and it may fulfill a man's personality or his self-expression or his development. But it seems to me that this is the kind of depersonalization or dehumanization of the woman that is most reprehensible. The over-all impression I get as I read PLAYBOY is that the women in the pictures and in the fiction pieces are simply dehumanized playgirls.

In his editorial for December 1964 Mr. Hefner says, "I certainly think that personal sex is preferable to impersonal sex... but I can see no logical justification for opposing the latter unless it is irresponsible, exploitive, coercive, or in some ways hurts one of the individuals involved." This is precisely my point,

that impersonal sex *is* exploitive, *is* enslaving, and *is* using the other person as an object precisely because she is impersonal. A girl can be more victimized by sex than a man. The very symbolism of the sex act itself—a man expelling, a woman receiving—is more than simply a description; it is a psychological fact. The consequences of sex in all their enormity bear more heavily on woman than on man.

While it may be true for the man, as Hefner says, that sex "offers a means of intimate communication between individuals and a way of establishing personal identification within a relationship," it seems to me that straight sex is almost invariably destructive of personal relationships. However, when deep, abiding personal relationships have been established, then sex, while it does not strengthen the relationship, does nothing to damage it. Sociological and psychological studies seem to bear out that casual sex or straight sex is destructive of interpersonal relationships. On the other hand, when premarital relationships have strong interpersonal bonds, then sex has little effect on the strength of the relationship. For the woman sex often is used as a weapon in the husband hunt. For the man, straight sex is all too often a method of taking out hostility on

Another point that bothers me in The Playboy Philosophy is the following statement of Hefner's: "I think the best sex, the most meaningful sex, is that which expresses the strong emotional feeling we call love. And I think you can find the emotion implicit in a great deal of what the magazine has to say about the male-female relationship, because PLAYBOY is a very romantic publication." It is precisely because Hefner confuses love with romance that I find the most serious fault in the magazine. There is a great difference between love and romance, and such qualities of love as responsibility, respect and knowledge are vastly different from romance. When these qualities are present, sex, premarital or otherwise, is morally right. In fact, what we have is a moral marriage, if not a technical marriage. But the tragedy of our time, as I see it, is that too many people confuse romance with love, affection with commitment, and passion with responsibility.

While I am all for what Hefner suggests when he says it would be good if young people "would only wait a bit, and spend a little time finding themselves, before attempting to find their mates for a lifetime." I do not believe that this really must significantly involve sex, because in at least some of the students here at this particular college, I have found that for both the boy and the girl the more experimentation in sex that has gone on, the less the capacity to trust the member of the opposite sex.



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Rather than leading to a faithful relationship within marriage, one of the frustrations occurring because of romantic sex is that inevitably the boy decides that he cannot really trust any female and the girl decides that all a man wants is to go to bed. The more this is encountered, the more both men and women lose the very thing that Hefner and I would agree is of paramount importance: the development of one's own personality.

Let me close in saying that while I do not agree with much of what St. Paul had to say about sex, it does seem to me that he stated in a single sentence what is for me the only adequate sexual code for our times: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." I Corinthians 6:12.

Dr. Richard C. Devor, Chaplain Allegheny College Meadville, Pennsylvania

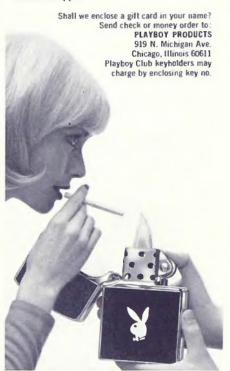
We cannot accept the contention that all casual, uncommitted, impersonal, transitory or lighthearted sex is destructive. Emotional involvement can make sex-or any other interpersonal activity -more meaningful and rewarding, but it doesn't follow that sexual intimacy without involvement is necessarily negative. The inability to recognize that sex play and pleasure can be positive, in and by themselves, is a reflection of the neopuritan need to continue treating sex as something sacred or profane. The phenomenon we term neopuritanism is especially pronounced among contemporary clergy, where explicit puritanism is increasingly considered a Christian heresy, but churchmen still insist on investing the sex act with the same supernatural implications. The same suppressive sexual morality that was previously expressed in direct religious prohibitions is now justified with pseudosociopsychiatric references that only emphasize the pathetic puritanism that motivates them.

Your statement that premarital sex can be morally right isn't the expression of permissive humanism that it seems, for it exists in a context of severe antisexualism. You write: ". . . straight sex is almost invariably destructive of personal relationships. However, when deep, abiding personal relationships have been established, then sex, while it does not strengthen the relationship, does nothing to damage it." Some endorsement, Sex may hurt, but it can never help! Despite the passing reference to "sociological and psychological studies" (your own?), these conclusions on the effects of sex in courtship have no foundation in fact.

And your statement that, while it would be good if young people waited a bit longer before getting married, "I do not believe that this really must significantly involve sex," is incredible.

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Contrary to the impression you have gained from your observation of some of the student relationships at Allegheny College, in the extensive scientific study of male and female sexual behavior conducted by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, a significant correlation was found between premarital sexual experience and successful marriage.

SEX WITHOUT LOVE

There is one point on the subject of sex that I do not believe has been adequately discussed in *The Playboy Philosophy*. What are the consequences of sex without emotional involvement? You say that Hefner believes "sex without love is better than no sex at all" (*The Playboy Forum*, April 1965), but I contend that this idea suggests only the quick, impersonal visit to the local brothel.

While this may be an acceptable introduction to the world of sex, I cannot believe that the mature male can obtain the sexual satisfaction he desires without emotional involvement with his partner. The problem here may be in the use of the word "love." "Sex without love" is a rather nebulous statement, since the word love has various meanings to different people. For a sexual relationship (as opposed to an ephemeral physical satisfaction for one party) there must be mutual desire, which requires a certain amount of emotional involvement.

Joseph W. Drewry Virginia Polytechnic Institute Blacksburg, Virginia

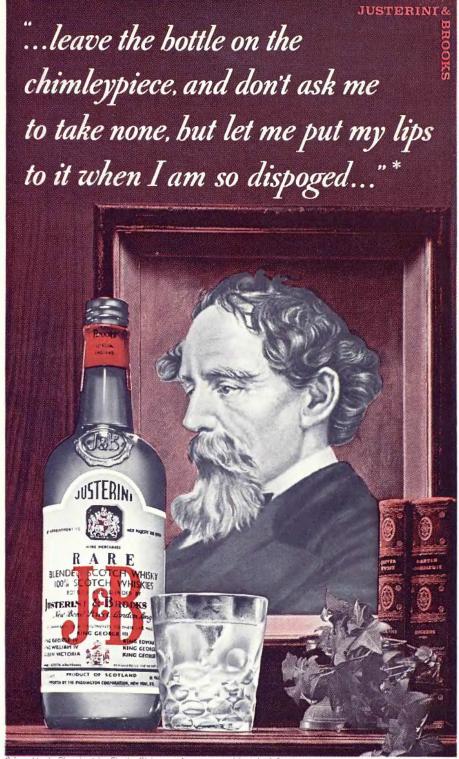
Mutual desire doesn't necessarily require emotional involvement. Obviously, two people can just go to bed for the sheer pleasure of it. However, that doesn't negate your main argument that sex is better with emotional rapport. We agree.

WHO NEEDS LOVE?

I've agreed with nearly everything Hefner has said, but I must object to what I feel is implied in the inordinate glorification of the emotional aspects of sex. I object to what is implicit in such statements as ". . . sex without love is better than no sex at all." I would rather stress sex as an adjunct to love, not the reverse. This odd preoccupation with love is an emotional hang-up.

A relationship with an emotional basis can be a very rewarding experience; but to imply affection somehow justifies sex, or that casual sexual activity is in rather poor taste, is hardly realistic.

We probably do more damage by attempting to make of sex more than it is, than by all the restrictions and inhibitions in the world. This is really what prudery and permissiveness are about. The conservative element exalts sex so that a casual attitude toward it is in the same class with disrespect of God; and the liberal-progressives condemn any re-



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PENNIES MORE IN COST . WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

strictions at all, defending themselves against the charge of promiscuity by flinging "love" in the face of criticism. They exalt sex with a fervor bordering on religious zeal.

So the conservatives rave about "irresponsibility," which is just a way of saying you're doing something I don't like: and the liberals scream "tyrant," which is to say you're telling me I can't do something I want to. The upshot is that everyone loses sight of the real problem; which is, as Hefner has often said, whether anyone has the right to regulate a purely personal activity between consenting adults when that activity does no violence to the society in which they live.

Hefner uses the old love and responsibility gambit too often, though, There simply is no sexual activity among adults, within the context of mutual consent, that needs justification or reason. Sex just is, and to try to defend or justify it is as silly as defending or justifying the force of gravity. And, I might add; to deny it is just as hopeless!

The sexual behavior of humans is mostly socially oriented. Any activity except during ovulation is a waste of effort as far as reproduction is concerned, (Which, incidentally, is why the Catholic attitude toward birth control is such arrant nonsense.) Any further sexual activity [except during ovulation for the purpose of conception] is, for the female, a means of securing the continued attentions of a husband. This need not be a conscious thing; it is simply the way we are made. The human child requires an extended period of care and education. This is best provided in a family situation, which is preserved by the continuing sex relationship between the parents.

To impute so much value to emotional involvement in sex is to aggrandize it all out of proportion to its importance. Members of an advanced culture can afford the luxury of setting themselves the prerequisite of love, if they wish; but there is certainly little cultural or biological basis for such a requirement.

What is required is to dispel some of the mystical attributes of love, and restore sex to its proper position as a good and pleasant, and quite dispensable (except in its reproductive function) pastime. Let us put aside sex per se and concentrate on the abstract concept of personal freedom.

George R. Fisher, Jr. Pasco, Washington

Hefner doesn't associate sex with love in order to justify the former; he agrees that it requires no such justification. Sex with emotional involvement is preferable to sex alone, because it doubles the pleasure that way, providing both physical and emotional satisfaction at the same time. As for our society's "odd preoccupation with love," we confess to enjoying the "emotional hang-up"; and we think it would be a rather drab old world without it. Actually, we seem to have a higher regard for love and sex than you do. For if you're under the impression that, apart from procreation, the only reason women engage in sex is to secure "the continued attentions" of men, you have a lot to learn about the opposite sex-in both departments.

CHRISTIAN RE-EXAMINATION

I generally agree with the views expressed in the Philosophy portion of your fine publication-and concur in your conviction that the puritanical version of religion (which is hardly Christian!) has done great damage to the proper understanding of one of God's very good gifts, human sex.

That there has been a revolution in thinking on the subject is, in my opinion, a very good thing, and while not advocating licentiousness in any form, I believe that both professionals and laity in the Christian Church must re-examine carefully their ideas about the entire role of sex in their own lives and in the larger life of society.

> The Rev. Bruce E. LeBarron Rector, Trinity Church Lime Rock, Connecticut

CLERICAL HAND WRINGING

I'm becoming increasingly accustomed to finding that so-called religious "leaders" (and here no offense is intended in a personal sense to the distinguished panel members themselves) cannot discuss any subject without becoming trapped in a lot of verbiage. The round table runs all around Robin Hood's barn to arrive right back at the same placenamely, a lot of hand wringing about what a difficult problem this is.

Whatever may be said about the current "revolutions" (sexual, religious, political, etc.), one thing is quite clear: They point to the demand that situations be dealt with situationally. I can't imagine how long it's going to take us to wake up to the rather obvious fact that one cannot sit in some ivory tower, or (this is too true to miss saying) radio station, and make pronouncements about what people should or should not do. How can we know the motives, backgrounds, pressures and circumstances that form the backdrop against which real decisions are made?

What is a heinous sin in one context may be absolutely redemptive in another. Sex may be exploitative and irresponsible or it may be constructive and edifying-both in and out of marriage. The most that can be said is that in the free exchange of discussion and information, we can assist persons to make the best possible decisions and choices, expecting both successes and failures to result.

Here in this area is where the job must be done. In churches, homes, schools-yes, even magazines-we must endeavor to fashion mature minds and spirits who, while not afraid of life and interpersonal encounter of any sort, take very seriously the consequences of their attitudes and behavior. Anything short of this is a misuse of God's gift of mind and body.

> The Rev. Robert R. Hansel St. Luke's Episcopal Church Fall River, Massachusetts

THE CLEANSING RITUAL

Your Playboy Philosophy is indeed provocative. However much we religionists flatter ourselves to the contrary, I believe you will find that religion makes a comparatively poor inculcator of moral behavior. It is my own working principle that moral behavior is not properly construed as a primary objective of religion: it is, rather, a by-product. One is more inclined to adopt behavioral precepts from the actions of respected, nonauthoritarian associates.

Nor should playboy flatter itself that it is a potent force in the process of moral inculcation. It is, however, sharing in a function customarily performed by religion-the cleansing ritual.

The best place to study this phenomenon is not with academicians in ethics and moral theology, but with anthropologists. Such discussion may be less compelling from the viewpoint of journalism, but I submit for your consideration that it will come nearer fruition than the reciprocating apologetics between Mr. Hefner and the clergy.

> The Rev. J. Raymond Fisher Palacios, Texas

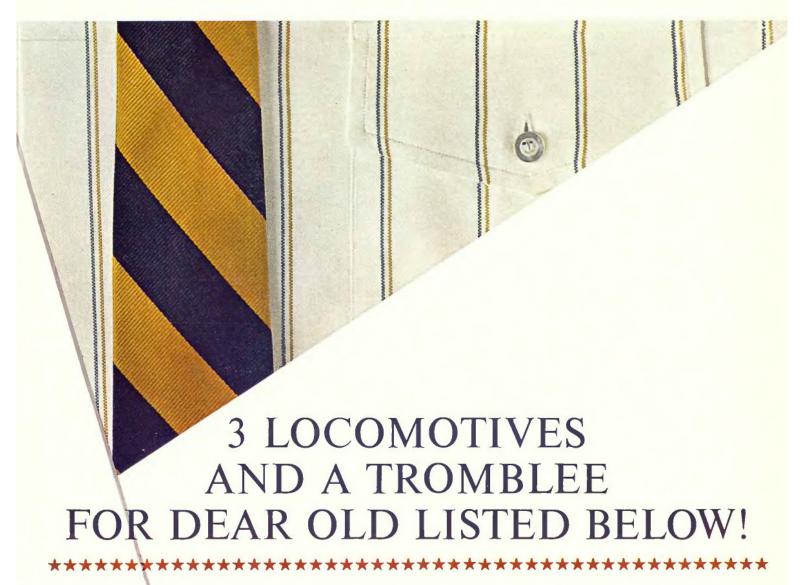
GOD IS LOVE

Hefner's Philosophy is wonderful. I join all those who have hailed his research (which is indeed considerable) and his courage. If he is ever arrested again for his editorializing, we'll all come to help him, sit in the cell with him, if need be. One word that he was in trouble would bring us all to his rescue.

I am a Catholic. I love the Catholic Church for its great works of mercy and charity. Nothing else so lovingly ministers to the physical needs of man, except for sex. I pray daily that the Ecumenical Council will be forced, by knowledgeable Catholic leaders, to cleanse its dogmas of medieval thought. It has been my experience, in the confessional (and I am a convert-confession did not come easy to me) to come upon a few priests who have learned to interpret what they have heard in that little box, of man's (and woman's) sexual needs. These men, as yet, are rare, but they exist, and one can take hope that the young men entering the seminaries, with their thorough training in psychology, will one day be able to change the existing dogmas.

(continued on page 188)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETER O'TOOLE

a candid conversation with the impudent, irreverent irish actor

Our interviewer is the noted English drama critic Kenneth Tynan, whom readers will remember as the author of our September 1963 interview with Richard Burton, as we!l as of two PLAYBOY articles: "Papa and the Playwright" (May 1964) and "Beat'e in the Bull Ring" (January 1965). Tynan writes of this month's charismatic subject:

"Peter Seamus O'Toole, born in County Galway 32 years ago, became an emigrant at the age of one, when his family left Ireland to settle in the Yorkshire city of Leeds. Bad health and wartime evacuation kept him out of school until he was 11, and two years later he gave up formal education for good. After spells in journalism and the navy, he won a scholarship to the Roya! Academy of Dramatic Art in London. A spectacularly promising graduate, he went on to serve a tough professiona! apprenticeship at the Bristol Old Vic, Britain's leading provincial stronghold of good theater, where he spent three seasons playing everything from Shakespeare to John Osborne. Already drums were beating throughout the profession, signaling the arrival of an exceptional talent. O'Toole got the full fanfare in 1959, playing a garrulous Cockney cynic in Willis Hall's London hit, 'The Long and the Short and the Tall.' Since then he has built himself three international reputations: as a Shakespearean actor (Shylock and Petruchio at Stratford-on-Avon, Hamlet in the inaugural production of

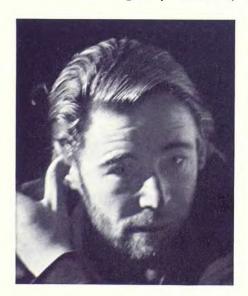
Britain's National Theater), as a star of epic movies ('Lawrence of Arabia,' 'Becket,' 'Lord Jim'), and as a manic, round-the-clock hell-raiser. Once, picked up on a drunk-and-disorderly charge, he told the court: 'I felt like singing and began to woo an insurance building.'

"I went to see him at his home near Hampstead Heath, the lofty stretch of parkland that overlooks central London from the north. Here he lives, tall and lean and Irish, with his tall, lean, Welsh wife, actress Sian Phillips, and their two little girls-five-year-old Kate and twoyear-old Pat. Traffic roars by a few yards from the front door; O'Toole's den is at the back of the house and bears outside it a brass plate that reads: THE MARCUS LUCCICOS ROOM. This is a private Shakespearean joke: Marcus Luccicos is an offstage character in 'Othello' who, despite an urgent summons from the Venetian senate, fails to arrive and is never mentioned again. The room is plastered with theatrical posters, pictures and prints of actors, and dozens of trophies, including the gloves worn by Sir Henry Irving in Tennyson's chronicle p'ay 'Becket.' There is also a tape recorder, on which O'Toole has been known to record his early-morning cough. He claims that it is comparable, in its special racking intensity, only to that of Jason Robards, Ir.

"He met me looking as he sometimes does in movies, wan with sleeplessness, his complexion etiolated as if dusted with powdered ash. But the old insomniac Celtic dynamo was still whirring within him, and he said he was ready to talk. Would I mind if he rambled, he asked. I said not in the least; and—as Jelly Roll Morton used to sing—'Didn't He Ramble,' speaking in a spasmodic flow of Yorkshire-inflected Irish, punctuated by snorting hoots of laughter. To paraphrase the tag line of the same song, 'I hope the butchers never cut him down.'"

PLAYBOY: During the two years you spent in school, what were you good at? OTOOLE: I was very good at English composition. I wrote a marvelous thing once, called "A Sound of Revelry." It was all about a village idiot I once met. an old twat named Obadiah, who heard a sound of revelry. He got into this pub where everyone was playing darts and enjoying themselves, and he joined in the darts match, and they all poured mixed drinks down him-crème de menthe and after-shave lotion. Then they kicked him out; he got thrown through the door. But when I met him in the street outside, he felt perfectly happy; he'd been accepted at last. Apart from composition, I couldn't do anything much except play Rugby football. PLAYBOY: Was it a Catholic school?

O'TOOLE: Christ, it was so bloody Catholic it'd frighten you. It was about as Catholic as you can get—the full expa-



"I adore making love, I really do, but I don't want babies at the end of every sweet hour. Unless birth control is sanctioned, the world is going to be in terrible trouble."



"I believe that the number 11 bus goes to Hammersmith and that Santa Claus isn't driving it. And I believe in Gandhi's remark that God has no right to appear to mankind except in the shape of bread."



"The truth is that I dislike the film world. I think I am temperamentally unsuited to it. I simply can't bear being microscopically examined by a camera from morning till night."

triate Irish nunnery. Probably the first word I ever heard was "sin."

PLAYBOY: What does sin mean to you? O'TOOLE: Well, I feel it going into a New York bar late at night. You see, they used to have no licensing laws in Ireland and the place was rather dull, but now the bars have to close at 11 at night, and you can commit sin by having a drink. It's a great gas. But I used to see sin as black horseshit—steaming horse droppings, but black. It used to paralyze me, still does. I still have a reek of sin.

PLAYBOY: What's the most sinful thing you ever did at school?

O'TOOLE: The first time I was really aware of committing a grievous sin, the full mea maxima culpa, was when I was a very small thing, at infant school. I drew a picture of a horse peeing, and I got the crap beaten out of me by lots of great horrible hawks—flapping nuns with white, withered hands. They'd never held a man, those hands.

PLAYBOY: What's the most sinful thing you've ever known a friend of yours to do?

O'TOOLE: I can't tell you the most—there's a different one every week—but I can tell you the most recent. I know a lovely girl who's full of life and spirit. She married a fe'low I never liked the look of, and he made her sign a paper, which he put in his safe, swearing that she'd always wear black and would never sing folk songs. I don't know why, but that made me ill. He was butchering something that was so pretty, that would make any hour sweeter. But I get resentful at the funniest things. That was just last week's.

PLAYBOY: During your school days you served as an altar boy. What was it like? O'TOOLE: It means being a sort of master of ceremonies. It means knowing the protocol, and occasionally reminding the gentleman in charge that we're doing Low Mass, not High Mass, and giving him little nudges. But I loved every second of it. After all, drama as we know it in England was started by the Church; look at the morality plays. The Mass was my first performance; it's as simple as that. Also, believe it or not, I really believed. During the War, when sweets were rationed, I used to go in the church and put a bloody toffee on the altar rail. That's a kid's action, but I was really hooked on the ceremony; I loved it. I had very little horizon then, and for me it was something splendid beyond words. How does one believe? What's the mechanism of belief? I haven't the faintest idea.

PLAYBOY: When you married Sian, she was a divorced woman. Did that involve you in any conscience struggle?

OTOOLE: I haven't had a conscience struggle with the Church since I was about 16, when I strolled out through the door and never went back. But I still have spasms and twitches, because, look, there's nothing more potent and highly

charged to a kid than the whole idea of transubstantiation and the robes and the incense and the candles and the bleeding lamb and the crown of thorns.

PLAYBOY: You felt all this in Protestant Britain?

OTOOLE: Ah, but in a Mick community. And there's nothing more Mick than an expatriate Mick—take a look at the Irish bars on Third Avenue. Have you ever been to Leeds? I just spent three sleepless nights there celebrating my father's birthday; he was born at midnight on St. Patrick's Day, he admits to 75 and looks 50. Wisdom of my father, uttered in a pub last Thursday night: "You can lead a horse to water, but rhubarb must be forced."

PLAYBOY: When did you lose your virginity?

O'TOOLE: On the steps of a church, strangely. I was 15, and what I felt was gross humiliation. I went out with a friend and we found two very experienced ladies-semiprofessional, I think. The only advice I'd had was to take the initiative, so I steered the lady's hand in a certain direction. The first thing she said on making contact was, "Put that on the mantelpiece: I'll smoke it in the morning." I saw her again about six years ago in a pub: we had a quiet word and giggled a bit. But at the time I felt enormous guilt-sins of the flesh, sins against our Blessed Lady. I had to confess it; in fact, it was almost the last time I confessed. "Was it with a woman, my son?" "Yes, Father." "Was she married, my son?" "I think not, Father." That cost me a coup'e of rosaries and all the stations of the cross-the full Waiting for Godot routine.

PLAYBOY: After school you went into journalism. How did that happen?

O'TOOLE: I had a very good friend who was a priest, and he wanted to save me from being a grease monkey, because at that time my whole ambition was to sell Jaguars. Anyway, the general manager of one of the local papers was a Catholic, so he found me a job as teaboy and copyboy. It lasted from the age of 14 to the age of 18. I wrote captions, and went to football and cricket matches, and even got tickets for the theater. I was a critic. I used to review striptease artists. and Buster Keaton, and Laurel and Hardy, and plays at the Theater Royal. Also I learned about photography, working in a horrible darkroom, and became a sort of assistant art editor. I remember I used to get horse meat for the chief photographer. Never knew why he wanted it; probably he was kinky for horses. A betting man, perhaps. But all this was my real education, and it moves me to think about it, because it was marvelous for me, a slum Mick, to be pushed into something that seemed so enormously sophisticated. I entered the company of literate men; they liked me and took me around, hid me under their overcoats in

bars. And every week I had two afternoons off to take classes in English literature. I began to feel instructed and liberated.

PLAYBOY: Do you go back to Ireland often?

O'TOOLE: Whenever I'm not working I go to Galway and Connemara, provided I can get past Dublin. With Dublin, the only thing you can do is turn up the collar of your coat, pull your hat down over your eyes and walk straight through it; otherwise you're there forever. But no one's ever flourished in Ireland; her greatest export is men. Look at the theater, for instance: Run through Farquhar, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Wilde, Shaw, Synge, O'Casey, Brendan Behan and Samuel Beckett—all wild geese who flew the coop.

PLAYBOY: What was your first stage appearance?

O'TOOLE: Aged six, as a character called Professor Toto in a children's concert. I had to feed a donkey sugar.

PLAYBOY: And how did you get the part that led to everything else—as Private Bamforth in The Long and the Short and the Tall?

O'TOOLE: They sent me the script and I wrote back saying it's marvelous; whoever plays it will become a star, and please let it be me. Next thing I know. Albert Finney's playing it, and the next thing I know after that is that Albie's got appendicitis, and they're asking for me again. At first I turned them down, because Albie and I had joined the Royal Academy together, and we were both tottering about trying to get our feet in the door-in fact, we still have a certain sort of dark professional rivalry-but in the end I took the part, and I'm very p'eased I did. Apart from anything else, I got to meet Katharine Hepburn. She came round one night after the show and said she liked it very much, but I was too overwhelmed to speak, so we just said bye-bye. Then suddenly my phone never stopped ringing-producers and directors all wanting me, which surprised me, because I was bad news at the time; they'd written me off as a Cockney savage. But she'd gone around and done a Barnum and Bailey for me. I met people-and I keep on meeting peoplewho'd say: "Kate Hepburn told me all about you." What a sweet thing, I thought: I hope to Christ I can do the same for someone someday. Then suddenly my wife was big with child. When it was a girl. I thought: Why not name her after that beautiful thing? So I called her Kate. I never told Miss Hepburn, though.

PLAYBOY: It was around this time that you had your nose fixed, wasn't it?

oroote: What happened was very simple. I'd already had my hooter kicked a bit on several occasions, and during The Long and the Short and the Tall I got it kicked to death again—onstage. It



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was flattened all over my face. Then a part came up in a film called *The Day They Robbed the Bank of England* and, as I say, the poison had already gone out about me being a horrible savage, so I thought, well, f—— it, at least I'll get the thing gathered into a tidy heap. So I had it changed for the purpose of being able to play in pictures. Simple as that.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any other

physical problems?

O'TOOLE: My eyes, mainly. I've had eight operations on the left one alone. It's in the family; my old man has got funny eyes, too. I don't need glasses, but I go cross-eyed very quickly, and strong light affects me; I respond to it with lumps behind the eyeball that have to be taken off regularly. I think it's psychosomatic, really. Or perhaps it's a kind of stigmata. There I go-on the cross again. Did I tell you, by the way, that my daughter Kate is getting religious? She went to a Christmas show at a Catholic school near here and came home raving about what she called "an activity play in which Jesus Kite was killed at the crossings." But another thing about me. I used to have a ferocious stammer and a lisp. I got them cured playing Rugby in the navy against the Swedish police. I turned up late and the captain punished me by making me play in the pack-with the forwards, you know, a lot of huge great pork butchers sweltering about all over the place. My whole Rugby life had been beamed on the fact that I kept well away from the pack, but there I was, sweating and heaving among the best. Having had every bone crushed, I was moved to fullback, which is suicide alley—I mean, it's ridiculous and people were yelling "Die. Navy, die with it!" and "Tigerish now, Navy!" Anyway, I did die with it on one occasion and someone kicked me straight in the mouth and cut my tongue in half. I didn't know what I was doing-probably trying to lick the salt off his knees like my dog does when it's hot-but anyhow, my tongue was hanging out like a moose's uvula, and crunch went this great Swedish bogey, and I woke up in hospital. They made me do exercises for weeks-counting my teeth with my tongue and things like that-and I never stammered again.

PLAYBOY: So much for physical afflictions. Has anyone ever written anything about you that hurt your feelings?

OTOOLE: Often. I gave up reading reviews years ago, because (a) I found it unprofitable and (b) I was always being accused of wearing too much make-up. Everyone else could come on drenched in crepe hair, but Paddy O'Toole would be attacked for wearing make-up. But the thing that hurt me most was when someone said that I only acted to demonstrate how pretty I was. Which was very unfair, because I've always considered myself to be the author's advocate. Mind you, I'm

at the stage *now* where I don't give a damn what anybody says. All I care about is whether I think the work's going well. **PLAYBOY**: In 1959, the drama critic of *The New Yorker* said that you had "a technical authority that may, given discipline and purpose, presage greatness." Any comments?

O'TOOLE: Discipline? I've always had that; despite the rumors, I'm one of the most frightening old disciplinarians who ever drew breath. And purpose? If that means dedication and a serious point of view, let me remind you that it was me as Hamlet who opened the National Theater.

PLAYBOY: You were once quoted in print as having said: "I want to do the film of My Fair Lady. It'll be good for me to act with Audrey Hepburn." Did you say that?

O'TOOLE: Never in my life. It's also in print that I'm living with Rudolf Nureyev, and that isn't true either. The simple fact is that someone from Warner Bros. approached me about My Fair Lady, and I said that I thought they were potty and that the only man who could and should play Higgins was Rex Harrison. I did say I wouldn't mind playing Doolittle, but they didn't like that at all.

PLAYBOY: You've made your name in films playing tormented heroes who end up more or less martyred. Do you enjoy being "on the cross"?

OTOOLE: No, but I know what you mean. I read a piece about me the other day with a headline that went: "I'm TIRED OF PLAYING SUFFERING GENTS IN THE FAR EAST." But let's go through the list. Lawrence of Arabia? Yes, I suppose he was a martyr of sorts. Henry II in Becket? Well, he ended up being whipped for his sins, but he didn't enjoy it. He accepted it because it was politically expedient, and he loathed every second of it. As for Lord Jim. he certainly chose to die, but I played him not for that reason but because it was the only chance I'd ever had of doing a Western -or an Eastern, if you like. He was a simple, silent, guilt-ridden fellow who rides into town like Shane; I just fancied the idea.

PLAYBOY: You've also appeared as God in John Huston's movie of The Bible. O'TOOLE: Yes, I played the Author. As a matter of fact, there are three of me in the film. Huston had this marvelous idea about the three strangers who appear to Abraham in Chapter 18 of Genesis. He thinks they're a pre-echo of the Trinity, so I play all three of them, and one of them is God. I use three different voices, ranging from senile Scuntherpe to juvenile Scunthorpe. [The Scunthorpe district in northern England is to Yorkshire what Brooklyn is to New York or Pomona to Los Angeles: a stock target for local comics.]

PLAYBOY: You're among the very few

screen actors who have ever played God. What's He like in your version?

O'TOOLE: He's the full anthropomorphic God. He's the troubled old fellow who comes down and has to decide whether or not to blow up Sodom and Gomorrah. And He has the first recorded Levantine argument with Abraham about how many righteous people make a town worth saving-50. 30, 10; they really bargain with each other. When I arrived in Rome to start work, they gave me the usual first-Communion nightie and a pair of wings, because they obviously hadn't read the Old Testament. So John Huston asked me how I thought Abraham would visualize God, and I said it would be more like a Hittite statue, and so that's how we did it. It's anthropomorphic with a vengeance, because we played it for a lot of fun. What else can you do? "Sarah was reproved," it says rather sternly in the Bible, after she's spent a perfectly innocent night with Abimelech. How can Sarah be reproved? She's 127 years old.

PLAYBOY: After *The Bible*, you made a comedy called *What's New, Pussycat?* with Peter Sellers. Everybody agrees that it's fairly far out. Are they correct?

OTOOLE: It depends what you mean by far out. Everyday life is far out. I first realized that many years ago, when I turned on the radio and someone was asking a man to describe his most embarrassing experience. I've never forgotten what he said. "I was sitting at home one night, washing my trombone, when I looked through the window, and there in the moonlight on the crazy paving I saw a hedgehog. Thinking it might be thirsty, I took it out a saucer of gin. The following morning I observed that the gin was untouched. Imagine my embarrassment when I found that it wasn't a hedgehog at all; it was a lavatory brush." I'm sorry, but if that isn't far out, I don't know what is. What was he doing washing a trombone? But to get back to Pussycat: We began with a brilliant. sketchy, Perelmanesque script by Woody Allen, who is a genius. Then things got a little neurotic, with lots of politics and infighting and general treachery, and finally-with the ghost of W. C. Fields hovering over our heads-we improvised the whole thing from start to finish. There were areas in the script that were undeveloped, which is the norm with most films: You cast first and write afterward. I actually wrote with my own fair hand about three fifths of the script. When I say "wrote," I mean that we'd meet at ten in the morning-Sellers and I and Clive Donner, the director-and sit around talking and hoping. Sellers had the ideas, I did the words and Clive was the arbitrator. We jotted things down on the backs of contraceptives and off we went. I play a fashion journalist and Sellers is my analyst. We took it on the wing every day, grabbed an idea and



built it from there. I've seen 30 minutes of the rough cut and I fell on the floor.

PLAYBOY: What will your next film be?

OTOOLE: Will Adams. I'm making it with my own company. John Huston is going to direct, Dalton Trumbo has written the finest script that ever breathed, and I've got Toshiro Mifunethe greatest actor in Japan-to play in it with me. Will Adams was the first Englishman to go to Japan. He's the unknown Elizabethan. He made a much greater contribution than Raleigh or Drake, but he committed two grievous crimes: He was born in the lower classes, and he didn't come home to share the goodies. He was a shipbuilder's apprentice who fought against the Armada and went off with a Dutch trading fleet to open up the East Indian market. He was wrecked on the shores of Japan, where the Jesuits grabbed him-the Portuguese Jesuits, whose main contributions to Japanese civilization were Christianity and the gun. He was sentenced to be crucified—as you've already spotted, the cross occurs and recurs in my speechwhen the emperor met him and liked him. He taught the emperor mathematics, built his first ship for him and became his most powerful advisor, the first and last white samurai. I don't want to raise any monuments, but Adams was about the only one of Elizabeth's great globe-trotters who didn't go to plunder.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out about him?

O'TOOLE: I met an actor in Kyoto who told me the story. Have you seen the Zen garden in Kyoto? Just five rocks and a load of pebbles-but the use of space! I sat there and I contemplated peace. Japanese poets have been describing it for centuries, but for me it was like a huge ocean, with little bits of life appearing and being very beautiful-and being allowed to be beautiful. Anyway, that was where I met this actor, who told me that Adams was still revered as a Buddhist saint, with a shrine of his own and all that. I listened with my mouth wide open, came home and looked up the records, and got thoroughly hooked. PLAYBOY: You're producing Will Adams yourself. Would you also like to be a

O'TOOLE: Only if I wasn't acting as well. Direction is something very odd and recent. It's an innovation of the 20th Century, invented to protect the author from the vagaries of the actormanager; I think it's time there was an innovation to protect the author and the actor and the public from the vagaries of the director. Given a good play and a good team and a decent set, you could chain a blue-arsed baboon in the stalls and get what is known as a production. But my trouble is, I love acting. I think it's the nicest thing that ever happened to anyone.

PLAYBOY: What play would you most like to film?

OTOOLE: King Lear, And I'm going to make it. One of the marvelous things about having a few shillings is that I'm in a position to call the shots. And I hope the director will be Kurosawa, the man who made Rashomon. I think he knows Lear in his bones—that monolithic, feudal thing.

PLAYBOY: Will you be influenced by the famous Paul Scofield performance of Lear, which Peter Brook directed for the Royal Shakespeare Company? He played Lear not as the usual titanic hero, but as a cranky old man whose daughters probably had very good reasons for resenting him.

OTOOLE: I didn't like the Scofield Lear. It was a tremendous performance, but it wasn't the play the fellow wrote. I realize that nowadays you can't accept things like royal authority and feudal command, and I also realize that the text ought to reflect what Hamlet calls "the very age and body of the time": but I wanted to call for "Author!" at the end, and I expected Peter Brook to come running on. Shakespeare's Lear was an appalling, dotty old man with two daughters who were the original ugly sisters. That's the simple plot premise, and the whole play is about undressing-taking off clothing and crowns and titles. Remove these things and you get the "poor, bare, forked animal": that's the theme, and Shakespeare has rivers of irony flowing to express it, without any help from Mr. Brook. Of course, Shakespeare makes a comment on our times-I played Shylock with one foot in Auschwitz-but you mustn't forget the people he wrote for, who knew all about robes and ceremonies. His theater wasn't only a temple of the arts, it was a corn exchange. As an actor, Paul Scofield is a gent who could show us all the way home. His performance was extraordinary. I came home haunted by the bloody thing, and I keep on waking up saying the lines as he said them. But in the whole conception, I felt there was too much bending. It bent the text. To me, Lear is the greatest artifact ever and, vain as I am, I don't intend to try it until I'm about five years older. I haven't got the equipment.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you hated the "head-back-and-sonority-of-utterance" school of acting. Doesn't it secretly rather attract you?

O'TOOLE: I'm attracted, yes, but I don't want to join it. I truly do not like arias. I can play John Gielgud's records for hours, and I can watch Callas spell-bound. They're phenomena, and I'm quite prepared to adore phenomena. But I'd hate to copy them. I loathe Victorian floridity: I even dislike florid opera: Lucia di Lammermoor drives me up

the wall. No, I just like actors to talk sense.

PLAYBOY: Since you've been in a position to choose your parts, have you ever played a character the audience was meant to hate?

O'TOOLE: I've played several full-sized monsters—Lawrence, for instance. Didn't everyone hate Lawrence? I'm not like John Gielgud, who says he can't possibly persuade audiences to dislike him. I know more about villains than I know about heroes, and I'm prepared to state a case for them. People say I romanticized Lord Jim. I don't know whether that's true, because I haven't seen it. I've never seen any of my pictures all the way through.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that rather unprofessional? OTOOLE: The reasons are totally professional. The first time I saw myself was in the rushes of *The Day They Robbed the Bank of England* and I was shattered. For the next two weeks I felt like death: I couldn't work, I couldn't talk: I just posed and farted about like an idiot. It made me self-conscious and awkward. Self-aware is one thing: self-conscious is another. The truth is that I dislike the film world. I think I am temperamentally unsuited to it. I simply can't bear being microscopically examined by a camera from morning till night.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about artists you admire. What comedians, for example,

make you laugh?

OTOOLE: English comics like Sid Field, who's dead, and Jimmy James, who's just retired-he was the comics' comic. You felt secure the moment he set foot on the stage; it was like watching a great violinist take up his bow or a great surgeon pick up the scalpel. And Frankie Howerd-like to die! For me, the greatest American comic was W. C. Fields. He had this trick that all great comics have: They're blinkered: they refuse to see anything except one blinkered point of view, from which they trample on unremittingly. It may lead them to illogical conclusions, but they'll stand by those conclusions; they'll die for them. And it's funny, because for them it's real. I mean, when Fields hated children, he really did. And when Francie Howerd gets indignant, he's really and passionately furious. And I just wet myself laughing. Oh, and I forgot Zero Mostel, who's obviously a comic genius. He came into this pretty house when Sian and I had just bought it, and it looked like a great empty soup kitchen with workmen tapping away all over the place. He strolled in with that huge great frame and that glare and that enormous authority, wearing a beret and limping. I believe he'd just knocked down a bus in New York and the bus company was suing him for damages. Anyway, we had a few jars of booze and he suddenly glared at the workmen and bellowed: "Take all the ceilings out! I



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want a long, tall room!" And, by God, they were nearly starting to do it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Lenny Bruce?

O'TOOLE: He's something else. He was my salvation when I went to Hollywood for the first time. It's a very unpleasant place and I hated it. I mean, it looks like a parking lot mixed with Coney Island, which is enough to put any decent man off. But people kept saying: "Wait till you get to Beverly Hills." Well, I got to Beverly Hills, and it was Christmas, and I saw nothing but Santa Claus in neon lights and reindeers climbing out of chimneys. The awful thing is that everyone who lives there loves it. But Lenny was playing at the Unicorn and he restored my sanity-I went night after night and died on the floor. What I love about Lenny, apart from the fact that we click as chums, is that he's the only man in show business who can casual'y describe a town hall as a shit house and a hotel as a toilet and get away with it. It's unbelievable, the way he switches the audience on to his wave length, Again, it's that blinkered point of view, and that total sincerity.

PLAYBOY: Laurence Officier directed you in *Hamlet* at the National Theater in 1963. We're told he can be pretty intimidating when he wants to be, even at the best of times. What was it like to play Hamlet for a man who had made history in the part himself?

O'TOOLE: I found him perhaps the least terrifying man I've ever met in the theater-because at first glance I could see through him and he could see through me, and he knew that I knew that he knew. Look, love, I've been bullied all my life by bigger experts than Larry Olivier, I can assure you, and he's just got to get in line. He turned me to stone a couple of times with that grayeyed, myopic gaze of his, but a couple of times he made me very happy. After one rehearsal he said to the company: "Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time in living memory we have seen the real Hamlet." When the greatest actor on two stalks says a thing like that, what can you do? Of course, I felt I was being watched every minute.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that he may have regarded you as a potential threat—as the young prince who might usurp his throne?

OTOOLE: If he was sending out waves like that, I wasn't aware of them, and in any case, it wouldn't have affected me; after all, he asked me to play the bloody thing. He came to the house and asked me a lot of oblique questions about the part, and finally I said to him: "Look, it doesn't matter what theories I've got about *Hamlet*. All that matters is what comes through in the performance." I could have quoted exactly the fifth emendation made by H. Curtis Scrotum

in 1855 and that sort of thing, but I see no point in that kind of discussion. Besides, I've worshiped at Larry's shrine for years. Nothing has ever been done, or will ever be done, like his Richard III at the Old Vic in 1944. The relish of itthat was what impressed me, although I was only a child-the way he seemed to savor everything Richard said, with a nagging, almost pedantic delight. Then there was Titus Andronicus, and Coriolanus, where he came on like a boy, with that wonky, juvenile gait. I'm hooked on Larry O'ivier. I mean, he's done it; he's sat on the top of Everest and waved down at the Sherpas. He speaks from Olympian authority, and I think he bridles that authority admirably. I know lesser farts in bigger organizations who brandish their puny accomplishments like a club. But I'm not sure he ought to be running the National Theater. Larry's business is acting; he belongs in the stable, as head stallion. I don't think he's got a great deal to contribute as a director. In Hamlet I wandered amazed among scenic flyovers and trumpets: 1 didn't know where I was. I only did it because I was flattered out of my trousers to be invited.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about books. What modern novel have you most admired? O'TOOLE: Catch-22 comes popping into my head. It's a nightmare, but it's the truest thing I've ever read about war. It described everything I felt in the navy. PLAYBOY: Among living people, whom would you like to meet that you haven't already met?

O'TOOLE: Marlon Brando, for one; I'm a great stage-door Johnny. Until recently. I'd have said John Steinbeck, but I've just met him. The same applies to Gene Krupa. You see, I'm a bit of an amateur musician-my instruments are drums and bagpipes-and I used to play with a jazz band in Leeds. Everyone wrote us off as arty, nail-biting wife beaters because we used to sing old Leadbelly songs that have since made the top of the pops. That's when I first heard about Gene Krupa, who's the finest orchestral drummer there ever was. I met him the night Lord Jim opened in New York. Having shaken every hand in sight, I slipped off to the Metropole bar, and he drank Coca-Cola with me and then went up and beat the living Jesus out of those drums. It was a big thrill. And, of course, I'd love to meet Khrushchev, because he's the man who brought Marxism away from the altar, if you see what I mean. And that wife of his, with those legs like milk bottles. I think Khrushchev and I could have a really good fuss together. I'd like to talk to him about communism's biggest mistake, which was the use of history as a spine of infallible theory to support a body of doubtful practice. In fact, they alter each vertebra according to any prevailing notion. They've done the Jesuitical bit on Marxism, and that's a crime. It isn't as bad as the crimes of the Catholic Church, but it's in the same neighborhood.

PLAYBOY: What people in the past—real or fictitious—are you most fascinated by?

OTOOLE: Don Quixote, Edmund Kean the tragedian and Judas Iscariot.

PLAYBOY: Why?

OTOOLE: Don Quixote because I admire anything quixotic. Kean because he's the actor I'd like most to have seen. And Judas because bogeymen have always fascinated me, and he's the supreme bogeyman in Christianity. You see, I think he was in on the Crucifixion. Christ needed someone to put the finger on him; he needed to be martyred, and he talked Judas into it.

PLAYBOY: You say you admire everything quixotic. Do you have any personal eccentricities yourself?

OTOOLE: I never carry a watch or a wallet or a lighter. Or a key: I just hope some bastard's in. Otherwise I go through the window, and then the police come and it's horrible. I have a photographic memory: I learned *Hamlet* in three days. I have no sense of direction, and I have a most peculiar sense of time; I've no idea of the day or the date. but at certain hours I get a desperate twitch. For instance, I'll tell you the time now. It's about 6:30.

PLAYBOY: It's 6:34.

OTOOLE: Not bad for a fellow who hasn't slept. Do you know how I knew that? Because I'm an actor, and all over England the curtain is due to go up in 60 minutes' time. As for physical oddities, I'm hairless around the titties, and I was treated as a girl until I was about 12. I was very pretty and rather tubby, with a mop of golden curly hair that I've tried to keep straight ever since. I used to be called "Bubbles."

PLAYBOY: Were you ever homosexual? OTOOLE: Never. When I was about 12, of course, I joined the fraternity of M.M., under the auspices of the reverend brothers. M.M. stands for Mutual Masturbation, which was regarded as a healthy alternative to ordinary sex.

PLAYBOY: But you got over it?

O'TOOLE: Yes—you might say I pulled myself together.

PLAYBOY: We hear you have trouble sleeping, and a couple of years ago you collapsed from exhaustion in New York. What makes it so hard for you to sleep?

oroote: One of the things that keeps me awake is that I don't know why I can't sleep. New York itself is a stimulant. The first time I went there I stayed at the Algonquin, besotted with visions of the Round Table. I walked into the bar, and there was James Thurber; I

walked into the lift, and there was Brendan Behan, sitting on the floor with a bottle of milk. It's always like that. But the time I fell over in New York was something special. I'd just finished Lord Jim in Cambodia. The natives were burning down embassies, and Sian and I had hid in lavatories; it was very unpleasant. We went to Japan for a holiday and then flew to New York. That's a frightening flight; I hate airplanes anyway; I can't believe all that tonnage can float in the air. Anyway, we stopped at Anchorage, Alaska, where I bought a pair of cuff links and a bowl of chili con carne; and as soon as we left, the place fell apart in an earthquake, which shook me up. By the time we got to New York I hadn't slept for 36 hours. There was the usual bloody circus of journalism and television, which I subscribed to, but my reserves were getting low. Then I went on Channel 13 for an hour, and the interviewer dug very deep, and I was moved both to laughter and to tears. By now I hadn't slept for 60 hours, but I thought I could do the Tonight show, and I went on it and suddenly I fell over, crunch, broke my dark glasses and came home in a box. But about sleep in general: I don't mind missing it when I'm working in the theater, because I've got the whole day in front of me before the performance. But in the cinema it's different: After you've tossed about in a bed and eventually left it because you don't want to wake up your wife, and you've tried to read a book on the sofa until your eyes are about I/II, you have to turn up at the studio and pretend to be some super high-stepping gent. Sometimes I go into the garden and sit on the swing for hours. It's not nice. Rebecca West once told me that she was a happy insomniac. But she's all right, you see; she's in the lonely business of putting words on paper, whereas I've got to turn up and look lovely. I've tried every pill there is, from tranquilizers to knockout drops. In Japan I spent a fortune on a pillow that's supposed to masturbate you and nod you gently to sleep. No good. I believe you can buy a bed called "Fairy Fingers"; they trickle up and down your spine, settle around your scrotum, and you totter gently into an irredeemable kip. I haven't tried that yet. In the navy I used to drop off quietly when I was on watch, looking for submarines; I'd tuck my cigarette up my sleeve and get nicotine stains on the inside of my elbow. Nowadays I'm lucky if I get an hour's sleep a night.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever taken pep pills?

OTOOLE: Once, and never again. I had spent a night talking, as I often do, and I had to play the Moody One next



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day-Hamlet, his melancholy nibs. I felt a bit dreary, so a lady in the company gave me a little green pill out of a silver Victorian pillbox. I was on the ceiling for 48 hours. I was cuckooing and crowing from chimneys, hurtling about and gamboling and skipping-and I never stopped talking. I wept at weather forecasts.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to eccentricities. Are you superstitious?

O'TOOLE: In one respect, yes. I won't go out of the house without wearing green socks. In the late 19th Century, Britain made it a capital offense for the Irish to wear green, their national color. So they made a point of wearing it, and this was handed down to my father from his father. But I disbelieve in all other superstitions—especially the Catholic Church. I'm a retired Christian,

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

OTOOLE: I believe, as John Le Carré says in one of his books, that the number 11 bus goes to Hammersmith and that Santa Claus isn't driving it. And I believe in Gandhi's marvelous, ironic remark that God has no right to appear to mankind except in the shape of bread. What a lovely flip of the Catholic coin! But it took me a long time to disbelieve in transubstantiation. If you're a Catholic, you aren't a sinner as long as you can drop in at what they call "the short 12"--12-o'clock Mass. It's there for actors, writers, painters and other drunks, and it's short because the priest needs a drink like everybody else. All they do is elevate the Host, and if you witness the transubstantiation-the changing of the bread into Christ's body and the wine into his blood-you're home and dry, you're as pure as the driven C. P. Snow. PLAYBOY: Have you ever killed anyone? OTOOLE: Not to my knowledge. Unless you count birth control: From time to time I've seen a thousand Shakespeares and Ibsens in my handkerchief. When I was called up for military service, they told me that I could only be a conscientious objector if I swore that my Christianity was offended, and since I'd abandoned that lovely primrose path of dalliance, I couldn't with any honesty take that stand. Faced with the alternatives of going down into the mines or going to jail, I preferred the sea, and I vomited over every square yard of it. But if there was another war, I'd be a conscientious objector like a shot.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned birth control. As "a retired Christian," what are your feelings about it?

OTOOLE: When I was a Catholic-and I really went all the way, I had a bad case of handmaiden's knee-I remember a frightening debate going on about the sin of being cremated. Intelligent people 100 were shricking against it from pulpits. Nowadays cremation has been given the blessing, but I can remember real terror: peop'e hiding their heads if they'd had a relative cremated. I thought at the time that unless they allow cremation and birth control shortly, there's going to be a mountain of dead bodies with a pyramid of newborn babies on top, and that's all there'll be on sea or land or in

PLAYBOY: Then you think that birth control is a good thing?

O'TOOLE: Good? It's lovely! I adore making love, I really do, but I don't want babies at the end of every sweet hour. I can't see how anyone could make it controversial. The whole argument is based on a wonky interpretation of a wonky bit of Genesis about Onan being slain by the Lord because he spilled his seed on the ground. Seeing that everyone in that part of the Bible is rushing around seducing their sisters at the age of about 850, it seems a mad point to dwell on. Unless birth control is sanctioned, the world is going to be in terrible trouble. I haven't the faintest idea why the Church should promote the strangulation of early seed by the rhythm method rather than by bouncing it against a piece of rubber. Somebody once asked me to suggest another name for the rhythm method, and I said it ought to be called "parenthood."

PLAYBOY: What are your politics?

O'TOOLE: I'm a retired left-winger. I don't vote. I think there's a place for an actor in any political system--Czarist Russia, Imperial Japan or Tory Britain. PLAYBOY: Even for a working-class actor like yourself?

O'TOOLE: I'm not working-class: I come from the criminal classes. My father was an off-the-course bookie, and that was a crime until a few years ago. But if you want to define me. I'd better confess. I'm a total, wedded, bedded, bedrock, ocean-going, copper-bottomed, triple-distilled Socialist. At the last election, I insisted that everyone in my house vote Labor, even though I knew it would mean I'd be taxed to the bollocks. The only objection came from my driver. "Sack me if you like," he said, "but I'm a Conservative." And he went off in the Rolls and voted Tory. But somehow I d'dn't feel as adamant as that. Sometimes democracy frightens me; it doesn't always let the minority think freely. The only thing I'm sure of is that I would never lift a finger to help the Conservatives. PLAYBOY: Are there any laws you'd like to see repealed?

O'TOOLE: The laws against homosexuality. And censorship and capital punishment would have to go. I'd also change the laws relating to divorce. The Arabian system makes sense to me. You simply say "Piss off" to your wife three times and you're divorced, as long as it's done

in front of her uncle. Of course, you have to go on paying her upkeep and providing for the children.

PLAYBOY: Of all the parts you've played. what speech means the most to you? O'TOOLE: Something Vladimir says in Sam Beckett's Waiting for Godot: "Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the gravedigger puts on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries. But habit is a great deadener."

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of dying?

OTOOLE: Petrified. PLAYBOY: Why?

OTOOLE: Because there's no future in it. PLAYBOY: When did you last think you were about to die?

OTOOLE: About four o'clock this morning. A few weeks ago I watched a commercial on television. It was selling insurance, and I hadn't realized how graphic and Grand Guignol they'd got. There's a fellow on the beach with his wife and ten children romping around in the sand, and suddenly they all dissolve. And he thinks: "Must insure with the Prudential" or whatever. But if I was going to die, I'm afraid I wouldn't give a damu about anyone. A man in New York once asked me what I'd like engraved on my tombstone, and I said: "'Oh Christ, what a pity.'

PLAYBOY: What would you like people to say about you as an actor, when

you're dead?

O'TOOLE: "God rest his soul." That's all. While I'm alive. I've got only one interest, one concern and one love, and that's work. Afterward, nothing matters. I wouldn't mind borrowing W. C. Fields' epitaph: "On the who!e, I'd rather be in Philadelphia." Or possibly something that a friend of mine wrote on the program of a bad Pirandello play I appeared in: "Poor Pete-out of his depth in the shallows."

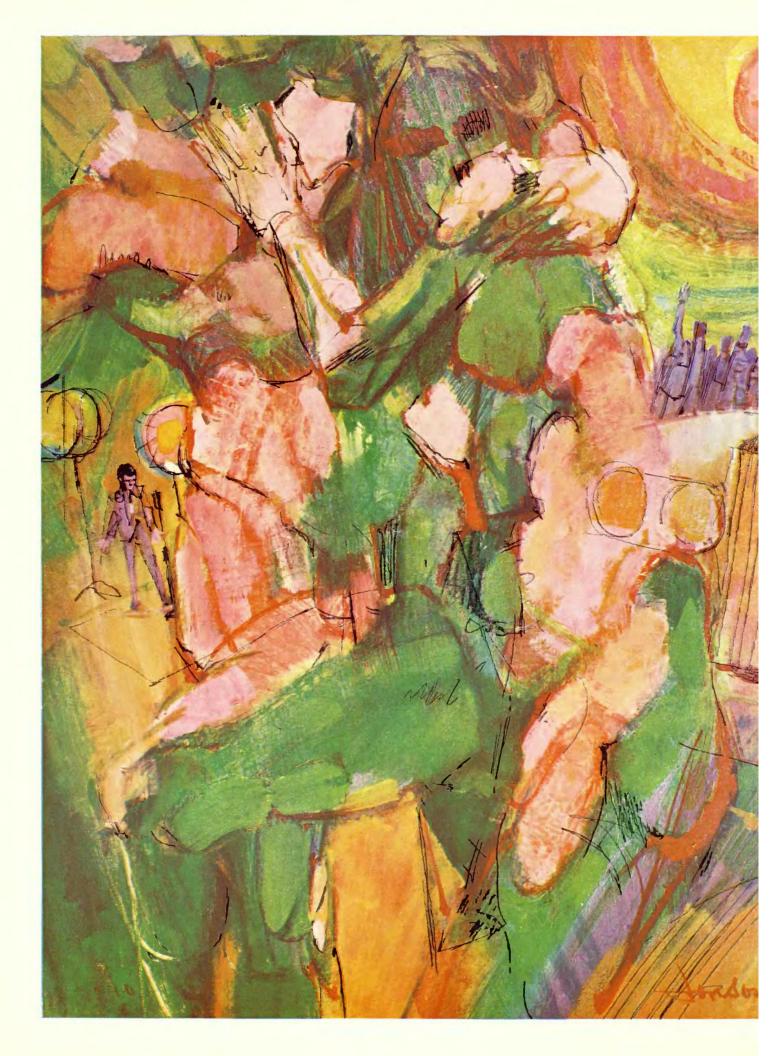
PLAYBOY: If you had to sum up your attitude toward life with a story, what would it be?

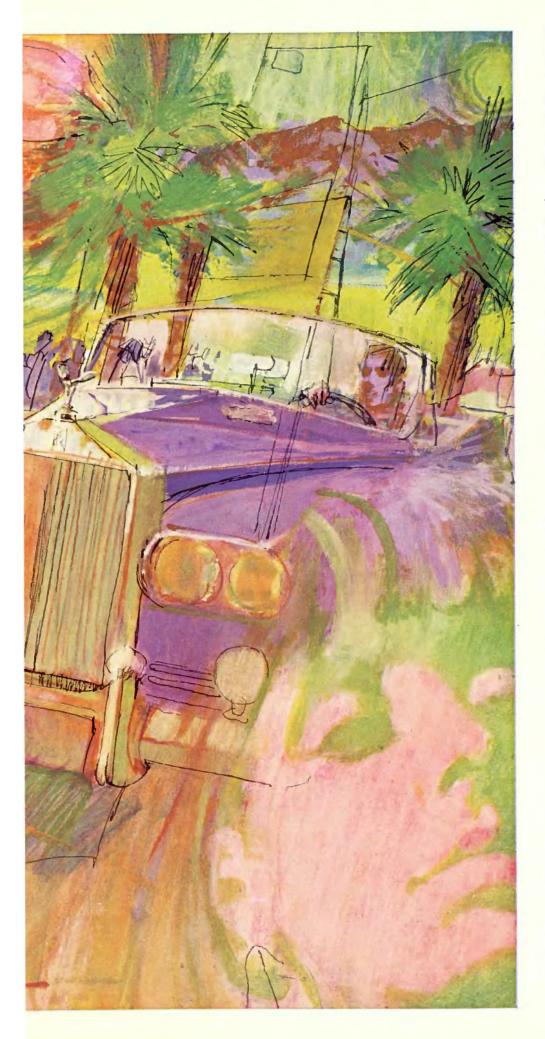
O'TOOLE: I once knew a fellow who committed robbery with violence, and he was sentenced to a long prison stretch and 12 strokes of the cat. He'd been injured during the robbery, so they put him in hospital to make him better so that they could make him worse. During the administration of the cat, he fainted after six strokes, and the doctor put him in hospital again. And he got very friendly with the nurses and the doctors. and after a while they got him well enough to go back and take the next six strokes. I saw him afterward and I said: "Oh, Jesus-that bloody law, that bloody judge!" But he said: "I don't want the fellow who made the law, and I don't want the fellow who passed the sentence. All I want is the fellow who held the bloody whip."



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CHARIOT OF FIRE

the car became a hateful thing to him, its beauty transformed into ugliness by the corrosive alchemy of jealousy and defeat

fiction By RAY RUSSELL

IT was a blooded stallion, but of metal and glass; gleaming and grave like a stallion; haughty as one; poised with dormant power and ready to spring into speed at a touch.

Its wood was South African burled walnut, its leather, that used in the finest gloves. It was convertible, and contained a small bar, a stereophonic radio, a dictation machine and a telephone-but only one, because its owner, Robin Craig, was anxious to avoid ostentation. "As to color," the Rolls-Royce representative had murmured when Robin had first presented his specifications, "what is your preference, Mr. Craig?"

Robin knew exactly what he wanted, for he had dreamed of such a car for too many years. What he wanted may have seemed slightly suspect to some, but Robin didn't mind: having seen to it that the whole of Hollywood thought of him as the busiest swinger in town, he could afford to be a little gay in his choice of shoes, of trousers, of haircuts and of car colors. So "Lavender," he said. "To match my eyes." His eyes were indeed that rare hue, a gift, via a Mendelian detour, from a great-aunt. Rolls-Royce representatives are trained to accept outré demands, and a representative in Beverly Hills must, early in his career, be thrice-immune to them. So this representative, nodding, making a neat notation on a pad, said evenly, "Lavender. Yes, Mr. Craig."

When, on a Saturday, they phoned to tell him it was ready, he left his old car, a Lincoln Continental, at his Bel Air home, and took a cab into Beverly Hills to pick up the Rolls-Royce. The beauty of it thrilled him, pumped blood into his face, contracted his stomach lining, congested his throat, made him feel the way he'd felt the first time he ever saw a girl with all her clothes off. He filled out the papers in a daze, not seeing them, not hearing the routine questions, saying nothing when the Rolls-Royce man, presenting him with the keys, said, "Thank you, Mr. Craig."

He drove the purring creature, 103

top down, all over the Beverly Hills shopping area, honking and waving whenever he spotted a friend strolling in or out of Blum's, or Frascati's, or Martindale's Book Store, or the little shop that, quite without guile, called itself Carl Jung, Accessories; he dropped in on his agent and bullied the poor protesting man into taking a spin with him; he regaled his wife, his kids and several cronies from his car phone and placed a long-distance call to his mother in the Bronx; then, unknowingly winding tight the spring of fate's infernal machine, he headed for the Laurel Canyon home of Sandra Cayden, Maybe, he told himself, maybe with this car I'll finally be able to make it with Sandy.

Sandy, at that precise moment, was making it with Rudy. They made it very well, and were quite pleased with what they had made when it was done. "Whew," Rudy was saying. "That takes the stuffing out of a chap."

"Who needs a stuffy chap?" drawled Sandy, affectionately.

"Which reminds me, love. Have you been seeing Rob Craig?"

"Light me a cigarette, Rudy? No, not really. Lunch once or twice in the commissary."

"Do you like him, then?"

"Oh, he's sweet, I suppose, but kind of gauche and dumb. Besides, he's been married to the same woman since I was eight years old. And three kids yet."

That wouldn't stop him, you know. And it wouldn't stop you.'

Coyly: "Is it your business?"

He grabbed her indecently, roughly, in a gesture half truly possessive and half a jocular parody of possessiveness. "You know ruddy well it's my business, you little parcel." She screamed in mock terror, giggled, became excited, and began to work those sweet arts designed to put the stuffing back into him; after which, she proceeded to take it out of him again, such being the cycle and droll paradox of love.

Sandra Cayden was a tough, sharp, lovely little piece of 18. She was as bright as chromium, which does not necessarily mean she was as hard or as cold as chromium. She was that perky, chirping bit of golden fluff so aptly called a chick in the going argot. A chick she was indeed, so soft, so small, so irresistible, so drowsy and blinking from the cozy humid warmth of the recent egg, so unerringly knowledgeable about where and where not, when and when not to peck for sustenance, to snuggle for shelter. She also knew, intuitively and unchicklike, precisely the right occasions when rebellion would net her more profit (in respect, image and social altitude) than conformity. Such rebellion might take the form of-temporarily, at least-avoiding the bed of the famous star Robin 104 Craig in favor of that of the less

influential (but more chic) young Rudy, who was only the associate producer on the film in which she and Robin were costarring. Her body was a molded pink pudding and showed to optimum advantage in a bikini-a compact arousement of hard little breasts, deep-dish navel, rounded belly, jutting fanny, perfectly graduated legs, enchantingly feminine feet. From toe-tip to topknot she was a menu of rich desserts, a magnet for hands and mouths.

Thoroughly stuffingless now, Rudy was lying on his side, idly gawking out between the slats of her louvered bedroom window. "Who do you know owns a Rolls?" he asked suddenly.

"Let's see, there's-

"Who do you know owns a lavender convertible Rolls?"

"Lavender? Convertible? Nobody."

"Then Nobody just pulled into your driveway."

"Probably turning around."

"No, he's getting out. Christ, it's

"Rob Craig?"

"Speak of the devil."

"Oh, hell. Did you park at least a block away, like I told you?"

"My unassuming little Lark is well hidden, yes. But he'll see your car and know you're at home."

"Did you see my car when you came in?"

"Well, no . . ."

"My unassuming little Jaguar is having its thousand-mile checkup."

'Then . . ."

"Then, Rudy darling, we just lie here and hold our breaths until he goes away."

The door chime made its velvety sound, once, twice. They said not a word. At length, Rudy announced, "There he goes."

"Shove over a minute—I want to get a look at that Rolls." She rose nudely on all fours and squinted through the slats. "Crazy," she said. "I dig that grillwork."

He gently slapped her poised rump. "I dig this grillwork," he said. "The other I can do without."

"You don't like it, really?"

"It's so English."

"But you're English."

"Giving me the right to hate what's wrong with England's green and pleasant land. It's all summed up in that grillwork backing out of your driveway right now. That stiffness, that status quo, that 'We will never change' attitude, the whole bloody awful Establishment." He looked over her shoulder at the retreating Rolls-Royce. "I'll give him time to get away, then I must toddle." He began to dress.

Rudy Smith came of what used to be called Old Family, his full name being Leander Creighton Rudolph-Smith, Jr. He was clever, good-looking, young, edu-

cated within an inch of his life, had taste, and liked to think of himself as a Survivor. He had survived his family's loss of fortune by getting into the motion-picture business, largely through show-business friends met on the Côte d'Azur when he was yet a child and his family was still affluent. He could be. and usually was, quite charming, and he had many small but cozy accomplishments: he told a good story, was an easeful dancer, a skillful parlor mimic, passably played bridge, gin rummy, guitar, and spoke French, Italian and German fluently, English less well.

"See you tomorrow?" asked Sandy.

"No, more's the pity. I have one of those damned Sunday discussions with Burnham and that lot at his Malibu place. It'll start with brunch, then drag on through cocktails, dinner, and probably he's laid on a private screening of some rot, and by that time I won't be good for anything. Not to mention the long drive back."

"Then I'll see you Monday."

"Oh, absolutely. You have an eightthirty call Monday morning, remember? For hair?"

"Damn these costume pictures."

He pulled on his trousers. "Get to bed early tomorrow, old love." He pulled on his socks. "Alone."

"And if I don't?"

He tugged at the toes of her left foot, one by one, emphasizing the five syllables of "I, will, break, your, neck." The final tug, on the big toe, made her yell "Ouch!"

As he took his leave, she stood behind the door, to mask her nudity, with only her head showing. "You've probably wrecked my toe," she pouted. "It'll be all your fault if I develop a limp and hold up production.'

"Couldn't care less. It's not my money. I'm on a salary, so the longer the better.'

"And look what you did to my shoulder. See that red mark?"

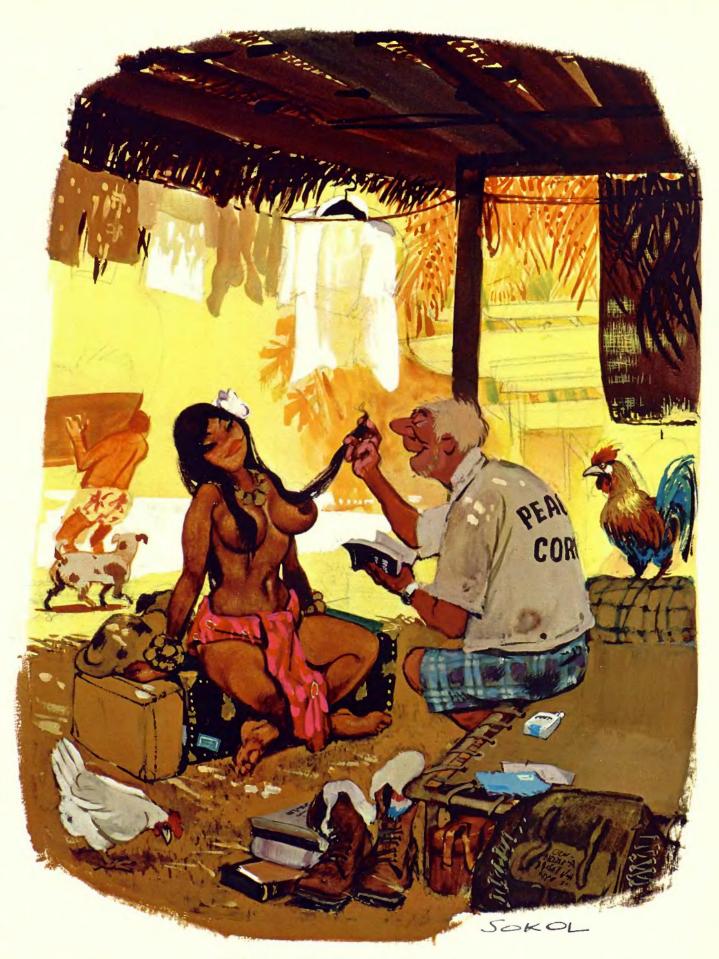
He kissed it, "Krasnaya," he said. "In Russian that means both 'red' and 'beautiful.'

"I don't believe it. What if they want to say 'The beautiful blue sky'? They have to say 'The red blue sky'?"

"Don't ask me. Ask Clay Horne. That's who I got it from." He cantered lithely away and she shut the door.

Clayton Horne had unearthed the dubious krasnaya tidbit while researching the screenplay he had written for Robin Craig and Sandra Cayden. It was a historical fudge titled The Invader of Moscow, cadged from Pushkin, and was being filmed in the new process, CinAmaze (wider and taller than Cinerama). Outdistancing Cleopatra, Lawrence of Arabia, El Cid and other hard-ticket road-show spectacles, it was planned as a three-parter, with two intermissions,

(continued on page 110)



"The first thing I'm going to teach you is how to wear your hair in an upsweep . . . !"

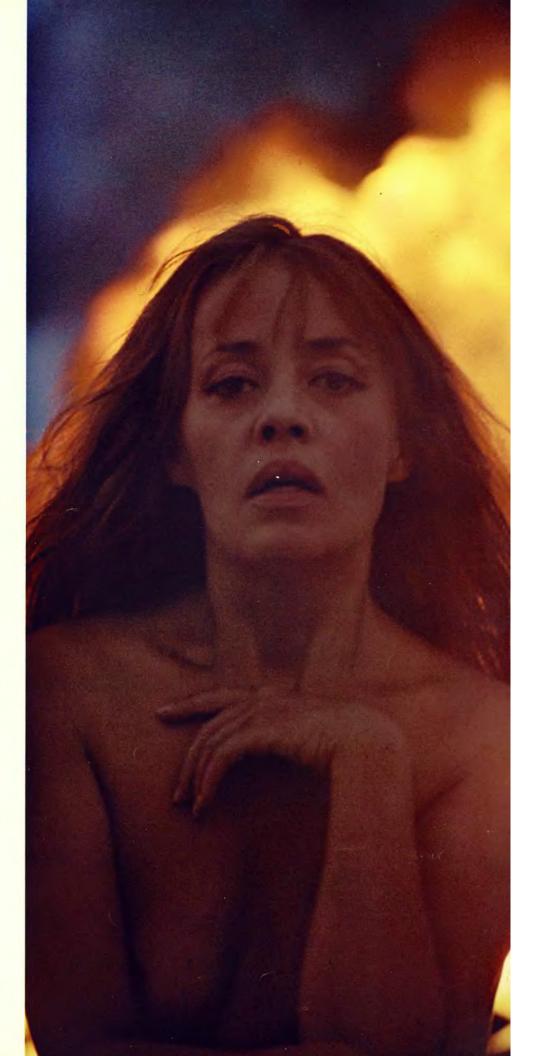


THE MOREAU MYSTIQUE

an exclusive playboy introduction to the brooding, beguiling high priestess of today's french cinemactresses

UNLIKE MOST of the cinematic world's current leading ladies, France's Jeanne Moreau, by her own admission, possesses few of the physical assets commonly considered prerequisites for projecting sex appeal. And yet La Moreau-as she was dubbed by the French press years agohas been described by international film critics as "a slithering sensualist," "a cold, blasé beauty" and most of the other sexual superlatives normally reserved for only the most well-endowed filmic females. Eschewing any attempts to rank her among today's growing crop of celluloid sex goddesses ("Beautiful? Of course not. That's the whole point about me, isn't it?"), the 37year-old Gallic femme fatale relies on her reputation as a versatile actress and outspoken sensualist as the key to her charismatic charm. As she puts it, "When I am in love, it influences my pleasure in acting. Most people don't have the energy for passion, so they give up and go to the movies."

