



... and when he's got it, he's got it good. Straight or with a twist of **Lyme, By George!** carries its own kick — a dashing dry-martini of a fragrance, dedicated to the knowing . . . powy, persuasive. **By George!** After Shave Lotion and After Shower Cologne, by **Caryl Richards**,* 2.50 to 10.00 at the in-est stores.



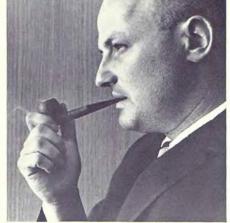
PLAYBILL AT THE END of October comes a day that kids everywhere await with almost as much uncontained excitement as they expend on Christmas: Halloween, when just a little bit of horripilation can scare up a paper bag full of goodies. Herein a bagful of goodies for you, with plenty of treats and nary a trick; and you're not required to look like a goblin (we'd prefer you didn't) or to wait till the 31st of the month. And no dull paper bag for you: Playboy comes in a colorful wrapper, this month featuring a beautiful bird with beautiful legs and an unusual pair of stockings.

A special treat is Ray Bradbury's The Man in the Rorschach Shirt, this month's lead fiction. Ray "got the idea for the story," he tells us, "one day while traveling across L. A. by bus. A man got on, came down the aisle, wearing a strange multicolored sport shirt. First I saw it as one thing, then another; many devices, many symbols. I am quite myopic. The title of the story flashed into my head: Why, he's The Man in the Rorschach Shirt." For Bradbury buffs (and folks who just plain like wellwrought tales), a pleasant note: Random House has released a paperback collection of The Vintage Bradbury.

The best-kept secret in book publishing today is the real identity of the author of Wiped Out!, a frightening account of how an intelligent man lost a small fortune in a rising stock market. Negotiations for PLAYBOY's exclusive abridged version of the upcoming Simon & Schuster book were conducted through the writer's agent, who insisted that even the check be made out to her for endorsement by "anonymous investor." The agent finally permitted an anonymous phone call, in which a disembodied voice admitted that "he" was married, had two boys, lived in Manhattan, was employed in "communications," and insisted on anonymity, saying that he didn't like anyone looking at his checkbook. He did admit that he has invested again, since his last disaster, but this time in a conservative 100 shares of a steady stock.

Recently back from London (where he spent most of the last four years). Ken W. Purdy plans to return, but adds, "This time, instead of England I'm going to Finland, because I will have a long novel to finish (pun intended) and I think Finland must be the best place in the world to work: Helsinki is the most literate community in the world, with long, cold nights—all this plus a great deal of beauty, natural and manmade." Fortunately, Ken found time in London to write the haunting story Untitled.

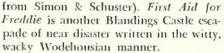
P. G. Wodehouse's comedic writing has delighted playboy readers often in the past (six of P. G.'s stories from playboy appear as part of a new collection called *Plum Pie* appearing this fall



SIEGEL



BRADBURY



The frost may be on the pumpkin, but it hasn't yet numbed the nimble fingers of artist Arnold Roth. In this issue, he makes his third PLAYBOY appearance as the illustrator of another old favorite, *Limericks*. When Roth, who has been everything from a jazz musician to a *Mad* magazine regular, was asked to characterize himself, he said succinctly, "Mostly I go around yawning."

Madness also figures in the career of Larry Siegel. Co-author of The Mad Show, a smash revue currently in New York, Los Angeles and on college tour, Larry is in the process of creating a new TV series for next fall, and has just finished the book for a musical comedy aimed at Broadway. Siegel is always right on target, as you can tell from Like, Once Upon a Time . . . , hip versions of kiddie classics, and his comicto-comic Playboy Interview with Mel Brooks, both in this issue.

Hugh Nissenson (The Mission, Playboy, December 1964) returns with A Woman for Titus. Nissenson is the author of A Pile of Stones (Scribner's), which won loud critical applause last year and the Edward Lewis Wallant Award for fiction. Another noteworthy writer revisiting Playboy is James Blish (Music of the Absurd, October 1964). His article



ROTH







BLISH

Let Joy Be Unconfined suggests some giant steps that may be taken now to achieve a technology of pleasure.

Pietro di Donato's article Tropic of Cuba marks his fifth PLAYBOY appearance, and his first in the nonfiction genre. In answer to our simple question "Who are you?" Pietro replied: "Born in Hoboken, April 13, 1911. Attended both public and parochial schools. Played Jewish urchin in Passion play. Finished eighth grade-went to work as bricklayer at age 12 to support widowed mother and seven brothers and sisters. Dreamed of being an actor. Wrote to Tom Mixnever received an answer. Had summer theater of my own during the Depression. Realized actors were puppets and became disenchanted. Began to live many parts on paper with short story Christ in Concrete for Esquire, 1937. Despise negative writers, liars, hypocrites and the ungrateful. Eye priests askance, but worship nuns. Mad about girls."

Is there anything else in our Hallowcen bag? You know there is. Like the piquant Ann-Margret in swinging scenes from her new movie, The Swinger; our shining October Playmate, Linda Moon; and the uncostumed fun of photographer Jerry Yulsman's The Bawdy Bard. Like the eleventh annual Playboy Jazz-Poll Ballot. Like much, much more.

So, when we said a bagful, we meant a bagful. Pull up a pumpkin; we think this October treat will do the trick.

PLAYBOY



Bawdy Bard

P. 135



Jazz Poll

P. 128



Ann-Margret

P. 86



Fashion Farecast

P. 119

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO. ILLINOIS EGG11. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS. DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN DE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1966 BY MMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICITION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL PENNY JAMES, DESIGN LY ARTHUR PAUL, PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY GORDON. DTHER PHOTOGRAPHY DY: MARIO CASILLI, P. 3; LARRY GORDON. P. 106; MARVIN KONER, P. 3, 71. 163; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 99, 162; POMPEO POSAR, P. 3, 82-83, 128; GENE TRINDL, P. 162; ALEXAS LIRBA. P. 95, 100-101; JERRY YULSMAN, P. 3; P. 150-157 FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF: MAURICE BESSY (1), CULVER (9), ROY GEORGE (1), ARTHUR KNIGHT (1), JOHN KOBER, 12), STANLEY PALEY (3), PENGUIN (11), ROBERT PIKE (1), UPI (1).

PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1966, VOL. 13, NO. 10. PUB-LISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC... IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBUR BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. GOSTI. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL
DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travelPATRICK CHASE
THE PLAYBOY FORUM
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MEL BROOKS—candid conversation
THE MAN IN THE RORSCHACH SHIRT—fictionRAY BRADBURY
ANN-MARGRET AS ART-pictorial
A WOMAN FOR TITUS—fictionHUGH NISSENSON
WIPED OUT!—article
LIMERICKS—humor
HEAD START / BODY BOOSTERS—grooming
LET JOY BE UNCONFINED—article
A PLAYBOY PAD: TEXAS RETREAT—modern living
UNTITLED—fiction
THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE—playboy's playmate of the month
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor
PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST—attireROBERT L. GREEN
LIKE, ONCE UPON A TIME—satireLARRY SIEGEL
THE 1967 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL-jazz
THE BAWDY BARD—satire JERRY YULSMAN
FIRST AID FOR FREDDIE—fiction
A CRAFTY CONSTABLE CONFOUNDED-ribald classic HONORÉ DE BALZAC
THEATRICAL FARE—foodTHOMAS MARIO
TROPIC OF CUBA—article
THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA—orticleARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT
ON THE SCENE—personalities
WHO'S AFRAID OF TEEVEE JEEBIES?—satire
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire

HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher

A. C. SPECTORSKY associate publisher and editorial director

ARTHUR PAUL art director

JACK J. KESSIE managing editor

VINCENT T. TAJIRI picture editor

SHELDON WAX senior editor: MURRAY FISHER, MICHAEL LAURENCE, NAT LEHRMAN, WILLIAM MACKLE associate editors; ROBERT L. GREEN fashion director; DAVID TAYLOR associate fashion editor: THOMAS MARIO food & drink editor: PATRICK CHASE travel editor; J. PAUL GETTY contributing editor, business & finance; CHARLES BEAUMONT, RICHARD GEHMAN, KEN W. PURDY contributing editors; ARLENE BOURAS copy chief; ROGER WIDENER assistant editor; BEV CHAMBERLAIN associate picture editor; MARILYN GRABOWSKI assistant picture editor; MARIO CASILLI, LARRY GORDON, J. BARRY O'ROURKE, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS URBA, JERRY VULSMAN staff photographers; STAN MALINOWSKI contributing photographer; david bhang, ronald blume, John Carafoli, Joseph PACZEK assistant art directors; WALTER KRADENYCH, ART MCFALLAR art assistants; JOHN MASTRO production manager; ALLEN VARGO assistant production manager; PAT PAPPAS rights and permissions . HOWARD W. LEDERER advertising director; JOSEPH FALL advertising manager; JULES KASE associate advertising manager; SHERMAN KEATS chicago advertising manager; JOSEPH GUENTHER detroit advertising manager; NELSON FUTCH promotion director; HELMUT LORSCH publicity manager; benny dunn public relations manager; anson mount public affairs manager; THEO FREDERICK personnel director; JANET PILGRIM reader service; ALVIN WIEMOLD subscription fulfillment manager; ELDON SELLERS special projects; ROBERT S. PREUSS business manager and circulation director.

Climb into the 1.5. 4-piece convertible and drive her crazy.



Be a nature lover

Take Suzuki on a course to nature and let nature take its course.

For unbounded fun, our spirited Dual-Stroke engine corrals more hp than a 4-stroke—with less beckon-

ing. Hup, two. Not Hup, two, three, four. And new Posi-Force lubing ends oil-gas mixing for good.

You steal out of town in amazing comfort because Suzuki alone in the lightweight field is spec'd out for America's longer roads and riders.

And you reign over the toughest terrain on husky shock suspension (so the bumps aren't a grind for you, or two).

Still, Suzuki can't guarantee a meadow lark. But we do guarantee Suzuki. Ask about the 12 month/12,000 mile Warranty. You'll find it leaves competition at the gate.

Before you buy, solo Suzuki. The model just your speed awaits at a nearby dealer. Make the scene!

Or write for our fact-packed "Cycle Story" and colorful Suzuki brochure. SOLU U.S. Suzuki Motor Corp., P.O. Box 2337, Dept. P7, Santa Ana, California 92707.



DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE - PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGD, ILLINOIS 60611

RALPH GINZBURG

Ralph Ginzburg's personal philosophy (Playboy Interview, July) and his fight for free expression are inspiring. He not only argues his case with conviction; he argues it well. I believe strongly in the ideals of total freedom of speech and press, and feel cheated in that I can no longer enjoy his publication Eros.

Jon L. Robinson Hopkins, Minnesota

Your interview with Ralph Ginzburg continues your tradition of superbly presenting America's most controversial figures. Ginzburg, unfortunately, has fallen victim to one of the Supreme Court's most ridiculous decisions in many years. It is painful to see the Supreme Court narrow its views on censorship and obscenity in a decade that has seen such large steps forward in other areas of individual freedom.

Arthur F. Sewall Bridgeton, New Jersey

In your Ginzburg interview, that Hebrew mentions me. I can only reply, after having seen a copy of Ginzburg's Eros (in which, among other unspeakable outrages, Ginzburg printed a full-page color photograph in great detail of a naked black buck in an obvious sexual embrace with a white girl), that, while I agree that anybody should have the right of free political expression, the printing of such degenerate filth as Eros should very properly entitle the publisher to a long term at one of Uncle Sam's "gray-bar Hiltons" at Atlanta or Leavenworth. Before mealymouthed bleeding hearts, liberals and other mushheads shed too many tears over Mr. Ginzburg, I suggest they examine a copy of his Eros. Even our degenerate Supreme Court found it too much to stomach. Heil Hitler!

George Lincoln Rockwell Commander, American Nazi Party Arlington, Virginia

As your letter clearly shows, Commander, one man's "free political expression" can be another's "degenerate filth." Ginzburg's point was that everyone—even you—should be entitled to speak out, regardless of what he has to say. We're not surprised to see that you're unwilling to go that far.

In the July PLAYBOY, Ralph Ginzburg mentions the Eros photo feature "Black and White in Color," which many people believe was the principal reason for his conviction. I graduated from the School of Photography at Rochester Institute of Technology, and I know the man who did these lovely photos of the Negro man and white girl embracing. He was Ralph Hattersley, a former professor at RIT. The color, the balance and the tasteful handling of the subject, in my opinion, make "Black and White in Color" the most beautiful and artistically successful feature Eros ever printed. Anyone who could call that wonderful piece of photographic art "obscene" is mentally unfit.

> Malcolm S. Worob Rochester, New York

In the Ginzburg interview, PLAYBOY provided us with the portrait of a man who is violently and joyously alive and unafraid; and as a comparison, you offered in April the picture of a man as frightened and vicious-and, therefore, as dangerous-as a wounded animal: George Lincoln Rockwell. It was an interesting comparison. Fortunately, in spite of Rockwell, or Robert Shelton, or those five justices of the Supreme Court who are so reluctant to admit that they are made of flesh, we have the likes of Ralph Ginzburg, Ayn Rand, Barry Goldwater, Madalyn Murray and PLAYBOY—unafraid to speak in defense of freedom and the individual and optimistic enough to think that someday the world might grow up.

> Clifton J. Loveridge Cocoa, Florida

Congratulations on the searching, stimulating interviews that you have published in recent issues: The current one with Ralph Ginzburg and the recent ones with George Lincoln Rockwell and Robert Shelton were simply first-rate. PLAYBOV is the only national magazine that will stick its neck out and help clear the air.

Paul Carroll Chicago, Illinois

Poet Carroll is no turtle himself: While poetry editor of The Chicago Review, literary magazine of the University

PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1965, VOL. 13, NO. 10, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HNH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919
N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60511. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION
AND CAMADA, \$20 FOR THREE YEARS, \$15 FOR TWO YEARS, \$8 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$4.60 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN
POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS! SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES
TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, \$19 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO. ILLINOIS 60611. AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER. ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: JULES KASE, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER. 405 PARK AVE., NEW
YORK, N. Y. 1002Z. WU 8-3030; JOSEPH FALL ADVERTISING MANAGER; SHERMAN EATS, CHICAGO NAMAGER. 155 E. OHIO STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL. 60611, MI 2-1000. DETROIT, JOSEPH GUENTHER. MANAGER. 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD. TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES.
STANLEY L. PERRINS, MANAGER, 6721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD. C. 26790; SAN FRANCISCO. ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER
STREET, YU 2-7994; SOUTHEASTEREN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNLE & BROWN, 3100 PIEDMONT RD. N. E., ATLANTA. GA. 31030. 233-6729.

MY SIN

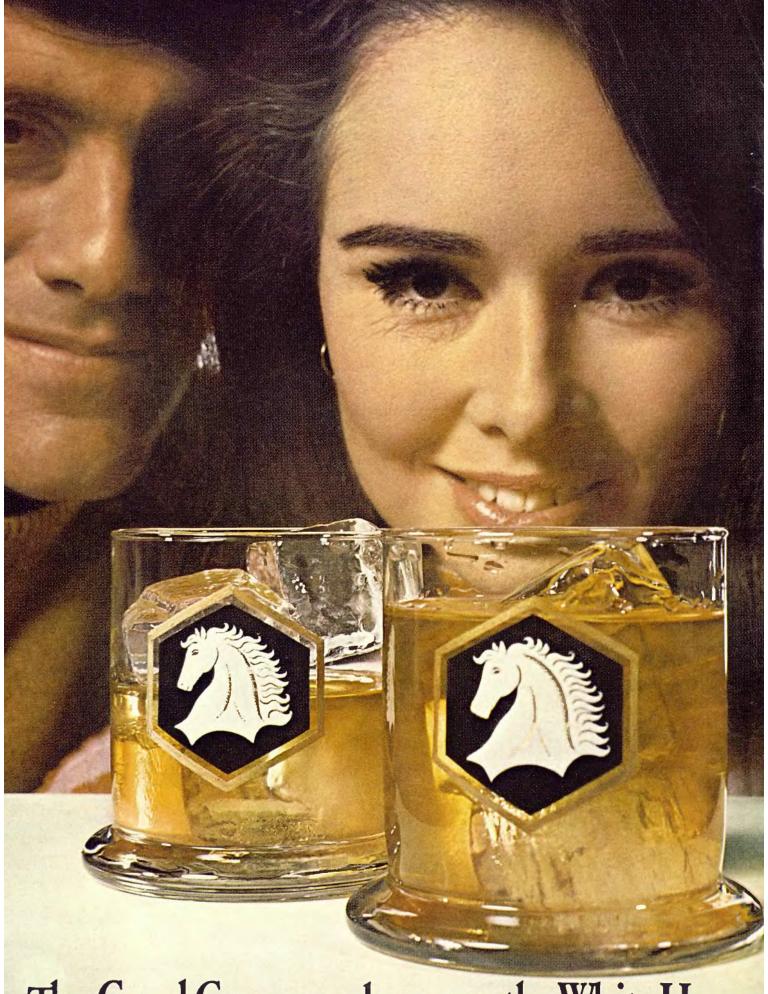
...a most provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

bottled and packaged in France



The Good Guys are always on the White Horse





How long since you spent an evening with White Horse? It's a most enlightening experience. This <u>different</u> breed of Scotch does everything that you want but doesn't overdo it. Smooth. Subtle. Persuasive. Come on up on the White Horse.



of Chicago, he created a furor as first publisher of William Burroughs' "Naked Lunch."

I was surprised that Ginzburg answered affirmatively when asked: "If substantial proof were presented that a link does exist [between pornographic literature and sex crimes], would you then say that hard-core pornography should be banned?" Ginzburg justified his answer by the "clear and present danger" test, but it is ridiculous to assume that if a link exists between a factor and a crime, the factor should be banned. I believe, with Justice Douglas, that "judges cannot gear the literary diet of an entire nation to whatever tepid stuff is incapable of triggering the most demented mind."

David Wilson South Lake Tahoe, California

I am so damned mad I could chew the drapery! What has happened to this man could also happen to me for what I think or for what I have said on many occasions. How can I help him? If he is, in fact, imprisoned, will you please tell me where, so I can write a note to him every week—or perhaps send him cigarettes, cigars, candy or whatever he may need?

Joe B. Chapman, President Evans, Chapman & Holder Birmingham, Alabama

At this writing, Ginzburg is still a free man. He is appealing the severity of his sentence, and although his plea for a reduced sentence was rejected by the Pennsylvania District Court, it was scheduled to be heard September 12 by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, which has meanwhile postponed his imprisonment. You can reach him directly at Fact, 110 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018. For a suggestion on how to support him indirectly, see the following letter.

Having read your July interview with Ralph Ginzburg, it seems to me, as a news dealer, that there is something more those of us in the field should be able to do than just register dismay at the verdict in the *Eros* case.

The procensorship groups are well organized and well financed, and the Supreme Court in the *Eros* case gave them consideration out of proportion to their numbers or merit. People who feel they have the right to read whatever they wish should organize in the same manner as these groups. Toward this end, can you suggest ways dealers and booksellers can be of help?

Alfred C. Sachs Washington News Company Phoenix, Arizona

The American Civil Liberties Union does yeoman duty on behalf of free speech and press, and you can write to them at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. Unfortunately, their efforts on behalf of the First Amendment are sometimes diluted by their having to guard all ten clauses of the Bill of Rights with equal jealousy. Recently in several states, interested citizens like yourself have formed local groups devoted exclusively to combating the censor's scissors. Among the most active of these organizations has been The New Jersey Committee for the Right to Read, Box 250, Caldwell, New Jersey. They will probably provide you with guidelines for setting up a similar organization in Arizona. Other anticensorship activities are frequently discussed in "The Playboy

If the consequences of the Ginzburg affair weren't so tragic, the whole thing might well be entitled: A Comedy of Eros.

James B. Allen Grand Rapids, Michigan

Ah, the poor Mr. Ginzburgs! They choose to exploit our frailties by their interpretation of the laws, and are done such an injustice when some maligned court has the audacity to disagree with them. But take courage, freethinkers! A well-behaving Ralph Ginzburg will be back among us soon, enabled by his sacrifice to rejoin the courageous men who oppose evil laws. Then our descent can continue.

Jeff McCoy Aurora, Illinois

Descent to freedom?

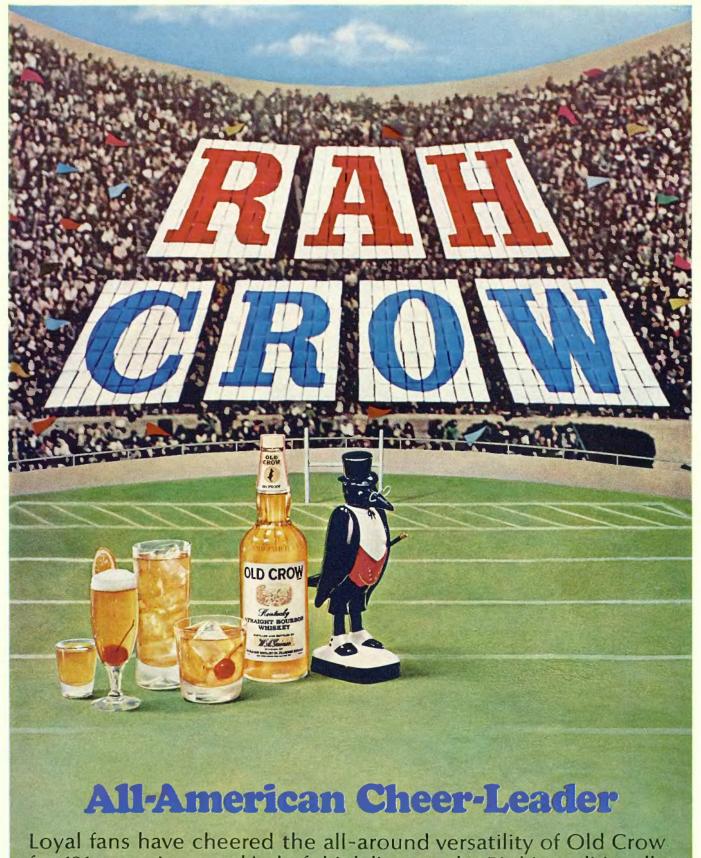
Though I think much of what Ginzburg published was impulsive and irrational, I believe that censorship, because it threatens my rights to free speech, is dangerous in any form. The Supreme Court ruling in the Ginzburg case is unfortunate for all of us and provides another reason why the mail should not be handled by the Government. Rather, the mail should be the business of private competing agencies. Imagine how long a postal agency—dependent on a public free to choose alternative service—could survive if it acquired a reputation of tampering with mail entrusted to it.

Paul Penoyl Boston, Massachusetts

I cannot resist wondering if Ginzburg's conviction, on the basis of his advertising, means that magazines carrying ads for *Eros* are guilty as well? And, if so, what about the ones carrying ads for those, and so on, ad infinitum?

> Hermann J. Muller Bloomington, Indiana

PLAYBOY is delighted to receive this provocative conjecture from the pen of Dr. Muller, distinguished geneticist and biologist, former associate of the late Alfred Kinsey, and winner of the Nobel Prize in physiology in 1916.



Loyal fans have cheered the all-around versatility of Old Crow for 131 years. In every kind of drink line-up, the Bird is traditionally Number One. Next round, make yours Old Crow, and you'll be cheering "Rah Crow" too. Those who know, call for OLD CROW

Famous, Smooth, Mellow

You've spent 3 months working for a giant corporation. Your diligence, perseverance and sacrificed evenings have caught the president's eye. What happens when he sees the rest of you?



If you apply yourself, those evenings won't seem like such a sacrifice after all.

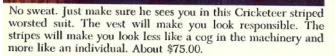


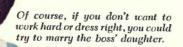


How to make people think you've stayed late when you've left early: Leave a pile of these on your desk.



Just because you're a white-collar worker, you don't have to wear a white shirt. They're out. Colors and stripes are in.





CRICKETEER® At hypowledgeable stores. Or write Cricketeer, a Div. of the Joseph & Feiss Co.

PALMER SCORES

I'm no Marlene Bauer, but I love golf. Reading Peter Andrews' *The Day Arnold Palmer Was Blackballed* . . . was not only fun but also scored a point for us "pro" amateurs here in Shaker Heights. Three cheers for Peter Andrews.

Iris Lembrecht Shaker Heights, Ohio

I was fit to be tied after reading the so-called "humor" about Arnold Palmer in the July issue. The article was not humorous at all. In fact, it was a vicious put-down of a fine professional golfer—my favorite on the pro tour. I can see why Arnie quit at nine holes. I know that I could not stand half that many with such a blowhard.

Kirk Dye

North Platte, Nebraska Back to the tee, Kirk. You missed the ball completely.

CHINESE PUZZLE

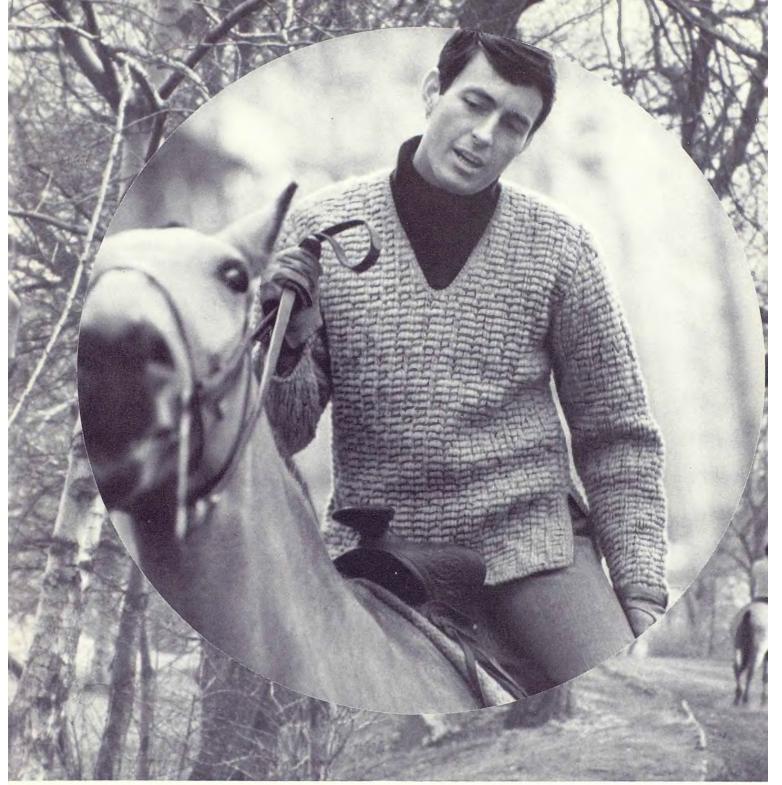
I enjoy your magazine. I believe that its pictures and cartoons and its interesting bits of humor are a definite and valuable service in these tense and troubled times. However, I cannot see that Max Lerner's article (Red China, the U.S. and the U.N., PLAYBOY, July) has added any information or ideas that haven't been mulled over many, many times before by various writers. Frankly, The New Republic, The Nation, The Progressive and The Worker handle the subject much better or worse (according to your views).

Perhaps we can prevent Foreign Affairs, U. S. News & World Report or Scientific American from running "girlie pictures" if you will stick to that which you do so well. I recall the remarks of a theater critic upon seeing John Barrymore play Hamlet in his later years: "The performance did nothing for Hamlet and less for Barrymore."

William G. Bray U. S. House of Representatives Washington, D. C.

We're pleased to learn that you enjoy PLAYBOY, Congressman, but we think the publication's popularity is directly related to the balance it provides between thought-provoking articles on serious themes and its lighter pictorial, satirical and service features. For another Congressional appraisal of Lerner's piece, see the following letter.

Two sentences from Max Lerner's Red China, the U.S. and the U.N. succinctly state a basic element of the UN that seems to escape much of our foreign-policy thinking: "The UN is not a gentlemen's club, but a community of operative de facto regimes. It is an assemblage of governments that do actually exercise power, and that therefore have the right, the responsibility and the need to belong to a world body that

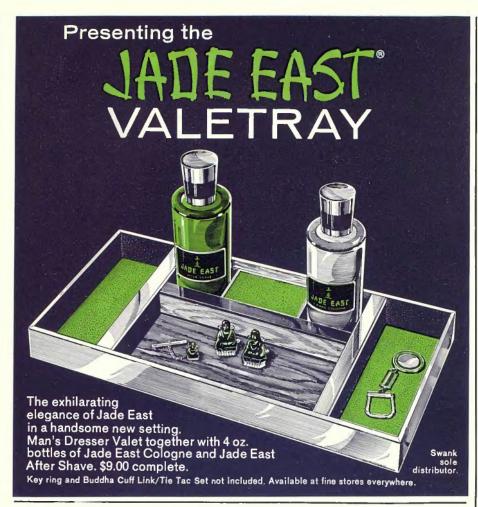


Jointly Advertised With The American Wool Council W

2 p.m. himalaya time Brush off your boots. Answer the door

and brush off the redhead. Pocket your room key. Put on your sweater. The Himalaya Popcorner, sturdy wool with side vents. Honey, firegold, olive. About \$27. Himalaya, 350 Fifth Ave., New York. New York City, Macy's, Chicago, The Man At Ease, Dayton, Rike-Kumler Co., Flint, Roberts David Allan, Great Falls, Kaufman's, Los Angeles, De Voss, Savannah, Parks University Shop.

Wool is the fabric of the good life





deliberates, debates and (in some areas) makes decisions on the great issues that shape the future."

As the American people and their civil-service bureaucracies come to accept this "prag-idealist" view of the UN—instead of the idealistic platitudes of the left or the dogmatic rigidity of the right—we will see great strides made toward our true policy objective: a world free from the threat of aggression, one in which Franklin Roosevelt's four freedoms have meaning for all men.

Ronald Brooks Cameron Foreign Affairs Committee U. S. House of Representatives Washington, D. C.

According to Max Lerner's specious reasoning, businessmen should invite the Mafia to join the chamber of commerce. After all, the Mafia is a business, it has a de facto existence and it represents a lot of people. Who cares if it plays by different rules? The simple fact. which Lerner blithely brushes aside, is that the UN is intended to be an organization of freedom-loving countries. By no amount of double talk can this definition be stretched to include Red China. The fact that other countries of China's ilk are already in the UN (by virtue of historical accident) changes things not at all. Two wrongs, Lerner notwithstanding, still don't make a right.

Admittedly, it is a bit difficult to define "freedom-loving" nowadays, but how's this for openers: The government does not shoot people who disagree with it, and there's a free press. When the Chinese rulers are willing to accept these principles, they will be welcome in the UN. Until then, who needs them?

Werner K. Stiefel Oak Hill, New York

It is encouraging to find an American writer like Max Lerner sufficiently candid to point out that under the original provisions of the UN Charter, the United States, on the basis of its present policies, would not qualify for membership. The Charter demands "respect for the principle of equal rights and selfdetermination of peoples." Members are required "to refrain from the threat or use of force." Membership in the United Nations is open only to "peace-loving states" that accept the obligations of the Charter, If Lerner succeeds in introducing some common sense into opinion in the United States, more power to him.

Professor Joan Robinson Faculty of Economics and Politics University of Cambridge Cambridge, England

I greatly enjoyed Max Lerner's article on Red China in your July issue. It was one of the few times an author has presented both the pros and cons of

EDITED BY MAURICE GIRODIAS THE OLYMPIA READER A 725-page literary harvest from the publisher who first brought Lawrence Durrell, Henry Miller, Vladimir Nabokov and Jean Genet to the attention of the English and Amer-

THE OLYMPIA READER Edited by Maurice Girodias

Edited by Maurice Girodias

A milestone in the literary and artistic freedom of expression. Included are the following selections: Henry Miller | The World of Sex Paul Ableman | I Hear Voices Beauregard De Farniente | The Adventures of Father Silas Marcus Van Heller | Roman Orgy James Sherwood | Stradella J. P. Donleavy | The Ginger Man Lawrence Durrell | The Black Book Harriet Daimler & Henry Crannach | The Pleasure Thieves Charles Henri Ford & Parker Tyler | The Young and Evil Samuel Beckett | Watt Henry Miller | Plexus John Cleland | Fanny Hill Pauline Reage | Story of O Ataullah Mardaan | Kama Houri Jean Genet | The Thief's Journal Frank Harris | My Life and Loves Maxwell Kenton | Candy Henry Jones | The Enormous Bed William Talsman | The Gaudy Image Marquis De Sade | Justine William S. Burroughs | Naked Lunch Frances Lengel | Young Adam Anonymous | Teleny Akhar Del Piombo | Fuzz Against Junk Philip O'Connor | Steiner's Tour Aubrey Beardsley & John Glassco | Under the Hill Anonymous | The White Paper Maurice Girodias | A Sad. Ungraceful History of Lolita Henry Miller | Quiet Days in Clichy Hamilton Drake | Sin for Breakfast William S. Burroughs | The Ticket That Exploded Wu Wu Meng | Houses of Joy Chester Himes | Pinktoes William S. Burroughs | The Ticket That Exploded Wu Wu Meng | Houses of Joy Chester Himes | Pinktoes William S. Burroughs | The Soft Machine Henry Miller | Sexus Raymond Queneau | Zazie Georges Bataille | Madame Edwarda Jean Genet | Our Lady of the Flowers Harriet Daimler | The Woman Thing Gregory Corso | The American Express Maurice Girodias & Peter Singleton-Gates | The Black Diaries of Roger Casement. of Roger Casement.

THE OLYMPIA READER **369. RETAIL PRICE \$12.50**

remeted case histories. Presents "pages of blood and terror" in an exploration of sexual violence and the interrelationships of pain, death, and erotic gratification. Retail \$9.50	-
373. GOING TO MEET THE MAN, James Baldwin. Jolting collection of fiction about "what really matters"—from revival meeting to a monstrous lynching. Left Bank to Greenwich Village, sadistic cops to broken-down fighters, "Urgency, power and anger" (Virginia Kirkus).	1
318. NOVA EXPRESS, Wm. Burroughs. Naked Lunch author again shocks convention. New novel is "devastating ridicule of hypocrisy" (Terry Southern). "Sexual conquestscomic and horrible sweep us like a tidal wave" (Chicago Sun-Times). Retail \$5.00	
288. AN AMERICAN OREAM. Norman Mailer. Controversial new novel. "Dostoevsky is not a great deal more profound than Mailer" (Tom Wolfe). "Devas- tatingly alive and original creative mind" (Life). "Rare fictional qual- ity" (Newsweek). Retail \$4.95	
268. MRS, GRUNOY: Studies in English Prudery. Peter Fryer. Sexual taboos, "four-letter words", body censorship, forbidden dances, etc., from earliest times to present. Deliciously illustrated with rare photographs and etchings. Over 60 pages of pointed, pungent footnotes. Retail \$6.75	

260. PERVERSE CRIMES IN

414. PROSTITUTION AND MO-RALITY. Harry Benjamin, M.D. and R. E. L. Masters. The historical, social, legal, medical and psychological aspects. Case histories from medical practice amplify the human problems of the women and men concerned. Retail \$12.50
329. TNE BOLSHEVIKS, Adam Ulam. Panorama of an era in chaos. What really happened—with little-known sidelights on Lenin. Trotsky, Potemkin mutiny, Stalin as bank robber, Rasputin, origins of Soviet anti-Semitism, the Tsars, much more. Many rare contemporary photographs. Retail \$9.95
708. DUAL SELECTION. NEGA- TIVES, Peter Everett. "Curious tale of sex and murder might startle Krafft-Ebing" (N.Y. Times). MARIE BEGINNING, Alfred Grossman. Sex-kitten purrs to top of giant busi- ness firm in outrageous farce. "A real find" (Publisher's Weekly)

numeu retain \$5.45
WORDBEARERS, tett. How WW I ities—not actions
of war. Gunstof from "the top". with Ludendorff,
in, Foch, Haig, photographs and Retail \$7.50

	253.	THE	DEMON	IS. H	eimito
	von D	odere	r. U.S.	ed. of	monu-
					novel.
THE THE	COM	CHIPO	ini y co		
					g, illu-
mina	ting"	(Th	ornto	n Wi	lder).
					Sink
"Mos	t torn	ndabi	e Geri	man r	ovelist
now	living	. (L	ondon	Lime	s Lit.
Suppl	.). T	wo h	andsor	ne vo	lumes.
				D-A-II	RED EO
Over	1,300	Dage:	5.	ve (31)	\$13.50

ANY 3 BOOKS WE WILL GIVE YOU...

■ ANY 3 BOOKS FREE — even if one of your 3 choices is this massive \$12.50 volume!

PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS (limit w PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS (limit 3) for only \$3.95 each regardless of regular retail prices—even up to \$16.

w PLUS 80% SAVINGS NOW. New readers may save up to 80% by joining the Society at this time. While you need take only one book at the introductory extra-discount price, the more you take the more you save. Me make this unusual offer to intro-duce you to the Mid-Century Book Society—a truly unusual book club. The Society has but one aim: to give you huge discounts on books not usually offered by book clubs. Call them, for want of a better term, "intellectual books"—books that raise issues and eyebrows.

As a member you will be privileged As a member you will be privileged to choose from stimulating new novels and avante garde literature; controversial volumes on history, world affairs and political analysis; biting social commentary and satire; epochal advances in anthropology and psycho-sexual studies—all at special club prices.

In the months to come, you'll be of-

In the months to come, you'll be offered first crack at the books American intellectuals are discussing, de-bating, damning and praising up and down university corridors . . in vil-lage coffee houses . . across chess boards, cocktail glasses, and speak-ers' platforms from St. Mark's Place to Berkeley Campus.

books after 10 days without cost or obligation. Or—take only three more books during the coming year out of hundreds to be offered.

m THE MID-CENTURY MAGAZINE FREE, bringing you advance reviews of new books published each month — with books published each month—with informed recommendations of books both to read and keep in every subject-category—books for pleasure, profit, reference... the best novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories—and many more.

PROFIT-SHARING: Because the Soci-■ PROFIT-SHARING: Because the Society can order books in large quantities, it shares profits with members through sensationally lower prices which average 25% below list prices. Members can thus buy first-run books — in publishers' regular cloth-bound editions for their permanent libraries at an effective cost lower than that of paperbacks!

Giant encyclopedia of words.
Nearly 1,000 pages, 50,000 entries,
million words. Witty tour of antiquity, mythology, highways and
byways of puns and curious phrases.
Watch words grow, merge, leap
tongues. Truly the last word on
words.

Retail \$16.00 SEND NO Borth, Prodigious 744-page magnum opus from author of underground best-seller. The Sotweed Factor, A lusty youth with the morals and sexual appetite of a goat topples the shibboleths of modern civilization. "Barth is a bawdy allegorist"—N.Y. Times Retail \$6.95 MONEY MAIL COUPON

TODAY

422. UNOERSTANOING MEDIA, Marshall McLuhan. The revolution in our thinking wrought by the electronic age. "Cultural criticism of the 20th century. Like T. S. Eliot, Oswald Spengler, D. H. Lawrence, David Riesman" (Hardensen) (Hardense

224. THE MARQUIS DE SADE, Including the complete Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom, other writings. "Gradually America is coming of age... Grove has brought us that part of the truth we thought we couldn't bear but without which we surely cannot live" — Webster Schott Retail \$15.00

246. ENCYCLOPEOIA OF TNE GREAT QUOTATIONS, 3,000 years of hom motor. 10,500 listings, 893 pages. Fiery, history-shaping thoughts not in other compilations. Freud, Ghandi, Camus, Jung, Sartre aren't in Bartlett but are in this book.

308. I LOST IT AT TNE MOVIES.
Pauline Kael. Witty and provocative views on David and Lisa, Sons & Lovers, La Dolce Vita, Lolita, 8½, Forbidden Games, A Taste of Honey, Long-Distance Runner, scores more ... and the movie makers from Hollywood to Cinemacitta.

Retail \$6.00

	406. Mago	STO	RY	OF	O. of	Deux
unde	r the	pow	er c	f the	sad	chistic, ism of
help	ed by	her	willi	ingne	ss. t	d her, o total
	Swede		Ban	ned	Retai	France \$6.00

317. GAMES PEOPLE PLAY. Eric Berne, M.D. Runaway best-seller reveals our unconscious ploys to avoid reality, conceal motives, etc. 36 Marital, Party, Sex, and Consulting Room Games including: "Frigidi", "Schlemiel", "Perversion", "Now I've Got You, You S.O.B.".

Retall \$5.00

416. THE GINGER MAN. New, unexpurgated edition of the novel by J. P. Donleavy, "Lusty, violent, wildly funny, it is a rigadoon of rascality, a bawled-out comic song of sex" (Dorothy Parker in Esquire). "A classic" (The N.Y. Times).

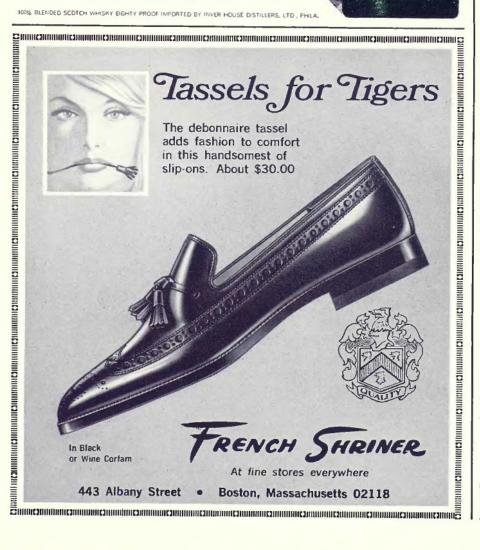
287. LSD: Consciousness-Expanding Orug. Aldous Huxley, Wm. Burroughs, Alan Watts, Timothy Leary, et al., on how it feels, affects personality, creativity. Legal status, use for therapy or stimulus. Optimal dosage, how to be guineapig in accredited study programs. Retail \$5.95

410. THE DAY OF THE AMERICANS. Nerin E. Gun. An inmate's journalistic account of Dachau and its liberation by Gl's. "A disturbing, chilling, sarcastic book" (World Journal, N.Y.C.) "rue events... which read like spy thrillers" (Miami News). Photographics" (Miami Se.95)

292. UNDER THE VOLCANO, Malcolm Lowry. "Underground" best-seller among intellectuals for 20 years-now blazing to popular acclaim. "Belongs with most original and creative novels of our time" (Alfred Kazin). Retail \$5.95 SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY

Mail to: The Mid-Century Book Society, Enroll me as a trial member and send me the 3 FREE BOOKS indicated below – charging me only for the one or more other books ordered at the special new- member price of only \$3.95 each.	5 East 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 My only obligation is to buy three future selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be offered at average savings of 25% under the publishers' retail prices.
(PLEASE INDICATE YOUR CHOICES BELOW BY NO	UMBER.) PRINT
1 SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS FREE — with New-Member	NAME
Purchase(s) below.	ADDRESS
2 SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE (\$3.95). (LIMITED TO 3 BOOKS.)	спту
	STATEZIP
	P-1





diplomatic recognition of Red China by the U.S. and the UN. Mr. Lerner, being on the side of the pros, puts forth some convincing arguments to back up his views. But for me he succeeded in doing just the opposite of what he set out to do. He has convinced me, and others, I am sure, of the folly of recognizing Communist China or admitting her to the United Nations.

Lerner maintains that the U.S. Government should adopt a more pragmatic attitude toward Red China. He states that Red China will have, "before another decade, a chance for the kind of major confrontations-with the Soviet Union and with America—that it has thus far avoided." Lerner admits that admission of Red China to the UN as well as recognition by the U.S. would strengthen that country. What, then, could be more pragmatic than our current policy of postponing that confrontation by denying China the added strength of our recognition?

Ray F. Bietz

San Francisco, California

A foreign policy based on the assumption that a military confrontation with Communist China is inevitable (an assumption Lerner never made) can serve as the justification for otherwise unthinkable acts on the part of America, including outright aggression (i.e., "preventative war"). If one accepts, as a more reasonable premise for U.S. foreign policy, the continuing possibility of peace, as well as war-with a peaceful solution to international conflicts clearly established as our goal-then Lerner argues the need for improving means of communication between countries, and that is precisely what bringing Red China into the UN would do.

BATFAN

For over 25 years I have maintained that I was the staunchest Batman fan in the nation, but since your July issue, I now have a new favorite-the fabulous Vargas Batgirl. I know not who lurks behind that cobalt cowl-but Holy Two-Page Spread!-it certainly isn't Robin, the Boy Wonder!

Biljo White Editor, Batmania Columbia, Missouri

I've just read the first installment of On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen (PLAYBOY, July) by Sol Weinstein. It's hilarious and I wish Sol would write a show or picture for me.

Henny Youngman New York, New York

About that devastating explosion at the Mother Margolies Activated Old World Chicken Soup Factory in the July Oy Oy Seven installment: Did the

NOW COMPARE Record Club of America gives you All Labels...at 33% savings...and often up to 75%...AND DOESN'T FORCE YOU TO BUY EVEN A SINGLE RECORD THE "BIG 4" RECORD CLUBS CLUB A CLUB B CLUB C RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA Choose any LP, on any label! Mono and Stereo! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, VOX, VERVE, DECCA, LONDON, etc. CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS NO NO INCLUDING LATEST RELEASES? Even latest releases are available at once - no waiting MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" No obligations! No yearly "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide! NONE! 8 NUMBER OF RECORDS? HOW MANY? Your discounts are never less than 331/4 % -CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD **ALWAYS!** NO NO NO and are often as high as 75% - on every YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT? record you buy! No exceptions! DO YOU EVER RECEIVE There are no cards which you must return. NEVER! YES Only the records you want are sent and only when you ask us to send them! UNORDERED RECORDS? 5 to 6 5 to 6 5 to 6 HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT YOUR OROER PROCESSED **NO LONG WAITS!** SAME DAY RECEIVED! WEEKS FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE? WEEKS WEEKS

If Record Club of America is that good — where's the catch? There is no catch! Here is truly one Record Club with no restrictions

- ★ Choose any LP . . . on any label! No exceptions . . . Mono and Stereo - including latest releases!
- ★ No "guotas" to buy! Take 0 records — or 100!
- ★ SAVE never less than 331/3 % off list . . . often up to 75%!
- * All orders processed same day received - no long waits!
- * Every record brand new, first quality, factory fresh and guaranteed fully returnable!

TYPICAL "DOUBLE DISCOUNT" SALE Sugg. List Price \$3.79 and \$3.98 BEST SELLERS ... ONLY \$1.89 & \$1.98

Tijuana Brass Al Hirt Bill Cosby

Ferrante & Teicher
Peter, Paul & Mary
Sonny & Cher

The Supremes
Henry Mancini
The Righteous Bros.

Sugg. List Price \$4.79 and \$4.98

Frank Sinatra Getz-Gilberto Arthur Fiedler Birgit Nilsson

BEST SELLERS...ONLY \$2.39 & \$2.49 Ramsey Lewis

Segovia

Sugg. List Price \$4.98

Everest & Vox Classical Albums

...ONLY \$1.77

... plus more than ½ off on famous labels: Audio Fidelity, Command, Westminster, Roulette, Mercury, Angel, MGM, Verve, Deutsche Grammophon and others . .

AT LASTI A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"-ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way YOU want it - a record club with no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels — usually their own labels! They make you buy 5, 6, or more records a year (at full price!) to fulfill your "obligation". And, if you forget to return their monthly card — they send you a record you don't want, and a bill for \$5.00 or \$6.00!

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

Now you can choose any LP . . . on any label. Take as many, or as few, or no records at all if you so decide. And you get discounts of at least 33½%—and often up to 75%—on every album! That means you buy all \$3.79 and \$3.98 LP's at \$2.39; \$4.79 and \$4.98 LP's at \$2.99; and \$5.79 and \$5.98 LP's at just \$3.69, plus a small charge for postage and handling. To join, mail coupon with check or money order for \$5. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP in Record Club of America—and you never pay another club fee! Now you can choose any LP . . . on any label. Take

Look What You Get Immediately by Return Mail (1) LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, which guarantees you LP albums at dealer cost . . . guarantees you discounts of at least 331/3% - 75% - on every record you buy! and as high as

(2) FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your records from. The Schwann Catalog is an inde-pendent publication listing all LP's available. Over 300 different labels, over 30,000 albums.

(3) DISC®, the Club's FREE magazine which reg-

ularly supplements Schwann's listings and keeps you informed of extra money saving discount" specials.

Your order is PROCESSED SAME DAY we get it! No long waits. No monthly cards to return, so you are never shipped unordered records. Every record GUARANTEED brand new, first quality, factory fresh! You must be completely satisfied — or every record fully returnable!

Money Back Guarantee

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't convinced our discounts are as big as
we say (check us to the penny on this!) . . . that
our range of selections is the biggest anywhere
(over 30,000 albums every month!) . . . or even if
you've simply changed your mind—return all items
within 10 days and your membership fee will be
refunded promptly and in full!

Over 600,000 music lovers-plus leading schools, libraries and other budget-wise institutions—now save money this sensible way through the only record club with no strings attached! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, 1285 East Princess Street, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only \$2.50 each with full privileges. You can even split the total: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings the cost down to \$3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for your hig savings. for your big savings.



FREE! 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your albums from when you join Record Club of America

GIANT CATALOG lists all records of all manufacturers. Over 300 labels with discounts from 33½% to 75% — Over 30,000 albums — CLASSICAL, instrumental and vocal—POPULAR, vocal and instrumental — JAZZ — FOLK — SOUND-TRACKS, Broadway and Hollywood—SPOKEN WORD—ROCK-n' ROLL—COMEOY—RHYTHM & BLUES—COUNTRY & WESTERN—OANCING—LISTENING . . .

纖	مارو			
ø	-	_	7	
T.	1		١	۱
B.	U		,	ä
В.	`	_		
	b.		40	

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA 1285 East Princess Street, York, Pennsylvania 17405

Yes! Send FREE Schwann Catalog, DISC®, and LIFE-TIME MEMBERSHIP CARD. Enclosed is \$5, which entitles me to buy any LP in the Schwann Catalog or DISC® at discounts of at least 33½% and as high as 75%, plus a small postage and handling charge. I may take as many or as few, or no records at all. No yearly "quota". I may, for any reason, return items within 10 days for full refund of membership fee!

	☐ Yes! Add	GIFT	MEMBERS	SHIPS at \$2.50
	each to my request, on attached sheet.	Send	to names	and addresses
-	Longlaco ¢		covering	my \$5 lifetime

I enclose \$				covering my \$5 lifetime
membership	and	any	gift	memberships at \$2.50
each.				

Print	
Name.	

٨	Н	Н	r	p	c	c

City			Sta	te	Zip			
	600.0	00 ei	nthusia	astic	memb	ers	includ	ling
	Is, libr							
	RDERS							AL

BUMS COME TO YOU FACTORY FRESH. YOUR SATISFAC-TION GUARANTEED OR ALL ALBUMS FULLY RETURNABLE.

GEN. U. S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., ING., NEW YORK, N.Y.



All the finer inns serve Heineken. It's been that way for 374 years.

The great beer from the diligent Dutch is pompered with specially chosen hops and malt... slow-brewing in gleoming copper vessels...three long months of oging and 374 years of Dutch skill. It's quite a bit of trouble, we know. But that's how we get great beer once every batch. You can get it in bottles or on draft.

IMPORTED HEINEKEN... HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW explosion also take all those Raleigh coupons with it? If so, poor M: She'll never get her nuclear reactor.

> Robert J. Goldman Miami University Oxford, Ohio

There's still hope, Bob: M's Green Stamps survived.

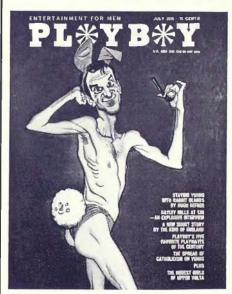
A THING OF BEAUTY

Unhappiness is PLAYBOY doing only a three-page spread on the Ford GT40 (The Bespoke Ford, July). I wish it could have been six, or a dozen. Thanks very much, though, for the article—a machine like that is beauty personified to a car buff.

Robert L. Low Columbus, Georgia

PLAYBOY PARODY

I think your readers will be amused by this cover of a PLAYBOY parody which appeared in the 125th Birthday number of *Punch*, the English humor magazine. For *Punch*'s preview of the 125th Anniversary Issue of our favorite American magazine, your illustrious Editor-Publisher was good enough to take time away from the writing of his eleventhousand, six-hundred and fifty-first installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*



(which *Punch* included in its parody) to pose for this fetching cover illustration in nought but Bunny ears, monokini, cottontail and pipe.

> Charles Elwood London, England

P. S. Your London Bunny Club is a smasher—there's nothing that compares with it over here, and it's causing a sensation—although the British press seems to suspect that all the recent publicity given to "swinging London" has actually been a Playboy promotion timed to coincide with the opening of your plush Park Lane establishment.

SKINDIVE



T INCLUDES STOP-WATCH FOR TIMING SPORTS

RACE

T GIVES CAR'S M.P.H. DVER MEASURED CDURSE

GLOBE-TROT

T SHOWS THE TIME AT POINT OF DESTINATION

FLY

IT CONVERTS TO AVIATOR'S 12-HR. RECORDER

AND STOP TO REST: IT MEASURES REMAINING TIME-OUT. TAKES YOUR PULSE IN 30 SEC. THE WORLD'S BUSIEST WATCH-HAS MORE USES THAN EVER COUNTED! WATERPROOF, PROVIDING CASE, CRYSTAL, CROWN INTACT; SHOCK-RESISTANT, KEEPS FIENDISHLY GOOD TIME. \$100. WRITE FOR FACT-BOOK TD OEPT. P-10, CROTON WATCH CD., CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.



CROTON CHRONOMASTER goes steady goes steady goes stead

CONNERY COMMENTARY

Your July issue showed pictures of Sean Connery (Sean Connery Strikes Again!) in carpet cleaner's uniform identical to my own—except for the company name. It is quite a shock to find that people outside the trade are picking up our little secret. We carpet cleaners are frequently confronted by barely dressed young women who make our work a little pleasanter! I love my job—and after your Connery photos, I don't need to explain why.

Harry Garstein County Carpet Cleaners Monsey, New York

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Orchids to PLAYBOY for recognizing Rex Stewart for the great artist he is (Slices of the Apple, July). Rex himself is more unusual than the unbelievable sounds he so easily coaxes from his trumpet. A fine, humble, unpretentious, unassuming man—and a real pro. Thank you so much.

Cal and Phyllis Burch Garden Grove, California

Rex Stewart's Slices of the Apple in your July issue was just too good to be true. Having borne the stigma of being a musician some 28 years, the nostalgia I suffered on reading Slices was worth a million bucks, Please let him expound on the Thirties, the Forties and onward. That cat can write up a storm.

Edward W. Jenkins Arlington, Virginia

LOVE THAT LUAU

Another win for Playboy. Thomas Mario's recipe in your June issue (Urban Luau) not only brought back pleasant memories of Hawaii but ignited my desire for that tasty, delicate, cool-buthot Korean appetizer, Kim Chee. I whipped up a batch immediately, and my taste buds told me it is authentic. To Thomas Mario, who reminded me of that delicious side dish that makes rice worth while, my internal gratitude!

Robert C. Carpenter Manta, Ecuador

WHO'S LAUGHING?

I have just finished reading *Don't Laugh Unless It's Funny* by William Saroyan (PLAYBOY, July). I didn't laugh. Mr. Saroyan failed to give his readers the all-important emotional release that is necessary in good fiction. In fact, it left me feeling that I had slyly been led to the top of a flagpole and left there. What PLAYBOY needs is a fine story with a punch finish by Oscar Wilson.

Oscar Wilson Manchester, New Hampshire Never heard of him.

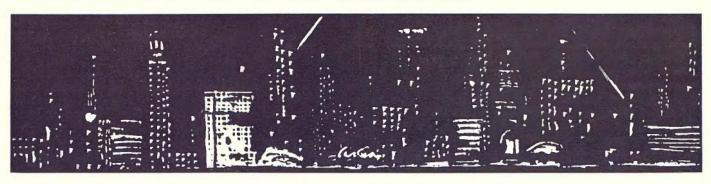


Enjoy America's best-tasting pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!

GREAT LOOK. IUST FNOUGH JUST ENOUGH BITE. ALLIGATOR.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



hanks to Telstar, the right of private 1 enterprise to exploit outer space is now a firmly established principle-established, in fact, by a United Nations resolution, But A. T. & T.'s celebrated satellite is still the only privately owned space vehicle aloft, and the question is: What's taking private industry so long to get into space? In view of the priceless prime-time television exposure made available free of charge to NASA for its moon probes and orbital dockings, one can only wonder why those gifted with our fabled American know-how are not already locked in a tooth-and-nail competition for supremacy in space. Think what a flight to Mars, for example, could do for the Pepsi-Cola Company. For one thing, Pepsi could immediately rechannel all the funds it now squanders on TV advertising into its space program. There would be no need to spend millions trying to convince consumers that only squares drink Coke when the mere sight of the Pepsi-Cola rocket-designed, of course, in the shape of a Pepsi bottle emblazoned with the familiar label and topped with a red, white and blue bottle capsule housing Pepsinaut Joan Crawford-would inspire Americans of all ages to join the Pepsi generation forthwith. It would no doubt also send the Coca-Cola people back to the old drawing board to redesign their attractive but aerodynamically infelicitous bottle along the streamlined lines of an Atlas-Agena.

We can see it now, simulcast on all three networks: the ten-story tower of Pepsi-1 gleaming in the early-morning sun on the launching pad at Cape Kennedy; Commander Crawford—winsomely attired in her chic black-patent-leather crash helmet and bell-bottomed, hiphugger silver-lamé space suit and boots (by Courrèges)—ensconced in the capsule's cabin (molded chair and walnut console by Knoll and Associates) for the pre-launch check-off of on-board instrumentation and telemetry. It's launch minus 78 minutes and all systems are go-go when suddenly there's a hold in the

countdown: A malfunction has been discovered in a petcock controlling the flow of Pepsi concentrate into the soft-drink machine that will dispense Commander Crawford's sole sustenance in flight. Millions wait in suspense to learn if the mission will have to be scrubbed, but Pepsi Control reports that the trouble is minor and that the feed line will be A-OK within a matter of minutes. It remains only to plug in the freezing unit of the cabin ice-cube tray and to make certain that the necessary four-month supply of dimes for the soda machine is safely stowed on board.

The bottle capsule is then sealed, the gantry rolled back, the umbilicals detached, and the voice of Pepsi Control in Houston concludes the countdown as millions hold their breaths: "Five, Four, Three, Two, One-Zerol" It's a perfect lift-off, and stage one-the bottle portion of the rocket-is jettisoned without a hitch; it's recovered an hour later off the coast of Puerto Rico in the net of a San Juan fisherman, who returns it to Pepsi for the \$12,000,000 deposit. As the capsule passes over Pepsi's Grand Cayman downrange tracking station in the Bahamas, Huntley and Brinkley interrupt their commentary for a live pickup via radio of the Pepsinaut's impromptu rendition of the Pepsi jingle from 60 miles aloft: there isn't a dry eye in the blockhouse. The first day in space is highlighted by a televised interlude outside the capsule, during which Commander Crawford, at the end of a 25-foot nylon tether, sets a new space record for the U.S. by drinking history's first extravehicular Pepsi.

During the next month, Pepsi-1 passes the drifting derelicts of several unsuccessful earlier Mars probes: Nabisco's ill-fated Mallo-Mars (whose milk-chocolate heatshield was penetrated by a meteor shower), Chun King's Flying Fortune Cookie, which lost its fortune during lift-off (an hour later they wanted to send up another one), Diet-Rite's No-Cal Jeroboam (aborted when it failed to achieve a state of weightlessness), He-

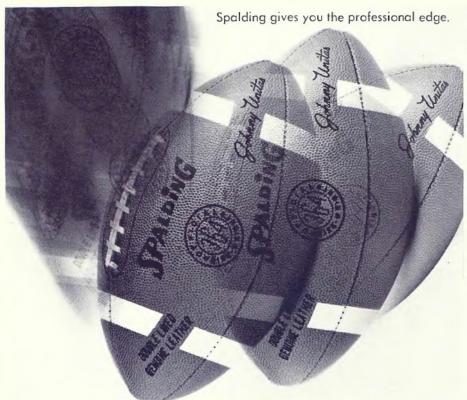
brew National's Kosher Special, designed in the shape of a pastrami on rye (which veered into the sun when its revolutionary solid-liquid rocket fuel—chicken fat and seltzer—failed to ignite), and a previously unconfirmed Russian rocket (configured, according to Commander Crawford's eyeball sighting, along the airfoil lines of a 100-proof vodka bottle; the brand name, of course, being security information, is not divulged).

The rest of the flight proceeds without a hitch: soft landing on Mars, planting the flag of the Pepsi Geographical Society, establishing the first extraterrestrial Pepsi franchise ("Who's going to drink the stuff?" ask Coca-Cola's PR people), the long voyage home, safe splashdown and recovery, debriefing, television interviews, world-wide headlines, the Pepsinaut's first-person story of the flight exclusively in Life-and then, at long last, Pepsi's finest hour, as Commander Crawford is invited to the White House and decorated by the President for her history-making achievement: becoming the first Academy Award winner to earn the Congressional Medal of Honor, for bringing free enterprise to the Red Planet.

We were surprised not to find the following Los Angeles Times headline on the front page—BROAD TO BE HONORED AS MAN OF THE YEAR—until we read on and discovered, not without some disappointment, that the party involved was a local construction leader and philanthropist named Eli Broad.

An elegant used-car agency in midtown Manhattan, according to a sign in its window, is now selling PRE-OWNED CADILLACS.

A broadcasting trend reached its inexorable conclusion when the Federal Communications Commission approved the one-year test of a radio station that will present nothing but ads and "public-



"Ocoocoocoocooff! Know how it feels to be fumbled and pounced on by a bunch of 260 lb. bruisers? A Spalding's gotta be tough. We get thrown, clutched, mauled, gouged and booted all over the place. But watch that rough stuff, fellas. If anyone gets the wind knocked out, it won't be me."

You have to look for the "W" because it's silent. Wrangler®the wreal no-iron ieans. When you wear these lean and lively Wrongler jeans-they wresist wrinkling. When they're woshed and dried—they come (It's wright here!) out wready to go. They're 50% polyester/ 50% cotton treated with Wranglok®, a wremarkable permanent press finish. White, wheat, pewter green, blue denim, 28 to 36. Permanently creosed, obout \$6. Authentic wround leg, about \$5. Wrangler for her, too. Wrangler Jeons, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001.

service announcements." The station will broadcast from Los Angeles under the call letters KADS.

Social scientists in Great Britain recently completed a mammoth study of sexual mores among several thousand English teenage girls. Questionnaires were dutifully filled out and returned, and the results fed into a computer—which promptly rejected a single card. On it was one young lady's answer to the question "Are you a virgin?" Her reply: "Not yet."

Found carved within an arrow-pierced heart atop a venerable desk at Southern Oregon College in Ashland, Oregon: CLYTEMNESTRA LOVES AGAMEMNON.

Potential depositors at New York's Marine Midland Trust Company will be reassured to learn that Midland's new 40-story building, under construction on Nassau Street, had a sign on it announcing: ANOTHER PROJECT BEING FINANCED BY THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK,

Line forms to the left for the following job, listed under vacancies in the Pakistan News: "Inspector of explosives, Department of Explosives. Temporary."

Ladies in distress may be interested to know that the Anchorage, Alaska, telephone directory lists a Dr. L. D. Ekvall, who offers 24-hour service in "Obstetrics, Gynecology, Insertility."

According to an item circulated by the Australian Associated Press, police raided a student party at the University of Oklahoma and "uncovered marijuana, barbiturates and other drugs, as well as literature on homosexuality, torture and criticism of U.S. policy in Vietnam."

We've Heard of Custom Cars, but This Is Ridiculous Department: Listed among the accouterments of a 1963 MG Midget offered for sale on the classified page of Mississippi's Jackson Daily News were "3 bedrooms and den."

In the last few years, science has frontally assaulted the dogmas of our youth. Experimental inquiry has given the lie to the myth of the carrot (which, it turns out, will never improve your vision, but if taken in sufficient quantities will turn your eyes yellow), and biochemistry has bested that ubiquitous nemesis of our boyhood, cod-liver oil (which—just as we knew all along—is bad for children). And now comes word that yet another long-cherished maxim must be relegated to the status of old wives' tales. The news arrives in an imposing 246-page

treatise entitled The Role of the Drinking Driver in Traffic Accidents. Herein, five researchers at the Indiana University Department of Police Administration set forth for the first time the surprising facts behind that oft-heard admonition: "If you drink, don't drive." Among their conclusions: "Based on the data collected and the method of analysis used, subjects with blood alcohol levels of .03 percent [the equivalent of about two oneounce drinks in a 160-pound male] are about one third less likely to cause an accident than completely sober drivers." Before you beat a path to the corner bar for a few quick shots of highway safety, we must add that the study shows that after the second drink the likelihood of accident increases precipitously. After four drinks, the estimated probability of one's causing an accident is double that of the teetotaling driver. Nevertheless, it's comforting to think that a stiff belt might save as many lives as a seat belt.

In addition to free breakfast in bed, according to an ad in the *Vancouver Sun*, the local Park Town Motel offers a kitchenette and "frig in every unit."

Ask a Silly Question Department: When an Upstate New York housewife found a midnight intruder rifling her living room not long ago, reports Grit, she blurted, "What are you doing?" "I'd really rather not discuss it," he shouted as he fled from the house.

To whom it may concern: A classified ad in the *Oakland Tribune* solicited the services of "MECHANICS, experienced in mounting wenches. Apply 901 Gilman, Berkeley."

On his way out of a Washington, D. C., theater after seeing Goldfinger, a friend of ours swears he overheard one lady say to another: "Now aren't you glad you didn't vote for him?"

Sign of the times seen on a theater marquee in Covington, Kentucky: This MOVIE FOR ADULTS ONLY—CHILDREN UNDER 12 FREE.

NASA, take note: According to its latest catalog, the University of Alabama is offering a course in selenology—the study of the moon—that includes "two field trips."

License-plate number seen on a hearse in New Haven, Connecticut: U-2.

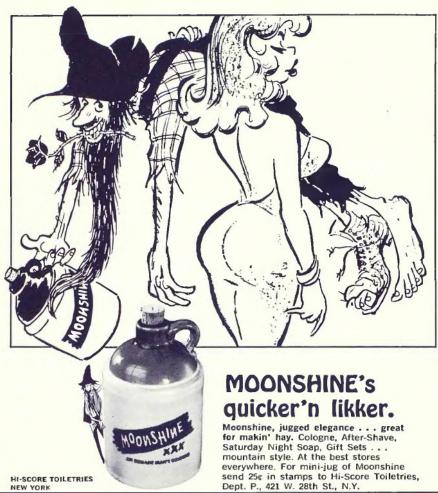
A recent want ad in Chicago's Old Town Voice listed "Good Typing and Spelling" among the "Requerements" for a secretarial post in the psychology

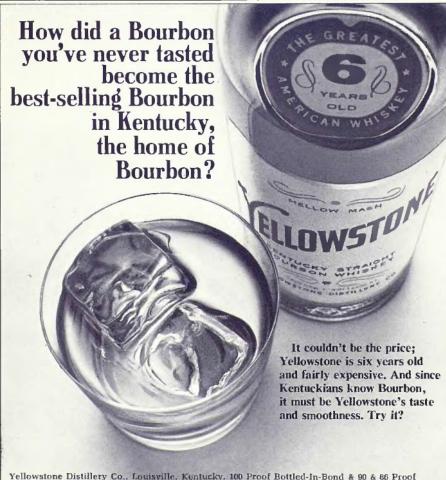


English Leather

Tenther

Tent





department at Northwestern University's Medical School.

We had no idea how desperate the draft boards were becoming until we noticed this headline in the Rochester, New York, *Democrat and Chronicle*: CHILDLESS FATHERS TO BE CALLED.

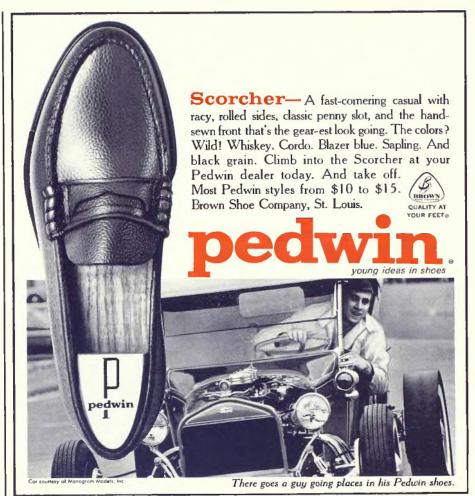
A British correspondent informs us that the father of a 16-year-old Italian girl who is going to work in West Germany as a maid applied to Lloyd's of London for a policy to insure his daughter's virginity. He was turned down—a bad risk, presumably.

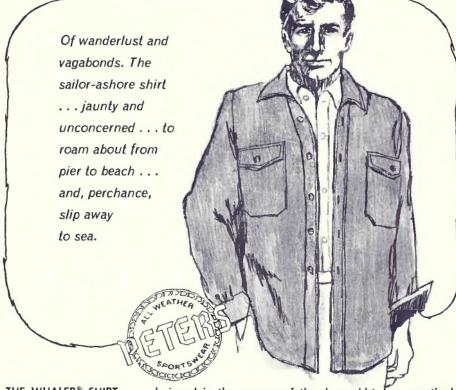
MOVIES

With The Wrong Box, producer-director Bryan Forbes delivers a rollicking farce in which some of Britain's more astute actors play the balmiest lot of mid-Victorian tintypes ever to fall off a mantel. Having dug up an old tale by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, Forbes sweeps it far off its original course into a loony bin of a film with one of the funniest chase finales in years. All revolves around a trust fund to which the last survivor of a roomful of British schoolboys can lay claim. The picture stalls slightly in cutting down the field with a few too many bizarre deaths, but it is only a momentary pause. From there on, such occasional lapses serve only as breath-catchers, for what happens to the two surviving claimants and their heirs is completely mad. When John Mills, as the older of the two claimant brethers, lures his sibling to his sickroom and tries to murder him, Ralph Richardson, the intended victim, is much too serenely self-centered to know what's going on. Only when Mills, exasperated by this invulnerability, blurts out what he really thinks of him does Richardson stalk off, his feelings hurt. Catching the flowers from a vase Mills hurls after him, he says, "Too late for apologies." There follows an ingenious blend of the old wrong-body ploy that carries the picture to its riotous end. A rich assortment of characters is provided by such talented Britishers as Peter Sellers, Michael Caine, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Tony Hancock, Wilfrid Lawson and Irene Handl. Sellers' drunken doctor going softly to oblivion in a room full of cats is a comic inspiration. A mad murderer knitting in a railway carriage to hide his fear of the garrulous Richardson is a fine potty stroke. But then, everything about this film is flagrantly potty-and flagrantly enjoyable.

Mademoiselle is not only one of the nastiest movies ever made, it is also one of the clumsiest. In choppy starts and stops, rushing the story forward only to flash it back awkwardly, director Tony Richardson slaps Jean Genet's morbid screenplay onto film with embarrassing seriousness, seizing and wrenching every sexual symbol discovered since Lady Chatterley lay with her gamekeeper. As the Mademoiselle of the title, a schoolteacher in a backwater French farm village, Jeanne Moreau does every weird thing her director tells her to, the circles under her eyes wholly suitable for a frustrated virgin who spends most of her evenings sublimating her sexual drives by setting fire to other people's haystacks. The hero at these conflagrations is always Ettore Manni, an itinerant Italian woodcutter whose bravery, brawn and hairy chest, plus a local reputation as a skilled ram, are the very reasons that Moreau has turned firebug. She goes forth to do her dirt so that later, eyes glazed, she can watch her Italian sweatily save the day. Ultimately, the villagers pin the blame for the depredations on the Italian, but not before Richardson, via Moreau, has decimated the animal population by fire, flood and poison. Apart from mass slaughter, a helpless rabbit is grabbed by the legs and beaten to death against a pile of logs, and Moreau has the opportunity to palm a partridge's new-laid eggs and slowly squeeze them until the shells pop and the yolks spurt. When she is certain that the villagers will turn their wrath on the woodcutter, Moreau goes to him in the forest. Her aim is to be had; his, to have; as is all too clearly symbolized by a snake that unwinds from around his waist and slithers smoothly over her trembling wrist-the high comic point of the movie. Snake ultimately jettisoned, the lovers move into the woods for a moonlit night of earthy love, she howling like a dog, crawling in the dirt for him, licking his chin, his nostrils and the toe of his boot with the quivering flat of her pretty pink tongue. Richardson gets us right up in there, among all the glistening orbs and salivating orifices, to feed, if we fancy it, on all the fetishistic flapdoodle he can think of. How Sade to watch Tony Richardson's craft ebbing.

Run, don't walk, to Walk, Don't Run. It will restore your faltering faith in Hollywood's ability to produce comedy in the archest style, with witty ripostes and asides as sharp as Jim Hutton's shoulder blades or Samantha Eggar's cheekbones. These two contribute their comic talents to a vintage story in which they play Troilus and Cressida to Cary Grant's insouciant Uncle Pandarus. Predictably, it is old smoothie Grant who makes Walk, Don't Run the rare thing it is. The script is marred by many an offense against logic, but had Sir William Rutland (Grant) been able to find a hotel room in Tokyo for the 1964 Olympics, or had Miss Christine Easton (Eggar) not advertised a flat to share, or had Sir William not taken an altogether inexplicable





THE WHALER® SHIRT . . . designed in the manner of the dress shirt *\tilde{I}\$. . sportingly accented with potch ond flop pockets, onchor buttons, and easily sloping tails. Dauntless wool melton. Black Olive, Burgundy, Navy, Coffee, Dirty Camel. Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL. About \$11.00 at Macy's, New York & branches • The Metropolitan Co., Dayton • Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin, Detroit & Pittsburgh • Emery Bird Thayer Co., Kansas City • Bamberger's, Newark & branches . . . or write THE PETERS SPORTSWEAR CO., Philadelphia 19132.



Good Deduction... Wrong Conclusion!

It IS a Sony The Simply Incredible Sonymatic 104

Yes, anyone familiar with Sony quality could be thrown off the track by that \$99.50 tag. But price isn't the only extraordinary thing about the 104. It makes tape recording so simple that ... well. you have no idea until you've seen - and heard - what this solid state high-fidelity portable can do.

Tape threads so easily onto the 104 you can do it blindfolded. And Automatic Recording Control means the 104 records everything it hears automatically - and guarantees you perfect hands-off recordings every time. How does the 104 play-back those recordings? It comes on like gangbusters. Its 10 watts of power fill a room with superb Sony sound.

The 104 has three speeds. Gets up to eight hours of recorded material on a seven-inch reel. Other Sony-quality features include auto shut-off, digital counter. pause and tone controls and an F-96 mike. Simply incredible, incredibly simple — indubitably Sony!

For literature on the 104 or the rest of the best from Sony, write to Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, California, Dept. G-12.

SONY SUPERSCOPE

America's First Choice In Tape Recorders

fancy to a rude lanky American Olympic | contestant named Steve Davis (Hutton). none of the musical-beds business in which they participate would have had a chance to ensue. A great many jokes are got off, out of the sack, at the expense of the Japanese, the Russians and the sport of speed walking, which happens to be Hutton's specialty. Nor is any opportunity missed to strike jokes off Cary Grant's advancing age as he searches for his spectacles and is persistently taken for Eggar's antique relation. As a priggish factorum at the British Embassy and Eggar's indifferent fiancé, John Standing delivers a brilliantly controlled performance that stays with you after the shouting dies down. It is the only thing of any substance in Walk, Don't Run. Nevertheless, the insubstantial carries the day, and not a brittle bit of it should be missed.

Hotel Paradiso is a barefaced farce deliberately and lovingly wrought in the style of pre-World War One, when the theatergoing public had an inexhaustible appetite for confounded trysts. For a lady to be mistaken for her maid, or vice versa, was as funny as a pratfall into a compost pile or a pie in the puss. Even in its own time, this genre of comedy called for the eager suspension of disbelief at the very least; and modern audiences may have a little trouble maintaining sufficient suspension to appreciate Hotel Paradiso. Peter Glenville, producer and director, reposed his trust principally in the comic talents of Alec Guinness and Robert Morley to keep audiences laughing in spite of themselves. Gina Lollobrigida is on hand to pop out of her dress and make little moues with her mouth, and Peggy Mount is the perfect battle-ax. She and Guinness are a Gallic Maggie and Jiggs-he in constant flight from home and hearth, she determined and quite able to lock him in his room. But she gets a note advising her that her sister in the country is ill and that she must come at once, and exits stage right, leaving Guinness at liberty to make an assignation with Lollobrigida, Morley's wife, at the low Hotel Paradiso. By a mischance, Morley, hidden behind a bristling mustache left over from the Franco-Prussian War, is in the Paradiso that very night to check the plumbing, his specialty. Naturally, everybody gets into one another's rooms, and many more characters than can possibly be cataloged here go dashing through the corridors in various stages of alarm and undress. There is plenty of gorgeous color to suit the lush costumes and furnishings of the time, and Guinness and Morley are as funny as their one-dimensional roles allow, the net result being a pretty period piece. Period.

Most films built around some exceptional robbery follow more or less the ©SPECIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. BALTIMORE, MO.









I just had a completely unique experience ... my first Colt 45 Malt Liquor.



same format-the planning stage, the execution of the crime and the personality conflicts among the criminals. But the crux of any such picture is the bigness or oddity of the crime, and Assault on a Queen certainly has the weightiest and most unlikely victim-the liner Queen Mary. Frank Sinatra and company raise a sunken World War Two German sub from the waters off the Bahamas in order to intercept the great ship on the high seas. Sinatra is drawn into the plot less by the bullion Mary carries than by the good, jiggly stuff Virna Lisi carries. She plays a blonde Neapolitan who is wealthy enough to finance this oceanic caper. Sinatra strolls through his role with his customary casual manner, suggesting a sonar bounce off the memory of Bogart, and is much helped by the dialog of Rod Serling. After some dawdling while the mob plots and plans and wrestles their varying temperaments into some order, the film gets under way when the resurrected U-boat heads off for its rendezvous with the Queen. Tony Franciosa seems less than comfortable as Sinatra's comperitor for Miss Lisi, perhaps because the character as written is too weak to be a plausible party to so tough an escapade. Richard Conte is much surer as the wayward mechanic who puts the sub into shape, and Alf Kjellin as the former Nazi sub commander gives his role a taut fanatical quality that keeps your eye on him when things begin to move. But the unmistakable stars are the U-boat, a collector's item owned by a man from New Haven, Connecticut, and the Mary, which can look both trim and mighty settled on a calm sea.

Chances are that The Idol, all about three art students and a mother, would win a big following in this country if the dialog were in French or Italian with English subtitles. If we are to have irresistible attraction between a woman over 40 and a boy under 25, it would be better to star Anna Magnani than Jennifer Jones, of all people. God knows, Jennifer tries, in one Galitzine or Pucci costume after another, to suggest a woman of cool charm and authority who objects to her son's bohemian friend while attempting to ignore the itch the boy activates in her. But all her efforts only indicate that what she is really trying so hard to do is move her upper lip. which, despite a dervish's litany of hipand head-tossing, remains rigidly stiff throughout. The younger folk come off much better. Michael Parks, as the young savage out to seduce his best friend's mother, displays a feline sort of virility, appropriate to a character with zany morals. John Leyton, saddled with the role of the dominated son, has the harder job of sustaining his appeal while whining and sulking, but he does the job skillfully. Jennifer Hilary, too.





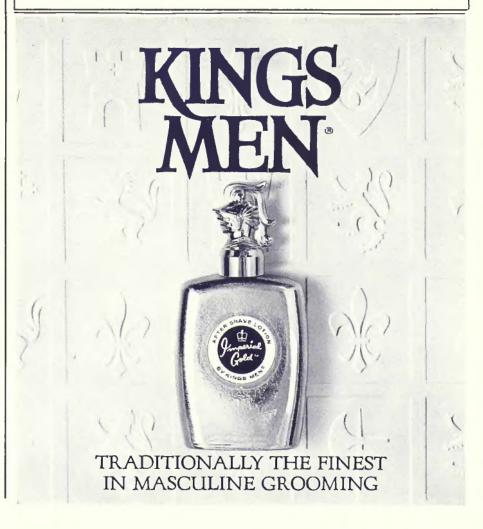
You'll find more action...more of everything at the Stardust. Spend an hour and forty five minutes at our lavish and spectacular Lido Revue. Then, catch entertainers like the Kim Sisters, Esquivel and other great acts in the Stardust Lounge. They're on from dusk 'til dawn! Have a gourmet's delight in AKU AKU, our world-famous Polyne-

sian restaurant. Swim. Sun. Tan. Play golf at our championship course. Yes, GO... to your travel agent. Make a reservation for excitement! Or, write Reservations Director, Suite 107. Economy minded? See our "Heavenly Holidays" brochure.

Stardnet

HOTEL & GOLF CLUB, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

1,000 LUXURY ROOMS AT \$8 - \$10. PLUS 500 OELUXE ROOMS AND SUITES



This is my very first 35mm picture



Mr. A. Templeton, N.Y.C.



The picture is exactly as you want it. The expression on the girl's face is 'just right' because you see the subject thru the same lens that takes the picture.

Your exposure is perfect because the built-in computer also sees the subject thru the same lens as you and the film.

AUTO-100 pictures are always perfect, from the first to the last shot on every roll. As you gain experience you can create all kinds of 'special-effect' pictures.

Best of all, the BESELER
TOPCON AUTO-100 offers 4 completely
interchangeable lenses to make your subject
appear larger, smaller, nearer, farther
away. You merely click the shutter for perfect
results from the very first picture, with any
lens, any film, day or night, indoors or out.

It's a remarkable camera; its features are exclusive. Under \$160.00.



Send us your very first AUTO-100 picture; it may be considered for publication.

Beseler Topcon Auto-100

At hetter photo stores or write: Beseler, Dept. H, East Orange, N.J. 07018. Beseler/since 1869.

emerges as an actress to watch. Here, as mistress of Parks and beloved of Leyton. who is waiting around for seconds, she is all grace and vulnerability and bruised young love. Daniel Petric must be credited with spots of brilliant direction before the high-tragedy high jinks are performed. At that point of crisis, the two boys fall temporarily into each other's arms, suggesting that it's really this they've been after and not the ladies. If it had ended here, The Idol would have made good, if disturbing, Anglo-Saxon sense. Instead, it peters out into Italianate melodrama to leave everybody dead, arrested or screaming. In Marseilles, maybe. In Napoli, possibly. In London, never.

Alfred Hitchcock breaches the Berlin Wall in Torn Curtoin, his 50th film, but his East Germany is a lot of Hitchcockiana. There are plenty of people around who might think this has to be an improvement over his last few dogs, but unfortunately, the old master's guile is more posturing than substance, and practically every gambit his story uses here is a soft echo of turns and twists from his earlier pictures. Paul Newman, as a high-level American scientist, flits behind the Curtain, presumably to enter into some sinister connection with the Communist world. He is closely followed by Julie Andrews, who as his fiancée is properly appalled at his actions. Both play gracefully their impeccable selves and therefore add no particular gustiness to the generally facile goings on. In Leipzig, Newman tries to outpoint a German scientist, played by Ludwig Donath, whose knowledge he needs to complete a formula that's been bothering him. There is a longish chase across country in a bus, with some sparks of the Hitchcock wit and irony in the behavior of VOPO cops, but it's freewheeling all the way; the clutch never catches. Only in the minor characters does one feel an occasional jolt of surprise or pleasure, as when an East German policeman wants to know if they still say "Big deal" in America. Even a killing takes longer than it used to. In these days, when the spy movie, under the influence of Fleming, Deighton and Le Carré, has undergone so many changes so quickly, this film has the look of a buttoned-down shoe in a Madison Avenue bootery. However, unlike so many others in Hollywood, Hitchcock can take comfort in the fact that his cliches are all his own.

A Mon Colled Adom is a sad and wilted throwaway that, given a little time and attention, could have been a strong film. Unhappily, Joe Levine elected to pull it together on the quick and cheap. The movie stars Sammy Davis Jr. as Adam Johnson, a legendary jazz trumpet player who is way down on his luck, usually drunk, always lonely, carrying society's

emasculation of the Negro male around in his soul and blowing his lament through his horn every time he gets a gig. Oddly, whenever he plays in public, his audience starts nudging and grinning. just the way audiences used to do during the old Gene Autry movies. It's enough to drive any jazz musician to drink, Anyway, to help overcome his personal emasculation problem. Johnson keeps a mobile of candy-striped rockets dancing above his bed as he entertains one admiring lady after another with all the discrimination of the truly desperate. "Lots of women," says Ossie Davis, his best friend. "Uses them like Kleenex." That's until he gets hooked on Cicely Tyson, who comes on as a Southern civilrights demonstrator, all scrubbed cheeks and inspiration. She brings to his bed and board the sort of zeal she earlier expended on desegregating lunch counters. but it turns out to be not enough. And her revelation at the awful end is that by trying to turn Adam into a good citizen, she has taken all the fight out of him, thereby finishing what an ofay society presumably began-a conclusion at once pretentious and mawkish. Davis and Tyson do nicely as the pros they are, and Louis Armstrong and Frank Sinatra, Jr., turn in remarkably good performances as Tyson's grandfather and Davis' young white sycophant. Curiously, it is veterans Peter Lawford and Ossie Davis who stand most in need of the direction Leo Penn neglects to give. The uniformly good sounds throughout come into the sound track courtesy of Nat Adderley. About the only thing that multithreat performer Sammy Davis cannot do is blow jazz trumpet.

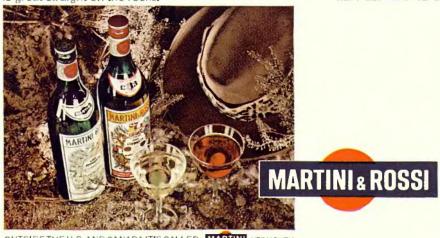
What's big? Art's big. Paris is always big. What's big box office? Peter O'Toole is lately big box office. Audrey Hepburn is always big box office. And what's pretty? Why, art and Paris, O'Toole and Hepburn. Put them all together and they spell money, very big pretty money for everybody with a hand in the perpetrating of How to Steal a Million. It's not entirely Technicolor slush. Hugh Griffith and Eli Wallach are in it, which helps enormously; for while neither is at all pretty, both are very competent in their respective roles as an art forger and a millionaire dupe. Hepburn, as Griffith's nervous daughter, and O'Toole, as a detective hired by art dealer Charles Boyer, play instant lovers, plugged into each other the moment she inadvertently plugs him with an antique blunderbuss. Both faint, and it seems to be this common tendency to swoon at the least alarm that constitutes their mutual attraction. The big moment of the movie is their devious burglary, from a heavily guarded museum, of a priceless Cellini Venus that is really a valueless phony-but it is a coup of too few laughs

What a catch! Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth for cocktails that purr. Sweet for captivating Manhattans. Extra Dry for prize Martinis. Try it in your own cage.



Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.





On your way to the polls... don't forget these winners on the Verve Ticket!

Jimmy Smith, organ

Hoochie Cooche Man V/V6-8667* Got My Mojo Workin' V/V6-8641*

Ella Fitzgerald, female singer

Ella At Duke's Place V/V6-4070* Ella in Hamburg V/V6-4069*

Stan Getz, tenor sax

Getz/Gilberto No. 2 V/V6-8623* Getz au Go Go V/V6-8600*

Count Basie, big band

Basie's Beatle Bag V/V6-8659* Arthur Prysock/ Count Basie V/V6-8646*

Wes Montgomery, guitar

Tequila V/V6-8653 Goin' Out of My Head V/V6-8642

Cal Tjader, vibes

El Sonido Nuevo V/V6-8651* Soul Burst V/V6-8637*

Johnny Hodges, alto sax

Wings and Things V/V6-8630 Stride Right V/V6-8647 with Earl 'Fatha' Hines

Astrud Gilberto, female singer

Look To The Rainbow V/V6-8643*
The Shadow of Your Smile V/V6-8629*

Bill Evans, piano

Intermodulation VIV6-8655
With Symphony Orchestra VIV6-8640

Gil Evans, arranger

The Individualism of Gil Evans V/V6-8555 Guitar Forms (w. Kenny Burrell) V/V6-8612

Kai Winding, trombone

Dirty Dog V/V6-8661 The In Instrumentals V/V6-8639

Oscar Peterson, piano

Put on a Happy Face V/V6-8660* We Get Requests V/V6-8606*

Go With Verve— That's The Ticket!

Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. *Also available on Ampex Tape and too little suspense to carry the second half of a film that was sagging heavily in the first half. One way to steal a million is to make a movie like *How to Steal a Million*.

Seconds, the screen version of David Ely's novel, fantasizes the unhappy adventures of a pudgy, middle-aged banker who has the chance to disappear into a secret rejuvenation factory and emerge looking like Rock Hudson. As director John Frankenheimer sees it, it's a fate full of surrealistic trick photography by James Wong Howe, the camera's distortions capturing the nightmare of the willful loss of identity. And Rock Hudson is only too convincing as a confused man manufactured by plastic surgery-perhaps the most apt casting of his career. The personality of the character he plays is articulated in advance by John Randolph as Arthur Hamilton-Yalie, Manhattan bank vice-president and dutiful commuter to a neo-Colonial home in Hartsdale. He has a married daughter, a presentable wife and the desperate conviction that nothing he has ever done means anything or ever gave him a moment's joy. When he gets his chance for seconds, via a call in the night from a "dead" friend, he finds that, however fanciful his new name (Antiochus Wilson), however handsome and muscular the new husk, the timid soul of the banker stays trapped inside. Our quondam banker finds himself wholly in the clutches of a system that is going to press the life out of him more certainly and efficiently than society ever could. There are moments of humor, love and laughter in Seconds. There is a California-seacoast bacchanal that ends with everybody dancing naked in a great tub of freshly harvested grapes. And there is Salome Jens as the beautiful, interesting, lonely, special woman our hero had always hoped to meet. The awful flaw that drains the joy from these elements is the certain knowledge that nothing is ever what it first appears to be, thus imposing a tone of dread on all proceedings. Which is precisely, we guess, what John Frankenheimer intended.

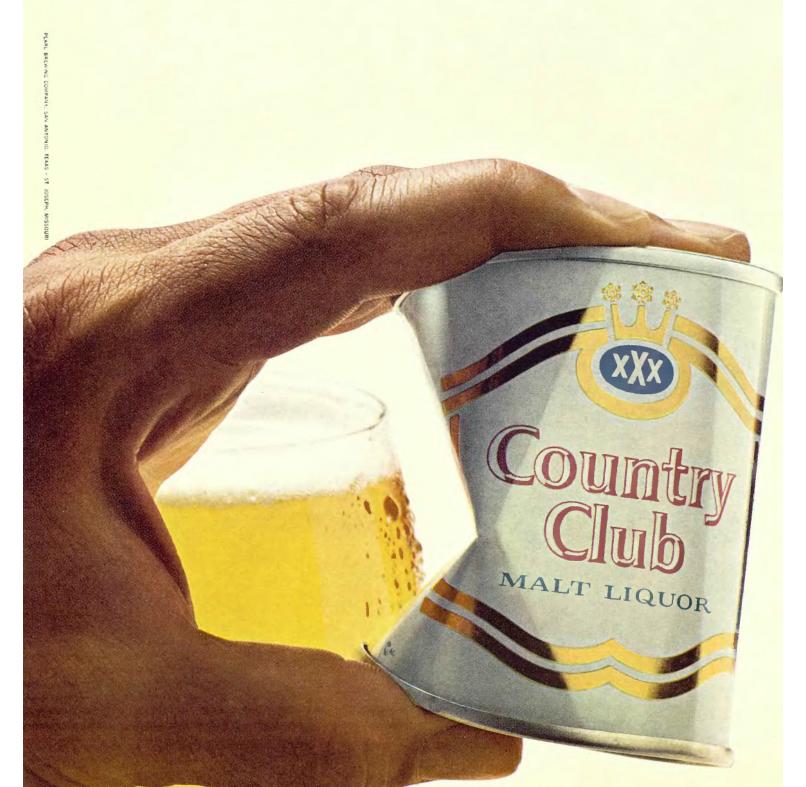
RECORDINGS

Another gem from The Genius is Ray Charles / Together Again (ABC-Paramount). Ray, with the Jack Halloran Singers and The Raelets, turns his pianistic and vocalistic attentions to a mixed bag of country-and-western (four tunes by Buck Owens), rhythm-and-blues and swingova, Charles' soul-satisfying variation on the bossa nova. No matter the genre, Ray's unique delivery is a delight.

There are a number of remarkable things about Introducing Eric Kloss (Pres-

More than just a change of pace from beer. Significantly more.

Country Club Malt Liquor starts where beer leaves off. And keeps on going. The wonder is how any drink can look so light, yet taste so spirited. Try a couple six-packs, and see if you don't develop a crush on Country Club.





the 'forbidden' fragrance



PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE
LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

tige). One, Eric Kloss is 16; two, he is blind; and three, his tenor and alto sax work reveal a genuine jazz talent unencumbered by either his lack of years or his lack of sight. Kloss, in a quartet featuring organist Don Patterson, takes extended solos throughout the half-dozen pieces on hand and displays an individuality that presages a bright future.

Don't Go to Strongers / Eydie Gormé (Columbia) covers the musical spectrum, with the vibrant vocalist warbling her way through a wide variety of tuneful topics. The arrangements (with the exception of the title tune, which was charted and conducted by Marty Manning) are by Don Costa and are right up Eydie's alley. There's Irving Berlin's How About Me, Alec Wilder's haunting I'll Be Around and Lerner and Laue's What Did I Have that I Don't Have? from On a Clear Day You Can See Forever, among others—all of which profit from the Gormé touch.

A couple of guitar stalwarts have come our way with LPs that admirably display their wares. My Guitar / George Van Eps (Capitol) is that estimable gentleman's first feature album in almost a decadea shameful recording hiatus, to be sure. With only percussionist Frank Flynn for company, Van Eps proves he is in total command of his seven-string instrument. The session-replete with Top 40 tunes and such splendid standards as There Will Never Be Another You and I'm Glad There Is You-is handled with creativity and flawless taste. The Funtustic Guitar of Barney Kessel / On Fire (Emerald) was recorded live at P. J.'s by the manytime poll winner. Abetted by Jerry Scheff on bass and drummer Frankie Capp, Barney is the very model of versatilitydriving on such uptempo items as Just in Time, Recado Bossa Nova and One Mint Julep, and tenderly treating ballads of the Who Can I Turn To and The Shadow of Your Smile ilk.

Today / Herbie Mann (Atlantic) finds the eminent flutist touching all jazz bases. There are two Ellington antiquities, The Mooch and The Creole Love Call, two Beatle tone poems, Yesterday and The Night Before, the title tune (which is an original put together by Herbie and Oliver Nelson, who did the charting and conducting for the LP) and Arrastao, a bossa-nova beauty. Mann's ménage includes, in addition to vibist Dave Pike and percussion, a brace of bone men, Jack Hitchcock and Joseph Orange. Another hit for Herbie.

The Impossible Dream / Jack Jones (Kapp) takes its title from the moving tune out of the hit musical Man of La Mancha, which Jack does very right by. He also

Soft and Rugged

BRUSH JACKET a la Western! Sueded rawhide leather, hip length fitted and styled for warmth and long, rough wear. This truly versatile leather jacket is lined with lambkin deep pile, leather buttons, lambkin collar and pocket trim. Available in natural canyon calor . . . Men's sizes. 34-46. \$39.50 POSTPAID Sorry, no C.O.D's

KET Inide

or STPAID

O.D's

P.S. Haw about one for her too? Sizes 8-16

STUDIO SHOP INC.

Box 133, Dept. P-3, Burlington, Vt.



flawlessly handles a spate of movie melodies, My Best Girl from Mame and a pop and standard miscellany that includes What Now My Love and All or Nothing at All.

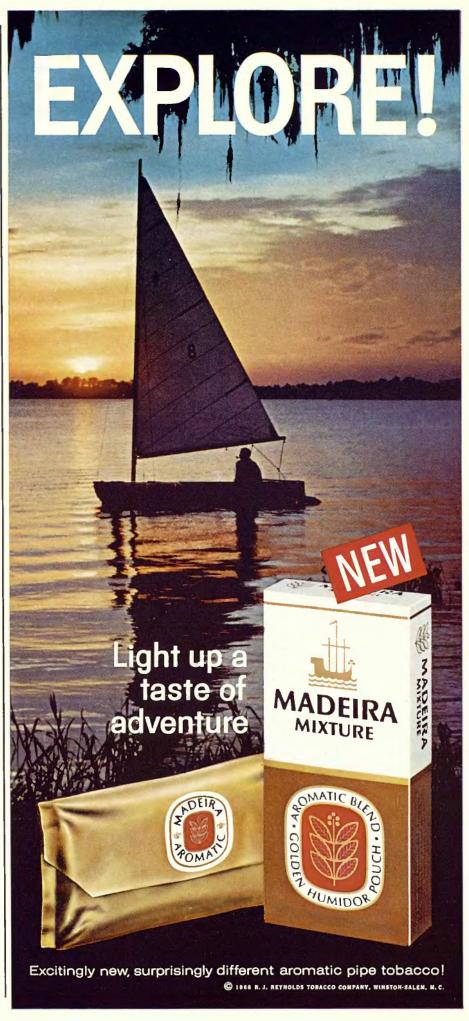
The Boroque Oboe / Harold Gomberg (Columbia) has the young Japanese conductor Seiji Ozawa (On the Scene, PLAYBOY, May 1964) leading the Columbia Chamber Orchestra, in felicitous conjunction with the Gomberg Baroque Ensemble. The oboist's tone is a thing of beauty as it soars serenely through works by Telemann, Vivaldi and Handel, in a recording that is additionally enhanced by the playing of gifted harpsichordist Igor Kipnis. Gomberg's talents extend into other areas; the album cover bears a reproduction of one of his paintings.

A pair of well-baked soul biscuits are on tap-Freddie McCoy / Spider Man (Prestige) and "Gotta Travel On" / Ray Bryant Trio (Cadet). On the former, funky vibist McCoy leads his foursome through a half dozen lengthy explorations of jazz basics, dividing his time between such classics as Yesterdays, The Girl from Ipanema and That's All, and spur-of-the-moment musicales such as the title tune. The Bryant Trio, sparked by Ray's piano, is not alone on this outing; nearly half the opuses find the threesome augmented by brass men Clark Terry and Snookie Young, both of whom are in perfect agreement with the Bryant boys on the soul sound. First-rate funk.

Sarah Vaughan / The New Scene (Mercury) is a dynamic demonstration of the fact that Sassy is very much on the contemporary qui vive. The Divine Sarah is in her usual fine fettle as she brings One, Two, Three, Michelle, Call Me, What Now My Love and similar sonatas into the Vaughan vernacular. The new Sarah is, happily, just as good listening as the old.

Big-band jazz at its best; that's Oliver Nelson Plays Michelle (Impulse!). Arranger, conductor and reed man Nelson has surrounded himself with topflight aides-de-camp—Phil Woods, Clark Terry, Joe Newman, Hank Jones, et al.—and brought an exciting, pulsating sound to vinyl. The tunes range from rock-'n'-rollers through jazz originals to the vintage Borscht-flavored anthem Meadowland. They are all given the full-Nelson treatment.

A reprise of a number of old favorites in a new setting is the shape of *Lou Rowls Live!* (Capitol). The fast-rising blues belter benefits from being recorded in front of an audience; the electricity generated is of a somewhat higher voltage than before. On tap this session: *Pd*



High adventure in deep water

Underwater exploration has become the top adventure of our time. To glide, with fish-like ease, 100 feet beneath the surface, gently streaming air bubbles, forgetting danger in the contemplation of the underwater "hanging gardens of Babylon" - what could be more exhilarating and yet more hazardous! Pressure, decompression, pausing at the necessary levels, keeping an eye on dive duration every minute, every second is charged with suspense.

The chronograph is your underwater "co-pilot", just as it is a co-pilot in the air, a referee in all timed sports. It is an instrument panel, conveniently ready on your wrist, making you master of short time measurements.

*A chronograph is a watch fitted with an ingenious mechanism which, apart from telling the time of day, allows continuous or intermittent time recording, accurate to 1/5th of a second and lasting from a few seconds to 12 hours.

Please send me the brochure "The Swiss Watch Industry's answer to the measurement of short time intervals"

Surname

Christian name

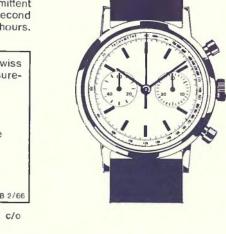
Age

Profession

Address

Town and district

Centre des Chronographes et Compteurs c/o F.H. case postale Bienne, Suisse.





Rather Drink Muddy Water, Tobacco Road, Stormy Monday and Goin' to Chicago Blues. 'Nuff said.

Rogo Rock (World Pacific), performed by the Folkswingers and featuring Harihar Rao on sitar, is a musical harbinger of things to come. The Indian influence is beginning to make itself felt in many areas of pop and jazz. Here, the sitar is placed in the fore of a rocking guitar group housing such stellar jazzmen as Dennis Budimir, Howard Roberts and Herb Ellis. The tunes are rock-bound, but the flavor is exotic, especially on the Beatle ballad Norwegian Wood.

Not King Cole at the Sands (Capital), a previously unreleased album recorded in 1960 at the luxurious Las Vegas oasis, supplies an ample slice of the late singer's multitudinous talents; his vocal approach to the poignant ballad Miss Otis Regrets, to the romping Thou Swell and to the gutsy Joe Turner's Blues is impeccable, and his piano work on the classic Where or When makes one wish he had done more instrumentally in his last years. All in all, it's a lovely something to remember Nat by.

The Zimbo Trio (Pacific Jazz) is a Brazilian threesome that is pushing the bossa nova into new avenues. The group has hardened the bossa nova's soft edges, giving a drive and an intensity to the native rhythms that have heretofore been neglected. Zimbo, incidentally, means good luck or success, and the Trio is certainly the latter. Made up of pianist Amilton Godoy, bassist Luiz Chaves and drummer Rubinho, it swings through a session spotlighting the compositions of Luiz Bonfá, Antonio Carlos Jobim and other renowned cariocas.

Cookin' the Blues / James Moody (Argo) finds the consummate reed man, now a featured fixture in the Dizzy Gillespie organization, fronting his own group on an LP recorded in 1961 but just now released. Moody displays his fine tenor, alto and flute wares throughout a steamy session that encompasses a pair of Eddie Jefferson vocals—Disappointed and Sister Sadie. Adding to the swinging sound and fury are trumpeter Howard McGhee, baritone sax man Musa Kalleem, trombonist Bernard McKinney and a harddriving rhythm section.

Carol Ventura / I Love to Sing (Prestige). the young chirper's second LP, shows a vocal maturity that belies her fledgling status; her choice of tunes, for one thing, is offbeat enough to indicate confidence in her ability to get them across without benefit of nostalgia. There are a few familiar musical faces in the crowd-

Welcome Scotch The World Over!

DEWAR'S "White Label"



SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, in authentic full dress regalia, 91/4" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send \$5 to Cashier's Dept. 3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue Of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y. 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © S.I.C.



One gift begins where others leave off PLAYBOY TOP CHRISTMAN

MAKE HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT PERFECT, make every month a reason to celebrate. Give PLAYBOY. It's young and lusty, yet as traditional as tinsel and trees. It's a glittering yuletide package, a carnival of color, that opens each month to the best in entertainment for men: fine fiction, nonfiction; food and drink in the gourmet manner; thought and opinion in depth; humor from the masters of mirth; fashion, travel and entertainment that's bold and bracing.

BEAUTIES BY THE DOZEN, fresh and lush, warm as mulled wine, unfold in full color throughout the year to delight every man. What better example than PLAYBOY's 1964 Playmate of the Year, Donna Michelle, shown at the left. Add beautiful bewitchery world wide and you have the merry message.

ALLISON COMES CALLING. PLAYBOY's pleasurable Playmate of the current year, Allison Parks, announces your gift via the handsome card you see here. And it's signed as you direct. Rather do it yourself? We'll send it on to you for your presentation.



WRAPPED WITH TASTE. Your gift begins with the lavish \$1.25 January issue set to arrive at tree-trimming time—and keeps on giving until December steals the scene (also \$1.25). Here's a preview of pleasure awaiting your friends, bosses, brothers and your favorite barmates:

- pictorial takeouts on today's loveliest lasses
- wise ways to riches by J. Paul Getty
- critical self-portraits drawn from the famous and the infamous in sensitive interviews
- cartoonery from the pens of Silverstein, Gahan Wilson, Erich Sokol; more misadventures of Little Annie Fanny
- literary giants, writers like Henry Miller, John Le Carre', Vladimir Nabokov, James Baldwin, Kenneth Tynan, to name just a few.

TAKE A MAIL APPROACH TO CHRISTMAS. Ease up. Leave the crushing rush to others. Use this handy envelope to order gifts of PLAYBOY now. SAVE MONEY, too. Special low HOLIDAY GIFT RATES: \$8 for your first 1-year gift (save \$2.00 over newsstand price). Only \$6 for each additional 1-year gift (save a full \$4.00). And we'll defer payment until after January 1, if you wish.



Say the word PLAYBOY for CHRISTMAS

FIRST ONE-YEAR GIFT \$8 (Save \$2.00 Over Newsstand Price) EACH ADD'L ONE-YEAR GIFT \$6 (Save \$4.00 Over Newsstand Price)

name		(please print)
address		
city	state	zip
gift card from: "	- 15	7
name		
address		(please print)
city	state	zip
gift card from: "		

oddress		(please print)
city	state	zip
Please camplete: ENTER OR RE (Renewals b		scription. subscription expires.)
All gifts are new	The second secon	NIII
total subscriptions		

GETWITT



...IN THE CORDUROY LOOK OF WIDE-WALE*BY

ESQUIRE SOCKS

Another fine product of R Kayser-Roth

*\$1.00 a pair

among them, Anything Goes and Wait Till You See Him—but the bulk of the material has to rely solely on the Ventura delivery. Happily, her ungimmicked approach to matters of note conquers all.

Johnny Hodges-Earl "Fatha" Hines / Stride Right (Verve) brings two of jazzdom's most irrepressible elder statesmen together in a musical summit meeting of magnificent dimensions. If the Rabbit and the Fatha have never adapted the avantgarde colorations of today's new sounds, they also have never been out of the mainstream; their inventions have a timeless air about them. Here, with only a rhythm section to implement their offerings, they mine a rich lode of Ellingtonia and Hines-associated material.

On guard, music lovers of the world! An Hysteric Return / P. D. Q. Bach at Carnegie Holl (Vanguard) deftly punctures the pomposities to which serious music is occasionally prone. Professor Peter Schickele is delightfully deadpan as he introduces the pieces by the recently (unfortunately?) unearthed member of the Bach clan. The concert includes an oratorio, The Seasonings, featuring The Okay Chorale and highlighted by the duets "Bide thy thyme" and "Summer is a cumin seed"; the Unbegun Symphony, which contains only the third and fourth movements; and Pervertimento for Bagbipes, Bicycle and Balloons, The Royal P. D. Q. Bach Festival Orchestra is under Jorge Mester and under the weather, obviously. This recording, we have no doubt, is the initial step in establishing a body of music for the tone-deaf.

DINING-DRINKING

There is a touch of elegance that rings true when it is genuinely gracious and not merely ostentatiously expensive. Gotham's The Ground Floor (51 West 52nd Street) is genuinely elegant. Located, logically enough, on the ground floor of the new CBS building (Mrs. Paley is said to have thought up the name), it successfully merges contemporary American decor with a European approach to cuisine. The late Eero Saarinen, who designed the whole building, used stark contrasts throughout, and the restaurant is no exception. Black walls, red banquettes, antique lights in modern reflectors-all add up to an unusual sense of intimacy in a very large restaurant. The service and food, under the direction of Ed Urbye, are both excellent. The menu is imaginative and fulfills its promise. Typical of the hors d'oeuvres are Hot Beef Marrow en Brioche Périgord and the especially succulent Norwegian Lobsters, Langous-

tines, Grillés Bourguignonne. The Green Turtle Soup Amontillado is peppery, but the Cream of Pheasant is as good a hunter's soup as there is around, The Turbot, served Poché, is, of course, flown in from England. Standards, such as tournedos, are superior, as are the game dishes. The selection is wider than usual for a restaurant of this quality. No surprise, though, is the dessert list-the Chocolate Mousse is done as a loaf, and the Marzipan Apple Pie is also unusual. The wine cellar is equal to the menu, Open for lunch and dinner, from noon to midnight; Saturday, dinner only; closed Sunday. Reservations are advisable, since the clientele is growing.

Having been designed with just the right, light decorative touch, Charlie Brown's Ale & Chop House, in the lobby of New York's Pan American Building on East 45th Street, manages to suggest the flavor of an elegant English pub without looking like a Hollywood movie set. The illusion is completed by a Rule Britannia menu, ale by the tankard or the yard and good alehouse service. The name, from an old London tavern near a railroad station, ties in with the fact that the Pan Am building is built atop Grand Central Station. Charlie Brown's gleaming open kitchen looks out on the spacious dining room. From this kitchen, extraordinarily adroit chefs, under the direction of manager James Morrison, turn out such fare as Crocked Herring and Pickled Onions, Mussels in Curry Cream and Baked Clams with Gammon and Herbs for appetizers. There's an excellent Mulligatawny and Cock-a-Leekie from the soup pots. Among the main courses, the Roast Rib of Beef, served with Horseradish Cream, is, if we may coin a pun, "Good beef! Charlie Brown!" Steak and Kidney Pie and Mutton Chop with Kidney are equally savory. The Genuine Dover Sole-flown in from abroad-is just that and is served with a choice of sauces. Desserts, including Apple Trifle and Gooseberry Fool, are flavorsomely Falstaffian. Pastries are all made on the premises. The ales are imported by the keg, as they should be. To keep things in proper Sceptered Isle spirit, we suggest a glass of port or madeira as a cuisine capper. Charlie Brown's is open for lunch from 12 to 3, for dinner from 5 to 12:30 A.M., except Sunday. An aftertheater supper is served.

Where can you find a Mont Blanc market in Chinatown run by an Italian? In San Francisco, where the most intriguing restaurant of the moment is in an apartment building atop Nob Hill, operated by real-estate men and architects. The manager is George Humphrey, who may still spend his days figuring 20 years at 63/4 percent but whose evening

SUPERior 8_{mm} color movies now easier than snapshots...



with the only instant load movie camera that fits into your pocket.

FUJICA

INSTANT LOAD

Single-8

You slip it out of your pocket. Drop in the cartridge... aim and shoot. Nothing else to do! No more fumbling with film, no threading, no winding. No settings to make. Push button electric power takes care of everything... and the electric eye sets the right exposure

all by itself.

That's not all. Only Fujica, among the new instant load movie cameras has an exclusive feature that gives the professional touch to your movies. A built-in pressure plate that keeps the film perfectly flat against the lens. You have nothing to do with it...but it automatically gives you the sharpest, brightest show you've ever seen on the new

Single-8 or Super 8 projectors.

Prices for the Fujica Instant Load Single-8 Movie Cameras start at less than \$80 and a five minute demonstration at your

camera store is all you'll ever need...or send for FREE color booklet today.

COJIND FUJI PHOTO FILM U.S.A., INC.

U.S. Distributor: EHRENREICH Photo-Optical Ind., Inc. Dept. A-7, Garden City. N.Y. 11533 In Canada: R. & H. Products, Ltd.

(3)



The all-male taste, yet so mild and flavorful you'll have trouble keeping it from "her".



Yello-Bole is made for men who like their smoking rich and full flavored. To create this unique taste the bowl is pre-caked with a new-formula honey lining. This gentles the smoke. Smooths the taste. Enriches the flavor. So effective—the imported briar bowl is guaranteed against burn-out. Available in a variety of shapes, \$2.50 to \$7.50.

Free Booklet shows how to smoke a pipe; styles; shapes.

YELLO-BOLE PIPES,INC., N.Y. 10022, Oept. N90
by the makers of KAYWOODIE

work shows him to have a nifty touch with Continental cuisine. Few persons know of the restaurant and even fewer know of it by its name, Parloir d'Eiffel (Clay and Jones Streets). It has a markedly stylish interior of Barbary Coast red velvet with prints from the days when Fanny was a girl's name, and is in the first-floor corner of a tall, gleaming-white structure called the "Clay-Jones." The coterie so far seems to be the true names in San Francisco social life and those executives who can read a wine list. The menu is basically American chophouse. prepared with magnificent sauces and given French names-entrecôte, tournedos, aux champignons, or something houquetière. The dishes are above par for this city's fine restaurants and so is the wine list. A bottle of Château Lafite-Rothschild, Haut Brion or Château Margaux of a good vintage can add \$16 to your bill. The group who created the restaurant three years ago has never bothered to seek customers, for reasons that may be tied up with tax breaks or a desire to know everyone at the next table, but you will not be unwelcome. The bar is a dark, woodpaneled affair where a man may talk to a woman as if she were the only girl in the world. This secluded adjunct to the dining room is open from 5 P.M. until midnight daily, and about its walls are plaques from decorating titans testifying to its design excellence. Dinner is served seven days a week, from 6 until 10 P.M.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

If you're in Manhattan of a quiet evening and you want to take a little trip but can't seem to get your hands on any LSD, dig Cheetoh at Broadway and 53rd. The brain child of discothèque entrepreneur Olivier Coquelin, and backed by Adlai Stevenson's scion, Borden, Cheetah offers three hyperkinetic floors, one of which has 8000 square feet designed for gyration. The place is one large, colorful, noisy, exciting hot tin roof, in which cats from an isolated generation make the scene in a constant orgy of expanded consciousness. They are aided and abetted by a decor designed by Dr. Caligari. The whole thing seems to move, and indeed it does; the singers and musicians undulate, the dancers reflect the musicians, at least athletically, and the stage is a huge sonic launching pad. The whole ritual is accentuated by a lighting system that is directly geared to the sound. Each note on the scale actuates a different set of lights, which means that if you're deaf or deafened by the din (the noise level is so high that it almost transcends hearing), you can dance to the lights. But the dance floor



Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.





Guess again, friend. You know what happens when you wear that coat of yours in a real downpour. You get wet. Often very wet.

No matter what they told you, up to now there's never been a breathable raincoat that was *really* waterproof.

Now there is one! The 'Botany' 500 Weather Topper with Hydronair/Plus.

Not "water resistant"! Not "water repellent"! Completely waterproof!† And it stays that way after washing.

This new raincoat not only keeps water out, but lets air in. It "breathes".

How do we do it? A revolutionary, new, secret process called "Hydronair/ Plus". We own it. You wear it. Nobody else has it. This coat also resists stains.

The 'Botany' 500 Weather Topper is beautifully tailored, comes in a wide variety of handsome styles and colors. From \$39.95 (with luxurious pile liners available at additional cost).

Write for the name of your nearest

'Botany' 500 dealer: 'Botany' 500 Rainwear, 393 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016, and we'll tell you where you can get one pronto. Remember:

This is the only waterproof raincoat that breathes... this is the only breathable raincoat that's waterproof.

BOTANY' 500
Weather Topper with
hydronair plus
Featuring blends with DACRON*





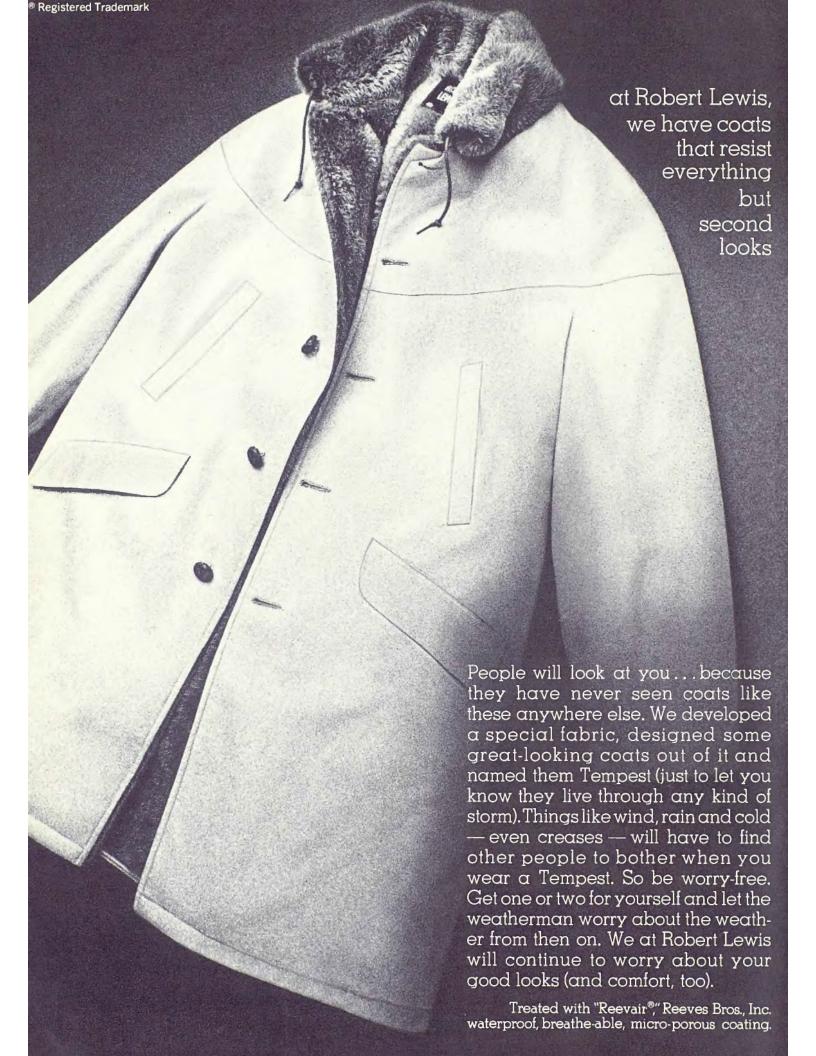
America's Most Magnificent Bourbon

is not the total club. The lower floor contains, in addition to the cloakroom and the world's finest Mod bathrooms, a library-sparsely stocked with foreign magazines-and a color-TV room, presumably for those patrons who want to decompress slowly on their way back to reality. While waiting for your coat, you can watch Scopitone. Upstairs, on the third floor, is the movie room, where underground films are shown. Since it is decidedly gauche to participate in Cheetah's activities in clothing ordinaire. there is a boutique at the entrance. where you may purchase properly styled clothes, or threads. Properly styled, of course, is Mod. Currently, only soft drinks are served, since the atmosphere is heady enough. Snacks, mostly hot dogs, are a la carte-served from hot-dog carts, that is. Cheetah, which starts its big guns at 9:30 P.M. and runs until 4 A.M., charges a mere \$3 starting fee on weekdays, \$4 on weekends. Open every night, including Sunday.

BOOKS

Norman Mailer's public "stunts." as he describes them, sometimes obscure the adventurous intelligence at the core of the man's work. He is also one of the most entertaining of contemporary writers in that his chronic contentiousness is powered by shrewd humor, an exact eye for the most vulnerable details of personal and national styles, and the saving grace of occasional self-mockery. These qualities are all present in Connibuls and Christians (Dial), a collection of his writings from 1960 to the present, stitched together with an italicized Argument (second and third thoughts after original publication). Featured here is his skewering of the Republican convention that nominated Goldwater, along with uncommonly provocative analyses of J. F. K. and L. B. J. There are also dissections of this Administration's journey into the quicksands of Vietnam, including a blowtorch response to a moderate anti-Administration statement by a group of Partisan Review intellectuals. The nonpolitical sections include stinging yet generous assessments of contemporary American novelists as well as insights into Mailer's long obsession with the novel as "the Great Bitch in one's life"—mercilessly tantalizing and fiercely demanding. In addition, he ranges over architecture, the nature of beauty, and various philosophical and eschatological preoccupations, some of them rather opaque. He ends with an eeric treatment of a prospective movie, The Last Night, which deals with nothing less than the end of the earth. The collection falters only when strings of what







It's water-active . . . works with water to groom and <u>clean</u> with every combing. Helps clean away dirt and dandruff, prevent grease build-up!

Here's the revolutionary new men's hair-dressing that can actually groom and clean with every combing. Non-greasy Groom & Clean is not a cream...contains no alcohol. It's the crystal clear, water-active formula. It actually mixes with water. Just wet combing with Groom & Clean

grooms your hair as it helps clean away dirt and dandruff...prevent grease build-up. Other hairdressings build up grease that can trap dirt and dandruff. But with Groom & Clean you can see and feel the difference. Your hair stays neat, groomed and clean. Try it. It's a new experience.



COMPARE Groom & Clean vs. regular cream. Put a dab of cream on one hand...Groom & Clean on the other. Try rinsing them off with plain water. See? Cream leaves a greasy film on your hand just as it does on your hair. But Groom & Clean rinses clean. There's no grease build-up with Groom & Clean.

Let's face it, Winchester's early fame with "the gun that won the West" does have one drawback.

It sort of gives second billing to our great new Winchesters.

Take our 1400 automatic [for

skeet, trap, or field].

Here's a shotgun that has the world's strongest locking system—which is safer, stands four times normal shotgun breech pressures, and adds we don't know how many more years of life to the action.

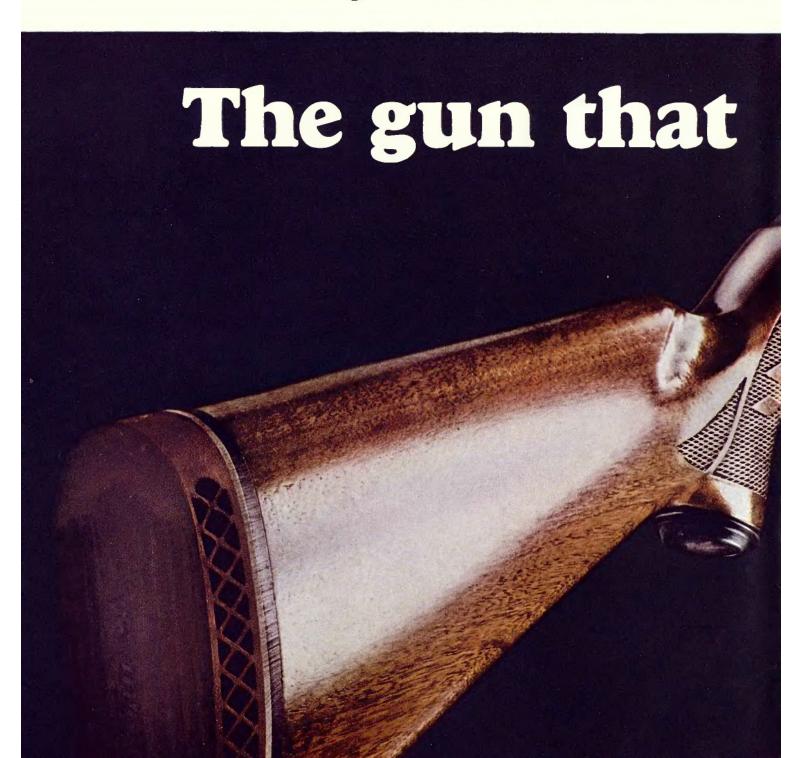
It develops less recoil than

any other shotgun.

[No more flinching in the clutches on those second shots.]

Its gas-operated action uses 23/4" magnum and standard loads without an adjustment.

Barrels are interchangeable. [Switch 'em back and forth.



Use the same gun for deer or pheasants or ducks or trap or skeet or what have you.]

Its ventilated rib floats. And can't be warped out of line by the heat of the barrel.

Its walnut stock has a finish

that's almost indestructible.

[How else could it've passed the fiendish jungle test we'd devised for it?]

And we could go on.

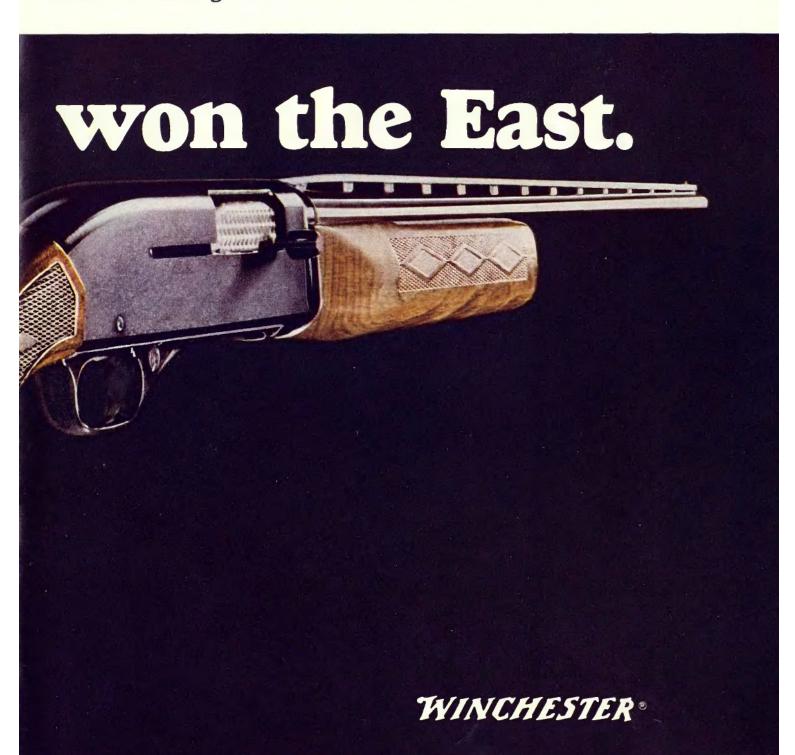
The point is, the 1400 is as great a gun today as the old Winchesters were in their day.

And has, in fact, already won over thousands of shooters in both hemispheres—Eastern and Western.

So we could call it "the gun that won the East and West".

But we can't.

We've already used up one of those directions.



M-m-m, men wearing





really turn me on!

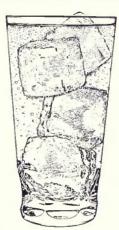


Mailer chooses to consider poems occasionally pop up like tiny, damp firecrackers. Most of the time, however, Cannibals and Christians seizes our attention with the passion of its author's craving for noncancerous life and with the quality of his prose ("Camp is the iridescence of the malignant and cancer cells are bizarre but beautiful under a microscope—they look like a shopping center in the night"). The verdict on Mailer as a novelist awaits new works. But as an essayist, he is already close to the top of the current class.

The latest chronicle of life with J. F. K. is With Kennedy (Doubleday), by former White House press secretary Pierre Salinger, a bouillabaisse containing two main ingredients: a detailed description of J. F. K.'s well-lubricated press operations and a categoric defense of every gambit the Kennedy Administration played in its skirmishes with the news media. With a more skillful chef, the recipe might have worked; in Salinger's hands, the dish is thoroughly unsatisfying. Worse for the patron, the cook has thrown in the kitchen sink-an extended account of how he got his job and a Backstairs Annie recital of White House decor and personnel, replete with nonrevealing detail. The serious stuff of With Kennedy lies in Salinger's endorsement of the Government's right to conduct foreign policy without the knowledge, and therefore without the opportunity for consent or dissent, of the voters. He blows a kiss to the right of newsmen to have access to information, but steadily chips away at this policy as it is tested against such events as the secret training of guerrillas for an invasion of Cuba and the build-up of American Armed Forces in Vietnam five years ago. Salinger repeats clumsily what others have invoked with finesse-a claim that national security justifies all. These premises lead inexperienced pressman Salinger to pass judgment on gutsy reporters such as David Halberstam of The New York Times and to suggest that newsmen should function as an arm of military intelligence. The end result is a book dealing with a very complicated subject, written by an uncomplicated press agent.

In his first novel, The Secret of Santa Vittoria (Simon & Schuster), Robert Crichton reaps a rich harvest with the story of an Italian hill town's communal effort to keep its wine from the Germans during World War Two. This is an old-fashioned entertainment, with a simple plot, a beginning, a middle and an end, and a cask of memorable characters. It's enough to make a De Sica want to sit up and sip. And that's one flaw. There are instances when the author seems distracted by the bouquet of Hollywood or Cinecitta, as in certain of his love scenes

Try it just before curtain time.



Hennessy and Soda

80 Proof • Hennessy Cognac Brandy • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y. (In chic half pints, too.)

PLAYDIRTY, CRICKET.



Anything goes when you use IT'S CRICKET.TM Exceptional men's toiletries.

After-shave, 4 oz. \$3.50. Cologne, 4 oz. \$4.50. Gift sets from \$8.00.

Available in drug stores and cosmetic departments of department stores only.

Another fine product of Rayser-Roth.

MEDICO

world's largest selling pipe

gives you pleasure and peace of mind

Filter out tars, juices, nicotine with Medico's scientific 2¼" disposable Filter with 66 baffles. Draw in clean, flavorful smoke — increase your smoking enjoyment. Medico is crafted only of selected imported briar. Nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof. Relax — smoke a Medico.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, 18 E. 54th St. N. Y. 22, Dept. A18 Please enclose 10¢ for handling.



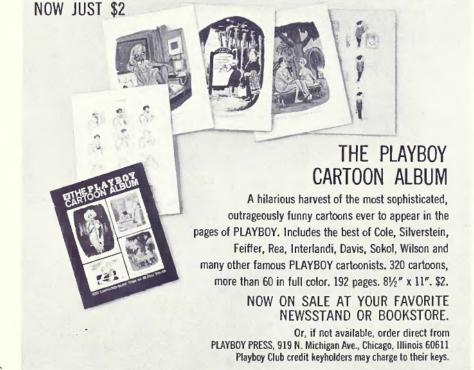


10 for 10¢

Also Menthol-Cool 10 for 15¢



MEDICO FILTER PIPES



that are late-vintage Hemingway-that is to say, mawkish. One other weakness is the continuous flow of epigrams and aphorisms, as it Nikita Khrushchev, peasant, were the narrator. ("The early sun is gold in the mouth ..." "Yes, the bed is a thief.") But some of them cut wickedly, as when one of the Italians says; "The difference between the Italians and the Germans is that when the Italians do something bad they know they are doing something bad, but when the Germans do something bad they are able to convince themselves they have done something good." The novel, which starts out as a comedy told by an American flyer who parachutes into Santa Vittoria, becomes grim with the arrival of two SS men dragging their torture equipment behind them. German captain Von Prum comes to Santa Vittoria to win a "bloodless victory," to make the Italians turn over their supply of wine to him and learn to love him at the same time. But when he loses, he reverts to the cruelty that is the essence of his nature. The novel turns on the confrontation between Von Prum and Bombolini, the town clown. Bombolini's patron saint is Machiavelli (he has read The Prince 43 times); Von Prum's is, naturally, Nietzsche. Von Prum finds comfort in Nietzsche's line that in the long haul of history one life is worth nothing; to which Bombolini answers, "Then that's the difference between us. To us nothing is worth one life." Score one for Machiavelli over Nietzsche. And score one for Robert Crichton.

One thing you have to say for The Masculine Mystique by Robert Lipsyte (New American Library) and The American Male by Myron Brenton (Coward-McCann)they are both badly written. In the Lipsyte case it doesn't matter, for the whole venture is such a sorry one that the fewer people who are enticed into reading it, the better off we'll all be. But Brenton is so obviously warmhearted, intelligent and grown-up that it is a pity he let himself be persuaded that simple statements of fact are of little account unless they are first translated into the jargon of the pseudo scientist. Many a man who would profit from reading the Brenton book will, if he is not paid for the job, put it aside before completing a third of it, laid low by a diet of such lumpy vegetables as "More important, in terms of his psychological state, the contemporary male is trapped between two utterly conflicting needs." (If you give yourself ten cents every time you come across the phrase "in terms of," you'll wind up with about \$15.) Brenton's message is that women are not mystical, not otherworldly, not made of gossamer stuff, not weaker vessels, not quicksilver, not all emotions and intuition, not whited sepulchers nor beasts of prey, but merely, God help them, people, very much

like our very own selves. While this wholesome bit of truth could probably have been demonstrated without researching it up to its eyebrows, the author has dutifully larded his every proposition with quotations from "psycho-therapists," "clinical professors," "social psychologists" and even a New York bartender, who says that today's citizens just drink to show that they are as manly as their fathers, and who, for all one can tell, does not know a damn thing about it. But when Brenton tires of telling us what others think and sets down in concise language what he thinks himself, his book is satisfying to the soul. He takes apart the myths of Momism and the Feminization of Society. And he even acknowledges, as some social critics do not, that poor people have sex problems, too. In short, he demonstrates effectively that one ounce of insight is worth a whole bucketful of "research." As for Robert Lipsyte, he should never have listened to the tin-eared editor who told him his book was funny. It reads like a manuscript designed for College Humor 30 years ago. The genre relied almost solely on the invention of "crazy things" that were performed by the inhabitants of a "crazy world"-men who spit into the upturned plug hat of a visiting dignitary or who removed their cork legs in public. Lipsyte's book, which, like Brenton's, was designed to ride the backwash of the tide of feminine-mystique tomes, is solidly in the tradition. There is the club lady who chews cigars and shouts "That's crap!"; there is the man who presses the wrong button and has "four TV dinners drop on his head." And you are invited to strangle with laughter at the college professor who wipes off the blackboard with the leather patches on the elbows of his jacket.

Read almost any one of the ten Dashiell Hammett short stories and novelettes in The Big Knockover (Random House) and it's as plain as a bikini at a church picnic that this is where it all beganthe modern, peculiarly American, toughdetective varn. Read them all and it's clear that we're in on a revival of a minor master. These stories were written between 1924 and 1929, most of them for the legendary pulp Black Mask. But Hammett ages well, as anyone who has seen the remarkably faithful movie based on his The Maltese Falcon must know. The hard-bitten dialog snaps like a whip, the plots reverse their field like a backfield full of Fran Tarkingtons, and a low-keyed humor with a brooding. cynical intelligence plays over all. To be perfectly accurate (and Hammett is a stickler for accuracy), only nine of these tales are detective stories. They focus on the gumshoeing activities of Hammett's nameless narrator-hero, an operative in the San Francisco branch of the Continental Detective Agency. He is a

Test your TQ*

*Trivia Quotient

What party was invented seven years ago and turned on a million swingers last year alone? (Would you believe 100,000?) And who invented it?

(Turn page for answer)

Mayest makes gutzier Sportcoats





Another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth

All with Earl-Glo® Senitized® Unings

All wool plaid, subtly shaped at waist, \$45. At your kind of store.



BACARDI. rum

The One Brand Party

® BACARDI IMPDRTS, INC., 2100 BISCAYNE BLVD., MIAMI, FLA., RUM BO PRODE

Sounds? Just send \$1.25 for the official Bacardi

Party record (mono or stereo). It swings!



chunky, shrewd and world-weary man of about 40 who has been sleuthing long enough to have seen his fill of the maggoty side of life. The op is drawn from Hammett's own experience as a private eye. There is a true grittiness about this man who can engineer a situation in which a young operative who has been playing ball with a gang will be killed rather than have the truth leak and the agency given a black eye-and the op liked him, too. So here's where Raymond Chandler got it from, and Ross Macdonald, too, to name the two best of Hammett's literary descendants. Hammett's friend Lillian Hellman has done him proud in selecting and editing the stories in this book, and she has written a touching introduction setting out their relationship over many years. The tenth piece, an unfinished novel called Tulip. is not a detective story. It is the most directly personal thing Hammett ever wrote-the story of a writer in his late 50s, just released from jail (Hammett went to jail during the McCarthy era for refusing to name names), who is visited by an old Army buddy named Tulip. who wants the story of his life written. Here Hammett sets down some of his theories of writing, and of life, and it is a pity he did not live to finish the novel. As Miss Hellman notes, Tulip gives every appearance of a whole new literary career. Most writers would have settled, with honor, for just the one.

"A painting has no intrinsic value. It is a luxury commodity for which a market is deliberately created and maintained by financially interested parties who are neither more nor less noble than the operators of any other legal sort of market." With this deflating statement, Robert Wraight, English journalist and art critic, introduces his book The Art Game (Simon & Schuster). Wraight takes sour delight in exposing the machinations of art dealers, auctioneers, collectors, forgers and critics-all the players who make up the "art game." His sympathies lie with the artist; he complains that "good" and "bad" paintings no longer exist, only what sells and what doesn't sell. "But," he asks, "what of today's painting and who of today's painters . . . will still be prized in the art game during the next few decades?" And he proceeds to make like a stockbroker and offer opinions as to which painters' works are likely to go up in value. The list is long and is categorized for the following buyers: the rich, the well off, the comfortably off, those making ends meet and the hard up. Persons in the last group can still buy from a list of painters whose works can be had for under \$140. "What the investor of small means should look for now," counsels Wraight, "are such Old Master drawings (if any) as he can afford; drawings by those 19th Century artists whose paintings are finding new favor; drawings by——" But by now your interest (and possibly greed) has been piqued and you are primed to join in and make a killing. First, though, pick up *The Art Game*; it describes the people who are anxious to play with you.

WHAM! POW! DROOL! Two art forms, the comic strip and the female nude-one only half a century old, the other an hour older than human history -come together with a BANG! in Burburella (Grove), lushly imagined and liquidly drawn by French painter Jean-Claude Forest. Delighted at the lust that lurks in the hearts of men, able to leap into bed at a single bound, a frail and fragile nymph transformed by a single SHAZAM of lightning into invincible nudity. Barbarella wanders the stars, thwarting evil and rewarding good-and, cager to learn how the creatures of outer space "express their affections," discovers that there's nothing new beyond the sun. Her weapons are a full bosom, voluptuous hips and alluring arms, which, when carelessly approached, enfold any male within their reach. Guarding her destiny is a deus ex vagina. After a forced landing on Lythion, a kind of Eden-and-Gomorrah in the orgone box of space, our damsel in undress contends with air sharks and instant petrification, sleeps with a blind angel and a lovemaking robot, is mounted by an "excessive pleasure machine" and caressed by a one-eyed Lesbian queen who sports a single rose in her crotch. Good triumphs over evil-which is to say that Barbarella is made to feel good. But not before men and monsters, wind and waterfalls, gravity itself, all of nature, in its ceaseless evolution toward perfection, conspire to remove her skin-clutching clothing. In his blend of sensuous science fiction and witty mythology, luminous hallucination and perverse melodrama, Forest has achieved a mutation of the imagination; he has created in Barbarella the very apoptheosis of eroticism. Roger Vadim, Terry Southern and Jane Fonda have already signed for the movie version. Sets and lighting by LSD. Costumes by RIP! SLASH! WHOOPS!

The publishers of Michael Scriven's *Primary Philosophy* (McGraw-Hill) believe they may have another Marshall McLuhan on their hands; that is, a writer who can take hold of the problems of the day with both hands, and sometimes with three large feet, like some strange temple idol. But where McLuhan is allusive, circular, mysterious in his ways to men, and *Understanding Media* sometimes seems like a black light bulb darkening the day, Scriven, a young professor of logic and the philosophy of science, proceeds with no-nonsense clarity toward reasonable responses to such stimuli as: "The Immature Immoralist," "Legal

If you belong

Edina CC Acscra CC Alsonquin GC Annantale GC Arbor Hills CC Arrby Navy CC Arronimink GC Edina CC El Navel CC El Rancha Verde/ Englewood GC Essex County OC Essex Fells CC Evanston GC Evanston GC Evanston GC Fairview DC

Arbhourne CC
Augusta National CC
En

Baltusrol GC
Beaver Valley CC
Bedrord G&CC
Belmont CC
Belle Haven CC
Bethesda CC
Bermuda Dunes CC
Berverly CC
Bonnia Briar CC
Brae Burn CC
Brae Burn CC
Briar Hall G&CC
Brookville CC
Brookwood CC
Brookwood CC
Bryn Mawr CC
Butler CC
Butter CC
Butterfield CC

California GC
Calumet CC
Cambridge CC
Candlewood CC
Cance Brook CC
Cape Fear CC
Century CC
The Champions CC
Chartiers CC
Chartiers CC
Chartiers CC
Chester Valley GC
Chester Valley GC
Chester Hill CC
Cincinnati CC
Claremont CC
Columbia CC
Columbia CC
Conestoga CC
Conewango Valley CC
Congressional CC
The Country Club
Country Club of Detroit
Country Club of Maryland

Danville CC
Dayton CC
Dearborn CC
Deepdale GC
Del Paso CC
Del Rio CC
Desert Inn CC
Diablo CC

Echo Lake CC Edgewater GC Edgewood CC a CC Manufa investor of Manufa i

Framingham CC Franklin Hills CC Garden City CC

Garden City CC Glenecho CC Glen Ellen CC Glen Ellen CC Glen Flora CC Glen Ridge CC Glen Ridge CC Green Acres CC Green Hills CC Green Hills CC Greensburg CC Greensburg CC Greenshurg CC Greenshurg CC

Hacienda GC Hampshire CC Hempstead GC Hillcrest CC Hillendale CC Hinsdale GC Huntingdon Valley CC

Idlewild CC Indian Spring CC Innis Arden GC Inverness GC

Kenwood CC Knickerbocker CC Knollwood CC

La Canada CC
La Costa CC
La Costa CC
La Grange CC
La Jolla CC
Lake Shore CC
Lakeside Golf
Club of Hollywood
Lake Wood CC
Lancaster CC

Lake Wood CC
Lancaster CC
Langhorne CC
Las Posas CC
La Quinta CC
Laurel Valley GC
Lenawee CC
L'Hirendelle C
Locust Hill CC
Los Angeles CC
Lulu Temple CC
Lulu Temple CC

Maidstone C

Manor CC
Manufacturer - G&CC
Manufacturer - G&CC
Maryland G&CC
Maryland G&CC
Merhor CC
Medinah CC
Merion CC
Merion CC
Mess Verde CC
Metropolis CC
Middle Bay CC
Middle Bay CC
Minnespolis GC
Montecific CC

Mt. Kisco CC

Niagara Falls CC
North Hempstead CC
North Oaks GC
North Shore CC
North Shore CC
Northwood CC
Northwood CC
Norwood Hills CC

Montclair GC

Oak Cliff CC
Oak Hills CC
Oak Hills CC
Oakmont CC
Oak Park CC
Oak Ridge CC
Old Warson CC
Old Westbury G&CC
Oldympia Fields CC
Olympia Fields CC
Orchard Lake CC
Orinda CC

Palm Springs CC
Palo Alto G&CC
Park Ridge CC
Peach Tree G&CC
Pelham CC
Peninsula G&CC
Penisacola CC
Philadelphia CC
Philadelphia CC
Philadelphia CC
Philadelphia CC
Pine Hollow CC
Pine Lake CC
Plainfield CC
Plainfield CC
Portage CC
Preakness Hills CC

Quail Creek CC

Radnor Valley CC
Red Run GC
Ridgemoor CC
Ridgeway CC
Ridgewood CC

Red Run GC
Ridgemoor CC
Ridgeway CC
Ridgewood CC
Rio Piriar CC
River Forest GC
Rockford CC
Rolling Green CC
Rolling Road GC
Rosemont CC
Ruthlake CC

Sán Dego Co-Sandy Run Co-San Jose Co-Sainsa Seáco Sánta Ana Co-Santa Maria Co-Scarsdale GC

Sedgefield CC

Sequoyah CC
Shaker Heights CC
Shaker Heights CC
Shore Haven GC
Shorewood GG
Silver Lake
Silver Marie GC
Silver Spring CC
Skokie CC
Southshore CC
South Shore CC
South View CC
Springshook CC
Springshook CC
Springshook CC
St. Andrews CC
St. Andrews CC
St. Charles CC
St. Charles

Sunset Oaks CC
Sunset Ridge CC

Tamarisk CC
Tam O'Shanter GC
Thunderbird CC
Tippecanoe CC
Town & Country Club
Trumbull CC
Tur'l Valley CC
Twin Brooks CC
Twin Orchard CC

Sunnehanna CC

Sunset CC

Twin Lakes CC

Upper Montclair CC

Valley CC Valley Hi CC

Washington G&CC
Westchester CC
West Chester G&CC
West On GC
The Westwood CC
Wheatty Hills GC
Whiternarsh valley CC
Widdwood GC
Wildwood GC
Wildwood GC
Wildwood GC
Wildwood GC
Wilshire CC
Wingel Foot CC
Woodland Hills CC
Woodmere Club
Woodmort CC
The Wykagye CC

Youghiogheny CC Youngstown CC

...you belong in a

clubman sportcoat.



Listen up, chaps. You're familiar with Jockey Thorobred® hosiery, with the Red Toe Stripe®? Totally machine washable, machine dryable. Made in England of the finest imported wool. Won't shrink ... guaranteed not to. Truly the hose of the well dressed Yankee gentleman.

Now then, for a limited time, this special offer to the colonies! The regular price of Thorobreds[®] is \$2. (14/3d), but, under the special terms of the Trade Expansion Program, both over-the-calf and anklet styles are a mere \$1.49 (10/4d)! Do buy at least one pair, if only to find out what you've been missing.





Responsibility," "Is Unselfish Behavior Possible?," "Rational Versus Right," "The Art Critic and the Automobile Salesman," "Man Versus God," "Acquiring Responsibility," "Moral Compromise"—these and many other matters cooked over in many a bull session. And matters undreamed of in run-of-the-mind bull sessions. At times, Scriven sports a bit lengthily astride some of his favorite broncos. For example, he believes there is no God (and No God is His name), but he goes through the history of the argument with such unrelenting completeness (A. The Cosmological Argument; B. The Prime Mover Argument; C. The Teleological Argument; and so on to M., and then starts over again from another point of view) that the reader is likely to moan atheistically, "Awright awready. So there's no God." But Scriven can reply that some encyclopedia of answers to this persistent question is necessary, and this one will certainly do very well. To other matters, such as the complexities of decision making, the paradoxes of commitment to causes, the ambiguities of pleasure and happiness, he brings a finely toned and unabashed mind. He has taught at Indiana, Harvard and Berkeley, and has also evidently voyaged wide in the peculiar world outside the universities. If man is to be more than "a very complex machine or a very talented animal," he must consider the matters to which Scriven addresses himself. Not everything he says imposes itself as perfect truth, but the fine brisk confidence of his approach has the estimable faculty of causing thought in the reader. Which is a more important quality, perhaps, than giving final answers. A book to digest and share.

Harry Mark Petrakis is one of those modern American writers who like their characters to go back where they came from. Even if he sets his new novel, A Dream of Kings (McKay), in contemporary Chicago, the spirit of the old country prevails; the people have yet to take the final plunge into the melting pot. In this case, the old country is Greece, and in the Hellenic tradition, a passionate man is pitted in classic conflict with the gods. Leonidas Matsoukas is an engaging creation-rich as Greek pastry, strong as Greek coffee. Lusty Leonidas follows the fillies, frequents the gaming tables and likes his ouzo. He ekes out a living through inspired counseling-instructs a 71-year-old on how to recapture the power of lovemaking and deals masterfully with a 13-year-old boy encountering the miracle of masturbation. But he himself is caught in a vise. Although he is married, he yearns for a chesty widow: although he has two healthy daughters, his only son is a paralyzed bundle of incurable seizures. And so he dreams-like a king, like a god: He will carry his ailing son to the healing sunlight of Greece; he

will bed down with the overripened widow. The logic of love cracks the chains that bind the widow to chastity, but Matsoukas comes to grief in his schemes to wrench his son from his fate. His godlike stance is reduced to mortal size and his proud spirit goes plummeting earthward; another victim of hubris bites the dust. A chapter from A Dream of Kings, entitled The Gold of Troy, was published in PLAYBOY last month, PLAYBOY contributor Petrakis, whose collection of short stories, Pericles on 31st Street, was nominated for last year's National Book Award, serves up a bittersweet literary dish. He writes with the lyric touch of the early Saroyan. His characters, like Malamud's, contain reservoirs of sadness into which still another drop of suffering must fall.

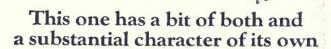
As the Fat Man gigglingly pointed out, Humphrey Bogart was, indeed, a character-sui generis. He was, at once, a straight shooter, a sentimentalist, a hipster, a congenital nonconformist, and an iconoclast when it came to dealing with any form of sham. In an age of types, he was an individual, and that is doubtless the reason there are so many books in print about him. Nine years after his death, he is a veritable folk hero, an example of the kind of myth he himself would have loved to prick (see "Here's Looking at You, Kid"-The Bogart Boom, PLAYBOY, June 1966). Bogie (New American Library), by former newspaperman and friend Joe Hyams, with an introduction by Lauren Bacall, is what amounts to an official biography. It is written with respectful tact and with respect for facts, tracing Bogart from his New York Blue Book birth through his private-school upbringing, his stints as a sailor and a vagabond chess player, his marriages (four), drinking (hard) and acting (phenomenal) careers, and finally his brave show of face when confronted with his own certain death from cancer. No biography of Bogart could be dull, and this one is often moving. With a steady stream of anecdotes, Hyams spotlights the man behind the Bogie legend-but he never tries to analyze that man. "Just try to imagine him on a psychiatrist's couch," he writes, dismissing the notion. But the biographer-even if a loving friend-must be willing to do just that. Bogart was, after all, as Alistair Cooke has noted, "a very complex man, gentle at bottom and afraid to seem so." His code was one of image, of courage and style, like that of Hemingway. His mother, like Hemingway's, seems to have been an awesome matriarchal force of artistic pretensions; his father, like Hemingway's, was a doctor who destroyed himself. But Hyams never probes; like his hero, his approach is deadpan; but it looked better on Bogie.





We invented this for the conquest of the highest mountains in the world

We created this for the man who has conquered Everests of his own



Like the 'Explorer' and the watches of the Cellini collection, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual 'Day-date' is not for every man. But its *character* may suit you.

its character may suit you.

The 'Day-date' combines the ruggedness of the 'Explorer' (the watch Sir John Hunt chose for his assault on Mt. Everest) with the undeniable elegance of the Benvenuto Cellini collection (a limited edition of men's watches . . . inspired by the

works of Benvenuto Cellini . . . very expensive). And the 'Day-date' has distinctive features of its own.

The Geneva-made Oyster case is hewn from a solid block of gold or platinum. The bracelet, also in solid gold or platinum, is designed specially for the case. The movement has won the highest distinction for precision and quality a Chronometer can normally obtain.

A calendar shows the date and the day of the week spelt out in full.

The 'Day-date' is available only in gold or platinum and is quite possibly the most brilliant timepiece in the world to day. Wear it and you can take it diving of Punta del Este, ski at St. Moritz or address the United Nations. With a Rolex on your wrist, you have entire worlds in your hands.

When a man has a world in his hands, you expect to find a Rolex on his wrist $\mathrm{ROLEX}_{\scriptscriptstyle{\mathsf{CENEVA}}}$













This is phase 4 stereo

A new point of view in recorded sound. All stereo from planning to production. The music selected, the arrangement it receives, the very placement of the instruments are all planned solely for stereo. With phase 4 stereo London Records has achieved a spacious clarity and brilliance of sound never before heard! And with unsurpassed musical integrity! To accomplish this, an electronic marvel was built. A twenty channel console mixer that combines and blends twenty different directional sounds into one precise musical perspective. The result...fresh live sound. The phase 4 stereo library offers Broadway and Hollywood spectaculars. Latin tempos, sound extravaganzas, piano favorites, big band performances and concert classics. Stereo truly becomes of age with phase 4 stereo.



New Releases



phase stereo.

AVAILABLE WHEREVER RECORDS ARE SOLD

For complete London phase 4 stereo catalog please write: London Records Inc., Dept. B, 539 W. 25th St. New York, N.Y. 10001

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

We are six students at a Midwestern university. During an early-morning bull session, we unanimously agreed that there has been a noticeable decrease in our sex urges since the semester began. Rumor has it that the dining-hall kitchen puts an additive (saltpeter) into the milk, which serves to decrease the male sex urge. Is this a possibility?—G. S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

For centuries, prisoners—criminal, military and educational—have suspected that their food was being tampered with to reduce their natural sexual appetite, but there is no evidence of any such substance ever having been used in this manner; nor is there any scientifically established evidence that saltpeter (potassium nitrate) is even capable of dulling sexual desire, as is commonly assumed. (See "Saltpeter and the Wolf" by William Zinsser, PLAYBOY, December 1963.)

In "The Natural History of Nonsense," Dr. Bergen Evans refutes the existence of aphrodisiacs, and then states:

"Even more widespread is the belief that saltpeter is an antiaphrodisiac and is secretly introduced into the food at colleges, prisons, and other places where amorous impulses are thought to have ungovernable force. It is safe to say that there is not a boys' school nor an Army camp in the country in which this myth is not entrenched."

Can you supply me with a recipe for an exotic Halloween punch?—J. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We suggest you serve up the following witch's brew, which serves 13: Into a pot or small caldron place 2 fifths very dry sherry, 20 whole allspice, 20 whole cloves, 10 pieces cinnamon stick and 2 tablespoons prepared grated orange peel, and simmer (don't boil) for 10 minutes. Put a dozen eggs in mixing bowl and mix at high speed until thick and lemon colored; then slowly add 11/2 cups sugar while continuing to mix. Pour sherry mixture into eggs while still mixing. Add IV, ozs. cognac. Pour punch into punch bowl previously rinsed in hot water to warm. Core 3 warm baked apples, then cut them into eighths and add. Stir punch with ladle occasionally, as liquid bottom and foamy top tend to separate. Happy haunting!

Vesterday I passed a guy on the street who had a monocle screwed into one eye. I'm intrigued by the damn thing—it really gave him an Erich von Stroheim look. Can you tell me something about the history of the monocle? Where can I buy one?—A. C., Detroit, Michigan.

The monocle, a refinement of the simple reading glass, was developed around 1800 to correct anisometropia—distorted vision in one eye. During the Victorian era, the monocle became an aristocratic affectation, and in the 1930s, the monocle acquired sinister overtones when movie directors seemed to think that no German villain could be without one. Although anisometropia is generally corrected with conventional eyeglasses these days, you can probably obtain a monocle from an optometrist if you suffer from this relatively rare defect; if you're merely looking to make cocktail-party chatter (or invite street fights), you can buy a fake monocle at a novelty store.

A young medical school student, I am currently dating a charming young lady who, as a successful interior decorator, earns a healthy income. I don't know if marriage is in the offing, but conceivably it might be. Here's the hang-up. She argues that I should allow her to foot our dating bills, but I feel funny about letting her pick up the tab. Should I stop being so squeamish, or continue to insist on dating within the limits of my own budget?—S. A., Kansas City, Kansas.

We don't think a guy is being unduly squeamish if his ego doesn't groove with the idea of his girl constantly picking up the tab. There's an infinity of exciting dating adventures open to a limited budget supplemented by an unlimited imagination—from atmospheric bistros to public beaches, from Saturday night at the movies to Sunday museum outings. For occasions requiring a larger outlay of money than you can afford, let her buy the theater or concert tickets, while you take care of the other details—dinner, transportation, or whatever.

Please settle the following wager: A friend of mine claims that a Southern state once had a Negro governor. I say he's been out in the sun too long. Who wins?—H. H., San Francisco, California.

Your buddy. P. B. S. Pinchback, a Negro who had been elected lieutenant governor of Louisiana during the Reconstruction period, became acting governor for one month following the impeachment in 1872 of the incumbent chief executive.

In a pipe shop I visited recently, I noticed a chart on the wall that listed many different types of straight tobaccos that could be purchased for blending purposes. Can you tell me the difference between Virginia bright, Virginia bright pickings, Virginia plug cut, Virginia dark and Virginia sun-cured? Up to now, I had always thought that there was only one type of Virginia tobacco. By the way,



In the face of greatly increased demand for pipes, Kaywoodie simply refuses to compromise its quality. We will continue to use only rare, aged briar as we have since 1851. We will continue to insist on the 128 separate, hand operations needed to bring out the best smoking qualities of our briar. Which is why your Kaywoodie always smokes mild and cool. Perhaps we are a hundred years behind the times. But any other way and it just wouldn't be Kaywoodie.

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows pipes from \$6.95 to \$3,500; Kaywoodie Tobacco, smoking items. Kaywoodie, N.Y. 22, Dept. D9



The authentic 18th century yard of ale

West Virginia brand handcrafted crystal adds whoopee to after ski! But if you find cheer in things other than beer, see our gala hand-decorated barware, pitchers, Irish coffees . . . and hundreds of other items that mark you the savvy host. Ask for our Party Smarty pamphlet at your nearby department or gift store.



WEST VIRGINIA GLASS CO.

is Virginia tobacco grown only in that state?—T. G., San Bernardino, California.

The majority of Virginia tobaccos are grown in a handful of Southern states, including North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia and Virginia. Virginia bright is the best grade, as it's been flue-cured inside special barns in which both heat and moisture are carefully controlled. Virginia bright pickings is similar to Virginia bright except that several flue-cured leaves are pressed together, thus forming a "cake" that, after being coarsely cut, smokes slow and sweet. Virginia plug cut is also fluecured, but the cut is even coarser and the taste is mellow and very rich. Virginia dark (generally used for snuff and chewing-tobacco purposes) is fire-cured, having been exposed to an open fire. Virginia sun-cured tobacco is grown almost exclusively near Richmond, Virginia. Today, most "sun-cured" tobaccos are actually cured in barns.

am a student at a Midwestern university and have asked a girl from a college about 80 miles away to a weekend dance here. To what extent am I responsible for the cost of her transportation? Should I find a place for her to stay or will she take care of that herself?

—R. B., West Lafavette, Indiana.

You're responsible for your date's total weekend expenses. Unless you want to be a sport and dispatch a chauffeured car or hire a private plane, we'd suggest you buy a round-trip train ticket; send it to her a week in advance (at the same time, confirm the date and mention some of the activities you've planned, so she'll know what clothes to bring). By all means, arrange for overnight accommodations. It would be wise to pay for them in advance, so there won't be any confusion at checkout time.

What is a "fortified" wine?—B. N., Dallas, Texas.

A wine such as port, madeira, vermouth or sherry that's been spiked—usually with brandy. Fortification raises the alcoholic content of the wine to about 20 percent, which not only gives it an additional kick but also helps keep it from spoiling. Since Federal authorities do not approve the use of "fortified" on labels or in advertising, manufacturers substitute the phrases "aperitif wine" and "dessert wine."

About three months ago, I purchased a stereo tape deck and a supply of prerecorded tapes. Recently I mounted all the equipment on shelves and stored the records and tapes close by. Yesterday I selected one of the tapes, slipped it onto the machine and was greeted with the worst jumble of surface noises I've heard

Listen!

Which comes first when you buy your hi-fi components?

It probably doesn't matter how you go about it as long as you end up with:

- 1. Compatible components.
- 2. A system that sounds good to you.

It makes sense to start with the loudspeakers. In many ways, the speakers you choose will greatly determine the quality of sound that your system is capable of delivering.

The speaker system should be tailored to the listening area. If you do this first, it can guide you in the selection of the other components tuner, amplifier, record player or tape recorder.

Obviously, you'll want to put the whole system together and hear the sound before you leave your dealer's showroom.

One word of caution. Don't skimp on speaker quality. You can't hide poor quality speakers in a system. Sooner or later you'll hear the difference.

Your Jensen dealer will help you put together a balanced hi-fi system—one that sounds good to you. Stop in today and listen.

. V Jensen

Jensen Manufacturing Division, The Muter Company 6601 South Laramie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60638 since my dog walked on my Mantovani record. What could have happened? None of my friends are allowed to touch the tapes—all of which, incidentally, I've kept carefully packaged inside their cardboard containers. Help!—B. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The magnetic field produced by the transformer in your power amplifier is probably to blame. Tapes stored too close to the amplifier (as well as near a radio or TV set) for any length of time are likely to end up with the sound weakened or with a collection of irritating surface noises. In the future, store your tapes at least four feet away from the amplifier so that the magnetic field—as well as the amplifier's heat—won't harm them.

am presently dating an attractive young girl and although we are not going steady, we have promised not to keep any secrets from each other. While attending a very wild party, I consumed too much alcohol; thus, the evening is a total blank. The next day, several friends gleefully painted vivid pictures of my drunken behavior. It seems I had done some things that would have shocked Casanova himself, Unfortunately. I cannot determine the credibility of these tales. Should I tell all to this girl before somebody else does, and risk a breakup? Or should I keep quiet and hope the little rumors will go away?-R. S., New York, New York.

What you've told us is that you drank yourself blind at a party, probably behaved indiscreetly and don't remember any of the details; your mutual nonsecrecy pact—which strikes us as strange and unnecessary in a casual relationship—obliges you to tell the girl no more, no less. We think you'd be naïve to give out any more self-incriminating evidence than this based strictly on hearsay.

A bunch of the boys and myself were playing baseball poker (3s and 9s are wild and 4s get you another card) when we had a slight disagreement. In baseball, the first three cards are down, then the fourth one is up. If the up card is a 4—thus calling for an additional card—is the extra card dealt face up or down? As far as we know, this point isn't covered in *Hoyle*.—E. H., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Face up. In all poker games, a bonus card is dealt the same way as was the preceding card.

About a month ago, I asked a good-looking girl (I'd had my eye on her for some time) to a jazz concert, since I knew we both dug the performing artist. She said she wanted to go, but that she had a girlfriend coming in from out of town and would have to entertain her, too. Luckily, the girlfriend was cute,

OP ART BY BREITLING

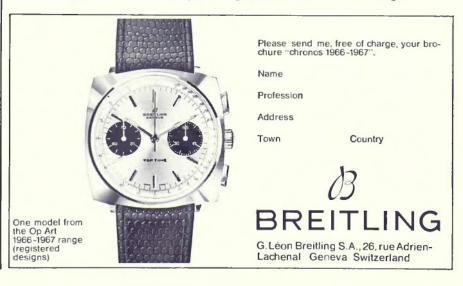


Even the news and fashion worlds have seized upon the chronograph!

... And yet the chronograph is everything but a whim of fashion. On the contrary, it is the instrument for short time measurements, the multi-purpose watch – practically an "instrument panel", worn by pilots and rally drivers, yachtsmen and divers, by time and motion specialists, by business men and, naturally, by all who practise timed sports.

But, now, Breitling launches out with the world's first collection of square chronographs – and this startling innovation is challenging "square" habits and changing the whole face of fashion!

This Breitling Op Art series salutes the triumph of youth over tradition and gives the chronograph a bright, new, ultra-modern image!



Life begins with

FORTIS

The watch with the personal touch



Ref. 6178/6179

Automatic with Calendar

FORTIS

The Makers of the first selfwinding wrist watches

WORLD SERVICE

FORTIS WATCH LTD.

GRENCHEN SWITZERLAND

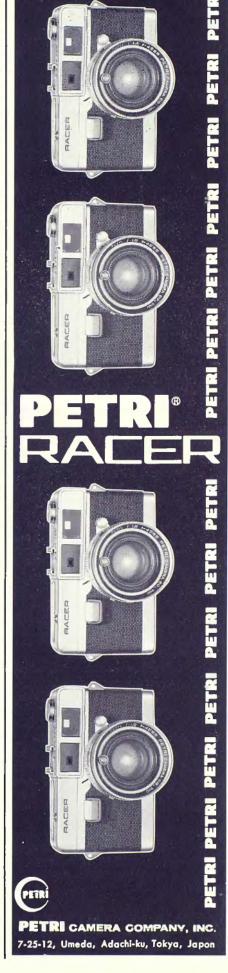
intelligent, etc.—in short, a living doll, Since I had a good friend who was available, I told my date, Sue, that I was sure we'd be able to double. Unfortunately, three days before the date, Sue called and said her girlfriend wouldn't be coming into town after all. Before I could say anything, she suggested her roommate as a suitable substitute and went on to say that she'd already made the arrangements. Now, I'd met Sue's roommate and I wouldn't wish her on my worst enemy, let alone a friend. When I told my buddy about the change in plans, he told me to forget the whole thing. Thus, I was forced to tell Sue that while our date was still on, my buddy had refused to double with her unattractive roommate. The next thing I knew, she'd not too politely canceled the date. What did I do wrong? And what do you suggest I do now? I'd still like to take the girl out .- J. K., Rochester, New York,

Sweet Sue had no business assuming her late-date switch in blind dates would be automatically acceptable; moreover, she must have been aware that the decision not to accept her roommate as a substitute was your friend's, not yours. Assuming you used a reasonable amount of tact in relaying your buddy's decision (hopefully, you didn't simply point out that he was allergic to aardvarks), you couldn't have foreseen that this would foul up your own plans.

From Sue's point of view, however, it's possible that she didn't want to accept a first date with a comparative stranger without having another couple on the scene, which would explain why she substituted her roommate when the out-of-town girl changed plans, and why she cut you off when the double-date details didn't work out.

If you're interested enough to try to salvage the situation, you might pick another concert date and a different male friend—one especially chosen because he will be apt to appreciate Sue's roommate, and vice versa. Then call Sue anew and explain that you want to make amends for the previous mix-up by taking her and her roommate out on a double date. If she turns you off again, you can be reasonably certain that even if she'd gone on the first date, nothing would have come of it—and all you've missed is some aggravation.

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, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 75-E ©1966, PLAYBOY CLUBS IN TERNATIONAL, INC. SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS OCTOBER 1966

LONDON CLUB TEMPORARILY CLOSES MEMBERSHIP

Applications Now Accepted For Charter Membership Waiting List

Response to Initial Membership Offering Forces Playboy to Close Membership Rolls

LONDON (Special) - Robin inspecting locations in half a Douglas-Home, Membership Secretary of the London Playboy Club, announced that due to the overwhelming response to the initial invitation to Charter Membership it has been necessary to temporarily suspend acceptance of additional members.

However, applications are being accepted for a waiting list and, as rapidly as vacancies occur, new membership keys are being issued. Those who apply first will, of course, be given first consideration by the Membership Committee. Applicants for the waiting list simply execute a bankers' form (see coupon) which does not become effective until their membership application is accepted. The Club holds bankers' order forms until a vacancy occurs, at which time, when the application is accepted, the bankers' order form is deposited and the key is issued.

The fantastic response to the fabulous London Club has prompted the expediting of plans to open Clubs in other U.K. and Continental cities, Right now Club executives are

Members wishing to try their luck at the Playboy Club tables will find lovely Bunnies in attendance.

dozen cities with an eye to rapid future expansion.

The London Club employs more than 100 beautiful Bunnies in its five floors of clubrooms. Seven days a week, members enjoy every delightful amenity in seven fabulous clubrooms-the finest food and beverages, cabaret entertainment, a swinging discothèque and funfilled gaming tables.

The Playmate Bar features a convivial Piano Bar, Blackjack

YOUR ONE KEY ADMITS YOU TO EVERY PLAYBOY CLUB

OPEN - Atlanta · Baltimore Boston • Chicago • Cincinnati Detroit • Jamaica • Kansas City • London • Los Angeles Miami • New Orleans • New York • Phoenix • St. Louis San Francisco

LOCATIONS SET- Denver Lake Geneva, Wis.

NEXT IN LINE—Cleveland Washington, D.C.

Room and Grill. Live beat groups play nightly in the Living Room discothèque, famous for its bountiful buffet. The finest cuisine is impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the elegant VIP Room. A VIP special feature is the 16mm-film-projection setup.

The Playroom cabaret show-



The £1,600,000 London Playboy Club, 45 Park Lane, offers fun-filled games and excitement to members in its seven fabulous clubrooms.

room presents American and European artists, variety shows, dining and dancing. Members will find European gaming tables in Playboy's Penthouse Casino occupying the entire top floor of the Club. Other gaming areas include a Roulette Room and the Cartoon Corner, which features American games.

Mail the coupon today-save £8.8.0 during The Playboy Club's first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Better hurry to reserve your place on our Charter Membership waiting list.

APPLY NOW FOR CHARTER MEMBERSHIP WAITING LIST AND SAVE - CHARTER ROSTER LIMITED

By submitting your application membership at this time you reserve your place on the waiting list for the Charter Rolls (Initiation Fee £3.3.0; Annual Subscription £5.5.0) which assures you of a substantial saving over Regular Membership Fee (Initiation Fee £6.6.0; Annual Subscription £10.10.0).

The Playboy Club reserves the right to close the Charter Roster without prior notice.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY

TO: Robin Douglas-Home, Membership Secretary

THE PLAYBOY CLUB, 45 Park Lane, London W.1, England

Here is my application for the waiting list for membership in The Playboy Club. I have completed the bankers' order form below with the understanding that it will be held by the Club until a vacancy in the Charter Membership Rolls occurs. I have not filled in the "application acceptance date" below, as this information will be supplied by the Club when my application is processed and my Key-Card is sent to me.

BRANCH

PLEASE PAY to Lloyds Bank Ltd., 84 Park Lane, W.1, to the account of The Playboy Club (A/C No.0150596) the sum of £8.8.0 (eight pounds, eight shillings) on_____day of , 1966, the date of acceptance of my application for membership in the London Playboy Club, 45 Park Lane, and pay annually £5.5.0 (five pounds, five

shillings) on the anniversary of this date, being my subscription to The Playboy Club, until further notice in writing from me.

Membership No.

SIGNATURE_

Name_

Address.

Occupation.

The Brolly Male By MCGREGOR.

Edwardian updated for the Uncommon Man. Tailored to fit the brawny American.



Nelson D. B. Wool Melton Jacket with side vents, 6 buttons. \$40. Thistle Poor Boy 5" Turtle of shetland wool. \$14.* Liverpool Flame Slacks with a wide belt. \$18.*



Fleur du Jour VIII Shirt is wild with flowers. Rakish epaulets add dash. \$7.* Knucklecord Flame Slacks stride out with a wide belt and angled front pockets. \$13.



Dorchester D. B. Blazer. Suavely shaped wool, side vents. \$45. Tally Birks Shirt has a long-point button-down collar. \$7.* Pro Pal Cigarette Hopsack Slacks with belt. \$16.*



Brogue International. Pile-lined corduroy jacket with slash pockets. \$32.50. * Double Doon 5" Turtle Stryper stands tall. \$17. * McCord Cigarette Hopsack Slack. \$11. *

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

HEADING SOUTH of the border? Why not go really south? You can now drive clear through Central America, with side trips by air and water to unique points of interest along the way. First stop on the run south of Mexico City should be Oaxaca-not only for the superb hilltop ruins of pre-Cortesian civilizations at Monte Alban and Mitla but for the poolside relaxation at the Hotel Victoria and the charm of evenings at open-air cafés in the main square. Stop in Tehuantepec if there's a fiesta and see the sadly beautiful Sandunga folk dance, a local specialty performed by the queenly Tehuana women. The Bonampak Hotel in Tuxtla Gutiérrez has good resort values and a large swimming pool-and is a fine base for trips to the extraordinary ruins of Bonampak, to the huge Sumidero Canyon and even, by air taxi, to the jungle ruins at Palenque. The Sumidero Canyon, which has been compared to the Grand Canyon, can also be reached by launch from the nearby village of Chiapa de Corzo. Upriver from here to Acala and thence by bus, one can take in Baliin-Mexico, an Indian village named Venustiano Carranza, where most of the women still wear nothing but a tight wrap-around skirt.

One of the most picturesque villages in Mexico, San Cristóbal de las Casas has magnificent Spanish houses along cobblestone streets. Beyond it lies the mountain route into Guatemala. Here you can get away into green jungle, into the world of 500 B.C. in the same relative comfort that Americans have hitherto enjoyed only in the deluxe lodges of Yucatan. Just an hour and a half from Guatemala City, flying over unbroken jungle, you'll sight a white "island" in the dense rain forest: This is Tikal, the largest center of Mayan Indian civilization prior to the great migration northward into Mexico. It now boasts 20th Century comforts at the Jungle Lodge, close to the ruined pyramids and palaces of the city's ancient civic and ceremonial center.

You can see Tikal in a one-day round trip from Guatemala City. But the new and modern facilities do permit a three-day excursion, which also gives you time to follow a network of graded roads to surrounding areas such as Uaxactún, in what was probably one of the most thriving and densely populated areas of the world during the first few centuries a.b.

You can get even more of the feel of this still-mysterious civilization—which understood the concept of zero quantity and developed a calendar more accurate than our present one—in the nearby Honduran ruins at Copán. You can reach Copán and Quiriguá on one three-day trip from Guatemala City that includes such unexpected extras as a midafternoon swim at an abandoned marble quarry fed by a beautiful waterfall.

However, it's easier to reach these jungle-locked cities on a one-day round trip by air from Tegucigalpa. This colorful old capital of Honduras is also a base for excursions to truly uncluttered beaches on a group of resort islands-Utila, Roatán, Guanaja-in North Bay. a few miles off the port of La Ceiba. They also can be reached directly by air from "Tegooz." Two new resort hotels are going up in La Ceiba-but until they're ready, accommodations can be arranged for you in luxurious private homes. Many of Honduras' leading citizens are opening their casas to tourists. thus assuring you of comfortable lodging and civilized companions.

If you prefer to fly, you can hit many of these points by air-then go on to Colombia, where you should treat yourself to a brief, well-organized jungle safari. It's a fascinating experience, even if you don't bag one of the beautiful jaguars that are the most prized game. Tapir, wild boar and puma are other worthy Colombian trophies. The jungleblanketed basin of the Amazon river is the best hunting area, and November to March, the best season. These safaris are of guaranteed quality, because they're organized by the Touring Club of Colombia with the direct help of the government's National Tourist Board.

As an alternative, try a trip upriver from Barranquilla through the jungle on a small, air-conditioned paddle-wheel steamer to the oil center of Barranca-bermeja. The five- to six-day run between wild jungle banks broken occasionally by plantations, small fishing villages or open mines includes several stops a day at little villages and towns to load and unload cargo. At each, you'll have plenty of time to stroll ashore to visit with the friendly natives. Incidentally, you can make this trip by boat one way, then fly back.

Since sailing dates are indefinite, check them immediately upon arrival in Barranquilla, then during the two- or three-day wait that's likely, enjoy relaxed living at the fine Intercontinental Prado Hotel in town or at the American-owned Pradomar, half an hour's drive down the coast. From here, too, you can make a run to the orchid center of Medellin and stay at the Nutibara Hotel.

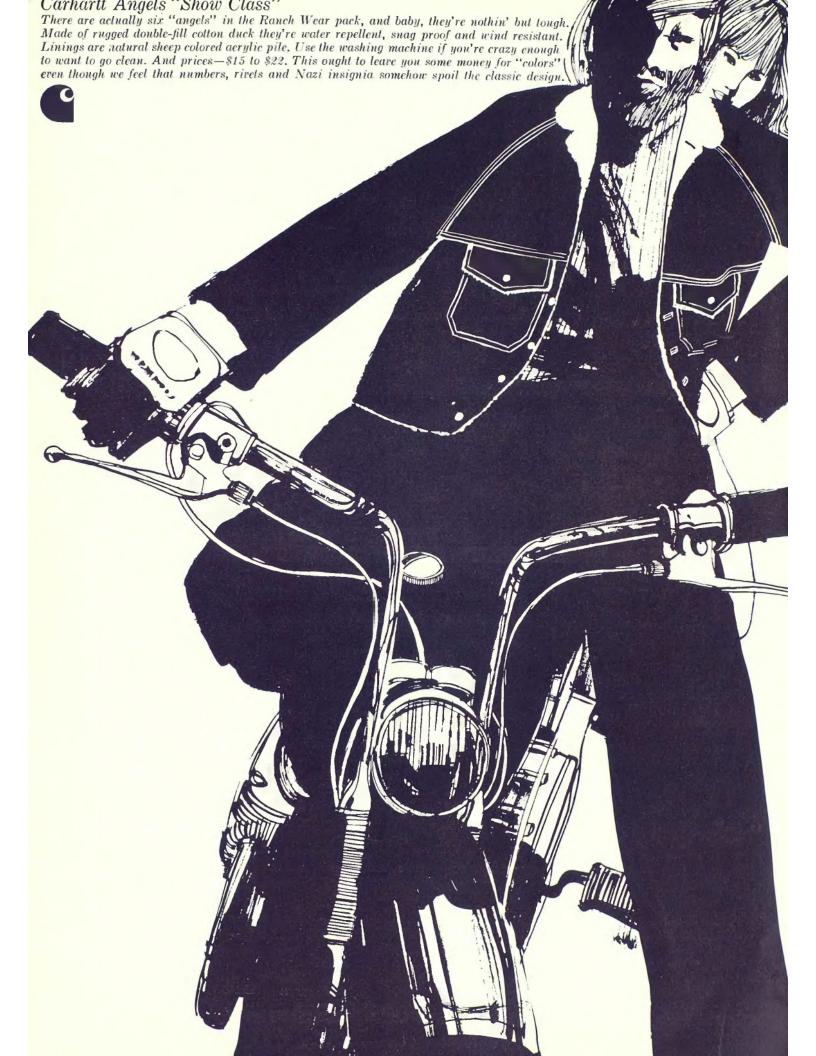
For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Et tu, Brut?



Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

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



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PRURIENT INTEREST

What's wrong with having one's prurient interest stimulated? Why should one have to pretend that one is being redeemed socially, if all one happens to be interested in is having one's prurient interest stimulated?

