

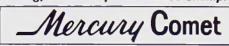


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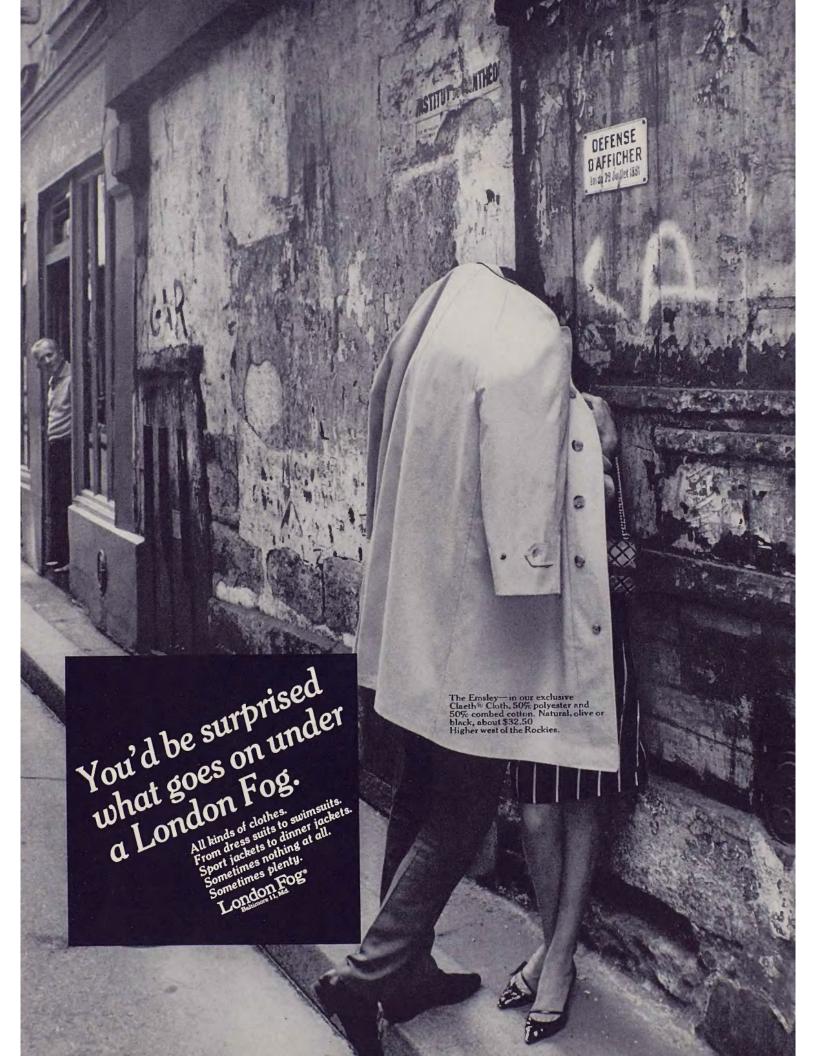
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**PLAYBILL** As you can see by our February cover, this is a pippin of an issue, offering a feast of fact, fiction, photo features and females.

Jazz '66, which announces this year's winners of our annual Jazz Poll and reviews the past year's happenings in that singularly American art form, carries with it a special importance. It celebrates a decade of Jazz Polls (there's a chart listing every winner of the past ten years), reveals the first three artists to be ensconced in the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame and, also for the first time, tells you those LPs that have been voted the Playboy Records of the Year. Nat Hentoff, who wrote the reprise of the past twelvemonth, wears two hats; one as a jazz critic and commentator (he recently had published Jazz Country), the other as an analyst of today's social unrest. In the latter capacity, he conducts a course at New York's New School for Social Research.

In our lead fiction, *How Simon Got His Bureau*, Bernard Wolfe abandons his usual Hollywood milieu for the purlieus of New York. Cigar-wielding, mustachioed Wolfe has just completed a novel, is working on a second, *Up You Go*, set in Greenwich Village. Although he works in Hollywood and has authored a number of filmscripts, Wolfe bridles at the appellation screenwriter and hates writing for the movies ("Only films made on a modest budget have any chance of being good; when they become big business ventures, they're doomed to failure from the start").

Jack Denton Scott, whose Partridge Shoot from Elephantback marks his first contribution to PLAYBOY, is—in addition to being a writer—a big-game hunter, cook (his book A Pasta a Day is upcoming from Random House) and, as he puts it, "nature-and-girl-lover." A prodigiously prolific author (he has over a thousand articles and nine books to his credit), Scott informs us from his writing retreat in Connecticut that while on the par-



tridge hunt he "fell in love with the elephants, learned that tigers have absolutely nothing to do with American cars or gasoline, and that the women of India, even when they are jungle dwellers, are slim, lovely and probably stronger than a college fullback."

A Little Lexicon of Love, a satyrical survey of sexual euphemisms from our Playboy of the Western Coast, Ray Russell, is his 50th contribution to this magazine. A collection of Russell pieces, almost all of them from Playboy, and bearing the title of this month's contribution, will be published shortly by Sherbourne Press.

A Valentine by Armenia's gift to American literature, William Saroyan, is a warmly amusing, nostalgic slice of the author's boyhood life in Fresno, California. Saroyan's legal entanglements (a commonplace contretemps among creative types) are not nearly as amusing, although he did find one encounter with a minion of the law not without its wry aspects. Sarovan relates it thusly: "I was delivering a talk to English teachers from all over the U.S. who had gathered at San Francisco State, and a fellow in the first row listened to everything I said and, in the question-and-answer period, asked: What would you suggest to anybody who hates the work he's doing and would like to write but isn't sure he has any talent?' I told him to quit his job. try to write, and if he failed or wasn't equal to it, to solve the problem in some

STRAUTMANIS





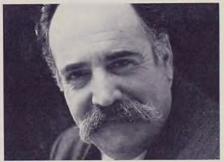
other way than by working at a job he hated. After the session, this fellow came up to me and said: 'Thanks for the talk and for the answer to my question: I'm sorry that I have to hand you this summons.' I told him it was OK."

Mood Ebony is our second offering of CORE Director James Farmer's cogent opinions from the inside on the current racial revolution (the first, When Will the Demonstrations End?, appeared last month). They are part of his book Freedom—When?, to be published by Random House.

The latest in hi-fi and visual gear in Sights and Sounds of '66 has been dramatically highlighted by the paintings (uniquely done on two-by-fours) of Ed Strautmanis. Edvins, Latvian born, came to this country in 1950, has worked in the Playboy Promotion Art Department for several years, still finds time to pursue a fine art career: He just had his third one-man show and has been exhibited in a number of galleries and museums across the country.

Adding further luster to February: Part III of Vladimir Nabokov's finely wrought novel Despair; an exclusive and absorbing interview with the primo virtuoso of Italian film makers, Federico Fellini; Fashion Director Robert L. Green's report on the Continent's latest trends in men's garb, European Fashion Dateline; The Girls of Rio-a lush tenpage words-and-pictures salute to those curvilinear cariocas; Part VII of The History of Sex in Cinema by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, who expertly examine the erotic content of select European films of the Thirties, many of which rarely or never have been seen on these shores. And much more to make our issue for this shortest of months delightfully long on informative, provocative entertainment.

SAROYAN



HENTOFF



# PLAYBOY.



Jazz Winners

P. 79



Instant Gourmet

P. 104



Girls of Rio

P. 114



Sights and Sounds

P. 128

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#### CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		
DEAR PLAYBOY		
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel		
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FEDERICO FELLINI—candid conve		
HOW SIMON GOT HIS BUREAU—fiction	BERNARD WOLFE	
EUROPEAN FASHION DATELINE—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	
A VALENTINE—fiction	WILLIAM SAROYAN	
JAZZ '66	NAT HENTOFF	
DESPAIR—fiction	VLADIMIR NABOKOV	
STUDENT PRINCESS—playboy's playmate of the month		
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		
A LITTLE LEXICON OF LOVE—article	RAY RUSSELL	
NSTANT GOURMET COOKERY-food	THOMAS MARIO	
MOOD EBONY—article	JAMES FARMER	
PARTRIDGE SHOOT FROM ELEPHANTBACK-sports	ACK DENTON SCOTT	
THE GIRLS OF RIO—pictorial essay		
MADAM FILIPPA'S DEFENSE—ribald classic	BOCCACCIO	
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF '66-modern living		
THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA - articleARTHUR KNIC	GHT and HOLLIS ALPERT	

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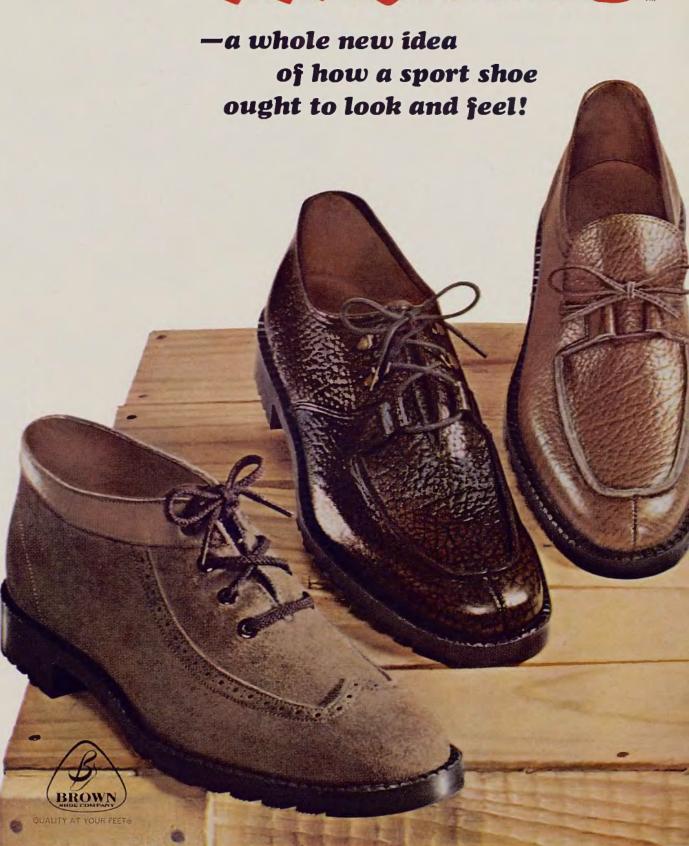
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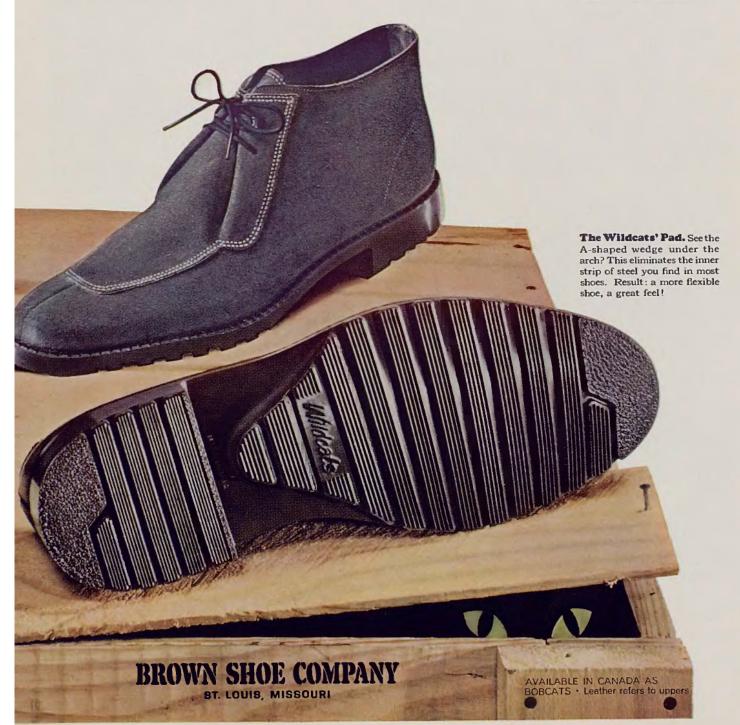
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#### DEAR PLAYBOY

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#### ON OSWALD

Thank you deeply for November's The Silence of Oswald. Author John Clellon Holmes displayed superb insight throughout the piece. It is the first article I have seen in an American magazine that confirms my own firsthand impressions of a disastrously misunderstood individual. In most such studies he is recognizable by name only. I testified before the Warren Commission and am writing a book on Oswald myself, which reaches most of the same conclusions that Holmes did.

Kerry Thornley Los Angeles, California

Every article written concerning Lee Harvey Oswald (including John Clellon Holmes' *The Silence of Oswald*) has left one question unanswered: If the evidence compiled by the Warren Commission had shown considerable doubt as to Oswald's guilt or—worse—had pointed to Oswald's innocence, then what?

Could the responsible officials of the Warren Commission let the people of the United States and of the world know that the mystery of the assassination of the President of the United States remained unsolved? Of course not. With no other suspect readily available, Oswald had had it. Naturally, after reading the Warren Report, and reports on the Warren Report, the vast majority of us believe that Oswald was the assassin, And, believing so, we all rest more easily. We dare not think otherwise.

Ralph B. Pollak Las Vegas, Nevada

Until I read your article *The Silence* of *Oswald*, I had stopped thinking about the man and his motive. Rather than piously trying to put our minds to rest with "official" generalizations, your approach led to a more compassionate analysis of the total Oswald. It is refreshing to read your "think" piece for its clear, crisp goad to the intellect.

David Hughes Santa Monica, California

The simple-minded gullibility of John Clellon Holmes in the matter of the assassination of President Kennedy revolts the perceptive, analytically minded indi-

vidual. Contrary to Mr. Holmes' contention that only "small loopholes" exist, there are mountainous loopholes, evasions, distortions and outright lies evident in the 800-page Warren Report. This was a prosecution case from the first page to the last. This Report is a blot on American jurisprudence, in that no defense attorney (or group of attorneys) was appointed for the accused. The question many of us want answered is: Why did the Government find it so necessary to suppress so much vital testimony, to omit certain witnesses, etc.? At the very heart of this matter is the question of who really governs the people? The CIA, perhaps? I think so, anyway.

L. Marsh New York, New York

John Clellon Holmes' psychological portrait of Oswald is admittedly speculation—some undeterminable mixture of probability and sheer fudge. But the probability part is built from the yield of a sensitive clinical sense, a probing psychological-mindedness and, at times, a keen brilliance that places a picture of a troubled individual before us that is not papier-maché but, rather, one that captures the complex hues of authenticity.

Emanuel F. Hammer, Ph.D., Psychoanalyst New York, New York

#### PRO AND CONNERY

I have just read your November interview with Sean Connery and, being a Connery fan, compliment PLAYBOY for a thorough and entertaining piece.

James D. Hildebrand Worthington, Ohio

AZ

PA

What an anticlimax the *Playboy Interview* with Sean Connery was. And what a bore he is. I am English, and when I was living over there not so many years ago, I saw Sean Connery—an unknown bit actor—play soccer for the Show Biz XI in charity games, doubtless glad of all the publicity he could get. Very few of us spectators had heard of him. Thanks to Ian Fleming, along came Bond, and probably because no established actor would take a mere £6000 for a starring role, Connery was lucky enough to get the part.

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2156. Also: I Feel Pretty. Somewhere, I Do Like You, etc. 2077. Also: Willow WeepForMe, Frenesi, TryTo Remember, etc.

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2182. Cuatro Vidas, Mas Amor, Luna Lu-nera, 9 more



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THE NAT KING COLE SONGBOOK 16 of his

greatest s sung by SAMMY DAVIS

2124. Sweet Lorraine, Ramblin' Rose, Smile, Unforgettable, etc.

Mr. Tambourine Man

THE BYRDS

Clair De Lune La Valse



1788. Also: One of These Oays, Taking My Time, etc. \* 2215. "Extraordi-narily vital interpre-tation." - Hifi/Rev.



1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all 2220. Hoe How, What Now?; Hot Dog Heart; Old Blue: 9 more



1896. Also: Crying I'm Hurtin', Mama Blue Angel, etc.



2142. A Certain Girt, Sweet Music, I Ain't Got You, 8 more



2122. Louie, Louie; DO Poo Pah Ooo; You Can't Sit Down; etc.



2172. Also: For Your Love. Travelin' Man. Free Like Me, etc.



1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moon-light, etc.





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HELLO, DOLLY!

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Battle of New Orleans Sink the Bismarck North to Alaska





2145. The whole won derful score: Out or My Dreams, etc.

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DANG ME CHUG-A-LUG 10 more

Peter, Paul and Mary IN THE WIND

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PETULA CLARK I Know A Place



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Unchained Melody Wives & Lovers













1765. Alse: Talk to Me Baby, Come Blow



2141. I'm A Fool To Care, One Has My Name, 10 more

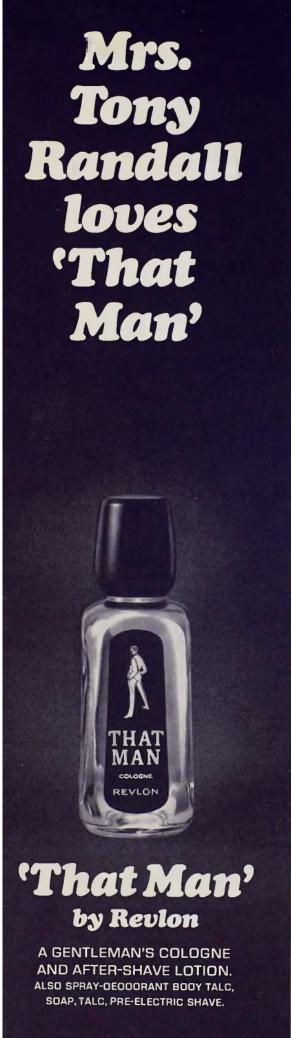


2115. Also: I'm All Smiles, Time After Time, More, etc.



2120. All I Really Want To Oo, It's No Use, 10 more





Within three years he has become well-known and wealthy, yet he ungratefully shuns interviews and treats his public boorishly. He should realize that without a public, he would still be a coffin polisher, or a *South Pacific* chorus boy. As an actor, and therefore an exhibitionist, he is public property. Tough luck, Sean, baby; my heart bleeds for you as you count your pennies.

Barry Palmer North Hollywood, California

I would like to thank you for your interview with Sean Connery, which I found extremely informative. However, there is one point I would like cleared up about Bond. Connery states that "Bond doesn't chase married women." In Moonraker, Fleming, in describing one of 007's routine days, states the likelihood of his "... making love, with rather cold passion, to one of three similarly disposed married women ..." Is this an error on Connery's part (albeit a small one), or did I misinterpret his statement?

Paul G. Allison

Long Island City, New York

Perhaps it was the married women who did the chasing.

#### FREDERIC'S GREAT

Just a note of appreciation from a longtime reader. Your lead story by Frederic Morton in the November issue is one of the best I have ever had the pleasure of reading. Etta at Night is a haunting story not soon to be forgotten. I'm really hooked on Mr. Morton and won't miss the experience of reading his biography of the Rothschilds.

Vic Dyke Topeka, Kansas

Thanks, Vic, and while you're at it, you can pick up on author Morton's recently published novel "The Schatten Affair."

#### SEX IN CINEMA

I thought you did a spectacular job on The History of Sex in Cinema in your November issue. Thank you for including me.

Joan Crawford New York, New York

I wish to register my protest of the sarcastic and inaccurate comments about Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in your article *The History of Sex in Cinema*, Part VI, published in your November issue. The MacDonald-Eddy team was a fabulous success between 1935 and 1942. Their beautiful and incomparable voices thrilled audiences all over the world in a series of unforgettable operettas. These movies made Miss MacDonald famous, admired and respected. Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's attempt to ridicule the images of the screen's greatest musical stars only shows ignorance and bad taste.

P. A. Carter San Diego, California

You're putting us on.

#### COLLECTING PRAISE

The November article on *Greative Collecting* by Mr. J. Paul Getty demonstrates once again that Mr. Getty is a gentleman of taste, ability and sound common sense. Three points that he has made deserve special emphasis:

1. Collecting, if carefully done after adequate study, is the most inexpensive of hobbies. Good works of art steadily increase in value, as their number is reduced by war, accident and donation to

public ownership.

- 2. But if you own a valuable work of art, you must take care of it. Any painting must be cleaned and reconditioned at least once or twice every century. When you buy a work of art, expect that, sooner or later during your enjoyment of it, you will have to spend at least ten percent more to keep it in first-class condition.
- 3. If you collect contemporary art and buy direct from the artist, try to persuade him to put his own signature, the date and his thumbprint on the back. It will protect his own reputation and your investment,

Thomas T. Hoopes, Curator Emeritus City Art Museum of St. Louis St. Louis, Missouri

I enjoyed Creative Collecting by J. Paul Getty. It is to collectors like Mr. Getty that we owe our great museums. They have performed a public service, for, as I said in a book I wrote about the National Gallery, "great collections are formed most frequently by individuals, seldom by committees, and rarely by governments." I hope this article may stimulate other people to try the most fascinating of avocations.

John Walker, Director National Gallery of Art Washington, D.C.

#### FAITH RENEWED

I noted Norman Spinrad's short story Deathwatch in your November issue with considerable pleasure. Not merely because it was a clever fillip by a young writer making a considerable stir in the science-fiction genre, but because it renewed my faith in PLAYBOY's policy toward new writers. I hope we'll be seeing this writer's work again; it might be interesting to watch him grow in the pages of PLAYBOY.

Harlan Ellison Los Angeles, California

#### BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

I am sure that Ray Russell incorrectly states one of his terms in *Name Your Poison* (November 1965). He mentions "three sheets to the wind," The term to



# This is Dodge Charger

Charger, the dream car that's no dream. It's here. Right now. At your Dodge dealer's. A big, brawny, powerful fastback that's all primed up and ready to take on the best, Charger-style. And this is Charger style: retractable headlights that function automatically. Hefty V8 power. Buckets, fore

and aft. Dash-mounted tach. Full length console. Rear seats that convert into a spacious cargo compartment so when the buckets go down, load space goes up. All standard equipment. With all the class and dash you knew a dream car had to have. If it ever came true. And now it has—at your

Dodge dealer's. Climb into Charger. Fire up the engine. Head out on the road. In about three blocks you'll be really hooked.

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DDDGE DIVISION







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Emotion...
the new perfume
born in France...
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Prices from
3.00 to 17.50.



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which he is referring is: "free sheets to the wind." This term describes a sailing condition where the *sheets* (ropes or lines used to trim the sails) are slacked and the boat is allowed to run with the wind. Mr. Russell is not alone in his error; lots of people have trouble pronouncing "free" when they are free sheets to the wind.

> Richard C. Keenan, Sr. Pensacola, Florida

Avast there, Richard; both "The American Thesaurus of Slang" and H. L. Mencken's "The American Language" list it as "three sheets in the wind." The "to" may be wrong, but not the "bhree."

#### MIRTHFUL MANUAL

I was greatly amused by Gerald Sussman's *The Official Sex Manual* in your October issue (as a matter of fact, it was even funnier than the interview a few months back with Robert Shelton). But after the laughter ceased, I was left with this question: Does Sussman condone premarsupial sex?

Dave Kelso Riverside, California Only among condescending adults.

#### ANOTHER UNHURRIED VIEW

I appreciate the objectivity with which Dan Wakefield weighed the pros and cons of Ralph Ginzburg's controversial activities in October's An Unhurried View of Ralph Ginzburg. In following the Eros case, I always had the feeling that it was largely his promotional "genius" that weakened his defense. Eros, in my opinion, could hardly be judged to be erotic, still less, therefore, obscene. Its tasteful pictorial make-up must have made it rather unsatisfactory research material for the professional obscenity snoopers. The descriptions in The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity do not go further than do dozens of novels that are published every year.

Quite a few people who would normally support Ginzburg's stand, however, balked at the "cute gag" of mailing invitations for subscriptions from places whose postal stamps aroused sexual associations. Wit apparently is not fully recognized as a literary form in this country, and humor in matters sexual still seems to come rather close to blasphemy. The same jokes that get hearty laughs from men and women at cocktail parties, in the beer joints or at the office seem (to them) to violate the dignity of the printed page. The measure of community standards and customary candor definitely is-according to the card-carrying members of the guardian angels of morality-not to be found at the place of work, in the home, the college and in gatherings aimed at entertainment, but obviously in the church. Of course, in keeping with the principle that a token of liberty supervised is safer than liberty suppressed, none of the progressive moralists call sex wicked anymore. Sex is legitimate as long as it is mentioned in the tone set by the surrounding adjectives beautiful, serene and sacred. But no jokes! No allusions to ordinary fun! And by no means anything that could "appeal to prurient interest," that is to say, anything that smacks of sex.

In one respect, the prosecution proved particularly shrewd in the Ginzburg case. Prosecuting attorneys practically always use as one of their arguments the effect of the accused material on juveniles. They know that this argument will be thrown out, but they also know that it leaves its effect on judge and jury. In one case, in which I appeared as an expert witness for the defense, one of five opposing witnesses, a minister and youth leader, testified that he had once caught a boy masturbating—and, lo and behold, what did the boy hold in the other hand under the desk? A girlie magazine.

A few Kinsey data and similar sexological citations made short shrift of this evidence. But the allegation that Ginzburg solicited boy-scout groups, even though it is completely improbable, practically hands Ginzburg the cup of hemlock. And his theory regarding the bad consequences of sexually uninformed children failing to read material like that, under the court's scrutiny is not completely convincing. What should exculpate him, however, even if boy-scout types should get hold of the promotional letters, is that the very labile prurient interests of these age groups can be stirred by any Greek sculpture or any Renaissance painting of nudes. In millions of instances, the Bible has served the same purpose. And if some day art galleries and museums should be closed to spare tender mentalities, there is always the Boy Scout Manual, section "Masturbation," to remind adolescents and preadolescents of one of the "great weaknesses of human beings."

Human weakness, indeed: the very force to which we owe existence, continuation, vitality and joy. To minds that see sexuality as a human weakness, life itself must appear as the Devil's levity.

Hugo G. Beigel, Ph.D., Editor-in-Chief Journal of Sex Research New York, New York

#### HOT WIRES

PLAYBOV should exercise more responsibility for what it prints. You have narrowly escaped having to pay funeral expenses incurred as a result of my near self-strangulation in laughing over *Barbed Wires* in the November issue. That is, beyond question, the funniest thing that I've read in many a year.

William J. Westbrooke San Francisco, California

ENJOYED NOVEMBER TELEGRAM FEATURE "BARBED WIRES," AS STAUNCH CONTINUING CONGREGATIONALISTS IN PREDOMINANTLY ROMAN CATHOLIC TOWN OF PERU, ILLINOIS, MY WIFE AND I ACHIEVED EMPATHY WITH

NEIGHBORS AFTER HAVING SIX CHILDREN IN EIGHT YEARS. UPON ARRIVAL OF SIXTH CHILD, MY ASTONISHED FATHER WIRED THIS GENTLE HINT: "DEAR SON, DELIGHTED TO HEAR CABOOSE HAS ARRIVED"

PETER G. LOVELAND COLUMBUS, OHIO

#### MORE ON MRS. MURRAY

I want to thank you for your October interview with Madalyn Murray. However, I was quite disappointed, because I had been looking forward to reading a philosophical discourse on atheism. Mrs. Murray has my sincere sympathy, in that she really possesses a distorted personality. This is not an attempt to refute atheism with an ad hominem attack. Surely atheism has its place, but Mrs. Murray is not the atheist she claims to be. Rather, she is an angry woman, angry with the world, the Church and herself. It would not take much of a theologian to discredit her irrational sentiments toward religion, but it would be folly to amuse ourselves by refuting one with such deep-seated emotional problems.

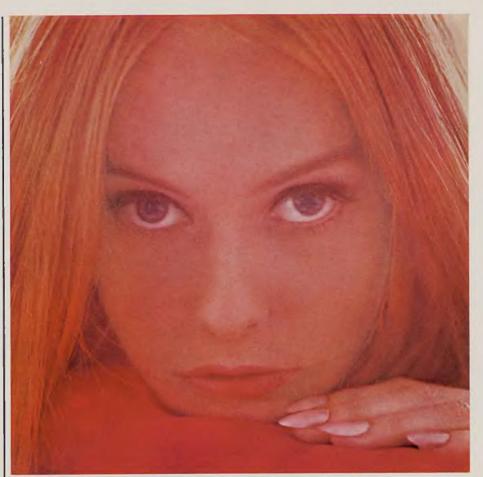
Rev. Richard Barnes Sherburnville Christian Church Grant Park, Illinois

I can well imagine what my conservative religious friends connected with institutional expressions of faith will say when they read this letter upholding your favorable comments on the crusade of Mrs. Madalyn Murray to tax the churches. While I am a committed Christian of the liberal variety, I, too, am strong for the separation of church and state and fearful of the inevitable reaction that will come to institutional religion in this country when its property holdings become too large, as they did in Europe and Latin America in past centuries. We should learn to stand upon our own feet in our faith in the spiritual realities of life and not depend on a warmaking state that opposes our basic ethical concerns. If the Church paid taxes, perhaps we would be more opposed to war and more effective in our opposition to this primitive way of settling disputes.

Rev. George A. Ackerly, Retired World Fellowship, Inc. Conway, New Hampshire

I have read with mixed emotions your interview with Madalyn Murray, whom you describe as "the most hated woman in America." I really do not think she is the most hated woman in America; I think, rather, that she is in grave need of medical attention of a specialized sort.

With all due deference to PLAYBOY and some of the really interesting interviews that it presents, I must confess a degree of dismay that Mrs. Murray should loom so large in PLAYBOY. On the other hand, I must congratulate your interviewer on his ability to maintain complete equilibrium in the course of what must have



Please . . . may I sniff your Klompen Kloggen?





Klompen Kloggen is blended from unusual strains of tobaccos—porous leaves which absorb the delicate fruit flavoring used in its cure. Herein lies the secret of Klompen Kloggen's flavor and aroma.

Klompen Kloggen's natural tobacco bouquet works on a woman the way the subtle essence of a fine perfume works on a man. Remember this extra dimension, because this new aromatic blend is so fine its makers must give you, of necessity

less tobacco for more money than most any pipe tobacco in America.



# Which is better... draught beer or bottled beer?

This is an argument that has been going on for a long time. To get the answer, we had an interview recently with our head brewmaster.

It went something like this:

"Sir, is draught beer better than bottled beer?"
"No."

"Is it different?"

"A little. All Bud, is brewed the same way. But then Bud packaged beer is pasteurized; the draught isn't, because it's kept cold all the way from brewery to consumer. That's the basic difference."

"Can you taste the difference?"

"I can. But the difference is so slight, most people can't . . . if both are served under proper conditions."

"Pardon me?"

"I mean it matters more whom you're drinking with... whether you're having a hot pastrami sandwich... things like that. Then the real difference is whether it's Budweiser or not."

"Aren't you a little prejudiced?"

"Certainly. I *know* about the extra expense and time and care we put into Beechwood Ageing to get that Budweiser taste and smoothness and drinkability that..."

"Pardon me...but then you'd say the answer to the question..."
"What question?"

"Which is better, bottled or draught?"

"The answer, my friend, is Budweiser. Would you like some right now?"
"Yes, I would."

"Which would you like, bottled or draught?"

it's worth it...it's Budweiser.



# "You can't explain jazz to anyone without losing the experience...

Words are the children of reason and therefore can't explain it. Jazz has got to be experienced because it's not words, it's feeling." Bill Evans

### Share in the finest of jazz experiences with Bill Evans:



Trio '65—V/V6-8613 "... melodic improvisation that rings in your mind for days after you hear him." Ralph Gleason.

Empathy—V/V6-8497 "It is an index of Evans' skills and emotional depth, that a surfeit of his work is difficult to imagine." Nat Hentoff.

Conversations With Myself V/V6-8526 "Evans in triplicate is a joy unique in the history of music." Leonard Feather.

Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

been a rather spooky experience. You might be interested in knowing that we received some time ago a manuscript (through another magazine) from Mrs. Murray, in which she makes the claim that the Cult of Kali is the strong-arm division of the Jesuits. As many people know, I am no particular friend of the Jesuits, and I have sought to get documentation on that rather bizarre charge and have been unsuccessful.

Be that as it may, there is a serious issue raised by Madalyn Murray's case that simply cannot be ignored, i.e., the furor that Christians in general and Catholics in particular raise when confronted with militant atheists. Since anything Mrs. Murray would say would be self-serving, I cannot take her unsupported word that she received the treatment she claims to have received. However, I have received information from other sources that she was very, very shabbily treated by people who profess to be Christians. For this they should be severely criticized. But, then, history has recorded an endless litany of the bigotry of professed Christians, culminating in the horrors of the Nazi concentration camps of a generation ago.

Edward M. Keating, Editor-in-Chief Ramparts

Menlo Park, California

#### COMIC-BOOK COMMENTS

Congratulations to Jules Feiffer on his October article *The Great Comic-Book Heroes*. I wish to ask one question and hope that you will be able to supply me with an answer. Will Eisner's Spirit, in my opinion, was one of the best comic-book heroes of all time. Is it possible to obtain any reproductions or copies of Mr. Eisner's *Spirit* comic books? If anyone can supply me with any of Eisner's works, I would be happy to hear from him. Also, is Will Eisner still living? If so, what does he do for a living now?

Frank M. Smith Toronto, Ontario

Feiffer informs us: "There are collectors who own old Eisner Spirits. Your reader might try contacting the Collectors Bookstore at 1717 Wilcox in Los Angeles, or Alter-Ego, a comic fan magazine. Eisner is not that old that he wouldn't be upset to hear of a reader asking if he's still living. He is. He is president of Will Eisner Productions and the American Visuals Corporation. His company produces illustrated service publications for industry, the Government and the Armed Forces. Not, I would say, as pleasant a way of making a living as doing The Spirit, but to each his own. He still does occasional drawings, but The Spirit, shot down by changing tastes, is at last really dead."

I read with great interest Jules Feiffer's The Great Comic-Book Heroes in your October issue, I think Mr, Feiffer has done an excellent job in presenting a description and analysis of what I have always thought was a very important publishing and social phenomenon in the U. S. and, through export, in many other countries. Many sociologists and psychologists have been too snobbish to take comic books seriously. So Mr. Feiffer's treatise is important to anybody who wants to understand the social scene.

On the whole, Mr. Feiffer and I agree much more than would appear on the surface. For one thing, we both like children. He thinks children deserve and need an escape. I am more inclined to think we should create conditions for them so they don't need an escape. There is an interesting contrast between the illustrations in The Great Comic-Book Heroes and those in my book Seduction of the Innocent. One would hardly think we were both dealing with the same phenomenon. One reason for the difference is that Feiffer deals with the late Thirties and early Forties, whereas my book was concerned more with the Forties and early Fifties. It also seems that the many children I studied were not as happy as the ones he has in mind. Many of those I saw were sent to reformatories or otherwise punished when they imitated what the great comic-book heroes and villains taught them.

Feiffer has done a service to sociology and social psychology in describing how the different comic-book series developed. However, much as I respect him, both as an artist and as a writer, I disagree with him strongly on one point. He seems to convey the notion that violent comic books developed in a period when antiviolence was rising in our culture. But it seems to me that the period of the late Thirties and early Forties was, on the contrary, a time when mass violence took innumerable victims, including children. What children are given to read and what adults do are not so different. Violence in the mass media is only one facet of a much larger problem. It is my serious conviction that we have to combat it wherever we find it. Disarmament in Geneva may be difficult to achieve; disarmament in publishers' row and on Madison Avenue is no easy task, either.

Fredric Wertham, M. D. New York, New York

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Hey, what's this between Gurney Williams (cartoon editor of *Look*) and PLAYBOY Assistant Cartoon Editor Cynthia Maddox? Does John Dempsey (who used scrambled versions of their names in a cartoon on page 221 of the November issue) know something we don't know?

Michael Gross Brooklyn, New York

No, he just knows a lot of cartoon editors.

## WINTER WARMER



SPECIAL OFFER! Four of these distinctive glass Hot Dr Pepper cups, as illustrated, with bronze anodized aluminum handles. Only \$2.25, postage prepaid. Send check or money order (no stamps) with your name and address to: Hot Dr Pepper, Box #28, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.







After the slopes,

#### a BOOMER!

Here's a Winter Warmer that's just the thing for skiers... the Boomer! First, heat Dr Pepper or Diet Dr Pepper in a saucepan until it steams. Then pour into a cup over a slice of lemon and add a jigger of rum. It's devilishly different and delicious.

Gelandesprung!



#### Has the Volkswagen fad died out?

Yes.

But it was an unnerving experience while

Because after we introduced our completely sensible cor, people ran out and got it for completely frivolous reasons.

The first people bought VWs just so they could be the first people to have one.

And a lady in Illinois had one becouse

it looked cute beside her "reol" cor.

However, the faddists soon found out that the bug wasn't an expensive (\$1663) toy, but o cheap (\$1663\*) car.

As a fad, the cor was o flop:

(When you drive the latest fad to a party, and find 2 more fods there aheod of you, it catches you off your avant-garde.)

But os o car, the VW was impressive:

If you had to go someplace, it took you. Even when some cars wouldn't. And when you got there, you could park it. In places where other cors couldn't.

Once people took the bug's good points for granted, it became the best-

selling car model in history.

And that's when the VW fad ended.

#### PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Who was Kay Kyser's band comic? Name the Green Hornet's car. What newspaper did Clark Kent work for?

If you answered "Ish Kabibble," "Black Beauty" and "The Daily Planet" in the time it takes to say "Nov shmoz ka pop," you're entitled to matriculate in the College of Insignificant Knowledge, a seat of nonlearning created in response to a new pop-culture parlor game called Trivia. Marks are made at this funiversity less by the display of a Gargantuan memory than by the recollection of almost-forgotten facts that produce a nostalgic twinge and a feeling of secret camaraderie between questioner and answerer. Having burgeoned at a real university, Columbia, and now prospering propitiously on campuses all over the country, Trivia has assumed the proportions of a national fad, complete with Intercollegiate Triviathons, a projected quiz series for the already Trivia-glutted world of television, a paperback quiz called The Original Old Radio Game (designed for snobbish Triviaphiles who concern themselves exclusively with arcane lore from the golden age of the crystal set and the Atwater-Kent), and even a Pictorial Encyclopedia of Trivia. The latter is being compiled by Edwin Goodgold and Dan Carlinsky, two young enterprising entrepreneurs who are fast becoming the Goodson-Todman of Triviana. Their claim to fame is based on unearthing such archaeological artifacts of inconsequentia as the first lines spoken by The Shadow at the opening of his show ("Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. Heh-heh-ho-ho-ha-ha . . . "). If you found that child's play, how about giving us the next line? ("The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay. Heh-heh-ho-ho-ha-ha . . . ")

Got it? You've passed your Triviaphile college-board exams. But the remembrance of unimportant things past becomes more specific as it travels back to "the good old days"—into the realm of the mundane mass media of pre-War,

Wartime and post-War America. To get through your freshman orientation, recite the lines spoken by Archie on the Duffy's Tavern radio show. ("Duffy's Tavern, where the elite meet to eat. Archie the manager speakin', Duffy ain't here. Oh, hello Duffy.") Even with straight A's in such radio recollections, you won't make sophomore until you grasp the crucial difference between "genuine" Trivia (which concerns itself with mass culture and produces an emotional response by all who play and listen to it) and mere minutiae, a collection of equally worthless yet uningratiating facts (like knowing the name of the inventor of the pencil or how many people own dogs in Delaware). The following Triviatwister, for instance, will be acclaimed by experts as unadulterated and legitimate, and if you can complete the line and identify its source, you'll be well on your way to a bachelor's degree among the Trivia set. "Even he who is pure at heart and says his prayers at night . . ." ("...can become a wolf when the wolfsbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright." The Wolf Man movies).

Now, if you can answer all the questions in the following quiz, gleaned from the world of *Detective Comics*, vintage video and almost unremembered radio, your Hop Harrigan scholarship in Matters Immaterial will be conferred. Ten correct answers will earn you a doctorate in Triviology, but if you answer five or fewer, you'll be sent back to memorizing screen credits and be dismissed as entirely too involved in the truly significant issues of the past. Each of the questions should be answered in the time it takes to say: "79 Wistful Vista."

- 1. Name the three stars of This Gun for Hire.
- 2. What was the original occupation of the man who was kept as permanent guard in Jack Benny's vault?
- 3. What was the name of the mouse in *Krazy Kat?*
- 4. Who was the original bandleader on the Bob Hope show?

- 5. Name the four principal joketellers on Can You Top This?
- Recite, word for word, Mr. Kitzel's song.
- 7. Name the actor who played Dick Tracy in the motion-picture serials of the same name.
- 8. Who played "Mr. and Mrs. First Nighter"?
  - 9. What product "went to war"?
- 10. What was the name of Citizen Kane's mansion?
- 11. Who sponsored the Jack Armstrong show?
- 12. What was the name of Tonto's horse?
- 13. In Monopoly, what are the two other yellow properties that go along with Marvin Gardens?
- 14. Who was Lamont Cranston's gal Friday?

15. Who was the little old Jewish lady who would say things like: "You're expecting maybe Tooraloora Bankhead?" And what show did she appear on?

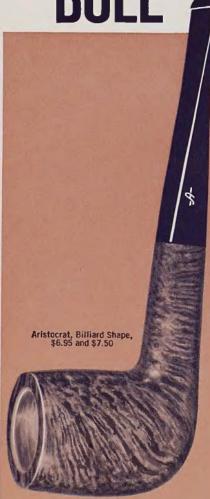
ANSWERS: (1) Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake and Laird Cregar. (2) A gas man. (3) Ignatz. (4) Skinnay Ennis. (5) Peter Donald, Senator Ford, Joe Laurie, Jr., Harry Hershfield. (6) "Pickle in the middle and the mustard on top. Just the way you like them and they're all red hot!" (7) Ralph Byrd. (8) Les Tremayne and Barbara Luddy. (9) Lucky Strike Green. (10) Xanadu. (11) Wheaties. (12) Scout. (13) Ventnor Avenue and Atlantic Avenue. (14) Margo Lane. (15) Mrs. Nussbaum of Allen's Alley on The Fred Allen Show.

If you've satisfactorily answered these charming but fiendish puzzlers, you're ready to leave the world of the Thirties and Forties and to begin storing up memories from the Fifties and Sixties for future Triviathons that will no doubt be taking place in the Seventies and Eighties. Can you call to mind this modern-day Trivia: The name of the gasoline that put a tiger in your tank? The characters played by Jackie Gleason? Charlie Brown's girlfriend? And for a Trivia-

# **INSTANT MILDNESS**

yours with

YELLO-BOLE



No matter what you smoke you'll like Yello-Bole. The new formula, honey lining insures Instant Mildness; protects the imported briar bowl—so completely, it's guaranteed against burn out for life. Why not change your smoking habits the easy way—the Yello-Bole way. \$2.50 to \$7.50.

Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N. Y. 22, Dept. N70

By the makers of KAYWOODIE

teaser to tax even the most acute: the names of nine of Tommy Manville's ten ex-wives?

Temporary job openings at two West Virginia birth-control clinics, according to an Associated Press dispatch, have been created by the departure of two staff nurses—both on maternity leaves.

To Whom It May Concern: New Jersey's *Paterson Evening News* ran an item about a meeting of the local Elks chapter to which "all deceased members, their family and friends are invited."

For the man who has everyone, we commend a nifty gift item on sale in a Detroit specialty shop: a matched towel set labeled HIS and WHOSE?.

Inscrutable Occident Department, Civil Service Division: In a new booklet of Governmental instructions dealing with a previous set of instructions in the construction field, a capital informant tells us, is an asterisk after a word on the second page. The asterisked footnote reads: "Ignore all asterisks in this booklet."

Attention, well-dressed sportsmen: A tailorshop in downtown San Antonio has the following sign in its window: WE WEAVE BULLET HOLES AND KNIFE CUTS.

Untold Human Interest Story of the Month, in consecutive items from the "Public Notices" column in *The New York Times*: "MY WIFE, Patricia Gwertzman, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts incurred by her. Jerry Molfetas, 1460 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y." Followed by: "MY WIFE, Patricia Gwertzman, having left my bed and board, I will no longer be liable for any debts incurred by her. Stephen Gwertzman, 399 E. 72nd St."

The Cleveland Wrecking Company, which boasts of offices in 14 major cities "coast to coast," doesn't have one you know where.

In what can only be construed as a peevish display of bad sportsmanship, the city council of Vandalia, Ohio, has just passed an ordinance making it illegal to escape from the city jail.

To see or not to see; that is the option: An L. A. stonemason ran an ad in the Los Angeles Times offering five-foot plaster-of-Paris replicas of Michelangelo's David for \$28.85, "Fig Leaf Optional."

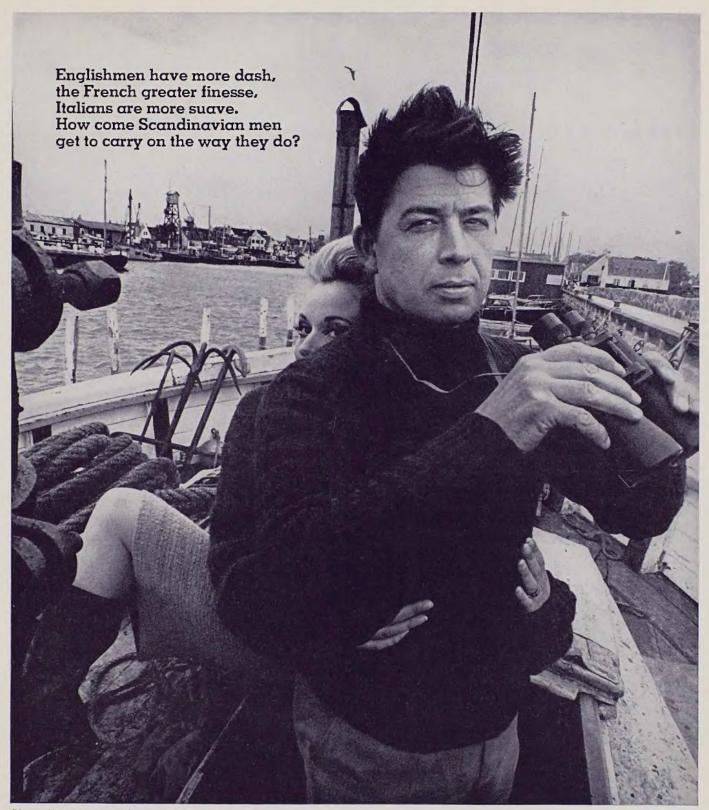
In London, a British correspondent informs us, TV moderator Bernard Braden recently interrupted his weekly show to stop hammering noises coming from the rear of the studio, where he found a workman nailing up a sign that read: SILENCE WHILE THE PERFORMANCE IS IN PROGRESS.

A spry old St. Louis resident, asked on the occasion of his 101st birthday the standard question about his formula for a long life, had this refreshing reply for a *Chicago Sun-Times* reporter: "I never drank, smoked or went with women—until I was fourteen years old."

#### **THEATER**

Skyscraper is strictly contemporary. With gags culled from today's newspapers, and up-to-the-minute in name drops (Cacoyannis, Gernreich), the new Feuer and Martin musical resembles nothing so much as a topical cabaret revue. But Skyscraper is a book show, and a big one at that, which could be doubly disastrous. Happily, there are fanciful imaginations at work and an irrepressible hipness afoot. The root of the show is old, Elmer Rice's Dream Girl; but Rice has been revised out by new author Peter Stone, leaving only his heroine, Georgina Allerton, and her dreams. In this version Georgina (Julie Harris) owns a New York brownstone, lives upstairs and runs a prosperless antique store downstairs. The building, something of an antique in itself, is the sole surviving obstacle in the path of a monstrous skyscraper. Stubbornly, she holds out against all offers, except, finally, romance. She falls for the architect (Peter L. Marshall) responsible for the monstrosity-just in time for the second-act curtain-and she gives up to progress. Contrasted with the reality of Miss Harris' battle is the fantasy of her dreams. Most of them are wild and funny and star her shop assistant, Charles Nelson Reilly. As bullfighter, FBI man, pukka sahib, Reilly, popping out of closets and bathtubs with the stride of an effete moose, is hilarious. Miss Harris has fewer opportunities for hilarity, yet she manages (even the singing) with laudable aplomb, considering she is new to musical comedy. But then, everything in the show seems new, from the Courrèges boots on Miss Harris to the sky-high skeleton of a skyscraper that covers the stage. When the wreckers dance (Michael Kidd's athletic choreography), they use everything in sight: hammers, ladders, drills, wrecking balls. The music by James van Heusen is tuneful, the lyrics by Sammy Cahn, sharp-witted. This Skyscraper is slick, modern, and will do until next year when it is razed for a new model. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 West 46th Street.

In the theater of epic intent, John Whiting's The Devils should have been a masterpiece, and Whiting should have



Hume Nansen is a rather gruff fellow. He will take women along on a fishing trip only if they can swab a deck and make themselves handy around the galley. Hume wears a men's cologne called Teak and allowed film ingenue, Astrid along on the last trip. Here they are just after Astrid finished swabbing up the deck, after finishing up in the galley.

Just think of what would happen if a man like you started wearing a scent like Teak. Now in America in a Cologne, 4.50, an After Shave and a Soap.



TEAK by SHULTON What Scandinavian men have

been Shakespeare. Neither one made it -even though, in failure, the success is estimable. Whiting, a British playwright who died in 1963, took as his canvas the Catholic Church in France in the mid-1600s, when the secular was not always distinct from the sacerdotal. The play is based on Aldous Huxley's The Devils of Loudun, and the devils are those that supposedly inhabit the sisters of the Ursuline convent, possessing them in several senses of the word. Falsely, Sister Jeanne, the hunchbacked, frustrated mother superior, names the disdainful, lecherous priest Urbain Grandier as her violator. Consorting with the Ursuline nuns is not one of Grandier's transgressions, but he has so many transgressions and so many enemies that he is overdue for a fall. The twist in the play is that he falls into grace. Condemned to be burned at the stake for having commerce with the Devil, he realizes that he is not "nothing going to nothing," but "sin going to forgiveness." The play, and the tragedy, are Grandier's, but the author has too many diverse concerns. He wants to show all the forces that oppose the priest-the vengeful middle class who are offended by his arrogance, corrupt churchmen who need a scapegoat, and Cardinal Richelieu, who condemns him even knowing of his innocence. Some of the issues are undeveloped dramatically and distracting. But a great production and/or a great performance would have obscured the play's imperfections. Unfortunately, Alexander Cohen's overblown production is plunked onto a Cinemascopic stage in a cavernous Broadway theater better suited to livestock shows. The direction by Michael Cacoyannis is curiously slow and disjointed; the play is an infinite series of scenes, which Cacoyannis treats separately and cinematically instead of integrating them toward the climax. Although Anne Bancroft is tortuously believable as the crazed nun, twisting her body like a broken bird's and her voice like a caged demon's, Jason Robards is miscast as Grandier, He is neither convincingly romantic as the libertine nor noble as the victim. In the end, head and beard shaven, his legs smashed by his captors, looking like a discarded corpse, he is at least pathetic and pitiable. But he is never tragic. As for The Devils, it is always provocative, but it is never awesome. At the Broadway, 1681 Broadway.

In creating The Zulu and the Zayda, producer-director Dore Schary and authors Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon wear their hearts on their sleeves and their feet in their mouths. This "play with music . . . based on the story by Dan Jacobson" is a sentimental, obvious, witless, amateurish evening of schmaltz, shrewdly (but crudely) crafted to appeal

to Yiddishesprachers-and anyone Jewish enough to love Levy's rye bread. To catch all the innuendo, you have to know Yiddish, but it's better not to. The words themselves are the laughs, Knish! B'nai B'rith! The biggest yok is meshuganah. The story line is about a zayda, or grandfather (Menasha Skulnik), who is dependent on his son, a fathead, who lives with his wife and children in Johannesburg. Zayda is a wanderer (sometimes he sells pins), and his son hires a Zulu houseboy (Louis Gossett) to act as Zayda sitter. They meet, clasp hands (time out for message) and are parted by Zayda's son. Zayda almost dies of a broken part . . . so back comes the Zulu, and thus endeth apartheid. Gossett is tall, about seven foot, five in his sandals, and Skulnik is tiny, about two foot, two in his socks; and to heighten the difference, Gossett stands stiff and Skulnik crouches and waves voo-hoo. Funny, eh? Zulu learns Yiddish and Zayda learns Zulu, which means that most of the dialog is in Zulish, which is fulish. Spliced into the Backwoods Berlitz are songs of various denominations (by Harold Rome), some Africanish, most just bad Broadway. Sample lyric: "Now is the time/to share a glassele of wine." Ossie Davis, who plays Gossett's brother and is also the narrator, does most of the singing, but little else. Gossett plays his part straight, which is admirable, but Skulnik stutters and clowns, cosseting up to his atrocious part when he should be holding it at arm's length. Oy ga veldt! At the Cort, 138 West 48th Street.

In 1529 Francisco Pizarro, peasant turned adventurer, led a minuscule army of 167 into Peru, conquered the nation of 24,000,000, killed Atahualpa, the Inca king and self-proclaimed son of the sun, and took, in the name of Spain and of Pizarro, a booty of gold unequaled in history. From the facts, the few that are known, and his own resplendent imagination, Peter Shaffer has fashioned The Royal Hunt of the Sun. In Shaffer's eyes, the conflict is not simply between Spanish villainy and Inca innocence. His Pizarro is not just a plunderer, but a bit of a dreamer. Atahualpa insists he holds the secret of life. Atheist Pizarro pursues that secret even to the death of the king and the loss of his own honor. "So fell Peru," goes the narrator's dirge. "We gave her greed, hunger and the cross: three gifts for the civilized life." The message is potent, the manner impressive. Up to now, Shaffer has written small, modern, realistic plays (Five Finger Exercise), but this time, like his hero, he is trying to tackle the sun. He wants "total theater" -gestural, verbal, hallucinatory, cerebral. He uses masks and costumes (the Incas are beaked and dazzlingly plumaged), mime and dance (the climb of the Andes and the massacre of the Incas are done as ritualistic ballets), and poetic flights of language. The stage is sloped and backed by a magnificent flowerlike sun from which Atahualpa emerges and, later, from which the robber-bird Spaniards strip gilded petals. Drums, cymbals, bird flutes, thumb harps, maracas echo until the stage rocks with Inca incantations. The author is helped by his actors, particularly Christopher Plummer as the questing Pizarro, and David Carradine as a stylized otherworldly Atahualpa. But Shaffer, along with director John Dexter, does not totally succeed. There are dull stretches, particularly in the first half; the hunt itself and some of the effects seem as if the creators were just panoplaying around. But if Shaffer has not wrought the impossible, he has added valued dimension to the commercial theater. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd

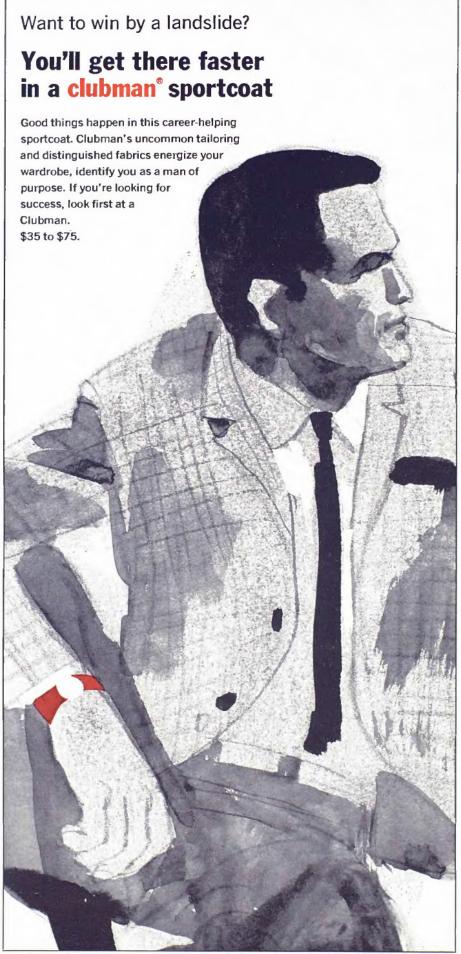
#### **DINING-DRINKING**

The recently instituted Blue Boar Tovern (848 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles), an imposing 16th Century (or thereabouts) English inn, has become a haven for hearty trenchermen who dig the cakes-and-ale atmosphere and the sight of their prime beef sliced to individual order on a tableside serving cart. According to preference, guests ensconce themselves in the massive-beamed main dining room, the Poop Deck Pubbe or the betrophied Game and Hunt Roomor are privately quartered in the Wine Cellar (capacity: a cozy ten at the long board). A pronounced plus the Blue Boar boasts, in addition to basic beef, is innkeeper Bernard Tohl's policy of maintaining Eastern seafood. Brochette of Seafood Canterbury (\$4.95) is a flaming tour de force of crab meat wrapped in bacon with scallops, shrimp and mushrooms, flambéed in scampi sauce. One of the house specialties is, of course, cutlets of Wild Young Boar "with hunters dressing in cyder or wilde cherry sauce" (\$5.75); another, when available, is the Medallion of Fancy Venison Stale (\$5.95), "with hunters sauce and wilde rice"both with Perrogodine sauce of truffles and cognac. No carnivore worth his rock salt will bypass the roast beef in any of its cuts served with Yorkshire pudding and potato. In addition to the Roast Sirloin (\$4.75), the Prime Ribs are cut to taste: Regular Full Cut (\$4.95), King Henry Cut (\$5.75) and Olde English Cut (\$4.95). On the sommelier's recommendation, an excellent red Bordeaux, Cos d'Estourn 1960, complemented our meat. In the general beverage department, the Half Yard of Watney Red Barrel Ale (\$1.25) is a house institution. A relic of days when thirsty postilions wetted whistles from the belled 18-inch glass without having to leave their positions atop the coach, the Half Yard comes to table positioned in a wooden rack. Open from lunchtime to two A.M., the restaurant functions under the direct touch of maître de Rod Bourne, overseeing waiters outfitted in tunics harking to the "Glorious Age of the Virgin Queen."

#### BOOKS

One of the century's major works of literary scholarship is now under wayand it's a way that will fascinate readers as well as scholars. Dan H. Laurence, who edited previous collections of Bernard Shaw's minor material, is preparing Shaw's letters for publication, and the first volume-of a projected four-is now Out: Bernard Show Collected Letters 1874-1897 (Dodd, Mead). Shaw's total correspondence is estimated at a quarter of a million items, so Laurence's work is cut out for him-and he for it. These letters take us from Shaw's arrival in London, from Dublin, at 19, up to the time of his marriage. They illuminate his first nine writing years of utter obscurity, his first breach of London literary life, and the acceleration of his mind and mental appetites toward the pitch that hummed happily through the wide world for over 50 years. By 1897 he had sparked the founding of the Fabian society and the Labour Party; written music and drama criticism that would have been enough in itself to immortalize anyone else; written the first major work on Ibsen in English; and written his first seven plays, including Candida. In addition, he had written these 691 letters, among others, many of which are long, most of which are highly interesting, and some of which are brilliant. The famous literary love affair with Ellen Terry is included, as well as his simultaneous wooing of his wife, plus a selection concerning his goings-on with previous girls. Shaw said he was a virgin until he was 29, but then seems to have cut loose in his 30s. (At one point, an actress with whom he had an affair played a character modeled on another mistress.) But it can't be claimed that, underneath his reputation for restraint, he was really an old rip. What does come through in this bursting book is the feeling of a pyrotechnic display of various forces-intellectual, artistic, political, personal-by a man who was, in the soberest sense, a hero. For instance, after a police action against homosexuals, G. B. S. launched "a protest against a law by which two adult men can be sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude for a private act, freely consented to and desired by both, which concerns themselves alone. There is absolutely no justification for the law . . ." This strong statement, reflecting the most modern opinion, was written in 1889.

As spokesman for the Intellectual



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Mau Mau, LeRoi Jones comes through loud and clear, broadcasting at the top of his voice, amplified by bitterness and rage. But reading his first novel, The System of Dante's Hell (Grove), is as frustrating as listening to a badly tuned radio in the next room: Every now and then a word or phrase comes clear, but mostly you strain for scraps and edges of meaning amid the sputtering crackle of static. "The fireplaces and whores of the cemeteries of your linoleum.) This is tether. Push toward (SOME END . . . It is Aristotle's coughs in the tent all night in the snow." It probably loses something in the quotation. "To make ready. witches. B. for five. wives. letters, strikes. bases, women. The Magi, are popular, Are broken glass, vases, crisp . . ." And, finally, the climax: "Oh, the barns of lead are gold." Jones describes all this as "association complexes," sounds and images "cohering" into new "thicknesses of meaning." Some of his themes actually do cohere in the final pages, especially the search throughout his childhood and adolescence for that flesh-and-bone reality that casts the shadow he feels his life to be; but the bulk of the novel has such complexities of association that it remains almost wholly private, such thicknesses of meaning that it finally becomes opaque. That the brutalities of the Negro ghetto life have overcome Jones' sense of humanity, that the tormenting self-doubts of a boy denied identity and pride have hardened into arrogant certainties-this is his true tragic descent into hell. For the puerile ravings of his plays, the banal sneering of his poetry, the hysterical racism of his politics tell us only that a man tortured to the limits of endurance will say anything. Men of sense and decency will ignore what he says -but must heed the agony in his voice.

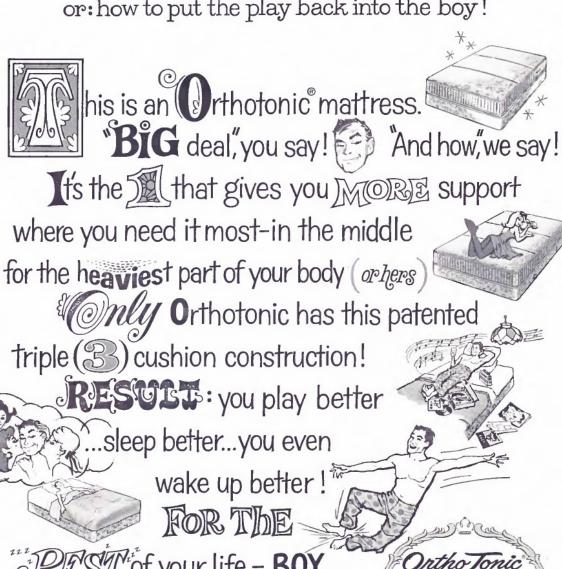
James Bond is a fink! Israel Bond is a schlemiel! Only John-Pierre Hallet is real! John-Pierre Hallet is, in fact, considerably larger than life. Six foot, five, 240 pounds, he has done everything in his 38 years but play defensive end for the Green Bay Packers, a position that would fit him fine. He has been an explorer, writer, film maker, lecturer, photographer, soldier, sociologist, naturalist, linguist, art collector. But it is his adventures in Central Africa, told not without a certain relish, that make Congo Kitabo (Random House) such an enormously entertaining book ("Kitabu" in Swahili means book or diary). Hallet has: lived on intimate terms with pygmies: wrestled with lions; taught a rhino to play ball; killed a leopard with his one good arm: eaten human flesh (unwittingly, he says); survived malaria and blackwater fever; and been married to a man. His marriage partner of the umbunyiwanyi ritual was "a 6-3 package of devious wiles, fully equipped with large expressive eyes, a hooked nose, a glib

tongue and a large, perpetually itching palm. We made a striking couple as we sat down together on the ceremonial mat." But the most dramatic portion of Hallet's Kitabu is his description of a stick of dynamite going off in his right hand. Contemplating his loss of blood. he sounds like old Bond himself telling the waiter how to prepare his martini. "I knew that the adult male averages 80 milliliters of blood per kilo of body weight, and so, at 110 kilos, I should have had close to 10 liters-about 20 pints of blood an instant before the explosion." Somehow, his right hand a bloody stump, the entire right side of his face an expanse of burned lacerations, his head slashed, his neck and jaw badly torn, a big flap of skin hanging down over his collarbone (the exposed large muscle, he informs us, was "probably the sternocleidomastoideus"), only the pinkie and ring finger of his left hand intact -somehow, Hallet is able to drive 200 miles over forbidding terrain to the hospital, where he is nursed back to health. Now living in America, the Belgian-born Hallet plans to develop a "Congoland U. S. A." in Southern California, where, given an occasional disaster, he should feel more or less at home.

With his monumental trilogy U.S.A., John Dos Passos established himself not only as a literary giant of the Thirties (Sartre called him "the greatest living writer of our time"), but also as a passionate defender of the underdog and an eloquent opponent of the ruling class. But after a bitter disillusionment with the Communists in the Spanish Civil War, "Dos" began to question the radical doctrines that had fired him since his youth. By 1952 the former radical was supporting Taft for President, and he has since been contributing his thoughts to the right-wing National Review. Whenever he is asked about the reversal of his ideology, Dos Passos insists that the times have changed rather than his own beliefs. Whatever the explanation, he has been the most prolific chronicler of his times that our century has known. In more than 40 books, he has hammered out the speech and the look and the feel of the world as he saw it. A sampling of that work has now been pieced together in a single voltime. The World in a Glass: A View of Our Century Selected from the Novels of John Dos Passos (Houghton Mifflin). Although selections from ten novels are included, more than half are from U.S.A., and the book is basically a condensation of U.S.A. and Midcentury, a panoramic novel of the Fifties written using U.S.A. techniques. The omissions as well as the selections are worth noting. Gone, for instance, is the passionate response in U.S.A. to the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the fiery challenge that ends:

# Ones Upon an Orthotonic Meitices henceforth called & Town? Seat Might Spot in Town?

or: how to put the play back into the boy!



of your life - BOY, put the play back in ... with an rthotonic mattressit's THE BEST NIGHT SPOT IN TOWN!

"They have clubbed us off the streets . . . they have the dollars the guns the armed forces the power plants/they have built the electric chair and hired the executioner to throw the switch/all right we are two nations . . ." From the angry idealism of youth, the author moves to the weary disillusionment of later years, as expressed in the finale to Midcentury that also serves as the end of this volume: "Man drowns in his own scum. / These nights are dark."

The dramatic and controversial subject of hallucinogenic or psychedelic (consciousness-expanding) drugs-principally LSD, psilocybin and mescalinecontinues to produce converts, casualties and a steady stream of essays, articles and books. (The entire subject was authoritatively dealt with in PLAYBOY, November 1963, in a troika of reports by Aldous Huxley, Dan Wakefield and Alan Harrington.) There is now even a quarterly magazine devoted entirely to the drugs, launched in June 1963 by Harvard professors-turned-prophets Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, along with an inner circle of acolytes. Selected fruits of The Psychedelic Review's first four issues are now available in book form, The Psychedelic Reader (University Books). Actually, the pieces that did not first appear in the Review are the best in the volume, including as they do works by Alan Watts, Gordon Wasson and Sir Julian Huxley. The material from the Review itself seems to be mostly by devotees of the Leary-Alpert prophetical persuasion, and much of it is written in a sort of medicomystical jargon: "Wise men write (with deliberation) in the esoteric. It's the way of making a rose or baby. The esoteric form is maya, the hallucinatory façade . . .' For no apparent reason, the authors of these pieces are not identified by background or qualifications. The serious development of the hallucinogenic drugs remains a subject of significance; the Psychedelic Reader is but a small milestone in its growing literature.

Early on the morning of Sunday, November 15, 1959, Herbert Clutter, his wife and his two teenage children were tied up with nylon cord in the farmhouse where they lived near Holcomb, Kansas. Then one of the two men who had bound them cut Mr. Clutter's throat and shot him with a rifle, after which he shot the three remaining Clutters and, with his partner, left the house. The crime, for which the pair was \$40 richer, attracted the attention of Truman Capote, who has done a phenomenal amount of work investigating the case and has produced a phenomenal work of reportage, In Cold Blood (Random House). Capote talked at length to the citizens of Holcomb, to the detectives involved and, most lengthily of all, to the

murderers themselves; the result is a chillingly minute account of the slaughter, its prolog and its aftermath, that reads like exciting fiction. There are sustained moments of breath-taking terror, fascinating studies of the murderers and several dreams as haunting as anything in Kafka. Capote skillfully conceals the motive for the crime till we are halfway through the book; and when he reveals it, it is at once disappointing and profoundly disturbing-for the murders were almost totally irrational. Much of the last quarter of the book is concerned with the nature of criminal insanity and the shortcomings of the McNaghten Rule, which holds that if a defendant knew his act was legally wrong, then he is legally sane and accountable. The discussion is important, but the shift of focus tends to weaken an otherwise tautly crafted structure. Aside from that defect, however, and Capote's occasional use of 13 facts where one would suffice, the book is a memorable achievement-almost too memorable in the horror it evokes.

No living American critic deserves plaudits more than Edmund Wilson. His latest collection, The Bit Between My Teeth (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), doesn't really tell us anything new about this prodigious man-practically everything in it has already appeared in magazines (notably The New Yorker) between 1950 and 1965. But bringing it together is like packing a lot of separate thrusts into one rocket. Wilson's mind ranges more widely than any modern essayist's except Sartre's; and if he doesn't have Sartre's professional philosophical equipment, Sartre doesn't have Wilson's wit and conciseness. This big book juxtaposes an analysis of the radical politics of Max Nomad and a bow to Sheilah Graham's memoir of Scott Fitzgerald; superb essays on the Marquis de Sade and a pasting of poet Victor Purcell; an interested and therefore interesting review of a book about funguses and an attack on fungoid clichés of journalism. (And when one thinks of the other subjects on which Wilson has written comprehensively that aren't included here—the Dead Sea scrolls and the state of Israel; French symbolist literature and American Civil War literature; Canadian culture and American Indians, etc., etc., etc. -one is further awed.) Wilson is against criticism that cuts off a work from the social body to examine it, like an organ in alcohol. He puts a work in its socialbiographical-historical setting, to see where it came from and why, as an aid to assessing and appreciating it. Thus the essays on De Sade are not only about the books but about De Sade's screwy life; the analysis of Swinburne tells us why as well as what he wrote. Through a long life Wilson has made writer friends, and he is partial to them. Maybe he overestimates Morley Callaghan and Dawn Powell, for example, but it's not only understandable, it's comforting—it reassures us that he is only mortal. He says in his opening paragraph that he got started on his career by discovering Taine in his father's library when he was about 15. A tribute to Taine; a lucky day for literature.

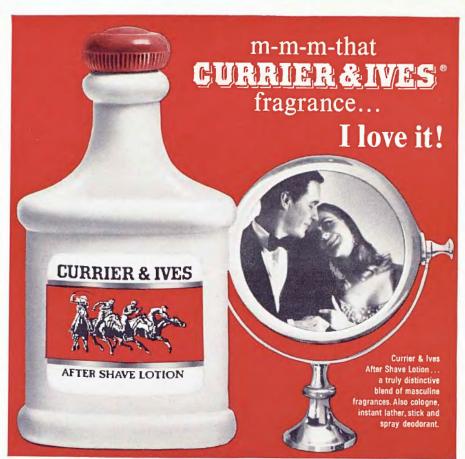
Like the French sapper blown up by his own case of explosives, Patrick Dennis now joins the ranks of writers who have unwittingly detonated themselves through the use of those very tools with which they so skillfully exploded others. In his new book, Tony (Dutton), Dennis shows none of the wit and deftness that made such successes of Auntie Mame and Little Me. Tony is a dreary snobalog, WASPishly told, about a social-climbing wretch. The chronicler doggedly relates the rise and fall of Tony Vandenberg. beginning at an exclusive Eastern prep school and ending with Tony's unlamented disappearance in the waters off Tangier. There have been successful novels about parvenus, but they dealt with character and motivation. Unfortunately. Dennis uses the pitiable social strivings of Tony as a means of demonstrating his own upper-class mystique. The author is caught up in a welter of class trivia: "Except for the youngsters, who hadn't had sufficient time for their clothes to develop the patina of age, the rest of the guests dressed to match. While I confess to being a trifle disappointed, I felt right at home in my Rogers Peet Prep Department dinner jacket; more at home, say, than Perry, who was got up in a pristine white sharkskin jacket with red cummerbund and matching tie." Parody? No, it's as much in earnest as a promotion brochure for the clothing industry. After the damage inflicted by Tony on Patrick Dennis, one can only hope that the swift formation of Anti-Maiming societies will effect his speedy and lasting recovery.

The fortunes or, more precisely, misfortunes of the Curtis Publishing Company have enlivened New York cocktail parties and depressed financial columns for going on a decade. In recent years, the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies' Home Journal, once master and mistress of all they surveyed, have been sorely afflicted, reduced to all manner of external borrowings and internal squabblings. This sad page of recent magazine history is set forth in workmanlike fashion by Philadelphia Inquirer reporter Joseph C. Goulden in The Curtis Caper (Putnam). His book, like many books written by newspapermen, suffers from a hyped-up style that barrels along with scarcely a breath for reflection, but Goulden has dug for the facts and his narrative, if not profound, does touch all the bases-editorial, financial and

personal—on the rather cluttered Curtis field. In the author's view, an obvious villain of the piece is television, but Curtis' troubles go beyond that. The company has been plagued by editors bemused with past successes, editors delirious with imagined power, editors simply outclassed by their rivals; it has suffered from both stodgy corporate management and flashy corporate management; and now it is reaping the sour fruits of failure. The Post, in particular, with an audience of millions, has yet to recover the confidence of Madison Avenue, which fears nothing more than to take a chance on a loser. The book ends with the ordeal of Curtis unresolved. Today, while many magazines are racking up record profits, the company remains deeply in the red, and every fiscal period brings fresh rumors of the imminent demise or sale of one or all of its magazines. But perhaps with luck, clean living, prayer, fasting and a modicum of talent, the decline will not end in a fall,

The Ballad of Dingus Magee (Bobbs-Merrill) Being the Immortal True Saga of the Most Notorious and Desperate Bad Man of the Olden Days, his Blood-Shedding, his Ruination of Poor Helpless Females, & Cetera; also including the Only Reliable Account ever offered to the Public of his Heroic Gun Battle with Sheriff C. L. Hoke Birdsill, Yerkey's Hole, New Mex., 1884, and with Additional Commentary on the Fateful and Mysterious Bordello-Burning of the Same Year; and furthermore interspersed with Trustworthy and Shamelessly Interesting Sketches of "Big Blouse" Belle Nops, Anna Hot Water, "Horseface" Agnes, and Others, hardly any Remaining Upright at the End. Composed in the Finest Modern English as taken diligently from the Genuine Archives by David Markson. All of which is the aforementioned Mr. Markson's manner of introducing his broad-gauged burlesque of the classic Western. All of its classic characters are here—the desperado and the sheriff, the doc and the schoolmarm and the Loose Woman-but they behave in the dangdest ways, It's Gunfight at the O.K. Corral, starring the Ritz Brothers, Markson doesn't strain for subtlety; he takes down the breeches of the Old West and blasts what's exposed with buckshot. Which, many readers may discover, is what they've been hankering to do for a long time.