Although dedicated to the screen as a vehicle for her voluminous talents, Miss Moreau first made her dramatic presence felt on the stages of Paris' Comédie Française and Théâtre National Populaire. Not until 1959, with 20 "forgettable films" already to her credit, did she find her moviemaking métier as the star of Louis Malle's "The Lovers." The first of many professional/passionate men in her well-publicized private life, Malle launched her career as French filmdom's most desirable of devastated demoiselles. Now with starring stints in such films as "The Victors," "The Trial," "Jules and Jim," "Banana Peel" and "La Notte" behind her, Moreau has once again teamed up with director Malle in his forthcoming "Viva Maria!", a fin-de-siècle tale of Latin American war and women, in which Jeanne and Brigitte Bardot share seductive honors across the same scenic Mexican countryside that provided the mood for this provocative portfolio.









Moreau's flair for cinematic candor is often outshone by her own frankness. On men: "I learn well from men. Wouldn't my life be ridiculous if I didn't?" On love: "All women should keep their lovers, somehow, if they can." On success: "Fame means nothing. You can't make love to it . . ." On politics: "I should have had ten love affairs instead of wasting all that time." On herself: "My secret is to have no secrets. I'm transparent."



"like a regular play, only longer." Horne had not counted on quite that much size when he first tapped out the original three-page outline one idle afternoon and dropped it on his agent's desk. But the agent, sniffing money, had promptly registered the title, multilithed a couple of dozen copies, and clobbered the town's most epic-happy producers until one of them. Ira Burnham, biting, had hired Horne, at a considerable weekly stipend, to work up a Treatment, a First Draft, a Second Draft, a Polish, a Temporary Complete and a Final Shooting Script. This was known as "licking the story," a phrase which aptly though unconsciously synthesized the suspicious, hostile attitude toward that archenemy, the script. Each of the parts would be 90 minutes in length, the whole to last four and a half hours, not counting the two intermissions. It was budgeted at \$12,000,000, but the smart boys said they'd be lucky if they brought it in under \$30,000,000.

The more spectacular exteriors of battle and beleaguerment had already been filmed on location in Peru, and now the company was back in Hollywood to shoot the interiors at the studio and the less sweeping exteriors on the studio's hill-flanked ranch in the Valley. Sandra Cayden had not journeyed to Peru; the scenes between her and Robin, being "intimate," did not require the Peruvian vistas as backdrops. Sandra had, in fact, met Robin for the first time only a week before, when the studio shooting had begun.

Monday morning, Robin in his Rolls sailed through the studio gate, on his way to the sound stage, in a lavender mist of ego, waving and smiling. His simple bumpkin joy was contagious, irresistible; the guards affectionately waved and smiled back.

In a comparatively quiet corner of Stage 12, the hairdresser was putting the final touches to Sandy's sculpted coiffure. She was already in costume; her bosom, creamy and cloven, was taped high inside the low-cut period bodice. Rudy stood next to her, engaged in easy conversation. Robin joined them. "Drove by your place yesterday," he said to Sandy, "but you weren't home. Wanted to show you the new heap. Hi, Rudy."

"Hi, Rob."

"New heap?" Sandy asked with elaborate innocence.

"Oh, you've got to see it. Come on outside. You, too, Rudy . . ."

"No time, Rob. You've got exactly fifteen minutes to get into make-up, wig and costume."

"I can do it in ten. Come on, don't be such an associate producer." And outside they went to admire the pastel Rolls. A 110 small crowd of grips, juicers and bit

players had already gathered around it. The atmosphere was quiet, worshipful, with only an occasional low whistle or moan of adoration. When Robin spoke, his voice was cathedral soft: "It's like riding on cotton candy." Then, seductively: "One short spin around the lot. How about it?"

Sandy began to soften, but Rudy said, "Seriously, Rob-we don't have the

Robin Craig smiled casually into Rudy's eyes, saying, "You'll make the time, old buddy, won't you." It was not a question.

Rudy turned on his heel and strode away. Robin Craig, with a courtly bow, escorted Sandy into the dazzling car.

While Rudy waited for them to return, he wandered onto the adjoining sound stage, 14 (superstition forbade a Stage 13). There, the day's shooting would soon commence on A-OK, a musical exploitation quickie starring the recording favorite Tommy Rondo. The winning combination of the popular singer and an up-to-date space-age story in which he played a young singing astronaut was considered a box-office natural. Rondo, clad in opalescent space gear no more fantastic than his usual garb, was pacing with corrugated brow while a dialog coach trudged patiently beside him, script in hand.

"Can I carry your books, Vera Mae?" said Tommy Rondo. "Can I carry your books, Vera Mae? Can I carry your books, Vera Mae? Can I carry your books, Vera Mae? Can-I-carry-your-books-Vera-MAE???"

"Tommy," said the dialog coach with deep gentleness, "it's more like, just: Can I carry your books, Vera Mae? Simply. No stress. Try it once again, all right?"

God in His mercy, giving us a fighting chance, has written in glaring colors, Danger! Contains Highly Concentrated Evil! Poisonous! Inflammable! Corrosive! on the labels of His viler spawnings; but we have made ourselves colorblind, for it has become de rigueur to ignore those signs. We foolishly have taught ourselves to look past exteriors, to exercise "intelligence" and magnanimously disregard ugliness so deep that even our withered, atrophied instincts sometimes (but too seldom) rise and weakly bristle, as they were intended to bristle, at the sight of the shark's metal face, the tarantula's crouch, the vulture's hunched stance, the insane aspect of the bat, the ignoble scrounginess of the jackal. It was by dint of this fashionable blindness that Tommy Rondo was able to walk the earth unhindered, unchallenged, even trusted. More than trusted: idolized, adulated, deemed enticing. He was fortunate to have been born in such

an age and have slavering approval wash over him in brackish waves, for in other, more instinctual times he might have been caged and pilloried on the basis of his looks alone.

"Can I carry your books, Vera Mae?"

"That's it, Tommy! You've got it! Now one more time, and not quite so heavy on the 'books' . . . '

"Cool it, man, I've had it," said Tommy Rondo, leaving the dialog coach and walking over to a girl who had been unobtrusively waiting for him to finish. Mark well that "unobtrusively," for Rudy did: the beautiful girlfriends of Hollywood stars, when they waited for their beaux, customarily did so with calculated and unabashed obtrusiveness; but this one wore her beauty comfortably, as if it were an old trench coat. She struck Rudy as being vaguely familiar, yet she was not an actress, nor had he ever met her. Outside, he could hear Robin and Sandy returning. Robin was saying, "Laura Benedict has the same thing in gold, but I think gold is vulgar, don't you?" Rudy hurried back to Stage 12 and hustled Robin into costume.

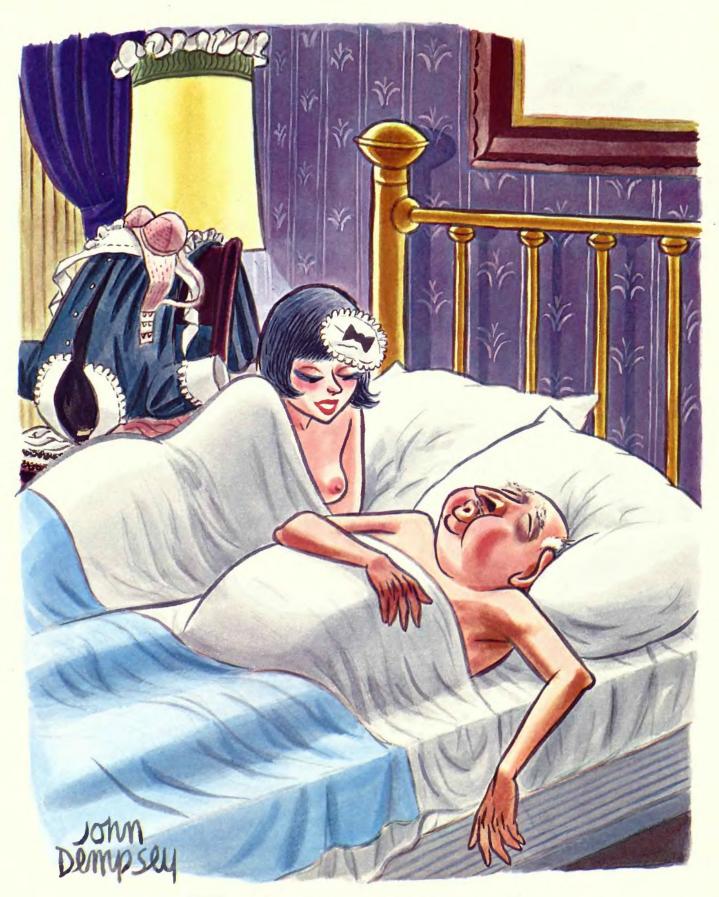
The actors finished relatively early that day-5:30-but Rudy was obliged to stay behind to hear one of the monologs which his producer, Ira Burnham, called discussions. ". . . Some of the Peru footage, have you seen it, Rudy? Bad. Sun in the camera. That long shot of the runaway coach rolling down the hill and smashing into the tree, it's a mess, you can't see a thing, what kind of camerawork is that, this is what we're paying him a fortune for, to get the sun in our eyes? Terrible stuff. Got any ideas?"

"Leave everything to me, Burnie . . ." It was seven before Rudy left the studio, driving straight for Sandy's place.

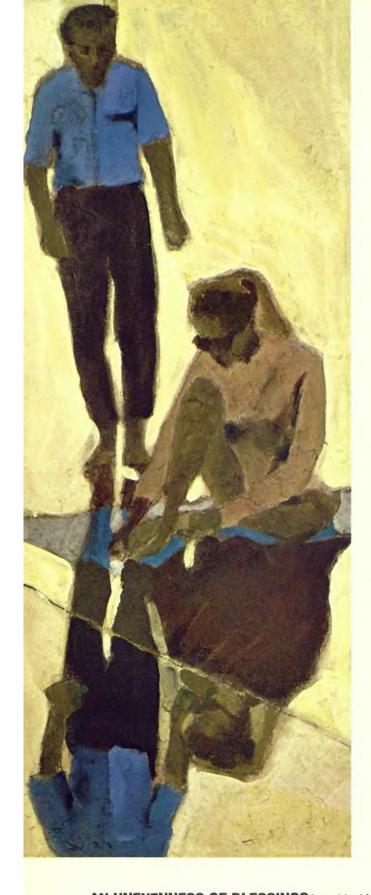
Arriving there, he pulled up short, surprised to see a strange car in her driveway. No, not strange-his mind rushed in to it like a zoom lens and recognized it for the lavender Rolls. Surprise giving way to jaw-clenched anger, Rudy spun the wheel and screeched away from the scene, which was indeed revolting, consisting as it did of the Rolls and Sandy's Jaguar parked cozily side by side. From inside the house floated music and a spray of laughter, but Rudy, accelerating recklessly, was already too far away to hear these inflammatory sounds.

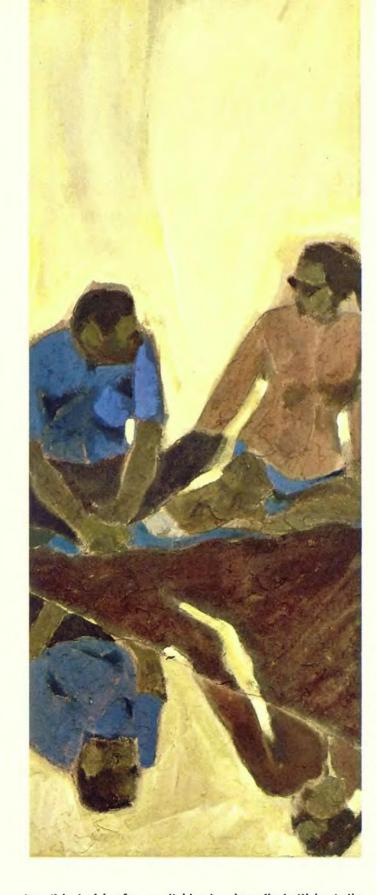
His first act, upon returning to his bachelor apartment above the Strip, was to pour and drink a stiff serving of Scotch. His second act was to pour and drink another. His third act was to kick a hassock all the way across the living room, yelling, "Lavender, sweet ruddy Jesus!" His fourth act was to phone a young professional lady he knew of and invite her over, an invitation which she accepted. In the fifth act, he was almost a nonparticipant, his guest taking the

(continued on page 216)



"Will you be needing me any more tonight, sir?"

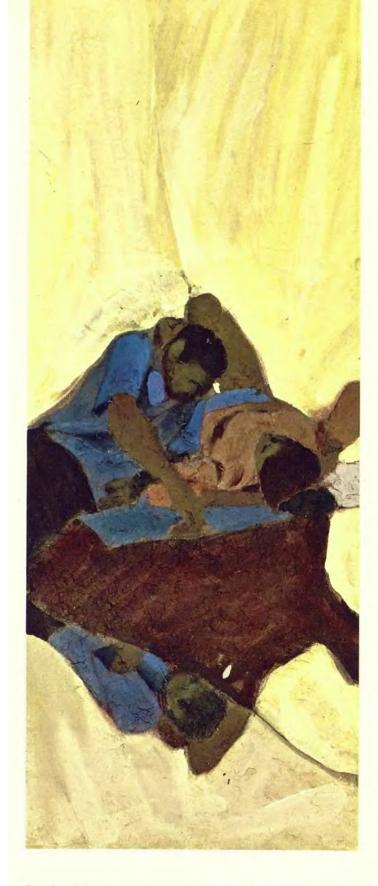




AN UNEVENNESS OF BLESSINGS he rubbed her with suntan oil, he took her for moonlight swims, he walked with her in the cornfields, but while he talked about art and philosophy and life, his thoughts were filled with the unarticulated throbbings of desire

fiction By HERBERT GOLD DURING THAT VIVID, unresolved summer in 1941 before the United States entered the War, I took a job as counselor in a coeducational summer camp near Jackson, Michigan; in fact, near Grass Lake, Michigan; in fact, even closer to Napoleon, Michigan. It was a summer of busy high skies and tireless sun, with times of dust and times of ardent dog-days heat, and the flower of feeling opening. I was moved by green and weather, and, even more, by the fact that I knew I was being moved.

I had a friend, I had a girl. I had cash in my pocket. I wrote poetry. Not yet out of high school and too young



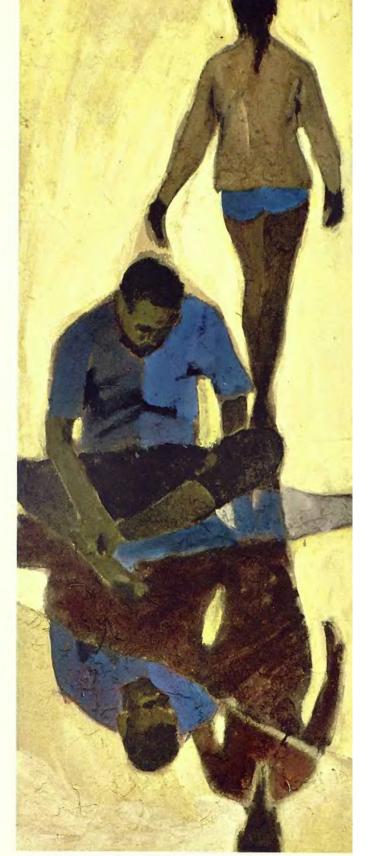


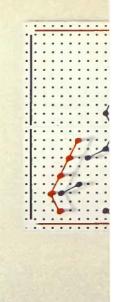
ILLUSTRATION BY PHILL RENAUO

for the defense plants, I filled in a gap as assistant professor of tennis and journalism. Under the gaudy honorific title of "Uncle," I had power and dominion over a crew of squirmy spoiled boys.

Of course, not much cash and awful poetry—and that girl!—and my backhand at tennis!—and those rich kids with their suitcases full of Kleenex! . . Well, but I really did have a friend, a long lazy loony confident fellow named Phil, totally unlike me. I was merely lazy and loony but not very long. Together we got the good out of violations of camp laws, rules, regulations, standard procedures, clearly marked signs, mature advice and codes accepted by all decent folks in the summer-camp business, and so flagrantly much good that on the day when we boarded the bus back to town, the owner of the camp, a physical-education supervisor in winter life, put one plump hand on each of our hard heads and murmured, "Forgive them, Lord, (continued on page 138)







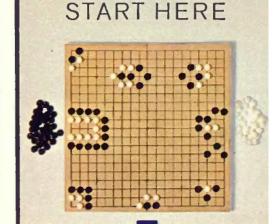


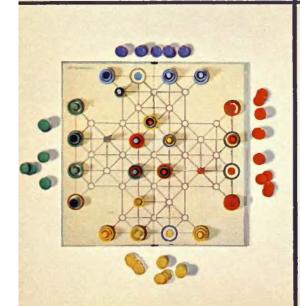
TAKE A CHANCE

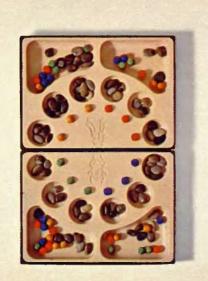
A walk along the Boardwalk. Beginning at the start and reading clockwise: GO, the ancient strategy game of Japan for two players that can be learned in half an hour but not mastered in a lifetime, by E. S. Lowe, \$4.98. PARCHEESI, a classic pursuit game for two, three or four players, known as the backgammon of India, by Selchow Righter, \$3. OH-WAH-REE, an antique gambling game for two, three or four players that has been modernized into a strategic capture game for present-day tastes, by 3M, \$7.95. TROKE, a strategy game for two, three or four players where the emphasis has been put more on straight fun than on deepthink, by Selchow Righter, \$4. FORMULA-1, a board-game version of Grand Prix racing for two to six players, by Parker Brothers, \$5. MONOPOLY, the undisputed king of American board games for two to eight players based on real-estate trading and wiping out your friends, deluxe edition in a wood traveling case, by Parker Brothers, \$15. YACHT RACE, In which authentic strategies are transferred to a board game for two to six players, by Parker Brothers, \$9.50.

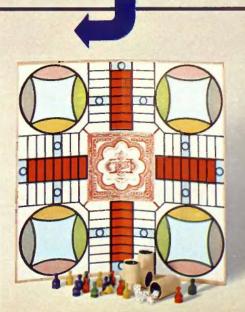
CHAIRMEN BOARDS

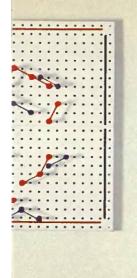
the passions and pleasures of playing the games, their arcane history, who plays them, and a report on the latest twists on this addictive pastime













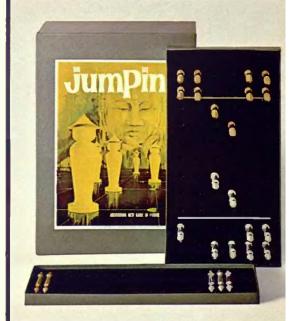


TO ANTHROPOLOGISTS tracing the early history of mankind, there are several telltale signs that indicate when a primitive society becomes civilized. Two virtually infallible indications (after the discovery of fire and learning to get in out of the rain) are the fermenting of liquor and the invention of games to help man while away the time between hunts. The story of his attempt to amuse himself by pushing objects along a board-game layout is almost as old as the saga of man himself.

Sir Leonard Woolley at the excavations around Ur of the Chaldees unearthed some superb game sets, forerunners of today's backgammon boards, inlaid with lapis lazuli, that have been dated at 3000 B.C. The mighty Egyptian temple at Qurna built in 1400 B.C. was erected with an early version of a chessboard

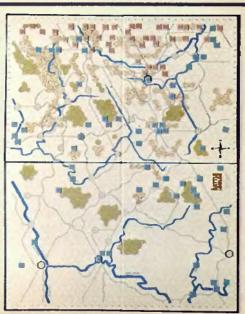
Continuing on around from above left: TWIXT, a three-dimensional strategy game of placement and blocking for two or four players, by 3M, \$7.95. RISK, a game of global strategy and world conquest for three to six players, based on skill, roll of dice and the luck of the draw, where each gamester has entire armies at his command, by Parker Brothers, \$7.50. CHESS, the master strategy game that has been played as everything from a game for pleasure to a training ground for war. The set shown is of bronze and German silver pieces in a velvet-lined mahogany chest, by Malmik Enterprises of Chicago, \$350. The board is of white birch and walnut, by Drueke & Sons, Inc., \$14. JUMPIN, a strategic game of alignment and movement for two or four players, by 3M, \$7.95. BATTLE OF THE BULGE, an authentic board-game re-creation of the World War Two campaign for two to two dozen players, by Avalon Hill, \$5.98. BACKGAMMON. the still-popular track game of the ancient world. The cowhide traveling case with complete game equipment, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$59.95.

FREE PARKING



DO NOT
PASS GO
DO NOT
TAKE A
CHANCE
TURN
DIRECTLY
TO PAGE 116
FOR
MORE
FUN AND
GAMES





cut into the roofing. The Indian emperor Akbar played what we now call parcheesi the right way, from a four-foot dais overlooking a magnificent courtyard of inlaid red and white marble slabs which made up the board and 16 beauteous slave girls who acted as playing pieces.

That the life of the gamester, while enjoyable, is not always tranquil has been writ for all to see. In Pompeii there is a mural depicting two men in a local tavern just about to come to blows over a game of Ludus Duodecim Scriptorum, a backgammon type of pastime called The Game of Twelve Lines. The innkeeper can be seen rushing up to them uttering the classic phrase "Itis foras rixsatis," which is, roughly, the Latin equivalent for "If you guys want to fight, get the hell outside."

The Emperor Nero, that ignoblest Roman of them all, was a prodigious gambler at the *Ludus* board, wagering up to 400,000 sesterces (about \$17,000) a point. Nero could stand heavy losses, because he also loved simple heads-or-tails flipping contests for high stakes which he played with two-headed coins he had specially minted; being Emperor, he always got first call. Another *Ludus* player was Commodus, who went a step further and simply turned the imperial palace into a gambling casino with a brothel in the back.

Throughout history, the board games that men have invented for their pleasure have also been the mirrors of their desires, their environment, their social mores and, not infrequently, their personal prejudices.

In 1774, a board game appeared in Anglican England called Royal Geographic Amusement in which players pushed tokens around 100 European cities with all the attendant dangers and excitements of traveling in the 18th Century. Far worse than going directly to jail and not passing go and not collecting \$200 was to land in the square allotted to the Papal city of Ferrara. The unfortunate player who did so had to go all the way back across the Italian Alps until refreshing draughts of Protestant air could put him back in shape to travel again. Roman Catholics developed a board game of their own called The Game of Pope or Pagan. During the flourishing period of the Church militant there was a popular board game called The Siege of the Stronghold of Satan by the Christian Army.

Often board games have reflected the hazards that face the players in real life. There is a classic Arab game called The Hyena Game that is either played on a regular board or improvised on the ground. The object is to move a piece which represents the player's mother with some dirty laundry, to a water hole, have her wash the clothes, come back with a clean burnoose and not get eaten up by hyenas along the way.

Perhaps more than any other country, the United States has produced board games that not only reflect social attitudes within the country, but can adjust themselves to suit changing mores. One of the very first pasteboard games in America, put out by Milton Bradley in 1850, was called The Checkered Game of Life. In that gilded age of innocence, the player who stayed on the path of virtue and landed on the life squares of Honesty, Ambition and Truth would find himself heading toward Honor and ultimately to Happy Old Age. The squares of Gambling, Idleness and Intemperance could lead him only to Disgrace and Ruin. A modern version, The Game of Life (for some obscure reason no longer checkered), is still being sold, but the rewards and setbacks encountered along the road are restricted largely to making or losing money.

In 1889 America was immersed in the Horatio Alger dream and enjoyed a game about getting ahead in business called The Office Boy in which, according to the game instructions, is shown "the haps and mishaps in the career of a businessman from the start as an office boy, gradually working his way up to the Head of the Firm. If he is careless, inattentive or dishonest, his progress is retarded and he is sent back or kept in low positions; if capable, ambitious and earnest, his promotion is assured."

Thousands of new ideas for games are sent every year to board-game manufacturers by hopeful designers. One such game, now making the rounds but as yet unsold, offers a different twist to the getting-ahead-in-the-business-world theme. In this game, the rising young executive is faced with a series of difficult decisions. One of these occurs when he discovers his employer flagrante delicto with a secretary in a motel. What should Horatio do? Should he keep mum and earn his boss' eternal gratitude as a loyal and devoted worker? Should Horatio blow the whistle and ruin the old man on the spot, or just hold it over his head as a bit of subtle blackmail in the years to come? Depending on the subsequent play of the game, any of these answers could turn out to be the right one.

Even the frustrations of present-day politics make their appearances on the game boards. Since last year's Presidential election, the radical-right community in Southern California has enjoyed the brisk sale of a game called Victory Over Communism. The idea of the game is for each player to answer a question on history or current affairs. If he is right according to the precepts of that political faction, everyone shouts "Freedom!" and the player is allowed to move along the board and "liberate a captive nation." There is a time limit placed on the game: 1964 to 1973. If all captive nations are not liberated by 1973, everybody loses.

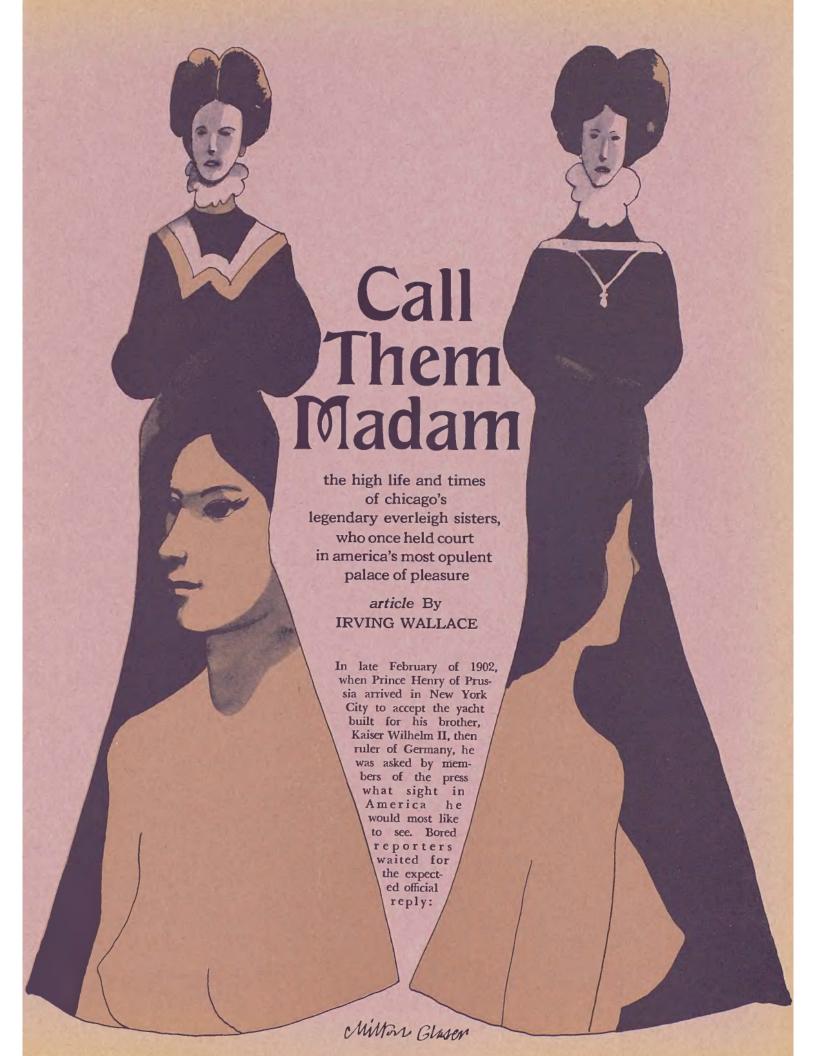
The modern colossus of all board games is, of course, Monopoly. It would be all but impossible to find a literate American over the age of 12 who has not been exposed to it at one time or another. The story of how it began is vintage American rags-to-riches.

Like a lot of men during the great Depression of the Thirties, one Charles Darrow found himself unemployed. He stayed home and worked on a game he and his friends could play to while away the time till things got better. Because he was interested in real estate and remembered the boom days of the Twenties when he and his wife could go to Atlantic City for vacations, he devised a trading game about buying and selling property in that New Jersey resort, including a snip of the famous boardwalk itself (every land parcel in Monopoly is named after a site in Atlantic City, except for Marvin Gardens, and no one, including Mr. Darrow, can remember how it got in). His friends liked the game so much he made up some sets for them and then began selling a few to local department stores.

Darrow took his version to Salem, Massachusetts, and the head office of Parker Brothers. The leaders of the game industry, Parker Brothers had introduced the European game of ping-pong to America.

The members of the board played a few test rounds of Monopoly and liked it well enough, but it was clear that Mr. Darrow was an amateur at game design. In the first place, it was Holy Writ in the industry that 30 to 45 minutes was the absolute maximum time limit for a board game. Darrow's invention could take as long as three or four hours per game. Also, there was no "the end." Board games were supposed to work their way through a series of obstacles and finally come to a definite stop somewhere. Monopoly just had a "go" and the players kept moving around and around. Besides, it was too cumbersome, too complicated and just wouldn't do. Parker Brothers shipped it back to Darrow with the information that "your game has 52 fundamental errors." Fortunately for everybody, Darrow knew so little about the game business that he stumbled on and committed the 53rd blunder of attempting to market Monopoly by himself, which is like someone writing a novel and then trying to peddle it door to

He managed to sell enough sets, however, to reinterest Parker Brothers, who finally took the game on and brought it out under their banner in 1935. In a business where a game breaks even if it sells 25,000 sets and becomes a best seller at 100,000, Monopoly was an incredible phenomenon. It sold 1,000,000 sets during the first year. After Christmas of 1935, Parker Brothers assumed there (continued on page 236)



the White House, Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon. Instead, Prince Henry answered, "The sight in America I would most like to see? I would like to visit the Everleigh Club in Chicago."

The members of the press were stunned with disbelief, then alive with delight. Thereafter, they took the prince to their bosoms. For as they knew, and the more sophisticated male population of the United States (and apparently Europe) knew, the Everleigh Club was neither an attraction ordinarily discussed openly nor was it a men's club in the ordinary sense. It was, as one periodical kindly pointed out, a club that "no one ever joined . . . or resigned from"; it was "a Chicago 'mustn't': a house of ill—but very great—fame."

After presenting the United States Government with a statue of Frederick the Great, Prince Henry received his gift from the United States Government in return. He was escorted to Chicago, and there, after depositing a wreath on the Lincoln monument, taking a guided tour of the Loop and suffering a reception at the Germania Club, he was granted his one wish. At midnight on March 3, 1902, Prince Henry of Prussia was the guest of honor at a great party—the local newspapers called it an "orgy"—given by the two Southern sisters who were the madams of the Everleigh Club, and their retinue of 30 beautiful and uninhibited hostesses.

It was a long and raucous night. Ten dancing girls, attired in fawnskins, wildly striking cymbals, amused the Prince while he solemnly discussed Schiller with Aida and Minna Everleigh, the proprietresses of the internationally renowned resort. Later in the proceedings, during a moment of high hilarity, the prince toasted the Kaiser (and the Everleighs) by drinking champagne from a girl's silver slipper, thereby popularizing a custom that would know its full flowering in the 1920s. For the prince, the occasion had been extraordinary and memorable. For the Everleigh sisters, the royal visit had been enjoyable—but routine.

During the nearly dozen years in which it flourished, the Everleigh Club rarely went a week without the appearance of some celebrity, either American or international. In the two years before Prince Henry's visit, and for almost a decade after, famous foreigners from every nation, after making their official rounds of the stockyards, lake front and municipal monuments, climaxed their sight-seeing with an evening in

the Everleigh Club.

The club's popularity was well deserved, because few bordellos had ever existed, or existed then, that could compete with its opulence and lavish hospitality. In the time of its greatness, the Everleigh Club enjoyed constant comparison with other competing maisons de joie in America and abroad, but almost always to its own advantage. Typical among domestic competitors was The Castle in St. Louis, a three-story brick house managed by the plump and affable Negress Babe Connors, whose teeth were inlaid with diamonds. In this sporting house, Paderewski once accompanied the entertainers' bawdy songs on the piano, and in its rooms a Republican national platform was once written, and from within its walls Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay swept on to plebeian acceptance. Here, the young girls, octoroons, "girls in long skirts, but without underclothing, would dance on a huge mirror." Typical among the Everleighs' foreign competitors was the House of All Nations in Budapest, a \$100,000 house of ill fame on Andrassy Street, where a reception parlor featured "portraits of the women, nude, from which you made your choice. You then touched an electric bell push under the photograph and it was covered, so that the next visitor would know the lady was engaged."

Yet, despite such unique and imaginative competition, the Everleigh Club of Chicago, from its rise in 1900 to its fall in 1911, was the most renowned and unusual brothel in the world, overshadowing all similarly exotic establishments before and since, from Paris to Shanghai.

The founders of the Club—"the most famous madams in American history," the late Polly Adler called them—came

from an old Welsh family that had settled in Virginia in 1679. The father of the Everleigh sisters was a successful and educated Kentucky attorney who spoke seven languages. Their mother counted Edgar Allan Poe among her ancestors. Of the children produced by this couple—there were at least five, two sons and three daughters—the most prominent were to be Aida (although the press often referred to her as Ada), born in February 1876, and Minna, born in July 1878. As youngsters, the sisters showed great promise—Minna had begun reading books at the age of five—and when they were adolescents, they were enrolled in one of the finest Southern finishing schools, where both excelled in elocution and play-acting.

In their respect and affection for each other, the sisters were almost as close as Siamese twins. Sibling rivalry was not yet a part of the common language. And so when Minna, at the age of 19, fell in love with a Southern gentleman and was married to him in an expensive ceremony, it was not surprising that Aida, aged 21, married the Southern gentleman's brother shortly afterward. Minna's marriage was of brief duration. "Her husband was a brute—suspicious and jealous," observed a friend. A few weeks after the honeymoon, Minna left her husband and her old Kentucky home and fled to Washington, D.C. It was only natural that within a week, for the same reasons, Aida left her husband to join her sister.

Since the Everleigh sisters had inclinations toward theatrical careers, and were attractive, they auditioned for several stock companies going on the road, and were accepted by one such company. At the time, the younger of the sisters, Minna, was the more aggressive of the pair. She was a blue-eyed redhead, slender, lively and ambitious, with a keen business mind and a love of reading. Aida was a quiet and trim

blonde, and she worshiped her younger sister.

For several months the sisters were on the road as actresses, touring the country from New York to Texas. This experience with their fellow troupers gave them an enduring aversion toward all actors. Years later, Minna would still say, "I don't like actors, as a rule. They all have a little of John Barrymore in them, all of them assuming a hundred different guises." Finally, disenchanted by the exhausting and uncomfortable life of the road-show player, and discouraged by the lack of chances for advancement, they began to look about for a more stable and ladylike means of existence. Then a series of events occurred that would soon cast them in new roles.

En route to appearances at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha, Nebraska, they learned that their father had died and left them an inheritance of \$35,000. While wondering if they could become independent by investing this money in a different field, they overheard an actress friend one day drop a remark that gave them the idea for a business. The actress had complained that her parents considered the stage no better than "a den of iniquity" and the career of actress no better than that of a prostitute or madam. Although the Everleigh sisters joked about it at first, they soon began to discuss more seriously the possibility of investing their inheritance in a career which, though it was considered no more respectable than acting, might nevertheless be far more profitable.

Before investigating this new business, however, they decided to meet more people and learn what else was possible. In Omaha, they quit their theatrical troupe and determined to become a part of the city's community life. Using family connections, they got themselves invited to dinners and soirees in some of Omaha's better homes. But their beauty and gaiety were not appreciated by their married hostesses. Soon they found themselves ostracized by the upper-class wives, and Minna began to speak darkly of avenging herself on them by establishing a home that their traducers' husbands would be only too glad to visit.

But it was not alone a desire to even the score with a handful of snobbish wives that turned the Everleigh girls to prostitution. According to one who was to become their closest friend and confidant, Charles (continued on page 180)

THE LORDLY CHESTERFIELD

allire BY ROBERT L. GREEN



HEADING OUT for an evening's entertainment of cocktails, dinner and discothèque calls for just the right wardrobe. Braced against the chill autumn air, our man on the town strikes the properly stylish note for such an occasion. Showing the way to where the action is, he wears a herringbone chesterfield that lives up to the elegant requirements of its famous namesake. This classic is undergoing yet another one of its periodic revivals, and PLAYBOY delightedly predicts that this well-deserved renaissance will give the old sartorial war horse a first place in fashion for the coming season. Worn without a hat, it imparts a bit of dash to a business suit. Fitted out with the correct gloves and hat, it could be worn to a coronation and not be amiss. Seen here in the historically correct semifitted cut with concealed buttons and traditional velvet collar, the style is also available in brown, bottle green and light gray, by Varsity Town, \$80.



SHORTLY AFTER HOBBS had crossed the Indiana-Ohio border, headed east, his ammeter needle veered over to the left and lay implacably against the peg. His warning light came on a full, startling red. He cut his radio, his heater fans and finally his dash lights, but his headlights yellowed and when he shone his flashlight on the dark ammeter, the needle had not moved.

He rolled onto the shoulder, stopped and looked under the hood, but the steady water-temperature gauge had already told him it wasn't anything as simple as a loose or broken fan belt. The generator was out, and that was all there was to it. For luck, he tested the firmness of as many electrical connections as he could reach, but nothing came of that. It was now just a question of driving as far as he could on his battery, which, thank God, was up to full charge from all the mileage since Chicago.

Forty miles down the road, practically groping by now and praying against state troopers, he got into a service plaza and had them give his battery a kick with their quick-charger while he went in and ate a disgusted meal. He already knew nobody was going to do anything about a foreign generator this side of Toledo, and certainly not at this time of night. He made it into Toledo at three, found a motel operated by a motherly woman who hated him on sight, and slept until morning.

In Toledo, he was sold his own generator, rebuilt, and a new voltage regulator. Two hundred miles later, his ammeter began flashing back and forth like a man waving a shirt on a life raft, and then went dead again. His voltage regulator began to buzz, and that was how he came to be in Warren, Ohio, when he ought to have been in New York. In New York, he often pondered in later years, an otherwise respectably married lady either did or did not spend two whole, entire, positively humiliating hours sitting in a hotel lobby waiting for him. It was his private opinion that she had done no such thing. If she had, he had missed the only occasion in their relationship on which she did not chicken out. He could stand missing her; he regretted missing the occasion.

Meanwhile, in Warren, Ohio, he had fallen in love.

Love in Warren was very much like love everywhere; he had found a motel for himself, since the Toledo stop had arranged his timing to get him into trouble after all the garages were closed, and had asked the desk clerk for the name of a decent place to eat. Directed to a place which was "good but not dressy," he found it was mediocre but dressy; the hostess moved him quickly to a very quiet table in an alcove beside the kitchen doors. He sat there in his aloha shirt and green twill slacks, wishing idly that he were dead and in hell, looking for-

fiction By ALGIS BUDRYS

THE ULTIMATE BRUNETTE

he knew coldly and clearly what he did to women and he did not like it; he knew what one of them would someday do to him and it filled him with a nameless dread

ward to a broiled steak, knowing he'd get a fried one, and wondering what had ever possessed him to think Ohioans considered anything less than a sports coat and white shirt as not dressy. Shortly after he had reached the customary peak of self-loathing, the next table turned out to be occupied by a stunning, sad-faced, full-mouthed, medium-sized brunette with skin like velvet so golden it was almost visibly tinged with green.

Oh Christ, he thought, I should have known, and noticed that she was drinking a light Scotch in an old fashioned glass, with just a hint of bubble in it. Four or five loves ago, this had become established as the drink his loves drank, just as they had developed long legs when he was 22, had acquired sad eyes when he was 27, had become medium tall at about that same time, but had not really produced high, firm breasts until the time early last year when his engine had burned out on his way to New Orleans. They had always been brunettes, of course. This one had by far the best skin, and it seemed reasonable to suppose that he could look forward to this feature from now on, for each was always like the last but better. Meeting them was becoming more and more of a hammer blow; being with them and then watching himself leave them was costing him more each time. If they improved much more, it would

become totally unbearable.

"Sam Hobbs," he said to her, and she raised one eyebrow markedly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"My name is Sam Hobbs, I'm in town overnight with bad electricity in my car, I've got one hundred eighty-seven dollars cash and a checkbook, and a week's time."

"How very interesting." She tapped an ash from her cigarette with quick precision.

"Now you, on the other hand, are married, engaged, or someone's good friend. You have a well-paying job you don't like, a staggering load of debts public and psychic, a taste for quiet good living, few of the common inhibitions but a number of uncommon ones, and a sexy mouth."

"You're insane."

"So are you," he said with the certainty of a man watching a piano fall down a stairwell. "There is no argument between us. If I were king, nothing now could ever part us."

She looked at him as if over the tops of a pair of glasses and said: "I must say,

your finesse staggers me."

"Darling, I've been in Ohio—a fourhundred-and-fifty-mile state—for eighteen hours, and I'm only in Warren, but I am also all used up until such time as you renew me. If you don't like it, screw it, but that is the shape of things that are."

"I don't like bad language."

"Neither do I. Let me tell you some. You can always cover your ears. How about 'It's too early,' and 'It's too late,' or 'Not here!'? How's that for obscenity? Want some more?"

She looked at him like a live human being and shook her head. "You may be

right," she said.

He conquered the impulse to reply "And I may be wrong, you know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone." Instead, he said politely: "Join me for dinner?"

She looked startled and glanced around as if every friend and relative she had were packed into the place, instead of the desultory scattering of good honest faces that were bent over their soup plates hither and thither about the room. "Where are you staying?" she asked.

He told her the name of the motel and she nodded gravely, indicating she had it memorized, or that she approved his taste, or something equally positive. They went back to minding their own business, she being joined in due course by a chap who apologized for leaving her by herself and looked like a rising young man from a larger city, possibly Youngstown.

Hobbs ate his steak, gathered himself up and took his battery-driven car back to the motel, where he decided in favor of a shave and against a shower. He called his partner collect, told him he was in car trouble and would probably be a little late about everything and not to fret.

Some time later in the evening his phone rang and he picked it up while killing the volume on a spottily cut run of *Only Angels Have Wings*. Trapped in fog, knowing the Andean pass was a nesting place of stupid condors, Thomas Mitchell was groping for an opening through which to urge his laboring old trimotor mail plane.

"Sam," he said.

The girl said, "How are you, Eleanor?"

"Fine," Sam said. "Thomas Mitchell just got a condor through his windshield."

"Oh, no!" the girl said. "Are you hurt?"

"Lonely."

"Is there anything I can do? Do you want me to come over?"

"I can't run the car more than a mile or two at night."

"Yes. Of course. I'll be there in about half an hour. Is there anything you want me to pick up on the way?"

"I don't have anything drinkable on the premises."

"All right, fine. I'm sure I can find a drugstore open."

"See you."

"Yes. Please don't worry—it's no trouble for me at all. It's a shame about your car. It sounds to me as if it might take days to fix."

"Could be."

"I'm sure I'll be there soon."

On the screen, blinded Thomas Mitchell was spinning to his doom in a cloud of condors.

"Hurry," Hobbs said, thinking that by now his fine, leggy blonde wife was certainly in a saloon with his fretful partner.

"You are my cousin Eleanor," the girl explained gravely, setting a paper bag down on the dressing table and lifting out a bottle of White Label. "You were in a little bitty car accident and I may have to take care of you for a couple of days."

"All right, I got that," Hobbs said with equal solemnity, closing the door, wondering what it felt like to come all the way from Youngstown to hear a story about Cousin Eleanor. "What do you do in this town and what's your name?"

"Well, my name is Norah and I teach dancing. Social dancing." She moved her body in her olive silk sheath with a motion that was neither dramatic nor explicit but summed up what it was she did when she danced.

"Style," Hobbs said. "Fine style." He smiled at her suddenly, feeling the sudden outbreak of pure pleasure at having her to smile at, to move his mouth in a way that nothing else ever moved it. She was resting her weight lightly against the edge of the dressing table, her hands flat on the wood-grained Formica beside her hips, and he was thinking that another woman would have her ankles crossed negligently and her shoulders back, but she did not, and that her eyes were growing larger and larger as he drew nearer.

"I run a little outfit that designs and manufactures custom furniture," he said. "Executive desks at a grand a copy. Stuff like that."

"All right," she was saying. "And you're beautiful."

"Something like that," he said as he reached her.

There had not been much conversation between them. At dawn, he said: "Is somebody going to recognize your car out front?" and she shook her head.

"My car is at my cousin Eleanor's," she said with a soft chuckle, warm, sleepy and full of herself. "I switched them," and this seemed to be a full and satisfactory solution to all the possible problems involved.

"How many relatives do you have in this town? How tied up are you?"

She smiled at him like a little jamfaced girl blaming it all on her brother. "Me?" she asked incredulously. "I'm never tied up. When a beautiful man with a bad car came along, how tied up was I?" She closed her teeth lightly on the round of his shoulder. "Why? Do you want to take me somewhere?" she murmured with the tip of her tongue.

"I want— I want," he said, "I want to inhabit faery lands forlorn with you." And he did. He did. He wanted to take her with him through the pass in the Andes and on beyond, to where the Incan roads swept straight and new from way station to way station, innocent of wheel tracks, and at night the torchbearing runners ran lightly, tirelessly, naked and the color of earth, bearing the messages of the emperor.

She was murmuring with pleasure. "Do you say things like that a lot?" she whispered.

"Only to my love."

She turned sleepily, stretching her body, her hair and smooth arms brushing his face and neck. "Am I your love?" she asked lightly.

"My perfect love."

"You are my best."

"And you."

"Mmm!" She turned farther and kissed him, warm and like velvet come alive, light as pale clouds over the face of the full summer moon, her eyes glossy and dark as a river at midnight. Hobbs laughed softly. He was half asleep, and he had been thinking of her as a princess of the Incas, as the magic woman

(continued on page 208)

HORSING THEM IN WITH HEMINGWAY

memoir By ARNOLD GINGRICH



When it looked like Dos Passos was going to lose the battle with his barracuda, Hemingway yelled for a gun.

"Gingrich is a pretty keen fisherman," I said. "I started him," said Hemingway.

> -ROBERT EMMETT GINNA in a May 1958 interview with Ernest Hemingway

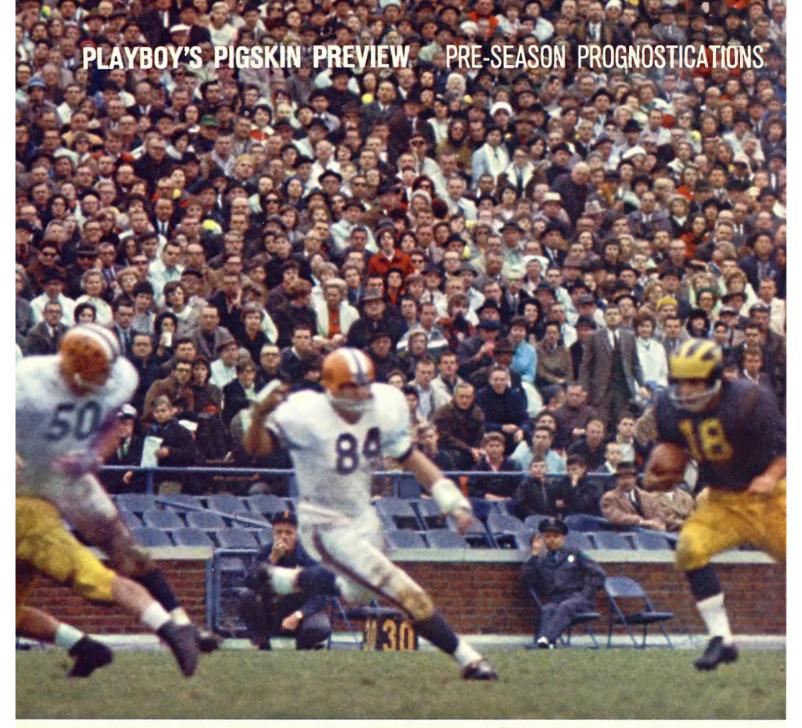
HE DIDN'T, and even if he had, the deep-sea fishing I did with Ernest Hemingway would have been a false start, never leading to any real appreciation of the deepest satisfaction of angling. We fished out of Key West and out of Bimini, first in '34 on the Anita, the boat that belonged to Josie Russell, and later in '35 and '36 on the Pilar, the boat Ernest bought when Esquire advanced him the money he lacked to complete the deal. Most of that fishing was hard work, calling for a great deal of back-bending exertion, and though some of it was fun, none of it was what I later came to consider real angling.

Ernest was a meat fisherman. He cared more about the quantity than about the quality, and was more concerned with the capture of the quarry than with the means employed to do it. He was also-and this is what no true angler is-intensely competitive about his fishing, and a very poor sport. If the luck was out, then nobody around him could do any right, and he was ready to blame everybody in sight, ahead of him-

self. When things were going right, he was quick to promote everybody in his company to high rank as good fellows, and was jovially boastful about their every least accomplishment, as well as his own. But let a hook pull out and his attitude was never to praise the fish that managed to bend it, but only to blame the hookmaker.

In Bimini in June of '36, when the Atlantic record for marlin stood at 736 pounds, Ernest hooked a beautiful bright silver marlin with the coloration of a young fish. It was big, and as it leaped again and again, with a long, low trajectory like that of a horse going over steeplechase barriers, its faint lavender stripings glistened in the sun like the light flashing off a diamond. Big fish, up in the 600- and 700-pound class, usually looked dark, of an allover blue that almost verged on black. So Jane Kendall Mason, who had pioneered the Cuban marlin fishing with Hemingway some five years earlier, who had a boat of her own and at least as much big-game-fishing experience as he had, ventured the guess that the fish might go about 450 pounds.

The fish was still on, and still in sight-to me it looked about the size of a tank car-when she spoke. Hemingway bridled as if (continued on page 256) 123

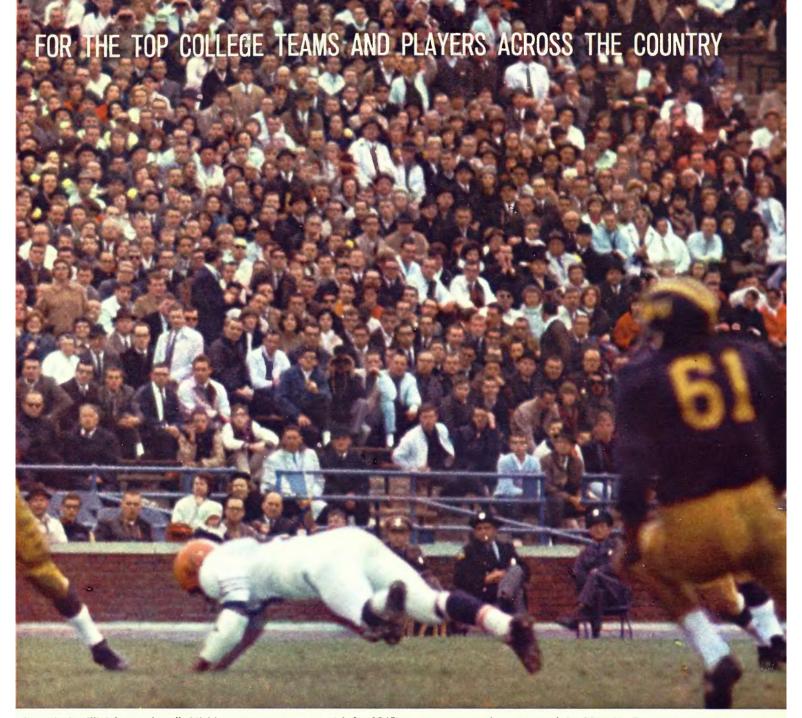


As Illinois linebacker Dick Butkus (50) and end Gregg Schumacher (B4) close in for the tackle, Wolverine halfback Rick Sygar scoots

Sports By ANSUN MUUN1 Football is the most dynamic and exciting spectator sport in America. Baseball is suffering from hardening of the arteries. Boxing is dead, a victim of bad scriptwriters and poorer actors. Wrestling has long since become pure show business. One of the things that gives college football such vitality is the element of change. The game is constantly being improved, new coaching techniques are being introduced, new offensive and defensive systems are being invented. Small schools grow big: traditional patsies acquire new power and prestige. Conversely, yesteryear's football factories are being cut down to size by drastically raised academic entrance requirements. The population explosion is vividly affecting college enrollment and, in self-defense, college administrators are rapidly upgrading scholastic standards.

From the spectator's seat, the most noticeable expression of college football's growth and ferment is seen in the frequency and extent of rules changes. Last year there was a semireturn to platoon football, an effort on the part of the rules committee to please everyone. As it happened, it pleased no one and all sorts of awkward game situations developed, with most teams taking dozens of deliberate game-delay penalties in order to switch platoons. Many other teams continued to play the old-fashioned game with most players coached to play both offense and defense, thereby suffering a great disadvantage. Some coaches, seeing the handwriting on the wall, made belated attempts to convert to platoon ball halfway through the season. The result of all this was that last year was the kookiest season in anyone's memory, with dozens of sure powerhouses folding up like punctured balloons and many so-so squads emerging into greatness. The difference was the readiness with which teams such as Notre Dame, Arkansas and Alabama adapted to platoon play, while other teams—Auburn and Indiana among them—didn't make the transition smoothly.

This year all but the smallest squads will use separate offensive and defensive platoons. Since most of the better players

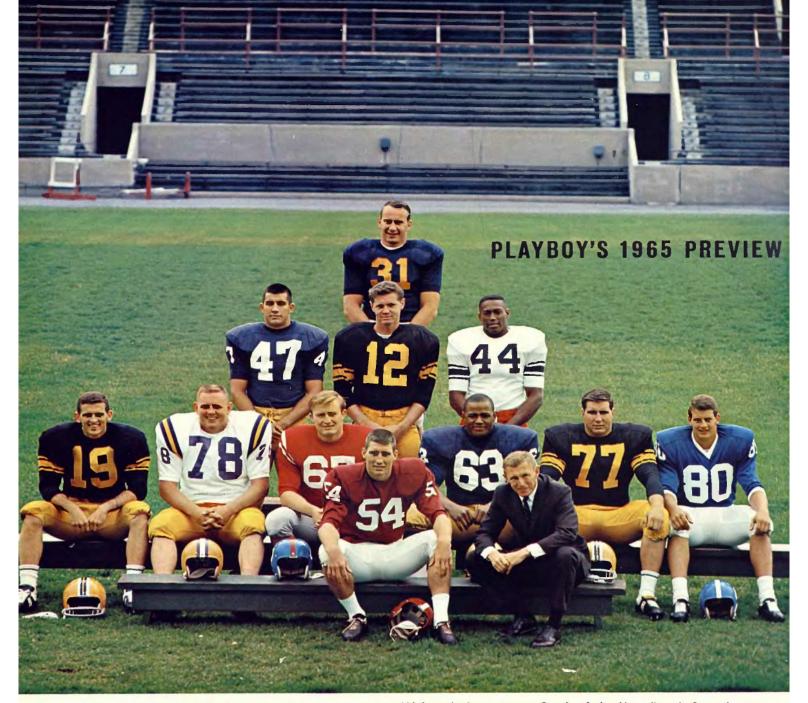


through the Illini forward wall. Michigan, our pre-season pick for 1965's top team, won the game and the 1964 Big Ten championship.

have been accustomed to going both ways, the coaches will have the knotty problem of deciding who plays on which platoon. This will be a difficult decision, indeed, because a truly outstanding player is generally as valuable on offense as on defense. He may even be as valuable a lineman as a back. For example, Mike Garrett and Rodger Bird are perhaps the most talented defensive halfbacks in college football—and we have them listed as such on our All-America aggregation—yet both have gained a major part of their fame for offensive exploits. John Niland, the massive lineman from Iowa, has been playing guard though he has the delineations and talent of a pro tackle. Most coaches won't be sure who is playing what position until September practice is well under way, and then they will assemble their platoons just the way we did: by finding the 22 best players available and distributing them according to their skills. And now, on to the predictions.

If quarterbacks could be bought, the market in pinpoint passers would be sky-high in the East. At nearly every major football foundry east of the Alleghenies the coaching staff is frantically searching player rosters for quarterback talent. Syracuse, Penn State, Pittsburgh and Buffalo are particularly barren of signal callers. All the other teams have at best only ordinary garden-variety quarterbacks; the possible exception is Holy Cross, which found a dazzling sleeper last year in Jack Lentz.

Therefore, the Eastern crown could go to whoever wins the quarterback treasure hunt. Syracuse, however, might just forget the passing and simply run over people. With PLAYBOY All-America halfback Floyd Little and halfback Mike Koski running behind a talented offensive line led by center Pat Killorin, the Orangemen will be almost unstoppable on the ground. Penn State finds itself in the same situation: no quarterback but a strong running attack made up of a flock of fast halfbacks and soph fullback Roger Grimes, who is the most exciting new runner to show up on Mt. Nittany in a decade. All this locomotion will be



OFFENSIVE TEAM. Front row: Paul Crane, center (Alabama); Jerry Burns, Coach of the Year (Iowa). Second row: Karl Noonan, end (Iowa); George Rice, tackle (Louisiona Stote); Stan Hindman, guard (Mississippi); Dick Arrington, guard (Notre Dame); John Niland, tackle (Iowa); Rick Kestner, end (Kentucky). Third row: Nick Eddy, halfback (Notre Dame), Gary Snook, quarterback (Iowa); Floyd Little, halfback (Syracuse). Rear: Jim Grabowski, fullbock (Illinois).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

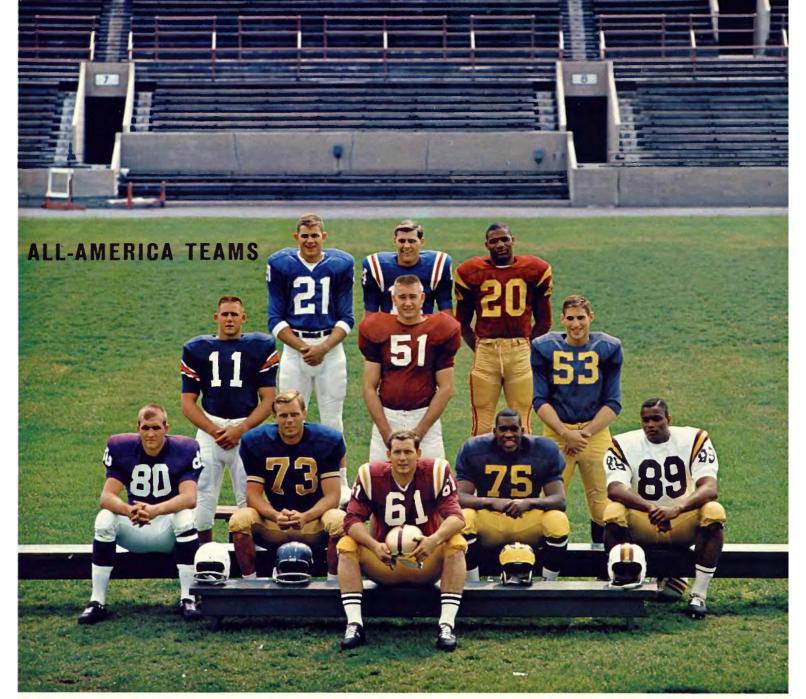
MICHIGAN9-1	STANFORD8-2
NE8RASKA9-1	LOUISIANA STATE8-2
KENTUCKY9-1	MARYLAND8-2
IOWA9-1	FLORIDA7–3
SYRACUSE9-1	SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA7-3
ARKANSAS9-1	TEXAS7-3
OREGON9-1	ALABAMA7-3
PURDUE8-2	NOTRE DAME7-3
WASHINGTON8-2	PENN STATE7-3
GEORGIA TECH8-2	TEXAS TECH7-3

Possible Breakthroughs: Tulsa 8–2; West Virginia 7–3; Michigan State 6–4; Ohio State 6–3; Missouri 6–4; George Washington 9–1; Cincinnati 8–2; Wyoming 8–2; Bowling Green 8–1.

sprung loose by a formidable offensive line led by tackle Joe Bellas, who is probably the leading lineman in the East.

Boston College has just about succeeded in establishing itself as a major Eastern power. Losses from graduation are severe, but there is so much good manpower left on hand that Boston fans won't notice much difference. This is supposed to be a rebuilding year for the Eagles, but by midseason they may have their strongest and biggest team in history.

Army and Navy appear to be in bad shape. Serious losses from last year have cut deeply into both squads; the new switch to two platoons will sorely tax manpower resources, and inexperienced



DEFENSIVE TEAM. Front row: Jack Shinholser, guard (Florida State). Second row: Casimir Banaszek, end (Northwestern); Stan Dzura, tackle (California); Bill Yearby, tackle (Michigan); Aaron Brown, end (Minnesota). Third row: Bill Cody, linebacker (Auburn); Carl McAdams, linebacker (Oklahoma); Tam Cecchini, linebacker (Michigan). Back row: Rodger Bird, halfback (Kentucky); Bruce Bennett, safety (Florida); Mike Garrett, halfback (Southern California).

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom have a good chance of making someone's All-America team.)

ENDS: Moreau (LSU), Mitchell (Bucknell), Twilley (Tulsa), Malinchak (Indiana), Hadrick and Long (Purdue), Jeter and White (Nebraska), Palm (Oregon), Morin (Massachusetts), Washington (Michigan St.)

TACKLES: Bellas (Penn St.), Singer and Shay (Purdue), Graham (Tennessee), Brown (Tulane), Townes (Tulsa), Hines and Phillips (Arkansas), Pettigrew (Stanford), Taylor (Cincinnati)

GUARDS: Gagner (Florida), Battle (Georgia Tech), Miller (Iowa), Barnes (Nebraska), LaGrone (Southern Methodist), Richardson (UCLA)

CENTERS: Killorin (Syracuse), Dittman (Navy), Tobey (Oregon), McKissick (Utah), Hyland (Boston College)

LINEBACKERS: Nobis (Texas), Kelley and Bugel (Ohio St.), O'Billovich (Oregon St.), Hansen (Illinois), Goss (Tulane), Clarke (Army), Lynch (Notre Dame), Vincent (LSU)

BACKS: Ward (Michigan), Granger (Mississippi St.), Handley and Lewis (Stanford), Griese (Purdue), McDonald (Idaho), Lyle (George Washington), Harris and Kristynik (Texas), Wolski (Notre Dame), Unverferth and Barrington (Ohio St.), Lentz (Holy Cross), Norton and Antonini (Kentucky), Spurrier (Florida), Bowman and Sloan (Alabama), Juday (Michigan St.), Davis (Virginia), Dennis and Clay (Mississippi), Shivers (Utah St.), Glacken and Calabrese (Duke), Williams (Bowling Green), Lane and Roland (Missouri), Hubbert (Arizona)

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Halfback Warren McVea (Houston)

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Guard Tommy Keyes (Mississippi)

and unproven quarterbacks will replace the graduated Stichweh and Staubach. (Staubach, by the way, may turn up heaving passes for the Quantico Marines.) About the only success-determining factors at variance between the two teams are schedule (favoring Army) and coaching (a major plus for Navy). As usual, the Army-Navy game will probably be a tossup, with the luckier team winning.

"	IDELL	NDENTS	
Syracuse	9-1	Colgate	7-3
Penn State	7-3	Rutgers	6-3
Boston College	6-4	Holy Cross	6-4
Army	4-6	Villanova	5-4
Navy	3-7	Buffalo	4-6
Pittsburgh	2-8	Boston U.	2-7
	IVY L	EAGUE	
Harvard	7-2	Yale	4-5
Oartmouth	6-3	Brown	4-5
Princeton	6-3	Columbia	3-6
Cornell	5-4	Pennsylvania	3-6
MIDDLE A	TLANT	IC CONFERENCE	
Gettysburg	8-1	Temple	6-4
Delaware	7-2	Lehigh	2-7
Bucknell	6-3	Lafayette	2-7
YAN	KEE CO	ONFERENCE	
Massachusetts	8-1	Connecticut	4-5
Maine	6-3	Rhode Island	2-7
Vermont	6-2	New Hampshire	2-8

TOP PLAYERS: Little, Killorin, Brown (Syracuse); Bellas, Kunit, Grimes (Penn St.); Hyland, McCarthy (Boston C.); Clarke, Champi, Braun (Army); Dittman, Norton (Navy); Crabtree (Pitt); Paske, Ilg, Clark (Colgate); Lentz (Holy Cross); Brown (Villanova); Poles (Buffalo); McCluskey, Grant, Leo (Harvard); MacLeod, Beard (Dartmouth); Maliszewski, Savidge (Princeton); Ratner (Cornell); Howard, Gronninger (Yale); Hall (Brown); Molloy (Penn); Ward (Gettysburg); Van Grofski (Delaware); Mitchell (Bucknell); Landry, Morin (Massachusetts); DeVarney (Maine).

The main problem at Pittsburgh—even more serious than a green squad and questionable quarterbacking—is the schedule. You have to read it to believe it. If the Panthers break even this year, it will be the neatest trick at Pittsburgh since Salk beat polio. Rutgers is coming back and so is Holy Cross. Crusader quarterback Jack Lentz ran berserk last year despite assorted broken ribs, so with his health restored he may lead Holy Cross to a fruitful season. Its main problem will be adjusting to new coach Mel Massucco without benefit of spring practice.

Colgate is basking in the glory of 1964, its most successful season in 30 years. And things look just as rosy this fall. The Red Raiders' vicious defensive platoon, which was primarily responsible for last year's success, is returning almost intact.

At this point, Harvard appears to be the class of the Ivy League, but if past seasons are any weather vane, the Ivy race will be a wild exercise in improbabilities before the year is out. The Crimson is richly endowed with backfield stars, and if coach Yovicsin can put together an offensive line and a good defense (his specialty), it will be a rosy autumn in Harvard Square. Neither Dartmouth nor Princeton looks quite as strong. Dartmouth's problem is a leaky defense that cost the Indians three games last year. However, quarterback Mickey Beard and end Bob MacLeod should form one of the better combinations in Eastern football. Princeton suffered heavy losses-including the entire backfield-from last year's undefeated team, but the Tigers and their snazzy single wing will still overpower most opponents. Cornell will be a contender for the Ivy title if a host of good sophomore linemen come through. Yale has the highest all-time won-lost percentage in college football, but appears to be in danger of losing that distinction this year to Notre Dame. The Yalies are green and especially thin down the middle, and have the problem of adjusting to the new coaching regime of Carmen Cozza, an especially tough task without the benefit of spring practice. Brown has an outstanding quarterback in Bob Hall, while Columbia is suffering the torments of adjusting to the loss of Archie Roberts, who is simply irreplaceable. Pennsylvania, under new coach Bob Odell, is on the way up, and this year may unveil a few surprises. The Quakers are deep in experienced returnees and good sophomores, and with halfback Bruce Molloy leading the way, Penn is our nomination for top spoiler of the Ivy League.

Gettysburg, with three magnificent quarterbacks in Jim Ward, Dick Shirk and Mike Darr, should again dominate the Middle Atlantic Conference. Last year's almost unprecedented collapse of Delaware isn't likely to happen again, however, so look for the Hens to be back in the thick of the title race. Bucknell has one of the top players in the country in end Tom Mitchell. Temple had its best year since 1945 last season, and with a little luck could do as well in 1965.

Massachusetts so completely outclasses every other team in the Yankee Conference that the only battle is for second place. That honor is likely to go to Maine this year.

Every year the same drama is played out in the Big Ten. The principal actors vary, but the plot is always the same: Some team is the consensus pre-season choice to win the Conference champion-ship, something goes wrong along the way (injuries, ennui, a few fumbles) and the team that couldn't lose does, and one of the predicted also-rans picks up all the marbles and the Rose Bowl bid. Last year, Illinois' juggernaut somehow got scuttled; the year before, it happened to Northwestern. In fact, only

once in the last two decades has a consensus pre-season favorite actually won the Big Ten title. That was Ohio State in 1961.

TH	E MI	DWEST	
	BIG	ΓEN	
Iowa Purdue Michigan State	9-1 9-1 8-2 6-4 6-3	Minnesota Illinois Indiana Northwestern Wisconsin	6-4 5-5 4-6 3-7 2-8
MID-AMI	ERICAN	CONFERENCE	
Miami	6-4	Ohio U. Western Mich. Toledo	4-6 4-6 4-6
I	NOEPE	NOENTS	
Notre Dame Xavier	7-3 7-3	Dayton Southern Illinois	
Lynch (Notre Da Oetwiler, Vidme Niland, Miller (Singer, Shay, Brown, Hankins Juday, Washing St.); Univerferti (Ohio St.); Gr. Pinder, Bess,	eme); Ýer lowa); Minnie son, Gi ston, Li h, Barr abowsk Price	Arrington, Wo earby, Cecchini, V eigan); Noonan, St Hadrick, Long, Gr ear, Teter (Pur Hingham (Minnes cas, Jones (Micd ington, Kelley, E i, Custardo, Har (Illinois); Malini	Vard, nook, iese, due); ota); nigan Bugel nsen, chak,

Despite this, we still have to go along with everybody else in tabbing Michigan to repeat as champion, since we have a tenacious belief that somehow logic still has a place in this game. Certainly the Wolverines deserve the role of favorite. The major loss from last year was quarterback Bob Timberlake, but soph Dick Vidmer looks so good that Timberlake may not be missed. Carl Ward at halfback is unexcelled in the league and PLAYBOY All-Americas Bill Yearby at tackle and Tom Cecchini at linebacker will help give the Wolverines an awesome defense. If coach Bump Elliot can get Michigan safely past Purdue (the only blot on last year's record), it should be the top team in the country.

Beisler (Indiana); Banaszek, Rector (North-

western); Richter, London (Wisconsin); Wil-

liams, Rivers, Luettke (Bowling Green); Lyons, Turner, Parr (Ohio U.); Peddie, Phil-

pott (Miami); Good (Marshall); Burch (Tole-

do); Spear (Dayton); Hart (Southern Illinois).

Not far behind Michigan is Iowa. The Hawkeyes had a relatively dismal record last fall, but a scant dozen points on the scoreboard separated them from greatness. The spectacular aerial offense is back, including PLAYBOY All-Americas Gary Snook and Karl Noonan. The running game has been beefed up and last year's leaky defense has been shored up. Best of all, the schedule is favorable, so look for the Hawkeyes to be the big surprise to everyone but us. For this spectacular comeback, and for fielding one of the most exciting teams in the country, win or lose, our Coach-of-the-Year accolade goes to Jerry Burns.

(continued on page 258)



"Lonesome, big boy?"