As a matter of fact, prurient interest effectively stimulated is of redeeming social importance, because it tends to make one more redeemingly sociable.

Thomas E. Kennedy San Diego, California

The current U.S. Supreme Court definition of obscenity has, as one of its key criteria, a patent appeal to prurient interest,* although a patent appeal to any primary interest other than sex is perfectly permissible, and protected under the free speech and press prescriptions of the First Amendment. Sex, and sex alone, is so vile, repugnant, corrupting and worthless that its explicit presence in art and literature must be justified by other redeeming social values.

In the second half of the 20th Century, contemporary man has split the atom and conquered outer space, but sexually speaking, he is still living in the Dark Ages.

"MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR"

Dr. Boyett in your June Forum comes close to making a very important point when he compares sex with hunting. He could have made a better point by comparing sex with war. In my opinion, there is a definite connection between war on one hand and sexual activity on the other. I am inclined to believe that a widespread puritanical attitude toward sex tends to increase the chances of war, and that the freer expression of sexual desires would tend to reduce the chances of war. (However, I do not feel sufficiently competent in psychology and history to attempt to prove this.)

I believe we need more peaceful meth-

*The Supreme Court has declared that three elements must co-exist, independent of one another, to establish obscenity: (1) the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole must appeal to the pruvient interest; (2) the material must be patently offensive by contemporary community standards; and (3) the material must be utterly without redeeming social value. ods of proving "manhood," such as athletics, to replace war. While I am more or less in favor of increased sexual freedom, I am primarily interested in reducing the chances of my sons' being shot at as they become "men."

(Name and address withheld by request)

Many others have pointed out the paradox of our civilization's accepting and even glorifying many forms of killing (such as war, hunting and capital punishment) while looking with extreme distaste on the act of love.

Novelist Guy Endore recently wrote, in ETC, magazine:

Have you ever seen a military book that was censored, or denied to youth? Have you ever seen a military book that had to resort to asterisks to cover up certain unprintable phrases? Do you know of a single bookdealer who has ever had to go to court to defend himself on the charge of selling a military book? No, never. Military books are clean.

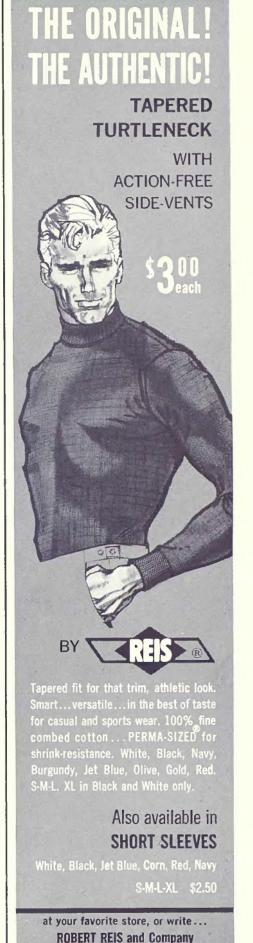
You only have to picture to yourself a young lad going into a store to buy his first rifle, and the same lad going into another store to buy his first contraceptive, to realize that in the one case he will be forthright, proud, utterly without a sense of shame, while in the other he will be furtive, shy, tongue-tied, filled with embarrassment, even though the one implies an act of hate, and the other an act of love.

Some citizens concerned with this situation are now wearing buttons that say MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR, in an attempt to create a semantic environment in which sex is considered more manly and more noble than war. If this idea gains currency—who knows?—someday killing may be regarded as obscene instead of sex.

SEX IN MILWAUKEE

Fifty years ago, on April 22, 1916, this story appeared in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*:

When Milwaukee public bathing beaches open on June 1, the only restriction as to costume will be that it be "decent," according to J. C. Pinney, superintendent of public buildings. The beaches, however,



350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

A fashion guide to Oxford



Step off your BOAC jet at London, take a short drive and you've journeyed back eight centuries to one of the world's first universities.

To see it in style, carry a wardrobe of Robert Bruce sweaters bearing the wool mark label, mark of the world's best... pure virgin wool. For local pub-crawling, we suggest the Gentry (top left) cable knit pullover. About \$17. Cardigan, about \$19.



For relaxing in The Grove at Magdalen College, choose the Trent Cardigan (top right) in machine-washable/dryable 2-ply lambswool. About \$16. To enjoy Oxford's other arresting sights, pick one of the 20 London-tone colors offered by Robert Bruce in the Trent saddle shoulder V-neck (below) in machine-washable/dryable 2-ply lambswool. About \$14. At fine stores everywhere or write: Robert Bruce, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. 19134.



will again be divided and men and women will not be allowed to sit in the sand together. Pinney declared, "We have no objection to men and women walking together on the beach, but when it comes to sitting down they will have to separate." Pinney also said that he has received requests that a wire fence be built into the water to further separate men and women bathers, but he says he does not contemplate adopting the plan.

This week, the following story appeared in the same paper:

A 30-year-old Catholic priest was charged with disorderly conduct Thursday after vice squad officers said they arrested him as he was leaving a downtown hotel room with a convicted prostitute early Thursday.

The priest appeared before County Judge Christ T. Seraphim, who adjourned his case to May 23, and sent him to St. Michael hospital for observation.

The prostitute . . . appeared before County Judge F. Ryan Duffy, Jr., on a charge of prostitution. Judge Duffy set bail at \$250 and adjourned her case to May 9.

Oh, progress! Fifty years ago, fraternization with the opposite sex was criminal, now it's merely insane!

Jeff Wheeler Milwaukee, Wisconsin

REPUBLICAN SEX CREDO

The University of Washington's Young Republican Club passed the following resolution:

Be it resolved by the University of Washington Young Republicans that:

- 1. All private sexual acts between consenting persons above the age of 18 be exempted from the jurisdiction of public morality and public law, provided they are not carried out in a manner calculated to create a public disturbance or breach of peace:
- 2. Censorship and restraining ordinances on allegedly "obscene" material or media of literature and entertainment be climinated for all cases not involving demonstrable injury to persons incapable of exercising their free choice to abstain from the allegedly "obscene" aspects of such entertainment and/or media:
- 3. Penalties against prostitution, public soliciting and other public aspects of sexual behavior be limited only to circumstances where overt coercion is demonstrated and where demonstrable injury has been inflicted on participants or bystanders against their express consent:
- 4. Sexual acts constituting statutory offenses under law, i.e., where one of the participants is under the age of 18, be

judged and held penalizable only by the degree to which the minor participant in the act is demonstrably incapable of exercising the choice to participate or not to participate;

5. Public institutions, such as state colleges and schools, be enjoined from enforcing any penalties and sanctions on sexual activity that overreach the limits set under public law and the public courts.

David W. Robare University of Washington Seattle, Washington

BALLAD OF CASEY JONES

Didn't you say that Illinois has no law against fornication? How, then, do you account for the arrest of the couple described in this article from *The Daily Illini*:

Friday Casey Jones, former track and football athlete at the University of Illinois, and a female graduate student, were arrested on a charge of foruication signed by the owner of the apartment where the misdemeanor allegedly occurred.

Jones charges that he was discriminated against because of his being with a girl of another color. Jones is a Negro; the girl is white.

If Jones and the girl had been arrested because they aren't of the same race, wouldn't they have been charged with miscegenation, rather than fornication? Perhaps you can clarify the article, and the law, for me.

Joel P. Bowman Champaign, Illinois

Hefner has made several references in "The Playboy Philosophy" to the recently revised Illinois sex laws being the most enlightened and liberal in the U.S., but they're still not as permissive as the Model Penal Code advocated by the American Law Institute, or the even more progressive sex legislation proposed in this publication. Illinois is the only state that no longer has a sodomy statute, for example; but it has retained modified laws on fornication and adultery. Thus, as Hefner pointed out, "Illinois is in the unique position of permitting all so-called 'perversion,' both heterosexual and homosexual, while prohibiting normal sexual intercourse."

Actually, the revised fornication and adultery laws in Illinois do not apply to single acts of coitus, prohibiting only extended relationships considered "open and notorious," or where an unmarried couple cohabits as man and wife.

The Casey Jones case that you cite is a typical example of the manner in which statutes covering consensual sex activity are arbitrarily and capriciously enforced. Illinois has no miscegenation law, so the local authorities chose the fornication law to accomplish the same end. Whether or not the Illinois law could

have been stretched to cover this situation is uncertain, since the charges were dropped before the case ever got to court; however, the real damage had already been done to the two individuals involved, by the arrest itself and the subsequent publicity.

Most of the 50 states have statutes against fornication and adultery, which are only occasionally enforced. And wherever they exist, these laws are an invitation for abuse and misuse by the unscrupulous—permitting the application of both personal and popular prejudices in their random prosecution, as well as the intimidation, shakedown and blackmail of hapless citizens.

ARCHAIC LAWS

It is legal to buy tobacco in the state of Washington on Sunday but illegal to buy uncooked meat. It is legal to buy newspapers and magazines but illegal to buy the works of Shakespeare in book form. You can buy medical appliances, but you cannot have a haircut. You can buy milk but not boots or shoes.

I respectfully suggest that your attack on antiquated sex laws should be broadened to include antiquated laws in general. Until the public becomes informed as to the whole fabric of stupid, unenforceable, idiotic and archaic laws cluttering up the statute books of each of our states, no part of these laws will ever be removed except by Supreme Court authority.

It has been my experience that the various legislators collectively do not have any guts and never will have—until the public collectively screams for their hides unless they act.

> Alva C. Long Attorney at Law Auburn, Washington

SODOMY FACTORIES

I ran across this news item in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and thought it might be of interest to your readers:

Conjugal visits by wives and elimination of rigid prison restrictions will be suggested to Ohio correctional authorities to improve rehabilitation of inmates in Ohio Penitentiary.

A preliminary report on recommendations will be submitted . . . to the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Church by Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf of Powhatan Point, Belmont County.

The Rev. Mr. Sagendorf was one of four religious interns at the penitentiary last summer who took part in a clinical pastoral training program conducted by the prison chaplain and approved by the prison administration.

He now is barred from visiting or

exchanging mail with inmates, although prison administrators indicated they have not closed the door to reinstatement of the privileges.

The Rev. Mr. Sagendorf believes conjugal visits would be a major advance to meet the sexual problem among inmates. He says a homosexual mood envelops almost all inmates . . .

The Rev. Mr. Sagendorf believes a factor in his being barred stems from the proposal he and other interns submitted to penitentiary administrators in which they recommended PLAYBOY magazine be sold to inmates. He said this would lead to a "women-oriented" mood instead of a homosexual one.

In looking at a criminal who is institutionalized, perhaps we must take a more synoptic approach—a look at the whole man. Only if we assume that the person is subhuman—and that's begging the question in regard to an institution with 3500 inmates—can we dismiss his desire for sexual companionship. Obviously, as long as normal heterosexual relations are denied to convicts, our prisons will be nothing else but sodomy factories.

Louis Z. Gasper Albion, Michigan

MASTURBATION AND MORALITY

I wonder why your two sophisticated Catholic apologists, from Princeton Junetion and Dubuque, withheld their names when trying to justify the notion that masturbation is a mortal sin. I can only imagine that, deep down in their hearts, they are utterly ashamed of the full implications of their doctrine. For it is, alas, the teaching of the Church that anyone who dies unrepentant, in a state of mortal sin, will-in his resurrected body-suffer unimaginable tortures by fire forever and ever. On this matter, I could quote chapter and verse from the most authoritative and celebrated theologians. We are therefore living in a universe whose inmost intelligence and energy. "the love that moves the sun and other stars," and which was incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth, will assign those who delibcrately enjoy masturbation to unending torment of both body and soul. Gentlemen, please come off it! As a Chinese proverb puts it. "Do not swat a fly on a friend's head with a hatchet."

Alan Watts, D. D. Sausalito, California

Dr. Watts has written and lectured widely on the theologies of Christianity, I'cdanta, Buddhism and Taoism, and is the former dean of the Institute of Asiatic Studies, San Francisco. His works include "Easter: Its Story and Meaning," "Psychotherapy East and West," "The Way of Zen," "Behold the Spirit" and "Beyond Theology: The Art of Godmanship."

JESUITICAL LOGIC

The Catholic theologian who wrote that masturbation is a mortal sin, but then again isn't a mortal sin when "certain psychological states produce a state of psychic need for it" (The Playboy Forum. June 1966), produced a masterpiece of evasion. Just how many sweat beads per inch must the "psychological state" produce before everything is jake with the Maker? Ink might have been saved if, instead of dancing in and out of the verbal shrubbery, the Catholic theologian from Dubuque had simply said, "Do it but hate yourself,"

Every rationalist must have felt a tremor of delight on learning that the Catholic Church "considers her moral doctrine to be a living system constantly seeking to discover the personal good of men..." and "Catholic theologians continue to do research in every area of sexual morality." Where are they researching—on the moon? What have they discovered? They have probably discovered that they can afford to be 50 years behind the times, but if they try to stretch it to 75, the flock turns ugly.

Sidney Ledson Zweibrücken, Germany

The theologian from Dubuque is directly contradicted by the official teachings of his Church. See the following letter.

THE SIN OF POLLUTION

I spent several years in a Roman Catholic seminary and Benedictine monastery and was continually faced with problems of masturbation and homosexuality, both of which were widely practiced in the two seminaries I attended. I believe that both of these practices were merely substitutes for heterosexual contacts. None of those whom I knew to practice them were either ordained to the priesthood or admitted to the religious community. They no doubt recognized these activities for what they were and left for secular life.

The purpose of this letter is simply to state the position of the Roman Catholic Church on sexual pleasure outside of marriage.

Allow me to quote from Moral Theology by Heribert Jone, O.F.M.:

SINS OF IMPURITY IN GENERAL

Morality: All directly voluntary sexual pleasure is mortally sinful outside of marriage. This is true even if the pleasure be ever so brief and insignificant. Here there is no lightness of matter—even the individuals in whom the sex urge is abnormally intense (sexual hyperesthesia) can and must control themselves . . .

Pollution (self-abuse, masturbation):

 Concept: Pollution is complete sexual satisfaction obtained by some form of self-stimulation. By avoiding reference to "semination" our definition evades the various controversies concerning the specific difference of this sin in men, women, cunuchs, and those who have not reached the age of puberty, since only men are capable of secreting semen in the proper sense of the word . . .

2. The malice of pollution: Directly voluntary pollution is always sinful. It matters not whether the pollution is intentionally provoked or whether one takes voluntary pleasure in an involuntary emission. . . . To promote a pollution intentionally is always gravely sinful even though it is done for other ends than sexual pleasure; according to a decision of the Holy Office of Aug. 2, 1929, it is also forbidden directly to produce a pollution to obtain a semen specimen for the purpose of medical diagnosis. There is no new specific malice contracted by the various ways in which pollution is procured . . .

Distillation is the emission of subtle nonprolific urethral fluid, the purpose of which is to facilitate the ejection of the semen. . . . Sometimes it takes place independently of pollution. . . Distillation which is accompanied by venereal pleasure is a sin of the same gravity and species as pollution. What has been said of pollution applies here.

As can be seen, loss of seed is hardly a consideration, since it will happen anyway in the event of nocturnal emission, which is a normal physical occurrence caused by the normal build-up of seminal fluid in the body.

Jone continues to discourse on every conceivable sexual act, so as to leave no doubt in the mind about the Church's attitude. There are probably very few Roman Catholics who are aware of this detailed condemnation of sexual pleasure. These are not the ravings of a single author, but the consensus of all Roman Catholic moral theologians.

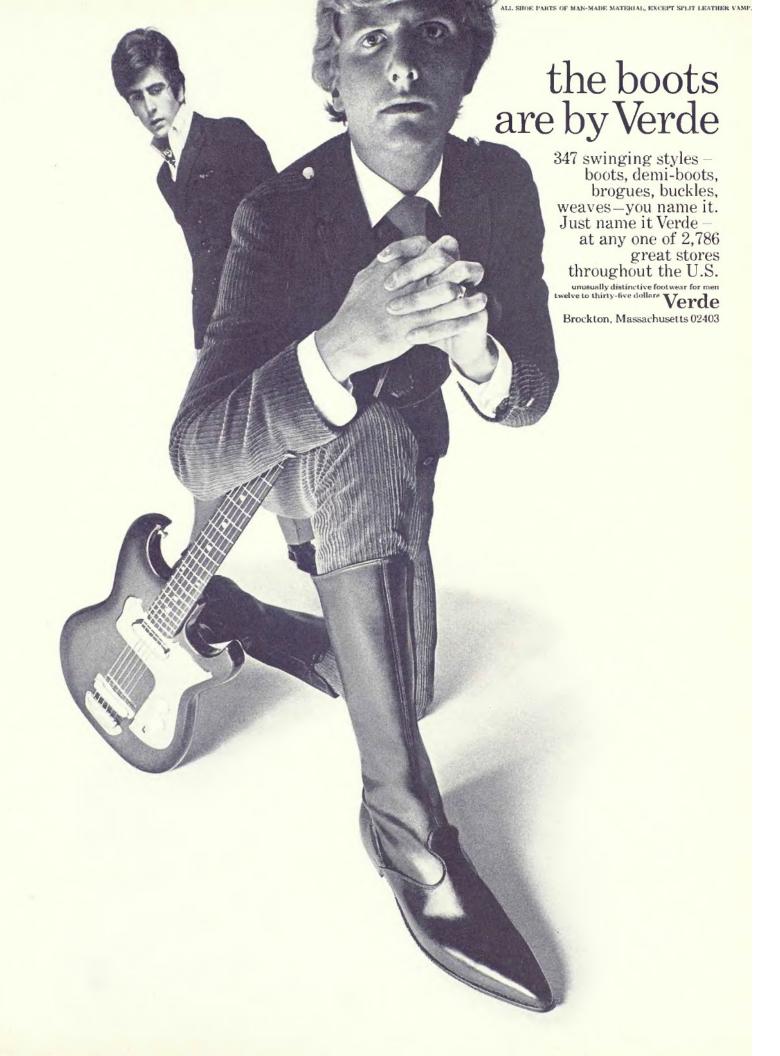
If you see fit to publish this letter, please withhold my name and address, as I live in a small town with a large Roman Catholic population.

(Name and address withheld by request)

Jone's "Moral Theology" bears the nihil obstat of Pius Kaelin, Censor Deputatus, and the imprimatur of Bishop John J. Wright of Pittsburgh, with the explanation, "The nihil obstat and imprimatur are official declarations that a book or pamphlet is free of doctrinal or moral error."

HARMLESS MASTURBATION

In the June Forum, the Catholic theologian of Dubuque, Iowa, states, concerning masturbation: "When habitual,



it weakens mental and will power . . ."

Unless he is privy to otherwise unavailable information, he is helping to perpetuate a common folk misconception. Masters and Johnson's authoritative volume *Human Sexual Response* states, "There is no established medical evidence that masturbation, regardless of frequency (up to 2–3 times a day in the test population of 312 males), leads to mental illness. Certainly there is no accepted medical standard defining excessive masturbation."

Harold W. Reed Ohio University Athens, Ohio

CALLING ALL CATHOLICS

Why not open a dialog with Catholicism? Is it fair to represent religion's claim only by letters from defrocked Unitarian ministers?

David C. Wilmot Chicago, Illinois

The numerous clergymen of all faiths who have written letters to "The Playboy Forum"—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Jews and Catholics, among others—will be distressed to learn that you have converted them all to Unitarians, and defrocked Unitarians at that. The "Forum" is an open dialog for anyone who cares to contribute.

STERILIZATION BY COURT ORDER

A news story in the San Francisco Chronicle recounted what surely must be one of the most incredible travesties of judicial procedure in legal history. Fortunately, sanity triumphed and the story has a happy ending:

Nancy Hernandez escaped a 90day jail term yesterday and won three years' probation—without sterilization.

The 21-year-old mother of two children had pleaded guilty in April to a misdemeanor charge that she was in a room where her commonlaw husband, Joe Sanchez, was smoking marijuana.

Thereupon, Municipal Court Judge Frank P. Kearney had given her a choice: the maximum penalty of six months in jail, or probation—if she would allow herself to be sterilized.

The judge noted she was getting welfare and "living a dissolute life."

Without counsel, she agreed to sterilization. Then Louis Renga, court-appointed attorney, argued against it; she changed her mind, was settleneed to a lesser term of 90 days.

Renga, petitioning for a writ of habeas corpus, contended sterilization was "totally out of proportion" to the crime, and since this was a first offense, she should be given probation under "the usual conditions." Superior Court Judge C. Douglas Smith handed down his ruling before a packed courtroom yesterday. He agreed with Renga's reasoning and held that Judge Kearney acted "outside the law."

Judge Smith also said: "It is difficult to see how sterilization might protect her, or anyone else, against the danger of becoming an addict."

The very thought that any judge anywhere is so sick or misguided that he thinks he has the right to order the sterilization of any other human being gives me the shivers. Can anyone think that smoking pot is that bad?

(Name withheld by request) San Francisco, California

FISH STORY

I don't believe that you are aware of a strong antisexual and antisocial movement that is now afoot. The International Maritime Association is quietly setting up a war chest for vigorous lobbying and wildcat strikes against the manufacturers, conveyers and sellers of the birth-control pills. The reason for this action, says the I. M. A., is that the birth-control pill is unfair to American semen

Jerre A. Rickles, D. D. S. Houston, Texas

The Nantucket whalers are protesting, too. They say the pills are unfair to sperm whales.

THE HUAC HOODOO

The House Committee on Un-American Activities held public hearings in Chicago last year. Among those subpoenaed by the Committee were two biomedical research scientists, Jeremiah Stamler, M. D., and his research assistant, Mrs. Yolanda Hall.

On advice of legal counsel, Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall agreed to the filing of a civil suit to test the constitutionality and legality of: (1) the House Resolution that established the Committee, (2) the proceedings held in Chicago and (3) the subpoeneas served them. In order not to render moot their action in civil court. Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall—on advice of their attorneys—declined for the present to be interrogated by the Committee.

Despite the fact that the constitutional issues are to be heard in the civil courts, and contrary to usual procedure, the House Committee proposed to bring Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall into criminal court. The Committee had prepared its request to the House of Representatives to cite them for contempt. Mr. Albert E. Jenner, Jr., counsel for Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall, has requested members of the House to vote against a contempt citation. Considerable opposition to the citations has been expressed by many

highly respected figures in the medical, legal and other professional fields. Editorials in *The New York Times, The Washington Post* and *Chicago Daily News* strongly urged Congress to reject any contempt action.

At this writing, the Congressional vote has been postponed. It is to be hoped that this vote will be set aside indefinitely, in order to permit the civil litigation to proceed in due course.

We are convinced that the civil suit instituted by Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall through their attorneys is a most significant action, questioning—on the most fundamental constitutional grounds—both the Committee's right to exist and its tactics. We trust you share our conviction—expressed by counsel for Dr. Stamler and Mrs. Hall before the Committee—"that its continued functioning ought to be put to a court challenge."

In its importance, this suit transcends the situation confronting the two individuals immediately involved. However, many of us have known Dr. Stamler for years and have the highest regard for him as an outstanding scientist and constructive citizen of the United States. He is one of the ablest and most honorable medical research specialists in this country. In the interest not only of Dr. Stamler but also of continuing progress in improving the health of mankind, we strongly desire to assure continuation of his very important program of long-term research on the etiology and prevention of cardiovascular diseases. We are pleased that the Chicago Board of Health unanimously decided to continue Dr. Stamler's employment.

We carnestly ask the support of PLAYBOV readers in this significant endeavor.

Paul Dudley White, M. D., Chairman John F. Perkins, Jr., M. D.,

Ph. D., Secretary Robert W. Wissler, Ph. D.,

M. D., Treasurer

Box 36

University of Chicago Chicago, Illinois

Paul Dudley White, chairman of the "Jeremiah Stamler Legal Aid Fund." is an internationally known heart specialist who attended President Eisenhower during his illnesses. Approximately 250 leading physicians, educators and theologians also signed this letter.

Commenting on the issues involved in this case, Dr. Stamler himself has said:

As a working scientist, I learned early that false initial assumptions inevitably lead to false conclusions and erroneous proposals. Thus, as long as the false notion persisted—prior to Galileo, Kepler and Copernicus—that the sun rotated around the earth, there could be no real science of astronomy. As long as the belief held on—prior to Harvey—that the blood surged to and fro,



The green bottle with the red J&B on the label; that's the one that pours more pleasure, the one whose flavour bespeaks the happy blending of many noble scotch which numbered Charles Dickens among whiskies. Compare J&B Rare. You will its many patrons.

make a most rewarding discovery. Treasured J&B Rare is shipped by the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks

3-Vol. set of Dickens' Classics only \$1. Handsome. hard-cover editions: A Christmas Carol, A Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield. All 3. \$1 postpaid. Write J & B Dickens Library, P.O. Box 180, Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010. Dept. CP.



(Limited to Continental U.S. where legal)

Pours More Pleasure



and did not circulate, there could be no real science of physiology or medicine. As long as the superstition held sway that persons with mental illness were possessed by devils, there could be no scientific psychiatry. And in my own field of research on arteriosclerosis, there could be no substantial progress until the false premise had been dispelled that this was not a disease but rather an aspect of normal aging.

The Committee on Un-American Activities—I am deeply convinced—is in profound error precisely because it proceeds throughout on the basis of totally erroneous premises. Its fundamental false assumption is that it has the right and ability to define Americanism, and to fix its criteria for Un-Americanism—and on the basis of these arbitrary self-selected standards, ferret out "Un-Americans."

As already emphasized, the adoption or imposition of false premises and hardened dogmas in science has a grossly debilitating effect. It is a truism that the forward advance of science-including biomedical science-in its continuously expanding effort to master nature for the benefit of mankind, requires a healthy free intellectual climate, a true open marketplace-national and international-for the exchange and flow of ideas. Repressive political interference in science can have only one effect-to stifle and hold back the acquisition of vital knowledge, to do great harm to research programs that have the potential to bring great benefit to all Americans and all humanity. This threat is very real and concrete in the present instance.

PROSTITUTION AND ADOLESCENCE

It is common in my country to think of Yankees as very simple people who go around the world with the Bible and utilitarianism on one hand and a huge number of prejudices on the other—racial prejudices, fundamentally. It is comforting to read playboy and learn, not just from Hefner's writings but also from the intelligent letters in the Forum, that many Yankees are more sophisticated than we had realized.

On the subject of prostitution, I would deny that the cause is economic. Modern society simply does not offer any alternative other than prostitution to the adolescent seeking an outlet for his sexual needs. Freud noted, brilliantly, that the prime cause of the entire conflict of the modern world is this period of so-called "adolescence," which is an artificial creation. Adolescence is the time between sexual maturity (which is biological and real) and legal maturity

(which is arbitrarily defined by society). It is during this period that most males are forced to resort to prostitutes.

J. A. Grompone Montevideo, Uruguay

PROSTITUTION AND SEX FREEDOM

Prostitution is the single most brutal and degrading relationship that can exist between human beings. Even the slave and the rape victim have one remaining shred of dignity left: They submit because of superior force. But the whore allows the altar of her body to be violated: Her oppressor enters within her skin and possesses her more intimately than property itself is possessed. Nothing possibly could be a more vile perversion of human dignity.

Both the puritan and the liberal are right and both are wrong. The puritan knows that prostitution is a great evil and he thinks he can destroy it by punishment. The liberal, on the other hand, knows that punishment will not destroy prostitution and, therefore, accepts it. Before we can consider ourselves totally civilized, prostitution must be completely abolished, just as cannibalism and slavery had to be abolished by our ancestors before they could consider themselves partially civilized. The only way to abolish it. however, is to raise our children in such sexual freedom that no male, ever, will be so sexually starved that he is forced to become a predator and rent the body of another human being.

John J. Walker Dallas, Texas

PROSTITUTION AND MARRIAGE

Why is prostitution considered immoral? The relation between the prostitute and her customer is just like that between husband and wife. Married men bribe their wives for their favors with gifts on birthdays, Christmas and holidays. A wife is, simply, a prostitute paid room and board for continuous service.

> Stanley Eigen University of Pittsburgh Bradford, Pennsylvania

LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION

Prostitution should be legalized. The entire profession should be placed under the control of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The Department could enforce cleanliness standards and disease control and rid the business of criminal elements. Under Government control the exploitation of prostitutes and the victimizing of customers could be held to a minimum. Also, the Government take from this operation could be as big as liquor taxes, and all the innumerable and ineffectual vice squads in the country could be turned to more useful duties.

Ronald L. Harrison New York, New York

PROSTITUTION AND CHASTITY

Your point of view apparently is that since prostitution has always been with us, it should be accepted and legalized. This being the case, why not also accept and legalize murder and theft, since they, too, have been with us since our very beginning? A long history does not validate the acceptance of any given activity.

Also, in the May Philosophy, you commented, "As long as the concept of female chastity . . . is more important than her personal welfare, woman will continue to occupy a less-than-human position in society." Where do you get your evidence to support this thought? How can you separate sexual integrity and personal welfare? One of the things that has always given woman her most highly respected personality and position in our society has been sexual integrity in keeping with the morals, as well as the faith, founded in the Judaeo-Christian community. You state that "our Judaeo-Christian heritage of antisex is essentially anti-female" and that woman is a "scapegoat and principal victim of sexual suppression." Somewhere you have failed to understand that the Judaeo-Christian heritage has always lifted woman to a very high plane in family and social life. Apparently you have never heard that it was through a woman that God chose to reveal His Son, Jesus Christ.

The Rev. Don E. Montgomery, Pastor Livingston Methodist Church Livingston, Alabama

PROSTITUTION PERSECUTION

It is immoral, illegal and unconstitutional that women should be pursued and punished for selling sex.

I've become sick and tired of seeing fellow females persecuted, when no half-way attractive woman can walk down any street at any time without being approached by men. Prostitutes suffer the indignities of a minority group in America. In San Francisco there are as many male prostitutes as female, but the males are seldom arrested. Not long ago a judge imposed \$5000 bail on a poor little colored girl for repeated violations. If that isn't cruel and ridiculous, I don't know what is.

I am grieved when I see girlfriends suffer persecution and inhumane witch-hunting when all they are doing is selling that with which they were born. It is in demand, and it is theirs to do with as they want. Isn't that simple democracy? Isn't that the law of supply and demand? Most prostitutes are moral, kind humans. Why should selling what is theirs deem them unfit for society, just because most of society considers sex it-self immoral? Why must prostitutes live a seamy life in the underworld, and be persecuted in the bargain?

(continued on page 188)

Travel and flight tested 'round the world on Pan Am





J. F. Kennedy Airport: Leaving New York . . . around the world in my new Glabe Circler.



Hong Kong: Some 24 hours later — my suit is holding up better than I am.



India: Hot and humid but still mighty comfortable in my Globe Circler.



Rome: Caught in a shower here. My Globe Circler hung out beautifully. No press necessary.

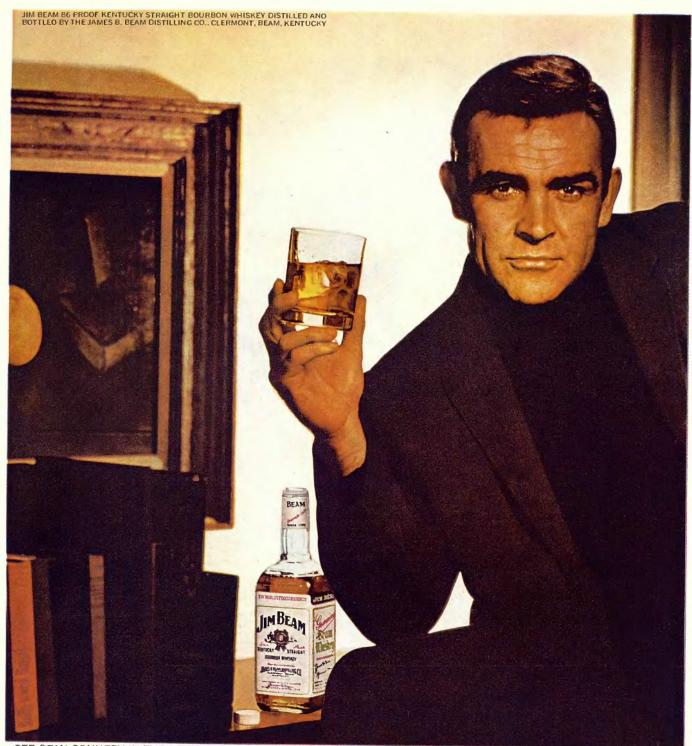


London: Leaving for N. Y. taday. Still haven't pressed my Globe Circler. Beautiful!



Globe Circler...
the well behaved suit
for the active man

GLOBE CIRCLER...a new dimension in fine clothing. The fabric is unmistakably elegant ... a lustrous fall weight blending of 55% Dacron® polyester and 45% worsted wool. The styling approach is distinctly sophisticated ... a tribute to the fashion-minded man of action. Travel and flight tested around the world on Pan Am, Globe Circler offers unprecedented resistance to wrinkles with a shape and crease retention never before equalled in a year 'round suit. At fine stores.



SEE SEAN CONNERY IN THE NEW WARNER BROTHERS FILM, "A FINE MADNESS."

The taste is distinctive.
The man is Sean Connery.
The Bourbon is JIM BEAM.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MEL BROOKS

a candid conversation with the zany comic and co-creator of tv's top-rated spy spoof, "get smart"

Our interviewer this month is satirist Larry Siegel. A regular contributor to PLAYBOY for the past eight years, he has written prolifically for "That Was the Week That Was" and other TV shows, and is co-author of the smash hit revue "The Mad Show." He is also a congenital liar. For whatever it's worth, he writes of

his subject:

"Our paths first crossed many years ago on the Lower East Side of New York. I ran into him in an apartment on Hester Street. He was standing near an open window, and there was a look of sadness in his face. What troubles you, my little one?' I asked him. 'I'm thinking of committing suicide,' he said simply. From the window of a basement apartment?' I asked. 'I was planning to jump up,' he replied. I liked him immediately: his bright sense of humor; his way with a song; his big, shiny eyes. 'You'll go places,' I told him. He did. Today you know him as Flipper. But what of Mel Brooks, the brilliant comedy writer and performer? Where does the artist end and where does the legend begin? Where does the legend end and where does the man begin? Where does the man end and where does the woman begin?

"For years the world knew very little about Mel Brooks. Often during the late Fifties I would trudge over to the UN Building, interrupting General Assembly meetings to inquire, 'What does the world know of Mel Brooks? 'Very little,' said Dag Hammarskjöld, 'Not much,' said Henry Cabot Lodge. 'Eat,' said Golda Meir. Then the now-famous archaeological team of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, while digging recently off Coney Island for the lost city of Bayonne, New Jersey, came across the historic Sandy Hook Scrolls, and the pieces of the story began to fall into place, not necessarily in order of importance: 'Mel Brooks . . . 39 years old . . . born and bred in Brooklyn ... short, slender, galvanic, ferretlike ... 1932 ring-a-levio champion of Atlantic Avenue . . . 2000-year-old man opposite Carl Reiner . . . co-creator of TV's "Get Smart' . . . two-sewer stickball hitter . . . author-narrator of the Oscar-winning short subject "The Critic" . . . writer for Sid Caesar and other comics . . . notorious hide-and-seek home-sticker . . . 2500-yearold brewmaster for Ballantine Beer . . . married to actress Anne Bancroft . . . father of the Pony Express . . .' and so on.

"Shortly after the discovery of the Scrolls, I was contacted by Playboy. My assignment: Interview Mel Brooks, Why me?' I inquired. 'He hates people,' I was told, but maybe he'll talk to you.' 'Fair enough,' I said. 'How do I contact him?' 'It won't be easy,' PLAYBOY warned. 'Oh, an unlisted phone number?' I inquired knowingly. 'Yes,' I was told. 'But there are additional complications. It's with an unlisted phone company."

"Undaunted, I rented a loud-speaker truck and drove through the streets of New York blaring out the name: 'Mel Brooks! Though this ploy failed to locate him, I was to learn later that Brooks received 10,000 write-in votes in the

mayoralty election. I next considered skywriting a message to him, only to discover that Pepsi-Cola had a ten-year option on the sky. I complained to God about this arrangement, and even went over His head to Lyndon Johnson, All to no avail. Personal messages from me to Brooks then followed-on fences, in gutters, on rest-room walls, in public phone booths.

"Finally one evening, on the corner of Lafayette and Houston Streets in Manhattan, I was accosted by a dwarf named Fingerhut, Saying, 'I am the only human being who has seen Mel Brooks in the past ten years,' he handed me a slip of paper with a telephone number on it and disappeared into the night. When I got Brooks on the phone, I could sense by the way he began the conversation that he wasn't overly anxious to talk to me. 'Hallo,' he said in a thick Russian accent. 'This is Aleksei Kosygin's residence. Mr. Kosygin is not in.' For several weeks I continued calling him, until finally I wore down his resistance: He consented to meet me outside a hardware store in Mamaroneck that coming Shrove Tuesday, 'How will I recognize you?' I asked. 'You'll have no trouble,' he said. 'I'll be dressed like Joan Crawford.' I arrived at the chosen spot at the assigned time, and after waiting three hours, finally saw someone dressed like Joan Crawford. I accosted him, but as luck would have it, it turned out to be Joan Crawford.

"One hour later, as I was being booked



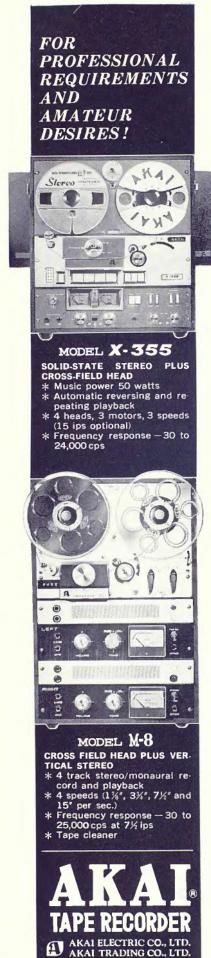
"The trouble with Playmates and Bunnies is that they're too openly sexy and clean-cut. I've been taught ever since I was a kid that sex is filthy and forbidden, and that's the way I think it should be."



"There's nothing lovable about Maxwell Smart. He's a dangerously earnest nitwit who deals in monumental goofs. He doesn't trip over skates; he loses whole countries to the Communists."



"When the Teutons have been nipping at your heels for thousands of years, you find it enervating to keep wailing. So you make jokes. If your enemy is laughing, how can he bludgeon you to death?"



for assault down at the station house, who should show up—looking lovely in a pink picture hat, wide-shouldered woolen dress and spiked heels—but Brooks himself, arrested for loitering in front of a Chicken Delight stand two blocks from our appointed rendezvous. I got hungry waiting for you, he explained. The following interview—interrupted by visits from our lawyers, friends, relatives, reporters and a PLAYBOY photographer—was rapped out in Morse code (Irving's, not Samuel's) on the walls of our cell."

PLAYBOY: By "we" we mean PLAYBOY. BROOKS: In other words, you're asking questions for the entire sexually liberated PLAYBOY organization?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

BROOKS: By the way, how much are you paying me for this?

PLAYBOY: We don't pay our interview subjects.

BROOKS: How about you. Mr. We? Do you get paid for this thing?

PLAYBOY: Well, yes. But that's because we're employed by PLAYBOY. With the help of the editors, we prepare the questions and conduct the interview.

BROOKS: I'll tell you what. I'll ask you questions. Let them pay me.

PLAYBOY: Mel, can we begin now? BROOKS: Fine, do you gavotte?

PLAYBOY: Let's sit this one out. You've recently completed a series of radio commercials as Ballantine Beer's "2500-year-old Brewmaster." It's a character quite similar to your famous 2000-year-old man, in that once again you jog satirically through the pages of history. But the big difference is: Now you're peddling beer. Why did you sell out to Madison Avenue, like they say?

BROOKS: I decided that I had given enough of myself to mankind. After all, my definitive 12-volume series on enlightened penology was completed; my staff and I had UNESCO running in apple-pic order; and of course I had just come up with the vaccine to wipe out cystic fibrosis. So I felt I could afford to allow myself a few monetary indulgences. PLAYBOY: Why Madison Avenue?

BROOKS: Frankly, they made me the best offer.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the other offers you received?

BROOKS: Well, Fifth Avenue offered me \$4000 a week, Lexington Avenue offered me \$3500, and the Bowery's offer was insulting.

PLAYBOY: Why Ballantine Beer?

BROOKS: They gave me carte blanche. I had complete script approval. Although, truthfully, we never used scripts. My interviewer, Dick Cavett, and I started with a premise and then winged it. We



... and a record-breaking time for the hundred... the mile... or

... your morning push-ups, your onelegged party stance... or anything the jet set can think up for kicks.

You're 'with it' with your HEUER AUTAVIA-watch and stopwatch in one. Spot-on timing for every hour of the twenty-four, and split-second accuracy for up to twelve hours of elapsed time.

It's a real man's watch... in the air... on land... under the sea. For the pilot, driver, engineer, doctor, sports fan, skindiver... whenever time counts you can count on your HEUER AUTAVIA.

Write for details of these versatile HEUER chronographs—made by the largest stopwatch and chronograph manufacturer in Switzerland... for dealers list too!

HEUER-LEONIDAS SA 2501 Biel-Bienne Switzerland





Some things just naturally go with a high-performance car

(our 125-m.p.h. tire, for one)

One glance at certain people and you can tell everything about them, by their manner, by their clothes. They know the difference between a two-step and a four-speed, between a six-pack and a rally pack, between lap seam and lap time. To them, standard equipment on an automobile means four-on-the-floor, wire wheels with knock-off hubs, tach, and dual four-barrels. It also means our 125-m.p.h. tire: The Super Sports "500." Anything less would be like dressing a four-



minute miler in sandals. This 125-m.p.h. tire (it's great for 60-m.p.h. drivers, too) is crafted with a special racing construction that inseparably welds the nylon cord body to the high-speed tread . . . it's fortified with unique bars in the tread to eliminate wavering at high speeds. And designed with wrap-around tread for cat-claw traction on curves. Some things just naturally go with a high-performance car: The Super Sports "500." After all, your safety is our business at Firestone.

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE (





Did you like beer the first time you tasted it?

A lot of people say no. They say beer is one of those good things you cultivate a taste for...like olives, or scotch, or kumquats.

Maybe. But we think it makes a difference *which* brand of beer we're talking about.

We think Budweiser is an exception to this "you've gotta get used to it" rule. It's so *smooth*. Beechwood Ageing is what gives Budweiser that *smoothness* you'll find in no other beer at any price. You see, no other beer is Beechwood Aged; it's a costly way to brew beer, and it takes more time. But this extra trouble evidently pays off. More people drink the King of Beers than any other beer on earth.

So whether you're one of the few who has never tried beer, or you're a beer drinker who suddenly feels the urge to find out why so many people enjoy Budweiser, we think you'll like it. From the very first taste.

Corbin
Trousers
are for
finicky men
Mr. Corbin's
Trousers
are for rich
finicky men



All well-trousered men are finicky. So are we. The distinctive, exclusive Corbin Cut has become famous because it offers youthful flattery to men of all ages. Our neatly tapered leg is admired because it enhances every masculine silhouette (without hampering a vigorous stride). You cannot buy better trousers than Corbin Trousers because you can't improve on perfection. They sell from \$21.50.

To men who want everything they get in Corbin Trousers plus a little extra flair, we commend *Mr. Corbin's Trousers*. They are cut, tailored and finished in the same finicky way. They cost more because they are made of the rarest, costliest and most individual fabrics. They are lined and pocketed in an appropriately posh manner. For men who can afford these added flourishes, *Mr. Corbin's Trousers* sell from \$32.50. You'll find both in the most finicky men's shops and department stores.

Corbin Ltd., 385 Fifth Avenue New York, New York 10016 made all kinds of tapes, but they used only the ones that we liked.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy working with Cavett as much as you do with Carl Reiner on your 2000-year-old-man records?

BROOKS: They're completely different types. Dick is a bright, young, incredibly gentile person, and the juxtaposition of texture—the gentile alongside the Jew—is very effective. Farshtey? By the way, I'm spectacularly Jewish.

PLAYBOY: We would never have guessed it. BROOKS: Vraiment?

PLAYBOY: Is the Jew-gentile juxtaposition the only reason you like working with Cavett?

BROOKS: Of course not, dummy. Dick is a marvelous foil for me. He's innocent and guileless, and he just aches to be cut to pieces. He reacts beautifully during the interviews, especially when I call him "company rat," "pusher," "marshmallow," "fluffy," "sellout."

PLAYBOY: The Brewmaster has a thick German accent. The 2000-year-old man has a Jewish accent. Why do you use dialects when you perform?

BROOKS: It's easier to hide behind accents. Once you're playing a character you have more mobility, more freedom. I suppose it's also cowardice on my part. I can say anything I want, and then if people question me, I say, "Don't blame me. Blame the old Jew. He's crazy."

PLAYBOY: Aren't you a lot like your old boss, Sid Caesar, in this respect?

BROOKS: Yes. When I began working with Sid on Your Show of Shows, I noticed that he always had trouble expressing bimself as Sid Caesar. So I'd always try to provide him with an accent or a character to hide behind. Once in character, Sid is the funniest man in the world.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to give the 2000-year-old man a Jewish accent?

BROOKS: It's not a Jewish accent. It's an American-Jewish accent. And in 50 years it will disappear. I think it'll be a great loss.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously proud of being Jewish.

BROOKS: Proud and scared.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the current Jewish kick in American humor?

BROOKS: Unless Jews do Jews accurately, I consider the whole thing to be in questionable taste.

PLAYBOY: Then the character of the 2000year-old man is never in questionable taste?

BROOKS: I don't think so. He may be pompous at times; he may be a nut, but he's always honest and compelling. And the accent is always accurate.

PLAYBOY: Why are so many top comedians and comedy writers Jewish?

BROOKS: When the tall, blond Teutons have been nipping at your heels for thousands of years, you find it enervating to keep wailing. So you make jokes.

If your enemy is laughing, how can he bludgeon you to death?

PLAYBOY: Mel, you're co-creator of Get Smart. Since it violates every standard of tested TV comedy—a bumbling anti-hero, far-out satire, and so on—why is it so successful?

BROOKS: I'd say because of a bumbling antihero, far-out satire, and so on.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "and so on"?

BROOKS: What do you mean by "and so on"?

PLAYBOY: Well, we meant that the public could identify with, and yet feel superior to, a nitwit like Maxwell Smart.

BROOKS: That's what I meant.

PLAYBOY: How does a clod like Smart differ from the bird-brained protagonists in situation comedies such as Ozzie and Harriel?

BROOKS: Guys like Ozzie Nelson are lovable boobs. There's nothing lovable about Don Adams' Max Smart. He's a dangerously earnest nitwit who deals in monumental goofs. He doesn't trip over skates; he loses whole *countries* to the Communists.

PLAYBOY: And standard situation comedies, on the other hand, deal with dull people in petry situations?

BROOKS: Right. And in their supposedly true-to-life little episodes, they avoid anything approaching reality. For years I've always wanted to see an honest family TV series—maybe something called *Half of Father Knows Best*. The other half of him was paralyzed by a stroke in 1942 when he suspected we might lose the War.

PLAYBOY: In *Get Smart* you're obviously not striving for realism.

BROOKS: Of course not. We're doing a comic strip. Smart is a dedicated boob whose heart is in the right place, but whose brains are in his shoes. We don't pretend that Smart himself or the situation he's involved in is plausible. It's the broadest kind of satire. It succeeds because it's bright, witty, refreshing—and lucky enough to be on opposite low-rated shows.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any trouble selling the series to NBC?

BROOKS: Plenty. ABC put up the original money to develop the thing, but when we took them our first script, they thought it was too wild. They wanted something more "warm and lovable."

PLAYBOY: What did they mean by "warm and lovable"?

BROOKS: Who knows? Maybe a nice mother in a print dress, with undulant fever.

PLAYBOY: Did you make changes for them? BROOKS: Yes, we figured we'd try to make them happy. So we threw in a dog. But they didn't like it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BROOKS: The dog was asthmatic.
PLAYBOY: Why did they object to that?

ROBLEE BLACKENS THE BROWN



- a rich, new hand-rubbed finish to match today's fabrics

Dull, one-tone colors are out. Men's clothing now features the "compound look," a subtle blending of colors. For fall, Roblee craftsmen have taken rich brown, antiqued it, burnished it, and achieved a richness leather never had before. Be sure to see Roblee's blackened browns.

Most Roblee styles \$15 to \$22. Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis. ROBLEE







FOR PROFESSIONAL REQUIREMENTS AND AMATEUR DESIRES!

MODEL 1710

AMATEURS CAN ENJOY PROFESSIONAL RESULTS

*4 track stereo/monaural record and playback

* 3 speeds (1%", 3%" and 7%"

per sec.) 15 lps optional * Fraquency response — 40 to

18,000 cps at 7½ ips

* Portable and light weight

plus high quality

* Automatic stop

* Built-in two speakers

* Simple changeover for necessary AC power

AKAI.
TAPE RECORDER

AKAI ELECTRIC CO., LTD. AKAI TRADING CO., LTD. **BROOKS:** I suppose they felt we might offend some important dogs.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Get Smart will spawn wittier comedy series in the future? BROOKS: There's certainly an audience for them. Somewhere between those who sop up the gelatinous, brain-scrambling nonsense of Petticoat Junction and the intellectuals who catch Basic Hungarian at six A.M. is a vast segment of the population that wants intelligent entertainment. Without morals.

PLAYBOY: You mean the public wants amoral TV?

BROOKS: No, I mean they want TV without little sermons. For years *The Danny Thomas Show* was doing the Ten Commandments. Every episode had a little message to deliver: Don't lie, don't kill your neighbor, don't covet your neighbor's wife, don't uncovet your neighbor's wife . . .

PLAYBOY: Living in New York, with a hit TV show being filmed on the Coast, you must be doing a lot of traveling these days.

BROOKS: I spend a lot of time in L. A. on business, but I also travel for pleasure. I just got back from Europe.

PLAYBOY: How did you like it?

BROOKS: I love it. Europe is very near and dear to my heart. Would you like to see a picture of it?

PLAYBOY: You carry a picture of Europe? BROOKS: Sure, right here in my wallet. Here it is.

PLAYBOY: It's very nice.

BROOKS: Of course, Europe was a lot younger then. It's really not a very good picture. Europe looks much better in person.

PLAYBOY: It's a fine-looking continent.

BROOKS: It gives me a good deal of pleasure, but it's always fighting, fighting. I tell you, I'll be so happy when it finally settles down and gets married.

PLAYBOY: So will we. Mel, most celebrities are asked questions like, "Where do you get your ideas?"; "Are you as funny off stage as you are on?" and so on. What question, asked of you by the public, bugs you the most?

BROOKS: The one you just asked.

PLAYBOY: Any others?

BROOKS: "How's your beautiful wife?"

PLAYBOY: How do you answer it?

BROOKS: I say, "Haven't you heard? Her nose fell off."

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Anne Bancroft, is certainly beautiful, and a very talented actress as well. She's also very successful. Tell us frankly, Mel, is she making more money than you?

BROOKS: Right at this moment she is. She's not sitting for free interviews.

PLAYBOY: You sure know how to hurt a guy. Were you this salty with your expartner, Carl Reiner?

BROOKS: Saltier and peppier.

PLAYBOY: What kind of a guy is Carl?

BROOKS: Haven't you heard? His nose fell off

PLAYBOY: What's he like apart from that? BROOKS: Carl Reiner is really a 43-year-old woman who worked in a canning factory in Alaska, canning king crabs—only the legs. Well, one day Carl was fired for singing Arabic hymns and—

PLAYBOY: Thank you. Before the interview started, we were discussing with you some of the funniest bits you've done with Carl. We wanted to quote from some of them here, but unfortunately, they just don't come off in print, without the Jewish accent. Do you think it would work if we printed your lines in Hebrew?

BROOKS: I doubt it. It might confuse your readers to see at the bottom of page 67 the words "continued on page 66."

PLAYBOY: Mel, there's a rumor going around that you invented the popular expression "pussycat" on one of your records.

BROOKS: I didn't invent it. It's an old Jewish-American expression. When anyone was dear and sweet, they would call him a pussycat. But I think I was the first one to use it in show business. In our first 2000-year-old-man record. Carl asked me if I knew Shakespeare. I said. "What a pussycat he was! What a cute beard!"

PLAYBOY: Have you thought up a new expression to replace "pussycat"?

BROOKS: Yes, I have. "Water rat." "Look at him. What a nice water rat!" You know something? It doesn't work as well as "pussycat."

PLAYBOY: You're right. Can you think of any other funny expressions?

BROOKS: "Confusion to the French."
PLAYBOY: What the hell is that?

BROOKS: It was a toast that Horatio Hornblower used aboard his flagship. It's always been one of my favorites. Good old Horatio! What a water rat.

PLAYBOY: That still doesn't make it.

BROOKS: I guess not.

PLAYBOY: In 1962 you wrote the book for a Broadway musical called *All American*. What happened to it?

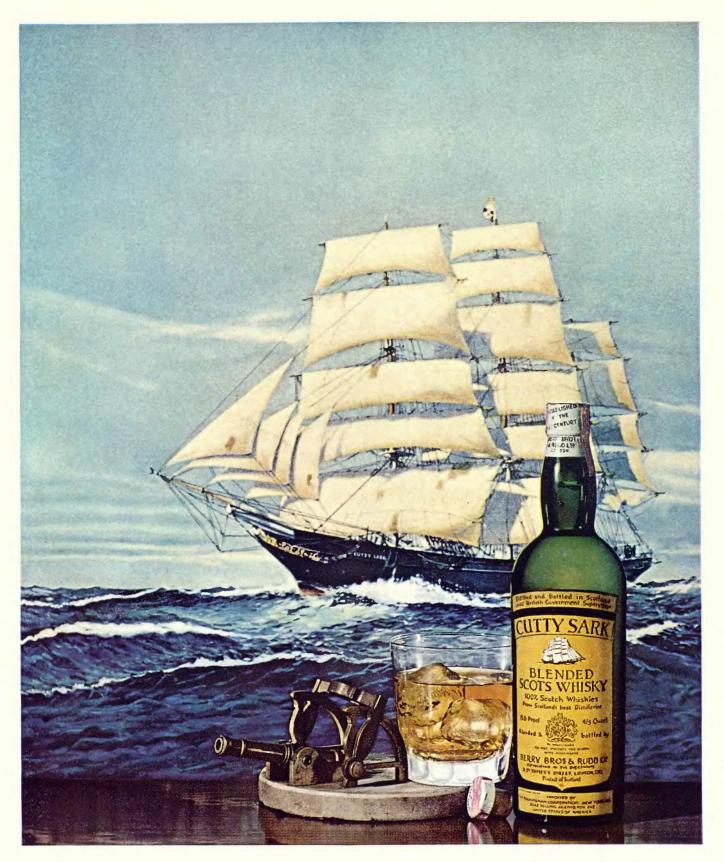
BROOKS: We had an unfortunate stroke of luck. It opened in New York when there was no newspaper strike.

PLAYBOY: The critics didn't like it?

BROOKS: Nobody liked it. The script was adapted from a book by Robert Lewis Taylor. It was about a European immigrant with a dream in his heart. A dream—it should have been an attack.

PLAYBOY: We gather you're disenchanted with Broadway.

BROOKS: Not really, but I learned something, and I'll offer it free of charge to all would-be playwrights: Be very careful about selecting your director. Once he takes over, you've got nothing to say. The Dramatists Guild, your mother,



With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the No. 1 reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

your aunt Sadie and God can't help you. The director is the king—and in many cases, the queen.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be a director yourself?

BROOKS: I'd love to be one. I think I'd be a great comedy director. As a matter of fact, I have just finished a screenplay called *Marriage Is a Dirty, Rotten Fraud.* I'd like very much to direct it.

PLAYBOY: Is it based on your own personal experience?

BROOKS: No, it's based on a very important conversation I overheard once while waiting for a bus at the Dixie Hotel terminal.

PLAYBOY: What are the chances of a studio assigning you to direct it?

BROOKS: Very, very good. Well, let me amend that slightly: None.

PLAYBOY: What else are you working on? BROOKS: Springtime for Hitler.

PLAYBOY: You're putting us on.

BROOKS: No. it's the God's honest truth. It's going to be a play within a play, or a play within a film—I haven't decided yet It's a romp with Adolf and Eva at Berchtesgaden. There was a whole nice side of Hitler. He was a good dancer—no one knows that. He loved a parakeet named Bob—no one knows that either. It's all brought out in the play.

PLAYBOY: Enough of Hitler. Tell us how "The Mel Brooks Story" began.

BROOKS: I was the baby in the family. My job was to keep everybody amused and happy, and I was always content to be the family clown.

PLAYBOY: What did you think you'd be when you grew older?

BROOKS: Tall.

PLAYBOY: You didn't make it, did you? BROOKS: What do you mean? I'm fiveseven. My three brothers are all shorter than I am. At family reunions they call me "Stretch."

PLAYBOY: What was the first funny thing you ever said?

BROOKS: "Lieutenant Faversham's attentions to my wife were of such a nature I was forced to deal him a lesson in manners."

PLAYBOY: That's pretty funny. Do you recall to whom you said that?

BROOKS: Very vividly. It was an elderly Jewish woman carrying an oilcloth shopping bag on the Brighton Beach Express. PLAYBOY: What was her reaction to the remark?

BROOKS: She immediately got up and gave me her seat.

PLAYBOY: Many comics and comedy writers seldom laugh at other people's material. How about you?

BROOKS: It's very hard to get me to laugh at a comic. What I want is something really funny. But how can I verbalize what I think is really funny? Now, Harry Ritz of the Ritz Brothers—there's someone who makes me laugh. To me he is the father of modern American visual comedy. He sired Caesar, Berle, Lewis, all of them. Jonathan Winters is another guy who can break me up.

PLAYBOY: But he's a gentile.

BROOKS: I love gentiles. In fact, one of my favorite activities is Protestant spotting.

PLAYBOY: How do you do that?

BROOKS: It's not difficult. First you look for a family, the members of which address each other as "Mother" and "Dad." What I mean is, the father calls the mother "Mother" and the mother calls the father "Dad." Not just the kids.

PLAYBOY: Are they easy to spot?

BROOKS: Oh yes, they're always in a white Ford station wagon filled with hundreds of jars of mayonnaise and tons of white bread. Say, who's that guy that just walked into the room with a camera?

PLAYBOY: That's one of our photographers. He's going to take a few shots of you to run with the interview.

BROOKS: Should I undress?

PLAYBOY: It's not for the gatefold, Mel. You'll be shot fully dressed. But while we're on the subject, do you think there's a sexual revolution going on in this country?

BROOKS: Yes, I do think there's a sexual revolution going on, and I think that with our current foreign policy, we'll probably be sending troops in there any minute to break it up.

PLAYBOY: In where?

BROOKS: How do I know? We always send in troops when there's a revolution.

PLAYBOY: We hate to get personal, but, speaking of sex, why haven't you asked us to introduce you to a Playmate or a Bunny?

BROOKS: Three reasons: It would be impolite; it would be beneath my dignity; and besides, I'm a fag. Anyway, the trouble with Playmates and Bunnies is that they're too openly sexy and clean-cut. I've been taught ever since I was a kid that sex is filthy and forbidden, and that's the way I think it should be. The filthier and more forbidden it is, the more exciting it is.

PLAYBOY: By those criteria, can you give us an example of someone you consider sexy?

BROOKS: To me *anyone* is sexy if they're not obvious about it. A 71-year-old man in a fur collar and spats could be enormously sexy under the right circumstances.

PLAYBOY: What would be the right circumstances?

BROOKS: Well, if you're in the moonlight, if you're by a lazy lagoon—and if you're a 71-year-old woman in a fur collar and spats.

PLAYBOY: People who know you say that you're often brash, rude and brutally direct. Are they right?

BROOKS: That's not true.

PLAYBOY: Sorry about that, Mel. We'll never mention it again.

BROOKS: Please don't, or I'll kill you.

PLAYBOY: Aha!

BROOKS: All right, I am often brash, rude and brutally direct. Someday I'm going to die and I don't have time to toe-dance around the periphery of hatred.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you're always on? BROOKS: No, I'm only on when the people I'm with are worth it. If they're superperceptive. Or if they're just good. PLAYBOY: Which would you rather doperform or write?

BROOKS: Performing is easier. Writing is more durable.

PLAYBOY: We usually wind up our interviews with a question like this one: What do you think will prove to be the most important legacy of our age?

BROOKS: Carl Reiner once asked me a similar question on one of our records, and in jocular fashion I said, Saran Wrap. But I've become a lot more mature since then. I suppose I've also grown with the times.

PLAYBOY: So *now* what do you think will prove to be the most important legacy of our age?

BROOKS: Glad Bags.

PLAYBOY: One last question, Mel: We understand you're living in a fairly old but comfortable New York town house——BROOKS: That's right. Would you like to see a picture of it? It doesn't look anything like Europe.

PLAYBOY: Maybe some other time. Our question is: How do you feel about urban renewal and the destruction of beautiful old buildings and landmarks?

BROOKS: The way I see it, progress is progress. The old has to make way for the new. I understand there's a renewal bill for people up in Congress right now. PLAYBOY: People?

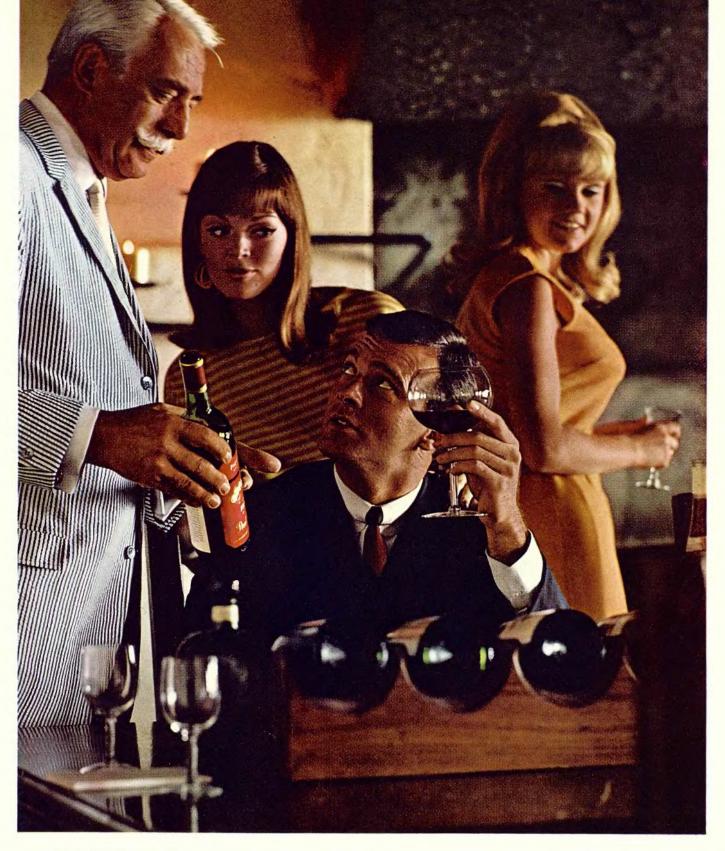
BROOKS: Yes, they want to establish a new Federal agency called, I believe, the Department of People Renewal. Agents from the department would be assigned to walk through the streets of our cities inspecting old people. Those that look particularly tired and useless will have "Condemned" signs hung around their necks. The signs will say something like, "This person is being demolished to make way for a modern, new baby."

PLAYBOY: That sounds rather heartless—tearing down an old person like that.

BROOKS: Well, they won't tear him down immediately. He'll have time to settle his affairs first. Of course, he'll have to do it with an X painted across his face.

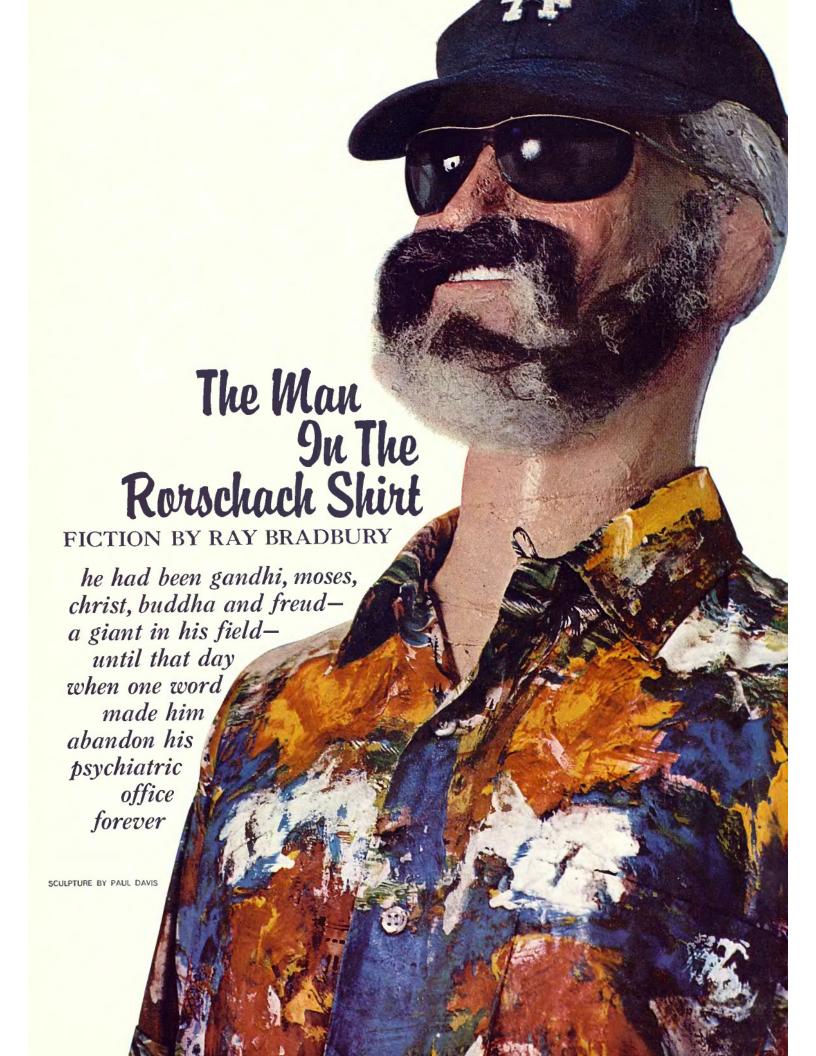
PLAYBOY: Well, Mel, thanks very much for taking the time to talk to us.

BROOKS: I would have been much happier gavotting.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man enjoying the good years, the PLAYBOY reader seeks the superlative—in a fine dinner wine or a fair dinner date. And his resources permit him to pour for pleasure more often than most. Facts: More than 3,600,000 adult males who read PLAYBOY drink wine. 2,700,000 regularly enjoy cordials or liqueurs. There's quite a lot to be said for this man. An increasing number of alcoholic-beverage advertisers are finding it out—in PLAYBOY. (Source: 1965 Brand Rating Index.)







BROKAW.

What a name!

Listen to it bark, growl, yip, hear the bold proclamation of:

Immanuel Brokaw!

A fine name for the greatest psychiatrist who ever tread the waters of existence without capsizing.

Toss a pepper-ground Freud casebook in the air and all students sneezed: Brokaw!

Whatever happened to him?

One day, like a high-class vaudeville act, he vanished.

With the spotlight out, his miracles seemed in danger of reversal. Psychotic rabbits threatened to leap back into hats. Smokes were sucked back into loud-powder gun muzzles. We all waited.

Silence for ten years. And more silence.

Brokaw was lost, as if he had thrown himself with shouts of laughter into mid-Atlantic. For what? To plumb for Moby Dick? To psychoanalyze that colorless fiend and see what he really had against Mad Ahab?

Who knows?

I last saw him running for a twilight plane, his wife and six Pomeranian dogs yapping far behind him on the dusky field.

"Goodbye forever!"

His happy cry seemed a joke. But I found men flaking his gold-leaf name from his office door next day, as his great fat-women couches were hustled out into the raw weather toward some Third Avenue auction.

So the giant who had been Gandhi-Moses-Christ-Buddha-Freud all layered in one incredible Armenian dessert had dropped through a hole in the clouds. To die? To live in secret?

Ten years later I rode on a California bus along the lovely shores of Newport.

The bus stopped. A man in his 70s bounced on, jingling silver into the coin box like manna. I glanced up from the rear of the bus and gasped.

"Brokaw! By the Saints!"

And with or without sanctification, there he stood. Reared up like God manifest, bearded, benevolent, pontifical, erudite, merry, accepting, forgiving, messianic, tutorial, forever and eternal . . .

Immanuel Brokaw.

But not in a dark suit, no.

Instead, as if they were vestments of some proud new church, he wore:

Bermuda shorts. Black-leather Mexican sandals. A Los Angeles Dodgers' baseball cap. French sunglasses. And... The shirt! Ah, God! The shirt!

A wild thing, all lush creeper and live flytrap undergrowth, all Pop-Op dilation and contraction, full flowered and crammed at every interstice and crosshatch with mythological beasts and symbols!

Open at the neck, this vast shirt hung wind-whipped like a thousand flags from a parade of united but neurotic nations.

But now, Dr. Brokaw tilted his baseball cap, lifted his French sunglasses to survey the bus seats. Striding slowly down the aisle, he wheeled, he paused, he whispered, now to this man, this woman, that child.

I was about to cry out when I heard him say:

"Well, what do you make of it?"

A small boy, stunned by the circus-poster effect of the old man's attire, blinked. The old man nudged:

"My shirt, boy! What do you see!?"

"Horses! Dancing horses!"

"Bravo!" The doctor beamed, patted him and strode on. "And you, sir?"

A young man, quite taken with the forthrightness of this invader from some summer world, said:

"Why . . . clouds, of course."

"Cumulus or nimbus?"

"Er . . . not storm clouds, no, no. Fleecy, sheep clouds."

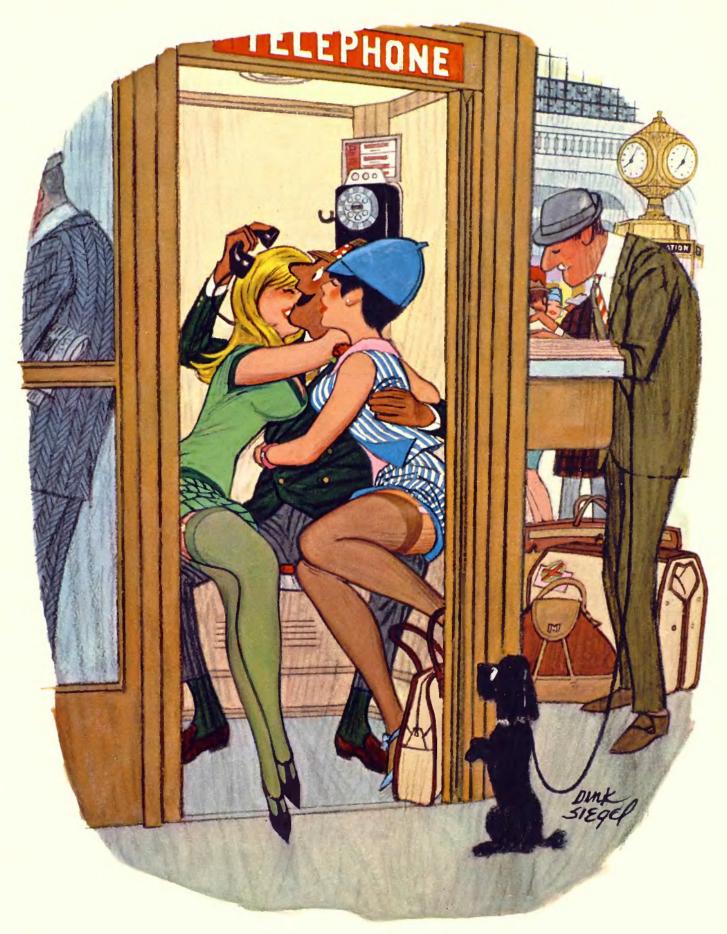
"Well done!"

The psychiatrist plunged on.

"Mademoiselle?"

"Surfers!" A teenage girl stared. "There're the waves, big ones. Surfboards. Super!"

And so it went, on down the length of the bus, and as the great man progressed a few scraps and titters of laughter sprang up, then, grown infectious, turned to roars of hilarity. By now, a dozen passengers had heard the first responses and so fell in with the game. This woman saw skyscrapers! The doctor (continued on page 92)



"Yes, Phil, your date's affectionate, too!"



Ann-Margret as Art

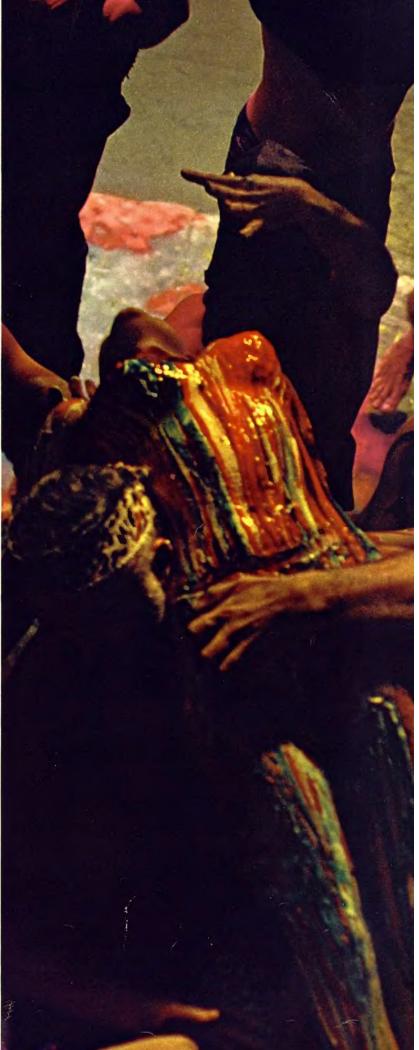
it's ''look, ma, i'm a paintbrush!'' as the sexy first-name film star romps among the avant-garde in a colorfully kookie scene for her latest movie

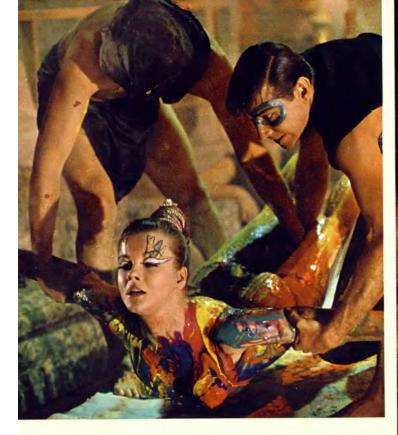
A "swinger," says Webster's, in typically laconic fashion, is "one that swings." Cast in the title role of Paramount's forthcoming cinecomedy The Swinger, provocative Ann-Margret plays the part of a would-be writer whose sextraordinary autobiographical prose prompts a prospective publisher to ask repeatedly: Does she or doesn't she? Rather than admit that her lusty life's story is nothing more than a plagiarized put-on when leading man Tony Franciosa and his publisher-boss Robert Coote start spying on her in an effort to establish her editorial integrity, she opts to stage a series of sexy shenanigans befitting the wildest of birds. The high point of The Swinger's subsequent high jinks has been preserved in this portfolio, wherein our bogus literary bawd and a coterie of bohemian tenants, who help her pay the rent on her hillside home in Laurel Canyon, join forces in fabricating an orgiastic voodoo rite for the benefit of her two skeptical shadows, who have stationed themselves outside a basement window. As the proceedings approach pandemonium, Ann-Margret doffs her duds in favor of a coat of paint and turns into a human paintbrush, writhing her way across a blank canvas in a Technicolor toast to the do-it-yourself tradition. Best known for her ingénue portrayals in State Fair and Bye Bye Birdie and, more recently, her starring roles as hard-boiled heroines in The Cincinnati Kid and Stagecoach, Ann-Margret takes to her celluloid unveiling in Swinger with the artistic ease of a true cinema sex kitten. The aesthetic values of painting with pulchritude alone are, of course, open to debate. Our own reaction reflects that hoary cliché: We may not know art—but we know what we like. And we like Ann-Margret

In one of Hollywood's more bizarre scenes to dote, braided Ann-Margret poses as a voodoo priestess under the spell of a Beatle-topped buddy (obove) who lights her way to *The Swinger's* far-out version of a beatnik artists' boll. Right: Removing her robes, Ann-Margret's ortful cronies cover her unfettered frame with several layers of point, then tote in a supersized canvos atop which the multihued miss is destined to serve her sorceress' apprenticeship os the prettiest of paintbrushes. For right: Things are temporarily up in the air as the heavily onointed leading lady puts up a good front while being hoisted aloft by one of her hipster henchmen and given a lift to her first art-by-anatomy session.







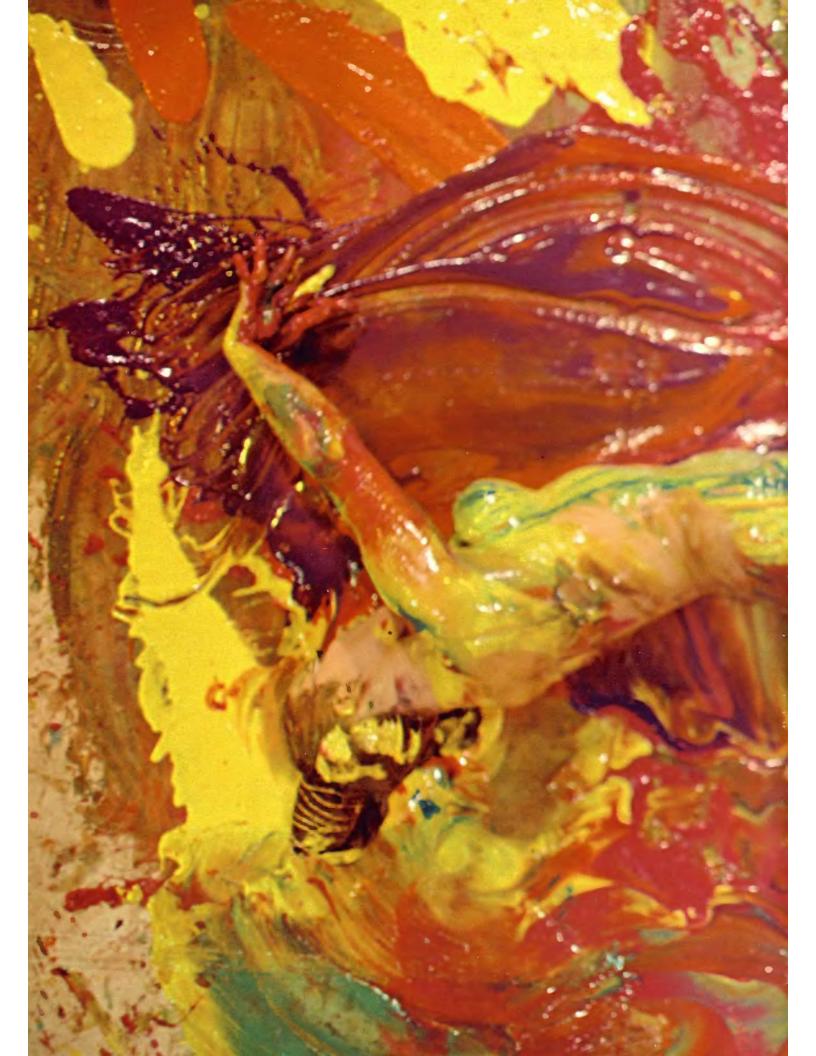


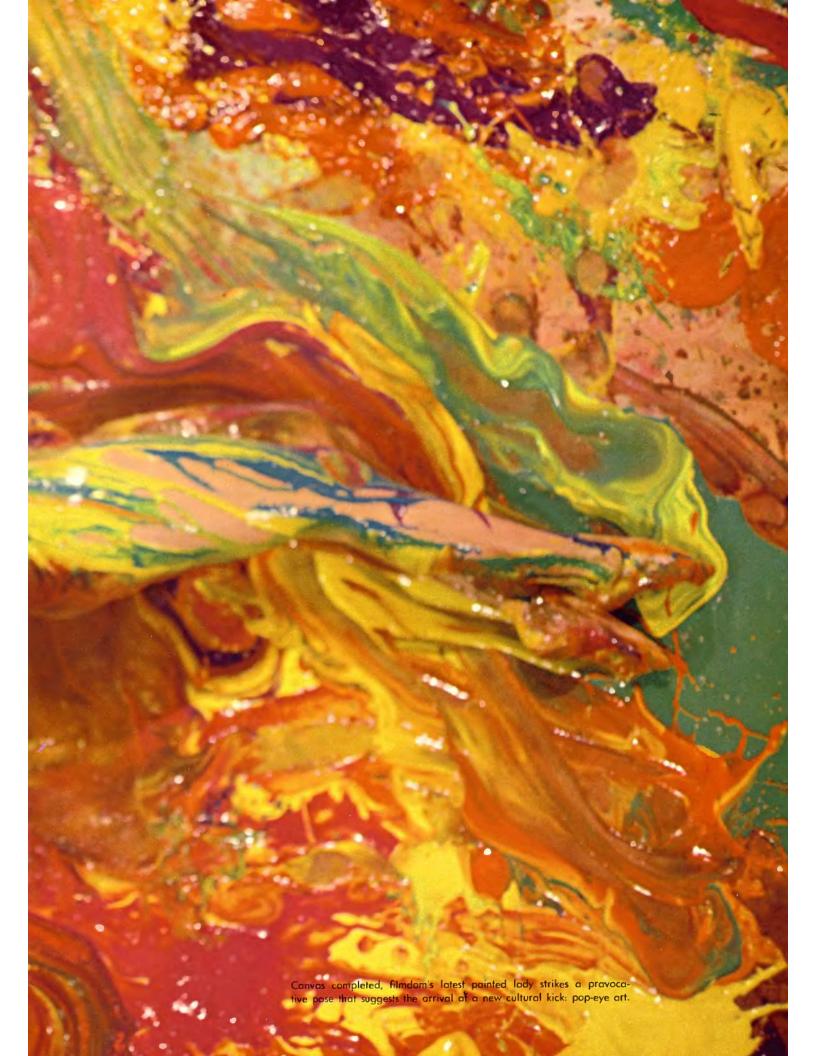
Ann-Margret learns to appreciate an artist's ups and downs as her carpus delectable is repeatedly lowered to the canvas (above) to provide a suitably abstract pattern. The warm turns a mament later when the well-ailed beauty slips away for a fast sala and tries out a few brush strakes of her awn (belaw). Right: Using her hair as a handle, a leapardskinned lad whips Ann-Margret to and fro in a move calculated to maintain the frenetic flovar of milady's masterpiece. Bugged at having her braid pulled, the sex kitten temporarily turns tigress and menaces her arty accomplices before succumbing to their superior numbers and furnishing filmgoers with a colorful scene-ending display of dervish delight.











Man In The Rorschach Shirt

winked. That man saw crossword puzzles. The doctor shook his hand. This child found zebras all optical illusion on an African wild. The doctor slapped the animals and made them jump! This old woman saw vague Adams and misty Eves being driven from half-seen Gardens. The doctor scooched in on the seat with her awhile; they talked in fierce whispered elations, then up he jumped and forged on. Had the old woman seen an Eviction? This young one saw the Couple invited back in!

Dogs, lightnings, cats, cars, mushroom clouds, man-eating tiger lilies!

Each person, each response, brought greater outcries. We found ourselves all laughing together. This fine old man was a happening of nature, a caprice, God's rambunctious will, sewing all our separateness up in one.

Elephants! Elevators! Alarums! Dooms! Each answer seemed funnier than the previous, and no one shouted louder his great torrents of laughter than this grand tall and marvelous physician who asked for, got, and cured us of our hair balls on the spot. Whales. Grass meadows. Lost cities. Beauteous women. He paused. He wheeled. He flapped his wildly colored shirt. He towered before me.

"Sir, what do you find?"

"Why, Dr. Brokaw, of course!"

The old man's laughter stopped as if he were shot. He seized my shoulders as if to wrench me into focus.

"Simon Wincelaus, is that you!"

"Me, me!" I laughed. "Good grief, doctor, I thought you were dead years ago. What's this you're up to?"

"Up to?" He squeezed and shook my hands. Then he snorted a great self-forgiving laugh as he gazed down along the acreage of ridiculous shirting. "Up to? Retired. Swiftly gone." His peppermint breath warmed my face. "And now best known hereabouts as . . . listen! . . . the Man in the Rorschach Shirt."

"In the what?" I cried.

"Rorschach Shirt."

Light as a carnival gas balloon he touched into the seat beside me.

We rode along by the blue sea under a bright summer sky.

The doctor gazed ahead, as if reading my thoughts in a vast skywriting among the clouds.

"Why, you ask, why? I see your face, startled, at the airport years ago. My Going Away Forever day. My plane should have been named the Happy Titanic. On it I sank forever into the traceless sky. Yet here I am in the absolute flesh, yes? Not drunk, nor mad, nor riven by age and retirement's boredom. Where, what, how come?"

"Yes," I said, "why did you retire, with everything pitched for you? Skill, reputation, money. Not a breath of——"

(continued from page 84)

"Scandal? None! Why, then? Because, this old camel had not one but two humps broken by two straws. Two amazing straws. Hump number one——"

The bus hummed softly on the road. His voice rose and fell with the hum.

"You know my photographic memory? Blessed, cursed, with total recall. Anything said, seen, done, touched, heard, can be snapped back to focus by me, forty, fifty, sixty years later. All, all of it, trapped in here."

He stroked his temples lightly.

"Hundreds of psychiatric cases, delivered through my door, year on year. And never once did I check my notes on any of those sessions. I found, early on, I need only play back what I had heard inside my head. Sound tapes were kept as a double check, but never listened to. There you have the stage set for the whole shocking business.

"One day in my sixtieth year a woman patient spoke a single word. I asked her to repeat it. Why? Suddenly I had felt my semicircular canals shift as if some valves had opened upon cool fresh air at a subterranean level.

" 'Best,' she said.

"'I thought you said "beast,"' I said.
"'Oh, no, doctor, "best."'

"One word. One pebble dropped off the edge. And then—the avalanche. For, distinctly, I had heard her claim: 'He loved the beast in me,' which is one kettle of sexual fish, eh? When in reality she had said, 'He loved the best in me,' which is quite another pan of cold cod, you must agree.

"That night I could not sleep. My ears felt strangely clear, as if I had just gotten over a thirty-year cold. I suspected myself, my past, my senses, so at three in the deadfall morning I motored to my office and found the worst:

"The recalled conversations of hundreds of cases in my mind were not the same as those recorded on my tapes or typed out in my secretaries' notes!"

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean when I heard beast it was truly best. Dumb was really numb. Ox was cocks and vice versa. I heard bed. Someone had said head. Sleep was creep. Lay was day. Paws was really pause. Rump was merely jump. Fiend was only leaned. Sex was hex or mix or, God knows, perplex! Yes—mess. No—slow. Binge—hinge. Wrong—long. Side—hide. Name a name, I'd heard it wrong. Ten million dozen misheard nouns! I panicked through my files! Great Jumping Josie!

"All those people! Holy Moses, Brokaw, I cried, all these years down from the Mount, the Word of God like a flea in your ear. And now, late in the day, you think to consult your lightningscribbled stones. And find your Laws, your Tablets, different!

"Moses fled his offices that night. I ran

in dark, unraveling my despair. I trained to Far Rockaway, perhaps because of its lamenting name.

"I walked by a tumult of waves only equaled by the tumult in my breast. How, I cried, can you have been half deaf for a lifetime and not known it? And known it only now when, through some fluke, the sense, the gift, returned, how, how?!

"My only answer was a great stroke of thunder-wave upon the sands.

"So much for straw number one that broke hump number one of this oddshaped human camel."

The bus moved along the golden shore road, through a gentle breeze.

"Straw number two?" I asked, quietly, at last.

Dr. Brokaw held his French sunglasses up so sunlight struck fish glitters all about the cavern of the bus.

"Sight. Vision. Texture. Detail. Aren't they miraculous. Awful in the sense of meaning true awe? What is sight, vision, insight? Do we really want to see the world?"

"Oh, yes," I cried, promptly.

"A young man's unthinking answer. No, my dear boy, we do not. At twenty, yes, we think we wish to see, know, be all. So thought I once. But I have had weak eyes most of my life, spent half my days being fitted out with new specs by oculists, see? Well, came the dawn of the corneal lens! At last, I decided, I will fit myself with those bright little teardrop miracles, those invisible disks! Coincidence? Psychosomatic cause and effect? For that same week I got my contact lenses was the week my hearing cleared up! There must be some physiomental connection, but don't hazard me into an informed guess.