A year before Queen Victoria died, relates Barbara Tuchman in The Proud Tower (Macmillan), she visited Ireland, and returning by yacht, encountered rough seas. When a particularly strong wave buffeted the ship, she summoned her doctor and said, "Go up at once, Sir James, and give the Admiral my compliments and tell him the thing must not



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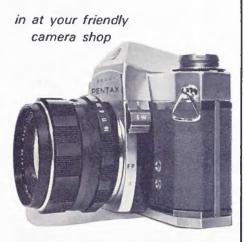
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#### ASAHI **PENTAX**

occur again." "But," as the author notes, "the waves would not stand still." Miss Tuchman, who in The Guns of August gave us a brilliant history of the beginnings of World War One, now offers an equally brilliant portrait of the years preceding that catastrophe. They were years of vast transformations and of solemn auguries that only a few contemporaries took seriously: the political emergence of the working class, the spread of socialism (and, for a brief, bloody period, of anarchism), the transformation of the U.S. into an imperial power and the ever-escalating arms race. All this was to culminate in "The Great War" which "lies like a band of scorched earth dividing that time from ours," Miss Tuchman succeeds in crossing the band and re-creating the spirit of that dear, doomed age. It was a time in which Frenchmen came to blows over Dreyfus, when the Kaiser fumed over Czar Nicholas' "idiotic" idea for an international disarmament conference, when Ibsen, viewing the arms race amidst the Edwardian glitter, observed, "We are sailing with a corpse in the cargo." Meanwhile, the English upper class was still at the helm. Its most exclusive club was Parliament, where 'ladies in wide hats and trailing skirts took tea with members and ministers on the terrace overhanging the Thames." The book gets its title from Poe: "While from a proud tower in the town/ Death looked gigantically down." And throughout the chronicle, as we watch the ladies at tea and the men on the podium, we sense the approach of Death and the town's unawareness of it. It is a tribute to Miss Tuchman's narrative skill that we yearn to shout a warning.

Now the publishing world offers a His and Hers to be placed on the bookshelf side by side or, perhaps, one atop the other. His was written by actor Richard Burton and bears the cov title Meeting Mrs. Jenkins (Morrow). Hers was written by actress Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher Burton, nee Jenkins, and bears the simple title Elizabeth Taylor (Harper & Row). Burton's effort, which contains about as many words as a short story, is the nonbook to end all nonbooks. He has nothing to saybut he says it well and gets it said quickly. And perhaps there are those who will be interested to learn that when he saw Liz for the first time, he thought: "Her breasts were apocalyptic, they would topple empires down before they withered. Indeed, her body was a miracle of construction and the work of an engineer of genius . . . It was true art . . ." Beside which his wife's tribute is pale, indeed. "Richard," she writes, "is a very sexy man." (Students of the Hollywood syndrome will note that his book is about her and her book is about her.) These thoroughly expurgated reminiscences

rob the Sturm-und-Drang life story of one of Hollywood's most flamboyant females of the single quality it undeniably possesses—its wild, explosive, melodramatically irrational spontaneity. Author Elizabeth Taylor makes actress Elizabeth Taylor duller than the dullest of housewives, simpler than the most simple-witted of teenagers, and more hypocritical than the flackiest of the flacks who ever penned an untrue word about her career.

#### ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

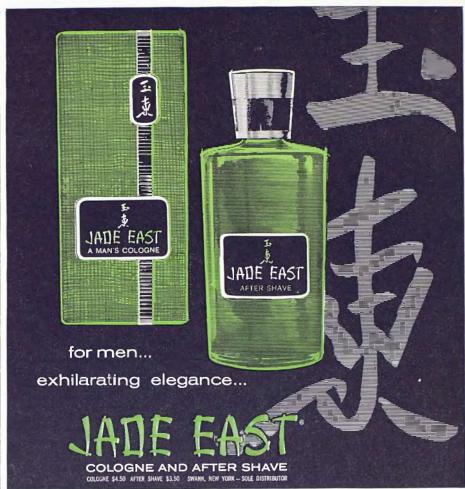
Often, the most interesting way to look at life is through a jaundiced eye, and this is probably why the topical revue is so firmly entrenched, and none more so than that at Manhattan's Upstairs at the Downstairs (37 West 56th Street). Its current edition, with the throwaway title of Just for Openers, follows the usual format of putting a handful of bright young performers on a postage-stamp stage, sans distractions of orchestra (twin pianos suffice) or scenery, and having them look obliquely at some of the things in contemporary life that are supposed to be taken much more seriously. Thus, while others may sing the virtues of the various leading ladies bounding around the world in different companies of Hello, Dolly!, a trio admits that, although they are stars of magnitude, one of them can't sing, one of them can't dance and one of them can't see. In a number called Mr. Know-It-All, the folk-rock singers are put in perspective by a lyrical protest against such problems as having to watch colortelevision programs on black-and-white sets, and the realization that maybe the bomb won't be set off. An ode to Lady Bird Johnson's beautification program warns Chicago to "clean up, or be shipped to Greece." A new telephone service is called "Dial-a-Deviate," in which subscribers may have read to them a passionate passage in the context of their favorite fetish. A candidate for Miss America refuses to consider the thought of being the first woman on the moon because "The U.S. of America means more to me than some fancy trip somewhere." The most gifted of the troupe is R. G. Brown, who, as a veterinarian guest on a children's program, brings in a kangaroo who can't display the pouch because she's a he, an eagle who can't display his baldness because he's too busy with other natural functions, an ostrich who flings Brown vigorously across the stage, and a mole who can't be shown because he burrows into the floor too quickly. All, of course, in superb pantomime. Produced by Rod Warren and staged by Sandra Devlin, the show has other bright lights in the persons of Fannie Flagg, who also wrote some of the more hilarious material;

Betty Aberlin, who is the best-looking comedienne around; Madeline Kahn; Richard Blair; and Stockton Brigel. This therapeutic irreverence is offered twice nightly, at 9:30 and midnight, every evening but Sunday. There is a minimum of \$5 per person Monday through Thursday, \$6 Friday, Saturday and holidays. Reservations are the sensible approach.

#### MOVIES

This month's Playboy Interview subject, Federico Fellini, has pulled such rare bits out of his hat as La Dolce Vita and 81/2. His latest, Juliet of the Spirits, could only have been made by the same magician, but it misses a few tricks. The story (which isn't much) and the technique (which is) are obviously meant to parallel those of 81/2. That one, you remember, was about a 40ish film director in the major crisis of his life; this one is about a 40ish wife in the same. Since the lead is played by FF's wife, Giulietta Masina, it takes less than a ton of bricks to make it clear that the pics are a matched pair of biographical probes. On her wedding day, Juliet's prosperous husband brings home a party of friends and a medium. The latter summons a female spirit, who alerts the little wife to more than the little life she has been leading, makes her dissatisfied, sends her to another sexy seance and to visit a well-kept dish on the next estate. All this activity coincides with Juliet's finding out that her husband is having a fling and that she can't do much about it. So she herself grows as her fate becomes fixed. In dash and dazzle, zooming imagination, lightning touches, scalpel satire, Fellini again works his wizardry. Again he mingles past recollection and present fantasy; again his designer, Piero Gherardi, provides clothes and sets that are simultaneously real and really incredible. This is FF's first color film, and what it lacks in subtlety, it makes up in pure wham. But, finally, it's all somewhat feeble, because Juliet is a bit pallid as written and played, and her problems a bit banal. It's a scintillating cinema circus, but, in contrast with 81/2, it has more sparkle than substance.

What's going on? Jerry Lewis makes a comedy—called Boeing Boeing—and the star turns out to be Tony Curtis. A fine state of affairs—which is exactly the plot of the picture. Tony is a correspondent with a Paris pad and a trio of tootsies—three airline hostesses: French, German, British. By scanning plane schedules and using a slide rule, he manages to pilot them in and out of his bedroom without collision—each one thinking that she's his fiancée and the apple of his apartment. He's helped in his high jinks by his maid—Thelma Ritter, thoroughly riotous—who switches photos, cuisine and lingerie

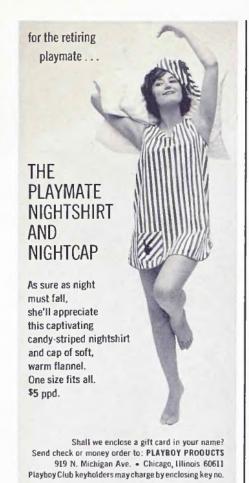


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in time to welcome each bosom pal. The original Marc Camoletti play-a Paris pow, now in its fourth London year, but a Broadway bomb-has a firm comedic base, because it has this rapidly revolving roué visited by an innocent old school chum from the country. However, Edward Anhalt's screen script changes the friend to a fellow correspondent and rival roué (Lewis), and this lowers the laugh level, which is lowered further by Lewis' lethargy. Oh, he crosses his eyes a bit and gargles his glottis, but the chuckles in this bedchamber potboiler are due to Tony and the untony Thelma. The three girls are Dany Saval, the Gallic knockout; Suzanna Leigh, a bright bundle from Britain; and Christiane Schmidtmer, a grand Teuton whose measurements are 40-26-38. You'll see more of Chris in next month's PLAYBOY.

Cartoonist Herb Gardner, creator of the Nebbishes, decided a few years ago to write a play, and the public decided it was a hit. Now, Fred Coe, the original producer, has directed it into a funny flick from Gardner's own screenplay. A Thousand Clowns gets its title like so: The girl, Sandra, is upset at finding out she has more emotions than she thought, and the man says, "It's confusing at first, like a Chinese fire drill. Oh, but lady, isn't it great to find out how many Sandras there are. Like those little red cars in the circus, this tiny red car comes out and putters around, hardly big enough for a midget, and suddenly its doors open and out come a thousand clowns, whooping and hollering and raising hell." There's not much to the story; a 12-year-old boy lives with his uncle, a deliberately unemployed TV writer who has quit the Chuckles the Chipmunk Kiddy Show and is now making their one-room apartment into an Upper West Side Walden. Authorities are worried about the boy's unconventional school essays ("My Visit to the El Bambino Club") and send around two social workers, an engaged pair. Eventually, the man leaves alone and the girl stays the night. (The kid camps upstairs.) It's all a freehand fling at the rat-race of routine, and as long as it doesn't think it says anything, it's both amusing and convincing. Barbara Harris, new Broadway star of On a Clear Day You Can See Forever, is a dark-eyed dumpling delight. William Daniels is polished as her prissy pal, and the kid, Barry Gordon, is cool. Gene Saks has a wild bit as a really sick comic. As on Broadway, Jason Robards is the uncle. There seem to be plenty of people who believe a girl would go for him, and who even find him believable as Mr. Nice Guy, so who are we to say no?

Swedish Wedding Night proves that nuptials on a Swedish farm are just like those anywhere else: defloration (not of the bride, who is already pregnant by someone else); attempted rape of the bride by

the boy she doesn't marry; consummation in the bridal bed by still someone else; a merry little session in which a virgin amuses herself in and after the bath; demands by a city girl on a farmhand (while she wears his boots). There's also a suicide, a madman, a death by heart attack. Oh, we almost forgot: The bride's older sister has a ten-year-old bastard, and the girls have a daft old dad who won't come down out of the attic. It sounds like a parody of Scandinavian solemnity, but the fact is that much of this Swedish film is moving. Rune Ericson's photography is so fine and most of the actors so effective that a lot of individual moments have the ring of reality. Some faces are familiar from Bergman films: Jarl Kulle, the lead in All These Women, is the drunken groom; Lars Passgard, the boy in Through a Glass Darkly, is now old enough to be a rejected suitor; Tor Isedal, the mute murderer in The Virgin Spring, is the bride's brother. The direction is, to put it lightly, heavy, but the quality of the camerawork and cast keeps Swedish Wedding Night from being completely campy.

They've done it again! The Bridge on the Guns of Operation Crossbow has been shaken up once more, and now it comes out The Heroes of Telemark. This time the World War Two story of how a small band of commandos/partisans (choose one) infiltrates enemy lines to blow up a bridge/gun emplacement/factory (choose one, or even two) has been set in northern Norway, and has to do with the Norwegian underground's sabotage of a German plant in Norway, where heavy wateressential to atomic research—was made. Their actions presumably delayed German progress toward The Bomb. The only trouble with these films is that, as films, they're pretty predictable; the ghoulish Gestapo officer, the likable lads who get killed, and so on. Stars are Richard Harris and Kirk Douglas, with Ulla Jacobsson, Swedish smorgasbord, as Kirk's ex-wife who is not too ex for sex. The color Panavision pic was largely made on location and is full of the sweep of immense blue-white snowy space. The action is on skis; and the silent sweeping slaloms lend a tense grace to the goingson. Douglas, as ever, is daring and dimpled, and Harris' swashbuckling bravura fits this Norseman neatly. Director Anthony (El Cid) Mann, outstandingly adept at adventure films, is rapidly becoming the man's Mann.

England keeps getting less Merry and more American, as *The Leather Boys* shows scathingly. This London motorcycle mob of juveniles, complete with jackets and jive, cut up their cockney talk with Yank slang—calling each other "Man." It starts like a limey version of *The Wild One*, but it soon makes up its own mind what it's about, holds to it

and holds us. Two 16-year-olds get married: newcomer Colin Campbell (good) and Rita (The Knack) Tushingham (terrific). As soon as the honeymoon eclipses, they revert to being the kids that, emotionally, they still are. She's mad about movies and Mods, he's more interested in motorcycles than mating. They spat and split; and he takes a room at his grandma's (back in the boy's role) with a fellow cyclist who is secretly a fag (a firstclass performance by Dudley Sutton). The paths of the three cross and recross, and the boy never really finds out about his buddy until a subtle scene at the end. The film is a gripping, grimly funny probe of teenage problems-the premature pairing, the restlessness that finds both outlet and frustration in cycle burn-ups. Sidney J. Furie, who directed The Iperess File, has done a generally genuine job, with sympathy and skill. Gillian Freeman's script, from Eliot George's novel, is fast and full of feeling. This is a picture without pretenses and with considerable power.

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story is a documentary that could easily have been a drag but is not. It conveys powerfully the story of a plain child: whose mother was a beauty and who disliked her; whose father liked her but who was a drunk and soon disappeared from her life; who was reared without childhood friends by old folks in large dark houses; and who took her place as a distant cousin's wife more or less as she might have taken an assigned place in a gavotte. Only after F. D. R. became Assistant Secretary of the Navy and she accidentally saw a miserable mental hospital for shell-shocked sailors was she touched to action as a social being. That is the Eleanor Roosevelt story, delicately detailed here, with skillful use of stills in the early part and fine sound footage for the rest, neatly woven for chronicle and comment. The narration was written -wisely and warmly-by Archibald Mac-Leish, and it's spoken by him and Eric Sevareid, with a wonderful section by Mrs. Francis Cole, a first cousin of Mrs. R.'s who was one of her bridesmaids and who reminisces vividly. The film is moving without being maudlin; and it confirms that history should think of the Roosevelt era as being that of Mr. and Mrs.

Despite the disquietingly overpowdered face of Richard Burton, The Spy Who Came In from the Cold is an outstanding espionage thriller. Produced and directed by Martin Ritt, it is based on the best-selling novel by John Le Carré. With the current spy craze spawning superheroes and archvillains, The Spy—suffused with the sordidness and grittiness that most certainly exists in the real world of trench coats and revolvers—is a refreshing achievement. The plot moves—but never sacrifices credibility to

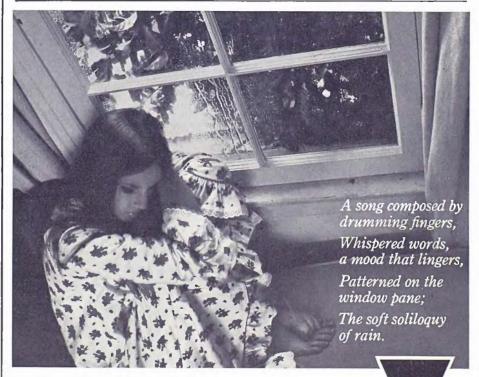
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pace. Burton plays Alec Leamas, a cynical, seedy British Intelligence agent who is about to be "brought in from the cold" -a phrase used in the Intelligence game to mean "relegated to a desk job"-but is given one last assignment: to assist in the murder of Mundt (capably played by Peter Van Eyck), East Germany's brutal ex-Nazi counterspy chief. Burton as Leamas carefully builds up an image of a man filled with emotion-proof bitterness and 90-proof alcohol, incapable of selfcontrol. It is a remarkable portrait of a misfit. Learnas does manage to find enough incentive to be seduced by Nan (Claire Bloom), an English Commie librarian, whose part, though a bit aggressive, is sympathetic and believable. Here begins an intricately woven complex of machinations that astute chess players should have no trouble solving. They revolve about Leamas' being thought of as a defector and being whisked off to East Germany to meet the clever Jew, Fiedler, Mundt's assistant, who is played by Oskar Werner in an all-too-brief but absolutely brilliant performance. Through Communist tribunals, Fiedler's growing suspicions of Mundt, Leamas' sudden awareness that he and Nan have been used as pawns, and a mazelike intrigue that demands audience alertness, we end up at the Berlin Wall and the excruciating denouement. The photography is artful but not arty and Ritt's direction is meaningfully direct. Coupled with the powerful performances, they make for a compelling screen achievement.

#### RECORDINGS

Frank Sinatra/My Kind of Broadway (Reprise) is a pickup of show times the Meistersinger has previously recorded. plus a trio of fresh theater themes. One of the three, however, never did see the light of klieg on Broadway; the musical Hot September, from which Golden Moment is taken, folded out of town. The two others-Ev'rybody Has the Right to Be Wrong and I'll Only Miss Her when I Think of Her-are from the current hit Shyscraper, and the Burke and Van Heusen words and music are up to par for Sinatra's favorite songwriting team. Among the show tunes echoed: the beautiful Lost in the Stars and Yesterdays, and the ebullient Luck Be a Lady and Have You Met Miss Jones. But old or new, as sung by Sinatra, they all make for easy listening.

Consummate contemporary jazz in an appropriate setting: that's the gist of Milt Jackson at the Museum of Modern Art (Limelight). The eminent MJQ vibes man leads a quintet featuring James Moody's soaring flute. On exhibit are nine jazz originals by Jackson, Moody,

Cedar Walton, the group's pianist, J. J. Johnson and Jimmy Heath. (Moody sings on his own *Flying Saucer*.) The art of Jackson and his confreres rates critical kudos.

My Name Is Barbra, Two... (Columbia) continues the epic success saga of the miraculous Miss Streisand. This goround, Barbra applies her pipes to charts by Peter Matz and Don Costa (who conduct their own arrangements). Included here is a lengthy medley from her award-winning TV special, several tunes of which (Second Hand Rose—our favorite—and I Got Plenty of Nothin') are found, full-length, elsewhere on the LP.

Long after the movie has departed the scene, jazz aficionados will be able to derive pleasure from Music from the Sound Track of "Mickey One"/Stan Getz (MGM). The score created by Eddie Sauter gives the Getz tenor a wide latitude in which to weave its luminous thread. Stan's improvisations on the Sauter themes are far more provocative than the movie that inspired them.

Ella in Hamburg/Ella Fitzgerald (Verve) proves that the locale has less than no effect on the quality of the Miss Fitz musical output—whether she's softly swinging through an Ellington medley, belting out the Beatles' A Hard Day's Night or caressing Matt Dennis' Angel Eyes. Backed by Tommy Flanagan on piano. Keter Betts on bass and Gus Johnson on drums, Ella is strictly wunderbar.

One of the world's great pianists, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, is almost unknown in this country due to his unwillingness to record and his reluctance to leave his native Italy. Some inkling of the reclusive artist's prodigious talents may be gotten from Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli (Odeon), a ten-inch LP made up of the Bach-Busoni Chaconne and the Brahms Variations on a Theme of Paganini-wherein the virtuoso technique and probing interpretive sense of the artist are very much on displayand L'Arte di Benedetti Michelangeli (Odcon), which runs the gamut from Scarlatti to Chopin to Debussy in brilliant fashion. The sound on L'Arte is wretched, but Michelangeli's genius overcomes even that obstacle.

Julie London / Feeling Good (Liberty), besides having the lovely London larynx on tap, profits from the presence of Gerald Wilson's uninhibited big band. With the Wilson welkin-ringing behind her, Julie turns My Kind of Town into a London merry air, has a ball on the Herbie Hancock hoedown Watermelon Man, and is

equally at home on the likes of Summertime and King of the Road.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra / Concert in the Virgin Islands (Reprise) is a felicitous reflection of those bright little isles. Except for new takeouts on a brace of old stand-bys—Things Ain't What They Used to Be and Chelsea Bridge—and the lesswell-known The Opener, the numbers are all fresh fodder for the Dukedom of Ellington which tackles them con brio. One of the album's many highlights is Jungle Kitty, a showcase for Cat Anderson's soaring trumpet.

Another trumpeter of note is featured on Ted Curson / The New Thing and The Blue Thing (Atlantic). The Curson horn of plenty, in the context of a quintet, is imaginative, tasteful and possessed of a clarion tone. The tunes (Star Eyes is the exception) are Curson originals and Ted is his own best interpreter. Tenor sax aide-de-camp Bill Barron leaves us unmoved, but, thankfully, the LP is almost all Curson.

Rheta Hughes with Tennyson Stephens (Columbia) is a smashing debut. The young singer, joined in the vocal department by pianist Stephens on occasion, has a deep-throated, throbby delivery that is quite compelling. The material chosen is first-rate and includes the haunting A Taste of Honey, When Sunny Gets Blue and Horace Silver's swinging Come On Home, to which Hughes and Stephens apply the Jon Hendricks lyrics with articulate abandon.

Now, Jazz Ramwong / Albert Mangelsdorff (Pacific Jazz) provides a fine batch of contemporary jazz sounds brewed up by the German trombonist and his quintet. Mangelsdorff, who comes over like an amalgam of J. J. and Bill Harris, leads his troops through eight internationally attuned items, the high point of which is the title tone poem, based on the ramwong, a Siamese dance.

Leos Janáček's Slavonic Mass (Columbia) is impressively performed by Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, the Westminster Choir under the direction of Elaine Brown. with soloists Helga Pilarczyk, Janis Martin, Nicolai Gedda and George Gaynes. and organist Bruce Prince-Joseph. Written 40 years ago by the late-blooming Czech genius, it is in essence a secular work-a massive, majestic piece filled with daring harmonies, compelling melodic strains and the strangely appealing sound produced by the Slavonic tongue. As performed on this recording, it is a thing of impassioned beauty.

Gospel and civil rights songs (and the two are inextricably intertwined) are

dramatically set forth on Freedom Highway / The Staple Singers (Epic) and Swing Low Sweet Chariot (Vee Jay), also by the Staples. If there were ever any doubts as to the group's ranking as the world's premier gospel delineators, these LPs will erase them. The Epic recording contains, in addition to the title ballad, the omnipresent We Shall Overcome and a totally unclichéed rendition of When the Saints Go Marching In. Swing Low, with songs and arrangements by Roebuck Staples, father of the group, is moving and melodious from beginning to end.

A cornucopia of comedy LPs are on hand: The big one is "Welcome to the LBJ Ronch" (Capitol). The shtick is that the taped remarks of a number of political figures are tacked onto questions dreamed up by writers Earle Doud and Alen Robin and asked by Doud, Robin, John Cameron Swayze, Westbrook Van Voorhis and John St. Leger. Some of the high points are: Bob Kennedy being told that the next Presidential election won't be until 1968 and saying. "I don't think that's fair." . . . President Johnson reeling off an endless list of medicos when asked who treated his cold. . . . Barry Goldwater, when queried about what he's been doing for the last two years, coming back with "Destroying the Republican Party." . . . and Nelson Rockefeller, after being asked what he intends giving his wife for her birthday. replying "New York and California . . . both states and all the people in them." Bob Booker and George Foster, who were in on The First Family albums with Earle Doud, have their own offering this go-round-You Don't Have to Be Jewish (Kapp). A cast of eight, highlighted by nonpareil character actor Jack Gilford, runs through a clutch of comedy vignettes-all of a Yiddish persuasion, A number of them are comfortably familiar, which doesn't make for much action on the laugh meter, but a few of the fresher items are hoo-ha hilarious. To wit: the opener, a phone conversation between a suburban housewife and her oversolicitous mother: the reading of a will and, vuh den, an Ian Fleming parody: Secret Agent. James Bondstein. But give it a listen, already. My Name Is Allan (Warner Bros.) has its first laugh on the cover (a photo of Allan Sherman, age three, is used to duplicate exactly the My Name Is Barbra LP cover). There are yoks inside, too, with Sherman at his familiar game of parodying well-known songs. Included are a wonderful takeoff of Secret Love (Once 1 Had a Secret Code), That Old Black Magic (That Old Back Scratcher) and a puzzled paean to the avant-garde theater, It's a Most Unusual Play, based on you-know-what.





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### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Two years ago I met the girl of my dreams. We are now engaged, but she never wears her ring, for fear her retired Army-officer father (6'5", 300 lbs.) might see it. He is the strong, silent type and likes to walk about in his old uniform inspecting the house and yard. Frankly, the guy scares hell out of me. What's the safest way to tell him about our engagement?—L. F., Lake Placid, Florida.

Long distance from Seattle.

Despite my being over 21, single, reasonably attractive (38-24-36, if it matters) and quite liberal in my attitude toward sex, I am still a virgin-not that I haven't tried to rectify this situation, mind you. Twice in the past year, I have been intellectually and emotionally ready for an affair, and in each case the man involved has called things to a halt. The first of my potential lovers insisted we marry before bedding down (I don't want to settle down just yet), while the other excused himself on the grounds that he didn't want to hurt me. In both instances. I became bitchy when rejected and started flirting with other men, eventually causing my reluctant lovers to stop dating me altogether. Why is it that the men I choose to sleep with always fail so miserably in the clutch, and the ones that are raring to roll in the hay just leave me cold?-Miss D. W., San Francisco, California.

We think the lady doth protest too much—and that you may be less "intellectually and emotionally ready for an affair" than you assume. Instead of wondering why it is that "the men [you] choose to sleep with always fail so miserably in the clutch," you might better reverse the question and wonder why it is you appear to be most attracted to those men who actually prove to be the least challenge to you sexually? (And perhaps in other ways as well.) Why, you might very well ask yourself, are you least attracted sexually to males who are most sexually attracted to you?

It also sounds as though you may have done far less to actually consummate a sexual affair with either of your pair of "potential lovers" than you would like to believe-turning sex into a psychologically castrating challenge instead of a natural part of a total relationship. Your own description of the relationships ("In both instances, I became bitchy when rejected and started flirting with other men . . .") doesn't give the impression of any serious attempt to overcome the alleged reservations of either of your favored fellows. The only logical conclusion to be drawn from this, it seems to us, is that you really didn't want to overcome their reservations—that your attitude toward sex is not as liberal as you suggest—and that you are actually playing a game with your chastity, the purpose of which is to compete with and win out over the opposition (men).

The concern you express over your status as a virgin actually masks a deeper dissatisfaction with your over-all relationships with the opposite sex. On the conscious level, there is the implication that if you could just give yourself sexually to the right man, the emotional problems that frustrate you in any important male-female relationship would disappear; but subconsciously, you seem to sense—and in this, we think you are quite correct—the mechanical loss of your maidenhead will not solve your problems and may well complicate them.

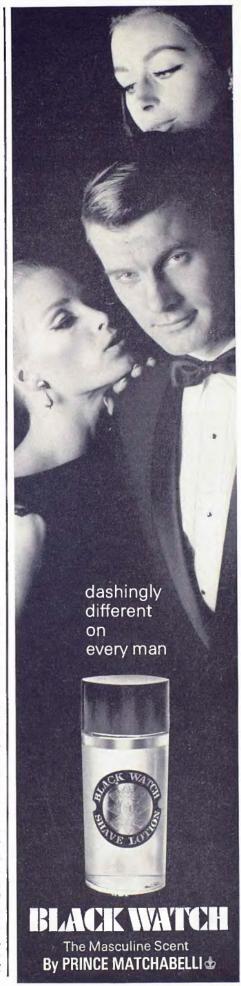
If your own insight confirms even a portion of what we are suggesting here, then self-interest should prompt you to seek professional counsel, in order to get at the root of what appears to be a deep-seated antagonism to men.

Why is the wedding ring placed on the third finger of the left hand?—B. T., Manchester, New Hampshire.

In the 12th Century, when Pope Innocent III originated the custom of sealing the marriage compact with a ring, it was believed that a "vein of love" ran directly from the third finger, left hand, to the heart.

have a routine complaint about a routine curse-baldness, Although I am only 20, I have less hair than my father, a stag at the eve of 50. This not only hampers my appearance, but also hinders my dating. My barber offers me no solution, nor does my doctor. As a result, I have become morose, withdrawn, negative in my performance abed. Is there some escape for me in the hair-growing advertisements I have seen occasionally in magazines, newspapers and supplements? Would you suggest a wig, or perhaps hair transplanting? Or should I just live with it, as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner endured his burdensome albatross?-C. F., Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Like Coleridge's hero, you "stoppeth one of three" (the ratio of bald to hirsute men in America). Thus, in our view you are overburdened by your symbolic albatross. Among millions of balding men (including, in proportion, one third of this nation's 4,000,000 barbers), most compensate for their lack with other assets: personality, physique, erudition, compassion, humor. A winning personality can give a bald head as much appeal



as a ringer for Ringo. But if you remain unconvinced, we suggest a toupee or hair piece. Hair goods, in general, have been considerably improved since the floor-mop designs of a generation ago. Good toupees are made of human hair, available in a variety of styles, custom-suited to the individual, and are priced from \$150 up. They are virtually undetectable and can even be worn when sleeping, showering or swimming.

Medical science is as baffled by baldness as it is by the common cold. But baldness won't harm you, nor is hair some mysterious symbol of virility. If you're bald, learn to live with it; or, if you prefer, have it topped off with a

toupee.

Exactly what do the numbers appearing on automobile tires refer to? (Mine, for example, are 6.70 x 15.)—M. F., Stillwater, Oklahoma.

The first number refers to the width (in inches) of the tire measured from sidewall to sidewall when inflated. Thus, your tires are 6.7 inches wide. The second number indicates the diameter of the wheel rim, meaning the doughnut holes in your tires measure 15 inches across.

During a bull session, a point of dating etiquette arose which was argued far into the night. Here's the puzzler: Is a man required to stay with his date for an entire evening if he finds another man's date more desirable? Of course, we agreed that leaving one's date stranded is out of the question. But that's not the point. If two men were to trade their dates, with the girls' concurrence, would this be acceptable?—C. A. G., North Plainfield, New Jersey.

In the unlikely event that all four of the members on a double date agreed to a change in partners, with no ill feelings, we can see no objection to the arrangement. But it would be wrong for a man ever to abandon his date, no matter how attractive he might find someone else's. Date swapping, si; date dropping, no.

am interested in acquiring a Morgan three-wheel sports car, any vintage. However, being a college student, my income is meager. Assuming I make \$1600 next summer, could I afford to buy one of these brutes, have it shipped over from England, and keep it running during my last year of school?—R. H., Indianapolis, Indiana.

The chances of your locating a Morgan "trike" either Stateside or in England are highly unlikely, since antique-auto buffs usually zero in on any available models, paying prices far beyond your present budget. Why not add a wheel and shop for a used Series 1/4 or Plus-4 Morgan—two more prosaic models

that do appear in sports-car markets on this side of the Atlantic? Older ones sell for less than \$1600 and still provide the bone-breaking, wind-in-the-face ride that three-wheel Morgan owners swear by.

Recently I had the pleasure of sampling a marvelous Portuguese wine called Mateus. On the neck of the bottle was a sticker bearing the word "sogrape." Can you explain the meaning of this term?—J. Y., Upland, California.

Glad to. The word "sogrape" on your bottle of Mateus is the Portuguese term for a rose wine, so named for the type of

grape used.

My problem is my 14-year-old daughter. She was reared in a Victorian manner by her mother (from whom I was divorced when the child was less than a year old). The mother taught the child nothing about life, and still attempts to push her down with a heavy thumb and make her account for every minute of her time. Lately the girl has been spending quite a bit of time with me, and is in obvious rebellion against parental discipline (she seems to love me best when I am most permissive). She has told me, during various heart-to-heart discussions, that she believes strongly in sexual freedom, and intends to start trying it out as soon as

I am no prude, and have been able to answer my daughter's most intimate questions without shame or embarrassment. Yet, even though I would allow her her freedom at a later and more responsible age, I do not believe that 14 is a proper or sensible age for a girl to start experimenting. That she still lacks enough responsibility should be evident from just one example: In attempting to show her how easy it is for a careless, headstrong young woman to get herself in trouble, I mentioned the necessity of taking precautions should she decide to experiment with sex. She answered, "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it."

Now, I am aware of the fact that at her age, and particularly when she starts dating at age 15 (which is next month), it will be impossible to keep an eye on her, and I must depend upon influence alone to keep her safe and sensible. Still, she is basically a sensible girl, and responds to an intelligent approach. I have read in Mr. Hefner's Philosophy that PLAYBOY believes in freedom of mature, responsible people, but not necessarily in equal freedom for the young and immature. In short, what sort of advice would you render to a perhaps too broad-minded father and a rather headstrong daughter?-B. S., San Antonio, Texas.

It's impossible to establish arbitrarily the age at which a person becomes mature and responsible enough to engage in sex, but relatively few 15-year-olds are and, judging from your description, your daughter certainly isn't. You're quite correct when you state that, at this point, you're going to have to trust her, because you can't watch her every minute-and it would be a serious mistake to try even if you could. Overly oppressive parents frequently produce the opposite of what they want, prompting rebellion rather than obedience. But too permissive parents can be equally harmful, because young people expect guidance, equate it with love, and those who don't receive as much as they require grow into emotionally impoverished. irresponsible adults, with little respect for those who reared them.

In your daughter's case, it's a little late to begin supplying the sense of love and security she missed in childhood, but you can try-and you should. Although she may seem pleased on the surface when you are most permissive, this becomes an implicit criticism of the mother and her sterner standards, which is anything but healthy for the girl (you should avoid, as much as possible, criticism of your ex-wife-both directly and indirectlysince this is apt to be emotionally unsettling to your daughter and only encourage her rebellion); moreover, she may interpret your willingness to give in to her demands-well intended as it may be-as a lack of real interest in her welfare.

Where sex is concerned, what your

daughter clearly needs, in addition to

the physiological facts of life that you indicate you've been able to supply, is a set of moral values to give them meaning. You should devote several of those heart-to-heart discussions to her confusion of indiscriminate and irresponsible sex with sexual freedom, making clear that freedom of any kind entails responsibility. When your daughter begins dating, she will obviously be free to establish her own personal sex code. How she uses this personal freedom will depend on how high an opinion she has of herself, of her mother and of you. If she uses her newly acquired freedom to simply "start trying it out as soon as possible"-on the indiscrimi-

nate and impersonal basis that this implies—she will be selling herself and sex woefully short; she'll achieve neither love nor freedom, but only empty, point-

less promiscuity.

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





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#### PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

SKI BUFFS WHO consider the winter season too short will find excellent spring and summer schussing at several posh resorts in the Swiss and French Alps. From Reusch, Switzerland (eight miles from Gstaad, a fine base), you can make a half-hour cable-car trip along the Oldenegg-Cabane des Diablerets (4500 feet high) to the Diablerets Glacier at the foot of the Oldenhorn, a height of 10,000 feet. There are good restaurant facilities at both the Reusch and Oldenegg cable-car stations. In addition to yearround skiing, the new resort area offers guided tours over the Tsansleuron Glacier and walks along the Martistal to the Oldenalp, famed for its rare alpine flowers.

In France, you can ski from now through most of the summer on the heights above Val d'Isère, center of some of the best skiing in *les alpes françaises*. *Télécabines* and ski lifts move you up the towering Col de l'Iseran to the ski slopes on the Pissaillas Glacier.

From Chamonix, the téléférique from Argentière takes skiers up the Col des Grands Montets for the Petite Verte and Drus runs in the Chamonix Valley. Skiing conditions are usually OK through the end of September. From Alpe d'Huez, one of the sites of the 1968 Winter Olympics, the Grandes Rousses téléférique rises to the Pic Blanc, which offers three separate runs—on which the French championship ski team takes its summer training. Snow is always good well into August.

If you'd rather thaw winter's chill from your bones, vacation in high style for a reasonable stipend by renting one of the luxurious cottages in Mexico's Las Brisas hillside colony (just outside Acapulco) during the April off-season. Many of the cottages, staggered up a steep hillside, have individual swimming pools, all so carefully landscaped that they offer enough privacy for swims in a monokini or less. Other touches: the well-stocked and constantly replenished refrigeratorbar in each cottage; the bowl of fruit that's changed each day; the morning delivery of a Thermos of coffee and fresh buns to be enjoyed on your own poolside terrace, while you watch the morning sun glinting on the white sails and blue waters of Acapulco Bay.

Acapulco, only a short drive from Las Brisas, is a fascinating combination of new and old, with ultramodern glass-and-steel structures standing within easy reach of thatched-hut fishing villages. The entire scene is visually brightened by the presence of vacationing norteamericana beauties and local señoritas, while

the rhythmic sounds of mariachi groups add aural color. Truly isolated beaches abound near Pie de la Cuesta, a long spit of land where gigantic Pacific combers beat on one side and the calm waters of a tropical lagoon reflect ranked groves of coconut palms on the other.

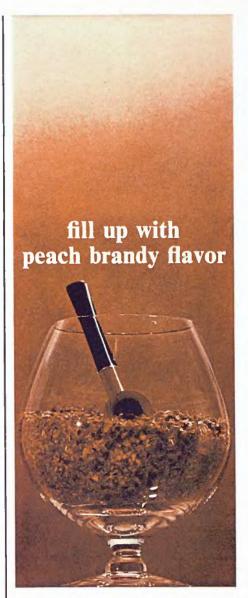
Long a prime attraction for sailfish fans and water skiers, Acapulco is becoming increasingly popular with surfers, because of the wide range of surf that abounds here among the various bays. Calmest waters are at the north end, on Roqueta Island or off Caletilla Beach. Slightly rougher waters are located at Hornos beach, with increasingly turbulent seas southward near El Presidente and Acapulco Hilton hotels. These continue on around the southern arm of the Bay to the vast stretches of wild, unprotected ocean beach at Revolcadero and past the Pierre Marquez Hotel.

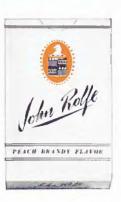
In the evening, the range of activities is profuse—from smart dining and dancing to night-club shows that re-enact ancient Indian sacrificial rites. Somewhat camp, but worth a quick look, are the "diving boy" spectacles, headed by world champion high diver Raul Garcia.

On your way north from Acapulco, stop at Aguascalientes during the late-April fiesta of San Marcos, when the country's leading matadors gather for three notable corridas. The local hacienda owners really put out the welcome mat for yangui visitors to the festival. Many of them stage tientas in their own private bull rings-during which cows and young calves are tested for fighting spirit. These are highly social occasions in the year's work at the breeding ranches (for which the region is famous). The Hacienda Peñuelas not only puts on a tienta, but provides quarters for guests as well. Most visitors, however, stop at the modern San Marcos motor hotel in

In Florida, try a day's shooting to break the lazy continuity of sunny beach and salty surf. Commercial hunting preserves are multiplying here, and virtually without season, they offer excellent bird shooting (wild turkey, quail, duck, snipe, woodcock and dove) that represents a considerably different challenge from hunting grounds farther north. Preserves are located near Inglis, Tampa, Ocala, Penney Farms, Newberry, Sebring, Sarasota and Williston.

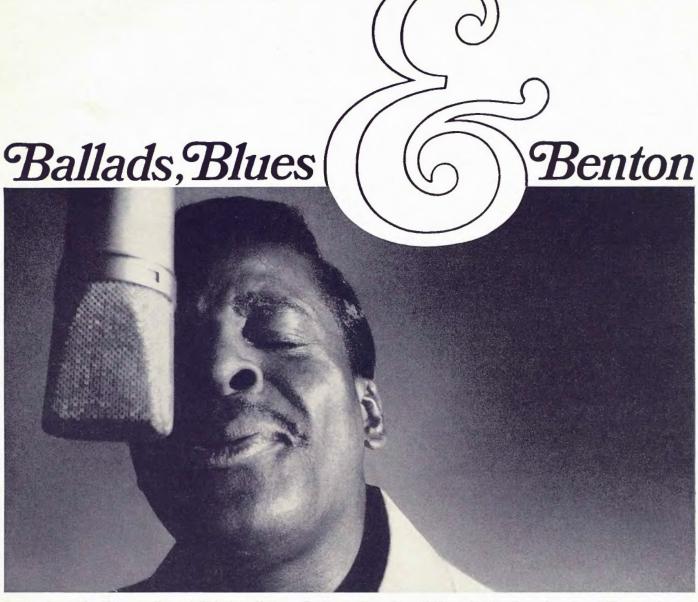
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## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

#### DONN CALDWELL FREED!

I have been a free man less than two hours, and writing this letter is the very first thing on my long list of things to do after having been in the penitentiary for two years. Even before I sit down to a decent meal, I want to try to thank all you wonderful people at PLAYBOY magazine for what you have done for me. You have helped me regain my freedom, and you can believe me that next to life itself, freedom is the most important thing in the world. And the morale boost you gave me and my parents by publishing my original letter to you was immeasurable. You have my eternal gratitude for your interest, sympathy and support.

Donn Caldwell

Moundsville, West Virginia

It is with great pleasure and a deep sense of gratification that we are able to inform our readers that Donn Caldwell has been released from prison. We first learned of Caldwell's incarceration when he wrote a letter published in the June 1965 "Forum" congratulating Hefner on his editorial condemnation in "The Playboy Philosophy" of suppressive U.S. sex laws, and stating that his own interest in the matter was far from academic, since he was currently serving a one-to-ten-year sentence in West Virginia State Penitentiary for sodomy-"submitting to a crime against nature (heterosexual fellatio-no force in-

volved)."

A local radio-TV personality, ex-GI, college graduate and former member of the Wheeling Symphony Orchestra, bachelor Donn Caldwell had no previous criminal record; he was sent to the Weston State Mental Hospital for observation and examination-a state requirement, prior to sentencing, in all West Virginia sex cases. (In recently enacting this law, the legislature indicated that "the court shall act on the recommendations of the State Board of Control"-in this case, the Weston State Hospital.) In the State Hospital report, clinical director Dr. E. J. Lazaro stated: "This man is not harmful to society and 1 recommend immediate probation or parole and a program of outpatient psychiatric treatment due to severe depression." Explaining the depression, Caldwell wrote: "At that time, I had been either in jail or Weston, under extreme pressure, for over a year and things looked rather hopeless to me."

Probation was denied by the court and Caldwell was sent to the state penitentiary. The effective date of sentence was set at July 1963-the month in which he was first incarcerated-which, with a one-to-ten-year sentence, made him eligible for parole in August 1964. He went before the parole board in September 1964, but parole was denied.

The publication of Caldwell's letter prompted considerable public reaction (see "The Playboy Forum," September 1965), and it was hoped that this might increase his chances at his second hearing before the parole board; and the fact that he had, by that time, already served more than two years was also considered an important factor in his favor, but parole

was again denied.

Early in November, a hearing on a petition for a writ of habeas corpus was arranged in Caldwell's behalf before County Circuit Court Judge Lloyd Arnold, who ordered the defendant's immediate release on the grounds that he had been subjected to an illegal sentence when the original court failed to follow the finding of the state psychiatrist.

Technically, Judge Arnold has voided only the sentence, not the conviction. But County Prosecutor Arch Riley feels, according to a story in the Wheeling Intelligencer, that "further legal action against Caldwell would amount to an injustice"; Riley said that he considered "the case closed."

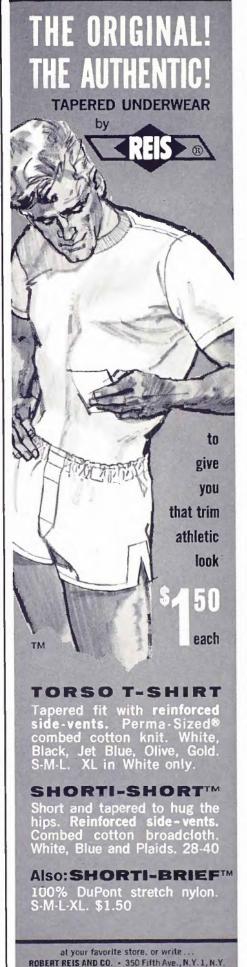
Donn Caldwell called us a few minutes after his release and his voice was filled with emotion. "I still can't believe that the nightmare is over and that I'm really free," he said.

#### HETEROSEXUAL SODOMY

In the November issue, Hefner uses the term "heterosexual sodomy" in listing the subjects he intends to cover in his concluding statement on sex laws in the next few installments of Philosophy. According to Webster's New World Dictionary, these two words are contradictions of each other.

> Al McChristy Abilene, Texas

The sin for which Sodom was destroyed by fire and brimstone in the Old Testament was male homosexual anal intercourse. Even under English common law, upon which U.S. law is based, the definition of sodomy had expanded only



enough to include bestiality along with buggery. But American antisexuality had grown so excessive by the latter part of the last century that sodomy statutes were written to include every form of "unnatural" sex practice-which our lawmakers defined as just about anything other than coitus, including, without distinction, oral and anal, human and animal, heterosexual and homosexual, marital and nonmarital contacts. There are sodomy statutes in 49 of the 50 states (the single exception is Illinois), and the same "crime against nature" encompasses the relatively rare, true perversions like necrophilia (sexual intercourse with a corpse) and the commonplace, completely normal oral-genital loveplay of husband and wife-both are prohibited under the law, with the same (usually heavy) penalty prescribed for the transgressors.

The broadened legal definition of sodomy is also reflected in the common definition of the word. Thus, in "Webster's New International Dictionary" (Second Edition, Unabridged, 1959), sodomy is defined as "carnal copulation in any of certain unnatural ways." But the "certain unnatural ways" are left to the individual's own imagination. For additional interesting comment on the definition of sexual terms, see the next letter.

#### "SELF-POLLUTION"

I have read the November installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* with interest and approval, and I'd like to encourage you in your support of an enlightened penal code covering sexual offenses.

Also, I'd like to answer Hefner's question: "Why does Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary define masturbation as 'self-pollution'?" The question is misleading—probably not intentionally so, for it makes a highly relevant point—because it now belongs to a past that writers and readers in 1965 should be aware of. The definition quoted comes from the early printings of the New Collegiate, first published in 1949, and was used there because that is the definition in Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition (1934). The occurrence of such a definition in 1934 is more understandable, if no more tolerable.

It was, incidentally, with the definition of masturbation that Merriam-Webster dictionaries broke through a long-standing inherited barrier that forbade derivative dictionaries from having any significant differences from definitions in the parent unabridged dictionary. The 1953 printing of the New Collegiate contains this new definition instead of "self-pollution":

Production of an orgasm by excitation of the genital organs, as by manipulation or friction, without heterosexual intercourse.

This definition, slightly reworded, is in Webster's Seventh New Collegiate

Dictionary, which superseded the New Collegiate in 1963.

We are now far ahead of the deplorable situation pointed to by Hefner's question about the New Collegiate. We are quite satisfied that Webster's Third New International Dictionary (1961) and Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary contain enlightened, informative and objective definitions, enabling one to read Kinsey without being left to wonder what's being discussed, especially with respect to noncoital terms like fellatio, cunnilingus and soixante-neuf that are not yet a part of legal terminology. Of course, we have the same trouble with words like rape and sodomy that is reflected in our conflicting statutes: Reading hundreds of passages in which they occur often fails to reveal just what the named act involves (or, in the words of the limerick, just who's doing what to whom). Our definitions are bound necessarily to reflect this uncertainty, for, of course, we have no authority to interpret the laws.

> Philip B. Gove, Editor-in-Chief G. & C. Merriam Company Springfield, Massachusetts

#### TWO OF A KIND

The November *Philosophy* seems an elaborate form of showing up Mr. Hefner's rather stuffy and almost certainly silly professor of sociology. It is certainly effective in one sense, since it appears to leave Mr. Hefner and his professor on pretty much the same footing.

Marion J. Levy, Jr. Professor of Sociology Princeton University Princeton, New Jersey

#### SEXUAL FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY

I have nothing but the greatest praise for the November installment of The Playboy Philosophy. Hefner is obviously dead right and it's all the more impressive to think that he reached his conclusions in 1948 and as an undergraduate! (I blush to think of the conduct of the sociologist, villain of the piece, but I can assure you he's no exception. One of the chief characteristics of sociologists when they work in this field is that they become afraid of the data.) I was particularly impressed with Hefner's statement of the basic freedoms, but I would like to add a suggestion. Because sexual behavior has consequences-even in the pill age-there is also the matter of responsibility for one's acts. But sex, again, is no special case. People are always legally and morally responsible and there is no inconsistency in making the point explicit. Just as there are freedoms to drive cars and sail boats, there are responsibilities if the pursuit of these freedoms results in some measurable injury to someone else. Injury to someone as a result of sexual action is inherently neither more nor less grievous than from many other kinds of human action.

You may be interested in a book that my wife Peggy and I have just published entitled *The Significant Americans: A Study of Sexual Behavior Among the Affluent.* While this book is cast primarily in the model of discovery and interpretation rather than evaluation and recommendation, there is much in it that I suspect would be of interest to you and your readers.

John F. Cuber Professor of Sociology Ohio State University Columbus, Ohio

Consent seems to me the real basis for a decision as to what is right and what is wrong when two people's private lives are concerned.

However, I think one purpose behind some of our sex laws is to determine responsibility for the care and rearing of children, when children are the result of a relationship that is not socially legitimate. We must have some legal means for establishing such responsibility.

James L. Swauger Carnegie Museum Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Hefner has previously stated his conviction that the individual is morally responsible for his actions and should be held legally accountable for them as well—and this is just as true for sexual activity as for any other form of human behavior. But the sex laws Hefner has editorially opposed in "The Playboy Philosophy"—which attempt to suppress the personal relations of consenting adults—benefit neither a secular society nor the citizens living in it.

#### DANGERS OF FREEDOM

It seems rather impractical to assume that the common man can undertake the responsibilities of a new sexual freedom without undergoing a radical change in his emotional and intellectual make-up.

Under what conditions, if any, do you feel that complete freedom of sexual expression for the individual becomes a detriment to society as a whole?

Chuck Borkhuis Texas Christian University Fort Worth, Texas

Under the same conditions that any freedom becomes a detriment: when, in the exercise of that freedom, the individual infringes on the rights of others. To grant the adult members of our democratic society sexual freedom is simply to allow them the same rights in their personal sex lives they already enjoy in every other area of activity.

There is no reason for assuming that more permissive sex laws would lead to libertinage or have any serious detrimental effect upon society. As a matter of fact, most adult Americans now assume a great deal more sexual freedom than the letter of the law allows, and far fewer of them get into trouble through

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the exercise of their sexual liberties than through the exercise of their freedom to drive a car.

#### METHODIST APPRECIATION

I appreciate very much Hefner's desire to see a change in sex legislation in this nation. What is done between two consenting adults is not the business of public law, though it is very much a moral concern.

The Rev. David R. Freeman Trinity Methodist Church Youngstown, Ohio

#### SEXUAL IMPROPRIETIES

Let it be known by all concerned that there are a number of Marines in Vietnam today who most emphatically intend to return to U. S. soil and commit all manner of improprieties against what 49 states have established as the proper and lawful form of lovemaking. (Hooray for Illinois.)

Out of a spirit of fair play, we suggest that all lawmen involved immediately acquaint themselves with the successful evasion of punji pits, Malayan whips and all other forms of anti-personnel weapons they might encounter upon patrolling the grounds around our bedroom windows.

Cpl. A. A. Armour FPO, San Francisco, California

#### FEAR OF THE LIGHT

After thoroughly rereading 23 installments of The Playboy Philosophy, I can only reaffirm the saying "Children may be forgiven their fear of the dark, but not men their fear of the light." It seems ridiculous for anyone to have to devote as much time and talent as Mr. Hefner has to coping with outmoded moral and legal issues. We live in a world where many of us demand the newest car, the most modern appliances and the latest news. But in the matters of sexual understanding and gratification, we might as well have remained in the caves, or in the trees-except, of course, cave dwellers and tree inhabitants were less neurotic about sex than we are.

However, it is always better late than never. Many lawmakers and clerics will suffer from embarrassment as they belatedly attempt to bring their psychosexual concepts into line with current educational and medical progress, but they should be frightened to consider the sociological penalties for not doing so: neuroses, enforced hypocrisy and continued immaturity in an age requiring the greatest maturity of which men and women are capable.

The Playboy Philosophy, as I understand it, is merely an articulation of a common-sense approach to sexual conduct in an age that cannot afford duplicity in any important area of life. And it is high time intelligent spokesmen were candid enough to admit, without quali-

fication, that sexual fulfillment per se is a crucially important aspect of our lives. Mr. Hefner is one such spokesman.

The Rev. James R. Sikes The First Parish Universalist Church Stoughton, Massachusetts

#### CAUSE . . .

You uphold your lust by calling it sophisticated, intelligent and educated. You have taken these words so far from their original meaning that I want to vomit every time I see them in print.

Do you want to know how I happened to read a copy of your magazine? I was browsing at a magazine stand, when I heard such heavy breathing that I looked and saw two boys feverishly going through the PLAYBOY magazine, and the more they looked and the more they read, the heavier their breathing became. Their passions were so stirred up they were acting more like animals than human beings. These boys will no doubt be our next sex offenders and no doubt will commit murder, and yet you are allowed to print such trash under the guise of freedom.

Emma Grover Tulsa, Oklahoma

My reading of PLAYBOY started innocently enough two years ago with the accidental discovery of your magazine under the mattress in my eldest son's bedroom. Since then I have read The Playboy Philosophy with dismay, disillusionment and downright disgust. It was with even more shock and revulsion that I discovered each month you were receiving letters of agreement and even suggestions of further depravation from some members of the clergy! I think you are involved in the Communist Conspiracy. I feel that Satan, the great adversary of man, has a hand on Mr. Hefner. This, in itself, is sad enough; but when some members of the clergy are weak enough to agree with you, and even enlarge upon your ideas, then I am sure Lucifer is running the show. The doleful predictions of moral decay of the younger generation and the ultimate destruction of our precious country may surely be only a matter of a few short years in coming.

I predict that mental institutions will claim at least half of the people you have contaminated with your theories.

Whom do we turn to if our ministers do not have the strength of character to uphold the family unit and God's teachings? Do you realize that by printing the letters of the clergy who agree with your philosophy, you are salving the consciences of these impressionable young people who want someone to tell them, "Anything goes"? Please, please take your hex off our youngsters before irreparable damage is done.

Mrs. Ellis Lambertsen Martelle, Iowa

We think it is the puritan "moms" of

the country who need to take their hex off the younger generation, because they are the ones who have been doing irreparable damage for generations. It is momimposed guilt about sex that threatens mental health, not the rational and humanistic sex ethic that Hefner advocates. For a specific example, read the tortured testimony in the next letter.

#### . . . AND EFFECT

For a long time you have been advocating a more permissive sex code for Americans, combined with earlier and better sex education. In doing this, you have come under scurrilous attack from many people, some of whom are clergymen strongly convinced of the essential rightness of our present code and of its Scriptural authenticity, and who are horrified by the enlightened logic of Mr. Hefner.

This letter is for the benefit of those persons still unconvinced of the imperative need for drastic revision of our sex codes, both legal and moral. I am both a product and a victim of the code they advocate, a living statistic that refutes their most careful logic. My life is a shambles because of the repressive dictatorial Victorian moral code under which I and millions of my generation have been raised.

I am a healthy male, 27 years old, with an I. Q. of 150, and better-than-average education. Yet I am a total sexual failure, and have been for years. The psychiatrist whose care I am under is cautiously hopeful that, given time, I can lead a normal and full sex life. But this comes too late to save a marriage. My wife, after five years of marathon misery and frustration, has returned to her parents. And who can blame her?

I was raised in a home where no attempt was made to explain anything relating to adolescent sexual development. "Sex" was a nasty word. The physical act of love was equated by innuendo with defecation—something rather messy but vital, to be carried out in secret and not mentioned thereafter. No effort was ever made to equate intercourse with beauty, love, fulfillment, tenderness or satisfaction. And the atmosphere was such that neither my sister nor I ever dared ask any direct questions.

At 17, to initiate me into adult male society, my father condescendingly allowed me to sit in on his and his cronies' dirty-joke sessions. And that was our entire communication on the subject of sex. I was more than ever convinced of the basic dirtiness of the act of love.

I remember only two reactions to any mention of sex in my home: the leering laughter of my father or the purse-mouthed silent disapproval of my mother. In this kind of atmosphere I spent the most sensitive and emotionally formative years of life. It left me ashamed of my sexuality and my developing sexual

equipment. Each new phase of my sexual maturation was a cause for fear, shame and guilty anxiety, from the first scraggly pubic fuzziness to the "wet dreams," sexual fantasies and masturbation of my high school years. More than once I involuntarily experienced an orgasm while petting, and each time I was choked with self-disgust, self-loathing and shame. When I necked with a girl, I hated her immediately afterward for having soiled the absurdly idealized Victorian image of womanhood instilled in me by my mother, who preached that chastity was as precious as life itself—or perhaps more so.

You can see that disaster was assured.

Let me tell you about my sister. She was pregnant at 16, has been married three times and divorced twice, now has five children and works long hours in an office to help support them. She looks much older than her years, and she, too, is under psychiatric care.

This is my case against our traditional sex morals.

I hope fervently that, if this letter is published, it scares the living hell out of every parent of teenage youngsters who reads it. It is intended to be a horrible example of the violence that can be done to a sensitive young boy or girl by the repressive, savagely unrealistic code that produced me. If it helps even *one* young person, the pain and bitterness I have put into its writing is repaid a hundred-fold.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### DOUBLE STANDARD

I enjoy your magazine—especially the interviews and the *Forum*. I hope Mr. Hefner writes his article on the double standard soon, as I'm getting pretty fed up with the situation.

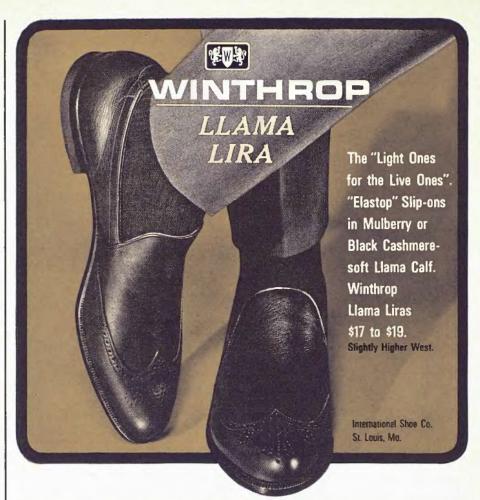
Men are such *prudes* at times! Display a bit of finesse or introduce something new into your lovemaking and it's "Where on earth did you learn *that?*" (In a negative tone, of course.)

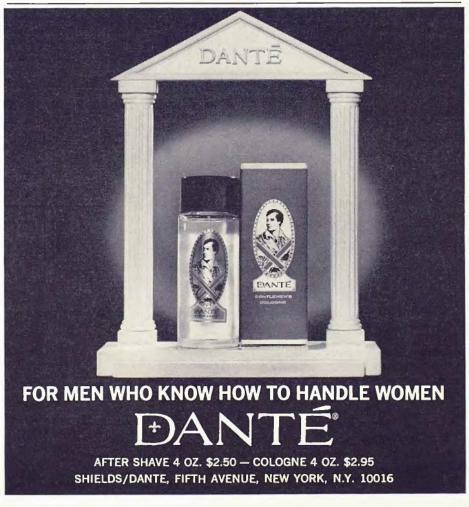
I'm 20 years old, single, and I happen to enjoy sex very much. But so many guys seem so inexperienced. They talk big, but when it comes to action. I feel like the leader. Most disappointing is their cold attitude toward you the morning after the night before.

(Name withheld by request) Huntington Beach, California

#### VIRGINS AND TRAMPS

I agree with the author of the letter titled "Sin, Suffer and Repent" in the October Forum. When she said "The trouble these days is that there aren't enough respectable girls left," she hit the nail right on the head. No matter where you go, the majority of girls these days are nothing but prostitutes or just plain tramps. Nowadays, trying to find a virgin for a wife is like trying to find a





needle in a haystack. Personally, I don't have any respect whatsoever for a tramp and, above all, I don't trust them.

To me, a girl who keeps her virginity until the time she gets married, and who lets her husband be the first and only man to have any sex relations of any kind with her, should be proud of herself, for she would have something that no prostitute or tramp would get from her husband, and that's respect and love.

A. Steven Raymond Somerset, Massachusetts

#### SEX EDUCATION

Allow me to add one more case history illustrating the need for the realistic sexual attitudes advocated by *The Playboy Philosophy*.

I am in my 30s, have been married 10 years and have small children. My background was strictly puritan, but had the added flavor of a mother who obviously disliked sex. It became painfully important to me to be pure, though I always wondered why.

So I married a man who appreciated my purity and who was as inexperienced as I. Being married permitted me to finally obtain (with clear conscience) written information about going to bed with a man; and since his ego seemed to prevent him from admitting he didn't know anything about the subject either, I read the books alone.

For ten years I have "coached" him tactfully (and, I might add, fairly successfully), but for me he has turned into a "project" and I am bored to tears. I have my needs, but little else exists of what could have been a successful marriage had one or both of us had complete knowledge of the sex act.

Now comes the question of divorce, I am physically attractive, enjoy going places and doing things. I am intelligent and possibly I might even find a suitable mate some time in the future.

But! Our children love their father and he loves me deeply. He is a good, honest man, a good provider, and not at all unpleasant to be with. I cannot honestly believe that I could divorce him, scar all of our lives and convince myself I have justification for doing so.

At this point I am about ready to embark on the worst trick of all—an affair. Just once I want to experience desire and be led down the path of mutual satisfaction. Can I carry it off? I don't know! I am not a good liar and that alone can create some problems. I simply don't know the answer, but I feel I am sitting on a powder keg in a very small, locked room.

All of this could have been avoided if we had a better sex education before getting married.

(Name and address withheld by request)

#### **IGNORANCE ISN'T BLISS**

What is your opinion of the recent statement by Dr. I. A. Burch, Director of Divorce Conciliation Service for the Illinois Circuit Court, that too much sex education is making American girls unfit for marriage?

> John Y. Graves Aurora, Colorado

We think the statement is foolish. What Dr. Burch said, in essence, is that the disproportionate emphasis on sexual adjustment in marriage, to the exclusion and neglect of other aspects of marriage, has magnified the importance of sex out of proportion to reality. If Dr. Burch wanted to perform a useful service, he should have attacked not sex education, but inadequate sex education.

#### SHOUTING FROM THE ROOFTOPS

I want to tell you how delighted I am with *The Playboy Philosophy*. In addition to whatever your original intentions for it may have been, the *Philosophy* also contributes greatly to the enlightenment of persons like myself who were inadequately educated about sex.

I am 30, married and the mother of three children. I am beginning to realize that sex is beautiful, healthy and to be enjoyed rather than feared. But I am deeply concerned for those who do not yet realize this, and I would like to shout from the rooftops in order to help them. Ironically, that is probably the only way to reach some of us.

In a short period of time I have learned a lot, and were I in a position to be a crusader, it definitely would be in the area of sex education, especially with newly married couples. But since I have a family to raise, a husband to love and many things yet to learn and explore myself, I urge you to continue with your articles or whatever it takes to further our knowledge and understanding of sex.

Mrs. W. H. Robinson Portola, California

#### CHASTITY PRO

I find much in your *Philosophy* refreshing and helpful, but much of it confuses me because of the conflict of my environment and training with the new sexual freedom that prevails today.

I find that complete freedom in any area of my life holds the potential of warping my total being, and your *Philosophy* does not offer me enough guidelines.

I find I retire from a "good steak" soon to forget it, but the ensuing enjoyment from the sex act changes my entire outlook for three or four hours. I find contentment with life and I show more compassion for others.

I find it difficult to believe that, had I indulged in sexual relations with girls before marriage, I wouldn't seek sympathy and companionship now, when problems arise, outside marriage. Hav-

ing set those earlier guidelines, I find it easier now to be consistent in my sex outlook. Had I exercised greater freedom in courtship, I feel I would have a greater struggle now.

The Rev. C. A. Turner, III Timberlake Methodist Church Lynchburg, Virginia

We would be the last to suggest that, in such a highly personal matter as sex, there is one right approach for everyone. We're pleased if you've found the approach that is best for you.

However, premarital sex does not necessarily make it easier to later violate marriage vows. In fact, the opposite may be true, because a fascination with the unknown (a natural result of premarital chastity) can be a strong inducement toward infidelity.

In his book "Sex Without Guilt," Dr. Albert Ellis says:

From my clinical experience, I have often found that males who most want to settle down to having a single mistress or wife are those who have tried numerous lighter affairs and found them wanting. The view that sex without love eradicates the need for affectional sex relationships is somewhat akin to the ignorance-is-bliss theory. For it virtually says that if people never experienced sex with love they would never realize how good it was and, therefore, would never strive for it.

Or else the proponents of this theory seem to be saying that sex without love is so greatly satisfying, and sex with love so intrinsically difficult and disadvantageous to attain, that given the choice between the two, most people would pick the former. If this is so, then by all means let them pick the former: with which, in terms of their greater and total happiness, they would presumably be better off.

#### CHASTITY CON

In the July 19, 1965, issue of the National Observer, in his article on The Playboy Philosophy, Lee E. Dirks made the statement: "Intercourse should be confined to marriage; if intercourse is not reserved as the unique aspect of marriage, what is?"

Surely marriage is something other than a license to engage in sexual intercourse. And I, for one, would certainly dislike the sneaking suspicion that someone married me just because he couldn't get to me and, therefore, figured that no one else could either. Talk to the 95 percent of husbands who had intercourse with their wives before marrying them, and you'll come up with a pretty good statistical reason why one might prefer to have intercourse before marriage. (No one else could, and he can't either!)



# Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 67-E © 1965, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS FEBRUARY 1966

## PLAYBOY CLUB TO OPEN SOON!

## Gala Early Spring Debut Planned for 45 Park Lane

Applications Now Being Accepted For Special Charter Membership

LONDON (Special) - PLAYBOY finest food and beverages, excitmagazine's famous Playboy Clubs are coming to England and the Continent, and the first one is nearing completion in London at 45 Park Lane. Six fabulous floors of luxurious surroundings staffed by 100 beautiful Playboy Bunnies will await first-nighters when the Club debuts with a gala charity black-tie evening early in spring.

Members will enjoy every delightful amenity in this, the most elegant Club in England. The

#### APPLY NOW AND SAVE-CHARTER ROSTER LIMITED

By submitting your application for membership at this time you reserve your place on the Charter Rolls (Initiation Fee £3.3.0; Annual Subscription £ 5.5.0) which assures you a substantial saving over the Regular Membership fees (Initiation Fee £ 6.6.0; Annual Subscription £ 10.10.0). Applicants on the Continent may enclose initiation fee in equivalent funds of their own country in cheque, money order or currency.

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

ing cabaret entertainment, a celebrity-packed discothèque and lively gaming rooms are all to be found under one roof!

Applications for Charter Membership of the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.8.0 during the Club's first year, £5.5.0 each year thereafter. (See complete details below.)

Each time you visit The Playboy Club your personal name plate is posted in the Lobby and beautiful Bunnies direct you through the festive clubrooms.

The Playmate Bar features a swinging Piano Bar, Blackjack 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 (for Very Important Playboys). A VIP special feature is the 35mm film projection facilities. The Party Room offers superb accommodations for your private business and social gatherings.

The Playroom cabaret showroom presents American and



Already erected at 45 Park Lane, between the Dorchester and Hilton Hotels, the London Playboy Club will represent a total investment of over £1,500,000 when furnishings and fittings are completed shortly.

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.

Staying in London overnight? There are 17 air-conditioned service flats, each with its own kitchen, located above the Club for members' convenience. Keyholders may park their cars in the Club's basement garage.

Mail the coupon today and save £8.8.0 during the Playboy Club's first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Better hurry the Charter Membership Rolls are expected to be filled very shortly. Charter Membership entitles you to key privileges at all present and future Playboy Clubs anywhere in the world.

YOUR ONE KEY ADMITS YOU TO EVERY PLAYBOY CLUB IN THE WORLD CLUBS OPEN-Atlanta • Baltimore • Chicago • Cincinnati • Detroit Jamaica • Kansas City • Los Angeles • Miami • New Orleans • New York Phoenix • St. Louis • San Francisco

LOCATIONS SET-London • Boston NEXT IN LINE-Amsterdam • Berlin • Birmingham • Geneva • Madrid Manchester · Paris · Rome · Denver · Washington, D.C.

	MADE
	MAN
MA	4 4 4 P

Six of the 100 beautiful Bunnies who will serve members and their guests at The Playboy Club in London. These six were sent to the U.S. this fall for training and will return shortly to train the Club's other 94 Bunnies.

being the Initiation	ration for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.3.0 in Fee for Charter Members. If accepted, I understand that the on for Charter Members will be £5.5.0 payable upon the opening b.
NAME	(BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)
AOORESS	
AUUNESS	
PROFESSION OR	OCCUPATION

I am an attractive 25-year-old divorcee with a good education, good taste (so I'm told), and have been blessed with some conception of why my marriage did not work. And it didn't have a thing to do with sex.

I am now engaged to a man with whom I have an extremely satisfying sexual relationship, and I look forward to a great many more things of deeper significance than just getting laid. Marriage is a union of two people who can love and accept, respect and get along with each other—with or without clothes on; not the ultimate end of curiosity. Perhaps there would be less divorce if we did not equate sex, love and marriage as all one big phenomenon.

Since I am from one of the lessenlightened cities that has not grown large enough for me to hide in (especially from my fiance's parents), I would appreciate it if you would withhold my name.

> (Name withheld by request) Fort Worth, Texas

#### BREATH WITHOUT GUILT

Do people discuss breathing? Then why are you so involved in discussing the pros and cons of premarital sex?

James R. Olsen Chicago, Illinois

If breathing were being socially and legally restricted, we'd leap to its defense, but we haven't heard anybody advocating suffocation lately. When they do, we'll be in there fighting.

#### SYMPATHY FOR THE K.K.K.

As a white, gentile, Protestant American, and a firm believer in the supremacy of the white race, I found your interview with Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton to be a perfect example of leftwing distortion. Your hatchet job on the United Klans was enough to turn the stomach of a garbage disposal. The Klan is no more than a fraternal organization, with certain entrance requirements like any other fraternal organization (the B'nai B'rith—the Jewish Gestapo—admits only Jews to its membership, and the Knights of Columbus, only Catholics).

In your interview with Mr. Shelton you mentioned the Liuzzo murder quite frequently. You tried to lay Mrs. Liuzzo's death on the Klan's doorstep; however, Collie LeRoy Wilkins has been acquitted of any complicity in her murder by a jury of his peers. He is not, and was never, guilty. He is simply a victim of liberal-inspired mass hysteria and a lying pimp for the FBI. Mr. Wilkins bore his cross well; I seriously doubt that any of you could have kept your heads as well as he did under similar circumstances. In my opinion, Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Shelton are men the white race can be proud of.

I know all about the liberal black-out in the press and I know this won't be published, but, what the hell, there's no harm in trying.

Jack Q. Hall

Pepperell, Massachusetts
Less than a week after we received your
letter, Collie Leroy Wilkins and two
fellow members of the Ku Klux Klan
were convicted by an all-white Montgomery, Alabama, jury of their peers on
Federal conspiracy charges in the death
of Detroit civil rights worker Mrs. Viola
Gregg Liuzzo and sentenced to ten years
in prison.

#### **OBVIOUS BIAS**

As an American National Socialist, I am amused by the obvious bias in your reporting. However, your interview with Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans, was neither very enlightening nor amusing. You exercised the usual liberal tactic of making a racist appear as an idiot: I have received several letters from Mr. Shelton in the past and I did not find the mistakes in grammar nor in pronunciation in them that were inserted in your so-called interview. What would have been your strategy had you interviewed Martin Luther King? No doubt he would come up smelling and talking like an Oxford don.

The thing you liberals can't seem to get through your thick skulls is that the Negro will never be capable of the accomplishments of the white man. The Negro, in his native state, never invented the wheel nor established a civilization; and when left to his own devices (as in Ghana, the Congo and Haiti), succeeds in plunging back into the chaotic savagery from which he was hauled up, kicking and screaming, by the white man. I've heard all the alibis and copouts about environment and I remain, as ever, unimpressed. Environment is no factor in Negro inferiority.

Since I seriously doubt that this letter will ever be printed, I'll not entangle myself (why waste the time?) in any extended discussion of the superiority of the white race. Rather, I'll close this with a suggestion. If ever you want to interview a racist who has some concrete, just proposals for solving the race problem, contact Commander George Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazi Party in Arlington, Virginia, and listen to what this "hatemonger" has to offer. I think you, as well as your readers, will be interested, if not fascinated.

George T. Parker

East Pepperell, Massachusetts
Martin Luther King (whom we did interview, in January 1965) "came up smelling and talking like an Oxford don" long before we met him; and Robert Shelton, if he appeared an idiot, did so with no help from us. Since we're not prone to making sweeping racial judgments, we'll let you decide whether the contrast between these two individuals disproves your contention that the "Negro will

never be capable of the accomplishments of the white man."

PLAYBOY has scheduled an interview with George Lincoln Rockwell for the April issue. Incidentally, we note that you and Jack Hall, the racist who wrote the previous letter, are not only from the same town, you both used the same typewriter. What's going on up there in Pepperell?

#### LIFE'S LIKE THAT

The Life article on Playboy Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner reveals more about Life than it does about you.

> Wilfred Cunningham San Francisco, California

Enclosed is a copy of a note sent to the editors of *Life* magazine:

Re your photo-article on Playboy Hugh Hefner and his "Empire Built on Sex" (October 29), this note is not to defend Hefner or PLAYBOY, but to chide Life and Diana Lurie on the "yellow-sheet" type of journalism used throughout this story, As I read it, I could almost feel the knife-in-the-back myself; and that last scurrilous line about the Hefner Philosophy—"doing what you please without concern about whom you hurt"—I could almost feel the blade being twisted!

As a subscriber to both Life (12 years) and PLAYBOV (3 years), I guess I should feel guilty for not having been able to reach the same conclusions regarding Hefner's philosophy as Life has: heaven knows I've been exposed to your philosophy long enough! Am I oversexed or unperceptive? Or has Life simply done a poor job of brainwashing?