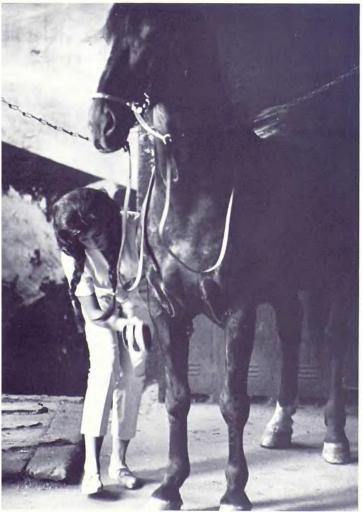
reining playmate

miss september is a high-ranking horsewoman among chicago's post and paddock set

MAN'S BEST FRIEND may be his dog, but the only four-legged love of September Playmate Patti Reynolds' life is a galloping gelding named Frankie. One of the Midwest's comeliest champion riders, Chicago-born Patti, who first graced PLAYBOY's pages as one of The Bunnies of Chicago (August 1964), has spent the past year training her thoroughbred and trotting off with trophies and top honors at local horse shows in hopes of ultimately making the international equestrian scene. "Actually, there's no money in horse shows themselves," reports the charming excottontail, "but if you can take enough firsts and seconds against topnotch competition, you'll usually wind up with an attractive offer or two to train one of the better-known breeders' stable of jumpers. After I'd worked as a Bunny for three years, I found I had enough cash saved up to buy my own horse and train him for a couple of seasons without having to worry about bill collectors' beating a path to my door. So I went out and bought Frankie, stabled him near Chicago's Lincoln Park, where we could work out every day, and started getting him ready for some of the regional meets. Within one year after his first public jump, Frankie had five gold cups and a drawerful of blue ribbons to his credit, and I had decided to spend the next few years of my life on the hoof." When our posting Playmate isn't busy putting her prancing pet through his paces or earning her next entry fee as a part-time model for a wellknown local hair stylist, she spends most of her free time at Berlitz Left: Pert Patti strikes a convincing cowgirl pose ("I once saved an old quarter horse named Duchess from the glue factory with my last fifty dollars, and she repaid me with my first riding ribbon"). Below: Frankie and friend enjoy stableside chat.







Above: Miss September displays perfect form during a Westernstyle workout with her current prize winner ("Frankie's a natural-barn jumper, so I had to really sell him on the idea of being photographed in anything but his usual English saddle"). Left: Frankie gets attentive après-ramp rubdown fram the most glamoraus groam a four-legged fellow could find.

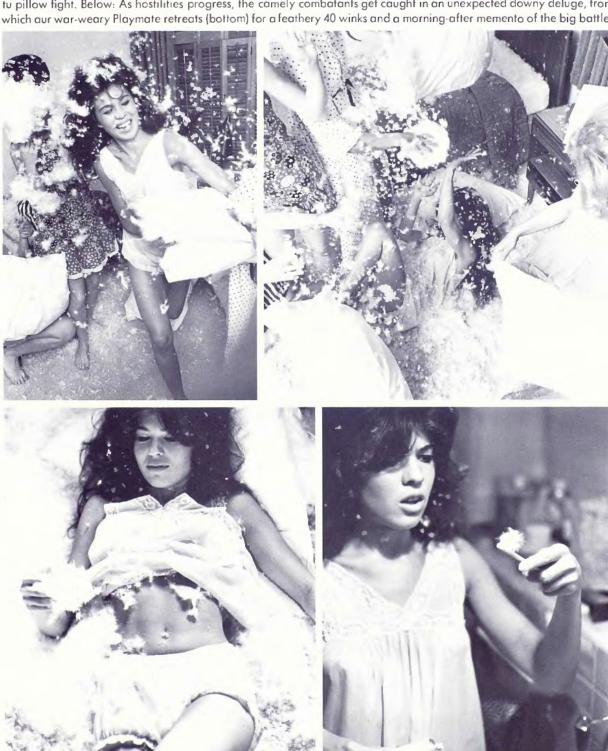
brushing up on her linguistic talents. "I've managed to acquire a working knowledge of Spanish and Italian so far," says Patti, "and with a few more courses under my belt, I shouldn't have too much trouble trading tips with the European equestrian set. Next to horses, my second love is traveling, and if all goes well, I may be able to combine business with pleasure by working my way up into international riding competitions and a chance to clear the high hurdles in other parts of the world."

Despite her designs on conquering the Continent with her equestrienne's expertise, Patti is enough of a raven-haired realist to admit that the right guy may come along in the meantime and lead her up another well-beaten path. "I've always been something of a loner," the sultry September miss confided, "but I'd gladly trade horses for a home with a man who shares my interests in life." Outside of bridle paths, studying foreign languages and traveling, Patti's other pet pursuits include fast cars ("I'm a charter member of the Outer Drive Hero Drivers Club"), fettuccini ("Italian food and my waistline are old enemies"), fox-trotting ("I'm old-fashioned enough to still prefer cheek-to-cheek dancing over wall-to-wall fruging") and filigree ("My apartment is so full of Italian antiques you'd think I was running some sort of rococo workshop"). When it comes to male companionship, she confesses a weakness for rugged outdoor types who "don't need great looks or smooth lines to keep a girl interested." If any further endorsement of the joys of outdoor living is needed, we suggest a sportsmanlike appraisal of this month's centerfold.





Above: At girlfriend's apartment for an avernight slumber party, Patti and pals choose their weapons far an impromptu pillow fight. Below: As hostilities progress, the camely combatants get caught in an unexpected downy deluge, from which aur war-weary Playmate retreats (bottom) for a feathery 40 winks and a morning-after memento of the big battle.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Have you heard about the man who never worried about his marriage, until he moved from New York to California and discovered that he still had the same milkman?



A newspaperman, in Atlantic City for the Miss America Pageant, was seated in a boardwalk bistro when a lovely young blonde sat down beside him. They began to chat and, after a number of drinks, he proposed that they buy a bottle and finish it in his room. She was agreeable-so much so, in fact, that before the bottle was half finished, she began to undress. Before she got into bed, the newspaperman casually asked her how old she was.

Thirteen," she replied.

"Thirteen? Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Put your clothes on and get out of here!"

"What's the matter," asked the girl, pouting. "Superstitious?"

Before we get married," said the young man to his fiancée, "I want to confess some affairs I've had in the past."

"But you told me all about those a couple of weeks ago," replied the girl.
"Yes, darling," he explained, "but that was a couple of weeks ago."

A beautiful girl appeared at the gates of paradise and asked to be admitted. Saint Peter asked her the routine question: "Are you a virgin?"
"Of course," she replied.

To be sure, Saint Peter instructed an angel doctor to examine her. When he was finished, the doctor reported, "I think we can let her in, but I must report that there were seven slight dents in her maidenhead."

Saint Peter decided that he couldn't deny her admittance for such a trifle, so he sent her along to the registration clerk. "Your name?" asked

"Snow White," she answered.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines spinster as an unlusted number.

A pair of suburban couples who had known each other for quite some time talked it over and decided to do a little conjugal swapping. The trade was made the following evening and the newly arranged couples retired to their respective houses. After about an hour of bedroom bliss, one of the wives propped herself up on an elbow, looked at her new partner and said:

"Well. I wonder how the boys are getting along."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines erogenous zone as the skin you touch to love.

Two hipsters were sight-seeing in the Everglades when one suddenly stepped into quicksand and began sinking, while his fellow traveler calmly looked on.
"Hey, man," shouted the sinking swinger,
"how about giving me a hand?"

"Sure thing, dad," replied the other hipster, as he began clapping.



A cab driver was driving a pair of honeymooners to a rented cabin in the mountains just outside of Denver, when he inadvertently lost his way. Coming to a side road, he asked, "I'm supposed to take the next turn, ain't I?"

"Like hell you are," came the groom's voice from the back seat. "You just stick to your

driving."

We know a cynical husband who says it's better to have loved and lost than to have loved and won.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines optimist as a man who makes a motel reservation before a blind date.

There's nothing like a girl with a plunging neckline to keep a man on his toes.

Then there was the absent-minded sculptor who put his model to bed and started chiseling on his wife.

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.



"It certainly isn't easy to get a scientist to relax . . . !"

UNEVENNESS OF BLESSINGS

they know not what they do."

I knew, of course, what I had tried to do. But I left Camp Doanbrook in the same poignant condition with which I had entered-an embattled innocent in matters of love. My chronic condition, an absence of excess, a deficiency of sinin short, the presence of a lack-was complicated by the fact that my friend Phil had become an expert with spectacular gifts of persuasion; he knew how to skinny-dip at night and to stroll intimately in the woods and to row stalwartly across Big Wolf Lake for a frozen Milky Way; and Kate, the girl whose teeth he rotted with candy, was a bouncy and bounceable happy creature who assented to all his suggestions and only entered analysis after she had received her master's in sociology (sosh) midway in the Cold War. Then it turned out that she had done the wrong thing with my friend, but the wrong thing only retrospectively, in a manner of speaking that made him out to be sibling and father and protest against sibling and father, none of which he intended to be when he strutted in boxer shorts or borrowed my raincoat for a conversation under the pine. In other ways, Herr Doktor, it was the right thing.

But not me. I could do neither wrong nor right thing, it seemed. The girl I tried to outdistance at swimming, who then outdistanced me all summer in every other way, then said to go away even closer, then outdistanced me again, liked to have suntan lotion rubbed onto her arms and legs; I rubbed. She liked Mars bars when I bought Milky Ways, Milky Ways when I offered her Mars bars. She liked to talk about art, music, life; I found difficulty in classifying all these topics.

"Are you sure of yourself?" Sandra asked. "Because I think that's important, don't you?"

I did. Oh, I did.

"Do you feel secure?" she asked. "Because I think a man should always feel secure."

I wanted to feel secure and to try to feel even more secure. But she always stopped me, "Secure" is not the same as "fresh," she explained with cheerful pedantry. In the English language, these are different matters. My grip on the language was almost as unsure as my grip on Sandra, and when I gripped my confidence, I found myself with a handful of air and fingers. And the nails in my palms while Sandra instructed me.

"Because I like a man to be sure of himself, Dan—that's even better than good-looking or a swell dancer. Would you like to put this goo on my back?"

She said "back," but meant more. She said "goo," and meant goo. There I

(continued from page 113)

crouched on my knees on the outer raft, breathless after swimming, rubbing suntan lotion, discussing Sibelius and Thomas Wolfe, growing more and more unsure of my certain self. "You don't like the Ruby Yacht anymore, Dan? Ooh, that feels nice. A little more up there. There. You don't like the Fitzgerald translation from the original Persian anymore, Dan?"

"Nope." I was surly and covered with greasy greaseless cream. "All nonsense. Exaggerated. A symptom of 19th Century British imperialism."

"And another thing I want to have a good long talk with you about is politics, Dan. And also you're not full of self-confidence. You're not really proud of being you. Don't get that oil on my latex suit, it stains. You don't radiate energy all the time like a healthy boy; oh, I don't mean that, excuse it, Dan, I mean like a young man should."

. But she would not cooperate joyously, energetically, libidinously, as a girl always did, excuse it, a young lady eventually does in the novels I liked in those days. Sometimes I felt as if I had had enough of tennis counseling or mimeograph labors, children making pie beds and children who needed help with letters home to their parents. ("P. S. And mommy lissten, I like my councilor very much please bring him a dozen pair of socks size 12 Shelley's father already brought him a sweater.") I wanted to take Sandra away from all this. At least for an hour or two.

Instead, we watched a duck go squawh, pulled by the leg straight down into the swampy depths of the lake. "Ooh, listen that squawk," said Sandra.

"Snapping turtle, it's the battle of life," I said, "the survival of the fittest." I had bought secondhand books about the story of secondhand philosophy, the secondhand romance of art, and the mystery of heredity, explained by a man with chromosomes. A writer with a name like Hendrik Willem Van Loon (witty comments on eternity) had to be a terrific authority, though a name like Amram Scheinfeld (dark ecstasies about gene clusters) ranked pretty high in my psyche, too. "Nature," I announced, "provides a balance of nature in order to——"

"Ooh, I bet those sharp teeth," said Sandra.

"It's all in the jaws. Listen to me, Sandra. It's not teeth, it's the powerful jaw muscles——"

She squirmed away. "I'll listen to you," she remarked, "with your powerful jaw muscles, if you'll first get your greasy hands off."

They were greasy, of course, from oiling her packed little body against sunburn. And she had asked me to oil. And now that I had done my work, I had been enticed to play lubriciously. But like some decoy duck, she swam in circles until I grabbed with my snapper's snout; then she derisively let me yank her down to my destruction. No, perhaps she did not destroy, but she certainly unraveled.

"I knew this fellow once," said ducky Sandra, "he wasn't a bit secure. A boy should try to be secure." Blissfully, drowsily, she stretched out beneath the sun with her eyes closed, not caring how I looked at her. Her arms were fine, round, ambered by summer; there was a delicate lightening shade into her breasts where they sheltered each other, cradled by latex; her eyelids fluttered to get just a glimpse of me, which was all she required. She said: "This fellow was kind of grabby, but insecure? Oh, honestly. You know, Dan, you sort of remind me of him"-propping herself up on an elbow, examining me through eyes whose intentions were veiled by a thick brush of lash. "Only he was taller." Flopping back down to brown the other

I tell the world frankly: Sandra was no joy to me. I wept at night, alone, because the German armies were in Paris.

On Sundays, when the parents drove up from Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland, we dressed the children in their ceremonial white shorts and white T-shirts with the camp insignia stamped across narrow or pubescent bosons; we dabbed calamine lotion on bites and then stuffed bananas down throats at breakfast. The kids were supposed to weigh in heavy for their bout with parents. (Now, in 1965, so much later in history, even the children eat slimming foods.) Jokester Phil, my pal, exercised his entire repertory of shoveling, cramming, tamping and gagging gestures, and said to Davie Snyder, "Swallow, you crud, or I'll tell your mother what you did when you lost the International After-Hours Strip Poker Tournament."

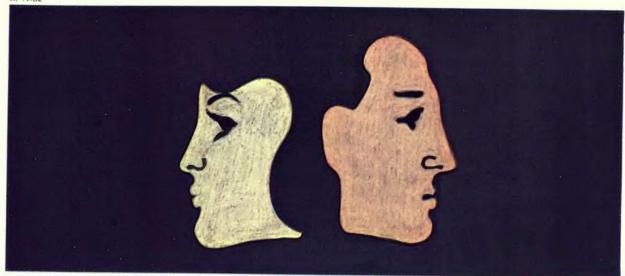
"Oh, please, Uncle Phil!"

Phil elaborately relented. "OK, you're a nice crud. Listen, you have one more banana, hey, and mum's the word."

With gratitude Davie found space to tuck away another few tropical ounces in his endless whorls of childish gut. Phil hoped thereby to store up a little credit with the head counselor in case Aunt Kate, junior counselor for Girls Group Two, the Brownies, was absent at bed check.

By noon the beastlings had all been shined up and we counselors were ready for parental discussion of heat rash, wax in ears, nervous stomach, and how much progress their heir to a chain of drugstores was making in crafts. "Not very

(continued on page 212)



THE SEX INSTITUTE

in indiana's quiet groves of academe, dr. kinsey and his associates started a remarkable research project and a revolution

article By ERNEST HAVEMANN

A JOURNALIST who writes on a subject that in any way involves sex—as I have often had occasion to do in the past decade on teenage marriages, campus marriages, marriage problems in general and subsidiary issues such as homosexuality—would be a fool not to consult with the Institute for Sex Research, that famed institution founded in 1938 and incorporated in 1947 at Indiana University by the late great Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey. Being no fool (I hope), I have consulted regularly with the Institute. I often call my friends on the staff long distance, and many a time I have flown to Indianapolis and rented a car at the airport to pay a personal call at the Institute, which is on the university campus at Bloomington, an hour's drive to the south.

The inevitable always happens. The long-distance operator, when I ask for the Institute for Sex Research, titters. The girl at the car-rental desk in Indianapolis, when I tell her that my address will be the Institute for Sex Research, raises her eyebrows. Sometimes I go along with the gag; I say that I plan to offer my body to the Institute. But usually I am just depressed. Why should the Institute for Sex Research, 17 years after its first monumental study of Sexual Behavior in the Human Male first appeared, still be the subject of so much self-conscious merriment?

Above all, why should its work still be so suspect? I frequently mention the Institute's findings in my articles and lectures, for nobody can pretend to write or talk authoritatively about sex without mentioning them. But almost every time, some editor takes me to task or somebody in the audience rises to challenge me. Don't I know—so go the questions—that the Institute's work has been criticized by some of the most prominent psychoanalysts and social scientists in the world? Am I really so naïve as to believe that all those people interviewed by the Institute staff told the truth about their sex lives?

Well, all right. I can see considerable merit in the psychoanalysts' criticism. And I don't necessarily believe that the people interviewed by the Institute were either totally honest or gifted with total recall. But I do believe that the reports put out by the Institute are, in general, accurate—and that, furthermore, they are the most important books that have been published in my lifetime. I believe that the Institute has done more to change the pattern of modern life—and for the better—than any other institution that ever flourished on American soil, with the one possible exception of the Constitutional Convention.

The Institute, in recent years, has been much less of a storm center than it used to be. The headline-making days of the giant reports on men and women are over; the more recent books, less sweeping in scope, have attracted far less attention. It operates nowadays almost in obscurity: If you ask the desk clerk at a Bloomington hotel to direct you to the Institute, you are likely to get a puzzled look; and even your taxi driver will probably not know the way unless he happens to be an Indiana University student who has seen it on his way to classes. Certainly the Institute does not advertise its presence. Its outer door, hidden in an out-of-the-way corner of the third floor of one of the university buildings, looks like the entrance to any routine classroom; the words INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH are (continued on page 152)



By ROBERT L. GREEN our annual autumnal survey of classic reviv

A PROBLEM that weighs almost as heavily on today's college student as avoiding an economics class that starts before ten in the morning is deciding what to take back to campus with him for the coming scholastic year. Most college catalogs are stuffed with information on everything from lab fees to university drinking rules. But in none of these otherwise estimable publications can the curious student find a reliable guide to correct dress for on and off the campus.

Annually, PLAYBOY comes to the rescue and fills this sartorial void. Here, again, is our own campus check list designed for everyone from the greenest freshman to the most sophisticated graduate student coming back for another go-round at the academic grind. For ease, this syllabus is divided into two major sections. It begins with an outline of wardrobe needs that is as applicable to the University of Maine as it is to the College of the Pacific. From there we'll investigate the differences that exist in various geographic areas and see how these basic fashion requirements are adapted around the country.

First, let's look at the national scene.

Suits: Even though most schools spawn certain fads and foibles of their own, the authentic natural-shoulder suit style featuring the classic Ivy League cut in a three-button model with straight-flap pockets and belt-loop trousers will once more sweep the American college campus scene from coast to coast this year. Stripes, from the narrow hairline to the pinstripe, will be making it through-

BACK TO CAMPUS



als and new directions in attire and appurtenances for the academic year

Above: Readying for a return to the academic groves are a plotformful of stylish scholars and their attendant coeds. Reading from left to right: The fellow conferring with the conductor is cosually clothed in a long-sleeved lamb's-wool V-neck pullover, by Brentwood, \$12, worn with a buttondown cotton axford shirt, by Von Heusen, \$5, and tapered worsted wool hopsack trausers, by Poxton, \$20, topped off by a plaid wool topcaat with a camel-color lining, by Fox Knopp, \$45, and a soft velour hat, by Chomp, \$13. The fuzzy fellow dans a hooded parks of raccoon and modocrylic fiber, by Koshon, \$80, over wide-wale cotton-corduroy slocks, by Spotwood, \$11. He is ready for the slopes with a pair of Goloxie II permanent-edge snow skis, by Hort, \$134.50. The next chap is completely color-coordinated in a three-piece sport set of a glen-plaid jacket, a sleeveless Shetland pullover and wool hopsack slacks, by Cricketeer, \$75. The shirt is an axford buttandown, by Excello, \$6. His girlfriend is safely perched an amount of luggage set consisting of an aversized attaché case, \$40, lightweight "airsuiter," \$42, and a sturdy two-suiter, \$50, all by Ventura. They are joined by a warmly bundled collegiate in a single-breasted cordural topcoot with plaid wool lining and a detachable six-foot scorf, by Zero King, \$45. The guy is corrying a 50mm Leicoflex camero with bottery-powered exposure meter, equipped with a Summicron f/2 lens and reversible lens hood, \$585, and leather case, \$28.50, by Leitz. At for right is pensive pair with the man in a topered jacket, by McGregor, \$25, worn with worsted wool-flannel permanent-cross slocks, by Thomson, \$17. In front is Mark II fitted leather comera godget bog, by Perrin, \$49.95.

K TO CAMPUS



out the fashion spectrum, but fewer of the broad chalk varieties will be in evidence. Lightweight suits will be heavy favorites: They afford all-season, all-region wear, plus the comfort needed in our centrally heated society. This year, ten-ounce Dacron-polyester blends should begin to nudge the traditional all worsteds and silk worsteds for first choice in fine lightweight suits. Most of the better suits come with matching vests, in a style to which we give the highest marks. Trousers for the college man are slim and trim but, happily, are cut a bit fuller than the "pipestems" of the noncollege young man. These styles should be worn longer than their high school counterparts and should just clear the shoe top. The number of suits you'll need depends on your social schedule, but three is the minimum.

Sports jackets: The classic navy-blue blazer has become a wardrobe essential that goes well anywhere. Blazers worn with turtlenecks give an elegantly casual look that originated in Europe and is sure to be a success on American campuses. The always popular checked and plaid jackets will be joined by solid-color models in soft pastel shades.

Slacks: At least a couple of pairs of charcoal-gray and charcoal-brown slacks still make up the backbone of any collegiate ward-robe. A pair of hopsack or twist slacks, along with chinos and poplins, fill out the basic requirements here.

Topcoats: Be sure you have one slightly formal coat. Dressing casually at the right time is nifty, but being too informal when



Moving down the track we see a suitably styled by Leaguer in a three-button wool and polyester vested suit, by Sagner, \$60, cotton axford buttondown shirt, by Aetno, \$6, silk foulord tie, by Prince Consort, \$3, and center-creose felt hot, by Adom, \$11. He corries o Tele-Rolleiflex comero with o 135mm Zeiss Sonnor f/4 lens, \$450, and cose, \$29.95, by Honeywell. Kneeling is on ottentive audiophile looking over a Model 860 solid-stote storeo tope recorder with built-in speoker system, by Ampex, \$289. He sports a three-button glen-plaid coshmere jocket, by Phoenix, \$69, cotton oxford buttondown shirt, by Eogle, \$7, and a foulard tie, by Resilia, \$3.50. Looking on is a fellow in a wool hopsack suit with matching vest, by PBM, \$75, a tob-collor broadcloth, Dacron and cotton shirt, by Manhotton, \$7, and a silk patterned tie, by Wembley, \$2.50. His topcoot is an all-weather Docron ond cotton model that reverses into a poplin raincoot, by London Fog, \$55. Making waves is a chap in a snop-fastened sueded split-cowhide jacket with Orlan fleece lining, by Levi's, \$40, homespun-weave cotton trousers, by Contact Slacks, \$9, and a mohoir muffler, by Handcroft, \$6. The lad at right is in on alpaca and wool sports jocket, by Clubmon, \$40, a topered Docron and cotton oxford buttondown shirt, by Moss Shirtmokers, \$6, foulard tie, by Fabioni, \$6, and permonent-crease worsted wool-flonnel slocks, by Anthony Gesture, \$15. Heading upcountry is a pair of hardy souls. The man on the left dons cotton-corduroy woshoble slocks, by Seven Seas, \$11, with a hand-knit woal V-neck sweater, by Puritan, \$20. At for right the chop tops off his whipcord slacks, by Thomson, \$19, with a long-sleeved cotton turtleneck, by Robert Reis, \$3, and o wool-ploid outershirt, by Moss, \$12.



you're off to a dance or a dinner date in town is a fashion gaffe you'll want to avoid. Your casual coat should be one of these: a reversible tweed or gabardine, a traditional camel's hair polo coat or one of the British short styles coming on very big this year.

Raincoats: The best bets here are the crisp-looking tan, natural, navy or olive washable poplin styles on the market. A zipin warmer is a wise choice, no matter what the climate of your home campus. You should always be prepared to accept a quick invitation to a colder climate. A great second choice is a black raincoat. Besides its utilitarian value as bad-weather protection, this ebon styling serves nicely with holiday formalwear during the debutante season.

Dress shirts: You'll need at least a dozen. You can't miss with the classic long-pointed cotton oxford buttondown model. Along with the buttondowns, our advice is to try some of the tab- and spread-collar styles and see how they look on you. Conformity to an established style has its-merits, but avoid dullness by making an effort to try the wide variety of shirt fashions available. Though suits and sports clothes are veering away from flashy colors and tending toward the neutral shades, shirts are getting correspondingly more colorful. In addition to solid whites, blues and pinks, we see stripes, both neatly narrow and boldly broad, making the college scene in a big way this year. Muted checks will be much in evidence to give a European touch.

Ties: The current popular widths are 25% inches and 234 inches. The fashion trend in cravats is toward the bolder colors,



As we near the end of the platform, we find the last of our meticulaus matriculators. The cloth-capped fellow at left checking in with a new classmate is carrying a water-repellent wool-tweed topcoat with alpaca collar and rayan quilted lining, by Pendleton, \$45, aver a lang-sleeved links-knit V-neck pullover with ribbed cuffs, by Drummond, \$16, and fully lined diagonal-ribbed corduroy trousers, by Contact Slacks, \$12. He finishes off his outfit with a cattan-broadclath buttondown shirt, by Hathaway, \$7, an imported patterned silk ascot, by Handcraft, \$5, and an English water-repellent houndstaath wool cap, by Knox, \$5. The chap bringing up the rear doesn't seem to mind at all being last in line, since he's sharing his place with a pretty coed. He is wearing a sport combination of cattan-paplin permanent-crease slacks with extension waistband, by H.I.S., \$7, and a three-button wide-wale carduroy jacket with leather-trimmed flap pockets, by University Seal, \$25, worn over a cottan axford buttondown shirt, by Truval, \$5, and a "soft-laak" Orlan V-neck pullover with ribbed cuffs, by Puritan, \$13. He is braced against the chilly fall weather in a Dacron and cottan-paplin raincoat with slash packets and raglan sleeves, by Gleneagles, \$40. At right is a quartet of campus gifts for the aspiring baccalaureate. Clockwise from the top: Encyclopedia in 24 volumes with almost a half-million references, by Encyclopedia Britannica, \$549. Galaxie II manual portable typewriter with a full-sized keyboard and changeable type faces, by Smith-Carana, \$124.50. Motorcycle with 50-horsepower vertical twin engine and dual carburetors, Model T120/R, by Triumph, \$1220. "Varsity Sport" 10-speed sport bicycle with drop hondlebars, by Schwinn, \$66.95. with an increased emphasis on foulards.

Formalwear: A black, natural-shoulder dinner jacket with satin shawl or faille semipeak lapels is basic to your wardrobe and social life. This is particularly true in Eastern colleges, where increased formal activities are becoming the mark of each successive season. Don't worry if your immediate budget isn't fat enough to include formal clothes. Every college area has rental stores where you can obtain what you need; but there is nothing like having formalwear that really fits you. Take a look at the separate jackets introduced in PLAYBOY (The Playboy Dinner Jacket, November 1963) and add one of these stylish specials to your wardrobe.

Shoes: Six pairs make a sensible and solid shoe wardrobe. A well-balanced selection would include one pair of plaintoe bluchers in cordovan or Scotch grain, a pair of classic loafers, a set of black slip-ons, one of the desert-type boots, deck or tennis shoes, and a grained wing-tip blucher.

Socks: At least a dozen pairs should be on your list. Stick to the darker shades of brown, blue, gray and black, and be sure that all of them are over-the-calf models. For extra socks, try the fisherman knits in assorted colors.

Belts: Six ought to be enough. The best buys this year are in waxy leathers, fabrics, elastic, madras and casual web styles. Have at least one alligator in brown, tan or black, depending on the color choices in your wardrobe. Reversible belts with leather on one side and fabric on the other make another good fashion note. They can be very handy for helping to dress your outfit up or down, depending on the occasion.

Gloves: A couple of pairs of gloves should handle your needs—one dress set and one more casual pair made as much for warmth as for style. Your dress gloves, of course, should be color-coordinated with your topcoat.

Odd vests: If you own them, take them along. The attitude on waistcoating varies throughout the country, so play it cool and see what is being worn on your campus.

Walk shorts: Take four pairs. There is a lot of variety in this area, ranging from Indian madras, linens, seersuckers, washable whites, solid-color poplins, white ducks and off-whites in cord and sailcloth. Try to strike a balance with a brightly patterned plaid, a classic seersucker, a pair of whites and a strong dark solid color.

Now let's see how these basic styles are applicable to the different collegiate sections in America.

THE NORTHEAST: It's here, among the ivy-covered walls, that the classic American campus fashion look was born. The Ivy League trend today is a bit more casual than in past years, but the traditional influences are still strong.

Suits: Four is the minimum here. Your selections should include a dark shark-skin in gray, blue or olive; a tweed in a medium shade of tan, brown or gray; a whipcord or hopsack in tan or brown: and a more formal dark suit in navy or black. We see a big comeback for neat narrow stripes and herringbones. The over-all styling direction is toward the subdued pattern. Vests, we're glad to say, are going to be strong again this year.

Sports jackets: Four jackets are about right. Your blue blazer, a bold Duke of Windsor-type plaid, a patterned Shetland or tweed and a gray herringbone would be a workable combination.

Topcoats: There are the inevitable lightweight tan-poplin windbreaker jackets, as well as such newer items as the Navy-oriented "c.p.o." (chief petty officer) topcoat and a warm-up jacket in school colors. (Your local campus store or co-op will most likely have them available.) Ski-parka coats are still very much with us, and the professional three-quarter length is the current choice. Shearlings and shearling types, more familiarly known as "goat coats," are also good bets. Of course, you'll need an overcoat for wearing over suits. There'll be some handsome ones around this year, particularly the heavy rich tweeds and subtle herringbones.

Shirts: Miniature tattersall checks on colored and white grounds are reappearing for dress shirtwear. But the real Ivy look this year is going to be carried by borizontal-striped knit sport styles. We think you need a minimum of six, preferably eight, sport shirts.

Sweaters: At least a half dozen are required. The fashion here tends toward subtle classic Shetlands, lamb's wool and cashmere in all of the styles. Lightweight turtleneck jerseys and dickeys worn under regular sweaters give a Continental layered look that should be increasingly popular.

Hats: The Tyrolean is being substituted for the classic pinch-felt dress hat in the Northeast; not by everyone, but by enough to give you all the protective coloration you need to step out smartly in one of these Swiss specials.

THE SOUTHEAST: This is a collegiate area where fashion is practically a compulsory course. It isn't that the campuses are full of stiff shirts, but the combination of good natural-shoulder clothing, carefully coordinated with a healthy respect for good grooming, leaves the unpressed, socks-falling-down crowd standing out in the rain.

Suits: Be sure that at least one of your suits has a matching vest. It's still the choice of the best-dressed men on campus. Tweeds are very popular, with prime choices appearing in the medium shades of gray or brown. For a second choice, you might try a classic glen plaid.

Sports jackets: For this area we recom-

mend a bold Shetland plaid. The Southeast is also the stronghold of powerfully hued tweed jackets.

Slacks: The big items here are lightblue poplin and hard-finished worsteds and whipcords. The crispness of whipcord and its natural ability to coordinate with bold tweeds make it the perfect extra-slacks choice.

Topcoats: The new direction is the fleece-lined car coat. Some models have already been seen prominently at both the University of Virginia and Vanderbilt. Suede is another Southeastern highlight this year. Particular interest is in the dark-brown short coats.

Shirts: The styles are pretty much the same as everywhere, with some emphasis being shown in the new snapdown collars. In sport shirts, Indian madras is still a popular favorite, but there's also a great enthusiasm for red-and-white table-cloth plaids.

Shoes: In addition to the basic shoe wardrobe, we find a lot of interest in the tassled slip-ons in lighter honey-toned tans. The Norwegian-type moccasin also gets good grades from style-conscious Southeasterners.

Sweaters: Here you are better off going along with the boys north of Mason-Dixon and sticking to classic soft woolens in cardigans, crew- and V-necks. Turtlenecks are just beginning to make an impression, but probably will not catch on in a big way for at least another year.

THE DEEP SOUTH: The climate directs the fashion styles here. Casualwear in Dixic tends to take its influence from the yachting crowd rather than from the ski set.

Suits: Navy blue is the absolute top choice for more formal dress. The preferred colors in the medium and light shades are tan, gray and olive. Glen plaids are always correct. Because of the sudden changes in Southern temperatures, it's hard to get through any given season with suits all of the same weight, so take both regular and lightweight styles.

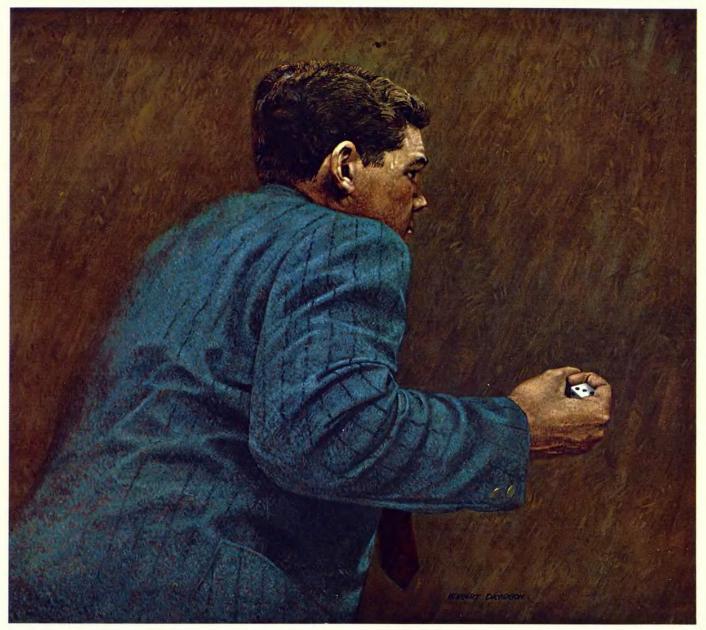
Sports jackets: Once you've checked in with your mandatory blazer, a light-weight bold plaid makes a good second choice. As with suits, you'll want to carry light- and regular-weight jackets. Light-blue denim and seersucker also appear to be popular for the coming year.

Slacks: White is the big color in Southern climes both for extra slacks and for walk shorts.

Outerwear: It does snow in the South, and anyone who has faced a cold-snap Florida night knows that you need at least one good warm car coat. Slim-line trench-coat models are the big news in rainwear.

Shirts: The buttondown is worn almost exclusively with only a few tabs (continued on page 234)

THE MUSES OF RUIN



fiction By WILLIAM PEARSON what crapshooter ever threw the devil's bones without a special plea to a goddess?

SAMMIE LEADS ME into his casino and tells me to choose my table. Play is desultory at all of them; it is the middle of the Las Vegas dinner hour. The combo is serenading us with twangy country music: The harmonica and fiddle go into a wild hoedown finale and the kazoo rides after their medley like a posse of hornets.

I know the table I want. Eddie Reilly, that melancholy old veteran of the Mississippi gambling boats, is on the stick, and Rick Douglas is one of the dealers. I don't think Sammie will try switching dice on me-the casino license is worth 20 times my \$50,000 -but if he does try, I don't think Eddie will let him.

I am trembling, but not because I am having second thoughts about risking the entire \$50,000 of the insurance money that came to me as my share of my father's estate. And not because I doubt my own capacity to ruin Sammie in this 15 minutes of nolimit play to which he so eagerly agreed in his office upstairs. No, I am trembling because I stand at the edge of the cataracts men fall off into madness, and because it is now too tempting, too tempting to take this route into oblivion. For through the roaring in my ears I can still hear my wife's shattered voice confessing the story of how Sammie had, on three different occasions since our marriage, forced her into bed with him.

Sammie relieves the box man at the table I've chosen and sits down. The diamond stickpin in his tie flashes like a beacon, and his cool smile is that of a man sure he knows the buttons to push to make the world spin backward. And sure, yes, that he can finish me. But I see him glance at Mark Humset, whose real job as casino executive vice-president is to ride herd on Sammie on behalf of the Chicago syndicate that now controls the operation, and the glance tells me what I needed to know: that Sammie will have to answer to Chicago, perhaps even with his life, for letting me play these 15 minutes with the sky the limit.

I take up a position opposite Rick Douglas. Douglas has about him the swagger of a motorcyclist set to scream down the 147

main street of a small town. His jet-black hair is japanned and his jet-black eyes spoil to brawl.

Sammie lifts a stack of yellow chips from the house's rack. They are stamped with the casino's identifying design, but they carry no legend of dollar amount.

The five or six other players are suddenly watching us. It is curious how quickly they have caught the scent. Like gazelles grazing downwind of a kill. Curious, too, that I should feel such extraordinary serenity. I hardly dare breathe; the slightest movement will shatter these exquisite intimations of omnipotence.

The man to my left has just sevened out, the dealers are collecting the bets, and Eddie Reilly brings the dice back to the center of the baize layout with the crook end of his stick.

"How much on each chip?" Sammie says.

I hand him my check. "Ten thousand dollars."

The stark hush that follows is as thrilling as the first seconds of a free fall. The sweet panic before the parachute keeps its promise. But Sammie's face is a steel mask; he gives me five yellow chips and pushes my check for \$50,000 through the lockbox slot. "Your dice, kid."

Eddie Reilly slides the bowl toward me. No casino would ever risk using gaffed dice, and no one has touched the bowl since we came to the table. Still . . .

I take two dice and put a silver dollar on the pass line. One dry run to make sure they aren't loads.

"New shooter," Eddie says gloomily. "Coming out, coming out . . ."

The dice land. "Six," Eddie says, "six, the point."

Five more throws. Then the dice come up six. "Six, the winner. Pay the front line." Rick Douglas pays me off with a dollar, and self-disgust at my own caution gores me like a tusk. I knew the dice had to be honest. I knew, my God, I knew.

Sammie glances at his watch. Taps his cigar. Eddie holds the dice out of play in the center, tickles them with the stick.

I put down four yellow chips. "Forty thousand dollars," a woman hidden on the other side of Eddie's majestic *embonpoint* says in an awed stage whisper. Sammie dusts a speck of ash from his tie.

"Same shooter," Eddie says. "All bets down . . . "

I send the dice skimming toward the far backboard, they hit, bounce halfway down the table.

"Seven!" Eddie says. "Seven. a winner."
The 5 or 6 players have become 15, maybe 20—spectators are swarming like locusts out of the amber mist. They watch fascinated and I watch fascinated as Sammie impassively gives Douglas four yellow chips and Douglas then stacks them beside mine. Now the crowd

waits to see what I will do with the \$80,000, and because Sammie is the house and I am not, I am its hero, but the honor is dubious. Mixed with its good wishes there is a rodent whiff of malice, as thrill-hungry as the oestrus with which a speedway grandstand waits for the first flaming crack-up.

I build the two stacks into one stack of eight and leave it on the pass line. The length of the table, clawed hands immediately descend on that same narrow perimeter of charmed felt and erect little minarets of chips and silver, for it is part of the voodoo credo of every player since time began that the biggest bettor has juice with the slattern goddess. Next I give Douglas a \$100 bill and buy four \$25 chips. One of them I drop into his shirt pocket as a toke, another in Eddie's. It is the first time I have ever tipped housemen, and it astounds me that I should be doing it. The aberrant exhibitionist elations of playing on front-line clover. But the ceremony needs a crowning touch: I toss a third one to Sammie.

Now the dice. Out into the world I send them again.

"Nine," Eddie says, "the point is nine."

A new combo is socking a torchy rumba. Douglas' hips sway with the insinuating tempo, brushing the table as if he were teasing a woman's thighs. He looks sleek and greedy, like a purring cat. The dice are waiting, and so is the crowd. I feel my first prickle of fear, and I think Sammie is feeling his.

Then the incantatory dithyramb begins:

"Nine right back, dice!"

"Six, nine the number," Eddie says.

"Ninety days, dice!"

"Four," Eddie says, "four the easy way. The line is nine."

"Nina from Carolina, dice!"

"Eleven," Eddie says, "come and field. The point is nine."

"Quinine, dice, the bitter dose!"

"Twelve," Eddie says, "nine the number."

"Three times three, you charmers! Get hot!"

By now 50 people have crowded around the table. And Mark Humset has materialized behind Sammie like an assassin with a poisoned dagger. Sammie is grim, but his executive vice-president is grimmer. Humset bends over, whispers a terse question to Sammie. Sammie, his eyes never leaving my hands until the dice leave them and then never leaving the dice until they return to my hands, answers, "Ten thousand on each chip." The commissar from Chicago turns ashen.

Again and again I throw the dice, but too many overanxious parapsychologists are transmitting psychic instructions on the same frequency. Then Sammie glances for an instant at his watch, and, as if a spell had been broken, the dice spin into a dance of glory.

"Nine!" Eddie says. "Nine, a winner. Pay the line."

The crowd roars its approval. Douglas starts to pay off bets. But Sammie's hand chops down on his like a machete. The dealer winces with pain. Sammie scoops up the dice, checks the house markings, gives them the pivot test by lightly positioning and spinning diagonally opposite corners of each cube between his thumb and forefinger. I track each movement, but one hand casually covers the other and I cannot tell whether he is making a switch. "All right." he says, "pay off." He tosses the dice onto the table.

I look now at my 16 yellow chips and I feel the pure elixir of exaltation coursing in me like a divine brandy, sweet with promises of immortality. But I harbor a bookkeeper, too, a wretch of a timeserver who sits on a high stool entering nickels and dimes and suspender buttons into dusty ledgers, and now this crabbed old clerk with gravy stains on his vest and spectacles held together by dirty adhesive tape clears his throat for another plaintive lecture on the ant and the grasshopper. (\$160,000, he says. Stop now, you will still be wealthier than you ever dreamed of being.) He is an old retainer, he has been with me for years, but he is getting on and his memory is failing. He forgets that I came to this room tonight for purposes unconnected with money. I have purposes that give me a power, and I now have much less than 15 minutes in which to accomplish them.

I leave the 16 chips on the pass line and pick up the dice. And again, the length of the table, arms and hands frantically reach out—as if to touch the robe of a passing holy man—toward that same charmed perimeter of felt. But I am not ready to shoot. There is a decision to be made. Whether to play with the same dice, because when dice win for you it is folly to try the patience of the goddess by changing them, or whether to demand new dice as a precaution against Sammie's sleight of hand.

A voice, Mark Humset's, says: "The house limit in this casino is five hundred dollars. As of this second, no higher bets go."

I put down the dice. "Then I'm cashing in."

Sammie taps his watch. "You still have eight minutes of no-limit play."

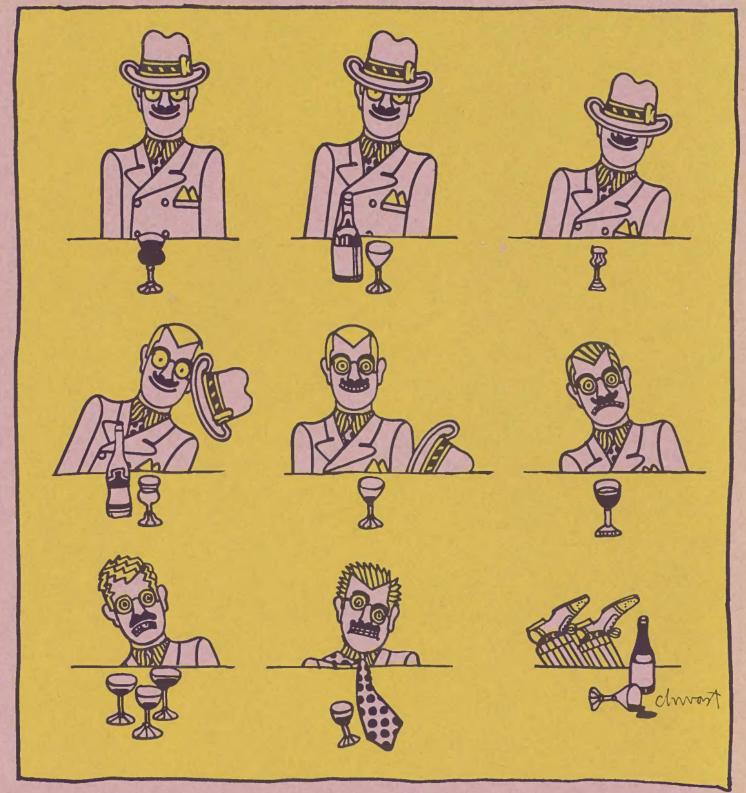
"Mr. Humset just said the limit was five hundred dollars."

"I heard him. I'm telling you, you still have eight minutes left."

From Humset: "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

The crowd is with Sammie. Someone starts to boo. The hooting spreads. On the pit side of the table, Sammie's (continued on page 179)

THROUGH A WINEGLASS HAZILY



a staggering account of one of the wettest junkets in history

nostalgia by EDWARD B. MARKS IN THAT still-Depression year of 1937 my salary as associate editor of the American Wine and Liquor Journal was a mere pittance, but attractive fringe benefits went with the job.

I particularly enjoyed the time spent around the town interviewing the greats and near greats of the trade that was being re-established in the United States following the repeal of Prohibition in 1933. Many of these were the representatives of foreign wine and liquor concerns seeking to restore the name and fame of their brands. I remember several talks with Charles Martell and Maurice Hennessy, who were striving gamely to kindle a taste for fine cognac in palates deadened by bootleg rye. And I recall an especially lively session with the Right Honorable An-

drew Jameson, then 81 years old, who told me he had once shot buffalo on the plains with Teddy Roosevelt. A man not easily daunted, Jameson cherished the notion that quality-whiskey drinkers would prefer John Jameson's Irish to Scotch. In this hope, alas, he was deceived. Irish got off to a slow start in the post-repeal market, though the invention of Irish coffee has since helped make up some of the lost ground.

In those days, André Simon, dean of the gourmets, came from abroad to preside at the tastings of the Wine and Food Society, which generally took place at the Plaza. I hardly qualified as a gourmet, but my crass connection with the trade got me in. I succeeded in impressing an up-to-then skeptical young woman by escorting her to a superb tasting of oysters and champagnes. A trial of port wines and cheeses greased the way to another romantic triumph.

I also recall, through a haze for which the interval of years can only partly be held accountable, the graduation exercises of the first bartenders' school to function in the post-Prohibition era. Behind a brightly burnished bar that had been bountifully provisioned by a thoughtful distiller stood a dozen confident young men. The exercises differed from most commencements in that the graduation ceremony and final examinations took place simultaneously. In their gleaming white uniforms, the graduates awaited your drink order and your critique of their performance. The guests rose to the challenge. In a freeloading session probably unmatched in academic history, they conscientiously tested the virtuosity and versatility of the fledgling barkeeps, gravely recording their judgments (for as long as they could) on the official rating forms.

My work took me to all forms of distilling, rectifying and wine-making establishments, including some whose hasty veneer of respectability but thinly concealed their more dubious status in Prohibition days. By way of encouragement, I was usually invited to sample the newly legitimized products, and what I have referred to as fringe benefits came perilously close at times to being occupational hazards. One languorous spring afternoon, after a morning visit to a Brooklyn winery topped off by a heavy Italian lunch, I was interviewing an important distilling executive. I asked him a provocative question, leaned back expectantly for his reply, and immediately dropped off to sleep.

Lest the reader be misled by these bibulous accounts, let me hasten to say that most of my days were grubby ones, spent in the business publication's dirty, drafty office on Lafayette Street. There I wrote up my interviews, phoned trade sources for market quotations, edited correspondents' copy, shamelessly cribbed relevant news items from the dailies, and spent long, lugubrious hours compiling entries and reading proof for the Red Book of the Wine and Liquor Trades, first directory of the resurgent industry. Our business manager had an idea a minute, and most of them involved more work for the harried editorial staff, which consisted mainly of me. I badly needed a holiday, but saw no chance of a respite until summer. Suddenly, deliverance came from an unexpected source.

For some months, our advertising columns had carried advance notice of the Good Will Tour to France. The basic idea for the tour was a sound one. The French wine and liquor interests were anxious to extend their market in the United States. Americans traditionally crave to visit France. Why not charter the Ile de France, take over a shipload of American wine and liquor dealers to see the sights of Paris, visit the vineyards and distilleries and sample the goods at the source? The enterprising American promoters went the next step and persuaded the French to pick up most of the tab. The tourists' outlay would be limited to the round-trip ship passage at minimum rates. All living expenses in France—hotels, meals, transportation, Paris entertainments—were to be defrayed by the French.

I began to salivate when the first ad for the three-week tour appeared in our magazine, but there seemed little hope of making the trip. Our business manager had staked it out for his very own. But the winds of chance felled him with a nervous breakdown shortly before the take-off date and I fell heir to a first-class cabin for the journey.

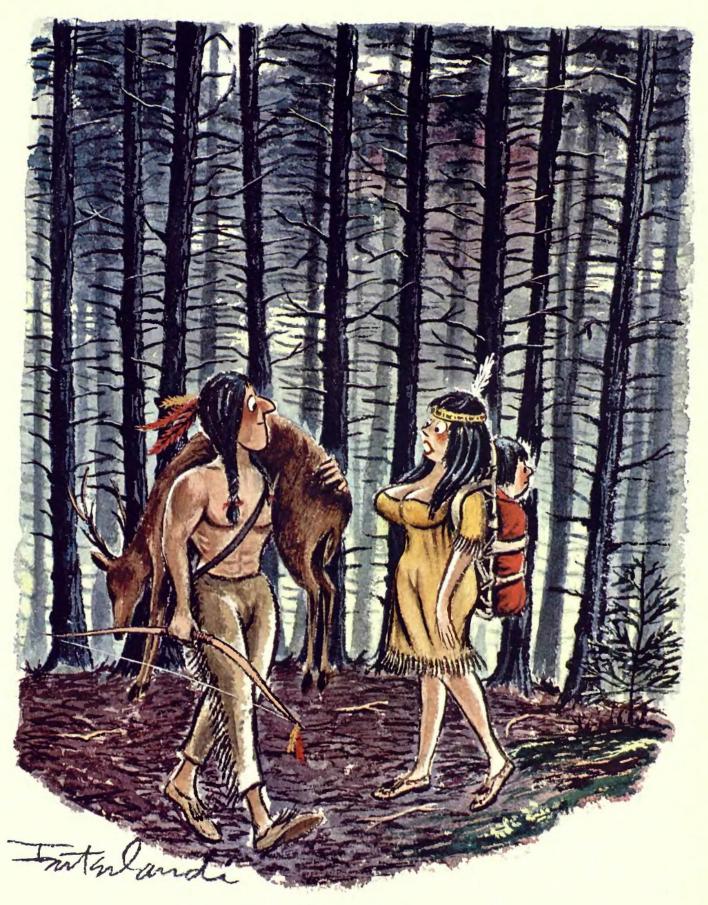
In a burst of generosity, I invited my sister along, at her expense. I gave her my cabin and she put down the minimum fare for a tourist accommodation which I occupied. On a glorious April morning our friends and relatives came to see us off, my brother brandishing a bon voyage bottle which proved wholly redundant, since one of the importers had ordered up drinks for all hands.

As the sleek, immaculate ship churned out of its berth and made for the harbor, Phyllis and I joined the throng on deck. Though our own transatlantic travel had been limited to student trips, we sensed, early in the game, that this was going to be different from most luxury voyages. The passengers somehow lacked the soigné look of characters shown in the cruise-ship ads or depicted by Noel Coward in Private Lives. The bulk of the 800 on board were wine and liquor wholesalers, retail store owners and tavernkeepers making their first crossing. In dress and deportment they fell somewhere between an Atlantic City convention crowd and the Apalachin mob. First class did contain a few affluent importers and industry leaders, but most of those in the better cabins had landed there because an indulgent distiller had ponied up the higher fare to accommodate a favored customer.

In addition to the Ile's superb cuisine, passengers were offered gratis an aperitif and a choice of fine vintage wines at luncheon on the first day. We took this as a commendable initial gesture on the part of one of the better-known importers, and were agreeably surprised when selected beverages of another importer made their appearance at dinner. Imagine our pleasure when still another merchant played host for the evening's gala, with all drinks on the house. Besides all this, expensive favors were freely distributed. The following day three different firms gratuitously stocked the beverage side of the menu. And so it went for each of the six days of the voyage. The ship was afloat in more senses than one. I rode the tide happily until the evening Chauvenet's Sparkling Red Cap and a rolling sea did me in.

But even in the privacy of a stateroom, one was exposed to the temptations of the bottle and other sybaritic enticements. Each cabin received daily injections of miniature and not-so-miniature gift bottles of brandies and liqueurs, cigarettes and cigars, chocolates, flowers and perfume for the ladies, and other lavish souvenirs.

We reached Le Havre in a comatose state, and looked forward to a few relaxing days in Paris before visiting the wine districts. But any hopes of resting up were dashed when our tireless leaders plunged us into the daily schedule. In addition to large doses of the usual sight-seeing, we previewed the Paris Exposition of 1937, lost our francs at the grey-hound races at Courbevoie, and took in the Folies-Bergère and several fashion shows. (concluded on page 168)



"Indian giver!"

casually printed on a piece of cardboard pasted to the ground-glass panel. Inside is a small, bare reception room with two wooden chairs and a desk presided over by a thoroughly businesslike middle-aged woman who is usually hard at work typing letters or keeping books. Very few of Bloomington's residents, or even the students and faculty of the university, have ever had occasion to walk into the reception room; and fewer still have passed through the locked door that leads back to the working quarters. This is mysterious and seldom explored territory-and the source of most of the more enlightened sexual attitudes of the America of the 1960s. Criticisms of the Institute sometimes seem to get more publicity than the Institute itself, but this is only a continuing echo of the old controversies, and hollow. Quietly, slowly, but surely, the Institute's findings have gained the ultimate kind of acceptance. Scarcely a serious book is published today-on any kind of human behavior ranging from anthropology through psychology to sociology-that does not liberally quote the work of the Institute for Sex Research.

To fully appreciate what the Institute has done to our modern world, a person must be old enough to have arrived at adolescence, as I did, before 1948, when the Institute fired its first great bombshell in the form of Sexual Behavior in the Human Male. I grew up, in those pre-1948 dark ages, in the little town of Chester, Illinois. It was an earthy town, surrounded by farmlands in which the horses, cattle and pigs were busy breeding. We young people knew "the facts of life" from personal observation. Some of us practiced them: In my tiny senior class at the high school there were at least three girls whose graduation gowns covered pregnant abdomens. Yet we were incredibly ignorant—and so, indeed, were the adults around us.

One day when I was in the eighth grade, a friend of mine suddenly jumped up from his seat and asked the teacher for permission to go outside and throw stones at the Devil. Startled, she told him to go ahead, and he did. Standing at the windows, we watched him pick up all the stones he could find in the schoolyard and hurl them as hard as he could at something that we were unable to see but that he apparently saw clearly. Poor fellow, he was the victim of one of those myths that used to torture so many people a mere few decades ago. He had been told that masturbation drives boys crazy-and because he believed the myth, he had gone temporarily out of his head.

I had another friend whose high school years were turned into a nightmare because somebody saw him and another boy engaged in some sort of name-

less shenanigans one night. I never did find out exactly what they were up to-or supposed to be up to. Things like that were never spelled out in the polite language of pre-1948 America. But the word got around that this fellow was "queer," and mothers refused to let their daughters have anything to do with him. I think he took to believing in his own mind that he was "queer"; he tried to talk to me about it several times, but never could get around to frank details. He was one of the unhappiest fellows I ever knew, until at last he moved away to another town, got blissfully married and sired six healthy children.

There was a girl in the high school who was known as a "nymphomaniac." This was a mysterious word that none of us understood exactly, but it conjured up all sorts of wild visions of insatiable and debilitating abandon. Some of the boys, of course, managed to meet up with her in private, but nobody would have any part of her in public. She never found a steady fellow, all the while I lived in Chester, and as far as I know she is still unmarried. Poor girl, she was not a nymphomaniac at all—just a skinny, homely and neurotic kid trying her best to be popular.

All these things were a commonplace in pre-1948 America, and nobody can even guess how much unhappiness they caused and how many lives they ruined.

Now, of course, almost everybody knows better—and the one big reason we know better is that the Institute for Sex Research has laid the facts on the line once and for all.

Up until 1948, nobody really had the faintest idea whether masturbation was common or uncommon, "normal" or "perverted." Now we know, from Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, that more than 90 percent of all men have committed this act which my boyhood friend in Chester had been led to consider a sin. If it drove people crazy, almost everybody would be crazy. (Sigmund Freud made an interesting error along this line. At one point in his career, because so many of his patients told him they had masturbated, he decided that masturbation was indeed a cause of emotional disturbances. What he didn't know was that all the undisturbed people who never visited his office would have told him the same thing.)

Up until 1948, nobody knew how many men in America shared my other friend's experience of having had some kind of homosexual experience, from the vague to the specific. Now we know, again from Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, that one man in three has at one time or another had a homosexual experience reaching the point of orgasm—and that the experience does not necessarily make a man "queer" at all.

Up until 1948, the "nymphomaniac" was a popular character in folklore and literature. But Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, and later Sexual Behavior in the Human Female have proved that sexual appetites and capacities, like everything else in nature, range along a continuous scale from the very weak to the very strong. Nowhere in the reports of the Institute for Sex Research does the word nymphomaniac even appear.

The sexual misconceptions of the pre-1948 world were by no means confined to small towns like Chester. I went from there to Washington University, a sophisticated school in the sophisticated city of St. Louis, and was surrounded by just as much abysmal ignorance.

For one semester I went to the university's law school in a vain effort to get interested in the safe and sure profession of the lawyer instead of the insecure life of the journalist. One member of the law class was a married man, a rarity among students in those days. He assured us solemnly that his wife practiced the most effective possible form of birth control by using a douche composed of one tablespoonful of vinegar in a quart of warm water, and we believed him. At the end of the semester his wife was pregnant-and so, I suppose, were the girlfriends of some of the fellows who had followed his advice.

It could hardly happen today. Anybody can go to a good physician-even in states where it is still theoretically against the law to disseminate information about birth control-and get the facts. And the facts are available in welldocumented detail. Ever since Sexual Behavior in the Human Male made sex research respectable, other explorers have been at work in this once-shunned field. I don't mean to belittle Margaret Sanger and her followers, who won the first battles for family planning; but it was the pioneer work of Dr. Kinsey that paved the way for Dr. William Masters and other medical research workers who have made scientific studies, replete with statistics, of how effective are such birthcontrol methods as the pill, the vaginal diaphragm, the various contraceptive jellies and the condom. Their final word on this subject is available to every physician-and, indeed, to anybody else who cares to look it up.

Going back again to my university days, I remember that one of the first things all of us beginning law students learned from the upperclassmen was that if we went to a certain volume of the state supreme court reports and turned to a certain page, we could read a titillating account of a subject almost too racy to mention. I got out the volume and found that I did not even have to turn to the proper page; the book opened automatically, at a point where it had been opened countless times

(continued on page 164)

Saturday Night with Genghis Khan

history becomes
movie make-believe,
as the modern
mongol general's grimy
guard captures
an outsized
bathtub complete
with compliant
harem houris

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHIL STERN

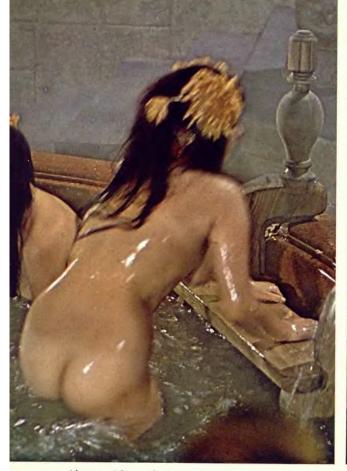


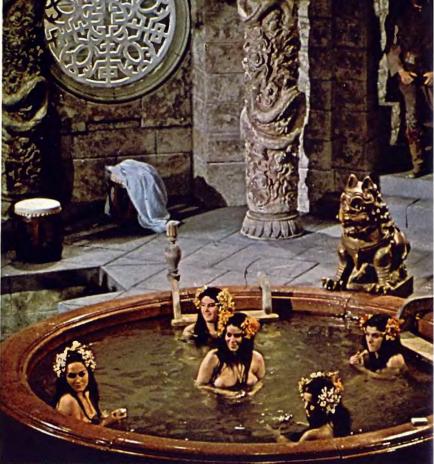
Tubside at palace in Peking, Oriental maidens prepare for the princess' daily dip.

ALTHOUGH Genghis Khan's armies have never been credited with venturing west of the Crimea, the latest cinematic version of the mighty Mongol and his men raping and pillaging their way across the Asian plains finds them on location in West Germany. Starring Omar Sharif in the title role, Columbia Pictures' new version of Genghis Khan is another addition to the current filmic trend toward epidermal epics. It features the talented services of James Mason, Eli Wallach, Stephen Boyd, Françoise Dorleac, Telly Savalas and a host of winsome West German fashion models and actresses displaying their appealing all as comely Cantonese concubines who introduce the conquering Khan's warriors to the joys of communal bathing. Although the high jinkery pictured on these pages was cut from the final version of the film, our photographer has preserved what were some of the film's more memorable moments.

Emperor's number-one daughter displays majestic form as she doffs her regal robes.







Above: After administering the royal ablutions, the curvaceous contingent of ladies in waiting begin their own aquatic ritual (left), but their lively lavings are curtailed (center) by the sudden arrival of Mongol soldiers seeking still earthier pleasures.





Above: Setting her lotus blossom for Shan—played by Telly Savalas—Genghis Khan's faithful comrade in arms, this lovely Lorelei uses her buoyant charms (left) to lure him into her watery domain, where a seductive sudsing (center) awaits him.





Above: Unaccustomed as they are to public bathing, the reluctant conquerors have to be coaxed into joining these not-so-modest Oriental maids in a little good clean fun. Not even the militant Mongols, however, can ignore such a tempting tubful for long.

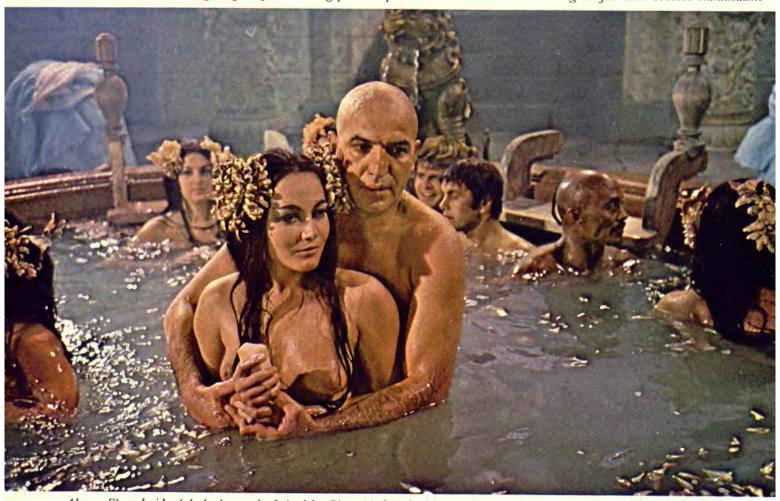




Above: Even the fiercest of Mongol fighters cannot maintain a superior front when exposed to the expert care and handling of these opulently endowed Oriental beauties, and Shan and his stubborn sidekicks soon succumb to local sanitary regulations.



Above: Having thrown in the towel and gotten into the swim of this Cathay soap opera, the ecstatic and fragrantly bemused Khan men become willing targets of the Peking palace's private scrub team shown tackling its job with obvious enthusiasm.

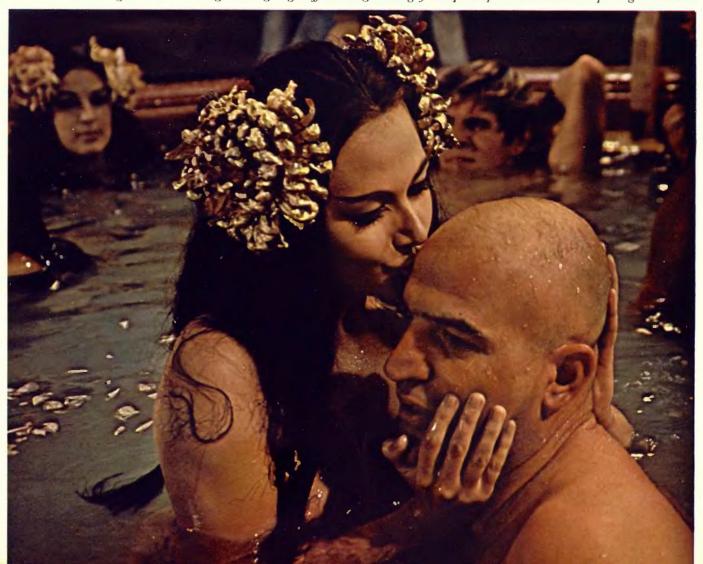


Above: Shan decides he's had enough of the Mr. Clean bit (it's bad for the Mongol image) and takes matters into his own hands in order to stop the soapy onslaught. Right: Telly's vision plants a steamy seal of approval on his now-glistening dome.





Above: Waterlogged Telly is about to be turned into a one-man submarine, as sloe-eyed but fast-moving ladies in wading give barbaric bathing buddies a thorough rinsing to get off all the grime a guy can pick up when he's out conquering continents.



efferson in exoptusia

the writer and the movie star looked forward to the tienta, but were not prepared for the barbed courtesy of their host

fiction by Robert Ruar at they managed three different flamenco caves after dinner, which ended at 2:30 a.m. In each of the side-street cafés, faces lit when they entered, and the gypsies invariably said "¡Hola Señorita Barbará!" Or simply "¡Olé Barbará!" In each of the places they visited, the guitarristas came immediately to the table to play what seemed to be carbon copies of her favorite songs. The singers, corded necks swelling like frogs' throats, yelled what also seemed to be her favorite songs. Twice, on loud demand, she got up to perform what appeared to Alec a very creditable flamenco, with loud hand clappings and frequent ¡Olés! and ¡Ay, qué tias! from the performers as well as from the few dark men who rested against the bar and drank manzanilla. At the table, whole armies of bottles of manzanilla disappeared as the flamenco singers and guitarists produced private performances for Barbara, with glares of rebuke from the leader if a rival group started a song for another table in another part of the room.

It was five o'clock when Alec's yawns almost eclipsed the woody clack of the castanets.

"I done come a long way in the last twenty-four hours," he said finally. "I think we've had enough clicking and clacking for one night, wouldn't you say?"

Barbara looked at her wrist watch.

"My God! And I've got to be up at six! Well, there's no point in my going to bed now. You can buy me breakfast in another place I know, and then I'll just bathe and slip into my working duds. You want to go out on the set with me to-morrow—I mean this morning?"

"Great God, no," Alec yawned again. "All I want is to sling these creaky old bones into bed."

"My bed?"

Alec shook his head emphatically.

"Great God, no, again. What with the flying and the f--- the lovemaking and the food and the flamenco, I am what

you might call 4-F at the moment. Take me back to the Trece, lead me to my room, and I will bolt the door. I aim to sleep twelve hours straight."

"You always did lack stamina," Barbara said. "Come on. We'll skip the breakfast. I'll have tea and toast sent up to my room, and eat it while I dress."

"For this small boon I am indeed deeply grateful." Alec said. "I can take guitars with most meals, but not with breakfast."

Alec made one trip out to the set and swore off. It was the same old Hollywood mumbo jumbo that he knew so well, except that it was being done under a copper sun and was supposed to be an oil-well picture shot in the Middle East. But it was easier to use the local camels and rig the Andalusians up in burnooses, which made some sense. The gypsies were all Moors, anyhow; the camels came from a nearby game preserve; the mock-up oil rig was convincing. and there was always the Spanish army for extras. The noise was the same. Take and retake and retake -the same smack of the take slate, the same harassed script girl, the same ill-tempered director, and the same distractive cough into the sound track. Once in a while an aircraft would zoom low and wreck the take, or a Jeep would get mixed up with the camels. but then, that was picture-making anywhere: a bloody dull way to make a living, Alec thought dourly, as he announced that in future he would sleep late of mornings, to prepare himself for the flamenco ordeal of nights, and possibly go sightseeing in the afternoons. Barbara was amiable about the whole thing.

"I do quite understand, sweetie," she said. "It must be terribly dull for you, just standing around while we do the close-ups and matching shots and



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR PAUL



middle shots and long shots and insurance shots and all the rest of this vital trivia. But I have some happy news for you. The weekend's free: Svengali over there has wrapped up my sequence, and he's going to torture somebody else from Friday to Monday. We can do exactly what we want. Isn't that splendid?"

"It is, indeed. The trip can now be described as worth the effort. In light of that wonderful news, do you suppose we might give the clickers and clackers a little rest tonight, and perhaps flout the local customs by eating in our rooms and going to bed early?"

"Poor, poor Alec," Barbara said, and smoothed his hair. "How you do suffer."

"I don't mind some aspects of it," Alec said. "But it's enough to sit up all night with a bunch of gypsies without being sneered at all day by a bunch of camels."

They strolled the streets, buying things—Alec bought some gorgeous evil-smelling carved-leather chaps he didn't need, and a wicked-looking hunting knife he didn't need, and was measured for some boots he didn't need, and fought off the inclination to buy some trajes cortos he certainly didn't need.

"But you'd look wonderful in them," Barbara said. "I've got some to wear to the tientas—" She clapped a hand to her mouth. "I forgot, clean forgot. We're invited out to Juan Mendoza's finca—ganaderia, actually, for Sunday's tienta. A ganaderia is a bull-raising ranch, and a tienta is—"

Alec tweaked her nose.

"I know what is a ganaderia. And a tienta is where they test the young cows for bravery, because the fighting spirit of the breed comes from the mother's side. I'm the bull expert in this family, remember? You've sure gone real flamenco for a girl who's only been in Spain for a couple of weeks. Why don't you try talking to me in English? I understand that, too."

"My boy Alec Barr, the supercilious son of a bitch, is back," Barbara said without rancor. "Why do you always try to steal my toys?"

Alec shook his head.

"I don't want to steal your toys. But I am a little amused at how thoroughly ladies become Hispanofied after two weeks in the bull country, or Italianated when they've been seven days in Rome and spent a dirty weekend in Capri."

"Do you want to go to this calf testing or not?" asked Barbara. "It's fun, I'm told. Big fiesta—lots of pretty people and big booze and fine food."

"Sure." Alec smiled at the childish excitement in her eyes. "I haven't been to one in ages. Not since Mexico with Tom Lea."

They sat now at a café table and ordered manzanilla and *tapas*—prawns and olives and anchovies and fried octopi and ham and cheese. "There's so much I haven't seen," Barbara said wistfully, chewing around a big prawn. "I suppose that's why I kind of show off when I run into something new. I haven't even seen a bullfight, let alone a *tienta*. Exactly what is the purpose, anyhow, apart from fun and games?"

"It's mostly an excuse to get drunk," Alec said. "A big house party. But the basic idea is, you test the two-year-old calves for bravery. You put the calves, male and female, up against a picador on a horse to see how many pics they'll take. The brave heifers, who keep charging the horse despite the pain of that iron pike, are set aside to be bred to the stud bulls. The nervous Nellies become yeal for the market."

"How about the little boy bulls?"

"They get a shot at the pike, too. The difference is that while they cape the cows, for fun, after the picador bit, they don't cape the bull calves. They only give the little bulls three shots with the lances, because they don't want to discourage their hatred for men on horseback-men on horseback whom they will meet two years hence when they are playing for keeps and the little bull calf, having been adjudged brave, will go out into that nice arena to be rendered into steak. Possibly for the poor, or possibly to be sold in the butchershops as carne de toro-bull's meat-instead of just plain old carne.'

"It all sounds very intricate. How do you know that the courage passes through the mother?"

"I don't know it. I only know what I've been told. And Spain is a very intricate country. Where is this ganaderia?"

"Not far. About thirty minutes outside of town. I forget the name of the place. But Juanillo is sending his car for us about noon Sunday, if it's all right with you."

"It's fine with me," Alec said. "How do you know this Juanillo?"

"Just around. He's nice. Met him with some people at a flamenco. He took me to dinner a couple of times."

"What did he do with his wife when he took you to dinner?"

"Wife?" Barbara's reaction was honestly blank.

"Wife. They all have wives. But I don't expect you'll meet her Sunday. Wives don't get asked to tientas as a rule. Only pretty americanas and francesas and inglesas—and other visiting firemen, like writers and movie actors, get asked to tientas. Spain is a very intricate country, like I said."

"He never mentioned any wife," Barbara said, thoughtfully.