"All I know is I had my little crystal corneal lenses ground and installed upon my weak baby-blue eyes and—voila!

"There was the world!

"There were people!

"And there, God save us, were the multitudinous pores upon the people.

"Simon," he added, grieving gently, eyes shut for a moment behind his dark glasses, "have you ever thought, did you know, that people are for the most part pores?"

"Pores?" I said.

"Pores! A million, ten billion . . . pores. Everywhere and on everyone. People crowding buses, theaters, telephone booths, all pore and little substance. Small pores on tiny women. Big pores on monster men. Pores as numerous as that foul dust which slides pell-mell down church-nave sunbeams late afternoons. Pores. I stared at fine ladies' complexions, not their eyes, mouths or ear lobes. Shouldn't a man watch a woman's skeleton hinge and unhinge itself within

(continued on page 210)



A WOMAN FOR TITUS

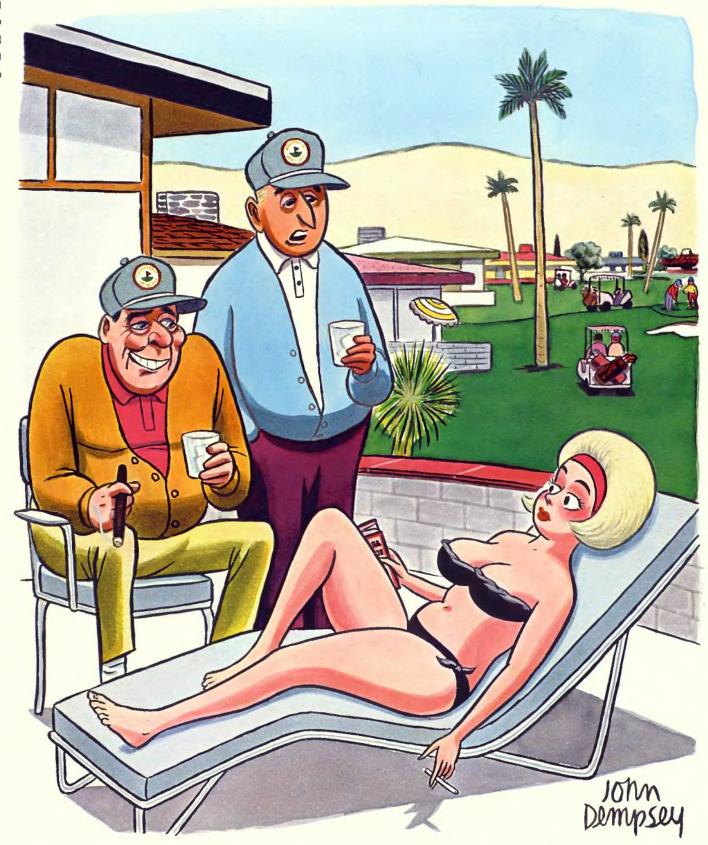
the girl had cost the master \$1200, but the slave had paid for her with his own life fiction By HUGH NISSENSON

January 19, 1856

My dear cousin Lyle,

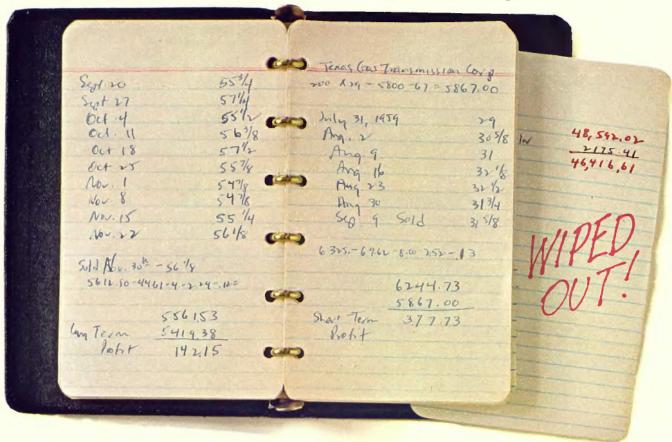
Well, it's all over. Titus was publicly hanged this morning in the courtyard behind the city jail. The law is the law, and these examples must be made for the protection of the white population, but in a way, I'm sorry. He was a superb manservant, quite the best in town, and in addition to everything, Nonny is going to have his baby. The doctor confirmed it yesterday, but she's obviously a born troublemaker, entirely capable of harming herself for spite, so I shall be forced to sell her off.

Still and all, I'm lucky. I shudder to think what might have happened. Titus came (continued on page 102)



"You see, dear, the golf bet I lost to Jack didn't have anything to do with money . . . !"

article By AN ANONYMOUS INVESTOR the chilling report of an amateur speculator who painstakingly followed the book—and blew a small fortune in the big bull market



I SUPPOSE I SHOULD PRETEND that I'm writing this account to help others avoid the mistakes I made in the stock market. I am not that altruistic. The real reason is that I no longer want to pretend to myself that I was a victim of circumstances. I was a victim of my own stupidity and cupidity, and I want to be faced with all of the facts of my undoing. The only way I can prevent it from happening again is by writing down exactly what happened, step by step. If others find instruction in it, well and good. I made just about every mistake the novice in the market is likely to commit. And I lost a great deal of money.

What is a great deal of money? What is a fortune? To a \$75-a-week clerk, \$5000 is a fortune. For a millionaire, to lose \$100,000, while no pleasure, would be no calamity. I earn an upper-middle-class income, but I have no millions to fall back on. The sum I lost was between \$50,000 and \$100,000. That is certainly a fortune to me—and to most people.

It took about six and a half years for me to lose my money—from the fall of 1957 to the spring of 1964. During that time the Dow-Jones Industrial Average rose from 485 to 820—a gain of about 70 percent. True, some of my biggest losses occurred during the "crash" of 1962, but I lost equally large amounts in sharply rising markets. Folly transcends all market conditions.

I first invested in the stock market at the age of 30. A few years before, in 1954, my father had died and left me some cash, an insurance policy and a piece of income property. I suddenly, therefore, possessed capital that I did not need for day-to-day living and, at my family's suggestion, I invested it all in mutual funds. It was the first time that I even knew there were mutual funds.

Since 1945, many people who had never invested in the stock market had become interested in Wall Street. The market was rising, big money was being made. People with a little savings were getting hot tips and tripling their investments in a few months' time. The market was beginning to look like a one-way street to riches for all. A cousin of mine asked if I had any money in the market. When I answered in the negative, except for my mutual funds, he suggested I talk to his broker, a man my own age who was originally from the same Midwestern city where much of my own family lived, who had gone to the same college I had, and whom I may have known but could not remember. I called him.

He came over one Sunday afternoon, sat in our living room and talked to my wife and me most amiably, conservatively and sensibly. He asked us about our income and our insurance. He

suggested that I always keep at least \$3000 in the bank for any emergenciesand at that time I believe I did have that much in cash, or very near it. My wife was working, too, and as yet we had no children. If there was anything left over, the market, though uncertain, was a pretty good way to realize a gain superior to what the savings bank could pay. Careful investments, he said, should realize about 15 percent a year. This was better, too, than what most mutual funds could accomplish. He also urged me to sell my war bonds-bought as a boy in high school when I worked in the summer-to place the money where it could earn a better return. All that he said sounded reasonable and businesslike, and I decided to try it. I sold the mutual funds and bonds and sent a check to his office.

Since I knew nothing about the market, it was agreed that he would handle the whole thing for me—a discretionary account, as it is called. He needn't even tell me when he bought or sold securities; I would get slips from his office.

Another friend who had long been investing suggested that I buy a little loose-leaf notebook at the ten-cent store and keep track of my stocks—to chart the progress of each by writing down its price at the end of every week. I bought my notebook.

My first entry in that book is American Home Products, 22 shares bought October 14, 1957, at a price of 1313/4 a share, for a total cost, with commissions, of \$2920.56. On October 18, the stock was 1333/4. On October 25, 1361/2. On November 1, 1401/2. On November 8, 141. On November 15, 148. On November 22, 1531/2. On November 27, my broker sold the stock for \$152 a share. In a little over a month, without having to do a thing, I had made a profit of \$391.83! I was delighted. This seemed to be the easiest thing in the world, and a very pleasant way to make money.

My broker's next purchase was 100 shares of Socony Mobil Oil. He paid 461/8 for it, sold it less than ten days later for 49, for a profit of \$222.19. I never even talked to him over the phone. I wouldn't learn the delightful news of profit until the mail arrived.

I sold no other stock in 1957. Just the two complete transactions. My incometax return that year listed a short-term gain from securities of \$614.02.

The following year was a busy one for my broker. I just watched from the side lines, delighted. Fifty shares of General Electric, bought in 1957 for 593/4, were sold for 623/4 in January 1958, for a profit of \$109.79. Ten shares of IBM, bought at 2871/4, sold a few months later at 304, for a profit of \$145.83. Seventy-five shares of Florida Power Corporation, bought for 52, sold two months later for 581/4, for a profit of \$397.60. One hundred shares of Mead Johnson, bought for 471/4, sold five weeks later

for 53½, for a profit of \$566.64. One hundred shares of Northern Natural Gas, bought for 50¾, sold three months later for 58¾, for \$649.83 profit. And many more—all profits. I took only one loss the whole year, and that for \$289.73. The rest was pure gain, a total profit of about \$4000. Since I had about \$23,000 in the market at that time, I had made about 18 percent. Even better than my broker had promised. Plus dividends of some \$900. Clearly, investing in the stock market was a wonderfully easy way to make a great deal of money.

The following year, 1959, ran just about as smoothly. There were 23 transactions in that year, and only five were losses, only one of them of any consequence. Some of the gains, on the other hand, were considerable. Washington Water Power, bought in July 1958, was sold in January 1959, for a profit of \$662.77. Piper Aircraft, purchased in October 1958, was sold in April 1959, for a profit of \$1293.06. Electric Auto-Lite was bought in April and sold in November, for a profit of \$948.71. The year ended with a net profit of over \$6000, plus over \$1000 in dividends, but since I had put several thousand dollars more into the market, my percentage return

was about the same as the year before.

I began to be dissatisfied.

For one thing, I was now looking at the stock tables daily and reading the comments on the financial pages, and I was beginning to wonder about my broker's policy of doing so much trading. Not that I was worried about short-term as against long-term profits, because I was not in that high a tax bracket. What was really bothering me was that I saw that my broker was moving in and out of stocks that had only begun their rise. If he had stuck with the better purchases, instead of trading, I would have made considerably more money. I made a list of all his transactions to date and checked on the price of every stock as it stood at the end of 1959.

American Home Products, which I had been so happy to sell at 76 (after a two-for-one split) for a \$391 profit, was now 171½, and had been as high as 193 that year. IBM, which I had sold at 304, was now 438¼, and had gone to 488 that year. Mead Johnson, which I had held for five weeks and sold at 53½, was now 68, and had touched 82½. I was particularly bothered by American Motors, which my broker had bought on March 20, 1959, at 31½ and sold on April 1 at 35¾: it was one of the glamor stocks of the year, and hit 96½.

I didn't know enough at the time to realize that one can seldom predict when a stock has hit its high; I didn't know that it is often wisest to grab a profit while you have it. I did see that a few of the stocks I had sold, at a profit, were now selling for less than I had realized from them. Yet those few that had run

away to glamorous highs exasperated me. If I had only put all my money in American Motors and left it there, I could have tripled my investment. Why all this flitting around? Why not find a good stock and settle in with it?

I began to read the stock pages more and more closely; and I began to read the ads that promised so much if one only subscribed to a particular investment service. I began to send in dollar bills for trial subscriptions. Most of these services' recommendations were trading suggestions, which contradicted my decision that long-term holdings were best; but I was confused, inconsistent, and never really thought through the problem long enough and clearly enough to evolve any investment philosophy. All I knew was that the recommendations sounded attractive and that I was dissatisfied with my broker. I began to call him and make suggestions, then demands. What's more, even without my interference, in 1960 the market went down-and so did my broker's luck.

I instigated the first serious trouble in my account. One of the services to which I was now subscribing and one with which I was particularly impressed specialized in a consensus of all the other services. The favorite of this combined wisdom at the beginning of 1960 was American Motors. Momentum, it seems, had carried the glamor stock of the year before onto the favorite list for the current year as well. How often, I learned later, analysts merely go along with favorites, seeing on their charts no ceiling to a rising curve, recommending stocks just before they hit their peaks. But I was naïve and instructed my broker to buy me 100 shares of American Motors.

They cost me \$29 a share (the stock had split since I had last owned it). Within days the shares went down to 27½, then 26½. My broker, disgusted with the outcome he expected from my first interference in my account, decided he would save my skin in spite of myself by averaging down and bailing me out when the stock rallied. He bought a second hundred at 26¾. But the stock, instead of rallying, sank lower. We finally tossed it out later in the year at just under 19, for a loss of almost \$1900. That was the beginning.

My next discovery of what sounded like a sure success came from another service. I asked my broker to buy Brown Co. on the American Exchange. He was indifferent to the stock, but we bought 200 shares, only to scramble out of it a month later, as it was falling fast, for a loss of \$698. I turned to still another service, one that specialized in science and electronic issues, then in their heyday. I bought 100 shares of National Company, an over-the-counter stock my broker had never heard of, and made a

(continued on page 118)

Limericks

a roguish gallery of favorite five-liners-old, new, borrowed and blue



At the orgy I humped twenty-two,
And, man, was I glad to get through.
A whole night of sexing
Turns boring and vexing,
But at orgies, what else can you do?

To his bride said the lynx-eyed detective, "Can it be that my eyesight's defective?

Has your east tit the least bit

The best of your west tit,

Or is it a trick of perspective?"





A guru from eastern Tibet—
And this is the strangest one yet—
Had a member so long,
So pointed and strong
He could skewer six yaks en brochette.

There was a young fellow named Skinner
Who took a young lady to dinner.
They sat down to dine
At a quarter past nine
And at quarter past ten it was in her.
(The dinner, not Skinner;
Skinner was in her before dinner.)





There was a young girl from Dumfries
Who said to her lover, "Oh, please,
You would heighten my bliss
If you played more with this,
And paid less attention to these."

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis
Used possums and snakes for his solace.
The children had scales
And prehensile tails
And voted for Governor Wallace.





Possessed by the devils of doom,

He made love to a ghost in a tomb.

He did it, they say,

In the regular way—

Under the sheets, I presume.



The new cinematic emporium
Is not just a supersensorium,
But a highly effectual
Heterosexual
Mutual masturbatorium.



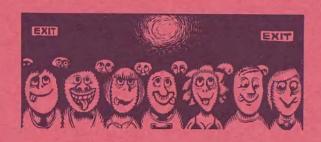
While befuddled with booze, Mr. Astor
Made a pass at a statue of plaster;
When informed of his error
His mind filled with terror;
"What a blessing," he said, "I'm not faster."



A young woman got married at Chester; Her mother kissed her and blessed her, "This man that you've won Should be just loads of fun. Since tea he's had me and your sister."



When Tom had a lady named Claire,
He was the first one to ever get there.
She said, "Copulation
Can result in gestation,
But I swear, now you're there, I don't care!"



Said a lassie on one of her larks,

"It's more fun indoors than in parks;

You feel more at ease,

Your ass doesn't freeze,

And strollers don't make snide remarks!"



The rosy-cheeked lass from Dunellen
Whom the Hoboken rascals call Helen
In her efforts to please
Spread a social disease
From New York to the Straits of Magellan.

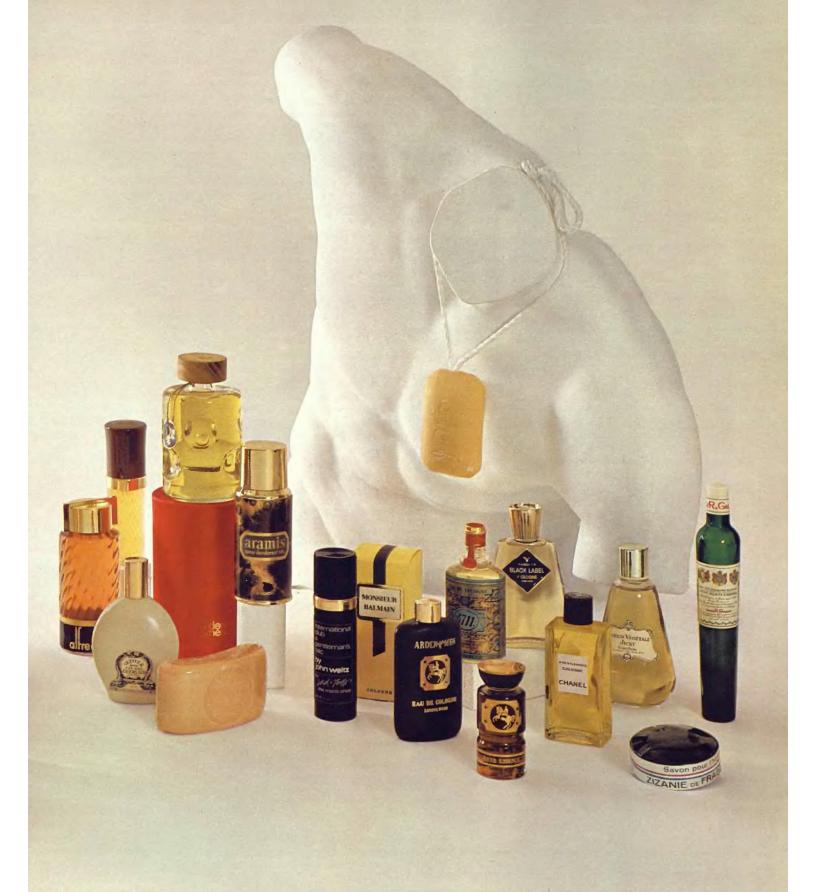


a discerning guide to good grooming that comes in small packages

Suave aids that perk up the skin, enhance the hair. Clockwise from 12: Jean Naté after-shave, 8 ozs., by Jean Naté, \$2. International Club shave foam, 6 azs., by John Weitz, \$3.50. Messire after-shave, 4 azs., by Jean D'Albret, \$5. Habit Rauge Capillaque hair spray, 4 ozs., by Guerlain, \$3.50. Sandalwood after-shave, 6 ozs., by Arden for Men, \$4. A Gentleman's after-shave, 4 ozs., by Chanel, \$5. Aramis Shampooon-a-Rope, by Estée Lauder, \$3.50. Tanbark after-shave, 6 azs., by Tanbark Ltd., \$4.25. Aramis Pick-up Mask, a men's astringent, 1 oz., by Estée Lauder, \$5. St. Jahns West Indian Lime after-shave, 8 ozs., and calagne, 4 ozs. (not shawn), come packed in hand-waven basket, by West Indies Bay Campany, \$10.50. Laak Fit after-shave, tones up the complexion without staining, 11/2 ozs., by Powers Men's Collection, \$5. Brilliantine hair preparation, 2 azs., by Arden, \$2.50. Men's hair spray, 63/4 ozs., by Arden, \$2. Black Watch shave lation, 6 ozs., by Prince Matchabelli, \$3. Jean Marie Farina after-shave, 8 azs., by Roger & Gallet, \$6. Persian Leather shave lation, 16 azs., by Caswell-Massey, \$16. 99



Ablution solutions for sociable security. Clockwise from 12: Eau de toilette spray, 8 ozs., by Zizanie de Frogonord, \$12. Sandalwood eau de cologne in imported Italian bottle, 8 ozs., by Arden for Men, \$15. British Sterling cologne, 4 ozs., by Speidel, \$5. Habit Rouge eau de cologne spray, 4 ozs., by Guerlain, \$5. Eau de Vetiver cologne, 16 ozs., by Carven, \$13.50. Véritable Impériale eau de cologne, 4 ozs., by Guerlain, \$5. Eau de cologne, 16 ozs., by Hermès, \$18. Talc deodorant spray, 6 ozs., by Powers Men's Collection, \$3. International Club spray cologne, 2 ozs., \$6, and cologne, 6 ozs., \$10, both by John Weitz. British Caribbean Island Surf all-purpose lotion, 4 ozs., by Robinson Bishop, \$4. Sardoette pad, an after-shower moisturizer, comes in seporate envelope, \$3 for box of 25, and Sordo dispenser-bottle both oil, 16 ozs., \$8.50, both by Sordeau. Jean Noté cologne, 8 ozs., by Jean Naté, \$2. Tanbark cologne, 6 ozs., by Tanbark Ltd., \$5. Passport 360 spray de-100 odorant, 3 ozs., \$2.50, and spray cologne, 3 ozs., \$3.50, both by Van Heusen. Sandalwood eau de cologne body rub, 8 ozs., by Arden for Men, \$B.



From left to right: Spiral cologne, 8 ozs., by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$5.25. Messire eau de calogne spray, 21/4 ozs., by Jeon D'Albret, \$5. Vetiver all-purpose sproy, 4 ozs., by Guerlain, \$5. Sandalwaod eau de cologne in easy-grip imported Italian bottle, 11 azs., by Arden for Men, \$12.50. International Club soap, by John Weitz, \$3. Aramis spray deadoront talc, 6 ozs., by Estée Lauder, \$3.75. International Club talc, 2 ozs., by John Weitz, \$3.50. Monsieur Balmain eou de cologne, 4 ozs., by Revlon, \$5. Sandalwood eou de cologne in plastic bottle, 4 ozs., by Arden for Men, \$4. 4711 eau de cologne, 3.72 ozs., by Colonia, \$3.50. Sandolwood bath essence, 13/4 ozs., by Arden for Men, \$3. Black Label cologne, 31/4 ozs., by Yordley of London, \$1.75. A Gentleman's cologne, 4 ozs., by Chonel, \$5. Lotion Végétale Jicky, an after-shove or splashon for after the both, 8 ozs., by Guerlain, \$7.50. Savon paur l'homme glycerin soap, 3 ozs., by Zizanie de Frogonard, \$3. Jeon Marie Farina Eau de Cologne Royale in Napoleon-era boot flask, 3 ozs., by Roger & Gallet, \$4. On the torso: Jean Naté Soop-on-a-Rope, by Jeon Naté, \$1.50. 101

WOMAN FOR TITUS (continued from page 93)

at me, you know, quite suddenly, as he was about to take my hat, and if it hadn't been for my ivory-handled walking stick -the one that belonged to Poppa-he would have strangled me on the spot. As it was, I was forced to hit him hard enough to break the bridge of his nose before the other servants were able to tie him up. What possessed him, I can't imagine. "Struck stark-raving mad" is Henry Mill's explanation, and I'm inclined to agree, although if Titus had been one of Mill's mistreated field hands, it'd be easier to understand.

It's all completely bewildering. Sheriff Benson tells me that in the six weeks that Titus spent in jail, he didn't seem half as afraid of the rope as of eternal hell-fire for what he'd done. Yet when the Reverend Dover-a close friend of Momma's for many years-was kind enough to offer him the consolation of religion, he refused, saying that even if I forgave him-which I do, if only for Momma's sake-the crime he had committed against himself was even worse, and best left to the judgment of Almighty God! He mounted the scaffold quite calmly, stumbling on the top step because his feet were bound too tight.

I thank God that Momma didn't live to see it. If you recall, Titus was originally hers. She bought him when he was 15 or so from a dealer in New Orleans, and trained him first as a houseboy and then, as I grew older, a personal servant to me. You could almost say that we grew up together. He was always as docile and polite as you could wish, but rather quiet. As with all of them, it was hard to say what he was thinking.

He was never beaten, though; there was never any occasion for it. Poor Momma tried to give him at least the rudiments of a Christian education. Every Sunday the whole household staff was invited to take part in services with the family. We would gather in the parlor, where Momma would play the organ, and Titus learned to lead us all in singing hymns. As a matter of fact, it was almost the only time I can remember him opening up. As it turned out, he developed a beautiful baritone. He loved to sing, sometimes with the tears streaming down his cheeks. Momma, of course, was delighted; as a reward, if he did particularly well, she would allow him a cup of molasses to eat with a spoon.

"Am I a Christian, mistress?" he once asked her.

"If you believe in Our Lord Jesus, yes," she said.

"Oh, I do. I do."

"Then you are."

"Then I got a soul, too?"

"Why, of course, Titus," she told him. "All human beings have souls."

He got down on his knees in front of the fireplace and kissed her hand. Once in a while, on a Sunday night, she would read to him from the New Testament, and he would sit on the parlor floor with his legs crossed, listening to the Sermon on the Mount, or the story of the raising of Lazarus. It's hard to say how much he really understood, but he could listen for hours without moving a muscle.

At the time, she was already ill, and reading aloud was a strain, so she began to teach him his ABCs so he could read the Bible for himself. But when Poppa found out, he forbade it. It was against the law, he said, and would only lead to trouble. Momma thought it over and said that, as always, he was right.

When she died, may God rest her soul, Titus burst out crying and did so for days, sometimes in the middle of polishing my boots or tying my cravat. He never cared much for Poppa, though. None of the servants did. I think his deep voice frightened them, along with his friendship for Mill, who was forever describing how he urged his overseer to lay on the cowhide just to keep his field hands in their place.

Yet, when Poppa passed away and the servants found out that I had no intention of selling any of them off, Titus asked permission to lay a wreath of roses from our garden on his grave. Come to think of it, it was the same day that all the trouble began. And it was Mill who started it. He had just come in from the country with a load of tobacco, and stopped off at the house to pay his respects. When he caught sight of Titus picking flowers in the garden, he put down his drink.

"That's a handsome buck you've got there," he told me.

"Thank you."

"How old is he now?"

"I don't know. Twenty, twenty-one." "It's about time you got him a wife."

"I suppose so."

"It's a good investment. A man's got to think of the future."

"I suppose you're right."

He took a sip of his bourbon and lit a cigar. "You've got what? Eight niggers here?" he wanted to know.

"Six."

"Yes, that's right, I remember. Three women and three men. The trouble is, of course, your women are too old."

'I'm not sure I follow you."

"I'm thinking about Titus. You can't give him Aunt Henny or Caroline. And what's her name-the cook-must be near fifty.'

"Then what do you suggest?" I asked. "Well, I've got an eighteen-year-old mulatto you can have for fifteen hundred dollars."

"That's a little high."

"Don't say that. She's a good breeder. Already had twins."

"No, it's too much money."

"It's an investment, son. Look at it that way. She and Titus will have at least one kid a year."

"I'll think about it."

"I tell you what I'll do. I'm coming back to town next Thursday and I'll bring her along. You can see for vourself."

"That's fair enough."

"Good."

We shook hands on it. I can remember thinking that there was no sense in telling Titus to get his hopes up until we made the deal. On Thursday afternoon, Mill brought Nonny, all done up in a blue calico dress with a red ribbon in her hair. She's a good-looking high yellow, with a thin nose and beautiful white teeth. Mill told me that her twins had been weaned six months before and, as is customary on plantations in the county, taken away from the mother and given into the care of an old woman who could no longer do anything else. The girl appeared not to care one way or the other. She was wearing shoes-perhaps for the first time-and her feet hurt. I noticed that when she thought we weren't looking, she bent down in a corner and massaged her toes.

By this time, as you can imagine, all the servants in the house had an idea what was going on. I could hear them laughing in the kitchen. When Titus brought in the drinks, all he could do was stare, openmouthed, at the girl, who finally straightened up and laughed in his face.

"An investment, son," Mill repeated. "Both of them are light. The kids'll be worth a fortune."

To make a long story short, we made a deal for \$1200-\$500 down and the rest to be paid out in two years. But there was trouble right away. I put Titus' bed in the attic, but on the first night, she locked him out, and he slept outside the door like a dog.

"She's no good," he told me the next morning, "She's no Christian, Master George.

"Well, she comes from the country. It'll take time. You can teach her."

"No, sir. She says no God would have taken away her babies."

"Then tell her that's what she's here for. She can have as many more as she wants."

"Yes, sir."

For almost a week she wouldn't let him near her. The servants razzed him. of course, and you could see him getting more excited and ashamed every day. I was right about the shoes. She went around the house barefoot, helping Aunt Henny clean up, and Titus followed them around. The girl slapped his hand

(concluded on page 197)

article By JAMES BLISH exploring the technological possibilities—as yet untapped -of lifting man out of the stone age of sensual pleasure LET JOY BE UNCONFINED

IT IS A CURIOSITY of human ingenuity that virtually no new sensual pleasures have been invented in the whole of recorded history. With the marginal exception of flying-which as a concept is as ancient as any of which we have record—most joys of the senses were old stuff in Babylon in 2225 B.C. (and that includes speeding; they had laws against it). Even the forays of science-fiction writers into the vast field of sensual pleasure have been unexpectedly few in number and timid in concept. For the most part, their proposals have been limited to the vicarious enjoyment of the already known; Huxley's "feelies," essentially only a widening of the sensory spectrum of the cinema, is a fair example. But was everything old stuff in Babylon? After all, the people of that great city didn't have the motion picture. Nor did they have vibrators, TV playback units, distilled liquors, most drugs, refined foods and



cooking techniques, general cleanliness, bottled oxygen, still photographs, and a great many other pleasures we take for granted.

All this is true but not to the point. If we are to talk here about sensual pleasures, then we must begin by separating pleasure from entertainment as sharply as possible. Though the line is sometimes decidedly fuzzy, the two differ—when they do—in only one major respect: Pleasure is inherently private, personal and active; entertainment is usually public, impersonal and passive. Thus, there is a vast difference between flying an airplane and riding in one. There is also a vast difference between acting in a play and just watching one. We ought to be aware, too, of differences that are only differences in degree. The Babylonians did not have vibrators, but they had massage; they did not have photography, but they had painting; they did not have printing, but they had reading; they did not have whiskey, but they had alcohols; they did not have soap, but those who could afford to be clean managed to be; they did not have bottled oxygen, but they knew pure air when they breathed it. Most of the advances of this kind 103 we have made over them are simply refinements, and some of these simply statistical—a matter of nose counting.

Nor has there been any real change in entertainment, either, since the age of Pericles-only in ways of presenting it, such as TV and the motion picture. Certainly there has been no measurable improvement. Here the best efforts of a Dante, a Shakespeare or a Goethe have managed only to keep us roughly on a par with Sophocles, no mean achievement in itself. Novelties in presentation are always cropping up, but no technological ingenuity on anybody's part is going to improve the product. That is strictly the province of the creative artist, who can work his miracles on any stage or in any medium.

These piddling advances aside, the direct, private pleasures of the senses have not undergone any really significant changes. This is a deplorable state of affairs, and one I propose to remedy forthwith. It seems to me that this curious backwardness on the part of technology—or of the sensualist—is not likely to persist in a society where physical wealth, leisure and technical skills are all increasing explosively.

What, then, are some of the unrealized possibilities of the senses? Let's consider them one at a time:

1. Odor. Appealing to the sense of smell has always been a haphazard, clumsy and rudimentary procedure with very little skill or ingenuity involved. The situation can be summarized by noting that this sense has as yet no art form that appeals directly to it, as do the other senses. Even at its subtlest, the perfumer's craft is still a marginal or ancillary one, operating mostly by guesswork and rule of thumb. There is no scientific language of words or symbols that permits odor technicians arbitrarily to invent new odors—nothing but the personal experience of trial and error.

The reason for this, in turn, is that there is as yet no satisfactory theory of how odors get to the nose, how the nose distinguishes between them, or how the brain interprets the odor messages that it gets from the nose. Perfumers and aromatics chemists-despite their involvement in a \$100,000,000 industry-are constantly confronted by the fact that people perceive odors differently, perhaps because of differing backgrounds and associations. Anyone who has ever tried to describe an odor, or even to remember one, can appreciate this difficulty. The other senses do not behave this way: Almost everyone agrees on what color red is or on what an oboe sounds like. All in all, it is no wonder that there is yet no technique for synthesizing and combining odors rapidly and reliably, with firm control of duration and intensity, nor any way of recording them; and hence no art form.

When such techniques are invented-

as is inevitable, although it may not come soon-early uses will doubtless follow such conventional lines as the scoring of dramas for odor accompaniment. A fairly recent American movie called Behind the Great Wall made a stab at this: The scents of barnyards, bombs, smoke, rivers, tigers, oranges and people were blown at the audiences through air ducts. The technique was cumbersome, particularly since there was no way of clearing the hall of one odor before the next came along, and foundered on another basic and maddening behavior of the sense of smell-it tires easily, becoming quite anesthetized to any specific odor after about ten minutes and refusing to recover for at least ten more minutes.

Another such use might be the accompaniment of music with odor, particularly music intended to evoke or exploit memories. A simple example might be the matching of September Song to the smell of autumn leaves burning; and a work such as Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, the "Pastoral," might have imposed on it (refining a technique pioneered by S. Piesse, a 19th Century French perfume manufacturer) a whole spectrum of bucolic odors-new-mown hay, cider, and so on. As the technique became more sophisticated, the practitioner would be likely to try for dissonant effects-where the music says "horses," for example, the odor organist might counter with a whiff of gasoline. Eventually, odors would even be matched to completely abstract compositions, such as a Bartók quartet, providing material for reams of controversy about their appropriateness.

The best-established association of odor, of course, is with food, and here one might try the scoring of counterpointing odors for a meal. The French long ago made the pleasant discovery that the joys of eating are heightened by talking about food during the repast—and not necessarily about the food being eaten at the moment. An orchestration of related odors would also seem to be worth exploring.

Odor is a crucial sex lure in the animal kingdom, and people have used it that way, too, all the way back to prehistory. Though perfumes have come to be aphrodisiac in themselves-probably by association-they seem to have first come into use to mask body odors, as a predecessor of soap. Many people of both sexes, however, find the unadorned odors of the other sex exciting, as Dr. Albert Ellis has described in some detail; and, after all, the chief ingredient of the most reliably aphrodisiac perfumes-musk-is simply the body odor of another animal, a secretion of the male musk deer. Yet this technique, too, is still in a surprisingly rudimentary state. There may well be hundreds of chemical compounds that do not occur in nature that would be more reliably and powerfully aphrodisiac than those we now know. The aphrodisiac effect, of course, might be a drug action, like the intoxicating effects of ether, acetone or airplane dope, and not at all related to what the compound smells like.

An abstract art of odor compositionorchestrating pure odors for olfactory appreciation alone, not tied to literary or culinary stories or programs-may follow. Presumably, it would be broadcast as electrical impulses directly to the olfactory bulbs or even to the brain, from a keyboard instrument that allowed precise and delicate choices of overtones and blending effects, as do the stops of an electronic organ. A work in this form would resemble pure music or abstract painting, having no semantic content and not intended to remind anyone of anything; it would exist for its own sake. Individual odors, like individual notes in a symphony, might be prolonged, or pass in a split second; they would be matched against each other simultaneously in an equivalent of harmony; they would be contrasted in blocks, like masses of color or orchestral choirs; and their sequence would be important, like melody, for odor composition would most closely resemble music-an art that could not be apprehended in any order that the audience could choose, but instead an art strictly oriented in time, with the order firmly and permanently fixed by the composer. Certainly, the critics of such works would have a field day hurling olfactory imprecations at compositions they didn't like.

If this stage of development is ever reached, future generations may enjoy a greatly heightened sensitivity of the human nose, at present perhaps the dullest and most neglected of the major organs of sense. A whole section of the brain awaits such a possibility: the most primitive part, the rhinencephalon or "smellbrain," which testifies to the enormous reliance our predecessors on the evolutionary tree placed on odors as a source of information about the world. The rhinencephalon now serves a number of other important functions, but probably, like the rest of the brain, a large part of it is simply held in reserve.

2. Sound. The limits of human hearing sensations have nearly been reached already, as far as the arts are concerned [see the author's Music of the Absurd, PLAYBOY, October 1964], though there is probably still some future in electronic devices and other newly invented instruments, such as those being exploited by the French group of composers and engineers headed by Pierre Boulez, and the musique concrète school of Stockhausen and the late Edgar Varèse.

However, certain highly specific sounds. not tied into a relationship with others as they are in a musical composition. (continued on page 134)



an on-the-go abilene architect has designed his own home on the range so he can take it with him

ARCHITECT JIM TITTLE'S HOUSE is an inside job. From the outside it looks like a caretaker's shack, which it is officially supposed to be, as it is situated in an oil company's storage yard in the middle of Abilene. While the location might not be what most people consider prime, it suits architect Tittle perfectly. As he points out, "You can't see it from the street, and I don't have any yard to keep up."

Inside, the house reveals its true identity: a single man's deluxe retreat that lends itself to the quiet life or to large-scale entertaining. Basically, it is one large (900 square feet) room with raised sleeping platform, a bath, a kitchen and storage space. The interior is strongly architectural, tempered by a lavish use of natural wood—a frieze of shingles runs around the upper perimeter of the room. But its most striking element, a focal and gathering point, is a 17-foot-tall chimney hood of copper with an acidized finish that gives it a glowing patina.

A noteworthy feature of Tittle's house is that if he ever tires of the seclusion of the storage yard, he can move the house with about as little trouble as it would take to move a large trailer. The house is on stilts, and was designed to stay within the Texas highway department's maximum house- and trailer-moving allowance.

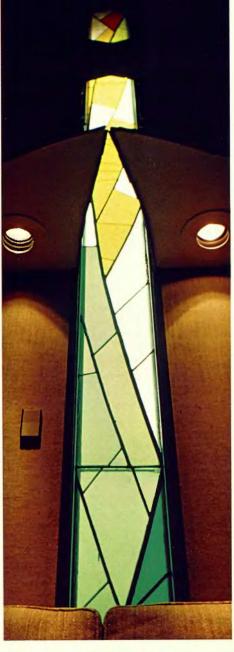
a playboy pad: TEXAS RETREAT

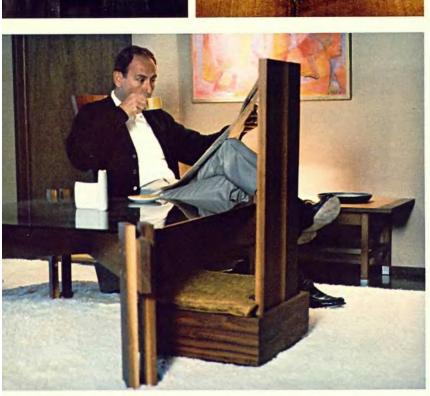








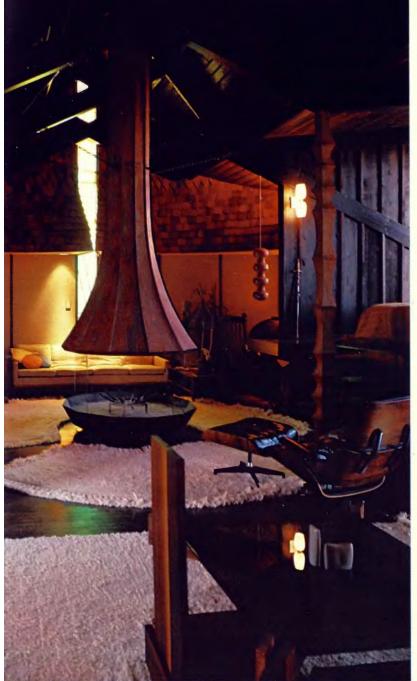






A 19-foot modern stained-glass window enhonces one side of Jim Tittle's house ond brings an atmospheric, underwaterlike light to the interior. Left: Architect Tittle reloxes in o chair of his own design. Made of teak, the chair tilts back ond holds itself in place when the sitter finds a comfortable balance. At lorge cocktoil parties, guests find the one-room house big enough for comfort but not intimidoting in scale. Lighting hos a great deal to do with the intimate quality of the room at night. All of it is indirect, and most of it comes from downlights built into the frieze that forms on ottention-getting border oround the room.

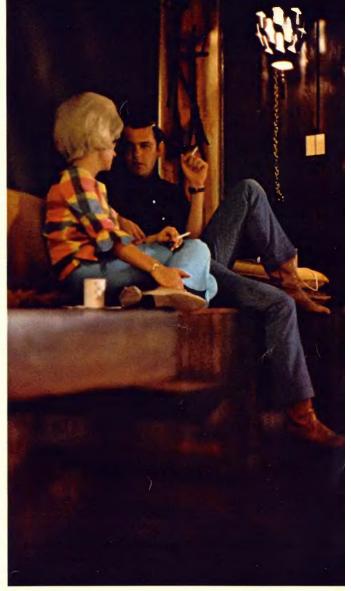








The great capper chimney hood occupies center stage af Tittle's living room in the round. The white shag rugs that were especially made to fit around the steel base of the fireplace rest on a floor of dark-stained red oak. The walls throughout the house are covered with natural-color burlap. All of the furniture, with the exception of twa pieces, was designed by Tittle. The sleeping platform is a few steps above the living-room level and faces the central fireplace. At parties, guests are apt to sit on practically anything. Here, a cauple enjoys after-dinner coffee an the apen stairs leading to the sleeping platfarm.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE





he called himself charles journal or adam jones, but he did not know who he was or where he was or why

fiction By KEN W. PURDY IN THAT YEAR, Charles Journal, if that was his name, and he wasn't sure, had taken to going to a park, not the same one every time, and willing himself out of himself, and a long way off. It was surprisingly easy to do, and better, as an oblivion-producer, than alcohol or pot, except that it was harder to come back than to go. He knew why. He had walked a couple of sleeping-pill cases in his time. They fought coming back, they hated it. Oblivion is heaven, after all, it is the only heaven, and the loss of it is surely hell. So, certain of the root of the matter, he worked on it. He liked to think that if he could really learn to go and come back, in and out, he could teach the technique. He would be a benefactor to humanity, and he would be remembered, an immortal, unlike the nameless heroes who first drank spoiled grape juice and put fire to hemp. But, in the main, he thought of himself.

It was easy to get off, it wasn't a great deal more difficult than ordinary autohypnosis, and he would quickly, or so it seemed, find himself happily disoriented, wholly out of himself, out of touch with reality, quite unaware of where he was, so that he would be looking, say, at the leaves scattering over the level lawn of the park in autumn, finding rare beauty in them, wondering from what high-reaching trees, in what strange land, they had been blown. And nearly always, because he was still learning, and out of fright at the chance of not being able to get back, he would begin almost at once to try. He would stare at the leaves, for instance, telling himself that they should offer some kind of clue. Still, they did not. Fallen leaves look much the same the world around. It did occur to him that these ran to yellows and browns, lacking the reds and oranges of leaves thrown by maple trees. There must be something in that. The little park, or garden, or whatever, in which he sat bore some resemblance in shape, in air, to one in Worcester, Massachusetts, near a museum, on a hill. On the other hand, there was one much like this near Breese Terrace, in Madison, in Wisconsin. There were red leaves there, though. Washington? Were there maples in Washington? Certainly, there were the famous Japanese maples along the Potomac, and every year thousands came to see the cherry blossoms on them. The Nymphenburg in Munich? A fountain, and hidden in the woods a little house made all of shells, and red leaves, yes, some red, some brown. He decided he wouldn't worry about it for a while, he would put his mind somewhere else, he would amuse himself, and he gave himself a new name, and made a rhyme about it:

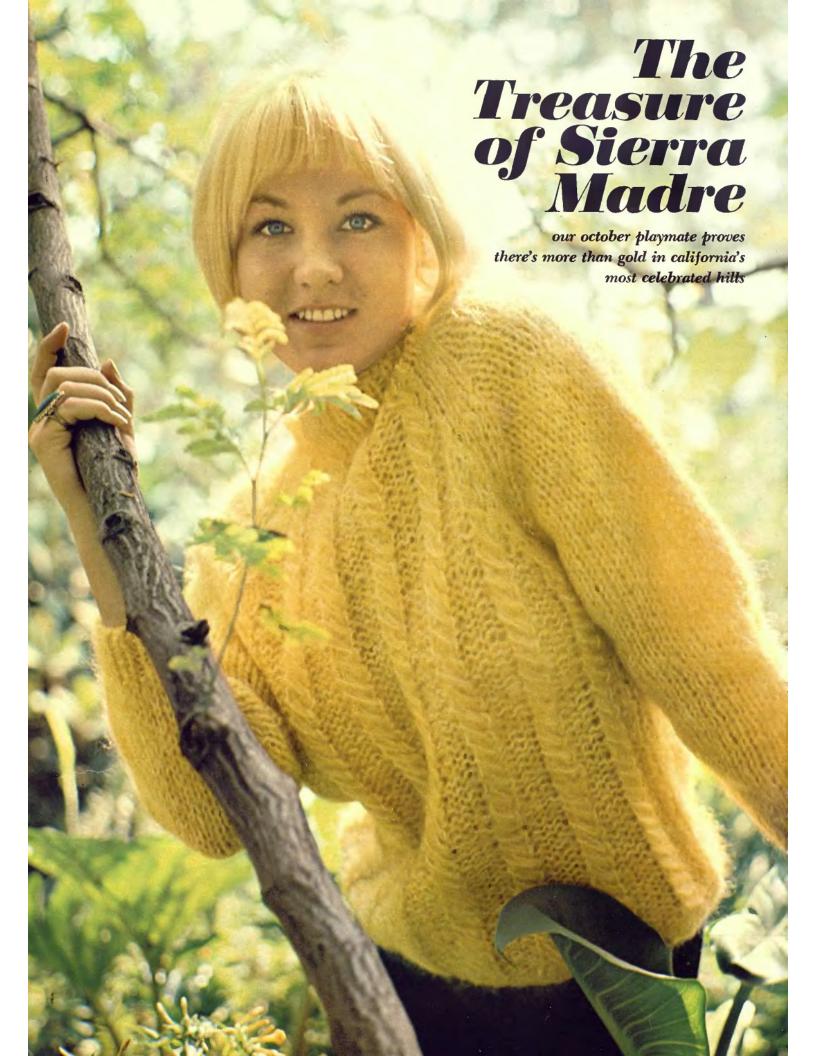
They found that Adam Ashley Burton Jones Was made of skin, and also bones And blood, and guts, and all of that And brains enough to fill his hat.

Whimsical, he thought. He stuffed it away in his head and did another one:

The policeman came with measured tread His flat hat blue upon his head Wryly smiling as he said, "You poor dear man, your ear is dead."

Why "flat blue hat"? There must be something in that. Where do the police wear anything that could be called flat blue hats? France? He looked around the park again. It was more like Gramercy Park than a corner of the Champ de Mars. On the other hand, it was more like the Champ de Mars than Gramercy Park.

He recalled the first verse again. He liked it, but the last line needed fixing. He had meant it as an upsidedown hat, full of brains to the brim, like Irish stew, but you could read it as meaning brains enough to fill his skull and his skull big enough for his hat . . . a string of sentences, in red type, (continued on page 202)



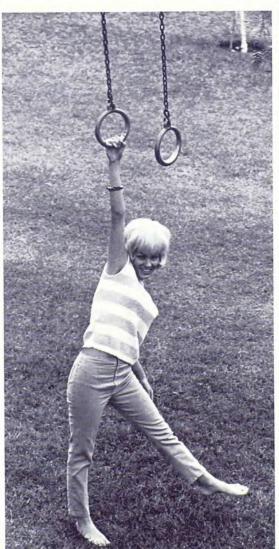
as FAR as our peripatetic lensmen are concerned, California's legendary Sierra Madre country is still a perfect place for prospecting. Perfect, that is, if it's a Playmate rather than precious metals that one treasures most. And things panned out particularly well for this month's gatefold when blonde and blue-eyed Linda Moon -the youngest of four rising Moons, whose family settled in Sierra Madre back in the spring of 1954-attracted our photographic attention. Just turned 18, this Michigan-born October miss has long been a confirmed Californian ("If I want to remember what snow looks like, all I have to do is face East and take in a few mountain peaks") and currently spends the better part of her waking day digging the healthy outdoor life and easygoing pace indigenous to this part of Pacifica. "Now that I'm out of high school," says Linda, "I suppose I should start thinking about taking a job or going to college. But right now I'm having too much fun sleeping late and soaking up lots of sun to concentrate on the serious side of things." So far, all play and no work has made Linda a doll girl.



Displaying a master's touch, Miss Octaber lavishes daily dase af love and affection an her pet rabbit ("His name is Tuffs, and he's sort af a playbay in his own right") while he breakfasts on the back lawn af her parents' hame. Then it's aff for a hike in the nearby woads ("I even lave gaing far walks in the rain") before taking a fast turn at brather Mike's gymnastic rings.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI / WILLIAM GRAHAM / GENE TRINDL

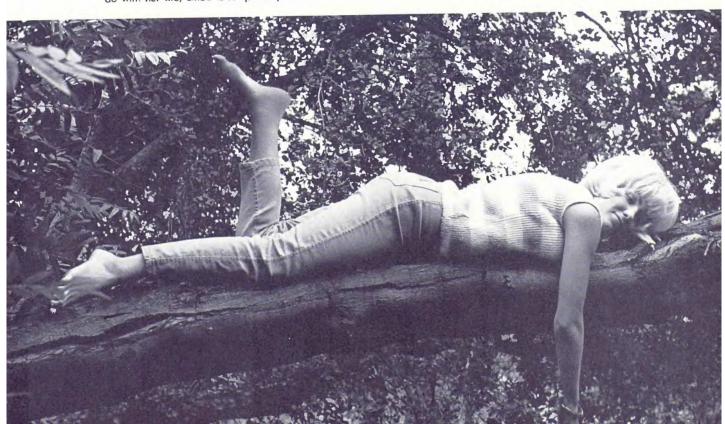








Putting her best foot skyward, Linda manages ta get into the swing of things. "I'm afraid I'm just sosa as an athlete," reports the teenaged towhead, "but I can hald my awn on horsebock and I sew a mean sports autfit." Still up a tree over what to do with her life, Linda is temporarily content to "let nature take its course." There's na denying it's been good to her sa far.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The pert young stenographer came bouncing home one evening wearing a gorgeous mink stole. Swirling before her wide-eyed roommate, she asked, "How do I look?"

"Guilty!" came the reply.

People who live in glass houses should ball in the basement.



Most major cities have a "Dial-a-prayer" number for anyone requiring religious reassurance in the form of a brief, prerecorded sermon. Now there's talk of establishing a similar number for atheists. When you dial it, no one answers.

A friend of ours says that an ounce of suggestion is sometimes worth a pound of lure.

The elderly spinster hired a young lawyer to prepare her will. "I have ten thousand dollars set aside," she explained, "and I want to spend it on *myself*. Nobody in this town has ever paid any attention to me, but they'll sit up and take notice when I die." Warming to the subject, she cackled, "I want to spend all of eight thousand dollars on the biggest, fanciest funeral this town has ever seen!"

"Well," said the lawyer, "that's a lot to pay for burying in these parts, but it's your money, madam, and you're entitled to spend it any way you like. Now what about the other two thousand?"

"I'll take care of that!" the old woman replied with a broad smile. "I've never been to bed with a man, and I aim to try that at least once before I'm through. As you can see, I'm not much to look at, but I figure for two thousand dollars I can get me a man that's young enough and handsome enough to please me."

That night, the lawyer reported the conversation to his wife. As they discussed the situation, the wife casually mentioned how nice it would be to have the \$2000.

Minutes later, they were on their way to the spinster's house, the wife driving. As the lawyer stepped from the car, he instructed his wife: "Pick me up in two hours."

Returning at the prescribed hour, the wife tooted the horn. No response from the house. She then blew a prolonged blast. An upstairs window was raised and the lawyer thrust out his head. "Come back in four days," he shouted. "She's decided to let the county bury her."

Then there was the masochist who was starved for affliction.

A New York fashion designer warns that if hemlines get any shorter, women won't dare sit down and men won't dare stand up. Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

horizon as a callgirl hopping out of the sack.

harlot as a place that sells used hars.

bachelor as a man who never has a bride idea.

burlesque as a broad take-off.

divorce court as a hall of blame.

A weekend golfer, having four-putted the last hole, threw his clubs into the golf cart and drove toward the clubhouse. Arriving there, he saw a squad car parked by the entrance. As he walked toward the locker room, a policeman stopped him. "Did you drive from the fifteenth tee about half an hour ago?" the officer asked.

"Yes."

"Did you hook your ball over those trees and off the course?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I did," replied the

puzzled golfer.

With anger in his voice, the policeman continued, "Your ball sailed out on the highway, cracked the windshield of a woman's car; she couldn't see where she was going and ran into a fire truck; the fire truck couldn't get to the fire, and a house burned down! What are you going to do about it?"

The golfer pondered a moment, picked up his driver, and said: "Well, I think I'm going to open my stance a little and move my left thumb around farther toward my right side."



The pretty young thing was a trifle taken aback at her first visit to the Cheetah in New York City. After watching the wildly gyrating couples doing the latest in *discothèque* steps, she declined her escort's invitation to join them on the dance floor.

"Come on, pussycat," implored the young man. "You can do it."

"I know I can," the girl replied, "but not standing up."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Where have you been?"

WIPED OUT! (continued from page 96)

\$630 profit. But then I lost that amount in a stock the same service touted called Cook Electric Co., and then lost the same sum again in Chance Vought Aircraft, recommended by two of my services ("poised for a breakout . . ."; "should move to . . ."; "buy on volume at . . ."). Then I took a tip from a friend with inside dope on an insurance stock and lost a whopping \$1586. And from a technical service I was assured Ford was ready for a breakout; that cost me \$1165.

With each new loss or occasional gain, a kind of madness grew in me. I could hardly wait for any stock I held to be sold, written off and forgotten, so that I could buy another one I had already picked from a service, from something I had read in the paper or in a financial magazine, or from some of the crude charts I was beginning to keep on stocks I saw recommended. (I hadn't even the know-how at first to record volume-only up-and-down moves, to draw almost meaningless hillocks on graph paper.) My money could not rest a moment. Since I always had a list of stocks that looked like good buys, I was impatient with any stock that didn't move up immediately. I resented the money invested in the stocks that my broker had chosen; I wanted it all to invest myself. The times I was right were tremendously exciting and exhilarating; the times I was wrong were only temporary irritations. The gambling fever was taking hold rapidly-in me, who had never gambled at cards or in a casino. But once the fever has settled in, one can never shake it.

At the same time, my broker's luck or judgment began to deteriorate; he was buying in a falling market. He bought 100 shares of General Electric at 905% and sold them at 85, for a loss of \$665. He bought 100 shares of International Telephone & Telegraph for 461/2, sold them at 401/2, for a loss of \$687. He bought 100 shares of Pitney-Bowes for 40, sold them for 34, for a loss of \$680. He bought 100 shares of National Cash Register at 687/8, sold them later that year for 581/8; loss: \$1172.

There were profits, too, but we were running well in the red. When 1960 closed, I had losses of over \$6000 for the year. My broker told me that mine was the worst account in his books. It was a statement I was to hear again and again, from his numerous successors.

We began to quarrel. He told me the trouble with my account was that I was interfering with it, that when he ran it alone he had done fine. What about the mistakes he had made that year? He would have done better, he said, if he had not been flustered by the irregular and vague state of the account. Was he running it or was I? It couldn't be both. His tone was peremptory.

After much anguish, I called him and

told him I was taking my account elsewhere. He was unpleasant over the phone; it was the first account he had ever lost, he told me, and he felt he was losing it unjustly. For my part, though somewhat uneasy over the new responsibility, I was now eager to have full control, to test my own imagined skills.

I only wish I had stayed with that broker. He was a trader, but considerably more cautious than I proved to be. He would have saved me a fortune.

I looked for a new broker. After several interviews and several disappointments, I finally was told by my insurance agent about a young man who had hit upon some astonishing successes for him and other friends. This broker had recently recommended a stock unheard of by my insurance man and, sure enough, in a few months the stock had gone up 75 percent on news of a merger.

I called on this young man (he must have been about 30) a day or so later and found him extremely pleasant and likable, obviously as intent and serious about extraordinary success in the market as I was. He seemed to live, cat and sleep ticker tape, to take no lunch hours away from the board room, to put in endless outside hours studying the market and financial journals. He took me into a plush conference room adjoining his office and talked warmly and sincerely about the vast potential of a number of stocks he had been following.

I soon learned that this broker had a different approach from any I had seriously considered before. He was not a chartist or a trader, or a fundamentalist or long-term investor. He believed in special situations. These are unusual developments within a company, such as mergers with another firm, profitable spin-offs, dynamic new management, new-product development, proxy fights, new mineral or resource discoveries, hidden assets or a host of other special possibilities that would be reflected in higher stock evaluation when they were revealed, understood or exploited.

For the moment, the first commitment he wanted me to make was to buy Tennessee Corporation on the big board. The firm was supposed to be bought up by another company, a move that eventually did, indeed, take place. I bought 300 shares of the stock at 421/4 on November 16, 1960. I watched it climb to 461/4 on November 25. drop back to 443/4 a week later, jump to 49 the next week, cross 50, drop back, jump ahead to 533/4, then 55, and so on. By the end of March 1961, the stock was 587/8. In June it even reached 68. Then it dropped back into the high 50s. I sold it finally, almost a year after I had bought it. on November 8, 1961, at 60. My profit was about \$5000.

That was fine. If only I had put all my money in Tennessee Corporation. Or half of it. But my broker's other favorite stock, about which he increasingly began to claim incontrovertible inside information, was 20th Century-Fox—and was the catalyst to my utter downfall.

But for a long time my course could not have run smoother. I was living out all my hopes. In fact, things were going so well, so much as they were supposed to go, that I was not even particularly elated—weren't your stocks supposed to go up in a straight line? Why get excited because the sun rises in the morning or

an apple falls to earth?

We bought 300 shares of 20th Century-Fox on November 17, 1960, at 373/4 a share. A week later, as the stock started to rise, I bought another 200 shares, this time at 401/8. I would add to my holdings as the stock climbed, accumulating along the lines recommended by Nicolas Darvas, whose book I had recently read and been fired by, in preparation for my new career toward wealth. Only a few days later, it was 200 more shares at 421/4. The stock slipped back a week later to 401/8-I added 100 shares at that figure. Five weeks later, in January 1961, the stock jumped to 441/2: I added 400 more shares to my portfolio. Then 300 more at 45, 200 at 52 and another 200 in April at 551/4 (which proved to be the exact top of 20th Century-Fox for many a year to come). This was the Darvas dream come true. I now had 1900 shares of the stock and, on paper, profits in this one stock of about \$20,000. Adding my Tennessee Corporation profits to that, I indeed had an excellent chance of doubling my money that year. I was now buying on margin (in addition to tossing into the kitty savings, the proceeds from selling some rental property, a cashed-in insurance policy and whatever other funds I could lay my hands on), something I had never done with that fool of a first broker, who didn't realize the power of leverage, who wasn't able to think big and would therefore always remain small. I was going to make a million dollars in the stock market-after all, if you double your money every year, that doesn't take long. I walked around buoyed by the secret knowledge of my vast paper profits. I, a brilliant investor who was going to make enough money to quit work and do whatever I wanted in life, had to spend my working hoursfor the present, anyway-with fools who couldn't understand the dynamics of daring, imaginative enterprise. When I happened to run into my first broker on the street. I couldn't resist boasting about my present success. That marked the pinnacle of my mar-

That marked the pinnacle of my market career. Ahead some \$25,000 in less than a year, I was on top of the world.

Why was 20th Century-Fox rising so (continued on page 126)

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

This year, there is a full-scale revolution taking place in men's fashions. After several seasons of guerrilla warfare, the uprising is now out in the open. Fading fast is the Ivy-inspired "uniform" look with narrow ties, natural-shoulder suits, and shirts with small-spread collars. Coming on strong are a host of exciting new wearables designed to add a dash of sartorial independence to a gentleman's wardrobe. The look now is broader and bolder. Wide ties (up to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches), in forthright polka dots, stripes and paisleys, will be coupled with dress shirts that feature higher-rising medium-spread collars and French cuffs. Both coordinate well with shaped double-breasted suits that have deep side vents, wider lapels and slightly squarer shoulders. Mod- and Western-influenced garb—including shirts with contrasting collars, rugged outercoats in suedes and thick corduroys, and slim-styled slacks worn with wide leather belts—is the top-drawer choice. Topside, cloth hats with British rolled brims are making headgear headlines. So join the ranks.

the definitive statement on the coming trends in menswear and accessories

PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST



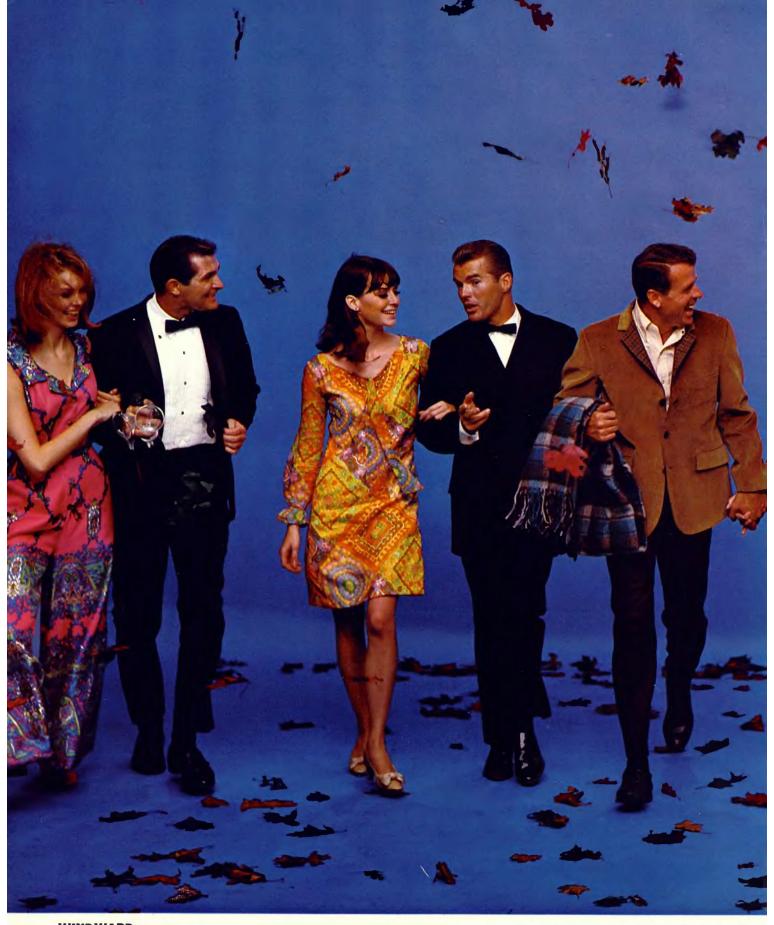
RAIN, RAIN Our forecast is weather-inspired as correctly attired outdoor types take the elements—and their girls—in tow. Swinging in the rain, the fellow at left has donned a wool coordinate suit that includes a basket-weave three-button jacket, matching vest and check slacks, by Stanley Blacker, \$80; multistriped chambray shirt, by Lion of Troy, \$6; and batik print tie, by Berkley, \$4. His nearby friend favors a corduroy four-button suit, by Haspel, \$50; with striped cotton shirt, by Excello, \$8; and polkadot tie, by Beau Brummell, \$2.50. The dashing chap at right sports an Orlon velour-finish pullover, by Robert Bruce, \$13; along with side-striped cavalry twill slacks, by Paul Ressler, \$16; and lined, water-repellent cotton duck coat, by Carhartt, \$22.



SUNNY DISPOSITION Bright fall afternoon finds our fashionables turned out smartly for a stroll. From left to right: Freewheeling chap wears a suede c.p.o. shirt with snap fastenings for front and flap patch pockets, by Cresco, \$60; and wool hopsack slacks with overplaid, by Asher, \$23. The next in line likes a striped oxford shirt with buttondown collar, by Wren, \$7.50: a polka-dot Italian silk tie, by Handcraft, \$5; and wool chalk-stripe slacks, by Paul Ressler, \$32. Man about town with colleen and collie wears a wool velour-finish topcoat with bal collar, raglan sleeves, wool lining, leather-covered buttons, by Alligator, 120 \$65; a paisley-patterned Italian silk muffler, by Handcraft, \$13.50; and fur felt hat with tapered pinched front and braided band,



by Adam, \$11. Young exec with his gal Friday-Saturday-and-Sunday has donned a black wool one-button suit with satin striping, notched shawl collar, slant pockets, by Tempo, \$90; a striped broadcloth shirt with rounded collar, barrel cuffs, by Excello, \$8: and a wide basket-weave silk tie with woven dots, by Rivetz, \$7.50. On far right, a promising diplomat intent on improving after-office protocol boasts a black worsted two-button double-breasted suit with peak lapels, chalk-stripe pattern, slanted flap and ticket pockets, by Worsted-Tex, \$95; a cotton chambray shirt with contrasting medium-spread collar, double cuffs, by Hathaway, \$12.50; wide Macclesfield tie, by Rivetz, \$7.50; and paisley-patterned Italian silk pocket square, by Dumont, \$2.50. 121



WINDWARD Out for a gusty autumn romp, our sartorial pace-setters are putting their right fashion foot forward. From left to right: Fellow toting beauty and the *brut* wears a Mod-influenced Dacron and wool three-button dinner jacket with slanted flap pockets and deep side vents, and low-rise formal trousers that feature a wide satin belt worn instead of a cummerbund, by After Six, \$100; cotton pleated-front shirt with French cuffs, long-pointed collar, by Manhattan, \$7; and satin bow tie, by After Six, \$1.75. Next chap has donned a brushed covert double-breasted outerjacket designed to be worn over formal fittings, by Aquascutum, \$125. Casual lad at center making a grandstand play cottons to a cotton-corduroy three-button sports jacket with



deep side vents, rayon and wool overcheck-pattern lining and lapel facing, wooden buttons, by Cortefiel, \$35; wool hopsack slacks with brass-buckled, striped elastic belt, by Jaymar, \$18: and an oxford shirt with buttondown collar, by Van Heusen, \$5. Cheerleader hip-hoorays for sueded-leather double-breasted trench coat with full removable belt, zip-out Orlon pile lining, slash pockets, leather buttons, by Cresco, \$95; and imported wool ribbed pullover with high crew neck, by Banff, \$15. Our unlonesome end man is decked out in a double-knit cashmere cardigan, by Jantzen, \$58; striped cotton herringbone-weave shirt with buttondown collar, by Sero, \$7; and wool slacks with extension waistband and quarter-top pockets, by Austin Hill, \$20. 123



SNOWBOUND Wintry scene finds our indomitable snowmen dressed right for the festivities. Left to right: Sledder sports wool V-neck popcorn-knit pullover, by Himalaya, \$27.50: oxford buttondown dotted shirt, by Moss, \$6; and wool worsted slacks, by Asher, \$20. The chap thawing out a close friend has donned a cotton-corduroy Mod-style four-button jacket with button-flap pockets and full belt, \$37.50, matching slacks, \$13, and cotton floral-print shirt with high-rise button-tab collar, \$7, all by Brolly Male; and cotton square-end tie, by Hut, \$2.50. The schuss-minded male heading for the hills carries a double-breasted suede outercoat, by Robert Lewis, \$85; over his wool ribbed turtleneck pullover, by Banff, \$15; and cotton and



nylon twill permanent-press slacks, by Lee, \$6. Gentleman who wisely prefers the blonde wears a wool coordinate suit that includes a flannel two-button jacket and worsted glen plaid with overplaid slacks, by Stanley Blacker, \$75; silk broadcloth shirt, by Schiaparelli, \$20; wool paisley-patterned tie, by Wembley, \$3; Italian silk pocket square, by Handcraft, \$3; and shaggyfinish Canadian-beaver hat, by Knox, \$25. He's carrying a tweed outercoat with overplaid, by McGregor, \$50. Jaunty juggler is sartorially well balanced in his wool V-neck pullover with scallop-knit texture, by Puritan, \$22.50; worn with Kodel and cotton permanent-press shirt, by Manhattan, \$6: silk ascot, by Dumont, \$3.50: and wool and Orlon knit slacks, by Contact, \$16. 125

WIPED OUT! (continued from page 118)

rapidly? The story, which I got piecemeal, was that the company was going to be liquidated, and when that happened, the value of each share would be closer to \$100, thanks to 20th Century-Fox' library of old films that could be sold to TV and to real-estate holdings all over the increasingly valuable terrain of Greater Los Angeles.

The stumbling block in this scheme, it soon turned out, was the president of the company, Spyros Skouras. He still liked the idea of making motion pictures. It was the money interests, the bankers from the East, who wanted to liquidate. It would take a little longer, but they would succeed. In March it had been announced that the brokerage firms of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co. and Treves & Co. had acquired about 22 percent of the Fox stock, and John L. Loeb and Milton S. Gould, representing those firms, were elected to the board of directors; Gould was a specialist in liquidations. That news had helped push the stock to the heights at which I had bought my last 200 shares. Much of this "inside information" possessed by my broker, I later learned, was common rumor all over the Street. But other investors and brokers had sense enough to realize that things are never sure in company politics, and were ready to sell if it looked like the dissolution of the company might be thwarted.

When the stock began to slip back from its high of 551/4 to 52 in late April, 46 in late May and 41 in late June, I was, needless to say, panicked. Every time the stock dropped one point, I was out almost \$2000. This was a frightening experience for me. My paper profits had disappeared. Darvas' advice was to have sold long ago-I knew that. But my broker pleaded with me. I will never forget the day he told me, after some glib talk about his inside dope and the news that was always imminent: "I won't let you sell." And he meant itso firm was his belief in the financial cause to which he had dedicated my money and his money and the money of heaven knows how many other clients that he could no more surrender his faith in the rightness of his choice than a saint could forgo his God.

It is very hard for any investor to resist the advice of the "expert" who is his broker. You always ask yourself, "What can I know, I who am only an outsider reading the newspapers, when he is there with the tape all day, reads countless financial journals, converses daily with other brokers and analysts, has his company's experts and managers to advise him," and so on. Besides, one wants to be convinced. When you have paid \$54 for a stock and it is now \$41, you are not anxious to sell. Hope buoys your 126 prospects even as the actual price sinks.

The newspapers were full of the ferment at 20th Century-Fox. In June and July there were continual accounts of reorganizations. Rumor had it-and my broker "knew" it was true-that these were desperate but futile gestures. Skouras, who seemed to be the one man who wanted to continue making pictures, was on his way out. Cleopatra was becoming, after all, the biggest financial scandal in film history. In July the stock rallied to the mid-40s.

Then public patience evaporated. The stock began to fall again and, reluctantly, I finally sold some shares. I had to, for I was facing a margin call. I sold 100 shares at 435/8, 400 shares at 391/4 and 405/8. At the beginning of August I sold another 100 shares at 393/4. Finally, when I read a headline in the August 9 morning paper, I knew it was all over: RUMORED CHANGE AT FOX IS MINOR. Skouras was safe; the company would not be liquidated, our calculations were futile. I called my broker before the market opened and found him, for once, subdued. He admitted all his certainties were crushed. I instructed him to sell the rest. He didn't protest. I got \$37 a share for my remaining 1300 shares. It was just under what I had paid for my first 300 shares-but I had added 1600 shares at higher prices on the escalator principle. My loss in 20th Century-Fox was nearly \$14,000.

I was absolutely demolished. I had lived with this stock for a year, I had climbed to the heights of euphoria with it and had now been flung to the pit of despair. My pride in my own judgment was shattered. All my theories and all my study had ended in so much confusion. And the loss seemed absolutely devastating. I certainly never dreamed such losses-and worse-would be visited upon me, and more than once, until there would be nothing left to lose.

It was close to the end of my episode with 20th Century-Fox that I met the man who was to be my mentor for the next class in my education in the pitfalls of investment. This man-whom I shall call Wallace-was still in his mid-30s, and had made more than a million dollars in the two or three years prior to the time I was introduced to him. I was flattered that a man of his reputation and influence seemed to like me and was willing to help me. He invited me to his butlered town house for a drink one evening and there I met several other successful young brokers and analysts from Wall Street. I loved just being permitted to listen at the feet of these sages as they discussed trends, issues, inside dope, new underwritings and the opinions of other analysts. One of these young men, extremely serious, an intellectual in the realm of stock tables if I ever saw one, I

especially admired. I asked him if I might see him sometime and he said he was very willing to meet with me. He was at that time working as an analyst, very highly regarded, at a major investment advisory firm.

I called for him at his office, impressed once again by my admission to ground that for me had the sanctity of the bishop's office to an acolyte. Instead of the fancy lunch to which I was perfectly ready to treat him, he told me he cared little about lunches and hadn't much time, and we settled for a hamburger and iced coffee at a little luncheonette in the Village, nor far from his office. As the first essential step, he suggested I open an account with one of the brokers he used-and that Wallace also used, for he and Wallace were good friends.

I was delighted. I was being given entree to the broker used by two of the shrewdest investors in Wall Street, both of whom had made considerable sums of money and were regarded by many of their colleagues with awe and envy. How could I possibly fail if they should take me under their wing?

This broker, whom I soon contacted, was a bit older than I and was certainly not a hotheaded enthusiast like the broker I had just left. He was pleasant and soft-spoken, and the firm he was with, though not one of the largest, was longestablished and quite respectable. I was concerned that he did not seem more clever and aggressive and impassioned about making money, but both of my new friends assured me that he was exceedingly capable, that they trusted him and had made money from his suggestions, and that I was in good hands.

The first stock this new broker put me into was Kerr-McGee. It was a stock in which his company was very interested; they had taken a large position in Kerr-McGee. I told him that I preferred to continue with the system of buying a stock as it advanced, rather than committing all my funds at once. He agreed to that. On August 9, 1961, I bought 100 shares of Kerr-McGee Oil at 441/4. A few days later, I bought another 100 shares at 45%. Not too many days after that, it was 200 at 471/2; and within the same month, I made it an even 500 shares, the last 100 bought at 481/6.

That was the high for the remainder of that year-and for the three years following. The stock abruptly turned around and within two weeks was down to 411/2. I then found out, to my bewilderment, that my two friends, far from buying Kerr-McGee through the same broker I was now using, were selling it through a different broker, at the very time I was buying it. Kerr-McGee was my new broker's own idea, and his firm's-an opinion contrary to my friends' views.

When I told them what I had bought (continued on page 212)



ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a very rich and very beautiful girl named Vicki Trueblood. Her family was extremely class-conscious. It was said that Vicki's mother traced her lineage in this country back to 114 years before the first Indian; whereas an ancestor of her father was said to have been witness for the prosecution at a Plymouth Rock trial in which John Alden was accused of being a pinko.

For as long as she could remember, her parents had always said to her, "Vicki, someday you shall marry a

But Vicki, being an independent girl, had other ideas, and one day she met a very ordinary man whom she liked very much. He was the owner of a struggling fur business called Rumpleproofskin, Inc. The firm was thus named because the young man claimed that all his skins were rumpleproof. What he didn't realize was that no fur skins rumple, which was probably one of the reasons why his business struggled.

One evening Vicki brought the young man home to meet her parents for the first time. "Mr. and Mrs. Trueblood," he said to them, "my name is Rob Myles, I am a furrier, and I want your first-born child, Vicki, for my wife."

"Begone!" said the father. "Our daughter shall marry a prince!"

The young man left, but not before he kissed Vicki and promised to return.

"Who ever heard of a furrier named Rob Myles?" said the father to the mother. "We must guess his real name and expose him."

When the young man returned the following night, the father said to

LIKE, **ONCE UPON**

satire

By Larry Siegel

him. "Come now, young man, what is your real name? Ralph Moskowitz?"

The young man shook his head.

"Robert Mendelson?"

He shook his head again.

"Raymond Markowitz? Richard Myerberg? Russell Mandelbaum? Ronald Margolis? Roy Mintz?"

With each name, the young man shook his head harder and smiled broader.

"Ross Morrisberg? Rudolph Moses? Roland Markfield? Raphael Morganstern? Rabbi Monach?"

As the father continued calling names, the young man shook his head harder and harder and smiled broader and broader. Suddenly, a private detective, whom the father had hired earlier that day, burst into the room. "Sir," he said to the father, "perhaps this will be of interest to you." He handed the father an old high school yearbook, opened to a picture that bore a remarkable resemblance to the young man. Next to it was this poem:

In math and econ he does fine, Baseball is his favorite game, As a furrier he will shine, And Reuben Millstein is his name.

The father and mother embraced and began waltzing around the room. "Reuben Millstein is his name!"

shouted the father triumphantly.

"Reuben Millstein is his name!" echoed the mother.

"He can't possibly marry our daughter!" they cried together.

The young man, realizing that the beautiful-but still quite young-Vicki couldn't wed without her parents' consent, stamped his feet angrily and stormed out of the house.

"Shouldn't he have changed into a gingerbread (continued on page 1-12)



JAZZ—TRADITIONAL, CONTEMPORARY AND AVANT-GARDE—has chalked up yet another eventful year; the new sounds have commingled with the old, a fresh generation of jazzmen has begun to make its mark, while a number of the grand old names have left the scene. Evolution and revolution continue to change the face of jazz, but the "sound of surprise" remains a constant source of enjoyment and excitement.

This Playboy Jazz Poll ballot offers our readers the chance to take part in the biggest, most renowned jazz consensus of them all and to bestow accolades on those artists who have done the most for and in jazz during the past twelvemonth. The musicians chosen by the readers to make up the 1967 All-Star Jazz Band will each receive the highly prized Playboy Jazz Medal.

Last year, two new categories were added to the Jazz Poll ballot: The Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame and Playboy's Records of the Year, and they are again on the ballot. Any instrumentalist or vocalist, living or dead, is eligible for the Hall of Fame, except for those previously elected—in this case, Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck and Frank Sinatra. Just fill in your first three choices in the box provided at the end of the ballot. The top three vote getters chosen by our readers will be installed as occupants of Playboy's jazz pantheon and will be honored accordingly. The three categories in Playboy's Records of the Year will give you a chance to vote for your favorite LPs of the past year. Just write, in the appropriate box, the titles of what you consider to be the best jazz instrumental LP (big band), the top jazz instrumental LP (fewer than eight pieces) and the number-one vocal LP. Results of this balloting and of that for the Hall of Fame will appear in our February 1967 issue along with the results of our eleventh annual jazz poll.

To vote, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite jazzmen and fill in your choices for The Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame and for Playboy's Records of the Year, where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot to us.

- 1. Your official Jazz Poll ballot is on this foldout. A Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations for the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for any living artist in the jazz field.
- 2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, so in some categories you should vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes, two tenor saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as designated on the ballot, because too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.
- 3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name on one of the lines provided at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.
- 4. For leader of the 1967 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or fewer musicians.
- 5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your name and address if your vote is to be counted.
- 6. Cut your ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1966, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail today.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Elvin Jones, John Lewis (Modern Jazz Quartet), Henry Mancini, Charles Mingus, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, N. Paul Stookey (Peter, Paul & Mary), Barbra Streisand, Ward Swingle (Swingle Singers), Kai Winding, Si Zentner; George Avakian, Independent Record Producer; Don DeMicheal, Editor, *Down Beat*; Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic; Nat Hentoff, Jazz Critic; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; Esmond Edwards, Cadet; Dave Axelrod, Capitol; Teo Macero, Golumbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; John Driscoll HI, Fantasy; Robert Thiele, Impulse; Richard Bock, Pacific Jazz; Brad McGuen, RCA Victor; Stan Cornyn, Reprise; Ron Nackman, United Artists; Creed Taylor, Verve.