Sidney Kaplis, Editor The Fairfield County Guide Bridgeport, Connecticut

I just finished the article on Mr. Hefner in *Life*, October 29, 1965. I was terribly disappointed in Mr. Hefner as a person. No man can be so perfect. In fact, he is the height of conceit. His last comment about women being better after they come out of the "machine" typifies him. He *must* be a machine, without any human qualities. I feel sorry for this man, as he will never fully enjoy life with his present attitude.

Jacque Finch Downey, California

The "machine" comment attributed to Hefner does not reflect his attitude on women.

I believe Hugh Hefner made a mistake when he permitted *Life* magazine to peer into the cloistered privacy of his domain. Otherwise the public never would've known he was a cruel little boy, housed in an aging man's body—a little boy (continued on page 142)

## Last spring, in Playboy, we claimed our Quadralift hull would go "significantly faster than any other pleasure boat on the market."

Competition horselaughed.



# Then one of our Quadralift boats shaved a whole week off a long-standing world's record.

## Competition's eating humble pie.

Last year on the St. Johns River, Jacksonville, Florida, Winner's Marlin\* (16' 4", fiberglass, \$1,128) broke the World's Ten Thousand Mile Endurance Run record of 24 days.

Fifty men and thirteen women drove the boat continuously in 4-hour shifts. They maintained a stupendous average speed of 25 miles per hour.

The craft was powered only by a single 50 hp engine.

Midway during the marathon, Marlin was run down by a huge 36', 3-ton cruiser. The force of the collision knocked a hole in Marlin's starboard bow and caused a woman crew member to suffer three broken ribs. (Think what such a bang would have done to an aluminum or wooden hull!)

Immediately after the accident, Marlin sped back to home base for repairs, without taking as much as a teacup of water. No structural rebuilding was required. Just a patch.

When Marlin splashed through to finish, it had established a new World's Record: 16 days, 15 hours, and 41 minutes! Winner had broken the world's record by more than a week!

(Said one excited sportsman, "Anything that lops a week off of any world's record has got to be a time machine.")

Professional statisticians told us that in those 16 days, Winner's Marlin lived 18 years of average boating use. (We say that anything that can live 18 years in 16 days has got to be a time machine.)



Baronet with 65 h.p. outboard

Each Winner boat is dynamically designed. Marlin's hull incorporates Winner's famed Quadralift concept. A Quadralift hull figuratively "shifts gears", shifting to one of four different levels, depending upon your speed. You go safer at higher speeds and faster on less fuel than in any other comparably-priced pleasure boat. Heavy waves from either side can't alter your path. With Quadralift, you go straight as a locomotive.

Each Winner boat is crafted by skilled hands. We use only heavy, chrome-plated brass and stainless steel fasteners. In fact, all hardware supplied on Winner boats is guaranteed for two years against corrosion or any other kind of deterioration.

Each Winner is made to defy time. Winner boats don't just endure; they prevail. One of the first fiberglass boats we ever offered to the public, back in 1947,



Cobra with 60 h.p. I/O

is still seaworthy and spunky. We found it not long ago in a New York boat livery.

So, when you look at a Winner, you're looking at a winner. And when you buy one, you're buying a craft that you can expect to enjoy for at least 18 more years.

Even if you get in a tangle with a 3-ton cruiser.

## **Winner Boats**

Our new 1966 catalog is yours for a dime. Send 10¢ and your name and address to us at P. O. Box 231, Dickson, Tennessee.



you and fortrel.

Some call them pants and call it a day. We call them slacks and that makes the difference. Start with the carefree comfort of Fortrel, thoughtfully blended in a range of fabrics. Add the fit that becomes second nature. The careful tailoring that looks custom-made. Some styles are topped with extension waistbands. All styles are treated to permanent press. These are slacks for discriminating young men. That's called sophistication. At better stores everywhere, priced from \$8.00 to \$10.00, and that's called reasonable.

Glen Oaks Slacks 16 E. 34th St., New York 10016



slacks by glen oaks

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FEDERICO FELLINI

a candid conversation with the protean creator of such trail-blazing cinematic allegories as "la strada," "la dolce vita" and "8½"

A few months ago, during the closedset filming of "Juliet of the Spirits," Federico Fellini's long-awaited latest film, Roman TV officials congratulated themselves on what promised to be a major video coup when il grande maestro unexpectedly rescinded his own ban on press coverage of the production in progress and acquiesced to their repeated requests for a sample snippet from the film. They were understandably baffled and bedazzled by the footage he supplied-an extraordinary comic-opera scene starring the elephantine, wildhaired whore from "81/2" outrageously decked out as D'Artagnan in feathers, velvets, boots and blond mustaches, surrounded by a motley chorus of nuns, clowns and gypsies, all cavorting about to the tune of a blaring Neapolitan aria. The viewing public was equally perplexed when the scene was subsequently sneak-previewed on television, but the critics greeted it with learned interpretations of its allegorical significance—or lack of it. Not until the finished film premiered did they discover that they'd been had: Never intended as part of the picture, it was conspicuous by its absence; Fellini had dreamed up the whole thing as a put-on for symbol searchers.

Unamused, some reviewers replied that the joke was on Fellini; though dazzling to behold, the invented scene was no more or less profound, or relevant to the story, they averred, than any given episode in the picture, which one of them contemptuously dismissed as "a fever dream with delusions of grandeur," A kaleidoscopic pasticcio of visions, dreams, memories and hallucinations conjured up by a middle-aged housewife who takes refuge from reality in a private world of fantasy, and finds it peopled with erotic and terrifying specters, "Juliet" has been hailed by other critics (not including PLAYBOY's-see review on page 33) as a phantasmagorical masterpiece of cinematic psychodrama, and a spectacular affirmation of its creator's status as a protean poet of the cinema. But acclaim or abuse-neither of which is new to Fellini-serves merely to certify his contentious world same. And the paradoxical appellations he's earned during his 15 years as a director-genius and madman, tragedian and clown, archangel and archdemon, moralist and sensation seeker-testify not only to his defiance of definition ("Tags," he says, "are for suitcases") but also to his prodigious originality as a moviemaker.

Even his detractors acknowledge that whatever else he may be, Fellini is irrepressibly, inimitably, eternally himself. On the visual level, all of his films bear the unmistakable stamp of a flamboyantly inventive directorial technique; and beneath the brawura façade, his protagonists all share a dual quest: for human warmth, usually from the wrong people; and for their own identities, usually in the wrong places. "Sometimes," he told one journalist, "I feel that I am all the

time making the same film." By his own admission, this serial screenplay is a chronicle of his own spiritual odyssey, a search for self in a liberation from the past—a past steeped in the guiltedged moral ideals of stern Church dogma drummed into him as a boy.

Son of a well-to-do wholesaler of wines and groceries in Rimini, a small provincial town on the Adriatic coast of northern Italy, Fellini took to neither the disciplines of parochial schooling nor the sedate comforts of middle-class home life: He quit school at 12 and ran away to join a traveling circus as an apprentice clown. Not quite ready to sever the parental ties, he was back home dead-broke a few months later; and he remained there, restlessly, until a vaudeville troupe hit town soon after his 17th birthday. When it pulled up stakes two days later, so did he-this time for good -following the show from town to town, writing comedy sketches for his keep. Drawn to the bustle and bright lights of the big city, he abandoned the caravan in Florence and decided to seek his fortune as a free-lance contributor to local humor magazines, But pickings were slim, and Fellini soon moved on to slightly greener pastures in Milan, where he turned a talent for cartooning into a modest but fairly steady living by pirating American comic strips-banned from Italy by Mussolini-for various city newspapers. Drifting on to Rome a few months later, he spent the War years



"Why not admit it? Marriage as an institution needs re-examining. Modern man needs richer relationships. He is not a monogamous animal. Marriage is tyranny, a violation of his natural instincts."



"A film never ends abruptly for me. It leaves an echo, a trail, and I live with it. When it's finally extinguished, another atmosphere enters, like the arrival of spring: It's the new film."



"I loathe collectivity. Man's greatness and nobility consist in standing free of the mass. How he extricates himself is his own personal problem and private struggle. This is what my films describe."

avoiding the draft and scuffling for bread money as a prolific gagwriter for

local humor weeklies.

It was also during this otherwise bleak period that he met and married the struggling young actress who was to become world-famous as his tragicomic star: Giulietta Masina. The War's end, however, found them both pounding the pavement: she in search of movie bit parts, he as a street-corner caricaturist in sidewalk cafés along the Via Veneto -even then a watering place for showbusiness moguls great and small, hangerson and has-beens-where he began to mingle and make friends with aspiring moviemakers who were just breaking into the burgeoning post-War film industry. Among them was director Roberto Rossellini, who invited the articulate, energetic young jack-of-all-trades to collaborate with him on the scenario of his first film. They did, and the picture-"Open City"—was hailed as a milestone in the Italian cinema, progenitor of a seminal new movement in moviemaking: neorealism. With "Paisan," their second joint effort, Rossellini's renown became world-wide, and Fellini was launched on a full-time screenwriting career.

A score of successful filmscripts poured from his pen in the next two years, though his income failed to keep pace with his rising reputation. Rankling not at financial frustration but at the creative confinement of the printed word, he leaped in 1950 at the chance to bring a script personally to life as both author and co-director of "Variety Lights," a poignant portrait of the melancholy faces hidden behind the masks of mirth worn by a troupe of wandering vaudevillians-and, in a larger sense, by most of mankind on an aimless road of life. Though he shared in its creation, even this first directorial effort bears the distinctive imprint of Fellini's potent personality-and of his checkered past, echoing as it does the picaresque period of his own experience as an itinerant entertainer. Then, in 1951, with his debut as a full-fledged director, came the first mature expression of the multileveled, metaphoric vision that has become the trademark of a Fellini film. A seriocomic satire on the fumetti-those farfetched photographic comic strips in which impossibly handsome heroes perform impossibly dashing deeds of derring-do and rescue ladies in impossible extremities of distress-it was called "The White Sheik," after one of the Valentino-like paladins from this daydream world of Italian pulp-magazine pictorials. On one level, it tells the story of a newlywed fumetti fan so steeped in rosy romantic reveries that she finds it impossible to reconcile herself to the mundane reality of marriage. On a deeper level, the picture warns of the desolation and despair that await those who pursue ideality rather than reality,

who hope to hide from the harsh task of finding out who they really are.

Alienation of a more subtle and hopeless kind was the somber theme of "I Vitelloni," Fellini's next film. Outwardly, it's the chronicle of a bunch of young loafers—unemployed and unmotivated, believing in and belonging to nothing—who bum around the empty streets and beaches of a seaside resort during the dead winter months in a listless, futile search for nothing more meaningful than something to pass the time. But it can also be seen as an allegory of man's vain quest for a purpose and pattern larger than and beyond his own.

With "La Strada," his next picture, Fellini emerged, at 34, into the full flower of his creative powers as a lyrical cinematic poet. Universally applauded not merely as a tragic masterpiece but as one of the screen's authentic classics, it won dozens of distinguished film awards -including an Oscar-and earned its creator his first international recognition. It was also the picture in which Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina, established her credentials as a Chaplinesque genius of comic pathos with her deeply touching performance as Gelsomina, a simpleminded waif whose childlike love of life is trampled and finally snuffed out by Zampano, a half-human, half-animal circus strong man (played by Anthony Quinn) who buys her, uses her cruelly and finally abandons her, sick and broken, by the roadside. Repenting later, he wants Gelsomina back and goes looking for her-only to learn that she has died. Thunderstruck, he staggers numbly to the beach in the film's final scene and falls weeping to his knees. Shaking his fists in impotent rage and grief at the indifferent stars, he is a mutely eloquent embodiment of man's loneliness, folly and despair.

the protagonist of Fellini's fifth film, "Il Bidone" (1955), a merciless indictment of confidence men who prey on other people's illusions-and by extension, of all who knowingly exploit their fellow man. At the end, an aging swindler (Broderick Crawford) is beaten, betrayed and left to die in a ditch by his equally unscrupulous accomplices-after repenting too late, like Zampano, for the error of his ways. Seldom shown in this country, "Il Bidone" was perhaps Fellini's most humorless and least successful film, both artistically and commercially. Back at the top of his form in 1957, however, with "Nights of Cabiria," he took home a sizable sum of box-office booty and a mantelpieceful of international prizes, including his second Academy Award. Another tourde-force vehicle for the talents of Mrs. Fellini, the film starred her as a dumpy, gullible, good-natured prostitute who unknowingly allows herself to be bilked

out of her hard-earned little hoard of

Equally poetic justice is meted out to

earnings. But no retribution, in this case, is visited upon the exploiter; the bitter lesson is that wrongdoers, in the real world, don't always pay the piper. The film's last scene, however, as a group of young musicians serenades Cabiria home after learning of her loss, sounds a final note of hope restored and faith instilled—that a crippling loss, even of a limb or a loved one, need not be as tragic as it seems; that a cruel humiliation need not breed disillusionment.

But disillusionment, abject and allencompassing, provided both theme and variations for Fellini's next creation, in 1960, an epicurean smorgasbord of despair and degeneracy that proferred an eye-filling feast for millions of scandal-hungry moviegoers throughout the world: "La Dolce Vita," starring Marcello Mastroianni (interviewed by PLAYBOY last July). A brilliantly conceived, graphically etched, bitterly sardonic and morbidly fascinating panorama of Rome's decadent café society, it was seen by Fellini as "an attempt to take the temperature of a sick society." In the opinion of Church spokesmen, censorship groups, and even a few reviewers, however, it was little more than a sensational tabloid exposé that exploited as well as indicted the objects of its satire.

Except for his contribution of a brief segment to "Boccaccio '70" in 1961, nothing was heard from Fellini for the next three years; but then came another Oscar winner: "81/2," a creation even more extravagant than the public's expectations, a radical departure from everything he'd ever done before, in a style so unconventional that it can be said to have introduced an entirely. new genre of cinematic storytelling. The leading man-again portrayed by Mastroianni-is really a modified mirror image of Fellini: Guido, a self-searching 43-year-old Italian movie director with graying temples. And the story line is a highly impressionistic mosaic of largerthan-life memories, self-indulgent fantasies, bizarre dreams and idealized visions that somehow coalesce into a coherent, deeply insightful and introspective spiritual autobiography. At the end of the film, Guido finally extricates himself from the self-created labyrinth of irrational guilts, fears, hopes and expectations that has immobilized him-and learns to accept himself as he is, not as he might wish he were or hoped he might have been.

The identity crisis, and the epiphany of self-acceptance experienced by the heroine in "Juliet of the Spirits," Fellini's most recent and precocious brain child, are essentially the same as Guido's. But the dreams, fantasies and memories each summons up perform the opposite functions. In Guido's case, they're actually way stations on his search for self-fulfillment in reality; while for Juliet



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they're magic carpets of escape from the real world. Setting "Juliet" even farther apart from "8½" is the simple fact that it's in Technicolor, Fellini's first; and the further fact that it was blessed with a multimillion-dollar production budget, a great rarity in European films. Bedaubing and bedizening his cinematic canvas with giddy abandon, Fellini has created for his heroine a dreamworld of eyedrenching and Byzantine extravagance.

To the consternation of his actors, producers, technicians and almost everybody else who works with him, the process of creating these resplendent spectacles of the spirit takes place almost entirely without such traditional prerequisites as finished dialog and a detailed shooting script; Fellini considers them not only unnecessary but inhibiting to optimum creativity. The outlines of the plot and the drift of the dialog are jotted down ahead of time, mostly for the record; but all the rest-from the selection of the leading lady's shade of eye shadow to the designation of locations for each scene-is decided on the set, often on the day of the shooting only a moment before the cameras start to roll; and all of it, needless to mention, in every detail, is decreed by Fellini himself and no one else. The compleat film maker, he feels, must be not only the creator of his own heaven and earth and all the beasts thereof, but also the benevolent despot of all he surveys on set, with final and absolute authority over everything and everyone within his private realm. In the heat of this omnipotent role as god-king, amid the all-consuming throes of filming, Fellini is a man possessedtireless, foodless, drinkless, oblivious to all else but the birth of the film as a living entity. "Though he's miraculously talented, sensitive and intuitive," says a co-worker, "Federico can also be cruel, childish and destructive to those around him at these times." Considering the issue of his prodigious labors, most are willing to forgive such moods.

When he finished filming "Juliet of the Spirits" late last year, we waited a few weeks, on the advice of friends, "for his brain to cool," then telephoned Fellini at his beach house in nearby Fregene, on the Tyrrhenian coast-where he was still recovering from "the exquisite ordeal," as he called it-with our request for an exclusive interview at his leisure. We had heard he'd be wearily reluctant to talk at first, but expansively garrulous once persuaded, which we were told would take no more than a modicum of urging. And so it proved. The following week, at his unpretentious provincial home in Fregene, he received us with warm hospitality for the first of our conversations. Later chats took place on the run, in his black Mercedes sedan en route to the studio from the beach; at his comfortably un-chic apartment in Rome's Parioli district; and at work in the dub-

bing room, where he supervised the lipsynching of "Juliet" into English. A rumpled, heavy six-footer with a penetraling gaze and a shaggy leonine mane of graying hair, he often wore a heavy black scarf over his shoulders-and a floppy black cloth hat of the Black Bart variety. Punctuating his every sentence with sweepingly expressive gestures and a flashing succession of pantomimic facial expressions to match, he spoke to us (in English and Italian) for a total of ten hours, his conversation alternately colloquial and poetically baroque, richly metaphorical and metaphysical, laced with a cheerful sense of irony, and marked throughout by an engaging candor about himself. We began the interview with a candid, if less than engaging, personal question.

**PLAYBOY:** Among your friends, you have a reputation as a teller of tall tales. One of them, in fact, has gone so far as to call you "a colossal, compulsive, consummate liar." What's your reaction?

FELLINI: At least he gives me credit for being consummate. Anyone who lives, as I do, in a world of imagination must make an enormous and unnatural effort to be factual in the ordinary sense. I confess I would be a horrible witness in court because of this—and a terrible journalist. I feel compelled to tell a story the way I see it, and this is seldom the way it actually happened, in all its documentary detail.

PLAYBOY: You've been accused of embroidering the truth outrageously even in recounting the story of your own life. One friend says you've told him four completely different versions of your breakup with your first sweetheart. Why? FELLINI: Why not? She's worth even more versions. Che bella ragazza! People are worth much more than truth, even when they don't look as great as she did. If you want to call me a liar in this sense, then I reply that it's indispensable to let a storyteller color a story, expand it, deepen it, depending on the way he feels it has to be told. In my films, I do the same with life.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you see yourself as a storyteller rather than as a "conjurer," "modern moralist," "social satirist" or "ringmaster of a cinematic circus," as you've been variously described?

FELLINI: Those are impressive-sounding occupations, but as far as I'm concerned, I'm just a storyteller, and the cinema happens to be my medium. I like it because it re-creates life in movement, enlarges it, enhances it, distills it. For me, it's far closer to the miraculous creation of life itself than, say, painting or music or even literature. It's not just an art form; it's actually a new form of life, with its own rhythms, cadences, perspectives and transparencies. It's my way of telling a story.

PLAYBOY: Most critics agree that your

storytelling technique is uniquely compelling; but they disagree, for the most part, on the moral and meaning of your films. Does this concern you?

**FELLINI:** Do the critics have to understand my films? Isn't it enough that the public enjoys them?

**PLAYBOY:** Are your films intended primarily as entertainment, then, or is their box-office appeal secondary to philosophic intent?

FELLINI: I'm not concerned with popularity, and it's pointless to speak of philosophic intent. After each picture I often don't recall what my intentions were. Intentions are only instruments to put you into condition to do something, to start you off. Many great works are done well despite their original intent. Pascal, for example, wrote the Pensées to demonstrate the nonexistence of God-and ended up doing just the opposite. Take La Dolce Vita. What I intended was to show the state of Rome's soul, a way of being of a people. What it became was a scandalous report, a fresco of a street and a society. But I never go to Via Veneto-it isn't my street. And I never attend festas of aristocrats-I don't know any. The left-wing press played it up as headline reportage on Rome, but it didn't have to be Rome; it could have been Bangkok or a thousand other cities. I intended it as a report on Sodom and Gomorrah, a trip into anguish and despair. I intended for it to be a document, not a documentary.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, if we confine ourselves to the original impulse that inspired them, is there a common theme linking your films?

**FELLINI:** My work can't be anything other than a testimony of what I am looking for in life. It is a mirror of my searching. **PLAYBOY:** Searching for what?

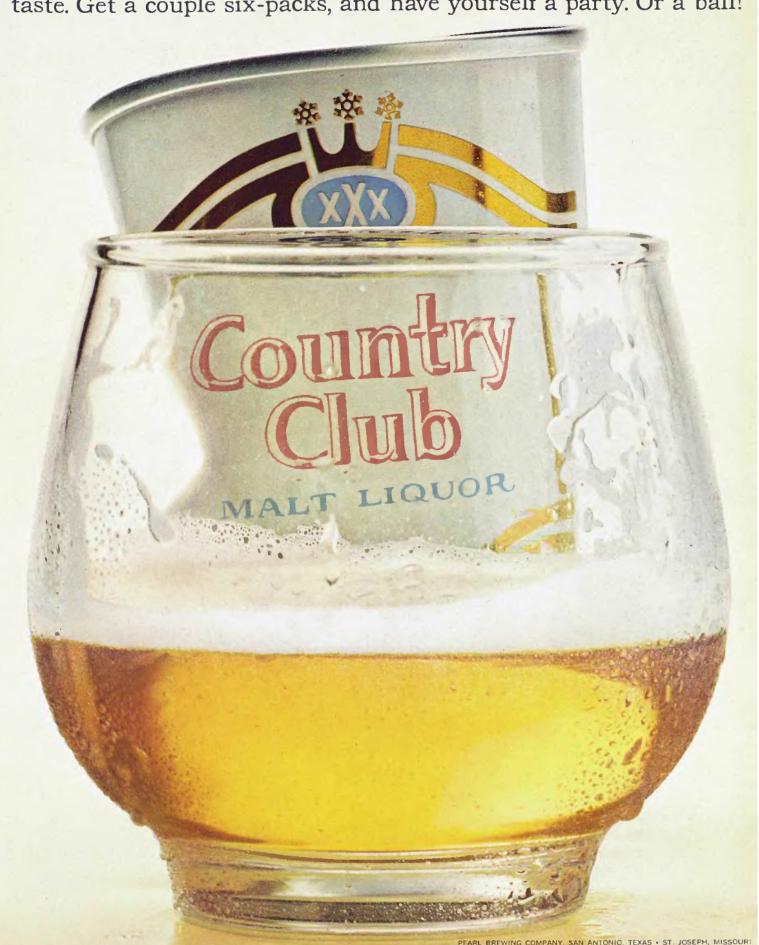
FELLINI: For myself freed. In this respect, I think, there is no cleavage or difference of content or style in all my films. From first to last, I have struggled to free myself—always from the past, from the education laid upon me as a child. That is what I'm seeking, though through different characters and with changing tempo and images.

PLAYBOY: In what sense do you want to escape your past?

FELLINI: I became burdened in childhood with useless baggage that I now want off my back. I want to uneducate myself of these worthless concepts, so that I may return to a virginal personality—to a rebirth of real intent and of real self. Then I won't be lost in a collective whole that fits nobody because it's made to fit everybody. Wherever I go, from the corner of my eye I see young people moving in groups, like schools of fish. When I was young, we all moved in separate directions. Are we developing a society like ants, in blocs and colonies? This is one of the things I fear more than anything else. I loathe

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collectivity. Man's greatness and nobility consist in standing *free* of the mass. How he extricates himself from it is his own personal problem and private struggle. This is what my films describe.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an actual example from one of your films?

FELLINI: In 81/2, society's norms and rules imprisoned Guido in his boyhood with a sense of guilt and frustration. From childhood many of us are conditioned by a similar education. Then, growing up, we find ourselves in profound conflict-a conflict created by having been taught to idealize our lives, to pursue aesthetic and ethical ideals of absolute good or evil. This imposes impossible standards and unattainable aspirations that can only impede the spontaneous growth of a normal human being, and may conceivably destroy him. You must have experienced this yourself. There arrives a moment in life when you discover that what you've been told at home, in school or in church is simply not true. You discover that it binds your authentic self, your instinct, your true growth. And this opens up a schism, creates a conflict that must eventually be resolved-or succumbed to. In all forms of neurosis there is this clash between certain forms of idealization in a moral sense and a contrary aesthetic form. It all started with the Greeks when they enshrined a classical standard of physical beauty. A man who did not correspond to that type of beauty felt himself excluded, inferior, an outsider. Then came Christianity, which established an ethical beauty. This doubled man's problems by creating the dual possibility that he was neither beautiful as a Greek god nor holy as a Catholic one. Inevitably, you were guilty of either nonbeauty or unsaintliness, and probably both. So you lived in disgrace: Man did not love you, nor did God; thus you remained outside of life.

PLAYBOY: And today?

FELLINI: In a modified form, this same ethic-aesthetic still prevails, and there is no escape from it through mere denial. though many have tried. You can escape very simply, however: by realizing that if you are not beautiful, it's all right anyway; and if you're not a saint, that's all right, too-because reality is not ideality. But this self-acceptance can occur only when you've grasped one fundamental fact of life: that the only thing which exists is yourself, your true individual se'f in depth, which wants to grow spontaneously, but which is fettered by inoperative lies, myths and fantasies proposing an unattainable morality or sanctity or perfection-all of it brainwashed into us during our defenseless childhood.

PLAYBOY: Once you've liberated yourself from the past, what then?

FELLINI: Then you are free to live in the present, and not seek cowardly flight to-

ward the past-or toward the future, either.

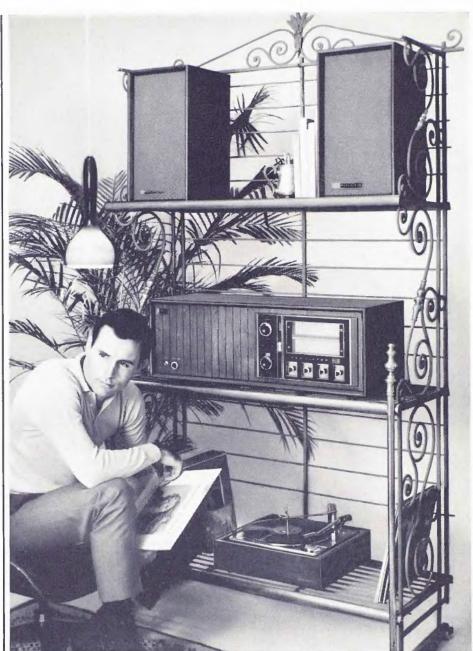
PLAYBOY: In what way toward the future? FELLINI: I mean that we must cease projecting ourselves into the future as though it were plannable, foreseeable, tangible, controllable—it's not; or as though it were a dimension existing outside and beyond ourselves. We must learn to deal with matters as they are, not as we hope or fear they may eventuate. We must cope with them as they exist now, today, at this moment. We must awaken to the fact that the future is already here, to be lived in the present. In short, wake up and live!

PLAYBOY: Though most of your protagonists, at the end of their spiritual odysseys, do learn to live with themselves as they are and with life as it is, some interpreters have seen their awakening as little more than a fatalistic resignation to the human condition.

FELLINI: No, no! Not a fatalistic resignation, but an affirmative acceptance of life, a burgeoning of love for life. The return of Guido to life in 81/9 is not a defeat. Rather, it is the return of a victor. When he finally realizes that he will never be able to resolve his problems, only to live with them-when he realizes that life itself is a continuous refutation of resolution-he experiences an exhilarating resurgence of energy, a return of profound religious sentiment. "I have faith," he says, "that I am inserted into a design of Providence whose end I don't and can't and will never comprehendand wouldn't want to even if I could. There's nothing for me to do but pass through this panorama of joy and painwith all my energy, all my enthusiasm. all my love, accepting it for what it is, without expecting an explanation that does not concern me, that does not involve me, that I am not called upon to give." He is at peace with himself at last -free to accept himself as he is, not as he wished he were or might have been. That is the optimistic finale to 81/2.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't Juliet of the Spirits have essentially the same moral?

FELLINI: Essentially, yes-only carried along another, deeper plane, with more decadent undertones, and told in a less realistic way. Juliet touches on myths within human psychology; its images, therefore, are those of a fable. But it treats of a profound human reality: the institution of marriage, and the need within it for individual liberation. It's the portrait of an Italian woman, conditioned by our modern society, yet a product of misshapen religious training and ancient dogmas-like the one about getting married and living happily ever after. When she grows up and finds it hasn't come true, she can neither face nor understand it; and so she escapes into a private world of remembered yesterdays and mythical tomorrows. Whatever she does is influenced by her



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childhood, which she recaptures in otherworldly visions; and by the future, which she brings to life in bizarre and lively fantasies. The present exists for her only in the electronic unreality of television commercials. She is finally awakened from these visions by a grim reality: the desertion of her husband; but this fulfillment of her worst fear becomes the most positive episode of her life, for it forces her to find herself, to seek her free identity as an individual. And this gives her the insight to realize that all the fears-the phantoms that lived around her-were monsters of her own creation, bred of misshapen education and misread religion. She realizes that the spirits have been necessary, even useful, and deserve to be thanked; and the moment she thanks them, she no longer fears and hates them, and they turn into positive, pleasant beings.

PLAYBOY: Is there some specific message in this for all of us?

FELLINI: A lesson—a lesson we must all learn—as Juliet finally did: that marriage, if it is to survive, must be treated as the beginning, not as the happy ending; that it's something you have to work at; but that it's also not the alpha and omega of human existence; and that it must not be something you accept from the outside, like an inviolate taboo, never to be shattered. Why not admit it? Marriage as an institution needs re-examining. We live with too many nonfunctioning ideologies. Modern man needs richer relationships.

PLAYBOY: What kind?

FELLINI: Extramarital and premarital. Man is not basically a monogamous animal. Marriage is tyranny, a violation and mortification of his natural instincts. A woman, on the other hand, tends to create a world around one man. The tragedy of modern man is that he needs a multiplicity of individual relationships, whereas, at least in the culture in which I live, he is still forced into a single-mated mold. Without it, his life could develop into something interesting, into a higher evolution. Curiously enough, the multiple roles of infidelity seem to bring out the best in some men; were it not for selfnegating guilt, it might in most men. PLAYBOY: What you're suggesting, of course, is completely contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church. Aren't you a Catholic?

FELLINI: It's difficult biologically and geographically not to be a Catholic in Italy. It's like a creature born beneath the sea—how can it not be a fish? For one born in Italy, it's difficult not to breathe, from childhood onward, this Catholic atmosphere. One who comes from Italian parents passes a childhood in Italy, enters the Church as a baby, makes his Communion, witnesses Catholic funerals—how can he not be a Catholic? Still, I have a great admiration for those who declare themselves a detached laity—but

I don't see how this can happen in Italy. Sooner or later, however—even in Italy—every man must take stock of himself, to determine to what point he is really a Catholic, or perhaps not one at all.

**PLAYBOY:** Your unsparing caricatures of Catholic clerics, particularly in 81/2, have led some Church theologians to the latter conclusion about *you*. Are they

FELLINI: Let them say what they want. In a noncategorized form, I think I'm deeply religious, even profoundly so-because I accept life's infinite mysteries without knowing its finite borders, accept them with joy and wonder. Is that being anti-Catholic or anti-religious? When I speak in a polemical manner about deforming our children with Catholic dogma, I'm speaking about an inhuman, inflexible application of Counter Reformation Catholicism. Guido's Catholic teachers in 81/2 were monstrous and unfeeling, but they have nothing to do with Pope John XXIII, for example, who sought to wipe away all such ignorance and help us to rediscover the true Christian faith. If a false and misguided type of Catholic education creates guilts, inhibitions and complexes, then I say it's not only right but necessary to identify it-and, if possible, to eradicate it.

PLAYBOY: Would you include the socalled double standard of morality toward women—which divides them into "good" girls and "bad" girls—among the Church-bred afflictions that ought to be eradicated?

FELLINI: Absolutely. Particularly for us Catholics, woman is seen as either the spirit or the flesh, as either the embodiment of virtue, motherhood and saintliness or the incarnation of vice, whoredom and wickedness. Either we dress her up as an ideal, a snow-white inspiration such as Dante's Beatrice, or she becomes the lewd, laboring beast that devours her newborn son. The problem is to find the link between these opposites. But this is difficult, because we don't really know who woman is. She remains in that precise place within man where darkness begins. Talking about women means talking about the darkest part of ourselves, the undeveloped part, the true mystery within. In the beginning, I believe that man was complete and androgynous-both male and female, or neither, like the angels. Then came the division, and Eve was taken from him. So the problem for man is to reunite himself with the other half of his being, to find the woman who is right for himright because she is simply a projection, a mirror of himself. A man can't become whole or free until he has set woman free-his woman. It's his responsibility, not hers. He can't be complete, truly alive, until he makes her his sexual companion, and not a slave for libidinous acts or a saint with a halo.

**PLAYBOY:** Your spectacular exhibition of Anita Ekberg's larger-than-life endowments on a block-long billboard in *Boccaccio '70* has been called a caricature of woman's role, not as man's sexual slave but as a Gargantuan goddess of eroticism. Was that your purpose?

FELLINI: Yes, In the mind of that repressed little man who spies on the billboard every night, of course, she's anything but a caricature; she becomes a mountainous creature of flesh and blood, a living embodiment of the grotesquely exaggerated image of female sexuality that stalks his stifled libidothat pressure cooker of puritan sexual inhibitions-and finally escapes to stalk him. I wanted to show metaphorically how man's imprisoned appetites can finally burst their bonds and bloat into an erotic fantasy that comes to life, takes possession of its creator and ultimately devours him.

PLAYBOY: Can we conclude, then, that you welcome as a healthy trend the increasing sexual freedom currently enjoyed by movies, magazines and night clubs—and the nudity on display in them?

FELLINI: It's all to the good, because it lifts the veil of mystery and obscurity, the clandestine aspect of sex which deforms it. Think what a woman must look like to a man in prison, how gross some parts of her body must appear to him. Set free, he hurries home to his girl with deformed visions. Ravenously, he re-explores the forgotten country of the woman's body; but the monstrous desires are soon pacified, and the female myth becomes a normality once again.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with those who feel that a totally undraped woman loses much of her mystery?

FELLINI: Only her visual mystery. Inasmuch as woman represents that hidden half of us, the religious mystery of coupling in birth, the mystical, erotical fusion that integrates the whole man, it's clear she will always possess unfathomable secrets invisible even to the inner eye. So I see no reason to keep her covered outwardly, to keep her worldly riches buried like a pirate's treasure in the viscera of the earth.

PLAYBOY: The women in your films—whether prey or predator, saint or sensualist—all seem to be far more vibrantly and affirmatively alive than your self-immobilized male protagonists. Why?

FELLINI: I find my women figures—like Anita Ekberg and Sandra Milo—more exciting to create, perhaps because woman is more intriguing than man, more elusive, more erotic, more stimulating.

PLAYBOY: What inspired you to star Ekberg, whose career was in eclipse, as the voluptuous female in *La Dolce Vita?*FELLINI: She embodied in every detail my

mental image of the role; it's as simple as that. Her previous screenwork was irrelevant. PLAYBOY: How did you manage to transform her with this one role into the international sex symbol she had failed to become in Hollywood?

FELLINI: I just provided her with the perfect part to elicit, perhaps for the first time, the full impact of her extravagant sensuality. I performed no mysterious alchemy. I did no more to bring out the best in her than I do with all my other

PLAYBOY: And how much is that?

FELLINI: Well, once I find the flesh-andblood incarnation of my fantasy characters-and it doesn't matter whether they're picked from the street or are professional actors and actresses-the next thing I try to do is to put them at ease, to strip them of their inhibitions, to make them forget technique, to transport them into a climate that allows them to laugh and cry and behave naturally. In other words, I endeavor to coax out the natural talents they already possess. If I have a method, it is to get their most spontaneous reaction. Every human being has his own irrevocable truth. which is authentic and precious and unique: and the truth of Anita Ekberg or Sandra Milo is no different from anyone else's. If the atmosphere is right, anybody can be made to express his joys, his sadnesses, his hostilities, everythingentirely of his own accord, honestly and openly. I don't ever want to make the mistake of forcing someone into a given character, or of limiting him in any way. Instead. I try to let him re-create his own character for the role. Because of this, I think, my results are richer and more satisfactory; the spectator finds himself in the presence of a creature of unique

PLAYBOY: Most actors are trained to create a role, to impersonate someone else, a fictional character. Yet you say you want them to portray themselves. Doesn't this create a conflict of interests? FELLINI: Not really. Once they get used to the idea of turning inward rather than outward, most find that it comes more naturally, that it enables them to bring far more authenticity to their portrayals. For most roles, of course, only part of the actor's own character will be germane to the character he's playing, so I ask him to be less than completely open and spontaneous, to be only selectively self-revealing. But even where there is a deep personal identification between an actor and his role, he doesn't simply play himself; he doesn't strip himself bare. Complete self-exposure can be both dangerous and irrelevant to the role. I ask him instead to expose himself gradually, layer by layer, until he reaches the level where he merges and meshes completely with the character. Though his subconscious motivations and reactions will now be those of the man he's portraying -and vice versa-the identity of player and part must remain a dramatic illusion, his seeming spontaneity must be studied, his naturalness premeditated. Despite his rapport with the role, all of his acting skills and disciplines will be necessary to bring the character believably to life. Though there may be severe labor pains, the issue of this unlikely union between instinct and technique can be beautiful, indeed. A perfect example is Marcello Mastroianni's wonderfully sensitive performance as Guido in 81/2, a part with which he deeply identified.

PLAYBOY: So did you, if one can believe reports that the picture was your own

spiritual autobiography.

FELLINI: I did and it was. I wrote a story dealing with myself and my deepest secrets-or at least an idealistic approximation of me. Then I found a man who could become inhabited with all that had been inside me, and I made him the incarnation of an imaginary person closely resembling me. A mysterious air arose on the set; I found myself ordering myself around like a disembodied spirit in limbo.

PLAYBOY: Are you as close to Mastroianni in private life?

FELLINI: Almost symbiotically so. Even though we seldom see each other outside of our work periods, we have such a profound rapport that it is like a mirror before me saying, "It's me. It's not me . . ." and so on. It's uncanny. This is the basic bond of our friendship; but he's also very humanly simpatico. I see in him a charge of enthusiasm, innocence and charlatanry-like a smaller brother. And I'm no less an admirer of his professionalism. He's a very gifted actor.

PLAYBOY: Are you as deeply involved with any other actors?

FELLINI: Not so intensely, though I become terribly fond of all my actors, out of all proportion-because they are my puppets, creations of my fantasy. I claim they are the world's greatest actors and become ferociously defensive about them

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Giulietta Masina, has starred in several of your films. Does your personal relationship make it easy or difficult to direct her?

FELLINI: Both. When I work with her, she seems the ideal actress: patient, docile, obedient, serious. She's not difficult-I am. I'm more impatient with her than with other actors. I get irritated if she doesn't immediately do what I have in mind. It seems incredible to me when she doesn't respond promptly just the way I want. You see, Giulietta is the first character I think about when I do a film with her. The others come slowly to mind, many months afterward, but always around her as the central figure. So when I get impatient and irritated with her, I feel like saying, "Giulietta! You were born first and the others came after you. You've lived in my mind so much longer than the others; why aren't you



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quicker?" I know that's unjust, but somehow it always goes that way. But I do like to work with her.

PLAYBOY: Is she a good actress, in your opinion?

FELINI: Excellent. I think that she would have interested me as such even if she hadn't been my wife. Her mimicry, for example, and that little round face which can express happiness or sadness with such poignant simplicity. That little figure, with its tenderness, its delicacy, fascinates me no end. Her type is crystallized, even stylized for me. As an actress, she represents a special type, a very specific humanity.

PLAYBOY: And as a wife?

FELUNI: So many things. I'll try to be objective, but it isn't easy. We've lived together so long. The other day on the set, we celebrated our twenty-first anniversary. Twenty-one years. It doesn't really seem that long. There are still things to discover. Where were we?

PLAYBOY: Discussing Giulietta as a wife. FELLINI: And such a wife—tender, affectionate, eternally solicitous. She always wants to know if I feel cold or if I want to eat. When we're shooting outdoors, she asks if my socks are wet. You know how women are. But she is not only my wife; she is also the one who inspires me. Over the years, she has become a stimulant for me, a symbol of certain feelings, certain moods, certain behavior. Our life together has been sprinkled with tragedy and joy, with tears and laughter, and this has given me material, inspiration for my work.

PLAYBOY: Does she make any actual creative contribution?

FELLINI: Only in the sense that she provides the sun and the rain that warms and waters the soil in which the seeds I sow eventually sprout—and occasionally flower into films.

PLAYBOY: To continue your imagery, where do the seeds come from?

FELLINI: I don't always know, but somehow, from somewhere, an idea arrives, and I carry it within me like an embryo for weeks, months, years—until finally it reaches the fetal stage and begins to assume a vague but tangible shape. Then, very tentatively, I begin to work on the first rough pieces of a script.

PLAYBOY: You've said that looking at portrait photos of potential characters is a stimulant to the creative process at this stage. Why?

FELLINI: It's a ritual form with me, a habit, a psychological conditioning to begin work. When I'm planning a picture, I see literally thousands of people in hundreds of mass auditions, and I keep all their photographs. I'm searching for faces to fit the characters I'm creating—or may create.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation for dragging out this preparatory period for month after month, as though it were a drug, until finally you must be pulled away and forced into actual shooting.

FELLINI: Well, it's not quite that addictive, and it's not always my fault for taking so long at it. Often these protracted preparations are caused by external factors-such as not finding a producer, or a producer who loses faith, or something else beyond my control. But postponements serve the positive purpose of giving me more time to create the right atmosphere for filming-time to create a kind of oxygen tent that will allow my creatures to live. This is made from many things-the script, costumes, photographs, a trip, a meeting with a girl, a fight with a producer, a change of office, an aimless walk around the house. All of this helps create a tent with enough air for the birth of this thing. That, for me, is the real effort: to take these steps that create the condition for the birth of the work. The film I make may not turn out to be the one I had in mind, but the main point is to see if, in the first two or three weeks of shooting, this thing is actually born alive. After that, it becomes self-sustaining—as though I were no longer directing, but rather that the film were directing me, pulling me onward.

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth to the prevalent notion that you begin shooting with little more than the outline of a script; that, in effect, you direct your films off the top of your head, improvising scenes and dialog as you go along? FELLINI: If I wanted to commit artistic and economic suicide, that would be a beautiful and spectacular way to go. But since I don't, I arrive on the set with a script in hand-though it doesn't really mean that much, except as a pacifier for actors who fear improvisation, and for producers who crave reassurance that the structure for a film story has been created. What does matter is that I have a very precise idea of where I want to go in the film and how I want to get there long before the camera starts to roll. Once it does, of course, I try to remain flexible enough to amend and adorn the action as the need arises -rather than adhere blindly and fanatically to the original scenario as though it were Holy Scripture.

You can't say, "I want a baby with blue eyes, pink ears, blonde hair, that weighs seven pounds, three ounces, and with fingers just so." No, you take a woman, make her pregnant, assist in the childbirth, and the baby is what it is, and you're stuck with it. At the moment of parturition you can't say, "No, no, it doesn't have blue eyes, back it goes!" A film is the same. What does it mean to be faithful to ten pages of dialog, written five months previous, without knowing the actors or what language would be used? You don't even know where it will be shot. You might conceive of the scene in a park, but when you get there you realize your actor with his face would not have spoken that way in a park. Or the actress wears a dress that prevents her from saying a certain line. Also, instead of filming two actors talking, you may discover while you're filming that a close-up of a fountain or a panning shot of the rare furnishings in a drawing room will say more than the entire ten pages of dialog. In this sense I make myself available to adaptation; but I do not extemporize.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel after completing a film? Do you ever worry about going stale, or encountering what's called

artistic paralysis?

FELLINI: What a strange question. A film never ends abruptly for me. It leaves an echo, a trail, and I live with it. Even after I've finished shooting and cutting, it's still with me, I still hear it, feel it, sense it. When it isn't with me anymore, when I feel it's finally extinguished, then another atmosphere enters, like the arrival of spring. It's the new film-with its new personages, and its undeveloped story. You see, I don't experience blank periods. It seems that ever since I started as a director, it's been the same daythe same long, wonderful day. But am I at all preoccupied with failure or professional impotence? Naturally. As you know, 81/2 dealt with this preoccupation. But I don't feel the day is near when I will be empty. When it happens, I hope I'll have the humility and good sense to stop chattering. Meanwhile, I am still filled with enthusiasm and with a consuming urge to do things.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you go to the movies hardly at all—even to see your

own pictures?

FELLINI: Very true. When I finish a film, as I said, I'm possessed by the shaping vision of my next one; and it's always a jealous mistress. Besides, I want to live in the present, not linger in the past. As for other people's films, I go very, very seldom. I'd rather make films than watch them.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely you've seen a few of your contemporaries' pictures.

FELLINI: Enough to form a few impressions. PLAYBOY: Have you seen any of Kurosawa's films?

**FELLINI:** Only his *Seven Samurai*, but I think he is the greatest living example of all that an author of the cinema should be. I feel a fraternal affinity with

his way of telling a story.

PLAYBOY: How about Ingmar Bergman? FELLINI: I have a profound admiration for him and for his work, even though I haven't seen all of his films. First of all, he is a master of his métier. Secondly, he is able to make things mysterious, compelling, colorful and, at times, repulsive. Because of that, he has the right to talk about other people and to be listened to by other people. Like a medieval troubadour, he can sit in the middle of the room and hold his audience by telling







stories, singing, playing the guitar, reading poetry, doing sleight of hand. He has the seductive quality of mesmerizing your attention. Even if you're not in full agreement with what he says, you enjoy the way he says it, his way of seeing the world with such intensity. He is one of the most complete cinematographic creators I have ever seen.

PLAYBOY: Antonioni?

FELLINI: I have respect for his constancy, his fanatical integrity and his refusal to compromise. Antonioni had a very difficult professional beginning. His films for many years were not accepted, and another man, less honest, less strong, would have made retreats. But Antonioni kept on his solitary road, doing what he believed he should do until he was recognized as a great creator. This has always made an enormous impression on me. He is an artist who knows what he wants to say, and that's a lot.

PLAYBOY: Truffaut?

FELLINI: I'm terribly embarrassed, but I haven't seen anything of his. Sorry.

PLAYBOY: DeSica?

**FELLINI:** Great power of achievement, and a master of his actors. He stems from our marvelous era of neorealism. He is a very good director, someone almost untouchable, because of the special place he occupied after the War.

**PLAYBOY:** Some critics have drawn parallels between your work and that of the neorealistic school. Do you think there's any validity to the comparison?

FELLINI: Indeed, yes. But mine is the neorealism of the Sixties-a very different breed of cat from the neorealism of the Forties, when many of us began with great ideals, but which finally tore itself apart in social polemics and drifted off into nonpolemical comedy. By the time that happened, however, neorealism had lifted film making to the dignified level of an autonomous art, freed the film maker from the enslaved conditioning in which cinema was imprisoned-a secondary art subordinate to the mood of the public. The greatness of early neorealism consisted in giving cinema liberty, so that we could finally express ourselves in films as freely as others could with a brush or a pen.

PLAYBOY: Since La Dolce Vita, you've been inundated with movie offers from America. Do you think you could express yourself freely as a film maker in Hollywood?

FELLINI: Probably not, but I've been sorely tempted to try it anyway. I'd love to do a film there on what caught my imagination during my visits to America. But even if I had a clear idea of what to say, the practical realization of it, the actual translation of this idea into images would embarrass and probably defeat me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FELLINI: In Italy, I know what I'm doing. I know how to handle my actors, how to

dress them, how to make them believable in the surroundings I've created for them. I know what I want them to express because I know what I am talking about myself. Even if I throw in an extra with one line, she has a reason to be there and she'll give truth to that one line and authenticity to those few seconds she's on screen. But how could I do this in a strange country with strange people? How would I know, for example, what a Boston taxi driver would wear at home on Sunday afternoon? How does a cashier from a Bronx drugstore dress, smile, or react to a man insulting her? I'd be lost a thousand times a day, and that would be fatal, because cinematography, at least in my opinion, needs an absolute mastery, complete control of everything and everyone-the female star's underwear, the leading man's mustache, the way matches are placed on the left side of the table. This is a true and deep obstacle. It's why an author must stay with the language that has nourished him since childhood, that has left with him a cultural deposit and a bagful of customs and traditions. So you see, the idea of a radical uprooting to work in America-or anywhere else beyond these borders-would be inconceivable to me.

PLAYBOY: Could the right price make you change your mind?

FELLINI: Money doesn't interest me. It's useful and good to have, but it's not an obsession with me, and it wasn't even when I didn't have it. When I first came to Rome at 18, I worked on a newspaper, and at times I didn't have enough money for lunch. But it was food I desired—not money. I have no money with me at this very moment; I never have. I even borrow for coffee from friends. Maybe I've been able to make money because of this. Money goes to those who don't court it.

**PLAYBOY:** And fame, too, in your case. Are you as indifferent to that?

FELLINI: I would be, only it's not as easy to ignore. It keeps impinging on one's time and privacy. Though I've managed to preserve a few small sanctuaries from the unblinking eye of publicity, there are more and more invasions, especially since 81/2. When I went to America, I was besieged by women who thought I had the key to happiness, some sort of recipe for joining life. They phoned at all hours and even waited for me in hotel corridors. I told them I had no answers, no amulets, no elixirs, no nothing for them, but they wouldn't believe me. I'm a director, not a seer or a psychiatrist. What I have to say, I say in my work.

PLAYBOY: And your work, as you said earlier, has been an attempt to escape from your past. Do you think you've succeeded?

**FELLINI:** To some extent. I feel less guilty now about the things my childhood education made me feel guilty about.

PLAYBOY: Such as sex?

FELLINI: Or any intelligent use of the senses that takes you beyond the confines of puritan morality. So I feel more robust, less defenseless. But then, it's high time for maturation, don't you think? At my age a man should be somewhat mature. Occasionally, though, I feel that this calm understanding could be destroyed by a single, sudden, violent, unexpected emotional confrontation.

PLAYBOY: With a woman?

**FELLINI:** I don't know with what or whom. But certainly it's always possible in life, and most possible when you're most sure of yourself.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure of yourself?

FELLINI: Not in an egotistical sense; but I feel less emotional, more collected, more at peace with myself than ever before. Though I've lost some of my power and potential in the process—along with my youthful pugnacity—I feel that a religious sentiment, profound but authentic, has been born within me. But I've had a rather fortunate life, so it's possible that my optimism may stem from not having known much sorrow or pain. PLAYBOY: Do you fear growing old?

FELLINI: No—probably for the same reason.
PLAYBOY: How about death?

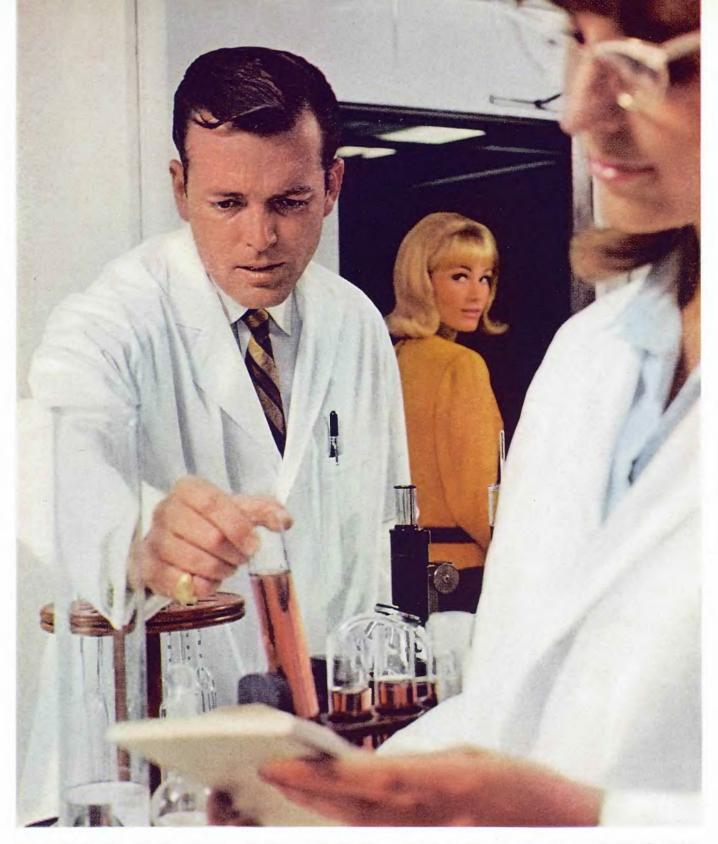
FELLINI: Death is such a strange thought, so contrary to what we think of in our physical life, that it's difficult to speak about it. We don't know what it is, so a vague terror tends to seize us. It's like a legendary continent, a faraway land that you've heard spoken about in contradictory terms. Some say it exists, others that it doesn't. Some say it's most beautiful, others that it's horrible. Some say it's better than this world, while others claim that nothing is as beautiful as life, that death is only silence and a forgetting. But let's face it: There is this country, and sooner or later we're all going there.

PLAYBOY: Do you dread it?

FELLINI: Yes. No. I don't know. One should face death as he embraces life: with a consuming curiosity—but without fear. Nor should he delude himself by approaching either with hope; for hope is a way of idealizing the other side of the coin of fear. Faith is what is needed, not hope. You must feel that all is sacred, that all is necessary, that all is useful, that all goes well. I can't understand an artist who seeks to show life as sterile and doomed, that we are alone and abandoned, that there is nothing left. If you deny everything, then you deny art itself, so why create it?

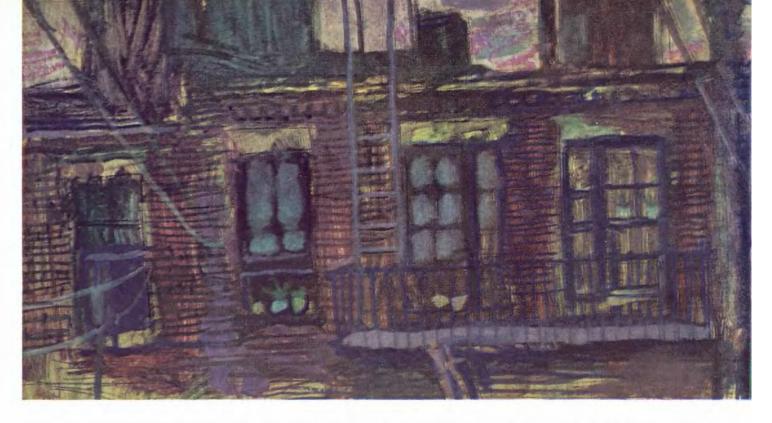
PLAYBOY: Are faith and curiosity, then, your prescriptions for a happy life?

FELLINI: Let's say a full life. Happiness is simply a temporary condition that precedes unhappiness. Fortunately for us, it works the other way around as well. But it's all a part of the carnival, isn't it?



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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#### fiction By BERNARD WOLFE

HE MET TESSA through furniture. As a result of furniture. In the aftermath of furniture.

In an Eighth Street bookstore he told the clerk his problem about a bureau. The shirts and sheets he kept on an open shelf in the bathroom collected so much soot, many went back and forth between laundry and shelf without stopover on him or under him. He thought he might get more use from his linens if he had a bureau, something with drawers.

The clerk knew of somebody with a bureau for sale, Tessa Mayo. When Simon called, Tessa said sure, come over and see the bureau, any time after midnight. It was a peculiar time to visit a stranger to discuss furniture, but Simon went that midnight,

Tessa Mayo lived at the top of a brownstone on East Ninth off University Place. Floor through, skylights, rear roof patio. Scraps of silk and wool materials in piles, threads of different colors on the rugs, tissue-paper patterns heaped around. Tessa designed high-fashion clothes for Gordyanne's tony midtown department store.

"Hello, I'm Simon Dwire," he said.

"I've seen you around," she said.
"Didn't I hear you were a writer?"

"Specifically, I'm a ghostwriter."

"Really? You don't write anything on your own?"

The question always annoyed Simon.

"On my own what? On my own typewriter? Yes, I do all my writing on my own typewriter, but it's all ghostwriting."

"You mean you don't put your name on

anything you write?"

"I couldn't, I'm hired to put other people's names on it. Besides, I'm hired to write bad books, so I couldn't put my name on them if I wanted to. I'm a good writer, so I wouldn't want my name on bad books. Is that the bureau you want to sell?"

"Yes, like it? It's an old Amish piece, good one, people tell me, but it's left over from my marriage, it was picked by the man I was married to and I'd just as soon get rid of it. Also, I go more for Saarinen and Eames furniture."

He looked her over as she pulled the bureau drawers out. She was close to five, ten in her stocking feet, in heels she would be at least a six-footer. She had the thinness, not a model's short-rations look, the bag-of-bones look, just a scrupulous paring, to keep her unusual length from the Amazonian. Her face he liked right away. Blooming. Circus busy. The nose, while not thin, which was most to his taste, was dramatically shaped, long, with an interesting bump, and the nostrils were given to quick flares, also interesting. She was animated, talked fast, with sweeps of hand and heaves of shoulder. This highness of spirit Simon was to discover came less from animal larkiness than a constant half drunkenness, plus amphetamines.

"Isn't this a little late for a business

"Oh, I've got a thing, I just can't sleep when the sun goes down so I sleep days and work nights, I don't really come awake till midnight."

"I thought therapy with Pandro Harlow was supposed to give you better habits, including sleeping habits."

"How'd you know I did therapy with Pandro Harlow?"

"You've got all his books in your bookcase. People who collect his books usually have been in therapy with him." "Well, yes, that's bright of you, I was, for almost a year. It didn't change my sleep patterns, though, the minute the sun goes down my eyes snap open. All the same, I got something out of my sessions, a whole new slant on the eitherors, that's valuable. Don't you think Pandro's books are marvelously written? The last two anyhow. Particularly the last one, Sex Without the Either-Or."

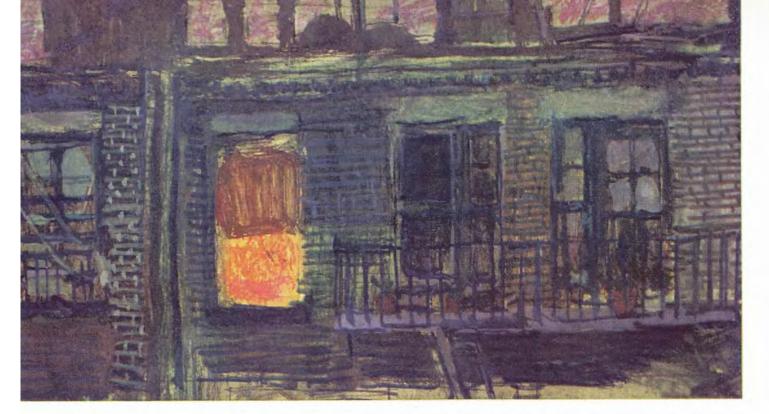
"I think he sees too many eithers and not enough ors, but, yes, the last two books are very well written."

They found they had more in common than their feeling about Pandro Harlow's prose. Simon had taught English at Dimody before the ghostwriting money opened up. Tessa had spent two years at Dimody before going to Paris to study designing. Her class had broken all records to that time for unplanned pregnancies. Give or take a year, she said, they might have met at Dimody. Simon doubted it, because at Dimody he had no sheets and only two drip-dry shirts and so would not have gone looking for a bureau. No, no, seriously, she said, she might very well have been in one of his classes. Hardly likely, she was in a class by herself, Simon said gallantly. By this time they had both had several vodkas. Who was the Mayo she'd been married to, Simon asked.

"Mayo's my maiden name," she said.
"I don't use my married name professionally, my things are called Tessa Mayo Designs. My married name was Chisworth, I was married to a man named Stephen Chisworth."

"The Stephen Chisworth?" he said.

"God wouldn't make two Stephen Chisworths. He's probably still trying to figure out what got into Him to make



## HOW SIMON GOT HIS BUREAU

and learned that quoting himself, without revealing his ghostly authorship, could lead to more valuable ends than just obtaining a chest of drawers in which to stow his duds—organically speaking, of course



Him make one misshapen ooze of a blob like that. Yes, *the* Stephen Chisworth."
"I'm beginning to remember. Wasn't there some messy trial, a scandal?"

At this Tessa began to cry. She sank to the floor amidst the tissue papers and fabrics and let the tears out. She told him the whole story. She'd met Stephen Chisworth in Paris. He was attending some World Youth for Peace Congress in Stockholm sponsored by the satellite countries. She didn't care about all his money or his offbeat politics, he came on strong and she responded strong. They were married in Paris and came back to Long Island to live in a big house with big grounds outside of Roslyn, near his family's estate. They had two children. She was kept busy running the house and minding the children while Steve

went off to his meetings in Manhattan.

Word came to her that Steve wasn't only going to meetings, he was running around with girls, for the most part Negro girls. Steve had a thing about and for Negroes. Lots of Negroes came to visit them in Roslyn, political friends, but Steve had more Negro friends in Manhattan, ones he never brought home, girls, he had this sexual fixation on Negro girls. This situation near drove Tessa crazy. It got so she wasn't married anymore except on paper but stuck in Roslyn like a married woman while Steve went catting in Manhattan. Naturally she began to brood.

Talk about desperate. She got so desperate that at one point she went out to a punky booze joint in a working-class neighborhood near Roslyn with the ex-

press intention of picking up the worst burn or animal she could find. She did pick up such an animal, a bricklayer with black nails and bad teeth, but once she had him home she couldn't stand to have him touch her and it was tough getting rid of him, it was ugly, but it showed how close she was to swallowing her pride and her taste, too.

By this time Simon and Tessa were side by side in bed with the covers half over them. As her narrative developed, Simon had suggested they could talk more comfortably if they were lying down, and after a time he pointed out that they'd be more comfortable yet if they didn't have their clothes on. Besides, it was late, way past his bedtime, this late he found clothes oppressive. She offered no opposition when he un-

dressed her, stopping him only when he went after her last item of clothing, her bikini-type briefies, on which Simon found a label reading Henson Kickernicks.

He liked her breasts a great deal. They were not large, but they stood pleasingly high and had large boldly colored nipples. She did not mind when he stroked them, she was caught up with her story.

What he liked especially in her long body were her very long legs. It was true that there was a discernible triangle of air high up between the inner thighs, a feature which generally bothered him, but the over-all length of the legs was so impressive as almost to compensate for this skimping in just one place. She did not mind when he stroked her legs either. She went on telling her story. From time to time she took a drink from the vodka bottle and passed it to him.

So she was just about going out of her mind, had no man and no possibility of getting a man while her so-called husband was having his Negro girls in wholesale lots. One night she got drunk, she was beginning to drink a lot, and when Steve came home toward morning she drove him out of the house with a Smith & Wesson automatic. She knew she'd have to pay for that. She drank and prowled the grounds with a rifle in case he tried to sneak back. One night he tried to come in through a side road with two men from the sheriff's office and she began firing at them, crawling through the snow from tree to tree and firing, she was so worn down she didn't know what she was doing.

What Steve was after was the children. He'd already made overtures through his family's attorneys to get the children. The Chisworths meant to brush her aside and keep the kids to be raised as snooty Chisworths. She was having none of this, of course. She agreed to move out of the big house in return for their not pressing charges for the gunplay. The house was sold so a property settlement could be worked out. But when she moved to Manhattan, to the Village, matter of fact to this very brownstone, she originally rented the top two floors so there'd be room for the kids and a sleep-in maid. This was when she went back to the designing, to have something to do and also to supplement the farfrom-large support payments Steve was grudgingly making.

Then came the trial. The Chisworth lawyers were out to prove Tessa was no fit mother because of loose morals, and their proof of her looseness of morals was that she went around in a carnal way with Negro men. They had just enough evidence to make the charge stick, of course. One man had befriended her through the tough times, a Negro man, the baritone in a vocal group that sometimes entertained at Stephen's functions to lift the embargo on Castro or

ban the bomb or whatever. This man saw what a knocking around Tessa was getting and, politics or no politics, took her side. Sure she was making it with him. He was at the time the only male in the Western Hemisphere who gave her a kind look, he was a good friend and a good guy, and furthermore, if she knew Negroes it was through her husband's knowing all these Negroes politically and sexually.

She wasn't even allowed to testify in court about Steve's politics and catting around, because she didn't have proofs, she couldn't afford to hire squads of private investigators to get proofs. But Steve's lawyers had proofs against her. So Steve Chisworth, with his nonadmissible fixation on Negroes, used the bugaboo of her hanging out with Negroes to crucify her in court. Also, they put that bricklayer with the dirty fingernails on the stand, and he was not a good character witness. She was nailed to the cross in a way to stay nailed. The horrified jury found against her all the way. Steve won custody of the kids. The Chisworths settled \$25,000 on her to appease their consciences and that was that.

Her designs were clicking, she had a good-money contract with Gordyanne's, she didn't need money. But here she was, 31, mother of two kids, not allowed again in her life to see the kids. Here she was, living in the Village like a punk kid herself, having to do it all over, one fat decade dropped out of her life, nothing to show for that all-important decade, condemned to knowing no more about the two flesh-and-blood things that had come out of her body than what she chanced to read in the papers. She was drunk. Damn right she was drunk. She'd been drunk for a long time and planned to stay drunk longer. Pandro Harlow really helped her get the either-ors out of her head and live a more liberated life, but no Pandro Harlow could liberate her out of this soap opera she was stuck in. She wanted those kids. She needed those kids. Her kids were dead to her. A bigger medicine than Pandro Harlow for this kind of soap opera that wouldn't end was booze and thank God booze was available in quantity. How'd Mr. Simon Dwire like this tale of marital stresses between the lady marksman from Dimody and her Negro-oriented millionaire lefty spouse in their big old Roslyn love nest? Touching, huh? Was it for Joan Crawford? Could Bette Davis maybe play it with a fuller quiver?

He stroked her long legs.

"I remember the story now. It was in all the papers."

He leaned her heavy jutting nipples this way and that.

"You've had it tough."

"Without those kids I'm going on one lung."

A grayish, impoverished, reluctant light

was staining the windows. It was morning. He had been listening to her story for seven hours, occasionally dozing, more often stroking her breasts or legs.

"There isn't much I or anybody can

do. I could make love to you."

"You listened and that's doing a lot."
"I'd like to do more. Are you sure you wouldn't like me to make love to you? It might take your mind off your troubles."

"You're a nice man, but I can't."
When his hands went at her Henson
Kickernicks she pushed them away.
"They called me promiscuous, an animal, it blackens all my thoughts in the
area of men."

"Tessa, making love with me won't make you promiscuous. I'm one man, not an army."

"They're all one man, each one's one, but they add up. Wild how you keep it to the ones and pretty soon it's an army and you're an animal."

"If we make love I won't think you're an animal."

"You're very nice, I mean that, but it's the first thing I would think and all I would think. No, I can't, it would just prove their case against me and depress me more."

"They don't have to know about it, Tessa. Nobody would know but me and I certainly don't want to prove any cases against you. After all, we're here already, and undressed. You might say we've bypassed several days of preliminaries. We're practically making love right now. We might just as well round it out, we're that close, it's a shame to come this far and stop. See how close we are? See? It wouldn't take more effort, we're practically there, all you have to do is——"

She arched high to roll him back to her side.

"No, please, Simon, don't." She was beginning to cry again. "I lost my two sweet tiny babies this way."

"I might remind you you made those babies this way. Let me ask you something, did you go to Pandro Harlow long?"

"Close to a year, I told you. Not to his group-therapy sessions, that was maybe for six or seven months, but for private treatments just about a year, I guess."

"Did he really help you, Tessa?"

"Oh, a lot, I'd say. In the private sessions more than in the group ones. In the private sessions I would strip and he would manipulate me in different places to release the trapped orgone energies in the different sets of muscles and make me, well, orgasmically freer. It worked, too, I'm orgasmically much freer."

"Not with me, you're not in the least orgasmically free with me and I've been manipulating you in various places for I'd say seven hours."

"I don't see that there's any parallel, Simon, this isn't therapy."

(continued on page 78)



"Doctor Woodhull wanted in the dispensary . . . Doctor Woodhull wanted . . ."





The Continental cauple above enjays a charming cocktail haur in a canvivial Athenian sidewalk café. The gentleman is appropriately garbed for the accasion in a two-button mohair suit designed by Pierre Cardin far Neville Reed af Londan, \$80, and a French silk tie, by Hermes af Paris, \$8.

attire By ROBERT L.GREEN playboy's fashion director scouts london, rome, paris, madrid and athens to bring you the latest on the continental look

THIS FASHION SEASON may well be called "the year of the big change" in the clothes-conscious capitals of Europe. English gentlemen no longer slavishly follow the dictates of Savile Row when dressing for a night on the town or an afternoon at Epsom Downs. Elegant Romans have forsaken muscle-bound styles in favor of one featuring navy blazers and slim-fitting slacks. Parisian males—never before numbered among the Continent's best dressers—have exchanged many of their Charlie Chaplin baggy suits for models created by ultrafashionable haute couture salons. Debonair Spaniards are sobering their colorful wardrobes with deep new shades of black and brown. Men from the golden shores of Greece are giving up the Hellenic "native" look for something more cosmopolitan.

There was a time when Continental clothing manufacturers were content to merely make mass-market copies of

Pausing during a stroll along the ancient Acropolis with a madern maid af Athens, the fellaw at left is prepared for the changeable Hellenic climate in a lightweight trench coat of catton poplin, by Aquascutum of Landan, \$75. Sharing a colorful clinch at right, the guy is wearing a baldly striped cotton pullover sport shirt, by Angelo af Rame, \$15.









At far left, fellaw lounges à trais in a raw-waal fisherman's sweater, hand-crofted an Mykanas, \$10. Left, set for an Aegean cruise, sailar is decked aut in yachting jacket, \$125, warn with waol-flannel slacks, \$60, and turtleneck pullover, \$40, all by Angelo Litrica af Rame.

the garments created by established designers. But more and more Europeans have become accustomed to emulating garb that had previously been the privileged sanctuary for only the elite few. So today the true man about the Continent has adopted new, highly personalized fashion styles to help distinguish himself from his imitators.

We recently returned to the Continent for our annual grand tour of Europe's leading ateliers in search of any prevailing fashion winds that may soon blow some of these styles across the Atlantic and affect what you'll be wearing.

Unlike the situation in the United States, where the majority of clothing manufacturers create styles that differ greatly only in finish and fabric, European fashion houses, each one centered on one designer, produce wide varieties of men's styles.

In London, the Savile Row establishment directly competes with such far-out, modern stylists as John Stephens of Soho. Stephens (nicknamed the "King of the Mods") entered the clothing field seven years ago and now owns 24 men's stores in the London area. While he caters to the younger, swinging set that follows the British Beatle-oriented singing groups, Stephens includes in his list of clients such notables as Lord Snowdon, the Duke of Bedford and Peter Sellers. Many of his styles are perhaps better suited for Mods than Americans, but he maintains a balanced haberdashery display with many items certain to make inroads over here in the near future. Dayton's of Minneapolis has opened a John Stephens boutique that stocks a beige-linen four-button suit we particularly like. Other Stephens originals that (concluded on page 166)

Gilded by the eternal summer of Byran's Grecian isles, the cauple at left views the Hellespant. The guy wears a cambed-cottan jacket, by Cartefiel of Spain, \$25. Chap at right sparts a basket-weave cardigan, \$110, waal slacks, \$60, with a pullover, \$40, all by Briani of Rame.





"Interested in getting a little time off for bad behavior?"

# A Valentine

By William Saroyan

breathes there a lad with heart so dead who never to himself hath said "that's the girl for me"?

"BREATHES THERE a man with soul so dead that in his heart has never said, This is my own, my native land . . ."

The foregoing is a garbled version of a piece of American writing I chanced upon 50 years ago at Emerson School in Fresno, and immediately loved for its simplicity, truth and warmth; loved so deeply that I found it impossible not to invent parodies of it, which nevertheless did not diminish my admiration for the original:

"Breathes there a man with foot so flat that in his flight from the watermelon patch has never said, 'This is my own, my very own watermelon, farmer. Don't shoot a good American boy doing his plain American duty!'"

Or: "Breathes there a man with heart so heavy that in the summer has never said, "This is my time at last to dive and swim or sink, and then walk home in bare feet, with a stick of hay in my teeth to help me think!"

The thing I liked about the piece of writing was the grand arrangement of the first four words, *Breathes there a man*, which had the effect of making me feel, Now we're *talking*. And made me believe I could talk that way, too, and probably ought to, for the good of my own green soul.

In ordinary everyday speech I had never heard anybody say anything in any such poetic manner, but now I knew it could be done, and therefore it was no longer necessary to imagine I would have to speak English as I had heard others speak it: I could speak it as others had written it.

I could speak writing: Dreams there a dreamer a dream more impossible to talk about than my dream of you, Maxine of the second grade, two desks forward, one aisle to the left?

The answer: No.

My dream of Maxine was not only impossible to talk about, I couldn't even write about it, but on Valentine's Day in 1916 when I was eight I tried to draw a picture about it: a heart with an arrow in it under the carefully printed name Maxine.

Below the heart was a whole great white space for my name, the adorer of the dumpy, stumpy, lazy, lumpy, lightheaded, lisping angel who had come directly from the spheres to enchant and torment me, although she lives in a hovel on Santa Clara Avenue near O Street, the daughter of an Irish day laborer.

There was space for my name as well

as my message, but when I moved pencil point, eye and nose, secret and soul, to where I might begin to engrave the first letter of my name, I was stopped cold in my tracks.

I couldn't write my name.

I couldn't print the first initial of my first name, even, because in that great miracle, that great love, that great dream of Maxine, I was simply nothing—a total stranger, an outsider, an immigrant who actually wanted to invade a dimension in which he would be a crude clown, a rude fellow, an astonisher of the order of law and love, who would have to be laughed at or politely told to go back.



Who was I to think that I could send my drawing of love and adoration and my name and message to the Miracle of the Ages, Maxine Herself? William? Saroyan? How ridiculous and unfortunate each name was. How wrong, how hopeless.

I could talk writing all right, but I couldn't talk love. It was too big for language, line, sign, mark, engraving, letter, whisper, word, song, dance, glance, or thought, even; although for a while I expected thought to do what nothing else could.

I believed my dumpy little darling would find arriving into her own mysterious thinking-and-feeling processes the thought of my love, and one day would suddenly turn, look at me, and be as enchanted about me as I was about her. She would get up from her desk, come to me, and I would get up and take her by the hand and walk out of the room with her, out of Emerson School, out of the Public School System of Fresno, California, and out of the whole riginarole of trying to get people to find out about love by sending them to school.

Maxine and I knew love, we had it, straight from the holy source of it, so we didn't need to go to school anymore.