"He wouldn't. It's an old Arab habit that rubbed off after about eight centuries of Moorish occupation. This Andalusian country ain't Europe, sweetie pie. It's Africa. Europe stops at the Pyrenees. A lot of people still don't realize that Spain is still Moorish. Anything that starts with *el* or *al*, from *algebra* to *alfalfa* to *Alhambra*, is Arabic. That nice dirty river is not really Guadalquivir. It's Vad-el-kebir, bastardized."

"You make me so damned mad sometimes," Barbara said, with no indication of anger. "You're a smart ass, you know that? You make me feel so stupid."

"I'm not a wishful smart ass," Alec said. "I'm a writer. Just like you're a ham. We're both hams. You adopt the protective coloration of a country or a situation or a group just as a chameleon changes his color. Yours is surface—Smithfield ham. I soak up my contact with situation and store it away. That makes me a Serrano ham. I'm cured in the snows, after I've been cut off the pig, before I'm fit for consumption. But we're both hams, in the end. And I could as easily have said al fin or au fond, if I was swanking it up."

Barbara stuck out her tongue at him.

"Let's go back to the hotel and stop being smart asses," she said. "I don't want any lunch. These *tapas* are too much. What I want is a nap in a cool, dark room."

"Your aim is noble, if not exactly in the mind," Alec said, and clapped his hands for the check.

A fat Jaguar was waiting in front of the hotel when Alec and Barbara came down. The whipcorded chauffeur touched his cap.

"Buenos días, señorita," he said. "Señor," as an afterthought to Alec. "Don Juan extends his compliments," he said in Spanish, "and regrets that he could not be here in person."

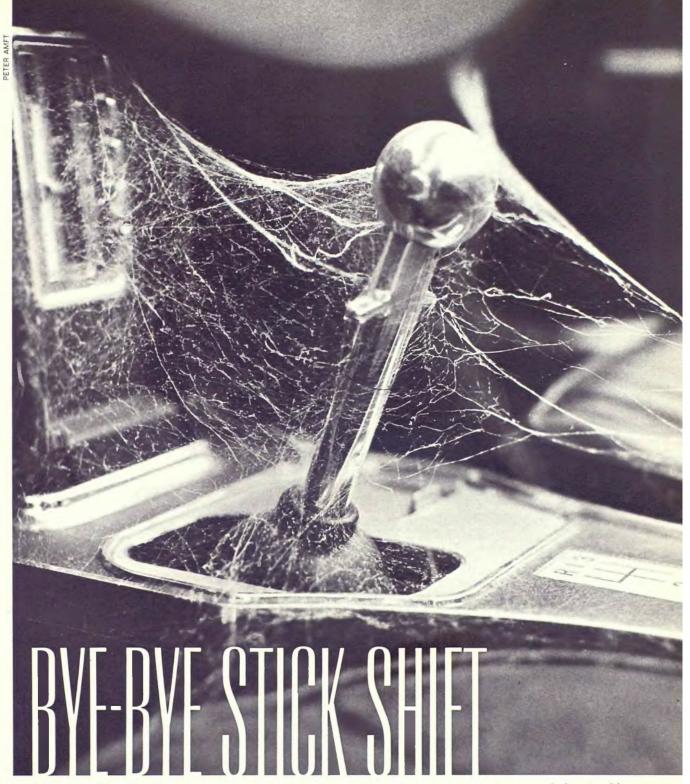
I'll bet a pretty, Alec thought, that even if the house is full of guests, that Don Juan would have found it possible to encounter the señorita personalmente if the word hadn't spread that the señorita had a Yankee boyfriend in town. I do love the Spaniards, particularly the southern Spaniards. Everything from bathroom to breakfast to bed is muy torero—a pass with the eggs, veronicas with the bacon.

"Nice car," Alec said. "Must have cost a fortune to get it into the country." He patted the red-leather upholstery. "I'm only surprised it isn't a Mercedes or a Rolls."

"He keeps those for Franco," Barbara said. "Now you be nice and uncynical and, for Christ's sake, speak English. Juan is very proud of his English. Don't go hitting him with any Spanish slang, just to impress him because you're wearing a tweed coat instead of the traje corto. Snobbery gets you nowhere, even when it's inverse."

"Why," Alec said mildly, "I am only wearing tweeds because I don't have any trajes cortos. I do not intend to fight any cows today with the rest of the tourists.

(continued on page 228)



article By KEN W. PURDY recent race results point to four-on-the-floor becoming a purist's plaything

since the 1890s, when it really was hard to do properly, skillful gear shifting has been the hallmark of the expert and the measure of the difference between the men and the boys. After all, a bright ape could be taught to steer; in fact, bright apes have been taught to steer. Lindsay Schmidt, owner of an 1800-acre farm in Australia, uses a chimpanzee named Johnnie as a tractor driver, and has for years. Johnnie can steer a straight course over a plowed field, turn the tractor at the end of the furrow and keep this up all day. A couple of years ago a Southern highway patrolman was obliged to take into custody an ape who was going to Florida for the winter at the wheel of an Austin-Healey. His friend and owner was sitting beside him, apparently to read the road map.

There is no reason to doubt that, given loving kindness, patience and a sufficient supply of bananas, any upper-I.Q. monkey could be taught not only to steer but to go on to the next step and shift gears, and I wish someone would put this worthwhile project in train. It would be to (continued on page 241)



the reward of the quick-witted miller

Ribald Classic

from the "Heptaméron" of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre

A YOUTHFUL miller near Paris was enamored of a lovely young wench named Fabienne who lived in his neighborhood. To speak the truth, he was more loved by her than she by him, for he only pretended an attachment to her to obtain what favors he could. For her part, Fabienne was more than willing to be deceived. She loved the miller to such an extent that she neglected the usual covness of her sex and sought him out at his chamber to take her pleasure.

Her widowed mother, however, who was herself still young and every bit as fair as her offspring, knew all too well toward what seas runs the hot blood of youth. Perceiving her daughter's overriding affection for the miller, she forbade Fabienne ever to see or speak to him, under pain of being sent to a convent.

But Fabienne, having once become accustomed to a diet of the fruit of love. craved its sweetness more than she feared her mother or the cloister. One day, having found the miller unoccupied in his chamber at the rear of his establishment, she began (as was her wont) to tease him with glances, words and caresses certain to arouse love in the veins of any youth. Rising to the occasion, the miller lost no time in removing the wench's loose-fitting bodice and shift, and soon found himself entertaining her with precisely that diversion she had sought.

It happened, however, that a servant had seen her steal into the mill, and ran to tell the mother. That worthy woman, without even stopping to secure her robe, hastened to the mill to put an end to the threshing of her daughter. As she approached, Fabienne was not too caught up in her sport to fail to recognize her mother's steps. Quickly she said to the miller: "My love for you will surely cost me much, for now comes my mother, who will be convinced of that which she most feared."

The wily miller, preserving both his presence of mind and his ardor, ran to the door to meet the mother. As she burst into the room, he cast his arms about her, embraced her with all his passion, threw her down on a small bed, pulled her shift up round her neck and began to expend on her all the vigor her daughter had excited in him. The woman, while at first confounded and desiring to shout out, soon was persuaded to other desires. In fact, the miller's infectious eagerness shortly



For Fabienne a quick departure was in order; her mother stood at the doorsill.

convinced her to take up the game in full earnest herself. By the time the two had concluded their tumble, her reawakened spirit caused her to insist the miller have at it again. Between the scuffle and the dalliance, she completely forgot what had brought her to his chamber; and while she was covered, Fabienne had straightened her garments and escaped.

Thereafter, neither mother nor daughter questioned the other's activities. For her part, Fabienne noticed an immediate improvement in her mother's disposition; and the mother, now herself tasting the pleasures by which her daughter had been tempted, could no longer think of chastising her for having yielded. The miller continued to receive unexpected visits, but now he served two ardent damsels instead of one-a delightful game, indeed, since, while a knock on his chamber door would certainly signal him to field, he never knew beforehand whether he would be called to winnow among the tender shoots or among the full, ripe stalks.

-Retold by George Rhinehart 163

before, and the subsequent pages were grimy from the touch of innumerable hands. It was a sodomy case involving a husband and wife. None of us who read the case knew exactly what sodomy meant, and the Supreme Court wasn't about to tell us. All we knew was that the dictionary said that it was something "unnatural." It must have been drastically "unnatural," we felt, because the fellow in the court case went to prison.

I know now, of course, and I'm sure that every freshman law student in every university also knows, that this wellthumbed case in the law reports referred to the act of fellatio. I doubt very much that we would know unless the Institute for Sex Research had brought this onceforbidden subject into the open, and made the very word fellatio a part of our

acceptable language.

I shudder to think of how many people, in those dark days before 1948, must have suffered the tortures of the damned because they enjoyed oral sex play of one kind or another and thought they therefore belonged to some strange, "unnatural" and perverted minority, so despised by the vast majority of "normal" Americans that any discovery of their disgraceful habit would doom them to everlasting ostracism, if not indeed to jail. It took those tactful and persuasive interviewers from the Institute for Sex Research, adept at putting people at their ease and getting them to admit secrets they would not have admitted to their closest friends, to establish that more than 60 percent of American men and a substantial number of American women have engaged in fellatio, and almost equal numbers in the kindred practice called cunnilingus. (Among the "best people," the proportion is even higher. The more education one has, the more common is this type of sex play.)

The law has not caught up with the Institute findings: You can still go to prison in Missouri for doing what that man in the lawbook did, and in all but one other state as well. (Illinois is the exception; in 1961 it adopted the most enlightened code of sexual laws in our national history.) But the laws of the 50 states are applied infrequently and quixotically; few people go to prison these days for engaging in heterosexual oral sex play, although the legal threats are still there on the books. Indeed, a marriage manual sponsored by the Catholic Church now officially recognizes that there is nothing wrong with this kind of sexual conduct, provided it is followed by intercourse. Would this have happened without the Institute for Sex Research? Hardly.

Speaking of the law, there is one case cited in Sexual Behavior in the Human Female which I consider to be the final word on how the Institute for Sex Research has changed our modern world. In the year 1943, less than a quarter century ago, the supreme court of one of our states ruled that a lower court was absolutely right in committing a man to an insane asylum. The proof that the man was insane-get this!--was that he insisted on having sexual relations with his wife as often as three or even four times a week. There was nothing else in the world wrong with him; he was admittedly "bright," "competent" and "a good worker." But the court ruled that any man with a sexual appetite of such magnitude had to be considered a psychopath and put out of harm's way.

We know now, from the figures in Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, that there are young men who enjoy coitus as often as 25 times a week, and that, indeed, some men are still capable of 7 times a week even after they have reached the age of 70. Unless some anachronistic reform wave suppresses the findings of the Institute for Sex Research and thrusts us into another dark age, surely no man will ever again be committed to an insane asylum for the routine sin of trying to make love to his wife three or four times a week.

To anyone who grew up after 1948, the reasoning of the courts in this case doubtless seems almost unbelievable. To those of us who grew up earlier, it is all too easy to understand. As the Institute has shown, sexual appetites come in all shapes and sizes. Take a pre-1948 man of somewhat more than average appetite married to a woman of far less than average. Particularly a woman taught from childhood, as women used to be taught, that men are beasts. Let her then take her complaint to a lawyer of less than average appetite, to whom the thought of coitus as often as three times a week is personally inconceivable. Let her case against her husband come up before a judge of similar temperament. And let all this take place at a time when there are no sound statistics anywhere in the world to show who and what is average, and what the individual differences are. The poor husband was just a natural human sacrifice-in the dark days of sexual superstition that lasted until 1948.

The man who started aiming the searchlight of fact into all the shadowy corners of ignorance and fear was what a pioneer has to be: a fanatically dedicated man, a rugged individualist, an indefatigable work horse. He was also an insufferable egotist, as stubborn as a mule and as touchy as a prima donna. Above all, he was, in my opinionthough I did not like him and he did not like me-one of the bravest men who ever lived.

. . .

I first met Dr. Kinsey in 1953, at an event which neither I nor any of the other journalists who took part in it will forget as long as we live. Sexual Behavior in the Human Female was about to be published, and every magazine in America, as well as every newspaper and newspaper syndicate, was clamoring for a look at it. Dr. Kinsey could easily have made a quarter of a million dollars or more for his Institute by selling exclusive rights to one magazine and one syndicate, but to his way of thinking such a notion was unscientific, commercial, dishonest and indeed immoral. He decided instead to let the representatives of any and all publications look at galley sheets, provided that they would hold up their stories until the day the book was unveiled in the bookstores. So many magazines and newspapers took up the offer that he had to arrange for three separate shifts of visiting journalists; each group visited Bloomington for a week, studied the galley sheets and then went home, to be replaced the following Monday by another group.

As it happened, Life magazine decided to send me, and the luck of the draw made me a member of the first shift, in company with writers from McCall's, Harper's, Mademoiselle, Cosmopolitan, Reader's Digest and a number of others which I have long since forgotten. We all gathered in Bloomington one Sunday afternoon, eying one another rather warily because our stories were bound to appear in open and naked competition, and bright and early the next morningat an hour to which Dr. Kinsey was accustomed even if we visitors were notwe got to work on one of the strangest assignments in journalistic history.

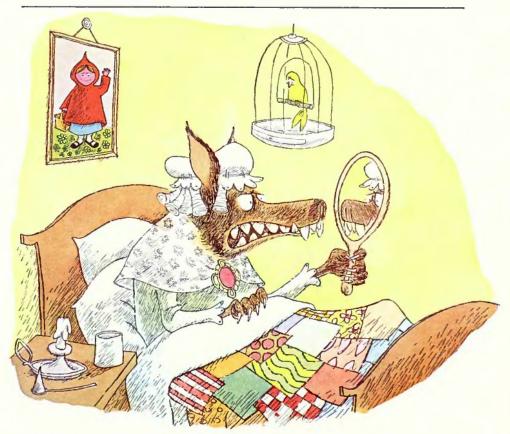
The report on women, which runs 842 pages and contains 334 tables and graphs, is a difficult book to read under any circumstances. In galleys it read like Sanskrit-especially since there were not even enough of the galleys to go around. The Institute staff divided the copies into sections; each of us got a hunk of chapters from somewhere at random in the volume: and after studying what we had for a few hours we had to pass it along, in turn receiving another section from somebody else. As I remember it, I started reading something from the middle of the book, then jumped to the end and back to the middle; I never had the benefit of the introductory explanations at the beginning of the book until the very last day. Fortunately, I had taken along a dictating machine; I gave up any attempt to understand the book and simply dictated a condensation of whatever seemed important into my microphone, hoping to pick up the pieces later, after I had returned home and had my dictation transcribed. Bill Davidson, then of Collier's, did the same thing. Some of the other writers who had not come prepared had a terrible time, and

(continued on page 194)

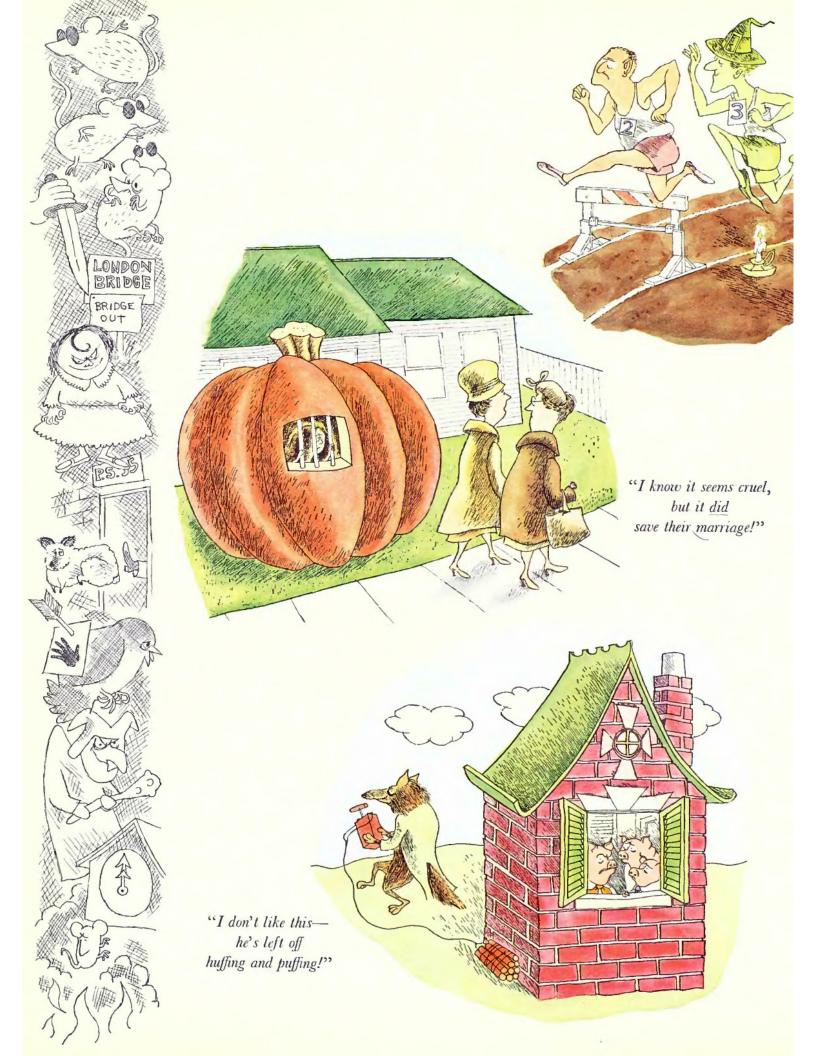


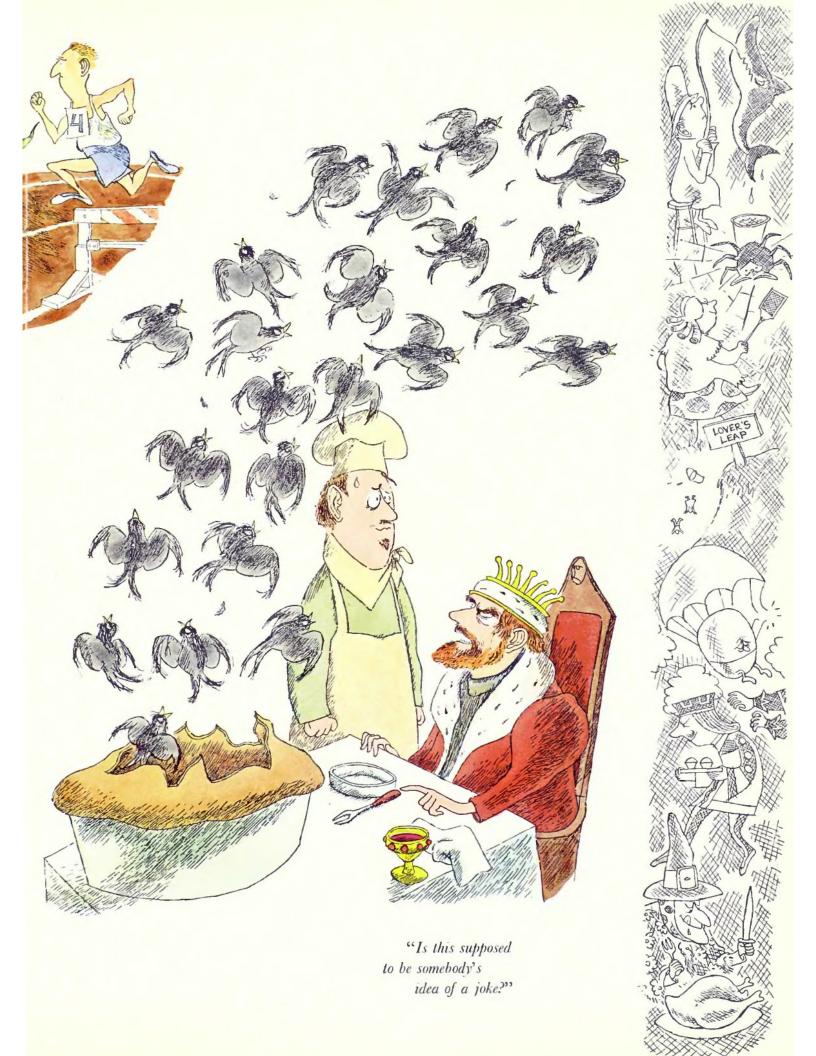
Gahan Wilson's MOTHER GOOSE

playboy's mirthful master of the macabre serves up some strange twists on a clutch of children's classics



"She'll never buy it!"





Conditioned by their shipboard experience, many of our group enthusiastically pursued their new penchant for collecting souvenirs. If no souvenirs were provided, they carried off what was portable, and for some of our more acquisitive types not even the Louvre and the Palais de Versailles were off limits. The log for the three-day stay also included an official reception and banquet, a lunch at which the growers of Burgundy uncorked some of their best bottles for our pleasure and, on our last night, a gay but exhausting finale offered by Cinzano at the Bal Tabarin.

Slit-eyed and bone-weary, we left Paris early the following morning in a fleet of buses headed for the Champagne country. At a brief ceremonial stop at Château-Thierry, we split up for visits to the leading champagne établissements. Phyllis and I went with a group of about 30 to the Bollinger caves at Ay. A tour through the cellars was followed by an exquisite luncheon catered by Prunier of Paris, which included Le Jambon de Bayonne, Le Brochet de la Loire dans sa Gelée with a Sauce Gribiche, and Le Caneton Lamberty, washed down with copious draughts of Bollinger's Extra Quality Brut (1914 and 1920) and topped off with a masterful Marc de Champagne (1917). As a special souvenir of the visit, each guest was presented with a graceful shallow silver tasting cup engraved with the date.

We remounted our bus in a pleasant haze. Next stop was Reims, where we rejoined the main party for a tour of the cathedral and a reception and dinner tendered by the Syndicat du Commerce des Vins de Champagne. The Hôtel de Ville was adorned with French and American flags, the tables were piled high with all manner of delicacies for those who still cared about eating. I couldn't tell you what food was served, but I do have an indelible recollection of champagne, more champagne and still more champagne-the most, surely, that was ever gathered in one place for consumption at one time. The black-frocked dignitaries of the town and Syndicat never got off their prolix phrases on Franco-American friendship. There was no audience to hear them. The rivers of champagne, pouring forth in such ceaseless abundance, had carried away with them all remaining inhibitions. I hold the memory of a swilling, swaying, swinging, singing, dancing, prancing throng of my fellow travelers-their glasses long since discarded-who drank from their bottles and waved them about. Some took aim and squirted their neighbors with the golden fizz. Some left the hall with their bottles and wandered noisily up and down the streets. Some sang questionable ditties on the cathedral 168 steps. An obstinate few perched atop one of the buses and kept spurning the driver's entreaties to climb down. I don't suppose it was more disorderly than some of our classic conventions, but imagine a convention with champagne in prodigal amounts served absolutely free!

Before the effects had fully worn off, we entrained for Bordeaux, where more goodies were in store. Again, our formidable company was broken up into smaller groups that were theoretically more manageable. Our visit to the old house of Cruse & Fils Frères was a happily uneventful afternoon of wine and sunshine. I found most appealing the lovely vistas of vineyards showing the first blooms of early spring. That evening the Bordeaux Syndicat des Vins, not to be outdone by its competitors of Burgundy and Champagne, produced a magnificent feast to the accompaniment of a glorious succession of Bordeaux greats that climaxed with a classic Latour '21.

The next day we staggered on to Cognac, a busy town of 16,000, for a visit to its famed brandy distilleries and, heaven help us, another sumptuous banquet. The higher proof of the local liquor posed a new challenge to our tosspots. The French did not appreciate it when one of our number, in a sudden fit of chauvinism, pulled out a bottle of Old Taylor and loudly acclaimed its virtues.

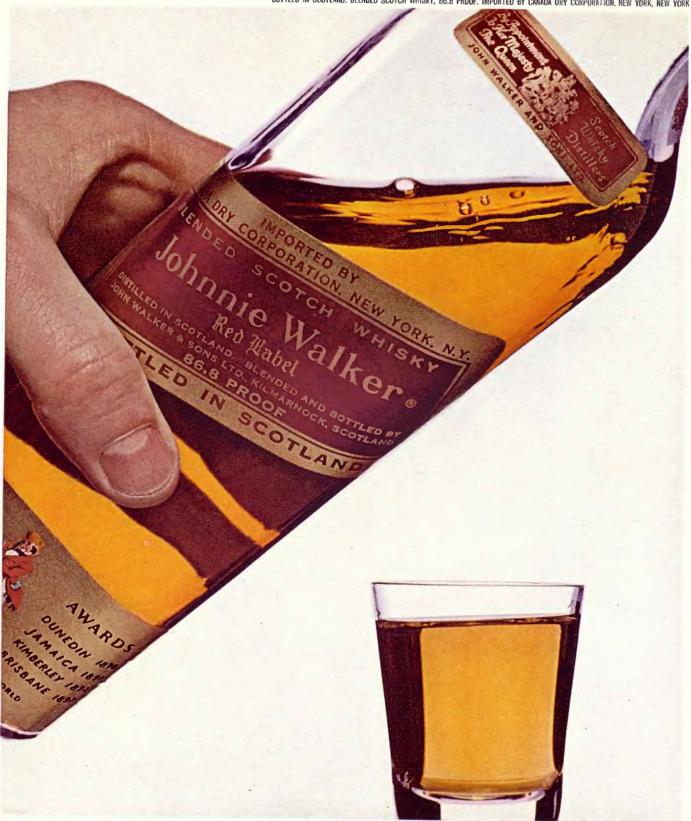
France's liqueur and cordial makers were our hosts on the final day. Phyllis and I were in a party of 100 or more who headed for Fécamp, on the Normandy coast between Le Havre and Dieppe, where the Bénédictine Distillery is located. Although it had been a commercial enterprise for some years, the plant retained the lugubrious air of the monastery it once was. In one roompossibly a vestigial link with its religious past-pallid teenaged orphans were patiently wrapping each bottle in its tissue enclosure. We dutifully went the rounds, and were about to leave with the inevitable gift bottles when an officer of the firm that imports Bénédictine to the United States beckoned to us. Mme. Le Grand, truly la grande dame of the establishment, had invited a privileged few to join her for a commemorative glass in the family's private chamber.

About a dozen of us were guided to a high vaulted room heavy with rich tapestries and massive oak furniture. In this setting, flanked by two of her sons, Mmc. Le Grand looked frail and tiny, but she carried herself with surpassing dignity. At her command, a flunky opened a huge cabinet, bringing forth an ancient bottle and a set of magnificent fluted glasses. Mme. Le Grand filled the glasses, pouring with a steady hand, and handed them to the guests. The venerable lady spoke briefly in French, then, in English that was quaint but lucid, she offered a toast to the company, imparting a special warmth to her words. It was a sentient moment, and we all stood silent. I was standing next to a beret-clad New Jersey retailer who had wandered in by mistake. He seemed awed by the occasion, but was the first to break the silence. "Bottoms up!" he shouted, drained the liqueur at a gulp-and put the glass in his pocket.

That evening a jaded, droopy, souvenir-laden band boarded the lovely He at Le Havre for the return voyage. Again, the daily schedule called for the wine and liquor firms to play host on every possible occasion, but the sauce had lost its savor. The more durable passengers went through the motions of partygoing. They were joined by replacements for a few members of our original group who had fallen by the wayside somewhere in France. These fresh recruits had been unaware, at the time of booking passage, that their crossing to New York was to be other than routine; they were wideeved at the wonderment of it all. Meanwhile, some of our seasoned drinkers, bored with conviviality en masse, sought solace in the ship's bar, where it was actually possible to pay for a drink.

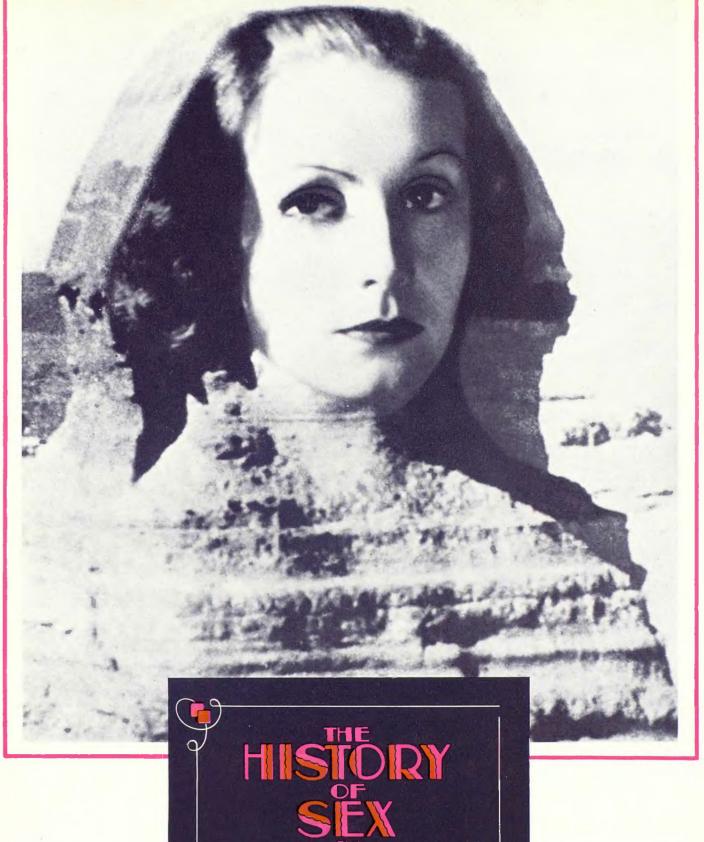
Throughout the trip the ship's gym and steam room were crowded with penitents frantically trying to get themselves back in shape. Morning and evening the decks were crowded with determined walkers. Some of our shipmates released their energies in a last burst of uninhibited souvenir collecting. Silverware, ashtrays, demitasse cups-almost anything that wasn't tied or welded downdisappeared from view. The situation got so bad that the day before our arrival in New York the passengers were warned by the line that unless pilfered items were returned, there would be an intensive search of each cabin. A rumor also went the rounds that a certain French museum had cabled the ship demanding the return of objets d'art which had vanished the day our hoard of locusts had swept through the premises. The threats were never publicly carried out. Perhaps some of the missing loot was returned. But the Customs men at the New York pier were confronted with a conglomeration of curios rivaling those of Citizen Kane, not to mention a stupefying amassment of bottles ranging from miniatures to jeroboams.

When we finally stepped from the pier into Manhattan's spring sunshine, there was an added meaning to the old cliché "to set foot on dry land." I can't honestly say that my days of wine and liquor made a teetotalitarian out of me, but they did help keep me out of the gutter. The next year a second shipload set sail on the Good Will Tour to Italy. When I heard about it I had twinges of nostalgia, not to mention nausea. But by that time I had put the American Wine and Liquor Journal and its temptations behind me.



Johnnie Walker Red, smooth enough to be the world's largest-selling Scotch.





HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA ARTHUR KNIGHT HOLLIS ALPERT



LA SWANSON: Archetype of the emancipated '20s woman -on screen and off-Gloria Swanson ran her own studio as producer-star of such films as "Sadie Thompson" (above).



THE PASSIONATE POLE: An exotic European import, Pola Negri (above) projected a cynical sensuality, in many roles as a predatory femme fatale, that incensed women and entranced men-among them, Valentino.

DART FIVE: SEX STARS OF THE TWENTIES

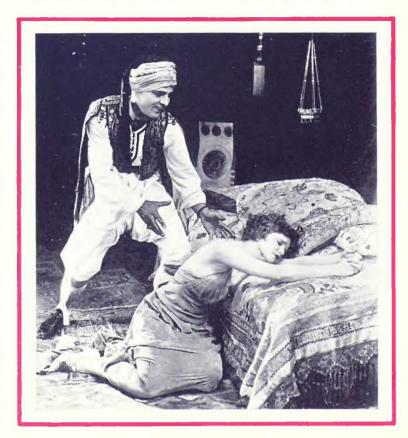
a revealing close-up of the legendary love goddesses and matinee idols of the silent screen's flamboyant final decade

FOR THE BETTER PART of the decade that began in 1920, the love goddesses of the silent screen were, of necessity, forced to express their more passionate emotions with brooding, heavy-lidded stares, heaving bosoms and anguished clutchings of the throat—their own and others'. It may seem hard to believe now, but our parents and grandparents responded with avidity to the dialogless eroticism of the screen. As Gloria Swanson put it, playing the somewhat autobiographical role of a once-great silent star in Sunset Boulevard, "We didn't need dialog. We had faces!" To a considerable degree, she was right. Her own bizarrely gorgeous face, suggesting willfulness and arrogant challenge to the males who crossed her fateful path, has remained one of the great monuments of the Twenties, as memorably suggestive, in its way, as the more perfectly featured visage of Greta Garbo.

But it takes more than a face to make a sex symbol, and bodily charms were possessed in abundance by those glamor queens of the jazz and bathtub-gin era. If they seem slightly lacking in mammary endowment by the standards of later decades, this was only because the brassiere had not yet reached its present heights of architectural ingenuity; the ladies usually wore instead a silken flattening device called a bandeau, in accordance with the unaccountable fashion of the day. But of excellent legs there was no dearth, and airy enchantresses such as Mae Murray, Clara Bow and Louise Brooks enjoyed revealing them-sometimes in the boudoir, and sometimes doing the charleston or a sinuous adagio atop tables.

It can be argued that no decade in movie history spawned as many sirens as did the Twenties. Some were home-grown-from Kansas and Brooklyn-but many came from distant parts: Garbo from Sweden, Dietrich from Germany, Negri from Poland. When the decade began, the vamp was still enthroned as cinema's sexual prototype-Theda Bara had just reached her high-water earning mark of \$6000 a week-but she and her ilk were already beginning to give way before a more sophisticated type, a woman no less predatory in her erotic tendencies, but not neces-

THE SPHINX (opposite): This vintage composite photograph of Greta Garbo captures that indefinable quality of inscrutability which made her a unique sex symbol and an enigmatic legend. THE SHEIK: Until the '20s, movie heroes were cut in the classic mold-noble and sexless. Then came Valentino in "The Sheik" (right), embodying a new breed of leering good-bad guys.





VALENTINO: In his last picture, "Son of the Sheik," Valentino (top left) re-creates the role that made him famous—this time abducting Vilma Banky to his desert tent with less than honorable intent. As a dashing but diffident young toreador in "Blood and Sand"—one of his most successful films—Rudy abdicates the aggressor's role to seductive Nita Naldi (top right), a vamp in the Theda Bara tradition, portraying a temptress who attempts to arouse her unresponsive inamorato with a vicious love bite (center) and succeeds with a vengeance (bottom). Stung by the "pink powder puff" appellation his romantic roles had earned him among the male public, Valentino seized every opportunity to disprove the aspersion by displaying his manly musculature, as in a publicity shot (above left) for which he posed in loincloth and headdress as a virile "vanishing American."

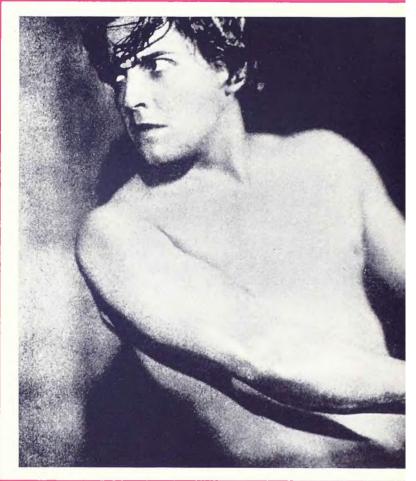
OUR DANCING DAUGHTER: Later to become a prima donna of the drama, Joan Crawford epitomized the funloving, free-living flapper in her early pictures, as in the scene (right) from "Our Dancing Daughters" (1928) in which she shares herself impartially with a trio of eager suitors. THE LATIN LOVER: Foremost among the ladies'-man facsimiles of Valentino who througed the screen in the mid-'20s-along with John Gilbert-was Mexican-born Ramon Novarro, seen here (center) stripped for action in a Roman galley sequence from MGM's original version of "Ben Hur." THE PATENT-LEATHER KID: Sleek-haired Louise Brooks became a sex star overnight, after a series of fatuous flapper roles in the U.S., when she went to Germany to portray the amoral, sex-hungry hedonist Lulu in G. W. Pabst's "Pandora's Box." At her wedding party (bottom), the groom angrily interrupts her passionate tango with a Lesbian friend.

sarily evil in her primal nature. Playing this kind of bad-but-good lady was a specialty of the early Gloria Swanson, who must be given credit for popularizing the socially acceptable vamp. Which is to say, she could make love illicitly and still manage to retain a place in respectable society. She expressed (albeit a bit hokily at times) the new, modern, sexually independent woman of the post-World War One era. Due partly to the fact that she came along at a historically propitious moment, when the public was ready to regard sex as one of the less baneful luxuries, and also because of her own ambitious, aggressive, managerial nature, she reached the pinnacle of movie stardom. If a new type known as the flapper soon appeared in her wake, if her appeal was supplanted in public adulation by the mysterious sensuality of Greta Garbo, she nevertheless deserves first place in any conscientious examination of the prominent sex stars of the Twenties.

Swanson was born the daughter of an Army captain, Joseph Svennson, in Chicago on March 27, 1899, only a few years after the birth of the movies. She had an education of sorts, near the Army posts to which her father was assigned, and thought she might like to be an opera singer or an illustrator. But these ambitions faded away when one day she visited the Essanay studios in Chicago. She at once decided she wanted to be a movie star, like the popular Beverly Bayne, Essanay's hottest property at the time. At Essanay she met and entranced one of the studio kingpins, Wallace Beery, who was then starring in a comedy series in which he played, of all things, a Swedish cleaning woman-in drag. Gloria married Beery in 1916, then divorced him two years later when her career began to far transcend her husband's. He was the first of five husbands, all eventually discarded.

Mack Sennett took the diminutive teenage beauty (she stood all of five feet, one inch high) to California, where he displayed her as one of the bathing girls in his Keystone comedies. Short as she was, Gloria looked uncommonly good in a bathing suit; she was vivacious, had flashing, expressive eyes, and she became popular enough to get lead billing, but soon she tired of custard pies and went to Triangle studios, where she could "go dramatic." Inevitably she turned vampish, as the titles of her next pictures suggest: Everywoman's Husband and Society for Sale. The costumes of the day made her look dowdy, but Cecil B. De Mille abducted her to his producing unit at Paramount Studios, where he dressed her flamboyantly in what he conceived to





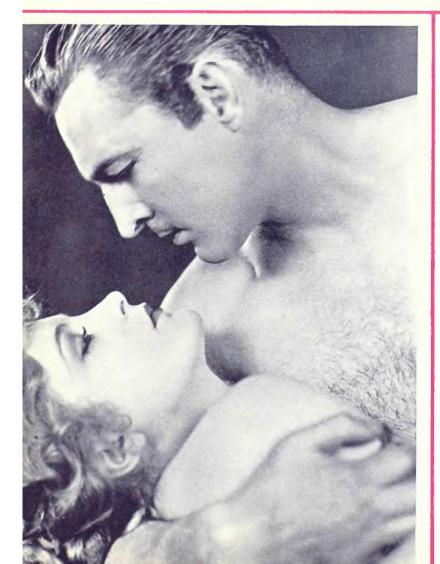






GARBO: As a Russian spy in "The Mysterious Lady" (above), Greta Garbo plots to betray both her admiring boss (played by an actor with the improbable name of Gustav von Seyffertitz) and her country—all for the love of a handsome foreigner. With her first major role, as the cause of John Gilbert's downfall in "Flesh and the Devil" (above right), Garbo became a star—and the object of Gilbert's off-screen affection.

THE GREAT PROFILE: By the time he hit his cinematic stride in the mid-'20s (and his mid-40s), John Barrymore was past his prime, but his amatory appeal was still potent enough to earn him a reputation as the great lover of his day—thanks to steamy scenes such as the one in "The Tempest" (below left) which found him in a bare-topped embrace with a rapt Camilla Horn. THE QUEEN OF SHEBA: Betty Blythe scandalized censors, and mesmerized moviegoers, with her abundant attributes (below) in "The Queen of Sheba."









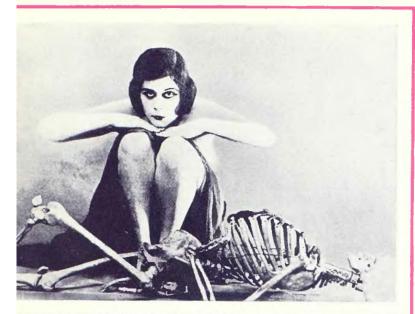
THE "IT" GIRL: Notwithstanding the slinky-siren look affected by Clara Bow in a scene from "My Lady of Whims" (at left), and her semideshabille in many of her publicity stills (as in the one below), she personified perfectly the naughty-butnice flapper girl next door: life of the petting party, guzzler of bathtub gin and nonstop maker of whoopee, but goodhearted and basically wholesome withal—exuding an ambivalent allure which Hollywood tastemaker Elinor Glyn eloquently defined as "It."

be the height of fashion. In her first De Mille film, Don't Change Your Husband, her peacock-feather headdress was startling enough to be pictured on the front pages of newspapers. But De Mille was a good deal more than a modiste, and the more he gilded Gloria and starred her in his high-society epics, the more he built the foundations of her remarkable career. In For Better, For Worse, she was swathed in chinchilla and wore a coiffure never before seen, someone commented, outside a Shanghai brothel. Next, in Male and Female, De Mille disrobed her totally, but always with a robe or towel strategically deployed between his star and his camera. As the haughty Lady Mary, she was viewed in boudoir, bed and bath, and when shipwrecked on a desert isle, was down to wearing only a fetchingly torn negligee and later a revealing homemade sarong. Cunningly, De Mille was developing the image of a haughty beauty turned primitive.

But it wasn't long before Gloria became too big a star for De Mille's then-modest pocketbook, and left his unit to become the queen of Paramount Studios, the biggest in Hollywood at the time. By now, 1923, she was the idol of millions of moviegoers and was rewarded by her studio to the tune of \$20,000 per week. For the next three years it was estimated that her earnings came to a million a year-without today's astronomical tax structure.

While still working for De Mille, she had married again, this time Herbert K. Somborn, president of Equite Pictures. Somborn tried to get his wife to work for him, but Paramount refused to release her; and by the time her contract with the studio had expired, so had her second marriage. She met the man who was to be her third husband while making Madame Sans Gène for Paramount in Paris. Thither she had gone, irked by the rise at Paramount of their imported Polish passion flower, Pola Negri. A feud had developed between the two stars, nurtured by Pola's pretensions to nobility-she having been married twice, by her own account, to a Baron Popper and a Count Dombski. If Pola could marry nobility, so could Gloria. Available in Paris was a French-Irish interpreter by the lengthy but noble name of Marquis Henry James de la Falaise de Coudray, described by one journalist as a "docile nobleman with a reckless taste in spats." After interpreting Gloria's innermost thoughts for the benefit of the French director of Madame Sans Gène (in which she played a washerwoman who rose to high status during the Napoleonic era), he became her constant escort, then her husband. And so, overnight, Gloria became a marquise-only to be one-upped the following year when Mae Murray married a Russian prince.

When Gloria returned from Paris, with a print of Madame Sans Gène and her new husband in tow, her motorcade from New York to Los Angeles took on the stature of a triumphal procession. She wired ahead to Adolph Zukor in Hollywood: "ARRANGE OVATION," and Zukor was happy to comply, meeting her with two bands, and seeing to it that several legions of fans were there to 175





THE VAMP: By 1920 she was no longer in the heyday of such triumphs as "A Fool There Was" (top) and "Cleopatra" (above)-for the public's taste in sex stars had shifted from femmes fatales to flappers-but Theda Bara remained very much in films as the villainous "other 176 woman" who tempted, but never won, the clean-cut, weak-willed hero.

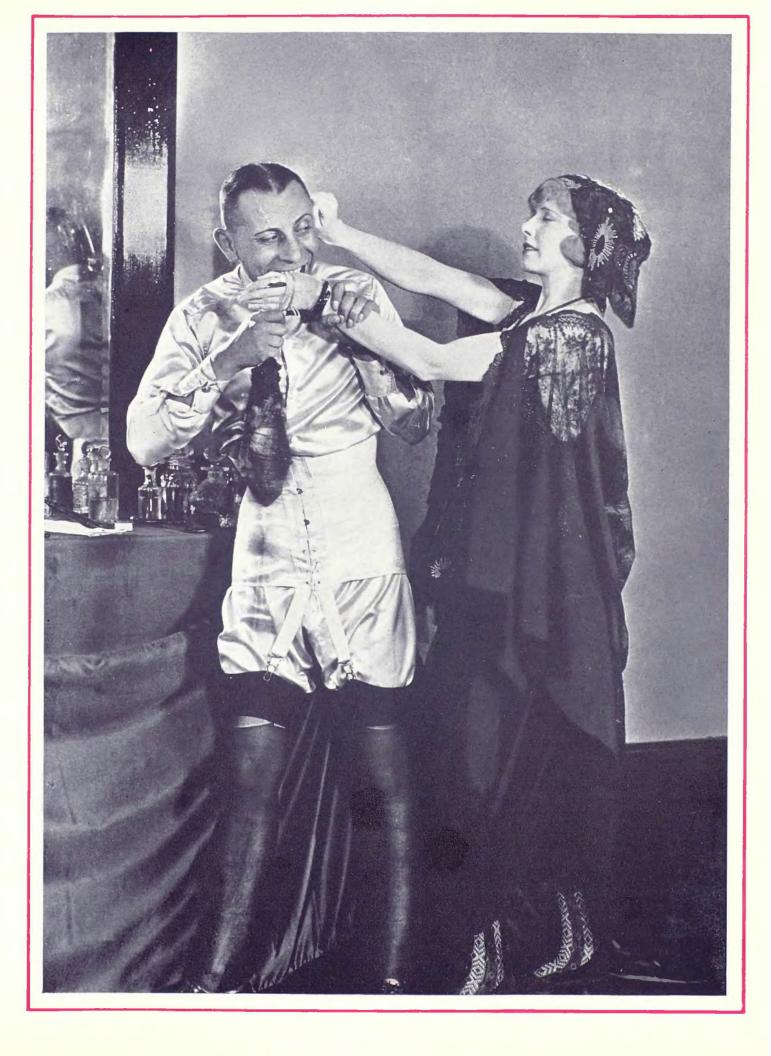
THE MAN YOU LOVE TO HATE: Bullet-domed Erich von Stroheim, both as actor and as director, opened American eyes wide to the subtleties-and perversions-of Continental lovemaking. In a far-out Freudian scene snipped by censors from the prints of "Foolish Wives" (opposite), he offered a short course in transvestite sadomasochism, appearing in drag and toupee, and biting the hand that feeds his demanding ego; the hand belongs to none other than "the ever-popular" Mae Busch.

pelt her with flowers. One bouquet unfortunately landed too close to target and blackened one of her lustrous eyes. The marquis was installed in her 22-room Beverly Hills mansion, and, in keeping with her new title, when Zukor tiptoed up with a fabulous new contract from Paramount, she spurned the filthy lucre. Henceforth, she announced, Swanson would produce her own pictures, and to this end she joined Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and others at United Artists, buying heavily into the firm.

Her first production on her own was called The Love of Sunya. In it, a story of reincarnation, she played three different lives, and for a bonus added a prolog that took place in the old Egypt so beloved by silent-movie fans, in which she jumped into a fiery furnace rather than surrender her body to a lecherous pagan priest. To atone for her sacrifice, the priest became an immortal, wandering through the centuries, until one night he happened upon Gloria's parlor-in Pittsburgh, of all places. Reincarnated as a moony flapper, Gloria was unable to decide what kind of life to lead. The priest gave her three choices, lasting about 20 minutes each. In one she became an opera singer, living in sin with a dirty old impresario who made her the toast of Paris and blinked blandly at her retinue of gigolos and (continued on page 214)

THE BITCH: The sardonic sexuality of Germany's Marlene Dietrich in Von Sternberg's "The Blue Angel" (below)-in which she transforms a dignified professor into a pathetic plaything-foreshadowed the emergence of the self-seeking, coldblooded leading ladies who ruled the screen in the early '30s.







"I hope you're the kind who kisses and tells—it's good for business."

personal bodyguard Hips Michalak, looms apelike from nowhere, edges close to Sammie. I am suddenly realizing what is going on in Humset's mind, and the ironic but absolutely ideal irrationality of it almost moves me to wild triumphant laughter: My God, Humset believes that Sammie and I are working together with educated cubes. The paranoia of syndicate brotherhood. No, Sammie cannot retreat at this point; more than his vanity and public reputation are at stake; his position in the hotel operation itself is on the block; his Chicago partners are never going to accept protestations of innocence from a man who in a few minutes has lost over \$100,000 of casino money.

For an instant I luxuriate in the lovely peril of his predicament; he is that classic palooka, the poker player who has to stay in on a sick hand to protect what he already has in the pot. The bitter test of strength between Sammie and Humset goes on. The story will be all over Las Vegas in an hour.

From Sammie: "Now get this straight! I'm running this casino, and right now I'm running this table."

Humset is simultaneously trying to stare Sammie down and keep his distance from Sammie's nervous pet gorilla. It is a field problem hard on vicepresidential dignity: his eyeballs wamble in the ludicrous nystagmic orbits of a dog trying to catch its tail. But he is lickedtemporarily-and knows it. The field problem now is to withdraw with whatever face he can salvage. My problem is different. It is to win . . . twice more. Twice more will not break the Blue Lagoon, but it will break Sammie. Twice more . . . and in return for victory, a vow to the goddess: I will never gamble again.

Humset stalks toward the bank of telephones on a table in the center of the pit area. "Make your bet, shooter," Sammie says.

"I want new dice."

Eddie slides me the bowl. I choose my dice, but I haven't been watching the bowl, I have been watching Humset, and there is too much at hazard to trust new dice without one trial. I draw my yellow chips from the pass line-the other players draw their money-and put down a dollar.

The dice skitter across the layout, carom off the far wall, pirouette, stop.

"Ece-o-lehven!" Eddie says. "Pay the line. Pay the field."

Sammie grins around his clamped cigar. I want to weep, gouge my eyes. But Sammie's ticking watch and the drillsergeant cadence of the slots and the seething hungers of the crowd grant no indulgences. I take one yellow chip from my pile of 16 and put it in my rack—a toke, along with the first chip I set aside,

to quiet the old bookkeeper. Then I divide the 15 into a stack of 8 and a stack of 7, because this time I am going to make two bets: Whenever you have a bet on the pass line, you are allowed, after the come-out, to bet up to that same amount that you will make your pointit is the only bet on the board where the house pays off at true mathematical odds.

The stack of eight goes onto the pass line. The dice come up ten. I bet the stack of seven behind the line to take the two-to-one odds on the ten.

"Four," Eddie says, "four, soft and

"Big Dick, dice!"

"Five," Eddie says, "five, and no field. Ten will win it.'

"Pair of fives, dice!"

"Six," Eddie says, "six the hardest

Four . . . five . . . six . . . like steps. And the fatal seven next on the staircase. The gambler who is not superstitious does not exist. Who expects a golf ball or hockey puck to be influenced by psychokinetic prayers? But what crapshooter ever throws the devil's-bones without a secret plea to the goddess? I close my eyes, kiss the dice nested tenderly in my hand. All I ask is, no seven.

Please . . . please . . . "Nine," Eddie says, "winner in the field. Come bets, field bets . . . who wants any?"

Humset is on the phone, probably the direct line to Chicago. Sammie, his eyes riveted to the dice, cups his hands to relight his cigar. Eddie chants calls. From the combo: wah-wah wail of the slipstick, raw moan of the sax.

"Ten!" Eddie says. "Ten, winner the hard way.

The coliseum roar of the crowd.

Humset is back at the table. Sammie is staring at the dice with the glazed look of an animal locked into paralysis by onrushing headlights. But his is the paralysis known as loser's catalepsy. It manacles him to this table like a prisoner. At last he nods to Douglas; Douglas pays off my two bets. Five stacks totaling 37 chips; \$370,000. I recite the sum to myself, nearly bewitched by its poetry and the ambrosia of elation.

"Make your bet, shooter," Sammie

"If he bets again," Humset says, "he bets like everybody else." Humset jerks his head toward the pit telephones. "I'm passing on an order, Sammie."

The catcalls of the crowd drown Sammie's answer. But it is spit out like a curse. Humset is handicapped by his awareness of Hips' menacing presence and the jeering hostility of the crowdhe is as tense as a sheriff's deputy standing off a mob at the door to the jail.

Sammie gestures to Eddie to give me the dice. "Make your bet, shooter."

"This casino," Humset says, "isn't covering any bet over five hundred dollars."

"Make your bet, shooter. I'm covering

I have him! Thanks to Humset, now I have him. I nod toward my five stacks of chips. "My money's on the board. Where's yours?"

"What are you betting?"

"I'm betting three hundred and seventy thousand dollars."

Sammie takes out his wallet and writes a check. He tosses it onto the table. "You're faded!"

This is too beautiful, too beautiful. Because Sammie doesn't have that kind of money in the bank. Of that I am sure. And he will not be able to raise it. not all of it, not with Chicago after him, as it will be now, for the \$300,000-plus of house money he has already lost to me tonight. And so all I have to do is win one more time, and then I will have the check, and after the bank refuses payment because of insufficient funds, I will go to the district attorney and sign a complaint, and Sammie will go to prison -if Chicago hasn't first exacted a more extreme private revenge.

One time, one time . . .

But now the bookkeeper I harbor tugs at my elbow, mewling of caution and buckled galoshes in avalanches. "Seven passes in a row already." he says, "and you have about one chance in three hundred of making eight in a row." He is a bookkeeper, figures are his life, but he does not know that dice have no memory. If there had been a hundred passes in a row, the odds to pass on the next come-out would be no different from what they had been on the first. "The dice," he persists, "are sure to miss out now . . . let them get it out of their system." While I am pondering his gloomy counsel, the wily old kibitzer adds. "You made a vow you'd stop if you got two more passes. And you did get two more passes. You don't want to break your yow, do you?"

"You're being unfair." I reply. "I only bet a dollar on one of them. It shouldn't count."

I hear his hacking laugh. "It isn't the fault of the goddess that you only bet a dollar. She gave you what you asked. You had your chance . . ."

Sammie says, "OK, shooter."

I draw off the 37 yellow chips. "I'm betting a dollar."

"You're faded."

The dice spin off the wall.

"Seven." Eddie says, "seven, a winner." Nerve, Sammie had said to me once.

Sammie pays me a dollar. No one else is on the board.

The old bookkeeper coughs for attention. "Wait," he pleads. "The cycle is sure to break now. Wait for a new one to start."

"If I hadn't listened to you," I said, "I 179



"That's the sort of thing that gives boxing a bad name."

could have finished him. And I would have had three quarters of a million dollars."

"No," he replies, "it would have been different if you'd bet the yellow chips. And it's too dangerous to try now. Wait."

Make your bet, shooter."

"Two dollars is my bet." The crowd, greedy for carnage, stirs with the truculent sub rosa impatience of mutinous sailors.

"You're faded."

"Eleven," Eddie says, "eleven, a win-

Sammie pays me two dollars, "Nerve is what it takes kid. You got it, or you

"I'm betting three hundred and seventy thousand and four dollars."

You're faded."

The crowd becomes a fat voluptuary shivering with anticipation. People are pressed six deep behind me and there must be a 300-pound stationmaster shoving each of them into the small of my back. There is something macabre in this chafing voracity, almost as though a Goya canvas had suddenly come writhing to life.

And then, as I take the dice, my consciousness of the crowd and the slots and the combo, which now seems to be all cymbals and throbbing drums, fades, and the world is reduced to a green-felt race track with Sammie on one side of it and me on the other, and the silence seems that of the catacombs in eternity. 180 On that green oval of felt there are

numbers printed in black and there are geometric lines drawn in white and there is a reflected glare of overhead lights which makes it seem as if the two of us are actors playing the parts-as the curtain goes up on a packed, hushed and darkened house-of precinct detectives bent over another shamming victim of our perhaps too-enthusiastic third degree.

"Throw dem marbles!" a heckler shouts, and I do.

"Eight," Eddie says, "the point is eight."

The next throw is too hard, and one die catapults into the crowd. ("No roll, no roll.") It is retrieved and returned to Sammie. He checks it-thumb and forefinger pivot test-then returns it to play.

I shake my head. "I don't want it."

Eddie slides me the bowl. "Don't change dice now," the bookkeeper says. "It's bad luck to change in the middle of a point."

"He might have worked a switch," I

"How could he? You were watching."

"Do you want new dice, or don't you?" Sammie says.

"One," I say, and take it. "You're asking for bad luck," the bookkeeper says.

I close my eyes. This one time, I plead, this one time an eight. An eight, and I am through forever.

"Ada Ross the stable hoss!"

"Seven," Eddie says, "seven, loser."

Call Them Madam

(continued from page 118) Washburn, a police reporter on the Chicago Tribune in that period, what turned the Everleighs to their real career was their deep bitterness toward males in general. "It is doubtful if Minna and Ada Everleigh ever forgave the brutal treatment they had received from their husbands," wrote Washburn in an early biography of the sisters: "theirs was a stored-up bitterness toward all males from which they could not escape. Even though they refused to admit it, their every action indicated a score to be settled. The way they studied men, their insight into the whims of men and their determination to make men pawns in their parlor were the antics of the spider and the fly."

In Omaha, Minna Everleigh made a hasty but shrewd study of the attractions available to customers attending the mammoth two-million-dollar Trans-Mississippi Exposition, and she found these attractions limited indeed. Determining to improve upon the amusements available, she bargained for and purchased a brothel that was doing poorly but was situated near the exposition grounds. With what remained of their inheritance, she enhanced the run-down house of prostitution by adding new interior decorations, the best of foods and wines, and the most attractive and talented of females, many of them recruited from among road-show actresses she had met. Then she and Aida threw open their doors.

The big spenders, attending the Exposition in droves, quickly found their way to the Everleigh bouldoirs. By the time the exposition ended, Minna and Aida had increased their capital worth from \$35,000 to \$75,000, a considerable sum for two young girls at any time, but a fortune at the turn of the century.

With the closing of the Exposition, the Everleighs realized that they had lost their more affluent clientele. Big-money men, among the natives of Omaha, were too few. So the Everleighs looked elsewhere for a site worthy of their knowledge and gifts. Studying their atlases and their private notes, they could find no community not already serviced by a house offering what they had to offer. At last they returned to Washington, where they sought the advice of Cleo Maitland. the most prosperous madam in the capital city. Without hesitation, Madam Maitland advised the young Everleighs to do their prospecting in Chicago. The metropolis—Herbert Asbury's "gem of the prairie"—had a safe and sophisticated red-light quarter of considerable dimensions in a hedonistic political district, the First Ward, known as the Levee, For courageous investors, the growth possibilities were limitless. And above all, added Madam Maitland, there just happened to be a house she had heard of that could be had for a song.

The house available in Chicago was really two adjoining three-storied stone mansions with a total of 50 rooms, and a broad walk-up from the street. It was located at 2131 South Dearborn Street. It had been built in 1890 at a cost of \$125,000 by one Lizzie Allen, madam, as a supplementary side show for visitors in search of culture at the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. After the fair, and shortly before her death. Madam Allen had leased the house and sold its furnishings and inmates to Effie Hankins, madam. Now Effic Hankins, full of years and wealth, was ready for retirement. She was also ready to deal with the Everleighs. She offered the huge seraglio at her bottom price-\$55,000 for the furnishings, the girls on the premises, the good will, and a long-term lease at a rental of \$500 a month.

On February 1, 1900, the Everleigh Club of Chicago had its grand opening—and on that day, for connoisseurs of joy and students of earthy Americana, its legend began. It was also the debut of Minna and Aida under the name of Everleigh. Their family name had been commonplace. Now, on the eve of history, they sought something uplifting and appropriate. One of their beloved grandmothers had always ended her letters to them. "Everly yours." So Everly it was, spelled Everleigh.

For its grand opening, the house had undergone a drastic transformation. Effie Hankins' white servants had been replaced by colored help, and Madam Hankins' hostesses (uncouth, used wenches in abbreviated costumes) had been replaced by Aida's hostesses ("comely and skilled... no amateurs... the choicest talent in the country" garbed in costly evening gowns). The kitchen was of the best—the wine was imported, the dishes and hospitality Southern—and the furnishings and decorations were unmatched by any other brothel on the face of the earth.

To help make the opening night a festive one, a Washington Senator sent flowers. The Midwest's leading wine companies and packers supplied gifts of their best food and drink. The first customers were millionaire Texas cattlemen whose party spent \$300 in a few hours. Despite freezing weather, the Everleigh sisters grossed \$1000 on that historic first night. For fledgling madams, aged 21 and 23, it was an auspicious beginning.

During the nearly dozen years of its heyday, following its opening night, the Everleigh Club achieved a world-wide reputation largely because of the brilliance and good taste of its proprietors, the extraordinary abilities of its prostitutes, the distinction of its service and the splendor of its interior.

To each male seeker of escape

through fleshly indulgence, this was no mean house of ill fame. Once inside its doors, the customer was quickly divested of any fears he may have held of crass commercialism. This was at once a men's club and a great lady's home that offered culture, beauty, domestic warmth, gracious living—and expert sex encased in the thinnest chrysalis of exotic romance.

From the moment of a customer's entry into the Club, every effort was made to seduce his senses. The 50 rooms, in buildings rising three stories high, were decorated by Minna to represent a Midwestern Mohammedan paradise, assaulting and captivating a client's eyes, ears, palate and emotions. The rooms, decorations and niceties were not expected to satiate every facet of every man's taste. There was simply something available for every man, no matter what his predilections.

On the main floor, there were 12 spacious, soundproof reception parlors: the Gold Room, the Silver Room, the Copper Room, the Moorish Room, the Green Room, the Rose Room, the Red Room, the Blue Room, the Egyptian Room, the Chinese Room, the Japanese Room and the Oriental Room. The Gold Room featured gilt furniture, goldtrimmed fish bowls, 18-carat cuspidors that had cost \$650 each, golden hangings and a \$15,000 miniature gold piano. The Copper Room was paneled in copper and brass; the Moorish Room had thick and priceless Oriental carpets and incense burners; the Blue Room had

blue divans with leather pillows on which were sewn prints of Gibson Girls, and there were college pennants hung on the walls.

Also on the first floor were an art gallery with a reproduction of Bernini's Apollo and Daphne, a library with shelves holding 1000 books (mainly classics of biography, history, poetry and fiction, all to Minna's taste), a vast dining room with silver dinner service and a great Turkish ballroom with a towering, water-spouting fountain centered on a parquetry floor whose woods formed mosaic patterns.

To reach the boudoirs of love upstairs, guests were led through a forest of potted palms and Grecian statuary and up one of the two thickly carpeted mahogany staircases. In any one of the 30 boudoirs, the customer and the beautiful girl of his choice could enjoy quiet privacy and incredible luxury. The basic boudoir was furnished with a marbleinlaid brass bed, a mirrored ceiling, a shower or a gold bathtub, freshly cut roses in vases, imported oil paintings and concealed push buttons that rang bells for champagne. Yet each bedroom had its individuality. One had an automatic perfume sprayer over the bed. Another had a silver-white spotlight directed upon the divan. A third had a genuine Turkish mattress on the floor, covered by a white cashmere blanket. And on special occasions, Minna Everleigh, who was partial to butterfly pins on her gowns, loosed live butterflies to



"I've sold my first painting! Start working on a memoir of your years as my mistress!"

flutter disconcertingly about the boudoirs and parlors below.

After his first inspection of the opulent palace, Jack Lait, who was to become editor of the New York Mirror, exclaimed passionately (if sacrilegiously) to reporter friends, "Minna and Ada Everleigh are to pleasure what Christ was to Christianity!"

At the Everleigh Club, a visitor was never rushed from the entrance to a bedroom on the second floor. He was given the illusion-at least until he received his bill-of being the guest of honor at a dinner in a wealthy home. Edgar Lee Masters, author of Spoon River Anthology, recalled in 1944, six years before his death, what it had been like to call upon the Everleighs. Masters, who was in his early 30s when the club was at its peak, described a visit to the brothel. He noted that, of the two sisters, Minna "somehow was the larger personality, the more impressive figure." Often, he said, "she came to the door when the bell rang. Her walk was a sort of caterpillar bend and hump, pause and catch up. She was remarkably thin. Her hair was dark and frizzled, her face thin and refined. 'How is my boy?' was her cordial salutation."

Minna's boy was soon fine. He had been given to understand that he was expected to spend no less than \$50 during the evening. In the Turkish ballroom, near the splashing fountain, or in one of the colorful parlors, he would order a bottle of French wine for \$12 (later, if he wished another bottle sent to a boudoir upstairs, the cost would rise to \$15). After exchanging pleasantries with friends he recognized, he would listen to one of the three four-piece orchestras playing, most often, Stay in Your Own Back Yard or a miserable tune composed by the alderman of the First Ward and one of the two dominant political figures of the Levee, John Coughlin (endearingly known as "Bathhouse John"). This song was Dear Midnight of Love. The customer was waited upon, hand and foot, by colored valets and maids, and flirtatiously but decorously engaged by one of the club's 30 attractive girls.

If he came to the club for dinner, as well as for more desired pleasures, the guest was next escorted into the dining hall. There, on damask cloth, with music still echoing in his ears, he would partake of pheasant or roast turkey or guinea fowl, served with more wine. Dinner, without wine or feminine companionship, was \$50 minimum. If he had brought along business associates and engaged hostesses for them, his dinner party might cost him \$1500.

Finally, at a much later hour, all appetites sated save one, the male guest would make his choice from those girls who were still available. The price for

the enjoyment of the girl and her boudoir was \$50, to which he was expected to add a generous tip. The girl gave half the fee to the madams and retained the other half. There were rarely, if ever, according to the documents available, any complaints from the paying customers.

Evidently the 30 Everleigh girls were satisfying in every way. In his 1936 biography of the sisters, *Come into My Parlor*, the Everleighs' old friend, Charles Washburn, quoted Aida on her method of recruiting the Club's girls.

"I talk with each applicant myself," said Aida. "She must have worked somewhere else before coming here. We do not like amateurs. Inexperienced girls and young widows are too prone to accept offers of marriage and leave. We always have a waiting list.

"To get in, a girl must have a pretty face and figure, must be in perfect health, must look well in evening clothes. If she is addicted to drugs, or to drink, we do not want her. There is no problem in keeping the Club filled."

Actually, the Everleighs left little to chance. To possess beauty, good health and experience at lovemaking was not enough to become an Everleigh prostitute. Weekly, the sisters gave their girls instructions in make-up, dress and Southern manners, and required that they read books drawn from the Club's library.

Minna Everleigh constantly tried to educate her girls to her own tastes. She was given to quoting Lord Byron and Guy de Maupassant, and to saying, "I don't believe in using coarse words." She begged her girls to try to appreciate the therapeutic value of soothing music. She liked the violin, but it was the guitar that she called "the voice of love and passion." Above all, she hoped that her girls would treat their clients with respect and affection. "I love men," Minna once told a friend. "I esteem them highly."

According to Charles Washburn, it was Minna who delivered the standard goodconduct lecture to new female arrivals.

"Be polite, patient and forget what you are here for," Minna would explain. "Gentlemen are only gentlemen when properly introduced. We shall see that each girl is properly presented to each guest. No lining up for selection as in other houses. . . . Remember that the Everleigh Club has no time for the rough element, the clerk on a holiday or a man without a checkbook.

"It's going to be difficult at first, I know. It means, briefly, that your language will have to be ladylike and that you will forgo the entreaties you have used in the past. You have the whole night before you and one fifty-dollar client is more desirable than five ten-dollar ones. Less wear and tear. You will

thank me for this advice in later years. Your youth and beauty are all you have. Preserve it. . . . Stay respectable by all means. We'll supply the clients; you amuse them in a way they've never been amused before. Give, but give interestingly and with mystery. I want you girls to be proud that you are in the Everleigh Club."

The girls felt like ladies, and they were proud-and so were the customers who had an opportunity to be with them. As a result, their customers came from the highest echelon of every profession and business. Understandably, some of the most celebrated customers-among them "a certain famous actor, a certain famous dramatic critic and a certain famous novelist," as well as a renowned aviator of the period-did not wish their names made public, and they never were. But many others were as delighted to speak of their adventures in the Everleigh Club as they were to reminisce over their days at Harvard or Yale.

Edgar Lee Masters remembered one highly regarded Chicago attorney who spent his annual two-week vacation in the Club. Grown weary, to the point of madness, of trying cases, he would go to see Minna and her girls. Handing Minna \$500 or so, he would retire where he could drink wine and eat fried chicken, and discuss the perplexities of life with Maxine or Gertrude or Virginia.

There were numerous other frontpage figures who occasionally visited or were habitues of the Everleigh Club. Among these were celebrities of the literary world such as Ring Lardner, George Ade and Percy Hammond; celebrities of the sports world such as James J. Corbett and Stanley Ketchel; celebrities of the theater such as John Barrymore; celebrities of the gambling world such as "Bet a Million" Gates; even celebrities of the circus such as The Great Fearlesso.

The Club was also a haunt for millionaires. In 1905, the 37-year-old Marshall Field, Jr., was found alone in his Prairie Avenue mansion, dead from a shot in the abdomen. Headlines, based on rumors, shouted that he had been murdered in the Everleigh Club and then removed to his own quarters, although Minna vehemently denied that he had ever visited her house and police officials stated that the fatal shot was self-inflicted and accidental.

The Club's clientele ranged from gangsters to Government officials. Pat Crowe, a bank robber who also kidnaped young Edward Cudahy, was often a guest. Once, the members of an august Congressional committee arrived in Chicago from Washington bent on investigating something or other of national interest; their daytime researches proving fruitless, the Congressmen did all of

their nighttime homework inside the Club.

For the Everleigh sisters, it was a profitable and gay life, but it was not an easy one. Persistently, they were troubled by rival bordello owners, criminals and reformers. In 1910, Nathaniel Moore, son of the Rock Island Railroad magnate, was killed in another brothel through the use of knockout drops, and then he was robbed. An effort was made to plant his corpse in the Everleigh furnace, but the Everleighs, forewarned of the plot by some admirers, prevented the act in the nick of time. Another time they were held up by a dope addict who had entered the Club, and only quick thinking by Aida saved their jewels. And once a guest in flannel underwear tumbled down the stairs to shout that the house was on fire. When the Chicago Tribune learned of the blaze, the night editor desperately tried to locate reporters to cover the story-only to discover that his three top reporters were already occupied in the Club at that very moment.

But reformers created the greatest problem for the sisters. Some were harmless. Once, Lucy Page Gaston, head of the Anti-Cigarette League, burst into the Club and cried out to Minna, "You alone can stop your girls from going straight to the devil!" Cooperatively, Minna inquired, "How, Miss Gaston?"

And Miss Gaston shouted, "Make them stop smoking cigarettes!"

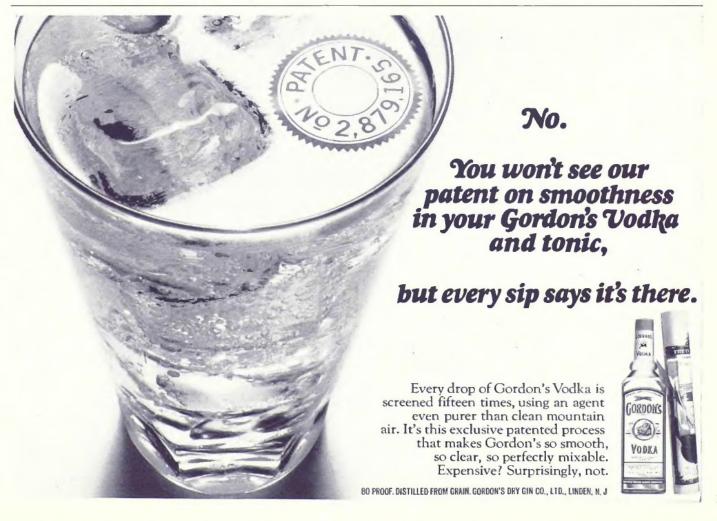
Other reformers were more dangerous. Gipsy Smith, the London evangelist, invaded Chicago, gathering crowds, and entreated them with fervor, "A man who visits the red-light district at night has no right to associate with decent people in daylight!" To acquaint Chicago's young men with the evil that was rampant in their city. Smith led a march of 20,000 persons into the Levee for a glimpse of hell. After the march ended, at least a fourth of the males, who had never been in the Levee before, stayed behind, and many of them made their debuts in sin at the Everleigh Club that same evening. "We are glad for the business," Minna told the press, "but I am sorry to see so many nice young men coming down here for the first time."