LEADER	☐ Howard McGhee	☐ Hank Crawford	☐ Bill Perkins
(Please check one.)	☐ Blue Mitchell	☐ Paul Desmond	☐ Flip Phillips
Count Basie	☐ Lee Morgan	☐ Jerry Dodgion	Boots Randolph
☐ Les Brown	☐ Ray Nance	Lou Donaldson	Sonny Rollins
☐ Ray Conniff	☐ Joe Newman	□ Bob Donovan	Clifford Scott
☐ Johnny Dankworth	☐ Jimmy Owen	Herb Geller	Ronnie Scott
Buddy DeFranco	Shorty Rogers	Bunky Green	Archie Shepp
Les and Larry Elgart	☐ Ernie Royal	Gigi Gryce	Wayne Shorter
Duke Ellington	Doc Severinsen Charlie Shavers	☐ John Handy	Zoot Sims
Gil Evans	☐ Jack Sheldon	☐ Joe Harriott ☐ Johnny Hodges	☐ Sonny Stitt ☐ Buddy Tate
☐ Jerry Fielding		Paul Horn	Stanley Turrentine
Terry Gibbs	☐ Muggsy Spanier ☐ Rex Stewart	☐ Hilton Jefferson	Ben Webster
☐ Dizzy Gillespic ☐ Benny Goodman	Clark Terry	Eric Kloss	Frank Wess
Lionel Hampton		Lee Konitz	☐ Jimmy Woods
Slide Hampton	☐ Joe Wilder	☐ Walt Levinsky	
Ted Heath		Charlie Mariano	
Skitch Henderson			
Woody Herman		Boris Midney	BARITONE SAX
Harry James		Roscoe Mitchell	(Please check one.)
Quincy Jones	TROMBONE	☐ James Moody	Pepper Adams
Thad Jones / Mel Lewis	(Please check four.)	☐ Ted Nash	☐ Ernie Caceres
Stan Kenton	☐ Dave Baker	☐ Lennie Neihaus	☐ Harry Carney
Rod Levitt	Milt Bernhart	☐ Art Pepper	☐ Charles Davis
☐ John Lewis	☐ Harold Betters	☐ Gene Quill	☐ Chuck Gentry
☐ Henry Mancini	☐ Bob Brookmeyer	☐ Marshal Royal	☐ Jimmy Giuffre
☐ Billy May	☐ Lawrence Brown	☐ Bud Shank	☐ Frank Hittner
☐ Gary McFarland	☐ Georg Brunis	☐ Sonny Simmons	☐ Bill Hood
Charlie Mingus	☐ Jimmy Cleveland	☐ Zoot Sims	☐ Artie Kaplan
Gerry Mulligan	☐ Cutty Cutshall	☐ Willie Smith	☐ Gerry Mulligan
☐ Oliver Nelson	☐ Wilbur De Paris	☐ Sonny Stitt	☐ Jack Nimitz
☐ Marty Paich	☐ Vic Dickenson	☐ Paul Winter	☐ Cecil Payne
☐ Johnny Richards	☐ Bob Fitzpatrick	☐ Jimmy Woods	☐ Ake Persson
☐ Nelson Riddle	☐ Carl Fontana	Phil Woods	☐ Jerome Richardson
☐ Shorty Rogers	Curtis Fuller	☐ Leo Wright	☐ Ronnie Ross
Pete Rugolo	☐ Tyree Glenn		☐ Les Rout
☐ William Russo	☐ Bennie Green		Clifford Scott
☐ Johnny Williams	Urbie Green		□ Bud Shank
☐ Gerald Wilson	☐ Al Grey	TENOR SAX	Lonnie Shaw
	T Slide Hampton	(Please check true)	☐ Sahib Shihab
☐ Si Zentner	Slide Hampton	(Please check two.)	
	☐ Bill Harris	☐ Georgie Auld	☐ Butch Stone
	☐ Bill Harris ☐ Wayne Henderson	☐ Georgie Auld ☐ Albert Ayler	☐ Butch Stone ☐ Stanley Webb
TRUMPET	☐ Bill Harris ☐ Wayne Henderson ☐ J. C. Higginbotham	☐ Georgie Auld ☐ Albert Ayler ☐ Al Cohn	☐ Butch Stone
TRUMPET (Please check four.)	☐ Bill Harris ☐ Wayne Henderson ☐ J. C. Higginbotham ☐ Quentin Jackson	☐ Georgie Auld ☐ Albert Ayler ☐ Al Cohn ☐ John Coltrane	Butch Stone Stanley Webb
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley	☐ Bill Harris ☐ Wayne Henderson ☐ J. C. Higginbotham ☐ Quentin Jackson ☐ J. J. Johnson	☐ Georgie Auld ☐ Albert Ayler ☐ Al Cohn ☐ John Coltrane ☐ Bob Cooper	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen	☐ Bill Harris ☐ Wayne Henderson ☐ J. C. Higginbotham ☐ Quentin Jackson ☐ J. J. Johnson ☐ Jimmy Knepper	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.)
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain
TRUMPET (Please check jour.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain
TRUMPET (Please check jour.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre
TRUMPET (Please check jour.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teldy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teldy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson	Butch Stone Stanley Webb
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca	Butch Stone Stanley Webb
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teldy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land	Butch Stone Stanley Webb
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged Plano (Please check one.)
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie Don Goldie	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd Warne Marsh	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged PIANO (Please check one.) Monty Alexander
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie Don Goldie Dusko Goykevich	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd Warne Marsh Eddie Miller	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged PIANO (Please check one.) Monty Alexander Mose Allison
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie Don Goldie Dusko Goykevich Bobby Hackett	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd Warne Marsh Eddie Miller Hank Mobley	Butch Stone Stanley Webb
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie Don Goldie Dusko Goykevich Bobby Hackett Al Hirt	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd Warne Marsh Eddie Miller Hank Mobley James Moody	Butch Stone Stanley Webb CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged PIANO (Please check one.) Monty Alexander Mose Allison Count Basie Ronnie Brown
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie Don Goldie Dusko Goykevich Bobby Hackett Al Hirt Freddie Hubbard	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Consalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd Warne Marsh Eddie Miller Hank Mobley James Moody Vido Musso	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged PIANO (Please check one.) Monty Alexander Mose Allison Count Basie Ronnie Brown Dave Brubeck
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie Don Goldie Dusko Goykevich Bobby Hackett Al Hirt Freddie Hubbard Harry James	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner ALTO SAX (Please check two.) Cannonball Adderley	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Gonsalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd Warne Marsh Eddie Miller Hank Mobley James Moody Vido Musso "Fathead" Newman	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged PIANO (Please check one.) Monty Alexander Mose Allison Count Basie Ronnie Brown Dave Brubeck Jaki Byard
TRUMPET (Please check four.) Nat Adderley Henry "Red" Allen Louis Armstrong Benny Bailey Chet Baker Emmett Berry Ruby Braff Dave Burns Billy Butterfield Donald Byrd Conte Candoli Pete Candoli Pete Candoli Don Cherry Buck Clayton Miles Davis Wild Bill Davison Sidney De Paris Kenny Dorham Harry Edison Roy Eldridge Don Ellis Rolf Ericson Don Fagerquist Art Farmer Maynard Ferguson Dizzy Gillespie Don Goldie Dusko Goykevich Bobby Hackett Al Hirt Freddie Hubbard Harry James Carmell Jones	Bill Harris Wayne Henderson J. C. Higginbotham Quentin Jackson J. J. Johnson Jimmy Knepper Rod Levitt Melba Liston Tricky Lofton Albert Mangelsdorff Rob McConnell Lou McGarity Charles McPherson Grachan Moncur III Turk Murphy Dick Nash Floyd O'Brien Kid Ory Benny Powell Julian Priester Frank Rosolino Roswell Rudd Dickie Wells Jiggs Wigham Phil Wilson Kai Winding Trummy Young Si Zentner ALTO SAX (Please check two.) Cannonball Adderley Gabe Baltazar	Georgie Auld Albert Ayler Al Cohn John Coltrane Bob Cooper Corky Corcoran Eddie Daniels Eddie Davis Sam Donahue Teddy Edwards Booker Ervin Joe Farrell Frank Foster Bud Freeman Stan Getz Benny Golson Paul Consalves Dexter Gordon John Griffin Eddie Harris Coleman Hawkins Jimmy Heath Bill Holman Illinois Jacquet Budd Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Plas Johnson Richie Kamuca Roland Kirk Al Klink Harold Land Yusef Lateef Charles Lloyd Warne Marsh Eddie Miller Hank Mobley James Moody Vido Musso	CLARINET (Please check one.) Alvin Batiste Barney Bigard Acker Bilk Phil Bodner Frank Chace Buddy Collette Buddy DeFranco Pete Fountain Jimmy Giuffre Benny Goodman Edmond Hall Jimmy Hamilton Woody Herman Paul Horn Peanuts Hucko Matty Matlock Art Pepper Pee Wee Russell Tony Scott Bill Smith Phil Woods Sol Yaged PIANO (Please check one.) Monty Alexander Mose Allison Count Basie Ronnie Brown Dave Brubeck

					Leroy Vinnegar		Miles Davis, Flügelhorn
					Wilbur Ware		Buddy DeFranco, bass
	Duke Ellington				Butch Warren	_	clarinet
_					Gene Wright		Leo Diamond, harmonica
					El Dee Young		Walter Dickerson, vibes
						П	Don Elliott, vibes, mellophone
1			Bill Harris		DRUMS		Art Farmer, Flügelhorn
· //			Al Hendrickson		(Please check one.)		Victor Feldman, vibes
-		_	Barney Kessel Mundell Lowe		Dave Bailey		Jesse Fuller, harmonica
		_		_	Donald Bailey		Terry Gibbs, vibes
The same of				_	Danny Barcelona		Justin Gordon, flute
		_		_	Ray Bauduc		Tommy Gumina, accordion
					Louis Bellson		Lionel Hampton, vibes
					Art Blakey		Groove Holmes, organ
					Larry Bunker	Total Control	Paul Horn, stute
					Frank Butler		Bobby Hutcherson, vibes
					Frank Capp		Milt Jackson, vibes
n	40 A 1400 A 14 WW.				Gary Chester		Pete Jolly, accordion
П		_			Kenny Clarke		Roland Kirk, manzello,
n					Cozy Cole		stritch, flute
					Alan Dawson		Steve Lacy, soprano sax
n					Jack DeJohnette		Billy Larkin, organ
					Joe Dukes		Prince Lasha, flute
					Frankie Dunlop		Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe
			Al Viola		Nick Fatool		Charles Lloyd, flute
	Wynton Kelly		Chuck Wayne		Vernel Fournier		Arthur Lyman, vibes
					Sonny Greer		Johnny Lytle, vibes
	Ramsey Lewis				Chico Hamilton		Mike Mainieri, vibes
	Junior Mance				Jake Hanna		Herbie Mann, stute
	Toshiko Mariano		BASS		Louis Hayes		Gary McFarland, vibes
	Ronnie Mathews		(Please check one.)		Roy Haynes		Bud Montgomery, vibes
	Les McCann		Don Bagley		Red Holt		
			Norman Bates		Stix Hooper		Ray Nance, violin
					Daniel Humair		Red Norvo, vibes
					Phil Humphries		Bill Perkins, flute
					Ron Jefferson		Dave Pike, vibes
					Elvin Jones		Pony Poindexter, soprano sax
					Jo Jones		Seldon Powell, flute
		_			Philly Joe Jones		Emil Richards, vibes
	D 1 10 100				Rufus Jones	_	Dick Roberts, banjo
				-	Connie Kay		Shorty Rogers, Flügelhorn
					Gene Krupa		Bob Rosengarden, bongos
	David Descripti		BUGGY CARK		Don Lamond		Willie Ruff, French horn
				-	Down InDown		
	André Previn		Joe Comfort		Pete LaRoca		Mongo Santamaria, bongos
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles		Joe Comfort Bill Crow		Stan Levey		Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis		Stan Levey Mel Lewis		Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute
0000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne	0000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ
00000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello	00000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium
00000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson	000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute
00000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne	0000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn
00000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins	00000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica
000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip	000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes
000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn	000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion
000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach	00000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn
000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich	00000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion
100000000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach	00000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn
000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton		Stan Levey Mcl Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling	00000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jercmy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute
100000000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate	00000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn
100000000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.)
100000000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen
100000000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison
000000000000000000000000000000000000000	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.)		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr.
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr.
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello	000000000000 00000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ	000000000000 000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean Mike Bloomfield		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock N. H. Pedersen		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ Larry Bunker, vibes	000000000000 00000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone Bobby Darin
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean Mike Bloomfield Luiz Bonfa		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock N. H. Pedersen Bill Pemberton		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ Larry Bunker, vibes Gary Burton, vibes	000000000000 00000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone Bobby Darin Sammy Davis Jr.
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean Mike Bloomfield Luiz Bonfa Kenny Burrell		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock N. H. Pedersen Bill Pemberton Mike Rubin		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ Larry Bunker, vibes Gary Burton, vibes Don Butterfield, tuba	000000000000 00000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone Bobby Darin Sammy Davis Jr. Matt Dennis
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean Mike Bloomfield Luiz Bonfa Kenny Burrell Charlie Byrd		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock N. H. Pedersen Bill Pemberton Mike Rubin Howard Rumsey		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ Larry Bunker, vibes Gary Burton, vibes Don Butterfield, tuba Candido, bongos	000000000000 00000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone Bobby Darin Sammy Davis Jr. Matt Dennis Johnny Desmond
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean Mike Bloomfield Luiz Bonfa Kenny Burrell Charlie Byrd Eddie Condon		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock N. H. Pedersen Bill Pemberton Mike Rubin Howard Rumsey Eddie Safranski		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ Larry Bunker, vibes Gary Burton, vibes Don Butterfield, tuba Candido, bongos Ornette Coleman, violin		Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone Bobby Darin Sammy Davis Jr. Matt Dennis Johnny Desmond Fats Domino
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean Mike Bloomfield Luiz Bonfa Kenny Burrell Charlie Byrd Eddie Condon Joe Diorio		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock N. H. Pedersen Bill Pemberton Mike Rubin Howard Rumsey Eddie Safranski Arvell Shaw		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ Larry Bunker, vibes Gary Burton, vibes Don Butterfield, tuba Candido, bongos Ornette Coleman, violin Buddy Collette, flute	000000000000 00000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone Bobby Darin Sammy Davis Jr. Matt Dennis Johnny Desmond Fats Domino Frank D'Rone
	André Previn Jimmy Rowles George Shearing Don Shirley Horace Silver Paul Smith Martial Solal Jess Stacy Billy Taylor Cecil Taylor Bobby Timmons Lennie Tristano McCoy Tyner Mal Waldron Cedar Walton Randy Weston Mary Lou Williams Stan Wrightsman Joe Zawinul Denny Zeitlin GUITAR (Please check one.) Laurindo Almeida Chet Atkins Billy Bauer Billy Bean Mike Bloomfield Luiz Bonfa Kenny Burrell Charlie Byrd Eddie Condon Joe Diorio Herb Ellis		Joe Comfort Bill Crow Art Davis Richard Davis George Duvivier Richard Evans Pops Foster Johnny Frigo Jimmy Garrison Eddie Gomez Charlie Haden Bob Haggart Percy Heath Milt Hinton Major Holley Chuck Israels Chubby Jackson Eddie Jones Sam Jones Norman Keenan Bill Lee Cecil McBee Pierre Michelot Charlie Mingus Red Mitchell Joe Mondragon Monk Montgomery Gary Peacock N. H. Pedersen Bill Pemberton Mike Rubin Howard Rumsey Eddie Safranski Arvell Shaw Slam Stewart		Stan Levey Mel Lewis Shelly Manne Joe Morello Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Walter Perkins Charlie Persip Bill Quinn Bill Reichenbach Buddy Rich Max Roach Jack Sperling Grady Tate Ed Thigpen George Wettling Bobby White Tony Williams Sam Woodyard MISC. INSTRUMENT (Please check one.) Roy Ayers, vibes Chet Baker, Flügelhorn Ray Brown, cello Milt Buckner, organ Larry Bunker, vibes Gary Burton, vibes Don Butterfield, tuba Candido, bongos Ornette Coleman, violin	000000000000000000000000000000000000000	Mongo Santamaria, bongos Shirley Scott, organ Bud Shank, flute Jimmy' Smith, organ Ray Starling, mellophonium Jeremy Steig, flute Clark Terry, Flügelhorn Jean Thielemans, harmonica Cal Tjader, vibes Art Van Damme, accordion Julius Watkins, French horn Frank Wess, flute MALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) David Allen Mose Allison Louis Armstrong Harry Belafonte Tony Bennett Brook Benton Pat Boone Oscar Brown, Jr. Ray Charles Perry Como Bing Crosby Vic Damone Bobby Darin Sammy Davis Jr. Matt Dennis Johnny Desmond Fats Domino Frank D'Rone

Sleeny John Estes	☐ Morgana King	☐ Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet	☐ Three Sounds
Sleepy John Estes	☐ Teddi King	Groove Holmes Trio	- 0 1 6 1 0 1
☐ John Gary	☐ Eartha Kitt	=	☐ Teddy Wilson Trio
☐ João Gilberto	☐ Irene Kral		
Buddy Greco			Kai Winding Quartet
Roy Hamilton	☐ Jeanne Lee	Pete Jolly Trio	Paul Winter Sextet
☐ Johnny Hartman	Peggy Lee	Elvin Jones Quartet	
Clancy Hayes	Ketty Lester	Jonah Jones Quartet	VOCAL CROUP
Bill Henderson	Abbey Lincoln	Wynton Kelly Trio	VOCAL GROUP
☐ Jon Hendricks	☐ Julie London	Barney Kessel Quartet	(Please check one.)
Al Hibbler	Gloria Lynne	Roland Kirk Quartet	Andy & the Bey Sisters
Lightnin' Hopkins	☐ Miriam Makeba	Gene Krupa Quartet	□ Beatles
Mississippi John Hurt	Barbara McNair	Ramsey Lewis Trio	Brothers Four
☐ Johnny Janis	Carmen McRae	Lighthouse All-Stars	Byrds
☐ Jack Jones	Helen Merrill	Charles Lloyd Quartet	☐ Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
☐ Frankie Laine	Marian Montgomery	☐ Herbie Mann Sextet	Clancy Bros. & Makem
Steve Lawrence	☐ Jaye P. Morgan	☐ Shelly Manne and his Men	☐ Double Six of Paris
☐ Trini Lopez	☐ Anita O'Day	Toshiko Mariano Quartet	Four Freshmen
Dean Martin	☐ Patti Page	Les McCann Ltd.	☐ Four Lads
☐ Johnny Mathis	☐ Esther Phillips	☐ Marian McPartland Trio	☐ Gals & Pals
Les McCann	☐ Sue Raney	Charlie Mingus Sextet	☐ Hi-Lo's
☐ Roger Miller	☐ Della Reese	☐ Roscoe Mitchell Quartet	☐ Ink Spots
☐ Joe Mooney	☐ Irene Reid	☐ Mitchell—Ruff Trio	☐ J's with Jamie
☐ Mark Murphy	Ann Richards	☐ Modern Jazz Quartet	☐ Truman Johnson Singers
☐ Johnny Nash	☐ Mavis Rivers	☐ Thelonious Monk Quartet	☐ Anita Kerr Singers
☐ Jackie Paris	☐ Annie Ross	☐ Wes Montgomery Trio	☐ King Sisters
☐ King Pleasure	☐ Dinah Shore	Gerry Mulligan Quartet	☐ Kingston Trio
☐ Elvis Presley	☐ Nina Simone	☐ Turk Murphy's Jazz Band	☐ Limeliters
Arthur Prysock	☐ Carol Sloane	Red Norvo Quintet	☐ The Los Vegas Singers
Lou Rawls	☐ Jennie Smith	Oscar Peterson Trio	☐ Johnny Mann Singers
Otis Redding	Keely Smith	André Previn Trio	Mills Brothers
☐ Jimmy Rushing	☐ Joanie Sommers	Max Roach Quintet	Mitchell Trio
☐ Jack Sheldon	☐ Jeri Southern	Sonny Rollins Quartet	☐ Modernaires
Frank Sinatra	☐ Jo Stafford	George Russell Sextet	New Christy Minstrels
	Dakota Staton	Pec Wee Russell All-Stars	Peter, Paul & Mary
☐ Mel Tormé	Barbra Streisand	☐ Bola Sete Trio	Platters
☐ Joe Turner	Pat Thomas	☐ Bud Shank Quartet	☐ The Raclets
Adam Wade	TI N' ME TI		Righteous Brothers
Muddy Waters	Big Mama Thornton	George Shearing Quintet	Staple Singers
Andy Williams	Teri Thornton	Archie Shepp Quartet	
☐ Joe Williams	Diana Trask	Horace Silver Quintet	Kirby Stone Four
☐ Jimmy Witherspoon			
_ June 1 Transcription	Sarah Vaughan	Nina Simone and her Trio	Supremes Singara
	Carol Ventura	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio	Swingle Singers
	☐ Carol Ventura ☐ Dionne Warwick	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet	☐ Swingle Singers ☐ Clara Ward Singers
FEMALE VOCALIST	☐ Carol Ventura ☐ Dionne Warwick ☐ Margaret Whiting	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio	Swingle Singers
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.)	☐ Carol Ventura ☐ Dionne Warwick ☐ Margaret Whiting ☐ Lee Wiley	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet	☐ Swingle Singers ☐ Clara Ward Singers
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria	☐ Carol Ventura ☐ Dionne Warwick ☐ Margaret Whiting ☐ Lee Wiley ☐ Nancy Wilson	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet	☐ Swingle Singers ☐ Clara Ward Singers ☐ —
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson	☐ Carol Ventura ☐ Dionne Warwick ☐ Margaret Whiting ☐ Lee Wiley	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Cof FAME
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez	☐ Carol Ventura ☐ Dionne Warwick ☐ Margaret Whiting ☐ Lee Wiley ☐ Nancy Wilson ☐	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers L OF FAME ving or dead, are eligible. Artists
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Cof FAME
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.)	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.)	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers L OF FAME ving or dead, are eligible. Artists
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.)	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.)	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALI (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1.	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Artists Correct Strong or dead, are eligible. Artists Correct Strong, Dave Brubeck and Frank
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.)	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Artists Correct Strong or dead, are eligible. Artists Correct Strong, Dave Brubeck and Frank
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALI (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2.	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Artists Correct Strong or dead, are eligible. Artists Correct Strong, Dave Brubeck and Frank
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALI (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1.	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Artists Correct Strong or dead, are eligible. Artists Correct Strong, Dave Brubeck and Frank
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belietto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALI (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3.	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Compared to the state of th
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALI (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2.	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Compared to the state of th
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belietto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ermestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ermestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRU	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ermestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRU	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé Byrdie Green	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet John Coltrane Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRU	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé Byrdie Green Shirley Horn	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firchouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRU	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé Byrdie Green Shirley Horn Lena Horne	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firchouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (F	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydic Gormé Byrdie Green Shirley Horn Lena Horne Helen Humes	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet Dizzy Gillespie Quintet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (F	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chame Very Company of dead, are eligible. Artists rong, Dave Brubeck and Frank THE YEAR (BIG BAND) EWER THAN EIGHT PIECES)
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gorme Shirley Horn Lena Horne Helen Humes Lurlean Hunter	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firchouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet Jimmy Giuffre Trio Benny Goodman Quintet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, li previously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (F	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Description Clara Ward Singers Clar
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé Byrdie Green Shirley Horn Lena Horne Helen Humes Lurlean Hunter Mahalia Jackson	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet Dizzy Gillespie Quintet Jimmy Giuffre Trio Benny Goodman Quintet Urbie Green Septet	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRU	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singe
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ermestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé Byrdie Green Shirley Horn Lena Horne Helen Humes Lurlean Hunter Mahalia Jackson Etta James	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet Dizzy Gillespie Quintet Jimmy Giuffre Trio Benny Goodman Quintet Urbie Green Septet Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextee	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRU	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singe
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ermestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé Byrdie Green Shirley Horn Lena Horne Helen Humes Lurlean Hunter Mahalia Jackson Etta James Damita Jo	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet Jimmy Giuffre Trio Benny Goodman Quintet Urbie Green Septet Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet Vince Guaraldi Trio	☐ Jimmy Smith Trio ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HAL (Instrumentalists and vocalists, lipreviously elected—Louis Armst Sinatra—are not eligible.) 1. 2. 3. PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRUMENTAL LP (FINSTRU	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singe
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorez Alexandria Ermestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydic Gormé Byrdic Green Shirley Horn Lena Horne Helen Humes Lurlean Hunter Mahalia Jackson Etta James Damita Jo Sheila Jordan	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet Jimmy Giuffre Trio Benny Goodman Quintet Urbie Green Septet Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet Vince Guaraldi Trio Chico Hamilton Trio	Jimmy Smith Trio Cecil Taylor Quartet Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singers Clara Ward Singers Chara Ward Singers Chara Ward Sing
FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.) Lorcz Alexandria Ernestine Anderson Joan Baez Pearl Bailey La Vern Baker Mae Barnes Joy Bryan Jackie Cain Lana Cantrell Vikki Carr Diahann Carroll Betty Carter June Christy Petula Clark Chris Connor Doris Day Ethel Ennis Marianne Faithfull Frances Faye Ella Fitzgerald Connie Francis Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Astrud Gilberto Eydie Gormé Byrdie Green Shirley Horn Lena Horne Helen Humes Lurlean Hunter Mahalia Jackson Etta James Damita Jo	Carol Ventura Dionne Warwick Margaret Whiting Lee Wiley Nancy Wilson INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.) Cannonball Adderley Sextet Louis Armstrong All-Stars Chet Baker Quintet Al Belletto Quartet Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Dave Brubeck Quartet Charlie Byrd Trio Barbara Carroll Trio Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet Cy Coleman Trio Ornette Coleman Quartet Miles Davis Quintet Martin Denny Group Dukes of Dixieland Don Ellis Sextet Bill Evans Trio Art Farmer Quartet Firehouse Five plus Two Erroll Garner Trio Stan Getz Quartet Jimmy Giuffre Trio Benny Goodman Quintet Urbie Green Septet Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet Vince Guaraldi Trio	Jimmy Smith Trio Cecil Taylor Quartet Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet	Swingle Singers Clara Ward Singe

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



"I'm afraid 'Stanley Harris' and 'Irma Trimble' aren't going to work out too well together . . ."

have specific emotional and physiological effects on human beings. Some familiar examples are the nervous jump produced by a firecracker or any other sharp, unexpected sound; or the shudder produced by the rasp of a fingernail across a blackboard. (There do not seem to be any pleasant examples.) This aspect of sound has thus far never been explored more than marginally for sensual use, either pleasant or unpleasant. To some extent, like the exploitation of odor, it awaits a theory of why some sounds (and only some sounds) behave in this way, from which one could predict just how wide this particular palette might be. The present "engram" theory of such effects-which says, for example, that loud, low noises frighten us because they arouse ancestral fears of sabertoothed tigers-has proven useless for both prediction and engineering, and hence is more than likely untrue.

In any event, the current repertoire is limited to a few sounds, producing such oddly disconnected effects as salivation or a sensation of dread. The salivation effect may be one reason (though probably a minor one) for the immemorial popularity of dinner music. It seems more likely, however, that dinner music is only a special case of music's ability to produce states of relaxation or tension. Whether a single, specific tone can relax or tighten the body is quite a different question.

The answer is yes. The few known somatic effects of sound establish firmly that even now some of music's traditional uses are occasionally more direct in their action upon the body than is suspected even by their practitioners. The sensation of awe often experienced even by the irreligious when exposed to pipeorgan music, for example, may be quite divorced from anything having to do with the Church, Instead, it seems to be associated quite specifically with the very low tones-around 15 cycles per secondproduced by the instrument's pedal notes, especially the 32-foot reeds. The beats involved here are so slow that they can be not only heard but physically felt, both against the skin and in the inner ear, which controls the body's sense of balance. The response of awe may be partly associated with the ecclesiastical surroundings and associations; divorced from these, the pure sensation produced may be simply one of disorientation, a notorious producer of religious ecstasies through the more familiar media of drugs, various kinds of starvation, or other attacks upon the senses.

The pipe-organ effect also points to a peculiarity of the known somatic effects of tone: Almost all the sounds that produce direct changes in the body cannot be heard. They are either subsonic or supersonic. Tunnels of love and grottoes 134 of fear in amusement parks often use such unsuspected sounds to heighten the desired atmosphere, which usually otherwise is so trumped up that only children get much charge out of it.

It is a common fact of experience that intensity of noise appeals directly to the emotions. Very quiet sounds suggest intimacy, simply because one's immediate impulse is to move closer to the source in order to be able to hear. Very loud noise is menacing, and there is the best possible reason for this: Loud sounds, all by themselves, can kill you. Any noise above 90 decibels in volume, and above 4000 cycles per second in frequency (near the frequency of the top tone of the piano), produces a spasm of the arteries throughout the body. If it is prolonged, the resultant load on the heart can be fatal. Sound levels this high (in both senses of the word) are usually associated only with jet engines, but some Italian city fountains, particularly in Pavia, are almost as noisy.

The occasional effectiveness of music in soothing the savage breast, as noted both by Congreve and by modern exponents of "music therapy" for mental illness, may have a slightly different additional explanation: the notorious suggestibility of the body processes to external rhythms. Anyone who has ever tried to march out of step to military music can testify to this effect, but it can be much more subtle. For instance, a rhythm that begins at the same rate as the heartbeat can by subsequent slight variations actually control the pulse rate to some extent-an effect exploited throughout Louis Gruenberg's two-act opera The Emperor Jones (an American turkey of a few generations back that had nothing to recommend it but this device, plus Lawrence Tibbett as the Emperor).

The erotic effects of rhythm are quite well known and reflected publicly in popular music and social dancing, which have been becoming pretty specific lately. There are essentially two kinds of erotic rhythm involved here. One is the steady, monotonous beat that the jazz critic Henry Pleasants celebrates, and that underlies all kinds of primitive music from the earliest fertility chants to the mindless pounding of rock 'n' roll. Persistent repetition of this kind accelerates the pulse (as in The Emperor Jones), which in turn suggests to the body that there is some reason for excitement; the body promptly responds with a pattern of responses called the general adaptation syndrome, which makes us ready for any sort of strenuous action, whether it be fight, flight or fornication. The generality of this response is the reason teenage rock-'n'-roll concerts hover so predictably between orgy and riot.

The second kind of erotic rhythm is much more subtle, and adolescents do not seem to be very sensitive to it. It is

what is called rising rhythm, in which a given rhythmic pattern gradually changes into faster patterns-not the same pattern played faster, but an increase in the nature of the rhythm. Music designed to take advantage of this. which reflects the changing nature of coital rhythm, can have profound crotic effects on the musically sensitive, and accounts for the fact that many adults with good ears have favorite pieces of music to which they like to make love. The Liebestod from Wagner's Tristan und Isolde is the most usual choice, but there are many others less obvious. It should be added that some people find making love to music mechanical and restrictive, but there is no reason that a composer who knew exactly what he was out to achieve could not get around this difficulty. After all, we already know that practically all music has an erotic effect upon some persons, particularly along with wine and candlelight. Probably, however, this effect is simply suggestive, rather than a direct physiological response. This kind of low-grade erotic reaction-as contrasted with the immediate erotic responses to touch, for example-may reflect nothing more than a suggestion to relax, the opposite of the fight-or-flight response, created by the general orderliness of music as opposed to the dangers we associate with random

If this is the case—as Dr. W. Grev Walter, the British pioneer in electroencephalography, maintains (in his elegant popular survey of his field, The Living Brain)-the continuous flood of barely noticeable music in which we live. thanks to Muzak and similar purveyors of audible molasses, may be lulling us on many occasions when we ought not to be lulled. At the very least, it may help explain in part why non-Americans (most of whom prefer to choose their own music at their own times, not to have it forced on them in elevators, buses, railroad stations, and so on) think us sex-obsessed, and why the advertising fraternity finds it so easy to push that particular button in our psyches to sell anything from Springmaid sheets to industrial hardware. The theory also suggests that, if music is to find greater and more specific use in heightening our sexual lives, we might well start by protesting its use to dilute them.

3. Taste. Although this is always listed as one of the "classical" five senses, it is rudimentary. It can discriminate only four fundamental sensations: sweet, sour, salt, bitter. That is not much of a palette to work with. All the other sensations we think we receive through taste are actually dependent on odor. To prove this to yourself-though I doubt that there can be many who haven't already tried this experiment, probably in boyhood-you need only try to distinguish

(continued on page 206)



a rollicking photographic satire uncovers new meaning in the well-remembered words of will shakespeare

By JERRY YUCSMAN





"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"

Romeo and Juliet

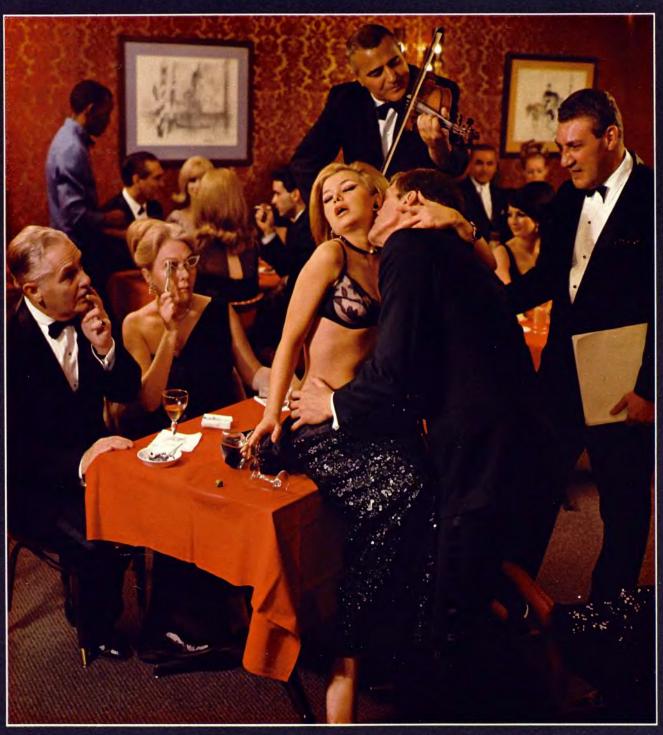


でいる"A little pot and soon bot."

The Taming of the Shrew



"The lady doth protest too much, methinks." Hamlet



"If music be the food of love, play on..." Twelfth Night



"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows" The Tempest



CE"Speak low, if you speak love."

Much Ado About Nothing



Some years later, when Vicki reached

21. she did indeed obey the lifelong

wishes of her parents and she became en-

gaged to a real, true prince. But when

she brought him home, her father imme-

diately placed the following ad in 3212

newspapers all over the country: "Come

back. Rob Myles. All is forgiven, my

son, the furrier. Love, Horace True-

But, alas, the ads were never answered.

And that June the young girl married,

and today she is known as Princess Vicki

of the new African nation of Ugambo.

LITTLE RED MIGHTYCOOL

THERE WAS ONCE a very hip chick named

Little Red Mightycool. She came from a

very hip family. Her parents were hip,

her aunts and uncles were hip, but per-

haps the hippest of all her relatives was

Red Mightycool lived in a small pad

on Avenue B on the Lower East Side,

which, as everyone knows, is much hip-

per these days than the Village. However,

her grandmother lived in an even hipper

neighborhood than that. She lived in a

little shack right at the foot of the Wil-

basket full of goodies to her grand-

mother, when she heard a rather un-

usual whistle. It sounded like "Wheeeeeee

She stopped and saw standing on a

corner a young man wearing a wide-

brimmed hat; a long, low jacket; and

baggy pants, which were very tight at the

"Woo woo," he said to her. "What's

"Who the hell are you?" asked Red

"I'm a wolf," said the young man.

"What is that you're wearing?" she

Whereupon he began twirling an eight-

foot key chain and whistled at her again.

One day Red Mightycool was taking a

father happily.

blood."

her grandmother.

liamsburg Bridge.

Whooooooooooo!"

cookin', good lookin'?"

ankles.

Mightycool.

opium: an LP recording of Gregory Cor-

With that she left him and skipped along toward her grandmother's house, shuddering momentarily at his parting

When Red Mightycool arrived at her grandmother's shack, the door was open, and she went inside. As usual, the old lady was in bed, wearing her nightgown and nightcap. But somehow, tonight she

"Grandma," said Little Red Mightycool, "what wild eyes you have!"

"Well," said the grandmother in a strange voice, "the LSD hasn't quite worn off vet.'

crazy pierced ear lobes you have!"

"I had no more room on the arms to take it."

nutty yellow teeth you have!"

"I'm smoking more and enjoying it more!"

aside the bed covers, and lo and behold, it was really the wolf. "You hippies are always suckers for

the square bit!" he cried. "You'll find Granny in the closet. But right now, I need some stuff!"

ket and ran off with it into the night.

and called the fuzz.

"Hello," she said to the desk sergeant, "I want to report a robbery. Some fink

the officer.

"Well," she said, "he was carrying a little bright basket and he was wearing a woman's nightgown, and he was running through the East Side."

was there anything unusual about his appearance?"

asked. "This is a zoot suit," he said, "with a

reet pleat and a drape shape."

Christ, thought Red Mightycool, this guy is so square he's almost in.

"Whatcha got in the basket, girlie?" he asked.

Oh, God, she thought, he called me "girlie." That went out with the Big Apple. Oh, well, it certainly couldn't hurt to tell him what she had in the

"I'm taking some goodies to my hip grandmother who lives in a shack by the bridge," said Red Mightycool. "I've got 142 six ounces of pot: four ounces of raw so's tone poem Lint, recited by Maxwell Bodenheim nine days after he died; a Swedish translation of Naked Lunch, in Braille; and a twenty-minute experimental film on the sex life of a homosexual tsetse fly."

shot, which was "Hubba-hubba."

looked a little different.

"And Grandma," said the girl, "what

"What could I do, Cookie?" she said.

"And Grandma," said the girl, "what

To which the grandmother replied,

With that, the grandmother threw

And he seized Red Mightycool's bas-

Quickly, the girl seized the telephone

ran off with valuable goodies of mine." "Can you describe the thief?" asked

"I see," said the officer. "Now tell me,

AMBER'S NEW CLOTHES

THERE WAS ONCE a small town many leagues away. All the people in the town were very vain and very prudish.

The daughter of the town mayor was a beautiful girl, who was one of the vainest and most prudish of them all. Her name, ironically, was Amber.

Amber was extremely clothes-conscious, and she literally exhausted her father's modest income by purchasing the finest

in frocks from all the top fashion houses on the Continent.

One day, while reading the local paper, Amber spied the following ad: "Zinbar, the internationally famous tailor, announces the grand opening of his new shop on Main Street. He will weave, to order, garments for both men and women, using the same priceless fabrics and incomparable styles he has sold to royalty all over the world."

Now, Amber had never heard of Zinbar, but she was too vain to admit this, even to herself. So she hurried over to the new shop. When Zinbar began to show her the various fabrics he had woven for famous personages, she was secretly puzzled, because in reality she saw nothing. Still, she thought, if this is what royalty wears, this is what she would wear. And in no time she had deluded herself into believing that Zinbar was indeed displaying some of the most breath-taking fabrics ever seen by the human eye.

Amber had herself fitted for the most expensive dress in the entire shop, and one week later she came back to pick it up. Zinbar ordered her to remove all her clothes and then went through the elaborate motions of putting a garment on her. With every movement he made, he praised not only the texture of the garment but the way it enhanced Amber's beauty. When he was finished, one full hour later, he Scotch-taped the following label on the back of Amber's neck: "This Garment Was Designed By Zinbar, The Internationally Famous Tailor." Then Amber looked at herself in the mirror. In actuality, she saw herself as she looked when she stepped out of the shower, but she would not admit this, even to herself. If this is what royalty wears, this is what Amber will wear.

She paid a handsome price for the dress and then stepped boldly and haughtily into the sunlight. Proudly she began walking up and down Main Street, reveling in all the attention she was receiving. In ten minutes, the accident rate in the town doubled all figures of the preceding eight years combined.

But a strange thing was happening. While all the vain and prudish townspeople really saw Amber as she looked when she stepped out of the shower, they refused to acknowledge it. After all, were they any less qualified to appreciate high fashion than royalty? And didn't the Zinbar label on Amber's neck prove that she was wearing a Zinbar garment?

"What a lovely dress!" said one.

"How beautifully the fabric gleams in the sun," said another.

"Such superb tailoring," said still another.

Well, it so happened that in this town at the moment was a salesman from another town. He was sitting at his hotel window overlooking Main Street when

(concluded on page 212)

FIRST AID FOR FREDDIE lord emsworth's

laudable intention was to rescue the lad, but what with the pooch and the sexy neighbor, the butler had to rescue m'lord

fiction By P. G. WODEHOUSE

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL AFTERNOON. The sky was blue, the sun yellow, butterflies flitted, birds tooted, bees buzzed and, to cut a long story short, all nature smiled. But on Lord Emsworth's younger son Freddie Threepwood, as he sat in his sports car at the front door of Blandings Castle, a fine Alsatian dog at his side, these excellent weather conditions made little impression. He was thinking of dog biscuits.

Freddie was only an occasional visitor at the castle these days. Some years before, he had married the charming daughter of Mr. Donaldson of Donaldson's Dog Joy, the organization whose aim it is to keep the American dog 100 percent red-blooded by supplying it with wholesome and nourishing biscuits, and had gone off to Long Island City, U. S. A., to work for the firm. He was in England now because his father-in-law, anxious to extend Dog Joy's sphere of influence, had sent him back there to see what he could do in the way of increasing sales in the island kingdom. Aggie, his wife, had accompanied him, but after a week or so had found life at Blandings too quiet for her and had left for the French Riviera. The arrangement was that at the conclusion of his English campaign Freddie should join her there.

He was drying his left ear, on which the Alsatian had just bestowed a moist caress, when there came down the front steps a small, dapper elderly gentleman with a black-rimmed monocle in his eye. This was that notable figure of London's bohemia, his Uncle Galahad, at whom the world of the theater, the racecourse and the livelier type of restaurant had been pointing with pride for years. He greeted Gally cordially. To his sisters, Constance, Julia, Dora and Hermione, Gally might be a blot on the escutcheon, but in Freddie he excited only admiration. He considered him a man of infinite resource and sagacity, as, indeed,

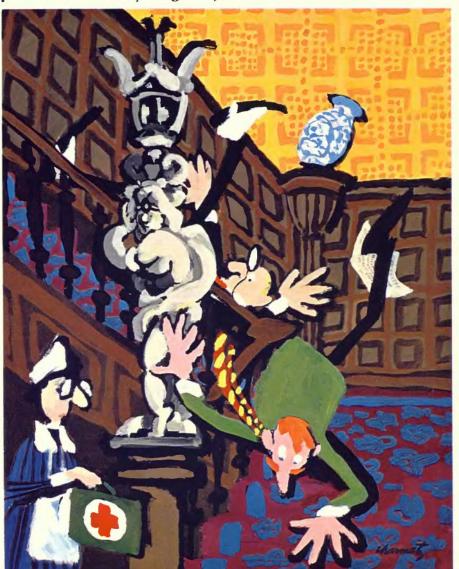
"Well, young Freddie," said Gally. "Where are you off to with that dog?"

"Tim taking him to the Fanshawes'."
"At Marling Hall? That's where that pretty girl I met you with the other day lives, isn't it?"

"That's right. Valerie Fanshawe. Her father's the local master of hounds. And you know what that means."

"What does it mean?"

"That he's the managing director of more dogs than you could shake a stick at, each dog requiring the daily biscuit. And what could be better for them than Donaldson's Dog Joy, containing as it does all the essential vitamins?"



Uncle Galahad handed Freddie a telegram, whereupon Freddie, having apened and perused it, uttered a sharp exclamatian, reeled, clutched at his uncle, and they both fell dawnstairs.

"You're going to sell him dog biscuits?"
"I don't see how I can miss. Valerie is the apple of his eye, to whom he can deny nothing. She covets this Alsatian and says if I'll give it to her, she'll see that the old man comes through with a substantial order. I'm about to deliver it F.O.B."

"But, my good Freddie, that dog is Aggie's dog. She'll go up in flames."

"Oh, that's all right. I've budgeted for that. I have my story all set and ready. I shall tell her it died and I'll get her another just as good. That'll fix Aggie. But I mustn't sit here chewing the fat with you, I must be up and about and off and away. See you later," said Freddie, and disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

He left Gally pursing his lips. A lifetime spent in the society of bookies, racecourse touts and skittle sharps had made him singularly broad-minded, but he could not regard these tactics with approval. Shaking his head, he went back into the house and in the hall encountered Beach, the castle butler. Beach was wheezing a little, for he had been hurrying, and he was no longer the streamlined young butler he had been when he had first taken office.

"Have I missed Mr. Frederick, sir?"

"By a hair's breadth. Why?"
"This telegram has arrived for him,
Mr. Galahad. I thought it might be
important."

"Most unlikely. Probably somebody just wiring him the results of the fouro'clock race somewhere. Give it to me. I'll see that he gets it on his return."

He continued on his way, feeling now rather at a loose end. A sociable man, he wanted someone to talk to. He could, of course, go and chat with his sister Lady Constance, (continued on page 148)



IN BOURGES there once lived an exceeding small man yclept Petit, entrusted with the maintenance of law and order. Called the provost-royal, for at that time the king made his seat in this good town, the diminutive official presented such a countenance stern that the king in heavy-handed jocosity remarked, "Petit cannot laugh, for he is short of skin about the mouth."

But if Petit was sparing of skin, his beautiful young wife had just the right amount. She was so dowered with charm, so exquisitely shaped, that even a jackass observing her undulations would bray with churlish delight. Her wedding to Petit was no sooner over, and the episcopal rejoicings complete, when it was rumored in the market place that she had taken a lover, a certain Lord Adolphus, a man of high standing among ladies of the court and thus lacking favor from his king.

Now Petit had a superior, a warm-blooded constable who also lusted over the wife of his subordinate. A fine spinner of words, he wished conversation with this fair baggage, preferably in bed at cockcrow. However, his arguments and messages were of small avail, for Madame Petit was not about to assume a second paramour. Thus, the constable had his men follow her to identify her lover, and in this manner set the stage for intrigue.

He would send the provost on an overnight goose chase, and surely his wife would then fly to her lover. Ere midnight the constable would summon back the gullible Petit and dispatch him to the keep of Adolphus with orders to comb the moldering pile for a nonexistent English spy. The ensuing meeting of husband and wife well could end the life of the lover, what with a cold shaft in his warm belly. Madame Petit might then be available to the constable, and the king well rid of a troublesome lord. Thus reasoned this knave; and his majesty, when informed of the scheme, was full in agreement.

Accordingly, the provost was dispatched to the wastelands. His good wife was beside herself with excitement at these unexpected tidings. Forsooth, she sent her maid to Adolphus. "Madame will spend the night with you here. She has a bone to pick with you," said the maiden.

His lordship devoured a grape. Then he ordered flagons of mull and plover's eggs to be placed about the bedchamber, and when his love arrived they scampered upstairs as lightly as greyhounds.

Meanwhile, Petit had been recalled and sent to Adolphus' house to unearth the nonexistent English spy. He ordered his men to surround the house, then he searched downstairs. Finally he banged on the door of the room where the tournament of love was progressing at a merry pace. "Sire, in the name of the king, thrust open this door ere a flight of devils take thee to thy rest!'

The lovers recognized the bray of Petit, and there under the quiltings Adolphus shook as though stricken with plague; but the wily Madame Petit had an idea born of a peculiarity of her husband's, and she whispered instructions to her lord, who then pulled himself together and went out into the hall.

"What want you here, varlet?"

Ribald Classic

a crafty constable confounded

from the



R. B. DANCE

"I must search your bedchamber for a spy of the English suspected of a plot of diabolical darkness."

"The English are capable of the lowest of deeds," Adolphus agreed amiably, "yet none of these scoundrels is here in my keep. I am entertaining a lady of the French court," he added in a confidential tone.

"Nevertheless, my sire, I must proceed. Stand aside!"

Adolphus shrugged. "You may search, my dear Petit, but do me one favor. Allow me to cover the head of this lady, the fairest of the French.'

This was indeed agreeable to the provost, who was quite flattered, in fact. A few minutes later he entered the chamber, looked up the chimney, opened the cupboard and peeked under the bed. Then he began to scrutinize the person on the bed, the face down, a sheet wrapped around the head, but otherwise completely unadorned.

"My lord." said Petit after some ruminations, "this could be an Englishman. They have flesh as white and soft as women. I know because I have hanged a score of them in the courtyard without.'

"In that case," said Adolphus, "if you but turn your back, I'll have this treasure roll over.'

This Petit did, and when he turned around he regarded with popeyed admiration the magnificent form on the bed, now lying on its back, sheet still enwrapped about the head.

"This is not an Englishman," said Petit after some deliberation.

Adolphus congratulated him on his perspicacity and the provost went off to the king and constable and reported fully what had happened. "No doubt about her being a lady of the court. I verified this fact both over and

Ribald, indeed, was his majesty's chortle. "You idiot without memory. You don't even know the finest of features possessed by your own wife."

"Sire," said Petit, "those features I hold in too great a respect to gaze upon them like a

"Old fool," cried the constable, whose grand plan had collapsed like a tent in the winds, "that was your wife!"

At this unpleasant news, Petit bolted from the court and in less time than it would take a beggar to empty the poor box, he had reached his own dwelling. If his wife was not there, he would return to the keep of Adolphus and the latter's vile blood would run as that of a goat. But Madame Petit was in her bed, asleep, for that wise lady had made even faster tracks back to her nuptial couch. Our Petit, thus reassured, began to unharness in haste, for his adventure had aroused him more than somewhat. He crawled beneath the goose-feather down and related to his spouse the night's work. At once she began to moan, "Mon petit, will you love me again after observing so minutely the finest features of a courtesan of France?"

"We shall see," said Petit. "Ma chérie, we shall see."

-Retold by Robert McNear 145



food By THOMAS MARIO MODERN EPICURES HAVE A PERFECT DEFINITION OF THEATER. It's the link connecting the snack before to the supper afterward. The idea of a pre-theater appearement rather than a full trencherman's dinner bolted down in time to make the 8:30 curtain gets a big hand from performers and audiences alike. And for generations the midnight supper after the show has been one of the most gracious of all ways to entertain.

If your theater party is to be really successful, you'll first pick a play cued to the tastes of your guests. You'll offer them the prolog of cocktails and the kind of food that takes the edge off their hunger but still lets them sit through Ionesco or Beckett with a clear head. Your potables should allow them to roll in the aisles with Auntie Mame rather than with the aftereffects of five martinis. When the show's over, your party will taxi to the armchair comfort of your own hearth, where fine food and fine wine will help make a bomb tolerable and a superb play bewitching. In the fall and winter there are all kinds of dialogs for fireplace suppers, but none more engaging than the chatter over cast, staging, sets and story.

While one man can manage this kind of three-stage party, there are times when dual hosting works out best. The first producer gets the tickets and is responsible for the early snack and for taxi or limousine service. The second collaborator hosts the leisurely after-theater supper and drinks. Of course, the division of labor needn't follow these specifications literally. But it's the one we've found best for intimate theater parties of six to twelve people. If you belong to a theater subscription club, members naturally take turns throughout the season in hosting the party.

Part of your entourage may live in urban domains where the nightly ordeal by traffic becomes just too much for gathering at the twilight hour. When they're caught in this kind of nightmare alley, they can only forgo the pre-liminary snack, pray that fate will get them to the show on time, and then gather afterward for the unhurried dramaturgy of the buffet table. But if your party can possibly be mustered before the show, it not only keeps the crowd moving as a happy unit but makes the whole evening's junket infinitely more festive.

When you plan a roster for a theater party, remember that the number of couples invited shouldn't exceed the table space and chairs providing easy anchorage. We've found that the best day for putting temptation in the way of your party is Saturday. Host and those who are hosted are often caught up in the late office groove during the week. Saturdays, too, give you all the line you need for exploring gourmet emporiums and liquor shops, and for assembling all the ingredients of an opulent supper.

Ironically, the scene of action that bugs every host's soul the first time he runs a three-stage theater party isn't the sumptuous supper after the show but the small snack before. Bachelors in the land of plenty still seem to suffer from a pronounced phobia of not appeasing the belly slave that theoretically rules every civilized man about town. In countries such as Spain or Greece, where the dinner hour normally begins at 10 or 11 at night, no such problem exists. The Greek planning a theater party wouldn't dream of compressing his evening dinner into any kind of timetable. Before the theater, the Greek will dawdle over a small sea of olives, a plate of fish-roe salad or slices of feta cheese, some dark bread and butter. He'll take a glass of wine or perhaps an ouzo or two. It's the most civilized kind of dawdling, which we Americans could well emulate. In this country the question of what to serve for the pretheater snack can be answered in very practical terms: Serve the first course of a dinner. Would you normally offer cherry-stone clams and an onion soup, a mulligatawny or a cheese fondue? Present any of these, and the first mouthful will assuage the pangs of hunger. Another delightful solution is the smørrebrød, or Danish open sandwiches. The beauty of the smørrebrød is that it can be contracted or expanded to meet the needs of any hungry circle. It's eaten with knife and fork. Although the kitchen procedure for making smørrebrød is the easiest in the world, there are several ground rules that must be faithfully followed. The bread should be freshly baked, thinly sliced and generously spread with sweet butter. Toppings may include anything in your larder from boneless sardines and sliced tomato to smoked cod liver with scrambled eggs, to raw chopped steak with onions and capers. If sliced meats are on the bill, they should be prime in quality, well chilled and freshly sliced. The snackmaster must look to the logic of the clock. It will tell him that the moment has arrived when he must tap men on the shoulder, take women by the arm and tell them that the scene is now shifting to the theater.

In planning your after-theater menu, your first rule is to avoid duplications of the party of the first part. If there were lobster cocktails beforehand, you won't serve coquille of seafood to the captive crowd at midnight. Let your supper program fit the changed mood with dishes of substance such as the *filet mignon* below. Avoid avant-garde cookery, dishes that require elaborate carving, and food conversation pieces that try to steal the scene from the show itself. Last-minute preparation, even in your black tie, is perfectly feasible, provided all behind-the-scenes work has been put out of the way beforehand, and your labors are limited to simple sautéing and reheating of sauces. Finally, if you can contract for the services of a Jeeves, you'll find him invaluable for setting up the napery, silverware and champagne coolers, for checking room temperatures, lighting the fire and all the other (continued on page 204)

THEATRICAL FARE

producing a culinary smash in two acts: the snack before, the supper after

who was reading a novel on the terrace, but something told him that there would be little profit and entertainment in this. Most of his conversation consisted of anecdotes of his murky past, and Connie was not a good audience for these. He decided on consideration to look up his brother Clarence, with whom it was always a pleasure to exchange ideas, and found that mild and dreamy peer in the library staring fixedly at nothing.

"Ah, there you are, Clarence," he said, and Lord Emsworth sat up with a startled "Eh, what?," his stringy body quivering.

"Oh, it's you, Galahad?"

"None other. What's the matter, Clarence?'

'Matter?"

"There's something on your mind. The symptoms are unmistakable. A man whose soul is at rest does not leap like a nymph surprised while bathing when somebody tells him he's there. Confide

Lord Emsworth was only too glad to do so. A sympathetic listener was precisely what he wanted.

"It's Connie," he said.

"What's she been doing?"

"Did you hear what she was saying at breakfast?"

"I didn't come down to breakfast."

"Ah, then you probably missed it. Well, right in the middle of the meal-I was eating a kippered herring at the time-she told me she was going to get rid of Beach."

"What! Get rid of Beach?"

"'He is so slow,' she said. 'He wheezes. We ought to have a younger, smarter butler.' I was appalled. I choked on my kippered herring."

I don't blame you. Blandings without Beach is unthinkable. So is Blandings with what she calls a young, smart butler at the helm. Good God! I can picture the sort of fellow she would get, some acrobatic stripling who would turn somersaults and slide down the banisters. You must put your foot down, Clarence."

"Who, me?" said Lord Emsworth.

The idea seemed to him too bizarre for consideration. He was, as has been said, a mild, dreamy man; his sister Constance a forceful and imperious woman modeled on the lines of the late Cleopatra. Nominally he was the master of the house and, as such, entitled to exercise the presidential, but in practice Connie's word was always law. Look at the way she made him wear a top hat at the annual village school treat. He had reasoned and pleaded, pointing out in the clearest possible way that for a purely rural festivity of that sort a simple fishing hat would be far more suitable, but every 148 year when August came around there he

was, balancing the beastly thing on his head again and just asking the children in the tea tent to throw rock cakes at it.

"I can't put my foot down with Connie."

"Well, I can, and I'm going to. Fire Beach, indeed! After eighteen years' devoted service. The idea's monstrous,"

"He would, of course, receive a pension."

"It's no good her thinking she can gloss it over with any talk about pensions. Wrap it up as she may, the stark fact remains that she's planning to give him the bum's rush. She must not be allowed to do this frightful thing. Good heavens, you might just as well fire the Archbishop of Canterbury."

He would have spoken further, but at this moment there came from the stairs outside the clumping of feet, announcing that Freddie was back from the Fanshawes and on his way to his room. Lord Emsworth winced. Like so many aristocratic fathers, he was allergic to younger sons; and since going to live in America, Freddie had acquired a brisk, go-getter jumpiness which jarred upon him.

"Frederick," he said with a shudder, and Gally started.

"I've got a telegram for Freddie," he said. "I'd better take it up to him."

"Do," said Lord Emsworth. "And I think I will go and have a look at my flowers.'

He left the room and, making for the rose garden, pottered slowly to and fro, sniffing at its contents. It was a procedure that as a rule gave him great pleasure, but today his heavy heart found no solace in the scent of roses. Listlessly he returned to the library and took a favorite pig book from its shelf. But even pig books were no palliative. The thought of Beach fading from the Blandings scene, if a man of his bulk could be said to fade, prohibited concentration,

He had sunk into a somber reverie. when it was interrupted by the entrance of the subject of his gloomy meditations.

"Pardon me, m'lord," said Beach. "Mr. Galahad desires me to ask if you would step down to the smoking room and speak to him."

"Why can't he come up here?"

"He has sprained his ankle, m'lord. He and Mr. Frederick fell downstairs."

"Oh?" said Lord Emsworth, not particularly interested. Freddie was always doing odd things. So was Galahad. "How did that happen?"

"Mr. Galahad informs me that he handed Mr. Frederick a telegram. Mr. Frederick, having opened and perused it, uttered a sharp exclamation, reeled, clutched at Mr. Galahad, and they both fell downstairs. Mr. Frederick, too, has sprained his ankle. He has retired."

"Bless my soul. Are they in pain?"

"I gather that the agony has to some extent abated. They have been receiving treatment from the kitchen maid. She is a brownie."

'She's a what?"

'A brownie, m'lord. It is a species of female boy scout. They are instructed in the fundamentals of first aid."

"Eh? First aid? Oh, you mean first aid," said Lord Emsworth, reading between the lines. "Bandages and that sort of thing, what?"

"Precisely, m'lord."

By the time Lord Emsworth reached the smoking room the brownie had completed her ministrations and gone back to her Screen Gems. Gally was lying on a sofa, looking not greatly disturbed by his accident. He was smoking a cigar.

"Beach tells me you had a fall?" said Lord Emsworth.

"A stinker," Gally assented. "As who wouldn't when an ass of a nephew grabs him at the top of two flights of stairs?"

"Beach seems to think Frederick's action was caused by some bad news in the telegram you gave to him."

"That's right. It was from Aggie."

"Aggie?"

"His wife."

"I thought her name was Frances."

"No. Niagara."

"What a peculiar name."

"A gush of sentiment on the part of her parents. They spent the honeymoon at Niagara Falls.'

"Ah, yes, I have heard of Niagara Falls. People go over them in barrels, do they not? Now there is a thing I would not care to do myself. Most uncomfortable, I should imagine, though no doubt one would get used to it in time. Why was her telegram so disturbing?"

"Because she says she's coming here and will be with us the day after tomorrow."

"I see no objection to that."

"Freddie does, and I'll tell you why. He's gone and given her dog to Valerie Fanshawe."

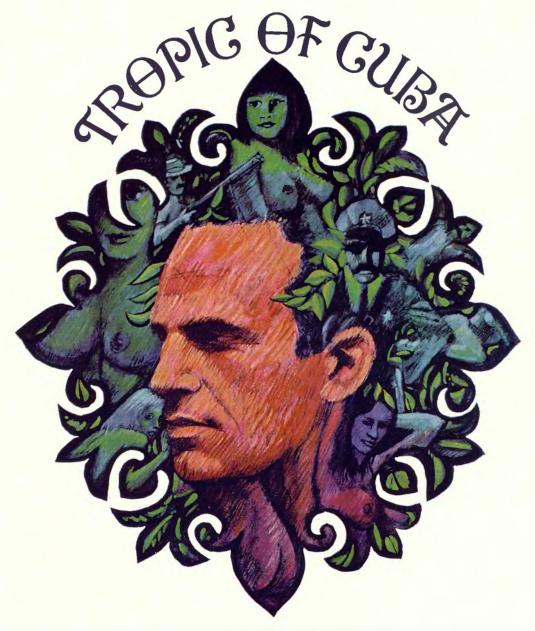
"Who is Valerie Fanshawe?"

"The daughter of Colonel Fanshawe of Marling Hall, the tallyho and viewhalloo chap. Haven't you met him?"

"No," said Lord Emsworth, who never met anyone if he could help it. "But why should Frances object to Frederick giving this young woman a dog?"

"I didn't say a dog, I said her dog. Her personal Alsatian, whom she loves to distraction. However, that could be straightened out, I imagine, with a few kisses and a remorseful word or two if Valerie Fanshawe were a girl with a pasty face and spectacles, but unfortunately she isn't. Her hair is golden, her eves blue, and years of huntin', shootin' and fishin', not to mention swimmin', tennis playin' and golfin', have rendered her

(continued on page 198)



article By PIETRO DI DONATO

in which the author clashes with hemingway, engages in a sexual marathon and is given a sudden sampling of batista brutality in pre-war havana

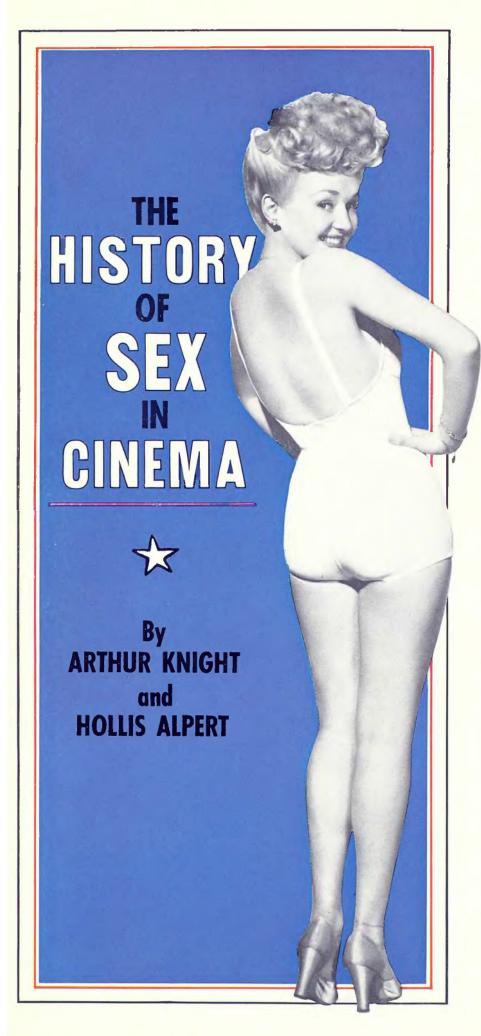
1939. AT A TABLE in Havana's Floridita bar, I sat with Hemingway. His companion was a mannishly dressed blonde with a magazine figure and a neoclassic but hard face. She would have looked just right astride a jumper.

Hemingway resembled an altered, jowly tomcat with mouse clenched between teeth. From the massive, swarthy guy came a small, high-pitched peacock's voice. We exchanged amenities while instinctively not taking to each other.

A little beggar girl, leading her blind grandfather, came in 10 sell white roses. When she approached Hemingway, he shrugged and said, "Tiny daughter, I have not money for bread."

Tears of pity came into her eyes. She pinned her best flower on his lapel and said, "I give you this Madonna rose as a gift. You'll see; it will bring you good luck!"

Hemingway put a large bill in (continued on page 190)



PART ELEVEN Sex Stars of the Forties

the private lives and public images of the love goddesses and matinee idols who ruled the screen during the decade of the pinup and the he-man hero

THROUGHOUT THE FORTIES, while most of the world's population was preoccupied with total war and its devastating aftermath, the most popular star of Hollywood's movies was a blondined dream girl of rather everyday prettiness named Betty Grable. Today it is a bit difficult to comprehend her popularity, if only because Hollywood's musical films no longer flourish; but at one point in the decade, the production of such pastiches amounted to more than a third of the studios' total output. Thus, to understand Miss Grable's pre-eminence over other more glamorous and alluring bundles of femininity, one must also be aware of the national preference for what would strike us now as somewhat insipid musical entertainments. No less important, during the War itself leggy pinups of Betty adorned the bunks and barracks of vast numbers of our fighters for a more democratic world. In an odd way, she was a suitable representative of democracy. There was nothing aristocratic about her except her earnings. She was shrewd and ambitious, but hardly cultivated; chirpy and bright, but hardly brainy. More recent writers, in assessing her appeal, have claimed that she possessed about as much mystery as a waitress in an Iowa diner.

The above verdict, although not calculated to start a stampede toward the tall-corn state, nevertheless sums up the basic appeal not only of Betty but of many of the substitute love objects of the early Forties. To the millions of men in camps and combat zones, this girl-next-door ordinariness seemed somehow more real, more desirable, more attainable than those diaphanous darlings of their peacetime yearnings. The fashions of the time furthered this desexualization of daydreams. A boxy look in the shoulders made most girls look like members of a football squad, despite the challenging thrust of the breasts; and the various Service uniforms they often wore seemed to emphasize the fact that sex was for spare moments only, that military aims rather than passions must be satisfied first.

During this period, as we shall see, Ann Sheridan, Carole Landis and Marie McDonald—"The Oomph Girl," "The Ping Girl" and "The Body," respectively—came and went; and though they had all the sexual attributes that any girl might need or want, they existed primarily for show, like goodies temptingly laid out in a shopwindow. They could be looked at but not touched.

So it was with Betty Grable, who, despite her















PICK OF THE PINUPS: Top—Foremost of the Forties' female sex stars, leggy Betty Grable was the GI's favorite pinup girl; Rita Hayworth began receiving 6000 fan letters a week after Lise published this famous picture of the lissome Latin beauty in 1941. Center—Aquabatic Esther Williams beamed and backstroked her way to film fame; peekaboo-tressed Veronica Lake generated as much electricity with one sloe eye as most sexpots did with two; a durable femme fatale, Hedy Lamarr was never sultrier than as the seductress Tondelayo in "White Cargo," Above—In "The Outlaw," Jane Russell's alpine contours "hung over the picture like a thunderstorm," wrote a reproving judge; "Oomph Girl" Ann Sheridan embodied a hard-boiled no-nonsense approach to sex.













WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?: With every able-bodied male serving in the Armed Forces, it fell upon Hollywood's ineligible stars to don khaki and win the War on screen. How could we lose with square-jawed fighting men such as Errol Flynn on our side—taking time out from swashbuckling swordplay to demoralize the enemy on land and sea, and in the air? For the moviegoing public, Van Johnson epitomized the freckle-faced boy next door who returns Stateside a gee-whiz hero—as he did in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," to true-blue house-wife Phyllis Thaxter. Meanwhile, back on the home front, a scrawny 4-F named Frank Sinatra, already one of the decade's major sex stars as a teenagers' idol on radio and records, was making a name for himself in escapist movie musicals as a croonercomedian; all of them, ironically, ended with the other guy—in this case, Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh"—getting the girl.

aura of a girl who had been around, remained unconquerable in the clinches until wedding bells were included in the proposition. In fact, so remarkably pure and chaste was she that the plot ploy of one picture had her walking out on the eve of her wedding simply on the suspicion that her fiancé was marrying her solely for her abilities as an entertainer. About Betty, one film reviewer of the period said that she was a vision "of the little girl next door turned vaudevillian."

This vision, as it happened, was very near the truth, Born in 1916, the daughter of a St. Louis stockbroker and a stage-struck mother, Betty was an infant prodigy of the then-familiar type who did imitations of Al Jolson, tap-danced and tooted on the saxophone. By the time she was 7, she was dispensing these talents via radio; at 13, she was hustled by her mother to Hollywood and enrolled in two dancing academies and one dramatic school. At 14, a well-developed nymphet, she was singing with a jazz band. At 15, she was given a contract by RKO and put in the chorus of a musical, Let's Go Places, then sent packing when it was discovered that California child-labor laws had been flouted by her employment. Soon after, however, she became the first chorine selected as a Goldwyn Girl for Whoopee, and for the remainder of the Thirties she shuttled from studio to studio as a perennial starlet. She was then regarded as just another cute blonde, suitable

BOGEY: Mythologized since his death into the apotheosis of the existentialist antihero, the disenchanted loner who sticks his neck out for nobody-least of all for a dame-Humphrey Bogart defined and refined his tough-guy image in the two dozen films he made during the decade. Top: As shamus Sam Spade in "The Maltese Falcon," he falls for client Mary Astor, then finds out she's a killer and coldly hands her over to the cops. In "Casablanca," Bogart drinks to forget Ingrid Bergman, and asks Sam, the piano player at Rick's Café Américain, not to play the song that reminds him of her-"As Time Goes By." Center: Portraying a hard-bitten gunrunner in "To Have and Have Not," Bogey finally met his match (on screen and off) in laconic Lauren Bacall, debuting as the ultracool woman of the world whose classic invitation-"If you want anything, all you have to do is whistle"-he accepts with unaccustomed warmth. Bottom: Paired again in "The Big Sleep," a Philip Marlowe private-cyeful, Bogey and Baby saturated the screen, wrote one critic, "with a sullen atmosphere of sex." As a cynical war veteran in "Dead Reckoning," he sparred with another sexy vixen (Lizabeth Scott).

















mainly for campus musicals—one solo chorus and some chaste spooning with the movie's halfback hero. For promotional purposes, during this period, however, she energetically posed for more leg art than any other actress, with the result that college dormitories across the land were soon abloom with her likeness. For this reason more than any other, by the end of the Thirties, she had become familiar as the pulchritudinous possessor of "the million-dollar legs."

Despairing of ever making it big in Hollywood—on screen, at any rate—Betty took to the vaudeville circuits in 1939, terming the expedition a "personal-appearance tour," and making sure that her photogenic legs were a prominent feature of every appearance, on stage or off. Wherever she went, the local papers were delighted to reproduce her shapely image—so much so that one morning, the story goes, Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox picked up his newspaper, saw a picture of Betty and promptly signed her for his company. Almost at the same time, she was tapped by director Buddy de Sylva for a role in Cole Porter's stage musical *Du Barry Was a Lady*. Zanuck, having no immediate plans for the girl, generously allowed her a Broadway stint of eight months, during which time













THE MEN: Opposite—By 1946, the style in sex stars had changed from the handsome hero played by Robert Taylor in "Waterloo Bridge" (in 1940, opposite Vivien Leigh) to a rugged new breed exemplified by Robert Mitchum, Taylor's nemesis in "Undercurrent." Tough guys Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas also emerged as sinewy new stars—Lancaster (with Ava Gardner) in "The Killers," Douglas (with Ruth Roman) in "Champion." Despite cave-man histrionics, Victor Mature led the beefcake brigade. As Cary Grant proved in "I Was a Male War Bride," however, the decade made room for she-men as well as he-men. THE LOVERS: Above—Established stars such as Clark Gable and Lana Turner, a torrid team in "Honky Tonk," began to be challenged by new romantic leads like Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones, co-stars of "Duel in the Sun." Though their reign ended in the last half of the decade, strong-willed leading ladies continued to dominate the screen—and their co-stars—throughout the early Forties. Rita Hayworth typified the time as a temptress who destroys Tyrone Power's marriage and career in "Blood and Sand." On the saintly side, Greer Garson proved no less a match for Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Miniver." In the first of the foreign films to compete with Hollywood overseas, new sex stars were born: James Mason, as the sadistic dilettante who mesmerizes Ann Todd in "The Seventh Veil"; earthy Vittorio Gassman, as the killer-con man of "Bitter Rice"; and his co-star Silvana Mangano, first of the post-War Continental sexpots.





SUGAR AND SPICE: An ambivalent decade, the Forties found several stars altering their images to match the metamorphosing moral climate. Among them was a Brooklyn-born socialite with the exotic beauty of an Oriental princess: Gene Tierney. Portraying an Arab girl in "Sundown" (above left), she projected a provocative but unapproachable otherworldliness. In "Shanghai Gesture," by contrast, she played the debauched daughter of a Chinese dragon lady. Another quick-change artist, Linda Darnell began the decade as a virginal heroine in films like "Blood and Sand" (below left). By 1947 she had graduated to such erotic starring roles as that of "Forever Amber." Though she escaped the great London fire in that sexpotboiler, she was less lucky as a concubine burned at the stake in "Anna and the King of Siam"—a part tragically prophetic of her own death in a suburban-Chicago fire 19 years later.















SCANDAL: Real-life notoriety can make or break a movie star. In the case of Errol Flynn, ill fame earned him new laurels. His much-publicized trial for statutory rape in 1942-he was finally acquitted-merely entrenched his reputation as a legendary "swordsman." Unlike that of Flynn, Charlie Chaplin's sex lifebared by a sensational paternity suit and a charge of violating the Mann Act-was inconsistent with his movie image, and the public turned against him. Embittered, he made "Monsieur Verdoux"-ironically, portraying a homicidal bluebeard-then left the country in the early Fifties, to take up residence abroad. A similar fate was visited upon Ingrid Bergman. Though she had played several earthy roles-including that of a Cockney trollop who writhes ecstatically, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," as the voluptuous star of the mad doctor's sexual fantasies-American moviegoers identified her with such pristine parts as the nun in "The Bells of St. Mary's." In 1949, when she abdicated her private role as wife and mother to become first the starin "Stromboli" (bottom)—then the mistress and finally the wife of Italian director Roberto Rossellini, the U.S. press and public retaliated by blackballing her and her films until 1956.









she landed on the cover of *Life* (December 1939). She returned to Hollywood just as the Forties began, replacing that other favorite Zanuck blonde, Alice Faye, opposite Don Ameche in *Down Argentine Way*. Alice, it seems, felt that she had been teamed with Ameche just a little too often. Betty made a hit in her stead.

Shortly thereafter, Zanuck co-starred the two blondes in Tin Pan Alley, and the critics everywhere discovered that both Betty's talents and her legs were the superior. Time's anonymous reviewer virtually drooled: "She gyrated through a harem scene," he wrote, "clad brilliantly in sequined bra and panties, her legs shining and sinuous beneath transparent pantaloons." Since the plots of the movies in which she cavorted were seldom more than pat little love triangles, critics rarely bothered to detail them. But notice was invariably taken of Betty. Noting the "mean and snaky wiggle" she put into her dancing in Coney Island (1943), the same reviewer wrote. "When Miss Grable agitates her torso, in a Technicolored pink jacket and short mauve skirt, it is not an exhibition which is likely to lull you to sleep." Technicolor and Betty Grable were made for each other, and seldom during the Forties did a year go by without at least two Grable musicals to lighten and enliven it.

It was not, however, the 20-odd musicals she made for Fox that have secured for her a place in film history so much as the pinup photographs for which she continued to pose so assiduously. Film critic William K. Zinsser once described the most famous of these while fondly recalling his War experiences for the New York Herald Tribune. "The picture was a symphony of curves," he wrote. "Miss Grable had been squeezed, perhaps sewn, into a white bathing suit that was providentially one size too small, and she was peeking saucily over her shoulder. This shining product of our way of life was displayed at outposts all over the world." Indeed it was. An estimated 2,000,000 Servicemen wrote to the studio requesting a personal copy of the famed still. Throughout the War years, Fox stocked Grable prints, in various delectable poses, in five appropriate sizes, ranging from the small, "over-theheart" size to a monster print suitable for posting in lockers, barracks and similar semiprivate places. Betty was always proud of what she considered her role in the War effort, and declared herself to be "strictly an enlisted man's girl."

Very few enlisted men, however, could have afforded her upkeep. By 1948 the Treasury Department announced that Betty was the highest-salaried woman in the world. Besides, she was married to trumpeter Harry James, then at the zenith of his career. Previously, during the Thirties, she had been briefly married to the former child film star Jackie Coogan, after which she was frequently seen with

screen villain George Raft. It was Raft who, one day, to please Betty, delivered to her doorstep a race horse tied up in ribbons. Rumor was rife that they would marry, but soon her name was being linked with bandleader Artie Shaw, then just on the verge of his remarkable marital career. When suddenly he eloped with Lana Turner, Betty remarked a bit plaintively, "It must have come on him very suddenly."

Although the winsome Miss Grable aged prettily, the time came when she was no longer America's favorite blonde. This did not occur, however, until the Fifties were well under way; and Betty was more than gracious when it became apparent to her that the studio was grooming Marilyn Monroe for her favored place in the starry firmament. When the two met preparatory to appearing in a film together, Betty told her, "Relax, Marilyn. I've got mine. Go get yours." This sage advice, to judge by subsequent events in Hollywood, was certainly well taken.

. . .

If Betty Grable was the GI-deal of the girl next door, the more opulently endowed Rita Hayworth embodied another image entirely. Some psychologists like to claim that the attraction of Miss Havworth's breasts, always covered but never concealed, represented a kind of wartime mother fixation; but relatively few of our nation's fighting men pinned up pictures of their mother in their barracks. For most GIs, if it wasn't Grable. it was Hayworth-and sometimes both. Like Betty Grable, la Hayworth had been seen in movies of the Thirties to distressingly little effect, then suddenly blossomed forth in the Forties. By 1947, as Winthrop Sargeant, a writer for Life. apostrophized her, she had become "a red-haired girl whose undulant figure and speculative smile were becoming as familiar to Americans as those of the Madonna were to the Italians of the Renaissance." Life itself added considerably to that familiarity by placing her likeness on its well-circulated cover a total of four times-a record, it might be mentioned, equaled only by Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It was a Life photographer who snapped the picture that became the second-most-wanted pinup of World War Two, after the aforementioned study of Betty Grable. It showed Rita kneeling in bed and wearing an exceedingly sheer nightgown. So inviting did she appear that American males, in and out of the Armed Forces, wrote her an average of 6000 letters a week during the War years, And when, in 1946, the most destructive atomic bomb yet contrived was tested at Bikini atoll, it had Rita's picture symbolically pasted to its war

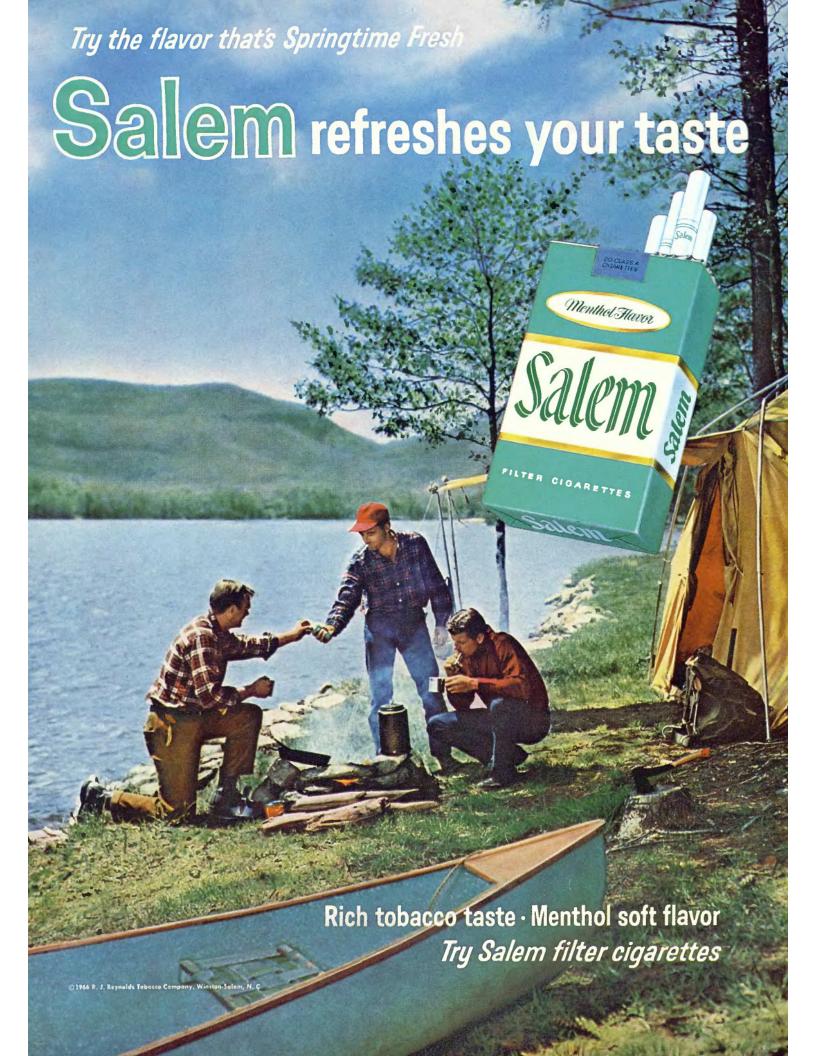
By then she was 28 years old, of which 14 had already been spent in show business. Born in 1918, and named Marga-

rita Carmen Cansino, little Rita was raised in Jackson Heights, New York. until her father, who led a troupe called The Dancing Cansinos, drafted her into the act. "All of a sudden," as Cansino later explained it to a reporter, "I wake up. Jesus! She has a figure! She ain't no baby anymore!" For the next three years she traveled the night-club and vaudeville circuits, until eventually she reached Tijuana, where a Fox executive, Winfield Sheehan, noticed exactly what her father had noticed. Sheehan at once gave her a small dancing role in a film called Dante's Inferno; but his larger plans for her came to nought when Fox merged with 20th Century and Darryl F. Zanuck emerged as studio top dog. With Sheehan out in the cold, Zanuck cast Loretta Young for the title role in Ramona, the part that was supposed to have launched Rita on the road to stardom.

Rita's next fateful meeting was with Eddie Judson, a middle-aged ex-gambler of fatherly appearance who held the Hollywood franchise for the deluxe Isotta-Fraschini line of automobiles. He married the teenaged dancer and took her career in hand, deciding as a first step that she must change her name. For a time she used Haworth, her mother's family name; but this became Hayworth after Judson succeeded in convincing the autocratic head of Columbia Pictures, Harry Cohn, that his young wife had star potential. The studio wrought other changes: Her black hair was transformed to the strawberry-blonde shade with which she eventually became identified, and her hairline was actually shaved back to give her a more elevated and noble brow. Rita was ready.

The tide began to turn in 1941, when Warner Bros.' "Oomph Girl," Ann Sheridan, struck for higher wages: Warners thriftily borrowed Rita Hayworth for The Strawberry Blonde, co-starring her with James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland-mainly, it must be admitted, because she had the same Oomphatic measurements as Miss Sheridan, for whom some costly turn-of-the-century costumes had already been created. Rita received such good notices that she was at once borrowed again, this time by Zanuck. Carole Landis, then being hailed as a new blonde bombshell, had refused to dye her hair red to play the seductive Spanish hussy in the forthcoming Blood and Sand. Rita's hair, however, was already dyed red-and her work in the film skyrocketed her career. Harry Cohn, no mean star maker, realizing that he had what in the trade is known as a "hot property," quickly tossed Rita into two musicals, with no less a dancing partner than Fred Astaire. By the end of 1942. her seductive features had adorned the covers of 23 magazines and, as a kind of official recognition, Louella Parsons named her "The Girl of the Year."

By this time, husband Eddie Judson



was out, and Rita was being squired around town by tycoon Howard Hughes. by the original "beefcake" boy, Victor Mature, by singer Tony Martin, and by the suave British actor David Niven. It was hardly for neglect that she sued Judson for divorce, but for his business habits; she claimed that "be regarded me as an investment." She won her suit, and Harry Cohn was said to have generously provided Judson with a \$10,000 dividend on his "investment." Even more generously, Cohn forthwith lavished several million dollars on a stunning Jerome Kern musical called Cover Girl. with Gene Kelly cavorting as Rita's dancing partner. It remains one of her best pictures. Meanwhile, in her socalled private life, Rita had met Orson Welles, Hollywood's erratic Wunderkind, after his controversial Citizen Kane, and they were married in 1943, a union, as someone termed it, of "the beauty and the brain." After two volatile years, and the birth of one daughter, Rita and Orson separated: their divorce was made final in 1947.

A Hayworth cult, which lingers to this day, began to spread after the release of the palpitating, melodramatic Gilda in 1946, starring Rita as the languorous pawn in a love-hate triangle that included her lover (Glenn Ford) and her husband (George Macready). Ado Kyrou, the French author of a bulky study entitled Amour-Erotisme et Cinéma, regarded Rita as the ultimate pinup of the period, although not himself a member of her cult. For him. Rita is less symbolic than symptomatic, and shares the traits of such sister pinup queens as Betty Grable and Veronica Lake. "The pinup," he wrote, "is big, fleshy, beautiful in a stereotyped way, provocative but a look-alike. She is the opposite of the sophisticated woman; in her presence man has no problems, because she conceals no mystery. She is a head and a body, she never stops smiling, she is perfectly wholesome, desperately blockheaded." Kyrou regards this pinup type as "a triumphant apparition" who had, unfortunately, eclipsed the ingénues and dethroned the vamps.

Orson Welles apparently regarded his former wife as neither goddess nor pinup. While their divorce was still being processed, he starred her as a lethalminded sex queen in Lady from Shanghai; and at the film's finale, he had her shot to death by her husband in a bizarre amusement park's mirror maze. Welles also insisted that she cut her hair short for the picture and dye it blonde. Harry Cohn, whose Columbia studio underwrote Lady from Shanghai, wailed over the desecration. "Everybody knows," he cried, "that the most beautiful thing about Rita was her hair."

After the film and the divorce had both been completed, Rita sailed for Eu-160 rope, and while in Paris, came down with bronchitis. It proved a fateful illness, for she left the City of Light to take up residence in a villa on the Riviera, where society arbiter Elsa Maxwell was currently holding sway. Elsa introduced Rita to Aly Khan, the world's richest playboy, who was soon saving his new love was "like Venus, only with a soul and sweetness." The newshounds took full notice when Rita followed Alv to Spain, and even more when Aly followed Rita to Hollywood, where she next made The Loves of Carmen. There were mutterings of disapprobation at women's-club meetings when Rita, after finishing the film, sailed for Europe in the company of Aly and her small daughter. But the final straw came when the two took up residence in Switzerland and were joined there by Aly's two sons by his first marriage (which was, incidentally, still in effect). The General Federation of Women's Clubs, totally outraged by this blithe disregard for convention, passed a resolution to boycott Rita's films.

Their wrath was somewhat appeared when Aly's divorce came through and he and Rita were married in a French civil ceremony, Rita renouncing her Catholicism and turning Moslem for the occasion. She also stated that she was through with the movies, since her image had become almost a sacred thing to Aly's Moslem followers. But it wasn't long before she had tired of this form of spirituality, not to mention the tours and protocol that her husband's position demanded. After giving birth to a Moslem girl, Yasmin, she left Switzerland-and Aly-for the United States, where, in a few more pictures, the public showed a willingness to gaze upon the Moslem princess. She separated from Aly in 1951, was divorced soon after, and was reputed to have obtained a \$3,000,000 settlement from him. By the early 1950s, the Hayworth vogue was all but over, although Miss Sadie Thompson, released in 1953, included one feverish scene that raised a good many sophisticated eyebrows. Rita, as Sadie, the only woman in a tropical bar filled with sweating Marines, belted out The Heat Is On. While she did an orginstic dance, they surrounded her, shaking their beer bottles to the rhythm until they foamed over like vast ejaculations. This is probably the only occasion that Blatz beer has ever been used as an erotic symbol in the cinema or anywhere else.

Rita was once asked, after being called America's love goddess, what it was like to be so regarded by millions of fans. "Golly," she replied after some reflection, "I guess any girl would love to be a goddess."

Third in the wartime pinup parade was the torrid, top-heavy Jane Russelland this was all the more remarkable because, until 1946, very few people had

even seen her on the screen. The first of the movies' mammarian prodigies, she made her debut in Howard Hughes' The Outlaw--which, although completed in 1943, promptly encountered censor difficulties that Hughes had no time to straighten out until after the War was over. Meanwhile, however, through the tireless efforts of veteran press agent Russell Birdwell, Jane's sultry face and astonishing figure were made familiar through frequent exposure in the masscirculation magazines. The fact that in such "art" she was invariably posed in revealing, low-cut blouses undoubtedly swayed many editors to choose her brand of cheesecake over that offered by betterknown but less provocative young actresses. Actually, it was a photo of her face, not her figure, that piqued Hughes' interest while he was searching for an unknown to play the lead in his forthcoming Western epic. Jane, a dental assistant at the time, had done some photographic modeling on the side, and a few of the results were brought to Hughes' attention. He saw enough in the face to ask her to come in; and he saw enough else, after he had screentested her, to sign the girl to a seven-year contract, slating her for the role of Rio in The Outlaw.

But long before that first appearance the filming was marked by several delays and battles with the Production Code Administration (see Part IX of this series, in the August 1966 PLAYBOY-Jane began to get the Birdwell build-up. "I christened boats," she later recalled. "I judged baby contests, and I sprawled on the beach for photographers, always in the blouse with the low-cut neck." As to the frequent exposure of her own special build-up-38 inches-she implied that the photographic fraternity had taken unfair advantage of her innocence. Still under 20 at the time, she said, "I wasn't used to people who worked angles all the time. They were smiling sweetly and kibitzing. When they asked me to bend over and pick up two pails of water, I bent over and picked up the pails. They must have taken a thousand shots before I realized." Even after she realized, however, variants on the pailpicking obviously continued, for Birdwell managed to flood the country with portraits of Jane that laid maximum emphasis upon the alpine contours of her upper torso. But if, as a result of his ministration, Jane Russell suddenly became big, it is also true that bosoms in general got bigger—in a cinematic sense. at least. To quote Murray Schumach, author of The Face on the Cutting Room Floor, "Jane Russell's breasts were to Hollywood what Eve's apple was to sin."

Meanwhile, Jane remained a sex star without a movie. Hughes, holding onto her contract, refused to allow her to make another film until he was certain (continued on page 164)



"When you reach my age, Chadborne, it's the little things that count."

BILL DANA four's company

BESIDES BEING THE PERFORMER who made "My name José Jimenez" a permanent part of the American comedy scene. Bill Dana, a man of many faces, has cornered enough credits as a writer, producer and entrepreneur to rank him as a quadruple-threat man. Dana the writer -who served as head scribe for his own weekly TV show and last season's video spoof Alice in Wonderland (Or, What's a Nice Kid Like You Doing in a Place Like This?) -earned his first yuk turning out gags for fellow comics Don Adams and Steve Allen back in the early Fifties. In fact, it was Bill who came up with Adams' original "Would you believe" joke. "It was for a TV skit called 'The British in India,' " Dana recalls, "and Don had just been confronted by the infamous Surat Khan, who wasn't about to believe that his Thugee warriors were surrounded by Bengal Lancers. So I had Don say, 'Well, would you believe Gunga Din on a donkey?' "In his role as businessman, Dana recently ad-ventured into the mad, mad Mad Ave world by teaming up with crony Adams again ("No one can accuse me of not getting Smart") to form an agency that already boasts a sizable billing. Though busy diversifying, bachelor Dana still finds time to retain top executive billing at the West Coast offices of the CIA (California International Artists: a talent agency managing performances for the Tijuana Brass) and Bill Dana Productions, Ltd. (which produces the Jimenez records). In addition, Bill the producer is the brains behind this season's big new Milton Berle Show and an upcoming José Jimenez TV cartoon series. Nor has Bill the performer forgotten the shy little guy who helped make this financial boom possible. "José's latest record, The Jewish Astronaut, José Jimenezchevitz,' quips the always-on Dana, "should be one jell of a jit."



ROMAN POLANSKI pole vaulting

DESPITE THE RELATIVE ANONYMITY on these shores of the artists turning out movies in post-War eastern Europe, 32-year-old Roman Polanski-an estimable product of the Polish National Film Academy at Lodz-has needed only four years and a trio of brilliantly executed feature films to establish an international reputation as a director of the first rank. In 1962, having just completed his Lodz apprenticeship with the release of the widely acclaimed surrealist short Two Men and a Wardrobe, Polanski quickly proved himself a cut above the East-West competition by walking off with highest honors at the Venice Film Festival for his first feature-length effort, Knife in the Water. Given leave to garner additional laurels on the capitalist side of the Iron Curtain, Bolshevism's boy wonder went to London, where he won over any remaining skeptics among Western critics with his virtuoso handling of the Hitchcock-style thriller Repulsion. His third and most recent triumph, Cul de Sac, a British-based black comedy, found him once again headed down the awards trail-this time as the 1966 Berlin Festival's firstprize recipient. Filmdom's new long-haired leading light can claim the added distinction of having written the original filmscripts for all of his screen successes to date and will soon supply further evidence of his consummate moviemaking skills when he stars in another self-scripted effort, a horror spoof, The Vampire Killers. But rather than rest on his cinematic credits, the diligent directorcum-writer-cum-actor is spending his few free hours completing production schedules for his next film, Cherchez la Femme, and plans for a forthcoming gig as guest director at the Old Vic. Accused of being inflexibly opinionated ("Because I am sure"), Polanski need not defend his opinions; his finely wrought films speak for themselves.







ALAN ARKIN low-key to success

IN THE HIT FILM The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming, the jittery Soviet sailor says to a startled couple vacationing on a New England island, "Please not to be afraid, we are nobody." But nobody he isn't. He's Alan Arkin, and these days that's somebody. For Alan Arkin, at 32, is a master comedian who, over the last seven years, has quietly built himself a reputation and a career of impressive proportions. Arkin made his professional debut in 1959 with the Compass Players' improvisational theater in St. Louis and joined Chicago's Second City revue a year later. Then it was From the Second City in New York, a few minor roles on and off Broadway and a brilliant breakthrough to star billing in Carl Reiner's Broadway comedy Enter Laughing. Arkin left laughing, carrying off the 1963 Tony Award and winning that season's New York Drama Critics Poll. Arkin was back again last winter, romping in his low-key comedic fashion through the long-running Broadway production of Murray Schisgal's Luv and, again, piling critical accolades on top of popular acclaim. This seeming ability to please critics and public alike also characterizes his movie career. where not only The Russians but a hilarious short, That's Me, made with Andy Duncan, is currently riding high. Last mouth, Arkin teamed up with Murray Schisgal again to open ABC-TV's much-heralded Stage 67 with The Love Song of Barney Kempinski. It was the kind of part Arkin could revel in: that of a harried schlep trying desperately to get to his own wedding in a high-camp chase through the streets of Manhattan. Now Arkin, an established success, is impatiently marking time till he begins to bring alive the prized role of Yossarian in the motion-picture rendering of Catch-22. A "nobody," indeed! 163

SEX IN GINEMA (continued from page 160)

that he was going to win his various censorship battles over The Outlaw. During the War, she married the pro-football player Bob Waterfield, and when the star quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams was inducted into the Army, she followed him to Fort Benning, Georgia. To while away the time, she worked in a beauty parlor in nearby Columbus, using her married name, and helped in the local war-bond drives. Perhaps more helpful to morale and the War effort, however, were her popular and omnipresent pinups. Her lush figure and sensual face, with the lustrous dark hair hanging heavily to one side, adorned the fuselages of literally hundreds of bombing planes. Men seemed to respond spontaneously to the challenge in her dark eyes and pouting lips. About her predominant expression, Jane was later to explain to an interviewer, "I was a whiny, disagreeable kid and I got that look-they call it sultry because it sounds glamorous.'

With the War over and The Outlaw in general release, the Russell career began to soar again-largely because wherever one looked. Hughes had her picture plastered on the billboards of the nation in an advertising campaign unprecedented for aggressively bad taste. "What Are the Two Great Reasons for Jane Russell's Rise to Stardom?" was a typical poster slogan-and the picture that accompanied it left little room for a second guess. Once more the film ran afoul of the censors, this time specifically because of the boldness of the ads; but Hughes, undaunted, rented theaters on his own to bring his picture to a panting populace and used every resource at his command to keep it running. The censorial hue and cry undoubtedly helped. When a Baltimore judge, upholding a local ban on the film, opined that "Jane Russell's breasts hung over the picture like a thunderstorm spread over a landscape," he was hardly discouraging potential patrons. As one Los Angeles newspaper reported about the lines forming at the box office, "What packed them in was an opportunity for anatomical research."

Their anatomical researches were furthered when Hughes lent her out for an inconsequential quickie called The Young Widow, in which she was required to do little more than lounge about in various black negligees. She fared better as a comedic Calamity Jane opposite Bob Hope in The Paleface; she seemed to enjoy spoofing her own image, meanwhile filling her frontier costumes to abundant advantage. Early in the Fifties she joined another rising sex queen, Marilyn Monroe, in a musical version of Gentlemen Prefer Blondesand spoofed another image when, toward the end of the film, she proffered a hilarious parody of Marilyn's walk and speech patterns. Then, once more under the aegis of the rambunctious Mr. Hughes, she provoked the Legion of Decency all over again with her costumes and dancing in The French Line. The Legion was particularly unhappy over an abbreviated black-satin outfit that had three large holes in the midriff section, and even more so because she proceeded to perform a bump-and-grind routine that included both side bumps and a front bump. The Production Code Administration also took offense; its rather finicky regulations permitted side bumps or front bumps, but not the two together. When the film was refused a Seal because of this, Miss Russell sided with the official viewpoint, allowing that the scene was, indeed, in poor taste. She insisted, also, that she had toned down her performance in the offending number, and that it had come out as it did only because the low camera angle placed undue emphasis on the pelvic region and its movements. Thus, in the twilight of her film career, Miss Russell was suddenly found, ironically, supporting the censors.