I thought my deep long thought of love, and I waited for it to arrive in Maxine, so we could recognize one another and get the hell out of there.

But after three full long January weeks of total failure, I began to suspect that the dream of love that had come unaccountably into my life couldn't be directed into hers.

I waited, and then I stopped waiting. That wedding just wasn't happening.

Was it possible that it would never happen—all her life, all my life, all of everybody's life?

Was it possible that it simply couldn't happen? Couldn't we ever know something as simple as that without words? Couldn't we know it at just the right time because it was true? Always had been and always would be?

Well, it looked as if we couldn't.

There seemed to be simply no communication between people excepting by means of words, spoken or written, and so on Valentine's Day I began to make a valentine for Maxine, only to discover that my love was so great, mysterious, everlasting, hopeless, crazy, true and one-sided that I couldn't sign the valentine, not even with my initials, not even with the always-popular Guess Who?

And yet she was the only girl in the whole world for me, so what was a man to do about that?

Well, I would do something, most likely, something in writing, most likely, because if the substitute communication was language, then that would be the thing I would be concerned about the rest of my life. I would try to find out how to make the substitute communication that is in words as near as humanly possible to the real communication that is not in words.

I would find out how to send valentines to Maxine—and to everybody else.

As for that particular valentine on that particular Valentine's Day, I didn't send it. It was too inadequate a substitute for my love, and so I had to reject it entirely. (concluded on page 188)

"Because you won't let it be, Tessa. Let me point something out. You went to Pandro all that time, but you never got the real message, the central Harlow idea didn't get through to you. I want you to listen carefully now. This could be the therapeutic breakthrough."

He shook his head as he got to his feet. He was unusually drunk, and dizzy. He wavered across the room to the bookcase. He ran his finger across the nine books, the nonwriting of which had made Pandro Harlow rich and famous. He took out the last and most famous of the Pandro Harlow books not written by Pandro Harlow, Sex Without the Either-Or. Then he got into bed next to her. He opened the book and almost with eyes closed found the especially therapeutic

"Tessa, here's the heart of the Pandro Harlow doctrine. He's talking about the feeling a lot of people get that they're animals when they let out their orgone energies in a more than monogamous way. Follow this, now, it's in Pandro's own words."

He was aware that as he began to read his voice automatically went into the old lecture-hall drone. This irritated him, but he read:

"To imagine that some ways of conducting the sex life are clean and others dirty, and to shy away from the dirty ones in favor of the clean ones, this is to introduce still another either-or into sex. possibly the most vicious of all. In nature there is no either-or, only a bothand. Nature makes no distinctions between right and wrong, its one rule is anything goes. In nature there is no dirty sex and no clean sex, there is simply sex. The dirty-clean polarity is another irrelevancy introduced into sex by certain societies to prove that their ways with sex are excellent and all other ways horrible. But the fact is that all sexual ways, all without exception, the dirtiest as well as the cleanest, will be found practiced by human beings somewhere on earth as the official, sanctioned ways, The principle of all-that-is-possible-isnatural will in time pulverize that final clamp on the natural sexual appetites called monogamy. The institution of monogamy is not in the least a clean way of channeling sex, as its practitioners believe. It is merely a way of perverting what in nature is an instinctual liberty into what in society becomes a proprietary right. The law of nature is a simple one: When you want, you reach. The person who has a sufficiently healthy animal appetite to explore all orifices and outlets . . . "

He read for some time, his eyes often leaving the page to see what effect these words were having on Tessa. They seemed to be having some effect. Her

long legs twitched from time to time and her nostrils seemed more active.

Only a few times in his life had he taken such a dim view of himself as he was doing now, but he continued to read, charting his progress in her legs and nostrils. He had better than seven hours of his life invested here and seven hours of his life were as important to him as her lost decade was to her.

Besides, though she had told her story with quite high style, avoiding the staler notes of self-pity, what she had filled the seven hours with, essentially, was seven hours' worth of melancholia, downbeat stuff. It was time to introduce another tone, make some elbowroom for positives, for affirmations, some reasonably hopeful view of the breathing condition. All very well to enumerate the misfortunes when they are severe and many. But you have to remind yourself, or be reminded, that at moments respiration is more than a chore, the life span more than a sentence to serve. Still, satisfied though he was that he was after a good for her as well as for himself, he disliked the major part of himself when he saw how she was responding, the melt in her eves.

"I forgot, I forgot the simple truths." she whispered when he put the book down. "Thank you for reminding me, oh, thanks a billion times. It's just what Morris was always explaining, but I forgot this wisdom."

"Who's Morris?"

"The baritone I was telling you about." With these heartfelt words she pulled the very tight and very brief Henson Kickernicks down over her gazelle legs, kicked them for a nick, clutched him to her rousing high breasts with both long arms. Her hold on him was so spirited he thought his encomium to breathing might become elegy.

"There's one either-or left in my head, you fine reader, either you make me feel damn good or I'll break every bone in your body," she whispered in his ear, then bit it. "You very smirchy thing, you coaly article, you."

She was apparently confusing him with Morris or her picture of some Morris. He did not point out that in her reversal she had not adopted the Pandro Harlow view, only decided to be dirty for a while instead of clean: the same old either-or, with a more positive estimation of the or.

Much later, somewhere along in early afternoon, as he was trying to see his way to the door, she stirred her legs and said sleepily, "Oh, Simon, I'm glad you read those classic words to me, you straightened me out, I see again, it's good to have a body. Thanks for reading to me!"

"Never underestimate the power of

the written word, Tessa, goodbye," he said as he went out the door.

Simon had written Sex Without the Either-Or from first page to last for Pandro Harlow for a fee of \$20,000. He had conned her open by quoting himself through another man's mouth. Words that in his own mouth would have made him gag, though they had come originally from his fingers, the two fingers he typed with anyhow, the other eight standing by not lifting a finger to stop them. The power of the ghostwritten word. Breaches of monogamy, no matter what he'd written for Pandro Harlow. did leave him feeling somewhat dirty. Not because it was bad to have more than one woman, because it was bad to lie. Not even bad, but tiring.

What he had done with the words he had written for someone else but could not have written for himself, though he was not above quoting them, what he had done to get a taste of a superior body, this left him feeling particularly smutted. Thank you. Pandro Harlow. for taking the words out of my mouth.

When he was two blocks away, plodding along West Tenth toward his own place, he remembered he'd gone to Tessa's to look at a bureau. He remembered that she had an Amish bureau, but couldn't recall what it looked like.

Tessa he liked fine. Tessa was a good girl. He had two first-rate months with her, not especially bothered by the lessthan-slim nose and the small but detectable triangle of air between her upper thighs. But then Foster Danelian told him about another girl, Jordan Wherry. He sometimes went over to the New Center for Cultural Research, to Foster Danelian's life class, to check on the girls who modeled there, and he saw no reason not to take a look at the new model. Jordan. She was smaller and daintier than Tessa, and though she, too, had the triangle of ventilation between the thighs, she had the kind of nose he particularly admired, thin and very straight, with the thinnest shells for nostrils. It was the archetypal nose with all marks of race and locale cleansed from it. If you took the 100,000 best noses of the Western world and made them into a composite nose, the result would be Jordan's nose, the best, the purest, the straightest, the cleanest in line. The nostrils did not move at all. To make them move, make them come to life close to your eyes as you made all of her come to life, that would conceivably be something. He decided to go after Jordan Wherry. That meant doing something about Tessa Mayo, since, by his standards regarding monogamy, the road to Jordan necessarily led through, not around, Tessa.

So he asked Foster Danelian to have (continued on page 150)



# JAZZ'66

A LOOK AT THE CURRENT JAZZ SCENE AND THE WINNERS OF THE TENTH ANNUAL PLAYBOY POLL—PLUS A REPRISE OF THE DECADE'S ALL-STARS AND READERS' FIRST CHOICES FOR THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALL OF FAME JAZZ BY NAT HENTOFF

THE MAN AND THE ORCHESTRA who are beyond category were ubiquitously triumphant during the past jazz year. At 66, the patrician Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington juggled a series of major projects while continually on the move. In the spring he was also the calm center of a tempest swirling around the decision of the Pulitzer Prize Advisory Board to reject the recommendation of its music jury that Ellington be given a special citation for "the vitality and originality of his total productivity" through nearly four decades. In protest against that rejection, two of the three Pulitzer music jurors resigned, and there were many mutterings in newspapers and magazines at the slighting of the Duke. Ellington himself, secure in his achievements, played it cool: "Fate is being kind to me. Fate doesn't want me to be too famous too young."

The goof by the Pulitzer brass notwithstanding, Duke's fame increased. Ellington's was the only jazz orchestra at the White House Festival of the Arts in June. In July he conducted the New York Philharmonic at Lincoln Center in the world premiere of his newest suite, *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple*. That same month he was special guest artist with the Boston Pops Orchestra at the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood in a concert for the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Ellington was also invited by the Grace Episcopal Cathedral in San Francisco to present an evening of sacred music of his own composition at the Cathedral. "There is a wrong idea," noted The Very Reverend Julian Bartlett, dean of the Cathedral, "that anything enjoyable or entertaining is somehow sinful and profane." Ellington's September concert of the nonprofane drew more than 3000 listeners into the church. It led to a December concert at New York's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

At year's end Ralph Gleason was completing for the National Educational Television Network an hourlong documentary on the perennially resourceful Duke; an Ellington musical, *Pousse Café*, was on its way to Broadway; the Duke had agreed to write the score for a new Frank Sinatra film, *Assault on a Queen*; and the State Department had decided to send the Ellington orchestra to represent the United States at the World Festival of Negro Arts and



Music in Dakar next spring. The Duke already had a head start for 1966.

Another jazz titan, a year younger than Duke, scored high as a diplomat in the year gone by. Louis Armstrong drew tumultuous crowds on a spring tour behind the Iron Curtain. "I didn't see no curtain the whole time I was there," Louis declared. "Where do they keep it? The only curtain I saw was the one I closed when Lucille [Mrs. Armstrong] and I went to bed." In reciprocal relaxation of tension, Neues Deutschland, a leading East German newspaper, proclaimed: "Armstrong and his musicians play for all people. They are messengers of the good America, the America we love and respect." Armstrong filled the huge Prague Sports Palace, drew 80,000 in Budapest, and was mobbed in Belgrade. Russian officialdom remained resistant to his entry into the U. S. S. R., but he did travel by tape in June through an appearance on Evening Meeting, a widely popular television show in the Soviet Union.

In the United States Senate in June, Senator Jacob Javits of New York proposed that Armstrong be awarded a Presidential Medal of Freedom. Said Javits: "He played music which has been decried by the Communists for years as being 'degenerate' and he was triumphant." No Freedom Medals, however, were given this year. Meanwhile, Louis' domestic career flourished. He was signed for a featured role in the MGM musical I Got Rhythm; and as an index of his durability as an entertainer, when Shindig, the rock-'n'-roll television series, began to dip alarmingly in ratings, Armstrong was rushed in to take over two shows.

Perhaps the most meaningful event of the year for Armstrong himself was his first appearance in his home town. New Orleans, in more than a decade. On October 31 he played a concert for the benefit of the New Orleans Jazz Museum. As leader of a racially integrated band, Armstrong had previously been prevented from appearing in New Orleans by state laws banning mixed performances. And Louis had refused to take an all-Negro combo. Those laws are now dead, so that Louis was finally able to come home on his own egalitarian terms. There were occasional signs during the year that Louis, laden with honors, was looking to the time when his travels would cease. He became a stockholder in







THE 1966 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



the Negro-owned, Harlem-based Freedom National Bank and he talked of retiring some distant day to Ghana, "the country of my ancestors." But prospects were that Louis would be on the road for years to come. "You don't quit when you're still strong and enjoy your work," he said on his birthday, July 4. "And I love music just as much now as when I started to play."

Yet another major jazz veteran enjoyed what was for him unprecedented international acclaim. The pervasively influential Earl Hines was "rediscovered" both in Europe and at home. A spring European journey was so successful that it was extended into June. He had not been abroad for ten years, and he was greeted as if he were the jazz Artur Rubinstein—long lines, glowing reviews and, as he put it, "applause so thunderous it scares you." In







America, Hines played a string of prestigious clubs and concert dates and recorded prolifically in New York. He had proved that jazz elders need not necessarily slide into limbo.

A younger-and considerably more controversial-jazzman than Earl Hines made jazz news after two years of relative inactivity. The stubbornly independent Ornette Coleman, a leading guru of the new jazz wave, returned to the club scene with an explosive stay early in the year at New York's Village Vanguard. In addition to his plastic alto saxophone, Coleman's arsenal included trumpet and violin for the first time. He was not yet the master of either, but his searing, sizzling violin playing was unlike anything heard previously in jazz or classical music. After the Vanguard, however, the economics of the avant-garde American jazz scene impelled Coleman to try the life of an expatriate. In August he arrived in England, was classified by the Ministry of Labor as a "concert artist" rather than a jazz musician and, accordingly, was allowed to play publicly. Coleman was well received, but moved on to other European dates.

While the jazz experimenters continued











THE 1966 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

to find the American night-club scene bleak, established combos found no significant change from the previous year; and the growing number of Playboy Clubs provided heartening evidence that not all Americans spent their nocturnal time watching gunmen, high camp espionage agents and family traumas. One renowned jazz club, Birdland, did expire; and the Metropole, also in New York, cut down sharply on its jazz attractions in favor of rock-'n'-roll dancing girls and a discothèque operation.

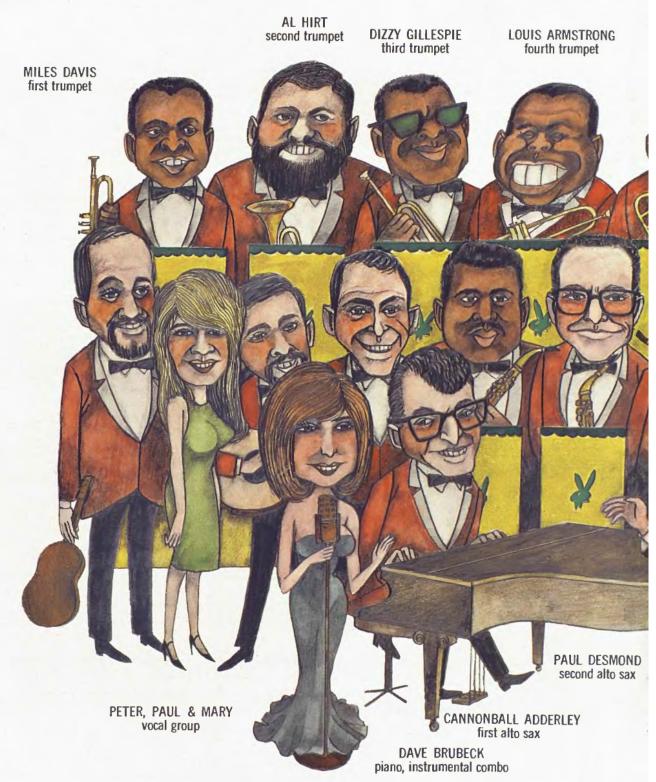
There was, however, an encouraging surge of jazz organizations formed by aficionados committed to expanding work opportunities for jazzmen. They included the Jazz Arts Subscription Series in Detroit, the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore, the Jazzworkers of Indianapolis and the strengthened Jazz at Home Club U. S. A. in Philadelphia. New York, too, had a new basing point for jazz partisans as Jazz Interactions, Inc., was founded in March. Like the







### THE 1966 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND



BARBRA STREISAND FRANK SINATRA male vocalist female vocalist

J. J. JOHNSON first trombone

KAI WINDING second trombone

SI ZENTNER third trombone

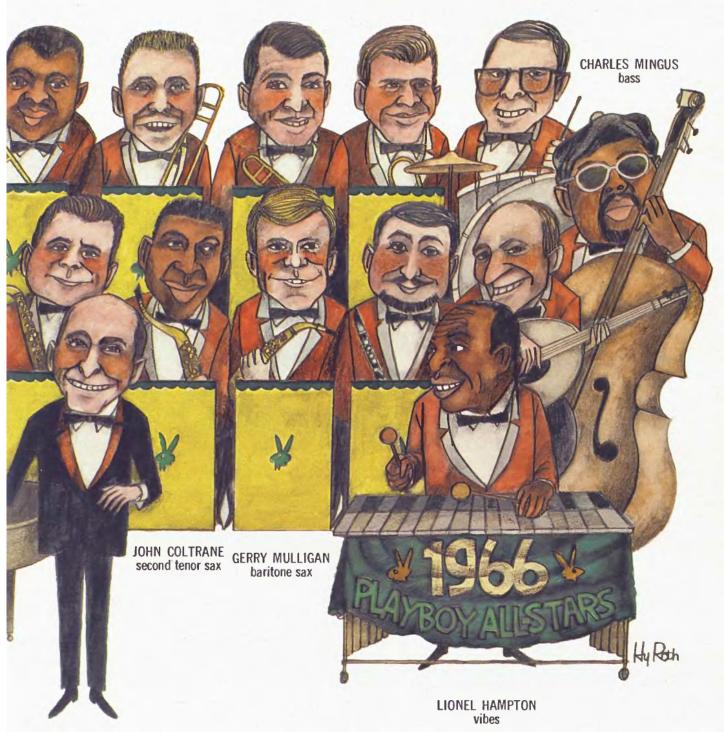
BOB BROOKMEYER fourth trombone

JOE MORELLO drums

STAN GETZ first tenor sax

PETE FOUNTAIN clarinet

CHARLIE BYRD guitar



HENRY MANCINI leader

others, its goal is to "foster a greater understanding and enjoyment of jazz." In addition to planning clinics, lectures and jam sessions, the club instituted the highly utilitarian Jazzline. Anyone in New York wanting to know where the action is need only call 469-3335 for a list of the current jazz attractions.

College support of jazz, meanwhile, increased markedly. Setting a standard for other colleges and universities, a group of students at Stanford inaugurated the most ambitious jazz program in American academic history. Begun in October and running through this spring, Stanford Jazz Year comprises concerts (with such luminaries as Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and Miles Davis), lectures, films, displays of photographs and other exhibits. Taking Stanford's lead, the University of California at Berkeley started a series of jazz concerts in November. Down the coast, a season of fine-arts productions at UCLA opened in the fall with the turbulent metaphysics of Charles Mingus. In the East, the Boston University Forum began its second year of jazz concerts and in New

For the year to come, signs were that an increasing percentage of the nation's 2800 colleges would be providing dates for itinerant jazzmen. The enterprising saxophonistleader Paul Winter obtained no less than 50 campus engagements in the first part of 1965.

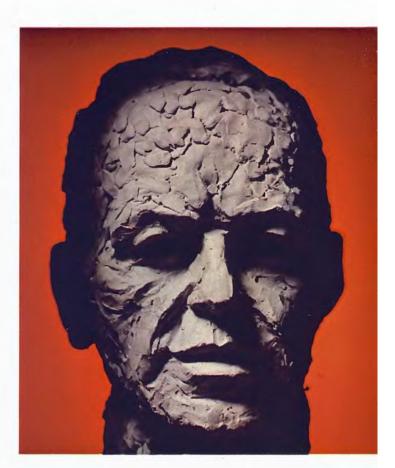
York, Hunter College expanded its jazz activities.

Indigenous college jazz was also very much in evidence throughout the year. Intercollegiate Jazz Festivals, in which combos and big bands competed, took place at Villanova, Kansas City University, Notre Dame, Pennsylvania State and Gonzaga University in Spokane, among others. Nor was the jazz groove of academe always restricted to the campus. As part of the State Department's Cultural Presentations Program, the University of Denver Jazz Bandwith arrangements by Bob Brookmeyer, Bill Holman, Jimmy Giuffre and other professionals-toured the Far East. The University of Michigan Jazz Band, traveling through Latin America on a 14-week journey for the State Department, found life on the international circuit hazardous. They were booked for an April 24 concert in Santo Domingo, but that was the day the Dominican rebellion exploded. The band canceled its concert and was evacuated a few days later.

During the summer, jazz clinics continued to thrive at the Universities of Indiana, Connecticut, Nevada and Utah. Such established musicians as Donald Byrd, Ron Carter. Charlie Mariano and John LaPorta were among the faculty members. And yet another university was added to those offering music degrees to students specializing in jazz. Starting in the fall, the University of Miami set up four-year

## THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALL OF FAME

This past October, our Jazz Poll ballot, for the first time, gave PLAYBOY readers an opportunity to vote for the three outstanding jazz artists—instrumentalist or vocalist, living or dead—whom they thought worthy of being the initial occupants of the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame. After the ballots had been counted, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra and Dave Brubeck led all the rest—and by a handsome margin, we might add. Each October, our readers will be polled to elect three new artists to the Hall of Fame to take their places alongside those already honored.

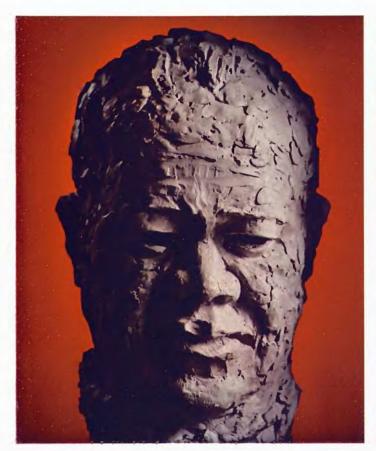


FRANK SINATRA If there are any entertainment worlds left for the Chairman of the Board to conquer, they are not visible to the naked eye. In the 25 years since he gave up cub reporting to sing in front of local Hoboken bands, the monolithic corporate structure that calls itself Frank Sinatra has successfully branched out into myriad nonmusical endeavors; but music, and his part in it, has always been Sinatra's major concern and first love. His dazzling concert tour with the Basie band this past year was this generation's premier song stylist's way of keeping his hand in, of making contact with the loyal legions and new recruits who dig him and whom he likewise digs. Through a quarter century of consummate lyrical communication, Sinatra-the man and the music maker-has been uniquely himself. In so doing, he has carned a special niche in the showbusiness pantheon and the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame.

programs for those aspiring to careers in studio music, jazz and music merchandising. For jazz majors there will be three jazz orchestras in action.

For postgraduate jazzmen, summertime was, as usual, concentrated on the festival wheel. A warm-up was to have taken place in New Orleans in May, but that event was summarily canceled. The reason: Although the Civil Rights Act now permitted interracial bands and audiences, 21 Negro football players, in town for the American Football League's all-star game in January, had been so persistently discriminated against by some of the unreconstructed local citizenry that they left the city in protest. Fearing similar dissonant publicity when the jazzmen came, the New Orleans civic authorities and businessmen who had asked impresario George Wein to develop the festival suddenly asked him to stop.

The climate was more propitious in Kansas City, where the Kansas City Tourist Commission and Kansas City Jazz Inc. com-



SCULPTURES BY JACK GREGORY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK



LOUIS ARMSTRONG Jazz and the affable sexagenarian Satch have been inextricably entwined for over a half century. In truth, jazz and jazzman Armstrong were weaned, cut their eyeteeth and grew up together. Since the antediluvian days in New Orleans when the eager kid cornetist worshiped at the throne of his idol, King Oliver, Armstrong's clarion horn and gravelly vocal equipment have been synonymous with one of the truly American art forms. Back in the Thirties, Louis began the overseas jazz odysseys that were to make him one of this country's most prestigious and well-received export commodities and to earn him our State Department's ex-officio appellation of Ambassador Satch. To the world, and to PLAYBOY readers, obviously, it would appear that Louis—a Gargantuan grin on his face, and the ever-present horn and handkerchief in his hand-has always been around. And he just may go on forever.

DAVE BRUBECK As the leader of one of jazzdom's foremost foursomes and one that has remained intact since 1958 (an eon in show-business chronology), the softspoken but fierce defender of his music and his musicians has achieved a rare duality. He has been a pioneer in the exploration of new jazz forms while achieving popular and financial success (the Quartet's "Time" LP series is a perfect case in point). Composer-pianist-leader Brubeck, in carrying his jazz crusade (aided by alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, drummer Joe Morello and bassist Gene Wright) to the college campus-where his concerts are greeted with the enthusiasm usually reserved for panty raids and football games-to the recordbuying public and, in recent years, to the four corners of the globe, has shown an unbending dedication to his art. His installation in the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame is recognition of that dedication.

### A DECADE OF PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL WINNERS

#### **ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND**

	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	
LEADER	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	Stan Kenton	
TRUMPET	Louis Armstrong Chet Baker Dizzy Gillespie Shorty Rogers	Chet Baker Louis Armstrong Dizzy Gillespie Shorty Rogers	Louis Armstrong Chet Baker Miles Davis Dizzy Gillespie	Miles Davis Louis Armstrong Dizzy Gillespie Chet Baker	Miles Davis Louis Armstrong Dizzy Gillespie Jonah Jones	Miles Davis Dizzy Gillespie Louis Armstrong Maynard Ferguson	
TROMBONE	J. J. Johnson Kai Winding Jack Teagarden Bob Brookmeyer	J. J. Johnson Kai Winding Bob Brookmeyer Jack Teagarden	J. J. Johnson Kai Winding Bob Brookmeyer Jack Teagarden				
ALTO SAX	Paul Desmond Bud Shank	Paul Desmond Bud Shank	Paul Desmond Earl Bostic	Paul Desmond Earl Bostic	Paul Desmond Cannonball Adderley	Cannonball Adderley Paul Desmond	
TENOR SAX	Stan Getz Charlie Ventura	Stan Getz Coleman Hawkins	Stan Getz Coleman Hawkins	Stan Getz Coleman Hawkins	Stan Getz Coleman Hawkins	Stan Getz John Coltrane	
BARITONE SAX	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	
CLARINET	Benny Goodman	Benny Goodman	Benny Goodman	Benny Goodman	Benny Goodman	Pete Fountain	
PIANO	Dave Brubeck	Erroll Garner	Erroll Garner	Erroll Garner	Dave Brubeck	Dave Brubeck	
GUITAR	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	
BASS	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	
DRUMS	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	
MISC. INSTRUMENT	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	
MALE VOCALIST	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	
FEMALE VOCALIST	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	
INSTRUMENTAL COMBO	Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quartet	
VOCAL GROUP	Four Freshmen	Four Freshmen	Four Freshmen	Four Freshmen	Lambert, Hendricks & Ross	Lambert, Hendricks & Ross	

#### **ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS**

Ten years have passed since the winners of the first Playboy Jazz Poll were announced. In the ensuing decade, the personnel of the All-Star Jazz Band has changed with the changing tides of musical fortune, but a number of the original members are still favorites with our readers-Louis, Diz, J. J., Kai, Brookmeyer, Desmond, Getz, Brubeck, Hamp, Mulligan and Sinatra. The last two have the singular distinction of having won every readers' poll and every All-Stars' All-Stars balloting since its inception in 1959 (there were no awards in three of the All-Stars' All-Star categories that year, because the balloting revealed no outstanding choices). Here, then, is a retrospective look at the Medal-winning music men who earned the approbation of PLAYBOY readers and of their fellow musicians as well.

LEADER	Count Basie	Duke Ellington	Duke Ellington	Duke Ellington
TRUMPET	Miles Davis	Dizzy Gillespie	Dizzy Gillespie	Dizzy Gillespie
TROMBONE	No Award	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson
ALTO SAX	No Award	Paul Desmond	Cannonball Adderley	Cannonball Adderley
TENDR SAX	Sonny Rollins	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	John Coltrane
BARITONE SAX	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan
CLARINET	Jimmy Giuffre	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco
PIANO	Oscar Peterson	Erroll Garner	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson
GUITAR	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Barney Kessel	Wes Montgomery
BASS	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown
DRUMS	Shelly Manne	Shelly Manne	Philly Joe Jones	Philly Joe Jones
HISC. INSTRUMENT	Milt Jackson, vibes	Milt Jackson, vibes	Milt Jackson, vibes	Milt Jackson, vibes
MALE VOCALIST	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra
FEMALE VOCALIST	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald
INSTRUMENTAL COMBO	No Award	Modern Jazz Quartet	Miles Davis Quintet	Miles Davis Quintet
VOCAL GROUP	Hi-Lo's	Lambert, Hendricks & Ross	Lambert, Hendricks & Ross	Lambert, Hendricks & Ross

1959

1960

1961

1962

1963	1964	1965	1966	
Stan Kenton	Henry Mancini	Henry Mancini	Henry Mancini	
Miles Davis	Miles Davis	Miles Davis	Miles Davis	
Dizzy Gillespie	Al Hirt	Al Hirt	Al Hirt	
Louis Armstrong Al Hirt	Dizzy Gillespie Louis Armstrong	Louis Armstrong Dizzy Gillespie	Dizzy Gillespie Louis Armstrong	
J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	
Kai Winding	Kai Winding	Kai Winding	Kai Winding	
Bob Brookmeyer	Si Zentner	Si Zentner	Si Zentner	
Jack Teagarden	Bob Brookmeyer	Bob Brookmeyer	Bob Brookmeyer	
Cannonball Adderley Paul Desmond	Cannonball Adderley Paul Desmond	Cannonball Adderley Paul Desmond	Cannonball Adderley Paul Desmond	
Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	
John Coltrane	John Coltrane	John Coltrane	John Coltrane	
Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	
Pete Fountain	Pete Fountain	Pete Fountain	Pete Fountain	
Dave Brubeck	Dave Brubeck	Dave Brubeck	Dave Brubeck	
Chet Atkins	Charlie Byrd	Charlie Byrd	Charlie Byrd	
Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Charles Mingus	Charles Mingus	
Joe Morello	Joe Morello	Joe Morello	Joe Morello	
Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Lionel Hampton, vibes	
Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	
Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Barbra Streisand	Barbra Streisand	
Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quartet	Dave Brubeck Quarte	
Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan	Peter, Paul & Mary	Peter, Paul & Mary	Peter, Paul & Mary	
Duke Ellington	Duke Ellington	Duke Ellington	Duke Ellington	
Dizzy Gillespie	Dizzy Gillespie	Dizzy Gillespie	Dizzy Gillespie	
J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	J. J. Johnson	
Cannonball Adderley	Paul Desmond	Cannonball Adderley	Paul Desmond	
Sonny Rollins	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	Stan Getz	
Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	Gerry Mulligan	
Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	Buddy DeFranco	
Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson	Oscar Peterson	
Wes Montgomery	Wes Montgomery	Wes Montgomery	Wes Montgomery	
Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	Ray Brown	
Philly Joe Jones	Philly Joe Jones	Elvin Jones	Elvin Jones	
Milt Jackson, vibes	Milt Jackson, vibes	Milt Jackson, vibes	Milt Jackson, vibes	
Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	Frank Sinatra	
Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	Ella Fitzgerald	
Oscar Peterson Trio	Dave Brubeck Quartet		Modern Jazz Ouartet	
Lambert, Hendricks &	Four Freshmen	Dave Brubeck Quartet  Double Six of Paris	Swingle Singers	
Bavan	1004	1005	1000	
1963	1964	1965	1966	

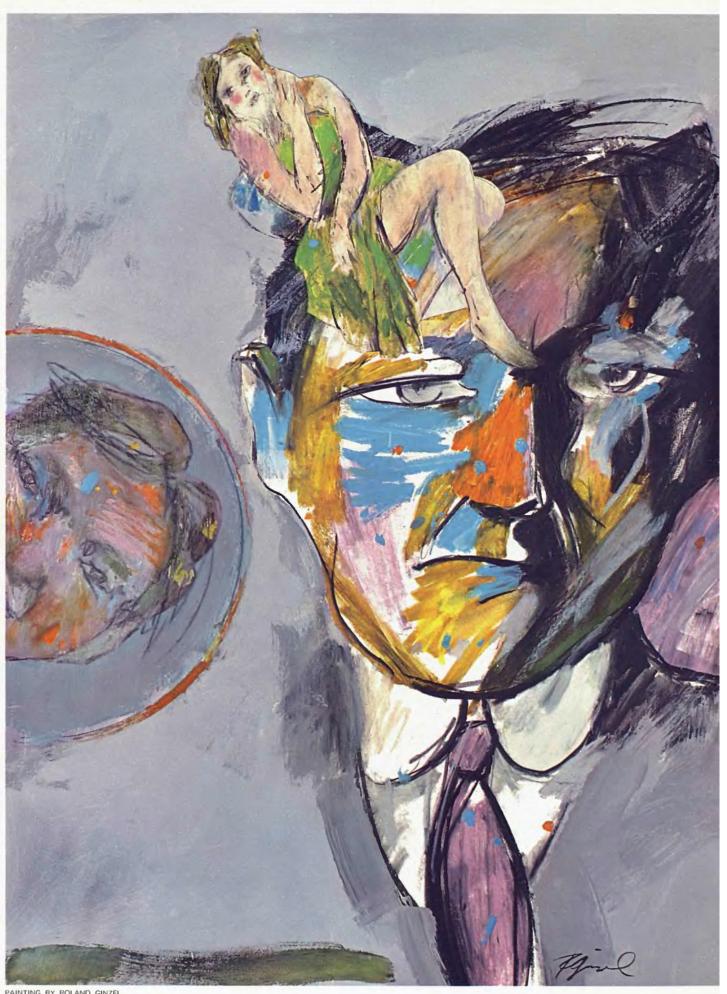
bined for a successful "jazz week" in late April that was climaxed by the Count Basie band, which had begun its blazing career in K. C.

In Pittsburgh, the Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization, aided by the pervasive Mr. Wein, held another annual jazz festival in June. Among the outstanding performers were former Pittsburghians Earl Hines, Mary Lou Williams, Art Blakey and Ahmad Jamal. More than 17,000 came during the three days. Wein was also in charge of a Detroit Jazz Festival in mid-August and the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival at the State Fair in Columbus from August 27 to 29. Furthermore, he helped assemble the first Down Beat Festival in Chicago, August 13–15.

The apex of Wein's year, however, is always the Newport Festival. Ensconced at a new site, Festival Field on Connell Highway, the 12th annual Newport rites took place July 1-4. (In the fall, he arranged for an exchange of talent between the Newport Festival and the Metropolitan Opera-the Met's people to appear at Newport for four concerts next July after the jazz. festival; the Newporters to perform at Manhattan's Lewisohn Stadium concerts.) Although the usual array of stars-from Thelonious Monk to Muddy Waters-was present this year, the cynosure of the festival was a former band singer with Tommy Dorsey. Making his first appearance at Newport, Frank Sinatra arrived in the hiply regal style to which his followers have long been accustomed. On the final night, a helicopter dropped serenely onto the field, bearing the nonpareil-and exceedingly well-guarded-Sinatra. After a robust set with the Count Basie band, Sinatra returned to his home in the sky as the audience, mesmerized, watched the helicopter until it was out of sight. No one all year cut that entrance and that exit.

Of the more than 47,000 who attended the Newport Festival, 15,000 came for the Sunday night with Sinatra. Similar large, enthusiastic crowds welcomed the minstrel as he and Basie made a short summer tour. Two months before his scheduled two performances at the Forest Hills Festival in New York in July, all tickets were gone. When a third night was added, it, too, was quickly sold out. Clearly, Sinatra's drawing power has never been stronger, and although his participation in the jazz year was brief, he scored a singular triumph. It was a fitting milestone for Sinatra's 25th year in show business. Toward year's end, two TV specials (on NBC and CBS) marked that event and, coincidentally, celebrated Sinatra's 50th birthday.

The climax of the jazz-festival season was in Montercy, California, September 17–19. Although the music was uneven, the Montercy Festival was again, on balance, the most absorbing of the year's alfresco jazz celebrations. More than 30,000 heard, among other variegated sounds, Duke Ellington's (continued on page 179)



# despair

with insidious and compelling power, a dark and loathsome scheme took sinister shape within the secret confines of his mind

# Part III of a novel By VLADIMIR NABOKOV

SYNOPSIS: To his neighbors in Berlin, the chocolate merchant Hermann presents an enigma. Outwardly mundane, smug, priggish, he appears to be a typical bourgeois German businessman, living with his sensual wife Lydia and their maid Elsie in a comfortable flat, where frequent visitors include Lydia's strapping cousin, the roguish painter Ardalion, and the philosophical Orlovius. But within this shell observers may perhaps detect another Hermann, a narcissist who cannot pass a mirror without a backward look, an egoist consumed in self-delusion, a near bankrupt, desperate for recognition and security.

On a business trip to Prague, Hermann meets Felix, an itinerant ne'er-do-well, and is immediately struck by their astonishing resemblance. They are doubles, he concludes, although to Felix the likeness is, at best, remote. However, Felix opportunistically takes advantage of this conviction to ask Hermann to get him a job.

When Hermann returns to Berlin, he finds Lydia and Ardalion planning a picnic at the painter's wooded retreat. Without knowing quite why, Hermann is magnetically drawn to this lonely glade with its sequestered lake and marshes. And, although his business is failing, he makes time to visit it frequently and alone.

Subsequently, Hermann narrates, he writes to Felix to inform him that he has found him a job and to arrange a rendezvous for some weeks later in the town of Tarnitz. He goes there and discovers Felix seated on a bench in a park, dealing out crumbs to sparrows. Hermann and Felix are fatefully face to face once more.

KEEPING MY EYES fixed on the ground, I shook his right hand with my left, simultaneously picked up the fallen stick, and sat down on the bench beside him.

"You are late," I said, without looking at him. He laughed. Still without looking, I unbuttoned my overcoat, removed my hat, passed my palm across my head. I felt hot all over. The wind had died in the madhouse.

"I recognized you at once," said Felix in a fawning idiotically conspirant manner. I was looking now at the stick in my hands. It was a stout, weathered stick, with its lime wood notched in one place and the owner's name neatly branded on it: "Felix so and so," and under that the date, and then the name of his village. I put it back on the bench, with the fleeting thought that he had come on foot, the rascal.

At last, bracing myself, I turned toward him. Still, it was not at once that I glanced at his face; I started working from his feet upward, as one sees on the screen when the cameraman is trying to be tantalizing. First came big, dusty shoes, thick socks sloppy about the ankles, then shiny blue trousers (the corduroy ones having presumably rotted) and a hand holding a crust of dry bread. Then a blue coat over a dark-gray sweater. Still higher the soft collar that I knew (though now comparatively clean). There I stopped. Should I leave him headless or go on building him? Taking cover behind my hand I glanced between my fingers at his face.

For a moment I had the impression that it had all been a delusion, a hallucination-that never could he have been my double, that gump, with his raised eyebrows, expectantly leering, not quite knowing yet what countenance to assume-therefore raising those eyebrows, so as to be on the safe side. For a moment, as I say, he appeared to me as like me as any man. But then, their fright over, the sparrows returned, one of them hopping quite close, and that diverted his attention; his features fell back to their proper position, and I saw, once again, the marvel that had arrested me five months before.

He flung a handful of crumbs to the sparrows. The nearest made a flurried peck, the crumb sprang up and was nabbed by another, which immediately flew away. Felix again turned to me with his former expectant and cringing servility.

"That one got nothing," said I, pointing to a little chap standing apart and clicking his beak helplessly.

"He's young," observed Felix. "Look, he has hardly any tail yet. I like birdies," he added with a mawkish grin.

"Been in the war?" I queried; and several times running, I cleared my throat, for my voice was hoarse.

"Yes," he answered. "Two years. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Damned afraid of getting killed, eh?"

He winked and spoke with evasive obscurity:

"Every mouse has a house, but it's not every mouse that comes out."

In German the end rhymed too; I had already noticed his fondness for insipid sayings; and it was quite useless racking one's brains trying to see the idea he really desired to express.

"That's all. There is no more for you," said he in an aside to the sparrows. "I like squirrels too" (again that wink). "It's good when a wood is full of squirrels. I like 'em because they are against the landowners. And moles."

"What about sparrows?" I asked with great gentleness. "Are they 'against' as you put it?"

"A sparrow is a beggar among birds—a real street beggar. A beggar," he repeated again and again, leaning with both hands on his stick and swaying a little. It was obvious he considered himself to be an extraordinarily astute arguer. No, he was not merely a fool, he was a fool of the melancholic type. Even his smile was glum-made one sick to look at it. And nevertheless I looked greedily. It interested me hugely to observe how our remarkable likeness got broken by the working of his face. If he were to attain old age, I reflected, his grins and grimaces would end by eroding completely our resemblance which is now so perfect when his face freezes.

Hermann (playfully): "Ah, you are a philosopher, I see."

That seemed to offend him a little. "Philosophy is the invention of the rich," he objected with deep conviction. "And all the rest of it has been invented too: religion, poetry . . . oh, maiden, how I suffer, oh, my poor heart! I don't believe in love. Now, friendship—that's another matter. Friendship and music.

"I'll tell you something," he went on, laying his stick aside and addressing me with some heat. "I'd like to have a friend who'd always be ready to share his slice of bread with me and who'd bequeath to me a piece of land, a cottage. Yes, I'd like to have a real friend. I'd work for him as a gardener, and then afterward his garden would become mine, and I'd always remember my dead comrade with grateful tears. We'd fiddle together, or, say, he'd play the flute and I the mandolin. But women . . . now, really, could you name a single one who did not deceive her husband?"

"All very true! Very true indeed. It's a pleasure to hear you talk. Did you ever go to school?"

"Just for a short time. What can one learn at school? Nothing. If a fellow is clever, what good are lessons to him? The chief thing is Nature. Politics, for instance, don't attract me. And generally speaking . . . the world, you know, is dirt."

"A perfectly logical conclusion," said I. "Yes—your logic is faultless. Quite surprisingly so. Now, look here, clever, just hand me back that pencil of mine and be quick about it."

That made him sit up and put him into the frame of mind I required.

"You forgot it on the grass," he mumbled in a bewildered manner. "I didn't know if I'd see you again."

"Stole it and sold it!" I cried—even stamped my foot.

His reply was remarkable: first he shook his head denying the theft and then immediately nodded admitting the transaction. There was gathered in him, I believe, the whole bouquet of human stupidity.

"Confound you," I said, "be more circumspect next time. Well, anyway, let's let bygones—— Have a cigarette."

He relaxed and beamed, as he saw my wrath had passed; started to display gratitude: "Thank you, oh, thank you. Now, really, how marvelously alike we are! Mightn't one suppose my father had sinned with your mother?" And he laughed wheedlingly, very pleased with his joke.

"To business," said I, affecting a sudden bluff gravity. "I have invited you here not merely for the ethereal delights of small talk. I spoke in my letter of the help I was going to give you, of the work I had found for you. First of all, however, let me put you one question. Your answer must be candid and exact. Tell me, what do you think I am?"

Felix examined me, then turned away and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's not a riddle I'm setting you," I went on patiently. "I perfectly realize that you cannot know my identity. Let us, in any case, waive aside the possibility you so wittily mentioned. Our blood, Felix, is not the same. No, my good chap, not the same. I was born a thousand miles from your cradle and the honor of

my parents—as of yours, I hope—is unstained. You are an only son: So am I. Consequently neither to me nor to you can there come that mysterious creature: a long-lost brother once stolen by the gypsies. No ties unite us; I have no obligations toward you, mark that well, no obligations whatever; if I intend helping you, I do so of my own free will. Bear that in mind, please. Now, let me ask you again: what do you suppose I am? What is the opinion you have formed of me? For you must have formed some kind of opinion, mustn't you?"

"Maybe you're an actor," said Felix dubiously.

"If I understand you aright, friend, you mean that at our first meeting you thought: 'Ah, he is probably one of those theatrical blokes, the dashing kind, with funny fancies and fine clothes; maybe a celebrity.' Am I correct?"

Felix fixed the toe of his shoe with which he was smoothing the gravel, and his face assumed a rather strained expression.

"I didn't think anything," he said peevishly. "I simply saw—well, that you were sort of curious about me, and so on. And do you actors get well paid?"

A tiny note: the idea he gave me appeared to me subtle; the singular bend which it took brought it into contact with the main part of my plan.

"You've guessed," I exclaimed, "you've guessed. Yes, I'm an actor. A film actor, to be accurate. Yes, that's right. You put it nicely, splendidly! What else can you say about me?"

Here I noticed that somehow his spirits had fallen. My profession seemed to have disappointed him. There he sat frowning moodily with the half-smoked cigarette held between finger and thumb. Suddenly he lifted his head, blinked.

"And what kind of work do you want to offer me?" he inquired without his former ingratiating sweetness.

"Not so fast, not so fast. All in its proper time. I was asking you what else did you think of me? Come, answer me. Please."

"Oh, well . . . I know you like traveling; that's about all."

In the meantime night was approaching; the sparrows had long disappeared; the monument loomed darker and seemed to have grown in size. From behind a black tree there came out noiselessly a gloomy and fleshful moon. A cloud slipped a mask over it in passing, which left visible only its chubby chin.

"Well, Felix, it's getting dark and dismal out here. I bet you are hungry. Come on, let us find something to eat and go on with our talk over a pint of ale. Does that suit you?"

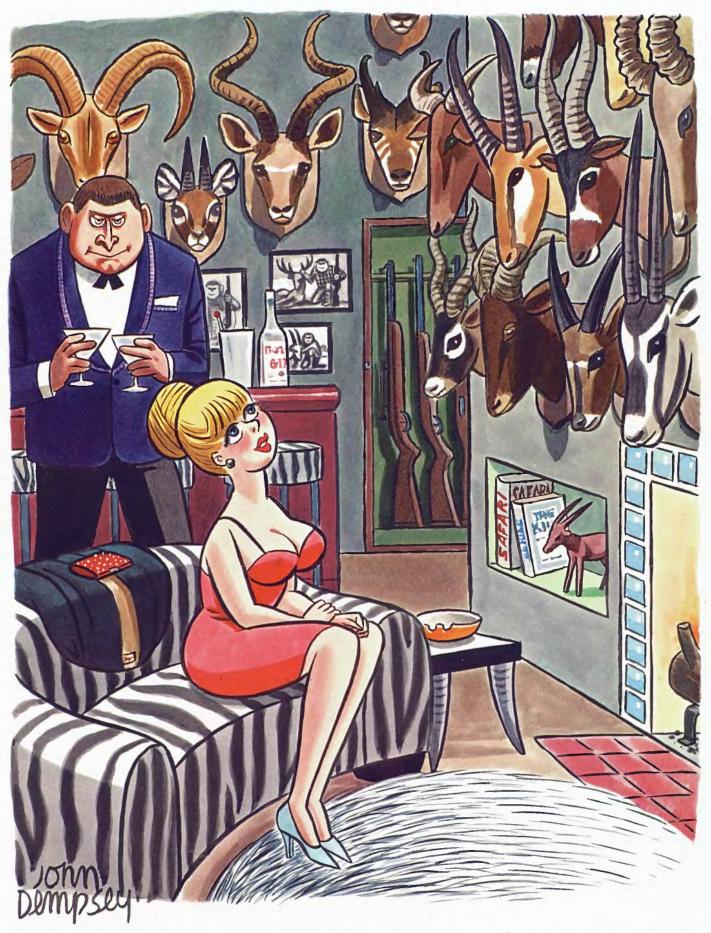
"It does," said Felix in a slightly livelier voice and then added sententiously: "A hungry belly has no ears" (I translate his adages anyhow; in German they all jingled with rhymes). We got up and advanced toward the yellow lights of the boulevard. As night fell, I was hardly aware of our resemblance. Felix slouched beside me, seemingly deep in thought and his mode of walking was as dull as himself.

I queried: "Have you ever been to Tarnitz before?"

"No," he answered. "I don't care for towns. Me and my likes find towns tiresome."

The sign of a pothouse. Standing in the window a barrel, guarded by two bearded brownies of terra cotta. As good as any other. We entered and chose a table in a far corner. As I withdrew the glove from my hand, I surveyed the place with a searching eye. There were only three people and these paid no attention to us whatever. The waiter came up, a pale little man with pince-nez (it was not the first time I had seen a pince-nez'd waiter, but I could not recall where and when I had seen one already). While awaiting our order, he looked at me, then at Felix. Naturally, owing to my mustache, our likeness did not leap to the eyes; and indeed, I had let my mustache grow with the special purpose of not attracting undue attention when appearing together with Felix. There is, I believe, somewhere in Pascal a wise thought: that two persons resembling each other do not present any interest when met singly, but create quite a stir when both appear at once. I have never read Pascal nor do I remember where I pinched that quotation. Oh, I used to thrive on such monkey tricks in my youth! Unfortunately I was not alone in making a show of this or that pickpocket maxim. In St. Petersburg once, at a party, I remarked: "There are feelings, says Turgenev, which may be expressed only by music." A few minutes later there arrived one more guest, who, in the middle of the conversation, delivered the very same phrase, lifted from the program of a concert at which I had noticed him heading for the green room. He, and not I, made an ass of himself, to be sure; still, it produced an uncomfortable feeling in me (though I derived some relief from asking him slyly how he had liked the great Viabranova), so I decided to cut out the highbrow business. All this is a digression and not an evasion-most emphatically not an evasion; for I fear nothing and will tell all. It should be admitted that I exercise an exquisite control not only over myself but over my style of writing. How many novels I wrote when young-just like that, casually, and without the least intention of publishing them. Here is another utterance: a published manuscript, says Swift, is comparable to a whore. I happened one day (in Russia) to give Lydia a manuscript of mine to read, telling her that it

(continued on page 102)



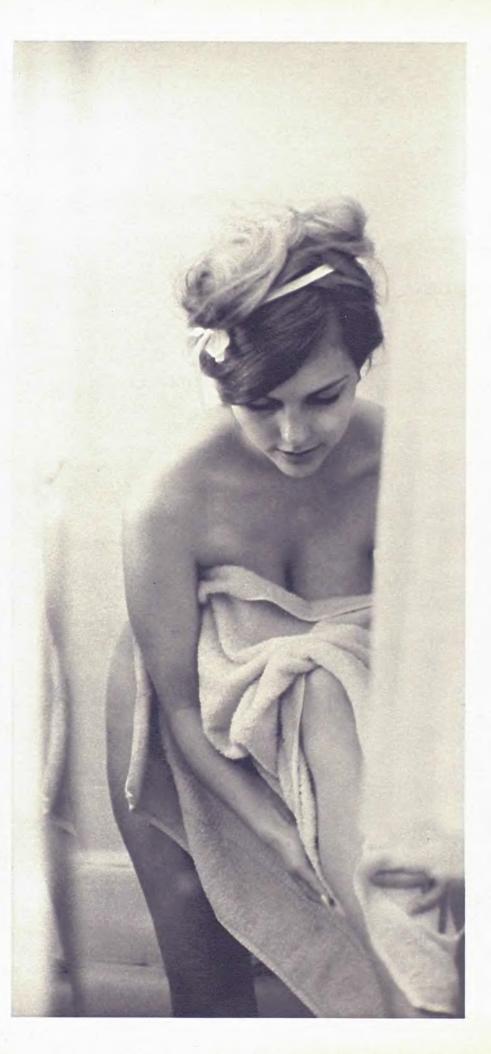
"My goodness, Mr. Bascum, everything around here is certainly horny!"

ROM TIME TO TIME, the groves of academe can be counted on to supply our peripatetic lensmen with a coed candidate for cum laude centerfold honors. The latest matriculated miss to win gatefold laurels is 21-year-old Melinda Windsor, an opulently endowed (38-23-36) Ohiobred beauty who has been one of UCLA's comeliest coeds for the past two years. Eschewing the perennial distaff undergrad's custom of pursuing a bachelor's degree until the right bachelor comes along, Melinda, who's majoring in psychology (with a minor in languages), plans to put in a postgraduate stint with an eye toward a teaching career. "I'm not working my way through college just to earn an 'M.R.S.' degree," vows our Valentine Playmate. "I was holding down a daytime job as an insurance rater to pay for my night classes at UCLA, but with the money I've received for my Playmate appearance, I'm now able to give my undivided attention to the pursuit of a sheepskin." Occasionally, on winter weekends, Melinda will take a break from her baccalaureate endeavors and head for the beginners' slopes at nearby Big Bear ski resort. "I'm not ready for tough runs yet," she admits, "but my ski instructor says my form is nearly perfect." Hear! Hear!

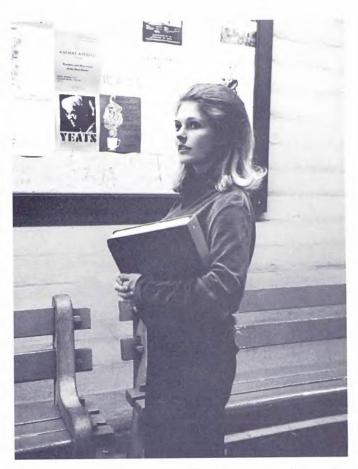


## STUDENT PRINCESS

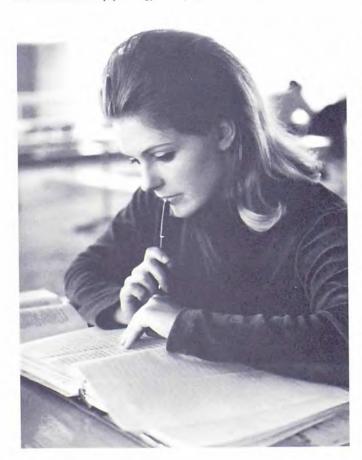
our february playmate is definitely one for the books







Left: Although Melinda would love to luxuriate in the tub, there's no time for sudsy contemplation as an early and imminent psychology class on the UCLA campus causes Playmate Windsor to dry off on the double. Above left: Her crowded curriculum makes this February filly a busy miss. A king-size notebook in tow, our college queen, a study in natural beauty ("I hate make-up, and I like to think that I don't make a fetish out of fashion"), heads determinedly from her psych session to a German class, pauses long enough, above right, to look over the upcoming events posted on a Uclan bulletin board. Below left: Classes over, she puts a campus study area to good use as she casts a critical eye over her soon-due psychology term paper. Below right: Melinda irons out a Freudion fine point in a greensward gab session with a classmate.











Above left: Book bargain-hunter Melinda checks the paperback catalog in the UCLA student bookstore for both required and extra-curricular reading material. ("When I'm not baning up on Pavlav, Adler and Jung, I like to lose myself in a wild James Band thriller.") Above right: Before heading hame to homework, the whirlwind Miss Windsor staps with same friends at Wil Wright's famed campus-side ice-cream shap, mulls over the short-but-sweet menu before deciding an a sundae ("Hot fudge with burnt almonds and dan't spare the whipped cream") to sustain her till dinnertime. Belaw: Her hard-hit books behind her, weekending Melinda rewards herself with a well-deserved respite as she bottoms-up an après-ski hat chocolate at a slapeside ladge, pleased with her role as a girl on the ga.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY MARCO

## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**e just heard about the human cannon ball who wanted to retire from his circus job.

"But you can't quit the show after all these years," moaned the circus director. "Where else can I find a man of your caliber?"



The young kindergarten teacher had just instructed her charges to come forward as their names were called and be prepared to draw something on the blackboard that had been the cause of excitement in their homes during the previous week. One by one the pupils came forward and sketched such items as report cards, television sets, mothers' new hats, and the like. When it came time for Johnny, the class cutup, to comply with the assignment, however, he walked to the board and simply made two white chalk dots before returning to his seat. Suspecting that he was up to one of his usual pranks, the teacher advised Johnny that he had better be able to explain why those two dots were exciting if he didn't want to be kept after school.

"Well," said Johnny, "the other day you told us that those dots are also called peri-

ods----

"That's correct," the teacher interrupted. "But what could possibly be exciting about two

periods?"

"Beats me," replied Johnny. "But that's how many my sister in high school says she's missed, and they're causing an awful lot of excitement around our house!"

Floors, please," said the hotel elevator operator, and a young man at the back of the car called out, "Ballroom, please."

At which the pretty young thing in front of him turned and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize I was crowding you."

The American diplomatic courier had just arrived in the tiny Latin-American capital and as he strode briskly out of the airport terminal, he was obviously charged with the sense of his own self-importance—snapping instructions at the porters carrying his luggage and looking about impatiently for the car that was supposed to be there to meet him. He certainly had no time for the dirty little street urchins who trailed after him trying to sell everything from a shoeshine to their sisters.

"Hey, American," called out one lad especial-

"Hey, American," called out one lad especially worldly-wise for his years. "I get what you like, if you pay—feelthy pictures, marijuana,

girls . . . boys . . . ?!"

"I can't be bothered with this vermin," the undiplomatic messenger disdainfully proclaimed, brushing his ragged pursuers aside. "My business here is with the American ambassador!"

"Can do, señor," responded the boy. "But for an ambassador, you weel have to pay extra." The inebriated university professor staggered into the bar and asked the bartender for a dry martinus.

"Beg your pardon, sir," the bartender replied, "but do you mean a martini?"

"Now see here, my good man," exclaimed the 90-proof prof. "If I want two, I'll ask for them."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines wolf as a man with a little black book of canceled chicks.

During his examination of a newly arrived Viennese film starlet, a Hollywood gynecologist inquired, "Have you had a checkup within the past year, miss?"

"I don't believe so, darlink," she purred. "Just an occasional Hungarian or two."

The battle of the sexes will never be won by either side, because there's too much fraternizing with the enemy.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines beatnik cannibal as one who eats three squares a day.

Many a girl with a big wardrobe started out with just a little slip.

Two Indian scouts watched silently from their place of concealment behind some shrubbery as the first white settlers set foot on the North American continent. After solemnly surveying the scene for several minutes, the one Indian turned to the other and said, "Well, there goes the neighborhood."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Wouldn't it be easier if you got a studio with heat?"

#### despair (continued from page 92)

was the work of a friend; she found it boring and did not finish it. To this day my handwriting is practically unfamiliar to her. I have exactly 25 kinds of handwritings, the best (i.e., those I use the most readily) being as follows: a round diminutive one with a pleasant plumpness about its curves, so that every word looks like a newly baked fancy cake; then a fast cursive, sharp and nasty, the scribble of a hunchback in a hurry, with no dearth of abbreviations; then a suicide's hand, every letter a noose, every comma a trigger; then the one I prize most: big, legible, firm and absolutely impersonal; thus might write the abstract hand in its superhuman cuff, which one finds figured on signposts and in textbooks of physics. It was in such a hand that I began writing the book now offered to the reader; soon, however, my pen ran amuck: this book is written in all my 25 hands mixed together, so that the typesetter or some typist, unknown to me, or again the definite person I have elected, that Russian author to whom my manuscript will be forwarded when the time comes, might think that several people participated in the writing of my book; and it is also extremely probable that some rat-faced, sly little expert will discover in its cacographic orgy a sure sign of psychic abnormality. So much the better.

There . . . I have mentioned you, my first reader, you, the well-known author of psychological novels. I have read them and found them very artificial, though not badly constructed. What will you feel, reader-writer, when you tackle my tale? Delight? Envy? Or even . . . who knows? . . . you may use my termless removal to give out my stuff for your own . . . for the fruit of your own crafty . . . yes, I grant you that . . . crafty and experienced imagination; leaving me out in the cold. It would not be hard for me to take in advance proper measures against such impudence. Whether I shall take them, that is another question. What if I find it rather flattering that you should steal my property? Theft is the best compliment one can possibly pay a thing. And do you know the most amusing part? I assume that, having made up your mind to effect that pleasant robbery, you will suppress the compromising lines, the very lines I am writing now, and, moreover, fashion certain bits to your liking (which is a less pleasant thought) just as a motorcar thief repaints the car he has stolen. And, in this respect, I shall allow myself to relate a little story, which is certainly the funniest little story I know.

Some ten days ago, that is, about the tenth of March 1931 (half a year has suddenly gone—a fall in a dream, a run in time's stocking), a person, or persons, 102 passing along the highway or through

the wood (that, I think, will be settled in due course) espied, on its edge, and unlawfully took possession of, a small blue car of such and such a make and power (I leave out the technical details). And, as a matter of fact, that is all.

I do not claim that this story has universal appeal: its point is none too obvious. It made me scream with laughter only because I was in the know. I may add that nobody told it me, nor have I read it anywhere; what I did was, really, to deduce it by means of some close reasoning from the bare fact of the car's disappearance, a fact quite wrongly interpreted by the papers. Back again, time!

"Can you drive?" was, I remember, the question I suddenly put to Felix, when the waiter, failing to notice anything particular about us, placed before me a lemonade and before Felix a tankard of beer, into the profuse froth of which my blurred double eagerly dipped his upper

"What?" he uttered, with a beatific grunt.

"I was asking if you can drive a car."

"Can't I just! I once chummed up with a chauffeur who worked at a castle near my village. One fine day we ran over a sow. Lord, how she squealed!"

The waiter brought us some sort of gravy-logged hash, a great deal of it, and mashed potatoes, also drowned in sauce. Where the deuce had I already seen a pince-nez on a waiter's nose? Ah-it comes back to me (only now, while writing this!)-at a rotten little Russian restaurant in Berlin; and that other waiter was very like this one-the same sort of sullen straw-haired little man, but of gentler birth.

"So that's that, Felix. We have eaten and drunk; now, let us talk. You have made certain suppositions concerning me and these have proved correct. Now, before going deeper into the business on hand, I want to sketch out for your benefit a general picture of my personality and life; you won't be long in understanding why it is urgent. To begin with . . ."

I took a sip and resumed:

"To begin with, I was born of a rich family. We had a house and a gardenah, what a garden, Felix! Imagine, not merely rose trees but rose thickets, roses of all kinds, each variety bearing a framed label: roses, you know, receive names as resounding as those given to race horses. Besides roses, there grew in our garden a quantity of other flowers, and when, of a morning, the whole place was brilliant with dew, the sight, Felix, was a dream. When still a child, I loved to look after our garden and well did I know my job: I had a small watering can, Felix, and a small mattock, and my parents would sit in the shade of an old cherry tree, planted by my grandfather,

and look on, with tender emotion, at me, the small busybody (just imagine, imagine the picture!) engaged in removing from the roses, and squelching, caterpillars that looked like twigs. We had plenty of farmyard creatures, as, for example, rabbits, the most oval animal of all, if you know what I mean; and choleric turkeys with carbuncular caruncles (I made a gobbling sound) and darling little kids and many, many others.

"Then my parents lost all their money and died, and the lovely garden vanished; and it is only now that happiness seems to have come my way once more: I have lately managed to acquire a bit of land on the edge of a lake, and there will be a new garden still better than the old one. My sappy boyhood was perfumed through and through with all those flowers and fruits, whereas the neighboring wood, huge and thick, cast over my soul a shadow of romantic melancholy.

"I was always lonely, Felix, and I am lonely still. Women . . . No need to talk of those fickle and lewd beings, I have traveled a good deal; just like you, I love to rove with a bag strapped to my shoulders, although, to be sure, there were always certain reasons (which I wholly condemn) for my wanderings to be more agreeable than yours. It is really a striking thing: have you ever pondered over the following matter?-two men, alike poor, live not alike; one, say, as you, frankly and hopelessly leading a beggar's existence, while the other, though quite as poor, living in a very different style-a carefree, well-fed fellow, moving among the gay rich . . .

"Why is it so? Because, Felix, those two belong to different classes; and speaking of classes, let us imagine a man who travels fourth-class without a ticket and another who travels first, without one either: X sits on a hard bench; Mr. Y lolls on a cushioned seat: but both have empty purses-or, to be precise, Mr. Y has got a purse to show, though empty, whereas X has not even that and can show nothing but holes in the lining of his pocket.

"By speaking thus I am trying to make you grasp the difference between us: I am an actor, living generally on air, but I have always elastic hopes for the future; they may be stretched indefinitely, such hopes, without bursting. You are denied even that; and you would have always remained a pauper, had not a miracle occurred; that miracle is my meeting you.

"There is not a thing, Felix, that one could not exploit. Nay, more: there is not a thing that one could not exploit for a very long time, and very successfully. Maybe in the more fiery of your dreams you saw a number of two figures. the limit of your aspirations. Now, however, the dream does not only come true.

(continued on page 1-15)

# A LITTLE LEXICON OF L\*VE

the anatomy of those euphemisms that inhabit and inhibit the language of the tender passion

## article By RAY RUSSELL

AMONG CERTAIN primitive tribes, even today, the men and women speak separate languages, members of one sex being strictly forbidden to utter or learn the language of the other. Since these same tribes procreate in great abundance, we can assume that courtships, complete with the equivalents of sweet nothings and passionate vows, are carried on in pantomime, like the game of charades.

In more sophisticated societies, although the two sexes speak the same language (more or less), they usually avoid the subject that is uppermost in their minds most of the time, or, if they do talk about it, they must speak by indirection. The poet Robert Graves neatly captured this state of affairs in just four short lines from one of his verses:

"Is this," she asked, "what the lower orders call . . . ?"

call . . . ?"

"Yes, yes," replied her lover, Lord Whitehall,
"But hush! the expression is a trifle crude—"
"Much too good for them," cried Lady
Ermintrude . . .

This epitomizes one of the many paradoxes attendant upon that most pleasurable of human activities, namely——

Namely what? That's precisely the point. The name is usually forbidden. Even the most emancipated and liberal of us, those who freely and unashamedly relish the act, feel that "the expression is a trifle crude." Like the ancient Hebrew name for God, we dare not pronounce it directly for fear of thunderous reprisals, but must instead concoct substitute words, evasions, cold clinical labels. The True Name has been banished to the ghetto of "bad language."

The deputy words offered by proper language are not merely flaccid and oblique—that would be bad enough—but the plain fact of the matter is that, clinical jargon and polite evasions aside, in proper language there is no word for the act of love.

No word, that is, that can be used as simply as "kiss," for example, is used in either its verb form ("He kissed her," "I want to kiss you") or its noun form ("Give me a little kiss," "A kiss on the hand may be quite Continental"). To be sure, the dictionaries are full of such words as "coition," "coitus," "copulate," "fornicate," "sex," and phrases like the pompous and formidable "sexual intercourse," but these—their austere and often pejorative qualities set

aside for the nonce—are almost always dependent upon the clumsy crutches of auxiliary words: One can say "They fornicated," but in other constructions it is not so simple (one must say "He fornicated with her." "She copulated with him," "They performed coitus," "They had sex." and so on).

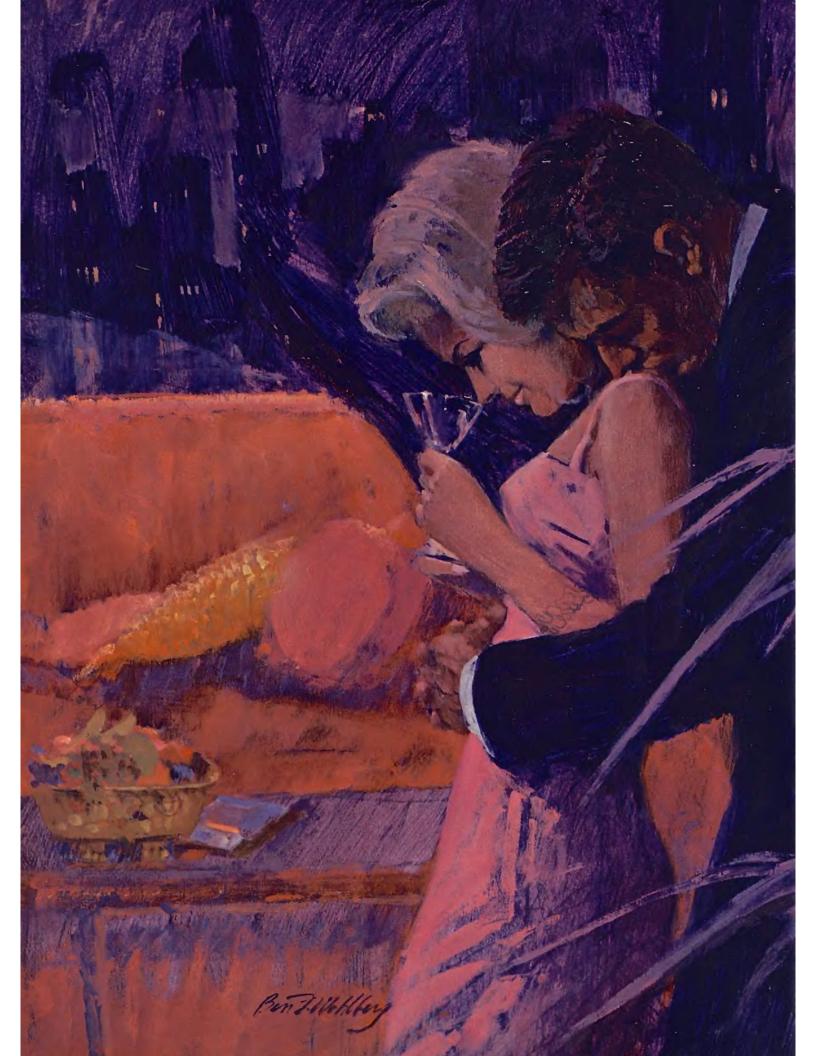
None of these words can stand alone, as "kiss" can. "He fornicated her" is ungrammatical, and so is "She wanted him to coit her" or "I'd like to copulate you," to say nothing of "Please sexual intercourse me, darling." These words are not only fussy, evasive and cowardly: they are downright incompetent. They do not work. They are indeed "bad language."

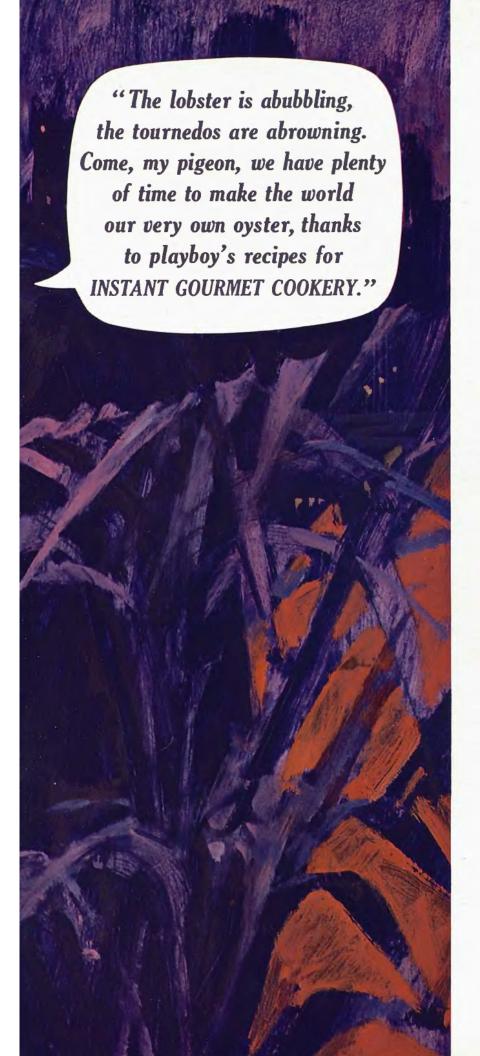
There is one true word (I speak not of slang), and only one, which needs no crutch; which, like "kiss," is both verb and noun; which can be used as simply as "kiss"; and which is exactly as short as "kiss" (one syllable, four letters). But this word, which most of us have spoken and all of us have heard, which is linguistically necessary, whose function is unique and irreplaceable, whose lineage stretches back to the dawn of the English tongue, is a word that proper language will not recognize, a word so interdicted and proscribed that it must not be printed on this page.\*

Out of this reluctance to call a spade a spade—or perhaps "to call a heart a heart" would be more in keeping with our tender context—has sprung a miniature language or dialect, a little lexicon of euphemisms and nicknames for the act of love (itself a euphemism) and all that pertains to it.

Thus, the act-or Topic A-has been known as everything from the whimsical Playing House to the vivid Laying Pipe, and just about every category of word and phrase in between-except, of course, any word or phrase that comes close to being specific or direct. We have the mendacious Sleeping With; and its companion, the highly evasive Going To Bed With. Then there is Having Relations and Being Intimate (beloved of legal minds); Sexual Congress, Sexual Contact and the aforementioned Sexual Intercourse (favorites of the medical profession); To Know and To Lie With (of Biblical fame); Converse and Palliardise (fossils from Dr. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary): the whole range of manufactory phrases-Make Love, Make Out, Make Whoopee, Make It, and simply Make; the itinerary Going The Route and Going All The Way; the Victorians' Having To Do With, Having His Way (continued on page 162)

<sup>\*</sup>This footnote's asterisk is apt, because the word circuitously referred to above, in its rare appearances in specialized dictionaries, usually has one or more of its letters replaced by asterisks (out of fear, presumably, that the dictionaries might otherwise be banned, burned or impounded). In Eric Partridge's "Origins," for instance, it is rendered as F\*\*k; whereas in Mr. Partridge's "A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English" it is given as F\*ck, which would appear to be a step in the right direction, except for the glum chronological fact that the "Dictionary" is an earlier work than "Origins," and so the step is from one asterisk to two, and therefore not progress but regression. I must, while I've got you cornered down here in this footnote, add a touch of purely personal prejudice against the use of the asterisk in this manner. I mean, why must it be the asterisk? It is such a spiky, barbed, forbidding little symbol, not unlike the cactus or the porcupine. If letters must be replaced by surrogate signs—and I'm not endorsing such replacement for a moment—why not choose a sign more appropriate to the subject? I nominate the dynamic exclamation point, a proud, erect character which, with its round appendage, is admirably suited to the office. For, whereas there is something craven and defeated about F\*\*k and even F\*ck, there is a fine, bold, potent look to F!ck, and positively a call-to-arms effect about F!!k.





NO BACHELOR who has invited a sweet young thing up to his apartment for dinner wants to spend most of his time in the kitchen fiddling over a hot stove. Even if he has promised her a meal fit for Escoffier, the idea is for our man to be out where the action is and not rattling around the scullery looking for a wire whisk.

Quickness of cooking by itself isn't the complete answer. The chef who has mastered the art of table for two-ing knows that ease of preparation counts for more than just speed for the sake of speed. Nothing could take less time than simply dropping a pouch of frozen lobster newburg into a pot of boiling water and then waiting a few moments until the seafood reaches the bubbling point. The lass at your side might be pleased by your menu selection, but the pouch in which it came could give her the idea that you don't think her palate is worth the wooing.

There's a far better way for a man with a maiden. In a chafing dish, sauté chunks of freshly boiled lobster meat in butter, blaze them with brandy and sherry, simmer them with sweet cream and thicken the velvety newburg sauce with egg yolks. Thus you will spin out a warm bevy of aromas in a matter of minutes that both flatters and surprises her. What makes the ritual so easy with the chafing dish is the cooked fresh lobster which you can now buy at any respectable fish or seafood stall. Lobster is just one of a growing parade of freshly cooked viands that emancipate the bachelor from shelling, boiling, steaming, braising and countless other culinary chores. Gourmet counters are now piled to the groaning point: turkeys-smoked, roasted or rolled; chickens-rolled, sliced or right off the rotisserie; cooked and shelled jumbo shrimp; fresh crab lump; boiled ox tongue; prime corned-beef brisket; roast beef and roast pork-all on Lucullan display. So many members of the ham fraternity are sold cooked that in many markets it's all you can do to find a raw one any more. And that's no loss to those who remember the

24-to-48 hours' soaking, six hours' boiling and two hours' baking and glazing that used to be required. Beefeaters should not expect that the cold roast beef on the counter, although useful at the proper time, will take the place of the prime ribs they roast in their own ovens. But then, roasting beef is one of those few cooking assignments where, happily, your main job is sitting around, sipping gibsons and dipping into the caviar, while waiting for the oven bell to ring. The proper approach is to choose a meal in such a way that either you can prepare it in a trice or it can quite literally cook itself while you busy yourself with the more enjoyable task of socializing, ready to turn on a second's notice into an instant gourmet.