In order to survive the attacks of their enemies, the Everleighs openly bought police and political protection. Minna once told the police that in 12 years, the houses of prostitution in the First Ward had paid \$15,000,000 in graft. Of this sum, the Everleigh sisters had paid \$120,000, plus special assessments needed to buy off state legislators in Springfield and encourage them to vote against bills unfavorable to brothels. Most of this money had gone to two colorful aldermen on the City Council, "Bathhouse John" Coughlin and Michael "Hinky

Dink" Kenna, who were the political powers of the First Ward. The aldermen, in turn, had bribed the city police force and the legislators.

Despite this continuing drain on their resources, the Everleighs made an annual profit (in a day when the income tax was negligible) of \$120,000. While they dwelt amidst luxury, it was a business-required luxury arranged primarily for their guests. As for themselves, they were careful with their money and invested it wisely. Before their middle years, if their business had continued as usual, they could have expected to be millionaires several times over.

But business did not continue as usual. There was a new mood in the land, a mood of growing community pride-and prudery-which infected the citizens of Chicago deeply. Minna, a self-styled "freethinker," had always distrusted organized religion, but especially did she fear the Catholic Church. "It is against such women as the Everleighs," she would say. But now, in Chicago, churches of all denominations united to assert pressure, and the Chicago City Council was forced into establishing a vice commission and into allocating a sum of \$5000 to pay its investigators. In 1910, the commission issued its 399-page report. In Chicago, alone, said the report, there were 1020 brothels occupied by 4000 prostitutes and managed by 1880



madams, and among the foremost of the madams were Minna and Aida Everleigh. The commission unequivocally damned this traffic in flesh, asking, "Is it any wonder that a tempted girl, a girl who receives only S6 a week working with her hands, sells her body for S25 a day when she learns there is a demand for it and men are willing to pay the price?"

Little was done about this report until a new election placed in office as mayor the reform-minded Carter Harrison II. At first he moved slowly, issuing a general ukase that ordered "disreputable women" moved from their places of activity and "disorderly flats" closed. He was still reluctant to shut down one of the city's most favored attractions. But then, one day, Mayor Harrison was shown an illustrated brochure that the Everleighs had published. With disbelief, he read:

"While not an extremely imposing edifice without, it is a most sumptuous place within. 2131 Dearborn Street, Chicago, has long been famed for its luxurious furnishings, famous paintings, statuary, and its elaborate and artistic decorations. . . . Steam heat throughout, with electric fans in summer: One never feels the winter's chill or summer's heat in this luxurious resort. Fortunate, indeed, with all the comforts of life surrounding them, are the members of the Everleigh Club."

The blatancy of this advertising, a blot on his fair city and his regime, infuriated and finally prodded Harrison into action. He summoned his police chief and aldermen, and they came on the run. He demanded that the Everleigh Club be closed at once. He would listen to no reason, no entreaties. The Everleigh Club must vanish from the Chicago landscape and the sisters must be banished forever.

There was no reprieve from this executive order, On October 24, 1910, Minna and Aida were informed that the end had come. Their protectors could no longer protect them-although possibly, just possibly, a \$20,000 assessment, wisely distributed, might stay the closing order, at least temporarily. Minna would not have it. If it was over, she was ready to quit. She and Aida took the bad news philosophically, but their 30 girls dissolved in tears. And so the front door was locked to "members," the shutters fastened, the furniture draped, the servants dismissed, and the girls packed off to lesser houses in more hospitable communities.

Minna and Aida, who had enjoyed a leisurely and restful trip around the world a year earlier, now decided to travel once more. They left for Europe, mainly to visit Rome, to relax and absorb culture, and to see if the bluenoses of Chicago would meanwhile change their minds. After six months, they returned, and hearing that they would

have protection once more, they opened a new Everleigh Club on Chicago's West Side. This was in August of 1912. But when, to their normal protection fee, another sum of \$40,000 was added, and when the city's reform government appeared more intractable than ever, the Everleighs agreed that a comeback was impossible. They auctioned off their luxurious furnishings—all except Aida's beloved miniature gold piano, and Minna's own beloved marble-inlaid brass bed, leather-bound books, favorite paintings and several other sentimental ornaments—and they left Chicago forever.

But they did not go empty-handed. In addition to furniture and artifacts worth \$150,000, they departed from the Midwest with \$1,000,000 cash, \$200,000 in jewelry and \$25,000 worth of unpaid bills run up by trusted clients. They also took with them happy memories, no residue of bitterness, and an intimate knowledge of the opposite sex. Minna had learned, for one thing, that most men preferred to gamble with dice or cards rather than to make love to a woman. "Real men, we found," said Minna. "would rather gamble any day than gamble with women." This, she felt, was because dice were less unpredictable and less risky than women. Both sisters believed that they owed their success to the married men who attended their Club, and that they would have earned another million "if it weren't for the cheating married women" who competed with the Club's girls. Minna believed that most men were repelled by sexually aggressive women. She liked to remind her girls, "Remember the old saying, What a man sees in a woman, he gets." She believed. also, that women were dependent upon men. "A woman needs a man's guiding hand, especially in business matters.' Had the madams ever indulged themselves in love affairs with their clients? Minua remained silent on this subject. Aida was always ready to speak of one wealthy young lover who had wished to take her to New York as his wife. Why had she refused to legalize their affair? "My sweetheart took a terrible dislike to our gold piano," said Aida. "He said it was . . . unbecoming. I couldn't forgive him for that.'

In 1913, when they embarked upon retirement, Minna Everleigh was 35 years old, and Aida Everleigh was 37. They wanted only peace and anonymity. At first they could find neither. The recent past trailed after them wherever they fled. When a close friend and a former client-Big Jim Colosimo, an amiable gangster-was murdered in his Italian restaurant in 1920, supposedly by a former aide, Johnny Torrio, or by the young Al Capone, the Everleighs were found and questioned. When a skeleton was dug up behind their old property in 1923, the Everleighs were again interrogated by the police. When a prostitute

who had worked for them for six years was found murdered in New Orleans, her hands cut off and her jewels stolen, the Everleighs were once more visited by the police. When Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes tried to divorce her millionaire husband, and he countercharged that she had once been an Everleigh girl, the sisters were hounded by the sensation-seeking press.

Peace, they realized at last, could only be gained through complete anonymity. And so, having given up the Everleigh Club, they now gave up its name and their names forever. In 1914, they buried their past, their old identities and, calling themselves by yet another name, they became two retired, independently wealthy ladies, dwelling off Central Park in New York City.

The Everleighs disappeared from public notice so entirely that after several decades it was assumed that they were dead. But from time to time there appeared in print a hint that they might still be alive. In 1936, Charles Washburn stated in his book Come into My Parlor, that the sisters were very much alive and that he had visited them. He had seen the remaining marble-inlaid brass bed. the gold piano, the books and oil paintings, and the statue of Bernini's Apollo and Daphne. The sisters traveled extensively, he wrote, they attended the Broadway theater and they read books and newspaper columnists. They had lost a good part of their invested fortune in the stock-market crash of 1929, but they still retained most of their jewelry. They rarely had visitors. They had purchased a radio, but except for that. they usually avoided outside companionship-and there were no gentlemen callers. "They own a home in New York, free and clear," Washburn reported. "All they ask for the remainder of their lives is a roof and one quart of champagne a week."

Eight years later, there was a suggestion that they might even then still be alive. In a 1944 issue of *Town and Country* magazine, Edgar Lee Masters stated that Minna and Aida "knew that the people who were throwing stones at them might well have been stoned for sins of their own. Still they kept their peace. They disappeared with smiles upon their faces, and, when last heard of, were living lives of unobtrusive gentility in New York City."

In 1944, because I had the notion that I wanted to write a play or a novel based on the Everleigh Club, and also because I was consumed with curiosity. I set out to learn for myself whether the sisters were still living. Finally, through the help of several friends who had known the girls in gayer days, I was able to locate them.

They dwelt as Southern gentlewomen, and recluses, in a brownstone they owned at 20 West 71st Street in New York City. They had become Minna and Aida Lester, former Chicago "socialites," and in our numerous exchanges, over the telephone and in their correspondence, they persisted in maintaining this masquerade. The real Everleigh sisters, they said, were merely friends of theirs. Then and thereafter, I played their game. I would ask them questions about the Everleighs. They would pretend to visit the Everleighs, on my behalf, and return to me with the answers.

Aida was 68 years old and Minna was 66 when I first talked with them. The Manhattan brownstone had been their home since 1915. Because their enemies. "plotters of the South Side Levee, had sought to cause them trouble." Minna told me, they had lived relatively isolated lives. The long-secret years of decline had been uneventful. In the Wall Street crash of 1929, according to Minna, they had "sustained severe losses from defaulted mortgage investments." Still, as Washburn reported, they had retained their jewelry and continued to live comfortably, if carefully.

From 1914 until 1937, as Aida and Minna Lester, the sisters enjoyed an active retirement. They had belonged to ten women's clubs and attended endless meetings and teas. From time to time, they gave "large parties." They went to movies constantly, although they considered modern actresses "too lustful," and

they went to plays, among them Rain—all about Sadie Thompson—which they found particularly false and which they detested. Occasionally, they traveled to Virginia or California to visit relatives. But with the advent of World War Two, their Lester lives changed. They ceased traveling, going to the theater, participating in club activities, giving parties. They brooded over Hitler, and more and more, they found their reality in the happier past.

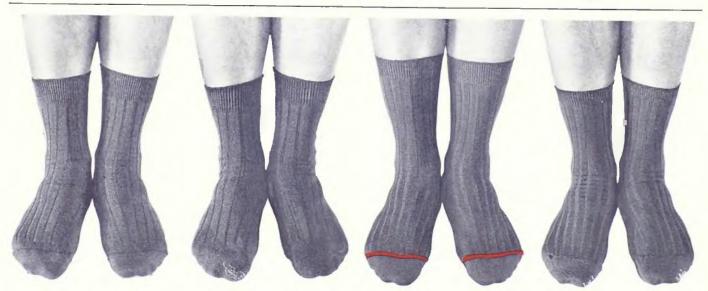
After the War, they remained antisocial. Besides. Minna was devoting herself to a book she was writing, Poets, Prophets and Gods, and she felt that women's organizations and teas were incompatible with authorship. They rarely went out of doors, agreeing that New York had become too crowded and busy. They did not even go to church. They were still. Minna told me firmly, "freethinkers." Their days were filled with reading and correspondence. They read the New York Herald Tribune in the morning and the New York Journal American in the evening. In between, they reread Byron. Shelley. Poe. De Maupassant and the Brownings. They exchanged letters with a limited number of old clients who knew their true identities, and with numerous relatives, and after every Christmas they faithfully replied to the hundred cards they'd received. And each New Year's Eve. alone

but together, they finished off a bottle of vintage champagne. They never quite forgot what they had once been. Aida still had her gold piano, and Minna wrote to me of "the haunted past" and the "vanished splendor" of the Everleigh Club.

In September 1948, at the age of 70, Minna Everleigh died at Park West Hospital in New York City, and the obituaries referred to her as Everleigh, not Lester. One wonders what the unsuspecting members of those ten women's clubs now thought of their beloved fellow "socialite." After maintaining the lonely brownstone for a number of years. Aida Everleigh moved back to the old family house in Virginia, where in January of 1960, at the age of 84, she, too, died.

With her passing, a golden era of gracious sinning had come to an end in America. Sex in an atmosphere of easy and silken luxury, in a lavish private club, in an exotic boudoir, seductive and exciting, was no more. It had been replaced by sex in the electronic market-place—the telephone, the uninspired apartment; and the welcomed guest had become a mere "trick." Gone were the 30 attractive hostesses, and in their place, only one brittle callgirl—a statistic and a case history for sociologists and psychoanalysts.





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First wool socks that won't shrink in the washer or dryer! They're the ones with the Red Toe Stripe™. That stripe is the mark of a Thorobred®—Jockey Thorobred wool hose. It's a guarantee, too: if these socks shrink out of size, you get a new pair

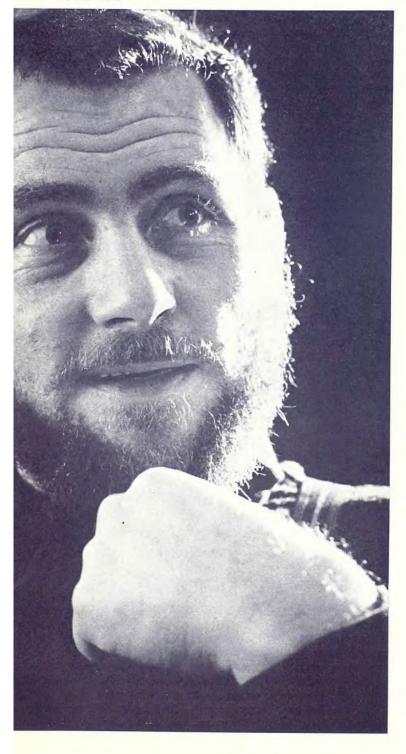


free. So go ahead—enjoy the comfort and absorbency that only wool socks can give. But make sure you choose The Unshrinkables—Jockey Thorobred wool hose. Anklet and over-the-calf styles. Imported from England, yet only \$2.

ROBERT SHAW actor's dilemma

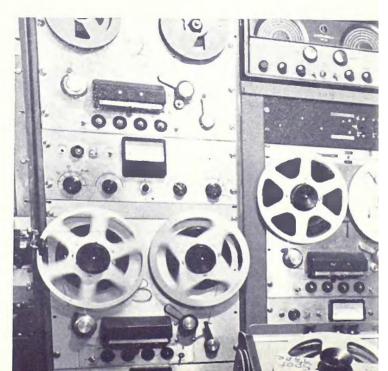
IN RECENT PREPUBLICATION announcements of The Flag, third novel of a 37-year-old Englishman from Coleshill, Bucks, publishers Harcourt, Brace & World include a confounding group of photos. One shows a crewcut guy with jaw of stone and eyes of steel; another a rumpled, mustached middle-ager with a look not of steel but of irony; and another of a professorial graybeard. This variorum of false faces represents, respectively, spectre's assassin in the Bond bombshell movie From Russia with Love, the cocky Irishman in The Luck of Ginger Coffey and the mock-mad scientist in Duerrenmatt's play The Physicists. The publishers, who upstage themselves further by billing Robert Shaw as actor and writer in that order, despite The Flag's rave reviews in the British press ("Quite beyond the capacity of other contemporary novelists"—Scotsman), provide a fourth photo of him minus the make-up, at home with Mary Ure. Up to his neck in conflicts between his careers, Shaw is slowly but surely coming around to the idea that for him the pen is mightier than the star on a dressing-room door. "Deep down I know that acting is inferior to writing," he says, and though his own acting is superlative, its purpose is in the main remunerative: "I act now to buy time as a writer." Shaw is currently buying time as Henry Fonda's costar in Warner Brothers' forthcoming epic Battle of the Bulge. "Six children [by two wives] need a lot of supporting. Sometimes I think it would be sensible to do a Fall of the Roman Empire sort of thing and live singlemindedly ever after at the typewriter." Why doesn't he? "Bad work as an actor affects my writing. It also," he adds with a grin, "affects my golf game, and I'm a lousy putter to begin with." That may be, but he's got a strong drive, and all of the approach shots.

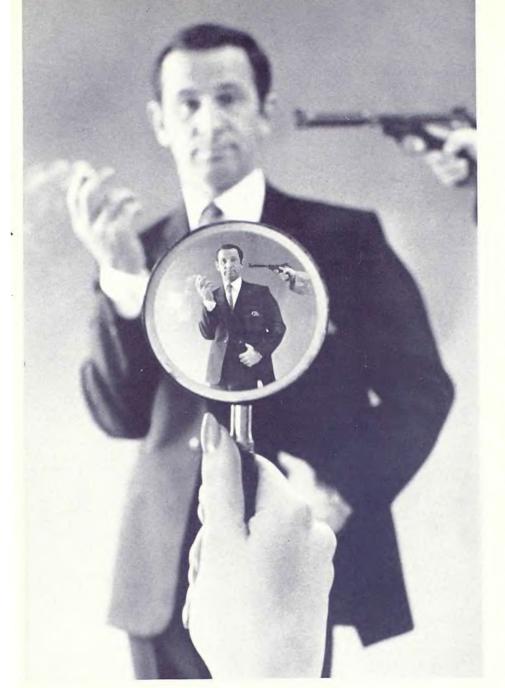
RICHARD KNAPP



HALLOCK HOFFMAN for adults only

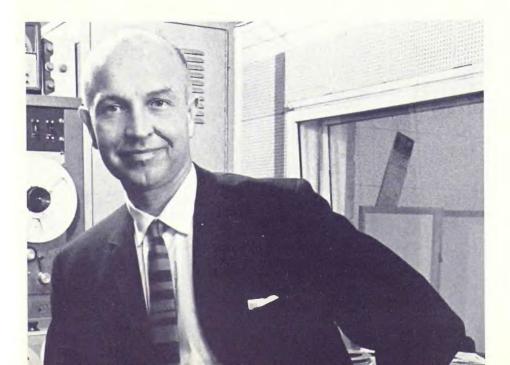
PURPLE PASSAGES from plays by Edward Albee and poems by LeRoi Jones, uncensored interviews with dope pushers, prostitutes and homosexuals, critiques of U.S. foreign policy in Vietnam, classes in astronomy and the stock market, music from Bach to bluegrass-that's a random sampling of the divertisements afforded to devotees of FM by California's Pacifica Foundation, an audacious broadcasting enterprise headed by a 46-year-old ex-electronics manufacturer and English professor named Hallock Hoffman. Also, until recently, a Pacifica commentator on the institutions of democracy, Hoffman now does double duty as the foundation's president and as secretary-treasurer of educator Robert Hutchins' prestigious Fund for the Republic. Both esteemed and execrated for its progressive programing, Pacifica braved the rising tide of television in 1949 to pioneer the concept of subscription FM-which provides blessed relief from the distraction of commercials. It's underwritten mostly by taxdeductible contributions from 28,000 of its 1,300,000 listeners, who volunteer an annual average of \$21 apiece for the privilege of savoring the rich intellectual and aesthetic smorgasbord served up 18 hours daily on its stations in Berkeley (KPFA and KPFB), Los Angeles (KPFK) and New York (WBAI). Considering the bland diet of jukebox AM and ho-hum FM fare offered these days, that's quite a bargain.





DON ADAMS the man from b.u.n.g.l.e.

IF TV SOOTHSAYERS are correct in their predictions, Get Smart, a cloak-and-gagger videopus debuting on NBC this fall, should attract heavy laughs and weighty Nielsen ratings. As Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86, a bumbler of heroic proportions, comic Don Adams, who was a click as the hapless house dick Glick on The Bill Dana Show, hopes to achieve a new pinnacle of imperfection. His investigative gaucheries will now be international in scope as he locks horns (and Rube Goldbergish gadgetry) with the dread minions of KAOS, who are out to rule the you-know-what. This will be Adams' first fling as top banana of a TV show since he doffed his Marine greens after World War Two and set off in search of showbiz' elusive bitch goddess. A decade ago, the quiet, crewcut Adams came up with an onstage comedy character who has appeared in sundry incarnations since then -a brash know-it-all who convincingly and comically conveys the message that he knows nothing. Among his pet portraits of the last few years (during which he set some kind of a record for TV appearances as a guest jester-9 with Garry Moore, 20 with Steve Allen and a clutch with Jack Paar and Perry Como) were those of a relentless prosecuting attorney whose barside manner puts judge, jury and defendant to sleep, and an off-base umpire-school teacher determined to make the National Pastime a thing of the past. His house-defective Glick go-round and his impending trench-coated cutup are simply situation-comedy extensions of his stand-up self. When asked to compare his Get Smart characterization with his semiserious counterspy counterpart, Napoleon Solo, Don defuly deadpuns, "Anything he can do, I can do badder."





"Infallibility" becomes a gruesome joke when it destroys personalities. Could Pope John XXIII have had a longer time with us, one cannot help but feel he would have eliminated the doctrine that sexual incidents are "mortal sin." For John was the personification of love, affection and warmth. He was the first Pope to refuse to eat alone, and when his family came to visit him, nervous and ill at ease, he said to them, lovingly, "Don't be afraid. It is only I. John." The whole non-Catholic world felt him, loved him. No matter that the clinicians belabor the "difference" between sex and love. There is no difference. Sex is love, designed, surely, by God, to make the human experience not only bearable, but happy: everyone who has known sexual love knows this. The unknowing must either find out, or be forever exiled from one of the most wondrous of the gifts of God to man. The finest of the Jesuits (those great scholars) and the Franciscans (those brown-robed lovers of all earthly creatures, including man) are doing their best to aid those who are struggling with sex and guilt. There is many an unknown and unsung nun who is doing the same thing. They have known too many fallen-away Catholics, and too many yearning, would-be converts who shy away from this great sanctuary for that one reason.

With mass higher education, people will no longer tolerate the cruel repression that ends so tragically for so many. The Catholic Church has the most beautiful liturgy for the adoration and praise of God: it has the greatest charity and kindness: it loves the unlovable; it gives not only to the "deserving" poor-it gives to all the poor; it recognizes no racial differences; it visits those in prison; it comforts the dying; it takes loving care of the old, the sick, the deserted, the abandoned, the ignorant. It surely can be only a matter of time until it learns to minister unto those who need sexual love, loosing them from the bonds of fear, shame and guilt, by no longer requiring confession of sexual incident. But it will be a hard fight, and it will

not come soon.

"If sex disappeared from human life, at present, the Roman Catholic Church would be out of business in 48 hours." So said a Franciscan monk to me in New York City. But that great heart of Christ -the Roman Catholic Church-if only it knew it, has so much more than sex to keep it going. It would not need to be "out of business." It has a built-in attraction for every human need, except sex, and perhaps, when it has learned this, it will find its hope for "One Fold Under One Shepherd" realized. When it no longer requires the groveling confession of an act which is as natural and needful 188 as eating, when it no longer requires

weeping humiliation and professed hatred of a thing which has caused human happiness to overflow, when it someday will learn that the body is not sinful, it may hope to attract back to its mothering arms the separated brethren. When it is willing to relinquish its authority over man's thought, and helps him to think for himself, there will surely be great rejoicing in heaven.

Pray, do not yield to the temptation to make PLAYBOY an intellectual magazine at the expense of entertainment. Keep the laughs going, keep up the satire, develop young, honest writers. Tickle us, make us laugh, as well as think-and you will, as the Moslems say, "Return late to Heaven," and be most joyously received. Yours is the only light shining at present in the American magazine world.

Betty South Washington, D. C.

SEX AND THE CHURCH

I am a clergyman, concerned about sex and seeking answers. I am not a regular reader of PLAYBOY magazine, partly because of finances-even 75 cents can upset my anemic budget-and partly because of the puritanism that is rampant here as elsewhere. Tongues wag when a man in clericals even looks at PLAYBOY on a newsstand. But I did get a copy of the current issue. I find that sex is presented in a noncynical and straightforward manner: and I find that there are any number of other features that appeal to my masculine taste.

Most of my involvement in the whole area of sex has been in connection with marriage and divorce and remarriage. Premarital sex has been overlooked or ignored . . . not deliberately, but conveniently, for in the eyes of the Church there is no legal premarital sex. I have officiated at any number of "shotgun" weddings, and I have advised an equal number of pregnant girls not to jump into marriage. But as for dealing with the problem of sex among unmarried career men and women, I suppose they know better than to ask about it. I say that sadly, knowing that the "official" advice I would be obliged to give them would be no solution at all.

Just as an exercise in reorientation. I went back to one of my seminary textbooks to see what it might have to say about "fornication." The book is The Elements of Moral Theology, by R. C. Mortimer. On page 175 (chapter 11, "Temperance") is the following quotation: "The chief evil of fornication. then, consists in this, that it is harmful to the children born of the union." Well, that contingency has all but been erased. Pills and devices and surgical procedures can almost guarantee that if a pregnancy is not wanted it will not

happen. There is still the outside chance of an unwanted pregnancy, but that is about as much a deterrent to premarital sex as the gas chamber is to crime. I know very well that as I look out over several hundred people every Sunday morning there are perhaps dozens of young people who were in bed with an unmarried partner the night before. The people in my congregation are perhaps just a little more sophisticated than the average group of people in this town. They are educated, and they take seriously this matter of marriage. They do not rush into marriage at 18 just so they can have sex. They marry in their 20s. after they have completed college; and in college they do not all deprive themselves of the pleasure of sex.

I think that Paul Tillich has put his finger on the only workable ethical and moral principle in his book Morality and Beyond. His closing sentence summarizes it: "And this is the meaning of ethics: the expression of the ways in which love embodies itself, and life is maintained and saved." I shan't get into the semantics of the word love, but I think it is clear enough. Love is a personal thing, that allows for individual consideration of every case. If John and Mary, unmarried, go to bed. Church law is unvielding and definite. It says this action is wrong: it is a sin. The principle of love would inquire into their motives, their sense of responsibility, their needs. In other words, love would not make a categorical judgment.

> (Episcopal priest's name and address withheld by request)

RESPECTABLE IMMORALITY

The "new morality" pleaded for by Hefner is really amorality-which the dictionary defines as "without a sense of moral responsibility; outside the sphere in which moral distinctions or judgments apply."

Truth and morality are not relative things. For the Christian they are the revealed word of God as contained in the Holy Scriptures and expressed within the Church's life. What Hefner is actually advocating is not a "new morality." What he is asking for is respectable and accepted fornication and other immoral behavior. Man is, in one sense, a pragmatic animal; and if past civilizations and cultures had not found the Judaeo-Christian morality necessary for a welladjusted, contributory and happy life, we would not know about God's moral demands today. The Church's morality is not a strait jacket imprisoning our natural freedoms and expressions. Rather, the Commandments are guideposts pointing the way toward true human fulfillment, peace and happiness.

The Rev. Peter Dally The Church of the Holy Spirit Vashon Island, Washington

SPANKING CONTROVERSY

In the June Playboy Forum there was a letter from an "intelligent college graduate" who is frequently spanked, "bottom bared," by her husband. She maintained, contrary to Editor Hefner's opinion, that wife spanking need not be a sadomasochistic relationship: It can be, as in her case, an overt expression of male dominance, highly desired by both partners.

Actually, there is some merit to both sides of the argument. As First Secretary of the International Federation of Non-Sadistic Wife Beaters, I.F.N.S.W.B., I am in a position to elaborate on the subject with considerable authority. As any nonsadistic wife beater will tell you, nonsadistic wife beating is for the sole purpose of asserting male dominance. At one time a good old-fashioned spanking applied to the bared bottom of one's wife was sufficient for this purpose. However, such is no longer true-especially in the case of "intelligent college graduates." Today's intelligent female has an exceptionally tough bottom. This is a result of many years of sitting in classrooms on those hard wooden seats. In contrast, the hand of today's intelligent male is rather weak from lack of use: It has usually done little more than sharpen pencils from time to time. One might say that the hand of today's intelligent male is not quite on the same level as his wife's bottom. This rather unfortunate state of affairs makes wife spanking virtually useless. Hence, we of the International Federation of Non-Sadistic Wife Beaters recommend the frequent use of a cat-o'nine-tails. I grant that the use of a cat-o'nine-tails sometimes leaves scars and has other undesirable aftereffects. However, for establishing dominance, it's much more potent than spanking and much less painful than a mace and chain, which we occasionally recommend in extreme cases.

If the writer of that letter would have her husband contact me. I would be glad to arrange for a free home demonstration of our complete line of cat-o'-ninetails, each of which comes with a complete set of easy-to-follow instructions.

> Dr. David E. Doubletalk First Secretary, I.F.N.S.W.B. Berkeley, California

Re Jane McElroy's letter: When her husband has misbehaved, who spanks him?

> Nanci Gilbert Bangor, Maine

If Mrs. McElroy and her husband ("The Case for Spanking," June Forum) want to go at each other with bullwhips as a sexual stimulus, that's OK with me. But she should admit, if only to herself, that this is what she needs. The key phrase in that sad letter is, "When I have misbehaved I am led to our

bedroom . . ." How and by whom is this "misbehavior" determined? Had she forgotten to get his shirts from the laundry, or had he found her in bed with his best friend? In a broader sense, how does "an intelligent college graduate" go about "misbehaving"? I think children and animals misbehave. Adults don't.

If children arrive in this household, will their "strong, dominant" father take them in to watch Mommy being spanked? Or will their father line them up with their mother while he administers discipline wholesale? It would make a psychologist's mouth water to think of the generations of trauma, anxiety, sadism and general neurosis that can be produced by this one couple. I think I am going to give up on higher education for women and concentrate on sterilization of the mentally unbalanced.

Helene Duffy Cold Spring, New York

I agree with PLAYBOY on the subject of spanking. When I am a bad girl, my husband takes me into our bedroom and puts me across his knee. After spanking the seat of my panties until they smoke, he rolls me over on the bed and makes violent love to me. Therefore, as far as I

am concerned, spanking after childhood is a form of sadism.

Mrs. Mary McCoy Cleveland, Ohio

The letter in the June issue from a Newark, New Jersey, woman who was distressed by Mr. Hefner's comments about women who are spanked leads me to believe that she and her husband and their young married friends are somewhat immature.

In a well-founded marriage, a good wife does not give her husband cause to assert his position as the head of the home. The wife asserts his position for him by relying on him for understanding, love and important decisions concerning family matters. I do not mean to imply that a woman should lose her individuality by bowing to her husband's every command.

The man who does not understand his wife enough to know why she finds it necessary to "misbehave" certainly does not assert himself as anything more than an old-fashioned brute who resorts to strong-arm methods.

This type of relationship in the home also has an ill effect on the children. It



"My cup runneth over."

shows up in the form of lack of respect for the mother, since she has to be treated like a child herself. As a result, the mother, who is the most important influence in the child's upbringing, is no longer in command of the offspring, and relies on the father to handle all disciplinary problems. This puts a great burden on the father, since the child is made to feel that the father's primary role is administering punishment.

My husband has never once had to (or wanted to) assert his position as head of our home by spanking me. He knows where he stands by our reliance upon him for the happiness he brings us.

If my husband bares my bottom, it is for something more pleasant and exciting than a spanking. Now, that's a man!

Rosemarie Harrigan Manassas, Virginia

My husband and I have been married for eight years. We are very happy now, but this has not always been true. Despite the tremendous physical attraction between us, we were very inconsiderate of each other in the early days. Both of us had been spoiled by overindulgent parents.

We were fortunate to have some dear friends who had gone through a similar period. When they heard us snapping at each other—after a trip back to Mother convinced me that I couldn't get along without my husband—they outlined their formula: Simply stated, we were acting like children, so we should be treated like children. The guilty party must submit to a child's punishment.

Our friends told us that for the first month after they set up this arrangement, not a week went by without both turning up an unprotected bottom for treatment. Then the message came across. Within six months it was almost unnecessary. Now a reminder is required only about once a year.

We tried this plan and found it to work exactly as they said. It wasn't easy and my husband wasn't exactly gentle, but I guess I wasn't, either. It is more than three years now since I last found myself across his lap gritting my teeth, and it has been nearly five years since I have had to spank him.

We do not feel there is any sexual connotation to all this. The master of the house can be an inconsiderate little boy at times and should be treated accordingly. Since unpleasantness has been eliminated from our relationship, perhaps other couples can find a similar solution.

(Name withheld by request) Brooklyn, New York

A solution is a solution, but we still feel that physical punishment is not the desirable way of solving disputes between adults. Nor is treating an adult like a child ordinarily apt to help her (or him) grow up.

MOB RULE

I find it hard to understand how Hefner can write with such perception on the subject of censorship and then turn around and sanction mob rule, that is, democracy.

Since its inception in Athens many centuries ago, democracy never has been and never will be found in a free society, for the simple reason that democracy is incompatible with freedom. As long as some men rule others, freedom will not exist. A man is not free if he is forced, at the point of a gun, to submit to the wishes of the others in his community. A man is not free to own property if he is faced with a never-ending tax lien on any property he might own.

Hefner has devoted much of his *Play-boy Philosophy* to the subject of censorship. He has said that it is wrong for the state or the Church to dictate individual literary and sexual mores. I commend him. But if mob rule is just in political areas, why is it not also just in relation to literary and sexual mores?

John Pruit Chloride, Arizona

American democracy can never be accurately called "mob rule"—even by its severest critic—because this nation is based on more than the simple will of the majority; it has a Constitution that guarantees the rights of the minority, too.

We don't see how you can compare freedom from sexual persecution with freedom from taxes—the former is an improper invasion of private behavior, while in the latter instance, modern governments the world over raise a portion of the revenue required for their operation through taxation (in America, the right to do so is established in Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution: "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes...").

The citizen's right to own property is referred to in the U.S. Constitution, but the government-Federal, state and local -retains ultimate control over all property within its boundaries, establishing ownership, use, taxes, etc. You state, "A man is not free if he is forced, at the point of a gun, to submit to the wishes of the others in his community." But civilization could not exist without laws-and the laws must be enforced if they are to have any meaning, sometimes even at the point of a gun. The Constitution and the laws of the United States protect the individual citizen from any unlawful acts by the others in his community; they also protect the others in the community from any unlawful acts by the individual citizen.

PIONEERING ARCHBISHOP

The following article appeared in the San Antonio Express:

The Archbishop of Canterbury joined other members of the British House of Lords in urging the legalization of homosexual practices between adult males. The Archbishop, Dr. A. M. Ramsey, is head of the Church of England.

"Just as fornication is always wrong, so homosexual acts are always wrong," he told the lords. "But wrong acts in this case, as in others, can have various degrees of culpability attaching to them.

"I think the case for altering the law in respect of homosexual acts between consenting adults in private rests on reason and justice."

We wish to voice our support for your swinging magazine, as well as our congratulations to the Archbishop for a long-overdue, well-placed step in the right direction. Let's hope the Archbishop's influence spreads westerly.

Although our personal bent is heterosexual, we exponents of freedom of choice and expression say, bravo, keep up the good work, viva PLAYBOY, wunderbar, and many, many thanks.

Michael A. Hebert Donald J. Hoffman San Antonio, Texas

The Archbishop's influence so far hasn't spread even as far as the British House of Commons. After the House of Lords passed a bill to legalize homosexuality between consenting adults, Commons decided by a large majority not to allow time in their schedule for discussion of it.

APOTHECARY'S APPRAISAL

The Playboy Philosophy is the best prescription for our ailing and febrile society that has yet found its way into the bilious and bloated pages of American journalism. As the adjuvant and corrective for centuries of puritanical nostrums and witches' brews, Playboy merits the warm approbation of all who seek to end the self-poisoning of bigotry and stupidity. Rx: Copious purgings, frequently induced, with heroic doses of The Playboy Philosophy, until the patient responds favorably!

Robert Bray Wingate, M. S., F. R. S. A. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

"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.

ACCESSORIES BEFORE THE FACT ... from Playboy

From left to right, Playboy Tie (in red, gray, olive, brown, navy, wine and black), Code No. W16, \$5 Playboy Card Case (in black only. Playboy Club Key \$50 extra), Code No. J16, \$7.50 Playboy Cuff Links (rhodium), Code No. J20, \$5 Playboy Tie Tack, Code No. J126, \$2.50 Links/Tack Set, Code No. J28, \$7 Playboy Tie Bar, Code No. J124, \$3.50 Links/Bar Set, Code No. J24, \$8 Playboy ID Bracelet, Code No. J104, \$12.50 Playboy Ascot (in olive, gray, wine and navy), Code No. WB, \$10 Gold Playboy Money Clip, Code No. J64, \$7.50 Playboy Key Chain (rhodium), Code No. J88, \$3.50 Playboy Money Fold (in olive or black), Code No. J100, \$5 Gold Playboy Cuff Links, Code No. J44, \$10 Gold Playboy Tie Bar, Code No. J84, \$5 All prices are ppd.

WHAT'S NEW, TEEVEE JEEBIES?

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"My daughter informs me you've been drinking Coke."



"And then the quarterback fades back to the ten-yard line and . . ."



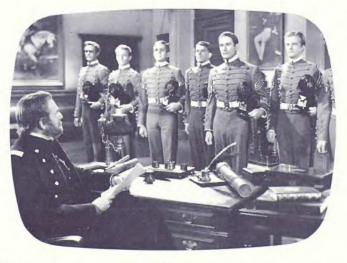
"But, dear, I'm sure you had them on when we went out."



"Let's forget about the trim—I'll just take a manicure."



"But I don't want Hertz to put me in the driver's seat!"



"And you mean to say you've been here at the Academy for three years without anyone being the wiser,
Miss Winthrop . . . ?"

new tongue-in-cheek dialog to enliven television's late-night movies



"But with the new Arrid . . ."



"I think I've got too many cards . . ."



"Bet you couldn't do that again wearing eight-ounce gloves . . ."



"OK, OK, so I wet the bed . . . !"



"Some days you can't get lucky no matter how hard you try."



"So I fly all the way to Europe to see this skin specialist—and you know what he tells me? He says I should be glad it's not rutabagas!"

SEX INSTITUTE (continued from page 164)

the stories they wrote reflected not so much their mature judgment of what was important in the book as what little they had been able to take sensible notes on as the pages were more or less whisked in front of their eyes, in haphazard and woefully illogical order. One of the women writers gave up completely, ignored the report and wrote a story about what a strange experience it was.

The most important part of the week, as far as my relations with Dr. Kinsey were concerned, took place the very first morning. We had an introductory meeting with members of the Institute staff. which Dr. Kinsey opened by passing out copies of contracts for us to sign. Among other things, we had to agree to observe his release date-no jumping of the gun before the book was out. We also had to agree to submit our manuscripts to the Institute and correct any factual errors that the staff detected in our copy. That is, the contract was supposed to bind us to accepting the Institute's corrections: actually, owing to some kind of mix-up in composition or typing, it read that we agreed "to accept any errors requested by the Institute." I was the first of the visitors to notice this, and right then and there I made a fatal mistake. The meeting had been uncomfortably tense and formal; I was young and brash anyway at the time, and I thought that a joke might freshen the air. So I spoke up loud and clear: "Dr. Kinsey, don't you think that we journalists can make enough mistakes of our own without accepting any of yours?"

My fellow journalists laughed. Dr. Kinsey did not.

It was the kind of levity that he deplored, and he never forgave me for it. Every time our paths crossed afterward, for the rest of the week and the years to come, he gave me the same cold stare. After the stories about Sexual Behavior in the Human Female had all been published, he begrudgingly conceded to his staff that he thought mine had done as much justice as anyone's to the work of the Institute—but not without adding that it was a shame I was such a "frivolous" fellow.

As I thus learned the hard way, Dr. Kinsey was a stern, grim and totally humorless man. He believed that life was real and life was earnest, and that nobody was put on this earth to waste time kidding around. I had picked one of the surest ways to antagonize him; the surest way of all would have been to tell him a dirty joke, as strangers often did to their sorrow. The closest Dr. Kinsey himself ever came to a joke about sex was when he had a group of curious visitors at the Institute, particularly if they were women schoolteachers or civic leaders. If he happened to be feeling especially good

on such a day, he would promise to open up the Institute's files of pornography and let his visitors see the most shocking book ever written; the joke consisted in his neglecting to tell them in advance that it was unillustrated and written in Chinese. Even this feeble bit of humor, I am sure, was palatable to the good doctor only because of the needle it contained—it was one way of punishing his visitors for any prurience with which they may have regarded his Institute.

Dr. Kinsey was a puritan by birth and by training. He grew up in a strait-laced New England family where it was considered a sin even to hitch up the horses on Sunday; he became one of the nation's first Eagle Scouts and a sincere and exemplary young man who studied hard, worked hard and never smoked or drank. In later life he tried to take up smoking, in a vain effort to seem like one of the fellows, but he could never learn to enjoy it and eventually abandoned the attempt. He did succeed in learning to force down an occasional drink, partly for reasons of good-fellowship and partly because the doctors said a little alcohol would be good for his ailing heart, but he was naïve about drinking to the end. The trays he passed around at cocktail parties always contained enough glasses of syrupy liqueurs to gag his more sophisticated guests.

What Dr. Kinsey really liked, in the way of social life, was his musicales; he had one of the first hi-fi sets and a large collection of records, and every Sunday evening his invited guests would gather at his house to sit in stiff-backed chairs and listen to his music, preceded by his own meticulously composed and formally delivered program notes. The musicales, considered a command performance for members of his staff at the Sex Institute, were a cross borne for years by his two highly reluctant chief associates, anthropologist Paul Gebhard and psychologist Wardell Pomeroy. Dr. Pomeroy, who hates classical music, finally got up enough nerve to stay away. Dr. Gebhard. who likes it, finally gave up because the seats were too uncomfortable.

Dr. Kinsey also enjoyed gardening, which he tackled as earnestly and, in a sense, as mathematically as everything else; he took great pride in pointing out that his yard contained over 200 different species of iris. He spent many a late afternoon in summer puttering around the plants, usually barefoot and wearing nothing but an old pair of swimming trunks. After he became famous, people began walking and driving past just to catch a glimpse of the great man, so informally attired, and he had to let the shrubbery around his house grow high enough to thwart them.

Until he was well into his 40s, Dr.

Kinsey was an obscure though highly respected zoologist-an expert on the mutations and permutations of the gall wasp, an insect that lays its eggs inside the leaves of plants or the bark of trees, and thus causes the swellings and tumors that gardeners call galls. Not until some of his students went to him for advice about sex and marriage did he ever contemplate becoming an expert on the mating habits of human beings. But when he began searching through the university library for scientific information about sex, he found that there was none-just opinion and guesswork-and his scientific curiosity suddenly took a new tack. He started gathering his case histories; the university administration gave him remarkable support, and eventually the Rockefeller Foundation provided the money for a staff, Dr. Kinsey, Dr. Gebhard and Dr. Pomeroy spent the next years traveling wherever people were willing to answer their questions: and the Institute eventually wound up with the sexual case histories of 10,000 men and 8000 women, a truly monumental statistical sample. (The Nielsen report on the popularity of television programs, accepted as gospel, is by contrast based on a mere 1100 homes.)

Dr. Kinsey, with his puritanical background and his duty-oriented character. was as moral about sexual matters as a man can possibly be; he undoubtedly entered upon his marriage as a virgin, and never even considered what his reports term "extramarital outlets." His attitude toward sex was, if anything, prudish-a fact which helped him greatly in getting support for the Institute. It took considerable courage in those days for a university to harbor such an institution on its campus or for a foundation to lend it financial support; and the slightest suspicion of any kind of leering interest in sex on Dr. Kinsey's part would have doomed his project from the beginning. On the other hand, his stern and unrelenting moralism might have been an impossible handicap in his actual research, and it is one of the aspects of his genius that this did not turn out to be the case. He managed to listen without batting an eye to the most lurid biographies of pimps and prostitutes, of boys who had sold themselves to homosexuals, of men who were in prison for sadistic rape. And as he began to realize the vast range of human sexual behavior, he achieved what is probably the finest accomplishment of a civilized man-the ability to sympathize with conduct that he himself would personally have found utterly distasteful. Sexual behavior, he decided, is almost completely compulsive; all of us grow up with capacities and tastes and preferences over which we have very little control, and it is not for a Dr. Kinsey, former Eagle Scout and a bit of a square, to say how



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anybody else should live his life.

On all other matters, Dr. Kinsey remained uncompromising. He deplored the fact that his otherwise impeccable aide Dr. Gebhard liked to lie abed on Sunday mornings after his hard week of reporting to duty at eight A.M. Monday through Saturday. And he once severely castigated Dr. Gebhard for eating too many of the peanuts that they had bought with Institute money for a quick lunch between interviews. "Gebhard," he complained, "you've eaten almost twenty cents' worth!" (In almost the next breath, however, he offered to lend Dr. Gebhard a thousand dollars to tide him over a financial crisis.) His strange combination of tolerance on sex and inflexibility on all other topics was best illustrated by his attitude toward prostitutes: He never condemned them for leading a "life of sin"-but he remained horrified to the end by the late-rising and indolent aspects of their career, which he considered utterly demoralizing.

Many of Dr. Kinsey's findings distressed him; he was almost moved to tears, for example, when he first heard about the husband who was committed to a mental hospital because of his thrice-a-week sexual appetite. He was also shaken badly by many of his interviews with prisoners-especially men who were serving time for the "crime" of fornication with adult women who had been their willing partners, and men convicted of homosexual acts with adult and willing partners. Nowhere so much as in the field of sex, he decided, is man (and woman) so guilty of inhumanity toward man. Like most crusaders, he eventually became too self-righteous for his own good. He could never understand why the world did not immediately rewrite its sex laws in the light of his findings. The criticisms of the psychoanalysts and sociologists struck him as so carping as to constitute a form of personal persecution. His hypersensitivity and his heart trouble made him increasingly cranky; and he died, in 1956, an unhappy and embittered man.

The work of the Institute goes on.

Recently, for example, a chic, beautifully coiffured wearer of an expensive dress walked into the reception room, gave the name of Virginia ---- and was immediately ushered to the office of Dr. Gebhard, who has been the Institute director since Dr. Kinsey's death. There, for most of that day and part of the next, Virginia talked frankly to Dr. Gebhard and his staff. What made the occasion noteworthy and, indeed, almost unique in the history of scientific investigation, is that Virginia was a man: a transvestite, the editor of one of the esoteric little magazines published in this nation by and for transvestites.

Transvestitism is one of the many top-196 ics about which the Institute for Sex Re-

search knows more than anyone else has ever known before in history, or knows even today. Until the Institute began its work, scientific knowledge of this strange phenomenon was limited to a few papers published by psychiatrists who had happened to treat transvestites and who, of course, wrote about them strictly in analytical and therapeutic terms. The Institute staff ran into a number of transvestites in the course of its interviews of the male population; following up these leads, it has since attended and taken moving pictures at transvestite conventions, and has learned a great deal about transvestite leaders like Virginia, most of whom have never been near a psychiatrist's office. Contrary to popular belief-or at least to what I always assumed-it turns out that the true transvestite is not a homosexual; Virginia is happily married, and so are many others. But the Institute has also recorded the case histories of a number of other men who like to dress in women's clothes and who are completely homosexual; many of these men, who are properly termed transsexualists, would go to Denmark if they could and have the Christine Jorgensen type of operation to remove all traces of their masculinity. Included in the Institute's files is the case of one transsexualist who for a time worked happily as a big-city "policewoman," inviting passes from male mashers on the local transit system. The police department never caught on that its good-looking decoy was in reality a man, but the Institute knows the story in full detail.

The Institute gets quite a number of exotic visitors. A folklore expert who has been collecting all the ribald songs of the Ozarks brings in a four-volume typewritten collection, complete with words and music. A noted student of Irish folklore arrives to discuss the difference between the bawdy ballads of Ireland and the United States, and leaves with a promise to send the Institute some information he has in his files about the obscene carvings that irreverent workmen created near the top of medieval churches, far above the vision of their priests. A police official drops in with a huge carton of stag films and French postcards seized in a raid on a Midwestern wholesaler of pornography-a welcome addition to the Institute's archives of forbidden erotica, of which more later.

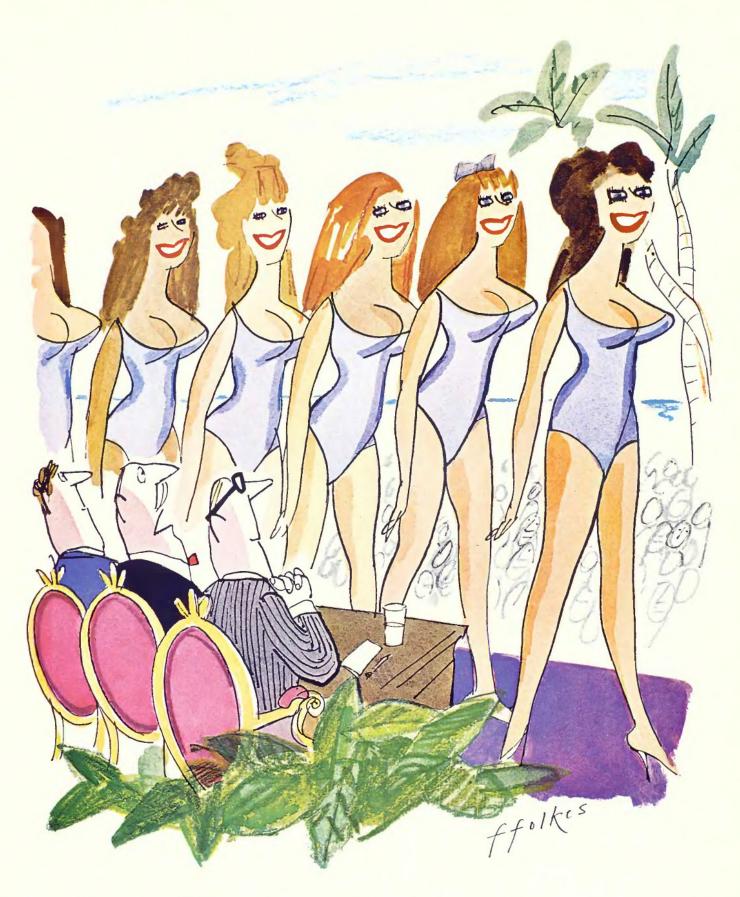
The Institute also gets a steady stream of unusual mail: catalogs of the new high-heel and corset fetish booklets sold openly in some cities and under the counter in others; catalogs of the strange devices manufactured in the Orient for the supposed enhancement of sexual pleasure; a request from a Malaysian manufacturer for information that would help him improve the quality of his condoms; a letter from the Daughters

of Bilitis, a West Coast society of Lesbians, informing Dr. Gebhard that because of his interest in the organization he has been named an "Honorary S.O.B."-Son of Bilitis.

Mostly, however, what has always impressed me about day-to-day life at the Institute is that it is so surprisingly routine, even downright dull. The staff is small: at the moment, 15 regulars, plus 15 wives of graduate students who are temporarily employed to put summaries of the 18,000 interviews on magnetic tape so that they can be analyzed by the university computers. The quarters are sparse and Spartan-a dozen tiny offices, a few workrooms, a photographic darkroom and a library with overcrowded shelves. The crotica is all locked up in rows of grim steel filing cabinets; there is nothing in view to indicate the nature of the Institute's work except a few photographs in one hallway of some erotic Incan pottery that Dr. Kinsey and Dr. Gebhard once collected on a trip to South America, and the portraits of some distinguished scholars such as Julian Huxley and Dr. John Rock, the Catholic physician who helped invent the contraceptive pill, who have visited the Institute from time to time.

The staff still works, as it did under Dr. Kinsey, from eight A.M. to five P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and on Saturdays from eight A.M. until noon. Most of the work is similar to what goes on in other research centers of all kinds: the long and laborious rendering of case histories into statistics that can be put on computer tape, the compilation of complicated statistical tables, painstaking study of the tables for significant trends. As everywhere else, the financial records have to be kept and the correspondence answered. In the old days, Dr. Kinsey had his own private method for filing books; now a woman librarian and an assistant, also a woman, are hard at work at the tedious job of recataloging the 20,000 books on the open shelves and the 2200 in the locked files according to the neater logic of the Dewey decimal system.

Dr. Gebhard spends a lot of his time writing; so does John Gagnon, the Institute sociologist. The two are also in constant demand for lectures and consultation. Gagnon serves on an Indiana state committee for the study of parole of sex offenders, and was recently called on to help set up a hospital study of a possible relation between sexual intercourse in early life and cancer of the cervix and prostate. (The medical people knew how to recognize cancer, all right, but not how to obtain accurate histories of sexual activity.) One of Dr. Gebhard's regular chores is addressing each year's new Indiana State Police recruits on the subject of how to deal with people like Peeping Toms and exhibitionists. (He likes to tell them, among other things, that when he himself goes to a movie



"I promised one of them something last night, but I can't remember which one."

theater he feels perfectly competent to take care of a possible approach by a homosexual in the men's room, and hopes that the police will concentrate on making sure his car has not been stolen by the time he leaves the theater. Since most policemen hate the kind of peephole work that is sometimes ordered for the entrapment of homosexuals, he usually gets enthusiastic agreement.)

Legally speaking, the Institute is a totally independent, nonprofit corporation; this is an arrangement which Dr. Kinsey set up years ago to insure that he and his successors would always have full control of its files and could make an unconditional guarantee that all information from the people they interviewed would eternally be held in confidence. In practice, however, the Institute operates almost like a department of Indiana University. Dr. Gebhard,

Gagnon and four other top members of the staff have university appointments, and Dr. Gebhard's salary is paid in part by the university. The university also gives the Institute its working quarters, furnishings, supplies and utilities; and the Indiana University Foundation, an alumni group, has given it money for upkeep of the library. In return, Dr. Gebhard and Gagnon teach classes and seminars, and also work closely with other faculty members, especially in the medical school, who are interested in sexual problems. The Institute and its staff have always looked to me like part of a university; the operation goes along quietly, soberly and unpretentiously, There is perhaps a little more levity at the Institute nowadays than under Dr. Kinsey's unsmiling regime; when I was there at the height of the Tom Swifty craze, I found that some of the staff

members were amusing themselves by composing ribald ones like "I guess I'm getting old," Tom said limply. But mostly the Institute staff drives up early in the morning in its Volkswagens and its secondhand American cars, exchanges a brief greeting with the woman at the reception desk and gets right down to serious work.

Dr. Gebhard, a mild, soft-spoken, selfeffacing man of 48, is sometimes asked by strangers if all that exposure to sexual lore does not have a somewhat aphrodisiac effect upon the staff. He likes to reply, "Are the people who work in distilleries alcoholics?" To all appearances, indeed, working at the Institute seems to have a steadying effect. Dr. Kinsey had been married to the same wife for more than 30 years when he died; and Dr. Gebhard and all the other people who have been listed as authors and co-authors of the Institute's reports have now been married for at least 20 years, with the lone exception of Gagnon, a relative newcomer, who is only 33.

The graduate wives who have worked part time at the Institute in recent years constitute perhaps the best evidence of how contact with the Institute is likely to affect a person's sex life. Dr. Gebhard always warns them that they will be exposed to some facts about strange sexual practices that most young American women have never heard about, and that they may find the facts startling, shocking and even disgusting. A few young women, after thinking over the warning, have decided not to take the job. Of those who have gone to work, only two have quit; they found that they were indeed shocked and disgusted, to the point where the job was getting on their nerves. Many of the others have volunteered that the job was the best thing that ever happened to their marriages. Like so many middle-class American girls, they had arrived at adulthood with a good deal of inhibition and squeamishness about sex; they had been shocked and repelled by some of their husbands' sexual passions and preferences; at the Institute they learned, from the statistical tables, that their husbands were behaving just as most men behave. (One girl also confided to Dr. Gebhard that her conscience troubled her because she kept having daydreams about committing adultery. Dr. Gebhard reassured her with the figures on how many men and women actually commit adultery, and the even higher figures on how many think of it.) All in all, the Institute staff seems to offer convincing proof that the more one knows about sex, the richer, more satisfying and more stable his-or her-sex life is likely to become.

One might expect that the Institute would be constantly deluged by job applicants attracted by what they consider the lurid nature of its work, but this has



"Gladys, where are my 007 pajamas?"

never been the case; there have been very few volunteers of any kind. Dr. Gebhard had a difficult time finding young women to work on the tapes, for example, until he happened to think of the university employment office, which always has a list of students and student wives seeking part-time jobs. As for the more important staff positions, Dr. Gebhard has had to go out recruiting like any other department head in this day when Ph.D.s are in such short supply. Unfortunately, his requirements are somewhat unusual: He has to find scholars who are without any pronounced sexual prejudices and who can talk to people in all walks of life without showing any affectation or snobbery. Moreover, he operates on a tight budget with money that comes to him on a year-toyear basis, as shall be noted later; and he cannot offer big salaries or job security. Far from having a long list of eager applicants, the Institute is almost always short-staffed; at the moment, Dr. Gebhard is still looking for a psychologist to replace Dr. Pomeroy, who left more than a year ago to become a marriage counselor in New York. Only occasionally does the Institute get a letter from someone who is obviously itching to be turned loose in those locked cabinets-or. as it once did, from a woman who claimed she would be an ideal employee because

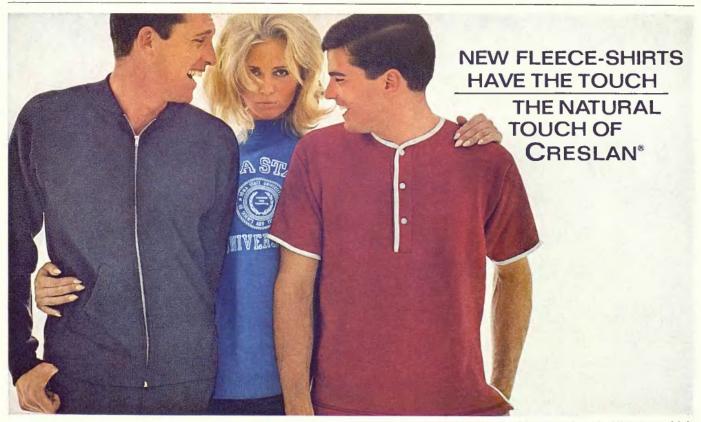
she had no sexual impulses whatever. (Dr. Gebhard, of course, did not agree.)

The Institute's locked collection grew up more or less by accident. Dr. Kinsey, who probably never had looked at a pinup magazine, much less a French postcard, did not even consider this aspect of sexual lore at the beginning. And he was contemptuous of most previous scholarly books on sex; he believed that mankind's only really worthwhile knowledge about sex lay in the interviews he was gathering; so he did not attempt to start any kind of library at all. Dr. Gebhard recalls that when he joined the Kinsey staff in 1946, just two years before publication of the report on men, the Institute owned fewer than a hundred books.

When the Institute became famous, however, scientists from all over the world began sending it sexual memorabilia-drawings from the walls of the cave dwellers, photographs of the art of ancient Pompeii, carvings from the fertility shrines of Japan-and Dr. Kinsey decided that the Institute was duty bound to become a repository for everything that related in any way to sex, from scientific books to hard-core pornography. The Institute has now invested about a quarter of a million dollars in books and miscellaneous erotica, has received numerous gifts and owns what is unquestionably the most complete collection in the world, conservatively worth around a million dollars and indeed priceless in the sense that it could never be duplicated.

Many of the gifts of pornographic books and art have come from heirs who discovered, to their surprise and embarrassment, that a wealthy father's library had secret shelves containing a private collection. One of the biggest acquisitions was a 1400-pound shipment from an Englishman who apparently got frightened by the Profumo scandal. A man in Washington has promised to bequeath the Institute a collection supposed to be worth around \$100,000; the Institute's photographer has photographed the collection in color, lest it somehow be destroyed in the meantime.

Many of the books in the locked files were formerly printed and circulated surreptitiously but can now be bought at almost any bookstore—like Fanny Hill, Lady Chatterley's Lover and the Marquis de Sade's Justine. The Institute's volumes, however, are unique—the original privately printed edition of Lady Chatterley, with color illustrations that even today's more liberal censorship standards would never permit; and no less than 25 different editions of Fanny Hill, including one rewritten and Americanized version (with four-letter words that the original author never used) which





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was distributed under the title The Life and Adventures of Cicily Martin.

Most of the stag films and French postcards have come from cooperative police departments: there are a number of police chiefs around the nation who, as soon as they have raided a dealer and finished using his stock as evidence in court, send it on to the Institute as a matter of course. This material is indexed and dated, with the help of a drama professor who is an expert on the history of clothing and hair styles, and constitutes a rich source of information about changing fashions in pornographic tastes, which in turn reflect sexual preferences, compulsions, inhibitions and taboos. The earliest French postcards in the Institute files were made in French brothels in 1855, not many years after indoor photography became possible. The earliest stag film was made in 1917, only three years after Birth of a Nation. Every means of communication invented by man has almost immediately been put to pornographic uses, and Dr. Gebhard assumes that eventually he will receive the world's first example on video tape.

Nobody, except top members of the Institute staff, has ever had access to the entire collection, and only a very few people have seen any of it. No more than 15 to 20 visitors a year manage to convince the Institute staff that they deserve a look inside the locked cabinets; almost all of them are M.D.s or Ph.D.s, and all of them without exception are working on important research projects. In this respect, Dr. Gebhard is as severe as Dr. Kinsey ever was. "If we suspect

that people are trying to get in here for kicks," he says, "we kick them out." But this seldom happens; very few curiosity seekers apply. Only twice over the years have halfhearted attempts been made—unsuccessfully—to break into the Institute at night. A few souvenir hunters among groups taken on tours have made off with books from the open library shelves, but nothing very important or even very interesting. One book that disappeared was a totally outdated and deadly dull treatise on obstetrics printed in the early 19th Century, and in German at that.

In the 1950s the U.S. Customs Department seized some shipments arriving for the Institute from abroad-carvings from Shinto fertility shrine, miniature paintings produced in 17th and 18th Century France, a few privately printed books and hard-core pictures. The case went to trial in the Federal District Court in New York in 1957, under the odd designation of U.S. vs. Thirty-one Photographs, and the Institute won. It thus established its right to import anything and everything, and has had no further trouble except from an occasional new customs inspector who looks into a carton, is startled by what he finds and has to be set straight on the Institute's privileges. In almost every respect, indeed, the Institute has enjoyed good relations with the law; it has had the cooperation not only of police departments, but also of prison officials, who enabled the staff to get the more than 2000 interviews with convicts which form the basis of this year's new Institute re-

Buch Brown

"I'd like to pull the same act in their living room and see how they'd like it!"

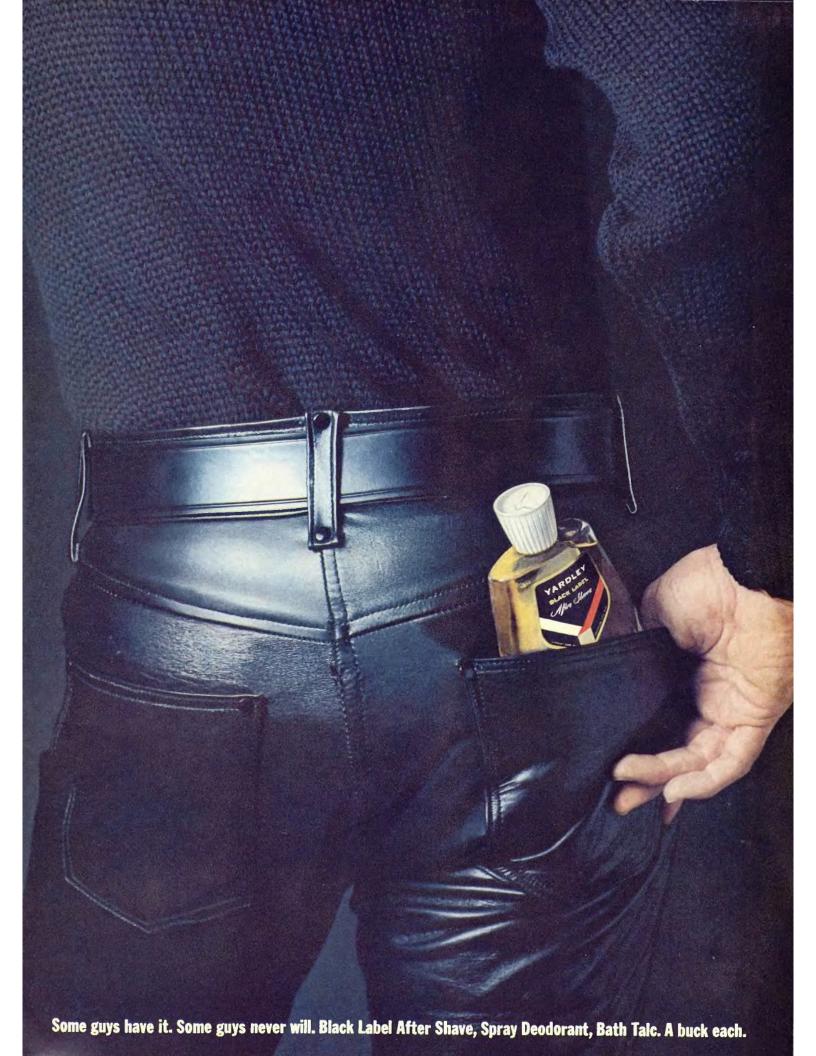
port, Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types.

As I said at the start, I agree with many of the criticisms of the Institute's work-though certainly not with all of them. I do not, for example, put any stock in the complaint I hear most frequently from acquaintances and lecture audiences, namely, that nobody in his right mind would blurt out all his sexual secrets, and that the people interviewed by the Institute must have been guilty of considerable evasion, half-truths, exaggeration and outright lying. This seems like a good common-sense observation, appealing particularly to people whose own inhibitions would make it difficult for them to answer a sexual questionnaire; but to anyone who has seen the Institute staff in operation, it does not stand up. The interviewers have gone about their work in such a relaxed and matter-of-fact manner, and with such a friendly and shockproof air, that nobody in his right mind would feel the necessity or the impulse to deceive them. Moreover, they learned through experience to recognize the occasional person who tried to fool them; and on top of this, they built checks and double checks into their interviews to catch any prevarication their sixth sense might have missed.

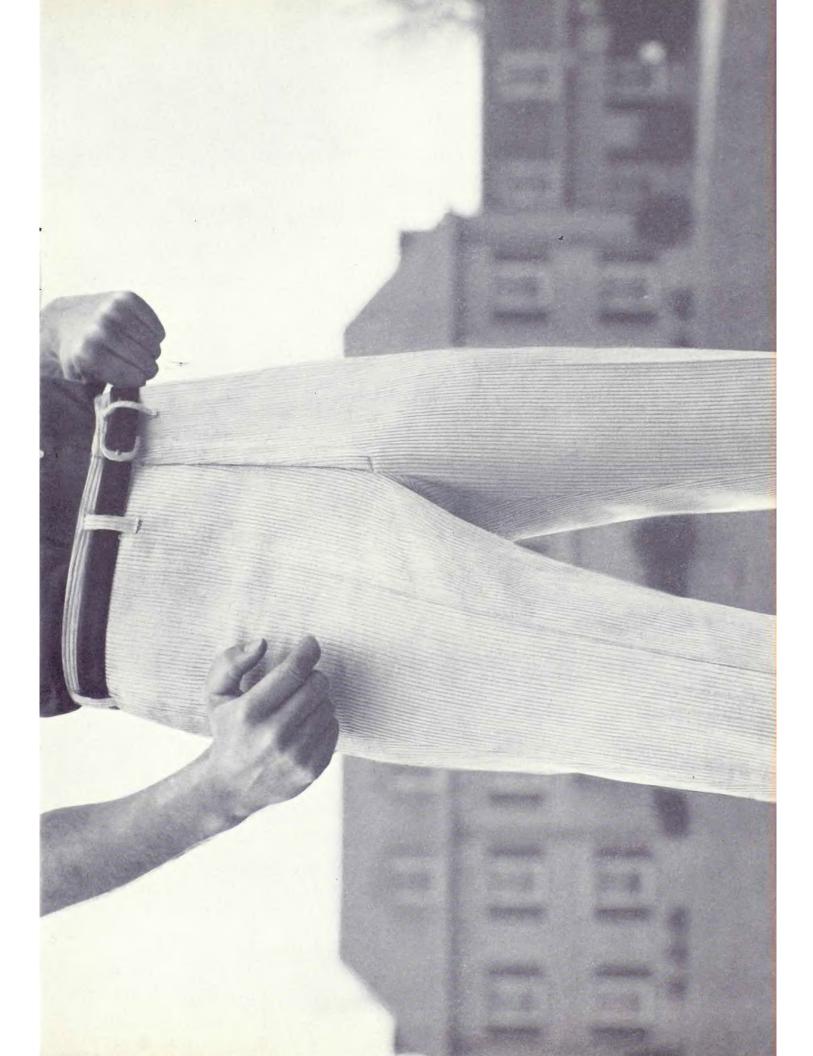
The psychoanalysts have stated the same criticism in more sophisticated terms; they have suggested that in everybody's recollections of the past, especially on so sensitive a topic as sex, the truth is often distorted by unconscious wishes and fears, and people cannot always tell the truth, no matter how hard they try. This may indeed be the case; but, if so, the same criticism would have to be made against virtually all the surveys of human behavior that have been undertaken by social scientists. If the sociologists and psychologists are to acquire any knowledge about human conduct and motives, they have to assume that people are rational, even if they believe that the analysts are probably proving otherwise.

To me, the most telling criticism of the reports is that Dr. Kinsey was far too mathematical-minded, that he went about the business of tallying human sexual experiences in the same cold and mechanical way he might have counted the number of gall wasps landing on an oak leaf. His interviews were too concerned with how much? and how often?. and did not sufficiently emphasize how? and why? At the same time, he was untutored in the finer points of statistical analysis, and was too proud to hire a qualified statistical expert to make sure that the figures meant what an amateur like him might take them to mean. But these are defects of omission that do not alter the fact that the Institute has nonetheless learned more about sexual be-

(concluded on page 207)







DICKLOSK TALLER-AND WOMEN LOOK LONGER

Williamson-Dickie Manufacturing Co., Fort Worth, Texas

NEW TREND IN PIN-UPS

college girls pin down the male look they like: tall and trim (the Dickies look)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE may not be the only well-pinned item in this issue. If campus coeds continue a new fad, the man in the Dickies Slacks (see inside) may join the fold and decorate dorms at Vassar, Smith, Stanford, and other girl-populated places of learning.

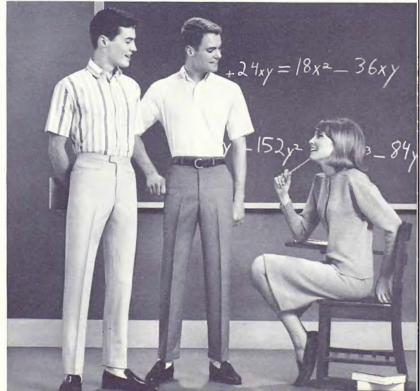
It's a trend that proves today's young woman knows what she likes, and isn't afraid to pin it down. For one thing, she likes the tall and trim look Dickies Slacks give men of every height and heft. How can Dickies guarantee a handsome set of pins? It's all in the lean, clean, downright mean kind of super-slim styling that Texas made famous and Dickies of Fort Worth made popular all over the country. The result is simple: Dickies make men look taller—and women look longer. (For the names of some of the women, see below.)

Top: Ann Breslouer, University of Florido, and Lee Hodges, Ohio University, with their fovorite Dickies pin-ups. Mon on the left wears the sleek Dickies Trimmer. Mon on the right wears Dickies beltless Whistler slacks. Center: Elizabeth Landis and Ann Rhodes of Vassor College make their pin-up selections. Bottom: Betsy Perry, Barnord coed, likes pin-ups, too. "But I prefer the real man," she admits. The lucky real men in the classroom with Betsy wear Dickies exclusive Shope/Set* slacks. They keep their creose, and never need ironing.











Girls: Here's Dickies PMOC (Pin-up Man on Campus). He wears Dickies *TrimTab* slacks in the new wide-wale corduroy.

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

BY HOWARD A. SCHNEIDER











havior than was ever known before. They can be corrected in the future, and they probably will be if the Institute keeps functioning. Director Gebhard is well aware that the Institute has made some mistakes: Although the report on men is now out of print, he has refused to permit any reprints or paperback editions, because he knows that some of the statistics do not stand up. He also plans to revise the standard Institute interview so that in the future it will reveal not only how people behave sexually but also how they feel about it.