Or perhaps it was not so ironic. Actually, despite her on-screen impersonations, Jane Russell was and is deeply religious and contributed handsomely to the construction of The Chapel of the Valley in Los Angeles, ("I think God is a living doll," she once averred.) She has actively promoted such causes as the Women's Adoption International Fund, better known as WAIF, and adopted three children herself. An avid Bible reader, she is an equally avid peruser of comic books, and on occasion betrays this proclivity. Once when a Senator asked for her autograph, she agreed, then looked up, knitting her brow, to ask, "Say, tell me how to spell Senator." But none of these are the endowments for which she will be remembered. At the start of her career. Russell Birdwell had seen to it that she was voted the outstanding sweater girl of 1941. By the time she was named Miss Torpedo of 1949, it was an accolade that she had won completely on her own.

What Birdwell did for Russell was approximated by other, more anonymous publicity people for girls like Ann Sheridan, Carole Landis and Marie McDonald, all of whom shared Jane's attributes, if not her popularity. Appellations like "Oomph Girl." "Ping Girl" and "The Body" did not spring spontaneously from their audiences' subconscious; they were assiduously fed and fostered by reams of copy and stacks of stills emanating from their studios' publicity offices. It just so happened that all three possessed what great sections of the populace -especially those in uniform-wanted at the moment; and their likenesses adorned innumerable GI barracks during the War years. It was Walter Winchell who inadvertently provided Miss Sheridan with her great boost to glory when, toward the end of 1939, he wrote in his syndicated column that she had "umph." An alert press agent at Warners, the studio that had her under contract, changed the spelling of that somewhat ungraceful term to "oomph." More than that, he claimed that the actress had been elected by national acclaim "The Oomph Girl" of the movies. Wire services took widespread note.

Born Clara Lou Sheridan in 1915, Ann was a likable Texas girl who had come to Hollywood in 1933 as the winner of a "Search for Beauty" contest held by Paramount, and for several years thereafter was seen in movies mainly as an attractive part of the background. She had advanced to supporting roles by the time Winchell noticed her; only then, with the studio plugging hard, did the demand for her stills begin to grow. These tended to focus on her head of rich red hair, either piled up high or spilling down over her shoulders, but invariably combined with a sexy, slumbrous expression in her large, heavy-lidded eves. Her parts grew larger, but not large enough to suit Miss Sheridan. "The publicity they were giving me," she stated many years later, "all that 'Oomph Girl' build-up, got to be a dreadful bore. I resented it because they never backed it up with any roles. One day Paul Muni overheard all my beefing. 'Don't be silly,' he said. 'Use it to fight for the parts you want.' So I started fighting, screaming and clawing with the front office to give me an A picture."

Warners capitulated by giving her a lead role in King's Row-the Peyton Place of its day-and a salary of \$2000 a week. Ann won plaudits as the poor, available girl from the wrong side of the tracks who is thrown over by the town rake after their affair. Her scene at the young man's bedside after he has undergone a leg amputation invariably wrung tears from the audience. King's Row also gave an invaluable boost to the career of Ronald Reagan, playing a rich man's son whose father's indulgence encouraged him to become the local heartbreaker. Reagan was generally seen thereafter in more wholesome and cleancut roles; and his original leftward political leanings shifted, too-so much so that in 1966 he became a right-wing Republican candidate for governor of California. As for Miss Sheridan, during the Forties she gradually abandoned her earlier image of "everybody's pal"-trading wisecracks and insults with the likes of Jimmy Cagney. Humphrey Bogart and Pat O'Brien-for more emotional and dramatic roles. Nowadays, her long list of pre-1948 pictures turns up with impressive regularity on late-night television, while Ann herself is the star of a



Exciting new shades for authentic natural shoulder clothing. That's what MADISONAIRE offers in Spice Hues for fall, 1966. There's warm, rusty-brown CLOVE . . . zestful blue JUNIPER . . . and sprightly green SAGE. Each Spice Hue influences a whole range of handsome suits, sport coats and topcoats, tailored to the traditionalist's taste by MADISONAIRE. Vested suit, about \$85.

Little Blue Book from Varsity-Town Madisonaire—168 pages of style news and sports information, football schedules, scores, sport records, fraternity data—free—at the Varsity-Town store in your city. Or write for your free copy to the H. A. Seinsheimer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202, makers of world-renowned Varsity-Town Clothes.

AVAILABLE AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES: Petway-Reavis, Nashville • The Union, Columbus • Tate-Brown, Charlotte • Wild's, Ann Arbor • Blach's, Birmingham • Bodin-Van Dorn, Des Moines • Rothschilds, Oklahoma City • Shepherd's, Kansas City • M. Levy, Shreveport • Jerrems, Chicago • Godchaux's, New Orleans • L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis



YOUR SIGN OF AUTHENTIC NATURAL SHOULDER FASHIONS

popular daytime TV soap-opera series. Sic transit gloria mundi,

The precise origins of Carole Landis' "Ping" appellation are less well documented than Ann Sheridan's "Oomph," but undoubtedly it, too, germinated in the recesses of some press agent's fertile mind. (It has been suggested that "ping" is the sound a button would make as it popped off one of Miss Landis' wellfilled blouses or sweaters.) Like Jane Russell, she was always more popular during the War years as a pinup than as a star-although, to be sure, she worked a good deal more than Miss Russell, Born Frances Ridste in 1919 in the small Wisconsin town of Fairchild, the moviestruck girl arrived in Hollywood in 1937. Blonde, beautiful and bountifully formed, she moved quickly from extra bits to small parts, including a stint in a Republic serial. Stardom came in 1940, when she played the pelted mate to cave man Victor Mature in Hal Roach's One Million B.C. She was kept busily employed after that, in such secondary Hol-

lywood efforts as Turnabout, Dance Hall, Cadet Girl and Orchestra Wives. She duly recorded her tour of Servicemen's installations in North Africa during the War for posterity, both as a book and as a film, in Four Jills in a Jeep. But somehow, for all her loyal fans, Carole was never able to break through to the top echelons of her profession. Despite the dozens of movies that she made, not one could be considered a prestige production. Her career was in obvious decline by July 5, 1948, the date on which her name suddenly made the headlines: they stated that she had died from an overdose of sleeping pills.

Almost as hectic as her screen career was her marital record-five marriages, four divorces and one separation (the last from theatrical producer W. Horace Schmidlapp). On the above-mentioned fifth of July, Rex Harrison-often referred to, even then, as "Sexy Rexy"-discovered Carole's body as it lay on the floor of the bathroom of her Pacific Palisades home, her head resting against her jewel box. Investigation quickly revealed

"Here comes the beach crowd!"

that the two had dined together at her home the night before, and that after he left, Carole had consumed large quantities of Seconal pills. What added to the mystery was the maid's statement that he had telephoned the next morning and suggested to her that she not waken her mistress. The maid further informed the police that for the past few weeks Harrison had been in the habit of lunching and dining regularly with Carole. Her despondency, it was quickly established, was mainly due to two things: worry over her deteriorating career and Harrison's refusal to marry her-an understandable one, since he was already married, to the beautiful European film star Lilli Palmer. Miss Palmer showed herself to be made of sterling stuff when she rushed from New York to be at her husband's side during the resultant ugly publicity to which the actor was subjected; Schmidlapp, on the other hand, expressed shock over the death of his estranged wife but refused to make the trip from New York to Los Angeles. Harrison left Hollywood shortly thereafter, not to return for sev-

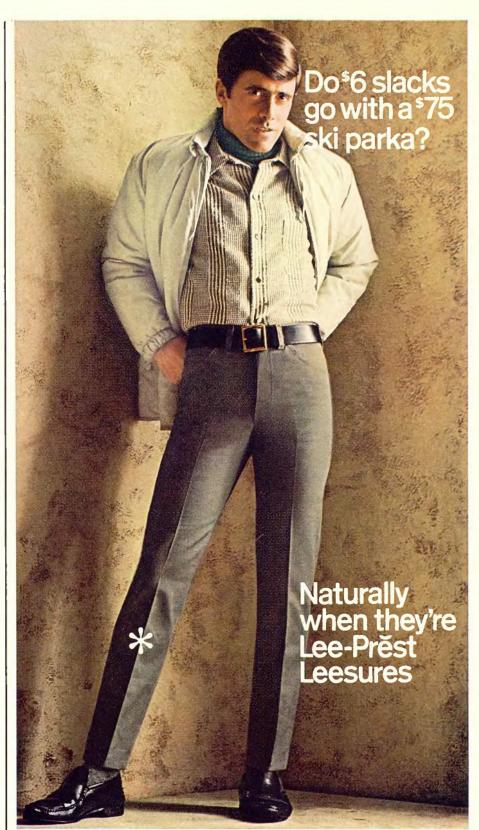
eral years. If the inspiration for Carole Landis'

"Ping" was obscure, there was no doubt whatsoever about Marie McDonald's "Body." A Powers model before she began her screen career in 1941, her lush curves and photogenic features made her an immediate pinup favorite. Indeed, so well proportioned was her famous figure that she never deigned to wear a girdle. Like many of the wartime pinups, however, her career was over almost before it began. Born Marie Frye in Kentucky in 1924, the daughter of a former Ziegfeld girl, she had hawked cigarettes in a New York night club, did some modeling, appeared on Broadway in George White's Scandals and sang with Tommy Dorsey's band before being noticed by a Hollywood talent scout and signed for pictures. From then on, her career seemed dominated more by sordid scandal than by cinematic achievement. Married for a time to Vic Orsatti, a prominent actors' agent, she won a few good roles, the best when she played opposite Gene Kelly in Living in a Big Way (1947). But its title held the key to her problems. After divorcing Orsatti, she married millionaire shoe manufacturer Harry Karl (who later graduated to Debbie Reynolds); and from then on, her name was intermittently in the news as the victim, so she claimed-seldom with substantive proof -of assorted assaults and rapes. In October 1965, a haggard shell of her former splendid self, she, too, took the sleepingpill route to oblivion.

Lana Turner, with her pert young face and provocative body, was also a popular wartime pinup. But she was something more; she was a star, a love goddess, a reigning queen-and she did

nothing, on screen or off, that did not further that reputation. Lana's storybook discovery at a Hollywood soda fountain has already been remarked upon, and her emergence as the nation's number-one "sweater girl" as well. In February 1940, she reached her 19th birthday and, while not yet an important star, was nevertheless being frequently mentioned in gossip columns as "the queen of the Hollywood night clubs." During her sorties into these establishments, she was invariably accompanied by such newsworthy escorts as Tommy Dorsey, Howard Hughes, Gene Krupa, Wayne Morris, Victor Mature and Turhan Bey. In February of 1940, she also became engaged to Greg Bautzer, a prominent Los Angeles lawyer and handsome bachelor around town. On her birthday night, however, Bautzer failed to keep a date with Lana, pleading a stomach-ache. That same evening, sorely miffed, Lana accepted a first date with bandleader Artie Shaw, with whom she had recently appeared in Dancing Co-Ed. Shaw that evening was supposed to be seeing Betty Grable; instead, the two raced straight for Las Vegas and got married, Lana hastily remembering to tuck Bautzer's engagement ring into her handbag during the ceremony. Afterward, she wired her mother: "Got married in Las Vegas. Love. Lana." Lana's mother, naturally assuming that her daughter had married Bautzer, put through a phone call to his residence, but was informed that the damned stomachache had prevented him from keeping his rendezvous with his flighty fiancée.

Lana's film career almost ended right then and there. MGM, the studio that held her contract, was outraged by her failure to consult its publicity department before marrying, and an order went to that department to hold off on any further efforts in her behalf. The national press, however, was more than happy to fill in. Lana Turner, after all, was news. Grudgingly, MGM made peace with her. But things were far from peaceful in the Shaw-Turner hilltop menage. In an article in Woman's Home Companion in 1951, Lana revealed several details about her four months and cleven days as Mrs. Artic Shaw. Artic, she said, very quickly informed her that she was ignorant. Lana admitted the charge but complained about the remedy. He gave her big, thick books to read when she would rather have been dancing. He kept quoting Nietzsche to her and would make belittling remarks when she admitted her mystification. "I was rather pleased," she said smugly, "to discover that Herr Nietzsche actually went crazy." Shaw was no less critical of her personal habits. When she wore red, he saw red. Lipstick and high heels were also forbidden by him. He regarded her fondness for dipping potato pancakes in applesauce as vulgar, and made no secret

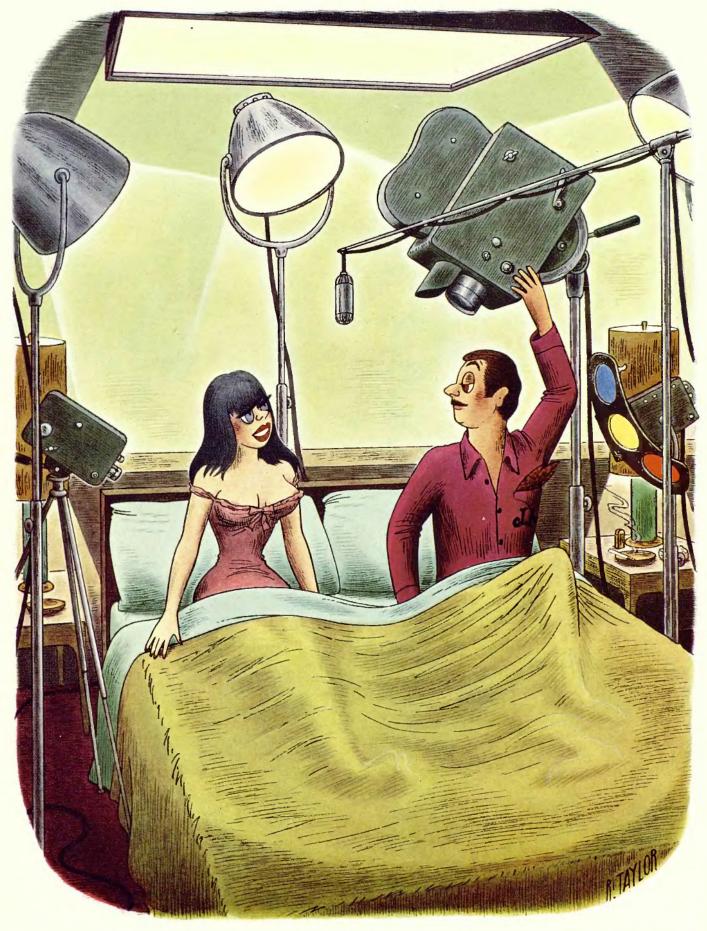


*Lee-Prest Leens—now with permanent press

That \$75 ski parka hasn't got a thing on \$6 Lee-Prest Leesures. Those slacks have the quality, the look and the long, lean tailoring that go great with anything. And Lee-Prest Leesures have a new total permanent press that makes ironing a thing of the past. Shown, Lee-Prest Leens in Bob Cat Twill fabric. In Loden, Sand, Pewter and Black. Other Lee-Prest Leesures from \$6 to \$9.

KORATRON

H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City, Mo. 64141. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



"I get the feeling that you're the type who likes to kiss and tell."

of it. Undaunted, she ironed Artie's shirts, but "when I did, they were thrown back at me." Subsequently, Lana bitterly referred to the marriage as "my college education." Wearied to exhaustion, she retired to a Santa Monica hospital and had, as she put it, "a whopping nervous breakdown." Typically enough of Hollywood's marriage-go-round, it was her former fiancé, Greg Bautzer, who arranged the details of the ensuing divorce.

Her rise to the top was rapid thereafter. While her role in MGM's lavish Ziegfeld Girl (1941) was relatively brief, Lana's appearance drew a critical bouquet from The New York Times, which termed her "breath-taking . . . perilously lovely," and went on to applaud her "surprisingly solid performance as the little girl from Brooklyn." (Throughout her long career, the critics have continued to rediscover from time to time the fact that Lana, the doll-faced glamor queen, is an actress of considerable emotional depth-and each time they seem to be thrown anew by this discovery.) She became a full-fledged Metro star with Honky Tonk (also 1941), in which, for the first of many times, she was teamed with the vaunted Clark Gable. Gable played the gambling man in a 19th Century Western town: Lana, the prim little miss from Boston who eventually wins him away from the saloon's bawdy dancing girls. To demonstrate to her new husband that she is every lovely inch their equal, she parades up and down for him in black-lace underwear. Both Gable and the audience were all eyes and, to quote the Times again, she revealed that she was "not only beautifully but ruggedly constructed." Not long after this, MGM issued a photo of Lana loosely robed in ostrich feathers: if we can accept the studio's figure, a million Servicemen wrote in for copies.

Despite the escalation of her career, Lana was still lonely for love—difficult as this might be to imagine. To fill the bill, she chose a Los Angeles businessman named Stephen Crane. True to the Turner pattern, they married in haste and regretted it almost as quickly; Crane's divorce from a previous wife, they soon discovered, was not legally valid. The marriage was annulled in order to avoid bigamy charges, and it might have stayed that way had Lana not become pregnant in the meantime. When Crane's divorce became official, they remarried, mainly for the sake of the baby, Cheryl. Cheryl herself was to achieve a certain notoriety in subsequent years, but that story belongs later in this history. Lana won her divorce from Crane in 1944, when she was but 23 years old. An account of the proceedings in the not-always-reliable Confidential magazine, which plagued a host of film stars during the Fifties, claimed that, in fact, Crane wanted to bring divorce action against Lana but was talked out of it by MGM. According to Confidential, Crane was irked by his wife's attendance at an interracial party and by her attentions to Negro singer Billy Daniels. In any case, after the divorce, Lana was rumored to be altar-bound, first with Tyrone Power, then with Fernando Lamas; but she actually tied the knot with millionaire sportsman Bob Topping. "This is forever," she stagewhispered for all to hear on the day of her wedding. Forever turned out to be approximately four and a half years.

Lana changed her hair coloring almost as often as she changed her men, going from brown (her natural color) to blonde, to brown again, to red and, in The Postman Always Rings Twice, to a bleached near-white, the shade she has since preferred. In that film, she once again impressed the critics with her acting, particularly in her passionate love scenes with John Garfield, the ill-fated young man she seduces into murdering her morose and aging husband. In Postman, as in many of her films that were to follow, Lana was the quintessential sex object, the woman who was to be had at any cost. Not infrequently, the hot flames of desire singed both parties, the man and the woman. In this, the Turner films frequently paralleled her own life story, for all too often what began as an impulsive romance ended in sordid recriminations or even tragedy, The pattern was to be repeated in the Fifties, for awaiting her were more fame and riches, more husbands and more lovers-among them, Johnny Stompanato, who ended his career as the recipient of a knife wielded by Lana's by-then-teenaged daughter, Cheryl.

Another fugitive from Artie Shaw's school for young brides was Ava Gardner, who came to Hollywood in 1940 under circumstances less than auspicious. Born Ava Lavinia Gardner on a North Carolina farm on Christmas Eve, 1922, she was the fifth-and last-child of sharecropper Jonas Gardner. After her father's death, Ava helped her mother run a boardinghouse and studied shorthand and typing in high school. But her then-brother-in-law, Larry Tarr, noticing the fledgling beauty of his cleftchinned young relative, prevailed upon her to go to New York, where he promised to get her work as a model. Tarr took hundreds of pictures of Ava and, unable to place them with the agencies, displayed them prominently in the windows of five New York photography shops owned by his father. A legal clerk in MGM's New York office saw some of them and was so captivated that he distributed copies in his firm's talent department. Discouraged by her failure to find work, Ava had already entrained for North Carolina, but she was home only a few days when The Call came from an MGM talent scout who wanted

to make a screen test of her. Her Tarheel accent proved so thick, however, that he deemed it wiser to test her silently, and while the test was being shipped to the West Coast, Ava was set to studying diction. When approval came from Culver City, MGM's studio location, she headed west with a \$50-a-week contract tucked away in her luggage.

Her first four years at MGM were not propitious. The studio liked her looks, but was of the opinion that she couldn't act her way through a high school Christmas pageant. And there was still that accent. She was given several small roles, but these were mainly due to the influence of Mickey Rooney, then MGM's biggest juvenile draw, who liked Ava's looks enough to marry her in January 1942. "We were children," Ava afterward commented about this marriage, which lasted all of 18 months. Howard Hughes next reportedly took an interest in the green-eyed beauty, but the relationship foundered when she refused to confine herself to him aloneor so the gossips said. Gossip of the time also had it that Ava had managed to read only one book from cover to cover until her meeting with the erudite Artic Shaw, that book being Gone with the Wind. After marrying her in 1945, Artie felt that her lack of broad cultural horizons must be immediately corrected. The subsequent story is not unfamiliar: According to reputable authority, Avawas fed massive doses of Proust, Thomas Wolfe, Thomas Mann and, for a wellearned dessert, Karl Marx' Das Kapital. (It's said that she spelled "capital" with a K for many months thereafter.) To augment this regimen, Shaw sent her to UCLA for courses in psychology and English literature-upon which Ava began to display nervous symptoms and was sent to a psychiatrist.

When Shaw discovered-once againthat beauty was not necessarily accompanied by brains, he took the legal way out. Although his marriage to Ava lasted little more than a year, its tenure was to have at least one lasting effect on Ava's later habits of life and love. Among the tomes given to her by Shaw was Hemingway's Death in the Afternoon; from it flowered her preoccupation, not to say obsession, with bullfighting and

But that was in the Fifties, the decade in which Ava became, according to a conclave of Hollywood sculptors and artists, "the most perfect modern Venus in America." By that time, she also symbolized the restless, disenchanted star who had tired of constantly, as she put it, "exhibiting your façades until you begin to wonder if anyone will ever be interested in what's behind your looks." Certainly, during the Forties, it was mainly her "façades" that enraptured the moviegoers. Writing of Whistle Stop (1946), in

(continued on page 172) 169

WHO'S AFRAID OF TEEVEE JEEBIES?



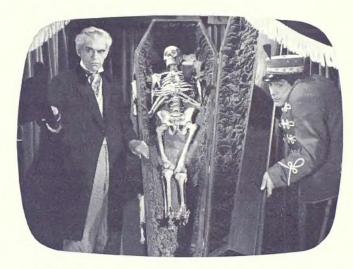
"Yes, I know you're on your lunch hour, Doctor, but . . ."



"I'm Bob Johnson of the Peace Corps—don't let on you know me and I'll get you out of this somehow . . .!"



"I'm sorry, Perkins, but someone has simply got to tell you about your breath . . ."



"And here we have a member of the group that didn't use Crest . . . !"



"I always thought psychoanalysts worked in regular offices or hospitals or something like that . . . !"



"OK, gimme the funny balloon you took out of Mommy's dresser."

new tongue-in-cheek dialog to enliven television's late-night movies



"But, Son, if you'd just try getting interested in girls again . . ."



"That's him, boys! That's the guy who sold me this coat!"



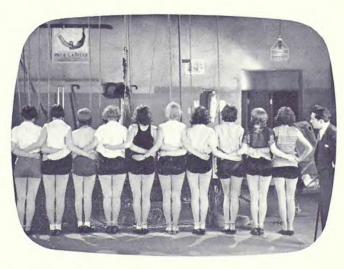
"And if I find you've been fooling around again when I get back in port, I'll break your other leg!"



"Just one more minute and I'll take out the thermometer."



"I've got to hand it to you, Sam you sure know how to break in a wife . . . !"



"OK, Blondie-watch your hand!"

SEX IN GINEMA (continued from page 169)

which she played her first major part, a critic said that "Ava Gardner brings nothing but appearance to the role." A few months later, she was seen to better effect in The Killers, an amplification of the Hemingway short story. There was no question after this film-so full of approving whistles was the audiences' response to her-that she was headed for the full star treatment; and yet, during the remainder of the Forties, her vehicles were such that her career and image were only moderately advanced. She won nods of approval from the critics as the torch singer who was Gable's girlfriend in The Hucksters (1947), but she was a decidedly lackluster love goddess in the 1948 film version of One Touch of Venus. In the decade that followed, however, she not only became the headline-haunted wife of Frank Sinatra but flowered into one of the nation's prime sex symbols in her own right-all of which will be chronicled in a later installment.

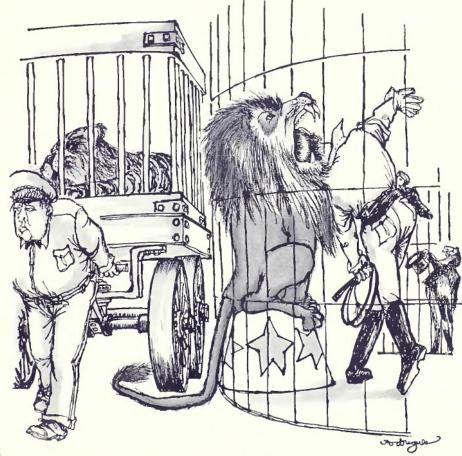
As with every decade, the films of the Forties had their share of exotics—foreign-born (or foreign-seeming) creatures who exuded a come-hither type of sexual allure most often described by press agents as "smoldering." Lupe Velez, the Mexican spitfire of the Thirties, took her own life in 1944; but Dorothy

Lamour remained on hand for vampish parodies, often appearing with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in their popular Road series. Early in the Forties, however, her eminence in this field was seriously challenged by a dark-haired, oliveskinned beauty named Maria Montez. In tune with the times, Universal's publicity department promptly dubbed her the "Splendang Girl"-splendang being the type of sarong the shapely señorita sported in her first starring role, in South of Tahiti (1941). So skimpy were the harem and jungle costumes provided for her by the studio that once she announced to the press, with a straight face, that someday she would like to do a movie in which she wore clothes. "My peectures are getting nakeder and nakeder," she complained. Maria's Hollywood career came to an end with Siren of Atlantis (1949), after which she went to Europe with her husband, French film star Jean-Pierre Aumont. There she died in 1951, drowned in her own bathtub; reportedly the victim of a heart attack, she was found by her sister Adita and her heartbroken husband. Curiously, however, she lives on today in a kind of demilife, a heroine of New York's "underground" film cultists. Not only have several written about her but

one has even gone so far as to dedicate a movie of his to the departed sex queen.

Brooklyn-born Gene Tierney also rates as an exotic, thanks to her high cheekbones and her narrow, piercing, greenishblue eyes. One of her earlier roles, for example, cast her as "Mother" Gin Sling's Eurasian daughter, Poppy, in Josef von Sternberg's remake of the venerable Shanghai Gesture. At other times she was Indian, Polynesian, Egyptian, Russian, Chinese, Italian and Spanish; her own parentage was actually an admixture of Swedish, Irish, French and Spanish. Her father, a wealthy New York broker, saw to it that she received an education suitable to a budding socialite: exclusive private schools in the East and a fashionable finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland. Her first screen offer came by chance when, on a vacation in California, she happened to visit a movie set, was noticed by a director and immediately given a test. Her family, however, insisted that she return to Connecticut and continue her schooling. Soon after, in the course of a social visit with George Abbott, the distinguished Broadway director was so impressed with her fresh 18-year-old beauty that he offered her a role in his production of The Male Animal. This time the parents consented; and during the run of the play, she was spotted by a Fox talent scout, given another screen test and returned to Hollywood as a prime prospect for stardom. Although her first screen appearance, in The Return of Frank James (1940), elicited from the editors of The Harvard Lampoon a special award as "The Worst Discovery of 1940," the youthful Miss Tierney soon proved them myopic when it came to assessing star potential. At first exploited in roles that required little more than good looks and an occasional seductive glance, she gradually progressed to dramatic parts, giving good account of herself in such films as Laura, Dragonwyck and Leave Her to Heaven.

In 1941, aged 20, Gene became a countess by marrying dress designer (and count) Oleg Cassini. Their first child was born mentally defective, a circumstance that has forever weighed heavily upon the actress, and the marriage itself ended in divorce a few years later. According to director Otto Preminger, the young John F. Kennedy paid several visits to the set of Laura while its filming was in progress-and not to learn about moviemaking. For a time, her name was also linked with Aly Khan, after his divorce from Rita Hayworth. (In those days, it was always either Aly Khan or Artie Shaw who got the beautiful girls.) The romance fizzled out, however, and with it, at least temporarily, Gene's career; she retired to a rest home, the victim of nervous exhaustion. Now married again, and beautiful as ever, she makes an



occasional visit to Hollywood for "cameo" appearances in films such as Advise and Consent or Toys in the Attic. The roles she plays today, however, are chic and well groomed, a trifle matronly and a far cry from the Eurasian temptresses and Polynesian princesses of yesteryear.

Alas, no such happy ending awaited diminutive Veronica Lake, whose famous "peekaboo" hairdo was every bit as popular during the War years as Jane Russell's bosom or Betty Grable's legs. Her special appeal during that period was once fervently summed up by John Russell Taylor, of the esteemed British film journal Sight and Sound: "Ah," he wrote, "the tensions that would build up in a film as one waited for the invitation in the strangely husky voice, in the provocative swing of the sequined box shoulder, to reach its consummation at a moment of climactic abandon when the face-obscuring mane of blonde hair would be swept aside in an embrace and reveal the full glory of the large, lustrous eyes, the slightly sunken cheeks and thin, heavily made-up lips which marked the apogee of Forties glamor." With all that, one scarcely had to act. The story has it that when she appeared on a set for the first time, the director cried out, "My God, that hair of yours hides one eye completely." Veronica obligingly put it up in curls-and wound up, cinematically speaking, on the cutting-room floor. Three films later, after little or no success, she was finally permitted to wear her hair her own way. Cast as a sultry and obliging night-club singer in I Wanted Wings (1941), Veronica was an overnight sensation.

It was the boys in the Paramount cutting rooms who first recognized her star quality. "A half-pint Harlow," was their perceptive estimate, and a number of the reviews of the completed picture echoed this opinion. The New York World-Telegram took note of her revealing costumes: "She sports a décolletage." its critic remarked, "that goes farther down south than Savannah." The Legion of Decency indicated its awareness of the newcomer's charms in its own way: It placed I Wanted Wings on its "Condemned in Part" list, citing as cause the film's "suggestive costuming."

In such films as Sullivan's Travels, This Gun for Hire, The Glass Key and I Married a Witch, the fetishistic appeal of the long blonde hair and the obscured eye was systematically explored, and Veronica's personal style turned into a national fad-until the Government stepped in. There was a war on, and women in great numbers had gone to work in shops and factories. Put simply, the new hairdos were snagging in the wheels of the war machine. Veronica was not only prevailed upon to adopt a less-abandoned hair style but she also traveled ceaselessly about the country,



selling war bonds and expatiating on the theme that short hair could win the War, This may have been one reason for the precipitous decline of her film career. With both eyes showing, some of her mystery was gone. By the time hostilities had ended and she could resume the "peekaboo" style, it was almost too late. A few more pictures, each of them less impressive than the one before, and she was through. Her name still crops up occasionally in the newspapers, however -most recently when, as a cocktail waitress in New York, she was arrested on a "drunk and disorderly" charge.

There were, of course, innumerable other sexpots during the Forties, shapely and comely girls such as Linda Darnell, Virginia Mayo, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne de Carlo and Marilyn Maxwell, but all of these-and more-seemed somewhat second-string, cuties who got the nod whenever the first team was out playing somewhere else. Others, such as Esther Williams, Eleanor Parker and red-haired Susan Hayward, were established during the Forties but found their greatest successes in the subsequent decade. And there were also the durable few-Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Katharine

Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell. Barbara Stanwyck-who seemed to bridge the decades effortlessly, altering their images to fit the prevailing fashions in feminine appeal and allure. These were not merely personalities elevated to stardom by a trick with the hair or an inspired adjective from the publicity department. These were actresses; and their slender ranks were joined during the Forties by Sweden's Ingrid Bergman and Ireland's Greer Garson. Coincidentally, Miss Bergman and Miss Garson were also Hollywood's two most authentic beauties of the period.

Born in Stockholm in 1917 of a Swedish father and a German mother, Ingrid Bergman studied acting in Sweden's prestigious Royal Dramatic Theatre School, then went quickly into Swedish films. David O. Selznick saw one of these, Intermezzo, in which she played a young music student who has an affair with a distinguished concert violinist. Selznick was so impressed that he not only bought the film, which he later (1939) reshot in Hollywood with Leslie Howard as the musician, but he brought Bergman along to co-star opposite him. Soon after, she was on Broadway starring in Liliom with Burgess Meredith 173 and Elia Kazan. By this time, she had married Peter Lindstrom, a Stockholm dentist (later turned surgeon), and had given birth to a daughter, Pia. All very respectable—but wait.

Ingrid's Hollywood career burgeoned. In quick succession, she appeared opposite Warner Baxter in Adam Had Four Sons, with Robert Montgomery in Rage in Heaven and as a loose cockney barmaid in the 1941 version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Spencer Tracy. In one scene from that film, she participated in a hallucination of the good doctor's, who visualizes her on a bed of roses, her shoulders bare and her long hair loose; as the hallucination progresses, however, the flowers turn to viscous, slimy mud through which the lovely but sluttish barmaid is dragged and horribly smeared. Her reward was the first of her several Academy Award nominations. Casablanca, in which she co-starred with Humphrey Bogart, captured so well the bittersweet romantic mood of the period that it immediately became a box-office smash. Although by 1942 Ingrid was being offered her pick of roles, the one she most coveted was that of Maria, the war-ravaged heroine of Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls; Hemingway himself had put in a word for her. Paramount, however, regarded her stillapparent Swedish accent as too much of a handicap and cast dancer Vera Zorina

for the role instead. Two weeks after filming began, the company realized its mistake and hastily summoned Ingrid to share Gary Cooper's sleeping bag and help him make "the earth move." Censorship managed to make their two-inone sleeping-bag arrangement seem as cozy and socially acceptable as bundling, but Ingrid won another Academy nomination anyway. The following year she won the Oscar for her performance in Gaslight, the tale of a wife being driven mad by her scheming husband, Charles Boyer.

By the time 1945 rolled around, she so dominated the screen that it was considered smart to crack, "I saw a picture without Ingrid Bergman in it." In that one year, she played a nun in The Bells of St. Mary's, a psychiatrist in Hitchcock's Spellbound and a French adventuress in Saratoga Trunk, her blonde tresses concealed by a sleek dark wig. The following year, in Notorious, Hitchcock employed her again, this time as a somewhat-besmirched spy who helps Cary Grant track down a Nazi uranium ring in South America. The film is perhaps best remembered for its director's inventive staging of a nonstop kissing duel between the two leads-a kiss that begins on a balcony, is vaguely disturbed by the persistent ringing of a telephone inside, and continues during a long trek across the room to the offending phone,

where Ingrid continues to nuzzle while Cary talks to his secret-service boss. The audience was left to assume—and Ingrid's attentive behavior virtually confirmed that it would take an earthquake to interrupt their love play after that.

Meanwhile, as it happened, there was an earthquake in the making. In Italy, the passionate and gifted director Roberto Rossellini had singlehandedly given rise to the neorealist movement with his two pictures *Open City* and *Paisan*. Widely hailed, they had caught the interest of Hollywood—and of Ingrid Bergman. She so admired his genius after seeing *Paisan* that she wrote to him:

Dear Mr. Rossellini: I saw your films . . , and enjoyed them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English very well, who has not forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only "ti amo," I am ready to come and make a film with you.

Although Rossellini was still married, and also involved with his Italian leading lady, Anna Magnani, he wasted no time in answering. He cabled her, in part:

I JUST RECEIVED WITH GREAT EMO-TION YOUR LETTER WHICH HAPPENS TO ARRIVE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF

Special offer to pipe smokers who smoke these brands



First of all, congratulations on your good taste. They're fine to baccos every one.

But I'll bet that, like most pipe smokers, every so often you get the urge to try something different.

And so Kentucky Club Mixture makes this offer. If you're in the mood to try a remarkably mild and aromatic mixture . . . one of the fastest growing brands in America . . . send us the empty pouch you've just finished and you'll receive a fresh pouch of Kentucky Club Mixture.* Free.

It's an offer you ought to consider if you're a serious pipe smoker, and here's why.

- Kentucky Club Mixture is probably the mildest aromatic pipe tobacco around. Most smokers can enjoy pipeful after pipeful without "bite".
- It's a clean, easy-to-light tobacco that's cut to stay lit right down to the bottom of the bowl.
- The aroma is pleasing ta 'most everyone. Especially women.
- Most important, the flavor is smooth and rewarding. The result of the careful blending of 5 important tobaccos: White Burley, Virginia Brights, Weeds Cavendish, Turkish and Pe-

rique, plus a dash of Deer Tongue for flavor. (Deer Tongue, by the way, is a variety of wild vanilla. It's used as seasoning. The way you might add salt to stew.)

So that's it. Kentucky Club Mixture is a mild aromatic blend made by people who believe it's the best and are ready to prove it by sending you a supply.

For your free pouch mail your empty to: Kentucky Club Mixture, Box 142, Dept. P, Wheeling, West Va. And when you've smoked it, write and give us your opinion.



*Unfortunately we can't picture all tobaccos. But the offer's good on any brand (except Kentucky Club Mixture).

MY BIRTHDAY AS THE MOST PRECIOUS GIFT STOP IT IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE THAT I DREAMED TO MAKE A FILM WITH YOU AND FROM THIS VERY MO-MENT I WILL DO EVERYTHING THAT SUCH DREAM BECOMES REALITY . . .

While Ingrid was in London, making Under Capricorn for Hitchcock, she flew to Paris for her first meeting with Rossellini. It was agreed between them that they would do a film together. Shortly thereafter, Rossellini flew to New York to accept a critics' award for Paisan, then went on to California for another meeting with Ingrid, her husband (who was her manager as well as a surgeon) and some movie moguls. Omar Garrison, a reporter for the Los Angeles Evening Mirror, was meanwhile printing some cocky quotes. According to Garrison, Rossellini had told him, "Swedish women are the easiest in the world to impress, because they have such cold husbands." And before flying to America, "the Ace of Hearts," as Garrison dubbed him, had reputedly boasted, "I'm going to put the horns on Mr. Bergman," If that was what Rossellini actually said, he was as good as his word. Ingrid joined him on the barren, volcanic island of Stromboli to make the picture of that name, and rumor soon had it that the director and his lovely star were sharing common quarters-as indeed they were. Their idyl of creative togetherness provided the columnists with so many juicy tidbits that the resulting scandal rocked the nation like nothing since the Teapot Dome revelations of the Twenties, Boycotts of Ingrid's films were threatened; she was denounced on the floor of the U.S. Senate as "Hollywood's apostle of degradation." As a fitting climax to Ingrid's shattering of convention, it was revealed that she was pregnant-by Rossellini.

A frenzied Mexican proxy divorce for Ingrid and an Austrian annulment of Rossellini's marriage made it possible for the two to arrange a proxy marriage in Mexico, but not before little Robertino was born in Rome. It was another two years before Lindstrom would consent to a California decree, by which time the Bergman-Rossellini ménage had been augmented by a pair of twins. Although she continued to make films abroad with her husband, none of them either particularly noteworthy or successful, her career in the United States not only had come to a dead halt but appeared to be wrecked for good. She had done the unforgivable: She had broken

As permissive as the American public sometimes is about the peccadilloes of screen stars-the sensational sex life of Mary Astor in an earlier decade, for example, and in later years when the Elizabeth Taylor-Richard Burton affair flowered into sensational headlines-this

was not so in Ingrid Bergman's case. Even though in the earlier portion of her career she had played a trollop in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, she was by now associated in the public mind with such roles as the good nun of The Bells of St. Mary's, the innocent wife terrorized in Gaslight and the sainted Joan of Arc. When she flew in the face of these "respectable" portrayals with her real-life nonconformity-by abandoning her role of wife and mother to cohabit with an Italian film director of hardly the most savory moral reputation and to bear that same director's child out of wedlockthis was simply too much for the public to countenance. She had flagrantly violated its naïve conception of her, and for this she was made to suffer harshly. By the mid-Fifties, the romance was at an end; Rossellini, off in India, had precipitated another scandal by embarking on an affair with Sonali Das Gupta, the screenwriter wife of an Indian film director. But apparently the American public felt that Ingrid had now been sufficiently "punished" for her indiscretions. When she returned in 1956 for Anastasia, she won not only wide box-office acceptance but an Academy Award as well. It was as if, by honoring her for her public performance, the industry was showing its forgiveness for her private one. In any case, one had to admit that she had demonstrated style and fortitude through it

Greer Garson was something else again. The hot breath of scandal never singed her red-gold locks or brought the slightest flush to her creamy complexion. Throughout the entire decade, she represented everything that was sweet, cheerful and wholesome in the moviesand not once did she let her vast audience down on screen or off. She could suffer nobly and beautifully (chin up, moist eyes looking off to the horizon or up at the stars), and thus she offered a sense of identification for lonely wartime wives, sweethearts and widows. Certainly she was Louis B. Mayer's favorite. When he discovered her, in 1938, she was already an important and well-established star of London's fashionable West End theaters. When she popped from behind a Swiss rock to meet Robert Donat's startled gaze in her first film, Goodbye Mr. Chips, a vision of sane, bread-andbutter loveliness, both her fame and her image were established. Soon she was caught up in the machinery of MGM's star system, and kept playing much the same part-the charming, sensible, utterly dependable "Mrs." to Walter Pidgeon's, Ronald Colman's or Gregory Peck's "Mr."

Although in many ways the antithesis of the sex star, in at least two of her films, Random Harvest and Julia Misbehaves, she demonstrated that, in addition to other talents, she possessed one

of the loveliest pairs of legs that ever twinkled from a screen. In Random Harvest, they were the highlight of her act when, dressed in kilt and long black stockings, she did a music-hall impression of Sir Harry Lauder. But it was for her portrayal of a staid, courageous wartime wife in Mrs. Miniver that she was best remembered; and when, after the War, Metro attempted to change her image by co-starring her with Clark Gable in Adventure-"Gable's Back and Garson's Got Him"-nothing happened. Through the early Forties, however, she remained one of that star-spangled studio's biggest money-makers and its reigning queen. She maintained a sense of humor about her high position, though, once remarking that MGM's initials really stood for her: Metro's Golden Mare.

Although American films of the Forties were kept under censorial wraps, not even the censors could prevent the emergence of an authentic, provocative and delightfully disturbing new sex queen, a girl whose frankness about what she wanted and how she proposed to get it projected into another era. When James Agee of Time saw her first picture, To Have and Have Not (1944), he rhapsodized: "Twenty-year-old Lauren Bacall has a javelinlike vitality, a born dancer's eloquence in movement, a fierce female shrewdness and a special sweet-sourness. With these faculties, plus a stone-crushing self-confidence and a trombone voice, she manages to get across the toughest girl a piously regenerate Hollywood has dreamed of in a long, long while. Sure to bring down any decently vulgar house is her comment on Bogart's second, emboldened kiss: 'It's even better when you help.' She does a wickedly good job of sizing up male prospects in a low bar, and growls a louche song more suggestively than anyone in cinema has dared since Mae West." Certainly not since Mae West had any new female personality so electrified audiences. They loved her looks, her manner and her lines. In To Have and Have Not, with a sort of low growl, she educates Humphrey Bogart in the proper-or improper-approach toward a girl like her: "You don't have to say anything and you don't have to do anything. Not a thing. Oh, maybe just-whistle. You know how to whistle, don't you? You just put your lips together-and blow."

Lauren came by her last name when her mother and father separated in 1932 and the mother changed her maiden name from Weinstein (which means wineglass in German) to Bacal (which means the same in Russian). Born Betty Joan Perske in New York City, in 1924, Lauren attended that city's high school for bright girls, Julia Richmond, and after graduation, modeled for a garment manufacturer. She disliked the work, 175 though, and went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, after which she became a theater usherette. Soon after, she found work as a model at Harper's Bazaar, and her appearance on its March 1943 cover precipitated her movie career. Mrs. Howard Hawks saw it, showed it to her husband and, after the usual screen test, he signed her to a personal contract, Hawks coached his discovery for nine months, and changed her name to Lauren Bacall.

Humphrey Bogart, the star of To Have and Have Not, changed her name again-first to "Baby" and then, 11 days after his divorce from actress Mayo Methot became final (May 21, 1945), to Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. The hard-bitten actor took to the rangy, somewhat insolent girl at once, and aided the director considerably in the star-building process, "Without Bogey's help," Hawks later admitted, "I couldn't have done what I did with Bacall. Not many actors would sit around and wait while a girl steals a scene. But he fell in love with the girl and the girl with him, and that made it easy." Actually, she was the perfect foil for Bogart's tough way with women, giving the impression that the harder the man, the more strongly she could strike back or love back. Although the couple made only three more films together-The Big Sleep, Dark Passage and Key Largo-these were enough to establish the image that Lauren has embodied ever since, sometimes dramatically, more often in recent years in screen or stage comedies. Today, married to actor Jason Robards, Jr., she tends to concentrate her activity on Broadway. where she has come to epitomize the slightly mannish, rapier-witted female. During the Forties, when the studios concentrated on leg art, Lauren Bacall was something of an anomaly. "My idea of sex is that it is mostly in the face," she said, and refused to pose for pinups. During the Fifties, as sex in the movies became increasingly a bosom fixation, she simply took her talents elsewhere.

. . . "They're either too young or too old." wailed Bette Davis in a wartime movie musical, thus echoing the plaint of many a Forties maiden surveying the civilian leftovers after Uncle Sam had taken first choice. It is not too surprising, with millions of men in uniform and far from home, that the male sex stars of the War vears assumed an importance in the dreamy constellations of the opposite gender that was unprecedented since the days of Valentino. Whether it be the pseudosophisticated charm of Brian Aherne or the boy-next-doorishness of the befreckled Van Johnson, the bedimpled Robert Walker or the be-Pepsodented William Holden, the girls latched onto them as surrogate lovers until their own boys came marching home. In those 176 halcyon years (halcyon, at least, for male

movie actors who managed to dodge the draft), it took only one good role to ensure a fairly substantial future. They didn't have to act-they just had to look male. "The best is in the Army," Bette's lament continued. "What's left will never harm me . . .'

Curiously, the one great male star who shot into the movie firmament during the War years and has remained there ever since was neither boyish nor sophisticated-just indubitably male: Humphrey Bogart. Bogart was born in 1899 in New York City to Belmont DeForest Bogart, a surgeon, and Maud Humphrey, a well-known illustrator of children, who used her infant son as a model for the famous "Maud Humphrey Baby." Bogart was never happy about his first name-"I got stuck with it," he liked to say-and much preferred the later appellation, Bogey. Even in his youth, Bogey revealed a certain intractabilityas when he was expelled from Phillips Academy in Andover for tossing an unpopular teacher into a fountain. At 17, with World War One in progress, young Humphrey joined the Navy; his ship was shelled and a wood splinter entered his lip, permanently damaging it and thus fixing his tight-lipped manner of speech and the slight lisp that were eventually to become his movie trademarks. He tried a few odd jobs after the War, including several months in a Wall Street brokerage, but was oriented toward an acting career when William A. Brady, a friend of his father's, hired him as company manager for one of his plays then just about to go on the road. Brady also asked him, during the tour, to do a brief walk-on as a houseboy carrying a tray of dishes. Bogey inadvertently dropped the tray and drew a huge howl from the audience.

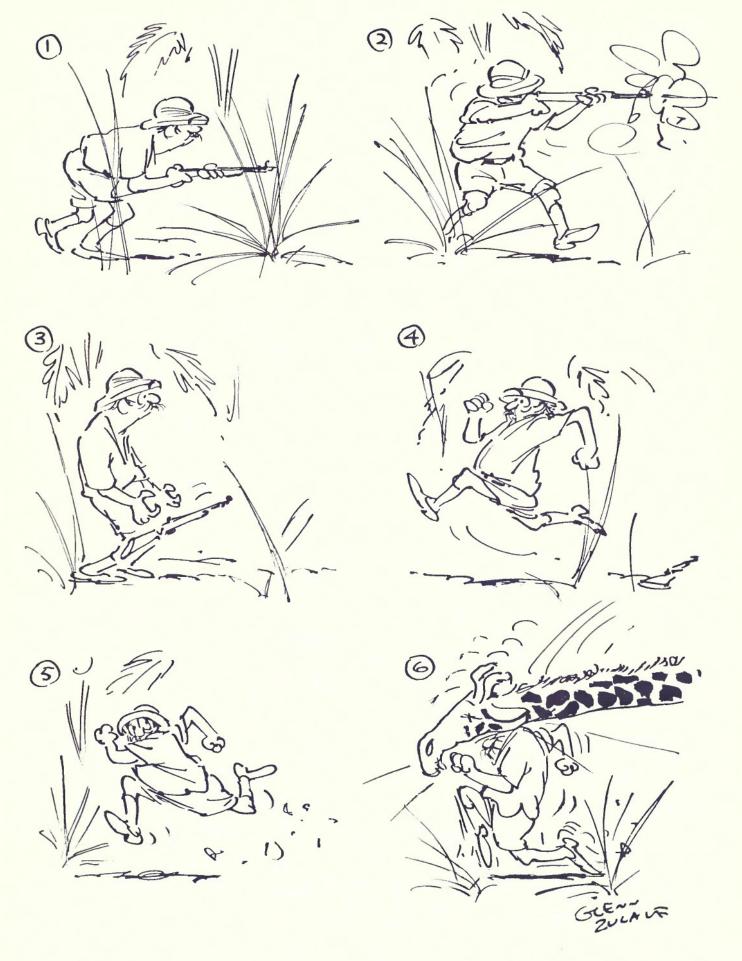
Undaunted, however, he stayed with the stage and appeared frequently on Broadway during the Twenties, usually as a romantic juvenile. He was the first to utter that classic stage invitation of smart-set sophisticates, "Tennis, anyone?" By the time he went to Hollywood for the first time, in 1930, he had already been married twice, to Helen Menken and Mary Phillips, both of them actresses he had appeared with on the stage. Two years and nine eminently forgettable pictures later, Bogart decided that the movies were not his medium and returned to the theater. But in another two years he was back again, after Leslie Howard, who had starred in The Petrified Forest on Broadway, assured Warner Bros. that he would not appear in their film version unless they would also sign the Duke Mantee of the New York run, Humphrey Bogart. Warners, with such top cinematic gangsters as Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson already under contract, was understandably reluctant to add to its underworld stable; but Howard was then at the very

peak of his popularity and adamant about keeping the promise he had made to Bogart when they were working

Stage-trained, and with a strong, forceful personality, Bogart quickly commanded attention upon his second incursion into Hollywood; but in the late Thirties, male leads tended to fall to such clean-cut young chaps as Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power or Don Ameche, while Clark Gable and Gary Cooper afforded the prototypes for more rugged roles. Obviously, Bogart didn't fit comfortably into either category; and so, in the next two dozen pictures he turned out after The Petrified Forest (1936), with few exceptions, he played either a villain or a gangster, the perfect personification of a gangland hood, an implacable force of evil. The tide began to turn for him in 1941. In High Sierra, he was a gangster again-actually, a "mad dog" killer, the last of the Dillinger mob —but a superior script by John Huston plunged beneath the grim exterior to reveal an affecting inner core of sentiment and yearning. The more familiar Bogart began to emerge, hard but sympathetic. After having arranged an operation for a crippled girl (Joan Leslie) and baring his soul to an amorous taxi dancer (Ida Lupino) with whom he shacks up in a mountain hide-out, his demise at the hands of the police comes more as pure tragedy than as a triumph for law and order.

Although Bogart received outstanding notices for his work in High Sierra, his status on the Warner lot did not immediately improve, as witness the fact that he was replaced in Out of the Fog by John Garfield when Ida Lupino objected to having to live again with his salty language and not always gentlemanly conduct on the set. As far as the studio was concerned, however, he was still its favorite gangster. Not that Bogart ever objected to playing the villain. As he once put it, "When the heavy, full of crime and bitterness, grabs his wounds and talks about death and taxes in a husky voice, the audience is his and his alone." But he sensibly did object to trite, stereotyped and shoddily written parts, and was not at all reticent about letting the all-powerful Jack L. Warner know it. For a time, Warner retaliated by casting his recalcitrant contract player in some of the sheerest drivel his studio ever turned out.

When Bogey began to rise in the public's esteem-in 1941, with High Sierrait was less because his roles had changed than because audiences had changed. Perhaps they had had their fill of handsome profiles and vacant faces. They were ready now for faces that looked as if they had been lived in, for heelheroes, for antiheroes. Bogev, then 43. amply filled the bill. He triumphed again that same year as Sam Spade, Dashiell



Hammett's unscrupulous private eye, in John Huston's classic remake of The Maltese Falcon. The film established one basic element of the Bogart pattern: Make hay with the dames, good or bad, but see that they get what's coming to them. As Spade, he was quite willing to make love to the murderous Mary Astor, but had no compunction whatsoever about delivering her into the clutches of the law after piecing together the details of her crimes. His rugged code of ethics was further exemplified in Casablanca when he snarled, "I'm not sticking my neck out for nobody"-not even, in this case, for Ingrid Bergman. But there was a softer side to him as well, one that he took great pains to conceal. Ingrid's repeated requests to Sam, the Negro night-club pianist, to play again As Time Goes By. for example, simply drove Bogart, the club's proprietor, right up his own walls. The tune reminded him of a girl he had loved and lost. Privately, though, Bogart often referred to Miss Bergman as "the only lady in Hollywood"-a remark to which his third wife, Mayo Methot, took violent umbrage.

Mayo was an actress who appeared with Bogart in Marked Woman (1937); they were married the following year. It was a marriage enlivened by such frequent and public brawls that columnists soon dubbed them "the battling Bogarts." And when they were not fighting between themselves, Mayo was not above egging on her two-fisted husband to belt his frequent hecklers, many of them barhounds anxious to test their own toughness against the world's most famous tough guy. "There's madness in his

Methot," one wit observed after a family squabble at a party developed into a free-for-all that almost wrecked the place. A certain amount of imbibing may have been involved, for Bogart was always inordinately fond of the sauce: but no less was due to a basic incompatibility. By the time he met Lauren Bacall, in 1944, his marriage to Mayo was all but over. It was Howard Hawks who brought the two together, preparatory to their filming To Have and Have Not. "I've seen your test," Bogart remarked at that first meeting, "It looks like we're gonna work together and have a lot of fun." They did. Lauren has always contended that her affair with Bogart was not the cause of his breakup with Mayo. He and Mayo had separated by thenalthough, after the film was finished, Bogart briefly rejoined his wife. But the divorce came through on May 10, 1945, and on May 21 Bogart married his "Baby," who was 25 years his junior. Shortly thereafter, Mayo joined the ranks of the Hollywood suicides. Unlike the vituperative calumny heaped upon Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini, Bogey and his "Baby" encountered not the slightest public resentment of their union. After all, they had not disturbed their worldly public images.

Though the romance between Bogart and Bacall had received extensive press coverage, their marriage came to the public as something of a surprise because of the considerable age difference. Even more surprising was the long-lasting harmony that developed between the two. Lauren was one of Bogart's two great loves, the other being his yacht,

Santana, a 55-foot, \$55,000 vessel of graceful proportions. Since Lauren had no particular affection for boating, Bogart accorded to each a separate devotion. The Bogarts appeared together in three more films, all of them set within a society that was, as an English writer put it, "raffish and corrupt behind the chromium plate of night club, cocktail bar, swimming pool and air-conditioned mansion: the society of blackmailers, gunmen, professional gamblers and loose lovelies; of the love nest on the side road, and bourbon for breakfast in shuttered rooms where it is always night." Bogart brought to this world a sophistication it had never possessed in the grim Thirties, for the war-swollen economy had made the stakes higher and the surroundings plusher. But Bogart was never taken in by these material trappings; his hard-boiled cynicism remained, whatever the circumstances. He never blew his cool.

In the years that remained to him, Bogart repeatedly astonished even his fans with his depth and versatility as an actor. He was one star who could appear on the screen unkempt, belching and emaciated, and still inspire vast affection from audiences. A natural choice for the role of the seedy adventurer corrupted by greed in John Huston's The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, he turned in a masterful performance. And in 1951, he managed to steal an Academy Award right out from under Marlon Brando's Stanley Kowalski in A Streetcar Named Desire with his river-rat impersonation of Charlie Alnutt in The African Queen. Speaking of his rawboned costar, Katharine Hepburn, Bogart admitted he couldn't stand her for the first two weeks. "She talked to you like you were a microphone. She didn't want any answers." But then he began to admire the lady, and between them they made an unusual and affecting romance out of the pairing of a dyspeptic rumpot and an iron-willed (and ironclad) old maid caught in German East Africa just after the outbreak of World War One. Bogart gave several other fine performances-notably in Beat the Devil, The Caine Mutiny, Sabrina and The Barefoot Contessa-before cancer of the esophagus cut him down in 1957.

Director Richard Brooks has ascribed the Bogart cult that arose after his death to two main factors. "For one thing," Brooks told writer Ezra Goodman, "he was not a sentimentalist. That's important to people today. It's not a sentimental world we're living in as far as the youth is concerned today. Secondly, his relationship with women on the screen. In Casablanca, when it came time for him to make it clear he loved a woman, he fought against the movie clichés like 'I love you and I can't live without you.' He played it and he played off against it." When Bergman



"Might as well try to get some shut-eye, Ed. They never attack at night."

attempted to take his passport at gunpoint, he flagrantly ignored the menace of the pistol, walked right up to her and embraced her, saying, "I'll make it easy for you." Under those conditions, Ingrid simply couldn't pull the trigger.

Since 1965, books about Bogart have been rolling off the presses; of all the great stars of the Forties-male and female alike, these works invariably assert -he was the one who most completely typified the period. But as Brooks has suggested. his lingering effect is perhaps due less to his being symptomatic of his time than to a more contemporary relevance. He managed-still manages-to reflect a kind of simplistic truth and honesty in a world gone rotten. He paid thin lip service to the law; he endured savage beatings that left him bruised but spiritually unbroken; and in film after film he would mouth his defiance of the corrupt powers that be, right up to the moment their bullets ripped him apart. One can only imagine the obscenity with which he would, very likely, have greeted the French intellectuals' worship of him and "the existentialist sadness" he supposedly represented. Nevertheless, long after his death, such French film stars as Jean-Paul Belmondo and the American expatriate Eddie Constantine continue to slink around on screen in raincoat or trench coat, emulating both his garb and his mannerisms; while the fantasy myth of the uncorruptible, indestructible but altogether hedonistic defender of the faith, which he embodied, survives today in the even more invincible James Bonds and Matt Helms. "All he has to do to dominate a scene is enter it." Raymond Chandler once said about Bogart. In a sense, he is still dominating the scene.

During the early Forties, despite Hollywood's patriotic efforts to give the impression that it lived cleanly and thought only of winning the War, scandals continued to raise their unlovely heads-like that which involved the handsome, swashbuckling romantic hero Errol Flynn, Flynn, who once endearingly described himself as "a male Mae West," during the War years alternated his more accustomed swordplay in costume epics with gunplay in such wartime adventure films as Desperate Journey, Edge of Darkness and Objective Burma. Singlehandedly he brought our nation's enemies to heel. Back on the home front, meanwhile, in 1942, he was decorated for something less than gallantry in action. Flynn suddenly found himself charged with that bugaboo of the teenage-girl fancier, statutory rape; he was accused of having compelled two underage girls, Betty Hansen and Peggy Satterlee, to submit to sexual intercourse -on separate occasions, we hasten to add. In California, the minimum penalty for sexual dalliance with a girl under

. . .

18, regardless of her willingness, is five years in jail. If the charges could be proved—and Flynn, in his autobiography, makes it clear that Los Angeles' new district attorney, John Dockwiler, did everything in his power to make them stick—then he was in grave peril, indeed. Although the two alleged incidents had taken place over a year apart, the D. A. combined them into a single, damaging case. Flynn did what many Hollywood personalities have done under similar trying circumstances: He called in the noted criminal lawyer Jerry Giesler.

To take up the Betty Hansen accusation first, it was her contention that Flynn had put her to bed in a bachelor friend's bedroom, ostensibly for a nap. and then had whisked off her clothes and enjoyed her carnally. Under Giesler's adroit cross-examination, she admitted that she had been a willing party to the doings and that she had hoped to advance herself in a film career by these traditional means: but no matter-she was 17 at the time. Flynn denied the charge categorically, as he denied Miss Satterlee's story that she (allegedly also 17. although Giesler succeeded in raising some doubts on that score) had hopped aboard his yacht, Sirocco, for a weekend cruise to Catalina and that, en voyage, Flynn had spiked her glass of milk with rum to make her sleepy and more agreeable. After she had downed her milk like a good child, Flynn kissed her warmly, she said, and showed her to her cabin. Some sample court testimony by the pigtailed Peggy (who had adopted that hair style specifically for her court appearances) follows:

GIESLER: When you heard the knock on the door, did you hear somebody say something?

PEGGY: They did not wait long enough to say anything. They just came in.

GIESLER: When they came in, did they say anything?

PEGGY: I said something first.

GIESLER: Something about it being kind of late, or something, or what? PEGGY: No, sir, I noticed he walked in before he said anything. I said, "You should not be here," and he said, "I just want to talk to you." and I said, "You should not be here, because it is not nice to come in a lady's bedroom when she is in bed . . ."

GIESLER: Did he sit on the side of the bed?

PEGGY: Well, he did not sit there. GIESLER: He stood there?

PEGGY: He stood in the doorway awhile talking, and then he said to me, well . . .

GUESLER: Go ahead and tell us what he said. I would like to have everything he said.

PEGGY: Well, he said to me he just

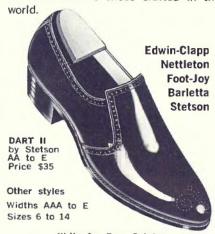


For FREE Information Booklet, Write to: DR. GRABOW Pre-Smoked Pipes, Greensboro, N.C.

America's Greatest Values!

For The Most Discriminating Tastes

Choose from our exclusive collection of the finest men's shoes crafted in the



Write for Free Catalog

SUMMA SHOE CORPORATION

P. O. Box 1004, Kenwick Trail Roanoke, Virginia 24004



wanted to talk to me, and I told you a while ago what I said, and he said, "Let me just get in bed with you and I will not bother you. I just want to talk to you." And so I said, "Why do you have to bother a nice girl?" And I don't remember what he said after that . . .

GIESLER: Did you let him get in bed? PEGGY: No. sir.

GIESLER: Did he get in bed?

PEGGY: Yes, sir . . .

GIESLER: Did he say anything to you about sex before he got into bed? PEGGY: No, he just said I asked for

it so I would get it.

GIESLER: That is, after he had asked to get in bed and you said no, it wasn't nice for him to come in the room where a lady is in bed?

PEGGY: Yes, sir.

GIESLER: And then he said, "Well, I won't be nice to you," or did he say that?

PEGGY: That is when he said, "I wanted to be nice to you, but you asked for it, so you will get it." GIESLER: When he said that, what did he do?

PEGGY: Well, he just walked over to the bed, pulled down the covers and pulled up my slip and pulled down my pants . . .

With this kind of testimony, the celebrated "rape" case all but drove the War news off the front pages. Since Peggy's pigtails and bobby sox contrasted somewhat oddly with her voluptuous appearance, Giesler not only bore down heavily on this fact but revealed that she had recently performed in an abbreviated costume at a Hollywood night club. The wily attorney also managed to get into the record an unsavory sexual episode in the girl's past and evidence of an abortion more than a year after the fling with Flynn. Perhaps the high point of the trial, however, was Peggy's story of how he had his wicked way with her all over again early the following morning, as the Sirocco was tacking its way back to port. Flynn lured her from the deck to the aftercabin, she insisted, on the pretext of showing her how beautiful the moon looked through a porthole. The line she ascribed to him-"Darling, look out the porthole. You see that glorious moon?"-pursued him for the rest of his life.

In Flynn's posthumously published autobiography, My Wicked, Wicked Ways (which its author impishly wanted to title In Like Flynn, capitalizing on the popular expression that his celebrated boudoir behavior had made a part of

the language), he admitted that even though the jury of nine women and three men returned a unanimous "not guilty" verdict, the case had left an "enduring scar" upon his personality and took much of the zest out of his acting. He also lamented the fact that "swordsman," the word so often applied to him in motion pictures, henceforth acquired a double-edged connotation in the popular vocabulary. Nevertheless, the irrepressible star was soon off and running again-although with a few more precautions than before. In his doorway at Mulholland House, his baronial home, appeared a neatly printed notice: "Ladies: Kindly be prepared to produce your birth certificate and driver's license and any other identification marks." But his eye had already fallen on Nora Eddington, the blonde, well-stacked 18-year-old (he checked) cookie-pie who ran the cigar counter at the Hall of Justice while the trial was in progress. A few months later. he and Nora were married. (She appeared opposite him in The Adventures of Don Juan.) But his career was already on the skids. The War over, both his combat heroics and the elaborate costume adventure films that had been his stock in trade were suddenly out of style. The publicity given to his preference for relatively unripe girls had little to do with his decline as a star; it was simply that his career ran out of gas. Under contract to Warners until 1952. his roles there degenerated to a series of cheap Westerns and vain efforts to recapture some of the glamor of his earlier pictures. Meanwhile, he had been drinking heavily, was even more heavily in debt, had divorced Nora and married a third time (to Patrice Wymore) and was gathering a reputation as a chaser after ever vounger women. A few good supporting roles in the late Fifties-in The Sun Also Rises, Too Much, Too Soon and The Roots of Heaven-did much to salvage his reputation as an actor, but not enough to salvage his career. When he died of a heart attack, on October 14, 1959, it was in the midst of yet another scandal, with teenage Beverly Aadland. Flynn had just turned 50. The coroner who examined the remains stated that it was the body of a tired old man.

Flynn's attorney, Jerry Giesler, was again on hand for at least the first round in another court battle that was followed as avidly as the news from the battle fronts. In a way, the two were related. As early as July 1942, Charlie Chaplin had publicly demanded a second front in Europe. It was not a popular suggestion. Military strategists termed it premature; ordinary citizens wondered by what right Chaplin, a noncitizen and a comedian, could demand that the United States Government do anything. Throughout

the year, as Chaplin continued to speak out, public sentiment turned against him. It boiled over the following year when lush, 22-year-old Joan Barry slapped him with a paternity suit; nor was his case helped by the fact that, with the suit still pending, he married 18-year-old Oona O'Neill. Two years earlier, the trial revealed, Miss Barry had become what was euphemistically called Chaplin's "protégée." He had sent her to dramatic school, straightened her teeth and bought a play in which she was to make her screen debut. No effort was made to conceal the fact that in the process, the ambitious Miss Barry had also become his mistress. What the trial centered upon was possible violation of the Mann Act—the transportation of women across state lines for immoral purposes. It was revealed that Chaplin had actually given "the Barry woman," as he persistently calls her in his autobiography, both money and a train ticket to New York -but it was just to get her out of Hollywood and his hair, he stoutly maintained. And, he also insisted, it was by sheer coincidence that they had met again in New York in October 1942, when he had gone East to deliver another of his "second-front" speeches. Barry herself delivered the trial's most bizarre bit of testimony: Returning to Los Angeles in December, she spoke of breaking into Chaplin's home at one A.M., holding him at gunpoint while she asked for money, and then being so charmed by him all over again that she submitted to his intimacies. As Giesler later pointed out, "I still don't believe that Chaplin, who could have enjoyed Miss Barry's favors in Los Angeles for as little as 25 cents' carfare, would pay her fare to New York, plus her expenses as a guest at the Waldorf Towers, so she would be there for improper purposes for one occasion only."

The jury evidently agreed, for it exonerated the great comedian on all counts. In the course of the trial, Chaplin, Barry and the baby had all submitted to blood tests (Chaplin later revealed that it took \$25,000 to get the lady to consent); and the tests scientifically established that Chaplin, as he had argued right along, could not possibly have been the child's father. Nevertheless, through a legal maneuver, Miss Barry was later able to reopen the case; and in May 1946, despite the blood tests, the court ordered Chaplin to support the child. His popularity was never lower. Father of Miss Barry's child or not, the great Chaplin-the classic screen comedian, the "Little Tramp" of beloved memory-had demeaned himself in the public eye, and he, too, was now among the morally accursed. Chaplin, if we are to believe his autobiography, was sickened by this cant and hypocrisy, and it was in this black mood that, in June 1946, he began his "black comedy," Monsieur Verdoux, the

story of a "bluebeard" killer (based vaguely on France's notorious Landru) who marries, then murders a series of wealthy women in order to provide comforts for his first wife and child. Trapped by the law, he points out that he was only doing on a smaller scale what the militarists and munitions makers do in a big way. "Millions sanctify," he murmurs when the trial goes against him. As the final rites are performed, the priest concludes, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul." "Why not?" asks Chaplin. "After all, it belongs to Him." The film proved a total fiascoless for any intrinsic reason than because, out of animosity toward Chaplin himself, superpatriotic organizations picketed, boycotted and wrote threatening letters to theater managers who were considering running it. Ultimately, United Artists withdrew the film from circulation. Finally, in September of 1952, after frequent clashes with the press and the Government that ranged from back taxes to alleged Communist leanings. Chaplin and his family left the United States to take up residence in Switzerland. He had always wanted to be, in his own words, "a citizen of the world." Looking back at his many marriages and the numerous scandals that checkered his career, one must agree that he was, at the very least, worldly.

Jerry Giesler could hardly complain for lack of cases during the Forties. Another leading male star who had need of his services in this period was the barrelchested Robert Mitchum, who, in 1948,

found himself faced with a Los Angeles grand jury indictment for possession of marijuana and conspiracy to possess marijuana. Mitchum, born in Connecticut in 1917, had attained filmland eminence with his portrayal of a tough Army captain in The Story of G. I. Joe (1945). Suddenly the big, sleepy-eyed actor, whose movie career had begun with bit parts in Hopalong Cassidy Westerns, was catapulted into such august company as Katharine Hepburn (Undercurrent) and Dorothy McGuire (Till the End of Time). RKO, capitalizing on his success, rushed him into one picture after another; two of these (as well as a third made for Republic) were still unreleased at the time of his arrest.

Mitchum, long married and the father of two boys, had gone to a "reefer party" in a cottage in Laurel Canyon, overlooking Hollywood, one night when his wife was out of town. According to Giesler, who charged that the whole thing was a frame-up, the actor had barely stepped in the door and accepted his first reefer when the detectives staged their raid. Giesler also declared that the room had been bugged and the press tipped off in advance that the raid was to take place. In any case, Mitchum and three others -including a dancer and a 20-year-old actress-were all booked on suspicion of violating state and Federal laws. His studio, anxious to avoid losing Mitchum's sizable teenage following, immediately contacted Giesler; and the lawyer's able defense-he never permitted the actor to plead guilty or not guilty, either of which would have led to a



"Sorry to interrupt the bon voyage party, but we dock at Yokohama in two hours."

jury trial and attendant publicity-resulted in a mild sentence of 60 days in the county jail. Mitchum served only 50, let off for "good behavior." The public proved understanding; some thought along with Giesler, that he was the victim of a frame-up, others that his self-confessed "addiction" represented illness rather than criminal behavior. His popularity has remained undimmed through the following decades, despite a reputation for pugnacity that is not entirely unmerited. (He once, in a fit of pique, tossed a Warner Bros. flunky into San Francisco Bay.) But as Mitchum explained, "There are these guys who come after you at a bar because they equate you with the roles you play. I do my best to avoid incidents, but if they happen to get rough. I usually find I can be a little rougher." In other words, art imitates life to such an extent that eventually life, in self-defense, is forced to imitate art,

Muscular Mitchum was only one of a number of wartime leading men elevated to stardom less for their acting abilities than for their physical prowess. They didn't have to move a muscle in their faces, just so long as they displayed their well-developed biceps and torsos from time to time. "The beefcake boys," they were called; and among them John Wayne was undisputed king-or at least "the Duke," the admiring and affectionate name that has clung to him throughout his lengthy Hollywood career. Wavne, born Marion Michael Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, in 1907, almost literally began at the top in movies. After a short term as an assistant property man for John Ford, he was recommended for -and got-the leading role in one of Fox' biggest films of 1931, Raoul Walsh's epic The Big Trail. Tall (6'4"), rugged (a former football player) and willing to take any risk demanded of him, the youthful Wayne knocked himself out to make a success of what he recognized as his big opportunity; but every closeup, every line of dialog betrayed his desperate inexperience. He more than made up for this during the Thirties, however, when he appeared as a Western stunt man, heavy and hero in, as he once put it, "more bad pictures than anyone who has survived in Hollywood." If he was noted for anything during this period, it was for his innovation of heaving heavy furniture at his opponents in countless movie brawls. Despite the fact that Wayne's sole reputation by the end of the Thirties was as a quickie cowboy, John Ford remembered his former assistant favorably and summoned him when he was casting the Ringo Kid role for his classic Western Stagecoach (1939). By this time, Wayne was ready. The film immediately brought him back to the top.

Wartime audiences, eager for he-man 182 types, responded favorably to the broadshouldered, slow-spoken, rather genial giant that Wayne represented-and Wayne, quick to perceive the elements entering into his new-found popularity, took pains to accentuate them. He even had the doorways on his sets built undersized, so that he always had to stoop making an entrance. John Ford's The Long Voyage Home, based on three of Eugene O'Neill's short plays about the sea, served to consolidate his position as an actor; and before long, like Errol Flynn, he was off winning the War singlehandedly for us in such films as Flying Tigers, The Fighting Seabees, Back to Bataan and They Were Expendable. After the War, he also assumed partial responsibility for the famous flag-raising in The Sands of Iwo Jima. Ironically, an early football injury rendered him ineligible for active service in the real War.

Although Wayne likes to claim that he isn't much of an actor, actually he is a very good one in his somewhat limited way. He knows his range and generally manages to stay well within it. "I'm John Wayne," he once said, "and that's who the audience wants to see." An exhibitors' poll taken in 1950 proved him eminently right. John Wayne was voted number one, and he has remained among the top ten with amazing consistency ever since.

Another of the wartime "beefcake boys"-indeed, it was for him that the term was invented-was dark, curlyhaired, curvy-lipped, grimacing Victor Mature, who for a short period represented the very epitome of male glamor. When Mature, playing a Hollywood film star, walked out on the stage in Moss Hart's Lady in the Dark dressed in gleaming-white polo togs, a character shrieked. "My dear, what a beautiful hunk of man!" The "beautiful hunk" appellation also clung to him. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1915. Mature developed an urge to act early in life and, making his way to Hollywood, appeared at the Pasadena Playhouse, Hal-Roach saw him there and, after giving him a small role as a lovesick gangster in The Housekeeper's Daughter, confined his histrionics to prehistoric grunts in One Million B. C. (1940). But if Mature's acting abilities were largely concealed in the film, his manly torso was not. Indeed, it made such an impression on the girls that in virtually every one of his subse-

Rejected by a Hollywood draft board for Army service, Mature joined the Coast Guard: when he returned to the screen, critics noted that he was somehow no longer merely a pretty boy, that he had attained both a new dignity and distinct signs of acting ability. He was particularly impressive as the gangsterturned-stool-pigeon in Kiss of Death. His

quent pictures, the producers took pains

to provide suitable pretexts for exposing

it all over again.

own kiss of death occurred soon after, when, cast as the most famous strong man of them all in Cecil B. De Mille's Samson and Delilah, he was called upon to have his dark curls trimmed by the seductive Hedy Lamarr and singlehandedly to topple over a vast pagan temple. From that time on, in films such as Androcles and the Lion, The Robe and The Egyptian, he found himself typed as the togaed hero of costume spectaculars. On the side, he acted as escort to a vast list of glamor girls in Hollywood and abroad, where in the mid-Fifties he found it convenient to settle.

More "beefcake," but this time in an economy-sized package, was presented by thin-lipped, poker-faced Alan Ladd, who enjoyed enormous popularity after his first important role, as Raven, the lethal. trench-coated gunman in This Gun for Hire (1942). There was no trace of compassion in this trigger-happy hood. When asked by a character in the picture how he feels after he has killed someone, Ladd replies, "I feel fine." With cold-blooded sadism elevated to an art in wartime Hollywood, the well-conditioned audiences promptly took Ladd to their hearts. But there was something more to Alan Ladd than sheer violence. There was also in his almost expressionless face the suggestion of a sensitivity that women especially responded to: they wanted to save him from himself. to protect him from the consequences of his own ruthlessness. The New Yorker. after This Gun for Hire, prophesied that Ladd would start a whole new vogue. He did-for himself.

Small (5'6"), baby-faced, with bleached hair over dark eyebrows and vivid green eyes, Ladd deadpanned his way through The Glass Key and China, in which for the first time he removed his shirt and revealed a small but well-muscled torso. From that time on, in the more than 40 films in which he appeared until his death in 1964, the shirt-removal bit became the scène obligatoire of nearly all Ladd pictures.

But Ladd's star had begun to fade almost as soon as it was pinned on his chest. It was resuscitated briefly by The Blue Dahlia, an above-average Raymond Chandler thriller, but after that it was downhill again, with his miscasting in the title role of F. Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby being of no help at all. There was still one more great role for him, however, as it turned out. George Stevens, one of Hollywood's finest directors, cast him as Shane in a picture that remains a classic Western. On the strength of that film alone, Ladd's name must resound in cinema history. No one could deny the sheer beauty, the screen poetry of those scenes in which Ladd, clad in white buckskin, rode out of nowhere onto the VistaVision screen to shoot it out with Jack Palance, the most evil gun

fighter of all time, and then rode off again into nowhere. "Shane, Shanecome back!" a small boy cries, but Shane had ridden off into the mythos of the West, where he belonged. As for Alan Ladd, Shane was his last good part. Stevens wanted to use him again, as Jett Rink (the James Dean role) in Giant, but his wife advised against it; and as he stumbled from one mediocrity to another, he gradually became known as The Great Stoned Face; he had begun to turn to drink. Paradoxically, Stevens above all others understood the value of that face. "Give me an actor with one good expression," he once said, "and I'll be happy." Ladd had that, and little else -one good expression that managed to express everything and nothing.

For a brief time during the decade, volatile, hardheaded John Garfield also ranked high on the list of he-man heart-throbs. Despite the fact that he could obviously take care of himself, women instinctively felt that he needed mothering—no doubt because in so many of his pictures he played a child of the Depression sadly buffeted by a ruthless fate. In his eight years at Warner Bros., he starred in no less than 24 pictures, most of them designed to exploit his surly virility and bitter determination to make good at all costs. Probably his best film during the Forties was *The Postman Always Rings*

Twice (made at MGM), in which he played the hobo hero lured by Lana Turner into murdering her husband; but given half a chance by the script, Garfield could always be relied upon to turn in a mettlesome performance. He proved it in Humoresque, written by Clifford Odets, in which he played a talented violinist from the East Side taken in hand (and bed) by patroness Joan Crawford; and again as the embittered boxer who made it from rags to riches in Abraham Polansky's Body and Soul.

Garfield's own sympathies were undoubtedly leftist; and his convictions were at times a handicap to his career. He insisted on appearing in plays by leftist writers, much to Hollywood's disapproval, and contributed openly to various fellow-traveler causes-a course that led inevitably to a subpoena to appear in 1951 before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Although he abjured communism, Garfield refused to name names. His career in Hollywood seemed finished: the investigation also precipitated an estrangement from his wife, a childhood sweetheart whom he had married in 1934. In New York, he started dating others, among them the beautiful socialite actress Iris Whitney.

On May 21, 1952, he died of a heart attack in her bed. He was not yet 40. Quite apart from his talents, which were considerable, John Garfield held a special significance on the American movie scene. He had once, with utter accuracy, referred to himself as "the Jean Gabin of the Bronx." What he meant was that he had broken through the Hollywood stereotype that male sex stars must be tall Anglo-Saxon Protestants with classic features and clean hands. Garfield, born Jules Garfinkle in New York's Lower East Side, was small, proletarian and Jewish. He deserves credit for helping end one form of Hollywood discrimination.

If a tough Jewish boy from the East Side could make good in Hollywood, why not the skinny Italian son of a Hoboken fireman? When Frank Sinatra was tapped by the movies in 1943, he weighed only 138 pounds, his ears were too large, his neck was scarred and he looked, as he himself put it, "hungry." Altogether, he was the least likely candidate for stardom since Vera Hruba Ralston. What he did have in his favor, though, was his voice-The Voice, as his legions of hysterical teenaged admirers insisted. Such was their adulation that he survived early disasters such as Higher and Higher (1943) and Step Lively (1944), in part because the screaming and swooning that had accompanied his every stage appearance were assiduously encouraged by Sinatra's press agents when he transferred his talents to the



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

screen. Born in 1916, Francis Albert Sinatra was just this side of being a juvenile delinquent when, in 1933, he happened to hear Bing Crosby sing in a Jersey City vaudeville house and suddenly discovered a purpose in life. Sinatra decided to emulate him. He sang one-nighters in small clubs, appeared with the Major Bowes amateur hour, toured with one of the Major's amateur shows, eventually graduated to the Harry James band and then to Tommy Dorsey's. In less than ten years, Sinatra had made it to the big time. His first solo engagement, at New York's vast Paramount Theater, broke all house records, Teenagers rioted in the aisles and Times Square traffic was disrupted as thousands more jammed the streets seeking admission. Thereupon, RKO promptly grabbed the little fellow and launched him on a film career.

Sinatra's screen personality acquired stature when, in 1945, he moved to MGM and appeared in that studio's series of star-studded musicals, often in tandem with Gene Kelly: Aweigh, It Happened in Brooklyn and On the Town. The new Sinatra-selfamused, self-assured-began to emerge, replacing the gangling, boyish swoonercrooner. What also began to emerge were many unsavory rumors about his satyristic off-screen impulses, including the story that he had tacked onto the door of his MGM dressing room a list of its top female stars, then ticked off their names as he enjoyed their favors. Although still married to his first wife, Nancy, he was linked romantically with, among others, glamor girls Marilyn Maxwell and Ava Gardner (whom he married in 1951). Perhaps it was this sudden change of image that contributed to his precipitous decline in popularity late in the Forties. During the War years, his appeal had been to the maternal instincts of his young admirers; the post-War Sinatra obviously did not need mothering. Or perhaps it was merely a string of second-rate pictures. At any rate, as the Forties were ending, it began to look as if Sinatra's career were ending as well. His record sales had slumped, his golden throat was hemorrhaging, the adulation of his fans had declined and, to cap it off, MGM abruptly dropped his contract. Few would have foreseen that within ten years, Frank Sinatra would fight his way back to become the biggest personality in show business.

If the War proved an undisguised boon for actors of short stature—men such as Ladd, Garfield and Sinatra—it was an even greater boon for any tall, good-looking leading man who somehow escaped the Armed Forces. Most of the established male stars—Clark Gable, James Stewart, Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor—had gone off to war, not to return for the duration. With movie

attendance zooming to almost 90,000,000 a week, there was an unprecedented opportunity for a talented newcomer to win quick favor and establish himself in the Hollywood firmament. Of the lot. none established himself more quickly or firmly than durable, dependable Gregory Peck. His manliness, his earnestness, his shy sincerity were all in evidence when he made his screen debut in Days of Glory (1943), an otherwise undistinguished film about guerrilla warfare on the Russian front; and even more so when David O. Selznick cast him as the self-doubting priest in Keys of the Kingdom, a handsomely produced picture that won him an Academy Award nomination. His position as a top star was soon consolidated through films such as Spellbound, Duel in the Sun, Gentlemen's Agreement and Twelve O'Clock High. Hollywood was sure that it had clasped to its bosom an actor of the first magnitude; the critical confraternity, while less certain of his Thespian talents, was willing to concede, in the words of James Agee, "his unusual handsomeness, and his still more unusual ability to communicate sincerity."

Although other critics tended to feel that his conscious underplaying in numerous subsequent screen appearances was rather wooden, and male members of the audiences regarded him as dull, women found him masculine, dependable, honest as the sun, trustworthy, sensitive, intelligent and, in a word, appealing. His aura of intellectuality, particularly, captured vast sections of the female ticket buyers of the post-War years. Pauline Kael, on the other hand. rather acidly averred, "Gregory Peck is not an actor at all; he is a model, and the model has become the American ideal." Married to former French journalist Veronique Passani, and the father of two children, Peck has managed to keep clear of Hollywood's scandalmongers-despite a previous divorce. In recent years, he has become Hollywood's most dignified emissary whenever dignity is called foras in his recent appointment to Lyndon Johnson's National Council on the Arts.

Actually, in retrospect, one can see that the Forties-or, more specifically, the War-marked an important transition in male hero figures. Where during the Thirties the dazzling good looks of a Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power or Don Ameche could be parlayed into a passport to the pantheon, the emerging stars of the late Forties were such virile, athletic, noncollar-ad types as Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster. Even the relatively handsome young men like William Holden, Mark Stevens and Dana Andrews found it advisable to rough up their image a bit once the War was over and Bogart reigned supreme. Wholly symptomatic was Dick Powell, the freshfaced crooner of innumerable Warner musicals during the Thirties; he gained

a new lease on life when, in 1945, he donned slouch hat and trench coat, turned private eye and began to get beaten up regularly by Raymond Chandler-like hoods. Time also took its toll. Tyrone Power, James Stewart, Robert Taylor and other top stars of the Thirties, as we've noted, went into the Service as relatively youthful striplings; by the time they returned to the studios, the marks of maturity were already upon them. As it happened, this proved an advantage in most instances. Bogart and beefcake-the dominant maleness of John Wayne, the arrogant self-sufficiency of Alan Ladd and John Garfield-these had become the new post-War sex symbols. No doubt many of Hollywood's veterans resumed their careers with a sigh of relief. At least they didn't have

to play juvenile clothes horses anymore. During the Forties, Americans began to see a great many films from England, and not merely on the art-house circuit. This is not too surprising, since Britain was our ally; her courage and fortitude under fire generated a wide and spontaneous interest in her people and their way of life. But somehow, as American critics were quick to note, the coming of war had spurred a marked improvement in British films. As well mounted as our own, they often seemed more realistic, more intelligent, more mature and far better acted. And where, during the Thirties, it seemed as if England had only two leading men, John Loder and George Arliss, suddenly its cinema fairly bristled with a new tribe of singularly attractive males-Rex Harrison, James Mason, Michael Redgrave, Michael Wilding, John Mills and Stewart Granger among them-many of whom were destined to make the trek to Hollywood. On the distaff side, where formerly there had been only Margaret Lockwood and Jessie Matthews, now we began to see such newcomers as the youthful, shiningeyed Jean Simmons, the kittenish Joan Greenwood, svelte Valerie Hobson, sexy Patricia Roc and the delectably feminine Wendy Hiller. Critics spoke approvingly of pock-faced Trevor Howard and drab, housewifely Celia Johnson, the middle-aged co-stars of Brief Encounter-perhaps because they provided a welcome relief from tinselly, saccharine pairings such as Van Johnson and June Allyson, which then dominated America's romantic films. Even English accents, long anathema at the American box office, began to be not only accepted

Not that the British accent was totally foreign to our screen. During the Thirties, the cultivated voices of Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman and Laurence Olivier enhanced many a romantic role; while gruff C. Aubrey Smith had become Hollywood's favorite embodiment of the Empire and its "thin red line." Olivier,

but cherished. They had class.

One.

FREE! \$2 VALUE! 80 PAGES! 88 ILLUSTRATIONS!

Fill out coupon for your free copy of *The New Fisher Handbook*, the comprehensive hi-fi reference guide, idea book and component catalogue. Here is the clear, nontechnical introduction to high fidelity and stereo that so many music lovers are looking forthe first thing you need before investing in expensive equipment. You'll also receive details about Fisher's overseas sales program, which gives you tremendous discounts and a tour-of-duty warranty on every component listed in the handbook.

Fisher Radio International, Inc. 11-41 45th Road, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101 Please send me *The New Fisher Handbook* without charge or obligation.

Name______Address

870

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

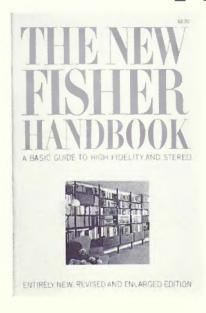
Two.



FISHER RADIO INTERNATIONAL 11-41 45TH ROAD LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101

MAIL COUPON TO ADORESS SHOWN IN THIS ILLUSTRATION

Free.







Have you been losing control? Now you can keep'em calmed, disciplined, tamed with New Wildroot 360... the re-grooming hairdressing that works with water.

Just one application a day of New Wildroot 360 sets you up for action. Keeps you ready for action, too—with just a wet comb. If the wind gets in your hair, or she does, a wet comb is all it takes to re-groom 2...3...or even 4 times a day.

Man, with New Wildroot 360, you're really ready for action and there's no doubt about who's in charge.