In the imaginative chef's hands, a simple thing like cooked shrimp, normally used for shrimp cocktail, opens up haughty hors-d'oeuvre possibilities, The most obvious ploy, but still a very good one, is to combine the shrimp with fresh crab meat or lobster or both in an elegant seafood cocktail. Parboiled scallops or cooked shrimps are the basic ingredients of another delightful introductory course. Use the small bay scallops or cut the sea scallops into halves or thirds; marinate them in French dressing for about an hour and drain before serving cold on toothpicks. Or you can join your shrimps with diced ripe avocado sprinkled with lime and onion juices and with raw sliced mushrooms previously marinated in French dressing, before adding the prepared cocktail sauce. Shrimps are a delicate delight with diced apple, diced crisp cucumber, tiny artichoke hearts in oil or crisp water chestnuts. Take the prepared bottled cocktail sauce (be sure it's ice-cold) and stir in two or three tablespoons of sweet cream and a tablespoon of chopped chives to each cup. The cream gives a certain roundness to the sauce and the chives add zest. Instead of serving the shrimps in seafood cocktail glasses, place them in puff-paste tart shells, which can be bought already made in most quality groceries, and cover the shrimps with curried mayonnaise and chopped hard egg. Note that in each instance you're hardly cooking in the conventional sense at all, but using your wits and skills beforehand to give your guests appetizers that are a simple blend of the accustomed and the exotic.

Remember, too, that the ready-to-eat foods in the better shops aren't leftovers that have seen a better day and somehow or other must be resurrected, but are carefully planned for the culinarian who likes to ad-lib at the casserole, the sandwich board, the chafing dish or the salad bowl. The sliced chicken roll is a perfect example of one of the newer foods designed to coddle the palate with little or no cooking. It's as moist as a 106 poulard right out of the pot. You can handle the slices as easily as you would a deck of cards without fear of crumbling. For something as simple as a club sandwich, you merely assemble the sliced chicken with crisp bacon, lettuce and mayonnaise between slices of hot buttered toast. Do you find solace in creamed chicken hash, so beloved by the traditional clubman? The chicken roll seems tailor-made not only for this, but fills the sustaining spot equally well in quickly preparable chicken terrapin, chicken à la king, tomatoes stuffed with chicken au gratin, spaghetti with chicken tetrazzini, and so on.

At meal's end you can always count on the rich polyflavored world of fruits and cheeses to keep even the most sated appetite sensuously alert. Combinations such as a ripe camembert or brie with fresh Bartlett or Anjou pears are always blissful stimuli. The elegant-tasting dessert known as strawberries Romanoff is simply fresh strawberries marinated in orange liqueur and orange juice, mixed or topped with vanilla-flavored whipped cream or whipped cream blended into soft ice cream. If you want a change from the convention-bound strawberry shortcake, toast slices of brioche, douse them with crème de cassis and spread with softened sweet butter. Cover the slices with both whole strawberries and sliced sweetened strawberries and top with sweetened whipped cream flavored with a dash of dark Jamaica rum.

Finally, in the easy-twist-of-the-wrist department, anyone dedicated to fine dining will want to take advantage of those culinary classics that by their very nature are easily made on a fast firefrogs' legs, minute steaks cut from the shell of beef, calf's liver with red-wine butter, veal scaloppine, and a thousand and one omelets. No better example of the French cooking à la minute can be cited than tournedos quickly browned in a pan. Escoffier wrote no less than 65 recipes, all built around the same tournedos, coupling them with an imaginative garnish each time-with artichoke bottoms and green peas, with stuffed onions, with tomatoes flavored with garlic and tarragon, with grilled mushrooms and peppers, with rice and white truffles, and so on.

Remember that the more sleight of hand you use in your cooking, the higher the quality of your raw stock must be. A tartar steak, which isn't cooked at all but seasoned raw chopped beef, can only be made from the finest prime ground steer beef obtainable.

In the final analysis, when you sit down to the table the real object is not to serve your guests a time sheet detailing the amount of time devoted to each dish but, more importantly, to simply dine well.

The following are time-tested recipes to keep your guests delighted and you out of the kitchen.

CRAB MEAT AND MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN (Serves four)

1 lb. fresh extra-large crab lump (Frozen or canned crab meat may be substituted)

3 tablespoons butter

1/2 lb. sliced fresh mushrooms (Drained canned mushrooms may be substituted)

2 scallions, including green part, thinly sliced

1/4 cup dry rum

2 cups light cream

2 eggs, beaten

53/4-oz. jar Hollandaise sauce

Salt, pepper, paprika

Grated parmesan cheese

Remove any pieces of shell or cartilage from crab lump. Melt butter in skillet. Add mushrooms and sauté until just tender. Add crab lump and sauté just until heated through. Add scallions and rum. Flambé. Set mixture aside. Preheat broiler flame. Combine 1/4 cup cold cream with eggs, mixing well. Reserve for later use. Heat balance of cream in top of double boiler over simmering water. When cream is hot, slowly stir in eggs. Continue to cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick enough to coat back of spoon. Avoid curdling. Remove from flame, stir in Hollandaise sauce and add salt and pepper to taste. Combine crab meat and sauce in flameproof shallow casserole, Sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Place under broiler until top browns. Watch constantly to avoid burning. Turn casserole if necessary to brown evenly. Serve directly from casserole at table.

#### LOBSTER FLAMBÉ, FRIED CUCUMBERS (Serves four)

6 11/4-lb. freshly boiled Northern lobsters

4 tablespoons butter, at room temperature

1/4 cup cognac

1/4 cup dry sherry

2 cups light cream

Flour

1/4 teaspoon onion powder

Salt, celery salt, pepper

2 large cucumbers

Salad oil

Have fish dealer remove meat from lobster shells. Cut meat into slices about 1/2 in. thick. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add lobster and sauté just until lobster is heated through. Add cognac and sherry. When liquors are hot, flambé them. Add cream. Bring up to boiling point. Mix remaining 2 tablespoons butter with 2 tablespoons flour to a smooth paste. Add to saucepan. Heat over low flame, stirring constantly, until sauce is thickened. Add onion powder and salt, celery salt and pepper to taste. Keep warm in double boiler or chafing dish until served. Peel cucumbers, cut (concluded on page 161)



## mood ebony

article By JAMES FARMER

the leader of core examines the emergent concept of "negritude" and its activist impact on the struggle for civil rights

THE NEGRO REVOLUTION is now ten years old. The new Jacobins, the angry young men and women who rose up to claim what belonged to them, are responsible for transforming a well-intentioned but slow-moving cause into a full-fledged revolutionary movement. What the new Jacobins demand today is total war to achieve total rights. If there is any word in this struggle more hated by these young militants than "moderation." it is "tokenism." This revolution exacts from its revolutionists and requires of its friends and allies a staunch and thoroughgoing commitment in both motivation and concrete actions. Nothing short of this absolute commitment is acceptable anymore. If anyone who fancies himself a supporter or an ally or even a leader does not, in the opinion of the revolutionists, "feel" the movement, does not, in the vernacular, "dig" the struggle in the streets, no number of words or even good deeds will fully qualify him for the Jacobins' trust. If, on the other hand, he appears to "dig" the movement but falters before the totality of its demands, then he is at best friction within the revolution's machinery, at worst a traitor.

The sudden emergence of the Negro's revolutionary mood caught many of his friends, particularly among labor and the liberals, unaware. Satisfied with their own good intentions, they were geared to a gradual approach to equality. Now they are puzzled and offended by the criticisms that impatient Negroes have leveled at them. The tension between the Jacobins and these men of good (if incomplete) will may yet lead to tragedy within the movement—and for the country.

But if the new Jacobins judge their friends harshly, they are even more rigorous in their demands upon themselves and

upon one another. Discomfort, danger, suffering are commonplace. To face brutality is routine; to risk death, prosaic. All the revolutionists, being human, experience fear to some extent, but to yield to human frailty under stress is the supreme disgrace. These exacting standards are not new in human experience. But they are new in the Negro's struggle for equality in America.

What happened to the movement and to CORE after the Montgomery bus boycott in 1955 was a kind of wedding of two forces, both bred by the war: They were the founders of CORE-means-oriented idealists of pacifistic turn of mind, for whom nonviolence was a total philosophy, a way of life; and the new Jacobins ends-oriented militants, disillusioned with America's rhetoric of equality, who saw in direct action a useful weapon and viewed nonviolence only as a tactic. Without such a fusion, no revolutionary mass movement could have emerged. Without its new Jacobins the movement could never have grown to mass proportions, and without the idealists it could not have developed revolutionary dimensions. The anger of one without the disciplined idealism of the other could have produced only nihilism. Without the indigenous anger of the Negro masses, the idealists, for all their zeal, would have remained largely ineffectual and would have gone on talking to themselves and whispering through an occasional keyhole to another human heart.

The idealists warn that the ends do not justify the means, and the militants assert with equal validity that means are worthless which do not achieve substantial reform. Out of the creative tension between the two has come a third position which I believe more accurately reflects the movement. Today, nonviolence is no longer a philosophy, or a tactic, but a strategy involving both philosophical and tactical elements, in a massive and widening direct-action campaign to redeem the American promise of full freedom for the Negro

This does not mean that all of the hundreds of thousands of Negroes involved in the street campaigns for equality accept nonviolence as a strategic or tactical method of accomplishing their ends. It is only the leaders and members of the nonviolent movement who accept it in any way as an integral part of the struggle. The masses who now join sit-ins and protest marches share only a newfound willingness to become individually physically involved and to risk suffering or jail for common goals. They come from the pool halls and taverns as well as the churches, from the ranks of the unemployed and the alienated and the rootless. They are not yet wedded to nonviolence, nor may they ever be; they are wedded, indeed, only to their own fierce indignation. Yet they are necessary to the revolution; their absence would brand the movement as counterfeit and ultimately destroy it. Obviously it will be difficult to maintain nonviolence amidst the stresses of a mass directaction movement. And that, precisely, is one of the chief tactical dilemmas before the freedom movement.

Small, disciplined groups are easy to control. Untrained masses are more difficult. Violence used against us by our opponents is a problem only insofar as it may provoke counterviolence from our ranks. Thus far, as we have seen, sporadic incidents of violence, where they have occurred in the movement, have been contained and have not become a contagion. We have been lucky, but we cannot afford any longer to leave such a vital matter to chance. Widespread violence by the freedom fighters would sever from the struggle all but a few of our allies. It would also provoke and, to many, justify such repressive measures as would injure the movement. More than that, many of our own nonviolent activists would turn away in disenchantment. None would profit from such developments except the defenders of segregation and perhaps the more bellicose of the black nationalists.

I have often heard it said in criticism of CORE that in becoming a mass movement it fatally compromised its principles of brotherhood. It is alleged that a cadre of lovers became an army of haters. First, let me insist that we do not hate; far from it. We are not the paragons of love we once were, to be sure, but we do not hate. There are haters afoot and I shall be speaking of them later, but we are not they. Second, I wish to emphasize that the changes in CORE have not taken place as a compromise or even, as is otherwise alleged, as a revolutionary necessity. We have simply learned from the experience of over 20 years that the world is more complex than we had imagined, and the techniques necessary to change it are more varied and larger in scope than we had ever dreamed. The original CORE vision was excessively interpersonal and private. There were not men, nor time, nor spirit enough to change each lunch-counter owner's heart, one by one. We learned, when we finally met them, that our people did not wish to wait that long, and out of love for them we did not wish them to. We learned, too. that before the millennium we could at least alter the behavior and conditions that created injustice. We dreamed of a better America, and still we dream. We have learned from the Jacobins. Today we are all Jacobins.

But one CORE principle has remained unaltered from the first. We believed then and we still believe now that men must achieve freedom for themselves. Do it for them and you extinguish the spark that makes freedom possible and glorious. Men must act on their own behalf; they must aim to move

the world and sense its movement under their impact. They must speak as well as act and they must speak with their own voice. Is it hoarse sometimes with frustration and anger? Still, it is our voice.

Masses of Negroes have now achieved a measure of spiritual emancipation with which Lincoln's proclamation could not possibly have endowed them. The barriers of segregation in America have ceased to be an extension of our minds. We are no longer chained to the ancient stereotypes. We do not feel inferior and do not believe that we are; we are no longer comfortable in the confines of the caste. We feel dignified. We are dignified.

This new dignity has many manifestations, not the least significant of which is a great and burgeoning sense of individual worth, released, ironically, through a mass movement. In a way, it is a rediscovery of the individual in American society. The average American feels submerged, powerless, a cog in a giant machine. But in his revolution the individual Negro has found a new meaning for himself. People who formerly felt small and insignificant now, in their own eyes, stand ten feet tall. As one student in Atlanta put it: "I, myself, desegregated that lunch counter on Peachtree Street. Nobody else. I did it by sitting-in, by walking the picket line, by marching. I didn't have to wait for any big shots to do it for me. I did it myself." Never again will that youth and the many like him see themselves as unimportant.

Several years ago a white CORE worker, a pretty girl of about 20, was mugged in the corridor of her apartment house. She described her assailant in some detail for the police—height, approximate weight, eyes, teeth, clothing—but she omitted one vital point: He was black. She didn't mention that simple fact for fear of indicating prejudice.

. . .

This young lady was a true child of the "old" CORE. No organization was so aggressively color-blind, so ideologically committed to the utter irrelevance of race, as we were. If only the races could get to know each other-living, working, playing in each other's sightwhat purpose would there be in noting a man's race? We told uplifting stories to one another-like the one about the little boy who came home from school with the news of a wonderful new friend. The mother, becoming suspicious, asked, "Is Johnny white or colored?" And the boy replied, "I don't know. I'll have to go back tomorrow and look and see." We laughed. Oh, how we laughed. Brothers and sisters, is this not indeed the way it will be someday? Our work and fellowship were dominated by these sentiments; members of both races strove to make sure

(continued on page 126)



"Gee, I just wish I had the words to describe this scene to you fellows back on earth . . .!"



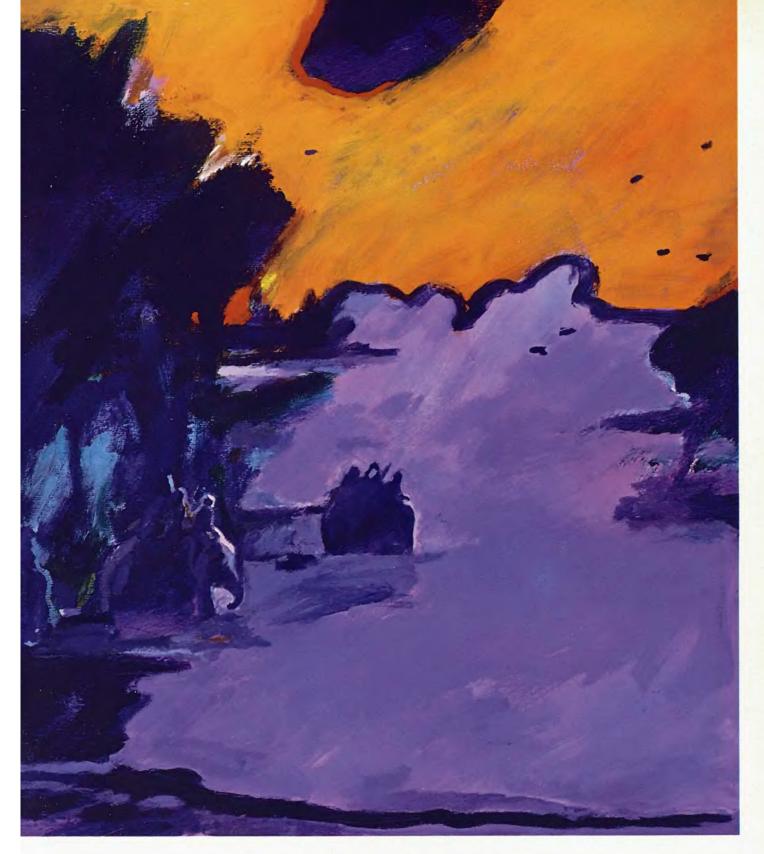
PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG

## PARTRIDGE SHOOT FROM ELEPHANTBACK

HE WORE A ROSE-PINK turban, white trousers, an open brocade jacket, and he came in softly without a word. Placing the tea tray on the low bedside teak stand, he bowed gracefully to the knees and withdrew, backing out, his bare feet whispering.

It was a classic bedroom scene from a Cecil B. De Mille Oriental epic in full color. My bed was huge, splashed with gilt, canopied in silk, its four posts of rosewood crawling with realistically carved cobras; huge draperies of gold silk were drawn over the window; the floor was white marble; the rug near the bed was the velvety-soft pelt of a leopard, the head mounted in a snarl.

A sip of fragrant, scalding Darjeeling tea brought the whole thing back to near reality: that mad dash through the most colorful and confused city in the world, Calcutta; then New Delhi overnight, the drive to Bharatpur and the palace, Moti Mahal, or White Pearl, of my friend, the Maharaja of Bharatpur.



a world-renowned sportsman tells what it's like to hunt with a royal shikar in the poshest maharaja style sports By JACK DENTON SCOTT

He had come to meet us at his summer palace at Deeg, a once magnificent place with fountains and great flower gardens, but now, since India's independence, rapidly becoming a crumbling wreck. The Maharaja drove us back to Moti Mahal in his aluminum Rolls-Royce. Servants were waiting in the great circular drive before the entrance to the white palace. Strung over their arms were leis of fragrant flowers, mostly sweet peas. The Prince of Bharatpur personally draped them around our necks as welcome garlands. We had met his teenage daughters, Parvat and Renuka, had cold drinks on the great emerald lawn, and after dinner we sat on cushions and listened to the palace orchestra playing their sitars, tablas and tambouras. Their bright turbans of red, pink, white and orange made them look like a bed of Oriental poppies nodding in a breeze as they swayed to the beat of the high, weird music.

We had sat up most of the night talking about the duck hunt the following day. The location was one of the most famous in 111

the world, where kings, princes, shahs, rajas, viceroys, generals, ambassadors and political greats from everywhere had gathered to try to outshoot one another. No one, however, outshot the Prince of

At this moment of early morning, in other bedrooms of this lovely columned pile, the four duck hunters who had come to India with me were going through the same routine-tea by turban in canopied bed.

We had flown from New York two days before, with brief stops in Copenhagen, Abadan and Calcutta. The trip still seemed wrapped in a dream web. Jet transportation does that: It carries you away from the familiar and the accustomed so fast that mental and physical adjustments take hours, sometimes days, before you are prepared to look upon the new scenes with a normal and unconfused eye.

This whole situation had much of the confusing in it. It had started in Carlton House, on Madison Avenue in New York City, exactly a month before. I was there with four friends, C, H, W and Y, and we were talking about a subject that occupies many in Manhattan-boredom with the routine of a big city. Suddenly a wild thought struck me.

"Let's go to India duckhunting!" I said.

Now, through the miracle of this century's magic carpet, the jet, here we were in India, at the White Pearl Palace. Through the open window I could smell the dewy wet of predawn and hear the cough of arriving cars, the click of closing doors, the low murmur of voices. They were gathering for the duck shoot. I should get dressed. It was a difficult bed to leave; it held you like an embrace. The teapot on the teak stand was still sending fragrant tendrils of steam into the room. The leopard snarled as I stepped over his head. The dream was clearing into reality.

Since I expected to spend some time abroad gathering material to keep my typewriter in motion, my wife, Mary Lou, had come with me. She was waiting outside her bedroom as I closed my

"The others are outside," she said. "I doubt if they slept a wink last night. They looked like sleepwalkers as they passed. I don't think our group is going to establish any shooting record."

Shooting had been a ruse. We all knew it. I confess that this going to India to shoot ducks was really a psychological gambit to put us in motion. It had a ring to it, an impossible quality that made it all the more appealing to the imagination.

Can you imagine a serious discussion 112 of five men making a trip slightly less than the distance around the world to spend a few hours to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight or view the burning ghats on the Ganges? No one would be tempted. Moreover, it was a situation that wives and friends could laugh off. We had read about these sights. But the lure of a hunt with one of the princes of India, of staying with him at his palace, had a pull that put it into the realm of the must do. And don't let the shotguns and the shooting disturb. It is a scientifically established fact that it takes the average hunter 25 shots to bag a single duck. These are fast-flying, wary birds who know how to take care of themselves.

So the shotgun becomes the object that we verbally wave as the reason for coming to this far place. Even if we don't fire it. Besides, there are millions of ducks, and the few that we down, if we are lucky, will end in a curry to feed many people. It will be a curry created by the Maharaja of Bharatpur himself. I know that Y has never even held a shotgun in his hands. I wonder if his wife knows.

But there he was, standing beside the Maharaja's jeep station wagon, leaning on his shotgun with all of the aplomb of a man who has stood in many a dawn like this waiting to hear the whistle of wild wings.

The others looked equally nonchalant, or perhaps they were dazed. The dawn was coming now in a butter-spread across the bottom edge of sky, and the Maharaja was bustling about getting things in motion.

"Let us go!" he said in his high voice. "We must be in the butts before full light. Let us go!"

He is a short, dark man with a mustache, sleek dark hair with slight touches of gray, warm brown eyes, and an erect, proud carriage as befits the 20th prince in an unbroken line. Now he herded everyone into his three Rolls-Royces and jeep wagon and we rolled toward the duck water.

The Colonel His Highness Maharaja Sir Brajindra Sawai Brijendia Singhji Bahadur Jang doesn't do anything the ordinary way: The jeep we were in had a custom body that would hold a dozen passengers. Now it held the six of us and our guns. The Maharaja drove, leading the way. Behind us in the three Rollses and several other cars were a German baron, all the male teachers from the nearby college, and some American 4-H Club members who were visiting their counterparts in India, brought to help fill the shooting butts by Brigendra Singh, the Maharaja's brother-in-law. Gardner Bump, an expert from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, gathering live specimens of India's game birds, had taken a day off to join the shoot.

The Maharaja talked while he drove as fast as the jeep would go, taking his eyes from the road to look back at us, a habit that had us jumpy before we left the palace grounds.

"We keep the birds in the air and on the move by gunfire," he said. "To do this we should have most of the ninetytwo butts filled. It is a large piece of water to cover." His English was as elegant as his tailored shooting jacket and his \$10,000 matched Purdey shotguns.

We had received blueprints of the 7000-acre Keola Dev Ghana Sanctuary showing the position of the shooting butts, plus an engraved invitation embossed in gold at the top with the House of Bharatpur's coat of arms, an upright lion and an elephant. On the back of each blueprint was a list of the important duck shoots since 1902. The impressive roll started with the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and ran through such names as Lord Kitchener, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Prince of Wales, dozens of maharajas, much more English royalty, some U.S. Senators, a sprinkling of shahs and kings, and a score of famous soldiers. Opposite each name was the number of ducks that had fallen to their guns. The whole thing was enough to give anyone an inferiority complex. To compound the feeling further, the Maharaja turned to me and said, "You are going to shoot in the Shah of Iran's butt. You'll have to do well to keep up with him!" H drew the King of Nepal; C. Lord Mountbatten; Y and W, two maharajas.

We passed through the graceful marble arch of the Prince of Wales Gate, and within minutes saw the polishedmetal gleam of water. Also, within minutes, I saw and identified a black drongo. a pied bushchat, a redstart, a Brahmany myna, two yellow-headed wagtails, a purple sunbird, a crow pheasant, an osprey, a hoopoe, a Siberian and a sarus crane, and a dozen white and three black ibis. This was a bird watcher's paradise.

The Maharaja told us that it had been declared a nonmigratory bird sanctuary and that it was attracting bird lovers from all over the world.

"It is the largest in Asia," he said. "Hardly a day passes that a brace of ornithologists doesn't appear and ask our permission to study bird life."

Then he added, laughing, "I hope our kind of bird life will be in evidence. If we had as many sporting birds as we do spoonbills, cormorants, shags, darters. terns and storks, this would be the best ducking water in the world."

I think it is.

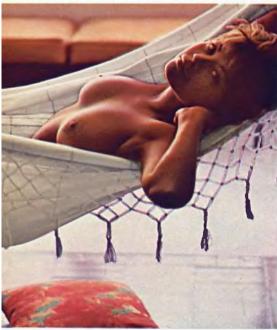
Twenty minutes later we were in the butts, which actually weren't erected to hide the gunner, but were merely bamboo uprights to mark the position. I sat on a shooting seat, a turbaned boy in loincloth, body gleaming with oil, on either side.

(continued on page 155)



"Please, Chief-let me frisk just one?!"







Top: In town to attend a film festival, British cinemactress Molly Peters, one of James Bond's Girls (PLAYBOY, November 1965), flees fons and flashbulbs on a mist-shrouded mountainside south of Rio. Above, I to r: Two years ago, Ireny Gomes left her home in the Brazilian backwater to seek fame and fortune in Rio; undismayed to have found neither, she happily whiles oway her mornings os o beachcomber, her ofternoons 114 as a secretary. Mannequin Anna Bonaccorsi, a carioco (Rio native) of Italian parentage, poses atop a hotel overlooking the city sky line.



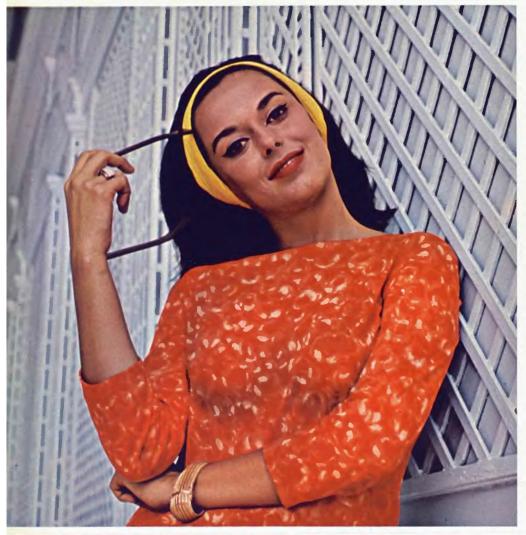
Above: Another film-festivol visitor, Austrian actress Morio Perschy braves a groy doy on Rio's deserted Copacobona Beoch. Top right: Doughter of o wealthy Rio resort-hotel owner, Leo Rossi quit college to emote in the Brozilion cinema. Right: An eye-filling kite-flier, Heloiso Poes Pinto was the inspiration for Jobim's The Girl from Iponema. Ahhh.



r's no coincidence that Rio de Janeiro has been dubbed the queen of the world's seaports by many a male traveler. With the lush tropical verdure of its mountain peaks, public parks and nearby rain forests, its ambivalent ambiance of Old World and New, its contrapuntal tempo of Latin languor and metropolitan bustle, those who follow the sun-and its well-tanned daughters -find Rio the most sybaritic of settings to satisfy their wanderlust. Some come just to revel in the infectious abandon of its annual pre-Lenten carnaval. Many seek it out as a mecca of South American art, education and culture. And many come in the hope of carving out careers and living the good life as fulltime residents of a city whose past 20 years of explosive economic growth has been unequaled by any other port in Latin America. But the main reason most males still go flying down to Rio is its cosmopolitan potpourri of infinitely varied, uncommonly attractive, disarmingly charming, pleasantly plentiful, emphatically eligible senhoritas.

Contrary to the dark-haired, olive-skinned,







Top: Adelisia Morri is a girl on the go—by day, on daredevil cross-country sports-car spins; by night, on the best of all possible whirls about town from dinner to discothèque till dawn. Above: Lilian Agedelo, a Pan-American rifle champion and multilingual girl Friday for on outfit that organizes jungle hunting expeditions, relaxes between safaris in her Rio pad.

sloe-eyed, hot-blooded Latin stereotype. the girls of Rio are blondes, brunettes and redheads ranging in skin tone from cream to coffee to chocolate to ebony, and they flock to Rio from every corner of the globe and from all over Brazil-a nation larger in size and even more heterogeneous culturally than the continental United States. From the pampas in the south come girls of Spanish, German and Polish ancestry-daughters of European immigrants who flocked to Brazil before and after World War Two and subsequently provided the nation with bumper crops of fruit and cattle, and a generation of some of its most fetching females. Whatever her origins, the girl from the south has only to establish Rio residency to become a fullfledged carioca. You'll find her adorning any number of the city's sandy strands during the popular pre-noon sunning hours, or you can arrange an encounter with one of these pampas pretties while out for a quiet afternoon canter on the popular equestrian byways of Rodrigo de Freitas Lagoon.

The coffeegrowing and heavily industrialized environs of São Paulo supply Rio with its quota of lovely Latins from landed Portuguese and Italian families. These olive-skinned and opulently endowed Mediterranean misses come to town in search not of their identities but simply of a goodpaying job, plus a little excitement and some fun-filled hours on the beach. Even the demure daughters of São Paulo's contingent of Japanese families, when in Rio, do as the *cariocas* do and soon adopt the happy-go-lucky ways of their Rio cousins.

From the steamy Amazon region and its myriad tribal villages come the proud distaff descendants of the Inca and Amerind Indians, their copper-toned beauty mellowed by centuries of intermarriage with the Portuguese. And farther to the east, the sun-bleached state of Bahia furnishes carioca femininity with a continuous influx of mulatto and Negro girls who come to Rio to improve their lot. Their skins vary in tone from light mocha to jet black, and they walk with an unself-conscious awareness that all eyes are upon them.

Boasting a tradition of ethnic equality that has not been marred by a single interracial incident during its entire 433year history as a nation, Brazil takes great pride in the fact that its first generations of native sons and daughters were the products of marriages between Portuguese settlers and Indian maidens from the coastal tribes living near what is now Rio. Most Brazilians brag about having Negro ancestors as well, and those who can't will often invent a mulatto grandmother just to feel more in tune with the crowd. White visitors to Rio who choose to take a colored female companion out dining, dancing or just strolling down the mosaic-tiled sidewalks of the Avenida (text concluded on page 144)



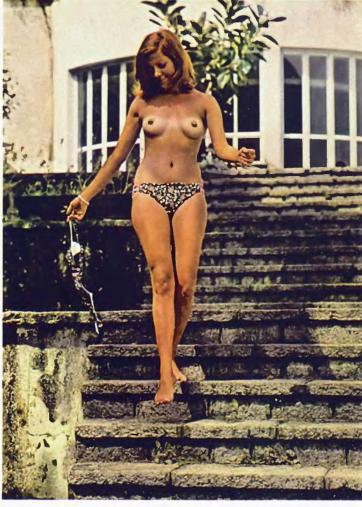




Top left: A seeworthy soiling buff, Morgona Tavores is rated by fellow regattists among the sovviest sailors at the Rio Yocht Club—and eosily the most shipshope. Above left: Denise Mori does double duty os a nighttime English student and part-time opprentice in the Rio office of United Press International. Above right: Globe-trotting Giddie Vosconcellos, daughter of a Brozilion diplomot, was born in Conada, finishing-schooled in England, and has lived throughout Europe; she takes time out from her travels obroad to visit a secluded rain forest near Rio.







Top: Solonge Novelli is an energetic bowler, swimmer, equestrienne—and hiker, seen here en route up the steep but scenic slopes of Sugar Loof, with its postcord ponoramo of Rio horbor. Above, I to r: A ubiquitous cover girl on Brozil's mojor mogozines, Henriette Stein is olso a skilled skindiver with a flair for turning the lobsters and fish she spears into exotic feasts for friends. On a layover between flights, oirline stewardess Joano d'Arc de Sonja Dios tokes a topless stroll through the grounds of a private botonical garden outside Rio.



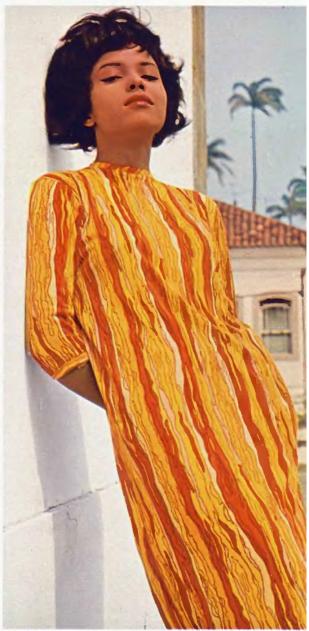


Top: The one that got away from the fishermen houling in their nets on Rio's Copacobono Beach is a rore catch, indeed: Ileano Ghiotza, on ebon-tressed 17-year-old carioca with incompatible passions; both a serious-minded scholar and on eosygoing beachnik, she wants to become a psychoanolyst—mañona. Above: A sensuous senharita of German and Portuguese descent, Floro Romero de Souzos is the tour directress of an understandably thriving travel agency in downtown Rio; ofter five, however, she's strictly a home-body—a bountiful 37-22-36, to be exact.





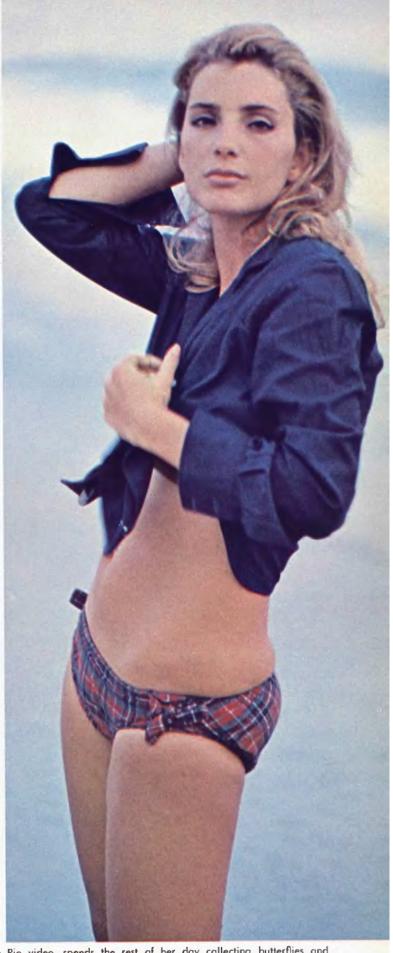




Top, I to r: Sonia Wollner, a frequent bit player on Brazilion TV, is seen even more often—ond more of—on Rio's white-stronded oceon front. A port-time doncer in the chorus line of the Copocobana Paloce, a posh Rio boite, Vonia Feinand is serenoded by a friend in her downtown digs. Above, I to r: A petite (five-foot) pockage of Lotin temperoment, Luely Figueiro is one of Brazil's most magnetic movie 120 stors. Art buff Claudia Alves leads o life of luxury and leisure as the only doughter of a sociolly and financially prominent Rio family.





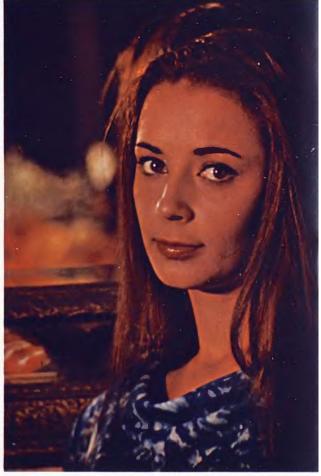


Top left: Tereza Blanco, a sultry-vaiced early-marning "weather girl" an Rio video, spends the rest of her day callecting butterflies and watching the passing parade of beach-bound bathers from the window of her seaside flat. Above left: Brazil's biggest film star, Odette Lara recently took a subbatical fram maviemaking to sing far her supper—and to cut a bassa-novo album; she likes to rehearse on lonely beaches. Above right: Wraithlike Razana Tapajas is a child-of-nature type who hates shaes and make-up, laves midnight swims and long walks in the rain.









Top, I to r: Torrying beside a loke on her way home from school is 18-year-old Miriam Limo, a junior college coed with designs on a career in interior decoration. Fellow freshman Eline Dialinda Rêgo, an education major, lounges between classes beneath a sheltering polm in a park near the university compus. Above left: Helaiso da Silva neither studies nor works; her offluent father, a Portuguese rubber tycoon, pays the bills for her European sports car, her ocean-front pod in kio and her extensive wordrobe of Paris originals—here attractively absent.



Above left: French-born Annik Deligant came to Brazil 15 years aga with her parents, grew up to became Ria's best-knawn televisian star; a literal langhair, she trilingually interviews entertainers fram abraad. Above: Chief among the international attractions at the recent Ria film festival was the untamed beauty of Ann Smyrner, a Danish nature girl with a taste for the perils of the wilderness, a self-praclaimed predilection far soldiers of fartune, and an unfulfilled ambitian to be "the only waman an an expedition to the headwaters of the Amazon."



### Ribald Classic

# madam filippa's defense

adapted from "The Decameron" of Boccaccio

IN THE CITY of Prato, at one time, there existed a harsh statute that decreed the penalty of death by burning to any woman discovered in adultery by her husband. It befell, while this law was in force, that the noble and beautiful Madam Filippa, a lady well known to all for her extraordinary propensity and prowess in amatory pursuits, was surprised one night by her husband, Rinaldo, in her own chambers and deep in the arms of one Lazzarino, a youth of the city.

Rinaldo, on discovering the lovers thus, flew into a great rage, and it was only by extreme self-control that he restrained himself from slaying the pair on the spot. Knowing his own position likely to be worsened by such a course, however, he forbore the precipitate act and proceeded instead to invoke the law of Prato, whose provisions would secure for him the death of his faithless wife.

Armed with ample evidence of his charge against her, he lodged his accusation, causing her to be then summoned before the provost.

Madam Filippa, truly being much in love with Lazzarino, resolved to appear in her own defense, contrary to the advice of many friends and kinsmen. She chose to confess the truth and so to die with spirit undaunted, rather than to flee as an outlaw to a life of exile, thus admitting herself unworthy of such a lover as he in whose arms she had been found the night before.

She presented herself before the provost, attended by a host of friends and townsmen, who continued in their exhortations that she deny the charge. Madam Filippa addressed the magistrate with firm voice and assured air and bearing, demanding what he would of her. The judge, seeing her to be fair and commendable of carriage, with lofty spirit, felt compassion for her. He feared she might confess enough that would compel him, for his own honor's sake, to convict her and thus condemn her to death. Yet, having no choice but to question her of the charge, he spoke:

"Madam, as you see, here is your husband, Rinaldo, who swears to have found you in adultery with another man, and demands the court punish you therefor by putting you to death under the terms of the statute so providing. This I cannot do unless you do confess it. Therefore, be careful what you answer, and tell me whether it be true, as your husband's complaint alleges."

Without dismay, the lady answered cheerfully, "Sir, it is true that Rinaldo is my husband and that he did find me last night in the arms of Lazzarino where, because of the great and perfect love I bear for him, I have often been before. I do not deny this. But, as I



am sure you know, laws should apply equally to all, and be made with the consent of those they govern. Such is not the case with the statute that concerns us here. It binds only upon us unhappy women who might, far better than men, avail ourselves to satisfy many. Moreover, in the ordaining of this statute, not only was the consent of women lacking, but it was not even solicited of them. Therefore, I submit the statute is unreasonable, unjust and cruel.

"However," she continued, "should you decide, to the prejudice of my body, and your own soul, to uphold and execute this unrighteous law, it rests with you to do so; but before you make your ruling, I pray you, grant me one favor; to wit, that you ask my husband whether, at all times, and as often as it pleased him, with never a denial, I have not assured him the entire and unstinted commodity and pleasure of myself."

As she finished, Rinaldo interposed without waiting to be questioned, answering that the lady had undeniably acceded to his every request and overture in according him every pleasure of herself he required; whereupon Madam Filippa rejoined, "Then, my lord provost, if he has taken all that is needful and pleasing to him from me, what, I ask, am I to do with that of my flame and ardor which is over and above his requirements? Should I cast it away to the dogs? Was it not better used to gratify a gentleman who loveth me more than himself than to let it go to waste and spoil?"

The trial of so fair and famous a lady had attracted most of the people of the town who, at these reasonable questions, set up much laughter, many crying out that she had made her point well and should have the right of it.

When order had been restored, the judge, being of like mind, ruled that, while the populace was still assembled, the cruel statute be modified to make it apply only to those women who should, for money, default their husbands, and it was so done.

Rinaldo left the court, cast down in some shame at the turn of events. Madam Filippa, discharged, returned triumphantly to her house, joyful and free, verily raised up out of the fire.

—Retold by Blake Jackson

# mood ebony (continued from page 108)

that color wouldn't count in our daily activities, just as it wouldn't count on the Great Day that was coming.

Today these color-blind sentiments seem to me to be somewhat out of touch with the real lives and the real needs of the Negro community-and inappropriate, even, to the real tasks of our movement. Today, when the name Negro is sweet to CORE's ears, we laugh that there was ever a day when it was otherwise. We have found the cult of color-blindness not only quaintly irrelevant but seriously flawed. For we learned that America couldn't simply be color-blind. It would have to become color-blind, and it would only become color-blind when we gave up our color. The white man, who presumably has no color, would have to give up only his prejudices, but we would have to give up our identities. Thus we would usher in the Great Day with an act of complete self-denial and self-abasement. We would achieve equality by conceding racism's charge: that our skins are an affliction; that our history is one long humiliation; that we are empty of distinctive traditions and any legitimate source of pride. All this we were asked to do while learning to love ourselves, and making the name Negro a name to conjure with.

In the movement for equal rights we discovered a history: Had not the slaves rebelled tirelessly against their lot as we now rebelled? We found heroes and examples from our own past: Gabriel Prosser, Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, Samuel E. Cornish, Frederick Douglass, W. E. B. Du Bois. We sensed the presence of black men all over the world who were engaged in efforts parallel to our own. In the movement we found an identity. Was that not jealousy we spotted in the eager eyes of white youths who flocked to our cause knowing that our efforts constituted the most significant activity in all of America? Didn't we know that, far from having no history, no one in America had a history but us? Didn't we know now that for the sake of our American ideals we had to speak in our rightful, our given, our now legitimate name-Negro?

Early in 1964 I called a meeting of all the CORE chapters in the Bay Area of San Francisco. I had heard of rather serious strife there between nationalists and integrationists within the organization, and when we all had gathered in a hotel room one night, I said, "All right, let's let our hair down and level with one another. What's it all about?" One fellow, a Negro, immediately said, "Brother Farmer, we've got to dig being black." He kept repeating it over and over again, and I knew exactly what he meant. He meant that blackness of the skin had been

accepted as a deformity by Negroes, that it had to cease being that, and had to become a source of pride, and so did all the culture and memories that went with it.

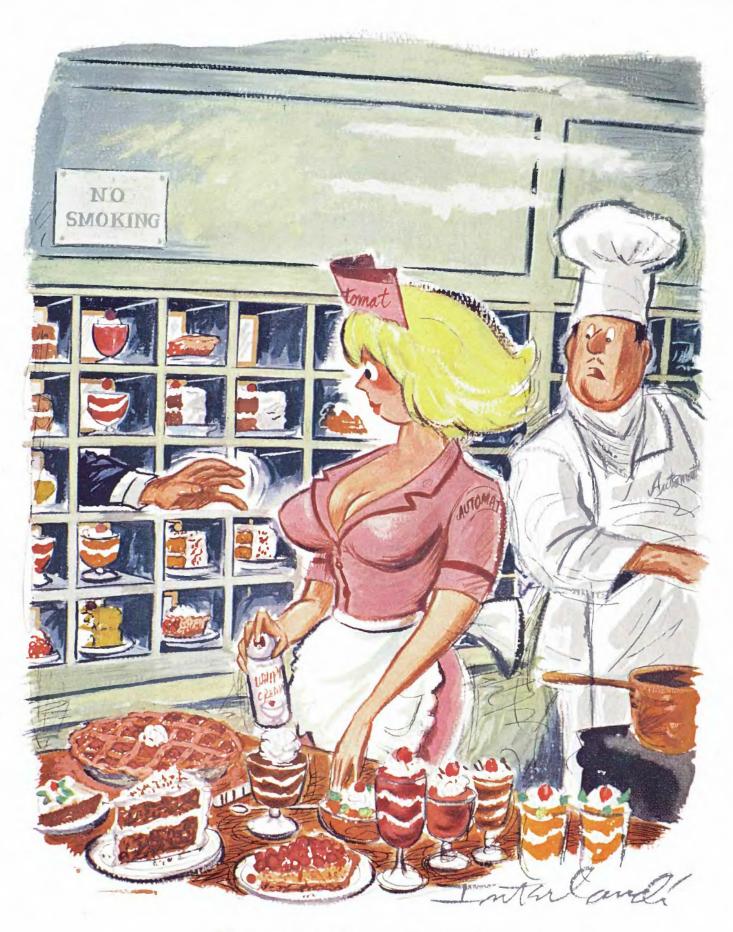
Thus, in subtle ways, racial considerations have begun to enter the inner politics of our organizations. For reasons both real and symbolic, it is important that Negroes be placed in positions of leadership and prominence. It is difficult for some whites to understand how deeply Negroes feel about this. For years the great Negro organizations-NAACP, Urban League—have been strongly influenced by whites who have served as presidents of these organizations, as members of governing boards or, significantly, as treasurers. Another brand of white support came in the form of aggressive advice from influential and allied organizations-church groups, civil rights commissions, labor unions, parents' and teachers' associations. It is not disrespectful to their often sincere and effective efforts to point out that their advice was not always motivated by the immediate interest of the black man. The evil of slavery-and to some degree Negroes are still enslaved-is in the way it permitted white men to handle Negroes: their bodies, their actions, their opportunities, their very minds and thoughts. To the depths of their souls, Negroes feel handled, dealt with, ordered about, manipulated-by white men. I cannot overemphasize the tenacity and intensity of this feeling among Negroes, and I believe any fair-minded person pondering the history of the Negro's enforced posture in a world of white power would concede the justice of the feeling. So, as Negroes began to sense that the civil rights movement was their movement, an instrument for their self-expression, their freedom, it became difficult to convince them that once again they must be led by whites.

The tension between Negroes and whites in CORE is a necessary and creative tension. Some form of nationalism is necessary, even healthy, though the willfully color-blind refuse to acknowledge this. The old CORE idealists are correct when they warn that Negro group pride and group assertiveness can deteriorate into the most narrow-minded chauvinism. This "Negritude," they argue, will produce the same stultification of thought that has been so often attributed to the "Yiddishness" of Jews. Of course, integration-color-blindness-is ultimately valid, but we have to come to realize that we must live here and now rather than in eternity. I do not define this tension as one between the real and the ideal, with the black nationalists playing the realists and the white integrationists playing the idealists. The doctrinaire color-blind often fail to perceive that it is ideally necessary for the black man to be proudly black today. And the black nationalists, for their part, often do not see that it is only realistic to maintain touch with white people, for we cannot live in our dreams nor carve a nation for ourselves in our mind's eye alone. We must dwell in this land of ours—America.

If we make ourselves over to satisfy any one definition—nationalist or integrationist—we will lose a precious part of ourselves. So, in some ways, I applaud the tension between black and white and invite whites in to embarrass us with our occasional narrowness. asking them only to be tactful and remember who and what it is they serve.

What can explain this new "mood ebony"? The reasons are many and complex, but I would like to suggest two in particular. (1) Each achievement of the civil rights movement aimed at making color irrelevant has counted to us as a Negro achievement, earned by Negro effort, and indicative of a long rebel tradition in Negro history. The movement has become a movement of and by Negroes in addition to a movement for civil equality, and it has become a source of great pride and has inspired a renewed search for our black identity. We have learned that what is needed is not invisibility but a valid and legitimate visibility. This new pride, which has grown out of the movement, is especially noteworthy in the Negro middle classes, which until very recently stood aloof from the struggle. But in civil rights it has often been the middle classes-especially the students-who have led the militant way. Then, too, a new generation of Negro writers-James Baldwin, Ossie Davis, John Williams, John Oliver Killens, Louis Lomax-have given our new pride the impetus of their eloquence. (2) The present-day black nationalist groups-the best-known of which is the Black Muslims-and figures like the late Malcolm X have influenced us perceptibly. Sympathetic whites are often surprised at the solicitude Negroes display for the nationalists, the Muslims in particular, "How can anyone take all that mumbo jumbo seriously?" they ask. And in righteous tones they quickly dismiss this "racism in reverse," this cult of opportunistic violence, as juvenile and positively un-American. Many Negroes see the juvenility, of course, but they see more: The black nationalists tell the Negro that he is somebody and that his salvation depends upon the proud acceptance of his own blackness. White civilization, say the nationalists, taught the Negro to hate himself; this was and remains a tactic of white domination, for if the Negro did not hate himself, he would have been a most troublesome servant, indeed. Stripped of a sense of history, deprived of his majesty, brainwashed by a white man's religion, without a name or any claim to fame, the

(continued on page 172)



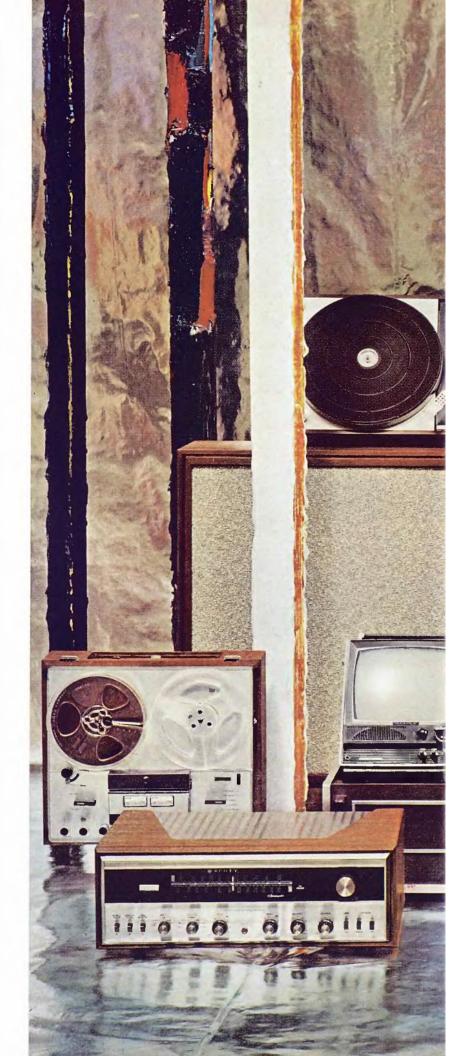
"I've warned you about standing too close to those empty compartments, Miss Anderson . . . !"

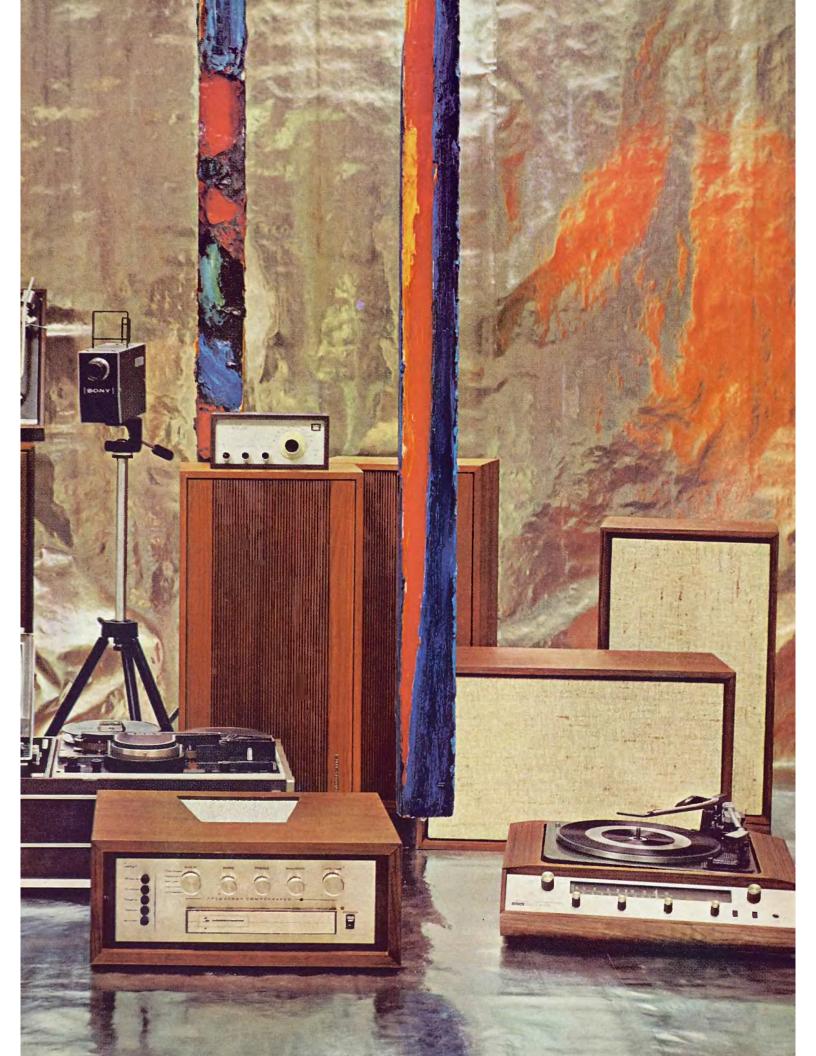
the latest and best in hi-fi and tv from solid-state compacts through stereo components and all-in-one consoles; from miniaturized portables through largescreen color-tv sets and video recorders

# SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF '66

THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS being served up this season have renewed our faith in all of the hoary precepts of dynamic capitalism. Adam Smith couldn't have predicted it more accurately. Just as the venerable economist said they would, brisk competition, technological improvements and increased production have bred improved quality at eminently reasonable prices. Today's audiophile investing in listening (text continued on page 133)

Front row, from left to right: Model 388 solid-state stereo receiver with an 80-watt omplifier and AM/ FM tuner on a single chassis, by H. H. Scott, \$499.95. Model CC-50S 100-wott stereo omplifier system, by C/M Loborotories, \$387. Model SC-440 modulor music combination including on AM/FM-stereo tuner-master control, 36-wott omplifier, o Garrord outomatic turntable with a magnetic cartridge and a two-speaker system, styled in wolnut hordwood with interchangeable speaker-system grille cloths, by Harmon-Kardon, \$399. In bock, from left to right: All-tronsistor Uher Model 9000 40-watt tope deck with three heads for record, playback and erose, from Mortel Electronics, \$400. Model 12 ocoustic suspension three-woy, four-speaker loudspeoker system in a floor-stonding oiled-wolnut cobinet, by KLH, \$249.95. On top of the cobinet is o Thorens Model TD-150 AB two-speed turntoble feoturing an integrated tone orm with hydraulic domping oction and o pneumotic tone-orm cuing device, by Elpo, \$99.50. Model TCV-20-10 home video-tope recorder con tronscribe in black ond white ony television broodcost on its hourlong seven-inch tape reels, \$995; ougmented by video comera system, Model VCK-2000, complete with solid-state TV tope camero, standard lens, comera coble, AC cord, tripod, microphone and portable carrying cose, \$350, both by Sony. Next ore o poir of Model 114 eight-speaker systems in slotted teokwood cobinets, by Tondberg of Americo, \$99.50 eoch. On top is a Model 18 oll-transistor FM-multiplex tuner with two sets of stereo outputs, by KLH, \$116.95.







PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY-O'ROURKE

Clockwise from one o'clock: Model 5000 solid-state three-speed Cross Field professional tape recorder takes all reel sizes up to 101/2" without adopters, by Roberts, \$699.95. Mediterroneon heptogonal-shaped three-way speaker system in a two-foot white cobinet that can be utilized os o seporote toble, by LTV University Sound, \$360. Model R-2000 portoble stereo tope recorder which con be operated from a remotecontrol ponel comes in a choice of four interchangeable head configurations and record/play speeds, by Concord, \$795. Tope recorder is flonked by Genevo Model speoker system with rototing mid- and high-ronge speokers suspended over the woofers to provide total circular sound dispersion, by Circle-O-Phonic, \$79.95 each. Model K/R 9434 stereo headphone amplifier can drive two sets of headphones or a pair of compoct speakers, by Acoustech, \$69.95. Model S-8800 all-silicon transistor 100-watt stereo FM receiver, by Sherwood, \$359.50. Model TWA-1000 solid-state 12-inch portable battery-operated TV which can be converted for outomobile use, by Hitachi, \$159.95. Model SSP/200 200-wott omplifier with a special testing switch that can reduce power to 12 wotts per channel, by Mottes, \$375. Lob 80 two-speed outomatic turntable featuring a bias compensator, balanced tone arm with integral cuing device and isolation motor suspension, by Garrard, \$99.50. Model EL3400 push-button video-tope recorder with clip-on adopter to fit ony standard television set, by Norelco, \$3950. Ploted-steel and plostic Model HA-8 stereo eorphones, by Shorpe Instruments, \$24.50. Model W30 Whorfedole two-speoker system provides on occustic compensation control 130 system for odjustment af both the mid- and high-frequency ronges, in oiled-wolnut cobinets, by British Industries Corp., \$69.95 each.



PAINTINGS BY EDVINS STRAUTMANIS

Clockwise from one o'clock: Model 711A oll-silicon tronsistor 100-wott FM stereo receiver, by Altec Lansing, \$378. "Voice of the Theoter" speaker system in a hond-rubbed walnut-finish enclosure with a Mediterroneon-styled fretwork grille, by Altec Lansing, \$498. Serenoto stereophonic headphones with adjustable cup-pressure control come in either liquid-filled or foom cushions, by Telex, \$59.95. Stereo headphone amplifier allows two to listen at the some time using two poirs of heodphones through a switch on the front panel which permits simultaneous plug-in of separate program sources, by Shure, \$45. Model SA600 solid-state 80-watt JBL amplifier with conceoled connecting jacks for simplified freestanding installation, by James B. Lansing, \$300. Model E-V1177 50-watt solid-state FM stereo receiver, by Electro-Voice, \$280. Directly behind the receiver is Model 815 portable tape recorder featuring automatic reversal, a solid-state 20-watt Nortan Amplifier and a pair of Model SK-88 detochoble speokers, by Concertone, \$599.95. Model PE-34 four-speed turntable with a low-resonance balanced arm, built-in spring-loaded stylus pressure adjustment gauge and an automotic glide to and from the record groove, by Elpa, \$72. An ultrosmoll 60-square-inch Porta-Color color television weighing 24 pounds, by Generol Electric, \$249.95. The twin-speaker Loncer 101 loudspeaker units have morble tops, oiled-wolnut sides, ond grilles of imported hand-carved fretwork, by Jomes B. Lonsing, \$354 each. Model 7T solid-state stereo console includes a front-ponel heodphone jock for use with on external tope recorder, by Morontz, \$295, plus the ailed-walnut cobinet, \$24. Solid-stote Model 860 tape deck with professional 30-watt amplifier ond o pair of microphones housed in a tan vinyl case, by Ampex, \$289. 131



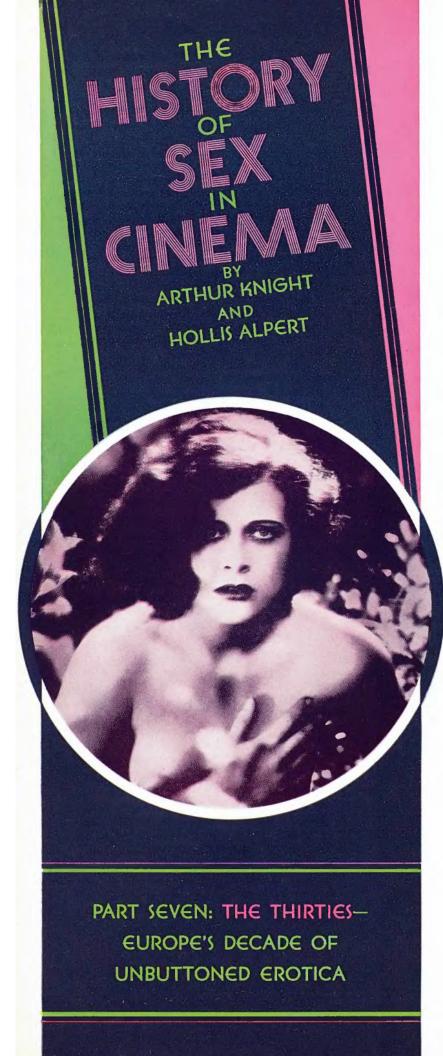


and looking gear can take advantage of the soundest values we've come across in years.

To be sure, there has been some cost trimming as a result of the recent removal of Federal excise taxes on radios; a bit of fiscal largess which overnight cut the cost of any equipment embodying a tuner by about ten percent. But chief credit for this happy state of affairs goes to the rapid development of solid-state technology. Transistors suited to high-fidelity applications have been decreasing in cost while they have been steadily gaining in reliability. As a result, the vote of confidence for solid-state gear is now industry-wide. Approval became unanimous when the last holdouts for vacuum tubes, Marantz and Dynaco, recently began to retool for transistors. Of course, certain tube equipment will continue to be produced, such as heavyduty power amplifiers, where the superiority of transistors is still debatable; but, as a general rule, hi-fi electronics will be solidly solidstate from here on.

The advantages of transistors show up most convincingly in the stereo receiver—a fairly new term on the audio scene, which stands for an *(continued on page 188)* 

Bottom row, left to right: Model 440-T solid-state single-chossis receiver combines o 50-watt omplifier with on FM-stereo tuner, by Fisher, \$329.50. Dual 1019 turntable hos o magnesium tone-orm head ond on odjustoble cartridge holder, by United Audio, \$129.50. Model MAC 1500, 85-watt stereo AM/FM receiver with tape monitor switch and outomatic stereo switching, by McIntosh, \$499. Model RT8000 receiver combines a tuner, dual preamplifiers and two 35-wott omplifiers on a single chossis, by 8ogen Communications, \$319.95. On top is a Model 60/60 solid-state 120-watt amplifier, by Dynoco Inc., \$295.50. Middle row: Model 660 tape recorder with automatic tope reverse, push-button solenoid controls, 50-wott-per-chonnel solid-state omplifier and self-contoined woofer speoker system, by Sony, \$575. Two-speed video-tope recorder is engineered to be odoptoble to future color recording with odditional electronic circuitry, \$1095, plus componion HVR minioture studio TV comera, \$529.95, both by Ampex. Model 101 bookshelf speokers, by Cizek, \$39.95 eoch. Model 1020 tope recorder equipped with special 81/4-inch reels to ollow additional recording time, by Mognecord, \$570. Bock row: "Twenty Plus" modular system combines a solid-state 40-wott omplifier, on FMstereo tuner and Garrord automotic turntable with a Pickering mognetic cortridge and diomond stylus, by KLH, \$525. Model 814 stereo console motches o tape deck, o 20-wott omplifier, Garrord record changer, an AM/FM-multiplex tuner in a wolnut cobinet and matching speakers (not shown), by Concertone, \$799.95. On top is a Model VII 60-watt solid-state integrated omplifier, by Acoustech, \$219. The 25-inch color TV "Chonning Model," shawn in a specially constructed lucite cobinet, is generally ovoilable in a walnut veneer or Danish-modern finish, by Admirol, \$750. Maximus 7 bookshelf 3-woy speoker system with snop-off grille fromes in the speoker panel, by UTC Sound Division, \$97.50 eoch.



# ABOUNDING IN NUDITY, FOREIGN FILMS EXPLORED OVERTLY SEXUAL THEMES BARRED IN HOLLYWOOD BY THE PURITANICAL PRODUCTION CODE—AND BANNED FROM U.S. SCREENS BY THE CUSTOMS BUREAU

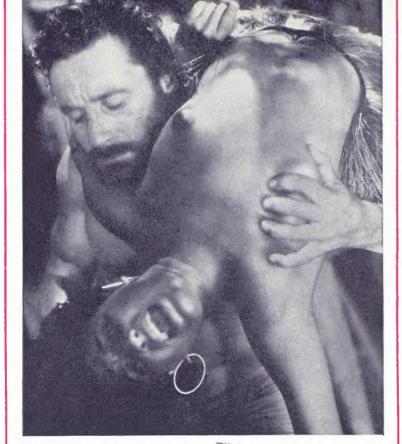
"THE TROUBLE WITH SOUND," a film historian once observed, "was not that movies talked, but that no one could understand them." In the 30-odd years of silent pictures, film makers had evolved storytelling techniques that were universally understood, and discovered themes that could be universally enjoyed. But the arrival of sound, which swept the studios of the world in 1929 and 1930, brought all of this to an abrupt halt. Attempts at "dubbing" foreign films into Englishmatching American voices to the lip movements on the screen-failed dismally, as Paramount learned to its chagrin with its "American version" of Germany's The Blue Angel. Audiences wanted the real thing or nothing. And, at least for the majority of America's moviegoing public, subtitles were no more satisfactory: They went to the "talkies" to listen and to look, not to read captions. Almost overnight, the market for foreign films all but disappeared. No longer could the producer of a European epic anticipate a first night on Broadway. In the United States, imports were relegated to a handful of art theaters and to a scattering of "language houses," as they were called, that catered to the various ethnic groups concentrated in certain cities and communities.

For a time, the major American companies sought to counter what looked like a dead loss of important overseas revenue by shooting in rapid succession several versions of the same film, rushing in a Spanish-speaking cast-or French, or German-to redo the shot just completed, using the same sets, props, lights and often the same director. Paramount, with studios in France, pursued this policy with greater avidity, and with greater economy, than any of its competitors, turning out as many as 14 or 15 versions of some of its pictures. But the process was costly, cumbersome and ultimately unprofitable. What foreign audiences wanted was Hollywood's stars and Hollywood's glamor, not just its settings and its plots. In Europe, dubbing quickly became a fact of life. After a few initial-and no more successful-experiments with multiple casts, European film makers were soon forced to recognize that the great international market was no longer theirs. But if sound imposed upon them the necessity to make films that would be popular primarily in their own countries, at the same time it eliminated the need to cater to the tasies, and circumvent the censors, of other countries. Thus during the Thirties, it was primarily in the art houses that Americans were able to peek over the walls and see what was happening culturally-and sexually-

LAMARR, TOUJOURS LAMARR: The sensational 1933 Czech film "Ecstasy" (left) was a favorite target for censors throughout the Thirties—thanks to a nude scene played by an 18-year-old Austrian named Hedi Keisler, soon to be imported to Hollywood as Hedy Lamarr.



DANISH PASTRY: In a scene scissored from the U. S. version of Denmark's "Kongen Bød" (above), a lecherous landowner exercises his droit du seigneur in a handy haymow.



GOING NATIVE: A modern Robinson Crusoe (above) self-exiled to Madagascar in "Cain," a French-made adventure epic, fails to recruit a ripe girl Friday, finally abducts her forcibly to his hut.

AN UNSEEN VIEW OF EROTICA: This shot (below), along with other scenes of erotic Indian temple art, was cut from England's "Elephant Boy" before its U.S. release in 1937.



MASTER OF THE REVELS: The films of French director Abel Gance were enlivened with elaborate orgies such as this one (below)—expunged on American screens—from "The End of the World."









BEDTIME: Commonplace in French films of the '30s, such candid boudoir scenes as those above (from top to bottom: Jean Gabin with Arletty in "Le Jour Se Lève," Gabin with Viviane Romance in "La Belle Équipe," and Simone Simon with Jean-Pierre Aumont in "Lac Aux Dames," all of them playing unmarried couples) were in dramatic contrast to the simon-pure bedroom sequences—even between husband and wife—permitted in Hollywood movies of the decade.

ETHNIC EROTICA: These scenes of sleepy sensuality (right)—shot by the great Russian director Sergei Eisenstein for "Que Viva México!," a projected epic study of the Mexican people that was abandoned when financial support evaporated—were salvaged and incorporated into a lyric documentary entitled "Time in the Sun," made in 1939.

to their neighbors across the Atlantic.

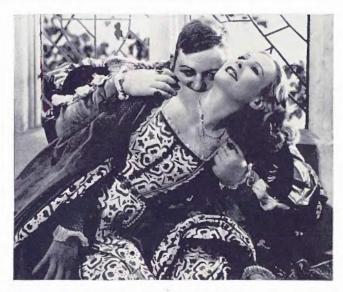
Not that this was ever accomplished with absolute freedom. Quite apart from the various state and local censor boards that have traditionally tended to view with special suspicion any picture made abroad, the U.S. Bureau of Customs has since World War One maintained a discreet but extremely effective censorship of its own. Charged with barring from our shores, and screens, any filmic displays of either nudity or "immorality," Customs officials examine quite literally every foot of film imported into the United States-and have the authority to turn back, without appeal, whatever falls short of their standards, or to demand the elimination of any offending footage before admitting the picture into this country. Perhaps the most famous film of the Thirties to incur their departmental wrath was the Czechoslovakian Ecstasy, directed in 1933 by Gustav Machaty, and introducing the beauteous Hedy Lamarr (then known as Hedi Keisler). Because this debut included not only such well-publicized scenes as one in which the star swims completely nude in a sylvan lake, then dashes headlong through the shrubbery when her solitude is invaded by a handsome young horseman, but also a long passage of lovemaking in which the camera closely scrutinizes her face as she registers the supreme ecstasy of sexual fulfillment, the film was banned outright for more than three years. Indeed, it gained entry only after an ingenious distributor agreed to all the cuts demanded by Customs, then engaged a cameraman to go off to New Jersey with a young lady and shoot modest new footage that could be inserted at the appropriate moments. This whitewashed bastardized version was shown on Broadway as My Ecstasy-and promptly condemned by the Legion of Decency.

In more recent, more lenient years, the original footage has been restored—and in view of the exposure that today is practically indigenous to a Brigitte Bardot or Jeanne Moreau picture, it is a bit difficult to see what the fuss was all about. The scenes of nudity are not only fairly brief, but tastefully, even



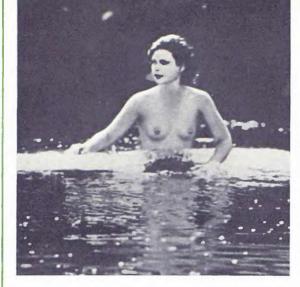




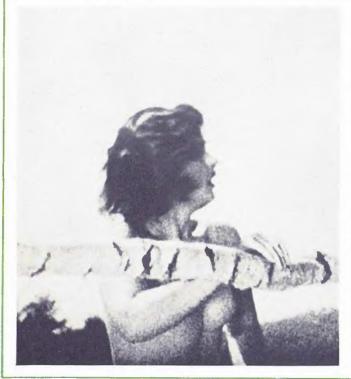




THE SPORT OF KINGS: Anna Neagle (left center) demonstrates graphically just what it is that Charles II (played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke) saw in "Nell Gwyn." Charles Laughton (right center) takes time out from gorging on roast pig in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" to nibble on the nape of wife number three, the delectable Jane Seymour (played by Wendy Barrie). THE SPORT OF QUEENS: In the 1937 French sextravaganza "La Tour de Nesle" (above), an unbuttoned costume melodrama set in the 14th Century, the dissolute Queen of France, Marguerite de Bourgogne (right) does her royal bit for liberté and fraternité at a bawdy bal masqué—with an enthusiastic assist from a couple of courting courtiers and a willing ladylove in waiting.









NATURE GIRL: In "Ecstasy's" eye-filling nude scene—snipped from the film at the behest of Customs before its U.S. release—Hedy Lamarr takes her celebrated swim an naturel (top) in a secluded lake; hearing approaching hoofbeats, she dashes through the forest (right) to the spot where she hid her clothes (above), only to find that a young horseman has already happened onto them.

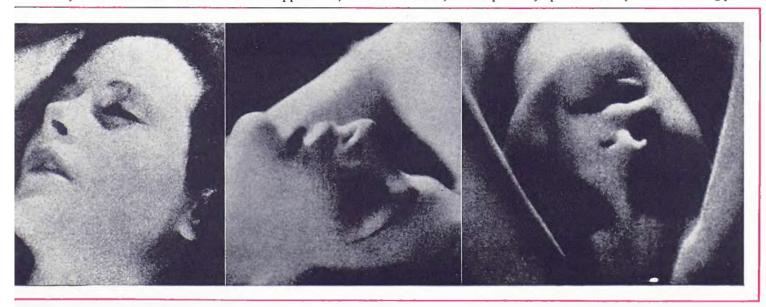
poetically handled. Author Parker Tyler, who has included Ecstasy among his 75 Classics of the Foreign Film, remarks that Machaty handles the camera "somewhat like a voyeur, but more like an aesthete thrilled body and soul by having stumbled on a lady who has just undressed for a dip in the water." Certainly, despite its eager reception by the American exploitation market, it is not at all a picture made to titillate the sensation seekers. In it, Miss Lamarr plays (with an intensity that had disappeared completely by the time she reached Hollywood a few years later) the disconsolate young wife of an elderly man whose ardent years are well behind him. When the girl succumbs to the charms of a passing stranger, the husband, on learning of the affair, commits suicide. All of this is told with heavy symbolismmuch rearing of horses and rain on the windowpanes-but also with an eye for natural beauty that won for Machaty the Golden Lion at the 1934 Venice Film Festival. Nevertheless, even after the Customs Bureau finally admitted the film, most states banned it. And the Supreme Court, in a test case, upheld their right to do so.

Because *Ecstasy* became a *cause célèbre*, it helped to spotlight the widening gap between European movie morality and Hollywood's—a gap accentuated by the ever-watchful National Legion of Decency. The fact is, of course, that the United States has seen but a fraction of the films produced abroad, the



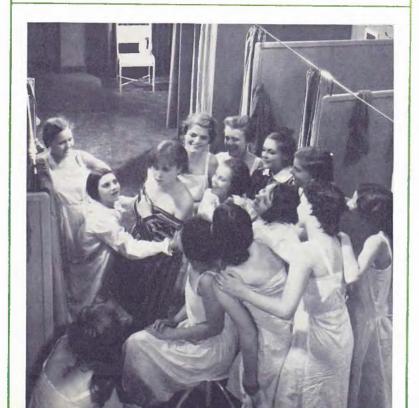


ECSTATIC CLIMAX: In the uncut sequence (below) that followed the brief encounter in the woods, Hedy, as the loveless wife of an aging landowner, makes abandoned love to the handsome horseman—an interlude shown lyrically in close-ups of her rapturous face. Hedy's embarrassed husband later tried to suppress the film in an unsuccessful attempt to buy up—and destroy—all the existing prints.