The Institute already has a good deal more research material in its files than it has had the time to analyze, and there are many more things still to be done. The report on women, for example, showed that about a third of women are as keenly interested in sex and as readily responsive as most men, but that the other two thirds can take sex or leave it alone. This difference between the average man and two thirds of all women is the chief cause of sexual maladjustments and misunderstandings. The question is, what causes the difference? Is it an inborn trait, or does it result from the different ways that boys and girls are brought up in our society? Nobody knows-and somebody should be trying to find out.

As all the reports of the Institute have shown, the pattern of sexual behavior seems to be set early in life: The boy who matures early and desperately hankers for girls by the time he is 15 is likely to remain eager and sexually active all his life, with only the normal allowances for the effect of aging upon sexual appetite; and the boy who matures late and has no pressing sexual drives at 18 is likely to have a low sexual interest throughout his adulthood. Yet the Institute has found some exceptions. One man whose normal sexual rhythm seemed to involve coitus with his wife once a week went to France for many months on business, took up with a French girlfriend and had sexual relations every night of the week; then returned home and went back to his once-aweek pattern; then was again sent to France and resumed his once-a-day pattern. Some of the women who gave interviews had an extremely modest sex life in their early adulthoods, never actually desiring sex and responding only occasionally in their relations with their husbands; then suddenly, in their 30s or 40s or even 50s, developed intensely strong appetites and responses. If the Institute could discover what caused these changes, it might find some clues to greater sexual happiness for all.

Thus, my own chief complaint against the Institute is that it has not yet ex-

plored many of these areas-and also that it has not done enough new interviewing in recent years to establish whether, as many people suspect, sexual conduct has been changing among the youngest generations. But the Institute has the best of all excuses: money. After the 1953 report on women concluded the first big pioneering phase of the research, the Rockefeller Foundation ended its financial support. For the next few years, the Institute had to pay all its own operating expenses out of its royalties on the two big reports; though these amounted to around \$500,000, the sum began to dwindle rapidly. This was one of the things that exasperated Dr. Kinsey in his final years; he felt that the American public, as represented by the Government and philanthropic foundations, had abandoned the Institute just when it had done its spadework, had proved its value and was ready to launch an accelerated second stage of investigation. At last, in 1957, unfortunately too late for Dr. Kinsey to know, the National Institute for Mental Health began giving the Institute an annual grant which has continued ever since, currently at the rate of \$125,000 a year. This has enabled the Institute to continue publishing reports such as the recent one on sex criminals. But none of the Federal money can be used for the library or the locked collection, which would have had to be abandoned years ago had it not been for the amazing financial success of the first two reports.

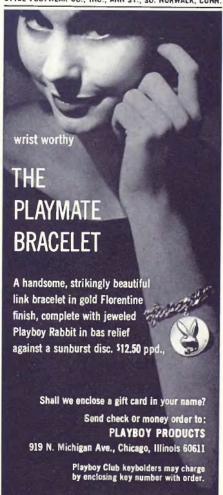
All in all, the Institute has nowhere near the wealth and resources that most people assume; for more than a decade now it has been shorthanded and short of money, especially for its library and for new interviews. Perhaps it always will be. Though it deals with a subject that affects all Americans, not just those afflicted with a disease, and though contributions to it are tax deductible -- as, indeed, are gifts of erotic collections-it is unlikely that anybody will ever set up an organization to solicit donations door to door for anything with a name like Institute for Sex Research. Dr. Kinsey did a lot to make sex a respectable topic of research and of conversation-but not quite enough, at least thus far, for his Institute's own good.

*Anyone who wants to help support the work can send a check to the Institute for Sex Research, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Or contributions can be made indirectly and without disclosing the ultimate destination by sending a check to the Indiana University, with a note earmarking the money for the Institute; this form of contribution is also tax deductible.





STYLE FOOTWEAR CO., INC., ANN ST., SO. NORWALK, CONN.



ULTIMATE BRUNETTE

(continued from page 122)

who had come over the mountains and walked without looking left or right to the palace of the emperor and had found him.

The girl put her mouth lightly against his ear. "Happy?"

"Uh-huh. It's always fun being king." He ran his hand from her shoulder to her hip as if creating her in a dream.

Later he woke up, feeling as if he would live forever and be glad of it. She was drowsing against him, light as a cat. When he moved to slide away carefully off the edge of the bed, she made a soft, mewing, discontented noise and pulled the cover around her shoulders with a lithe, instantaneous twist of her body that left her curled facing him, her breathing once more serene. He looked at her, shaking his head fondly, and went to shower and wake up, making a rumbling, purring sound instead of singing. When he felt adequate, he came back out, drying his shoulders, and stood looking at her again. She had uncurled and was lying sprawled face down, one leg bent up, her arms outstretched toward the corners of the headboard, her face peeping out of the swirled nest of her hair. She was moving her shoulders and hips uncertainly and whimpering in her sleep. Her fingers flexed against the sheets.

He almost got back into the bed, but instead he went to the telephone book.

He found a Volkswagen dealer, who said he knew nothing about Hobbs' kind of car but was willing to learn. Fair enough. Hobbs began walking softly around the room, pulling on his clothes. He couldn't keep himself from sneaking occasional glances at the girl in the bed, though he knew in his belly he was only acting like a man with a fresh salty hole where a tooth had been. A man with other bad teeth biding their time in his jaw.

When he touched the doorknob, the girl sat up, smiled and arched eyebrows. "Car." Hobbs said.

"Car," Hobbs said.
"Oh." She sat warm and glowing, looking softer than the girl he had met in the restaurant last night, as if all her pores had opened. But he had seen something very much like that many times before, he reminded himself. "Do you have to go now?"

He shrugged, but he kept his hand on the doorknob.

"Well," she said uncertainly. "If they tell you it'll be a long thing, please call me here. I'll pick you up and we can come back to wait."

He smiled and nodded,

He went out and found the garage, where, after a certain amount of talking and poking back and forth, it was discovered that the too-slack new wires leading from his generator had burned through against the exhaust manifold on their way to the regulator. The mechanics fixed it in ten minutes.

He stood there watching them do it. It was something he should have been able to find out for himself and repair on the road, but he had been too sick of it to go look. He shrugged sadly, thinking of the girl and how he always met them, and it was obvious to him once again that there was nothing he could do about it. So he went back to the motel with his car in good shape and his mind uneasy.

She was there, sitting with her back against the headboard, wearing her coralcolored bikini panties, her bare heels digging into the spread on the made-up bed. She was reading a paperback of the great plays of the 1950s, which she apparently carried in her purse. The reading light burnished her combed-out hair and her shoulders while filling her eyes with darkness. Hobbs thought of Frankie and how she had ached to be a member of the wedding. But if this girl wanted to talk about plays, he would say he didn't know much about them, because he had had that talk in other times and places. He stood just inside the closed door, feeling uncertain.

The girl said, "Hello." She smiled fondly at him. "That didn't take long. How's the car?"

"All fixed."

"Oh."

"Listen, about this dance teaching. Do you have to be at the studio a certain time, or what?"

"Not if I don't want to."

"Do you want to?" he asked, remembering how he had smiled the night before.

She looked at him with her head cocked, alert and suddenly wary. "That's up to you. What's the matter?"

And there it was. She had put the book down and was looking closely at him; it was hard to read her eyes, with the light behind her, but suddenly she was not the same in anything, and he could feel himself groping inside.

"If it's up to me, nothing's the matter," he said and went over to the bed, kissing her, but it was just brave words, and he held the kiss as long as he could, because he did not want them looking at each other's faces any sooner than they had to. He reached out and touched her with every evidence of love and skill.

But at the wane of the sunny afternoon she finally said: "I'd better go to work. There's somebody important coming in I forgot."

He lay on his back, smoking a cigarette and looking up into a corner of the ceiling. "Youngstown?"

"Who?"

"The boy from last night?"

She made a snorting noise through her delicate nostrils and shook her head scornfully. "No. I just have to go." She had good control, but control is not the same as self-, and he reached out to touch her thigh, because he wanted it registered in heaven that he felt compassion for her. And he said: "Please don't."

She looked at him with her neck arched and her eyes turned sideward out of her thoroughbred profile. "Why not?"

"Because I don't want you to," he said to the corner of the ceiling. And he didn't want her to. It seemed to him morally wrong that a girl should be told the things he'd told her and be unwanted in the morning.

"That's bullshit. Your car's fixed and you want to get back on the road. You've wanted to leave since this morning."

And so they were into it, and looking at her he felt the cold fear of discovery, once again, of how vicious they could be, of how the magic woman was more various than the emperor could have guessed when he created her for himself. But what he said, because he was honestly trying to find out why it always went like this, was: "That's not reasonable. You know I'm on my own time. Can there be anything I want in New York that isn't much better here?"

He tried to look at her tenderly, but the fact was that something about her face or his voice made it worse. He thought about the road; about the long, roaring miles between here and New York, the engine and gearbox screaming, the trucks gusting back and forth across the lane markers in crosswinds, the potholes clubbing his tires and suspension, the freeze of his mind and muscles behind the wheel, his burnt eyes locked on whatever was coming toward the windscreen, the narrow, dripping tunnels with their awful lights, the rough asphalt burring him with vibration on the blind downhill mountainside turns before Harrisburg, the cops, the hot rodders out at night in their Chevies with their clinging girls. Always he managed to hit Pennsylvania sleepless and at night, where they were forever trying to patch up their crumbling cart track and marking it with burned-out lanterns. Always he finished up on that Jersey Pike with its too-low speed limit and the tar run into the cracks like the stitching on Frankenstein's monster. And then into Manhattan at some hour between two and eight when the clerks in his kind of hotel hated giving you a single room and once you had one you couldn't get to sleep, with your body still on the road. And when you finally did wake up. it was some hour you couldn't use for anything, and didn't know who to call, or what you were going to do, and wound up going around the city with your face numb and your eyes defensive.

"What in hell would make you say a thing like that?" he said, realizing that if he got out on the road now, that was ex-

the Wooletin

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WOOL

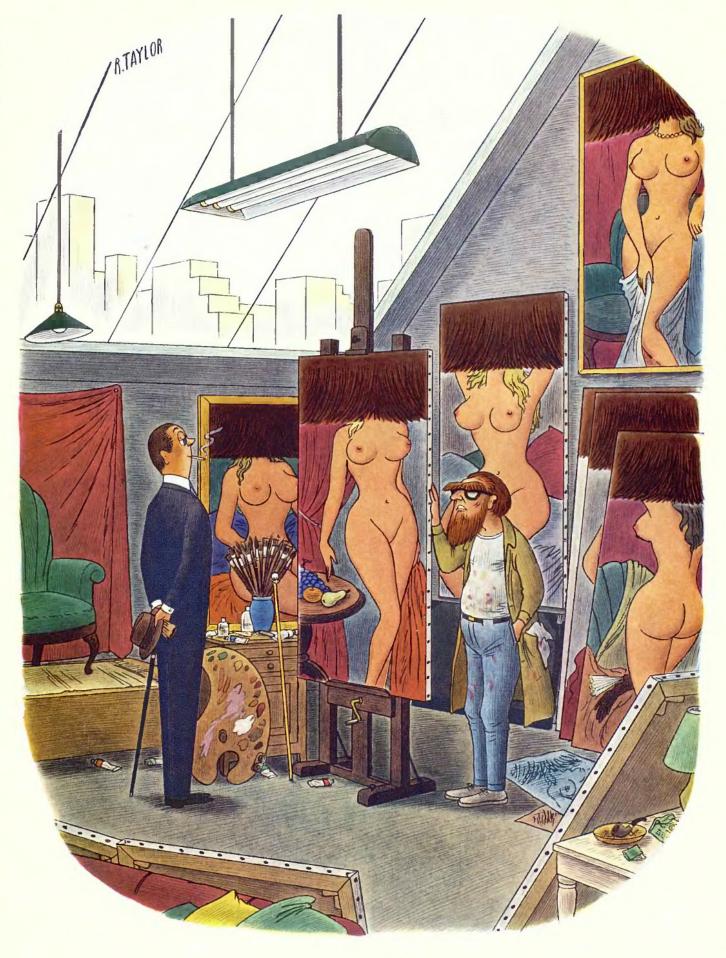
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"I paint what I see."

actly how it would be.

"You would, you son of a bitch," she said, pulling the sheet around herself and looking at the bottle and his overnight bag on the dressing table beside her purse. "Ever since you got back. What the hell made you go to that garage this morning, anyway? Didn't you say you had a whole week?"

Well, no, he'd had as long as the car would let him. But-

"Look," he said clumsily, reaching out for her rigid arm. "Look, I want to stay. But I can't. I want to take you with me. I want-

She said slowly, her arm cold in his hand, "You've had what you want. You've had me-fooled."

He felt the terrible dismay of knowing they were getting smarter, too. Of having it confirmed that his fear was real. He had, once again, an ever-clearer vision of how beautiful and terrible the last one would be. "Listen-it's-

"I want to get dressed now," she said, looking down at his hand.

He let go reluctantly. He still, with some of himself, wanted to awake her to softness and sleep. But that portion of him was only the part he kept to show to God. "All right, Norah," he said. She got up, pulling the sheet from the bed and holding it around herself as she picked up her things. Even though she moved only for herself now, she moved with grace and pride, and he watched her longingly, though he knew it was past time to long for this one.

"This thing happens with me."

"Don't let it bother you. You're not the only man it happens with."

"I meet you over and over again." Her mouth pulled sharply at one corner.

'Norah," he said, "I mean it. I wind up driving a lot. To a lot of places. I don't really have a reason. I always have some excuse. I don't want to go. I want to stay with you." He always wanted to stay home, too, with the cheated girl he'd married. But in the long afternoons over the drafting table, his hand would stop moving properly and his brain would turn to porridge, and he'd put it all down and in a matter of minutes he'd have a reason for getting out into the rusting unwashed car; just pouring gas into the tank and maybe checking the oil and maybe not. It was a good thing he had a partner to stay home and take care of things.

And now his own lips seemed to move of their own accord. "Look, I can't explain it; I don't know why it happens, but I do meet you over and over again."

"What you mean is, you make it with bitchy-looking brunettes in safe places."

He looked around the room. "Not safe. No, not safe places. I-

"Would you mind not talking to me?" "Norah, I want you to understand-"Please." He saw that there were tears

starting in her eyes, and when he saw that, he saw that he was through, because there were some things he would not break even to express himself nearer to his heart's desire. He got into his own clothes again and followed her out to her car, which looked new and massive beside his own. She did nothing to stop him, but it was as if he had gone long ago, or as if she had arrived the night before and waited all night and day in the wrong room.

He stood with his hand on the doorframe beside her, leaning in. She started the car and sat waiting, looking out through the windshield, waiting to close her door. Finally she looked at him as he tried to think of exactly the right thing to say, and said: "Would you mind?"

"I want you to understand something. It's something I can't help. It's not your fault."

"I know it's not my fault. Now I have to go tell my cousin why I took her car last night."

He was watching her graceful left hand. He reached out to touch it and she winced away. He watched the closing door swing toward his fingers. It seemed to him he watched it for a great many heartbeats, and with detached interest. At the last possible instant, he gasped and pulled his hand out of the way. He had the impression there had actually been very little time between the jerk of her shoulder and the thud of the door closing tight in the frame. He stood now looking at his hand, at the intricate bones moving under the flesh, while she pulled out of the motel lot. Then he went back inside and packed quickly.

He drove the first 200 miles with his face motionless. By then he was well into the mountains and tunnels. At intervals, he said "Look, Norah," softly, only his mouth moving, the words becoming inaudible only inches from his lips. But as the road took hold of him, the spells of thinking about this particular girl became shorter and more widely separated. He began paying attention to things around him; to the readings on the dash, the signs flashing toward him in the night. He smiled a little, thinking about good moments from the night before.

He was beginning to be like himself again, he thought. He felt accustomed to himself. He began, with a certain sadness, to think about the first girl; about the crying, intense love of his youth. "Look," he said to her loudly as he cut out around a semitrailer and shifted the wheel a little to take the blow from the wind, automatically registering the slap of his top as he entered the pod of rapidly moving air it carried down the road, "Look, what do you want me to do?"

But he knew what she wanted him to do. She wanted him to go back and change the past: to keep the promises of his youth. He could still remember what

it had been like, parked in front of her house that last night and listening to her babble on about how even if he did have to quit school, it didn't matterthey could get married, and both work, and he could finish school at night, and the whole thing going on like that. But the truth of it was he couldn't think of any way of breaking up with her without quitting school, because the look in her eyes had begun to frighten him.

He remembered looking at her and realizing she wasn't even good-looking; that her waist and legs were too short, and her neck was too thin, and she was going to be coarse-skinned and doughfaced in a few years. That all the virtues and attractions he had seen in her had been judged by too many men before him, and there was a reason why all of them had left her. He remembered the many times she had wept in his arms and named the others, and enumerated the injustices they had done her, and of the thousand petty things she had said and done to get back at them afterward, and he had realized he was actually frightened of what she would do to him. And he had thought that he had a lot to learn about women, but not any more from her.

He had sat there, hunched over, the sick knot growing in his stomach, listening to her run through a dozen plans for them, each wilder and more abject than the last, and each more savagely delivered, and he had realized suddenly that if he let this go on, she would break him. And he had turned toward her quickly and said: "Look-it's over. Thanks for everything, but it's over. I've got all my clothes and stuff in the trunk, and I'm gonna be three hundred miles away from here by breakfast time. So goodbye. Even if I stayed, I wouldn't be any good to you anymore."

"You won't ever be any good," she had cried bitterly. "I'm the only one who knows how to make you feel like a king. I'm warning you, Sam-if you betray me this way, I'll-

And that had done it. The digging of her fingertips into his arm, drawing blood through the sweater and shirt, or maybe the threat he didn't want to hear.

"Christ almighty, get out of the car!" he had cried, and shoved her door open, reaching across her and, probably on purpose, pushing with his shoulder against her thin rib cage. She had gone sprawling out of the car, onto the sidewalk in front of the sooty brick row house with the chipping limestone steps, and a drunk hanging around a stoop three or four houses down had laughed.

Hobbs had found himself staring deep into her eyes as she sat there with her shocked mouth open, and he had seen something there that had nearly made his heart stop. He was already lunging across the seat to slam the door shut as she scrambled to her knees and reached 211 to grab the doorframe.

Now, as he automatically checked a pair of headlights growing in his rearview mirror, coming up a hell of a lot faster than his own 73 mph, Hobbs felt his arms grow rigid and his fingers lock on the greasy wood of his steering wheel until the flesh was aching against the bones. He was remembering the sound, and then her cry, and the sight of her standing rigid, her back arched, her head thrown back, holding the hand aloft, the blood like ribbons wound around her trembling forearm.

She had gone tottering down the street then, knees stiff, the hand clasped to her stomach, her face white as lightning, and the drunk had come stumbling toward her uttering: "Hey! Hey, Jesus, miss, can I do anythin' for you?"

"Nobody," Hobbs muttered now as the headlights turned into full quads on high beam and made him duck away from his mirrors, "nobody can do anything for us." He was remembering how he had realized that the only thing for him to do was to get the hell out of there. And he was remembering how his brain had turned over the first time he had been down in a strange town with a broken gearbox and had thought it was she, behind the magazine counter in the third-rate hotel.

But it had only been a girl like her. Very much like her, but better. Better for an hour or two. And he was remembering other hours and other towns as the big Caddy came booming up behind him and cut out at the last second and hung head and head with him for a moment, the driver staring curiously at Hobbs' infrequently seen kind of car, while Hobbs watched his wheels and waited for the blowout or the dropped tie rod that would send the Caddy into

him. He held the wheel steady, staring across, listening to the beating of his wheels across the expansion joints, feeling his car try to pitch back and forth, listening for the sound of breaking metal anywhere in his car, his shoulders hunched against the sudden wrench in his own steering, wondering if he would hold it

But that was all reflex; just the way it always was. Nothing was going to happen to the Caddy, and nothing was going to happen to him, because the other car's driver was a man, alone. Hobbs smiled reassuringly across at him. Then he turned his vision back to the road ahead of him, feeling all right, feeling that a man couldn't ask for more than to know exactly how it was all going to end. He wondered, as he sometimes did, where she was at this moment-the last brunette of all, moving toward him somewhere in the space and time of this world. He was content to wait; he assumed she was, too, if she had any idea of what they would do to each other.

The Caddy had pulled away and was gone down the road to its own appointments with speed traps and justices of the peace. Hobbs drove on, watching ahead and behind, and to each pair of headlights gaining on him he thought I love you, just in case it's you at last. He wondered if, when the metal broke and the gasoline crupted into their marriage bed, she would cry out in answer.

Hobbs had the certainty—call it even peace of mind—of the man who knows the nature of his doom: It would be the ultimate brunette, the destroyed and the destroyer, the girl he loved and killed in the loving, just as surely as she would consume and destroy him.





"Dear, your father and I would like some pot."

UNEVENNESS OF BLESSINGS

(continued from page 138)

superlative in crafts, I'm afraid, but wonderful in arts-and, Mrs. Snyder. Shows remarkable talent."

Davie's mother was delighted. "Artistic?" she asked. "Is he good with his hands?"

Phil showed me a choked, chortling, warning face: Don't tell what Davie does with his hands during rest period. Mr. Snyder, master of many white-coated pharmacists, intercepted our ritual lurch of suppressed laughter. This intuition, passed from Phil to me, probably cost us a box of mints or a carton of chewing gum from the Snyder warehouse. Artistic insights, emotional sensitivity and having a steady pal like telepathic Phil won't make you rich, but they can keep the old acne from its proper feeding. All right, so Papa Snyder was suspicious. I would eat apples instead of mints, and I hoped the Detroit river flooded all his candies into one gluey mass fit only to be hashed up for Halloween giving.

After dinner, Phil directed a program of skits, which is the camp version of classical tragedy, and then we parted the speeding guests from their progeny with many a wave, tear and smiling, lip-read curse.

Six dozen socks and a sweater. Phil got an electric razor. Hell, wasn't my chin as hairy as his? (Answer: Not quite.) And my hormones even hairier? (Answer: Impossible to ascertain.) Why should he have all the luck with girls and parents?

Here comes cranky Dan with his complicated complaint:

Why the devil should my girl demand programmatic assertions that life is really good, and then barely let me cop a feel, while Phil's girl didn't care if he exhibited a spot of world-historical neurotic indifference—and yet they made out fine together. (This is a statement, not a question.) There was and is no justice in love. Girls who ask Are You Happy? should be forced to be happy, like it or not.

The mother who made me promise to hold a wet finger at night near her sonnyboy's head, in order to test for winds invading the channels and bypasses of the inner ear, gave me socks that would have broken my big toe, except that my big toe was tough. I was insulted; the rest of me was less tough than my big toe. She should have remembered me with larger feet. Therefore, I went to bed nights without wetting my finger to guard against drafts. I should get chapped fingers for a family whose socks didn't fit me? Anyway, I needed all my fingers for poking around the universe and writing poetry. Resolutely I gave up my resentment, which had me imagining an amputated digit, due to horrible chapping, and there I lay in a tent with sneakers and no socks on, thinking about solemn, silly, perfection-hungry Sandra. She had smudged dark eyes, a ponytail and a way of smiling. Lovely Sandra. Poor me.

Faced by all this trouble, my few prickles of beard peeked out, looked around, decided against venturing into the ungrateful world, and then just burrowed back into my skin for safety. Said my hormones: "Hurry up, please, it's time!" (T. S. Eliot.) Said my retracted soul: "Closing up early today." (Bartender, Anon.) No razor, no socks, no girl, no truth but words, words, words ("They have a plentiful lack of wit"). Ow, ouch, I summed up my life, I hurt. (Sandra used the phrase "hurtie feelings.")

I hurt!

I stared into the murky night and wondered if someday I might feel better.

Expert Phil, my coach, admitted that Sandra would be a tough nut to crack, even for him. But, of course, between pals and for the sake of perfect honesty, he would never think of her that way in a thousand cruddy years—that Sandra, sure, she reads books and all—but still, that Phyllis Bazelon, the Group One counselor, she looked as if she were getting tired of writing to that crud in the merchant marine. And she was really stacked. So? So? So I still liked Sandra better. Expert advice (an elbow in the ribs) could do nothing for me. Poor sick Dan, who couldn't be educated.

Self-pity is an effort to make up by loving oneself for all the love one does not receive from Sandra, Linda, Sherry or Betti-Jean. Anxiety is a crisis of the fear of loss of love. Back it all comes, back, back to perjured love. I knew the dangers of being a sensitive poetry-writing chap. Sophistication, I figured at 17, was one of my strong points, just as stupidity was my weak point. However, I could avoid some of the pitfalls, I decided, still heavily thinking, as I led one of my light-kidneyed boys out in his sleep to do his duty in the field. (Enuresis was very popular that summer.)

"But I don't have to, Uncle Dan," he mumbled.

"Listen, you have to, Sheldon."

"No, honest, I don't."

I made encouraging waterfall sounds. No luck. A fountain's hiss, a whispering whistle. A drip. A bubble. My entire repertory of magical liquid persuasion. Silence from Sheldon. He stumbled. In slow motion, he crumpled like a melting snowboy against my leg.

"Wake up!" I shook him. "Go now. Make!" We were shivering outside in the tall grass. I never led Sheldon all the way across the field to the lavatory, but reserved a nearby patch of weeds for him. Despite his ministrations, it grew untrammeled; it bore its burden of Sheldon with vegetable tact and fortitude, and came to flower in a crown of milky



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seeds. A-chew! I said, suffering from hay fever, and even in his sleep the brat smiled dimly, blast him. He knew I had my mind, that modified whorl of sinus, on other matters.

"But Uncle Dan, I already did."

Still draped in slumber, he headed back, pushed and shoved and guided and destroyed by my mystic power after a dozen delicate tortures which I had studied while standing up in a little bookstore on East Ninth Street in Cleveland. At his bed I discovered that Sheldon had spoken the truth: "I did already, Uncle Dan." He knew; he had. Was it not Rousseau who argued that children, in their primal innocence, always know? And mustn't we return at last to that unalloyed wisdom? And put Sheldon's sheets out on the line in the morning?

Sandra drowned me in chagrin while Sheldon merely drowned me.

What I then thought during that cricket-anointed night, however, while the lacewings hollered and the night sparrows chirped, and somewhere a duck squawked and a train went Hooey! Hooey! was that now I would fool Sandra good. She thought she had my number, and indeed she did: but I would change the number overnight. No longer would I be one of those sensitive poetic chaps. No, I resolved, disgustedly kicking myself into my cot near the door of the tent, pulling the sheet over my head despite the heat, crippling my ears with two well-aimed blows, but leaving the mosquito nimble and intact; no! Groaning, swearing, blaming and desiring. I would not be one of those sensitive poets who tell a girl how brittle, sly, superficial she is, and I can't live without you. No. I would tell Sandra she was sly, but not brittle and superficial, and I would say: "Oh I'll die if you don't . . ."

Now to poetry. In that tossed midnight hour of rage I composed a poem forever lost to the light. It explained (patiently, logically) to the world of Sheldons and Phils and Kates and Snyders and head counselors and other adults that there were truths of which they did not dare dream, but *I* dreamed, curse them all. I was in tune with nature, blast it. (Patience; logic.) I was beside myself, singing in the wilderness, and ah, wilderness were enough enow, as I recall. (And rationality, too.)

With shining face, I gazed into the darkness and confidently gave that buzzing mosquito one more blow that my ear would not soon forget. Then at last I slept, while the insomniac mosquito chanted its solemn music for dining pleasure. When it alighted to eat, I was lost in crooked sleep, kidding myself, compensatory Dan. Buzz, buzz, whine and buzz.

The next morning my life cycle, like the mosquito's, went into a new phase. I nibbled at Sandra's ear. I yearned for blood, buzzed, got waved away. I tried and tried. Sandra suggested I not give up. I promised to try again.

"You need practice, Dan. It was called courtship in the old days. You know, I think you're getting a little taller, like this fellow I know back in the city. He's not too much taller than you, and he's a

neat dancer, not like you, but you're still growing. And you could learn not to be such a stoop—up on your toes! Up! And you know much more about life, I think. You're a regular philosopher. You're really revealing a great deal to me. Dan."

"You want to talk things over tonight, Sandra?"—the sly philosopher.

"I think I can arrange it. I'm not going to wash my hair, it'll just get dirty again. Yes."

Yes.

When not on duty with our counselees. Sandra and I used to talk things over in various hidden spots at night while swimming in the moonlight and shivering from cold, while lying on the grass at the place where the camp flagpole was impaled (me shivering with futile desire), and in the cornfield where I tried to drag her amid the rustling sheaves (she shivered with anger and anticipatory suspicion). Or maybe she shivcred with plans, or merely wondered when I was going to figure out how to pry open the lid over a nice, careful, complex, suburban girl.

We talked about symphonic swing, about poetry with and without rhyme, about the advantages of photographic memory and perfect pitch. On one particular August evening she did let me coax her into the cornfield. We necked. There was a strange hot wind above us, and below the moving tassels of corn, a still, buggy, expectant coolness. A grammatical progression that is much clearer to me today then occurred: I necked, we necked, she petted. She trembled. What did it all mean? they ask about the mystery of life in novels, and I asked in real life: What does it mean? She clutched and swarmed against me in that cornfield; she pressed, flailed, made squeaking noises; a hot swarming fury of girl said yes-yes-yes to a question she was asking herself and bit me hard on the mouth because I didn't have sense enough to do the asking-Will you,

Abruptly she flung me away and scrambled from her knees to her feet and began walking. She would not speak to me all the way back to camp. She would not say good night. She turned scowling toward the girls' cabins, her damp hair still hanging over her face (remember Veronica Lake?).

"Good night, Sandra. Hey, good night?"

No answer. My mouth swelling, my heart in turmoil, I went to bed, confused and ignorant. I learned the obvious truth only later: Girls resemble boys in certain respects. It's not all suing for what you want. Girls want it, too; girls want!

"Hey, Sandra! Good night!"

No reply, just those sad dragging feet in sneakers.



"I had Professor Dwyer last semester, but this is the first time I've taken a class under him."

I didn't know. Perhaps even Sandra didn't know enough. We didn't know the truth about desire all two together. Go away now, bedraggled Sandra's body was implying, and come back when you know something that can make me both earnest and hilarious.

Sandra, I wondered in my sleep under lumped-up Army blankets, Sandra, Sandy, Someone, I sighed; and meant the latter especially, draftily calling spirits of girl out of the vasty deep. The evening. embedded in varieties of corn, jabbed my cob, was being worked by my fantasy of what might happen in some perfect Platonic cornfield. You would think that I must have been forced to recognize the truth, that Sandra and I had made a kind of love together, but on my word of honor-in fact, on my word of dishonor-I had kept my stupidity intact. It was not how I had planned love; ergo, I did not admit it to myself. I was fated to mournfulness; it was not to be; or if it came to be, buffeted by my grieving imagination, it was not to have been was.

The next day Sandra occasionally glanced at my broken lip, grinned wildly, turned away with a look of great intelligence and said nothing. When I tried to smile, my lip smarted and I didn't really feel like smiling anyway. Sandra was more in tune than she let on. Her suburban gabble and chatter was an attempt to jam the radiating broadcasts of her underground sense. Dimly realizing this, I nursed my wounded mouth and did nothing to make Sandra live up to herself.

Then followed the sadness of end of summer, abrupt nostalgia of the uncommitted, withering dry leaves and scattering hopes. The counselors suffered together through a brutal hot spell. We packed up our kids, knowing that the most untenable brat would have to wait longest for his unwilling parents to come after him. A few more evenings I hung double-mindedly over Sandra, malcontent to apply her lotions and unguents, my intentions stagnant with fear. Joey's parents finally arrived; the hot spell continued beyond the possible; a day of foreboding, heavy sky, leaden air, shrill clatter of angry insects and hammer of woodpecker. We badly needed that storm which breaks the thrall of summer just when we know that the seasons have finally been stopped on their rounds.

I closed the car door on Joey, our last camper, and waved goodbye. "A nice boy, he made real progress," I told his parents. "if only he'd learn how to use a handkerchief and stop kicking other children in the head."

"He's so double-jointed," said his fond mommy.

"How was he in interpersonal group relations?" demanded his father, who was a high school principal.

"You heard Uncle Dan," said Joey's mother, who had not been to college.



"He said he gained four pounds and learned how to kick over his head."

I figured that they had already decided on the socks for me anyway, so I added, "Interpersonally, he has a lot to learn." In fact, interpersonally, Joey stank. "I suggest you give him some professional help." I was thinking: Drown him, push him off a cliff, draw him and quarter him professionally.

"Art lessons!" cried Joey's mother. "I've always said so. And here is a little token of our esteem for your concern with our little man. On behalf of both my husband and myself-

Argyles, brutally stamped "Seconds,"

That night, in the deserted rec hall. we held the farewell Counselors' Record Hop. We were full of grief for our departed youths, all 98 of them, and hoped to finish off the summer with a celebrational blare of Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Harry James, and a brief term of necking after dark, petting after dark, and an analysis of the booty received from grateful parents. Since we knew no famous people, we had a session of sockdropping. We danced.

"Sandra, will you show me?" I asked her. She knew how to dip and turn in the foxtrot.

"Maybe," she said. "I promised to dance a lot with Bradley.'

"Well, you can dance a lot with him," I said with my usual brilliant sardonic emphasis, improved as it always is by

jealousy; that is, sapped and bled and shrunken to mere petulance, "but you can also take the time out to- oh, never mind.

"Oh, I'll show you," she promised, relenting. She was a woman, protective and tender. "I'll show you, Dan," she said. "if you won't say one-two, one-two all the time in my ear. It isn't like that, anyway.

I knew that she would prefer sweet somethings to the sour nothing of my effort to become a swell dancer and a neat date. My cornfield advisor had grown distant. I decided to surprise her with a birthday present in December. Therefore, having already in my mind delighted her with a silver pillbox, I wondered why she had not forgiven me my trespasses as I had forgiven hers. She had a duty to read my mind; our love would be a uniquely binding episode in the history of telepathy.

She danced with Bradley. I danced with Friedel, the dancing teacher, who was also the wife of the head male counselor, Uncle Fred. He was a muscular old man of 28, with smiling sweaty creases circling his neck above the gym shirt and the physical-education specialist's heartiness with younger men. Friedel held me too close, I thought. "Whoops," I said.

"Only my feet," she remarked sweetly. The storm broke later that night. But unlike stories, where grave events occur 215

when storms break, real life at our camp did not provide any violent alterations. I remember that Phil's Kate, later to be therapized, had the kind of face-gaggly eyes, crinkly nose-that at least once each evening, a yard or so below, crosses its legs so that you see too much thigh, Goddamn, there it goes again, I thought; and in the meantime, the unconscious face went on goofily smiling. She never learned the graceful art of sitting. She had been taken by another desperate art. Sandra knew how to sit, and wore sensible white tennis shorts, and possessed herself fully with a little pout and smile, but Phil got to take Kate for a walk from which she returned hot and mussed and a few leaves sticking to her back and he broadly smiling.

There he went again, goddamn, goddamn, I thought with green enraged flecks of jealousy and red ones of lust making montage in my eyes. Sandra did not judge Kate, because she had been taught to judge not. She merely looked meaningfully from her to me and said, "Little bitch sure likes to show it off, don't she?"

"Sandra, I think they're in love."

"But I'll go for a walk with you, Dan. I shouldn't be too hard on her. After all, she hasn't anything else to offer a fellow."

"Yes, you've read the Rubaiyat, Sandra, and really understand it."

For my meekness, she took my arm

and hugged it to hers as we headed past the swings and the Group Three sandboxes, down past the flagpole to the shore. We stood beneath the scudding clouds, watching the moon rush through. Softly she asked if I would like to kiss her goodbye right now, in this poetic moment, because she might be too busy later to give it her full attention. A few drops began to fall. Haggardly I accepted her offer. We parted.

The dancing scene of Harry James, flies, sand, girl counselors in shorts and halters, boy counselors in shorts and T-shirts, Phil's Kate rashly in a skirt, all of them strolling by lake waters, finally came to an end. We packed away the colored lights in storage crates. Already we missed the little monsters. We said goodbye with a sense that we had already parted and that this farewell took place after the end. It rained steadily; it drummed and drummed on the flapping tents; I lay awake all night in a rising autumn chill. The summer season of 1941 was over—the last of its sort for me.

That winter, during the immense private hush that lay encased within the public roar of the attack on Pearl Harbor, Sandra yielded to me again and this time I knew it. I had reached the point of making coherent demands. By the next summer I was learning how to use the M-1 rifle.

X



"Whether you know it or not, buddy, you've got a star on your hands!"

CHARIOT OF FIRE

(continued from page 110) lead—quickly and deftly like the crafts-woman she was—as per his curt instructions. She left scant minutes after arriving.

By morning, Rudy was his cordial self again. He bestowed cheery greetings upon all. Between takes, he approached Sandy and said he thought he might drop around that evening. Too brightly, she said, "Fine, darling, do that. Oh: but call first, will you? Just in case I have to go out?"

He did call. "It's me, dear, I'm on my way."

"Oh . . . well . . . I'm feeling rotten, I'm afraid. I have this awful headache, and my tummy's all upset . . ."

"That's a pity. I'll read to you, or we'll watch the telly."

"Oh, that's real sweet of you, but please don't bother . . ."

"No bother. That's what friends are for."

"I'd rather you didn't . . ."

"Nonsense, it'll cheer you up."

"I look dreadful, and my hair's a mess . . ."

"Darling, this is *Rudy*, who's seen you in the morning with a hangover! You're being silly."

"Please, Rudy!"

"Oh, very well, I won't insist." Then lightly, he added: "Do you have someone there?"

"What? No!"

"All right, old love, don't get in a sweat. I'll see you in the morning—if you're feeling better. Bye-bye."

He hung up and dialed the Craigs' private number. It was answered by Kate Carver, Robin's actress wife and the mother of two of his three children. "Hello, Kate, Rudy here. Is Robin about?" She said he was dining out with his agent. "Oh, well, it's nothing urgent, really—just wanted to remind him of his early call in the morning . . ."

Then he dialed Sandy again, and expertly mimicked the gross tones of Robin's manager. "Lemme talk ta Raab. It's impawtint."

Sandy said, "Just a minute," and he heard her call "Rob? . . ." He hung up.

He stood at the phone for a long moment, staring at it. His mouth hardened. Nasty little half-formed schemes skittered across his mind. Like apprising Kate of Robin's true whereabouts. As he began to dial the Craigs' number again, he wondered what precisely he should say. The dial whirred and snicketed: generations of gentlemanly codes buffeted him with qualms; the Craig phone began to ring . . .

The qualms alone did not change his mind, but something more cynical did. He sensed that Kate was undeceived by Robin's ingenuous ruse about dining with his agent; it was a little face-saving

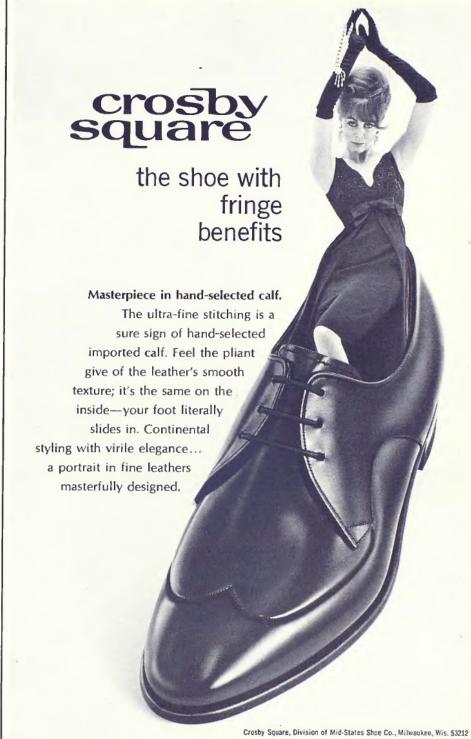
game they played to keep the home intact, a game called I'll Pretend I Don't Know If You'll Pretend You Don't Know I Know. Kate knew exactly what her husband was doing; she just didn't know who he was doing it with-although she probably suspected even that. In the first year of their marriage, Robin had returned home late one night, wilted by remorse. He woke up Kate and contritely confessed all. She sat up in bed, listened patiently, lit a cigarette and slapped him a powerful whack in the face. "You idiot," she said. "Don't ever tell me that sort of thing again. If I don't know about it, I don't have to react to it. But if you spill your guts to me, then I have no choice, I have to react, I have to play the injured wife with all the trimmings-tears, hysteria, recriminations. That may be what you want, but it's not what I want, and I'm not going to give it to you. So the next time you trot after the biggest pair of bra cups on the lot, please have the common decency to lie to me. You're an actor, aren't you? Act!"

Rudy, aware of this agreement between the Craigs, hung up before Kate had a chance to answer the phone. He felt sapped, stymied, impotent, and he slept badly that night.

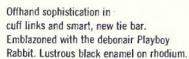
Exactly when the lavender Rolls-Royce became Rudy's bête noire is difficult to pin down. He saw it with increasing frequency in Sandy's driveway, a blatant bulletin to all the world, and, every time, his heart was pierced by remembrance of the humiliating parking ritual he had been forced to go through ("Did you park at least a block away, like I told you?"). He began to see the lavender car in the parking lots of Sandy's favorite restaurants, too, and it became a hateful thing to him, its beauty transformed into ugliness by the corrosive alchemy of jealousy and sexual defeat. He grew to detest more than ever the distinctive grillwork of the Rolls, any Rolls, and the sight of it, even in a magazine photograph, made the bile first trickle, then flow, then gush through him.

On the set, tension began to crackle, causing actors to garble lines, grips to drop props, placid make-up men to suddenly curse and stomp off. Stage 12 came to be known as Retake Row. And yet not one overt word of argument or contention had been spoken among Rudy. Robin and Sandy. All their congress had been frosted courtesy, with rigid smiles pasted upon their faces like gummed stickers.

One day, when the picture, marred and bloated, started to drift toward the reefs of Overschedule, Ira Burnham took Rudy aside at the lunch break for a discussion. The discussion circled (lazily but inexorably, like a carrion bird) over the topic of teamwork. "... You're on







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a team, Rudy, I know you understand that, with your English background, cricket, the playing fields of Eton, and I know that when in doubt, you'll always remember it's the team that comes first, the team being in this case the picture. The picture comes first. Nothing else. Personal feelings? They're fine, so long as they don't disturb the harmony of the company. Harmony, Rudy, that's the key word. Any time a personal feeling starts to enter in, you'll ask yourself: Is it good for the harmony of the team? Or is it bad. Will the picture be untouched by this? Or will it suffer. And sometimes, you know, Rudy, sometimes we have toand this goes for all of us-sometimes we have to sacrifice something, make a little personal sacrifice, do an unselfish thing, for the good of the team, to preserve that harmony . . ."

The voice went on, but Rudy no longer felt obliged to listen, for he knew exactly what it was saying. It was saying, in the silkiest, most righteous cuphemisms, "It's our job to keep Robin happy. If he wants a cup of coffee, we get it for him. If he wants a smoke, we light it for him. If he wants our girl, we do everything but shove it in for him."

Pleading hunger, Rudy was able to leave Burnham in mid-discussion, but he did not go directly to the commissary. First, he stopped off at Stage 14. The red light was on, forbidding entrance temporarily, but it soon winked off, indicating the end of the take, and Rudy slipped inside.

Tommy Rondo was saying to his director, "I loused up the lip sync on the last chorus, Herbie. Let's shoot that hunk again."

'It looked fine to me, Tommy."

"Again, all right?"

"Again, everybody, last chorus, this is a take . . ."

The buzzer rasped, the red light went on, and from a loudspeaker came the prerecorded singing voice of Tommy Rondo. Bathed in light, the real Tommy Rondo ground his hips like a stripper and silently mouthed the words of the title song:

> Ay oh kay! Ay oh kay! Shoot me inta awbit, baby, Right away! Don't delay! Tuhday's the day! We'll blast off tuhgetha cuz we're Ay oh kay!

Rudy noticed the girl again. She sat relaxed in a cauvas chair, oblivious to the din around her, spectacles on her nose, reading a book. The question nagged him: where had he seen her before?

The take was completed to everybody's satisfaction, and the lunch break was called. Rudy overheard Tommy Rondo tell the girl that he couldn't take her to lunch after all, he had to huddle with his press agent, would she mind lunching alone in the commissary? Shrugging, she left the sound stage. Rudy, on the way to the commissary himself, strolled a few paces behind her, admiring the casual grace of her walk. They traveled a quaintly twisting path. a nursery-rhyme path, gliding past shadowed bungalows that seemed to be made of pound cake. Then her patrician fingers lost their grip on the book, and it fell, with a little clop, onto the path. Diving for it, Rudy swept it up with a single swoop. Their eyes met and locked. With the sweetest of smiles and only a flicker of satire, Rudy said, "Can I carry your book, Vera Mae?"

She laughed aloud. In this appreciation of his little jest, a bond instantly coupled them, leaping from one to the other like an electric arc. "Thanks," she

The book, he saw, was Clayton Horne's latest. "Are you enjoying this?" he asked.

"Well, it's pretty slick in parts, but, yes, I am. I like it."

"Sometime I must introduce you to the author."

"You know him?"

"We're both on the same picture . . ." Information was swapped, including names. When Rudy learned hers, he snapped his fingers. "Mavis McClure. Of course. No wonder you looked so familiar. You're the model-the one on all the billboards."

"Not quite all."

They were approaching the commissary. "Will Mr. Rondo mind awfully if I invite you to lunch?"

"Mr. Rondo doesn't have the right to mind awfully."

And so they lunched; and, later, dined; and from this first glinting contact sprang a loveship of such bright, such cleansing ray, that both partners were transformed into new creatures carrying only patchy resemblances to what they had been before. The lissome coolth that had been Mavis' distinguishing stamp was burned away by a withering, humid, happy lust, while Rudy's brittle flippancy dissolved in the rich and softening balm of deep serenity.

They would have lunched together every day, but Mavis preferred to avoid the studio because of Tommy Rondo. So they dined together every evening, and slept together every night, and went to movies together, and museums together, and markets together, and on weekends they went to the beach, or boating, or up to the mountains to ski. During the week, Rudy's job decreed they make love only at night, but on Saturdays and Sundays their hearts knew no clock, and they made love in the morning, in the afternoon, in the early evening just before dinner, and in the wee hours, cleaving suddenly together out of sleep; in



his bed, in hers, in hotels and motels, in the back of the car, and once on a deserted beach at night, in the pitch dark, on the cold damp sand, against a drifted log, with the noisy vast black ocean at their heels and all the eyes of heaven staring.

It was not only they who had changed: the world around them was freshly made-the color of air, the odor of grass, the slope of a hill, the shape of a building, bird song, sunshine, moonlight. "My God, it's absolutely marvelous," he said to her with amazement. "All the clichés and all the songs. You suddenly discover all the trite old bloody things are true. Love makes the world go round. Love, your magic spell is everywhere. I've got you under my skin, I've got you deep in the heart of me, so deep in my heart you're really a part of me. One alone to be my own. Everything's coming up roses. And the bit about the heart standing still and the other bit about the heart taking wing. It did stand still when we met, by Christ, and it does take wing when I'm with you. Isn't there something about ain't love grand? Oh, it is that. Grand. Grand and glorious. Clichés again, but who the hell cares? Do you know how I feel? Like Cyrano, when he first learns that Roxane loves him. Remember? He says he feels too great to do battle with ordinary men, and he cries, 'Bring me giants!' "

"This singer chap," Rudy asked one day, "Tommy Rondo. I'm curious. What did you see in him? He's not your sort, really."

"I could say the same of Sandy Cayden."

"Ah, but at least Sandy is pretty and rather sweet. You can't tell me Rondo is either of those. He's a cold, slimy creature, a fish, that little South American one with all the teeth. You certainly can't say he has any charm, or tenderness, or even brute strength. He's just a nasty little boy."

"You're forgetting one thing about nasty little boys."

"What's that?"

"They usually get what they want."

"And Rondo wanted you."

"Yes."

"There it is, you see!" Rudy crowed triumphantly. "I wanted you, too, and I got you! So what price nasty little boys now?"

Mussing his hair, she cooed, "What makes you so sure you're not a nasty little boy? In your own cultivated, teddibly English way?"

He laughed; and, in lieu of answer, hungrily embraced her. In his mind, while they kissed, an unvoiced reply was forming:

I'll tell you. It's because I can be changed by love. Because I don't hammer love into a shape that suits me. I let love do the shaping. I let it mold me. I let it make me what it will, make me over into a different person, if that's what it wants . . .

Rudy first suspected he was a different person when he noticed himself feeling not much of anything one way or the other when Kate Carver started divorce proceedings against Robin Craig and the grapevine began hinting at imminent marriage between Craig and Sandy Cayden. He greeted the news with a blessyou-my-children and a tolerant shrug. But the full realization of the change he had undergone struck him forcibly when, one day on the lot, he found he could look at the lavender Rolls-Royce with complete detachment. It meant nothing to him. He did not hate it anymore. I'm cured, he told himself, it's over! With almost a giggle, he walked to the car and gave it a friendly pat on the grillwork.

Magically, as if by that touch of flesh to metal, Rudy was charged with energy and purpose. He felt himself expand, 219 grow, open up. From that moment, his work improved. Ira Burnham watched, pleased and surprised, as Rudy, with bracing brio, began to pull the sagging, overschedule picture together almost singlehanded. Burnham nodded and flattered himself that his discussion had turned the trick. "Teamwork," he smiled, "harmony."

Love does not conquer all. It makes room for all. It shatters time and then rebuilds it, packing every hour with a hundred minutes, every week with at least a dozen days. Under its warmth, ideas proliferate, explode like popcorn; and clogged incentives flow. Rudy, thawing, reaching out, cornered Clayton Horne on the lot. "Clay, what do you feel about *Invader of Moscow?* How would you describe it?"

"Why, a great story of a titatic man, an epic for all time, a stirring super-drama of---"

"No. Seriously."

"Seriously? Three hundred and seventy-five pages of rodomontade and fustian. The survival of the fattest. A gigantic comic book. You want I should go on?"

"Look, old boy. Why not write a great picture? Eh? Why not?"

"Nobody's asked me."

"I'm asking you. The two of us, on weekends, working together, a sharp, simple script, small screen, black and white. I have connections with all sorts of moneyed people. And we wouldn't need all that much, you see. Two hundred thousand. Think of it this way—a low-calorie diet, an exercise to trim the fustian from your talent, get it back to its old lean strength. Not a comic book. A novel on film . . ."

"Rudy."
"Yes?"

"You sound just like one of Ira's discussions."

They began to meet on weekends at Rudy's apartment. While they paced, and argued, and talked about story and character and angle and premise, Mavis would sit quietly in the background, reading a book, sunning herself outside on Rudy's minuscule patio, or applying frosted coral polish to the nails of her fingers and toes. Sometimes, she would make lunch for them. Sometimes, she would remain in the bathroom, luxuriating in a warm tub, the water viscous with scented oils, the door ajar just enough to let her hear the shoptalk in the other room. In these talks, Horne was the devil's advocate, acid-testing all ideas, now with a cynical cash-register clang, now with the voice of artistic purity: "Oh, wow, Rudy, an old-time tragic ending? It's too downbeat, a real hangup, who needs it?" Then: "Sunshine and roses! Can't do it! Too cornball, Rudy, too pat, too upbeat!"

The California seasons imperceptibly changed, and their little story took shape, while, weekdays, their larger project lumbered in the general direction of its conclusion. Mavis had begun absenting herself from their weekend sessions, and, one Saturday evening, as dinnertime loomed, Rudy asked Horne if he would mind, on his way home, dropping him off at Mavis' place. "I let her take the car, you see, to go shopping. It's right on your way, not far from here actually, on La Cienega just off Sunset, practically at the top of that hill."

"Sure, Rudy, hop in."

As Horne drove east on the Sunset Strip, Rudy chattered: "I have such good feelings about this story of ours, Clay. I know it's going to have tremendous prestige. It will do such a lot for both of us. I've been thinking, do you suppose it would be too brazen of me to try and direct it? I mean, there's an awful lot of bosh talked about directing, it's not all that difficult; God knows I've

seen enough films directed, by the best

"Turn here at La Cienega?"

of them and the worst . . ."

"Yes, that's right. Her place is almost at the top of the hill here . . . yes, there's my car parked in front, see? . . . I'll just get out here . . . well, I'll be damned, there's that bloody lavender Ro'ls parked right next to it . . small world, what? . . . You know I used to hate that car? Actually. But now I look at it and there's no feeling, nothing. I wonder who Rob is visiting around here?"

"Rob?"

"Rob Craig. It's his car, after all."

"Not anymore it isn't. Don't you read the trades?"

"What do you mean?"

"Sandy made him get rid of it."

"Not really! But she likes the damned thing! She 'digs that crazy grillwork.'"

"She gave out an interview saying that it symbolized everything that was wrong with England. The status quo, the Establishment, all that stuff."

Rudy guffawed. "Priceless! That's priceless!"

"What's so funny?"

"Never mind, tell you tomorrow. Oh dear, that's good. So she made him get rid of it, did she? Marvelous. Who bought it, do you happen to know?"

"Some unlikely type. Fabian or somebody. No. Tommy Rondo."

Rudy had been halfway out of the car. Now he froze—and then lunged inside again, almost pouncing on Horne. Viciously, he said, "Is that your idea of a joke?"

"Joke! No! What the hell's wrong with you!"

"You're sure about that, are you? You started to say Fabian. Are you sure it wasn't? Or Frankie Avalon, Bobby Darin?"

"What does it matter?"

"It matters."

"Rudy, Jesus, Don't jump on me like that. It's not my car. In Daily Variety,

just yesterday morning, Army Archerd's column, it said Rob sold his famous lavender convertible Rolls-Royce to Tommy Rondo. So?"

Rudy collapsed against the back of the seat. "I'm sorry, Clay. It's that car. That damned car..."

"Aren't you getting out?"

After a moment, Rudy replied, "Why? Where would I go?"

"Mavis," Horne said patiently, "is expecting you."

"Oh, is she."

"Rudy, are you feeling all right?"

"Expecting me. That's true, she is. It's me she's expecting," Rudy opened the door and climbed out.

"Rudy? You all right? You sure?"

He watched Rudy walk directly to the front door of Mavis' building, slowing down as he neared the Rolls-Royce, looking at it, drinking it in as if to memorize every line and iridescence of it. Horne waited until Rudy disappeared inside the building before he started the car again and descended the La Cienega hill.

Standing outside Mavis' flat, Rudy could hear the phonograph playing: Ay

oh kay! Ay oh kay!

And again do I endure this? he asked himself. Do I go home, as I did before, and get drunk, and hire a specialist to come and siphon the rage out of me? Do I smile tomorrow morning? Do I phone Mavis and listen to excuses about headaches? Do I pretend nothing is happening? Am I a courteous, polite, civilized, restrained, refined, bloody little English gentleman?

No. Not this time.

He yanked open the door. The music was deafening. Mavis was sitting in a chair, nervously smoking a cigarette. Tommy Rondo was putting on a performance for her, doing the twist and mouthing the recorded words exactly as if he were in front of the camera.

Mavis, looking up. said something like "Oh, Rudy. Tommy just dropped in to bring me his new record. I told him I was ex——" But the music drowned out most of this, and, besides, Rudy was not listening. He was focused on Tommy Rondo.

"Get out."

"Wah?"

"Get out, you little swine."

"Now, hold awn . . ."

"Rudy! Please! Tommy just---"

"Get out or I'll--"

Tonimy Rondo ripped the tone arm off the record. The silence pounded upon them. "Or you'll what, limey?"

"Or I'll break your ugly nose for you."

"Rudy!"

"No you won't. You won't break nobody's nose, limey. An' you know why? Because you know damn well that if you did, you'd get your ass deported outa here so fast . . . Just remember that. You're a foreigner. A alien. You can't



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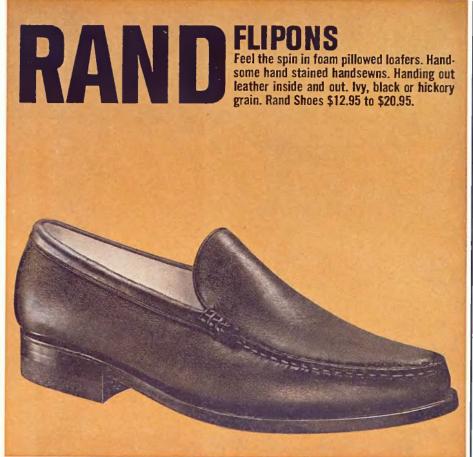
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touch me. You can't lay a pinkie on me."

(The little cockroach is right. I can't.)
"And," Rondo went on, "as for gettin'
outa here, well, Mavis is an ole frien' of
mine and I'll just visit with her any time
I want."

Rudy turned to Mavis. "We have a dinner date. Are you coming?"

"Rudy darling, please don't be like this. Tommy just dropped in. That's all. It doesn't *mean* anything. Please sit down. And have a drink. Then we'll go."

"Very well. But first you tell him to leave."

She lost patience and flared. "You're being ridiculous, Rudy! You're being boorish and embarrassing and ridiculous and I won't tell Tommy to leave."

"As you wish." He walked to the door. "Rudy. Come back."

"Leddim go, whaddaya need him for? He's not in my league. You hear that, limey? You're not in my league."

Rudy turned and walked back into the room. He faced Tommy Rondo. He was frighteningly calm. He spoke slowly. "You're right, I'm not in your league. We're different, you and I. May I tell you something? When I was in the army, it was the English army, you see, I had a rather marvelous sergeant major. He was Irish. And whenever he ran across a recruit who was absolutely hopeless, a bumbling, half-human, incompetent idiot, he went up to that poor sod, and he looked him straight in the eye-like this -and he said . . ." (Rudy slipped into a rich brogue) ". . . 'You were neither bahrn nor creaythed. Someone had a bash against a wall, and the sun hatched you out."

As Rudy walked to the door again, he snapped crisply to Mavis: "The car keys." She dug them out of her purse and gave them to him.

"Rudy, please listen----

"You know where to find me, when the—concert—is over." He decided not to slam the door.

Outside, in the street, seeing his own yellow Lark next to the Rolls-Royce in the slanted platoon of head-in parking along the curb, the difference in status hit him cruelly. And he was not the only one. "Hey, limey!" As he was getting into his car, he heard the yell and he turned to see Tommy Rondo leaning out of Mavis' window. "That your car, that little yella baby? Well, take a look at mine, take a good look. That baby belongs to a star. Not a loser like you. Remember what I said, limey—you're not in my league!"

It took every last atom of Rudy's will power to back out and drive off without ramming one of the arrogant lavender fenders into accordion pleats.

He had no sooner entered his apartment than his phone emitted a single clear *ping*, like a fine crystal goblet being struck by a butter knife. It had that odd habit of thus clearing its throat a couple of seconds before getting down to some serious ringing. Sure enough, after a short silence, it began to ring. His first impulse, galvanic, was to answer it; then he checked himself. No-he would not speak to her. Let her come to him: he would not allow her to smooth things over on the phone while Rondo sat sniggering beside her, stroking her neck or committing God knew what other abominations. The telephone rang and rang. He thought it would explode; he felt that the jabbing peals of ringing would pile up and join into a single uninterrupted crescendo of a ring that would grow and grow as the trembling telephone swelled to a shapeless black blob and finally burst.

When he could stand it no more, when he was ready to rip the phone out of the wall, it stopped ringing. He waited a moment, then called his answering service. "I'm taking no more calls tonight. None whatever." Mechanically, he phoned the Gaiety Delicatessen for some food, and when it came, he ate it with-

out tasting it.

At length, he went to bed. He could not sleep. He wept in frustration and anger. Hours later, he drifted into a kind of deadness. But the old hate, not dead, but merely dormant, was awakened, and it was all the more potent for its short fallow period. It flourished like an acrid weed in Rudy's mind, killing all other thoughts, even in his dreams. The Rolls-Royce had become a fevered, festering impostume of all that he despised and resented: a sentient creature whose grillwork gloated and leered; a beast, set on destroying him.

He awoke with a cry, slimed with sweat, unrested, his eyes feeling like salted nuts, his head throbbing, his stomach on fire. He looked at the clock; it was 3:30 in the morning. With a groan, he stumbled into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of milk. Drinking it, he wandered aimlessly toward his desk.

Pages of the script he and Horne were writing lay scattered there. They seemed vapid to him now, these pages toward which he had felt so enthusiastic just a few hours before. In the ashtray, a couple of crushed-out cigarettes were tinted with Mavis' coral lipstick, making him think not only of her lips, but of her coral-tinted fingers and toes as well, then of her whole body, and the taste and aroma of her flesh.

He sat down at the desk, and, when he had finished his milk, brought out a sheet of his personal stationery. He sat for a moment staring at the wall and clicking his ballpoint. After a time, he began to write, in a neat, small hand:

Dear Mother,

I know I have not written for a long time, but you have been in my thoughts very often these past few weeks, so please do not think ill of

You may wonder why I am writing after such a long silence, and the fact is I have no one to talk to except you. How I wish you were here in this room, so I could really talk to you, but you aren't, so we will just have to make the best of it, I suppose.

The thing is that I don't know where to turn. I have been very brave living here in this strange country all alone without you, but now it just seems that I have reached the end of my rope. You mustn't worry, because I am in good health and have plenty of money, it's nothing of that sort. I simply do not know where to turn. I have no friends. I have no one to say they love me. I am so lonely and frightened that I don't know what to do. Remember when I was away at school, and the other boys made fun of me because I was smaller than the rest, and I was so desperately unhappy that I had to write home to you and tell you all about it. I feel that way now.

They are mocking me, these horrible low people you would not have let in the back entrance in the old days. They are hurting me. They are stepping on my heart with

their dirty shoes. They are taking everything I love away from me and I don't know how to fight back. Please, Mum, tell me what to do. Your loving son, Rudy

He folded the letter into an envelope, addressed it, stamped it and put his clothes on. He walked to the corner mailbox and dropped the letter in. Then he walked back to his apartment and, this time, slept soundly. There had been no return address on his envelope, so the letter, after many travels, scribblings and rubber stampings, would eventually come to the end of its peregrinations in a dead-letter office someplace, where it would lie unopened, possibly for eternity. Mrs. Rudolph-Smith, Rudy's mother, had been dead for nearly five years.

The next morning was a fine one from the photographer's standpointplenty of light, but just enough in the way of lowering clouds to make for interesting shadows on the hills and an over-all ominous tone. The second unit, under Rudy's supervision, was out on the ranch. No actors were present; none were necessary.

Rudy watched dully as two dummies, in period finery, were strapped inside a breakaway coach. In a flat, unanimated



voice, for he felt defeated and hollow, he explained the situation again to the second unit director. "No, we won't need horses for this, because we have some good close shots, from the Peru stuff, of the horses becoming separated from the coach at the top of the hill. All we want today is a long shot of the coach rolling backward down the hill and crashing into that tree over there."

"And if it doesn't hit the tree? That's going to be a tough one to manage."

"I'm willing to do as many as five takes of the long shot, but if by the fifth we still miss, then we'll move the camera in close to the tree and have an off-camera truck push the coach into it. That means cheating and doing the scene in two cuts, and I'd much rather one great sweeping long shot, but we can't spend all day out here. We're overschedule and overbudget as it is."

A Jeep towed the coach to the top of the hill. The usual shouts ricocheted back and forth—"This is a take: roll 'em." "We're rolling." "Action!"—and the coach was released. It clattered down the hill, gaining momentum, the strapped dummies stiff and staring inside it. One of the grips, watching, kept up a soft-muttered litany, as if he were crooning to a pair of dice: "Hit the tree, honey, hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it..."

The whole crew erupted in yahoos and applause. The second unit director wheeled around to Rudy. "One take! We got it in one take! Wasn't it great?"

Rudy's face was transfigured. The second unit director interpreted this as a facsimile of his own feelings. So when Rudy murmured "Yes, that's it," he naturally assumed he meant Yes, that's fine, that's exactly what we want.

Although what Rudy added, one second later, did seem kind of strange, but then these Englishmen were pretty weird sometimes: it sounded almost like "Thank you, Mum."

The rest of that day Rudy spent in a visionary's cloud, and the world that filtered through to him was bent by strange refractions. There were certain things he did not know, but he was by that time so insulated by his own hates that the knowing of these things would have changed him little. Human resilience had fled from him; fired in the kiln of his obsession, he was not so much a man now as a ceramic—rigid, brittle,

glazed. If Mavis had tried, all night, to reach him and had met with nothing but the stone wall of his answering service, Rudy neither knew nor longer cared. She, hurt and humiliated by his behavior, could have sought solace from Tommy, and many men would have understood, but not this new edition of Rudy. Actually, she did not seek such solace, for two reasons: she didn't want to, and there wasn't enough time . . .

Ten minutes after Rudy had stormed out of her apartment, Rondo had looked at his watch and said, "Gotta split. Gotta catch that plane. Gotta be in the Apple for that personal appearance tuhmorra. Hey, gotta great idea-come along." When Mavis declined the invitation, he said, "Drive me to the airport at least." This, too, she begged out of because she wanted to be there if Rudy returned or called. "All right, be that way," Rondo had finally said, departing, "but I sure don't wanna leave the Rolls in the airport parking lot for three days. I'll take a cab to the plane and leave the car in front of your pad, dig? Pick it up when I get back. Here, I'll even leave you the keys. Live a little!" . . .

The following night, after having successfully brought off the coach shot and other outdoor footage, Rudy went home, again ordered the answering service to hold all calls, then methodically downed a pint of Scotch, ounce by separate ounce. He was deliberately building up Dutch courage. "Scotch courage," he chuckled in drunken emendation. Then, at precisely two in the morning, he took a small brown paper bag from his desk and went outside to his car. He had gotten the bag at a hardware store earlier in the evening. It contained a pocket flashlight, two alligator clips, some rubber tubing and a short piece of wire.

As he drove east on deserted, two-A.M. Sunset Strip, he spoke to himself. "If it's not there, I'll go in and get Mavis out of bed and apologize for last night, and we'll kiss and make up."

He frowned. "But if it is there . . ."

It was. As he turned off, onto the La Cienega hill, he saw the lavender Rolls-Royce parked head-in to the curb in front of Mavis' place. "Not in your league, eh? I'll show you what league I play in, m'lad, a bigger bloody league than yours!"

Suicide, the grand gesture, a blaze of glory, purification by fire: the major leagues, The Big Time.

("Oh, wow," Clayton Horne would say to such a script. "A real hang-up. Too downbeat, Rudy. An old-time tragic ending? With Our Guy getting burned to a crisp, all for the sake of *la grande passion*? You'll never get it past the front office. Who needs it?")

"England's green and pleasant land," Rudy muttered thickly as he drove closer to the Rolls-Royce. Then he raucously sang the Blake words, to the dirgelike tune some dull knighted drudge had weighted them down with:

". . . Till we have built Jer-oos-ah-lem In England's green and pleasant land!"

He parked near the Rolls and climbed into it, paper bag in hand, and began to work, still singing:

"Bring me my bow of burning gold! Bring me my arrows of desire!"

A few years before, in Paris, Rudy had worked as a kind of coffeeboy for a French director who was shooting a crime film. He had watched take after take of a sequence in which an automobile thief had started a car without benefit of its key. The little trick was called "jumping the ignition," and it was done very simply, by getting behind the dashboard and, with the aid of a couple of alligator clips, affixing a short piece of "jumper wire" to the ignition leads.

Now, crouched under the dashboard of the Rolls, with the pocket flashlight held in his teeth, Rudy worked with swiftness and concentration. The world around him was silent, for Hollywood at two in the morning is a tomb. While he worked, he saw again in his mind the dramatic long shot of the coach careening down the hill to its destruction. He was rewarded for his labors when, after several minutes and one tiny electric shock, the motor turned over with a genteel hum. Smiling, he uncurled from his crouching position and sat behind the steering wheel.

Carefully, he backed the Rolls-Royce out of the parking slot and aimed it southward, downward, toward the bottom of the hill. Braking it, he got out and, dipping the rubber tubing into the tank and sucking as if at an ice-cream soda, he siphoned a quantity of gasoline out of the car and onto the sloping street until it gurglingly formed an enormous and highly fumid pool. Then he climbed back in the front seat and relaxed, chuckling quietly. He lit a cigarette with the car's lighter. He stroked the fine glove leather of the seat and the hardwood fascia of the dash. He snapped on the radio. It warmed up instantly and caterwauled:

> Ay oh kay! Ay oh kay! Shoot me inta awbit, baby, Right away . . .

Rudy broke up at that: his laugh drowned out Rondo's voice. And he went into his own number again:

"Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold! Bring me my chariot of fire!"

Then, his face gashed in two by its grin, he carefully flipped the glowing cigarette out the window, into the pungent petroleum sea, and braced himself for immolation.

Nothing happened. Tommy Rondo went on singing.

Rudy leaned out and looked down at his cigarette, which, by a not overly freakish fillip of fate, had been drowned by the gasoline before it had had a chance to ignite.

"What the bloody hell," he mumbled, climbing out of the car.

He slapped all his pockets for matches, but found none. As if in a dream too ridiculous to believe, he discovered himself trudging mundanely half a block up Sunset to an all-night drugstore, obtaining a book of matches and trudging back to the Rolls-Royce again. During the trek, he saw no one except the bored drugstore man.

Now he stood in the middle of the street, doggedly striking matches and tossing them into the pool of gas, cursing as they went out before hitting the combustible liquid. Finally, he used one match to ignite the rest of the book, and threw this little torch into the pool.

WHOOMP!!!

The Rolls-Royce burned with a wild orange flame that flapped and roared a mad magnificence, garishly tinting the two-A.M. sky, sending out crashing breakers of heat. A brilliant monster made of noise and light, it stood raving near the summit of that hill; stood there for an

untimable and solid moment like a devil's beacon; and then-whether because the brakes melted, or what, was never known-began to slither down the hill, a bright and awful snail at first, a hissing rocket next, and finally a terrifying meteor, screaming down and down and on and on, as Rudy, his hair and eyebrows gone, watched with gaping jaw its bright descent, feeling and looking like that forlorn cartoon covote when outsmarted by the beep-beeping road runner. Stunned, cheated, he asked himself where it would stop: would it blaze right on past Santa Monica Boulevard, scorching the railroad tracks, and then keep barreling on down La Cienega? My God, he said silently, it's downhill all the way to Wilshire practically, isn't it? Where will it ever stop?

It was stopped at Holloway, the very first crossing, by the telephone pole on the northwest corner. The fire hydrant there, flung loose by the impact, unleashed as in revenge a giant's arm of water many tons strong that thrust and held the burning car 15 feet into the air, making it bob and dance like a pingpong ball in the jet of a public drinking fountain, before it flipped over and grandly crashed into the street. The water then spouted triumphantly a full 100 feet toward the sky.

The Rolls-Royce was, by then, a drenched black corpse, its glory dead, its

terror gone, its brief career of fire a grotesque episode already fading, an epic seen by an audience of precisely one.

For when, in the ensuing quiet, Rudy turned for the cold snap of handcuffs on his wrists, he learned that he was quite alone. No one was there to admire or admonish, to punish or praise: he could walk away scot free; and much the worst of all, he was still alive. It was absolutely infuriating.