Get with it today! Get New Wildroot 360 in the handy new stand-up tube...and



#







Choose any European car at FACTORY tax free prices. We will have it waiting for you on your return stateside,

when and where you want it serviced and ready to go. Save over 30% over U.S. prices. We arrange complete details including financing, port clearance, delivery, storage.

You are eligible for these savings only if you order while overseas. The Master Catalog gives you in one place, complete and comprehensive data and full information on all European cars. Fifty pages, over 200 illustrations, factory tax free prices, options, complete specifications and colors.

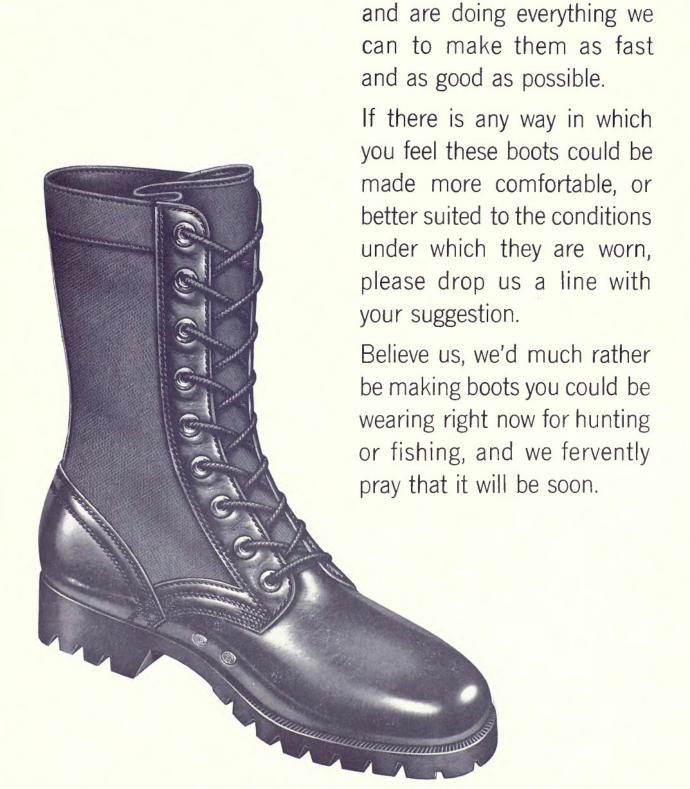


International Headquarters & World Reservation Center 153-03 HILLSIDE AVE., JAMAICA, NEW YORK 11432

Near J. F. Kennedy International Airport

WORLD'S LARGEST SUPPLIER OF TAX-FREE EUROPEAN CARS

□ VOLVO	☐ JAGUAR	□ OPEL	☐ M.G.
VOLKSWAGEN	☐ SUNBEAM	☐ SAAB	☐ SIMCA
☐ MERCEDES	☐ AUSTIN	PORSCHE	☐ RENAUL
☐ PEUGEOT	☐ FIAT	☐ ROVER	□ BMW
TRIUMPH	☐ FORD	☐ ALFA	☐ MDRGAI
NAME			
ADDRESS			



All of our employees and

management are fully aware

of the need for these boots,



"Go upstairs and help out, Helen. We all share the household duties here."

particularly, scored strongly as the moody. love-stricken Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights and as the gloomy proprietor of stately Manderley in Hitchcock's Rebecca just at the turn of the decade. But he, like many another member of Hollywood's "British colony," so cleverly satirized by Evelyn Waugh in The Loved One, responded to his nation's call when war broke out. With his beautiful wife, Vivien Leigh, fresh from her triumph in Gone with the Wind, he returned to England to play opposite her in the patriotically inspired That Hamilton Woman, a heavily romanticized tribute to Lord Nelson. For the rest of the Forties, he alternated busily between stage and screen, adding to his already impressive collection of laurels with his two Shakespeare films, Henry V and Hamlet, which he not only starred in but also produced and directed. Both contributed greatly to the mounting prestige of the British cinema on the international scene. When Olivier returned to the United States in 1946, it was as a

member of the venerable Old Vic Company, which, with Ralph Richardson, he had helped revitalize during the War.

James Mason was also a leading man in British plays and films; before emigrating to Hollywood toward the end of the Forties, he helped restore a favorable trade balance for the British film industry through his intense performances as a sadistic villain in The Man in Grey, the crippled musician in The Seventh Veil, the wounded terrorist in Odd Man Out, and many more. Curiously, with his mellifluous voice and haunted eyes, he could make the most scabrous character seem sympathetic, even romantic. Hollywood, understandably, chose to emphasize the more romantic aspects of his nature in films such as Pandora and the Flying Dutchman and The Story of Three Loves: but from the early Fifties, he asserted his preference for meatier, more meaningful acting roles than generally befall a handsome leading man. For one thing, his concentration on character parts, such as Rommel in The

Desert Fox and the ill-fated Norman Maine in A Star Is Born, has undoubtedly prolonged his career. (He made his stage debut in 1931, has been in films since 1935.) But no less important, Mason has always maintained that only character roles provide him with the challenge and stimulation he requires.

No such lofty thoughts, in all probability, ever entered Stewart Granger's tousled head. The darkly handsome young actor, invalided out of the Black Watch early in World War Two, was immediately in demand for romantic leads on stage and screen; but his career zoomed into orbit when he played Phyllis Calvert's lover in the costume melodrama The Man in Grey (1943). From that time on, he was rarely out of costume. Turning out in quick succession such films as Fanny by Gaslight, Caesar and Cleopatra and Saraband, he was soon being referred to as "the British Robert Taylor." Although MGM already had the American Robert Taylor under contract, as the Forties were ending that studio brought him to the United States for the eminently successful King Solomon's Mines (1950) and such glittering remakes as Scaramouche, The Prisoner of Zenda and Beau Brummell. From 1945 to 1949, Granger topped the list of British stars in boxoffice popularity, and for a time it looked as if he might attain a similar rating in this country as well; but as the vogue for swashbuckling melodramas declined, so did his career.

At the peak of his glory, Granger often appeared in films opposite either Margaret Lockwood or Patricia Roc. Britain's two most popular leading ladies during the Forties. (These were the girls, it will be remembered, who helped spark the battle of the cleavage commented upon in Part X, War and Peace in Europe, PLAYBOY, September 1966.) The two eventually came face to faceor, more precisely, bust to bust-in The Wicked Lady (1945), in which each revealed equal amounts of décollerage. This was achieved by cleverly constructed bodices that squeezed the breasts so tightly together that a deep and intriguing cleft appeared between them. Unfortunately for American viewers, the British producers, under attack from American distributors and Code authorities, reshot the bodice sequences with the offending cleavages daintily veiled with lace.

In France, film production was badly hit by the War and its aftermath and, as a result, few new sex stars were developed—a dearth that was generously rectified in the subsequent decade. Meanwhile, however, the greatest French star of the Thirties, Jean Gabin, had made his way to Hollywood to escape the German Occupation. He was placed under contract by 20th Century-Fox, but that studio had little idea of what to do with



"Twe heard all about you terrible white hunters and how you always seduce your clients' wives!"

him. After several false starts, he completed two pictures, Moontide (1942) and The Impostor (released in 1944), a melodrama about the Free French forces in North Africa. But both he and Hollywood knew that they were not meant for each other; in June 1943, he sailed for Algiers, joined the Free French, won the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire for his part in the fight against Germany, marched in the victory parade in Paris in August 1944, and resumed his professional career-with Dietrich in Martin Roumagnac (The Room Upstairs). "If I had stayed in the United States when everyone else was fighting a war," he once said, "I could never have set foot in France again." It took a while for his public to adjust to an older, heavier, craggier hero than they had remembered from the Thirties: but by the early Fifties, he had discovered for himself ver another image-the old pro, the likable has-been, the man no longer touched by emotional involvements. Although he is now well into his 60s, it is still working for him.

With the liberation of France, American audiences began to see some of the films that had been stockpiled by the Occupation, and to meet again some of their favorites from the late Thirties. There was Pierre Blanchar, whose burning eyes and fierce intellectuality wrung female hearts in Crime and Punishment and Un Carnet de Bal. Handsome Pierre Fresnay, the youthful hero of Pagnol's Marius trilogy, was back as well: but in the meantime, he had matured into a superb character actor and was no longer likely to become anybody's dreamboat. Jean-Pierre Aumont and Charles Bover had long since departed for Hollywood. of course: and Louis Jourdan, whose first French film was Le Corsaire (1939), joined them there soon after the War had ended. During the War years, the only other male lead of any distinction to emerge was the coldly handsome, blondly Aryan Jean Marais, whose appeal was limited. French critics frankly deplored the absence of eligible young leading men in their cinema. But soon after the War, this was offset by the appearance of the sensitive, poetic, sadly short-lived Gérard Philipe and by the equally poetic. and possibly even more sensitive mime, Jean-Louis Barrault, Unfortunately, both were such consummate artists that it was difficult for the general public to think of them as sex symbols.

On the other hand, American audiences did take to pretty, piquant Micheline Presle as De Maupassant's patriotic prostitute in *Boule de Suif* and, in *Devil in the Flesh*, as the married seductress of an inexperienced boy. Michele Morgan, who had spent the War years in Hollywood, returned to France for *Symphonie Pastorale*, in which, once more, she represented feminine innocence combined with physical allure.

Vivacious Danielle Darrieux, whose performance in Mayerling brought her to Hollywood in the late Thirties, returned to France during the War years and later appeared in many films, among them the witty Occupe-Toi d'Amelie and La Ronde-but the suspicion of collaborationism hung ever over her lovely head. Most fascinating of all by far was the stately Arletty, who, by the Forties, was distinctly middle-aged but, as they say, hardly looked it. No one who saw her chef-d'oeuvre, as Garance in Children of Paradise, would have guessed that the role was played by a woman of some 45 years. For many American sophisticates, Arletty came to represent the quintessence of the mature, agreeably sex-conscious European woman who demanded little and accepted much, as long as it was pleasurable to her. Some of this entrancing quality managed to rub off on a later French star. Jeanne Moreau.

Far less beautiful, but more magnetic to American audiences, was Italy's Anna Magnani, who, in one burst of creative vitality, established an entirely new acting style in Italy just as the War ended. Although her role was not large in Roberto Rossellini's Open City, in which she played the mistress of a Resistance leader, she was so persuasive, natural and, above all, earthy that it seemed the camera was discovering something out of real life rather than photographing a performance. She had the coarse dark hair of a washerwoman; her upper lip was shadowed by a slight fuzz; her armpits were unshaven, her teeth irregular. In the film she meets her end running after a truck carrying her lover to prison: a German officer gives an order and she is shot down before the shocked eyes of her neighbors. She falls gracelessly, her dress disarranged and her white thighs exposed-a literal rendering of the kind of atrocity photograph then so current. And yet she fascinated. Overnight, as Time put it, "the narrow highways and byways of Italy were crowded with 'Magnanini,' who frumped their hair down over their eyes, ripped a few strategic seams in their cheap cotton prints, and generally made a sensual virtue of post-War economic necessity." The style was called neorealismo.

Who was Magnani? She was by no means one of the many amateurs who jostled their way into the Italian neorealist film movement, but a talented actress who had worked in Mussolini's film industry since the mid-Thirties and had also achieved some reputation as a chanteuse in Rome's less-fancy night clubs. Born in Egypt of Italian parents in 1909, she attended a dramatic school when she was 17, then joined a rundown road show as a singer. Her first film appearance was in the title role of The Blind Woman of Sorrento (1934). Shortly thereafter, she married film director Goffredo Alessandrini, made a few films with him and began to display the volcanic propensities for which she has since been noted. When she discovered her husband enjoying a clandestine rendezvous with another woman, she evidenced her displeasure by ramming his car with hers. Soon after the two vehicles were separated, the two principals in the crash separated as well. For several vears-until Ingrid Bergman appeared on the scene-Magnani was Rossellini's mistress, although the relationship was never one that might be called stable. It was not uncommon for them to toss crockery at each other in public, and their exchanges of fine Italianate curses became legendary. "I had to become an actress," she once said. "Otherwise. I think I would have become a great criminal."

Her final film with Rossellini was The Miracle, which, although produced in 1948, was not widely shown in this country until 1952. In it, Magnani was seen as a simple-minded peasant girl who believes that she has been impregnated by St. Joseph, for whom she has mistaken a passing stranger (played by a slender Federico Fellini). Mocked cruelly by her fellow villagers, she gives birth to her child alone and unassisted. The film ends as the girl opens her blouse to nurse her baby. In an unforgettable last close-up, Magnani's face is seen wearing an expression of beatific pride, a common woman transfigured into a Madonna. Although hailed in Italy, the film deeply offended Catholic sensibilities in this country, and it took a Supreme Court decision to get the film into release.

A new era had begun. A decade that had opened with Betty Grable ended with Anna Magnani. Legs were being replaced by bosoms, escapist romance by neorealistic earthiness. During the Fifties, the sex stars-an increasingly international throng-were to flourish as never before, to expose themselves more freely and to cast off the repressions of outmoded moralities. And the film industries both here and abroad hastened to bid them welcome and to utilize their talents and their physical attributes to the fullest. For the television antennas were darkening the landscape, and something was desperately needed to lure the public out of its living rooms. Cinerama and CinemaScope. 3-D and stereophonic sound were all tried, but somehow none succeeded quite so well as such glorious new goddesses as Brigitte Bardot, Sophia Loren and-most fascinating of them all -the tragic Marilyn Monroe.

In their next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert examine the cataclysmic inpact of television on the American screen, the maturing of movie content and the waning power of the Code in the wake of pivotal Supreme Court decisions on film censorship.

Three women have been sadistically knife-murdered here this year. Of course, the murderers are still free, but the cops are combing bars for whores and arresting minors at teenage dances. The cops are biased.

If you will present our side of this issue, you are all men!

(Name withheld by request) San Francisco, California

SYMPATHY FOR DECENT CITIZENS

It was inevitable that Hugh Hefner would eventually write a defense of prostitution. And it was also inevitable that his main point would be to bewail the evils inflicted on poor innocent whores by all of us nasty Christians who don't happen to want our cities turned into sinks of filth like Sodom and Gomorrah. While he was weeping in his champagne for all those poor whores, though, why didn't he spare a moment's sympathy for good, ordinary, decent Christian people who, after all, have some rights, too? If it weren't for the "unjust" laws and the "cruel" police, whores would overrun our cities and solicit on every street corner. Don't decent people have the right to ask the police. who receive their wages out of our taxes, to keep our cities clean so that our sons can walk home from work at night without being solicited by disease-ridden trollops? Don't we have the right to live in a decent, disease-free community?

(Name withheld by request) Miami, Florida

THE CAUSE OF PROSTITUTION

The cause of prostitution is simple: chastity in women. For every chaste woman, there must be, necessarily, one prostitute somewhere, to take up the slack. This is a law of nature, as certain and unalterable as day following night, drunkenness following booze, death following plague or tax collectors following everybody. You cannot grow pears on an apple tree; you cannot make two plus two equal five, no matter how many times you add them up; you cannot keep a fish alive out of water; and you cannot have a society of chaste women that is not also a society of whores.

Terrence O'Hoolihan New York, New York

Hefner will offer his own conclusions and recommendations on prostitution in the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

SEX WITHOUT LOVE

I have been married for three years and have two daughters. During the first year of our marriage everything went fine, but shortly after our first daughter was born, a change came over my wife. She became frigid and stopped showing affection toward me, except on rare occasions. Since then, things have gone from bad to worse. I have suggested reconciliation, divorce, separation and everything else I could think of, but she seems uninterested. She wants to stay with me on account of the children, she says.

I have found that after several days of "doing without" I get to a point where a TV commercial is about all it takes to arouse my desires, so later, when we go

to bed, I can't sleep, and if I do it's only for a few minutes, and after I wake up I am really worked up.

So what am I going to do?

My wife has mentioned the fact that animals don't do it all the time, only when the female is in heat. I have heard this before; and all I have to say is, if I were to mate with every woman within a quarter of a mile of my home the way a dog does. I would probably work myself to death within a month. Sex without love is nothing to brag about, but I can tell you from experience that it is a little bit better than no sex at all.

(Name withheld by request) Mesa, Arizona

THE DOUBLE-STANDARD BLUES

I'm in agreement with Dr. Ira L. Reiss (The Playboy Forum, May 1966) that the sex drive of women is equal to that of men. And I should know: I am a 23year-old woman, married five and a half years, with three children. I know my own feelings and desires, and many a time I have wanted another man, but if I ever admitted these impulses, my husband would be hurt and angry. Yet he feels perfectly free to say, "So-and-so is certainly an exciting woman." Many women say they want only one man, but I know for a fact that they are lying through their teeth. Women are faithful because they are afraid of society's calling them tramps.

> (Name withheld by request) Biloxi, Mississippi

A MATTER OF CONVICTION

I recently applied for absentee voter registration in my home state, South Carolina. As a prerequisite, I was required to swear before a notary public that I had not been convicted of a crime that would disqualify me from voting. The disqualifying crimes were listed on the reverse of the registration form as follows:

Conviction of any of the following crimes disqualifies you from registering and voting: burglary, arson, obtaining goods or money under false pretenses, perjury, forgery, robbery, bribery, adultery, bigamy, wife-beating, housebreaking, receiving stolen goods, breach of trust with fraudulent intent, fornication, sodomy, incest, assault with intent to ravish, miscegenation, larceny, and any crime against the election laws. Such disqualification may be removed only by the pardon of the governor.

I certainly am grateful that conviction is required; otherwise I am afraid that voters in South Carolina would be as scarce as whales in Kansas.

Beattie J. Roper, Jr. Fort Belvoir, Virginia



"Oh, come in, Marge. We were just talking about you."

THE SAGA OF KATIE MULDOON

We've had another interesting legal case here in Northern Ireland since I last wrote you ("Split Level Seduction," June Forum).

Katie Muldoon, our local "good thing" (pushover to you), went to the local medic and told him, "Doc, I be preg."

"Who?" quoth the doc.

"Dunno," she says, "When y' eat a plate of beans, how d' you know which one made you fart?" The doc decides that this vagueness won't do, so he hustles her off to a lawyer who selects, from among her paramours, a certain Egbert Bighorn, son of a local grocer, not the marrying kind. Egbert soon finds himself in court. It appears that the offense had taken place in the back of a small van being driven to a dance by Egbert's friend William Bloggs. William's wife, Agnes, a nosy old bitch, had adjusted the rearview mirror so that she could admire Egbert's style. She gave evidence in court with great relish. Yes, Katie's skirt was definitely up; yes, Egbert's trousers were definitely down. Was introduction effected? She couldn't say for sure, but he had certainly tried. "But it was a very small van," she added. "It would have been difficult."

"Yes," said Defense Counsel, "'twas a very small van." He was a tubby little man with a high concentration of blood in his alcohol.

At this point a scraping noise at the back of the courtroom was seen to be the Defense Counsel's minions, heaving in a sort of wooden box, and followed by Defense Counsel Junior, clutching a female tailor's dummy and looking rather sheepish, as it was well known that this was probably as close as he had ever got to the real thing.

"I submit," said Defense Counsel, "that the alleged act was impossible. I have here a wooden framework, the inside dimensions of which are exactly similar to those of the van concerned in this case." And immediately, clutching the dummy, Defense Counsel squeezed himself into the wooden frame. Being very fat, and not very flexible, difficulty was experienced in even getting in, let alone moving much.

The court was hushed as, with much heaving and panting, the wee man endeavored, unsuccessfully, to present his "unspeakable" regions to the "unprintable" portions of the dummy. Having proven to his own satisfaction that the offense couldn't have been committed in the available space, he climbed back out.

"My client has no case to answer," he shouted. "We'll get Agnes Bloggs for perjury. My client was dry-riding."

At this point, Egbert himself spoke up: "Dry-riding be damned." cried he. "You're a stupid fat fool and couldn't bang a shotgun with a hair trigger." So



"Frankly, I'd rather be in the United States where they're having a sexual revolution!"

saying, Egbert vaulted into the wooden cage, grabbed the dummy and effected as neat an introduction as you ever saw. His face was covered with triumph: and he got the choice of six months in jail or a life sentence with Katie. He chose the latter, and thus one man's pride came before his fall.

This story, like my last one, is based on fact, The names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Patrick R. Cowdy Bangor, North Ireland

ONE SEXPOT VS. 100 CHAPLAINS

In view of Jo Collins' visit to Vietnam, the enclosed story from *The Salt Lake Tribune* may be of interest to you:

New Orleans—The "Chaplain of Bourbon Street" claimed Wednesday that visits of Hollywood starlets to Vietnam have done more to undermine morale of American fighting men than Viet Cong bullets.

"One sexpot can undo the work of 100 chaplains," said the Reverend Bob Harrington, just returned from a trip to the embattled country.

"After the visit of one of those voluptuous entertainers," he went on. "the boys are so stirred up that things begin to happen. Consultations with the chaplain, chapel attendance and letters home to mother fall off alarmingly."

Do you think all those mothers who didn't get letters will ever forgive you? Robert J. Barry, M. D. Owyhee, Nevada

"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." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy." including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

TROPIC OF CUBA (continued from page 119)

her hand and then kissed her.

The waiter, who brought us platters of miniature ocean-salt oysters, addressed Hemingway as "Don Ernesto."

Hoppy, the grinning, opium-doped Chinaman, sold Hemingway paper cones filled with peanuts. Hemingway and Hoppy were old friends. They rattled away laughingly in a code that escaped me. It struck me that Hemingway was inordinately fond of his inferiors.

With my background of paisano blasphemy and years as a construction worker, profanity had always been at home, like good bread, in my mouth. But Hemingway's scatological language was repellent to me and exceeded any verbal obscenity I was capable of.

He bored me with talk of big game, fishing, boxing and bulls. In my turn, I expanded upon the fine art of girl hunting and the incomparable joys of all

lovemaking positions.

Hemingway was annoyed and said my skull was crammed with vaginas. I told him that if he thought it was all in my head, he should come along with me to a whorehouse and find out which of us was the better man.

I saw Hemingway a few more times. He was staying at the Ambos Mundos, a hotel for Cubans. The sign of the Ambos Mundos was two globes of the world. It was traditional to gamble for the drinks at the Ambos Mundos bar. We threw four dice from a leather cup with the barkeep for double or nothing. The dice always came out right for Hemingway. I couldn't keep up with the hairy, big guy in drinking. I'm a menace when I've had too much. After a flock of drinks, I got drunk and critical. Anyway, Hemingway liked to egg a guy on.

My Havana pal and generous selfappointed host was Vito, the melonheaded Neapolitan New Yorker who was the produce monopolist of Cuba. Like the Cuban wags, he called the vagina fruta bomba. He would lecture me against the bonds of matrimony.

"I manured myself with three wives. No more wives! Pete, the dollar buys all the fruta bomba you want. If you get married, I don't want to know you!"

I was in his office overlooking the malecón, the mall. He was on the phone, ordering a shipload of tomatoes and pineapples to be dumped at sea because the A&P company would not pay the price he demanded.

Business over, he said, "Time for sport. You're coming to my favorite whorehouse. I phoned Prudencia, the madre superiora. She read your book in

With Vito's Rolls-Royce, we picked up Luis, the society doctor, Juan, the world's sugar king, and the Harvard-190 educated playboy, Esteban,

Prudencia's residencia de reunión was a palace. A liveried servant showed us into the salon, which was splendid with rare paintings and coats of mail.

Madama Prudencia was an illustrious lady with a fine figure and the chaste mien of a youthful abbess. When I kissed her hand, she said graciously, "Welcome to the dulce vida de Cuba."

The five girls Madama had arranged for us arrived.

She whispered proudly, "These girls are pristine, pure and virginal as diamonds. This is their first assignment in my establishment."

The nymphets carried schoolbooks. I remember their names: Juanilla, Belita, Magdalena, Chuchita and María de Jesús. They were from upper-class families.

We were served a gourmet lunch and wines. I chose Maria de Jesús. She was small and thin, a sexy wisp with a ratfaced attraction. María said she was 16. She looked 12. Esteban told bawdy stories. The girls giggled and shricked. In the grandiose salon, Madama showed pornographic color films accompanied by a Brahms recording. We danced with our girls and fondled them. Madama escorted each pair of us to a dreamlike bedroom. I felt her hips and whispered that I preferred her to the kid. She invited me to return later and spend the night with her. Madama told me to do anything and everything except actual entry with Maria de Jesús.

The vaginal halo is peculiar to Latins, sacrosanct virginity being a physiological dowry, the husband's inalienable right to consummate his betroth's mysterious hymen. Consequently, the virginal Latin girl must imaginatively resort to lingual,

digital and anal delights.

Dallying with the naked nymphet brought me twinges of conscience. I could visualize her at the altar in the symbolic white of purity, dropping her eyes modestly as her husband slipped the wedding ring onto her finger. Her experiences at Madama Prudencia's would be discreetly forgotten, or perhaps vividly recalled. But other little girls would come to the residencia de reunión to accommodate rich men. It is not what is done. It is how it is done.

That night I was in bed with Madama Prudencia. We also talked. She and her brother Ramón fought on the side of the Loyalists. Her other brother, Rodrigo, was an ardent Franco officer. Her parents' hearts were torn. Ramón was captured by Franco soldiers. Rodrigo watched the execution of his brother and of the poet Lorca. The sight drove him out of his mind. He hanged himself.

When Franco came into absolute power with the aid of the Fascist and Nazi armies. Prudencia gathered her wealth and fled to Cuba. She said, "You can see for yourself that the great United States is represented here by greedy businessmen, gangsters and perverts. America should offer Cuba statehood. But she is too blind to do it. The heaven of the rich will end in Cuba. There will be revolution and civil war, followed by a Communist society."

"What will happen to your establishment?"

"Nature will prevail. Aging men, whether capitalist or Communist, want little girls for sex."

I pleased her. She said with dignity, "Marry me. I will share my fortune with you. I will provide you with all the girls you desire." I often felt I made a mistake by not accepting her proposition. I could have avoided many hells. But the only thing constant about me is my Godgiven compulsive promiscuity.

Each morning when I awoke and the sea air and sun greeted me at my Nacional Hotel tenth-floor window, I looked forward to the adventure of another girl. There was, is and never will be anything better in the world than a swift passion with a darling new girl.

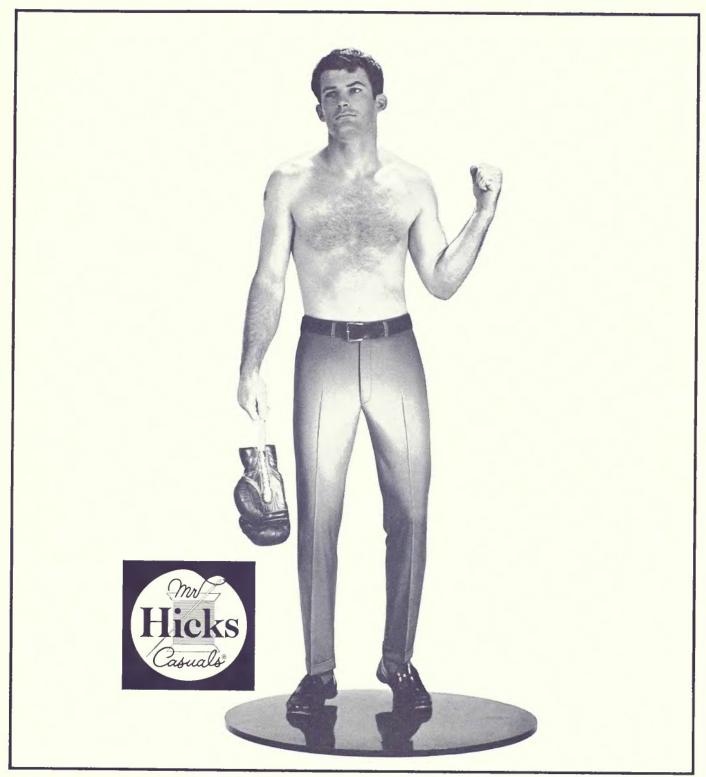
. . .

The magnet of Havana's night life was the Nacional gambling casino. Natasha, the Broadway singing star of the floorshow, was my current. One night, sugar-king Juan took a shine to Helene, a doll in the chorus. He had the waiter bring her to our table. Juan said he wanted her to go to bed with him. She refused. He placed ten one-thousanddollar bills before her. She looked hungrily at the money, but still turned him down. I thought she was a foolish girl, and later tried to make her. She said the reason she had to reject Juan's fabulous deal was that she was painfully ill with a bad dose of gonorrhea given to her by a jerk Cuban musician in the band.

Pleasure had become routine. At night it was the Nacional casino and my girl, Natasha, on stage, reaching out her arms to me and throatily singing Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. We would leave at three A.M. with a group of the rich and worldfamous for the carnival park, Los Fritos, watch the drugged voodoo dancers, stop in at the waterfront fish-fry dives on the malecon and banter with the wise white and black whores, or go to peep shows and view the professional orgies of Lesbian and fag circuses, and end up past dawn in the lobby of the Nacional Hotel drinking chilled Tropicale beer. Then upstairs to bed with Natasha and not arising until the afternoon.

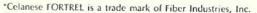
Natasha was getting bourgeois. She annoved me about having to find positive direction in life, ethics, fidelity, true love; she spoke about divorcing her husband and gave me that stuff about "Marry me or lose me."

I discussed this danger with Vito and



YOU'RE THE GREATEST! Thanks to FORTREL* and Mr. Hicks . . .

Go a few fast rounds with your sparring pardner! You'll still look great, thanks to the 1-2 punch of 50% Fortrel polyester, 50% combed cotton. Tall, lean, traditional lvys that stay wrinkle-free and keep their knife sharp crease with no ironing. The new muted multi-tones keep her solidly in your corner, too. You'll like the shape you're in. \$8.00







Doryphoros, from Pompeii Museo Nazionale, Naples

Juan. Juan owned most of Camagüev. He wanted me to go to his vast estate and write a historical novel glorifying his Spanish ancestors who had settled there after Columbus' voyages, their massacre of the natives, slave traffic and the founding of the family sugar empire.

"When I get there," he said, "I'll take you 'Red hunting.' Any bastard peon that complains about conditions-we make them run, give them a start; then we track them, flush them and shoot them down like dirty dogs. No, sir; we don't stand for any Communist shit!"

When I was alone with Vito, he said haughtily, "Me and you; we're Americans. You ain't gonner be the guest of a goddamn spick. You go to my Isle of Pines plantation, Casa del Río, and take it easy. Buddy, you're getting too much fruta bomba. You'll burn yourself out. You'll have the run of the plantation. I'll have my pilot fly you there."

"I've never been in a plane. I don't want to fly."

"OK, take the boat from Batabanó. My caretaker, Johannes, will meet you at the Nueva Gerona dock on the Isle of Pines."

It took hours for the bumpy, chlorinesmelling train to get to Batabanó. On the way, we passed an insane asylum with nightmarish drawings on its walls,

Batabanó was the port of the sponge and coral fishers. There was a fleet of their gaily painted shallow-draft sailing boats, most of them named after saints.

It was an overnight voyage in a small, tired steamer to the Isle of Pines.

Vito's caretaker, Johannes, a grizzly, jaundiced German, met me at the Nueva Gerona dock. In the Ford station wagon, we drove the ten miles over the red-clay washboard roads to the plantation. On the way, I made resolutions: Isolate myself. Stop sleeping with women. Commune only with pencil, paper and typewriter. Hemingway in a better moment had said, "Pete, you got the writing 'juice.' " I was going to put my juice into writing and not girls. No more wasting.

Casa del Río was a wonderland of brilliant foliage, tropical trees, fruit and citrus orchards, pastures and the thatchroofed bohios of the peons. My quarters were in the U-shaped Spanish mansion. Johannes unpacked my bags and said, "Mr. Vito gave me instructions that you were to be the boss here and have anything you want. Anything, positively."

I sat at a desk with sheets of paper. I got up, paced and squirmed. I didn't have a cause, an idea. Finally I typed, "I don't want to write or worry or fight for anything. To hell with responsibility. All I want are women and fun. Period."

By late afternoon I had had enough of my own company. An edifying book 192 has no breasts and a typewriter no

girl's thighs. I wasn't Onan. Nor could I conjure a woman from my ribs. Myself gnawed me. It was not before or after, but the fleshy moment that counted. I went to Johannes' bohio and told him I'd have dinner with him. He was embarrassed. A master should be a master. I told him that writers were a classless breed who became the same as the people they were with. Vito's liquor cellar was under the bohio. I had Johannes bring up bottles of champagne.

"I can't drink alone," I said. "You've

got to drink with me."

"Sir, I do what Mr. Vito's guest says. Absolutely."

He asked me what I wished for dinner. I told him to surprise me. He suggested marinated iguana, jellied black parrots, pheasant, wild rice, fried bananas and coconut ice cream. I agreed. He went to the doorway and shouted, "Liz! Liz, come here, you jungle bitch!'

A tall, svelte, dreamy young Negress appeared. He gave her orders for the dinner. I had never been with a black girl. My desire for her was instantaneous, like a volcano erupting.

Johannes and I sat at the kitchen table. The champagne made him talk about himself.

Thirty years before, he had been an immigrant weaver in a Massachusetts mill. When he came home unexpectedly and found his wife in bed with his best friend, the Lutheran minister, he walked to Boston and boarded the first freighter he saw. The ship's destination was the Isle of Pines. He went to work for Vito and never set foot off the island.

Liz came in with a brace of pheasants. I could not take my eyes from her as she tended the charcoal stove, prepared the birds and moved sensuously about,

'Johannes," I said, "I want sweet Liz to drink and eat with us." He was startled. She looked at him questioningly. I poured her champagne. She did not accept the goblet as I held it out to her.

Johannes barked, "Don't stand there like an ape bitch! Obey the gentleman! Drink with Mr. Vito's honorable guest and drink jolly, by Christ!"

Night fell. After Liz put the strange dinner on the table, I had her sit by my side. Her nearness had me in a spiraling knot. I was drawn to her uppointing breasts, perfect ears, hands, and tight round black knees close to mine. I caressed her knees under the table. I barely touched my dinner. Liz was the food I wanted. My plan was to get us all drunk and then take Liz to my bed. I had Johannes open bottle upon bottle of champagne. Liz stood up and leaned over to clear the table. I could not resist running my hand up under her dress along the hard smooth thighs and firm, curved, polished magical buttocks.

Johannes watched me intently. Suddenly he asked, "Sir, you like Liz?"

"Of course-she's wonderful!"

"Sir, you thinking of sleeping with

"Why not-that would be great!"

Through my champagne haze, I saw him peering at me weirdly. He blurted, "Mister! Liz is my wife!"

I struggled to sober up and distin-

guish our positions.

"Now, goddamnit, Johannes, why didn't you tell me in the beginning that Liz is your wife? I wouldn't touch another man's woman, but I'm no mind reader, goddamnit!"

"I thought a gentleman would be disgusted and insulted if I told him I married a nigger."

"Johannes, we're not in uncivilized, racial America."

"Would the gentleman still care to sleep with my wife?"

I didn't answer. His square head wavered. He read me. He gritted his teeth and sweaty purple veins stood out on his pale forehead.

"Liz," he glowered, "you heard the gentleman's desire?"

She nodded. He bellowed, "On the phone, Mr. Vito gave me instructions that his guest, the gentleman, was to have quickly anything he wanted! What the hell are you waiting for! Go to the big house. Get your black-bitch ass and thing in the tub with hot water and plenty sweet-smelling soap! Put on nice perfume and powder! Then come back with a fancy flimsy, schnell!"

During her absence, the thick gray German and I drank urgently in silence. Liz returned, in a saffron veil of negligee, exotic from bath, perfume and makeup. Johannes grabbed her arm brutally and shoved her toward me. "Go with the gentleman and see you give him the best time!"

Liz' straight features and mouth were childlike and sultry. Her body put to shame her sisters of other races. In Liz, God had designed the most desirable form and colored her deeply dark. With Liz I enjoyed the virtue of unconditional lust. I savored that animal pleasure closest to the truth of nature.

I caught the mad face of Johannes gazing through the window. I snapped out the bed lamp. Liz drawled confidently, "The ole man ain't gonner do nothing. Mr. Vito's the Lord to him. An' you is Mr. Vito's special guest."

Then we heard him stomping around the grounds of the mansion, howling guttural cries interspersed with shotgun blasts. After his drunken yawps ceased, the surrounding jungle became fraught with the screeching of peacocks, twittering of nightingales, chattering of monkeys, satire of parrots, hooting of owls and the confusion of other creatures.

I awoke to find myself alone. The moiling heady spoor of Liz was on the silken sheets. Johannes came to the door to tell me that Liz would draw the bath













and serve breakfast at my convenience.

Liz was with me nights while Johannes, outside, made berserk noises and tore up the landscape. In the mornings, everything would be serene, Liz working with the servants and Johannes anxious to cater to me.

. . .

Nueva Gerona was a ramshackle river town with docks, bars, a church, bank, dance hall, gas station, farm-implements agency, telephone building, slaughterhouse, filthy fly-laden restaurant and markets and unpayed streets. Off the thoroughfare were packed rows of thatch- and tin-roofed hovels with walls of dried clay. They were the same: earthen floor, sunless interior, fowl, swine and goats running in and out, an unkempt father in the doorway, and behind, on the wall, the inevitable lithograph of Our Lady of Sorrows. When seeing a stranger roaming by, it was not unusual for the man in the doorway to bring out a ragged, barefoot, hardly teenage girl and offer her to the wanderer for 50 cents or less. On an occasion, I was tempted; the little girl was very pretty, all soulful eyes; but the hopeless sacrificial expression on the child's face shamed me. Or was it because I had been told that tuberculosis, leprosy and other diseases infested the peons?

Near Nueva Gerona, on a plain barricaded by marbled heights and dense forests, was the presidio modelo. Under the glaring sun stood the high lime-coated circular model prison. The commandant, a stout Batista army officer with sideburns and mustachio, was happy to show me the place. He took me inside to the center of the drum-shaped structure. From that hub, no movement could evade notice. Within the dramatic concave there were four tiers of unbroken balconies fronting the barred cells. A word from the commandant and all the doors opened mechanically. Convicts came out of the cells and lined the railings. The majority were Negroid, their blackness contrasting starkly with the whitewash of the prison.

I saw chained convicts working the marble quarry, in the forest felling ebony, mahogany and guayacan trees; others making floor and roof tiles, and a number making cordage from the bark of the majagua tree. There seemed to be as many armed soldier-guards and dangerous dogs as there were prisoners.

"Most of these men were convicted of political crimes against the government," said the commandant. "They subscribe to foreign radical doctrines and therefore must be treated as vermin. Whoever escapes is hunted down and shot dead on sight. Also those who give them refuge—even a glass of water. No one has fled the *presidio* and lived."

The prisoners appeared to be nothing but simple peasants.

At a quay in Nueva Gerona was a sponge-fishing boat, the Santa Isidora. Next to it, a luxury cruiser, the Sturgeon. On the Sturgeon's deck was a slim blonde sunning herself. The sponge fishers had brought a pig from the slaughterhouse. They cut it apart, salted the pieces away in buckets and gave the heart, liver, intestines and brains to a covetous policeman, who wrapped them in burlap and left with elation.

The racy girl on the Sturgeon and I smiled at each other. She beckoned me to come aboard. Her name was Alice. She made martinis of vodka and sake. Alice was from Cleveland. She was on her honeymoon. Her husband had been called away to negotiate a defense contract. The Second World War was in the air. He was making a lot of money. The Sturgeon belonged to her father, Dr. Farber. Alice said casually, "Dad is protecting me from sin until my husband returns. Mother Mary, I'm bored."

Without ado, we discussed sex.

"There's one way to get around Dad so that we can be together. He's nutry about Hitler. Play along with him."

Dr. Farber came aboard with packets of mail. He was fair, with rosy cheeks, a Charlie Chaplin mustache and glassy blue eyes. He was not about to let me get next to his daughter.

After a few perfunctory visits, I confided to Dr. Farber that I hated the Reds and loved Hitler. His eyes glowed. He expounded Nazi ideology for hours.

I echoed everything he said. He trembled with joy.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said. "You are highly intelligent—fine, fine. I trust you!"

He took me to his cabin, showed me his two-way short-wave set and tuned in Berlin. On the wall was a painting of Hitler, daggers and a swastika flag. He asked me breathlessly, "Would you raise your arm and heil the Führer with me?"

I joined him in heiling. After that, he asked me to do him the favor of keeping his lonely daughter company and to help him safeguard her virtue. When he left on an overnight hush-hush mission to a fellow Nazi's plantation, Alice and I spent the night and the following day on the bed in ravenous erotica beneath the portrait of Hitler. With Dr. Farber's blessings, Alice was my guest at Vito's Casa del Río for days.

I had only two other girls during my Isle of Pines holiday: short, husky, freckled Pamela, daughter of a Canadian clergyman who was obsessed with locating pirate treasure in the sea; and a Chinese girl, lissome, almond Cricket, whose father had a crude bar for peons off of Casa del Río in a jungle clearing where once flourished a village that was leveled by the 1926 hurricane.

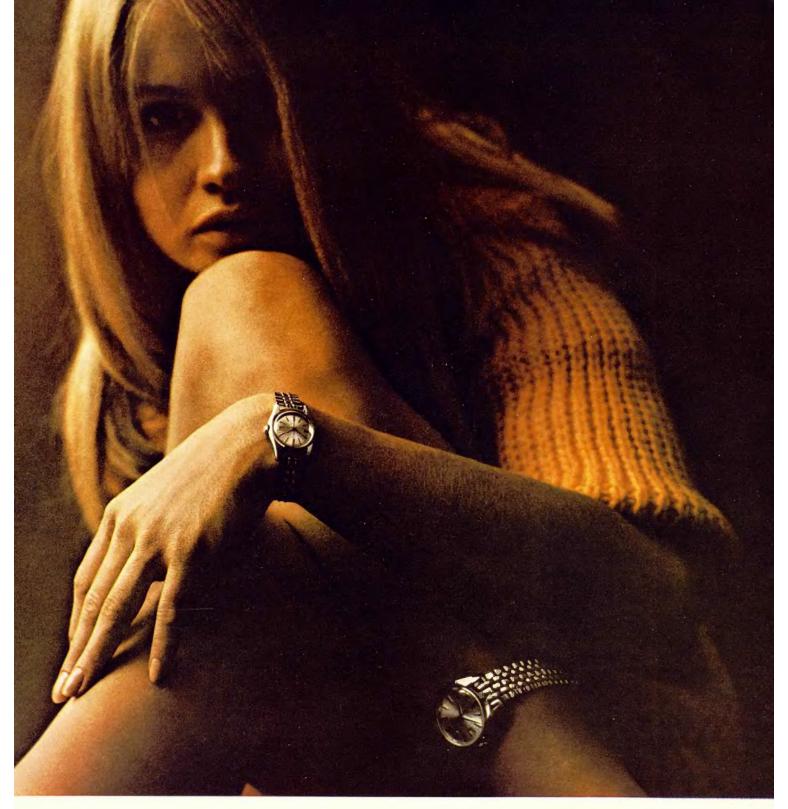
I used to drive to the jungle bar and shoot pool and drink beer with the peons. The Chinaman never said a word to me. One night, after the peons left and her father retired, Cricket and I made love atop the pool table. She tasted like cloying litchi nuts.

On February second, Nueva Gerona celebrated the candelaria, the purification of the Virgin Mary. The main street was thronged. Peons came by foot, burro, oxcarts and trucks belonging to the plantation owners from McKinley, Los Indios, Punto de los Barcos, Santa Fe, Santa Barbara and San Pedro. German, English and Cuban plantation owners came either on horseback or in large expensive autos covered with the dust of the red-clay roads. There was no consciousness of skin color. Commingled were Spaniards, Indians, whites and blacks, with their children ranging from sepia to high yellow. What did stand out sharply was the distinction between rich and poor, master and vassal. For every 50 macheteros (peons toting cane knives on their sides) there was a stern-faced capataz-boss man, a veritable conquistador-wearing panama, embroidered shirt, white-linen jacket, cartridge belt and pistol.

Vendors sold fried chicken, fish, snails, rice, sausages, hot peppers and black beans. The delicacy of the peons was roast pork. Bristled greasy fat, meat and bones, blanketed with enormous green flies, were cut with a machete for sandwiches. The affluent drank Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola. Others wetted their mouths with rum, beer or fruit juices. The children sucked raw sugar cane.

Plantation owners and overseers sat in the cool of arcades gambling at cards. Peons grouped humbly about, amazed at the sight of mounds of pesetas. For those who wore shoes or boots, there was the status ritual of having their footwear shined—even though minutes later they were again caked with road dust. Within the one stifling dance hall, youths did the zapateado—the clog dance—and their sinuous samba and rumba.

The air was felicitously burdened with oven-hot sunshine, oily foods, tobacco, vaporous red dust, rum, colas and perspiration. Under the thatched dome of an open-timbered structure were held the cockfights. The raised benches around the arena were jammed. The arrogantly beautiful burnished, razorspurred bantams strutted warily in deathly ballet and then lightninglike flew into each other, pecking, gouging, slashing and scattering their blood and feathers. The bettors cried encouragement with pleas and curses to their cocks. The cockmasters implored their champions to blind and kill the adversary, spoke to them in poetically endearing terms, picked them up lovingly, licked the blood from them, massaged



What a pair

Meet the Eterna-Matic KonTikis...two of the world's finest automatic watches. Whether for you or her, the KonTiki means today...a watch whose contemporary appearance is matched only by its precision Swiss construction. Construction so rugged that KonTikis have successfully tested at 120 fathoms. Next time you're in the market for a truly superior watch—for you or her—be sure to check the pair from Eterna.



ETERNA · MATIC

Eterna Ltd. Grenchen (Switzerland)

them, kissed them and blew stimulating air up their behinds.

Night saw the procession of the candelaria. Behind the vestmented priest, soldiers, police and the gaudy effigy of the Virgin Mary, the mass carried candles.

Outside a hovel at the end of town, a cow was dying. Someone said the cow had anthrax. The cow was desperately trying to raise its head into the moonlight. The owner and his wife were wringing their hands. The priest and procession formed about the stricken animal, knelt and prayed for its comfort. Realizing that the cow was in its last throes, many set up lamentations, keening as to its life-sustaining value and the catastrophic loss to the penniless family. A policeman wept also.

Following the sanctifying of the candles and the observances paid to the Virgin Mary, the mayor lauded the government and requested all to bow their heads and pray thanksgiving to General Batista. Blessings by the priest and an indifferent fireworks display concluded the festivities for the purification of the

Virgin Mary.

The crowds were about to depart. In the distance sounded the ominous steam whistle of the *presidio*. It blew incessantly. There had been an escape. The soldiers and police drew their guns with much fanfare and ordered the people to remain. There was fright on the faces of the peons. The plantation dons moved about with authority and organized their own posse.

Armored vehicles sped into town with bells clanging and sirens wailing. Following them were pickup trucks bringing bloodhounds. The peons were rounded up, told to throw their machetes into a heap and submit to the scrutiny of *presidio* officials and guards. Four political prisoners had escaped.

The commandant asked me to use Vito's station wagon to transport soldiers for the hunt. He told me, "The bastards took advantage of the candelaria to escape. They've been gone for hours. I hope we don't find them too quickly—it will spoil the excitement of the chase."

As I went for the station wagon, I saw the priest speaking gravely to the commandant. The commandant shook his head emphatically. The priest looked sad and choking. I guessed that the priest was begging mercy for the prisoners or did not wish the prisoners, when caught, to meet death without Christian

spiritual preparation.

The many hunters fanned out toward Santa Barbara, Santa Fe and the center of the island reaching to the low mountains of La Cañada. Reluctantly, I drove overfed soldiers with the central contingent heading for the range of La Cañada. Between the stops and searches at plantations, the soldiers carried on as if on carnival outing, smoking big cigars and drinking wildly. The terrorized peons were offensively interrogated and manhandled.

At dawn the bloodhounds scented out the prisoners in a haystack of a tenant farm ou a slope of La Cañada. I wish I had not been there. I had been praying for the prisoners not to be found. The prisoners, young peons, one white and three black, were herded at gunpoint into the open field, riddled with hundreds of bullets, spat upon, urinated upon and their bodies hacked to bits with machetes.

The peon tenant farmer was accused

of harboring the fugitives. He screamed that he did not even know the prisoners had hidden in his haystack. The soldiers threw him upon the butchered corpses and shot him to death. His wife and daughters were dragged out of the farmhouse and raped by the soldiers. Back in Nueva Gerona, the drink-maddened soldiers went on a rampage.

As I packed my bags at Casa del Río, Liz looked softly at me and said that she was pregnant. Would I think of her once in a while? I would. And dearly.

Johannes drove me to Nueva Gerona. I thanked him for the good care he had taken of me.

"The best is none too good for Mr. Vito's guest," he answered.

On poles and buildings, the police were tacking up posters with the death sign of skull and crossbones, warning of a new rabies outbreak.

I boarded the steamer for Batabanó. My soul welled with murder. I saw myself with a machine gun filled with never-ending bullets shooting down Vito, the rich Cubans, Batista and his soldiers and police and, like a Jesus, miraculously bringing back to life the four prisoners and the tenant farmer.

In Havana, I sat with Hemingway again at the Ambos Mundos bar. The place was deserted. We were alone. We drank. But that time drinking could not make me drunk. I told him about the escaped prisoners, the tenant farmer and how I felt. I said, "In the name of Christ, how can you bear to live in Cuba and not write and protest about the goddamn things that take place here?"

Hemingway answered, "I can't count the people I've seen killed for an ideal, Kid, you've never been in a war. You get used to such things. It happens from generation to generation, like another spring, another harvest. Man is a mothering son of a bitch. The world could be a paradise, but the people hate God and themselves. The peons you saw shot yesterday would be on the other end of the rifle tomorrow. When the revolution comes here, then it will be turnabout and some other unfortunate slob's day in the barrel. You are green. You let sex, religion and social conditions overwhelm you. You're not a bad kid. You'll see it my way someday. We're all born to die. What's the difference if it comes sooner or later? All man's troubles come from his two heads. Perhaps the noblest thing a man can do is to cut off his lower head and blow his goddamn brains out. Now this advice will cost you a drink!"

I did not bother to look up my other playmates in Havana. With revulsion and impatience to get away from that land, I overcame my fear of flying and got on a plane for Miami. Aside from the memory of wondrous Liz, the sensual fruits of the tropic of Cuba had turned to acrid blood in my mouth.



WOMAN FOR TITUS

(continued from page 102)

every time he tried to touch her. By that Thursday, when the attic door was still locked, I decided to do something about it. At first I thought a good whipping would do the trick, but it occurred to me it would be a shame to spoil her skin. It was much easier to just have the lock taken off and wait outside on the stairs every night until they were in bed.

Poor Titus. You could hear them wrestling from the front hall; great thumping and rolling on the floor. She's as strong as the devil. Those beautiful teeth almost tore off one of Titus' ears, and one night she almost knocked him unconscious with a blow to the stomach that left him gasping for breath. But he was as strong as a horse himself, and I knew it was only a question of time before he'd break her in. Aunt Henny agreed.

"It'll be a boy, master," she cackled. "A boy, you'll see."

When things finally quieted down, the servants laughed more than ever-but now because Titus would drag her off to bed right after supper and sometimes, if I didn't need him, in the middle of the afternoon. She bit and scratched, but off they went. Yet something was the matter. I had never seen him more morose. He would hurry through his chores to take her upstairs, but without so much as a grin. In the mornings, when he laid out my clothes, it was "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" in response to my questions, and that was all. Whatever was eating him had turned his skin green. Yes, I swear it-a light brownish green that made him look as if he was being slowly poisoned. I thought that was actually the case, but Aunt Henny said no.

"Then what's the matter?" I asked. She shrugged.

The only time Titus seemed his old self was on Sunday mornings, when we all gathered in the parlor for the services that I had continued after Momma's death, according to her wishes. I'd read a chapter of the Bible aloud and then, like old times, Titus would throw back his head and lead us all in hymns. Nonny always lingered in the doorway, glaring at the servants.

"She's got the evil eye," Aunt Henny told me.

"Nonsense."

"No, master, you look at her."

To be honest, I always thought her eyes were particularly beautiful; dark brown, with little flecks of yellow in them. Mill had trained her never to look a white man in the face, but when she stared at the servants, they absolutely quailed. She tried it on Titus, too, but while he was listening to me read, or singing, he never noticed. He fixed his gaze on Momma's old Bible, with the silver cross on the cover, that was kept on



"All right, you guys, let's get organized!!"

the table near the sofa. The cross seemed to fascinate him. After services, he invariably threw himself down on his knees and kissed it, muttering under his breath.

"He's praying," Nonny laughed.

Aunt Henny now tells me he'd sneak into the parlor and do it on the sly once or twice a day during the week. It was always the same way, on his knees in front of the Bible, with his eyes shut tight, and concentrating so hard the sweat would pop out on his forehead. And when he finished, he always kissed the cross.

"If I could only read," he confessed to her, opening the Book.

"What for?"

"It's the Word of God. He could tell me what to do if I could only read what He says."

"Do about what?" Aunt Henny asked him, but he refused to answer.

If I had known what was really on his mind, I would have sold him off to the Georgia traders. But, as I've written, the attack came out of the blue. It's only now that it comes back to me with such peculiar vividness. It was a Tuesday afternoon. I had just come home from paying a call on some neighbors—the Fields, do you remember them?--whose oldest child was down with scarlet fever. Caroline answered the door, and as I took off my hat and cloak, Titus stepped up behind me, dressed in his blue velvet butler's jacket with the brass buttons that I had bought him last Christmas. My walking stick, luckily, was still in my left hand. He took my cloak and put it in the closer, and suddenly, with a little moan, sprang at my throat.

My reaction was instinctive. I slashed at his face with all the strength I had, and then again, across the shoulders, when the blow knocked him down. Caroline screamed, and Nonny and Aunt Henny ran in from the kitchen, where they had been having lunch. Actually, it was all over in an instant. The crack across the bridge of his nose had knocked him senseless. By the time he came to, my coachman and stableboy had tied him up to the hitching post in the yard.

The blood was still streaming down his face, but as soon as he realized I was bending over him, he tried to speak. It seems to me now that the wild look that I had glimpsed in his eyes a few moments before was gone and that he had fully recovered his sanity. But it's hard to say. He licked his lips and grimaced with pain.

"Why, Titus?" I asked him. "Why did you do it?"

"Nonny," he whispered.

"What's the matter with her? You ought to be proud. She cost me twelve hundred dollars."

"No," he said. "They took away her children. She didn't want no more, but I forced her. I'm a Christian, but I forced her. You made me force her, and I liked it. God help me, I liked it, do you hear?"

He shut his eyes. In a half hour or so, by the time the bleeding stopped, Sheriff Benson and two deputies came and took him away. It was the only explanation he ever gave me. "I liked it." And why not? She's put on some weight and is prettier than ever. "I liked it," he told me. To tell you the truth, it's got me completely stumped.

But it's almost eight o'clock, and I must get dressed for dinner. Do write, and send my very best to Carter, Charles, Linda and Paul.

Your affectionate cousin, George



FIRST AID FOR FREDDIE (continued from page 148)

figure lissome and slender. She looks like something out of a beauty chorus, and as you are probably aware, the little woman rarely approves of her mate being on chummy terms with someone of that description. Let Aggie get one glimpse of Valerie Fanshawe and learn that Freddie has been showering dogs on her, and she'll probably divorce him."

"Surely not?"

"It's in the cards. American wives get divorces at the drop of a hat."

"Bless my soul. What would Frederick do then?"

"Well, her father obviously wouldn't want him working at his dog-biscuit emporium. I suppose he would come and live here."

"What, at the castle?" cried Lord Emsworth, appalled. "Good God!"

"So you see how serious the situation is. However, I've been giving it intense thought, turning here a stone, exploring there an avenue, and I am glad to say I have found the solution. We must get that dog back before Aggie arrives."

"You will ask Valerie Fanshawe to re-

"Not quite that. She would never let it go. It will have to be pinched, and that's where you come in."

"I?"

"Who else is there? Freddie and I are both lying on beds of pain, unable to move, and we can hardly ask Connie to oblige. You are our only mobile force. Your quick intelligence has probably already told you what you have to do. What do people do when they've got a dog? They instruct the butler to let it out for a run last thing at night."

"Do they?"

"Invariably. Or bang go their carpets. Every dog has its last-thing-at-night outing, and I think we can safely assume that it will be via the back door."

"What the back door?"

"Via."

"Oh, via? Yes, yes, quite."

"So you must pop over to the Fanshawes'—say around ten o'clock—and lurk outside their back door till the animal appears, and bring it back here.'

Lord Emsworth stared, aghast.

"But, Galahad!"

"It's no good saying 'But, Galahad!' It's got to be done. You don't want Freddie's whole future to turn blue at the edges and go down the drain, do you? Let alone having him at the castle for the rest of his life. Ah, I see you shudder. I thought you would. And, dash it, it's not much I'm asking of you. Merely to go and stand in a back garden and scoop in a dog. A child could do it. If it wasn't that we want to keep the thing a secret just between ourselves, I'd hand the job over to the brownie."

"But what if the dog refuses to accom-198 pany me? After all, we've scarcely met."

"I've thought of that. You must sprinkle vour trouser legs with aniseed. Dogs follow aniseed to the ends of the earth.'

"But I have no aniseed."

"Beach is bound to be able to lay his hands on some. And Beach never asks questions. Unlike Connie's young, smart butler, who would probably be full of them. Oh, Beach," said Gally, who had pressed the bell. "Have we aniseed in the house?"

"Yes, Mr. Galahad."

"Bring me a stoup of it, will you?"

"Very good, sir," said Beach.

If the request surprised him, he did not show it. Your experienced butler never allows himself to look surprised at anything. He brought the aniseed. At the appointed hour Lord Emsworth drove off in Freddie's sports car, smelling to heaven. And Gally, left alone, lit another cigar and turned his attention to the Times crossword puzzle.

He found it, however, difficult to concentrate. This was not merely because these crossword puzzles had become so abstruse nowadays and he was basically a Sun-god-Ra and Large-Australian-birdemu man. Having seen Lord Emsworth off on his journey, doubts and fears were assailing him. He was wishing he could feel more confident of his brother's chances of success in the mission that had been entrusted to him. A lifetime association with him had left him feeling that the head of the family was a frail reed on which to lean in an emergency. If there was any possible way of bungling the enterprise, he would, he knew, infallibly bungle it. His genius for doing the wrong thing was a byword in his circle of acquaintance.

Which, he was asking himself, of the many ways open to him for messing everything up would Lord Emsworth select? Drive the car into a ditch? Go to the wrong house? Or would he forget all about his assignment and sit by the roadside musing on pigs? It was impossible to say, and Gally's emotions were similar to those of a general who, having planned a brilliant piece of strategy, finds himself dubious as to the ability of his troops to carry it out. Generals in such circumstances chew their mustaches in an overwrought sort of way, and Gally would have chewed his, if he had had one.

Heavy breathing sounded outside the door. Beach entered.

"Miss Fanshawe, sir," he announced.

Gally's acquaintance with Valerie Fanshawe was only a slight one, and in the interval since they had last met he had forgotten some of her finer points. Seeing her now, he realized how accurate had been his description of her to Lord Emsworth. In the best and deepest sense of the words, she was a dish and a pippin-in short, the very last type of

girl to whom a young husband should have given his wife's Alsatian.

"Good evening," he said. "You must forgive me for not rising as directed in the books of etiquette. I've sprained my ankle."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Valerie. "I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"Not at all."

"I asked for Mr. Threepwood, forgetting there were two of you. I came to see Freddie."

"He's gone to bed. He has sprained his ankle."

The girl seemed puzzled.

"Aren't you getting mixed up?" she said. "It was you who sprained the ankle."

"Freddie also."

"What, both of you? What happened?"

"We fell downstairs together."

"What made you do that?"

"Oh, we thought we would. Can I give Freddie a message?"

"If you wouldn't mind. Tell him that all is well. Did he mention to you that he was trying to sell Father those dog biscuits of his?"

"He did."

"Well, I approached Father on the subject and he said, Oh, all right, he would give them a try. He said he didn't suppose they would actually poison the dumb chums, and as I was making such a point of it he'd take a chance.'

'Splendid."

"And I've brought back the dog."

It was only the most sensational piece of news that could make Gally's monocle drop from his eye. At these words it fell like a shooting star.

"You've done what?" he exclaimed, retrieving the monocle and replacing it in order the better to goggle at her.

"He gave me an Alsatian dog this afternoon, and I've brought it back."

"You mean you don't want it?"

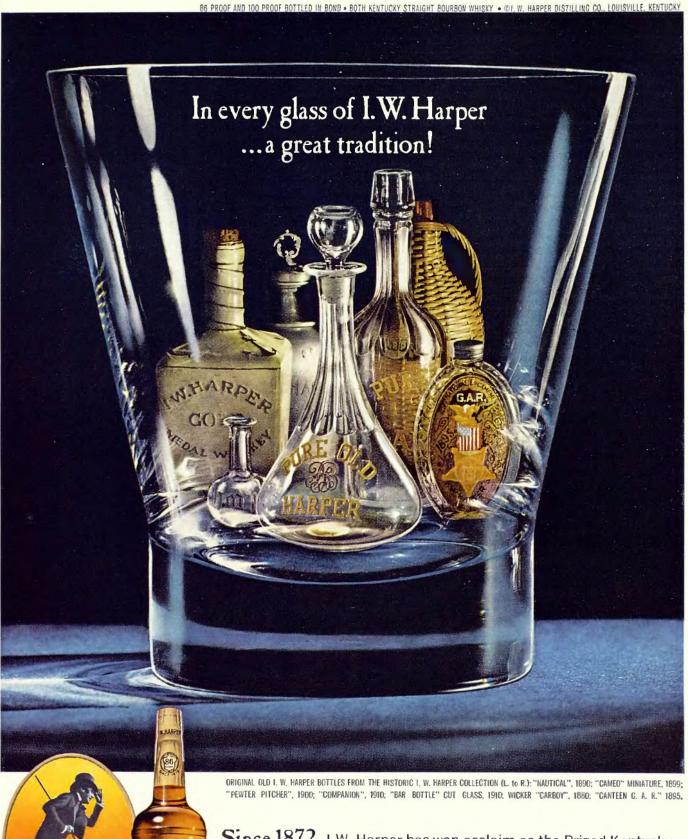
"I want it all right, but I can't have it. The fathead's first act on clocking in was to make a beeline for Father's spaniel and try to assassinate it, the one thing calculated to get himself socially ostracized. Father thinks the world of that spaniel. Who let this canine paranoiac into the house?' he thundered, foaming at the mouth. I said I had. Where did you get the foul creature?' he demanded. Freddie gave him to me,' I said. 'Then you can damn well take him back to this Freddie, whoever he is,' he-

'Vociferated?"

"Yes, vociferated. 'And let me add,' he said, 'that I am about to get my gun and count ten, and if the animal's still around when I reach that figure, I shall blow his head off at the roots, and the Lord have mercy on his soul, if any.' Well, I'm pretty quick and I saw right away that what he was hinting at was that he preferred not to associate with the dog, so I've brought him back. I think he went off to the servants' hall to have a bite of supper. I shall miss him,



"It isn't much of a dragon, but then, she wasn't much of a maiden."



Since 1872, I.W. Harper has won acclaim as the Prized Kentucky Bourbon. You can <u>see</u> its rich tradition in these rare bottles...<u>taste</u> its pleasure in every glass. Enjoy I.W. Harper...it's always a pleasure!

I. W. HARPER
THE GOLD MEDAL KENTUCKY BOURBON

GOLD MEDA

..it's always

a pleasure!

of course. Still, easy come, easy go."

And so saying, Valerie Fanshawe, reverting to the subject of Gally's ankle, expressed a hope that he would not have to have it amputated, and withdrew.

If at this moment somebody had started to amputate Gally's ankle, it is hardly probable that he would have noticed it, so centered were his thoughts on this astounding piece of good luck that had befallen a nephew of whom he had always been fond. If, as he supposed, it was the latter's guardian angel who had engineered the happy ending like a conjurer pulling a rabbit out of a hat, he would have liked to slap him on the back and tell him how greatly his efforts were appreciated. Joy cometh in the morning, he told himself, putting the clock forward a little, and by way of celebrating the occasion he rang for Beach and asked for a whiskey and soda.

It was some considerable time before the order was filled, and Beach was full of apologies for his tardiness.

"I must express my regret for being so long, Mr. Galahad. I was detained on the telephone by Colonel Fanshawe."

"The Fanshawe family seems very much with us tonight. Is there a Mrs. Fanshawe?"

"I understand so, Mr. Galahad."

"No doubt she will be dropping in shortly. What did the colonel want?"

"He was asking for his lordship, but I have been unable to locate him."

"He's gone for a stroll."

"Indeed? I was not aware. Colonel Fanshawe wished him to come to Marling Hall tomorrow morning in his capacity of justice of the peace. It appears that the butler at Marling Hall apprehended a prowler who was lurking in the vicinity of the back door and has locked him in the cellar. Colonel Fanshawe is hoping that his lordship will give him a sharp sentence."

For the second time that night Gally's monocle had fallen from the parent eye socket. He had not, as we have seen, been sanguine with regard to the possibility of his brother's getting through the evening without mishap, but he had not foreseen anything like this. This was outstanding, even for Clarence.

"Beach," he said, "this opens up a new line of thought. You speak of a prowler."

"Yes, sir."

"Who was lurking at the Fanshawe back door and is now in the Fanshawe cellar."

"Yes. sir."

"Well, here's something for your files. The prowler you have in mind was none other than Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth."

"Sir!"

"I assure you, I sent him to Marling Hall on a secret mission, the nature of which I am not empowered to disclose, and how he managed to get copped we shall never know. Suffice it that he did and is now in the cellar. Wine cellar or coal?"

"Coal, I was given to understand, sir."
"Our task, then, is to get him out of it.
Don't speak, I must think."

When an ordinary man is trying to formulate a scheme for extricating his brother from a coal cellar, the procedure is apt to be a lengthy one involving the furrowed brow, the scratched head and the snapped finger; but in the case of a man like Gally, this is not so. Only a minimum of time had elapsed before he was able to announce that he had got it.

"Beach!"

"Sir?"

"Go to my bedroom, look in the drawer where the handkerchiefs are, and you will find a small bottle containing white tablets. Bring it to me."

"Would this be the bottle to which you refer, sir?" asked Beach, returning a few minutes later.

"That's the one. Now a few necessary facts. Is the butler at the Fanshawes' a pal of yours?"

"We are acquainted, sir."

"Then he won't be surprised if you suddenly pay him a call?"

"I imagine not, Mr. Galahad, I sometimes do when I find myself in the neighborhood of Marling Hall."

"And on these occasions he sets them up?"

"Sir?"

"You drain a cup or two?"

"Oh yes, sir. I am always offered refreshment."

"Then the thing's in the bag. You see this bottle, Beach? It contains what are known as mickey finns. The name is familiar to you?"

"No, sir."

"They are a recognized sedative in the United States. When I last went to New York, a great friend of mine, a bartender on Eighth Avenue, happened to speak of them and was shocked to learn that I had none in my possession. They were things, he said, that nobody should be without. He gave me a few, assuring me that sooner or later they were bound to come in useful. Hitherto I have had no occasion to make use of them, but I think you will agree that now is the time for them to come to the aid of the party. You follow me, Beach?"

"No, sir."

"Come, come. You know my methods, apply them. Slip one of these into this butler's drink, and almost immediately you will see him fold up like a tired lily. Your path thus made straight, you proceed to the cellar, unleash his lordship and bring him home."

"But, Mr. Galahad!"

"Now what?"

"I hardly like-"

"Don't stand there making frivolous objections. If Clarence is not extracted from that cellar before tomorrow morning, his name will be mud. He will become a hissing and a byword."

"Yes, sir, but---"

"And don't overlook another aspect of the matter. Perform this simple task, and there will be no limit to his gratitude. Purses of gold will change hands. Camels bearing apes, ivory and peacocks, all addressed to you, will shortly be calling at the back door of Blandings Castle. You will clean up to an unimaginable extent."

It was a powerful plea. Beach's two chins, which had been waggling unhappily, ceased to waggle. A light of resolution came into his eyes. He looked like a butler who has stiffened the sinews and summoned up the blood, as recommended by Henry the Fifth.

"Very good, Mr. Galahad," he said.

Gally resumed his crossword puzzle, more than ever convinced that the compiler of the clues was suffering from softening of the brain, and in due course heavy breathing woke him from the light doze into which he had fallen while endeavoring to read sense into "7 across," and he found that Beach was back from the front. He had the air of one who has recently passed through some great spiritual experience.

"Well?" said Gally, "All washed up? Everything nice and smooth?"

"Yes, Mr. Galahad."

"You administered the medium dose for an adult?"

"Yes, Mr. Galahad."

"And released his lordship?"

"Yes, Mr. Galahad,"

"That's my boy. Where is he?"

"Taking a bath, Mr. Galahad. He was somewhat begrimed. Would there be anything further, sir?"

"Not a thing. You can go to bed and sleep peacefully. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

It was some minutes later, while Gally was wrestling with "12 down," that he found his privacy invaded by another caller with whom he had not expected to hobnob. It was seldom that his sister Constance sought his society. Except for shivering austerely whenever she saw him, she rarely had much to do with him.

"Oh, hullo, Connie," he said. "Are you any good at crossword puzzles?"

Lady Constance did not say "To hell with crossword puzzles," but it was plain that only her breeding restrained her from doing so. She was in one of those moods of imperious wrath that so often had reduced Lord Emsworth to an apologetic jelly.

"Galahad," she said, "have you seen Beach?"

"Just been chatting with him. Why?"

"I have been ringing for him for half an hour. He really is quite past his duties."

"Clarence was telling me that that was how you felt about him. He said you were thinking of firing him."

"I am."

"I shouldn't."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll rue the day."

"I don't understand you."

"Then let me tell you a little bedtime story."

"Please do not drivel, Galahad. Really, I sometimes think that you have less sense than Clarence."

"It is a story," Gally proceeded, ignoring the slur, "of a feudal devotion to the family interests that would be hard to overpraise. It shows Beach in so favorable a light that I think you will agree that when you speak of giving him the heave ho you are talking, if you will forgive me saying so, through the back of your neck."

"Have you been drinking, Galahad?"

"Only a series of toasts to a butler

who will go down in legend and song. Here comes the story."

He told it well, omitting no detail however slight, and as his narrative unfolded, an ashen pallor spread over Lady Constance's face and she began to gulp in a manner that would have interested any doctor specializing in ailments of the thoracic cavity.

"So there you are," said Gally, concluding. "Even if you are not touched by his selfless service and lost in admiration of his skill in slipping mickey finns into people's drinks, you must realize that it would be madness to hand him the pink slip. You can't afford to have him spreading the tale of Clarence's activities all over the county, and you know as well as I do that, if sacked, he will dine out on the thing for months. If I were you, Connie, I would reconsider."

He eyed with satisfaction the wreck of what had once been a fine upstanding sister. He could read the message of those gulps. He could see that she was reconsidering.





"My diagnoses are seldom wrong, Miss Fern and it's my opinion that you are either pregnant or have swallowed some large object."

untitled

(continued from page 109)

began to pop up out of his own brain, in a pink corner labeled, he noticed, HATS, and the first one was, "He couldn't generate enough brain power to warm a hatband." Who wrote that? Alan Hynd. He was going to remember the title of the article, the date of the magazine, and the picture on the cover, but he shut off the whole process, and just in time, too. Once started, he'd go through everything in HATS and it could take a long time. That was the center hell around which he spun, all his days, a memory, no, he couldn't call it that, a good word for a bad thing; he thought of his memory as, say, a monster computer, a really big one, a roomful, a gimmick with about 20,000,000 miles of wire in it, and a trainload of transistors, a big chromium box the size of a house, covered with gray-brown mouse hair, scraggly individual pelts, small, like the steel plates with which the Indians used to armor their war elephants. He had not asked for that kind of memory, or worked to get it, or anything of the sort. He could remember all kinds of useful facts: January 20, 1954 was the coldest day recorded in Montana, 70 degrees below zero F., and Henry I died in 1135, and a blimp is a blimp because it used to be a B-type Limp Aircraft, and before S O S radio operators used to send C O D, and on and on and on, he could give you stuff like that hour after hour, and once in a while he could amuse himself, or someone else, but unhappily it was a package deal, and he could remember just as well the amber scent of a girl named Margaret Biere, the one and true love of his life when he was 13, and every five years or so he would pick it up on someone, maybe on the street, and it would turn his heart over and slam him against a lamppost. He could remember every word of a conversation of an hour and a half in which he had, helplessly, and watching himself do it, destroyed and blown up and ground to dirt his friendship with his father, a nice enough man who happened to be worth something over \$2,000,000 when he died, and who made, as a result, a capricious distribution of it among strangers, oafs, charlatans, and lickspittles. He knew the exact taste of an omelette aux champignons he'd had in the Hotel de Marcier in Nemours on the 17th of May, 1949, although ever since he had been careful not to eat mushrooms in any form, in the fear that the taste of that omelet, and the taste of the girl who sat up in bed with him and ate half of it, would volatilize and disappear. He knew it would never happen.

A fat Dalmatian dog loped across the green, running crookedly and sidewise, as if his hindquarters were getting orders

from somewhere else. Tall in orange, a black leash dragging from her wrist, through the bushes and under the arching trees, a girl, about a foot high at that distance, and he thought, if I could stop her just there I would take her home and put her under a bell jar. The thing would have a rosewood base, with a round groove where the glass fitted, and green felt on the bottom. I'd have the dog, too, he'd be lean, though, and standing straight. He tried to stop her, so that he would work out the picture fully, but it was no good, she kept coming, a tall, leggy one, a stupid face with a nose like a bent shovel, but pretty; she came straight, that being the way the path lay, and growing as she came until she was, just before he shut his eyes, 92 feet tall or something near it; he was staring at her shins just above the ankle, he could see the mesh of her stockings, about an inch square between threads, and the silver-yellow short hairs on her legs, as big around as, say, clothesline, and when he knew she was going to step on him, the round wet file in his head flicked over and he read that the ordinary spike heel, slammed down by a woman weighing 105, delivers a pressure of just over 2500 pounds per square inch, or more weight than a tractor puts on the ground. He waited for the crunch that didn't come and opened his eyes to watch her pass; she had a really lovely ass and as she passed she diminished, according to the true laws of perspective, down to two and a half times the size of the dog, galloping gimpily ahead of her, a stick in his mouth so long that one end dragged foolishly on the ground, an idiot dog, lost in a world with no more carriages for him to run under. He watched the girl out of sight around the turning in the path. Her buttocks, winking like a heliograph across 50 miles of desert, went last.

A thin girl came, and as she passed, One noted that she was golden-assed; How odd a whim of mighty God's To case gluteals in gilded pods.

He stuffed it into a crack under a FOR ass, reading it once as it went. Water fell on him. Sit in the rain, or go? He retched lightly under the idea that there would be a place to go, if he knew where it was. I had better get back, he thought, and he tried, he tried hard, but the gears spun soundlessly without meshing. He was very frightened. He walked to the fence and took a big piece of it in each hand and stared into the street, running now with rain. It told him nothing. He heard the girl coming back, her feet scuffing lightly on the gravel. He turned. I'll have another look at that as it goes by, he thought, and then I'll sit down and I'll work, and I'll get back. She stopped beside him. Her dog stopped, too, looking up over his stick. The dog was cross-eyed.



"Beat it!!"

"Well. love." she said, "you got my little message. I hear."

"Message?"

"Read it again when you go home," she said. "Read it again. You ought to read it fifteen times, you bastard!" She snapped the leash on the dog, jerked the stick through his teeth and tossed it over the fence. She went toward the gate, fast.

"Hang on." he said, "I'm coming with

"You are not," she said. She was outside now, she stuffed the dog into a blue car, dropped herself in after him and had it moving five seconds later. He couldn't even see which way she turned at the corner, there were bushes in the way.

He stood looking into the street, plucking absently at his shirt, half wet through. Tremors ran up and down his arms, and not from cold. He lifted the top of his head a crack and saw a moist pink chaos. He looked at the shoes he wore, the slacks, which were none of his that he knew. He felt in the pockets. It was a thin inventory: a handkerchief, a box of Swedish matches, a pewter cigarette case, empty. There was a square of typing pasted to the inner lid of the

case, a name and an address. Dr. John Oliver. Well. All right. He would go around and see Dr. Oliver, whoever he was, and after a while he'd say, "You know, doctor, a funny thing happened to me on the way to your office; I forgot who I was, or who I am, if I am."

He went through the gate and stopped a man.

"Pardonnez-moi, m'sieu'," he said.
"Pouvez-vous m'indiquer le chemin pour cette advesse?"

The man looked at it. Pleasantlooking old man, carrying a cane, white bair

"I don't speak French, I'm sorry," he said. "Do you speak any English at all?" "Yes. Yes, of course."

"Well, now," the old man said. "Dr. Oliver. Is that 129 East 87th Street?"

"Right. I just don't know which way to go from here, you see."

"But, my dear man, surely that's a New York address, 129 East 87th Street? And surely we're in Dublin?"

He let the old boy go and went back into the park and sat down in the rain. After all, she just might come back. prompts of a late-supper-and-drink session.

Before the theater, we like cocktails on the rocks. They make long drinks of short ones. We favor aperitif cocktails such as the negroni, vermouth cassis or white-wine cassis. When you return to your apartment after the theater, throw open the full resources of your bar. And for the final program note, what could possibly be better than a tray of liqueurs such as Chartreuse, benedictine or Grand Marnier poured over rocks or finely shaved ice?

The following dishes have been through tryouts and are ready for your theater dining repertory.

CHEESE SOUP, ROQUEFORT CROUTONS

(Serves six)

3 Spanish onions

3 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons olive oil

3 pints chicken broth, fresh or canned

I cup light cream

I cup milk

12 ozs. processed gruyère cheese

1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

2 ozs. brandy

Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper

12 slices narrow French bread

6 ozs. roquefort cheese

Paprika

Peel onions, cut in half through stem end, then cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Heat butter and oil in soup pot until butter melts. Add onions and sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until onions are limp and turning yellow, not brown. Add chicken broth; bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer slowly 20 minutes. Add cream and milk; bring up to boiling point but do not boil, Put gruyère cheese through large holes of square metal grater. Remove soup from flame. Add Worcestershire sauce, brandy and gruyère cheese; stir until cheese dissolves. Add salt and pepper to taste and a generous dash of cavenne pepper. Toast bread lightly under broiler flame. Spread one side with roquefort cheese and sprinkle with paprika. Place bread, cheese side up, under broiler flame until cheese begins to brown. Reheat soup just before serving and spoon into tureen or individual soup marmites. Place 2 slices roquefort toast on each portion. Serve an accompanying course of oysters or clams on the half shell.

DANISH HAM, CHICKEN AND ASPARAGUS SANDWICHES

(Serves six)

4 boiled breasts of chicken, cooled 12 ozs. sliced Danish ham

6 large center slices round pumpernickel bread

- 1/4 lb. sweet butter, at room temperature
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen asparagus, cooked, drained and cooled

3/4 cup mayonnaise

I tablespoon Dijon mustard

1/2 teaspoon dry English mustard

I tablespoon white-wine vinegar

I tablespoon heavy sweet cream
Remove skin and bones from chicken
and, with very sharp knife, cut chicken
into thinnest possible slices. Spread
bread with butter. Place chicken slices
on bread. Place ham slices on chicken,
letting them overlap crust. Arrange asparagus spears in center of ham. In
small mixing bowl, combine mayonnaise, Dijon mustard, English mustard,
vinegar and cream. Mix until smooth.
Spoon mayonnaise mixture over asparagus. Serve sandwiches, ice cold, on large
platter or individual plates.

SHRIMPS VINAIGRETTE

(Serves six)

2 lbs. (cooked weight) shrimps, boiled, peeled and deveined

1 cup olive oil

Salt, pepper

1/4 cup white-wine vinegar

1/4 cup dry white wine

1 green pepper, small dice

2 canned pimientos, small dice

3 pieces celery, peeled, small dice

2 tablespoons minced parsley

1 tablespoon minced chives or scallions

1/8 teaspoon thyme leaves

6 medium-size firm, ripe tomatoes

Boston lettuce

2 hard-boiled eggs, small dice

Combine shrimps and oil in mixing bowl. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper and toss well. Add vinegar, wine, green pepper, pimientos, celery, parsley, chives and thyme and toss well. Marinate in refrigerator 6 to 8 hours, or overnight if possible. Lower tomatoes into large pot of rapidly boiling water for 20 to 25 seconds. Peel tomatoes under cold running water; remove stem ends; then cut each tomato through top (but do not separate) into 6 wedges. On 6 serving plates, place several leaves of lettuce. Spread out tomato wedges fanwise, without separating segments, and sprinkle generously with salt. Add egg to shrimp and toss thoroughly. Spoon shrimps with dressing onto tomatoes. Serve ice cold. Pass bread-and-butter sandwiches made of thinly sliced French bread generously spread with sweet butter.

CRAB MEAT BOURBON

(Serves six)

11/2 lbs. fresh crab lump or 3 71/2oz. cans Alaska King crab 4 tablespoons butter

1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms, thinly sliced

2 tablespoons minced shallots or scallions

1 teaspoon paprika

3 ozs. bourbon

3 tablespoons flour

1 pint light cream

3 egg yolks, well beaten 2 ozs. oloroso sherry

1 teaspoon Pernod

Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper

Before theater: Examine crab lump carefully, removing any pieces of shell or cartilage. Melt butter in large saucepan over low flame. Add mushrooms, shallots and paprika. Sauté, stirring frequently, 2 to 3 minutes. Add crab lump and sauté, stirring frequently, until heated through. Add bourbon and set it ablaze. When flames subside, stir in flour, mixing well. Add light cream and simmer, don't boil, 5 minutes. Remove from flame and store, covered, in refrigerator until after theater. After theater: Plac: crab-lump mixture in top section of chafing dish over simmering water. When mixture is hot, remove 3 tablespoons sauce and combine with egg yolks, mixing well. Add yolks to chafing dish and continue to heat, stirring constantly, until sauce begins to thicken. Add sherry and Pernod; add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne pepper. Keep flame under chafing dish as low as possible. Serve with rice or fine noodles.

PORTUGUESE BACALHAU

(Serves six)

6 cups mashed potatoes

2 11-oz. cans cooked salt codfish or smoked finnan haddie, drained

6 tablespoons melted butter

1/2 cup milk

2 tablespoons olive oil

1 cup heavy cream

4 tablespoons minced chives or scallions

1 hard-boiled egg yolk

3 egg yolks

1/3 lb. sweet butter

Juice of 1/4 lemon

Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper

6 eggs

6 slices black truffle

Before theater: In large mixing bowl, combine potatoes, codfish, melted butter, milk, olive oil, ½ cup heavy cream and chives. Mix well. Salt is usually not necessary, because of saltiness of fish, but a generous dash of pepper should be added. Spread in shallow casserole to a depth of 1½ ins. Store in refrigerator until after theater. Force hard-boiled egg yolk through fine strainer into well of electric blender. Add raw egg yolks. Heat butter in small saucepan over low flame until melted but not brown. Re-

move from flame. Spin blender for about 10 seconds. Slowly add hot butter, a tablespoon at a time, through opening in blender top, until butter is used and sauce is emulsified. Turn off blender. Add lemon juice, a generous dash each of salt and pepper and a light dash of cayenne pepper. Run blender for a few seconds to combine seasonings. Store sauce, covered, in warm place until needed. After theater: Preheat oven at 400°. Whip remaining 1/2 cup cream until thick. Place casserole in oven 20 to 25 minutes. Poach 6 eggs in lightly salted water or in egg poacher. Spread whipped cream over bacalhau and place under broiler flame until light brown. Remove from broiler and place poached eggs on bacalhau. Spoon sauce over eggs. Top each egg with a slice of truffle. Serve with a green salad tossed with olive oil and red-wine vinegar.

GLAZED CORNED-BEEF BRISKET

(Serves six)

5 lbs. corned-beef brisket

1/2 cup brown sugar

1/4 cup crab-apple jelly

3 tablespoons prepared horseradish

I tablespoon Düsseldorf mustard

1 teaspoon dry mustard

Whole cloves

Before theater: Soak corned beef overnight in cold water. Simmer in fresh water until tender, 4 to 5 hours. Let it cool in the cooking liquid. After theater: Remove corned beef from liquid. Preheat oven at 450°. Make a smooth paste of the brown sugar, jelly, horseradish and both kinds of mustard. Score the fat on top of the corned beef by drawing diagonal lines with a French knife at 1-in, intervals. Stick a clove into each section. Spread glaze on corned beef. Place in shallow pan and bake 30 to 40 minutes, or until top of corned beef is glazed a rich brown. Serve with a potato, tomato and cucumber salad, and garnishes of cold chowchow and pickled walnuts.

FILET MIGNON, SAUCE PIQUANTE

(Serves six)

6 filets mignons, 8 ozs. each

1 lb. large fresh mushrooms Sweet butter

1 15-oz. can artichoke bottoms, drained

I cup dry red wine

I cup chicken broth, fresh or canned

1/2 cup onion, small dice

1/4 cup finely minced dill pickle

2 teaspoons beef extract

I tablespoon minced fresh parsley

1/8 teaspoon dried chervil

1 tablespoon red-wine vinegar

Salt, pepper

6 slices French bread

Before theater: Wash mushrooms. Cut stem ends protruding beyond caps. Use ends for another cooking purpose, or

discard. Place mushrooms in large shallow saucepan with 2 tablespoons butter. Sauté, covered, 5 minutes. Remove from flame. Place artichoke bottoms in same pan and store in refrigerator for later reheating. Pour wine and chicken broth into deep saucepan. Add onion and pickle and simmer slowly until liquid is reduced to 1 cup. Add 3 tablespoons butter, beef extract, parsley, chervil and vinegar. When butter is melted, remove from flame, Cool slightly and pour into well of electric blender. Blend 1 minute at high speed. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Return to saucepan and store in refrigerator until needed. After theater: Sauté mushrooms and artichoke bottoms until heated through. Preheat electric skillet at 400°. Pan-broil filets mignons, without added fat, until medium brown on both sides. While filets are pan-broiling, toast bread. Remove filets from skillet and place on toast on serving platter. Pour wine sauce into skillet and bring to a boil. Top filet mignon with artichoke bottoms and mushrooms. Pour sauce over steaks. Serve with French fried potatoes.

As Ethel Barrymore once said, "That's all there is, there isn't any more." We trust these dishes will win you many bravos and curtain calls.





the taste of an apple from that of a raw potato while holding your nose.

Nevertheless, the tongue has its pleasures if it is allowed help by two other senses: smell and touch. Sweet-sour-saltbitter not only provides a lifesaving way of discriminating among possible foods and possible poisons, but it is also a fundamental erotic spectrum; probably many more people like to taste their lovers than are yet willing to admit it. Here both touch and odor play important parts. The tongue is exquisitely supplied with all three touch senses-we'll get to those shortly-and, in addition, is highly muscular and mobile. Given this combination of attributes, what we call taste is, in fact, so sophisticated a sense set that it has an art form of its own-cooking-which the future will doubtless refine but is not likely to surpass. Basically, taste will not change until the sense of smell does.

4. Touch. At the opposite pole from taste, touch is actually three complete senses, which detect, respectively, heat/cold, pressure (including rough/smooth)

and pain. It is thus a highly refined, sensitive and discriminating faculty with endless possibilities for new stimuli available for technological exploitation.

To my sorrow, I do not think that many of these possibilities are sexual. There simply are few novelties even imaginable in this field. As Frederik Pohl noted in *The Playboy Panel: 1984 and Beyond* (July and August, 1963), there is probably not a single square inch of the human body that has not been exploited by the tactile senses for sexual pleasure at one time or another, and the senses of touch are too discriminating to be fooled by manipulators less perfectly adapted to it than the human hand.

This question arises immediately because—as Dr. Walter has also pointed out—the sense of touch conveys sexual suggestion faster and more directly than does any other sense. Hence, to the suggestible, almost any kind of sensation inside the wide arena of possible touch responses may be sexually arousing.

As an example, let us start with the

MARTY MURPHS

"... As I suppose all little boys do, our Herbie has fallen in love with his nurse . . ."

world's most neutral substance: water. Nude mixed bathing has been popular for many centuries, more probably for the excuse it offers for nudity than for anything the water adds; though many men like their girls slippery, water is an impediment to the act of love itself, because it washes away the precoital fluids.