DEBAUCHED: Though stripped by U.S. censors of such suggestive scenes as this one (top left), "La Tragédie Impériale"—a florid French epic detailing the low life and high times of the lecherous monk Rasputin-was nevertheless condemned for its "debaucheries" by the Catholic Legion of Decency. DEPRAVED: In "M," Fritz Lang's 1931 German classic of psychological horror, Peter Lorre (center left) made his chilling screen debut as a sexually perverted child murderer; in this scene, an unsuspecting girl unwisely offers him a paring knife. DEFROCKED: As part of her initiation (bottom left) to the dormitory of an all-girl school in Germany's "Mädchen in Uniform," a shy newcomer is divested of her clothes-and her inhibitionsin a ceremony fraught with latent Lesbianism.

merest tip of the iceberg. Nor are the Customs people solely to blame-although, since they have never made public their excisions, it is impossible to ascertain precisely the extent of their responsibility. But foreign films, particularly in the Thirties, were distributed here primarily by small entrepreneurs who invested their own money in acquiring the rights to those pictures they thought they could profitably sell in this country. Naturally, this meant that they had to take into consideration not only the artistic merits of any film they wished to handle, but also its chances for being passed by the various state and municipal censorship boards-and the National Legion of Decency. From 1934 on, a "Condemned" rating by the Legion automatically meant a drastic reduction in the number of theaters that would book the picture-and trouble for those that did. Thus, for one reason or another, many an important European film of the Thirties was never seen in this country; while of those that were, a number had undergone such major surgery as to render them almost unintelligible. The Pennsylvania censors, for example, demanded so many cuts in The Blue Angel that the distributor ultimately decided to skip that state altogether.

In the unsettling early years of sound, producers in France, Germany and England, as in Hollywood, turned out vast quantities of pictures made solely for whatever was the local equivalent of the fast buck. Titles like Night of the Garter and To Brighton with Gloria all too accurately convey the peep-show approach of many of the early British talkies. At the same time, Germany was enjoying another of its frequent flare-ups of pseudomedical films-such as Fiend in the Blood, which preached the dangers of venereal disease so graphically that members of the audience passed out at every performance. In France, meanwhile, there were grim exposé films like Faubourg Montmartre, depicting the low life and times of streetwalkers and dope addicts in that popular quarter; and musicals like Paris Béguin and Arthur, both of them generously sprinkled with nudes. (French critics at the time pointed to an odd discrepancy: Nudes were permitted in the Parisian music-hall revues, but only so long as they posed and remained stationary; in the films, on the other hand, they could move, dance and even enter (continued on page 167)



WHAT FOODS THESE MORTALS BE:
According to French director Abel Gance,
a Borgia banquet seldom ended with a
simple dessert wine. His opulently erotic
1935 production of "Lucrezia Borgia"
(the best of several filmic peep shows on
the life of that Renaissance intriguer)
was highlighted by a voluptuous sequence
—excised, of course, from the version
seen in America—in which brother
Cesare tops off his meal with a taste of
"la dolce vita," which he partakes of with
a lusty disregard for table etiquette.





## PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 52)

who pulls wings off flies.

So long has he indulged in his hobby of spoiling and leaving at the couch of psychiatry naïve, foolish, valueless little girls, he has forgotten the basic elements of human decency, integrity and justice. People who haven't forgotten may resign from support of this glittering, phony, pseudo-sex cult-and Sonny Hefner's empire may start to wobble.

Dr. Erich Fromm states that anything bad will not forever be tolerated by the human masses. It is bad that Hugh Hefner took sex away from its proper environment and spread it out in an endless file of colorful gateleg folds of paper; and auctioned it off as a "tease" in the form of Baby bunnies, who wear "LOOK-BUT DON'T TOUCH" signs about their necks.

I believe this is a subtle beginning of an ending to a bad thing. Consider me an Ex-PLAYBOY magazine fan.

> Mary L. Hester Arlington, Virginia

"Subtle" is certainly the word for the loss in popularity you predict for the publication-PLAYBOY's circulation has

climbed another 200,000 copies in the two months since the Life article appeared. And you don't really expect us to believe that you were ever a PLAYBOY fan, do you? Not with your total lack of insight regarding the sexual significance of both the magazine and the clubs!

Do not let the Life people bug you. They are jealous.

> Major Octavio Jordan, USAF Dobbins Air Force Base, Georgia

When is PLAYBOY doing a story on Henry Luce?

> Howard M. Squadron Squadron, Alter & Weinrib, Attorneys at Law New York, New York

You may remember our meeting-it was four years ago. I went under the professional name of Dolores Hart, while working as an actress in Hollywoodand now am a novice in the Benedictine Order of Regina Laudis. I saw the article about you in Life and my heart is moved

shall pray for you, that God helps you find real life and real love.

Sister Judith Regina Laudis Monastery Bethlehem, Connecticut

Please accept my sincere congratulations for the wonderful feature story about you that appeared in a recent issue of Life magazine. It was a most enlightening story and as a result of it, I now appreciate all the more my monthly copy of PLAYBOY.

for you-for your search. Please know I

Colonel Louis L. Schlosser, Jr. Detroit, Michigan

I have sent the following letter to Life magazine concerning their article "An Empire Built on Sex." I am sending you this copy so that you may publish it if you wish.

What was the point of the article, "An Empire Built on Sex," by your reporter Diana Lurie? Was it really supposed to show how Hefner's empire was built on sex-or how Hugh Hefner himself is built on sex? In either case, I found it a very degrading report. It may all be true, but the way it was reported was in very bad taste. The photographs attempted to mock the people in them. You took pictures that in themselves were quite innocent and put ridiculous captions underneath them, like "At one of his huge PLAYBOY parties held periodically in mansion, Hefner flirts with a friend after Mary Warren had gone to bed." And what a story! Look at the titles in large type at the tops of the pages: "In His Cloister, He Broods Over Nudes," "Hefner Chooses a 'Special Girl' Who Finds It an Honor" and "In Hefnerland, Women Are Status Symbols."

And from whom does the reporter gather most of the direct quotes in the article: "One of his staff says ...," "says one of his secretaries ...," "several of Hefner's associates believe ...," "says one of his staff..." With these anonymous sources, the writer spins any tale she wishes and gets away with it, because no one can verify the statements. If a person is worth quoting, he is worth mentioning by name. I have never seen a more slanted, prejudiced, misleading, pointless, ambiguous and slanderous article than this one! The only reason I can see for your having such a poorly written article in your magazine is for sensationalism. Is that what Life is becoming? In that case Life is no better than what it attempts to make PLAYBOY out to be. PLAYBOY at least is in good taste!

> Gerald T. Clarke St. Mary of the Lake Seminary Chicago, Illinois



"In our country, Dr. Lopez, we find it unnerving to have someone shout '¡Ole!' every time we go in with the scalpel!"

The original of this letter has been sent to the editors of *Life* magazine.

"An Empire Built on Sex" gives a good picture and exposé of Mr. Hugh M. Hefner, a real phony if there ever was one. Thank you!

The editor and publisher of PLAYBOY is probably too much in love with himself to see rational flaws in his so-called "Philosophy." It would be well, however, if reasonable people would give some thought to questions like these:

 Does The Playboy Philosophy produce leaders, scholars and scientists?

2. Does PLAYBOY foster personal integrity and national strength?

 Would anyone advocate the dissemination of PLAYBOY ideals over the Voice of America?

4. Can high school and college students follow it and make the grade?

H.M.H. obviously believes that he has hit on something which is smart and modern. He is dead wrong—and he hasn't produced anything that is new! Mighty empires of the past have crumbled because of rampant hedonism.

Hefner's harem is only a short distance from the church where I serve as pastor. Men and women whose lives have been twisted and wrecked by philosophies of the playboy type have come here for counsel and for help. This selfish and impossible way of life is against everything which we prize in our Judaeo-Christian civilization in the free nations of the Western World.

James G. Manz, Pastor First St. Paul's Evangelical Church Chicago, Illinois

As a believer in *truth*, I hereby request that you fire the despicable ignoramus on your staff who told Diana Lurie:

"Hefner and PLAYBOY give the feeling there is more freedom for everybody around the bend. But it is the kind of freedom children want: doing what they please without concern about whom they hurt."

It is a slanderous and stupid lie, and it is offensive to those of us who understand and appreciate your real philosophy.

Juliena Benito Tucson, Arizona

This anonymous "quote" and most of the similar statements attributed to PLAYBOY's staff were apparently invented by Life's reporter—a journalistic technique popularized by Time Inc.

Some four weeks ago I wrote a letter to the editors of *Life* magazine, because I was incensed by the story they did on you. Enclosed you will find a copy of the original letter—a portion of which was published in the magazine. You may draw your own conclusions about the editing they did on it, but I am convinced that those trained seals use a stiletto instead of a scissors. I had strongly suspected them of this for years, and now the proof is documented.

Fairness requires that I send you this copy of the complete letter for publication. They did a stiletto job on you and I hope that you reply.

So you're at it again. The last time it was Goldwater, and now it's Hefner. You had good luck with Goldwater, because his time has not yet come, but you may have bitten off more than you can chew with Hefner. There is no power like the power of an idea whose time has come, and Hefner's idea—and ideal—of demolishing the sick, irrational and perverted puritan moral code, that lays over this nation like a pall, is drawing nigh

Perhaps he does live like a hermit. So be it. Hefner is wise enough to know that one man can only accomplish so much, and he wisely concentrates on getting his big job done. . . . What Hefner wants is really very simple. He wants a truly free society—a society in which everyone is free to live his own life—to be what he chooses, unencumbered by an unnatural and twisted moral code that even the Christian church has begun to seriously question. He would return us to our innocence.

I think you should not only read, but *study* the *Playboy Philosophy* (which you obviously haven't done), and attempt a more intelligent and thorough researching of both the man and his magazine. It's just possible that you might learn something.

I am not the type who cancels a subscription because I don't cotton to the prejudices of the publisher and his editors, but you people cause me to consider it. So hurrah for Goldwater (and William Buckley, too), and double hurrah for Hefner and for the Bunnies, sponge rubber and all. And phooey to neo-Puritan Henry R. Luce and his trained seals.

Richard D. Mallow Willingboro, New Jersey

It isn't necessary to reply to articles like the one in Life when there are so many like yourself speaking out in our behalf.

The following is a letter I sent to Life concerning their recent smear story on PLAYBOY.

I had hoped that the "sour grapes" story about PLAYBOY and Publisher

Hugh Hefner, which recently appeared in your inferior competitor, The Saturday Evening Post, would be the last of its kind. I certainly never expected Life to indulge in such a subtle but obviously biased smear. Isn't it apparent to everyone by now that PLAYBOV is here to stay, and that it has risen to the top of the magazine industry because it is accepted by a huge percentage of America's modern men?

To call The Playboy Philosophy pretentious, to claim that PLAYBOY is based on nothing but sex and treats women as "things" shows a hypocrisy and Victorianism that is precisely what Hefner is trying to combat. I wish just once that a magazine would have the grace and the humility to acknowledge Hefner's success and the merit of what he is doing. I realize that articles such as this probably increase circulation, as it has become the vogue lately to knock PLAYBOY, but why can't you be more honest with yourselves and your readers. This article stands very small beside some of the recent series in Life. Let's have more of the latter.

I guess it will be a while before any contemporary magazine editor has enough integrity and insight to do an honest report on PLAYBOY'S SUCCESS.

> Max Hamburger Rutgers University

New Brunswick, New Jersey You may be right, but we remain optimistic-the PLAYBOY phenomenon is a unique American success story that deserves to be told straight. The original piece on PLAYBOY in The Saturday Evening Post ("Czar of the Bunny Empire," April 28, 1962) was part of what Time recently referred to as the Post's shortlived and expensive (in libel suits) "policy of sophisticated muckraking," but it set the trend for most of the magazine articles written about PLAYBOY since-including one in Time. Now the new editor of the Post has assigned a writer to do another, supposedly objective, indepth story on the world of PLAYBOY. We shall see.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12 and 13-18, are available at \$1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Atlântica will soon discover that, unlike other major cities of every continent, Rio is completely color-blind.

Despite this racially relaxed environment, however, life in Rio-and for that matter, in all of Brazil-is still marked by the inequities of a traditionally classconscious society which tends to pigeonhole its citizens statuswise according to income and profession rather than race or religion. The uneducated girl in Rio, be she black or white, is often somebody's maid or laundress, with little or no hope of reaching a higher rung on the economic ladder. But the middle-class girl whose father can afford to send her through high school has a wider range of livelihoods to choose from: cashier, shop clerk, secretary, airline hostess, even teacher.

For the granfina (socialite) or the daughter of an affluent businessman, of course, the question of a career-or even of employment-simply never arises. She spends most of her waking hours basking on private beaches, attending fashion shows and sipping rum punch on the family yacht or at ringside in one of the city's chic supper clubs. She's generally been to Europe-at least once-and speaks English and French with reasonable proficiency in addition to her native Portuguese. Ostensibly emancipated, she actually lives under a much stricter code than her less fortunate Rio sisters, If she's allowed to date unchaperoned on Saturday nights, her escort will be a Brazilian boy whose parents are as well-heeled as hers. You'll find her at her inaccessible loveliest on these weekly outings, sipping aperitifs and nibbling daintily on a rare cut of Brazilian beef at Rio's posh Top Club. Later, she and her well-bred swain will join other smart-set couples for a fast round of sambas and cha-chas at decorous Sacha's, and-curfew permitting-round out the night with some less refined fruging at the crowded Zum-Zum, Rio's smartest discothèque. Unless you're a member of the jet set, you'll need more than a smooth line and a pocketful of cruzeiros to work your way into this attractive aristocrat's closely guarded affections. You needn't bother planning any beachheads until Poppa officially offers you the weekend hospitality of his well-staffed villa-or until he announces that he's leaving for Australia and won't be back before you're safely headed for home.

Middle-class Rio lasses—and fortunately for the wayfaring American male, this glamorous group comprises most of the city's eligible girls—are much freer to do, and to date, as they please. They go out on the town with nightly regularity; have no inhibitions about habituating either the most bohemian of bistros or the most opulent of Copacabana boites; and socialize readily with strangers who display the same courtesy and conviviality ordinarily shown members of the fairer sex. Those who have jobs follow much the same routine as working girls everywhere, and can often be found taking a long lunch break to bargain-hunt along Rua Gonçalves Dias, a narrow downtown street the length of which is lined with outdoor shops displaying the latest fashions in everything from ball gowns to the briefest of bikinis. Here, the enterprising man of means might invest a few thousand cruzeiros (2000 to the dollar) in some token of his esteem for one of these winsome white-collar cariocas, and thus pave the way for a closer alliance in the evenings ahead. For girls with fathers who frown on the newfangled notion of women working, the weekday is a pleasant ritual of morning visits to Rio's Copacabana, Leblon and Ipanema beaches, followed usually by afternoon classes at the University of Brazil or a leisurely windowshopping tour with a crowd of fellow female beachniks-ending with a snack at one of Rio's many sidewalk barbecue stands. A visit to any of these alfresco eateries should provide you with a golden opportunity to cement future Latin-American relations with one of its pretty patrons.

Once an evening's rendezvous has been secured, plan a postprandial stroll down one of Rio's main drags with your new-found friend. The well-traveled Avenida Presidente Vargas is a favorite promenade for such occasions, since its side streets conceal a wide range of watering places where one can retreat for a cup of black carioca coffee before deciding whether to make the all-night bossanova scene at the Kilt Club or sit out the wee hours at fashionable Au Bon Gourmet, where the floorshow starts at midnight and detonates till dawn.

For the benefit of male visitors who fail somehow to find a suitable soulmate for the evening, Rio furnishes a wide assortment of professional companions with unofficial headquarters at many of the better bars surrounding the regal Copacabana Palace Hotel. One need only descend from his expensive seaside hotel digs to the palm-lined Avenida Atlântica below to be accosted by a flock of local filles de joie offering him any number of private pleasures for a price. Only those who have lost their taste for the thrill of the chase would consider sampling their wares, however, for every thoroughfare in town is thronged with approachable cariocas who proudly maintain their amateur standing.

Any time of the year is a perfect time

to visit Rio and its distaff denizens. But if your schedule permits, don't fail to arrive in time for that wildly frenetic and free-swinging week-long holiday which precedes Lent each year and turns Rio into a throbbing metropolis of music, merriment and madcap mayhem: carnaval! Preparations for this wildest and most wonderful of national festivals begin as early as the day after Christmas, when the evenings begin to echo to the sound of drumbeats and laughter from the nearby hills, where clusters of shantytown shacks serve as rehearsal rooms for hundreds of samba "schools," the instructors and instructresses of which will soon don the gaudiest of spangled costumes they can design and fill the beaches and boulevards of Rio to overflowing for four frantic, dance-filled, sleepless nights.

The carnival itself explodes at sundown on the Saturday before Ash Wednesday. Out of the swank Copacabana and Flamengo Beach apartment houses come the rich, bedecked in outfits costing hundreds of dollars, laughing and embracing everyone they meet. Thus lowering the social barriers that separate Rio's nearly 4,000,000 citizens, carnaval provides the male traveler with his first real chance to exchange more than a glance with many a highbrow carioca. And although the poor do most of their reveling in the streets while the wealthier tend to favor private suburban parties or a 72-hour round of fancy-dress balls, every class rubs shoulders at some time or other during the festivities and nobody goes away mad.

Despite the spectrum of ethnic and economic differences that divide the girls of Rio the rest of the year, the city's polyglot distaff population still shares a common feminine appeal: an elemental allure that stems from their supreme self-assurance as womanly women who harbor no desire to compete with men, who glory in the knowledge of who and what they are.

If they're not natives, their reasons for coming to Rio are as diverse as their backgrounds. For some, the city represents the promise of adventure, a career or a formal education. For others, it's an escape from backwoods poverty or from small-town confinements and conventions. In the final analysis, however, most of these converted cariocas flock to Rio in search of the same thing that attracts the visiting American male: romance. Neither he nor they are disappointed.

As his jet leaves Rio behind and whisks the saddened but satisfied traveler back to the responsibilities of his workaday world, he'll look back on his visit with the marvelous misses of the Cidade Maravilhosa as among the happiest hours he has spent in his quest for the quintessence of feminine companionship.

despair (continued from page 102)

but at once runs into three figures. None too easy for your fancy to comprehend, is it, for didn't you feel you were nearing a hardly thinkable infinity, when you reckoned above ten? And now we are turning the corner of that infinity, and a century beams at you, and over its shoulder-another; and who knows, Felix, maybe a fourth figure is ripening; ves, it makes the head swim, and the heart beat, and the nerves tingle, but it is true nevertheless. See here: you have grown so used to your miserable fate that I doubt whether you catch my meaning; what I say seems dark to you, and strange: what comes next will seem still darker and stranger."

I spoke a long while in that vein. He kept glancing at me with distrust; quite likely, he had gradually acquired the notion that I was making fun of him. Fellows of his kind remain good-natured up to a certain point only. As it dawns upon them that they are about to be put upon, all their goodness comes off, there appears in their eyes a vitreous glint, they work themselves heavily into a state of solid passion.

I spoke obscurely, but my object was not to infuriate him. On the contrary, I wished to curry favor with him; to perplex, but at the same time to attract; in a word, to convey to him vaguely but cogently the image of a man of his nature and inclinations. My fancy, however, ran riot and that rather disgustingly, with the weighty playfulness of an elderly but still smirking lady who has had a drop too much.

Upon my noting the impression I was making, I stopped for a minute, half sorry I had frightened him, but then, all at once, I felt how sweet it was to be able to make one's listener thoroughly uncomfortable. So I smiled and continued thus:

"You must forgive me, Felix, for all this chatter, but, you see, I seldom have occasion to take my soul for an outing. Then, too, I am in a great hurry to demonstrate myself from all sides, for I want to give you an exhaustive description of the man with whom you will have to work, the more so as the work in question will be directly concerned with our resemblance. Tell me, do you know what an understudy is?"

He shook his head, his lower lip drooped; I had long observed that he breathed preferably through his mouth his nose being stuffed up, or something.

"If you don't, let me explain. Imagine that the manager of a film company—you have been to the cinema, haven't you?"

"Well, yes . . ."

"Good. So imagine that such a manager or director . . . Excuse me, friend, you seem to be wanting to say something?" "Well, I haven't been often. When I want to spend money I find something better than pictures."

'Agreed, but there are people who think differently-if there weren't, then there wouldn't be such a profession as mine, would there? So, as I was saying, a director has offered me, for a small remuneration-something like ten thousand dollars-just a trifle, certainly, just air, but prices have dropped nowadaysto act in a film where the hero is a musician. This suits me admirably, as in real life I love music too, and can play several instruments. On summer evenings I sometimes take my violin to the nearest grove-but to get back to the point-an understudy, Felix, is a person who can, in case of emergency, replace a given actor.

"The actor plays his part, with the camera shooting him; an insignificant little scene remains to be done; the hero, say, is to drive past in his car; but he can't, he is in bed with a bad cold. There is no time to be lost, and so his double takes over and coolly sails past in the car (splendid that you can manage cars) and when at last the film is shown, not a single spectator is aware of the substitution. The better the likeness, the dearer its price. There even exist special companies whose business consists in supplying movie stars with star ghosts. And the life of the ghost is fine, seeing he gets a fixed salary but has to work

only occasionally, and not much work either-just putting on exactly the same clothes as the hero, and whizzing past in a smart car, in the hero's stead, that's all! Naturally an understudy ought not to blab about his job; there would be the hell of a row if some reporter got wind of the stratagem and the public learned that a bit of its pet actor's part had been faked. You understand now why I was so delightfully excited at finding you an exact replica of myself. That has always been one of my fondest dreams. Just think how much it means to me-especially at present when the filming has started, and I, a man of delicate health, am cast for the leading part. If anything happens to me they at once call you, you arrive---"

"Nobody calls me and I arrive nowhere," interrupted Felix.

"Why do you speak like that, my dear chap?" said I, with a note of gentle rebuke.

"Because," said Felix, "it is unkind of you to pull a poor man's leg. First I believed you. I thought you'd offer me some honest work. It's been a long dreary tramp coming here. Look at the state of my soles . . . and now, instead of work—no, it doesn't suit me."

"I'm afraid there is a slight misunderstanding," I said softly. "What I'm offering you is neither debasing, nor unduly complicated. We'll sign an agreement. You'll get a hundred marks per month from me. Let me repeat: the job is ridiculously easy; child's play—you know the



"Now, today's graduate simply wouldn't understand that kind of school spirit."

way children dress up to represent soldiers, ghosts, aviators. Just think: you'll be getting a monthly salary of a hundred marks solely for putting on—very rarely, once a year perhaps—exactly the same clothes I am wearing at present. Now, do you know what we ought to do? Let us fix some date to meet and rehearse some little scene, just to see what it looks like . . ."

"I don't know a thing about such matters, and don't care to know," objected Felix rather rudely. "But I'll tell you something; my aunt had a son who played the buffoon at fairs, he boozed and was too fond of girls, and my aunt broke her heart over him until the day when, thank God, he dashed his brains out by missing a flying swing and his wife's hands. All those picture houses and circuses—"

Did it actually go on like this? Am I faithfully following the lead of my memory, or has perchance my pen mixed the steps and wantonly danced away? There is something a shade too literary about that talk of ours, smacking of thumbscrew conversations in those stage taverns where Dostoievsky is at home; a little more of it and we should hear that sibilant whisper of false humility, that catch in the breath, those repetitions of incantatory adverbs—and then all the rest of it would come, the mystical trimming dear to that famous writer of Russian thrillers.

It even torments me in a way; that is, it does not only torment me, but quite, quite muddles my mind and, I dare say, is fatal to me-the thought that I have somehow been too cocksure about the power of my pen-do you recognize the modulations of that phrase? You do. As for me. I seem to remember that talk of ours admirably, with all its innuendoes, and vsyu podnogotnuyu, "the whole subunguality," the secret under the nail (to use the jargon of the torture chamber, where fingernails were prized off. and a favorite term-enhanced by italics -with our national expert in soul ague and the aberrations of human self-respect). Yes, I remember that talk, but am unable to render it exactly, something clogs me, something hot and abhorrent and quite unbearable, which I cannot get rid of because it is as sticky as a sheet of flypaper into which one has walked naked in a pitch-dark room. And, what is more, you cannot find the light.

No, our conversation was not such as is set down here; that is, the words maybe were exactly as stated (again that little gasp), but I have not managed or not dared to render the special noises accompanying it; there occurred queer fadings or clottings of sound; and then again that muttering, that susurration, and, suddenly, a wooden voice clearly pronouncing: "Come, Felix, another drink."

The brown floral design on the wall:

an inscription explaining testily that the house was not responsible for lost property; the cardboard rounds serving as bases for beer (with a hurriedly penciled sum across one of them); and the distant bar at which a man drank, legs twisted into a black scroll, and smoke encircling him; all these were commentative notes to our discourse, as meaningless, however, as those in the margins of Lydia's trashy books.

Had the trio sitting by the blood-red window curtain, far from us, had they turned and looked at us, those three quiet and morose carousers, they would have seen: the fortunate brother and the luckless brother: one with a small mustache and sleek hair, the other cleanshaven, but needing a haircut (that ghostly little mane down the scruff of his lean neck); facing each other, both sitting alike; elbows on the table and fists at the cheekbones. Thus we were reflected by the misty and, to all appearances, sick mirror, with a freakish slant, a streak of madness, a mirror that surely would have cracked at once had it chanced to reflect one single genuine human countenance.

Thus we sat and I kept up my persuasive drone; I am a bad speaker, and the oration which I seem to render word by word did not flow with the lissome glide it has on paper. Indeed, it is not really possible to set down my incoherent speech, that tumble and jumble of words, the forlornness of subordinated clauses, which have lost their masters and straved away, and all the superfluous gibber that gives words a support or a creep hole; but my mind worked so rhythmically and pursued its quarry at such a steady pace, that the impression now left me by the trend of my own words is anything but tangled or garbled. My object, however, was still out of reach. The fellow's resistance, proper to one of limited intelligence and timorous humor, had to be broken down somehow. So seduced was I by the neat naturalness of the theme, that I overlooked the probability of its being distasteful to him and even of its frightening him off as naturally as it had appealed to my fancy.

I do not mean, by that, that I have ever had the least connection with the screen or the stage; in point of fact, the only time I performed was a score of years ago, in a little amateur affair at our squire's country seat (which my father managed). I had to speak only a few words: "The prince bade me announce that he would be here presently. Ah! here he comes," instead of which, full of exquisite delight and all aquiver with glee, I spoke thus: "The prince cannot come: he has cut his throat with a razor"; and, as I spoke, the gentleman in the part of the prince was coming already, with a beaming smile on his gorgeously painted face, and there was a moment of general suspense, the whole world was held up—and to this day I remember how deeply I inhaled the divine ozone of monstrous storms and disasters. But although I have never been an actor in the strict sense of the word, I have nevertheless, in real life, always carried about with me a small folding theater and have appeared in more than one part, and my acting has always been superfine; and if you think that my prompter's name was Gain—capital Gnot C—then you are mightily mistaken. It is all not so simple, my dear sirs.

In the case of my talk with Felix, however, my performance proved to be merely a loss of time, for I suddenly realized that if I went on with that monolog about filming, he would get up and leave, returning the ten marks I had sent him; (no, on second thought I believe he would not have returned themno, never!). The weighty German word for "money" (money in German being gold, in French, silver, in Russian, copper) was mouthed by him with extraordinary reverence, which, curiously, could turn into brutal lust. But he would have certainly gone away, with an I-shan't-beinsulted air!

To be perfectly frank, I do not quite see why everything linked with the theater or cinema seemed so utterly atrocious to him; strange, foreign—yes, but . . . atrocious? Let us try to explain it by the German plebeian's backwardness. The German peasant is old-fashioned and prudish; just try, one day, to walk through a village in nothing but swimming trunks. I have tried, so I know what happens; the men stand stock-still, the women titter, hiding their faces, quite like parlormaids in Old World comedies.

I fell silent. Felix was silent too, tracing lines on the table with his finger. He had probably expected me to offer him a gardener's job or that of a chauffeur, and was now disappointed and sulky. I called the waiter and paid. Once again we were pacing the streets. It was a sharp bleak night. Among small clouds curled like astrakhan, a shiny flat moon kept sliding in and out.

"Listen, Felix. Our talk is not finished. We cannot leave it like that. I've booked a room in a hotel; come along, you'll spend the night with me."

He accepted this as his due. Slow as his wits were, he understood that I needed him, and that it was unwise to break off our relations without having arrived at something definite. We again walked past the duplicate of the *Bronze Rider*. Not a soul did we meet on the boulevard. Not a gleam was there in the houses: had I noticed a single lighted window, I should have supposed that somebody had hanged himself there and left the lamp burning—so unwonted and unwarranted would a light have seemed.

We reached the hotel in silence. A collarless sleepwalker let us in. Upon entering the room I again had that sensation of something very familiar; but other matters engaged my mind.

"Sit down." He did so with his fists on his knees; his mouth half opened. I removed my coat and thrusting both hands into my trouser pockets and clinking small change in them, started walking to and fro. I wore, by the bye, a lilac tie flecked with black, which blew up every time I turned on my heel. For some while it continued like that; silence, my pacing, the wind of my motion.

All of a sudden Felix, as if shot dead, let his head fall and began unlacing his shoes. I glanced at his unprotected neck, at the wistful expression of his first vertebra, and it made me feel queer to think that I was about to sleep with my double in one room, under one blanket almost, for the twin beds stood side by side, quite close. Then, too, there came, with a pang, the dreadful idea that his flesh might be tainted by the scarlet blotches of a skin disease or by some crude tattooing; I demanded of his body a minimum of resemblance to mine; as to his face, there was no trouble about that.

"Yes, go on, take your things off," said I, walking and veering.

He lifted his head, a nondescript shoe in his hand.

"It is a long while since I've slept in a bed," he said with a smile (don't show your gums, fool). "In a real bed."

"Take off everything," I said impatiently. "You are surely dirty, dusty. I'll give you a shirt to sleep in. But first wash."

Grinning and grunting, perhaps a trifle shy of me, he stripped to the skin and proceeded to douche his armpits over the basin of the cupboardlike washstand. I shot glances at him, examining eagerly that stark-naked man. His back was about as muscular as mine, with a pinker coccyx and uglier buttocks. When he turned I could not help wincing at the sight of his big knobbed navel-but then mine is no beauty either. I doubt he had ever in his life washed his animal parts: they looked fairly plausible as these things go but did not invite close inspection. His toenails were much less abominable than I had expected. He was lean and white, much whiter than his face, thus making it seem that it was my face, still retaining its summer tan, that was affixed to his pale trunk. You could even discern the line round his neck where the head adhered. I derived a keen pleasure from that survey; it set my mind at ease; no special marks stigmatized him.

When, having pulled on the clean shirt I issued him from my suitcase, he went to bed, I sat down at his feet and fixed him with a frank sneer, I do not know what he thought, but that unusual cleanness had mollified him, and in a bashful gush of something, which for all its repulsive sentimentality was quite a tender gesture, he stroked my hand and said—I translate literally: "You're a good fellow."

Without unclenching my teeth I went into shivers of laughter; then, I suppose, the expression of my face struck him as odd, for his eyebrows climbed up and he cocked his head. No longer suppressing my mirth I poked a cigarette into his mouth. It fairly made him choke.

"You ass!" I exclaimed. "Haven't you really guessed that if I made you come here it was for some important, terribly important matter?" and producing a thousand-mark note from my wallet, and still shaking with merriment, I held it up before the fool's face.

"That's for me?" he asked, and dropped the lighted cigarette; it was as if his fingers had involuntarily parted, ready to snatch.

"You'll burn a hole in the sheet," I said (laughing, laughing). "Or in your precious hide! You seem moved, I see. Yes, this money will be yours, you'll even receive it in advance if you agree to the thing I am going to suggest. How was it you didn't realize that I babbled about movies only to test you, and that I am no actor whatsoever, but a shrewd, hard businessman. Briefly, here is the matter: I intend performing a certain operation and a slight chance exists of their getting at me later. All suspicions, however, will be at once allayed by the definite proof that at the exact time when the aforesaid operation was performed, I happened to be very far from the spot."

"Robbery?" asked Felix, and a look of strange satisfaction flitted across his face.

"I see you aren't as stupid as I thought," I went on, lowering my voice



"Look, kid, from now on just shoot your arrows—then bug out!"

to a mere murmur. "Evidently you have long had an inkling that there was something fishy. And now you are glad that you weren't mistaken, as every man is glad when the correctness of his guess is confirmed. We both have a weakness for silver objects—that's what you thought, didn't you? Or perchance, what really pleased you was that I turned out to be not a legpuller after all, not a dreamer slightly cracked, but a man who meant business?"

"Robbery?" asked Felix again, with new life in his eyes.

"At any rate, an unlawful action. You shall learn the details in due time. First, let me explain what I want you to do. I have a car. Wearing my clothes you'll sit in that car and drive along a certain road. That's all. You'll get a thousand marks—or if you prefer, two hundred and fifty dollars—for that joyride."

"A thousand?" he repeated after me ignoring the lure of valuta. "And when will you give it me?"

"It'll happen perfectly naturally, my friend. On putting on my coat you'll find my wallet in it, and in the wallet, the cash."

"What must I do next?"

"I've told you. Go for a drive. I'll vanish; you'll be seen, taken for me; you'll return and . . . well, I'll be back, too, with my purpose accomplished. Want me to be more exact? Righto. At a certain hour you will drive through a village, where my face is well known; you won't have to speak to anyone, it will all be a matter of a few minutes. But I'll pay for those few minutes handsomely, just because they'll give me the marvelous opportunity of being in two places at once."

"You'll get caught with the goods," said Felix, "and then the police will be after me; it'll all come out at the trial; you'll squeal."

I laughed: "D'you know, friend, I like the way you at once accepted the notion of my being a crook."

He rejoined, saying that he was not fond of jails; that jails sapped one's youth; and that there was nothing like freedom and the singing of birds. He spoke rather thickly and without the least enmity. After a while he became pensive with his elbow upon the pillow. The room was smelly and quiet. Only a couple of paces or one jump separated his bed from mine. I yawned and, without undressing, lay down in the Russian way upon (not under) the featherbed. A quaint little thought tickled me: during the night Felix might kill me and rob me. By straining my foot out and aside, and scraping with my shoe against the wall, I managed to reach the switch; slipped; strained still more, and with my heel kicked out the light.

"And what if it's all a lie?" came his

dull voice breaking the silence, "What if I don't believe you?"

I did not stir.

"A lie," he repeated a minute later.

I did not stir, and presently I began to breathe with the dispassionate rhythm of sleep.

He listened, that was certain. I listened to his listening. He listened to my listening to his listening. Something snapped. I noticed that I was not thinking at all of what I thought I was thinking; attempted to catch my consciousness tripping, but got mazed myself.

I dreamed a loathsome dream, a triple ephialtes. First there was a small dog; but not simply a small dog; a small mock dog, very small, with the minute black eyes of a beetle's larva; it was white through and through, and coldish. Flesh? No, not flesh, but rather grease or jelly, or else perhaps, the fat of a white worm, with, moreover, a kind of carved corrugated surface reminding one of a Russian paschal lamb of butter-disgusting mimicry. A cold-blooded being, which Nature had twisted into the likeness of a small dog with a tail and legs, all as it should be. It kept getting into my way, I could not avoid it; and when it touched me, I felt something like an electric shock. I woke up. On the sheet of the bed next to mine there lay curled up, like a swooned white larva, that very



"Us Tareyton smokers would

same dreadful little pseudo dog . . . I groaned with disgust and opened my eyes. All around shadows floated; the bed next to mine was empty except for the broad burdock leaves which, owing to the damp, grow out of bedsteads. One could see, on those leaves, telltale stains of a slimy nature; I peered closer; there, glued to a fat stem it sat, small, tallowishwhite, with its little black button eyes . . . but then, at last, I woke up for good.

We had forgotten to pull down the blinds. My wristwatch had stopped. Might be five or half-past five. Felix slept, wrapped up in the feather bed, with his back to me; the dark crown of his head alone was visible. A weird awakening, a weird dawn. I recollected our talk. I remembered that I had not been able to convince him; and a brandnew, most attractive idea got hold of me.

Oh, reader, I felt as fresh as a child after my little snooze; my soul was rinsed clean; I was, in fact, only in my 36th year, and the generous remainder of my life might be devoted to something better than a vile will-o'-thewisp. Really, what a fascinating thought; to take the advice of fate and, now, at once, leave that room, forever leave and forget, and spare my poor double. . . . And, who knows, maybe he was not the least like me after all, I could see only the crown of his head, he was fast asleep,

with his back to me. Thus an adolescent, after yielding once again to a solitary and shameful vice, says to himself with inordinate force and clearness; "That's finished for good; from this time forth, life shall be pure; the rapture of purity"; thus, after having voiced everything, having lived through everything in advance and had my fill of pain and pleasure, I was now superstitiously keen to turn away from temptation forever.

All seemed so simple; on that other bed slept a tramp whom I had by chance sheltered; his poor dusty shoes stood on the floor with toes turned in; his trusty stick had been carefully placed across the seat of the chair that supported his clothes folded with proletarian tidiness. What on earth was I doing in that provincial hotel room? What reason was there to loiter? And that sober and heavy smell of a stranger's sweat, that curdled sky in the window, that large black fly settled on the decanter . . . all were saying to me: rise and go.

A black smear of gravelly mud on the wall near the switch reminded me of a spring day in Prague. Oh. I could scrape it off so as to leave no trace, no trace, no trace! I longed for the hot bath I would take in my beautiful home-though wryly correcting anticipation with the thought that Ardalion had probably used the tub as his kind cousin had already allowed him to do, I suspected,

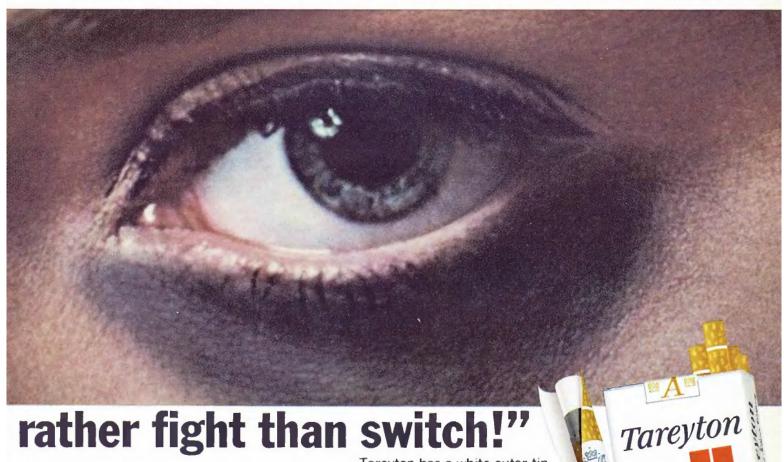
once or twice in my absence.

I lowered my feet onto an upturned corner of the rug; combed my hair back from the temples with a pocket comb of genuine tortoise shell-not the dirty mock turtle I had seen that bum using; without a sound, I slipped across the room to put on my overcoat and hat; lifted my suitcase and went out, closing the door noiselessly after me. I presume that had I even happened to cast a glance at the face of my sleeping double, I should have gone all the same; but I experienced no wish to do so, just as the above-mentioned adolescent does not, in the morning, deign to glance at the photograph he had adored in bed.

In a slight haze of dizziness I went down the stairs, polished my shoes with a towel in the lavatory, recombed my hair, paid for the room, and, followed by the night porter's sleepy stare, stepped into the street. Half an hour later I was sitting in a railway carriage; a brandyflavored belch traveled with me, and in the corners of my mouth lingered the salty traces of a plain, but delicious omelet that I had hurriedly eaten at the station restaurant. Thus, on a low esophageal note, this vague chapter ends.

This is the third installment of a major novel by Vladimir Nabokov. Part IV will appear next month.





rather fight than switch!"

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

. The American Tobacco Company

### SIMON GOT HIS BUREAU (continued from page 78)

dinner with him. He picked up Foster at the New Center, took one more look at Jordan's body, found it still of worth in spite of the uncombed tumble of honey hair and the dirty, badly bitten fingernails. He and Foster walked down Sixth toward Bleecker, talking.

Foster Danelian, where he didn't look like Gig Young, looked like Louis Jourdan, with an over-all sprinkling of Cary Grant. Designed as a gigolo, he had the nerve to call himself a painter. Simon sometimes lectured him on vocational matters, pointing out the danger in bypassing your true calling for one more prestigious. Foster argued that a gigolo had as much right to stand at an easel as anybody else. Simon tried to make him see that a gigolo looked ridiculous at any standing occupation.

"I finished the portrait," Foster said.

"Of who?"

"You, You sat for it."

"Me and my bad aim. I meant to sit on it."

"Try not to be a shit. Want to see it?"

"Nope. I don't want to see myself as Two Lesbian Nudes Disembarking from a Model T, that's all you ever paint. I get no insights seeing myself that way. I don't even have a driver's license.'

'It's a brilliant painting.'

"I always say you've got a special thing going for you as a painter, Foster. Vapidity. You have a vapidity all your own, Foster."

"I'll ask you one question: Why bother?"

"What do you have reference to, Foster?"

"Why bother going after Jordan? Why bother going after any of them? You keep them all ten feet away and you know there's little of true interest you can do with a girl ten feet away, I don't care how well endowed you are."

"There're lots of things you can do with a girl ten feet away, Foster. Play ping-pong. Exchange recipes for marijuana brownies."

"I like your concept of a courtship, Simon. You'll make some girl very happy across a ping-pong table if you feed her enough psychedelic brownies."

Pretty soon they were at Bleecker Street and entering the Italian restaurant called The Grotto. When the bardolino came and their drinking was under way, Simon broached the subject.

"You were in the main right, Foster, I have some interest in Jordan Wherry. Though I have some reservations, I've decided to go after her. That presents certain problems, not problems exactly, tactical considerations. The first consideration is Tessa Mayo."

"Tessa Mayo isn't a consideration, she's

a conflagration."

"She does fire up certain people. I'm 150 wondering if one of them isn't you."

"I don't get the implication there."

"What's your opinion of Tessa, Foster?" "Nice looking, but wears capes."

"Look, Foster, I'm not accusing, but there are facts that should be faced. One is that I'm going around with Tessa. Another is that often, lately, when you look at Tessa you begin to slobber in a Pavlovian way. I think we can consider it established that you would like to do things with Tessa that can't be done from ten feet away. Isn't it possible that your bringing Jordan Wherry to my attention had something to do with your slobbering interest in Tessa Mayo?"

"I do get the implication there, and I'm considering whether to punch you in the mouth for it."

"There's no need to punch anybody, Foster. If you've got an appetite for Tessa, it's no crime. You can say so like a man and we can discuss it man to man, if you can force yourself to the male role for the length of a discussion.'

"If you're discussing facts, let me point out you've got the facts a little twisted, Simon. Your claim to be going around with Tessa won't hold up. You're hanging around with Tessa. That's another category entirely.'

"What my category is with Tessa is none of your business, Foster. The fact is that I'm the guy she spends her nights with when she spends nights, and this has been making you slobber for some time now. This explains the gift of Jordan. When a Greek bears gifts look to your wallet."

"I'm not a Greek, I'm of Lebanese extraction. Besides, why would I want your wallet? I make more money than you

"Many counterfeiters do. Here's the point, Foster, I've made up my mind to go after Jordan, but I can't do it without clearing the air with Tessa. I simply can't be involved with two girls at the same time, it does bad things to my nervous system. You gulp them two at a time, but I'm a monogamist-

"A sequential monogamist. You play around in time rather than in space, the coward's way. To be sure, this may only say something about your potency.'

"You and I are constituted differently, Foster. One of us is made of shit and the other of pure gold. I leave it to you to tell which is which, if you know the difference between the two materials, which your painting and your whole personality suggest you don't."

"Let's see if I can't translate this windy and wildly offensive statement, Simon. You're saying you're going to break it off with Tessa so you can go after Jordan with a clear mind?"

"You've got it. I'm planning to do what you planned for me to do, Foster. I'm going to tell Tessa the exact score so

I won't be doing anything behind her back, those are my intentions with Tessa. What I want to know is, what are your intentions with Tessa?"

"Any intentions I may have with Tessa are with Tessa, not you, so don't start prying, Simon. I'll tell you this much, any intentions I have or may have with Tessa, or any girl, won't involve ping-pong tables.'

"Oh yes they will. Your system is to get two girls playing ping-pong and you're the ball, only you like to think you hold all the paddles. What I want to know is, are you involved with any other girl right now? If you are, Tessa is out."

"What's this high moral position you take on the binary mathematics of sex, Simon?"

"I can't handle two girls at once. It's not for me, not because it doesn't feel right, because it doesn't feel good. You may say it doesn't feel good because it doesn't feel right. No. There's no moral basis for the feeling. It doesn't feel good because it's complicated, and I'm simple."

"Well, it feels good to me for the very reason that it's complicated. I thrive on complications, Simon. My theory is that simple things are for simpletons."

"I know, and my judgment in this connection is that you're full of shit. That's not a moral judgment, it's a judgment about the most efficient use of an individual's energies. You like complications because they eat up your energies. You spend so much energy on the maneuverings around sex, Foster, I'll tell you frankly, the suspicion arises that you don't have much left over for the sex itself, or aren't much good at expending energy in that area."

"I'll ignore the insults and just discuss the thermodynamics, Simon. You have one girl at a time, yes. But you dole yourself out with your one. I generally have two and go all out with both of them. I conclude that I have a more passionate nature and you have to be miserly with your energies because you don't have many."

"Foster, look at the arithmetic. If you've got two girls you can't go all out with both of them, that would mean there's two hundred percent of you and no matter what an inflated idea you've got of yourself, there's not two hundred percent of you. The best you can do is go half out with each girl, fifty percent out. No. I'll give you a better formula. You split yourself into two halves and each half goes all out with its girl."

"No, you haven't got it right, Simon. I really do go all out with the girl I'm with at the moment, then there's a change in personnel and I keep on going all out with the second girl. I'm wholehearted no matter which girl I'm with. It's just my nature to be wholehearted while the recipients of my wholeheartedness alternate.'

"What you're doing is putting on the act of being wholehearted. Though even if you were wholehearted it would add up to halfheartedness in normal terms, because you've only got half a heart. You haven't answered my question. Are you involved with anybody right now?"

"Suppose I am, and suppose I decide to go after Tessa even so, how can you

stop me?"

"I'll just give her the straight dope about you. That'll scare her off, take my word for it, she's a sequential monog-

amist, too, very much so."

"In answer to your question, Simon, no, I have no involvements at the moment. I'm curious about something, though. Just how are you going to break the sad news to her?"

"I'll put it to her in several ways. One is, I think she should be with somebody taller than herself for a while."

"You've got a theory about the respective heights, of course."

"Of course."

"For a minute there I was afraid we'd stumbled into an area where you didn't have a theory."

"I have a theory. Want to hear it?"

"I can't wait to hear it. I mean, I can't wait to hear it, because I've got to get home and practice some new madrigals on the recorder."

"You don't have a recorder, Foster."

"I know, that's why I have to practice so much. It's tough when you don't have

the proper equipment."

"The toughest thing is to use your head when you don't have the equipment. Don't bother practicing the use of your head, Foster. Here's my theory. Size is taken to mean strength. When the woman's taller than the man, people think she's the stronger. American women tend to rule their men anyhow, but this is more or less covered. The woman who's taller than her man feels she's lost her cover, her secret's out. Tessa's not a big offender, of course. She's at heart a feminine girl. All the same, she's embarrassed walking into restaurants and other places the taller of the two, she thinks people are saying she wears the pants. It'll do her good to go with a taller man for a while, even a sickeningly weak one."

"It could be taken the opposite way, Simon. People could figure the shorter man's got to be damn sure of himself to risk people thinking he's a milksop and probably impotent. Obviously because he bangs his taller woman blind, or beats her, or supplies her with cocaine, has such a hold over her he doesn't mind the implications of being physically overshadowed. In your case, I imagine the secret's cocaine."

"No, I don't supply Tessa with cocaine, and I don't beat her, and I don't bang her blind either. I don't want you doing these things to Tessa either, though if you bang her just short of blind, if you bang her just very myopic, I think you'll have a good relationship and she won't need beatings or cocaine. Treat her well, will you, Foster? She's had it rough and she's worth something, more than most."

"Which is why you're giving her up

with such equanimity."

"This is despair, Foster. I hide it well. Listen now, let's understand one another, I'll help you arrange it with Tessa on one condition, no third parties, that would break her up. If you raise a scent somewhere else you've got to cut it with Tessa first. Devote three months to her exclusively and see if it isn't worth it. It won't kill you. This girl isn't a hardship."

"And what are your plans with Jordan, Simon?"

"To bang her blind, Foster, what else?"

"You've got it made, Simon. You don't have to bang any girl blind. If a girl goes for you you know she's blind to begin with."

That same night Simon went to see Tessa. He came right to the point.

"Tess, we ought to talk some things over."

"Sure, Sime, like what."

"I mean, there's something I'd like to get out in the open."

"Go right ahead, Sime, I like the things you get out in the open. You get them out and we'll tuck them right away again, certain things shouldn't stay in the open too long, might catch cold."

"Be serious, Tess, this is important, Maybe you could stop sewing for a while."

"You get the right things out in the open and I'll stop sewing."

"Please try to be serious, Tess. I think we should try to assess just what it is we've got between us."

"You've got it, you assess it."

"Tess, haven't you ever stopped to ask if we're going anywhere?"

"I know where we're going. You want to go right now or can I finish this seam?"

"Here's what I'm getting at, Tess. We get along mostly fine, but we're two very different people. It's time we talked about our differences. Suppose I run through them quickly. One, your sleeping days whereas I sleep nights. Two, your wanting sex in the morning and my wanting it in the evening. Three, your equation of sex with something very black, which I'm not. Four, your being five, ten, and my being five, eight. Want to talk about them in that order?"

"No, let's get the thing about the tallness out of the way first. I don't get that point at all, Sime. You're five, eight, or whatever you are in restaurants, maybe, not in bed. You're not any particular height in bed."

"That's not facing the problem. Tess. See, we both like sex before going to



"I realize you have your own life to live, Mother—but, gosh, you're always too busy to see me, and I was so looking forward to having dinner with you on my birthday . . ."

sleep, it's the best sedative. Well, if we go to sleep at different times, we naturally want sex at different times. If we have it in the morning, it leaves us both sleepy, which is fine for you because you're just going to sleep but makes it tough for me because I have to work and I can't keep my eyes open. That's the other point I was mentioning, my wanting sex at night and your wanting it in the morning. That's basically the result of our different sleeping schedules, so we can subsume the sex-timing problem under the sleep-scheduling problem."

"You subsume if you want to, I've got to finish this sewing. Unless you'd like to stretch out and be subsumed for a while, if that fits in with your scheduling."

"You can't laugh the problem away, Tess. Look at it in terms of work output. When we have sex in the morning and I sit down at the typewriter too sleepy to work well, my work output gets cut. I mean, I've been working, but somewhat more slowly because I'm drowsy. I work on a piecework basis, so much per page, so our sex, though it's very good in other terms, is costing me money. At a rough guess I'd say sex with you over the past two months has cost me in the neighborhood of thirteen hundred dollars. You can see that if sex costs a man that kind of money he's bound to build up resentment."

"We could work that out, Sime. All it takes is a little good will on both sides. Look, having sex on a regular basis has been good for me, it calms me down and makes me sleep better, so I've been working better, too, and as a result my income is up. I'd say it's up by a fair amount over thirteen hundred dollars, To make things equitable all I've got to do is compensate you for the thirteen hundred dollars you've lost in making me work better, I'll gladly do that, I still come out ahead moneywise and in nervous-system terms both.'

'Wouldn't work out, Tess, liberated though we are, I'm not liberated enough to take money from a woman, not on a regular basis anyhow, and not for sex services certainly. Besides, this is still not taking into account the third and maybe most serious of our differences, your view that sex is a very black thing, practiced in blackness with a very black partner, whereas no matter what I may be I'm not in the least black."

"You trying to tell me, Sime, that I've really got the hots for Negroes and we don't really make it because you're not a Negro?"

"I'm not nailing it down to that extent as regards personnel, Tess, I'm just saying in general terms that you've got sex equated with unwhite and no matter how well we get along sexually, I'm in the realm of white. What comes out of 152 your personal story is that one reason

you were attracted to the man you married was that he was close to so many Negroes. Another thing, one who listens attentively when you talk about your past comes away with the impression that in addition to the Negro baritone you very likely had some involvement with the basso of that vocal group, too, and maybe even for a brief period with the tenor. I'm not saying you've got a fixation anywhere near your husband's, but we can make out a trend there, a cultivated taste, maybe something we could go so far as to call a leaning. Now what I'm trying to point out is that though you've got a really warm feeling for me, and it's one I appreciate, it's not the warmest, because with my fair skin and blond hair I'm so much Dutch Cleanser in the hot night you need-

"Sime, couldn't we stop the circular talk, what is it with you, you meet another girl?"

"That's a factor in the picture, too, if we're looking at the whole picture. Yes, I have met a girl, though it's still in the preliminary stages. These other factors I've been talking about rank first, definitely, they exist whether or not there's another girl, but if we're to round out the picture, yes, I've met another girl-

"Why didn't you say so, for God's sake! Sime, for a writer you sure have got a funny way of saying everything with words but what's on your mind!"

"It was definitely my plan to mention this girl, Tess, but I didn't want to give her an exaggerated place in the list of problems. She's problem number five, that's why I wanted to run through one, two, three and four first-"

"Right, now in reference to number five, how do you propose we handle number five?"

"That's the question I'm bringing up for discussion, Tess. As we've agreed many times, we're both sequential monogamists, that is, while we don't seem to have sex with one person permanently, we have it with one person at a time. I've about made up my mind to go after this girl, Tess, and if I went after her while having you, that would place my promiscuity in space rather than time, which doesn't sit well with my type of mentality. So-

"So you'd like to stop having me so you can get on with your sequentials."

"This is just what I was hoping to avoid, Tess, the note of bitterness-

"You don't read me right, Sime, I wasn't being bitter, I'm even relieved, sort of. We've had good times, and I'm grateful, you've got to know that, but my God, even without problem number five I've been aware for some time of numbers one through four. Besides, to be perfectly honest, I should tell you there's a problem number six. I've been thinking lately I'd really like to change my sleep pattern, so I'm back in therapy with Pandro Harlow. His manipulating isn't doing anything to my sleep pattern, but his talk is making me think about my involvement with you, Sime. Pandro seems to have heard about you somewhere. He's been warning me quite a bit about you. He thinks there's something sort of psychopathic about a ghostwriter, untrustworthy anyhow. I've been defending you all I can, Sime, but he's got real strong views about you and I can't ignore them when he's my therapist. I've got to trust him when it comes to literary things, Sime, he's such a brilliant writer, you said so yourself."

"I didn't say he was a brilliant writer, I said his books were brilliantly written."

"Well, whatever. Anyhow, Sime, I'm genuinely sorry we've reached the end of the line, I think you know that without my saying it, but I certainly understood this wasn't for keeps. Besides, do you want the absolute truth? We've always leveled with each other, I won't start keeping things from you now. The plain honest truth is, I've been thinking a bit about my own sequentials. I've been wondering if it wasn't time for me to find myself some more monogamy. I'd never go for a space promiscuity, Sime, not while you were around, I think far too much of you, but where time is concerned-

"That's another thing I wanted to get into with you, Tess. I don't like the idea of your being alone for any period of time. You need a special sort of man, you deserve one that's right, more right than I am. Now, I have somebody in mind, a fellow who should suit you, particularly in the areas we've been talking about. I mean, this is a fellow who works nights and sleeps days, too, is taller than you are, and more than that---'

"It's nice of you to be thinking of my needs, Sime, but it's all right, you don't have to fix me up. The fact is, I already have somebody in mind, sort of."

"Don't settle for just anything, Tess, you're too good for that. I want to see you with somebody who deserves you, the fellow I had in mind-"

"I think mine could work out fine, Sime, I've been giving this a lot of thought and I really think he's a good choice."

"May I ask who this fellow is? Is it somebody I know?"

"I don't see any reason why I shouldn't tell you. You bet it's somebody you know."

"My God, Tess, not Pandro Harlow. not that jerk. This I absolutely forbid,

"What're you talking about, Sime? You don't know Pandro, do you?"

"I know enough about how he is with the girls, from the girls. The way he knocks off his lady patients in the name of therapy, this guy ought to be locked

up."

"Well, he hasn't done any knocking off with me, and I can see you're awfully biased on the subject of Pandro, so let's not discuss him further. I'll just say the man I have in mind is not Pandro, it's somebody a lot closer to you, Foster Danelian."

"Foster."

"Yes, Foster Danelian,"

"I see."

"You don't approve?"

"I wouldn't say I don't approve. I'm

surprised, that's all."

"Foster certainly fits the bill in the respects you were mentioning, Sime. He teaches and paints nights and sleeps days, so it's fair to assume his sex timing would be pretty close to my sex timing. Also, he's definitely taller than I am."

"That's right, Tess."

"Also, these last weeks he's been giving me very intent looks, he practically eats me up with his eyes and that definitely interests me. Out of consideration for you, because I think so much of you and when I'm with you I'm with you period, I haven't looked back at him, but I've been aware of his salivation, if you can call it that, and I've found myself salivating some, too."

"That's certainly a good sign. I might point out further that though Foster's not a Negro, he's a lot darker than I am, he's got a noticeably dark aspect from his Lebanese origins, and that's to the good. Also, he's not Pandro Harlow,

which is a plus."

"Foster's dark looks were what attracted me from the first, though naturally I put this out of my mind, being with you every time I saw Foster. But Sime, I don't want you thinking I'm ungrateful. I wouldn't want you feeling hurt because I never even considered your selection. If you think your selection stands up against my selection, why, tell me about him. Who'd you have in mind, Sime?"

"I don't think it's worth going into now, Tess. I think the move you've got in mind is a good one."

"No, look, I mean this, Sime, if this fellow stacks up in any way alongside Foster, of course I'm interested."

"My feeling is, Foster should work out fine, I'd say it's worth a real try."

"Wow, am I glad to hear those words from you, Sime! Oh boy, what a relief to get it out in the open! I swear, the way Foster's been looking at me I've been getting goose-pimples in the damnedest places! Boy, what a weight you've lifted from my shoulders! Think I'll give you a great big kiss for lifting all that weight off me!"

"Easy now, Tess. If we're going to be sequential, let's stay in sequence."

"Mm, touch me right here, yes. I don't think we're going against any of our convictions, Sime, I really don't think that. Here, mm, that's right."

"We shouldn't take one step forward and two steps back, Tess."

"Now here, yes. Let's take one little step back, come on. We can always come forward again. Yes, move around a little. Here's how I see it. Sime. You've got to know how absolutely I agree with you that when you're having one person you shouldn't have a second because that involves lying and spreading your energies thin. You know I'm with you on that. But you're not having this other girl yet, no, and I'm not having Foster yet, no, so it isn't as if we already took the steps, we're just thinking about taking them. Meantime we're right here where we always were, don't take your hands away. I'd like to say goodbye to you real nice, Sime, I feel sentimental about you, I'd like you to know what a big warm feeling I've got about you, yes, do that, please. Isn't it funny, Sime, yes, there, please, the way you came in here one midnight way back, oh, two months ago to look at my Amish bureau, say, there's a thought, we never did get around to deciding about that Amish bureau, do you still want it, tell you what, if you still have any use for the bureau for your shirts and things I'd be happy to give it to you. I don't use the thing and I'd like to make you a present of it to show what I think of you, don't say another word, it's yours, yes, Sime, right there-"

He saw Jordan Wherry just once. He took her to dinner at The Grotto. It was a disappointing evening. She said she'd been attracted to him, yes, that was why she agreed to have dinner with him. But some things were more important to her than passing attractions. The book Sex Without the Either-Or had been a revelation to her. Maybe the biggest thing to happen in her life since beginning to menstruate. She thought she could be somewhat freer orgasmically. Due to the book, she entered therapy with Pandro Harlow. Naturally she told him everything that was coming up in her life day by day. When he, Simon, came up, naturally she mentioned the dinner date to Pandro. Pandro took a very negative attitude toward Simon. As his patient hoping to become orgasmically freer, she naturally had to listen to him. Pandro Harlow said that emotionally blocked people such as ghostwriters, who couldn't even write under their own names, were dangerous and probably blocked in bed, too. If she wasn't going to listen to her own therapist-

The following week Pandro Harlow sent for Simon. It was a business meeting and he got right down to business.

"Sime, Sex Without the Either-Or is

# What should you mix with it?



# company!

Take one part people. One part Colt 45 Malt Liquor. And stir. It's called a party. And it's just great!

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going great guns, it's selling like hot cakes."

"I'm glad it's a success both military and culinary."

"This just shows again what a mass market there is for the sex-liberationist psychology. It follows that we have a big responsibility, because we're the frontline spokesmen for this psychology. I mean to discharge that responsibility, Sime, I'm going to write another book under the title *The Both-And Revolution in Sex*, and I'd like you to start on it this week if possible."

"I'd like to help out in this work any way I can, Pandro, I really would, but I don't think I can take the assignment."

"Do you think you'd find it somewhat more possible if, in addition to the regular fee, I cut you in for twenty percent of royalties?"

"That would certainly make the project more inviting, Pandro, though the figure would have to be thirty percent, I already had it in mind that I would need at least a thirty-percent participation in royalties to keep my enthusiasm, but even so, I couldn't do it, the problem's not primarily money."

"What is it primarily, Sime?"

"I think you'll agree, Pandro, that in our sex-liberationist essays if we're not strictly scientific we're nothing, if we don't follow scrupulously scientific procedures we betray our trust."

"I've never deviated from scientific standards, Sime, you know that. I'm not writing from the uninformed layman's point of view, I have a Ph.D. in business administration and follow all the technical journals."

"The problem's not on your side, Pandro, it's on mine. This is a scientific collaboration. All right. That means that if we're not to violate the canons of science, there should be science backing up the source of the words as well as the source of the by-line. Well, as things stand now, there couldn't be any science backing up this particular source of words."

"Would you care to elaborate on that?" "Sure, Pandro, I mean just this. The first rule of science, I think you'll agree, is that the man making the scientific judgment should restrict himself to firsthand observation, have ample field data at his command. Well, always in the past when I was writing this or that statement for you about this or that problem of sexual either-or, I had plenty of field data to draw upon, I mean, I was always involved with some girl and considering a second girl and therefore richly informed as to the either-ors. Recently, however. I had occasion to cut things off with one girl in anticipation of starting things with another girl, and it hasn't worked out, I lost the first girl but didn't start anything with the second. If I had both girls I'd be in the ideal position to write a book for you about the both-ands, and if I had either one or the other I would at least have some firsthand materials on the either-or problem to draw upon, which by extension would equip me to write about the bothands. As things stand, though, I've got neither the one girl nor the other, so it's

the neither-nors that I'm currently an expert on, and it would be very unscientific of me to take on an assignment to write about a matter essentially alien to me. I'm sorry, Pandro, truly, but I've never been the kind of writer who can write in a vacuum."

"I see. Just what is the problem with the girl you expected to start things with and didn't, Sime?"

"Well, she's somehow gotten the impression, I don't know where, that ghostwriters are less than adequate emotionally and maybe even sexually. That's shaken me quite a bit, I may even give up ghosting altogether, I don't like having my capacities questioned."

"You mustn't do that, Sime, you're outstanding in your profession and fill a definite need."

"That's what I always thought, Pandro, but apparently some people feel differently. The point is that I have needs, too, and sometimes they have to take priority."

"I think I appreciate your position, Sime. It can't be denied that we all have needs. Well, I see no reason for you to despair about this girl, Sime. Something might happen to make her see ghostwriters in a more positive light. I don't think you should lose hope about that, you know, faint heart ne'er and all that."

"My coronary situation is excellent, Pandro, but it can't prevail against certain stereotypes certain people absorb about people in my profession."

"It's an ancient and honorable profession, Sime, and stereotypes can be broken through. I suggest you give these particular stereotypes about a week to get broken through, and then contact the young lady again. I think there's a good chance you might get a more positive reaction."

"I certainly hope so, Pandro, that would inspire me to take on this new job with zest, and then I could follow scientific procedure, too, I'd have some pertinent field data."

"I can hope, then, that if things take a favorable turn with this girl you'll take the job?"

"I'll be delighted to have both the girl and the job Pandro, that's a situation that would really inspire me to write about the both-ands knowingly."

"You'll have your both-and situation, Sime. I want this book to be done as scientifically as possible."

"You know what I like about you, Pandro, you're neither unperceptive nor a bad loser."

Things worked out fine. Simon got his 30-percent cut of royalties and two weeks after he started work, Jordan moved in with him.

The Both-And Revolution in Sex was a runaway best seller, as it had every right to be.



"Burton - is there anything you want to tell me?"

### PARTRIDGE SHOOT (continued from page 112)

His Highness would signal the shoot to start by firing two shots. They came quickly. And with the sound came the birds.

This was an expert's duck shoot. The birds were high and fast. They came first in bursts of a dozen, then in twos and threes. It took me most of a box of shells to get the hang of it. The two Indian retrievers sat morosely watching the unscathed wild fowl wheel over us.

When I started connecting, the birds going down in a wide, spiraling arc, the boys hit the water as fast as a Labrador, splashing out to get the fallen, shouting to each other as they made the retrieve.

By noon it was over. I had gone through a half-dozen boxes of shells; my shoulder was burning, sore to the touch. My duck take wasn't large enough to cause any exuberance, but the two Indians seemed happy and kept nodding and smiling at me.

I have been on many duck shoots, but never have I seen so many birds in the air, birds that kept coming even after we walked back to meet the rest of the party. And the variety was amazing to a man who was accustomed to mallards and bluebills: widgeon, pintails, tufted pochard, nukta, green- and blue-winged teal, and two new species of geese, the graylag and the bar-headed.

The Maharaja counted my take. "The Shah outshot you," he said. "But then, he had three guns and a bearer for each gun."

H and C had done well; Y, who confessed that he had secretly taken skeet lessons before we left, discovered that ducks were different from clay targets, and W found they "flew too high and too fast."

Duck shooting would never be the same again.

After the Taj Mahal and some sight-seeing in Agra and Delhi, C, H, W and Y would go home, but I intended to do some more wandering in India and the East. After telling me of the places I should see (it would take at least a year to see India, and even then you would miss much of it), the Maharaja called to his brother-in-law, Brigendra Singh. "Tell Jack about Indian Shikar and Tours. He's an adventurous fellow who wants more than temples and burning ghats."

It seems that the shikar (a big-gamehunt organization) used elephants and worked out of a fascinating area in the foothills of the Himalayas.

"You don't have to shoot a tiger if you don't want," Brigendra said, "but it is an exciting part of our world. I can alert them if you'd like to go out for a few days. I know that they are always booked up, but I'm sure they can fit you in between assignments."

At the desk in the hotel a few days later was a message: We were to meet Rajkumar Giriraj Singh, Delhi-based owner of Indian Shikar and Tours, the next day. We would leave for his jungle camp immediately.

We were in Giriraj Singh's jeep station wagon heading north out of New Delhi, moving through traffic resembling a temple mural: near-naked, ash-smeared holy men; slim, elegant women in brilliant red, green and purple saris; Hindus in white Gandhi hats and tight, narrow pants, with turbans of all colors and shapes. Herds of buffaloes were ambling along the road ahead; people were squatting on the roadside beside cooking fires. We passed a man with a cobra and a scrawny little mongoose, setting up his side show, the snake thrusting its head out of the basket, the mongoose in his cage, running, running.

Now we drove beside the laden camels and mules of the hill people who had come in to barter, beside pedal rickshas and old, dusty taxis, most of them with two bearded Sikhs in the front seat, many with bewildered-looking Westerners peering from streaked back windows. Near the flaming walls of the Red Fort, a man in dirty white turban and dhoti, standard Indian loincloth, was pushing long sticks of sugar cane through a hand press. The oily juice was being received by a dirty brass pot into which he dipped glasses, quickly topping each with chopped ice. He would sell a glass, then dry it with a corner of his dhoti as it returned empty. The day was getting warm now and people were lining up before his sugar press.

The huge onion dome of Shah Jehan's Great Mosque loomed ahead, and suddenly we found ourselves beside the ring of stone steps leading to the building. The broad stone ledges were crowded with nearly naked beggars, many lifting their hands for alms as we drove by. Leading away from the Mosque were lopsided little buildings that looked as though they had been flung together by madmen, the tottery shacks of the thieves' market, where everything from a toilet seat to a tiger's-claw brooch had been stolen and was offered for sale.

Giri, as he insisted we call him, was dark, had a mustache, thinning hair and much natural charm, with a genius for quickly putting people at ease. In fact, he was the front man for Indian Shikar and Tours, the organization that he and his brother Shem Sher Jung owned. He met clients at the plane, wined them at his country club, dined them at the best restaurants in Delhi, and squired them around the shops, all the time filling them in on the shikar that lay ahead.

Both he and his brother, once great

landholders though not of royal blood, were still called rajas by the many people who used to live on their land. Now, in a free, independent India, with rajas and maharajas swept out of power, the land that Giri and his brother once owned belonged to the government, but they were permitted to hunt on it-properly licensed, of course. They knew the region and its animals well.

Giri explained why he was taking us to the shikar camp by jeep. "It has rained more than usual this month," he said. "The road to the camp will be soft. We will need the jeep. But I'm afraid that even with it we will have rough going."

After running out of gas once and waiting at several railroad crossings while freight trains crawled by, we finally lost civilization. In one bleak, terrible area that looked like a desert, we crossed the noble Ganges at a point where it was barely a trickle, but even here Hindus were filling bottles with water from the sacred river.

Commenting on the vastness of India, a noted reporter once said that writers became so confused with its richness and variety that they often captured only bewildered glimpses of the land and its people. I hoped not to let that happen.

We were on our way to see how tigers are hunted from elephantback, to hunt partridge from trained elephants, and to take a look at the unusual people from Nepal who make the basic ingredient for betel chewing.

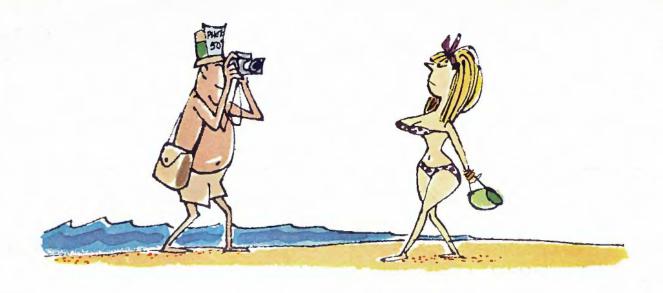
We drove slowly through the medieval village of Kotdwara, a place of ancient stone buildings, open markets and a road full of wet ruts with buffaloes and wagons mired in mud, donkeys loaded until you didn't see how they could walk, even if they weren't buried to their knees, and a howling bedlam of drivers trying to get them out of the mud onto the solid road shoulders. Here man as beast of burden was doing better, These were mountain people, their backs loaded with animalskins, cages of screaming rhesus monkeys, huge gourds of milk, baskets of fruit, wicker containers of curds-all here from the hills to barter in the open markets.

"As the vulture flies," Giri said, "this village is less than one hundred miles from Tibet. We are now about forty miles from camp by forest roads."

With the jeep in four-wheel drive, its horn blatting constantly like an animal in pain, we managed to get past Kotdwara and to the entrance of the road that would take us into the jungle.

A forest guard stood there in a handsome gold-and-red peaked turban, khaki shirt and shorts, with an obvious air of authority. He held up a large black hand, palm out, halting us.

The second language in India is 155







English and practically everyone in authority speaks it. Hindi and Hindustani are supposed to be used more often, but we found that English in several accents -Welsh, Scottish, Oxford-is the first language, really the status or prestige tongue. The guard had a broad Welsh accent and was adamant.

"Very sorry, sirs," he said, "but you cannot travel this forest road. We have had seven inches of rain in three hours. Rain has washed it out in places and in others it is so soft that you cannot travel.

Giri showed him our shikar papers and hunting licenses, and introduced Mary Lou and me, saying, "Our camp is already set up forty miles from here. We have made the trip many times in this jeep."

The guard bowed his head at the introductions. "You see, sir," he said, "I have my instructions due to the fact that if people become mired in the road, then it is necessary for us to go in and bring them out. As you know, this is a bloody bother.'

But he finally waved us on. The roads were indeed terrible. But Giri, through knowledge of the road, driving skill and use of all the gears the jeep had, almost got us there-almost. This was the first time I had seen the doughty jeep defeated. One stretch of the jungle road stood deep in water. Trees were thick on either side, so we couldn't go around. Giri decided to run through the water. We got out, walked close to the trees and waited on the other side.

The jeep, roaring mightily, got to the center, sank to the top of its wheels and stalled. Walking through muck up to his knees. Giri came to the roadside and said, "Camp isn't too far. Why don't you wait and I'll go for help."

As we waited, a peacock watched us from a clump of thick young bamboo, his presence betrayed by his royal-blue head and the sun striking light from his eyes. We sat quietly, but the bird never stirred a feather. A mongoose came from the grass 50 yards away, raised his weasel head at us, then flowed like water back into the undergrowth. Life was all around us, you could hear it rustle, hear its stealthy whisper.

As the subtle sounds continued, I thought. Here you are deep in jungle. Your guide is gone; your guns are in wraps in the jeep. Around you could be anything: cobras, leopards, tigers. But the situation seemed so unreal, so much like something out of a book, that I looked at the reality of the jeep in the mud, the brass disk of sun, my wife sitting calmly beside me, and knew nothing would happen. It didn't. But as Giri finally came up the road on an elephant, I realized that many things could have happened in that wild place as we sat and waited.

It has been said that there is nothing more dependable than a jeep, and I have agreed. But there is-a trained elephant. This one, using a chain harness, yanked that jeep out of the mud like a waiter taking a cork from a wine bottle. We were in camp in a half hour.

Camp was something that you must dream about if you think of adventure in the far places. Beyond stood the Shavlik Range wreathed in blue mist, the foothills of the Himalayas. Three hundred yards from the tent compound ran the Sonanadi, the "River of Gold," making a sound like someone tuning a guitar. In a grove of trees before camp, four elephants stood fanning their ears while mahouts baked bread for them on flat stones over open fires. Behind the cooking tent an old man in dhoti and white turban was scraping a large circular brass pan, the sun making it gleam like a huge coin.

This was Mota Sal, "The Place of the Fat Sal Trees." These trees, known to Indians as "the poor man's teak," have huge, hand-sized leaves and look like a combination of oak and maple, They circled the camp. Some of the camp helpers had spread belongings in the open beneath them: others had erected little tents. When the mist burned off and the sun became bright, the sal leaves cast shadows that lay like temple frescoes. In the leaf shadow the elephants became strange spotted beasts out of a dim past.

Our tents were 50 yards apart, encircled by a head-high wall of canvas, making a compound. There were two tents for the shikar people, one for us, and a dining tent. Just outside the compound were the cook and laundry tents.