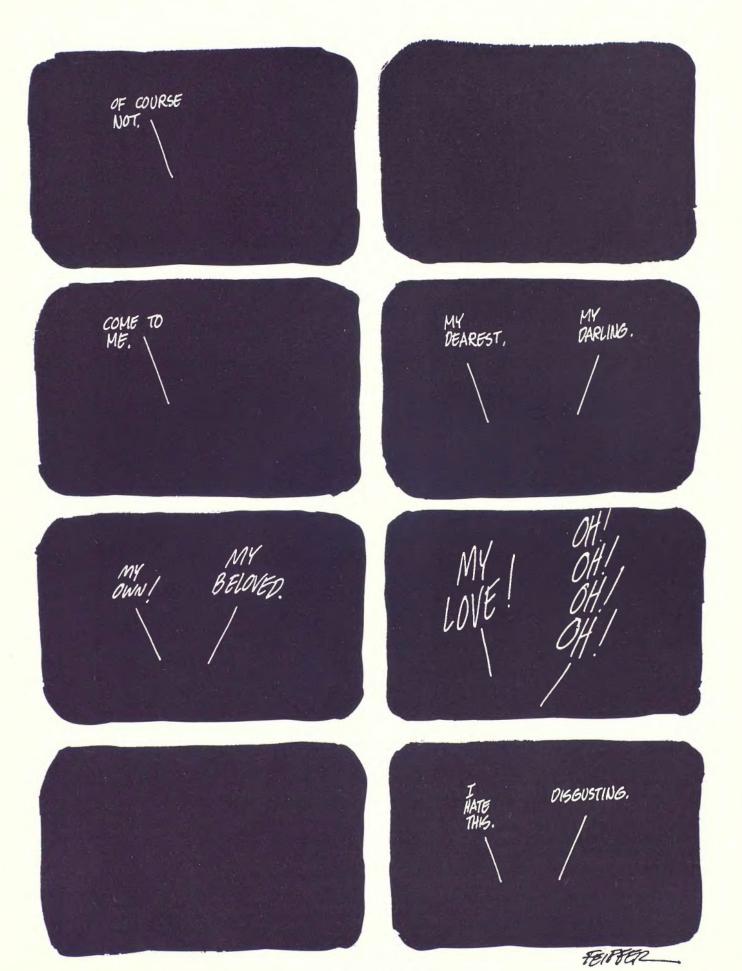
But Rudy liked to think of himself as a Survivor. He was determined to survive even this. And so, his madness cauterized away by his hot deed, he squared his scorched shoulders and walked straight into the bedroom of the slumbering Mavis.

Tommy Rondo cried like a baby when he heard about his car: it had carried not a cent of insurance. The police were unhappy, too, about never finding the culprit. Robin and Sandy grew hateful toward each other and were divorced within a year, community property laws stripping Robin ruthlessly for the second time. Ira Burnham lost money on The Invader of Moscow and developed an ulcer. As for Rudy and Mavis ("Oh. no!" Horne would have wailed: "Too cornball! Too pat! Too upbeat!")—they surprised everybody, including themselves, by living happily ever after.

A



1ch! I HATE ict. THIS. I FEEL SOILED! I USED TO ME, TOO. PRETEND I LIKED IT. IT'S NOT YOU. EVERYBODY CONFORMITY. PRETENOS. I WONDER WHY? I JUST ALWAYS HAVE. 1 I SUPPOSE. WHAT ABOUT ME ABOUT BEING A WOMAN— ME ABOUT OR IT'S A BEING. A WAY TO THOSE DOUBTS? MAN-COVER UP OUR SELF-DOUBTS. WELL, IF I CONT LIKE YOU MEAN YOU MEAN I'M SURE MAYBE THEY'RE MAYBE MAKING LOVE IT'S NOT WE'RE-TO WOMEN JUSTIFIED? 90 -MAYBE AND YOU DON'T LIKE MAKING WE'RE -LOVE TO MEN —



AFTERNOON IN ANDALUSIA

And speaking of trajes cortos, may I say you look very fetching in yours?"

She was, indeed, looking very sharp in the ranchero, the country costume. A flat gray cordobés hat was tilted over the blonde hair, which she had twisted tight and swept up in a knot. The shirt collar was stiff and prim and almost little-girly. The narrow tie was black and proper over the frilled front of her shirt, and the bolero jacket was dove gray.

A black cummerbund confined the slim waist of her highly braced trousers, which were circumspectly striped with black on gray, in the manner of a banker's costume. They were short, split at the bottom, meeting her flat-heeled rawhide boots just below the calf.

"When did you order this outfit?" Alec asked.

"The second day I got here," she said.
"You never know when some nice man will ask you to a tienta. I didn't want to

(continued from page 160)

accept the invitation wearing tweeds. Anyhow, Juanillo says he wants to teach me bullfighting, and you can't do it in a skirt."

"¡Olé! for the mother of La Virgen de la Macarena," Alec said, and reaped a response from the chauffeur. Alec concluded immediately that the chauffeur didn't care much for his presence.

The trip through the flat fields of wheat and rice was uninspiring, if dusty. Andalusia is only an extension of North Africa, and its hills like camels and long flats are equally uninspiring. Camel country, Alec thought. Camels and goats and bulls. Sun and rocks. Small trees and short water. Good bull country—make 'em walk over the rocks to water—and always an oasis in the middle.

The oasis was spectacular. A sudden island of greenery blurted at them as the chauffeur turned off the dusty main road into a dustier small winding road. He

stopped the car to open a gate, drove the car through and then got out to close the gate again. Black blobs of bulls appeared on the long sweeps of pasture. The excess of verdure came closer, and now the road was lined with flowers in huge pots—geraniums—and, as they neared the house, great beds of coxcombs with blossoms as large and solid as loaves of bread, as red as the insides of the pomegranates which grew from glossy green-leaved trees interspersed with the golden globes of oranges.

The casa grande was white plaster, strangled in red and purple bougainvillaea. It was classic Spanish-Moorish, sprawling over an expanse of watered green, red-tiled; approachab'e through an archway, pillared and porticoed. A swimming pool winked blue-eved to the left-trees shaded the big house. A vast patio surrounded the many doors, all cut in arches. White pigeons wheeled and carved small jet streams over the red roof tiles. The curving driveway was packed with Cadillacs and Jags and Bentleys and Mercedes-Benzes. There seemed to be a solid acre of roses, and another acre of orange and lemon and

"Ya está," the chauffeur said, pulling up the Jaguar as if it were a horse. "Greo que el dueño está en el otro patio. Es la hora de cokteles."

Cheeky bastard, Alec thought. Even I know it's martinitime, bull ranch or no bull ranch. And the dueño is bound to be on the other patio, because that's where the shade is and it is exactly one P.M., Andalusian standard time.

"Gracias para sus bondades," Alec said, as they got out. "¿Dónde está la ruta para los cokteles?"

"Este lado," the chauffeur said, touching his cap. "A sus ordenes, señorita." Pause. "Señor."

"And what was all that?" Barbara asked.

"Nothing very much. I just thanked him, and asked him which way was the booze. I've a feeling he disapproves of me. I ain't wearing country bullfight clothes, and I seem to be cutting in on the boss' girlfriend."

"Now you just stop it," Barbara said.
"Just stop it right now. Stop being cynical and superior. We're guests here, and you're an added starter."

"I know it," Alec said. "And I feel like an added starter. No matter. I'll be good and speak only English and perhaps maybe a little pidgin Spanish to show I'm a tourist. I wish I'd worn my cordobés hat, except it clashes so with Irish tweeds, don't you think?"

tweeds, don't you think?"
"You——" Barbara stopped as a tall brown man came down the flagged, flower-hedged path to meet them, both hands outstretched.

"¡Barbará!" he said. "So very enchanted you could come and bring your friend." He took both her hands, then



"We're trying to reach the teenagers."

bowed and kissed her right hand, planting the kiss on his own thumb. He turned to Alec, bowed, and then extended his hand.

The grip was firm. The eyes were the blue-green of the south, clear in the baked brown face. The mustache was a charcoal line over the red lips, and the teeth were dazzling. The body was wearing a traje corto, but as host, Juan Mendoza had allowed himself a red necktie. It went well with the ruffled shirt and the gray short jacket.

"Alec Barr, a su disposición." Alec said, without thinking. "Encantado, y muchisimas gracias para su bondad de incluirme."

One finely drawn black eyebrow arched.

"It is your house," the owner said. "You speak Spanish well, Señor Barr. So few Americans do: it is always surprising. It is an honor to meet you. Mr. Barr. Barbara has told me much about you. Tell me, guapa, how is the picture going?" He transferred his attention. "No, tell me later: first we must go and meet our other friends and have a drink and then you must tell me everything. This way, please, to where you can hear the noise."

Barbara cut her eyes dangerously at Alec as they walked toward where the noise was. You promised to be nice, the slitted eyes said. You promised to be nice and not be a smart ass about bulls or Spain or anything else.

Alec nodded, and they walked into a seething mass of people. A bar had been set up on the other patio, which was also flanked by big clay jars of geraniums and bordered in vast beds of wide-eyed pansies and the loaflike coxcombs, with roses crawling up the trees. This patio stood hard by the swimming pool, and the bar was sheltered with a kind of Polynesian-thatched-roof hut of palm fronds and cane.

"First we get a drink, and then I introduce." the host said. "There are so many people and I am so bad at introduction. Some you know from the last party, Barbara—Pepe and Chelo and Teresa and Ramón and Ignacio and Blanca and Abundio and Paco and Linda and Pilarin. The others are mostly ingleses. Maybe one or two from Madrid—an artist and a good writer of plays, I think, and two bullfighters taking a holiday. One is not bad. The other——" he shrugged, "But simpático. And what do you wish to drink?"

"Martini, please, with vodka," Barbara said, "If you have some?"

"Of course we have some. And you, sir?"

"I don't suppose you'd have a pink gin?" Alec could have kicked himself for being rude again, but something about Don Juan's mustache and teeth annoyed him. His clothes fit too well, in any case.

"Of course we would have a pink gin. I went to school in England," said Don Juan. "Would you like to swirl the bitters yourself? Although Eladio here"—gesturing at the bartender—"is reasonably expert."

Touché, Alec thought. It takes one to know one. He inclined his head respectfully in the direction of the bartender. Again he spoke in Spanish, but at the bartender.

"I should be delighted," he said, using the subjunctive, "to place myself in the capable hands of your peon de confianza."

"Un martini with vodka, drry on the rrocks," the host said, "and un peenk geen, a la inglesa."

Eladio the bartender smiled a tiny smile at Alec as he twirled the glass to spread the Angostura evenly. I don't think his bartender likes the son of a bitch either. Alec thought, and then thought again: Why do I think of him as a son of a bitch? Jealous of a man who has done me no harm, or just out of my depth with a lot of Spanish aristocracy? People who fight calves on Sunday for gags? People who never did a lick of work in their lives? Quit being a boy, boy, You've been through this before, in college.

Alec raised his glass.

"Health," he said, this time in Eng-



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

lish. "Chin-chin." He tasted his drink and raised the glass again at the bartender. "Perfectly constructed," he said in Spanish. "You must have an English grandmother."

The bartender's tiny smile split into a

"Irlandesa," he said. "Irish, señor."

"Now we go and see all the lovely people," Juan Mendoza said. He took Barbara by the elbow. "I don't think you have encountered my brother Tomás yet, nor my cousin Carolina."

There was nothing really wrong with it, Alec thought-nothing at all. But I never feel really in it. I know who I am and what I do, I know what I got and how I make it and who respects me for what I do and what I got. There are bulls' heads with no ears in this lovely cool adobe house with the black beams against the white plaster and the red flowers in the jugs. There are the mothbitten heads of deer and the heads of ibex and the heads of pigs in the long hallways, and I got better tigers and lions and elephants and leopards. They call hunting the caza grande here, and feel like they've had a big day if they shoot some poor deer with a horn on his head. They get their rocks off by watching some beardless boy in tight pants kill a bull-30.000 people in a plaza de toros dying vicariously while a kid in a

gold jacket and tight pants waves a red flag at a bull and accepts the possibility that he might lose his manhood. If he had any to lose, which is doubtful.

And now we are all gathered together over this interminable lunch-my God, gazpacho, gambas, pollo, judias, filete, ensalada, patatas, pan, flan, the whole bloody lot, with three kinds of wine in pottery mugs, before we get to the anisette-in order to work up another kind of appetite to go out to the private bull ring to watch a guy on a horse shove a lance into a calf. Then a bunch of drunks who should be having a siesta will get down into the ring and the host will take one end of a capote and the prettiest girl will take the other end and they will play bullfights with the calves.

"You know about the bulls?" the host was being polite. "You have seen some corridas, Mr. Barr?"

"A little. I've seen some few corridas."

"Do you like them?"

"Very much. When the man doesn't ruin the bull. And the horns aren't shaved. And not too much laxative administered before the bull comes out of the toril." Now why did I say that? Alec asked himself.

Here came the arched eyebrow again. "Whom have you seen?"

"The last Belmonte. Manolete. The early Arruza, Dominguin-Luis Miguel

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"It wants a goat sacrificed to it."

-after the War. The earliest Ordóñez. I never knew his father, except as a manager. Nino de la Palma was a little ahead of me. So was Gaona. Some others I knew in Mexico. Like Silverio."

Olé for you, father of the show-offs.

"You have written perhaps about bulls?"

"No."

"But why? You seem to know about

"I can't stand the thing about the horses." Alec was making a feeble joke for the Englishwoman on his right.

The eyebrow again. No sense of humor here.

"But you know we pad them now?"

"That's just it." Oh, damn me, I can't help it, Alec thought. He's putting me

"The fact is that I hate horses, and when they stopped getting it in the guts. I kind of gave up the afición business. Also, when they started cutting the vocal cords so the tourists couldn't hear them scream, it put me off my stroke."

Ooooh. Small squeak from the British lunch partner.

Don Juan laughed a hearty host's laugh.

"For a moment I thought you were serious. Now I see you make a joke. We call it in Spanish a 'chiste ingles'-English humor. Truly, why have you not written about the bulls?"

Alec shrugged. "Truly, everything worth writing about bulls has been written-Hemingway; Tom Lea; Barnaby Conrad; some woman, I forget who; a couple of Mexicans; at least a thousand Spaniards; and, finally, an American, a friend of mine named Rex Smith, who did a biography of all the bulls and bull people. It seems to me the subject has been tapped out-exhausted. Bulls have now become a property for the tourists."

Don Juan Mendoza, the host, was leaning on the lance now, burling it, "The bulls don't move you anymore, then?"

"No. They don't move me anymore. Neither do the bullfighters. Not since Manolete.'

"And Manolete moved you. Why?"

"Because both the man and the bulls were honest. The man worked his corrida day by day, without looking to the winter bookings in Mexico or Venezuela. And the bulls had strong legs and unclipped horns."

You have been to tientas before, Mr. Barr?"

'Several. Many." Here it comes again. Up goes the evebrow.

Have you ever tested the calves? Have you ever known what it feels like to be in a ring with a wild animal-even a two-year-old calf?"

Alec shook his head and lit a cigarette.

"No, sir."

"Would you like to try your hand with the cape this afternoon? We could



easily arrange a more suitable costume."

Alec shook his head. "No, sir. I'm basically frightened of cows. I got butted once when I was a kid."

The table exploded in laughter, with three exceptions—Alec, the host and Barbara Bayne.

Alec turned to his British neighbor. "I didn't really mean that about the horses," he said. "I love horses, really. I've often hunted with them."

"Oh?" the squeaky voice asked, restored to faith. "Foxes? Wild boar?"

"No." Alec raised his voice a little. "When I hunt from horseback, it's mostly African elephant and, once in a while, lion."

That'll hold the bastard, he thought, and attacked his flan.

The host was not yet finished.

"You hunt elephant and lion from horseback?"

"Yes. And sometimes rhino,"

"But you are afraid of cows?"

"Exactly. I understand elephant and lion and rhino. I do not find myself fascinated by cows. A twelve-inch horn up your backside is just as long as the best horn on a four-year-old Miura. The prospect fails to amuse me."

"But elephants move you." This came as a statement.

Alec laughed.

"Often. I have probably run from

more elephant than Gallo ever ran from bulls. Except, when you deal with elephant you have no servant of confidence to take the elephant off you with a cape, and no *callejón* to jump over. I generally use big trees to hide behind."

Again laughter, with the exception of three.

"It is a pity," the host said. "I would like to see a man who hunts elephant from horseback throw a cape at one of my calves."

"Sorry to disappoint you. Don Juan." Alec said. "But I am basically an aficionado of the spectator sports. I will sit, with your permission, in the judge's box and drink brandy and award ears for the best performance."

"I think we will have coffee on the patio," the host said, and stood up. Barbara Bayne fixed Alec Barr with a look that might have served to define him as socially unacceptable.

Alec Barr sat lonely in the owner's seats of the private bull ring. Nearly everyone had had a crack at the calves. The two professional bullfighters—one fair, one nothing—had performed some flashy capework in taking the two-year-old heifers away from the man on the horse. The host, Don Juan, had strapped on his leather chaps and had produced

some more flashy capework in the quites,

performing acceptable reboleras and chicuelinas, wrapping the cape around him in a flash of magenta and yellow. The brother, Tomás, was playing the part of picador, maneuvering the horses well, leaning stoutly on the lance, laying the iron into the shoulders of the calves without unduly brutalizing them.

There are some damned good embryo bulls down there on that yellow sand, Alec thought, blinking against the slanting sun of the late afternoon, sitting off to himself in the white plaster of the little private ring. That last one took 16 before she quit. She will be put to the seed bulls and yield some mighty calves for the brave festival.

I wonder, he thought, what makes me so bloody ornery? I led that poor bastard, Juan, into a cul-de-sac at the lunch table. I was unforgivably rude. I guess it's merely insecurity in strange places, but I would love to see one of these big mouths with the amateur capes and the country clothes go up against a really nasty elephant in thick bush, or a leopard suddenly in the lap. He massaged his welted wrist as he remembered the screeching fury he had peeled off himself, so many years ago, choking it finally to death with the barrels of a shotgun.

I got books to write, he thought. I got bills to pay. I don't need no horn up my ass. This business of the drunk socialites playing with half-grown bulls is like playing chicken with cars, where the first one to swerve is a coward. You remember that actress who got kicked in the face by a horse, in this same Spain, when she was learning how to bullfight from horseback? It took a lot of plastic surgery to get that dimple straightened out again, and she still does her close-ups from the left side of her face on account of the lip not turning up on the right side of her face when she smiles.

The hell with it, he said, and took a sip of the brandy. Now we got the star turn. Little Miss Twitchett, the *Barbará* Bah-een from Hollywood, is going to fight a bull. *Que tengas suerte*, he whispered. That you should have luck.

Barbara looked marvelous out there on the golden sands of the arena. (Golden sands of the arena? What kind of writing is that? *Arena means* "sand" in Spanish, unless you are in Catalonia, where it's spelled *arenys*. Smart ass.)

She had her cordobes sombrero tipped at exactly the right angle, a little forward. Her backside was tight and trim in the striped pants. Her shoulders were braced well back, and those fantastic breasts pushed the frilled shirt forward, with the vest-cut jacket swinging free as she raised the cape to cite the little cow. (Little cow? Enough horns there to unzip her from navel to neck.)

"¡Olé Barbará! ¡Olé la señorita americana! ¡Olé la actriz brava!" The voices swelled, all 20 of them, as Barbara planted her feet, one-two, as brave as



"Good Heavens - Aunt Louise!"

Manolete, who is dead, and cited the calf. (Barbara had the actor's gift of magnificent mimicry. At the moment she was playing *Blood and Sand*—second version, Tyrone Power—with himself, Alec Barr, playing critic by courtesy of the late Laird Cregar.)

"Huh! Huh! Huh! Oh, hey, toro!"
He heard that trained actress voice saying the words just like something out of Hemingway. "Eh hah! HohohohoHah! Toro!"

Perfect take. Cut!

Now here came the brave cow. (Horns a good 14 inches long and sharp as needles. Weight 400 pounds and full of iron.)

Barbara (Belmonte) Bayne swung the cape with nice slow gypsy wrists, taking the cape low, sculpturing, head bowed, looking at the feet, as the calf came roaring, blood from the lancing streaming thickly from its shoulder. ¡Ay, qué torera!

The calf passed her and took the cape with her as she went. Then the calf shook the cape irritably from the horn and looked again for an enemy. She found the enemy. It was wearing a beautifully cut traje corto—tight pants, fine bolero jacket, correct cordobés hat, bosoms swelling under frilled shirt. Standing alone and uncertain.

"Huh!" This time it was the calf who cited, and charged. The host and his brother ran into the ring with capes, but not soon enough. Barbara ran for the burladero, the jokemaker, the little pantry in which bullfighters sometimes find it necessary to hide—with the calf goosing her all the way.

Barbara tripped and fell just as she achieved the entrance to the burladero. The cow lowered her head (she's left-handed, bad left hook, Alec noted) and unzipped Barbara's tight pants as she crawled to safety behind the burladero.

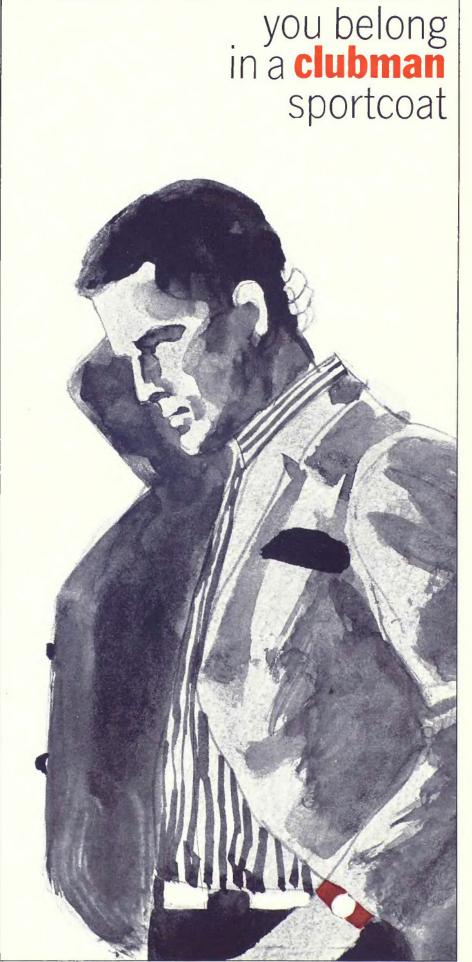
The host and his brother caped the calf away, and Barbara emerged from the burladero.

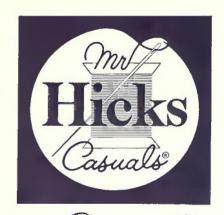
Her backside shone white in the Sevillian sun. She had lost her hat. Her pants were down around her ankles. She had badly torn the front of her blouse and her nose was scraped by sand. Her face was ashen and she had begun to cry.

The host, Juan, ran up and wrapped her in a fighting cape.

Alec shuddered. He decided, if somebody could find her a pair of pants or something fairly decent to wear until she got back to the hotel, that this was going to be no night to spend on a late dinner, with flamenco until dawn.

It is not, he muttered, the hasty ascent up the thorn tree when you are being chased by a rhino that hurts so much. It is that long trip down. It was going to be a long trip back to the hotel, and a smart man would be well advised to keep his mouth shut.







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BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 146)

and some snap-fastened buttonless buttondowns to break up a solid styling front. On the sporting scene, Henley shirts are well liked. Yellows and navy blues are new colors for most of the fashion-conscious men in the South.

Formalwear: The University of Florida goes all out in this area, where the fancy dinner jacket featuring raised scrollwork on the collar and cuffs is a current vogue. But be sure you have your basic formal wardrobe in shape before you add any of the current fads.

Walk shorts: A growing movement to allow students to wear them to class (already an approved plan at the University of Miami) adds to the desirability of a full selection of walk shorts in your wardrobe. There are no rules to follow here. Take your pick from brightly patterned madras and printed-cotton styles.

Sweaters: These items are very big in the South, with alpacas and shaggy wools leading the parade. The most popular colors are navy blue, yellow, camel and the subtler heather shades. Take along one lightweight wool or wool blend in long sleeves. You'll find it will be very useful when the temperature is too cool for the short-sleeved shirt but not quite cool enough for a jacket.

THE MIDWEST: If you're planning a whole year's wardrobe at once, remember that in the Midwest you can go from balmy autumn days straight into a severe winter. Then spring checks in with weather that feels more like summer in Alabama—in short, be ready for anything. Take along at least one summerweight suit and a light sports jacket. Keep them right next to your winter gear, because you'll never know which one you're going to want from one day to the next.

Suits: Neat worsteds in navy blue, gray, olive and brown are our choices among the darker colors. Tan and gray-olive are the best of the medium tones. If you already have a sizable wardrobe and are just filling in, make a medium-shade glen plaid your next purchase. You should have at least one vested suit to complete your needs in this department.

Sports jackets: The navy-blue blazer is practically a Big Ten uniform, but you can give it a personality of its own by careful selection of accessories. A popular second choice for casual jackets is one of the many varieties of gold-toned tweeds showing up in college shops all over the Midwest this fall.

Slacks: There's a definite preference for traditional slacks with cuffs and belt loops. The cut is a bit fuller than in recent years. Heather mixes seem to be the favorite colors.

Topcoats: A heavy overcoat is a must.

Natural-shoulder styles in camel's hair with fleece linings look like strong fashion trend setters this year. As a second choice, try one of the short-cut stadium or car coats.

Shirts: In the central states, a trend is showing up where long-point and roundcollar styles in solid colors are worn pinned. The buttondown set generally prefers stripes, either broad or narrow.

THE SOUTHWEST: The cowboy look has been the biggest single influence on sportswear fashions in recent years (more about this in our October Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast). Harness-leather and big brass buckles started here as a fad and moved across the country to become solid fashion accessories. Wheat jeans also got their big push in this area and are now accepted with varying degrees of enthusiasm almost everywhere.

Suits: As a balance to the countrycasual style in sports clothes. Southwest students select their suits with an eye toward the more traditionally formal styles of the East. We like four suits for this part of the country—two dark ones in blue, slate-gray, olive or brown; a medium in clay or tan; and one softly shaded style in a light herringbone or glen plaid. Vests are still strong in this part of the country, and at least one of your dark suits should be so accoutered.

Sports jackets: The navy-blue blazer is virtually a must, but we think you'll need three or four more coats to fill out your casual-wardrobe requirements. Again, because of the weather changes you'll want to pack different weights of clothing. We suggest a herringbone tweed and a bold Shetland plaid for the cooler days and nights, while seersuckers and denims make sense for the warmer weather.

Outerwear: Take your pick among the new models of three-quarter-length corduroy coats, fleece-lined poplin jackets or the quilted nylon ski-parka styles.

Shirts: It's the oxford buttondown all the way. Various hues of yellow are big, as well as some of the darker blue shades. For sport styles, we find solid colors are strong in both the cloth and knit versions.

Walk shorts: Patch madras and white are the big favorites here. When the temperature warms up, shorts are about all you can see at the University of Oklahoma, Texas A&M and Rice.

Sweaters: They're just as important here as everywhere else. A half dozen from among the V-necks, cardigans and crew-necks in Shetland and lamb's wool, brushed wools and mohairs make a solid beginning. Alpacas are always good for B. M. O. C. status. The heather tones, navy blue, yellow shades and olive blends are the favorite colors.

THE WEST COAST: The top style for the Pacific student is basically a natural shoulder livened up with individual touches dear to the heart of the Western

scholar. Jackets are worn a bit wider and longer than in the rest of the country. There are a lot of bright clothes on the Coast, but it's a good idea to step cautiously at first. Don't go overboard for the fad of the moment. It's better to wait for a while and adjust to your requirements, depending on the climate and the needs of your social life.

Suits: You must remember that the West Coast is a long one. Check the weather at your school and fill in the specifics of your wardrobe accordingly. But black, navy blue, black-olive and dark gray are good choices for dressed-up occasions anywhere along the coast-line. Tropical weights go big from Carmel on down. Vests are worn in the north, but rarely south of Balboa. The polyester and worsted blends are very popular, as are clear and mill-finished worsteds. A move toward hand-finished twists is just beginning in the Pacific Northwest area.

Sports jackets: First, it's that navy-blue blazer again. Then try a herringbone or Shetland. The linens, denims and seersuckers are always good for the warmer weather.

Slacks: Living on the West Coast helps a man develop a sharp eye for colors. As a result, color-coordinated slack-andsports-jacket outfits are perhaps strongest out by the Pacific. These are particularly useful for sporting combinations in the blue shades, which have always been difficult to work with in casual clothing.

Outerwear: Ski parkas are still important out there, as well as suede jackets and three-quarter-length car coats.

Raincoats: One with a zip-in warmer is a wise choice. The nights are cooler and damper than the Chamber of Commerce likes to admit.

Shirts: The men out West like their collar and fabric styles about the same as the Eastern schools, but tend to prefer a more severely tapered cut around the chest and waist. Sport shirts in the northern areas run toward wools, corduroys and flannels. Down south, the usual plaids and stripes share in popularity with strongly shaded tattersall and hop-sack styles.

Sweaters: There's hardly a sweater style going that can't make it out West. Colors are lively, with navy, yellow and camel's-hair shades leading the way. The vest in many suits has been replaced by a sleeveless V-neck pullover carefully color coordinated to the fabric of the suit.

All over the American campus scene, the emphasis is solidly on sophistication. In colors, fabrics and tailoring, the young college man of today demands and gets what he wants—the best there is. The styles depicted in our *Back to Campus* photos follow in this tradition.





"Gee . . . You can see right up her dress . . . !"

would be the usual seasonal sag in game sales. Instead, Monopoly sold more than ever; people who had seen it played over the holidays wanted their own sets. The Salem office became so overrun with orders that they had to be stowed in laundry baskets in hallways until the Parkers could get around to handling them. Each year since, Monopoly has been the largest-selling board game in the country. Parker Brothers' presses print up 15 billion dollars a year in Monopoly money, almost double the annual output of the U.S. Treasury. Monopoly has been translated into 11 languages and is played all over the world, and in some parts illegally. One of Fidel Castro's first edicts after taking over in Cuba was to order all Monopoly sets destroyed for being too "symbolic of an imperialistic and capitalistic system." In true Monopoly fashion, however, a sharp trader can pick up a nice profit on the black market in Havana by selling illicit Monopoly. The game has been banned in Russia for some time, but someone is playing it somewhere behind the Iron Curtain: The six models that were on display at the U.S. exhibition in Moscow a few years ago were all stolen by visitors to the exhibit.

Winston Churchill was a great fan of the game, as was President Kennedy. A group of American guerrilla fighters who stayed behind in the Philippines after Pearl Harbor played the game almost continuously throughout most of the War. The endurance record for a single game is held by a group of Indiana college students who played for 336 hours straight. The men who pulled off the great English train robbery of 1963 fulfilled the dream of every boy who ever needed a seven to land on Boardwalk. They played Monopoly for real money-part of the £2,500,000 in small notes they stole.

The reasons for the game's popularity are locked in the black hearts of the millions who play it. Originally, it was thought the appeal of amassing realestate empires with play money would last only as long as the American Depression, but through boom times and war, the game keeps selling more than ever. In Italy, Park Place and Boardwalk are Parco della Vittoria and Viale dei Giardini. In France, one of the pieces is a chamber pot, but the basic irresistible lure remains. There are few games that allow a player to gain the upper hand and squeeze the life out of his opponent quite so inexorably. Fortune magazine inspected Monopoly and called it "a game that caters to the most grinding acquisitive instincts of every businessman."

Shelley Berman claims, "It's that thrill you get when you know you've just wiped out a friend."

When playing Monopoly, a person can throw off the normal restrictive social requirements for honesty and, for a brief while, find bad sportsmanship and foul play at a delicious premium. It matters not whether you win or lose at Monopoly, it's how viciously you play the game. Long after a player has forgotten the outcome of a Monopoly session, he will joyously recall some particularly shabby deal he managed to pull off.

Mr. Darrow, now a millionaire in genuine U.S. money on his Monopoly royalties, cares not at all about the mystique that has grown up around his brain child. He is more than happy in his role as a gentleman farmer growing orchids in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and taking an occasional trip around the world, where he has seen Monopoly played in such unlikely places as New Guinea and Sikkim. To anyone asking him for tips on how to win, he gives the same sage advice: "Stay out of debt and buy Boardwalk and Park Place."

For people who don't mind going wildly into debt, the premier gambling vehicle of all board games is backgammon, something most people see for the first time pasted on the bottom side of a child's checkerboard. The game is almost as easy to learn as checkers, and a bright ten-year-old can pick it up with no difficulty. On the surface, all that is required is to roll dice and to move 15 pieces, or gammons, off the board before your opponent can. Beneath those simple moves, however, are a host of delicate decisions on whether to run or to block. Since the ante can be doubled at any time, a player may find himself caught up in a geometric escalation of the original stake. He suddenly finds that this deceptively simple affair can be one of the most brutal money games ever invented.

Last summer, Prince Serge Obolensky of New York, Palm Beach, etc., invited some big plungers to Lucayan Beach in the Bahamas for a black-tie dinner and a bit of backgammon. One prominent New York socialite opened a game for \$50 a point. Within eight minutes he was one roll away from losing \$16,000. He rolled a pair of twos and in a single toss cut his losses to \$8000.

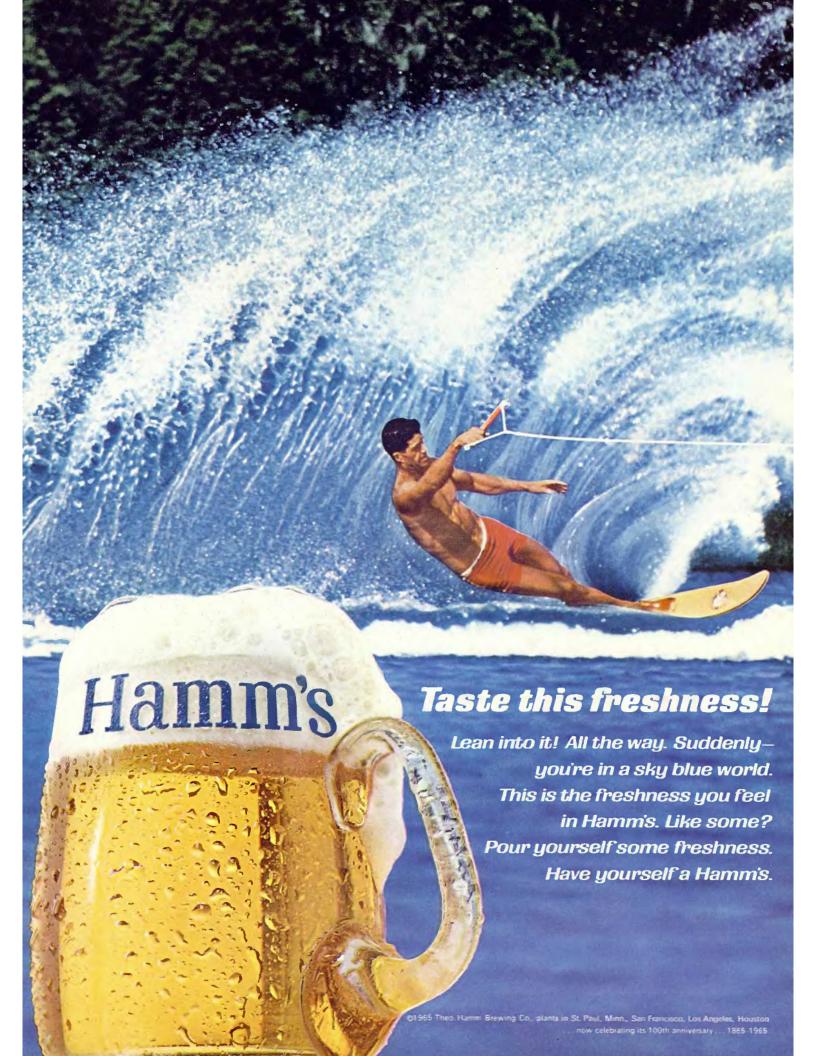
Backgammon and parcheesi are both progenitors of what expert gamesters call "track games," one of three basic board-game types. The other two are contests of static alignment and of open warfare. The track game, in which the playing pieces are moved along a prescribed route, comes in all varieties, from Monopoly to the straight chase events like Formula 1 by Parker Brothers and Le Mans by Avalon Hill-two simple but excellent re-creations of Grand Prix motor racing. Track games with their structured movement patterns are the most common types played and the most easily mastered.

By contrast, the ancient Japanese game of go is an exercise in pure strategy, has no movement whatsoever and can never be mastered. A strategic-alignment game of infinite subtlety, go is as much a part of the Japanese culture as judo and the tea ceremony. Every major Japanese newspaper carries a column on it and proficiency in the game is often classed as the equivalent of a university degree. In go, a player attempts to surround the other's pieces either singly or in groups by proper placement of his own tokens. But once placed, they cannot be moved again. When played by experts (there are nine degrees of excellence registered in Japan), go becomes an elaborately elegant affair where the obvious is always avoided. If one player sees a group of his opponent's pieces so arranged that they cannot be saved from encirclement, he simply regards them as dead and ignores them while he passes on to consider another part of the board. It would be considered a breach of decorum to actually deliver the coup de main in too simple a situation. There are five points of etiquette and courtesy involved in go, and if a player is within one move of making a capture, it is expected he will tap lightly on the board with one of the pieces, much as a chess player says "Check." Scholars devote years of study to the intricacies of the game.

The open-strategy game of war typified by chess is enjoying a revival. Most probably invented in India, chess has been the master strategy game of history since its inception. Moslem chieftains used the game as a training device for sharpening the wits of their officers for war. In one ancient legend, a pair of Eastern princes staged a chess match instead of going to war at all, because both were convinced that the better player would undoubtedly win the war anyway, and it seemed silly to spill blood when the winner could be predetermined without actually resorting to combat.

Despite its militant overtones, chess has always been a bit academic for the true war gamer who usually likes to spread himself out over a bit more territory. H.G. Wells created a board for playing home battle games that stretched from his living room out into the garden and featured a small cannon firing blanks to yield added realism.

Honors for developing the most intricate war game of all time, however, must go to the respected U.S. military historian Fletcher Pratt, who invented a Navy battle game using hundreds of scale model ships that finally became so intricate he had to rent a giant dance hall to play it in. Dozens of people were needed to move the models and execute firing commands. To be at all proficient, a player had to master the formula for the



fire power of his ship, which was a brainnumbing ($Gc^2 \times GN + Gc^2 \times Gn' +$ $10TT + 10A^2 + 10A'^2 + 10A'' + 25Ap$ + M) Sf; + T.

The devotees of sophisticated war games who wish to stop at something a bit short of Pratt's extravaganzas have found their answer in games produced by the Avalon Hill Company of Baltimore. Avalon Hill makes a whole line of games that take tactical maps and re-create famous battles of history, including such epic clashes as Waterloo, Gettysburg, Stalingrad. Midway and the Battle of the Balge. In addition to the normal excitements of war gaming, the Avalon Hill varieties give the player the added fillip of rewriting history. Moving along the bexagonal squares that overlay a rendition of the Belgian countryside, Napoleon can now move out and engage Von Bülow's Prussian force near Tilly to his right, while Marshal Ney routs the British at Quatre Bras. Then, as his cavalry screen at Nevilles holds up allied reinforcements, Bonaparte can lead a smartly executed seizure of the positions at Mont-Saint-Jean and reap the satisfying victory over the Duke of Wellington that history denied him 150 years ago.

Avalon Hill players are the Monop-

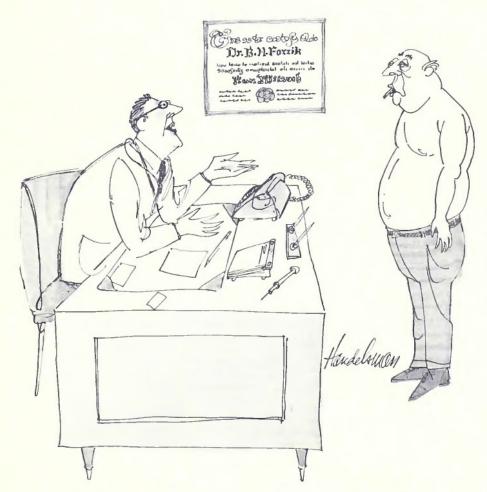
olists of the war-game business: A simple victory is rarely enough. For them, nothing less than total annihilation of the enemy will do. A truculently aggressive group, they have their own newspaper and advertise for opponents to play them through the mail in any given historical battle with much the same quiet humility of Cassius Clay. "Wanted: American general who thinks he can crack my impenetrable defense of Festung Europa," went one announcement. "If you're not an experienced player, don't waste my time." The company takes votes among its regular players to determine which battles shall be engamed next. Since the players have largely picked the battles themselves, they have no compunctions about getting in touch with the company if anything bothers them, Avalon Hill official and game designer Tom Shaw long ago stopped being surprised at getting calls in the middle of the night from as far away as Rhodesia to settle a bitter argument about some obscure point of tactics.

The exact relationship between men and the games they play is as delicate as gossamer: If there is one sure thing in the game business, it is that no one really knows what makes a game popular and what doesn't. The list of failures is a distinguished one. George Parker, the founder of the game dynasty and inventor of a raft of successful games, was convinced that his best creation was a game called Chivalry, which was never a best seller. Darrow tried his hand at a couple of new games, but couldn't even find a moderate success, let alone another Monopoly. A game can even fail for being too accurate a reflection of real-life problems. Avalon Hill once put out something called Railroad Dispatcher. It reflected the problems involved in shuffling trains so perfectly that it became a big hit with railroad dispatchers, but practically no

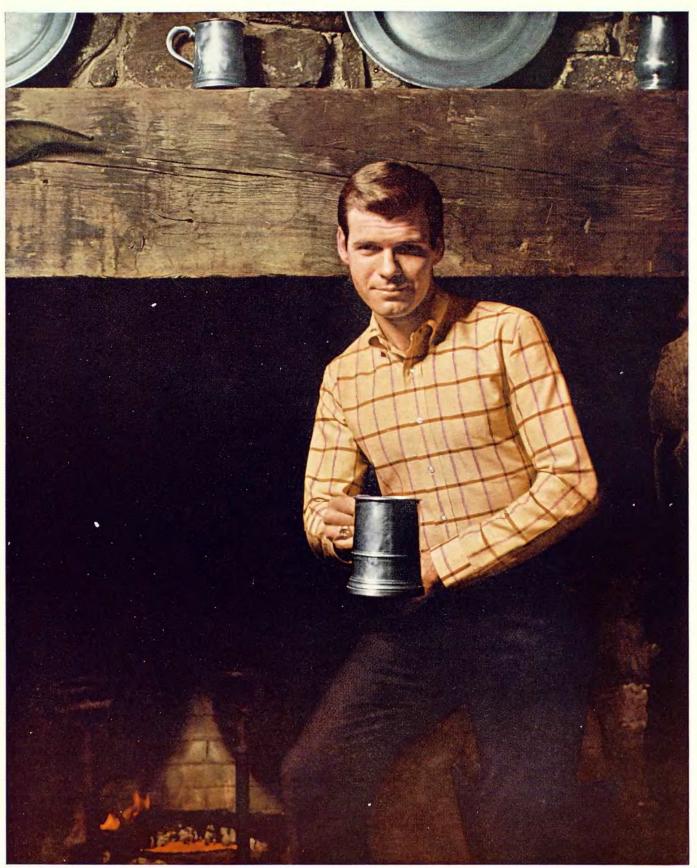
Officers of the 3M Company, which has just entered the game business with a series of excellently produced skill games, are convinced their future lies in the field of challenging brain games. But even with the most advanced marketing and merchandising systems at their command, they know they are pursuing a shadow, "You can computerize games just so far," one said, "and then you just have to stop and see if it's fun or not."

Robert B. M. Barton, the current president of Parker Brothers, once made up a lengthy list of the essential rules necessary for a board game to be "fun." He put out specific instructions on how complicated a game should be, what the right number of players is, how long it should take, and so on. One by one, new games successfully broke the rules, until today he is left with no more than the basics the ancient Chaldeans had to begin with-there should be some sense of conflict and there should be a definite winner. The most recent big new game by Parker Brothers, Risk, was adjusted to fit these two remaining rules. Invented by the talented French cinematographer and author Albert Lamorisse, Risk was originally called Conquest of the World. In spite of its ringing Gaullist title, Parker Brothers tested the game and found it was possible to play indefinitely without anyone ever completely conquering anything. It took a year and a half and more than 1000 test games to work out a new set of percentages so that there could finally be a winner and a loser. In a not infrequently confusing world, it is sometimes comforting to know for sure which is which.

Aldous Huxley, who had a habit of putting things well, perhaps put it best. "With their simple and unequivocal rules," he said, games "are like so many islands of order in the vague untidy chaos of experience. In games one passes from the incomprehensible universe of given reality into a neat little man-made world where everything is clear, purposive and easy to understand."

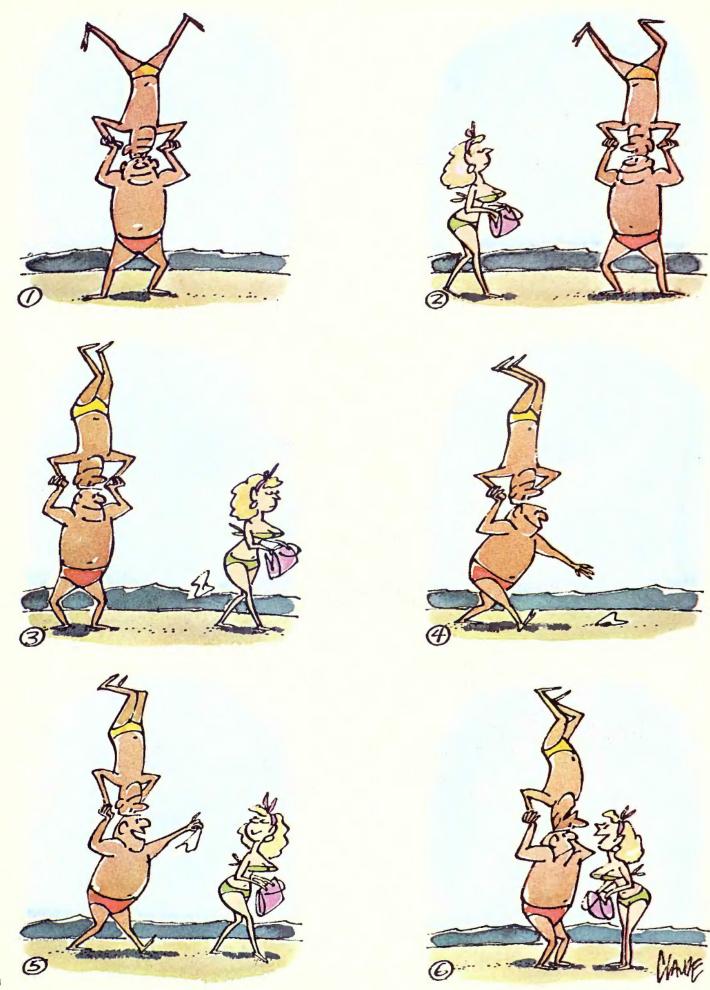


"You're not <u>sick</u> exactly, you're just—how shall I put it?—unusually dissipated for a boy of nineteen."



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strike a blow for progress. We must eradicate the notion that a downshift from fourth to third at 80 mph takes the ear of a French-horn player and the tactile sensitivity of a brain surgeon. We have to face the fact that while driving a fast automobile is one of life's kicks, one needn't be a superman, a bright monkey can do it, and judged from the point of view of miles-toaccident ratio, the high-grade moron is best of all. One doesn't even need to know how to shift gears, the automatic transmission is here to stay. The handwriting came clearly on the wall when Jim Hall, present road-racing champion of the United States, began to run away and hide from everyone, driving a Chaparral with a two-speed automatic in it. Hall isn't the first to have run a race car on an automatic, but it looks as if he has found a better combination than anyone else. When he and Hap Sharp won this year's Sebring 12-Hour Race, on a circuit requiring 15-20 gear shifts a lap from old-fashioned machinery, beating assorted Ford GTs, Cobras and Ferraris, they stuck the final seal of doom on the stick shift.

During the 1950s, when the big Cadillac-stuffed Allards stalked the land, slaving lesser fry, there was a lot of experimentation with automatic transmissions, not all of it successful. I remember a garage in Sebring, 1952, 11 or 12 o'clock at night, the place the usual welter of spare tires, bare light bulbs, squashed coffee containers, a driver coming in on a pickup truck, furious, to report that his Cad-Allard, running an automatic, had locked up, or selected reverse, he didn't know which, on the way to the circuit for a tryout. The road to the course at Sebring runs through orange groves, and he had gone backward into the soft, sandy earth, and stuck. Another driver, scheduled to drive an identical car, was considerably moved by the news. One could see the idea bang through his brain: It was one thing for a transmission to lock solid at 40 miles an hour. rumbling along a country road, and something else again at 140, on the circuit. He sat, suddenly, on a running board. Two years before, though, 1950, a Cadillac-Allard running a Hydra-Matic transmission had won Sebring overall, Fred Wacker and Frank Burrell up.

Automatics ran at Watkins Glen, even a Bugatti, a Type 54 Grand Prix car owned by Dr. S. L. Scher with a Dynaflow in it, Bill Milliken driving. The Bugatti was less than sensational, but Allards in the hands of Wacker and Burrell, Cal Connell, A. E. Goldschmidt and Fred Warner campaigned all over the place, even in the Argentine. What happened to them? They didn't return enough advantage to justify their

high cost and maintenance complexity; drivers like Briggs Cunningham, Fred Wacker and James Kimberley saw that the Cadillac and Chrysler engines, good as they were, and big enough to accept the losses inherent in 1950 automatics, could not outlast three or four liters of Ferrari, and Enzo Ferrari didn't sell bare engines, he sold race cars, complete with stick shifts. The automatic transmission idea went on the shelf for a while.

Not only mechanical factors were responsible. The mystique had a lot to do with it, the idea that gear shifting is an exotic skill. This notion, like so much else in motor racing, came to the United States from England and was central to the support of the sport by people who would themselves never drive in competition, but whose need to associate themselves with competition drivers was essential to their pleasure, if not their security. When motor racing was new, a driver who hoped to get anywhere near the first rank had to be built like a weight lifter, or at least be as strong as one. Clutch- and brake-pedal pressures were fierce, the steering wheel, often geared almost 1-to-1, delivered every road shock direct to the wrists, and gear levers had long throws. When a driver had a flat, he and the mechanic jumped out and changed it, and without the help of automatic jacks and half-a-dozen pit people, and they changed not the wheel, but the tire itself. They cut the old one off the rim with knives, levered the new one on, then pumped it up, and plenty of cars ate ten tires in a single race. A man who wasn't brutally strong simply could not drive competitively in the days of the Vanderbilt Cups, the early Targa Florio, and so on.

Even in the 1920s and 1930s strength counted. Movie shots of the big Auto-Union G.P. cars running down the straights in the middle 1930s showed their drivers making quick and continual steering corrections, and, earlier, Tazio Nuvolari, one of the four greatest drivers of all time, decided that he was too small and too light to horse the big cars around, and out of his inability evolved the driving style, the drifting, rhythmic, swinging way of going that so profoundly influenced everyone from his time onward. Today, raw strength counts for little. Steering is so light that 13-inch wheels offer plenty of leverage; gear-lever movements are short; pedal pressures are light. Engines are rearmounted, so that drivers do not have to contend with ferociously high cockpit temperatures, high enough to take five pounds off a man in a race, high enough, indeed, so that blistered feet were no wild rarity. Condition matters, Grand Prix racing is not for weaklings, but tremendous physical strength, such as Piero Taruffi and Stirling Moss and Juan

Manuel Fangio had, is not imperatively a part of a champion's armorarium.

But always there has been, as a constant, the ability to shift gears smoothly and very quickly, smoothly because at high speeds even a slight jerk in the drive line can cause the rear wheels to lose their grip on the road, a grip tenuous at the best of it, and give the driver. a second later, the problem of something going sidewise; quickly because when a car is in neutral, going up the box, it is coasting, it is not under power, and coasting wins no races; quickly going down the box because then the gears must be used for braking, and there is no braking power in neutral. Indeed, drivers have died because they missed shifts, nearly always downward, say from third to second, and thus lost vital braking power. Still, the skill was not hard to learn. Alfonso de Portago was inept at gear changing when he began to race, by his own admission, but he became expert in an afternoon.

Gear shifting has remained dear to the aficionado because it was the one attribute anyone at all could share with the Olympians. One might not be able to read the fine print of a newspaper across a room, as Moss could, or pick up the back end of a race car, as Taruffi could, or drive flat-out for three days and three nights, as Erik Carlsson could, but one could learn to shift gears as expertly, at least mechanically as expertly, as any one of them, and thus one shared a bond, and was enabled rigidly to exclude from the magic circle lesser lights who were slow, or shook the car, orappalling grossness!-made crunching noises. Such were referred to in print as "ham-fisted peasants" or "clots" or "boors who don't deserve to sit at the wheel of a good motorcar." In 1948 I was driving a noted British motoring journalist who criticized my gear shifting in a subtle but unmistakable fashion: He held himself lightly in the seat, pendulumlike, and let his head bob forward and backward as the clutch came in. The standard of shifting he enforced was usual with the inner circle: A passenger should feel nothing whatever in a gear shift, and hear nothing but rising or falling engine sound, the progress of the car, faster or slower, absolutely unmarred. Racing drivers aside, the best I have known was a 60-year-old chauffeur, veteran of 30-odd years on Rolls-Royces, He could shift up through four gears and down through four, in steady progression, absolutely imperceptibly. He had, of course, been through the old Rolls-Royce school, in which four days of the curriculum were set aside for shifting alone.

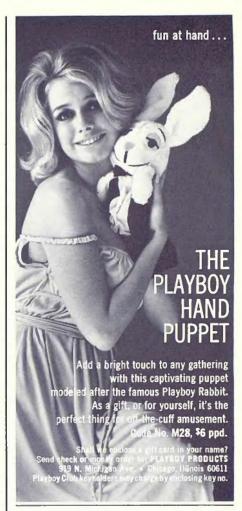
Aesthetics aside, and snobbery, and the racing mystique, gear shifting has something else going for it: the relief of boredom. Driving an automobile is in essence boring. Just sitting there steering 241



the thing doesn't provide much diversion unless one is going very fast. Constant gear shifting, with its suggestion of mastery over the vehicle, is mildly entertaining, and the more gears the more entertainment. The Alfa Romeo Giulietta and the new Porsche 911, with five-speed boxes, are by some esteemed for that reason alone, and even for Mini-Minors a five-speed Colotti box is available. Sixspeed setups have already appeared on some race cars, and will move to gran turismo cars. The smaller the engine, the faster it turns, the more gears one needs. to keep it within its maximum power range regardless of the road speed of the car; but even big engines, engines that could do nicely with only two speeds, are sold today with four-on-the-floor. In 1963, about 4 percent of all U.S. cars came off the line with four-speed manual transmissions, 20 percent with threespeed. (The other 76 percent were, of course, automatics.) It's safe to say that all but a fraction of that percent of manuals went to male drivers, and safer. I suppose, to say that there was not one of them who did not, at some time in the first 60 days, think, Mittylike, slamming the short stick from fourth to third, that he was at one with Camille Jenatzy, or Jim Clark, or someone in between.

They're going to take that away, though. Every race-car designer in the world has screwed the midnight lamp to his drawing board, and the precedents are being shifted and reshifted, from the old rumbling Cad-Allards through the Hobbs automatic Lotus Elite, which laid down 15 wins in the 1961 sports-car season, to Hall's present rig, based on a General Motors unit. (Talk in the trade is that Hall's transmission came out of 'the back door" at GM, a phrase that means little enough. Anyone can buy a GM component. For example, the standard supercharger used on the big dragsters is a GM diesel blower. But General Motors' position on racing at the moment is in compliance with the 1957 resolution of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association forbidding participation in or support of racing. GM says-and it's an argument hard to refute-that racing proves nothing that can't be better proven in the laboratory and on the factory test stand. The argument that horse racing "improves the breed" is a laughable sophistry, has been for decades, and the motor-racing parallel is little stronger in logic; Ford is deep in racing now, but Ford's motivation is financial, what else? Market research has shown the Dearborn executives that the war babies are growing up, convinced them that racing appeals to the late-teens and early-20s, and if you sell a Fairlane today you may sell a Continental 15 years from now.)

Back to the four-on-the-floor. Or the five-on-the-floor. Or the six-on-the-deck. Or, God spare us, the seven-in-the-slot.



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We come to the wondrous and esoteric "heel-and-toe" technique. When the tamed, housebroken motoring critics have said that the Gimmelsbar two-liter is absolutely great except that the horn note is perhaps a bit thin, and the headlights do not, actually, penetrate as far through the glim as they should, and the ashtray is not, truly, as easily accessible as it might be, they usually say as well that the position of the accelerator and brake pedals does not lend itself to the "heel-and-toe" technique. What, prithee, Mynheer, is this? Well, it is a way of wearing out a motorcar. The idea is this: You, Walter Mitty, are flying down Route 17 to the supermarket, and coming up is, as well you know, the right-angle turn into Main Street. You stay on the gas as long as you dare, then you twist your ankle, drop your heel onto the brake pedal and goose the accelerator with your toe, or the other way around, and go down a gear. Maybe, if you're very brave, and are going very fast, you drop two gears, bloop, bloop, and there you are, under heavy wheel and engine braking together, around the corner. In racing, the move makes sense because it satisfies the imperative necessity, before-cited, that the car shall never coast. In street driving, it's like carrying a sword cane to a cocktail party: Who needs it? Never mind, it's an essential part of the gearbox mystique. It's kicks, but it costs: Every time you goose an engine from 3000 rpm to 5500, you're rubbing steel off the bores and dollars off your budget. The way to come into a corner, unless your best friend is seven minutes from the delivery room, or the local law has commandeered you and is shooting from the other window, is to take your foot off and let the thing slope up to it. Still, what am I saying? You're Piero Taruffi keening through the outskirts of Bologna at 150 mph in the 1957 Mille Miglia, and who worries about the odd kopeck at a time like that?

In 1968, I dare say, there won't be a stick shift sprouting from the floor of a race car between this and Tokyo. You can't do long division, never mind solid geometry, as fast as IBM's great iron brain, and as long ago as 1952, I think, I saw Erwin Goldschmidt in a Cad-Allard Hydra-Matic open five car lengths on a sports Ferrari in the fat part of 300 yards. You, though you walk elbow to elbow with Parnelli and A. J. and Clark and Surtees, you can't, repeat, cannot, wiggle the stick that fast. The auto trans., as the types say, is here to stay. Only the comparatively slow march of technical progress has been holding it up. While the automatic was so inefficient that it absorbed a disproportionate amount of available engine power, race cars couldn't afford it, small passenger cars couldn't afford it, and it was really useful only on the big V-8s. Automatics put much more power on the

road now than they used to, and leave less of it churning around inside in the trains of planetary gears, in the oil-filled torque converters; they're lighter, and race-car designers can use them, and revel in their great edge over the stick shift. An automatic can be set up to keep an engine turning at its peak power-producing rate whether the car's in a 30-mph hairpin or on a 190-mph straight, without any attention from the driver. This is very important, because some Formula I engines produce maximum power only within a very narrow range of revolutions per minute, say between 9000 and 10,800, the figures for the current BRM. This requires a driver to shift constantly-at Monaco, for example, every five seconds-and to watch the tachometer closely. On the street, one can listen to the engine; on the circuit, with earplugs stuffed in until they almost meet in the middle, it's harder. one must sense the torque the engine is putting out, one must rely on feel. The automatic transmission eliminates all this, and puts the driver in the position of the captain on the bridge of a shiphe can pay attention to where the thing's going, and let the engineering department attend to the nuts and bolts.

Very well. And Q. E. D. And with the stick shift gone, how shall we amuse ourselves with the delusion that we are all pilotes? There's the steering wheel. Yes, but not for long. We steer automobiles by wheel because when the thing began, no other device could give enough leverage over so long a range. But, like the gearshift, the steering wheel was a com-

promise and a makeshift, and no one needs it anymore. If man is to make race cars go faster-and he will, because that's the nature of the beast-he will have to lie down, to reduce the frontal area of the vehicle; that is to say, he will have to lie down flat instead of merely half reclining as he's doing now. If he lies down, he won't have room to wind a wheel around and around. He'll steer with a limited-movement tiller, or with electronic push buttons, and then what. my masters, of the elegant straight-arm position, the geometrically crossed wrists in the hairpin turn, what of the stringback kangaroo-skin driving gloves?

No. Automation is the answer and the end. As a bulgebrained IBM technician said to me, "We will be the last people in the world to work." I asked Bill Frick. who was setting up automatics for race cars as long ago as anybody, how the future looked to him. Said Frick, "Certainly the automatic transmission is inevitable for race cars. We must face it. We must not throw our bare bodies across the path of progress. As for me, I look forward to the day when all Grand Prix and big-car racing will be slot racing, the manufacturers and owners at the controls. I can see Agajanian with one rheostat in each hand, and Ferrari. and Chapman, and six cars out there in slots running down the track, and the drivers just sitting in them so they won't look empty, and so the girl waiting for the winner at the finish line will have some place to hang the wreath."





"You'll get an explanation just as soon as I can think one up, and not before!"

SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 176)

Japanese manservants, one employed solely to manicure her toenails. (The latter detail could be regarded as a gibe at Pola Negri, who had popularized painted toenails.) In the end, of course, virtue triumphed—as she prepared to settle down to wedded respectability with poor but honest John Boles.

Stardom notwithstanding, acting was never regarded as Gloria's forte. As one critic commented: "Whatever the emotion, she conveyed it by pursing up her lips and looking as though she had swallowed something." The New Yorker's summation was, "Her greatest achievement is her own face in repose." With pictures turning talky. Gloria remained silent, doing Somerset Maugham's Rain under the title of Sadie Thompson, the change made at the behest of motionpicture czar Will Hays, who thought the Maugham title had "risqué associations." Nevertheless, the story itself went through little change. Gloria played a loose woman, plying the world's oldest profession in the tropics, who is given a sense of shame by a religious fanatic (Lionel Barrymore), is then wickedly seduced by him and finally goes on to reform herself. For a silent film, the picture did well. But her next venture was the most disastrous of her career. This was the ill-fated Queen Kelly, for which she hired and then fired, as director, the unpredictable Erich von Stroheim. (See The Twenties-Hollywood's Flaming Youth, PLAYBOY, June 1965.)

In 1929 she attempted to turn herself into a talking-and singing-star, but was only sporadically successful, partly because she had to compete with new and potent sex queens such as Garbo, Dietrich and Harlow. At her fabulous peak, however, she had been the epitome of the screen's silent duchesses, living in what passed for real life much as De Mille had portrayed her in her movies. It took \$10,000 a month just to pay her living expenses-which included the upkeep of her Beverly Hills mansion, a penthouse atop the Hotel Park Chambers in Manhattan and a country estate near Croton, New York, plus the employment of four secretaries, a full-time press agent, several business managers and a host of butlers and maids. For relaxation she would retire to her bathrooms of black marble, complete with golden plumbing, basins and bathtubs.

The director Robert Flaherty was once asked to name his favorite screen actress. Without hesitation he answered, "Gloria Swanson." When urged to explain why, he said, "Gloria has courage." She had that, undeniably. If you should happen to see one of her old movies, Male and Female, and notice her in a Babylonian torture pit, her headdress being munched by a lion, you should know that it was a real lion, only slightly

tranquilized, and Gloria wasn't faking it.

An entirely different breed of cat was a smiling, mysterious, monosyllabic Pole called Pola Negri, who went to Hollywood in 1923 and quickly became Swanson's most formidable rival. But she was not too ostentatious at first, her retinue being made up merely of a personal maid, a secretary, a cook, a housemaid, a gardener and a chauffeur. Even so, when her name was put up on a dressing room at Paramount, one jealous female, aware that Pola had gained her fame in Berlin, penciled across the door in large letters: DOWN WITH THE HUN. On her first day of shooting at the studio, cast and crew stood around all morning awaiting her appearance. A call to her home elicited the information: "Miss Negri do not feel like today to work . . ." When at last she reported for duty, she saw cats slinking around the premises and gave vent to cries of horror. Cats, she screamed, were omens of evil. They must be removed. Coincidentally, it seems that Gloria Swanson was the self-appointed mistress and guardian of all the felines in the studio-including the lions-and before the impasse was resolved it was agreed that Gloria's filming would be shunted to Astoria, Long Island, thus leaving Pola in full sway at Paramount's Hollywood branch.

She was a woman reputed to be artful in the ways of love as well as a proponent of artful expression in acting. Just how she managed to give the latter impression is difficult to understand today. But tastes in movie sexuality were changing, and Pola came to epitomize the woman who was knowing and restless, oversexed and peremptory in her physical demands, ultracivilized, supersophisticated and disillusioned.

Although she was careful not to reveal her birth date, confident authority has it that she was born in Janowa, Russian Poland, on December 12, 1894. She claimed that her origins were shrouded in mystery, that her father had been a Hungarian gypsy, her mother a Russian noblewoman, and that her true name was Appolonia Chalupez. In anti-Semitic Berlin, rumors spread that her real name was Paula Schwartz. In any case, she spoke of Cossacks looting and setting fire to her country house: of her father, a revolutionist, being exiled to Siberia; of her brother dying of the black plague; of her mother's two years of insanity. Separating her self-perpetuated myths from fact is difficult, but it seems likely that she went to school in Warsaw, where she learned four languages and fell in love with the works of the Italian poetess Ada Negri, upon which she decided to call herself Pola Negri. She made her acting debut in Warsaw, after having received training at the Imperial Ballet School. Soon enamored of the

movies, like the young Swanson, she rented her own camera, wrote, produced and starred in *Love and Passion*.

The German films of the immediate post-World War One era were characterized by what one critic has termed "a childish sexuality." While there was little of outright nudity, lewdness or perversion about them, there was a considerable amount of sexual teasing, in which Negri excelled. She loved to flaunt her body, to play the coquette, the woman desired. Inevitably, with her irrepressible drive and magnetism, she was soon starring in just such roles-The Polish Dancer, Carmen, Madame Dubarry, the latter released here under the suitably descriptive title of Passion. By the time Paramount obtained her coveted signature on a contract, she was the most highly paid star in Europe. Meanwhile, she had accumulated two divorces. Her second marriage, to Count Dombski, she revealed had taken place while returning to Berlin from Warsaw, where she had gone, after World War One, to visit her mother. On the return trip she was told at the Polish-German border that she could not take her jewels out of Poland. Indignant, she demanded to see the commandant, who turned out to be Dombski. He obtained Pola for a wife and she, presumably, obtained her jewels.

Naturally, so fiery a personality was awaited here with anticipation. Shortly before her arrival her Carmen was released in the United States as Gypsy Blood, in which she turned the soulless dancer with a rose between her teeth into a national cliché. She announced to the country that "Great men have always loved me," casually dropping such names as Ernst Lubitsch. Max Reinhardt and Charles Chaplin. She had first encountered the great comedian in Berlin, and. not quite the linguist she had cracked herself up to be, had fondly called him "little jazzboy Sharlie." Little jazzboy asked an interpreter how to say to her "I adore you," and was given the German words for "I think you are a piece of cheese." On this note, a romance began.

Chaplin, in his Autobiography, is not altogether gentlemanly in his scanty references to Miss Negri, saying it was she who made all the advances. Perhaps so: but not long after her arrival in Hollywood, there was much gossip about them both, some of their own making. An irresistible force seemed to draw them together, they said-or perhaps it was a publicist at Paramount. But certainly a press agent did not invent the incident that took place on a sunny day on Hollywood Boulevard: Chaplin was seen dashing out of a café, buying a laundry basket full of violets, then heading back to the café, where he threw the blossoms at Pola's feet as she sat at lunch.

When asked if they were engaged, he archly asked her, "Are we?" and she answered, "Yes, my Sharlie." Sharlie would



Advt. for Falstaff Brewing Corp. of San Jose, Calif., in joyous tribute to the carriage trade and great beer.

be seen driving down the street kissing her hand-and endangering pedestrians. But sometimes her legendary temperament would flare up, and she would be prostrated for days on end, during which her adored Sharlie would not be permitted to see her. It is not known if he really wanted to.

In the pictures she made abroad, she was usually an unregenerate scarlet woman, and her own publicity intimated that in real life she was not unlike the women she played: "a Carmen cultivated by society and tempered by experi-ence in pain." Then she changed her mind and said she was a "Goya woman," referring to his famous painting of the voluptuous nude maja. Her last picture in Europe, The Flame of Love, had shown her as a Parisian demimondaine who fell in love after a life of amorous adventure. In Hollywood it was thought necessary to cool off her sizzling image. Her first American picture was Bella Donna, in which an attempt was made to turn her into a sympathetic sinner. She played a married woman having an affair with an unscrupulous Egyptian. The lovers plan to dispose of the husband with a dose of poison, but Pola sees the light in time and unselfishly administers the dose to her lover instead. In spite of her reformation, the further appeasement of the censors demanded that she be killed off accidentally at the fade-out. Consequently, not even the puritanical Pennsylvania State Board of Censors complained about Bella Donna -but the reviewers did. They had hoped for more potent passion from Pola. As one said: "A passion flower has been fashioned into a poinsettia."

Fear of the censors had as much to do with the dissipation of Pola's large following as did the later arrival of another foreign enchantress, Greta Garbo. In such movies as The Cheat, Flower of the Night, Loves of an Actress and Woman on Trial. Pola portrayed a worldly female who might find true love, but would not be allowed to enjoy it for long. Either she sacrificed herself at the end out of remorse or an avenging deus ex machina abruptly and arbitrarily removed her. An effort was made by Paramount to embellish their expensive import and promote her as a genuine artist. She was photographed ever more carefully, sleeked up, gowned ever more lavishly, but as a sex symbol her reign was ending. By 1927, when she made her best Hollywood movie, Hotel Imperial, Paramount was ready to drop her; what had kept her going was her sensationally publicized romance with the incomparable Rudolph Valentino, for whom she had managed one last gesture: a crosscountry orgy of faints, hysterics and interviews en route to Rudy's bier. She later married a prince, but it didn't help.

Nevertheless, this Polish passion flower 246 did bring a refreshing exoticism to the Hollywood scene, and she was symptomatic of the burgeoning freedom of womankind in the Twenties. Besides introducing painted toenails to Hollywood. she was the first of many to announce that she wore nothing whatsoever under her evening gowns, and she confessed, too, that she slept in the nude-with a revolver under her pillow to dispatch unwanted interlopers. When she wrote what passed for an autobiography, she called it Love Was My Undoing. Undone or not, she could say smugly, "I have had every experience in life any woman could dream of." More important, perhaps, was what she had neglected to say-that she had helped millions of people fantasize erotic adventures they wouldn't have dared to live.

There were those who said that it was her own image that killed Pola at the box office, that she did not keep pace with the jazz age. Nor did she foresee that a strange new species of native American sex symbol was burgeoning beneath the Southern California sun: The flapper was coming into her own, First of the new breed was Colleen Moore, who was about as sexy as a Shirley Temple doll, and her own fault, too, because she had as beautiful a body as any of the sex stars who came after her. It was her acting alone that made her popular-that, and the creation of the film flapper, a liberated young lady of vast appeal to the movie millions. The flapper got her name because of her peculiar habit of wearing unbuckled galoshes; this slapdash disregard for convention symbolized the kind of girl whose spirit was free and who was willing to kick up her spiked heels in the uninhibited pursuit of pleasure. Colleen Moore helped give a name to the new generation when, in 1923, she made a picture called Flaming Youth. Overnight she was a flaming star.

It was perhaps fortunate that Technicolor had not arrived during her heyday, for she was born with attractive but mismatching eyes of blue and brown. The public was titillated by the roles she played-usually that of a jazz-mad Jezebel who defied society only to learn, in the final reel, that the eternal verities alone brought happiness. Flaming Youth set the pattern for dozens of flapper films that followed-all featuring wild parties and much guzzling of bootleg booze, and sometimes a midnight nude bathing scene which, to avoid censorship, showed female forms only in tantalizing silhouette. Colleen's Dutch-boy bob set a national feminine style, and she became the prototype of John Held, Ir.'s famous drawings of the birdbrained flapper. It was not long before dozens of imitators flooded the movie screens, among them Betty Bronson, Sue Carol, the young Joan Crawford-and the most charismatic of them all, Clara Bow, the "It" Girl.

Adolph Zukor said of Clara, "She danced even when her feet were not moving." Some part of her was in motion in all her waking moments-if only her great rolling eyes. She was a redhead, born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1905. While in her junior year at Bay Ridge High School, she won a beauty contest, for which she was awarded an evening gown, a silver trophy and a screen "contract" which entitled her to play a small role in an honest-to-goodness film. As fate would have it, she was immediately cast in a whaling epic for a small independent company called Arrow. The producer, B. P. Schulberg (Budd's father), was prescient enough to sense her potential, and he starred her in a series of pictures in which she was unabashedly billed as the "Hottest Jazz Baby in Films," Although her first screen appearance was in 1923, it took her several years to rise to the top of the flapper contingent-in which ascendancy she was aided immeasurably by her appearance in It, a Twenties euphemism coined by producer, B. P. Schulberg (Budd's familiar form of animal magnetism known as sex appeal.