But water in motion, especially if warm, is a caress. Many women will testify, if pressed gently, to having found their earliest sexual excitement in the motion of bath water (see, for example, that housewife's handbook on promiscuity that got Ralph Ginzburg into trouble with the post office). Masturbation in the bath is not quite as common among men, because the testicles do not function at heats above body temperaturethat is why they are out there in the cold instead of inside, as a woman's glands sensibly are-but it is far from rare (see Leopold Bloom's meditation on the subject, in James Joyce's Ulysses).

This effect probably could be improved upon, through an offshoot of hydrotherapy-that now largely outmoded method of dunking the mentally ill (and the physically debilitated) into whirlpool baths, made popular at home by the Jacuzzi device. Recent work in a technique called electrophoresis-a technique that, among other things, shows promise of predetermining the sex of babies in artificial insemination, since it selectively affects the migration of sperm-has shown that, under certain conditions, liquids can be made to swirl locally even in a small tub, thus suggesting that a bath with a multiplex of local eddies in it might be possible, caressing the bather wherever he or she prefers. Turbulence is part of the fun of swimming; now it is possible to control it. Furthermore, the vast range of available and possible detergents makes it possible to change the texture of the bath, as oils and aromatics make it either soothe or tingle; gels might change its density, thus making eddies in it firmer, or making it feel more womblike; or present bubble-bath formulas could easily be modified to fill the tub with foam all the way to the bottom, and make the foam as sticky and persistent as a frog's nest, should you want it that way. (And why not load the bubbles with odors and gaseous intoxicants, to pop into the air around you in any order you like-controlled, perhaps, by the rate of cooling of the water-on the model of time-release drug capsules? This wouldn't affect your sense of touch, but it might abet it, as odor abets taste.)

Sonic stimulation of the sense of touch in various ways is also a likely possibility—not only for shaking the dirt off, as science-fiction writers have suggested, but also for pleasure. It could be combined with bathing, too, since most liquids convey sounds much better than air does. Combinations of these principles might also be incorporated into a bed,

for on-the-spot massage, like those that have been standard equipment in airport hotels for some years, but more specifically directed to tactile or sexual pleasures than to simple relaxation. They might also be designed into a suit that could be worn to work. Such a suit might be a form of on-the-job diversion more acceptable to the innocent bystander, and to the boss, than a transistor radio or a Thermos bottle full of martinis might be.

Some people caress jade for kicks. Specialists maintain large collections of jade for this purpose, which they dip in water for fullest appreciation of its texture. Again, this pleasure might be enhanced by other dipping solutions. Various Asian peoples also carve stroking stones in small sizes that are carried on the person, not as amulets but simply for the pleasure they give to the touch, or for relief in moments of tension. Smoothly sculpted pieces of this kind can be outright hypnotic. This use of touch has not yet evolved into an art form in the West, but it has its precursors: Americans finger loose change and keys in their pockets; Greeks have worry beads; Englishmen fondle cane and umbrella handles. As an art, it might well be developed even further in the West, since the vast field of plastics has opened for it a whole new realm of possible textures.

And why, pray, has nobody ever done anything interesting to the touch with underwear? Some of it now pleases the eye, but its history as something intended to be worn next to the skin is dismal. For a long time, there simply wasn't any. In the late Renaissance, as outer clothing grew stiffer, heavier and more for show, the original woman's shift (a linen or lawn chemise, designed to prevent brocade scratch) expanded to a skirt and later grew into petticoats. Comfort promptly went out the window, however; by the late 19th and early 20th Centuries, women's underwear was all whalebone, elastic and lacings-hot, heavy, confining and likely to bring on the peculiar hunger faints then called chlorosis, and ridden in the back by bustles big enough to support a tea tray.

Light, pleasant, small underwear for women did not become popular until the 1920s, with the invention of the onepiece garment called the step-in, of John Held memory. This was later divided into two pieces and the slip was addedand there has been no real change since. Throughout this history, there was only one appeal to touch, which might be subsumed under the slogan "Nothing feels like silk." This has now changed; nowadays, almost everything feels like silk, which is no real improvement. Men, of course, have always been shortchanged on their undergarments; Richard Wagner was often accused of being some sort of pervert because he liked silk under-



"Is this camp, or am I supposed to take it seriously?"

wear and would buy no other kind after he became affluent; and today the only alternative available to the luxuryloving male is the clammy, slippery spectrum of wash-and-wear fabrics, most of which feel terrible. This is a shame, for people would like to buy clothes for their tactile qualities. Americans and citizens of other affluent cultures stubbornly will not wear clothes to match their climates partly for that reason (though more largely because of the tyranny of custom and fashion).

Fashion designers, who work for show, are seldom far behind technology in exploiting the optical possibilities of new fabrics, as witness the new transparent styles. (Someday they may get around to intermittent transparency-fabrics that can be seen through only under special kinds of lighting.) But their appeals to touch have been astonishingly primitive. In the future, our clothing may become as much of a pleasure to feel as it is to look at. A fortune awaits the designer who first puts this elementary notion into practice, particularly for the benefit

5. Sight. The advent of op art has reminded us that sight, too, can produce physical sensations-of motion, distance, afterimages, vertigo, free flight, freedom from our ordinary metrical frame, and many others-which can transcend the usual subjective experiences of recognizing a dog or the color of a traffic light. I say "reminded" because these nonsymbolic optical experi-

ences have been known to physiologists for more than half a century, as only one small aspect of this most marvelous and complex of the classical five senses. (There are, as we shall see, many more than five.) Mostly, however, they have been treated as oddities or paradoxes of vision, of no special interest; though one of them-the illusion that the moon is larger near the horizon than at the zenith—has fascinated poets for centuries. Op art has undertaken to remind us that things are seldom what they seem. a truism likely to enrich us all once we decide to look at it seriously.

No quick and partial review could do justice to the wonders and mysteries of sight, a sense that utterly dominates the human brain and processes most of the information we receive from outside, at a truly stupendous rate. Animal brain tissue is mostly devoted to serving the nose, but in humans, the eye is king-the nose gets snubbed. We are all voyeurs, like it or not.

As Dr. Walter and others have shown, not everybody thinks visually-apparently a sizable section of mankind thinks in abstractions, without forming mental pictures, and marriage between the two types is not recommended-but visualization is certainly very widespread, both deliberately and in dreams. Direct stimulation of the brain to produce visions or dreams, with plots and a full range of other accompanying sensations, is a science-fiction idea of long standing.

The possibility of living a completely 207



Underwear that's styled for the bold look.

The bold styling of Life underwear by Jockey complements the wide wale cords, the tough textured tweeds and the other "IN" styles this Fall.

So go ahead. Go totally bold. Anyone who says underwear has to be dull just doesn't know about Life.

Take a look across the page and see what's happening.

Lត្ថខ្លិយ underwear by

vicarious life was invoked by Laurence Manning and the late Fletcher Pratt in The City of the Living Dead, which predicted that for many persons such a life would be more attractive than reality. (Most of the people in the story were, in fact, living the same dream life over and over again, not from choice but because the attendants had become too lax to bother changing the recordings.)

A present-day surgical procedure called stereotaxis, involving direct implantation of electrodes into the brain, makes such an innovation look entirely possible. It has already been found that such direct stimulation can invoke specific sensations and even specific memories. Patients whose brains are being explored in this way find themselves suddenly in the midst of their high school prom, hear the voice of a long-dead relative or find the operating theater incongruously redolent of violets. These are not simply recalled, but experienced directly, as immediate events. No special recording would be needed to produce these results, only a weak, undifferentiated electrical current; it is where the current is applied that counts.

Direct implantation into the brain tissue will probably not prove to be necessary. Dr. Walter and his colleagues have already found that such effects can be produced by using a subject's own brain waves to control the frequency of a stimulus, such as a flashing light. This process, called "flicker-feedback," is limited to medicine at present: It provides a sure-fire method of diagnosing epilepsy, and Soviet physicians have extended it to the artificial induction of sleep. However, there is no reason in principle why it could not be used to induce almost any sensation, even a full 3-D, odorous, tactile stag production. The technique obviously is not limited to sight, though at present the eyes are the most frequently used portal for the brain stimuli involved.

Other senses: Even without appealing to clairvoyance, telepathy or other "extrasensory" perceptions whose existence is dubious, the human body possesses a good many senses beyond the classical five. In fact, we have already considered ten, because of the three quite distinct senses involved in touch and the four in taste. The latest count indicates that there are at least 24 senses. Some of them are quite obvious and have already been used as vehicles of pleasure: for example, the sense of balance, upon which almost all forms of amusement-park rides depend for their effectiveness, coupled with the sense of acceleration, which is what makes speeding fun. (Velocity alone, without visual or atmospheric reference, produces no sensation; it is change in rate of motion that we enjoy. For some reason, we find an increase in rate pleasant, a decrease unpleasant.) As motion pictures demonstrate, these

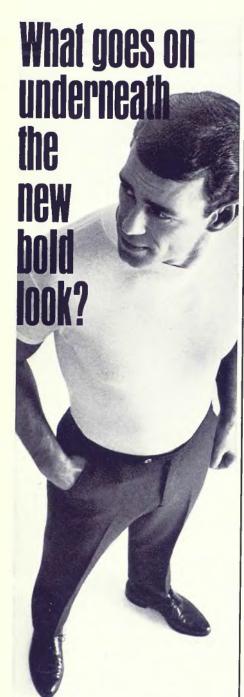
two senses can often be fooled by the eye, but they do not depend upon it.

A new pleasure that awaits some of us will emerge from the nullification of these two senses: free fall, which produces a sensation of weightlessness. In ordinary life we are always oriented by the inner ear-that is, we know which way is up-and are under a constant acceleration of 32 feet per second per second, the acceleration of gravity. In space flight, once the rocket or other prime mover is turned off, there is no up or down and gravity is zero; everything floats. Though this situation reportedly made a couple of Soviet cosmonauts feel rather dizzy, most spacemen to date have enjoyed it. A group of British and Australian writers, headed by Arthur C. Clarke and A. Bertram Chandler, have for years been compiling a dossier of essays and verse on the possible joys of sex in free fall. Some of the effects they celebrate are clearly exaggerated, but it is evident that there's a lot to look forward to in a situation where absolutely no position is impossible. It would have its dangers, too; the cardinal rule would be, Hold tight!

Some of the other senses are wholly interior and seem permanently inaccessible to any outside intervention for purposes of pleasure, such as the sense that reports on the lactic-acid content of the muscles, expressed as fatigue. Even in this area, however, there are some surprises. Take, for example, the two senses that measure the acid-alkaline balance of the blood and its ionic content. This sounds very recondite, but actually, these two are fundamental to two of the great pleasures: One is expressed as hunger (blood-sugar level) and the other as thirst (blood-pH or hydrogen-ion concentration). Satisfying their demands is pleasurable quite apart from odor or taste, as a small group of people called anosmics, who have no sense of smell, can testify.

It is these interior senses, particularly the chemical ones with their direct access to the brain through the blood stream, that are acted upon to produce the experiences associated with hashish, heroin, alcohol and the more novel psychedelic drugs such as morning-glory seeds and LSD 25. These senses, including the one that monitors the body's internal temperature, are also responsible for the deliriums produced by some illnesses.

Another such sense almost unknown to the layman is called proprioception, which reports to the brain the relative positions and states of tension of the muscles. It is this sense, with some assistance from touch and the sense of balance, that enables a man to tell what position his body is in, even in the dark. Direct neural stimulation of various muscle centers, on the model of the present-day (and useless) system of



Life T-shirts by Jockey. Every style fits the look-from the sleeveless Surf shirt to the turtleneck Alpine shirt.

Fitted and comfortable, these T-shirts won't droop at the collar or sag in the arms. Life T-shirts stay smooth from their Seamfree® collars to their stay-in tails.

For Autumn-mated styles, look in the next column.

៤ភ្នំវីវិ@ underwear by

It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy

reducing that makes the muscles jump without consciously directed exercise, might provide interesting exploitations of this sense. Just such a stimulator, in the form of an electrical prod. is presently used to force the ultimate performance out of reluctant stud bulls: and it need not be limited to males, for the deep (vaginal) female orgasm is almost entirely a set of simultaneous proprioceptive discharges from the contractile muscles-the same ones animals use for tail wagging-not more than slightly heightened by the sense of touch, since the vagina is only sparsely supplied with tactile nerves. The existence of this sense makes quite feasible the device described in a famous limerick (here slightly bowdlerized):

There was a young man from Racine Who invented a lovemaking machine. Concave and convex, It would fit every sex. And amuse itself, too, in between.

Finally, there is, indeed, such a thing as extrasensory pleasure. Its existence was deduced from recent animal studies. which found in the brain a "pleasure center" that can be electrically stimulated. Animals so wired, and given access to a pedal by which they can deliver themselves a jolt to the pleasure center at will, abandon all other activities in its favor. The sensation involved for the animal can only be guessed at, but it appears to be "pure" pleasure, not any specific sensation to which pleasure is secondary: at least there are no surface, physical reactions that suggest the involvement of one sense over another.

How humans might react to such a stimulus is unknown at present (though there are unconfirmed reports that the experiment has been tried in Sweden). but there's reason to suppose not only that such a pleasure center exists in people but that it may be better developed in humans than in any other animal.

What would such a pleasure be like? No one knows. It may turn out to be rather specific and closely identified with one or another old friend, such as the orgasm; or rather generalized, like a highly intensified version of the feeling of well-being: or something totally novel and comparable with nothing in our previous experience. If the animal experiments are any guide, it may well turn out to be not only delightful but obsessive, suitable only for the strong-willed. One thing is sure: In the near future, somebody is going to try it. And why not? There is no reason any of us should be addicts to only one particular pleasure, or only a few. The chances are good that the effects of pleasure technology on human history will be quite as drastic and beneficent as the invention of electricity.



Hi-Neck Bo'sun Shirt. Gives you a higher neckline and Seamfree collar. Longer sleeves and tail. Just \$1.50. Mock turtleneck Cox'n shirt with higher collar, \$2.00.

Slim Guy Briefs by Jockey . . . complete the bold Fall look. Lower waistline matches the current fashions in slacks. The legs are cut higher, with side vents and ventilating mesh pouch. Only \$1.50.

៤ជំវី e underwear by



It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy 209

Man In The Rorschach Shirt

that sweet pincushion flesh? Yes! But no, I saw only cheese-grater, kitchensieve skins. All beauty turned sour grotesque. Swiveling my gaze was like swiveling the two-hundred-inch Palomar telescope in my damned skull. Everywhere I looked I saw the meteor-bombarded moon, in dread super close-up!

"Myself? God, shaving mornings was exquisite torture. I could not pluck my eyes from my lost battle-pitted face. Damnation, Immanuel Brokaw, I soughed, you are the Grand Canyon at high noon!

"In sum, my contact lenses had made me fifteen years old again. That is: a self-crucified bundle of doubt, horror and absolute imperfection. The worst age in all one's life had returned to haunt me with its pimpled, bumpy ghost.

"I lay, a sleepless wreck. Ah, second adolescence, take pity, I cried. How could I have been so blind so many years? Blind, yes, and knew it, and al-

(continued from page 92)

ways said it was of no importance. So I groped about the world as lustful myope, nearsightedly missing the holes, rips, tears and bumps on others as well as myself. Now, reality had run me down in the street. And the reality was: pores.

"I went to bed for several days. Then I sat up in bed and proclaimed, wide-eyed: Reality is not all! I refuse this knowledge. I legislate against pores! I accept instead those truths we intuit, or make up, to live by.

"I traded in my eyeballs.

"That is, I handed my corneal-contact lenses to a sadist nephew who thrives on garbages, lumpy people, hairy things.

"I clapped back on my old undercorrected specs. I strolled through a world of returned and gentle mists. I saw enough but not too much. I found halfdiscerned ghost peoples I could love again. I saw the 'me' in the morning glass I could once more bed with, admire and take as chum. I began to laugh each day with new happiness. Softly. Then, very loud.

"What a joke, Simon, life is.

"From vanity we buy lenses that see all and so lose everything!

"And by giving up some small bitpiece of so-called wisdom, reality, truth, we gain back an entirety of life! Who does not know this? Writers do! Intuited novels are far more 'true' than all your scribbled data-fact reportage in the history of the world!

"But at last I had to face the great twin fractures lying athwart my conscience. My eyes. My ears. Holy cow, I said, softly. The thousand folk who tread my offices and creaked my couches and looked for echoes in my Delphic cave, preposterous! I had seen none of them, nor heard any clear!

"Who was that Miss Harbottle?

"What of old Dinsmuir?

"What the real color, look, size of Miss Grimes?

"Did Mrs. Scrapwight really resemble and speak like an Egyptian papyrus mummy fallen out of a rug at my desk?

"I could not even guess. Two thousand days of fogs surrounded my lost children, mere voices calling, fading,

"My God, I had wandered the market place with an invisible sign BLIND AND DEAF and people had rushed to fill my beggar's cup with coins and run off cured. Cured! Isn't that miraculous strange? Cured by an old ricket with one arm gone, as 't were, and one leg missing. What? What did I say right to them out of hearing wrong? Who indeed were those people? I will never know.

"And then I thought: There are a hundred psychiatrists about town who see and hear more clearly than I. But whose patients walk naked into high seas or leap off playground slides at midnight or truss women up and smoke cigars over them.

"So I had to face the irreducible fact of a successful career.

"The lame do not lead the lame, my reason cried, the blind and halt do not cure the halt, the blind! But a voice from the far balcony of my soul replied with immense irony: Beeswax and Bull Durham! You, Immanuel Brokaw, are a porcelain genius, which means cracked but brilliant! Your occluded eyes see, your corked ears hear. Your fractured sensibilities cure at some level below consciousness! Brayo!

"But no, I could not live with my perfect imperfections. I could not understand nor tolerate this smug secret thing which, through screens and obfuscations, played meadow doctor to the world and cured field beasts.

"I had several choices, then. Put my corneal lenses back in? Buy ear radios to help my rapidly improving sense of sound? And then? Find I had lost touch with my best and hidden mind that had



"Well, this is it! The highest man has ever climbed under the influence of alcohol!"

grown comfortably accustomed to thirty years of bad vision and lousy hearing? Chaos both for curer and cured.

"Stay blind and deaf and work? It seemed a dreadful fraud, though my record was laundry fresh, pressed white and clean.

"So I retired.

"Packed my bags and ran off into golden oblivion to let the incredible wax collect in my most terrible strange ears . . ."

We rode in the bus along the shore in the warm afternoon. A few clouds moved over the sun. Shadows misted on the sands and the people strewn under the colored umbrellas.

I cleared my throat.

"Will you ever return to practice again, doctor?"

"I practice now."

"But you just said-"

"Oh, not officially, and not with an office or fees, no, never that again." The doctor laughed quietly. "I am sore-beset by the Mystery, anyway. That is, of how I cured all those people with a laying on of hands even though my arms were chopped off at the elbows. Still, now, I do keep my 'hand' in."

"How?"

"This shirt of mine. You saw. You heard."

"Coming down the aisle?"

"Exactly. The colors. The patterns. One thing to that man, another to the girl, a third to the boy. Zebras, goats, lightnings, Egyptian amulets. What, what, what? I ask. And: answer, answer, answer. The Man in the Rorschach Shirt.

"I have a dozen such shirts at home.

"All colors, all different pattern mixes. One was designed for me by Jackson Pollock before he died. I wear each shirt for a day, or a week, if the going, the answers, are thick, fast, full of excitement and reward. Then off with the old and on with the new. Ten billion glances, ten billion startled responds!

"Might I not market these Rorschach Shirts to your psychoanalyst on vacation? Test your friends? Shock your neighbors? Titillate your wife? No, no. This is my own special private most dear fun. No one must share it. Me and my shirts, the sun, the bus, and a thousand afternoons ahead. The beach waits. And on it, my people!

"So I walk the shores of this summer world. There is no winter here, amazing, yes, no winter of discontent it would almost seem, and death a rumor beyond the dunes. I walk along in my own time and way and come on people and let the wind flap my great sailcloth shirt now veering north, south or south-by-west and watch their eyes pop, glide, leer, squint, wonder. And when a certain person says a certain word about my ink-slashed cotton colors, I give pause. I chat. I walk with them awhile. We peer



"He's a legend in his own time."

into the great glass of the sea. I sidewise peer into their soul. Sometimes we stroll for hours, a longish session with the weather. Usually it takes but that one day and, not knowing with whom they walked, scot-free, they are discharged, all unwitting patients. They walk on down the dusky shore toward a fairer, brighter eve. Behind their backs, the deaf-blind man waves them bon voyage and trots home, there to devour happy suppers, brisk with fine work done.

"Or sometimes I meet some half-slumberer on the sand whose troubles cannot all be fetched out to die in the raw light of one day. Then, as by accident, we collide a week later and walk by the tidal churn, doing what has always been done; we have our traveling confessional. For long before pent-up priests and whispers and repentances, friends walked, talked, listened, and in the listening-talk cured each other's sour despairs. Good friends trade hair balls all the time, give gifts of mutual dismays and so are rid of them.

"Trash collects on lawns and in minds. With bright shirt and nail-tipped trash stick I set out each dawn to . . . clean up the beaches. So many, oh, so many bodies lying out there in the light. So many minds lost in the dark. I try to walk among them all, without . . . stumbling . . ."

The wind blew in the bus window cool and fresh, making a sea of ripples through the thoughtful old man's patterned shirt.

The bus stopped.

Dr. Brokaw suddenly saw where he was and leaped up. "Wait!"

Everyone on the bus turned as if to watch the exit of a star performer. Everyone smiled.

Dr. Brokaw pumped my hand and

ran. At the far front end of the bus he turned, amazed at his own forgetfulness, lifted his dark glasses and squinted at me with his weak baby-blue eyes.

"You-" he said.

Already, to him, I was a mist, a pointillist dream somewhere out beyond the rim of vision.

"You . . ." he called into that fabulous cloud of existence that surrounded and pressed him warm and close, "you never told me. What? What?!"

He stood tall to display that incredible Rorschach shirt, which fluttered and swarmed with ever-changing line and color.

I looked. I blinked. I answered.

"A sunrise!" I cried.

The doctor reeled with this gentle friendly blow.

"Are you sure it isn't a sunset?" he called, cupping one hand to his ear.

I looked again and smiled. I hoped he saw my smile a thousand miles away within the bus.

"No," I said. "A sunrise. A beautiful sunrise."

He shut his eyes to digest the words. His great hands wandered along the shore of his wind-gentled shirt. He nodded. Then he opened his pale eyes, waved, and stepped out into the world.

The bus drove on. I looked back once.

And there went Dr. Brokaw advancing straight out and across a beach where lay a random sampling of the world, a thousand bathers in warm light.

He seemed to tread lightly upon a water of people.

The last I saw of him, he was still gloriously afloat.



LIKE, ONCE UPON A TIME

(continued from page 142)

he spied Amber. Not being particularly vain or prudish, he was admiring things that the townspeople wouldn't allow themselves to see. But having also read Zinbar's public notices and knowing of that knave's operations in other towns, he was fully aware of what was happening.

Just as the salesman was inserting a stronger lens into his telescope, Amber collapsed on the sidewalk. Apparently, the excitement combined with the sun's strong rays had been too much for her. Immediately, the salesman put down his telescope, went over to his suitcase, and, after rummaging through it for a few seconds, found what he wanted.

Meanwhile, out on Main Street the townspeople were gathered around the unconscious Amber.

"Give her air," said one,

"Loosen her garments," said another, maintaining his vanity in spite of everything.

At that moment the salesman pushed through the crowd, making his way toward Amber. When the people got a good look at him, they were horror-stricken. He, too, was dressed in exactly the same fashion as when he stepped out of the shower.

"Police!" screamed a citizen, pointing at the salesman.

"Arrest that man!" shouted another.

But the salesman was unperturbed. As the crowd began to converge and claw at him, he said, "Please, please, you're sullying my Zinbar suit." Sure enough, Scotch-taped on the back of the stranger's neck was the very same label as that worn by Amber. When they saw it, everyone stepped back.

Kneeling before the almost lifeless girl, the salesman said, "Please give me room. I know all about first aid, and I want to help this poor girl."

He then began to administer artificial respiration to Amber, which included mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and many, many, many, many, many other innovations the townspeople might have deemed highly unusual had they not considered the couple to be fully dressed.

When at last Amber stirred and opened her eyes, a rather serene and blissful look appeared on her face. The crowd cheered, and the mayor, who was perhaps the vainest man in the entire town, threw himself at the salesman's feet and wept gratefully.

"Thanks to your first aid," he said, "my daughter's life has been saved. Now I would like to grant you any favor that you might wish."

The salesman thought for a moment and then made a strange request.

The mayor, taken aback by the sheer modesty of it, was nevertheless delighted to grant it.

And so from then on, the salesman became permanent lifeguard at the town beach. And to this day he can be seen on the sand at all hours, in his Zinbar bathing suit, administering artificial respiration to girls also in Zinbar bathing suits—many of whom, strangely enough, have never even been in the water.





"That's the 'extra something' I was talking about, McCallister, that distinguishes excellence from shoddy mediocrity."

WIPED OUT!

(continued from page 126)

for my first investment with their recommended man, they shook their heads in unison. "Sell it, that stock's had it," they advised. My broker urged me to wait a while longer; he sent me a long letter with the company's earnings and bright prospects spelled out in neat tables. He took me to lunch at a dignified Wall Street executive luncheon club reserved for partners and customers' men and their guests, and I was deeply pleased to be in those richly wood-paneled and leather-chaired rooms, and bowed to his superior knowledge. When the stock rallied some weeks later to 46 and I could have got out almost even, I took his word that the rally represented a turning point for the stock and bided my time. But the stock fell back to 40, then fell through that support level and plummeted to 30, eventually going as low as 25. When I finally sold it, months later, it was at 34-for a loss of \$6781.46.

Strikes, regional gasoline price wars and Government curtailment of uranium purchases (an important source of income for Kerr-McGee) were blamed for the company's disappointing earnings figures that eventually appeared and the lower price of the stock. But all I knew was that "a sure thing" had again led me to disaster. Long before the stock was sold, but after it had dipped considerably below the prices I had paid for it, it was decided that my broker would buy for me only the stocks he was also buying for my two astute friends. Now at last I felt safe: They were making money-I would make money.

For a time this proved true. They came up with an over-the-counter realestate-development firm called Dunbar Corporation, whose earnings looked poised to soar. I bought only 100 shares -at 133/4; within three weeks it was 181/4. My friends' contacts had obviously supplied some inside information and provided me, too, with a head start. I sold the stock a few months later at 19, for almost a \$500 profit. Then a hotter tip came along-Rockower Brothers, also over the counter, a company in the newly burgeoning discount field, whose earnings picture promised to be phenomenal. I bought 200 shares and in less than two months sold the stock for a \$1750 profit. I was on the right track.

With one horribly costly detour.

I had still been keeping my daily charts, which now incorporated volume as well as price, on 12 to 20 stocks that had caught my eye in the services I subscribed to. I saw that certain stocks would trade in a very narrow range for months at a time, moving up three points, backing down the same three points, moving up once again—always bouncing between the same ceiling price

and the same floor figure. It seemed so easy, after watching a stock act this way four or five times running, to buy it at the lower figure and sell it at the higher one. It is true there would be only a point or two of profit; but if one bought 500 shares of the stock, then one's gain could be \$500 or \$1000 in a short time.

I tried out the theory, receiving no argument from my broker, with 500 shares of a stock I had been watching on the American Stock Exchange called General Development. I had seen it hold three times at its bottom level, 13, and I bought 500 shares at that figure; I sold them about ten days later at 141/2, for a \$525 profit.

The whole process seemed simple and rewarding, and I was eager to try again. For some time I had been plotting Brunswick, the glamor issue that had skyrocketed the year before and had been, even in 1961, as high as 747/8. I saw it moving in a narrow range between 53 and 56 or 57, and, since my broker thought that the stock was fully corrected anyway and was due for a rise, we bought 500 shares at 53.

The stock rose to 531/4 and then backed down to 51. I should have sold it and taken what would have been a \$1500 loss with commissions. If you are in a stock for a quick trade, you must stick to your purpose and sell it if it doesn't work out. To buy a stock for one reason and then forget that reason will almost always land you in trouble. But I decided to hold to at least get even. The stock did rally to 531/s, and it looked as though all might work out well after all. But it went no higher. One month after I had bought it, the stock was still 51. Nothing to be happy about, but not radically alarming, either.

Then it happened. In the first week of January 1962, the stock fell over four points in one day. Few were the people, even with stop-loss orders, who got the price they had expected, because there were no buyers on the way down. My broker advised me not to panic-the stock was bound to have a little rally after such a drop and we would take our bitter medicine at a little higher figure than 45, where it was a day later. But instead of even a slight comeback, the stock continued to drop-to 42 a week later, to 401/2 the next week, to 391/3 the week after that. It was no use-I had made a terrible blunder. We sold the 500 shares, some two months after I'd bought them, at 371/2. And thank heaven I waited no longer. Everyone knows what happened to Brunswick that year-it fell as low as 131/8. I have one friend who bought some Brunswick stock about the same time I did and decided to average out his price by buying more on the way down. He still has his shares, I believe; the stock on the day I am writing this is selling for 8. What had

been earmarked as a \$500 profit for me ended up as a loss of \$8188.11!

Of course I was sick about this terrible episode, and yet curiously I was not as deflated as might have been expected. Was I becoming inured to vast losses? No, but I was so sure now of the inevitable profitability of staying with the stocks my friends were buying that I was certain I could make back the losses of my stupid personal aberrations.

What they were buying at the time—and what I therefore put my remaining money into—were four stocks: Holly Stores, a discount-store chain whose stock traded on the American Exchange; Horizon Land, an over-the-counter glamor issue that had skyrocketed from \$1 a share to \$15 a share on the prospect of huge profits selling land in the West through mail-order ads; Midwestern Financial, one of the then-booming savings-and-loan stocks, also on the American Exchange; and a fourth stock, Sel-Rex, which I shall discuss shortly.

Actually, all of these stocks could, indeed, have made me the wealthy man I envisioned myself as deserving to become, if—and what an if—the market had continued to climb. I had met my friends too late, at the very end, though I did not then know it, of course, of a great bull market. My only comfort, if you can call it that, is knowing that if I had met them earlier and had made a great deal of money, I would probably have just lost that much more in the crash of 1962.

What kept me from being wiped out altogether in that year of debacle is the fact that half the stocks—Horizon Land and Scl-Rex—were bought over the counter. If they had been listed on an exchange, I would probably have bought them on margin and bought twice as much, which would have spelled my ruin a lot earlier than it eventually arrived. But since I had paid full price for much of my stocks and they didn't fall to zero, I had some money left when the smoke cleared.

The first stock to be in trouble was Horizon Land. I bought 500 shares in October 1961, at prices from 151/4 to 183/4, and I was naturally elated when by the end of the year the stock was already up to 23. Early in 1962 it fell back to 20 and hovered there for many months. When the clash came between President Kennedy and Roger Blough of United States Steel in April 1962—the event that triggered the crash-the stock plummeted to 13, 10, and by late June, 7. As soon as trouble started, however, I called my friend Wallace and he told me in a hurried telephone call that he was, indeed, selling some of his Horizon Land, but only because he had to raise cash-and I knew how heavily margined he was, so that any sizable drop in the market necessitated drastic action. He told me the





And they said the Falcon would never get off the ground.

Were they wrong! The Falcon (it outsells all pipes in England) is the fastest selling interchangeable bowl pipe in the states. Falcon's exclusive, patented Tar-Trap condenses moisture and tars before the smoke reaches the air-cooled stem. It lets you enjoy smoking without worry. Three models: \$3.95, \$4.95 and \$5.95-with extra interchangeable briar bowls from \$1.75. No wonder the Falcon is flying high.

Send for FREE Pipe Smokers Handbook Falcon International, Inc., Chicago 60641



FAMILY ARMS

genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

oration.
7" × 6" — \$ 9.00
12" × 10" — \$20.00
14" × 12" — \$25.00
22" × 18" — \$40.00

postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct. Dept. PB.

YORK INSIGNIA LTD.,



FOR COLORFUL COMPARATOR GUIDE ABOUT

GARRAD

AUTOMATIC

TURNTABLES

mail the handy

coupon below

Garrard, Dept. GR-976

Westbury, N.Y.

Please send Comparator Guide

ADDRESS STATE

company's situation was as good as ever. I temporized and sold 100 shares, at 18½, and held the rest. My broker and my new friends all told me this market was going to turn around soon. One would be a fool to sell out at the bottom. They were too young and too inexperienced to have lived through a terrible bear market. My broker, who seemed utterly lost through this whole period, was no help at all. The remaining 400 shares of Horizon Land were eventually sold for 6¾, for another tremendous loss—almost \$5000.

Holly Stores repeated this unhappy pattern. My friends were buying, so I bought—500 shares late in 1961 at an average price of 17. Within two weeks, the stock was 22. Then it dropped and held for months at 19, at least not dipping below the price I had paid for it until that fateful April. I finally sold Holly Stores in September 1962, at \$6 a share, for a loss of \$5684.93.

Of Midwestern Financial I bought only 100 shares—but even so, in the same span of time, months when all savingsand-loan stocks fell apart, I suffered a loss of \$1475.06. The stock has not recovered to this day.

But Scl-Rex was to prove the most costly of all Wallace's suggestions. I bought 500 shares at \$35 a share. To be able to purchase a round number of shares, I had to borrow money from my wife—money she had earned while working before our first baby arrived. Thus far, I've not been able to pay her back.

I watched the stock anxiously. In one week's time, it was up to 38½. Wallace told me the stock would be 100 by the end of the year—this was in February of 1962. The stock slipped back to 35, but that was understandable; it had already enjoyed a considerable rise before I bought it.

Then came the steel crisis in April, and in a few days' time the stock, dropping multiple points a day, was down to 28. Wallace never called me—if and when he sold it, I do not know. My broker, rightly not feeling he should reveal the account of another client, could only tell me Wallace was lightening his portfolio. My broker, again, did not advise selling; instead, he told me his brokerage house—which had a large position in the stock—was holding on.

Through the whole period when stocks were plunging in 1962, those who held their stocks did so because they thought the market would turn around soon, and that the wisest course was to see it through. When you had losses such as I had, it was easy to sigh and say, as I heard many say, "It's not really a loss till you sell it. Just wait, these things come back in time." Maybe they do—if you have bought General Motors or Eastman Kodak. But not a Horizon Land or a Sel-Rex.

I sold my Sel-Rex at an average price

of 113/4. At least I could take the \$5000 or so that was left of that particular investment and, buying on margin, have enough buying power to hope for some renaissance in my fortunes as the market staged its rally. My loss in Sel-Rex was \$11,700. My loss in the four stocks of that year was about \$23,000. I had about \$16,000 left—and I was again looking for a broker.

This time he was easy to select. A few months after I had bought Sel-Rex, I noticed an advertisement in the Sunday New York Times placed by a very prominent and conservative brokerage house offering a brochure on that very company-a company, they said, with a remarkable earnings potential. Naturally, I sent in my name, thinking I might as well see what another firm was saving about my stock and encouraged, too, that a brokerage house as reputable as this one was also touting the issue. The report was rubber-stamped with the name of one of their customers' men. In a few days, as expected, he telephoned.

I told him frankly that I was happy with my present broker, which was relatively true at that time, and that I had written in only because I was already a shareholder in Sel-Rex. He hesitated, said he knew he shouldn't disparage his own firm's recommendations, but he would advise my selling Sel-Rex. Later on, he was to look like the only savant in a world of total ignorance.

He called twice again, just to chat, he said, and he never pressured me to switch my account. He seemed just to enjoy talking to anyone about stocks, as much as I did myself, and he spoke calmly and intelligently. The President Kennedy–Big Steel affair spurred him to take all his clients out of the market and, soon, to begin selling short. He was completely bearish when everyone else was expecting an early turn-around. He urged me to take my losses and, if I didn't want to sell short, to put my money in bonds.

When all my stocks had hit bottom and were lying there like skewered balloons and I realized my broker had been a complete cipher through the whole reign of terror, I turned to the one man who had talked sense to me, on three occasions in the past six months.

We met for the first time, and I found him to be in his mid-30s, European born, intense and obviously very intelligent, a man who had been in business until the last few years but for whom the lure of the market had been too strong to resist. His father—or was it his stepfather?—had been a broker for years, so that he was no novice to the ways of Wall Street. After lunch he took me to his offices and showed me huge charts he kept—charts so big they unrolled over two desks—and tried to explain to me why he felt the

market was in serious trouble for a good long time to come. That opinion proved to underlie my next misfortune: When he was right to be bearish, he wasn't my broker; and when he became my broker, he was wrong to be bearish. For the market was then very near its bottom; and while stocks were larking through one of the most glorious upsurges in history and offering one of the best opportunities to buy cheap and watch fortunes grow, I was hesitant and defensive.

My new broker's first pessimistic advice was to sell my Kerr-McGee and Holly Stores stocks before they dropped further and put my money in Consolidated Edison bonds. We'd wait out the bear market, if it took years. When it became obvious that a run-up was under way late that year-after President Kennedy's successful showdown with Russia over the Cuban missile basesmy broker, admitting there might be some profit on the upside, sold the bonds (at a slight loss) and started buying common stocks-but hesitatingly, timidly, always ready to retreat. In the 11 months that I stayed with that broker, he made 13 trades for me and he lost money in every one-except one stock that was entirely my own suggestion and that he advised me to sell at a loss but that I insisted we hold onto, and then we made a profit of less than one point a share, (One year later that stock, National Airlines, had doubled. I had had 600 shares; in three years it would have been worth six times as much.)

I was in Chicago on business for four days when he tried something in my absence (he had discretionary power with my account) that I had never dabbled in before: a day trade. At that time, if you owned \$5000 in securities, you could buy another \$5000 worth of any stock in the morning and wait till the end of the trading day to decide if you wanted to sell your present holding in order to pay for what you bought that morning, or whether you would sell back your morning's purchase. This allowed you to gamble on a one-day trade, to make money on a stock that spurted ahead five or ten percent in one day without having to sell any of your present portfolio or put up any additional cash (though you must pay commissions, of course).

When I called my broker the morning of my return from Chicago, he informed me with a frantically penitential air that he had tried a day trade for me and that it had failed. He had gone short United States Smelting in the morning; we had covered that afternoon and taken a loss of \$402. The very next day, U.S. Smelting fell 11 points! He had been right, but his timing was off by one day. We decided to never again put my account in the position of having to close a trade on the same day: If there was enough buying power in the account to hold the stock for a day or two, it might be worth



"Oh, I'm very philosophical-I've got to be."

trying again-after all, he had called the Smelting bubble with almost perfect accuracy.

So when, a few days later, he went long 100 shares of Beckman Instruments at 102 as a day trade and it didn't work out that day, we decided to hold it another day or so to see if he had charted the stock correctly. Instead, the stock took a sharp, quick drop, and my broker, afraid of all the losses he had already taken in my account, didn't sell. There I was, again holding a weakening stock.

The discussions that went on daily about Beckman Instruments between me and my broker and between me and the charts I started keeping on the stock, and between me and my wife and any friend who was the least bit interested in the market, consumed hours. Resistance points were mapped—there was one at 92, and once the stock hit that point it would probably bounce back to 97, said the charts, and we would get out there. It didn't work-the stock fell through 92 as if it had never read its own chart.

Beckman fell to 83 before I finally got out of it, for a loss, this time, of \$1991. It then fell further, only to spurt all the way back to 102 and plunge once more, this time to as low as 471/2. I had learned: (1) the dangers of day trades and (2) the dangers of day trades that turn out not to be day trades. In fact, with this broker I was learning the dangers of trading altogether: If you are right even half of the time, you can easily lose money, because if you buy a stock at 50 and sell it at 55, you've made 4 points; but if you buy it at 50 and sell it at 45, you've lost 6 points. The commission will foil you every time. And most people aren't right half the time. The only way to make money trading is to cut your losses immediately and let your profits run. But the trading broker (and since an investor can't sit and watch the tape all day, he usually has to let his broker make trading decisions for him) seldom lets anything run; it's not the way he looks at the market-he's in and out of everything fast. It's great for his commissions, but the investor finds his wins aren't big enough to cover his losses, and if there's a streak of losses, he's soon out of the game.

I suppose I should have left this broker then and there, but I certainly had no one else to turn to, and I decided I would just have to try to take a greater part in making all decisions. I couldn't do much worse than the professionals had done thus far.

My broker, apparently also at his wit's end-for he was doing no better for his other clients than he was for me-had found what he began to tout as a savior in the form of a weekly market letter of uncanny accuracy. Someone in his office had come across this new service and my broker had started to read it and then he began to read it to me. The service recommended Creole Petroleum and it immediately shot up four points. It then touted Pyle National and that moved up sharply. My broker asked me if I would share the expense of subscribing to this service-and not just the weekly letter but the unlimited privilege of calling the service's offices for up-tothe-minute advice. I agreed to pay a third of the expense on a monthly basis 215 until we saw how it worked out.

The wizard who ran this service had a select group of "wonder stocks" that would astound everyone. Eastman Kodak was one of them; he predicted a price of 300 for EK within a few years' time (and, adjusting for stock splits, he may prove correct). I liked the idea of owning a blue chip for a change; furthermore, according to our advisor, this was a blue chip with glamor potential. My broker called me one day in May to say that Eastman Kodak had gone up four points on heavy volume to break out of a "box" and that he had bought me 100 shares at 1201/2. The very next day the stock fell back a handful of points and it didn't reach 121 again until the end of the year, which points out one of the grave dangers of the chartists and Darvasites-breakouts can be most deceptive. Chartists can jump into a stock because their readings indicate a rise, but if the public doesn't follow through-if the market as a whole, for example, decides to drift down-the stock can fall back sharply.

Others of the guru's wonders to watch at that moment were the sugar stocks, particularly South Puerto Rico Sugar on the big board. It is true that, with Cuba's sugar production going to ruin under Castro's regime, sugar was getting scarce on the world market; and as sugar prices went up, so did the prices of the stocks of sugar refineries and producers. I soon owned 200 shares of South

Puerto Rico Sugar, at 451/s. At first the stock acted well, rising steadily. It was certainly more volatile than any I had ever owned. A ship loaded with sugar would go down in a storm in the Pacific-never mind whose company was involved-and the stock would go up three points in anticipation of world shortages. For a while I had a nice little paper profit. Then trouble started in Haiti-a revolution against the dictator Duvalier. I hadn't the slightest notion that a company with Puerto Rico in its name got most of its sugar from Haiti, but apparently such was the case, and the company's cane fields were in danger of fire or confiscation. Added to that were statements of our Government, worried about a growing panic and hoarding of sugar, that we had plenty of sugar in our warehouses and that housewives could stop worrying. A Congressional investigation was in the offing, it was announced, to see if prices were being artificially inflated. The world sugar shortage everyone was wailing about one week earlier suddenly disappeared. Sugar companies in various parts of the country began to lower their prices to the consumer. South Puerto Rico Sugar plummeted to 33. And Eastman Kodak, slipped now to 109, didn't help, either. I received a margin call-come up with \$2000 or we sell. Disgusted, I threw in 216 the towel. I told my broker I was leaving

him for someone else. He told me-as every broker but the first had told methat he didn't blame me.

When I settled in with a new broker. the first thing he did was sell the sugar stock, for a loss of \$1925, and the Eastman Kodak, for a loss of \$1322. He wanted to start afresh. These were losses piled on top of those in Beckman Instruments and the other ill-judged trades. I realized to my horror that my Sel-Rex friends and their broker had left me with \$16,000, but that I now had only \$8000 left. In a surging bull market, in a space of months, I had lost half of my remaining money.

I realized that I was by now terrified of the stock market. But I couldn't walk away from it-I had to try to redeem myself, my lost money and my lost pride. But being afraid, my natural instinct was to get into the market and steal a few dollars quietly before the market would catch up with me and take everything away again. In concrete terms, I wanted to trade again. I was fearful of long-term commitments-they all seemed to end in bigger and bigger losses-and I hadn't the patience to wait years for turnabouts, if, indeed, they would ever materialize. I also realized that I had so many losses that I could take short-term gains for years without taxes.

Increasingly interested in the technical approach, and realizing that my charts had always been a farce, too busy to keep better ones or to learn a system like the point-and-figure theories, and seeing no reason why someone who spent full time at it couldn't do better than myself in any case, I soon was in the hands of a new broker purported to be an expert chartist. This man wrote a weekly technical trading market letter for his brokerage house. I called him about my problems with South Puerto Rico Sugar and Eastman Kodak, I found that he had, indeed, traded in the former, profitably, but had been out of the stock for some time, and that though he liked Eastman Kodak, he would never have paid what I paid for it. Our telephone conversation brought out that he was a broker as well as an analyst, a member of a group of prominent Wall Street technicians, a contributor to a recent anthology of sophisticated analytical wisdom. I asked if I could see him.

I found him to be a young man, in his early 30s, obviously bright and terribly serious about the market. His firm had given him his own room, where he sat and watched the tape on a televisionlike screen. He never ate lunch out and seldom left the company's offices. He had taken one vacation in four years or so, and then had his charts flown to him daily. He left the office shortly after the market's closing every day, but only to read and study at home. He came in every Saturday to write his market letter.

He shook his head with real sympathy over the sad narrative I unfolded. He seemed moved by my true tale of woe. He told me that an older woman had come to him recently with a similar story and he had refused to handle her account; he couldn't stand the responsibility if she, through his fault, failed once again. But I was younger, more resilient. He thought my only hope was through short-term trading, and that in a good year he could make me 50 percent on my money-or even more. But there would be losses, too-and there would be stocks that rose much higher after we sold them. That was the way a trader worked-to cut losses quickly and to get as much profit on the upside as one could reasonably expect without enduring a reversal. "One thing I can promise you," he said. "You'll never ride a stock down and lose as much money as you did in Brunswick and Beckman."

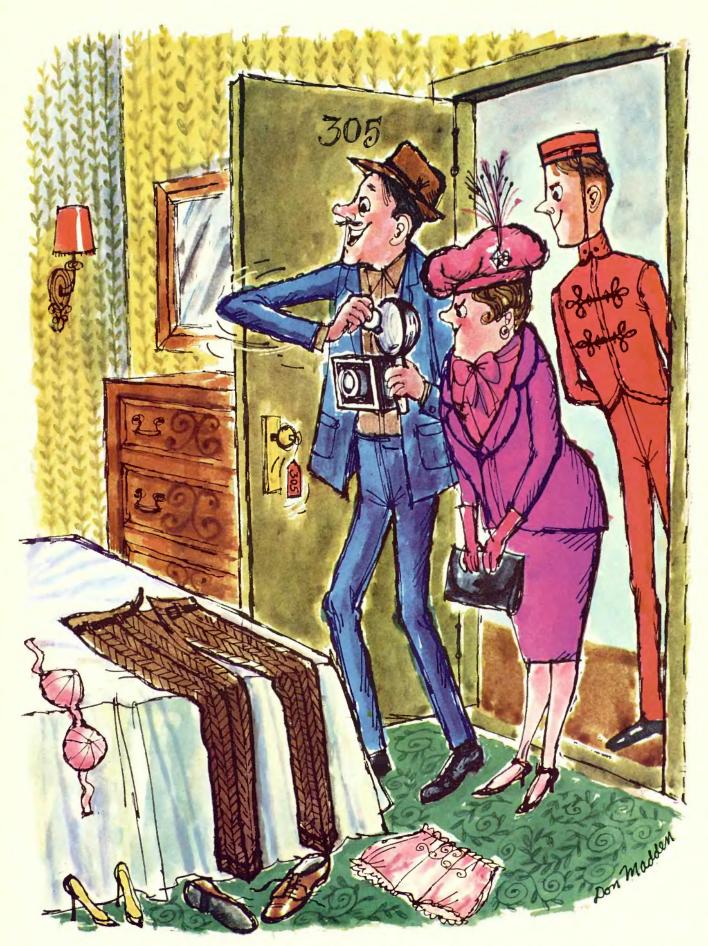
With some trepidation-what I was doing now seemed more openly like gambling than anything I had done before-I signed the margin papers. My new broker said he understood that if I lost \$1000 with him, I would leave him. He said he would at first be overly cautious -to let us try to get a few dollars' profit under our belt.

He was not particularly cautious, but he did not need to be. I had come to him at a time when the market had dipped and was just starting to turn around with genuine velocity. It was a perfect trader's market. My money was turning over so fast I couldn't keep up with it. At the end of a day I was cursing the downturn in a stock I had bought a few days before, only to learn from a brokerage-house notice in the mail that I no longer owned it. This was the action I loved, though I would get exceedingly upset when a stock I had just sold continued to rise sharply.

My first day with this broker was September 5, 1963. On that day he sold everything I had brought to him so that he could start with a tabula rasa and cash. The Eastman Kodak he sold was later to rise to a price that would have more than doubled my money if I had held it.

Things started well. He bought 200 shares of Texas Instruments at 76, and ten days later he sold them at 821/6; I had made a profit of just over \$1000! This was my first profit for what had seemed to me an eternity; I went to Dunbill's and sent him a \$25 pipe.

The same day he sold Texas Instruments, he bought 600 shares of High Voltage Engineering at 35 and 351/4, and-as he called me to relate with restrained pride-he also made a successful day trade. He bought and sold on the same day 400 shares of Mueller Brass, for a \$350 profit. One day later the High Voltage Engineering was sold at 375/s. Profit: \$982! This was fantastic! In a



"That was great—! Now could you hold it for just one more, please?!"

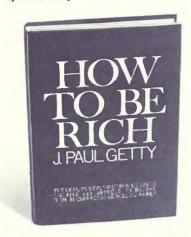


SEND FOR FREE CATALOG of exclusive outdoor clothing and equipment. Money back guarantee.

Isn't It Time You Discovered

HOW TO BE RICH

by J. Paul Getty



Here is one of the most important books a man can own. In its 256 revealing pages, J. Paul Getty, the world's wealthiest man, talks candidly and enlighteningly about wealth—in character as well as money. Not only does Mr. Getty discuss money, and how you can acquire it, but also the values connected with wealth—the morality of money and the responsibilities a man of wealth must assume. \$5.

Available now at your favorite bookseller, or send a check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRESS

919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, III. 60611



couple of weeks I had made over 25 percent on the capital I had brought to him. My broker modestly said I had hit upon an extremely lucky period—it couldn't possibly stay that way. But he was pleased, too.

My next trade was a loss—in Bell & Howell. But he held the stock only three days and kept the loss to half a point (though it was \$587 in dollars); this particularly hurt, because High Voltage Engineering continued to climb and in four weeks' time was 54. But the Bell & Howell loss was quickly canceled by an equal gain in Eversharp, a stock he held for what was then a record 11 days. He took a \$600 loss in Crown Cork & Seal, but then he bought 1000 shares of Technicolor at \$171/4, and he sold them 14 days later at 20, for a profit of \$2175!

My profit with this magician in a little less than six weeks' time was almost \$4000! I had made 50 percent on my money in a month and a half! My elation knew no bounds. At this rate, there was no ceiling to my hopes.

When he called to tell me he had bought 1000 shares of Cinerama, he added, "I think we're really going to make a killing on this one." Somehow I wished he hadn't said that. I'd heard it too often before. It boded ill.

The first day or two, the stock acted well. We bought it at 161/2; within a few days, it went to 171/6. We could have had a \$500 profit. But that could hardly be called "a killing." Then the stock backed down to 16. But it had had a good climb and needed a rest. No reason to worry about it. Then it dropped to the 15s. Fifteen was the support area on the charts. If it held there, it should be OK. And it held beautifully for weeks, touching 16, then dropping back, but never breaking 15. There was good news about the company. It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World was to open soon; Variety had already reviewed it and said it should be a tremendous money-maker. What more encouragement did we need? How the West Was Won was already doing a great business at the box office. Other films were being shota Samuel Bronston picture in Spain, and Bronston was riding high since the success of El Cid and 55 Days in Peking: and The Greatest Story Ever Told, one of the biggest movies ever filmed, was going to be released first in Cinerama. The number of Cinerama theaters had increased from 29 in 1959 to 47 in 1960, to 83 in 1961, to 129 at the end of 1962, and expansion was continuing, including mobile units for showing in Europe and drive-in theater equipment. The company had made only 13 cents a share in 1962, but for 1963 there were estimates of \$1 or more a share, with glowing prospects for the years beyond. A New York Stock Exchange brokerage house (later expelled from the National Association of Securities Dealers for manipulating prices on another stock) issued a four-page report assuring investors that the foundation was now laid "for a firm earnings base from which current dreams can be translated into reality," and advised purchase of the stock "for potentially rewarding capital gains." The fundamentals, said my broker, were as impressive as the charts.

Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World opened in November 1963. The reviews were unanimously favorable. Even The New Yorker liked it. But when Stanley Kramer, the producer, flew the press out for a big premiere in Hollywood, it cost so much money (a quarter of a million dollars) that Variety and even the daily press and the United States Senate questioned the need for such extravagance. Cinerama stock reacted by falling to 143/4. Should we sell? Normally, my broker would have been out of the stock automatically-he had never failed to sell a falling stock long before the loss was this big. But he said fundamentals had convinced him that the stock was good, that we should hold.

Cinerama went above 15 again. My broker called me and, in a diagnostic but pleased tone, told me how easily it went through 15, what should now have become a resistance level on the upside. Wait, we would still make a lot of money in Cinerama: he mentioned a price of \$30 as a reasonable expectation.

The stock fell below 15 again. But why worry? It had happened before and recovered. But this time it did not recover. Instead, it fell to 13.

I was again at that point when panic about a loss brings to mind every reason to hold on. After all, I had lost money on Beckman and a month later it had climbed back to what I had paid for it. So had South Puerto Rico Sugar. So had so many stocks. Cinerama was merely a company that was doing well. I rehearsed in my mind the ways in which it was doing well. I developed in myself a kind of mystic belief in its future. I went to see Mad, Mad World and found I was most impressed with the new Cinerama process, in which no seams showed between the three screens. They had a great thing here. Why be a stupid trader? Why give back more money than I had made with this broker and end up with less than the \$8000 I had brought to him? I would hold on and be patient, and my broker agreed with me.

Then came an announcement from the company that its president, Nicolas Reisini, had gone to England and had come back with a great new British invention. Called Telcan, it was a camera and recorder that would allow you to take home "movies" of your family on tape and play the tape back immediately on your television screen; or film a TV program you wanted to preserve on tape to replay at your whim; or film a pro-

gram while you were out so you could watch it at your leisure; or even film one channel's show while you were watching a different channel. Ampex had recently come out with a home instrument that would do these things, but the cheapest Ampex recorder was \$11,900. The Telcan recorder would sell for under \$300. (The camera, for home filming, would be about \$150.) It was already being testmarketed in Great Britain. Reisini had grabbed American rights. This could be the greatest thing since the phonograph. Eventually every home would have one, with a library of video tapes the way homes now have records. Time reported on the new invention enthusiastically.

Cinerama started to rise again. I was overjoyed. But something went wrong. A press demonstration of the instrument proved unsatisfactory, and the stock fell, this time below 13. But Telcan was to remain a new false hope for me to delude myself with.

The Friday President Kennedy was shot, the stock, like all stocks that day, dropped fantastically in minutes. The day closed with Cinerama at 105/8. I was panicked. That weekend I had to fly to the West Coast on business, and Monday the exchange was closed. The first thing I did Tuesday morning was go to the brokerage office in the hotel and check the market. It was skyrocketing. By 12:30 in California, the New York market was closed; the Dow-Jones was up 32.03 points. Cinerama was back up to 121/9. All would yet work out.

Then came weeks of drifting on low volume, an almost imperceptible falling away. The gradualness of it lulled me into complacency: Who sells a stock because it's fallen 1/4 of a point on low volume? Finally the stock was back down to 101/2, and this time there was no Presidential assassination to explain the weakness. And yet it seemed folly to sell now and lose so much money. At 101/2 I would be out \$7000. This was so disastrous I couldn't face it. Out of tens of thousands of dollars. I would be left with less than \$4000. Cinerama must be near the bottom by now. Besides, there was a new hope.

The company had been working on Telcan. A friend of my broker's, who in turn had a friend highly placed in Cinerama, let it be known that negotiations were almost completed with a major concern that would make and distribute the camera. That company was Philco. Philco! The rumor got around. Within three days the stock shot up from 10½ to 13½. There was no reason to sell on strength like that. The rumor might well be true, and we waited. It proved false, and the stock fell back to 10½.

Twice more this same rumor was to spurt the stock higher—though it never went back to 13 again. Still, in an hour it would go up a full point. My broker pointed out that the stock would drift down on low volume, but a little good news and it shot up again on expanded volume. Besides, three times it had bounded away from 10. That looked like a firm resistance level. We would just wait till a deal came through on Telcan and all would be well.

Then came the day I remember so clearly. On Friday, April 24, 1964, I had lunch with a good friend and took a little walk afterward for my routine look in a brokerage-office window, one of those in the neighborhood that kept Cinerama on the board. The stock was 97/8. I could not believe it. I had never seen only one numeral before the fraction. I called my broker in a panic.

He didn't know what had happened. He had been telling me all along that weakness in the stock was at least partially attributable to rumors that the company was in financial difficulty, but nothing definite had come out.

That weekend I was really frightened. I called my old "friend" who had got me into Sel-Rex and all the other great growth stocks that had cost me so much money. He said he just didn't like Cinerama and thought I ought to get out, but he had no concrete reason for saying so.

That Monday (April 27) Cinerama quietly gained ½ and closed at 97%. At the end of the week, rising a little and falling back a little more, it closed at 95%. Then, on the following Monday (May 4), the market rallied sharply from its decline of the two previous weeks and Cinerama, too, acted encouragingly. It rose as high as 103% and closed at 10. Out of danger again! The action of the last few days could be the washout needed to turn the stock around.

Tuesday, May 5, was an amazing day. I had been invited to the opening of the United States Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, and the highlight of that pavilion was a special movie provided by Cinerama. I had not intended to go, but with the stock so precarious, I decided I might talk to a company official who could be helpful. Tuesday morning I called Cinerama and asked if it were too late to attend. Certainly not. An admission ticket was sent to my office by special messenger. The showing of the film was to be after lunch, When I left my office, Cinerama was below 10 again.

When I got to the United States Pavilion, I milled about with the other guests, looking for someone who might be useful. Finally I recognized William R. Forman, who had replaced Reisini as president at the end of 1963. I walked over in his direction, impressed with the tall grace of the man, with his distinguished looks and quiet, responsible manner. When I had sidled next to him, I overheard him talking to another man, while both were eating sandwiches prepared for the press and other guests. He was saying: "I don't know what to do. I've worked every hour at this thing and



We are happy to be able to offer our Satin Bedsheet and Pillowease Sets at these astonishing low prices. We are doing so to introduce this product to you who have never before enjoyed them! This famous Celanese acetate satin is easy to wash and may be commercially laundered, too! Colors: GOLD, BLACK, PINK, BLUE, WHITE, LILAC, ORCHID, AQUA, (As used in the Imperial and Bridal Suites of the Conrad Hilton.)

SATIN SHEET SETS (2 sheets, 2 cases)	2	v) 1	V	ONLY
Dbl. Bed Set (90x108)	 				.\$15,90
Twin Bed Set (72x108)	 				. 15,90
Queen Bed Set (90x12215)	 				. 19.15
King Bed Set (108x12212)	 				. 21.45
3 letter monogram on cases	 				. 1.50

(If you desire fitted bottom sheet, add \$2,25 to double or twin set price; \$3.00 to queen set price; \$4.00 to king set price, Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.)

SCINTILLA, INC.

4802 N. Broadway P-L: Chicago, Illinois 60640

THE PLAYMATE CIGARETTE CASE... AND PLAYBOY LIGHTER



Case of soft glove leather, lined in Rabbit-patterned pure silk. Playboy Lighter tucks neatly into Case pocket. Available in black or in white. Both Case and Lighter \$6 ppd.

Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611

POKE OF LIMES

Bracing NEW AFTER Shave made from plump West Indian limes blended with tropical spices. 2 oz. spill proof bottle wrapped in burlap, tied with rawhide.

(Dealer's Inquiry Invited)
SEND \$2.75 POSTPAID

R. P. Company

Poke of Limes Products Woodsboro, Maryland 21798





SHIP MODELS

Historic Clipper Ship Models and others, hand built and in kits. Kit prices from \$8.95. A rewarding hobby. Fully Illus. 112 pg. Catalog also shows unusual Nautical items and over 100 pictures of Ships & Sea. Send 25c to

PRESTON'S -112 Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N. Y.



ORDER OF THE PLAYMATE GARTER

... a lighthearted honor your playmate will treasure for years. Sleek black satin and misty imported French lace, embroidered with the Playboy Rabbit. Choose black or white lace. \$2 ppd.

Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611

I can't seem to work it out. I don't know what more I can do." I could catch no more, but it was enough to be frightening. He seemed distressed, but for all I knew, he could have been talking about a charity drive or crab grass on his lawn.

I decided to approach him and introduce myself. He put down his drink and sandwich to shake hands, and we had a little talk. He was most gracious. I told him I owned 1000 shares of his company's stock and was experiencing sleepless nights. He shook his head and said he knew it was terribly distressing, but that he couldn't understand why there was this weakness in the stock. I asked him about Telcan. He said he hoped to have some very good news in about two weeks. I asked him when the earnings report for the previous year would be out and he said he had spent Sunday with the accountants and he thought the figures would be ready in the same two weeks. I asked him some questions about the two different Cinerama processes, one with one camera, one with three. He told me that The Greatest Story Ever Told would definitely appear in Cinerama, though they just hadn't made up their minds which process to use. And that was that. Others came to demand his attention. I was impressed by his dignity; he certainly seemed no petty operator to me. Still, he was obviously troubled, and I couldn't help dwelling on what I'd overheard just before our

Before I left the luncheon hall I had met another man who was an official in the company. He was friendly and pleasant, and was kind enough to say I should call him if I had any questions, that all his friends did the same.

The show was a good one and I got back to the office just as the market was closing. Cinerama ended that day at 91/4. off 3/4 on the day, another new low.

The next day the stock didn't do much. It closed at 93/8. up 1/8 on the day. A respite. The next morning I called the man I had met at the showing, and he told me that what Mr. Forman had said was indeed true, that there would be good news soon on Telcan, that there was no real reason the stock should be falling the way it had.

The stock was weak all week, and by Thursday had dropped to 83/4. I learned this from my broker, who called to tell me that a partner in his firm had had a call from a client who wanted to go short on Cinerama immediately. The reason: He had it from an unimpeachable source that Cinerama was going to file Chapter 11 that afternoon. The company was going bankrupt! My God, what to do? My broker said calmly, rationally, maybe we should sell some here. I said I'd call him back in a few minutes. I called my new friend at Cinerama. He said he had heard the rumors and they were absurd. Hold on, he advised. My broker, meanwhile, called his friend who had a contact at the company and he got the same story. And the partner in the brokerage firm-one of the privileges of being a partner-was able to place a call to Cinerama and ask for a statement. He, in turn, got his flat denial. We decided to wait and see what would happen. At one point the stock rallied above 9 again, but it closed at 83/4. I was now below my margin level. The situation was desperate.

The next day, Friday, The Wall Street Journal, commenting on the weakness in Cinerama on heavy volume (it was the most active stock on the American Exchange on Thursday), said it was due to rumors on the Street that the Bank of America was calling in a loan to the company. No one was able to evaluate the truth of the rumors; they could very well prove correct. The stock opened at 83/s. My broker didn't know what to do. I had a business appointment at 11 and went to it in a nervous daze. I called my broker from the offices I was visiting. The exchange had stopped trading in Cinerama at 81/4: There were too many sell orders for the specialists to handle. I cut my business short and rushed, trembling, to the nearest brokerage office. A few minutes after I arrived, trading was resumed in the stock—at 75/s. It went to 73/4-a few shorts were covering, perhaps-then back to 75/8. Then down. I called my broker. Again he said, wait. The stock was now 73/s. I realized I was completely wiped out-after paying back the \$6500 I owed on margin and paying commissions, I would be left with about \$500. I went back to my office. Knowing it was pointless, but desperate to do something, I called my new friend again. He was in conference—as well he might be-but while I was speaking to his secretary, my broker called on the other line. A flash had just gone out on the tape: The president of the Bank of America announced that Cinerama did not even have a loan with the bank! Forman himself did, indeed, have such a loan, but the bank denied categorically that it was being called in. Furthermore, the tape carried an announcement from Forman: He did not understand the recent volume in Cinerama. The earnings report would be out shortly and there would be no "material change" from the previous year (the once-expected \$1-pershare earnings proved wholly chimerical). The stock immediately shot to 81/4. I will never forget the surge of relief and the joy I felt on hearing that news. I felt as a condemned man must feel when he hears of his reprieve. I hung up on my broker and related the news excitedly to the secretary still waiting on the other line. But the stock didn't hold at 81/2. It closed that amazing Friday at 77/s.

The margin clerk of my brokerage house had still not issued a call. But that weekend was another experience in torture. I could think of nothing but Cinerama. A dearly loved cousin from California came to visit, but I could hardly be civil to her, so engrossed were my thoughts. On Sunday I called a friend who had been associated with the film industry for years; he told me he had heard nothing adverse about Cinerama in the trade: Paramount would, indeed. release Bronston's Circus World in June and United Artists was committed to do The Greatest Story in Cinerama. Maybe the stock was a good buy, he suggested.

On Monday morning I called my friend at the company. He told me there was a board meeting in 20 minutes and he'd have to run. But there would be good news. There was going to be new financing. So there was something wrong with the company! That was the first time he'd admitted that, Still, maybe

good news was forthcoming.

The newspapers had carried the story of the Bank of America's and Forman's statements and the stock opened buoyant on Monday morning, up 3/8, at 81/4. There was still hope. It went up to 83/8, dropped back to 81/4 and stayed there. I knew the price because I kept calling my broker and running down to a brokerage office on another floor in my building. At about 2:45 I checked again; still 81/4. Thank God. At about four I dropped down to the brokerage office again to see where it had closed. I couldn't believe it-73/s! It had fallen almost a point in the last half hour of trading! Another new low. Again, panic.

I couldn't work. I left the office, desperate to do something to save what little money was left and still unable to admit defeat. In my desperation, I walked to the building where Cinerama has its offices, at 575 Lexington Avenue, only a few blocks from where I work. I took the elevator to the top floor. It was after five, but a receptionist was still on duty. I smiled and said I had just come to see if the furniture was still there. (I was distressed to see that the paint was flaking from the walls.) When she asked what I meant, I told her that I was a stockholder who was concerned about the state of the company and was there any official of the company I could talk to? She pleasantly said I would have to call in the morning; she was sure someone would speak to me then. I stalled, read a pamphlet lying on the table in the reception area, and waited. When I saw a well-dressed man leave an inner office and go toward the elevator, I decided to follow him and speak to him. But he held the elevator door for a co-worker who soon followed after him, and we three entered the self-service elevator. The well-dressed man took hold of the other man by the lapels and said something like this, in a low voice:

"Look, we've got to pay that bill. The vice-president of their company called me today-it's no laughing matter anymore."

The other man replied: "You know I can't issue any checks—treasurer's orders."

"But this is serious. We've got to pay them."

"Look, he [Forman, I suppose] is aware of all of it, he knows all the problems."

We hit the ground floor and the elevator ride was over, but I certainly had found out something—this was a company in trouble!

I walked all the way home, trying to think calmly. Was there anyone whose advice I could ask? I decided to call my first broker (Would that I had never left him!). He was very nice. His firm had bought into Cinerama when it was 4, and got out in the teens. It's a company with nothing but "junk"-that was the word he used. It was one of those crazy stocks that fly up, fly down, and never go back again. We all make mistakes and I had made one. Get out of it. What would happen if the company did file a Chapter 11, I asked. Well, Compudyne had done that; it was now 21/2. But Forman had bought more Cinerama stock just a few months before and had so many of his own millions in the company. Well, Forman could be a fool, too. The president of Compudyne had done the same thing.

The next morning I took the subway to my broker's office in Wall Street and was waiting for him when he came in shortly before ten. He wasn't sleeping nights, either; at least he wanted to give me that impression. He had put five people besides myself in this stock. Cinerama opened (I was afraid it wouldn't) at 73/8. I told him what my first broker had said. My current broker said he'd been looking at the charts and saw no indication of a sell-off. There probably would be a turn-around in the stock, if the company stayed solvent, but it could be at about the 5 level, who knew? Should we sell, then? Well, there was still the president's letter to the stockholders that was supposed to go out during this week. It wouldn't help much, but it might help some. We agreed to do this: I would scrape up enough money to meet my margin call (a check with the margin clerk informed us that he would settle for \$1400 for the moment) and get out if the stock fell below 71/4. Just get out at that point, no fooling around. Why wait at all? If the stock held at the present level, the letter might give us a better price at which to sell out,

The stock rallied slightly throughout the remainder of the week, reaching a high of 81/4 on Wednesday, and closed on Friday at 75/8.

On Monday, May 18, it opened at 75% and held even through Tuesday, even though the market as a whole was weak. If we could only hold at this level until some good news came.

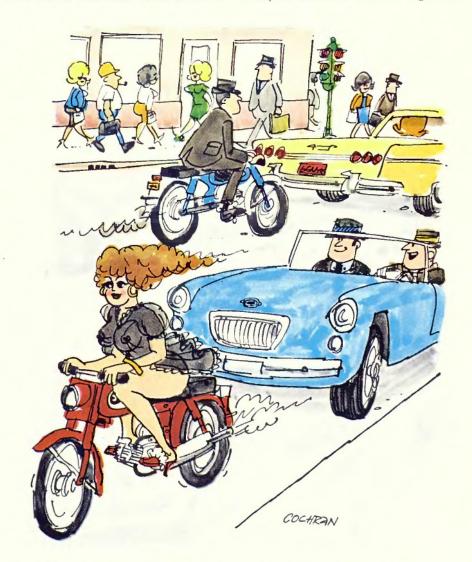
I did two things that Tuesday: One was to withdraw \$1400 from my savings

account, money saved for urgent matters that would have to be returned in a few months. Good news had to come soon.

The other thing I did was to have lunch with the Cinerama man I had met at the World's Fair. He was a capable, intelligent man, always as honest with me as he could be. He told me the company was definitely not going bankrupt, that new financing would be forthcoming. Mr. Forman was worth in excess of \$100,000,000 and there was no fear of collapse. Forman's letter to the stockholders was prepared and would definitely go out that week. I couldn't see a copy, of course, but it was a strong letter, explaining why the company lost money for the year-an 8¢-per-share loss instead of the SI-per-share profit I had once expected-largely a matter of overextending by supplying Cinerama equipment to too many new theaters, plus losses in The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm and a less-than-favorable deal with United Artists that was netting them less than should have accrued from It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World. The letter would sound an optimistic note. The Telcan deal still looked good; now General Electric was considering manufacturing and marketing the product. Their board of directors was scheduled to meet on it in a few days. From what he said, it seemed sensible to try to hold on a few more days and see how things came out. There was still a chance of a turn-around.

The next day, Wednesday, the stock drifted down on medium volume, but with no great pressure. It was 75/8 when I went to lunch, 71/2 after lunch and closed at 73/8, the same low it had closed at once before. I didn't like it—we were only 1/8 of a point from the low it had hit intraday earlier in the month and only 1/4 of a point from the spot where my broker and I agreed we had to sell. Suppose the stock dipped that 1/4 in the morning—or even opened 1/4 lower—should I still hold until Forman's letter came out, presumably by late in the day? We needed just one day's grace!

I also wildly considered borrowing money to be able to hold the stock, no matter where it fell to, just to avoid the reality of the final sale, the registered



"You see people riding those things to work now who wouldn't have been caught dead on one five years ago."

loss. But that was insane, If the stock fell to 5 and I put up a total of \$4000 to cover my margin requirements, I would be putting it into a stock worth only \$5000 altogether. That, even I realized, would be too utterly stupid.

I resisted the temptation the next morning to drop down and see how the stock opened. I learned later that it opened at 73/8; when I did check it, at 11:15, it was 71/4. Right at the line. If it would only hold there, maybe go up 1/4 or be even for the day, I could wait and see what the letter would accomplish. Not that I had any great expectations from a letter that could do no better than explain losses, but it might bolster the stock in the 7s until new financing or Telcan approval came through. If, by some miracle, those actions should prove realities, we would be back in the running; the stock might even be worth holding for the long pull. Maybe by the end of the year the appearance of The Greatest Story Ever Told would pull the stock back up above 10-and we could wait for a higher price a year hence.

At 11:55 my broker called me. In the 40 minutes that I had been back at my desk, the stock had fallen to 51/2!

I couldn't believe him—5½! How was it possible so quickly? But before I could absorb his news, he told me we were out at 7. He said he had been able to call his floorman, have him at the proper post when the stock hit 7¼, and he got me out. He didn't know why it had collapsed that particular day, but I suppose Wall Street was expecting Forman's letter to announce the achievement of new financing, when all he could do was state he was still searching

for new capital.

The stock rallied a bit to close at 53/4 that day, and further rallied to close Friday at 61/2. It stayed in the low 6s for weeks, until a new false rumor of approval of a loan quickly pushed it to 81/9, but in two or three days it plummeted to 6 again. On September 24, after all sources of long-term financing-including the Teamsters' Union-failed to materialize. Forman announced the company would be forced to file a petition seeking protection under Chapter 11 of the Bankruptcy Act unless its creditors extended the maturity dates of their claims. The stock fell to 4 and was not allowed to trade the following day-the same day Forman also announced that Cinerama had a loss of over \$5,000,000 for the first half of 1964 and that further "substantial losses are expected by yearend." Reisini resigned as chairman of the board. Nottingham Electronic Valve Company of Britain, which developed Telcan, filed for voluntary liquidation, and Telcan has never been heard of since in Britain or the United States. Eventually. Forman was able to obtain loans and guarantees substantial enough to avoid Chapter 11 proceedings, but with the firm

losing over \$10,000,000 in the year, the stock couldn't hope to rally. It fell as low as 23/4 and closed the year 1964 slightly above 3—where it remains as this article is written.

When I had bought Cinerama, I had had almost \$11,000 in the market. I paid 161/2 for the 1000 shares, sold them at 7: with commissions, I was out a neat \$10,000. Interest charges over the eight months' time had cost me an additional \$261. Out of my original tens of thousands of dollars, I had \$297.78 left.

My six and a half years in the stock market ended in such total disaster that I have never heard of anyone else enduring anything similar. But I have heard, from friend after friend, tearful tales of rumors followed and sharp losses taken; of special situations that turned out especially costly (I think of a friend, a Ph.D. in math, who invested in an overthe counter stock of a large poultry producer whose forthcoming earnings would be fantastic because of expansion into European markets-all went as predicted until the Common Market was formed and foreign imports were discouraged, and the stock, bought at 22, had to be sold at 6); of "inside information" that proved uninformed (another friend told me he invested in a company because the president of the bank lending money to that company highly recommended the stock and said he was buying it for himself, but the company ended in bankruptcy); of arid, profitless years when the Dow-Jones was soaring to new highs. It may be easy to make money in the stock market. It is certainly easy to lose it.

What all the rulebooks and all the pamphlets tell you about how to avoid losing your capital is true: You shouldn't listen to rumors, you shouldn't try to trade, you shouldn't buy on margin, you should diversify your holdings, you should buy quality, you should be informed about a company and invest in it because you have faith in its future and are patient for that future to arrive. Then if a stock falls from 45 to 371/9, you don't have to decide whether it's time to jump or hold on; the company is sound, you're getting a dividend, you can wait. That is investment, even if you should prove wrong and have invested unwisely. Anything else is speculation. If I had invested instead of speculating, I would have an impressive portfolio now and an appreciable income in dividends.

Your broker should be your best ally. You can buy advice from mail services, but they aren't too helpful in the long run. They can contradict one another. They can be obstinately wrong. They can have runs of luck, then periods of sterility. They usually recommend so many stocks you don't know which to buy, anyway. They can, I think, point out stocks that look good, so that you

can investigate them and watch their behavior; and they can give you food for thought about what the market and the economy will be doing in the next year. But you can't follow a service blindly.

Your broker and his firm will have enough names of stocks "likely to appreciate," heaven knows-as many as any service can supply. Your broker can time purchases properly, waiting for dipsthose two- or three-point edges can give you a great feeling of security; and if you are short-term trading, those two or three points may be your profit. You will naturally seek out a man amenable to both your personality and your investment goals-someone you feel you can talk to comfortably; like a doctor, he becomes a very personal consultant. If you are looking for safety, he should obviously be conservative and investmentminded. If you yourself, however, insist on more dangerous paths, then you will undoubtedly gravitate toward the kind of broker I seemed to have invariably found. And I think my case proves how wrong such brokers can be. You-like it or not-have to shoulder the responsibility of decisions, too. A broker has many clients and many conflicting interests to juggle in his mind; you have only yours. And it's your money-you keep a jealous, zealous eye on it. The safest way to invest is to put your money in a conservative mutual fund or let a cautious broker pick out a portfolio of unimpeachable quality. That way you can wait out even the severest slumps. But it is very hard, especially for the younger investor, to put all one's money in blue chips. They climb upward, it is true, but with majestic languor, while one watches the glamor issues spring ahead with seemingly irrepressible ease. It might therefore be wise, for many of us, to put, say, 80 percent of our money into blue chips and try our luck and skill with the balance. If you decide to follow that course, just take it slow and easy for a long time. Invest only part of that 20 percent at first, no matter how small that amount must be. Learn by experience the dangers lurking in the market, the surprises, the sudden drops, the terrors of steep and rapid declines; find out, even in a "normal" and healthy market, the rhythm of stocks-how they spurt ahead, drop back. rest, move ahead again. In short, gain the "feel" of the market. Then toss in the rest-of the 20 percent.

If only part of your money is involved in trading, you can gamble, learn, taste the excitement of great potential gain, without fearing you will be wiped out. After all, that way the most you can lose is one fifth of your money. I wish someone had given me that advice—although I know, if I am honest with myself, that I probably wouldn't have taken it. Cupidity is seldom circumspect.

From Holland with love

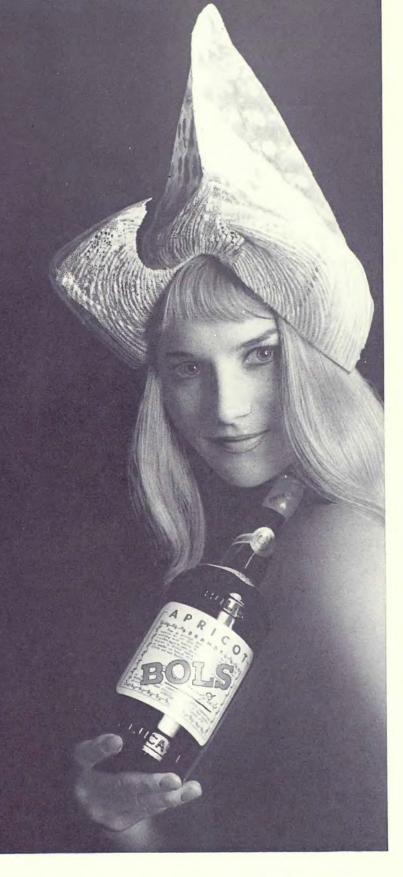
Nature sheds its love on sun-ripened apricots, Bols creates its greatest liqueur with loving care.

You will love the exquisite flavour, the caressing smoothness. You will agree: nothing less than Apricot Bols will do. Especially for those special occasions...

Try it, you'll love it! It will be love for life.

BOLS

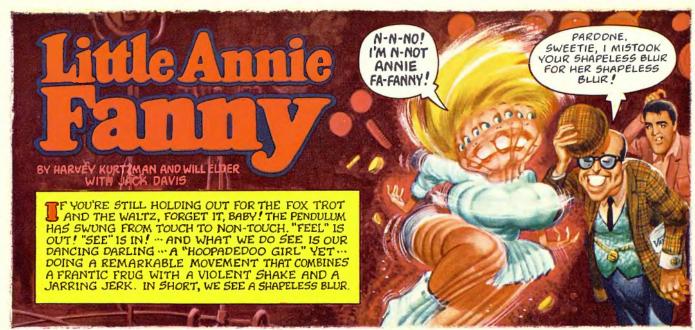
ask for it by name!





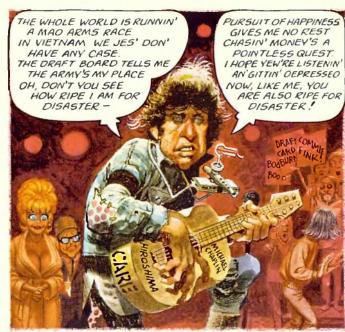
Pay at home and surprise your friends abroad with an exceptional gift. GloBOLService delivers Apricot Bols and Bols V.O. Genever, quick and troublefree, in almost any country in the world. No packaging and shipping charges and no duty formalities as BOLS delivers abroad from local stocks. Write to GloBOLService, Rozengracht 103, Amsterdam for further particulars.























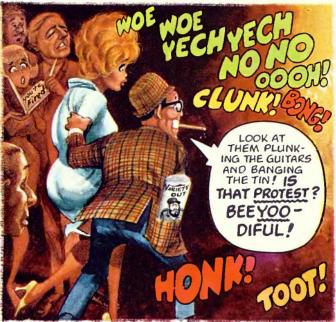


















PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Alligator	Jockey Thorobred
All Weather Coats 20	Hostery50
Beseler Topcon	Leesures by Lee 167
Auto-10128	Robert Lewis, Inc44
"Botany" 500	McGregor Sportswear 58
Men's Clothing 38	Mayest Sportcoats47
"Botany" 500	PBM Suits
Weather Toppers 41	Pendleton Men's
Robert Bruce Swenters 62	Wear3rd C
Carhartt Sportswear 60	Peters Sportswear 25
Colanoso Canri	Reis Menswear 61
Sportswear44	Roblee Shoes
Celanese-Mr. Hicks	Scorchers by Pedwin 25
Slacks 191	Sony Tape Recorders 26
Clubman Sportcoats 49	A. G. Spalding22
Corbin Trousers by	Suzuki Motorcycles 6
Corbin Ltd 76	Van Heusen
Cricketeer Clothes 12	417 Shirts 2nd C
Croton Watch 18	Varsity-Town's
Esquire Socks 38	Madisonaire Clothing 165
Firestone Super Sports	Verde65
500 Tire	West Virginia Yard of
Forum Sportswear42	
French Shriner Shoes 16	Ale Glass54
Fujica Movie Camera 39	M. Wile Globe
Hardwick Blazers 205	Circler Suits 69
Himalaya Sweaters 13	Wool Bureau-Stanley
H.I.S4 Piece Suit 5	Blacker Sportcoats 43
Jensen Loudspeakers54	Worsted-Tex Sportcoats 65
Jockey Life	Wrangler Jeans by
Underwear 208, 209	Blue Bell25
-,	

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois 60611

	ENIENT GIFT S NVELOPE, PAG		DN
SEN	D	PLAYI	BOY
PLAYE	OY		
EVER	Y		4
MONT	TH .		7
	\$20 (Save		
TO:			
name			_
address			
city	state	zip coo	de no
Mail to PLA	YBOY		
Playboy Buile Chie	ling, 919 N. cago, Illinois	Michigan 60611	Ave.

NEXT MONTH:



"THE SUPREME COURT"—AN INCISIVE APPRAISAL OF THAT AUGUST BODY'S ROLE AS GUARDIAN OF CIVIL RIGHTS AND "REFUGE FOR THE WEAK"—BY NAT HENTOFF

"THE NUDER LOOK"—A REVELATORY PICTORIAL ON THE LATEST IN SWINGING SEE-THROUGH, PEEKABOO AND ULTRAMINI FEMININE FASHIONS FOR BEACH, DAYTIME CASUAL, ATHOME HOSTESSING AND ON-THE-TOWN WEAR

"THE ANCIENT COMPANY"—HE HAD A FATEFUL DECISION TO MAKE: SHOULD HE TAKE THE EX-NAZI'S LIFE AND RUIN HIS OWN OR DO NOTHING AND BECOME A PARTY TO A NEW FORM OF GENOCIDE?—A TALE OF TORMENT BY HERBERT GOLD

NORMAN THOMAS, ELDER STATESMAN OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM, SPEAKS OUT ON "BLACK POWER," THE NEW LEFT, THE WELFARE STATE, U.S. FOREIGN POLICY AND THE BOMBING OF NORTH VIETNAM IN AN EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"THE SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE"—MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR, IS THE CREDO, AND PRACTICE, OF THIS INTREPID SAN FRANCISCO GROUP—BY JACK LIND

"A MOST MIRACULOUS ORGAN"—AN ASTOUNDING INVEN-TION PRODUCES SOME UNEXPECTEDLY UNFORTUNATE RESULTS —A FEVERISH FANTASY BY RAY RUSSELL

"THE NINTH UPLAND GAME BIRD"—OUT OF HIS CITY SUR-ROUNDINGS, THE PIGEON OFFERS THE AMERICAN HUNTER A FAST-MOVING, ALL-SEASONS TARGET—BY VANCE BOURJAILY

"DAPHNE BIGELOW AND THE SNAIL-ENCRUSTED TINFOIL NOOSE"—WHEREIN A LOVE-STRUCK HOOSIER KID DISCOVERS THAT THERE'S NO ROOM AT THE TOP—BY JEAN SHEPHERD

"HOW I WOULD START AGAIN TODAY"—EXPLORING THE ELYSIAN FIELDS OF INDUSTRY THAT AWAIT THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO ENTER THE BUSINESS WORLD—BY J. PAUL GETTY

"SKIING EUROPE"-PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WHERE THE CONTINENTAL ACTION IS, ON THE SLOPES AND APRES-SKI

You've got it taped with the lively look



Short-sleeve Button-down Shirts, 14.00; Pendleton Slacks, 20.00-23.00. All shirts shown are washable

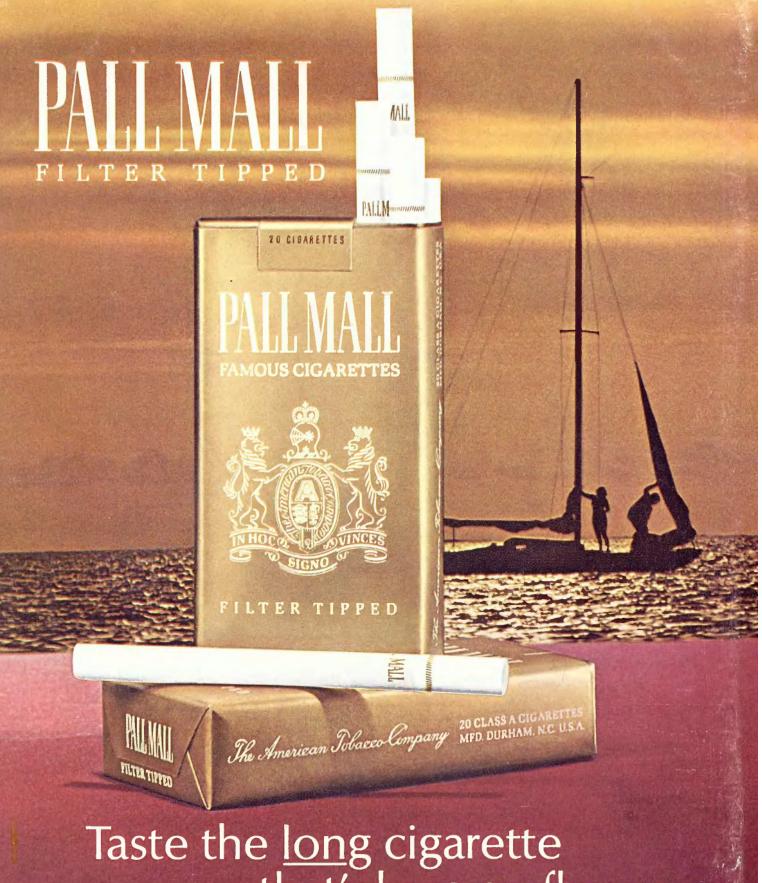


Pendleton's action-styled shirts for Fall

When the place begins to jump with the big sound, short-sleeved Pendletons are in, arms are out, collars are button-down and the scene is cool casual. And whether the jazz is Chicago style or New Orleans, you're in the right style with checks, syncopated stripes, classic plaids or swinging solids . . . in pure virgin wool and with the clean tone that harmonizes perfectly. Look over the selection of Pendleton shirts at better stores everywhere. See if they don't strike a responsive chord.

Sportswear by the Wool People





that's long on flavor

Luxury length. You get that same famous length of the same identical Pall Mall tobaccos—and a filter tip—for a taste beyond comparison. The finest quality money can buy! Outstanding...and they are mild!