The tents were a large double-fly type of exceptionally heavy canvas made by Khyaliram and Sons in Delhi, and the most luxurious I have ever camped in. Ours, lushly floored with Oriental rugs, had a little sitting room, a large bedroom, a small storage or closet area, and a separate bathroom with a washstand, a toilet and a three-by-two galvanized tub. a "hip bath." With this came a boy in his teens, of the untouchable caste, who took care of the tent.

The first morning when we came out of the canvas, he was squatting in the little anteroom sweeping the floor with a bunch of reeds. He was more efficient than any electric sweeper or plumbing system yet devised. As for the tent bearer, Inait Tulla, I have yet to see any modern mechanical gadget that can so pleasantly bring a cup of steaming tea to you of a cold morning, smiling shyly as it is placed on the bedside stand.

The untouchable boy couldn't combine jobs, although he was perfectly capable of making the beds and bringing the tea. But as an untouchable, the cups he touched, the clothing he handled would have been destroyed by the Indians of other castes.

The hot tea brought by Inait Tulla this morning was necessary; it brought life back to two frozen bodies. It was so cold when we awoke that Mary Lou's face cream was frozen solid. We could hear the four elephants trumpeting gently, a peaceful, somehow reassuring sound, and a crow cawed coarsely as he swooped low over the tent. The heavy morning dew was dropping like rain on the canvas as the camp stirred into life.

January in the jungles of India, especially here in the northern mountains, was much colder and damper than we had been led to believe-less than 20 degrees. This morning the mists came like smoke from the nearest mountain-a spiny ridge called Hathi than Ka Danda, "Ridge of the Elephants of Old"-and from the river that flowed by, sending up steam as if it were afire.

We had gone to bed shortly after arrival that first night; this morning we would meet the full shikar crew at breakfast. They were waiting in the anteroom of the dining tent before a potbellied stove. Giri made the introductions: Shem Sher Jung, the senior partner of Indian Shikar and Tours, a man of noble bearing, short-cut gray hair over a well-shaped Roman head; his son Devendra Singh, slim, dark, a bit arrogant: H. C. A. Singh, called Daju, or brother, slightly on the effeminate side with sparse hair that he brushed up from the back in an impossible attempt to disguise the fact that he was fast becoming bald. He was married to the sister of the Oueen of Nepal, had brought his special valet along, and was to delay many a shikar day with the making of his toilet, his valet helping him with the hopeless and endless hair brushing. He was immaculately clad in crisp khakis and tweed jacket and wore a dark-red ascot. He turned out to be cheery and an excellent shooting companion.

A slim little old man, wearing a woolen pullover stocking cap that covered everything but the face, much like the gear skiers wear, came in and stood at attention.

He wore an old blue suit jacket at least one size too large-obviously somebody's hand-me-down-narrow, slightly flaring jodhpur-type breeches, and his oak-brown feet were bare. His thin, gentle, sensitive face was dominated by darting brown eyes and a huge white mustache.

"This is Jait Ram," Giri said. "Our tracker. We can't move without him. He knows more about tigers than their mothers."

Jait Ram removed his head cover and bowed a head of thick gray hair.

"I don't think we will hunt cats today," Shem Sher said, "but put out the baits. We will go for them tomorrow."

I knew from our 1958 experience that this meant tying out young buffaloes in 157 a likely place, leaving them there all night for the tiger to kill. A rather cruel, but I am told necessary, way to mark that the great cat was in a specific area.

"We don't want to shoot a tiger." I said. At that Jait Ram waited.

"Oh?" said Shem Sher.

"No, the bird shooting is what we are eager for. But we would like to see how you hunt tiger. See a tiger in his natural element. Actually go through everything but the killing, if that is possible. I hope you don't have to tie out buffaloes to do this."

"No." Shem Sher said, "we can run scratch beats. Drive our elephants through places where our trackers find sign that a tiger has been, without trying to shoot him." He then told Jait Ram not to tie out the baits, but to spend time looking for fresh tracks.

Jait slowly pulled on his cap, straightened, bowed once, then turned and made a dignified exit. He left an air of confidence behind.

"I'm leaving for Delhi alter breakfast," Giri said, "but as you can see, I leave you in good hands. I told them you wanted to shoot partridge from elephantback. Maybe that can be done today?"

Shem Sher nodded. "Certainly. The camp also can use the fresh meat."

"Good show!" Daju said. "Sporting thing to wing away at the birds from the big beasties."

Devendra wiped his mustache with a long forefinger and said nothing.

Breakfast in the dining tent with its long table covered with white linen and silver was unexpectedly good. It was served this morning by the cook, an old Moslem with a long white beard and a black skullcap, who shuffled in with oatmeal, liver and scrambled eggs.

After breakfast Shem Sher, a man who had obviously studied ornithology and botany, launched into a description of the bird that we were to hunt. He later proved able to identify a bird or a tree from any distance, and his facts were so neatly arranged and came out so precisely that you knew that anything he said was true. He had spent much of his time in the jungles, not for the hunting but because he liked nature. I've found that many of the men who have linked themselves to the quiet places are great talkers—when they get a captive audience.

"Kala teetar is the bird's Hindi name." he said. "Francolinus francolinus is about half the size of the ordinary village hen....."

"Come, come, Shem Sher," Daju said.
"It's the black partridge we're going after——"

"That's what I'm saying," Shem Sher said impatiently. "Perhaps you have no desire to learn more of anything but hair lotions and vitamins, but I'm certain that these are people who would like to know more of the feathered creature they will be hunting."

We nodded that we would. What else could we do?

He went on in his high, schoolteacherish voice, detailing the bird as accurately and completely as a naturalist.

Devendra, the dashing son, was impatient and embarrassed as his father described the partridge. He kept taking off his big green bush hat and flapping it in the air, while he scrubbed his booted feet on the ground, making a sound like an animal digging for survival. His father ignored him.

"They feed in early morning and about dusk. They are one of the fastest of all game birds on their feet, and seldom take to the air unless driven or suddenly come upon——"

And that was all; that was the end of the dissertation. His son had gone and stirred up the elephant drivers, the mahouts, and they were awaiting us with Champa Kali, Anarkli Kali, Chattra Kali, and one just called "Daju's elephant," donated by him to the shikar organization. This one raised her trunk and made a noise like a waterfall. "Noisy beast," grumbled Shem Sher, "just like her master." Daju laughed.

And then the mahouts had their ankuses out (small, hooked goads), and the elephants were kneeling for us to mount. Devendra, Shem Sher and Daju went up their backs, using the beasts' tails as handholds, but Mary Lou and I used the small ladder and grabbed the metal piece on the saddle. Guns and shells were handed up and we lumbered off. It was surely the most unusual bird-shooting setup I had ever encountered.

The mist was as thin as cigarette smoke now as we moved about three miles an hour, just a little slower than a man walks. Amazingly, it was a smooth ride; we swayed a bit, as if standing on shipboard, but there was no jerky movement and the big animals required little direction.

I wondered about firing a shotgun so close to the elephant's head (I was just back of the mahout, not three feet from the big beast's flapping ear) and asked Daju, my shooting partner, the question.

He laughed. "Don't worry." he said. "In the old days we used to fire five hundred express rifles from their backs. standing in a howdah, equipment we don't use anymore. No, these ladies are trained hunting beasties. Don't give it a thought."

So the scene was set: The mist had lifted and we walked into spearheaded tiger grass over 12 feet high. The wind moved it ahead of us like waves on a golden sea.

The elephants walked softly on their

huge pads. Ahead of us sounded the incessant trill of the weaver bird, monotonously shrill. Then to our right we saw a fluttering in a sal tree, and Daju said, "Green pigeons. Let's go closer. You can try your luck. Give you an idea of how the elephants stand to gunfire before we get into partridge territory—"

The big animal obediently moved close to the trees: the pigeons cooperated, flashing green fire as they hurled themselves into the air. I swung the Browning 20, superposed easily, and fired twice. The handsome brace of pigeons kept on going, ignoring the strange creatures on the large animal. Not a feather fluttered. But the experiment was a success. The elephant stood like stone, steady to shot and, as it proved, to wing. I've seen many a supposedly well-trained field trial pointer who was more fidgety under fire.

Mary Lou, on her elephant 50 yards away, waved her gun in derision, and the mahout had his elephant flip her trunk. We kept moving forward, the three elephants abreast, until we reached the center of the huge grassy maidan, or meadow, the giant grass still moving like sea waves in the wind. Then Shem Sher halted and shouted. "We have chased the birds on the ground ahead of us. We will now move forty yards apart and get ready to shoot. They will have to fly over a stretch of road, so I think that we will get birds into the air shortly—"

He knew his hala teetar. In five minutes there was a burst of feathers a dozen feet ahead of my mount: two partridge. They flew like grouse, only faster. I got one, Daju took the other. Then the mahout marched his elephant over and the marvelous animal picked up both birds with her facile trunk and handed them back to her master.

The others took four more partridge as we moved forward in this regal fashion. Never have I seen a neater, faster job of retrieving than these elephants accomplished. If I hadn't been aboard on this maneuver. I never would have believed it.

Now we could hear the birds: They were agitated and their chik-cheek-cheekkeraykek calls were far-reaching.

Accustomed to the swaying motion now. I waited briefly when the elephant halted, to get proper range and let the animal's breathing subside. Mostly the birds flew singly or in pairs, but as we reached the edge of the grass and neared a narrow dirt road, there was a terrible flurry and at least two dozen burst out. I nearly fell off the elephant. It is unnerving enough to see and hear that many partridge hit the air, but to get an elephantback view of them is a startling experience.

When we reached the road we slid off

our mounts and gathered for a talk. We had taken 18 birds from the four elephants and each man had missed a half-dozen shots. There may be more interesting bird shooting somewhere. If there is, I'd like to know more about it.

Back in the dining tent over "boily brown" partridge and rice (the freshly bagged birds are boiled in water until tender, then sautéed in ghee, or buffalo butter, until brown), Shem Sher-with many a verbal and unappreciated assist from Daju-told us about those wonderful beasts, the hunting elephants. They dominated the camp as they stood regally in the grove of sal trees eating the leaves and the bread the elephant boys brought them, seemingly aware of the fact that they were the masters of the situation, that without them there wouldn't be a camp, for there wouldn't be any tiger hunting or bird shooting.

Every morning the delightful aroma of elephant bread baking permeated our camp. This is a mixture of wheat, salt and water, emerging from the coals as a huge brown loaf, which is fed to the hunting elephants daily. One animal consumes ten pounds, plus all the Ficus leaves he can eat. The Ficus is a variety of fig, and a favorite of the big beast. The remainder of the hunting ele-

phant's diet is varied with millet, milo, green cornstalks, young bamboo, kans grass (related to sugar cane) and tiger grass. They prefer young trees with a milk sap, and the mahouts offer it to them as a reward after an especially good or hard day.

Back at camp we had some strong Assam tea and delicious little partridge sandwiches. There we decided on the two-hour run to the Jim Corbett National Park.

It was a huge area dedicated to the man who saved so many lives in his courageous campaign against man-eating tigers and leopards. Bounded on the north and west by the Ramganga River, on the east by the Kosti River and on the south by the Shavlik Range, 125 square miles of wild, beautiful country had been set aside as a game sanctuary. There are several excellent guesthouses where you can spend the night; meals are served and a jeep can be hired to drive you around the 100 miles of roads. Going in, we saw a herd of chital grazing peacefully 50 yards from the road, two crocodiles on the banks of the Ramganga, and a dozen wild boar rooting in a field not a mile from the guesthouse.

Watchtowers are spotted in strategic places. Mary Lou and I climbed one and saw five wild elephants come out of a grove of sal trees. The wildlife warden told us that 100 tigers are in the park; over 200 elephants, 50,000 deer of several species, sloth bears, langur monkeys, jackals, hyenas, leopards, peacocks and samburs. Even pythons inhabit the sanctuary.

We stood in the watchtower for two hours hoping to catch sight of a tiger.

the lord of the jungle.

"Don't worry," said Devendra, who had driven us, "you will see tigers before you leave camp. There are more of the big cats in our area than any other place in the world. Tomorrow we plan to put on a scratch beat with the elephants."

When we got back to camp the elephant boys were bathing their charges in the river. The four giants were lying on their sides like dowagers on a masseuse's rubbing table, while the small boys splashed water on them and the mahouts directed operations. Champa Kali was having her stomach rubbed with a river rock and grunting in delight.

Jait Ram, in the tent compound, conferred with Shem Sher and Daju. "We will go for tiger in the morning," Shem Sher said. "Jait Ram has tracked a big male to the Nimbu Sot beat. He believes that the tiger has eaten and is lying up there. If so, we stand a good chance of seeing him in the morning."

"We will go by elephant," Daju said.

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"So we must get started early. We will have to move through the mist."

Dinner was early. We had jungle-fowl curry so hot that it should have kept us warm all night. But it didn't. The cold winds came off the Himalayas, and the wet mist settled down from the Sonanadi. Mary Lou and I tried to sleep in a sardine wedge, but the cold was a knife that kept pricking us awake.

The nickering of the elephants was a welcome sound, signaling that the camp was awake and it was time to get up.

Inait Tulla came shivering in with the soul-saving Assam tea, strong enough to carry us out of the canvas to watch the mists swirl and the morning dew run off the tents. Shem Sher was in front of Daju's tent shouting in Hindi.

The red-and-black rooster, which was kept behind the cook's tent, flapped up on the strip of canvas wall that encircled the tent area, and stood wobbling as he tried to pull the sun up with a crow as shrill as a siren. He didn't make it. If the sun was there, it was masked in mountain mist. Breakfast was fast but good: sausage, potatoes and an omelet, served by two barefoot bearers who rushed around to keep both themselves and the food hot.

We must have made a strange scene moving single file from camp that morning. I thought we looked like something out of an old wall tapestry of an Indian prince's hunting party: the elephants muttering in their trunks, the mahouts wrapped to the tops of their turbans, Daju and Shem Sher in heavy shooting coats and pith helmets, Devendra in his swooping green bush hat, Jait Ram and five others walking ahead, leading the way through morning mist that streamed over the Ridge of the Elephants of Old.

Mary Lou and I hadn't been told about a traveling trick of the elephant. On our way to the machan, or tree platform, where we would watch for the tiger, we left the road. Moving through rough country, the big animal picked her way carefully, stepping over fallen trees, avoiding holes in the ground, going around gullies, without any direction or prodding from the mahout. At one place we came to a hill. This time the mahout had to say a few sharp words and slap the elephant's head. These extremely intelligent beasts don't like toiling up a hill any more than a person does. But Champa Kali did it, grunting a bit. When she started down the other side, suddenly she sat down and did it the easy way, sliding all the way to the bottom, with us hanging onto the sides of the saddle, nearly falling over backward.

The mahout looked back at us, laugh-

ing and spraying red pan juice, as Champa Kali righted herself. Trumpeting softly, the elephant went through a grove of trees in her rolling-ship gait, atoning for her surprise slide by breaking the low-hanging branches that might slap back into our faces.

The place where Jait Ram had found tiger sign was called Nimbu Sot for good reason. Nimbu means lime tree and Sot is a stream. The area where we stopped was a young forest of lime trees with a little stream singing through it. On all sides was dense foliage, creepers and thick bamboo. Shem Sher and Daju had come with us, and the other two elephants had circled, waiting to start through the heavy growth toward us. Jait Ram and the men he brought with him would walk beside the elephants, shouting and whacking trees to drive out the tiger. Devendra, armed with a 500 express rifle, rode an elephant as a precaution, should the tiger be a crafty one and break back toward the advancing party.

Our elephants now moved up to the machans. Standing upright on the saddle, all we had to do was step off onto the tree platform, sit down and wait. The mahouts took the elephants off and stood hidden in the lime trees. Daju sat with me, armed in case of an emergency; Shem Sher in the machan with Mary Lou for the same reason.

One of the rules of a sit-up is silence; another, complete lack of motion, no wiggling, no scratching, no slapping at flies. A tiger has remarkably keen eyes and ears. On one hunt a cat turned and retreated when he saw a hunter in a machan adjust a camera setting. Another time when a man lifted a rifle bolt, the tiny click alerted the tiger, who jumped 14 feet and killed the two hunters in the tree.

Mary Lou and I had done this tree sitting three years before, but I had forgotten the patience it requires. We had never seen elephants beat out tigers, which promised excitement. There we were, sitting on a platform in a 17-foot sal tree, waiting for the largest cat in the world to emerge from the tangle, very conscious of the fact that tigers can jump 18 feet vertically. This rated as a new spectator sport that dwarfed all others. Our vision was obscured by a thick tangle of young bamboo, lantana vines that looked as if they had been spun by a giant spider, tun, sal, teak, lime, and dozens of other trees I couldn't identify.

Now, in the distance, we heard the sound of voices. The beat had begun. It would take an hour for the elephants and men to reach us, during which time our thoughts ran the scale from the height of expectancy of seeing the tiger, to the low of fear of the many things

that could happen. Branches cracked like pistol shots under the huge feet of the elephants, men shouted, axes splatted against tree trunks, elephants trumpeted—all accompanied by the crashing and tearing of bushes.

I confess that the sound effects of this drama were unnerving and that the cymbals of fear rang constantly as the elephants crashed through the jungle toward us. I felt Daju straighten. Turning my head, I saw his hands turning white on the rifle. From that dense screen before us, like a cued actor in a play, burst an agitated wild boar, bristles up, his sixinch white tusks gleaming. He disappeared like something in a conjurer's act.

Then, as if the boar had gone before to set the stage, out stepped a tiger. Immense, orange-gold, his stripes as black as velvet, his black-and-white ears twitching. One hundred times the size of my hearthside Siamese, he stood there for a moment that seemed forever. His liquid green eyes, shining like jade in the sun, roved the area before him.

Even with the elephants crashing and the men screaming behind him, he stood, master of the moment, in full control, and one could almost feel the enormous strength of the cat. His forelegs were nearly as thick as a man's body, his head the size of the seat on which we trembled.

Our bodies needed no adjuration from the mind to sit still; fear froze us there. A tiger standing in his own terrain seems three times the size of the one pacing a cage in a zoo, and his beauty is a thing to behold; glossy-gold, majestic, unafraid. He is the lord of the jungle.

Turning his head slowly, he surveyed the space he would have to cross. Now he looked up and saw us. Neither of us moved. We sat hypnotized, held in his spell. With a flick of his tail, he crossed before us, vanishing in a streak of gold flame into the underbrush on the other side. Then I remembered that I held a camera in my hand. But such was the fascination of the moment that I had forgotten to snap the shutter. It was a good thing I hadn't.

The elephants came out of the jungle, crashing through the same spot from which the tiger had stepped so gracefully. Tree dew gleamed on their slaty-gray hides. The mahouts and Devendra were also soaking wet, both from this and from the moisture of the grass that reached above the elephants' backs. Jait Ram, his magnificent mustache reduced to a scraggle, his five wet and shivering men behind him, stepped along beside the lead elephant. The Nimbu Sot beat was over.

### INSTANT GOURMET

(continued from page 106)

lengthwise in half and cut each half crosswise in thirds. Cut each third in half lengthwise. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dip in flour, patting off excess. Heat ½ in. oil in skillet until first wisp of smoke appears. Sauté cucumbers until light brown. Serve with lobster.

## SHRIMP AND HAM LO MEIN (Serves four)

- lb. cooked, peeled and deveined shrimp
- 6 ozs. thinly sliced boiled ham
- 1 large Spanish onion
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 2 teaspoons sesame oil
- 1-lb. can bean sprouts, drained
- 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained, thinly sliced
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon Chinese oyster sauce
- 1/8 teaspoon each ground cinnamon, cloves, coriander and garlic powder
- 1 lb. vermicelli

Cut ham into julienne strips about 1 in. long. Cut onion in half through stem end, then cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Separate slices into strips. In a large skillet heat salad oil and sesame oil. Add onion and sauté only until heated through. Add shrimp, ham, bean sprouts, water chestnuts, soy sauce, oyster sauce and spices. Stir very well. Sauté slowly until ingredients are heated through. Cook vermicelli in boiling salted water, following directions on package. Drain well. Add shrimp mixture and mix thoroughly. Serve very hot. Pass Chinese prepared mustard at table.

# OX TONGUE, NOODLES ALFREDO (Serves six)

- 1 whole cooked tongue, corned or smoked
- 1/2 lb. medium-size or fine-size noodles
- 1/4 lb. sweet butter
- 3/4 cup freshly grated parmesan cheese
- 1/4 cup heavy sweet cream
- Salt, freshly ground pepper

Wash tongue. Place in cold water, bring to a boil, reduce flame and keep at a gentle boil 20 minutes. Let tongue remain in water until carved. In another saucepan bring 2 quarts water to a rapid boil. Add 2 teaspoons salt. Add noodles and stir well. Cook just until tender, following cooking time indicated on package. Drain noodles and place them in serving casserole or chafing dish. Sprinkle with salt. Place butter and cheese on noodles. Add cream. Place casserole on trivet over spirit lamp or heat chafing dish over flame. With large serving fork and spoon, lift noodles, tossing and mixing gently until thoroughly coated with butter and cheese. Just before serving, sprinkle with pepper from pepper mill. Carve tongue. Place slices on mounds of noodles on serving dishes,



"Do you mind if I make the little chap's suit blue?

I seem to be out of vermilion."

SMOKED PORK CHOPS, CUMBERLAND SAUCE (Serves four)

8 cooked hickory-smoked pork chops

1/2 cup red currant jelly

1/2 cup port wine

2/3 cup orange juice

1 tablespoon lemon juice

2 teaspoons Dijon mustard

1/2 teaspoon dried lemon verbena

1 tablespoon grated orange rind

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Dash cayenne pepper

1/2 teaspoon dry mustard

1 teaspoon powdered ginger

2 tablespoons salad oil

In a saucepan put jelly, wine, orange juice, lemon juice, Dijon mustard, lemon verbena, orange rind, lemon rind and cayenne pepper. Mix dry mustard and ginger with about a tablespoon of cold water to a smooth paste. Add to saucepan. Heat over very slow flame until jelly dissolves. Stir until all ingredients are well blended and hot. Preheat electric skillet at 350°. Add oil and sauté pork chops until lightly browned on both sides. Pour sauce over chops and heat about a minute longer. Place chops on serving platter and cover with sauce.

TOASTED ROQUEFORT AND ROAST BEEF SANDWICHES (Serves four)

8 slices white bread

Butter

1 lb. sliced rare roast beef

3/4 cup roquefort cheese

11/4 cups mayonnaise

1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Salt, pepper, paprika

Preheat oven at 375°. Toast bread. Spread one side generously with butter, Cut off excess fat or any hard ends of roast beef and place beef on buttered side of bread, Meat should not extend beyond rim of bread. Crumble or chop roquefort cheese into very small pieces. Mix mayonnaise, cheese and Worcestershire sauce. Spread cheese mixture on top of roast beef, covering meat completely. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Place slices on lightly greased baking sheet or inverted bottom of roasting pan. Bake about 15 minutes or until cheese topping is puffed and brown.

A list of majestic viands that truly let you eat, drink and be easy.



## LEXICON OF L\*VE (continued from page 103)

Of Her and The Physical; the Elizabethans' Topping and Tupping (the latter meaning "to butt, like a ram"); late 17th Century England's Swiving; the contemporary Britons' Bash, Sharvering and Having A Bit Of A Go At It; the hippies' Balling, Hocking, Humping and Scoring; all the way down to Scronching, the Yiddish Schtupping, Slipping It To Her and the bare essentials of Doing It (popularized by Cole Porter).

The foregoing sampler is a cross section of terms that are, or have been, au courant, this being the class of term that should occupy our closest attention here. Shakespeare's fine thrashing image, The Beast With Two Backs (in Othello) is admittedly gorgeous, but even though it was echoed a few centuries later by Graham Greene in Brighton Rock ("He eyed the slow movement of the twobacked beasts"), we cannot pretend it is on the tips of our tongues. Similarly, an obsessive Priapian in Take a Girl Like You, that splendid little comic novel by Kingsley Amis, refers to the act as The Old Hoo-Ha, a term I prefer to regard as the author's invention, until Mr. Amis apprises me otherwise.

It won't do to place total blame for these absurdities on Western tradition and to convince ourselves that civilizations older than ours, presumably wiser, and decidedly more exotic, have enjoyed a freer expression; for this may not be supportable by evidence. Indeed, Orientalist Lawrence E. Gichner, in his book Erotic Aspects of Chinese Culture, has attributed the proliferation of Chinese sex evasions to a species of Sinaean puritanism that rivals and probably surpasses the harshest rigors of Cotton

"The Chinese," writes Gichner, "have many colorful names for the act of copulation and the genitalia which is, in part, due to the fact that, traditionally, nothing was said about sex, a subject on which they were very reticent. Scholars had to submit their books to the Emperor for approval. Other scholars read them, and if any vulgar terms appeared, the author could be beheaded and his manuscript and books burned." That this resulted in a sexual patois "of beautiful symbolism" should not surprise us.

These beautiful symbols included One Spasm Of Cloud And Rain, A Whiff Of The Spring Wind, Playing Heads And Tails, Dew And Water Together, Love Birds Flying Shoulder To Shoulder, A Couple Of Phoenixes Behind The Curtains, Flowery Battle, Hidden Way, Wind And Willows, The Art Of Yin And Yang, Flying With The Wind And Sporting With The Moon, and innumerable others.

The positions of love were also given 162 names by the Chinese. These began with the basic, unadorned title, Common; then soared into such fantasies as Dragon Up, Dragon Dance, Tiger Walking, Monkey Fighting, Turtle Jumping, Rabbit Nibbling, Locust Singing, Locust On The Tree, Flying Phoenix, Flying Seagull, Sliding Fish, Facing Fish, Two Fish Biting, Twisted Worm, Two Pheasants With One Heart, Mandarin Duck Playing, Butterfly Flying, Fallen Cedar Tree, Standing Bamboo, Large Bird And Small Chicken, Jumping White Tiger, Jumping Wild Horse, Racing Horse, Horses Shaking Their Feet, Playing Mountain Goat, Playing Cat And Mouse, Playing Dog In Autumn, Fighting Cocks, Singing Monkey Holding Trees, Jumping Mule In Springtime, Love Bird, Bird In The Cavern, Large Flying Bird, Dancing Birds, Two Fighting Birds, and Birds In Opposite Flight (also called Shrimp).

Damned clever, these Chinese, and also damned cryptic, unless one has access to broad-minded and thoroughgoing Sinological savant like Mr. Gichner, in whose aforementioned book all these titles are decoded in great detail (but which, unhappily for the masses, is "privately published for use and study by scholars in the fields of anthropology and the social sciences; by physicians, psychologists and psychiatrists." Which, translated, means eat your heart out).

The words that make up the lexicon of love can be roughly divided into two groups-the approving and the disapproving-and nowhere is this more evident than in the words we have come up with to denote a woman who offers her affection on a cash basis.

Some of the approving (or, at least, fairly neutral) terms that have been used are: Courtesan, Concubine, Quean, Tart, Bona Roba, Lady Of The Evening, Lady Of Easy Virtue, Call Girl, Fancy Lady and the borrowed-from-French Poule, Fille De Joic and Demimondaine.

Among the disapproving expressions, we have Whore (which, perhaps because of its Biblical origins, is strongly pejorative in tone), Slut, Streetwalker, Chippy, Floozy, Bimbo, Tramp, Hooker, Loose Woman, Wanton, Prostitute and Prostie, Professional and Pro, such archaisms as Punk, Trull, Jade, Bawd, Strumpet, Hoyden, Harlot, Trollop, Callat, Callet, Commoner, Crack, Giglot, Blowen, Fricatrice, the perplexing Victorianism, No Better Than She Should Be (an evasion so successfully evasive that it makes no sense at all) and Harridan, which originally meant a broken-down horse.

Significantly, the "approving" list is the shorter of the two, even when strengthened by transfusions from another language and even though it includes a few words (like Tart) to which I have ascribed an approving or neutral

tone purely arbitrarily and for no better reason than because they sound that way to me.

The places where these ladies ply their trade have been known by a dazzling array of names: Red Light District, Pleasure Palace, Crib, Stew, Brothel, Bagnio, Bordello, Cunny-Warren, and a whole boulevard of Houses, including plain House itself, Whore House, Hot House, Notch House, Sporting House, Bawdy House, Fancy House, Call House, Bad House, Disorderly House, Cat House, Can House, House of Prostitution, House Of Assignation, House Of Ill Repute, House Of Ill Fame and even (in Sheridan's The School for Scandal) House Of No Extraordinary Fame. Truly, a wide assortment of names reflecting the wide assortment of delights presumably found within these houses'

Which brings us to that portal we all passed through when we entered this world, and which most of the male population is forever re-entering at the first opportunity, the forbidden four-letter name of which is descended from or allied to the kunta and kunte of Old Frisian, Old Norse, Germanic, Low German, Middle Low German and Modern Dutch; the conte of Medieval Dutch; the con of Medieval and Modern French; the cun and cunne of Old French: the queynte, cunte and counte of Middle and Old English; the cunno and conno of Italian; the cunnus of Latin; and even the word ka-t (which also meant "mother" and "womankind") of the Ancient Egyptian-a non-Indo-European language which, until now, I thought totally unrelated to English, and am charmed to find this seeming proof of a human basic interest inexplicably breaking the fetters of philological pedantry.

But no amount of old family ties (to say nothing of the strong phonetic and orthographic resemblance) has ever made the Modern English equivalent of these old words acceptable to proper language -and Modern English, remember, is the etymological period spanning the end of the 15th Century to the present day, thus embracing Shakespeare's time.

Speaking of Shakespeare, even he had to use subterfuge (I dare not say "cunning" lest you damn me for punning) in order to get the word spoken in his plays. His methods were many. In Hamlet, for example, he buried it in another word:

HAMLET: Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPHELIA: No, my lord.

HAMLET: I mean, my head upon your

OPHELIA: Ay, my lord.

HAMLET: Do you think I meant COUNTry matters?

In Henry V, he slipped it into the English Lesson Scene, where Alice is



"Before we go any farther, I feel we all owe Captain Huckermacker here a hearty vote of thanks."

teaching the French Princess the English equivalents of common French words. Here, "gown" is mispronounced "coun," which, being so close to the French con, causes the Princess to blush and decry the word as "mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique."

In Twelfth Night, he was reduced to spelling it out, a fact most English literature teachers are blithely ignorant of. Malvolio, coming upon a letter, thinks he recognizes the handwriting of the fair Maria: "By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's." Here it must be assumed that the Elizabethan actor was instructed to pronounce the and that separates "her U's" from "her T's" not as and but as a broadly emphasized 'n'. To make sure the gag got across, Shakespeare immediately followed it with the "P's" reference, the meaning of which is obvious; and just in case it still laid an egg, he had Sir Andrew Aguecheek loudly echo: "Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that?" By this time, presumably, The Globe theater audience was helpless with laughter.

Elsewhere, however, Shakespeare, when he wished to write of the pudendum muliebre and its components, was forced to use such terms as Baldrick, Bird's Nest, Charged Chambers, Chaste Treasure, Dearest Bodily Part, Flower, Forfended Place, Gate, Glass Of Virginity, Nest Of Spicery, Pond, Ring, Rose, Velvet Leaves, Venus' Glove, and many others, including at least two images inspired by fruit: Plum and the rather ungallant Withered Pear (which invite comparison to the contemporary Italian fica, the square meaning of which is "fig"). This lengthy dwelling upon Shakespeare has the purpose of pointing up the depths of trickery and circumnavigation to which even the Swan of Stratford, in a notoriously ribald age, was required to resort, whenever he wished to make reference to what obviously was a favorite topic.

In our own century, that most plain-dealing and iconoclastic of writer-personalities, Frank Harris, whose auto-biography was, until recently, high on the list of banned books, referred to it merely as Sex—a term which, unimaginatively, he applied to both the male and female organs: "my sex," "her sex."

This is not unlike the traditional Chinese bracket-phrase, The Tools Of Heaven And Earth, although China has not been backward in the invention of fanciful terms specifically for the female parts: Jade Treasure, Heart Of The Flower, Cinnabar Crevice, Golden Crevice, Jewel Terrace, Sacred Field, Female Palace, Hidden Gully, Dark Vale, Mysterious Pearl, Heart Of The Peony, Dark Red Valley, Scabard, Jade Gate, Precious Gate, Hidden Gate and Coral Gate, to which we might add the Golden

Gate of the Japanese, who have also given us the homely Beans.

Although it is not to our purpose to comb the shelves of ordinary pornography-which is usually arid, lusterless and far from euphemistic-it would be shirking to avoid mentioning some of the many inspired names for the female parts that were spawned by the fertile brain of the 18th Century writer John Cleland, in his masterwork, the longsuppressed but now best-selling Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure (Fanny Hill): Main Spot, Main Avenue, Tender Cleft, Beggar's Wallet, Favorite Quarters, Center Of Attraction, Treasury Of Love, Genial Seat Of Pleasure, Delicate Glutton, Nether-Mouth, Soft Laboratory Of Love, Pleasure-Thirsty Channel, Thea-Cockpit, Stronghold Of Her VARTUE.

How poverty-stricken and repetitious, by comparison, seem the team of Southern and Hoffenberg, whose novel Candy yields nothing more imaginative than the trudging sameness of: The Damp (twice), varied by The Sweet Damp and The Sweetening Damp, Sugar-Scoop, Pink Candy, Pudding, Pudding-Pie, Fur-Pie, Lamb-Pit (three times), Spice-Box, Jelly-Box (four times), Honey-Pouch, Honey-Cloister (twice), Honeypot (seven times) and Thing.

This uninventiveness is possibly a sign of our drab times, for the more common contemporary sobriquets for the female parts constitute a similarly dreary list that reaches the absolute nadir in a wildly inappropriate word denoting a cubical container of wood or cardboard: this word is so hard and angular that it does an injustice to the soft accommodation it professes to describe. Of all such words, the only one with any sensitivity or appeal, in my opinion, is that cuddly disyllable homonymous with a popular endearment for the domestic feline. The American Thesaurus of Slang, a work I find riddled with dubious ephemera, lists Receiving Set, a term surely too awkward and too "clever" to have had any real currency.

Nevertheless, it serves to draw the mind to its logical complement, which we could call Microphone or Broadcasting Station if we had a mind to, but which is more familiarly known by a string of names derived from words meaning "rooster," the diminutive for Richard, a synonym for "puncture," and so on. Occasionally, we may hear Stinger, especially in contexts involving the dipping of same into honey; and I have heard Peedinkle used by quite prim maiden ladies when referring to male infants. What would seem an obvious word, Pencil, is never used (Shakespeare did use Pen) except in references to Lead In The Pencil, the same phenomenon Boccaccio called Resurrection Of The Flesh.

Pornographers, who are constantly

searching for synonyms for this member (Member itself, come to think of it, is a synonym), usually resort to Lance, Thrusting Maleness, and the like; John Cleland again being the only writer worth citing, for, in Fanny Hill, he did himself proud with Machine, Engine, Instrument (these often preceded by the adjectives "wonderful," "terrible," "enormous" or "plenipotentiary"), Nail, Truncheon, Maypole, Affair, Weapon Of Pleasure, Object Of Enjoyment, Battering Ram, Battering Piece, Conduit Pipe, Dear Morsel, Piece Of Furniture, Red-Headed Champion, That Capital Part Of Man, Sinew, Gristle, Blind Favorite, Wedge, Whitestaff, Master Member Of The Revels, Standard Of Distinction, Label Of Manhood, Scepter-Member, Master-Tool, Stake, Handle, IT and Sensitive Plant (in full: "the true, the genuine sensitive plant, which, instead of shrinking from the touch, joys to meet it, and swells and vegetates under it"). And, of course, the great Giovanni Boccaccio must once more be given a brief nod of acknowledgement for his Horn With Which Men Butt, Spade With Which Men Are Planted and his simpler Nightingale.

One bit of contemporary slang for this item, the purely descriptive Shaft, has undergone a strange decontamination, largely through the ignorance of naïve people. Thus, it was possible for the editors of a college humor magazine to call their publication *Shaft* without anybody on the faculty being the wiser, and it was also possible for Richard Nixon to use the word from coast to coast in his now-famous televised attack on the na-

tion's press.

One common American term is unknown in Great Britain, and is the cause of considerable hilarity whenever the classic Gilbert and Sullivan operetta Trial by Jury is performed by British casts for American audiences. If you will consult a score or libretto of this operetta published in the United States, you will be unaware of this, for you will probably find the following bland exchange of sung dialog:

DEFENDANT: Is this the Court of the Exchequer?

JURY (belligerently): It isl

DEFENDANT (to himself): If this is the Exchequer,

My evil star's in the ascendant!

That, however, is an altered version, strictly for the Yanks. In England, *Trial by Jury* is sung the way Gilbert and Sullivan wrote it:

DEFENDANT: Is this the Court of the Exchequer?

JURY: It is!

DEFENDANT: Be firm, be firm, my pecker! . . .

... Which was intended to mean no

more than "Stiff upper lip," since, in England, "pecker," like the U.S. "kisser," means only "the mouth."

The Celestial Empire, not to be caught napping, is responsible for a goodly assemblage of terms for the male organ, as witness this display of *chinoiserie*: Great General, Lotus Stalk, Lotus Root, Ivory Scepter, Turtle's Head, Sword, Spear, Staff, Weapon, Warrior, Positive Peak, Jade Stem, Jade Stick, Jade Stalk, Jade Scepter, and so on. As we have seen before, the Japanese tend to be less poetic, relying on more mundane euphemisms, of which one example, Mushroom, will suffice.

It is perfectly natural that the breasts of women have earned a stunning variety of appellations. Of these, Tits is possibly the most used in this country, along with its diminutive, Titties; with Knobs and Knockers following closely in popularity, and Bubs, Boobs, Booboos, Bubbies and Boobies jiggling right behind them. Jugs, Pumps and Headlights are not unheard, although Milk Cans and Milk Fund do not enjoy real vitality. Quite common are the incomplete but fully communicative A Pair, A Set and (in Britain) A Brace. Perhaps equally common is the genteel Bosom and its jocular variant, Bazoom, both of which, ungrammatically, can become plurals at a moment's notice: Bosoms, Bazooms. The clinical Mammaries and Mammae are sometimes seen in print (their Elizabethan derivative, Mammets, has vanished); and we are all familiar with the "snowy hillocks," "twin doves," "creamy globes" and other devices of poets and pulp writers (one recalls such descriptive passages as Sir Philip Sidney's "Her breasts sweetly rose up like two fair mountainets"). From the personal repertoire of producer Paul DeWitt come Bags, Num-Nums, Moo-Moos, Fun Wibble-Wobbles, Tee-Tees, Ta-Tas and his own showboatish pronunciation of Boobs: BYOOOOBZ!!! The highly euphemistic Charms seldom means anything other than breasts, and this is largely true of Curves also. Though ostensibly referring not to the breasts themselves but to the pleasant vale between them, the word Cleavage has come to mean, in practical application, not cleavage at all, but that which flanks and, indeed, causes the cleavage.

There is, as we all know and are glad of, another kind of cleavage, too, the kind which Guy de Maupassant, in a story, referred to as "the full, fresh, plump, sweet ischial tuberosities of my mistress," and which has been thoroughly discussed in *Take Your Seats*, which ran in this magazine in August 1957.

Here, therefore, I will merely list the 33 synonyms mentioned at that time: Ass, Arse, Fanny, Buttocks and Butt, Nates, Can, Prat, Backside, Rump, Duff, Behind and Hind and Hinder and Hind-

End, Rear and Rear-End, South-End, Seat, Sitter, Bottom, Cheeks, Buns, Hindquarters, Tail, Tailbone, Posterior, Fundament, Keester, the truly euphemistic Hips, and, from other languages, Derrière (French), Tochus (Yiddish) and the clinical Gluteus Maximus (Latin). After publication, an English friend pointed out the neglect of the Cockney word, Bum, a Navy man called attention sternly to Stern, and other readers wrote in to contribute Rumble Seat and Landing Gear. A gentleman from Georgia declared: "In these parts, we say Hootenanny!" (Which is plumb ridiculous: Everybody knows what a Hootenanny really is. Don't they?)

Love's lexicon extends to the results of love, too, with pregnancy being seldom called that, but, rather, Expecting, Anticipating, Infanticipating, In A Family Way, A Duck In The Oven (or A Cake In The Oven), the French Enceinte, the hearty Elizabethan Great With Child, the Victorians' In A Delicate Condition and In An Interesting Condition-the latter snickeringly applied to a woman pregnant out of wedlock, being synonymous with In Trouble and the contemporary Knocked Up. The issue of such an unsanctified pregnancy, instead of being called illegitimate or a bastard, is more often referred to as Love Child, Natural Son (or Daughter). Born On The Wrong Side Of The Blanket, or (now obsolete) Baseborn, Whoreson and Adulterine. So lengthy is the reach of sexual euphemism that even a legitimate baby is often called something else: Blessed Event, New Arrival, Little Stranger, Bundle From Heaven, Present From The Stork, Tax Exemption, or The Patter Of Little Feet.

The Puritan stringencies-or Mandarin stringencies or what have you-that made love's lexicon necessary have certainly given us a vernacular of sometimes great charm, ingenuity and wit. Of comparable charm, ingenuity and wit are the piano-playing feats performed by some vaudeville artists while wearing boxing gloves. One smiles at these musicales and says. How clever. But one does not prefer all pianists to handicap themselves in this way, nor does one righteously demand they do so. Though the fog of circumlocution is finally beginning to lift a little, we still live in a split-personality world of sexual contradiction and paradox, a world bitterly viewed in the closing lines of a certain anonymous ode, of which The Psychiatric Quarterly thought highly enough to incorporate into one of its editorials:

. . . Cherish the use of the weaseling phrase

That never says quite what you mean.

You had better be known for your hypocrite ways

Than vulgar, impure and obscene.

¥



"It was nice of you to let me have the afternoon off, Mr. Wigdortz."

will be introduced in U.S. stores soon are his wide-wale-corduroy trousers and brightly hued floral and abstractpatterned ties.

Located midway between the conservative styles of Savile Row and the ultra-liberal creations of John Stephens are the designs of Hardy Amies, who designs for the London clothing firm of Hepworths Limited. Amies is almost singlehandedly responsible for revolutionizing the styles of the rising young executive in Britain. On a recent visit to his studio, we saw how a typical Englishman looks dressed in Amies originals: He wore Chelsea boots with a plain front and slightly raised heel, narrow trousers, a rather long, high-buttoned jacket with small lapels, a narrow tie and a solid-color shirt (usually deep blue or yellow) with a high, close-fitting, almost clergymanlike

Doug Hayward, the director of Major Hayward Limited, runs a rising new design house that employs some of London's brightest talents. His creations combine the traditional tailoring of Savile Row with the slim silhouette that all London designers strive for. The Albert Finney-John Osborne-Terence Stamp crowd all wear Hayward clothes. He is noted for his chocolate-brown corduroy suits with wide belts, which he admits were a U.S. influence, and elegant, full alpaca-cloth formalwear. His trouser designs are among the best-fitting in Europe.

Frenchmen are finally shedding much of their "immigration-suit" appearance for one more befitting the sophisticated atmosphere of Paris. The internationally renowned house of Pierre Cardin sets the fashion pace: Cardin opts for clothes that are long and lean with bright touches of elegance. His jackets are a bit longer than their London counterparts and achieve a flared effect by using deep vents placed either at the sides or at center back. Cardin dictates that trousers and jacket sleeves should be narrow with a slight flare at the wrist. He recently introduced a new double-breasted suit with very narrow overlap and threebutton fastening that has become popular on both sides of the Channel.

While the British Mods have patterned their clothing styles after those worn by Liverpool singing groups, the wild yé-yé Paris young men have identified with the American cowboy look. The "Mads," as they prefer to be called, dig clothes such as Steve McQueen wore in The Great Escape: short-rise trousers, tight-fitting Western jackets and blackleather vests.

In Italy, the short, tight jackets usually associated with the southern-European Continental look are out and longer jackets with very deep side vents are in. The vents are cut on the diagonal, with some almost extending to the waist. Lapels are slightly wider and notched.

Most of Italy's fashion houses are in Rome. Angelo Vittucci, on the Via Bissolatti, has the best selection of sport shirts. He puts a heavy emphasis on wild orange-and-black combinations used in patterns, stripes and harlequins. Brioni, on the Via Barberini, is justly famous for his suits, but if you get the chance. be sure to see his topcoats and outerwear. Angelo Litrico, just off the Via Veneto, has come up with a remarkable raincoat that has a half-waist stretch band that can be adjusted to the wearer's proportions. Other items that shouldn't be missed are his tweed country suits in offbeat colors and some striking graywool yachting blazers.

If you get to Venice, take the first gondola to Luigi Secchi de Visentin's, an established tailoring firm that used to limit its clientele to descendants of the Doges. Their work is superb and many jet-setters fly in just for fittings. We looked over the offerings for ourself and finally settled on a new suit model that combined a well-shaped, low-waisted jacket with a natural-shoulder collar. They also have excellent shirt fabrics that they combine with a slightly high shirt collar to give an elegant appearance.

In Barcelona and Madrid, the fashion house of Cortefiel de España still dominates the clothing scene. The hot Spanish colors of past seasons have been replaced by subdued browns and blacks; suede combined with knits and fur has also been very popular. Spurred by Cortefiel's sense of style, the Spanish sweater industry is rapidly growing and should soon be challenging Italy's corner on the international sweater market.

Greece still has a way to go before matching the sartorial grandeur that is Rome's, but steps are being taken. The Athenee Department Store in downtown Athens is a good shopping center, especially for resort and casual clothes. Nautically inspired bell-bottomed slacks have been modified slightly and are sold in light-colored models, with just a trace of the bell left. Their influence has already reached over here and this summer the same style should be readily available. A must buy during any trip to Greece is one of Athenee's rich chocolate-brown, short-sleeved pullovers. Combine it with a pair of light-colored slacks and you have a perfect ensemble for winding up our look at these Continental classics with an afternoon of ouzo sipping by the wine-dark Aegean Sea.



"We call ourselves the Fortuna Brothers, but actually one of us is a Fortuna sister."

into the story line. The critics were not complaining, of course. They just felt that the music halls were being unjustly discriminated against.)

But it was a cause for acute regret when films by such masters as Jean Renoir, Abel Gance, Marcel Pagnol and Jean Benoît-Lêvy failed to reach these shores-or if they did, arrived in such a mutilated form that their very coherence as well as artistry was destroyed. Barred completely was Jean Renoir's La Chienne (The Bitch), the story of a middle-aged bank clerk who falls in love with a prostitute, defaults large sums to keep her in luxury, then murders her when he discovers that she has been cheating on him with her pimp. (The picture was remade in Hollywood by Fritz Lang almost 15 years later-and considerably toned down-as Scarlet Street, with Edward G. Robinson in the role originally portrayed by Michel Simon.) Also barred, or at least not bought, was the famed Marius trilogy of Marcel Pagnol. Filmed in the early Thirties under the author's supervision, its three stories involve seduction, illegitimacy, a hero who abandons his pregnant girlfriend, and a heroine who makes a marriage of convenience with an elderly man-all shown with such warmth. humor. affection and understanding as to eliminate all grounds for condemning the characters involved. Since Hollywood's Production Code has always made a fetish of not only condemning but punishing wrongdoers, the films did not appear in the United States until almost 15 years later, well after World War Two. And before Benoît-Lévy's poignant 1933 masterpiece, La Maternelle, could be shown in the United States, the censors demanded the excision of a sequence in which the mother, a prostitute, picks up a man in a café, then holds hands with him under the table as her little daughter looks on. It wasn't the pickup that the censors wanted eliminated-just the hand-hold-

In 1931. Abel Gance, hailed throughout Europe as "the Griffith of France," made La Fin du Monde (The End of the World), an ominous depiction of the social and political havor wreaked by a scientist's prediction that a wayward comet was soon to crash upon us. Gance wanted to suggest that everyone-scientists, politicians, rich men and poor-ran amuck on learning the grim tidings, with the Church presented as the sole source of strength and salvation. The Church scenes remained, but the tomorrow-wedie orgies of the rich were completely eliminated for domestic distribution. (Actually, Gance was always big on orgies. His 1935 version of Lucrezia Borgia, for example, was replete with High Renaissance voluptuaries at their favorite pursuits-nude bathing en masse, followed by vast banquets, followed by more fun and games. The fun included a shot of one of the revelers biting the bare breast of his inamorata; while for games, Gance offered perhaps the most explicit rape scenes ever put on film. At one point, a noble is seen in the very act of mounting his trembling prey. Needless to add, such shots had vanished from the film by the time it arrived here two years later. Without them, most audiences agreed with the critic who found Lucrezia Borgia "a dreary and unsatisfactory entertain-

A more unpredictable victim of censorial wrath was the movie version of Guy de Maupassant's droll Le Rosier de Madame Husson, a minor classic of French worldliness and wit-the story of a young clerk of such supreme chastity that he wins the rosière (an annual award for virtue, usually given to a young woman) when no other virgin can be found in his village that year. But the clerk's innocence was less the reflection of unusual moral probity than of an unfortunate lack of opportunity. Getting a little tight at the banquet in his honor, he begins to eye the girls, and winds up spending the night-and his prize money -in the local brothel. When he is discovered there next morning, the townspeople are thoroughly scandalized. And so, apparently, were the American censors. The story's film incarnation (somewhat unfortunately titled He, the Virgin Man for American distribution), which marked the first film appearance of Fernandel as the virtuous clerk, was chopped by the censors by almost two reels-to a running time of less than an hour.

Club de Femmes, a witty, slightly naughty comedy written and directed by the French novelist Jacques Deval, was subjected to similar censorial surgery a few years later. The operation was a success, as the saying goes, but the patient died. The "club" of the title was a sort of luxurious Y. W. C. A. residence hotel, where young women in Paris were presumably protected by the management against predatory males. In a series of interlocking vignettes, however, one girl smuggles a man into her room; another fights against her Lesbian impulses; another acts as a procuress. By the time the New York censors had finished with it, the smuggled man had been transformed into the girl's husband: the Lesbian was merely displaying sisterly affection and concern; and the procuress was doing some unspecified but legitimate work for a man named Maurice.

What aficionados of foreign films resented during the Thirties was not the snipping out of a few feet, or even a few hundred feet. A glimpse of bosom, a bit of furtive fondling, a snatch of erotic dancing, a line of racy dialog, the prolonged close-up of a kiss-their presence in a picture was seldom crucial. La Kermesse Héroïque (Carnival in Flanders) survived despite the elimination of a motivating flashback in which a burgomaster vividly recalls the rape and plunder of his town by an invading Spanish army. Mayerling remained the most affecting and stylish love story of the Thirties even though a few scenes depicting the hotel-room orgy of some young aristocrats were pruned away. Chances are that if such shots had been left in the prints, they would not have sold a single extra ticket-any more than their elimination saved a single soul.

But American art-house patrons were genuinely distressed to find that films since recognized as true classics were being cut by the censors far more ruthlessly than domestic potboilers. Indeed, one of the justifications offered by the New York State Censor Board for its very existence back in the early Thirties was the control and/or exclusion of "dirty foreign films." (It should be noted that because of the high concentration of art houses in New York, the decisions of its Censor Board become in effect national. The distributor of a picture cuts his negative to their specifications. Other states may then demand further cuts; but what was eliminated for New York is never put back for Pennsylvania or California.) The fact that such films as M. Mädchen in Uniform, La Maternelle and Carnival in Flanders were not only made specifically for adult audiences, but were being shown in the United States primarily to adults in theaters virtually dedicated to the presentation of pictures of a certain level of artistry and sophistication, meant little to the censors. And many Americans were painfully aware that their country was being forced to assume a secondary position in matters of intellectual and cultural achievement.

For despite the claims of apologists for Hollywood at this time that we were seeing only the cream of the European studios-which, of course, was true-the fact is that their cream was so rich that our own best was skimmed milk by comparison. There were several reasons for this, of which perhaps the most important was the absence abroad of the censor's restraining hand. Most of the European countries-indeed, most of the countries of the world-began during the Twenties and Thirties to restrict movie attendance to adults only. The actual minimum age varied from country to country, but it was usually 14, 16 or 18. Certain films might be approved for children, at the censor's discretion; but in general, European censorship was pri- 167

marily concerned with keeping undue violence and unwelcome political ideologies off the screen, not sex. As a result, adult themes cropped up regularly in foreign films, handled with a boldness and maturity unprecedented in the motion-picture medium. Also important was the stress that the Europeans placed upon writers. Unlike the Hollywood studios, where the scenarist has traditionally been low man on the creative totem pole, the European producers courted writers, encouraging them to work closely with the director, or even to take over the direction of their own works. Marcel Pagnol has already been mentioned in this regard, and to him might be added the protean Sacha Guitry and Jean Cocteau, and in England, H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw. Completely symptomatic was the case of the French novelist Jacques Deval, whose Marie Galante was filmed in Hollywood by Fox in 1934. When Deval learned that his Marie was no longer a prostitute, and that Fox had substantially changed his story line "for decency reasons," he not only sued the company, but thereupon started to film his own stories in France-among them. Club de Femmes. For a variety of reasons, then, the European film makers had moved into areas untouched by American producers. And art-house audiences, largely confined to the intelligentsia of perhaps half a dozen major cities, were amazed and delighted to find that the movies actually could handle adult themes with intelligence and grace.

Precisely because these were films on adult themes, many of them touched on sexual problems-often of a somewhat exotic or esoteric nature. Among the early arrivals was Mädchen in Uniform, a delicate, sensitive and meaningful study of an incipient Lesbian. Filmed in Germany in 1931, it portrayed life in a repressive, Prussian-style girls' boarding school, shortly before World War One, where daughters of army officers were trained to become the well-disciplined mothers of well-disciplined soldiers. The story, which centers about the tragic love of Manuela, one of the girls, for a beautiful and sympathetic teacher, threw the New York censors for a loop, and they banned it out of hand. Three months later, after the case was appealed by its would-be distributor, the board reversed itself-but ordered more cuts in the film than for any other picture that year. Thus a film that attempted to deal honestly, searchingly and compassionately with both an emotional problem and the society that produced it was equated with the sleaziest fare from the most mercenary fly-by-night producers-and actually suffered more in the process. Ironically, even in this mutilated form, Mädchen in Uniform was voted the best film of 1932 by the New York film critics. (What is even more ironic. the prints of Mädchen now in circulation

still retain the cuts made by the New York censors over 30 years ago.)

A few months later, in March of 1933, New York's hard-working censors were again confronted by a movie of unmistakable sincerity, artistry, maturity-and controversy: M, filmed by Fritz Lang in Germany in 1931, introducing young Peter Lorre as a pervert, a pudgy, effeminate youth with an uncontrollable lust for little girls. When his outrages finally alerted the police, they looked for the child-murderer in the underworld-and the underworld, out of self-protection, organized a search of its own, tracked down the wretched man, hauled him before their own kangaroo court and condemned him to death (from which he was saved at the last minute by the law). Although the film has all the pace and excitement of the best gangster pictures, M never degenerates into sheer melodrama-simply because the Lorre character is drawn with such deep understanding of the complexities of a pathologic personality. Heavy-lidded and full-lipped, he is obviously driven by compulsions that he can neither comprehend nor control. He whistles a few notes from Grieg's ominous Hall of the Mountain King and, almost like a robot, sets off in soft-footed pursuit of the child who has caught his fancy. The outrages are never seen; the murders are always suggested. But their horror is mirrored in Lorre's protuberant eyes, exudes dankly from his very pores; and long before the kangaroo court begins to investigate what kind of monster it has captured, Lorre distends his features before a mirror, frantically asking himself the same question. He got small help from the New York censors. Among the ordered eliminations was a scene in which a psychologist is aiding the police to form some impression of the killer they are searching for; the censors objected to the psychologist's phrase that the pattern of the murders "registers the strongly sexual pathology of this person."

Strikingly similar to M in many ways was G. W. Pabst's Die Dreigroschenoper (The Three Penny Opera), also filmed in Germany in 1931. Based closely on the popular Kurt Weill-Berthold Brecht musical satire, the picture captured not only the spirited political commentary of the original, but accentuated its late-19th Century atmosphere of an underworld populated by cutthroats, usurers, crooked politicians, prostitutes and pimps. Particularly memorable was the brothel where Mack the Knife hid out from the police-a Victorian nightmare of overstuffed furniture and overstuffed whores, both reeking a fetid sexuality that somehow pervaded the entire film.

Although corruption oozed from every last frame of this bitterly cynical film, the over-all effect was not unappealing (rather like Weill's durable score, which

was at once abrasive and attractive). Nevertheless, until only a few years ago, The Three Penny Opera had been seen in this country by the merest handful of people in the most private screenings. Legal difficulties accounted for much of this exclusivity; but it is pertinent to note that when, almost 20 years ago, the Museum of Modern Art Film Library had found the one existing print in the United States woefully incomplete, it imported other prints from archives in France, Czechoslovakia and England. In every instance, the prints had been heavily censored. And in every instance, different scenes had been eliminatedsave one; no version retained the acid, vengeful Pirate Song-a whore's dream of getting even with society. As interpreted by the youthful Lotte Lenyathe ravaged look already in her eyes, disenchantment already in her voice-it is a chilling declaration of hatred for every man who ever lived.

tions of social and psychological phenomena came quickly to an end. Under the supervision of Dr. Goebbels, the German fiction film for a time tried unsuccessfully to transmute Nazi dogma into drama, then reconciled itself to a long series of harmless, pointless military comedies, waltz-filled romances and adventure stories. If sex came upon the scene at all, as in Herbert Maisch's elaborate operetta Boccaccio (1936), it was heavily cloaked in the rich robes of the past. Of outright nudity there was none -apart from the sexless nudes, male and

With the arrival of Hitler and his

Third Reich in 1933, such bold penetra-

fire from Mt. Olympus to the Berlin stadium to start the 1936 games. Not until the notorious Adventures of Baron Munchausen in 1941 did sex reassert itself on the German screen-but that was in another era, when every Nazi soldier went into combat, it seemed, armed with

female, who in the opening reel of Leni

Riefenstahl's Olympia carry the divine

a pocketful of feelthy postcards.

It is not at all coincidental that the Soviet films of the Thirties were equally devoid of any significant sexual content. As part of the first Five Year Plan, from 1930 to 1935, a program of intensive "kinefication" was introduced in the Soviet Union-more projectors, more theaters, more pictures; and the films were shaped specifically to serve the aims and needs of the Communist Party. What was useful, from an ideological viewpoint, was not interpersonal relationships, but the relationship of a man to his job, his Party and his country. Thus, in Chapayev (1934) a young soldier might playfully fondle the breast of the buxom wench he is instructing to fire a machine gun; but the girl promptly



A.LeRoy Neiman Art Portfolio (six dramatic prints in full color), Code No. P100, \$25. B. Playboy Liquor Caddy (sans bottle), Code No. MM300, \$7.50. C. Playboy Jumbo Lighter, Code No. MM307, \$20. D. The Playboy Gourmet (an expert guide to food and drink), Code No. BK107, \$12.50. E. Cocktails for Two Set. Regular Set (includes pourer, two glasses, stirrer), Code No. MM302, \$5. Deluxe Set (includes, in addition to above, snack tray, knife and cutting tile), Code No. MM303, \$15. F. Cocktail Napkins by Cole (pack), Code No. MM301, \$1. G. Playboy Playing Cards (two decks, boxed), Code No. MM316, \$3. H. Playboy Matches (personalized), Code No. MM313, \$3. 1. Playboy Beer Mug, Code No. MM319, \$5. J. Playboy Coffee Mug, Code No. MM320, \$2.50. K. Playboy Party Pack (swizzles, picks, napkins), Code No. MM317, \$3.50.

slaps his hand away, and they quickly get back to business. Girls in Soviet films—even in the several musicals that appeared during the Thirties—were either good Comrades or good buddies, or both; but their one great passion seemed to be for distributing leaflets.

If for a time there was somewhat more liveliness on the British screen, it was due to the success of a single picture: Alexander Korda's bawdy, irreverent Private Life of Henry VIII, in 1933. Prior to Henry, the British film industry, chronically hard-pressed for cash, had confined its attention largely to low-budgeted transcripts of West End teacup melodramas and slightly risqué farces. Korda, an irrepressible Hungarian, rounded up ample funds and the best technicians available, along with Charles Laughton to play the title role, and a beyv of the most beautiful girls in the British studios -Merle Oberon, Wendy Barrie, Binnie Barnes and Elsa Lanchester among them -to portray Henry's six wives. The resultant romp, far closer to the spirit of early Lubitsch than early Tudor, promptly broke all box-office records for British films. The first British movie to play the Radio City Music Hall, it was actually one of the few imports of the Thirties to penetrate beyond America's minuscule art-house circuit. One reason, of course, was Laughton's maknificently lusty performance as the lecherous monarch. Another reason, perhaps, was the public's awareness that the lecherous monarch was a pretty lusty performer in the bedroom.

Inspired by this success, Korda and his cohorts in the British studios sought to repeat the formula with the "private lives" of everyone they could think of-Catherine the Great, Don Juan, Rembrandt, Queen Elizabeth, Nell Gwyn, even good old Queen Victoria. Made with both eyes fixed on the rich but conservative American market, they soon became overly expensive and overly circumspect. Nell Gwyn, for example, was provided with a quite inaccurate prolog in which the late Charles II's favorite mistress is piously dispossessed from the hovel in which she has had to live since her benefactor's death. In actual fact, Nell was sumptuously provided for, as per Charles' deathbed request, for the rest of her days. But Will Hays and his friends at the Legion of Decency would have considered that an unfitting reward for a life of sin, so the British producer Herbert Wilcox compliantly rewrote history in order to ensure a wider American distribution for his film. But American moviegoers, to their credit, were singularly unimpressed. Not only were the accents so strange as to be almost unintelligible in the U.S. hinterlands, but the historical figures themselves lacked the built-in significance and respect that they held for the British. When a spindle-shanked, septuagenarian George Arliss strode into a ballroom as Wellington in The Iron Duke (1935), the court ladies fainted away at his manly magnetism. This may have been perfectly understandable in England, where both Wellington and Arliss were held in considerable awe, but it merely produced gales of laughter in American movie houses. Despite the presence of such costly international stars as Marlene Dietrich, Elisabeth Bergner, Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Laurence Olivier and Charles Laughton in these biographical epics, the policy of producing elaborate spectacles for the American market proved disastrous to the British studios within a few years. Without Henry's robust humor and well-formed wenches, they proffered nothing that the Hollywood studios could not do betterand in a basic English that everyone could understand.

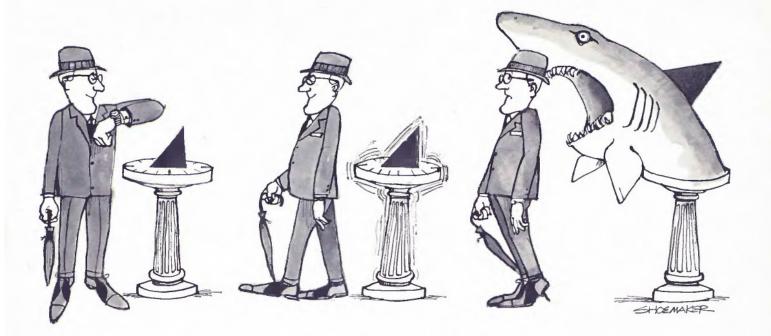
As the Thirties wore on, it became increasingly apparent that the films coming from France were by far the most original, the most mature, the most humanistic-and the most provocative. This was all the more remarkable since nowhere else in Europe had the Depression so completely disrupted the studios and stemmed the flow of production. But as the noted French historian Georges Sadoul has pointed out, it was precisely because of this that directors were granted an unprecedented freedom in their choice of themes and in their cinematic handling of them. The industry had fallen into the hands of the promoters, men who cared about films only as an easy way to make big money and to meet beautiful women. Any responsible director or writer who turned up with a practicable script stood a reasonable chance of having it produced-although his chances of getting his fair share of the eventual profits were considerably less good. But while the promoters were in the saddle financially, the directors were the sole artistic arbiters, and men like Jean Renoir, Jacques Feyder, Julien Duvivier and Marcel Carné took full advantage of it. Before the decade was over, they had made the names of Jean Gabin, Charles Boyer, Michèle Morgan and Danielle Darrieux almost as familiar as that of any top Hollywood star, and the French film a synonym for cinematic art.

What French films of the Thirties had in abundance was a sense of living people on the screen—not types, not automatons or mannequins, but men and women of flesh, blood and passion, the cinematic descendants of Balzac and Zola. One recognized them as the true products of a society. They were not larger than life; they were life itself, with all the contradictions and compulsions laid bare. When they loved, it was

as if some primordial force had been released into the blood stream, a drive that could be thwarted by neither law nor logic. When they sinned-which happened fairly often in these films-it was because some star-crossing fate, whether out of mischief or malice, had raised an insurmountable roadblock across the unalterable course of their love. Love was often depicted as a thing of great beauty and tenderness, the one ray of light in a cruel, gray world; but often as not it led to despair or death. If any single image could conjure up the mood of all these films, it would be that of Jean Gabin crouching on the bed of a dingy hotel room in one of the great films of the Thirties, Le Jour Se Lève (Daybreak)withdrawn, resigned, pulling on one last cigarette before the dawn when he will shoot himself rather than submit to arrest for the murder of his fiancée's seducer. He is a true figure of contemporary tragedy, a man of decent, even poetic, instincts that force him to break the laws of a world he never made.

Of course, not all French films of this era were quite so grim. Indeed, one of the great comedies of all time, Carnival in Flanders, came from this same period. Directed by Jacques Feyder, it gave a decidedly Gallic twist to the old Lysistrata story. The good women of a 17th Century Flemish town, learning that a Spanish army is advancing upon them, decide to greet the foe with a semblance of hospitality, arguing that this will avert the sack, pillage and rape that traditionally accompanied such visitations. While their menfolk cower and hide, the ladies set out tables of food and wine, and vie with one another in offering the handsomer officers all the comforts of home-including the ultimate act of hospitality. The plan works to perfection; and even though many of the husbands are perfectly aware that they are being cuckolded in their own beds by their all-too-willing wives, they know that under the circumstances it would be folly to protest. The grateful conquerors, in parting, offer not only gifts but the remission of a year's taxes. As a result, the thrifty burghers look upon their wives with a new respectbut also with more than a little suspicion. There are worlds of worldliness in the film's final shot. As the Spaniards ride away, the burgomaster asks his handsome wife, Françoise Rosay, if she had been good the night before. "Eh," she says noncommittally. From the way she smooths her corsets and smiles after the departing grandees, it is clear that she must have been very good, indeed.

Curiously, after enjoying an international success, this high-spirited satire quickly fell from favor as Nazi forces occupied country after country in Europe. Its theme, which at first was interpreted



as an illustration of how much can be accomplished when people work together toward a common goal, suddenly acquired the coloration of a clever apologia for collaboration-a point that Dr. Goebbels recognized long before the critics: He awarded it a special prize in 1935 as one of the year's most important pictures. Actually, this theme of the efficacy of sexually concerted action dominated many of the French films of the mid-Thirties, often with the woman depicted as an oversexed serpent in a brotherlovely paradise. Typical was Julien Duvivier's La Belle Équipe (They Were Five), in which five young fellows suddenly win a lottery, pool their resources and decide to open an inn. Viviane Romance, the sultriest French actress of the period, falls in with the group and shares her charms with all of them, flouncing about in a filmy negligee whose straps seem specially designed to slip from her shoulders. When she decides that, of the lot. Jean Gabin is the boy most likely to succeed, she sets her snares specifically for him. Rather than lose the friendship of his companions, however, Gabin chucks her out. At that time, work and brotherhood came first. This was seen again, although merely as a subtheme, in Renoir's La Grande Illusion (1937), where Gabin, escaping from a German prison camp with a Jewish companion, is boarded and, before long, bedded by an attractive German farm woman. The three could probably have spent the duration in a comfortable ménage à trois; instead, patriotism calls both men back to their homeland and military service.

More and more, as the Thirties wore on, Gabin became identified as the archetypical hero of French films. Through his screen characters one can almost sense the ebb and flow of the French political scene as the optimism of They Were Five gave way to the bitter realism of La Grande Illusion, and that, in turn, to the ultimate despair and disillusion of Le Jour Se Lève. But first, in a last grasping after a vanishing romanticism, there came Duvivier's Pépé Le Moko in 1937, with Gabin as a hunted criminal who is safe only so long as he stays within the shadowy confines of the casbah in Algiers. He gives up all, however-including a mistress-for the love of beautiful Mireille Balin, the diamondladen ladyfriend of an elderly French industrialist. Tricked by a wily police commissioner into leaving the casbah and his concubine, he rushes to keep a shipboard tryst with the girl. The police close in, and as the boat pulls away from the dock, his beloved standing alone on the afterdeck, Gabin slashes his wrist with a pocketknife. (When the film was remade a few years later in Hollywood as Algiers, it starred Charles Boyer in Gabin's role, with Hedy Lamarr as his lost love. Boyer's Continental charm and lush sensuality were no doubt closer to Hollywood's ideal of a romantic thief than Gabin's thin-lipped, hard-bitten, proletarian face.)

Running through all of these films is the recognition that love, and sex, are a healthy, necessary part of life. Not only are they accepted, but their absence is actually looked upon with suspicion. Typical is the incident-barely longer than a moment-in one of the films of this period in which the young hero has arrived for the first time in Paris and taken a room in a shabby hotel. A few days later the concierge, a very proper woman, informs the young man, "If monsieur would like to entertain a young lady in his room, why . . ." and she shrugs encouragingly. When the young fellow

does not reply, she shrugs again, "And if monsieur's tastes lie in other directions ..." Clearly, in the eyes of this very respectable lady, the only form of perversion would be no sex at all.

It was this attitude that kept bringing the French films into conflict with the American censors. Such calm acceptance of the facts of life was, as the New York State Board of Regents liked to put it, "low, obscene and degrading." It was for this reason that they delayed the release of Marcel Pagnol's lusty La Femme du Boulanger (The Baker's Wife), in which a middle-aged baker, magnificently played by the great Raimu, awakes one morning to learn that his young wife has run off with a lusty stranger. While the two are enjoying their dolce far niente on a nearby island, the baker gets roaring drunk, then refuses to bake any more bread until his wife has returned. In desperation, the villagers commission their local priest to negotiate with the lovers. When the good padre comes upon them making love in a cave, the startled young man, his crucifix dangling on his bare chest, runs off into the woods, and the wife returns to her husband. What the censors objected to (and the Legion of Decency condemned) was the fact that the goodhearted baker took her back with unabashed joy and-even worsethat the wife suffered nothing after her romantic escapade, least of all remorse. Still clinging to a puritanical code, the censors wanted not merely contrition but retribution after such amorous dalliance.

The issue was fully joined when, in 1939, the New York Regents sought to ban Pagnol's Régain (Harvest), based on Jean Giono's prize-winning novel. In this earthy, pastoral rhapsody, brimming with visual beauty, a scissors grinder (Fernandel) and his wife come to a remote village 171

in France whose last inhabitant is gradually going to seed with his land. The woman, attracted by the peasant, resolves to stay with him; and their love gives him new reason to sow the fields and rebuild his life. Since there is no priest, there is no marriage, even though the woman has become pregnant. This, apparently, is what shocked the censors, who refused to license it for exhibition in New York. But, as B. R. Crisler noted in The New York Times, "Of all the motion pictures we have ever seen, Harvest is the one we should choose as being the most profoundly moral, the most noble and most eloquent defense of the monogamous ideal." Armed with such endorsements, a courageous distributor forced the censor board to reconsider. Three months later the film was released without a single cut.

Perhaps the most startling exposé of the censor mind at work, however, was to be found in a strange, provocative French import, also in 1939, titled The Puritan. Its hero, Jean-Louis Barrault, is a religious fanatic, profoundly convinced that all sex is sinful. Falling in love for the first time, he kills the girl -partly out of jealousy, partly in mortal dread of committing fornication. To justify the murder to himself, he seeks out the company of prostitutes, abusing them in his drunken fanaticism. Tracked down by the police, he breaks under the strain of their questioning and reveals himself as a half-crazed psychotic who fancies himself an avenging angel who punishes others for the weaknesses he fears in himself. Small wonder that censors everywhere leaped upon it. Adapted from a Liam O'Flaherty novel

(although in tone decidedly more Gallic than Gaelic), the film was banned in Ireland. The ban was upheld by the U. S. Customs authorities, and the picture was refused licenses in six states—and condemned, of course, by the Legion of Decency. In Barrault's trenchant performance, censors could recognize themselves mirrored all too clearly.

Naturally, not all the films from France during the decade were up to this level of artistry and honesty, but the films that continued to flow from Europe during the Thirties gradually raised the aesthetic and intellectual sights of American audiences, critics and film makers. Although rarely shown in more than a dozen theaters in the entire country, and subject at all times to the most stringent forms of censorship, they provided convincing proof to all who cared about the medium that artistic freedom was somehow bound up with artistic film making. Not coincidentally, it was the rapid proliferation of the art houses in the United States during the decade after World War Two that led to the series of Supreme Court decisions that ultimately broke the censors' strangle hold on all movies.

This is the seventh in a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema." In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert dolly in for revealing close-ups of the legendary love goddesses and matinee idols of the Thirties: Harlow, Gable, Garbo, Boyer, Dietrich, Cooper, Lamarr, Lamour—and the inimitable Mae West, to name a few.





"That's where struggling gets you!"

# mood ebony

(continued from page 126)

Negro has been a man without cultural memories and a dignifying self-definition. Therefore, as the first order of business, before economic or social reforms, the nationalists say we must mend black souls and replace shame with pride. There are very few Negroes who are not moved by this rudimentary appeal. As a result, many educated Negroes are willing to forgive the exotic myths the Muslims spin to dress up their message.

But the Muslims and others recommended themselves not only by what we might term their insight into the black heart, but also by their simple success as well. They succeeded, as no one else, in eliminating narcotics addiction, prostitution and juvenile delinquency among their members. Within the group almost puritanical standards of sexual and personal morality prevail; frugality, hard work, character building are considered cardinal virtues. The Muslims and other nationalists bade the Negro to help himself by himself, by cleaning up his own mind and his own streets, by educating himself, by starting his own businesses, by patronizing and hiring blacks. Much of this is simply a black version of the Protestant ethic, and it appeals to the basic American middle-class values held by most Negroes. Unfortunately, the Muslims do not apply these moral scruples to those who leave the sect, many of whom are dealt with ruthlessly. And there have been charges of immorality in the upper echelons. Still, even if these charges are accurate, they do not gainsay the legitimate achievement of the Muslims in regenerating many down-and-outers in the ghetto.