Clara's comment was: "The 'It' that Madame Glyn attributes to me is something of which I am not aware. I think it must be my vivacity, my fearlessness and perhaps the fact that I'm a tomgirl; one doesn't think of men much: maybe it's my indifference to them. I really don't care particularly about men . . .'

Clara must have had tongue in cheek when she said that, for according to actress Louise Brooks, she was very fond indeed of men, and knew very well the selling power of sex on the screen and off. "The extraordinary thing about Clara Bow," Miss Brooks recalled, "was that when she was a kid in Brooklyn, determined to become a movie star, she would see every Colleen Moore picture over and over and had figured out the lacking element in her screen image. Colleen didn't have the gift for attractive display of her body. This was a mistake Clara determined not to make. Clara also knew that she had 'bandeau bosoms,' a somewhat oversized bottom and rather large thighs. So she created the illusion of a beautiful body by exposing beautiful flesh. It was Billy Wilder who said that Clara's sex was the sex of sensuous touch-you could feel her flesh on the screen.'

When It grossed more than a million dollars-then a staggering figure-Clara was hailed as "the screen's most piquant star," and for the rest of her career was ballyhooed as the "It" Girl. In several of her pictures, she attempted to enhance this image of the wild but basically good girl out on the town. She also made one. Red Hair, that seemed designed as a vehicle for illustrating the passionate nature of redheads as a type. In it, Clara played a manicurist courted by three



"Wow! I've seen some tough acts to follow, but . . . !"

male admirers—one of whom sees her as a demure young miss, another as a sultry vamp and the third as a vixen given to mad displays of temper. In the final, daring scene, which takes place on a boat, Clara divests herself of her furs and silks, all presents from her three admirers, and, down to a scanty slip, flounces off with still another man.

Like Swanson and Negri, Clara more than matched her screen personality in real life, going through well-publicized affairs with Gilbert Roland and Gary Cooper, among others. A poet, Robert Savage, slashed his wrists out of unrequited desire for her, but managed to recover. Clara's reaction: "Men don't commit suicide by slashing their wrists. They use pistols." On trial later for attempting to take his life, Savage testified that Clara had once kissed him so fervently that he was laid up with a sore jaw for two days. A more embarrassing trial, for Clara, occurred later, in 1930, when she brought suit against her ex-secretary, Daisy De Voe, for embezzling \$16,000 from a special account on which the secretary had been allowed to sign checks. Clara declared that her suit was provoked by the girl's efforts to blackmail her. Miss De Voe then told a sorry tale, never proven, that she had used the money to pay for men, liquor and even dope-all for Clara. Unconvinced, the jury found her guilty, and the ex-secretary spent a year in jail.

But there was more to come for Clara. The publisher of a weekly Hollywood tabloid, The Coast Reporter, printed anecdotes about her supposedly dictated by Daisy De Voe after the trial, only to be charged himself with sending obscene matter through the mails. After this case was tried, Clara promptly had a nervous breakdown, and was replaced by another actress in her next film. Clara's sad plaint was that being "a sex symbol is a heavy load to carry, especially when one is very tired, hurt and bewildered," and the ghost of Marilyn Monroe might well agree with her. When she recovered, Clara married the cowboy actor Rex Bell in December 1931, had two sons by him-but eventually retreated to a sanatorium. In 1951, still in the sanatorium, she foully remembered the Twenties, when she was its greatest sex symbol: "We had individuality. We did as we pleased. We stayed up late. We dressed the way we wanted. I'd whiz down Sunset Boulevard in my open Kissel, with seven red chow dogs to match my hair. Today, stars are sensible and end up with better health. But we had more fun."

The Twenties were also rich in male sex symbols, ranging all the way from the bounding, balletic Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., whose approach to romance was along the lines of a grown-up boy scout, to the elegant lecheries of bulletheaded Erich von Stroheim, "the man you love to hate." Fairbanks, who began

his screen career in 1915 as a cleanshaven, all-American optimist, added the mustache in 1920 for *The Mark of Zorro*. It remained his trademark through a long series of swashbuckling romantic comedies during the Twenties—*The Feast of Bagdad, Don Q, The Black Pirate*—in all of which Fairbanks wooed and won such fair maids as Julanne Johnston, Mary Astor and Billie Dove with acrobatic gusto instead of tender passion. Everyone's adored big brother, he exemplified for an entire generation such noble ideals as clean living, good sportsmanship and a quaintly Victorian regard for women.

Erich von Stroheim's appeal was of another sort entirely. Catapulted to prominence by his repeated portrayal of Prussian villains in the films of World War One, Von Stroheim saw room for an extension of the character in the post-War European scene. He appeared, in a series of pictures that he both wrote and directed, as a Continental roué whose handkissing, heel-clicking good manners were the finished veneer of an arrogant and sadistic cad who used and abused his women. Aware of all perversions, he managed to insinuate into his pictures Krafft-Ebing refinements that eluded the more simple-minded censors-along with many that did not. Nevertheless, both his films and his screen character enjoyed considerable success among the sophisticates of the Twenties, with Foolish Wives (1922) which ran for almost a year on Broadway, and The Merry Widow (1925), which he directed but did not appear in, one of the most profitable pictures of the decade.

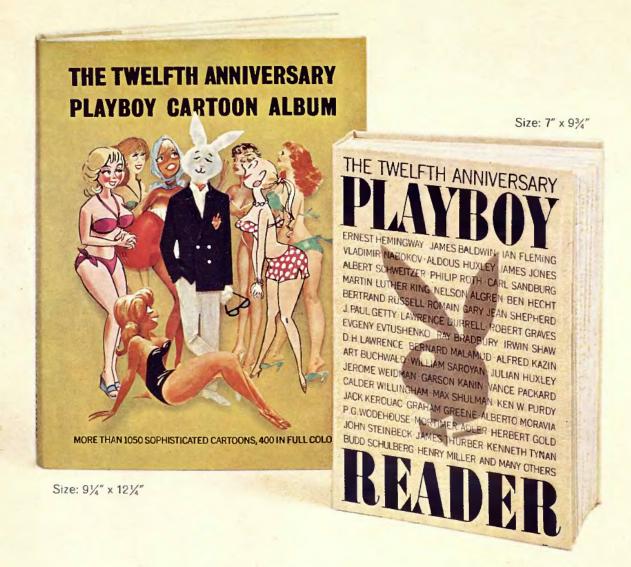
But by far the most electrifying male star of the period was a young Italian immigrant with the impressive baptismal name of Rodolfo Raffaelo Filiberto Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla; he rose to fame only after he regretfully cut it down to Rudolph Valentino. Probably no man before or since caused such female flutters as he did. There are still veiled admirers who visit the somewhat phallic monument erected to his memory in De Longpre Park in Hollywood.

Valentino came to America in 1913 as a boy of 18, worked as a waiter, busboy, garage mechanic, gardener, and then as a dancing partner at Maxim's in New York City, where he did fairly well from the five- and ten-dollar tips fervently pressed into his palm by smitten partners. When World War One came, Rodolfo tried to volunteer in the Canadian Air Force and was rejected because of an eve defect. So he headed West as a chorus boy in a musical, hoping to someday own and farm a piece of land to which he could bring his mother from southern Italy, where she was undergoing hardships because of the War. An actor friend suggested he try Hollywood, where the movie industry was burgeoning, and there he secured some bit parts and supplemented his income with more dancing. Though he visited the casting

offices day after day, and was under the eyes of directors constantly, one and all were singularly myopic when it came to recognizing him as star material. Mae Murray was perspicacious enough to give the Latin dancer small roles in two of her vehicles, but for the most part Valentino was mired in villainous "heavy" roles, the only kind felt suitable for a slick-haired Latin type such as he. He came into his own only with the end of the War and the emergence of the new morality of the Twenties. A male counterpart to the vamp was needed, and Valentino had the masculine magnetism and the proper soupçon of hot-eyed exoticism to fill the need.

Whatever his appeal, it wasn't intellectual. Chaplin described him as being "just like a child." When he studied for a role, more likely than not he would act out the role in real life, sometimes to the point of becoming obnoxious. But perhaps because of the childlike sincerity he brought to his parts-exaggerated, even ludicrous, as it appears to us now-he was something completely fresh and compelling in film stars. The Latin lover became a leading man-and the living legend of the Twenties-when he was cast in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (the last word of which Valentino could never pronounce). His discoverer. June Mathis, scenario adaptor of the Blasco Ibáñez popular novel, had brought him to the attention of director Rex Ingram, who in turn was responsible for fattening Valentino's part when he sensed in the rushes the mesmeric impact of the heavy-breathing histrionics and tango-dancing done by Valentino; he played an aristocratic Argentinian turned Parisian playboy who meets his death on a World War One battlefield at the hands of his own German cousin. When the film opened in 1921-at ten dollars a seat in its New York premierehe became a major star. Upon seeing the picture, D. W. Griffith commented: "I keep asking myself: Is this fellow really acting, or is he so perfectly the type that he doesn't need to act?"

For a man capable of arousing such passionate yearnings in the women who watched him on the screen, Valentino was less fiery as a lover in real life. It was rumored that Blanca de Saules, a wealthy Chilean, had shot her husband for love of him, but it was more likely that Blanca was jealous of her wayward husband. Valentino's first marriage, to dancer Jean Acker, lasted exactly one night. As he described it, "After the ceremony we had supper and danced until two A.M. Then we parted." Soon after, Metro cast Valentino as Armand opposite Alla Nazimova's Camille; as a result, he met Nazimova's scenic designer, the exotic Natacha Rambova, as she called herself. After a long courtship, to which she remained indifferent a good deal of the time, they were married, and Natacha



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Natacha, who pretended to be Russian, had actually been born Winifred Shaughnessy in Salt Lake City, and was the stepdaughter of Richard Hudnut, the cosmetics tycoon. Not a little eccentric, she had mystical inclinations, and believed herself guided by supernatural forces. In otherworldly fashion, when she at last decided to marry Valentino, she chose to ignore the fact that his interlocutory decree from Jean Acker was not final, and married him in Mexicali. Charged with bigamy on his return to Hollywood, Rudy issued a statement to the American public: "I will say that the love that made me do what I have done was prompted by the noblest intention that a man could have. I loved deeply, but in loving I may have erred innocently."

Natacha had meanwhile led him from Metro to Paramount, where, for a salary of \$500 a week, he made The Sheik. The story has a haughty English girl running across Sheik Ahmed Ben Hassan (Valentino) while visiting a sand hole called Biskra in Algeria. The moment her eyes meet his, her soul is tossed by raging crosscurrents of desire, an acting problem Agnes Ayres solved by looking as though the sheik had just stunned her with a two-by-four. Later that night he appeared beneath her window and sang in subtitles:

> I'm the Sheik of Araby Your love belongs to me. At night when you're asleep Into your tent I creep.

This promise was kept later in the picture when Agnes was swooped down upon by the sheik's caravan and carried off into captivity. A dread bandit called Omair then abducted her from the sheik, carried her off into countercaptivity, and would have brutally ravished the helpless creature had not the sheik appeared in time to rescue her. Later on in the picture, it is discovered that the sheik isn't Arabian at all, but is of English and Spanish descent, and presumably therefore more acceptable matrimonial material in the home market.

The Sheik electrified the ladies as no other picture had before. Theaters in which it was shown were mobbed, and the word sheik came into the American vocabulary. Slick hair, long sideburns and balloon trousers came into fashion. With disappointing results, some men tried to emulate Valentino, while others sulked with jealousy over his reputed animal magnetism. What was this extraordinary power over the opposite sex? Newspaper and magazine writers attempted explanations. "You have heard of various animals hypnotizing others by the slow, rhythmic motions of their bodies," one theorized. "Just so does Valentino charm all those who come under his influence by the wonderful perfection of his every movement. . . . There are his eyes: exotic, passionate eyes that have equally potent hypnotic powers. A woman cannot help herself as his eyes look into her very soul, not if she is human." Actually, Valentino was merely nearsighted.

But there is no question that the graceful Latin stimulated women erotically; and many were to admit later that their early erotic fantasies had to do with being swooped down upon by a burnoosed Arab, lifted to his pommel and borne off on a white steed to the accompaniment of exquisite palpitations. Valentino also signified a retreat from puritanism by women, for he absolved them of the necessity to suffer erotically induced guilt: Their surrender to him was caused by an animal force they were powerless to resist. Thus the ex-tango artist was responsible for a pronounced switch in movie morals, for until he came along, if a man pounced upon a shrinking lady with no other justification than the most carnal of desires, grave retribution was eventually meted out to him; but in The Sheik the heroine fell genuinely in love with the "magnificent animal," as he was called, and married him in the last reel.

In his two following pictures for Paramount, inevitably, Valentino was undressed in a few scenes, for the studio was not unmindful of his physical appeal. In Monsieur Beaucaire, a French period drama which had him wearing silks and wigs, time was yet found to show him being ceremoniously dressed, from the skin, by a legion of valets. In Blood and Sand, based on the famous Blasco Ibáñez novel, he returned to his Latin-lover role; and women were again granted the opportunity to gaze upon his torso as he demonstrated in exquisite detail the matador's ritual dressing in "the suit of lights." Otherwise, the film might just as well have been titled Latin Lover Meets the Vamp. In it, Nita Naldi played a baneful, aristocratic temptress who takes her pleasure with the young Spaniard and tosses him aside.

He made two more films for Paramount, and then starred in The Eagle for United Artists-which was a success less for its plot (Valentino was a Cossack in Catherine's Russia who masquerades as a masked bandit and then as a mincing French tutor, all to defeat the enemies of the Empress) than for the publicity that surrounded his romance with Pola Negri; he and Natacha had separated. His next film, Son of the Sheik, was to be his last. Teamed with Vilma Banky, he played two roles, that of the old sheik and of his look-alike son. Rudy rode, rolled his eyes, was sadistically flogged by the villainous Montagu Love, and raped Vilma in a tent, thinking she had betrayed him to his Bedouin enemies. The original script graphically described that scene: "Passionately she denies everything, but Ahmed is not convinced. Consumed with hate and the desire for revenge, he is blind to her love, and she encounters only his cold fury and brutal passion. She struggles. pleads, sobs and tries to escape, but her efforts are futile. . . . Night finally envelops the small oasis."

Valentino's last year was darkened by the "Affair of the Pink Powder Puff." Many young men, about this time, were retiring to washrooms at dances to surreptitiously whiten their faces with powder puffs supplied for the purpose, and a Chicago Tribune article implied strongly that the example of white-faced Valentino was behind the curious custom. To counter this vile derogation, Valentino set out to prove his manhood by-curiously enough-boxing an exhibition match with Jack Dempsey on the roof of the Ambassador Hotel in Chicago.

Then, on a trip to New York in 1926, Valentino was taken in great pain to the Polyclinic Hospital, where he was operated on for appendicitis; but peritonitis set in. The newspaper reported that he had spent the previous evening with a Follies girl, Marion Kay Benda, who achieved a brief measure of fame because of her story: She told the papers that he had proposed to her and promised to let her play opposite him on the screen. It was not a promise he could keep, for on August 23, 1926, at half past the noon hour. Valentino died. Hysteria followed. Pola Negri, after her well-publicized dash across the country, fainted repeatedly during the funeral. In New York a woman shot herself and fell across a heap of Valentino's photographs. In London, a female dancer committed suicide. Thirty thousand women gathered at Campbell's Funeral Home at Broadway and 66th Street when it was announced that his body would lie there in state. Rioting ensued, windows were smashed and, in an attempt to control the hordes of grieving women, mounted policemen were mobilized en masse. Other Latin lovers were well along in development at the time of Valentino's death, and more were rushed in to fill the gap. One was Ramon Novarro, about whom MGM said in a release, "He has the body of Michelangelo's David and the face of an El Greco don." Novarro came to fame in the huge 1926 version of Ben Hur-from which a well-circulated publicity still showed him stripped and chained to an oar, an airbrush delicately fuzzing the photo at the point that might have barred it from the mails. Antonio Moreno, Ricardo Cortez (who was of Jewish extraction). Swedish Nils Asther, Hungarian Rod La Rocque and the Mexican Gilbert Roland were among the many hopeful contenders for Valentino's crown. But not until Marlon Brando and James Dean arrived, a quarter of a century later, did another male star so fundamentally alter the pattern of mov-



"I appreciate that you've given up smoking, Mr. Birdbath; however, our clinical analysis shows that you now have sugar diabetes!"

ie love for the American female.

Although the period of John Barrymore's ascendancy as a handsome leading man roughly coincided with the era of Valentino's supremacy, he appealed largely to the more sophisticated segment of the movie audience. Graced with a classic profile and a handsome physique, he was also the most gifted stage actor of his time.

And in his so-called private life, he far outshone Valentino as a lover, embroidering his four marriages with a vast extracurricular career. He also developed an insatiable thirst for the demon rum, a failing which was to account for his grotesque and untimely decline through the last half of the Thirties. So great was his authority in his prime, however, that when he happened to encounter a young bit player, Dolores Costello, in the Warner's lot, he imperiously announced to Jack and Harry Warner, "She is the girl." She was immediately starred opposite him in The Sea Beast, a production rather remotely based on Melville's

Moby Dick. Mary Astor, in turn, with whom Barrymore was dallying at the time (although married to a beautiful poetess, Michael Strange), was replaced in his affections by Dolores, who a few years later became his wife. Their famous kissing scene in The Sea Beast was largely the work of the film editor, who strung together four separate takes into one of the longest and steamiest clinches yet seen on the screen. Warner's announced that Dolores had fainted dead away in the midst of it.

Barrymore's playing of his love scenes was in marked contrast to the Valentino method. He made the audience aware that courtship was a prelude to sexual conquest, and he implied (especially in Don Juan) that virginity was an ugly word to a genuine male, that fidelity to a single woman was an inordinate strain on his masculinity, and that women were inclined to be as erotically avid as men. Since the movie public was not yet ready to accept this forthright view of the relationship between the sexes, he 251



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fell in popular favor, although he always brought prestige to any vehicle in which he appeared.

More in the standardized groove of movie heroes was John Gilbert, whose personal story has more of the tragic about it than almost any other in Hollywood history. After Valentino died, Gilbert became the number-one lover of the screen, the virtual king of the movies. Always a high-strung youth, he demonstrated his intense ambition, impatience and an incurable inferiority complex throughout his career. Changing his name from John Pringle, he became a featured player at Fox in 1921; already imitative of Valentino, he appeared as a sheik, in 1922, in Arabian Love. He was brought to Metro in 1924 by star maker Irving Thalberg, as part of the search for a substitute Valentino, and it was there that he was transformed into a screen lover with the quality of "It." In His Hour, playing a Russian nobleman, he made passionate advances to Aileen Pringle. Possessor of "a new, impetuous, intense style of lovemaking," as one writer put it, he had "flashing dark eyes, even teeth and a mustache which helped audiences forget his oversized nose.

In 1925 he played Danilo in Von Stroheim's The Merry Widow opposite Mae Murray's waltzing Kitty, and was something to behold in a series of resplendent uniforms and a crewcut. Von Stroheim made him the romantic straight man in the movie, surrounding him with several lecherous companions, among them a moronic, sex-obsessed crown prince and a foot-fetishistic old roué. One of the many daring moments that managed to escape the censors showed Mae Murray dancing onstage, while her three admirers studied her through opera glasses. The old roué concentrated on her feet, the crown prince on the juncture between her thighs, while lovesmitten Danilo watched only her face.

By the time he was assigned to Flesh and the Devil. Gilbert was at the top of his career. His leading lady, a featured player, was Greta Garbo, and their mutual attraction, in spite of the difference in star status, was instantaneous, according to director Clarence Brown, who said: "In their scenes together I was working with raw material. They were in that blissful state of love which is so like a rosy cloud that they imagined themselves hidden behind it, as well as lost in it." Of course, it was Metro policy to encourage the affair, and Brown's statement may have been slightly overblown. At any rate, that peculiar something which Hollywood terms 'chemistry" occurred. Gilbert and Garbo together achieved a stunning popularity that neither might have reached alone, He remained in favor until sound came rushing in; then not even further pairings with Garbo could save him, for his voice, pleasant and modulated though it

was, sounded high, harsh and strained when heard through the primitive recording and sound equipment. Contrary to popular belief, however, he survived the sound era for a few years; then poor vehicles and bad acting, as well as a swollen sense of pride which refused to deflate, led to his precipitous decline. He died a year after making a last picture with Garbo (Queen Christina), felled by excessive drinking and a heart attack—and perhaps by his inability to realize that as a screen lover he had simply gone out of fashion.

But not Garbo. Her star remained in the ascendancy long beyond the Twenties, and many still deem her the greatest femme fatale of them all, as well as a magnificent actress. Born Greta Gustaffson in Stockholm, in 1906, she made her film debut in commercial shorts when she was 16, after a brief tenure preparing shaving lather in a barbershop; and she was also a buxom bathing beauty, clad in a black, form-fitting swimsuit in a long-forgotten Swedish comedy. It was director Mauritz Stiller who saw her potential and cast her as a countess in his film version of The Saga of Gösta Berling. Greta, her last name now changed to Garbo, played a widow whose "cold, repressed exterior masked her passionate Italian soul." Garbo and Stiller became a kind of Trilby-Svengali pair. Not long afterward, Garbo was cast by the German director G. W. Pabst in his The Joyless Street, made in Berlin. She played the daughter of an impoverished professor in post-War Vienna; momentarily tempted by prostitution, she is rescued in time by her own pure nature and an American Red Cross lieutenant. In the brothel sequence, however, although unbesmirched, she was not unrevealed: Her flimsy evening gown, cut to the navel, was altogether inadequately secured by a single string just below the bosom.

In Berlin, Stiller met that inveterate talent scout L.B. Mayer, and was prevailed upon to join MGM in Hollywood. According to Stiller, it was he who insisted that Garbo come along, while Mayer later claimed it was Garbo he was really after. Yet when Stiller and Garbo came off the boat, they were left to cool their heels for a few months in New York City. The truth seems to be that Metro regarded Garbo as just another starlet, for they put her through the routine publicity paces, even posing her next to Leo the Lion. Although nominally ever on the alert for potent box-office sex, the Hollywood studios often seem strangely unable to recognize it even when it is right there on the list of their own contract players.

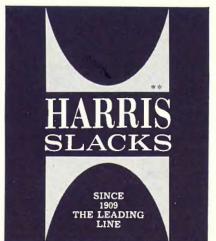
For Garbo's first American picture, The Torrent, it was necessary for Stiller, as director, to request her for the part of Leonora, a Spanish girl who becomes a famous prima donna. His request was granted; but Stiller was destined never to direct the film, for his slow European pacing was anathema to the studio, and Monta Bell replaced him. Garbo's magic was almost at once apparent as out of the hackneyed material she created an enchanting figure on the screen. She was billed under Ricardo Cortez, but the reviews singled her out. One critic wrote: "Greta has a delightfully youthful figure and a face that is strangely attractive, though not at all beautiful."

Again Stiller was replaced as director of her next picture, The Temptress, in which she played a highly experienced married woman who falls in love with another man-in this case, Antonio Moreno, portraying an Argentine engineer. When he discovers she has had many affairs, and has not hesitated to employ her body to advance her husband's career, he leaves for his native country. Years later he finds her again in Paris, where she is a streetwalker, and dying in poverty to boot. Metro, after releasing the film that way, substituted another ending, in which Garbo and Moreno are seen standing happily, arm in arm, at the fade-out.

Garbo's face, in this film, took on the fascinating allure that was to haunt the film public for years to come. The burgeoning star, though, was bearish about the roles given her by MGM. "I do not want to be a silly temptress," she said, scornfully. "I cannot see any sense in getting dressed up and doing nothing but tempting men in pictures." But she was even more tempting in her third American movie, Flesh and the Devil, her first of four opposite John Gilbert. Offscreen, Gilbert at once made a play for the exotic Swedish dish, and the studio cannily leaked out word of the hot romance between the two as shooting progressed. This helped skyrocket the box-office figures for Garbo's previous film, The Temptress, bad as it was.

In Flesh and the Devil, Garbo was the unfaithful wife of an elderly count who is dispatched in a duel with her lover, Gilbert. When the lover is forced to flee the country, Garbo is too restless to wait for his return and marries his best friend. Needless to say, she pays for her heartlessness: On her way to stop a duel between the lover and her new husband, she abruptly falls through the ice and drowns. The picture was a sizzler less for its dueling scenes than for two scenes of lovemaking, both prolonged and passionate. One developed after Garbo met Gilbert at a ball. Instantly and madly in love, the two steal out to the garden, there to indulge in feverish kisses and lingering embraces. The other was a horizontal scene, and has become one of the most famous in all film history. The lovers have taken refuge in a glasswalled kiosk in a château garden. Gilbert, tempted beyond all endurance, responds to the sight and touch of Garbo







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"Why can't you just give me a peck on the cheek the way other husbands do?"

in a nearly transparent sleeveless dress. Garbo seems lost in ecstasy as Gilbert nuzzles her ears, nose and neck in an incendiary outburst of passion. The censors passed it—barely.

The Garbo-Gilbert real-life romance became comic operatic as time wore on, Rumor had it that The Great Lover tried to climb up Garbo's balcony one evening, only to be pushed back down by Stiller, who was visiting his protégée at the time. Gilbert later confided to reporters that "I would rather spend an hour with Flicka than a lifetime with any other woman." (He called her Flicka, her Swedish nickname; she called him Yackie, for Jackie.) After much pleading, Flicka was persuaded to elope with Yackie, and he drove her at breakneck speed toward a marriage-license bureau near the Mexican border. Halfway there, she asked her fiancé to stop at a garage. She went into a ladies' room, climbed out the window and, while he went in hopeless search of her, she got aboard a train bound for Los Angeles.

Recoiling from all personal publicity, fighting for more financial recognition from MGM, she retreated into silence. "I vant to be alone," she said, meaning that she wanted to be *left* alone by her public. Her Hollywood career encompassed 24 pictures in all, and she will enter this chronicle again when the Thírties are taken up, but by the end of the Twenties she was aloof, mysterious, ineffably glamorous and intriguing to a public altogether willing to regard her as the supreme star of films.

But it must also be admitted that Garbo, as delineated by Hollywood, made sex suggestive and imaginative rather than realistic. Toward the end of the Twenties, sex was less ethereally, more earthily embodied by a star far less illustrious than Garbo: Louise Brooks. Always more popular in Europe than here while making her films, she emerged, like a beauteous ghost from the past, 30 years later, when she was suddenly rediscovered by Henri Langlois, head of the Cinémathèque Française. In the notes he prepared for a French exhibition called "60 Years of Cinema," he exclaimed, perhaps too enthusiastically, "There is no Garbo! There is no Dietrich! There is only Louise Brooks. Those who have seen her can never forget her. It is sufficient to see her to believe in beauty, in life, in the reality of human beings; she has the naturalness that only primitives retain before the lens . . .

But she wasn't as primitive as all that. Kansas born and bred, she became a dancer with Ruth St. Denis, then appeared on Broadway as one of the loveliest *Follies* and *Scandals* girls, not at all averse to revealing her slightly plump but voluptuous body in showgirl deshabille. She entered movies in 1925, appearing mainly as a delectable, piquant little flapper. None of her American

films were taken seriously in their day; and if some of them have since been subjected to critical reappraisal, it is due solely to the fact that a Louise Brooks cult sprang up years after her retirement.

The cult developed mainly because she went to Berlin and made two films for the famed German director G. W. Pabst. Pabst, in 1928, had in mind a film, Pandora's Box, which would express the essence of feminine fatality-in the shape of his heroine, Lulu. He embarked on a search for the perfect Lulu, and he found her when he happened to see Louise Brooks in a picture made with Victor McLaglen called A Girl in Every Port. He sent for her, although he knew nothing at all about her. She was known in Hollywood for her wit, if not her talent, and her combination of beauty and intellect had made her the pet of California's café society and of the rich roués who sought her out. She accepted their homage with happy-go-lucky gaiety, and in the same spirit also accepted Pabst's offer.

Hardly reading the script, she gave a subtle, sensuous portrayal of nymphomania in Pandora's Box. She played the amoral young Lulu, who, unaware of the evil she does, uses men as instruments of her pleasure. She marries her richest admirer only to be near his sexy stepson, then, when the old man catches her in a most compromising position with his stepson, shoots him dead still clad in her disarrayed wedding dress-while struggling for his gun. But her amorality leads her to run away with an obvious Lesbian and eventually, having caused the death of this perverse admirer, she repairs to London where she becomes a derelict prostitute. One night in Soho, Lulu picks up a young man and takes him to her garret for a paid hay rollbut the man is the maniac Jack the Ripper, who stabs her to death while they're making love. Her face, in that last moment, is transfigured with pleasure and agony; it was the first time the orgasm had been shown on the popular screen.

Sound had come in by the time Pandora's Box was released in the United States, however; and this-along with the heavy censor cuts that invariably attended a Pabst film-caused it to make no impression on the general public, although it has been frequently revived for the edification of the studious ever since. Her second film for Pabst, Diary of a Lost One, was also brutally mutilated by the censors before its exhibition in this country. In that one she played the daughter of a druggist who allows herself to be seduced by her father's assistant. Finding herself pregnant, upbraided by her dad, she is sent by her mother to a reform school, where her baby is taken from her. In this picture, the perversity of sexual impulse was shown again by Pabst when a harsh female overseer exercises the girls in their

shifts, revealing her Lesbian tendencies as she works herself toward orgasm by swaying in time to the rhythm she beats with her stick. Eventually the lost girl takes a job in a fancy brothel, where she meets and lightheartedly marries a young disinherited baron. When he kills himself because of her insincerity, she becomes accepted by society—as a baroness—and turns to doing good works. This ironic and realistically told tale was too much for the sensibilities of the censors, who had a field day with it.

After making one more European film, The Beauty Prize, Louise returned to Hollywood, swimming in foreign adulation-whereupon her career began to peter out. The studios called her uncooperative when she refused to help turn one of her silent Paramount pictures, The Canary Murder Case, into a talkie without additional compensation. "Paramount," she once said, "got together with the other studios and they stuck the knife in me and they've never taken it out." She was hardly 25 years old when she disappeared from the screen in 1931. Still very much alive, she is currently writing her memoirs and has no doubt at all that it was the portrayal of sex on the screen, whether fantastic or realistic, by the enchanting stars of the Twenties. that kept the studios in business. Like many others before and since, she has never been able to understand why the studios invariably attempted to whittle down and bend to their executive will those godlike figures who embodied the source of their wealth and power.

But the human race is various, even in Hollywood, and its capacity to create and enthrone new forms and types of beauty is seemingly infinite. As sound revolutionized the art as well as the industry known as motion pictures, vocal cords became an additional prerequisite for any girl who aspired to stardom or sex symbolism. The cool Germanic accents of Marlene Dietrich were already being heard as the decade ended, and soon to be beheld were the drawling Mae West and the tough-talking Jean Harlow. In the Thirties, the movies would find new ways of demonstrating the sexual nature of mankind, and the forces of censorship would find new methods of attacking its irrepressible expression on the screen. But that's quite another story.

This is the fifth in a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema." In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert examine the effect on American films of the concurrent arrival of talking pictures and the Depression, the emergence of such worldly sex symbols as Jean Harlow and Mae West, the rise of the Legion of Decency and the results of its repressive measures—a new screen emphasis on sadomasochistic violence.

he'd been hit, turned his head to make an angry answer, and in that same instant felt the heavy line go slack. Back came the hook, a new one from Hardy, hand-forged and monstrous, looking as if it could do in a pinch as a spare anchor for the Queen Mary or the Normandie. It was pulled out to an angle of about 130 degrees, like a bent hairpin. Hemingway began shaking it in Jane Mason's face, so vigorously that he might well have been about to claw her with it.

"Four hundred fifty, huh? Look at that hook—just look at it—fourteen hundred pounds if it was an ounce."

He was beside himself, shrieking about the marlin Zane Grey had landed in Tahiti that went over a thousand pounds even though sharks had taken huge hunks out of its tail section, and insisting that this one would have surpassed that, not merely for a new Atlantic record, but for a world record as well. His wife Pauline and her sister Virginia tried to calm him down. Pauline pressed a drink into his hand, to make him stop brandishing the bent hook, while Ginny wound up her Libertyphone to drown him out with *You're the Top*. I finally managed the diver-

sion, like the successful one of three banderilleros trying to distract a goring bull, by at last getting him to hear me say that Jane hadn't made the slighting 450-pound estimate herself, but had only been echoing, in astonished disagreement, my own ignorant guess at the weight of the fish.

"She didn't say it was four-fifty—I did, and what the hell do I know about it?" As a gambit, it compared to Peter Lorre's later line, in the film Casablanca: "What right do I have to think?"

His wrath turned, in the instant, upon the Messrs. Hardy. They would certainly hear from him, and in certain colorfully specified terms.

He was more fun to fish with when there were fewer people aboard for him to show off for.

On its inaugural trip, there were just three of us fishing aboard the Pilar, because the fourth, who was supposed to have been F. Scott Fitzgerald, had refused to come, saying: "I can't face Ernest again, when he's so successful and I'm such a failure." The third man in the boat was John Dos Passos, who was even less of a fisherman than Scott Fitzgerald, but mixed a mean drink which he called a Gulf Stream Special. As I re-

member it, it was a poor country cousin to Pimm's Cup. Dos Passos mixed it in a zinc pail, to which he gave full marks for its contribution to the mixture's peculiar pungency.

The gin gave out at Dry Tortugas, where there were no facilities to acquire any more, but a search of the boat uncovered a case of John Jameson's Irish Whisky up in the bow, which somebody had thoughtfully put aboard as a christening present to the Pilar. It was over the Irish, that evening, that Ernest confided to Dos Passos and me his high opinion of Gary Cooper as Lieutenant Henry in the screen version of A Farewell to Arms, and his correspondingly low opinion of Helen Hayes as the choice to portray Catherine Barkley.

"Who would you have liked, Hem?" asked Dos Passos.

Expecting him to nominate somebody like Dietrich, though she wasn't Scottish, I was utterly unprepared, at least by the book itself, for his answer that there couldn't possibly be any other logical choice, for Christ's sake, than a girl named Jean Harlow. Dos Passos, it seemed, had never heard of her, so Hemingway gave him an animated demonstration, worthy of the Hindu dancer Shan-Kar, of her salient points of personality.

On the run back from Dry Tortugas, in a most unlikely spot, we came upon a school of big barracuda, and Dos Passos, between his evesight and the Irish, and coupled with his less than passionate addiction to fishing in the first place, seemed to Hemingway to be lousing up what might have proved an excellent chance to break the rod and reel record for barracuda, which back then, in early '35, stood not too much above the record of 69 pounds and some ounces for muskellunge. Dos Passos and Hemingway were both into fish at the same time, but Dos appeared to be more the victim than the master of his, so Hemingway asked me to hand him the Colt Woodsman automatic that was in the cabin. He shot both fish, to avert the threatened foul-up of the lines that might cause us to lose either or both of them in getting them aboard. The more orthodox method would have been to brain them, once they were up over the stern, with a sawed-off baseball bat, but there were signs of so many other fish. any one of which might have broken the record, that he didn't want to waste another moment of fishing time. So Dos Passos was benched, and I was drafted to fill the other fishing chair, and admonished to for Christ's sake horse 'em in fast and not frig around like Dos, to see if we couldn't bring in enough of them that one might break the record. We managed to get some six or seven more before the school let out, but though all weighed in high in the 60s, none went over the 70-pound mark.



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After the barracuda explosion, nothing else seemed to be happening for a considerable interval, so as a dead soldier out of the case of Irish went over the stern and bobbed away in the wake where our filleted mullet baits were dragging, Ernest passed me the Colt Woodsman and asked me if I shot. By the time I figured out where the safety catch was and how it worked, the bobbing bottle began to look as far away as a ship on the horizon. But without raising the pistol to sight it-shooting from the lap, as it were-I sheered off its neck with the first tentative and diffident shot. Hemingway, jumping up out of the fishing chair beside me, burbled excitedly that there weren't a dozen men in the world who could make a shot like that, and Jesus Christ if he'd known I shot that well we'd have done some shooting at Dry Tortugas.

My enthusiasm for shooting being somewhat less than that of Dos Passos for fishing, I tried to explain the shot away as a lucky punch, but Hemingway, with the recent eyewitness knowledge to the contrary, refused to believe my disclaimers, so we had to turn around and go back to Dry Tortugas. There our quarry was sandpipers on the shore, delicate tiny birds on toothpick legs. It seemed to me, as a sporting proposition, tantamount to attacking butterflies with a tank, but although we blasted away at them until the ammunition was exhausted, neither of us even nicked onc. Hemingway was generally credited with being an excellent shot with rifle and shotgun, but a pistol is something else again.

In all the fishing I did with Hemingway over the three winter seasons of '34, '35 and '36, I never once tied into a marlin, which is, of course, the apex of deepsea fishing, as salmon is of stream fishing. I would work hours on tuna, however, pumping and reeling to get one up for what seemed like forever, only to have the fish sound like an elevator when the cable breaks, and then pump and reel again until I could barely see, except for red and orange balloons at the corners where my sweat-congealed eyelids seemed to be coming unhinged, and my mouth began to taste of a weird cocktail, compounded of all the elements of sheer fatigue.

Part of that fishing was fun, of course, because any fishing is more fun than no fishing; but most of it was the worst kind of work, the kind of work for which the worker is not in condition. I would fly down from Chicago to Key West or Bimini, in the days when night flights were slow and arduous, having had in the interim no more exercise than that involved in the waving of a pocket handkerchief, and would get back home utterly exhausted.

I won't say I didn't get anything out of it. One thing I got out of it, which is



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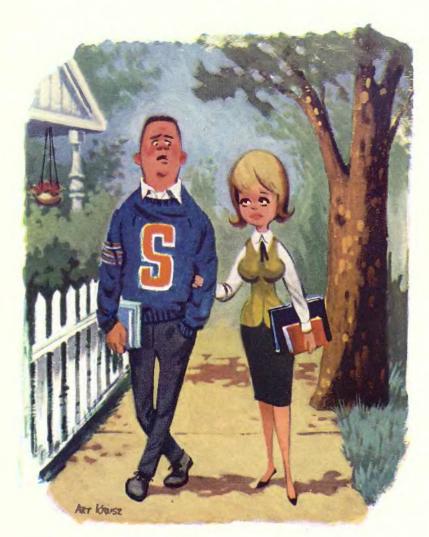
in itself beyond measure, is a wife, that same Jane Kendall Mason to whom Pauline Hemingway introduced me one June night in '36 on the stairs at The Compleat Angler in Bimini. But we didn't get married until two wives and two husbands later, in November of '55, so, as a dividend of that fishing, it was certainly deferred.

What I got out of it at the time was an abiding dislike for all boat fishing. and equally so for all bait fishing. It seemed to me that whatever skill was involved was almost entirely that of the skipper of the boat, and the work that was left for the fisher in the chair was largely the proverbial chore allotted to a strong back and a weak mind. There was no casting, just a letting out of line and subsequent trolling, and no element of hunting, either, except by the skipper. Even then, whatever attraction the lure exerted for the fish was more the skipper's doing than the angler's. The presentation of the bait was affected less by the manipulations of the angler's rod

than by the actions of the boatman. Later on, with the development of faster and more maneuverable boats, and with the general adoption of outriggers to release the trolled line to the fish at the moment of the strike, deep-sea fishing became even less dependent on either the skill or the strength of the angler in the fighting chair, and more than ever the province of the boatman.

I soon felt that I would prefer to concentrate on the kind of fishing in which the chief consideration was not how much, but how well, and the size of the quarry was less important than the degree of its elusiveness. It wasn't that I had in any sense lost my taste for fishing. I would still fish for perch off a pier, with pearl buttons for bait, if there were no other fishing to be had. But if there was a choice. I wanted the kind where the challenge was to the individual, rather than to a team. I was to find it, though not right away, in stream fishing with a fly.





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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 128)

For longer than anyone can remember, Purdue has been often the bridesmaid but never the bride. The Boilermakers have never visited the Rose Bowl, the only Big Ten team except Indiana to have been denied this honor. Yet Purdue seems perennially to be in the thick of the Conference championship race, and this year is no exception. Coach Mollenkopf will field the traditional bruising line. Halfbacks Minniear and Teter return, and so does brilliant passer Bob Griese, who will be throwing to a clutch of great receivers led by end Bob Hadrick. The Boilermakers are so strong physically that they may just grind everybody else underfoot. Significantly, the only teams that defeated Purdue last year-Notre Dame, Michigan State and Minnesota-play this season in Lafavette. Maybe that's an omen that the Year of the Boilermakers has arrived at last.

One advantage that Minnesota enjoys year after year is the coaching of Murray Warmath, who may be the country's leading expert at getting the most from available material. The Gophers have the same line problems they had last year and all first-string runners have graduated, but otherwise things are looking up in Minneapolis and you can expect Warmath-as always-to field a much stronger team than his resources would seem to permit. John Hankinson is a better quarterback than most people realize, and PLAYBOY All-America Aaron Brown is probably the top defensive end in the country.

Never in Woody Haves' 14 years at Ohio State have the Buckeyes been so blessed with quarterbacks. Woody has shown signs lately of abandoning his distaste for passing, so this may be the season for Ohio State to graduate from Pleistocene football. The Buckeyes look better on offense, but the defense-except for splendid linebackers Tom Bugel and Dwight Kelley-will be largely green. There will be an interesting side issue to the Ohio State-Iowa game this year that may make it something of a grudge match. Woody's pugnacious proclivities got the better of him at the Big Ten Coaches meeting in May. He hurled off. his coat and, with yards of shirt front quivering with irate passion, stationed himself like an inflated John L. Sullivan before Iowa Athletic Director Forest Evashevski. Evy, who reached adulthood years ago, quietly declined the invitation. But the whole episode will be lovingly remembered during the Hawkeye-Buckeye game, on November 13, which could very well determine the championship.

Both Michigan State and Illinois will feature magnificent backfields behind thin green lines. The Spartans will be better in the air with quarterback Steve Juday and end Gene Washington forming a deadly passing combination. The Illini, however, will field an explosive array of runners who will set all kinds of records if an offensive line of creditable strength can somehow be fashioned. PLAYBOY All-America fullback Jim Grabowski is the best in the land and he is joined by fleet halfback Sam Price, who will be hard pressed to protect his starting role from two young speedsters, Cyril Pinder and Ron Bess, who may be the best pair of soph backs at Illinois since Mickey Bates and J. C. Caroline.

Indiana has a new coach, John Pont, who was imported from Yale. The Hoosiers also have a healthy new injection of soph manpower, and a seemingly endless supply of optimism. After years of heartbreaking effort to claw their way up from the cellar of the Big Ten, Indiana seemed to be loaded last year. But even more bad breaks than usual and a fatal lack of depth killed their hopes, This time around, nobody will be expecting much from the Hoosiers, but they have bigger and better manpower than most opponents realize. If a good quarterback can be found to run the new wide-open offense, Indiana will sneak up on a few teams.

Both Northwestern and Wisconsin are in bad shape. Most of the big horses graduated at Evanston in June, and the transition from coach Parseghian to Alex Agase produced a bad recruiting year for Northwestern. So while the Wildcats will have one good first offensive team and a top-notch defensive backfield, the drop-off in potential after the first 22 players is precipitous. Wisconsin will be equally thin, with acute problems in the backfield where everyone went the diploma route. The Badgers will be tough to score against, but will have an impotent attack behind an inexperienced line.

Rumors have been circulated that the Notre Dame alumni decided not to give coach Ara Parseghian a yacht, since it has become well known in South Bend that Ara walks on water. But we fear the Irish boosters are in for a bit of a letdown this fall, because even Parseghian can't be expected to produce two miracles in a row. Last year's giants, John Huarte and Jack Snow, have both departed, along with most of the rest of the offensive platoon. Three unseasoned quarterbacks are vying for starting duties, and when a team has three starting quarterbacks, that usually means they don't have one good one. Notre Dame, it should be noted, has never had a good team without a great quarterback. Parseghian will depend largely on a vicious defensive platoon and superb running by Bill Wolski, Pete Andreotti and PLAYBOY All-America halfback Nick Eddy. A new offensive line must be developed to spring all these fancy runners loose, and while there is a good starting

nucleus in PLAYBOY All-America guard Dick Arrington, South Bend side-line quarterbacks will settle willingly for a 6-4 season. The nationally televised game with Southern California at South Bend on October 23 should be the most eagerly anticipated fracas of the year.

Bowling Green will still be the giant of the Mid-American Conference. The Falcons will field a fabulous pair of fullbacks-Stew Williams and soph Tom Luettke. Each of these thunderers weighs 240 pounds, so expect Bowling Green to look like Ohio State used to look. Kent State should be the most improved team in the circuit. A gung-ho group of sophs with tremendous potential will push aside many of the returning veterans. Kent State is one of the largest universities in the nation (14,000) that is an athletic nonentity, but that's changing very fast. Both Miami and Ohio are a bit weaker than usual and rebuilding seasons are in order. The big gun at Ohio will be fullback Wash Lyons. Marshall's rise to power may be only temporarily interrupted this season, but good talent-although inexperienced -is present, so look for Marshall to cop the Conference title in a couple of years.

The ecumenical spirit is getting a workout at Xavier this year. The Jesuit school will field a very strong team, and one of the top rookies is tackle Milt Bley, a Jewish boy, who will be playing football on Saturday afternoon for a Protestant coach.

Chauvinism-gridiron variety-knows no geographical bounds, and fans in almost any part of the country will assure you that the brand of football played in their vicinity is nonpareil. Over the years, however, the Big Ten has usually been assigned supremacy by the majority of observers. Recently, though, we think the power center has shifted southward. The top five teams in the Southeastern Conference are at least the match of the top five Big Ten teams, and unlike the recent past, the bottom half of the SEC no longer is composed of a collection of pushovers. Unfortunately, there are no matches-and haven't been for years-between the best of North and South. This fall Michigan plays Georgia and Florida meets Northwestern, in one-sided affairs, so nothing is likely to be proved.

Kentucky has been the center of one of the most dramatic rebuilding programs in many years. Only three years ago the Wildcats wound up a disastrous season with just 28 able bodies on the squad. Last year, after a massive recruiting and jungle-warfare training program, Kentucky was still thin in numbers but heavy in talent. On succeeding weekends they knocked off two of the top-rated teams in the country, only to fall apart again from emotional and physical exhaustion. This season, the story will be different. Virtually every-



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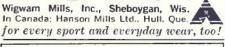


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SHOPPING

for campus menswear? Check out the PMOC list on page 221 for the PLAYBOY-oriented store near you. body returns from last year's volatile band, and they are reinforced by another bumper crop of super sophomores. The Wildcats may have the finest backfield in the land with PLAYBOY All-America halfback Rodger Bird, fullback Frank Antonini and quarterback Rick Norton, who throws to wingback Larry Seiple and PLAYBOY All-America end Rick Kestner.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Kentucky	9-1	Mississippi S	tate 6-4
Louisiana State	8-2	Vanderbilt	5-5
Florida	7-3	Auburn	5-5
Alabama	7-3	Georgia	4-6
Tennessee	7-3	Tulane	2-8
Mississippi	6-4		

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	8-2	South	Carolina	4-6
Virginia	6-4	Wake	Forest	3-7
Clemson	5-5	North	Carolina	3-7
Duke	5-5	N. C.	State	1-9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

West Virginia Virginia Military William & Mary	9-1 7-3 4-6 4-6 3-7	East Carolina Furman Richmond Citadel Davidson	6-3 6-4 3-7 3-7 2-8
Virginia Tech	3-7	Davidson	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

TOP PLAYERS: Bird, Kestner, Norton, Antonini (Kentucky); Rice, Moreau, Vincent (LSU); Bennett, Gagner, Spurrier, Casey (Florida); Crane, Bowman, Sloan (Alabama); Graham, Mitchell (Tennessee); Hindman, Dennis, Clay, Keyes (Mississippi); Granger, Folliard (Mississippi St.); Cody, Gross, Rice (Auburn); Spalding, Whiteside (Vanderbilt); Patton (Georgia); Goss, Brown (Tulane); Hickey, Absher (Maryland); Davis, Pincavage, Kowalkowski (Virginia); Glacken, Calabrese, Mur-phy (Duke); Cox (South Carolina); Heck, Nesbitt, Grant (Wake Forest); Wood, Talbott (North Carolina); Lyle (George Washington); Sullivan, McCune (West Virginia); Turner (Virginia Military); Pearce (William & Mary); Hughes (East Carolina); Battle, Carlisle, Snow (Georgia Tech); Shinholser, Spooner (Florida St.); Weisacosky, Biletnikoff (Mi-ami); Satcher, Purvis (Southern Miss.); Fletcher (Memphis St.).

Louisiana State and Florida both look nearly as rich in talent as Kentucky. The main difference between the two is that LSU's forte is defense, while Florida will field a wild offense centered around brilliant passer Steve Spurrier. The Gators plan to throw 30 to 40 passes a game. Except for PLAYBOY All-America safetyman Bruce Bennett, the Florida defense will be mediocre, and coach Ray Graves hopes it is good enough not to be the cause of his team's losing, because it certainly won't be the cause of any victories. Louisiana State will also have a fancy passer in quarterback Pat Screen, who will be chucking to end Doug Moreau, one of the best in the land if he recovers fully from shoulder surgery. The Tigers'

defensive unit-led by PLAYBOY All-America tackle George Rice-will be, as usual, nearly impregnable.

Despite their severe graduation losses, it is risky to presume that both Alabama and Auburn will have bad seasons. The main difference is that Alabama still has a good quarterback in Steve Sloan, who will take up some of the slack left by departing Joe Namath. Also present is sophomore Ken Stabler, who is so loaded with talent that he may soon make Namath's departure seem less tragic. Auburn, on the other hand, lost nearly all of 1964's brilliant offense, and no one is in sight to replace Sidle and Frederickson. With PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Bill Cody bolstering a rugged defense, no one will run up much of a score on Auburn, but unless a host of hot new backs are unearthed, the Plainsmen will have a modest season.

Tennessee and Vanderbilt may be the two most improved teams in the South. The Vols surprised even themselves with their expertise after abandoning the heavy single-wing offense last year. Both Tennessee and Vanderbilt should field better offenses to go along with last year's rock-ribbed defenses, which return almost intact. Joe Graham is perhaps the best tackle in Tennessee history. Vanderbilt this year begins to enjoy the fruition of a three-year rebuilding program, and should wreak vengeance on some tormentors of recent years. Quarterback Charles Fulton of Tennessee and fullback Jim Whiteside of Vanderbilt will be two of the top sophomores in the South.

Ordinarily, a season with even a single loss is considered cataclysmic at Ole Miss. Last year the Johnny Rebs were loaded with the deepest and best material in school history, and a banner season seemed guaranteed. So what happened? Gettysburg revisited. This spring, coach Johnny Vaught completely dissembled his imperfect war machine and has put it together again with a slew of shiny new recruits and a front line of proven vets. A new spirit and fire power will be present, but the cream-puff schedules of recent years are no more. The Rebels will be fearsome by the end of the year, when all those sophs become battle hardened. But meanwhile, playing Kentucky, Alabama and Florida on succeeding Saturdays will be like walking death row.

Mississippi State, with burly fullback Hoyle Granger and a possible sleeper in junior college transfer quarterback Bill Buckner, may be one of the surprises of the year. Georgia was the shocker squad of the South last season, but the Bulldogs can't hope to sneak up on anybody this time. Tulane, preparing for its last year in the Southeastern Conference, is still deeply involved in a major rebuilding campaign, results of which probably won't show until 1966, when the schedule eases a bit. This

season, however, the Green Wave faces a discouraging series of powerful teams, and victories will still be scarce.

The whole Atlantic Coast Conference, with the notable exception of Maryland, seems to have fallen on bad days. The powerhouses of yesteryear, such as Duke, North Carolina and Clemson, are feverishly rebuilding, but this year they don't seem deep enough to adjust to the demands of platoon football. Maryland, however, may redeem some prestige for the Conference. The Terps have tremendous running strength, hordes of experienced veterans and super sophs Ernie Torain and Bill Van Heusen.

Virginia could also explode. The Cavaliers have three excellent quarterbacks and the best backfield in the Conference, featuring the two Davises, Robert and Roger. Duke will launch thundering rookie fullback Jay Calabrese, and if coach Bill Murray can find enough talent to adapt to platoon football, some of the glory of the past may be recaptured. Neither North Carolina State nor Wake Forest will have the element of surprise working for it this year, so last season's astonishing performances aren't likely to be duplicated. Look for new fullback Andy Heck at Wake Forest to take up some of the slack left by the departure of Brian Piccolo. Severe graduation losses will cripple North Carolina, and if professional baseball scouts succeed in wooing away brilliant quarterback Danny Talbott, the Tar Heels will be in even worse shape.

George Washington, capitalizing on the consummate skills of Garry Lyle, the first Negro quarterback in the Southern Conference, will be virtually unbeatable. Lyle does everything better than anyone else, and if he stays healthy, only Cincinnati and West Virginia will threaten the Colonials. West Virginia, having rejoined the prestige ranks after several seasons' absence, will probably repeat last year's performance. This time, though, it won't surprise anyone.

East Carolina, tutored by wily Clarence Stasavich, has been cutting a clean swath through small college circles in recent years and has now joined the bigger boys. The Pirates will be better than ever, but tougher competition will take its toll.

Among Southern independents. Georgia Tech will monopolize the limelight. The Yellow Jackets are never very far from greatness, and this looks like a fateful fall. The two-platoon system is made to order for coach Bobby Dodd, and he has lots of horses to fill out the ranks. The schedule—a most unusual situation at Tech—is weak this year, so look for the Jackets in a major bowl game on January I.

Florida State will probably be the most unbalanced ball club in the nation this fall. We saw its spring game, and we have seldom witnessed a more fearsome defense or a more unspectacular offense. A popular prediction in Tallahassee is that the Seminoles will play ten scoreless ties this year. PLAYBOY All-America Jack Shinholser mans the middle guard spot in a defensive line that is so unyielding it broke down and cried when Kentucky finally scored after four tries from two yards out last year—with the Seminoles leading 48 to 0.

The saber-toothed Tigers of Memphis State had their fangs pulled in the first game last season with Ole Miss, and they never recovered from the shock. Recovery isn't likely this year, either. Quarterback Billy Fletcher may turn out to be the most spectacular player in the South, but the Tigers face the toughest opposition in their history.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	9-1	Kansas	5-5
Missouri	6-4	Colorado	4-6
Oklahoma	5-5	Kansas State	4-6
Oklahoma State	5-5	Iowa State	2-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	9-1	SMU	5-5
Texas	7-3	Baylor	3-7
Texas Tech	7-3	Texas Christian	2-8
Rice	5-5	Texas A&M	2-8

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Tulsa	8-2	North Texas St.	4-6
Cincinnati	8-2	Louisville	4-6
Wichita State	6-4		

INDEPENDENTS

Houston 5-5 Texas Western 2-8 West Texas St. 4-6

TOP PLAYERS: Duda, Churchich, Jeter, White, Barnes, Strohmyer (Nebraska); Lane, Roland, Van Dyke (Missouri); McAdams, Schreiner (Oklahoma); Garrison (Oklahoma St.); Skahan, Shinn (Kansas); Harris (Colorado); Matan (Kansas St.); Hines, Phillips, Williams, Lindsey (Arkansas); Nobis, Harris, Kristynik, Lammons (Texas); Anderson, Lowery, Porter (Texas Tech); Christopher, Latourette, Vining (Rice); White, Roderick, LaGrone (Southern Methodist); Southall, Hayes, Wilson (Baylor); Horak, Campbell (Texas Christian); Wellborn (Texas A&M); Townes, Twilley, Daugherty (Tulsa); Taylor, Fugere (Cincinnati); Waskiewicz (Wichita St.); Sanders (North Texas St.); Guerrant, Post, McVea (Houston); Allen, Funk (West Texas St.); Hughes (Texas Western).

Some team will probably beat Nebraska before the season is out, but looking over the schedule, we can't imagine who it will be. Last year was supposed to be a rebuilding campaign in Lincoln, but the Cornhuskers knocked off everybody except Oklahoma and wound up sixth in the nation. Nebraska now looks deeper, faster, bigger and more experienced than ever, and if complacency can be avoided, the Huskers should be favorites in every game.

The rest of the Big Eight Conference is remarkably well balanced. Missouri



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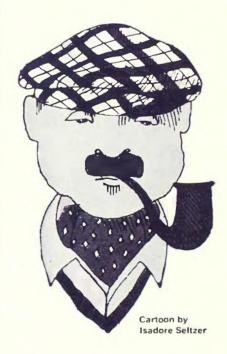


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seems to have the best shot at the runner-up spot, but much depends on whether two outstanding halfbacks-Charlie Brown and Ken Bostonsufficiently recover from severe injuries sustained during spring practice.

Oklahoma appeared loaded before the season began in 1964, but somehow all that talent never quite jelled, and now most of it has graduated. PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Carl McAdams is a terror on defense, but the rest of the manpower is spread rather thin. Over in Stillwater, the picture is a mirror image of the Sooner situation. Oklahoma State is well on its way into the big time, and the Cowboys have more and faster horses in the corral than they've had in years. Coach Phil Cutchin is determined to make Oklahoma State a major power and he seems about two years away from doing just that. Colorado and Kansas State are on the way back, too, although Colorado appears to be further ahead of schedule. The Buffaloes have suffered three straight 2-8 seasons, but this year the manpower shortage has improved from tragic to merely acute. If the new rules don't further drain their personnel resources, look for the Buffs to stampede a few times. Kansas features Bob Skahan, one of the most elusive roll-out quarterbacks in the flatlands. He will be ably supported by a trio of good runners, so the inimitable Gale Sayers won't be missed as much as fans fear. But the solid Kansas defense of yesteryear is being de-emphasized in favor of a wide-open passing game. Lack of depth will be a problem and the schedule is rugged; a break-even season, therefore, will be highly respectable. Just as Oklahoma State is challenging Oklahoma, Kansas State is discarding the poor-relative role and threatens to displace Kansas as the state powerhouse. Kansas State's largest squad ever will take the field this fall, and the results should show on the scoreboard

Arkansas, like Nebraska, is loaded with veterans from last year's magnificent squad. The Porkers can hardly be expected to repeat their all-winning 1964 performance, but-again like Nebraska-they should be a solid favorite in every game. Coach Frank Broyles has simply been outrecruiting his competitors in the Southwest, and there seems to be no limit to the available manpower. A solid quorum of last season's all-winning crew is joined by an undefeated freshman crop. Unless the Razorbacks simply get bored with winning, we see no reason for them to lose to any team.

It is unthinkable in the Big Country that Texas under coach Darrell Royal should ever have a less-than-spectacular season. However, the bad guys-university academicians-have been playing a dirty trick on the good guysathletic administrators-by drastically 262 raising the academic requirements of the university. Coach Royal moans that half of his present squad would never have qualified for admission to the university by this year's entrance requirements. It seems grossly unfair to Texas' beef-baron and oil-magnate supporters to expect a ten-second halfback to be able to read Chaucer and integrate an equation, but that's the way it is these days. Whatever the reason, the Longhorns look leaner this season, so don't be surprised if they run into trouble along the way.

Most dramatic improvement in the cactus country is expected from erstwhile Conference door mat Texas Tech. The Red Raiders have been assembling the materials for a major insurrection for several years and the results are beginning to show. The principal weapon in the Texas Tech arsenal is halfback Donny Anderson, who runs like a wild horse. Perhaps a pleasant portent of impending prestige is the fact that the Red Raiders play seven games at home this year. The last time that happened-in 1938-they went to the Cotton Bowl.

Southern Methodist may challenge Texas Tech as interloper of the year. Last season we chose SMU as a dark horse, but a dismaying series of academic misfortunes and injuries deprived the Mustangs of seven starters between spring practice and the autumn opener, Since most of these players have returned and are part of the most promising squad in years, the Mustangs are again ready to break loose, so they're our out-on-a-limb pick for the year.

Rice lost so much of last year's abundant talent that few people will consider the Owls a real threat in 1965, but don't sell them short. Coach Jess Neely's teams have wound up in the first division of the Conference race 19 of the 25 years he has been coaching at Rice.

Baylor's main gun will be quarterback Terry Southall, and once again coach Bridger's Bears will throw the ball all over the landscape. But the squad will be very green, albeit eager, so a winning season isn't in sight. The same situation exists at Texas Christian, except that the Horned Frogs don't even have a proven quarterback. Texas A&M is starting from scratch with a new coaching staff headed by Gene Stallings, who will attempt to bring Bear Bryant's hard-nosed style of play back to College Station.

The Missouri Valley Conference is perhaps the most underrated circuit in America. Last year Tulsa gave some indication of this by systematically dispatching all opponents-except fellow Conference member Cincinnati-and then dismantling Ole Miss in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Even without the incomparable Jerry Rhome, Tulsa will again be all-powerful. Three excellent passers are on hand to fill Rhome's shoes, and the defense, led by mountainous tackle Willie Townes, will be one of the staunchest in the nation. Tulsa's athletic program is proliferating at a rapid rate, so look for the Hurricanes to be a permanent power on the national scene.

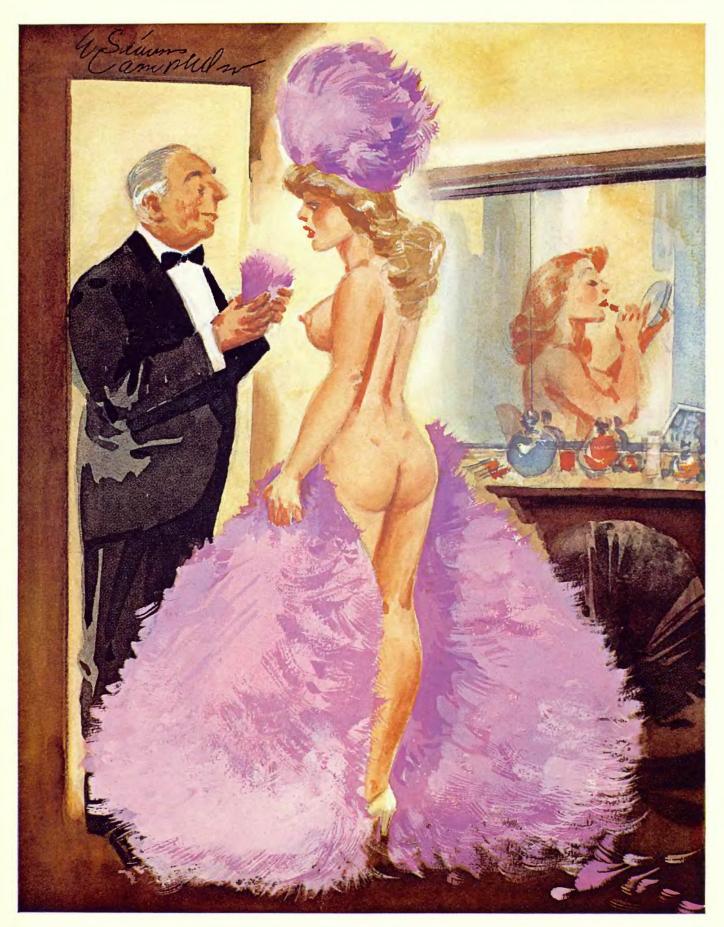
Cincinnati boosters are still doing a slow burn over the team's being ignored by both the pollsters and the bowl committees last year, after scuttling Tulsa and going on to an 8-2 season. The Bearcats may get their chance again this fall, because most of the muscle and speed is back. The Tulsa game should be a real Donnybrook. Wichita, under new coach George Karras, will try to get back in the title race. Both North Texas State and Louisville, having fallen into disrepair, will attempt to reassemble their football machines. Louisville is launching a major rebuilding program to give its football team the same national prestige its basketball team enjoys.

Houston quit the Missouri Valley Conference a few years ago in order to move into big-time football circles. So far, it has been the rest of the MVC that has moved into the national spotlight, while Houston has come upon evil days. This year, however, will mark the beginning of a rise for the Cougars. All home games from now on will be played in the Astrodome, and to celebrate this auspicious occasion, coach Bill Yeoman has assembled the classiest aggregation in Houston's recent history. A major point of interest is new halfback Warren Mc-Vea, the most sought-after high school player in America a couple of years ago. Reports on him are so lavish we hereby nominate him our Sophomore Back of the Year.

Coach Bobby Dobbs left his post as head man at Calgary in the Canadian pro league to lead Texas Western out of the football wilderness. He is changing the Miners from a defense-minded crew to a wide-open hell-for-leather passing team. Results should begin to show very soon. West Texas State will feature soph Spencer Washington, the Southwest's first Negro quarterback.

The concerted quest for power that began several years ago among the West Coast teams has reached culmination. The perennial rivalry with the Big Ten has until now been a rather one-sided affair. Although the ludicrous decision to send Oregon State instead of Southern California to the Rose Bowl last New Year's Day resulted in a rather embarrassing disparity of power between the representatives of the two conferences, the top Coast teams can now play anywhere with equanimity.

This year there are four Coast teams of such singular potency that the only variance in their prognosis results from schedule differences. Either Oregon, Washington, Stanford or Southern Cal will be capable, with a few breaks, of going undefeated. Oregon's toughest games are conveniently sandwiched between breathers, so the Ducks have the



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THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC COAST

Oregon	9-1	Oregon State	4-6
Washington	8-2	California	5-5
Stanford	8-2	Washington St.	3-6
Southern Cal	7-3	UCLA	2-8

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Wyoming	8-2	New Mexico	5-5
Arizona State	6-4	Utah	5-5
Arizona	6-4	Brigham Young	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

New Mexico S	t. 8-2	San Jose State	5-5
Idaho	7-3	Colorado State	5-5
Utah State	6-4	Air Force	2-8

TOP PLAYERS: Brundage, Oldham, Tobey, Palm (Oregon); Bramwell, Jordan, Forsberg (Washington); Handley, Lewis, Pettigrew (Stanford); Garrett, Sherman, Thomas (Southern Cal); Dzura, Foster (California); O'Billovich, Brothers (Oregon St.); Eilmes, Sheron (Washington St.); Richardson (UCLA); Alleman (Wyoming); Hawkins, Johnson, Hoover (Arizona St.); Hubbert, Pazerski, Malloy (Arizona); Quintana, Hettema (New Mexico); McKissick, Woodson (Utah); Nance (Brigham Young); Memefee (New Mexico St.); McDonald (Idaho); Shivers (Utah St.); Foster (Colorado St.); Heckert, Jackson (Air Force).

best chance to finish with an impressive won-lost record. Coach Casanova has 17 of his first 22 players back from last year's team that lost only two games, and with all that ability and experience on hand, the Webfoots will be very hard to stop.

Washington is almost never out of the top national rankings for longer than a year at a time, so look for the Huskies to be back in the spotlight again this year. Last season's rebuilding efforts have paid off. Unlike what he's done in the past, coach Jim Owens will concentrate more on scoring than on keeping the other team scoreless. New quarterback Tod Hullin will heave the ball far and frequently. If the largely rookie defensive unit can meet the test, Washington could field one of the better Huskies contingents in recent years. The nationally televised game with Ohio State on October 2 will tell the story.

Stanford should have its best team in a decade. The Indians have momentum from 1964, when they won three of their last four games. They also have halfback Ray Handley, a real whiz kid, and depth at all positions. Stanford plays all three service academies, and they couldn't have picked a better year to do it.

Southern Cal's non-Conference schedule will make an improvement over last year's 7-3 record exceedingly difficult, but the Trojans still have a good chance of getting back into the Rose Bowl.

PLAYBOY All-America halfback Mike Garrett—probably the best runner in the country—is teamed with halfback Rod Sherman, who suffers very little in comparison. A fancy new quarterback, Pat Mills, was discovered in the spring game, so the Trojans are off to the wars as well armed as ever.

If these first four teams are cofavorites, then our dark horse must be California. The Bears lost fabulous Craig Morton, but a new quarterback, Dan Berry, has been unearthed who could be the key to success. Cal's defensive forces -last year's vulnerable point-will be much improved. PLAYBOY All-America tackle Stan Dzura is not only the top lineman on the Coast, he is also the most unusual. Dzura, who looks like a fugitive from Central Casting, never played a game of football in his life until he was a sophomore in college. He went to Cal from Hawaii on a basketball scholarship, grew too big for that game, and was corralled by the football coaches. Despite missing all those years of coaching and experience, his ability is such that he terrorized opposing teams last year and should be even more fearsome in '65.

This will be Dee Andros' first year as head coach at Oregon State, and he has some big shoes to fill in replacing departed Tommy Prothro, winningest coach on the Coast the past ten years, who moved on to UCLA. Although Andros proved what he can do at Idaho, the toughest schedule in Oregon State's history should keep the Beavers out of the Conference race.

Bert Clark is beginning to put together a major power at Washington State, but it will be another two years before it comes into its own. This fall more than half the squad will be rookies, and good ones, but it will take time to mature all this talent. This is still a learning year, so the Cougars won't show much improvement. Wait until 1967.

UCLA is really starting off at the bottom. New coach Tommy Prothro seems to have a lot of confidence that he can field a good representative team, but no one knows why. The ranks are thin and there is no quarterback in sight to replace the departed Larry Zeno.

Figuring out the fortunes of many Western teams is particularly difficult because of the large numbers of junior college transfers that give these squads fresh infusions of manpower each year. The Western part of the country-particularly California-harbors great numbers of junior colleges that field football teams, and the best of these players go on to senior colleges where, with so much experience behind them, they can often step right into a starting line-up. For example, Utah this year would seem to be headed for a dismal autumn, because almost the entire starting line-up has graduated from the best team in the



"Say-this isn't an ad for a movie!"





school's history. But junior college transfers and sophs may take up much of the slack. Still, the Utes can't be expected to repeat last year's performance. Arizona, Arizona State and New Mexico are similarly suffering from wholesale losses, so this should allow Wyoming-which seems stronger than ever-to move in on the Conference championship. Brigham Young is also on the way up. The outlook for the Cougars is brighter than in recent years, although the severity of the opposition will probably preclude any improvement in the won-lost record this season. At Arizona State, coach Frank Kush has had remarkable luck with young teams in the past, so the Sun Devils might surprise us. Much of Arizona's severe losses-25 lettermen have graduated-will be alleviated by the presence of new halfback Brad Hubbert, a sensational rookie who played four years of football in the Marine Corps before deciding to pursue higher education (and an eventual pro contract). New Mexico's hopes are pinned to quarterback Stan Quintana and a huge delegation of junior-college transfers, led by fullback Carl Jackson.

Both New Mexico State and Idaho will field fine teams. Idaho's Ray McDonald will probably be college football's best fullback by the time he graduates, and this year his explosive running will make the Vandals a power to reckon with. New Mexico State is so rich in experienced players that the only shortage will be trainers and managers. Utah State, of all the schools in the West, will probably profit most this year from an influx of exceptional talent from junior colleges. The Aggies will have one of the biggest lines in college football, and halfback Roy Shivers may turn out to be the classiest runner in the desert country.

The Air Force Academy, suffering from a cheating scandal that has virtually wiped out the Falcon football squad, finds itself in a situation almost identical to-and as tragic as-that brought about by the cribbing catastrophe at West Point a few years ago. Twenty-nine of thirty-eight lettermen have been lost, and only a bare handful of upperclassmen are available. The only blessing in an otherwise bleak picture is the presence of a splendid sophomore contingent. Woefully green at first, the flyboys will undoubtedly get better as the season wears on, but prospects for a good season are far from bright.

We'll make one last prediction, and this one we are sure of: With virtually every coach in the country putting greater emphasis than ever on the offensive phase of the game, 1965 will see the emergence of a flock of brilliant passers—neophyte quarterbacks whose names are now barely known, even in their own schools, but who will be national heroes by December.



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