Malcolm X, the Muslims' late exmajor-domo, had a considerable impact on my own thinking. His own tragically brief career exemplified the best and worst in the Muslim influences. From an uneducated, narcotics-addicted denizen of the New York underworld, Malcolm became an articulate and extraordinarily disciplined spokesman for the Muslims. He was a regenerated man, fascinating and powerful. He spoke with great, if untutored, lucidity, and he had a following of admirers far wider than is apparent if one simply counts Muslim membership. A year before his assassination on February 21, 1965, Malcolm broke with the Muslims to found the Organization of Afro-American Unity, the very name of which indicated his desire to bring all Negroes-separationists and integrationists, Muslims, Christians and others-under a single nationalist tent.

I met Malcolm shortly before the Freedom Rides, just after I had assumed direction of CORE. We were brought together on the Barry Gray show, a lateevening discussion program in New York City, and I must say, I had completely underestimated him, Malcolm was defending the Muslim line of establishing a black nation somewhere in the United States, and it was not difficult to ridicule the impracticality of that idea; but when he spoke to me directly, calling me "black man," calmly drawing some of the bitterness out of me, I listened. And later I found my thoughts returning quite often to his message of racial selfpride and self-love. I got to know Malcolm quite well in the two years before his death. He kept predicting that I would be a nationalist by year's end and I predicted he would become an integrationist, and we may both have been right; for at the time of his death, Malcolm was entering a civil rights movement he had derided as foolish, and I was beginning to understand some of the psychological, if not political, sense of his words.

Malcolm was well aware that his extremism served the worth-while purpose of helping militant organizations like CORE by making their nonviolence respectable in comparison to his own talk of violence. One thing is clear; he could not long stand aside from any fight his people were waging. He loved them, and however much he scoffed at the futility of making do in a white world, he cheered the great efforts we have made to do just that. Shortly before his death, Malcolm appeared in Selma, Alabama, to help inspire voter registration. For all his talk of black separatism and for all his apparent racism, I do not think Malcolm fully grasped or truly wished that these ideas should exclude him from the Negro's future in this country. This seems to me the tragedy of so many nationalists. Hung up on a bogus mythology, committed to their loose threats and big talk, they do not even contemplate the possibility that the Negro will survive in America with his soul intact and his future legitimate and secure. They feel kinship with the "movement," but are prodded into scoffing and posturing by their own rhetoric.

I have tried many times to think how we could better have used Malcolm's talents as a leader. His brand of fiery nationalism was, of course, unacceptable to CORE. But perhaps we, too, were at fault for not knowing sooner that some form of nationalism, or groupism, or ethnocentrism-there is no suitable name yet for this mood I am trying to describe—can be incorporated into CORE's inner life without fatally compromising its ultimate ideals.

Even Malcolm's theories of violence demand attention. The editorial pages of the nation's liberal newspapers dismiss the Muslims as reverse racists and advise us to banish this inverted Ku Klux Klan from our house. I once heard Malcolm snap at a newspaperman who

asked him the differences between the Muslims and the Klan: "We haven't lynched anyone. They've got a lot of years and a lot of blood on us." As callous as that answer may seem, it reflects the way many Negroes think: The white man has been free to murder and maraud for centuries; with impunity he has raped our women and emasculated our sons. In how many lands would such known murderers as those hundreds who walk Southern streets this very day feel as safe as they do in this country? Yet we are not even permitted what every other age and society has respected as an apt response to brutal oppressionpersonal revenge. The very moment Negroes entertain the same thought that embattled and deeply wronged men have always entertained, we are lumped with the Klan. This equation of K. K. K. violence with the Negro's desire to defend himself, it seems to me-as it did to Malcolm-shows a monstrous deficiency of moral sense. Malcolm stated the case for self-defense quite persuasively:

It is criminal to teach a man not to defend himself when he is the constant victim of brutal attacks. It is legal and lawful to own a shotgun or a rifle. We believe in obeying the law. In areas where our people are the constant victims of brutality, and the Government seems unwilling or unable to protect them . . . we should form rifle clubs that can be used to defend our lives and our property in time of emergency. . . . When our people are bitten by dogs, they are within their rights to kill those dogs. We should be peaceful, law-abiding . . . but the time has come for the American Negro to fight back in self-defense whenever and wherever he is unjustly attacked.

With much of the doctrine of selfdefense stated here I have no objection. There are particular and extenuating circumstances in which self-defense is justified and even constitutional. In 1925 Dr. Osian Sweet, a Negro physician living in Detroit, shot a man while defending his newly purchased house from an attacking mob. He was charged with murder, and defended in court by the great Clarence Darrow. The court, presided over by Frank Murphy (later a Supreme Court justice), issued a landmark decision when it ruled him not guilty on the ground that a man has the constitutional right to defend his hearth and home. Today, in Jonesboro and Bogalusa, Louisiana, Negro men, for years harassed and terrorized by marauding whites, have organized rifle clubs for self-defense. They call themselves Deacons. And to my mind, conditions there warrant this. The simple fact is that the concept of equal justice and equal protection has broken down in these places. if it ever existed there to begin with, and the law is a mask for white oppression.

The danger of Malcolm's doctrine is that it may readily be subverted into an excuse for generalized and indiscriminate violence; into an excuse for war, white vs. black. I think Malcolm often succumbed to this danger, at least verbally, and many young people still under his spell openly advocate a kind of purgative violence. Mostly they just talk and talk. Actually, if these violencemongers were serious about what they say, they wouldn't say it. They would plan their violence privately, execute it clandestinely, and then brave the consequences. The sabotage that usually accompanies revolution is always best effected by an organized underground.

But serious or not, this constant advocacy of violence can backfire, for the rage it encourages often can be vented only within the Negro community. There is an enormous incidence of senseless violence within the Negro community, and I believe much of it results from such inverted anger. Many said Malcolm's assassination was a case of violent chickens coming home to roost-and whether one agrees with this particular interpretation of the assassination or not, it is true that Malcolm's death symbolized again the futility and the immorality of violence. Gandhi, too, was assassinated—by a Hindu rival, Certainly his assassination was not a case of violence coming home to roost. We should resist the simplistic invitation to interpret Malcolm's death as only a case of poetic justice. Malcolm's killers have not been convicted, and I have a hunch the real story of his death will surprise those who saw in it a case of Muslim revenge. Malcolm was warring on the international narcotics interests in Harlem, and they were not pleased about it.

As mistaken and misguided as Malcolm's philosophy may be doctrinally, it has a certain psychological validity. I have mentioned the resentment Negroes feel at the way whites swarm over them with criticism the moment they abandon pure love and consider the notion of selfdefense. The hypocrisy of this criticism is galling. The Negro sees analogies everywhere. There was silence in the press during the years in which thousands of Congolese were being slaughtered; but then there came the huge headlines: "50 WHITES KILLED IN CONGO." Why not an airlift to Mississippi, they ask? The Negro has been silenced from speaking his mind for centuries, and now many whites are trying to silence him again. Is it any surprise that with the freedom gained in recent years we should now hear in public the angry, preposterous, extravagant and all-too-human talk of revenge that Negroes have been keeping to themselves for centuries? One of the glories of the liberty gained in the last decade is that it has freed Negroes to speak up and talk back to whites. Some 173 have reveled in the opportunity.

After leaving the Muslims, Malcolm mostly talked. He had no program and no stomach for organizing a really effective organization; the Organization of Afro-American Unity could not have numbered more than 250 at the time of his death. In part he was the creature of the press, which has inflated more than one black reputation with its attention. Yet he was a poet and a leader who stirred many a black heart as he stirred mine more than once. One young CORE worker sized up his appeal brilliantly: "I'm sick of all this active nonviolence," he said. "I'm going to join Malcolm and get some nonactive violence."

Precisely because so much of what he said was so valid psychologically, Malcolm and his heirs have succeeded in discrediting the whole philosophy of nonviolence in the eyes of many Negroes. Certainly, they have planted seeds of doubt in the minds of the near militant. Medgar Evers, who was murdered in Mississippi, once said to me, "Jim, I must confess that I am not a believer in nonviolence." He showed me the gun hidden in his car. Evers never went for a ride without checking under the hood of his car for a bomb. On the road at night he would never let another car pass him. I have often wondered whether Evers should have had to apologize to me for wishing to protect himself. Perhaps we at CORE have failed to show how effective and virile nonviolence can be. We must show that nonviolence is something more than turning the other cheek, that it can be aggressive within the limits a civilized society will permit. Boycotts, picketing, civil disobedience, unflinching courage and brute persistence are virile enough for any man whose aim is to accomplish something. But even Gandhi himself said that he would prefer to see a man resist evil with violence than fail to resist evil out of fear. The choice, therefore, is not at all between pure love and violence. Between them are many psychologically valid and politically effective paths.

CORE is fully aware of the dangers of nationalism. There are sinister characters lurking in the shadows of the literally hundreds of tiny black nationalist sects that breed in the sprawling black ghettos of our cities. A doctrine of noble martyrdom, which may not be so easily silenced by tactical considerations, is abroad. "The black man, having had enough, is prepared to die so that he may not live as a dog. . . . Ours may well be the sacrificed generation," writes the magazine Liberator. This counsel could take hold. Martyrdom can be heady wine for young men and women who feel they have nothing to live for anyway. Unquestionably, Chinese-style Communists and professional revolutionaries of other stripes are seeking to capitalize on nationalist sentiment in 174 the ghetto. And they will try to set the Negroes to fighting the "Yankee imperialists" at home as their black brothers will be said to be fighting them abroad. Their appeal is potent: "Join us in the world-wide struggle of colored against white. In America you are a minority; in the world we are by far the majority. History is on our side. The white imperialist must be crushed and you must help shoulder the burden. Perhaps you will not see the triumph of the black man in your lifetime, but you cannot honorably desist from playing your role. History will honor your efforts." The Negro playwright LeRoi Jones goes even further in his attempts to persuade us of the necessity to annihilate not only the white imperialists but the entire "diseased" white race. But as of today, there are very few Negro Communists, for Negroes historically have always frustrated every attempt at Communist infiltration of their ranks. CORE itself closes membership to Communists. But if foreign affairs should be dominated by news of racial warfare, and the great mass of people now swarming in the ghetto are convinced that our system holds no hope for them, the dangers from black nationalist organizations infiltrated and influenced by Chinese-style Communists will increase.

I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point. I think there is a danger from Chinese-style Communists-Maoists working through black nationalist organizations in the North. But I do not wish this statement linked with the casual charge one hears more and more often today-that the civil rights movement, particularly in the South, is "Communist infiltrated." With regard to the South and the civil rights movement there (the black nationalists are in the North and are not part of the civil rights movement), the charge is a red herring.

What lessons has CORE learned from these reflections? First of all, it is clear that we must not, we cannot, abandon the ghetto to the rabid nationalists. For it is in the urban ghetto that Negro history will be made in the foreseeable future. In the last 30 years millions of Negroes have moved into the great cities of the North, and more and more are moving to those cities of the South that will soon be more urban than Southern. Today more than 60 percent of America's 20,000,000 Negroes live in large cities and about 40 percent live in 15 great Northern cities. All trends indicate that the urbanization of the Negro will continue. By 1975, Negroes may constitute a majority or near majority of the populations of several major cities: Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia and Newark. The average inhabitant of these vast black pockets will be uneducated, untrained and, often, unemployed. Of those who are employed, many will be performing the most low-paying and lifesapping labor. Indeed, we are creating a

massive underclass of black men ill-suited temperamentally and materially for life in this cybernetic society. Today, about 55 percent of Negro youths from 18 to 25 years of age are school dropouts. Even if we can miraculously redeem unborn generations, there is the present one that faces a desperately hard future. There have been great gains in job opportunities and educational opportunities for Negroes over the last few years, and with organizations like CORE demanding justice, these opportunities will continue to expand. But we can no longer evade the knowledge that most Negroes will not be helped by equal opportunity. These are staggering problems for which the traditional CORE program of antidiscrimination is ill-equipped. We are seeking new techniques and emphases that will serve not only today's Negro masses but also tomorrow's teeming millions.

Politically, the potential power of the ghetto is enormous; we have dropped CORE's traditional neutrality with regard to politics, and now must organize the Negro community-house by house, block by block-into political units. There will be hundreds of neighborhood associations, apartment-house councils, block committees; we will then begin to forge these small units into larger alliances. We must engage in political education, demonstrating to people in the ghetto that there are connections between the local demand for a ratextermination campaign and the larger demands for public-works programs and stiffer civil rights legislation. At all times we must serve the people and let them govern their own activities. As the Muslims did, we must enter pool halls and reeking tenements, looking for new leaders and followers. We must begin, in short, to shape an articulate sense of communal aspiration among the black masses and bring to the ghetto CORE's conviction that the people can help themselves.

Economically, we will urge a variety of self-help programs. Years ago in Chicago, a CORE project organized unemployed Negro youth in a slum-cleanup campaign. We then went to City Hall and left a bill enumerating the costs of the effort-as it were, doing public works before they were authorized. The bill was unpaid, but an important example to other Negro communities was set. There are a thousand such tasks to be done in any community that are thoroughly within the capacities of the unskilled workers. Then, too, CORE has plans to organize food co-ops and credit unions; we will encourage small businesses by providing expert advice and perhaps even some financial backing. We can even seek to develop larger businesses and industries in the community. In Boston, CORE has compiled a list of Negro builders and set about getting



"Sorry, Professor, but I'm just not mechanically inclined."

work for them; this technique has great possibilities. Another important task will be to train aspiring plumbers, carpenters and the like to take the tests that lead to apprenticeship programs. Many talented youngsters simply do not know how to take tests. These are only a few possible ideas. We are setting ourselves to developing others.

There is also a great need for remedial education services and job training. Much of the money for this will be coming from such Government programs as the War on Poverty and from private foundations. It is crucial that this money be distributed by the community through its own channels. The Government could very well commit the errors of the welfare agencies, tending to free people rather than empowering them to free themselves. But with our political arm we can help persuade the Government to provide the people with the services they demand and need, and dissuade it from telling them what they should demand and need. The Government could very well be persuaded to underwrite new growth and healthy development in Negro community life. It could also kill it by unwise efforts.

Finally, there is cultural work to be done, and this is perhaps most important of all. Like the nationalists, we must try to conquer the Negro sense of inferiority. We feel this will be possible only when it is legitimate to be a black man in this country. And here CORE has a unique contribution to make. CORE knows that Negro identity will emerge only in the midst of purposive and realistic effort in America. The nationalists offer doctrine. We must offer program as well. The nationalists talk and harangue-their radical anger breeds radical and foolish thoughts-because they are doing nothing; they have no stake in the world, no stake in the land, and hence, little hope. This dissociated situation breeds only bravado. Though I believe there is some psychological validity in what they say, there is also a great potentiality for destructiveness. With no real work to do in America, their advice to love blacks turns into a program to hate whites. Eager to act manfully, they can only imagine petty schemes of violence and revenge. CORE must get the Negro community to work on itself and on America. With its proven techniques of nonviolent direct action, it must inject Negro activity into the political life of the community. It must teach Negroes to act upon America in America in the presence of Americans. It must begin the great task of redefining nationalism and integration, so that we can incorporate proud black men and self-assertive black communities as legitimate partners in a new America. and group-pride, many Negroes are beginning to ask still other critical questions: How can we be nationalistic without advocating an inverted form of "separate but equal"? Is self-pride another term for self-segregation? Must we renounce ourselves and our community for the sake of integration?

We have demanded integrated schools and housing and employment. We have won integrated commercial messages on television, integrated casts on opera and dramatic stages, and integrated movies and mayors' committees and civicplanning boards. But what does this word "integration" mean? For some the term means complete assimilation, a kind of random dispersal of Negroes throughout the society and the economy. There would be no Negro neighborhoods, no Negro schools, no jobs reserved for Negroes. America would be a land of individuals who were American and nothing else, and Negro individuals would differ from their fellow Americans only in skin color-that most visible but least significant of human differences. No one can deny the ultimate goodness of this ideal. The question is: Is it too good to be true?

Integration has been the nation's implicit ideal since America was a glint in Jefferson's eye. It is nothing but Jeffersonian individualism extended to all people. But it did not become a practical political goal until quite recently, and the reasons for this make an important story. Like most Americans, Negroes were still accepting "separate but equal" as the law of the land as recently as the mid-Forties, and our major efforts were expended in making the "equal" of "separate but equal" a reality. In the decades before the 1954 Supreme Court decision desegregating schools, the NAACP brought to the Court cases treating discrimination in education, voting, interstate and intrastate travel, public facilities and selection of juries. The Court in those years invariably found that Negro facilities were palpably unequal and ruled that segregation was constitutional only if facilities were truly equal. In other words, the whole burden of the civil rights movement's case then was: If facilities are going to be separate, at least make them equal. "Separate but equal" was reaffirmed,

Toward the end of the Forties, NAACP lawyers and strategists began to argue that in certain respects separate facilities could never be equal. For example, a Negro relegated to education in a Negro law school could not hope to make professional contacts that would enable him to swim in the mainstream of the profession as readily as someone at a white law school; and this was true no matter how beautiful the buildings and how well-stocked the library at the Negro law school were. By a natural process of evolution, the demand for what

we might term equal-if-separate turned into a demand for desegregation.

To argue that a beautiful Negro law school was inferior to its white counterpart demanded some subtlety; but to argue that the segregated public school system treated Negroes as second-class citizens demanded no subtlety at all. Comparison of expenditures per student, school facilities, teachers' salaries, experience and training of teachers, books and supplies, and other measurable factors, made it clear that throughout the country, and in the South particularly, the Negro, forced by law and fact into segregated schools, was being deprived of equality under law. The 1954 Supreme Court decision attempted to correct this intolerable inequity in the only way practical and intelligent men could-by eliminating the dual school systems.

But the Court added a theoretical dimension to its factual and practical findings: "Separate educational facilities," it said, "are inherently unequal," and it cited as evidence certain psychological data-principally those of Professor Kenneth Clark-which document the serious psychological damage race separation causes in Negro youngsters. For us, the Court's decision was a recognition of what every Negro knows: that the system of segregation was mounted and perpetuated for the purpose of keeping the black man down; that it was and is a conspiracy to instill in the Negro and the white a sense of Negro inferiority. Segregation means inferiority, as indelibly as the scarlet letter meant adulteress to the New England Puritans. The Negro knows this; it was intended that he know this; and so must any American with the most rudimentary sense of history. And now the Court was saying that this country would segregate no more. So we began to protest against segregated schools of all kinds, de facto and de jure, demanding quality integrated education, knowing that we were thereby helping to eliminate the hated meaning that had been assigned to our lives.

As separate schools were inferior, so, too, were separate neighborhoods. Quite obviously, the great white world doesn't want black folk living next to it; anyone who doubts this need only observe the hysteria and violence that almost always ensue when a Negro family moves into a white neighborhood. The effect of living in a ghetto is conveyed graphically in the desolation and wreckage, human and material, in which most Negroes live today. So we moved to desegregate housing, and some aimed at dismantling the ghetto.

Indeed, every instance and symbol of segregation and every invidious discrimination could now be legitimately challenged. There are millions, and we took them on one by one, case by case—at lunch counters, restaurants, rest rooms, swimming pools, amusement parks.

beaches, labor unions, banks, factories, offices, department stores, professional societies, churches, colleges. As far as the most rabid integrationists were concerned, every institution of Negro communal life must be dismantled. They saw no reason for a Negro Medical Society; all energies must be directed to breaking down the A. M. A. Negro colleges, churches, newspapers were at best tolerated as unnecessary anachronisms.

Many whites recognized the superiority complex demanded of the white man in a segregated system to be as harmful in its way as the inferiority complex demanded of Negroes. Many quite sincerely set about curing themselves and their neighborhoods and schools of this affliction. In middle-class neighborhoods, housing committees were formed to persuade reluctant white homeowners to accept "respectable" Negroes, and courageous and well-to-do Negroes were sought who would brave white wrath. But when one or two Negroes had entered a neighborhood, the same committees, now with the eager help of the Negroes, organized to keep other Negroes our. We mustn't let the neighborhood tip, they said. Housing developments adopted informal quotas to help engineer integrated living. Dedicated builders, like Morris Milgrim of Philadelphia, began to persuade investors that quality housing projects, open to all, could return a modest profit, and integrated oases soon sprang up in several previously all-white deserts. Many liberals grew uncomfortable with the irony that in order to achieve integration they had to adopt racial quotas of various sorts, designating Negroes in order to eliminate racial designations, as it were; and some became discouraged at the solemn spectacle of Negroes chasing whites from suburb to suburb-in quest of integration. But among white liberals and some black liberals, the dream of complete integration persisted.

Almost imperceptibly the demand for desegregation had shaded into a demand for black dispersal and assimilation. We were told, and for a while told ourselves, that all Negro separation was inherently inferior, and some of us began to think that Negroes couldn't be fully human in the presence of other Negroes. Well, we have since come to learn that separation need not be inferior in all cases and all places. But in America, Negro separation, in fact and in law, does mean segregation, and segregation means slavery. In the context of our civilization, with its history of racism, the Supreme Court said, separate educational institutions are inherently inferior.

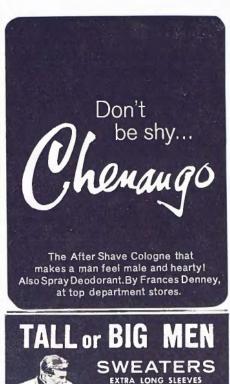
When a Negro child goes through the doors of a segregated school—even if it's identical to a corresponding white school—he knows implicitly that his culture is telling him to go there because he is not fit to be with whites, and every time a Ne-

gro child hears of a white parent who becomes hysterical at the thought that his child will have to endure the likes of him, he feels the shame and pressure of his inferiority even more painfully. As a result, he is damaged. And this, too, the Supreme Court saw. As long as the ideology of racial inferiority and superiority persists, segregation will be an insult and blackness a stigma.

One does not undo the accumulated injustices of centuries by waving a magic wand. This is tokenism; the belief that by one gesture, one concession, even one sincere cry of the heart, one moment of honest compassion, the country will transform the manifest meaning of traditional life ways. The desegregation fight is crucial to all Americans. What we are attempting is nothing less than to reverse the latent meaning of our lives and practices. Because the foot is on his neck, the Negro has been much more honest about America than the white. He knows this civilization is still segregated in its heart of hearts. He tests the spirit of our ways, and white Americans who would be honest about America should listen attentively when the black man tells them about their country.

This distinction between separation and segregation was often made by Malcolm X. Time and again, he denied that the Black Muslims were segregationists. We are separationists, he said, not segregationists. Some choose to live separately, and Malcolm saw this and tried to make it a legitimate desire. But in one very essential respect I differ strongly with Malcolm. He believed that Negroes can change the manifest meaning of their separated existence solely by the force of their own wills. I believe that there is much Negroes can do for themselves, but I do not believe they can truly separate if the nation does not simultaneously desegregate.

Culturally, Negroes are Americans and, like all men, we know ourselves, in part, by what our culture tells us about ourselves. The fact is that American segregationists take delight in the Black Muslims' program. Even CORE's decision to emphasize self-help in the Negro community succeeds in making parents' and taxpayers' associations breathe easier. And Negroes know this. In other words, there is a certain validity to the integrationist insight that separate Negro efforts and institutions simply perpetuate segregation. If, in his heart of hearts, the Negro believes that self-separation is only a rationalization for cowardly acceptance of segregation, then separation will fail. The only way Negro separation will not mean segregation is if the Negro chooses to live separately, and this will happen only when total freedom of choice is a reality in America. Desegregation and the development of Negro self-pride work side by side. Desegregation makes separation





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possible. What we wish is the freedom to make our own choice. A person should be able to choose where he wants to live and then go and live there. He should be able to work at any job for which he is qualified and equipped, regardless of his color. Jim Brown, a thoughtful man and a pretty good fullback, offended some people when he said that he wouldn't want to live with whites, but that he damned well wanted to know that he could if he wanted to. I think he represents the thinking of many Negroes.

But many other Negroes will choose to integrate: they should be permitted to. James Baldwin asks whether it is worth integrating into a sinking ship. Many middle-class Negroes would answer, "You're damned right it is." Many will buy their \$20,000 or \$30,000 homes and move into neighborhoods that suit them culturally and financially. Indeed, most Negroes integrating such a neighborhood will probably have a higher educational level than their white neighbors, prejudice being what it is. It is easy to scoff at the spectacle of a middle-class Negro shoving his way into a white enclave. Some say, "Does white approval mean that much? Why go where you're not wanted?" But I have known many of these men. They brave abuse nobly and stand courageous witness to noble ideals. Their acts shake the system of segregation, and for that reason their efforts are more closely connected to efforts to eliminate the psychological ghetto than is commonly granted.

We must not forget that there are solid, perhaps incomparable, values in truly integrated living. W. E. B. Du Bois, a proud black man, once said that the real tragedy in our world today is not that men are poor, for all men know something of poverty; nor that men are ignorant, for who is wise; nor that men are wicked, for who is good? The real tragedy is that men know so little of men. It is important for Negroes to know white men and important for white men to know Negroes. I might add that white men should insist that we live among them for their own sakes. And if some Negroes resist white blandishments, they will be better men for having resisted so valuable a temptation.

Those who glibly deprecate "middleclass" Negroes often commit the racist fallacy of demanding that the black man behave according to their definition of him. If a black man wants to skip 5000 lunches, as Dick Gregory says, in order to buy a Cadillac, why shouldn't he? At CORE we have come to believe that in a free society many Negroes will choose to live and work separately, although not in total isolation. They will cultivate that pride in themselves which comes in part from their efforts to make this a free land. Even those living and working 178 in "racially balanced" situations will val-

ue their Negro identity more than before. In helping themselves, they will come to love themselves. And because they love themselves, they will determine to help themselves. They will be both Americans and Negroes. They will be free to pick and choose from several rich traditions. They may thrill to the example of modern Africa and search out the richness of Africa's past as Du Bois did. Or. as Americans and Westerners, they may seize as models such American cultural heroes as Lincoln or Hemingway or Duke Ellington. Their holidays will be as American as St. Patrick's Day and Columbus Day and Rosh Hashanah.

In the same way, we are beginning now to see a more realistic division of effort within CORE and among the groups comprising the entire civil rights movement. Clearly, the desegregation movement must continue unabated. We must demand that segregation end. Tokenism of any kind must be rejected. We shall demand quality integrated education, adding to it, perhaps, the demand that Negro history be taught in the public schools so that our youngsters can learn that they are ancient citizens of this land. There must be open housing and fair employment practices, in law and in fact. In brief, there will be no abatement in the efforts of the last decade. At the same time, we will enter the Negro community, working with those masses who couldn't care less about integrating and couldn't afford it if they did care. Our efforts in the ghettos to help the people build a community life and a community spirit will be spurred by the knowledge that desegregation is taking place simultaneously. In this way, segregation will be transformed into separation. Perhaps "independence" is a better term than separation. We shall become independent men. We will accept, in other words, part of Malcolm X's insight that segregation will become separation only with a separate effort of Negro heart and soul rejecting the notion of some of the older civil rights organizations (and of the original CORE) that desegregation and integration in itself will accomplish miracles. But we will correct the Muslims' belief that the Negro can do all things alone. By this amendment we will affirm that we are Americans and that the civil rights movement is an American movement.

Here, then, is the tradition and impetus CORE brings to the future: We are, as ever, an organization pledged to make freedom and equality a possibility through that inner emancipation which comes of our direct effort. We know as clearly as ever that freedom cannot be won solely by engineers, although a considerable amount of engineering will be necessary. We stand for action; and in an America that out of comfort or en-

nui despairs of the possibility of an effective and morally integrated posture, we represent almost uniquely the possibility of a free life. We have become a mass movement and know we are destined to become more of a mass movement. We have an arsenal of techniques in direct action and must restudy their applicability. We stand astride fierce and ambiguous energies-some noble, some not-and will seek to channel these energies constructively: but we will not renounce them. We hold impatience to be a virtue and will not be quickly or easily satisfied. We recall our dreams of brotherly reconciliation and feel we serve them still, in our fashion. But love is a luxurious tactic and the realities of militant nonviolence permit us few luxuries. We are nonviolent, because nonviolence is a weapon tested and proven effective. Prudence, tactical good sense and our ideals demand that we remain so.

How often I have been asked by white middle-class liberals, "But what can I do?" The answer is simple. You can integrate your neighborhoods and schools as purely and diligently as ever. You are responsible for segregation and only you can end it. The white man should be an integrationist. The fact that some Negroes now build their own lives independently and without apology has no bearing upon this white responsibility. Nor, I think, should whites advise Negroes to separate themselves, for that always sounds suspiciously like a demand for segregation. Separation-independence-must be our choice to make and our program to achieve. It should deter the traditional integrationist efforts of civil rights and civil liberties groups, church and labor groups, fair housing and fair employment committees not a jot.

Is it divisive of me to suggest that all parties to the movement will not share identical perspectives? Some think so. But I believe that one cannot be all men at all times and remain himself. There is a twoness in the movement as there is in the Negro, and no synthesis, as far as I can see now, is possible. Perhaps ultimately, God willing. We should not be frightened by slight ambivalences. They are a sign that we are becoming free, and freedom eludes simple definitions.

"The history of the American Negro," wrote Du Bois, "is the history of this strife-this longing to attain self-conscious manhood, to merge his double self into a better and truer self. . . . He would not Africanize America, for America has too much to teach the world and Africa. He would not bleach the Negro soul in a flood of white Americanism, for he knows that Negro blood has a message for the world. He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American without being cursed and spat upon."

striking new gospel-rooted singer, Esther Marrow; the stunning virtuosity of San Francisco alto saxophonist John Handy and his remarkable jazz violinist. Mike White; pianist-composer Denny Zeitlin, who doubles as a psychiatrist in residence in San Francisco; and a pride of top trumpets.

Jazzmen found oases in other areas besides festivals during the season of the sun. The straw-hat circuit—music tents and music barns—used more and more jazz performers, from the Dukes of Dixieland to Dave Brubeck to the bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie. And Disneyland was a particular haven for big bands—Ellington, Sam Donahue's Tommy Dorsey orchestra, Les Brown, Si Zentner, Harry James and Woody.

During all seasons of the year, an increasing number of jazzmen found work in Europe, and some stayed. For swingstyle musicians, Europe provides a more receptive audience than they can usually find at home. For example, after lean

gigging in the States, tenor saxophonist Ben Webster did so well abroad that he decided to settle in England for a while. Trumpeters Buck Clayton and Ruby Braff, trombonists Vic Dickenson and Dickie Wells and blues singer Joe Turner were also among the jazzmen who increased their income—psychic as well as negotiable—during European tours. And the indestructible Stuff Smith, hottest of jazz violinists, remains in demand on the Continent.

A growing number of young jazz experimenters are also discovering that Europe can provide them with a wider range of opportunities than their native grounds. Trumpeter Donald Byrd, who has been commissioned to compose works for the Symphony Orchestra of Basel, among other groups, has become a permanent member of a radio-station orchestra in Oslo, Norway, where he is also starting a Jazz Composers' Workshop. Soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy,

declaring, "I'm tired of being in the underground," left New York for Denmark, where his welcome was warm enough to make him consider sending for his wife and family. Vibist Walt Dickerson and trumpeter Don Cherry worked much more regularly in Europe than they did at home. Cherry, in fact, has formed an international quintet, called the Complete Communion, which includes sidemen from Germany, France, Italy and Argentina.

Composer George Russell, one of the most respected theorists in advanced jazz, has been given particular reason to remain in Europe. In America, his combo broke up for lack of bookings and he himself seldom received any writing assignments. In Sweden, by contrast, he led a small combo this past year and then toured the country successfully as head of a big band. He was, moreover, invited to teach Sweden's leading jazzmen in a six-week course co-sponsored by the city of Stockholm and a local federation of trade unions. To cap the year,



"Booze! Broads! Water!"

Russell agreed to form the Stockholm Civic Jazz Orchestra, which will play in major European cities, and his sextet may tour the Iron Curtain countries. Turning into an Elysium for jazzmen, Sweden was also quite generous to its native swingers. Among the 1965 winners of government arts scholarships were eight Swedish jazz musicians.

Europe is also becoming an even more active terrain for jazz festivals than the United States. Among the major celebrations are San Remo in March: the rapidly growing Antibes Festival in late July: Comblain-La-Tour, Belgium, in early August: Prague in October; and Berlin. also in October. A feature at the Prague Festival was the avant-garde Czech group of Gustave Brown, which is noted for, among other unprecedented explorations, a concerto for quarter-tone trumpet. The "Berliner Jazztage" (October 29-31) was spectacular in terms of its variety. Headliners included Lionel Hampton, Gerry Mulligan, Ornette Coleman, Roy Eldridge, Max Roach and Art Blakey; but especially startling was the scheduled panorama of tenor saxophonists, including Sonny Rollins. Don Byas, Booker Ervin, Brew Moore, Dexter Gordon and Ben Webster.

The most singular of all jazz phenomena in Europe is the only jazz club in the world subsidized by a government. It's The Reduta in Prague and it receives \$30,000 a year to keep the beat alive—an example of state planning that even free-enterprise American jazzmen might regard with envious approval.

In Russia, 1965 was the best year yet for jazz. Condemned furiously during Khrushchev's barrage against Westernoriented intellectuals in 1962 and 1963, jazz has been slowly regaining a degree of grudging tolerance, but this year's official encouragement surprised even the most sanguine of Soviet jazzmen. In April, the first jazz competition in the history of the U.S.S.R. was held in Leningrad. During the same month, the Soviet Composers' Union and the Young Communist League held a three-day "jazz festival" before a selected audience in Moscow to grade amateur and student groups from all over Russia on the basis of their technical skills and the content of their material. A further sign of the thaw was the first tour of Russia by a native jazz orchestra-Joseph Winestein's from Leningrad-under government sponsorship.

In May, Izvestia commented on the April festival in Moscow, declaring that jazz has "great and serious attraction" for youth in the Soviet Union and announcing that the prize for the best composition at the festival had been awarded to Five Steps into Space. The next

month, even stronger sanction was given to jazz by critic Arkady Petrov in the Moscow newspaper Soviet Culture. He reported that not only was the Moscow Composers' Union organizing a jazz seminar, but also the study of jazz instrumentation was to become part of the curriculum of the Moscow Conservatory.

Japan did not have as many American jazz visitors as in 1964, but those who went were enthusiastically received. Among them were Stan Getz and Chico Hamilton. In August, vintage New Orleans clarinetist George Lewis starred at a two-day festival of traditional jazz at Yakota Air Force Base outside Tokyo. Also on the program were such indigenous Japanese combos as the Dixie Dukes, the New Orleans Seven and the Creole Six. The American travelers who covered Japan most comprehensively last year were Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers. In the spring, they toured 20 cities, and Blakey, glowing with pleasure at his acceptance, announced he would open a jazz school for underprivileged youngsters in Tokyo.

Jazz and Japan were also linked at the White House. In January a state dinner was held for Japanese Prine Minister Eisaku Sato. Among the dinner guests was Sarah Vaughan, who also headlined the after-dinner entertainment. Miss Vaughan was introduced by Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, sounding like Willis Conover: "We are very fortunate to have many wonderful singers in America, but only a few of these singers attract other singers. Sarah Vaughan is a singer's singer and a musician's singer."

As jazz—from Louis Armstrong to Sarah Vaughan—continued to prove its viability as diplomacy, jazz and religion were never closer than in 1965. In New York, the Reverend John Gensel, pastor of the Advent Lutheran Church and long a familiar presence at jazz clubs, was appointed "missionary to the jazz community" by the Lutheran Church's Board of American Missions. He continued to utilize the Advent Lutheran Church as a place where jazz writers could hear their religious music performed.

In San Francisco, during a spring weekend conference for high school youngsters sponsored by the Episcopal Diocese of California, pianist Vince Guaraldi at Grace Episcopal Cathedral—combined jazz rhythms and harmonies with medieval plain song and Gregorian chant in his contemporary setting for the Eucharist. The performance was released later in the year on Fantasy.

A jazz mass was presented in June at the First Presbyterian Church in Elmira, New York; and St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bouwerie on New York's Lower East Side set up a jazz workshop for musicians, who were free to write secularly or spiritually. Composer Edgar Summerlin, long active in jazz-based religious composition, premiered his and poet William Robert Miller's Liturgy of the Holy Spirit in June as part of the annual program of the New York Conference of the Methodist Church meeting in Bridgeport. And Lalo Schifrin, formerly Dizzy Gillespie's pianist, composed a Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts that was released by RCA-Victor.

In the decidedly secular world of motion pictures, jazz composers were also more in evidence than in previous years. Quincy Jones created the scores for *The Pawnbroker*, *Mirage* and *Slender Threads*. Lalo Schifrin was even more active, having been responsible for the music in *Once a Thief*, *Queen of the Apaches*, *The Cincinnati Kid* and *The Liquidators*. Chico Hamilton scored *Repulsion*, Gerry Mulligan wrote the music for *A Thousand Clowns* and Eddie Sauter did the score, featuring Stan Getz, of *Mickey One*.

Neal Hefti scored the Carroll Baker Harlow: André Previn and his wife, Dory Langdon, wrote songs for Inside Daisy Clover; and Mal Waldron composed the music for the French film Three Rooms in Manhattan. Waldron also scored the American movie Sweet Love, Bitter . . . , based on the novel Night Song by John A. Williams and featuring Dick Gregory playing a Charlie Parker-like character.

An Italian-produced film version of Max Roach's We Insist: Freedom Now Suite won first prize in the International Film Festival at Locarno, Switzerland, and was shown in September at the New York Film Festival in Lincoln Center.

The television picture was fragmentized. Al Hirt did head a summer-replacement series for *The Jackie Gleason Show* on CBS-TV, but its jazz content was meager. George Shearing was in charge of the tasteful *The George Shearing Show* in Los Angeles: and National Educational Television taped two programs on modern jazz in New York with, among others, Dizzy Gillespie and Cecil Taylor.

In recordings, there was a sizable jazz representation in the annual National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences awards-the Grammy-for recorded excellence. Stan Getz took four first places -Album of the Year (Getz/Gilberto), Record of the Year (The Girl from Ipanema). Best Instrumental Jazz Performance-Soloist with Small Group and Best Engineered Recording (Getz Gilberto for both categories). Laurindo Almeida's Guitar from Ipanema was judged Best Large Group Instrumental Jazz Performance: and Lalo Schifrin's The Cat, recorded by Jimmy Smith, was honored as Best Original Jazz Composition. Best Male Vocal Performance: Louis Arm-

f-folkes



"Yes, ma'am, fastest lift in town!"

strong's Hello, Dolly! Best Performance by a Chorus: The Swingle Singers Going Baroque.

Stan Getz was on the best-selling album charts throughout the year with Getz/Gilberto and Getz Au Go Go, but the sleeper single and LP of 1965 in jazz was Ramsey Lewis' The In Crowd. The most important new label by far was Bernard Stollman's ESP DISK, devoted entirely to such new expanders of the jazz language as Albert Ayler, Giuseppe Logan, Byron Allen, Roswell Rudd, John Tchicai, Pharaoh Sanders and Paul Bley.

The jazz obituary list for the year was long. Nat King Cole died in February and the Nat King Cole Cancer Fund was established to further medical research into the causes and possible cures for the disease. Spencer Williams, pianist, singer and composer of many jazz standards, was also on the list, along with composer-arranger-pianist Tadd Dameron and pianist-composer Clarence Williams. In addition, there were bandleaders Earl Bostic (who won several Playboy Jazz Medals as alto saxophonist), Red Nichols, Claude Thornhill, Joe Sanders (of the Coon-Sanders band), Art Kassel and Freddie Slack. Sidemen included drummers Denzil Best and Keg Purnell, bassists George Tucker, Ernie Shepard and Bonnie Wetzel, trombonist Willie Dennis, guitarist-banjoist Mike McKendrick, pianist Arthur Schutt, blues singer Sonny Boy Williamson, and New Orleans veterans Papa John Joseph, Joe Robichaux and Lester Santiago.

But the music of jazz remained insistently alive and persistently unpredictable. Buddy DeFranço, for example, long taken for granted as a virtuoso clarinetist but considered by some to be limited in emotional expressiveness, suddenly took on new stature in 1965 as he added the bass clarinet to his area of expertise and sounded like a hard-driving, rawly emotional "soul" stirrer. And in Phil Woods' jazz band at Ramblerny, a summer camp in New Hope, Pennsylvania, for youngsters interested in the performing arts, a sound of the future was heard as a new alto saxophonist emerged-Baird Parker, son of "the Bird,"

### ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

As 1965 drew to a close, PLAYBOY'S All-Stars' All-Stars were casting their ballots in the tenth annual Playboy Jazz Poll. Those 1965 Playboy Jazz Medal winners eligible to vote in their own poll were: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, John Coltrane, 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,

Henry Mancini, Charles Mingus, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Mimi Perrin (Double Six of Paris), Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra. N. Paul Stookey (Peter, Paul & Mary), Barbra Streisand, Kai Winding and Si Zentner.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: The Duke was nonpareil as usual and the second and third slots remained the same, but Lionel Hampton and Quincy Jones moved up to tie for fourth place. 1. Duke Ellington; 2. Count Basic; 3. Woody Herman; 4. Lionel Hampton, Quincy Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: The first four trumpet places were status quo from last year. However, Nat Adderley and Lee Morgan tied for fifth, displacing Art Farmer. 1. Dizzy Gillespie; 2. Miles Davis; 3. Clark Terry; 4. Freddie Hubbard; 5. Nat Adderley, Lee Morgan.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: Although the estimable J. J. made it no contest for bone king, there was considerable activity below him, with Bill Harris and Curtis Fuller, unplaced last year, putting in appearances. 1. J. J. Johnson; 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Frank Rosolino; 4. Curtis Fuller; 5. Bill Harris, Kai Winding.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: Paul Desmond, who was derailed by the Cannonball Express last year, got back on the track this go-round, and veteran Lee Konitz usurped alto elder statesman Johnny Hodges' fifth-place listing. 1. Paul Desmond; 2. Cannonball Adderley; 3. Sonny Stitt; 4. Phil Woods; 5. Lee Konitz.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: Stan Getz was reprised as tenorpotentiary, but the Bean, unlisted last year, jumped up to a third-place tie with Sonny Rollins, dislodging Zoot Sims, who dropped from the rankings. 1. Stan Getz; 2. John Coltrane; 3. Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins; 5. James Moody.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: With perennial front-runner Gerry Mulligan leading the pack, the baritone-sax standings were practically identical with last year's. 1. Gerry Mulligan; 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Charles Davis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Art Pepper and Ellington stalwart Jimmy Hamilton were the "new" faces in the clarinet first five, as Buddy DeFranco again led all the rest. 1. Buddy DeFranco; 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Pete Fountain; 4. Jimmy Hamilton; 5. Art Pepper, Bill Smith.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Last year's finishers remained essentially unchanged, with Peterson earning the All-Stars' Oscar, Hank Jones edging up into a third-place tie with Dave Brubeck, and Ahmad Jamal garnering enough votes to tie for fifth. 1. Oscar Peterson; 2. Bill Evans: 3. Dave Brubeck, Hank Jones; 5. Ahmad Jamal, Thelonious Monk.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: Again the guitar hierarchy was headed Wes, as the

only change in the order of finish was last year's fourth-place holder Jimmy Raney yielding his rung to Kenny Burrell. 1. Wes Montgomery; 2. Jim Hall: 3. Herb Ellis: 4. Kenny Burrell; 5. Jim Raney.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: While Ray Brown once more took the laurels, there was a considerable shake-up in the bass lower echelons, with Charlie Mingus, Eugene Wright and Richard Davis moving up to claim the third through fifth positions. 1. Ray Brown; 2. Red Mitchell; 3. Charles Mingus; 4. Eugene Wright; 5. Richard Davis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: Although the names were the same, except for Elvin Jones' repeat as skins winner, the order was well-scrambled, with Joe Morello moving up from fourth to second, replacing Art Blakey who skidded to fifth.

1. Elvin Jones; 2. Joe Morello; 3. Shelly Manne; 4. Philly Joe Jones; 5. Art Blakey.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: The MJQ's masterful mallet man Milt Jackson continued to hold sway in this department, but the big Trane's soprano sax earned a numbertwo-slot tie with the high priest of the Hammond, Jimmy Smith. 1. Milt Jackson, vibes; 2. John Coltrane, soprano sax, Jimmy Smith, organ; 4. Gary Burton, vibes; 5. Jean Thielemans, harmonica.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST; That old familiar one-two punch of Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles was still a potent combination this year, but the third and fourth positions had new occupants, Joe Williams and Arthur Prysock. 1. Frank Sinatra; 2. Ray Charles; 3. Joe Williams; 4. Arthur Prysock; 5. Tony Bennett.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: The only change in the also-rans strung out far behind the formidable Miss Fitz was brought about by the world's most famous funny girl, Barbra Streisand, wresting fifth place from Peggy Lee. 1. Ello Fitzgerold; 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Nancy Wilson; 4. Carmen McRae; 5. Barbra Streisand.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: Forging to the fore from last year's tie for third was the Modern Jazz Quartet. The Brubeck men, the previous titleholders, had to settle for third as the Oscar Peterson Trio slipped in as runner-up. 1. Modern Jazz Quartet; 2. Oscar Peterson Trio; 3. Dave Brubeck Quartet; 4. Cannonball Adderley Sextet; 5. Miles Davis Quintet.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: The French tricolor again flew over the vocal-group standings, but this time it was the Swingle Singers taking over for the Double Six of Paris, who dropped a notch. The Beatles and the Supremes showed up for the first time, tying for fifth

Swingle Singers;
 Double Six of Paris;
 Four Freshmen, Hi-Lo's;
 Beatles, Supremes.

#### JAZZ HALL OF FAME

This past October, two new categories were presented on the Playboy Jazz Poll ballot: In the first, the readers were asked to designate their choices of three outstanding jazz artists—instrumentalists or vocalists, living or dead—whom they deemed deserving of being honored with permanent niches in The Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame. Each year, readers will be asked to nominate three new candidates for the Hall of Fame to take their places alongside those already selected. The following is the order of finish of the first 25 vote-getters in the balloting:

- 1. Louis Armstrong
- 2. Frank Sinatra
- 3. Dave Brubeck
- 4. Duke Ellington
- 5. Ella Fitzgerald
- 6. Charlie Parker
- 7. Nat "King" Cole
- 8. Miles Davis
- 9. Benny Goodman
- 10. Stan Getz
- 11. Al Hirt
- 12. Count Basie
- 13. Billie Holiday
- 14. Barbra Streisand
- 15. Ray Charles
- 16. Stan Kenton
- 17. Henry Mancini
- 18. Gene Krupa
- 19. Dizzy Gillespie
- 20. Thelonious Monk
- 21. Glenn Miller
- 22. Jack Teagarden
- 23. Dinah Washington
- 24. Jimmy Smith
- 25. Nancy Wilson

#### RECORDS OF THE YEAR

Our readers were also asked to vote for their favorite LPs of the year in three categories—Best Instrumental (Big Band), Best Instrumental (Fewer than Eight Pieces) and Best Vocal. The balloting indicated a broad spectrum of choices, but the pick for the number-one LP in each category was an overwhelming one.

BEST BIG BAND LP: Ellington '66 (Reprise). A royal romp, by the Duke and his men, through a host of pop favorites such as All My Loving and I Can't Stop Loving You, it was an exemplary LP, eliciting from PLAYBOY'S record reviewer the remark that "the hit parade never had it so good." Our readers obviously concurred.

BEST SMALL COMBO LP: The In Crowd / The Romsey Lewis Trio (Argo). The soul-full sounds of pianist-leader Lewis and his cohorts—bassist El Dee Young and drummer Red Holt—rose to a new peak of pop-

ularity this past year and *The In Crowd*, both as a single and as the title tune of the LP, contributed mightily to the approbation. Along with the *Crowd* pleaser, the album featured such variegated items as *Felicidade*, *Tennessee Waltz* and the *Love Theme* (rom Spartacus.

BEST VOCAL LP: My Name Is Barbra / Barbra Streisand (Columbia). Miss Streisand, the girl with the golden touch, added to her laurels with this recording. The full range of Barbra's vocal talents was tapped in her delivery of the nonsense tune Sweet Zoo, the Gershwins' classic Someone to Watch Over Me and a tour-de-force treatment of I've Got No Strings from Pinocchio.

The following are the 25 top votegetters in each LP category:

#### BEST BIG BAND LP

- 1. Ellington '66 (Reprise)
- The Pink Panther | Henry Mancini (Victor)
- Goldfinger / John Barry (Sound track) (United Artists)
- 4. Cast Your Fate to the Winds/Sounds Orchestral (Parkway)
- 5. The Cat/Jimmy Smith (Verve)
- 6. Whipped Cream & Other Delights/ Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (A & M)
- 7. Dear Heart/Henry Mancini (Victor)
- 8. My Kind of Broadway/Woody Herman (Columbia)

- 9. Stan Kenton / Wagner (Capitol)
- 10. Pop Goes the Basie (Reprise)
- On Stage / Gerald Wilson (Pacific Jazz)
- 12. Monk / Big Band and Quartet in Concert (Columbia)
- 13. The Concert Sound of Henry Mancini (Victor)
- 14. More Blues & The Abstract Truth/ Oliver Nelson (Impulse!)
- 15. Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? | Jimmy Smith (Verve)
- 16. Monster | Jimmy Smith (Verve)
- 17. Ellington '65 (Reprise)
- 18. Insight / Rod Levitt (Victor)
- 19. The Best of Henry Mancini (Victor)
- 20. The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd | Herbie Mann (Atlantic)
- 21. Al Hirt Live at Carnegie Hall (Victor)
- 22. Mingus at Monterey (Charles Mingus Enterprises)
- 23. 3-27-65 / Charlie Parker 10th Memorial Concert (Limelight)
- 24. The Latin Sound of Henry Mancini (Victor)
- 25. Orchestra Portraits / Gerald Wilson (Pacific Jazz)

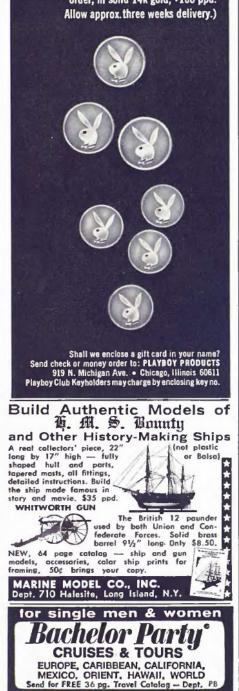
#### BEST SMALL COMBO LP

- 1. The In Crowd / Ramsey Lewis Trio (Argo)
- 2. Getz Au Go-Go (Verve)
- 3. Getz/Gilberto (Verve)



"No, Stanley! I didn't raise our son to be a soldier!"





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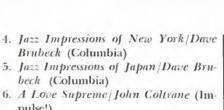
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pulse!)

7. Collaboration | Modern Jazz Quartet-Laurindo Almeida (Atlantic)

8. Song for My Father Horace Silver (Blue Note)

9. My Funny Valentine | Miles Davis (Columbia)

10. Soul Sauce/Cal Tjader (Verve)

11. Angel Eyes | Dave Brubeck (Colum-

12. Oscar Peterson Plus One | Oscar Peterson-Clark Terry (Mercury)

13. Bob Brookmeyer & Friends (Colum-

14. Canadiana Suite | Oscar Peterson (Limelight)

15. Domination | Cannonball Adderley (Capitol)

16. Miles Davis in Europe (Columbia)

17. Bossa Antigua | Paul Desmond (Vic-

18. Tonight | Bob Brookmeyer-Clark Terry (Mainstream)

19. Fiddler on the Roof | Cannonball Adderley (Capitol)

20. Time Changes | Dave Brubeck (Columbia)

21. The Sidewinder/Lee Morgan (Blue Note)

22. Solo Monk / Thelonious Monk (Columbia)

23. Trio '65 | Bill Evans Trio (Verve)

24. Man from Two Worlds/Chico Hamilton (Impulse!)

25. Soft Samba/Gary McFarland (Verve)

#### BEST VOCAL LP

- 1. My Name Is Barbra / Barbra Streisand
- 2. People | Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
- 3. The Nancy Wilson Show! (Capitol)
- 4. Help! | The Beatles (Capitol)

5. Today-My Way / Nancy Wilson (Capitol)

6. September of My Years/Frank Sinatra (Reprise)

7. Out of Our Heads | The Rolling Stones (London)

The Astrud Gilberto Album (Verve)

9. Ray Charles Live in Concert (ABC-Paramount)

10. Frank Sinatra | 65 (Reprise)

11. It Might As Well Be Swing Frank Sinatra-Count Basie (Reprise)

12. Bringing It All Back Home | Bob Dylan (Columbia)

13. The Shadow of Your Smile Astrud Gilberto (Verve)

14. Take Five | Dave Brubeck-Carmen McRae (Columbia)

15. A Song Will Rise | Peter, Paul & Mary (Warner Bros.)

16. Peter, Paul & Mary in Concert (Warner Bros.)



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17. Pass Me By/Peggy Lee (Capitol)

- 18. With a Taste of Honey | Morgana King (Mainstream)
- Anyone for Mozart? | The Swingle Singers (Philips)
- How Glad I Am/Nancy Wilson (Capitol)
- Softly, As I Leave You/Frank Sinatra (Reprise)

22. Streisand III (Columbia)

23. Gentle Is My Love / Nancy Wilson (Capitol)

24. The Beatles VI (Capitol)

Funny Girl/Barbra Streisand (Capitol)

#### ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

Our readers were evidently quite content with the results of their previous balloting, returning the All-Star Jazz Band intact, with only a switch in the third and fourth trumpet chairs preventing it from being an exact duplicate of the 1965 Band.

Henry Mancini again had a firm grasp on the leader's baton. The only major change in the order of finish was Gerald Wilson moving up to 7th place from last year's 13th spot.

The one change in the All-Star Jazz Band's seating arrangement occurred in the trumpet section, where Dizzy Gillespie moved up to third chair and Louis Armstrong dropped down a notch.

Our trombone section, with J. J. leading the way, was *status quo*. Grachan Moncur III, unplaced last year, managed to garner over a thousand votes this go-round.

The consummate Cannonball and Dave Brubeck's altoist extraordinaire, Paul Desmond, repeated their one-two finish. Paul Winter's heavy involvement in the popular bossa-nova medium undoubtedly contributed to his 15th-place finish after being unlisted last year.

America's premier exponent of the bossa nova, Stan Getz, again occupied the first tenor chair, running far ahead of confrere John Coltrane. The also-rans were amazingly similar in order of finish to the 1965 results.

The mighty Mulligan once more made a runaway of the baritone balloting. The most important change among those that followed far behind was Ellington's ageless Harry Carney moving up to fourth.

New Orleans' nabob of the clarinet, Pete Fountain, again had things his own way in the voting, with the King of Swing swinging up from third to second.

Although Dave Brubeck easily repeated his piano honors, the big news in this division was Ramsey Lewis' remarkable leap forward from last year's 11thplace ranking to the runner-up slot.

Charlie Byrd and Chet Atkins, who have battled down to the wire in the last several years for the guitar chair, were at it again, with Byrd just edging out Nashville's pride and joy.

Charlie Mingus, who last year displaced bass winner Ray Brown by the narrowest of vote margins, widened the gap for 1966. The biggest gains in the bass department were scored by El Dee Young, leaping from 14th to 4th, and Buddy Clark, who jumped from 17th to 6th.

Brubeck drumbeater Joe Morello, last year's winner, maintained his lead in the voting over drummer man Gene Krupa. The rest of the skin men showed very little change of place from last year.

That perennial Wunderkind of the vibes, Lionel Hampton, again ruled the miscellaneous-instrument roost, with organist Jimmy Smith taking over the second spot from flutist Herbie Mann.

Our readers helped Frank Sinatra celebrate 25 years in show business by making him a shoo-in as male vocalist, with Ray Charles again being voted the heir apparent. Elsewhere in the standings, the wham of Sam earned Davis the third position while Tony Bennett leapfrogged from tenth to fifth.

Her name is Barbra and she's our readers' favorite thrush for the second year running, with Nancy Wilson and Ella following in that order. Worthy of note was English lark Petula Clark's rise from nowhere to fifth place and carioca Astrud Gilberto's advance from 30th to 7th.

While the Dave Brubeck Quartet was again given a vote of confidence as the readers' favorite four, the trio of Ramsey Lewis (who garnered the second spot as pianist), won a similar accolade.

Folkdom favorites Peter, Paul & Mary were our readers' choice for the third year in a row, but there were new faces among the also-rans. Blighty's Beatles edged out France's Swingles for the number-two spot, and the Righteous Brothers roared into fifth position.

The following is a tabulation of the many thousands of votes cast in the biggest of all jazz polls. The names of the jazzmen who won places on the 1966 All-Star Jazz Band are in boldface type. (They will be awarded silver medals, as will the All-Stars' All-Stars, our three Hall of Fame winners, and the performers and their record companies, of the three records of the year.) In some Jazz Band categories, there are two or more winners in order to make up a full-scale jazz orchestra. Artists polling fewer than 100 votes are not listed; in categories where two choices were allowed, those receiving fewer than 200 votes are not listed; in categories where four votes were allowed, no one with under 400 votes is listed.

(continued on next page)



"Is there a playwright in the house?"

8. Roland Kirk .....

9. Al Cohn .....

10. Sonny Stitt ...... 653

763

694

15. Matty Matlock .....

16. Peanuts Hucko .....

237

234

10. Leroy Vinnegar .....

11. Sam Jones ......

12. Kid Ory . . . . . . 1,975

13. Carl Fontana . . . . . . 1,613

14. Dave Baker ..... 1,456

189

135

876

783

756

605

369

264

238

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213

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863

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666

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12.		450 1		YY 1: M	9 095 1	10	Arthur Drogod	403	11	George Shearing	
9.00	Bob Haggart	472		Herbie Mann, flute			Arthur Prysock Jon Hendricks	297	11.	Quintet	556
	Joe Byrd	458		Cal Tjader, vibes Milt Jackson, vibes			Steve Lawrence	256	19	Herbie Mann Quartet	478
	Monk Montgomery	415 385		Miles Davis,	1,075		Buddy Greco	225		Jimmy Smith Trio	462
	Ron Carter Milt Hinton	376	O.	Flügelhorn	1988		Bobby Darin	217		Thelonious Monk	
	Don Bagley	363	7	Roland Kirk, manzello,	1,230		Johnny Hartman	210		Quartet	451
	Norman Bates	362	1.	stritch, flute	825		Lightnin' Hopkins	163	15.	Ahmad Jamal Trio	414
	Eddie Safranski	348	8	John Coltrane,	02.0		Muddy Waters	153		Vince Guaraldi Trio	406
	Keter Betts	337	O,	soprano sax	781		Billy Eckstine	144		Art Blakey and the	
	Red Mitchell	336	0	Yusef Lateef, flute,	,0,		John Gary	141		Jazz Messengers	364
	Arvell Shaw	331	./-	oboe	772		Vic Damone	129	18.	Dizzy Gillespie Quintet	362
23.	Chuck Israels	281	10	Gary Burton, vibes	653		Bill Henderson	129		André Previn Trio	345
24.	Pops Foster	279		Arthur Lyman, vibes .	585		Elvis Presley	126		Gerry Mulligan	
	Bill Crow	244		Clark Terry,	,,,,,		Perry Como	124		Quartet	322
	Slam Stewart	234		Flügelhorn	549		Jimniy Rushing	113	21.	Charlie Byrd Trio	319
	Red Callender	204	13	Terry Gibbs, vibes	489		King Pleasure	112	22.	Dukes of Dixieland	305
	George Duvivier	201	130.00	Red Norvo, vibes	462		Frankie Laine	111	23.	Cal Tjader Quintet	301
	Gene Cherico	192		Art Van Damme,			Mark Murphy	106	24.	Al Belletto Quartet	277
	Jimmy Garrison	189 180		accordion	429		• /		25.	Bill Evans Trio	240
-	Richard Davis Howard Rumsey	178	16.	Paul Horn, flute	352		FEMALE VOCALIST		26.	Terry-Brookmeyer	
	Steve Swallow	174	30000	Candido, bongo	303					Quintet	238
	Gary Peacock	158	10.50	Chet Baker, Flügelhorn	291	1.	Barbra Streisand	5,967	27.	Charlie Mingus Sextet	234
	Major Holley	151	00.00	James Moody, flute	268	2.	Nancy Wilson	5,488	28,	Jazz Crusaders	226
	George Tucker	142		Buddy DeFranco, bass		3.	Ella Fitzgerald	3,522	29.	Horace Silver Quintet	208
	Monty Budwig	139		clarinet	228		Joan Baez			Erroll Garner Trio	187
	Joe Benjamin	122	21.	Bob Rosengarden,		5.	Petula Clark	963	31.	Martin Denny Group .	181
40.00	Eddie Jones	122		bongo	220	6.	Peggy Lcc	943	32.	Gene Krupa Quartet .	179
	Joe Mondragon	117	99	Art Farmer,		7.	Astrud Gilberto	834	32.	Kai Winding Sextet	179
41.	Mike Rubin	113		Flügelhorn	211	8.	Nina Simone	610	34.	Les McCann Ltd	157
42.	Pierre Michelot	112	92	Bud Shank, flute	186	9.	Carmen McRae	562	35.	Shelly Manne and	
43.	Johnny Frigo	106			184	10.	Sarah Vaughan	510		his Men	136
43.	Butch Warren	106		Gary McFarland, vibes	104		Evdie Gormé	478	36.	Turk Murphy's	
			24.	Ray Starling,	101	12.	Julic London	453		Jazz Band	133
	DRUMS		00	mellophonium	184	13.	Joanie Sommers	389	37.	Jonah Jones Quartet	130
				Frank Wess, flute	149	14.	Connie Francis	362	38.	Firehouse Five	
1.	Joe Morello	6,966	27.	Don Elliott, vibes,		15.	Morgana King	360		plus Two	126
2.	Gene Krupa	4,110		mellophone	148	16,	Dialiann Carroll	310	39.	Al Cohn-Zoot Sims	
3.	Shelly Manne	2,512	28.	Leo Diamond,		17.	June Christy	304		Quintet	109
4.	Art Blakey	1,350		harmonica	145	18.	Vikki Carr	292	40.	Nina Simone and	
5.	Cozy Cole	1,219	29.	Ray Brown, cello	142	19.	Anita O'Day			her Trio	102
6.	Elvin Jones	1.081	30.	Shirley Scott, organ	141		Pearl Bailey		41	Three Sounds	100
										THILE Sounds	
7.				Shorty Rogers,		20.	·		11.		100
	Buddy Rich	1,038		Shorty Rogers, Flügelhorn	139		Della Reese	214		VOCAL CROWN	100
8.	Buddy Rich	1,038 771	31.		139 138	22.	Della Reese	214 212	11.	VOCAL GROUP	100
8. 9.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt	771 704	31. 32.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica	138	22. 23.	Della Reese	214 212 204			
8. 9. 10.	Buddy Rich	771 704 681	31. 32. 33.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ	138 118	22. 23. 24.	Della Reese	214 212 204 189	1.	Peter, Paul & Mary	3,699
8. 9. 10.	Buddy Rich	771 704 681 646	31. 32. 33. 34.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute	138	22. 23. 24. 25.	Della Reese	214 212 204 189 168	1. 2.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983
8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	Buddy Rich	1,038 771 704 681 646 475	31. 32. 33. 34.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans,	138 118 115	22. 23. 24. 25. 26.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin	214 212 204 189 168 153	1. 2. 3.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers	3,699 2,983 2,814
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426	31. 32. 33. 34. 35.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica	138 118	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland	214 212 204 189 168 153 153	1. 2. 3. 4.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388	31. 32. 33. 34. 35.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy,	138 118 115 112	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26. 28.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith	214 212 204 189 168 153 153	1. 2. 3. 4. 5.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372	31. 32. 33. 34. 35.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax	138 118 115 112 103	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26. 28. 29.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes	2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin	138 118 115 112 103 103	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 36.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo	138 118 115 112 103	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26. 28. 29. 30.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 36.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins,	138 118 115 112 103 103 101	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 30.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9,	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 36.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo	138 118 115 112 103 103 101	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 36.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn	138 118 115 112 103 103 101	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 236	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 36.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins,	138 118 115 112 103 103 101	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 123 109	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 214	31. 32, 33. 34. 35. 36. 36. 38. 39.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn MALE VOCALIST	138 118 115 112 103 103 101	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 33. 35. 35.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 20. 22.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 214 207	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 36. 38. 39.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 5,865	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 33. 35. 35.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 214 207 171	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 33. 35. 35.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 214 207 171 157	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 33. 35. 35.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 36. 38. 39.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 33. 35. 35.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 25.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 214 207 171 157	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 33. 35. 35. 37.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 123 109 109	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 20. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 25. 27.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,231	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 123 109 109 103 101	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,231 1,210	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 123 109 109 103 101	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,231 1,210 856	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 123 109 109 103 101	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,210 856 811	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 1. 2. 3. 4.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,210 856 811 775	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 5.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMING Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool Joe Dukes	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams Trini Lopez	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,332 1,231 1,210 856 811 775 753	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 5. 6. 6.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio Modern Jazz Quartet	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters Clancy Bros. & Makem	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214 206
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool Joe Dukes Kenny Clarke Osie Johnson	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112 108 102	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,210 856 811 775 753 720	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 5. 66. 7	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMING Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio Modern Jazz Quartet Miles Davis Sextet	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters Clancy Bros. & Makem Modernaires	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214 206 183
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool Joe Dukes Kenny Clarke	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112 108 102	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13.	Flügelhorn Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ Buddy Collette, flute Jean Thielemans, harmonica Steve Lacy, soprano sax Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr. Andy Williams Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams Trini Lopez	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,210 856 811 775 753 720 708	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 55. 66. 78. 8	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio Modern Jazz Quartet Miles Davis Sextet John Coltrane Quarte	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 24.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters Clancy Bros. & Makem Modernaires The Raelets	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214 206 183 183
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool Joe Dukes Kenny Clarke Osie Johnson	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112 108 102 101	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15.	Flügelhorn  Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ  Buddy Collette, flute  Jean Thielemans, harmonica  Steve Lacy, soprano sax  Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra  Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr Andy Williams  Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams  Trini Lopez Dean Martin Oscar Brown, Jr. Lou Rawls	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,399 1,332 1,210 856 811 775 753 720 708 643	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 55. 66. 78. 8	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio Modern Jazz Quartet Miles Davis Sextet John Coltrane Quarte Louis Armstrong	214 212 204 189 168 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719 1,551 1,293 1,179 775 1,621	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 24. 26.	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters Clancy Bros. & Makem Modernaires The Raelets Ink Spots	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214 206 183 183 147
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool Joe Dukes Kenny Clarke Osie Johnson Frank Capp	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 265 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112 108 102 101	31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 38. 39. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 16. 17. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18	Flügelhorn  Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ  Buddy Collette, flute  Jean Thielemans, harmonica  Steve Lacy, soprano sax  Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra  Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr Andy Williams  Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams  Trini Lopez Dean Martin Oscar Brown, Jr Lou Rawls Roger Miller	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,332 1,231 1,210 856 811 775 753 720 708 643 562	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 56. 78. 89.	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio Modern Jazz Quartet Miles Davis Sextet John Coltrane Quarte Louis Armstrong All-Stars	214 212 204 189 168 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719 1,551 1,293 1,179 775 1,621	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 24. 26. 27	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters Clancy Bros. & Makem Modernaires The Raelets Ink Spots Ames Brothers	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214 206 183 147 145
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 255. 277. 288. 299. 301. 32. 333. 34. 35.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Connie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool Joe Dukes Kenny Clarke Osie Johnson Frank Capp	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112 108 102 101	31. 32, 33, 34. 35. 36. 36. 38. 39.  1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15.	Flügelhorn  Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ  Buddy Collette, flute  Jean Thielemans, harmonica  Steve Lacy, soprano sax  Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra  Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr Andy Williams  Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams  Trini Lopez Dean Martin Oscar Brown, Jr. Lou Rawls	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,899 1,332 1,231 1,210 856 811 775 753 720 708 643 562 430	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 56. 77. 88. 99. 10	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio Modern Jazz Quartet Miles Davis Sextet John Coltrane Quarte Louis Armstrong	214 212 204 189 168 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719 1,551 1,293 1,179 775 1,621	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 24. 26. 27	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters Clancy Bros. & Makem Modernaires The Raelets Ink Spots	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214 206 183 183 147
8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 22. 23. 24. 25. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 323. 34. 35.	Buddy Rich Chico Hamilton Red Holt Max Roach Philly Joe Jones Ed Thigpen Rufus Jones Tony Williams Louis Bellson Ringo Starr Jo Jones Sandy Nelson Sonny Payne Counie Kay Mel Lewis Jake Hanna Sam Woodyard Jack Sperling Sonny Greer Roy Haynes Danny Barcelona Dave Bailey Grady Tate Louis Hayes Nick Fatool Joe Dukes Kenny Clarke Osie Johnson Frank Capp  MISCELLANECUS INSTRUM	1,038 771 704 681 646 475 426 388 372 321 307 295 236 236 214 207 171 157 155 148 145 138 124 112 108 102 101 ENT	31. 32, 33. 34. 35. 36. 36. 38. 39.  1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17	Flügelhorn  Jesse Fuller, harmonica Milt Buckner, organ  Buddy Collette, flute  Jean Thielemans, harmonica  Steve Lacy, soprano sax  Ray Nance, violin Dick Roberts, banjo Julius Watkins, French horn  MALE VOCALIST  Frank Sinatra  Ray Charles Sammy Davis Jr Andy Williams  Tony Bennett Jack Jones Johnny Mathis Mel Tormé Mose Allison Harry Belafonte Joe Williams  Trini Lopez Dean Martin Oscar Brown, Jr Lou Rawls Roger Miller	138 118 115 112 103 103 101 100 <b>5,865</b> 2,455 2,216 1,890 1,332 1,231 1,210 856 811 775 753 720 708 643 562 430	22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 28. 29. 30. 32. 33. 35. 35. 37. 38. 4. 56. 77. 88. 99. 10	Della Reese Gloria Lynne Ethel Ennis Lena Horne Doris Day Aretha Franklin Judy Garland Keely Smith Mahalia Jackson Chris Connor Miriam Makeba Annie Ross Marianne Faithful Dionne Warwick Damita Jo Marian Montgomery Patti Page Barbara McNair INSTRUMENTAL COMBO Dave Brubeck Quartet Ramsey Lewis Trio Stan Getz Quartet Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet Oscar Peterson Trio Modern Jazz Quartet Miles Davis Sextet John Coltrane Quarte Louis Armstrong All-Stars	214 212 204 189 168 153 153 148 134 133 127 123 109 109 103 101 6,475 3,867 1,719 1,551 1,293 1,179 775 1 621	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 26. 27. 28	Peter, Paul & Mary Beatles Swingle Singers Four Freshmen Righteous Brothers Supremes Double Six of Paris Rolling Stones New Christy Minstrels Hi-Lo's Kingston Trio Jackie Cain & Roy Kral J's with Jamie Mitchell Trio Mills Brothers Brothers Four Herman's Hermits Anita Kerr Singers Kirby Stone Four Limeliters Platters King Sisters Clancy Bros. & Makem Modernaires The Raelets Ink Spots Ames Brothers	3,699 2,983 2,814 2,250 2,185 2,002 1,635 1,536 1,400 751 726 690 586 519 372 316 290 279 257 236 227 214 206 183 147 145

## Valentine

(continued from page 77)

I received a few valentines from girls I didn't like. I passed along a few to a few others I didn't dislike as much as I disliked the girls who had sent me valentines, and I signed them Guess Who, or You Know Who, or Al Nidevar, because I knew Al Nidevar despised that particular girl, and if we couldn't have love, maybe we could have laughter.

The valentines that came to me I shoved into the pocket of my overalls because they weren't from Maxine, but every now and then the rest of that day, while I was selling papers, I brought them out and looked at them and put them back, and thought about them and about the girls who had drawn them and sent them, and then sure enough, little by little, a kind of rather meaningful thing happened: I no longer disliked the girls who had sent me the valentines, I rather liked them, in fact. They weren't Maxine, I really didn't know who they were, but I rather liked them just the

And I knew the valentines didn't mean that they liked me, they meant something else, maybe something like, "Well, here we are, stuck with ourselves, not in love with one another the way anybody knows love *really* is, but what do we care, it's still pretty wonderful to be who we are, anyhow."

And so I was glad that I had been sent three valentines, and that I had sent four.

Love doesn't have to be perfect. Even imperfect, it is still the best thing there is, for the simple reason that it is the most common and constant truth of all, the very thing that holds everything together, that permits everything to move along in time and be its wonderful or ordinary self. (A rose is its own self, for instance, but no more its own self than a cabbage is its own self, although it's only a cabbage.)

Breathes there a man with memory so feeble that on Valentine's Day his soul is not gladdened by sending to somebody a substitute message of his real love, or delighted by the arrival from somebody of the same substitute message?

The answer: If he's still breathing, he's still in love.

Say I'm a liar, say this valentine is a lie, I still say I love you. Guess Who?





"... and to my nephew Carter, who has always felt that health is better than wealth, I leave my sun lamp."

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

(continued from page 133)

all-in-one component embodying twinchannel control amplifiers and an FM or AM/FM-stereo tuner. In the old days, to assemble this panoply of electronics on a single chassis meant a lot of tubes, a lot of weight, a lot of heat and, not infrequently, a lot of servicing. Solidstate circuitry eliminates or minimizes these several pitfalls. With transistors taking the place of tubes, over-all dimensions can be made significantly smaller. Since heavy output transformers are no longer needed, weight can be drastically reduced. Because transistorized gear runs cool, the maintenance troubles engendered by overheating are virtually nil. In other words, you get the compactness and simplicity of fully integrated electronics without the headaches.

As you'd expect, there's a varied supply of receivers to meet the demand. Prices run from just over \$200 to just under \$500, depending chiefly on maximum power output and flexibility of controls. Power requirements relate to the type of speaker system you choose and the size of your listening room. If you're in smallish quarters and use fairly high-efficiency speakers, a stereo output of 30 or 40 watts (that is, 15 or 20 watts per channel) will do nicely. On the other hand, if you're employing low-efficiency systems to fill large, heavily upholstered digs with abundant sound, a receiver in the 100-watt class is indicated. It's a good idea to err in the direction of too much power rather than too little. You can always turn down volume without ill effects; but if you push a receiver to capacity, you're likely to encounter distortion.

Even the least costly models incorporate all the essential adjustments: input selector switch; volume and balance controls; switches for power, loudness compensation and AFC muting; separate treble and bass controls; and a stereo indicator light. The front-panel headphone jack and D'Arsonval tuning meter to indicate FM signal strength are also standard equipment nowadays in all but the most stripped-down models.

With so many transistorized receivers spilling onto the market, it's impossible to mention them all. The best thing to do here is sketch in a few of the highlights and urge you to visit a dealer for full details. A nifty space-saver for the man with minimal shelf room is the Electro-Voice E-V 1177 (\$280), a 50-watt FM receiver small enough to be carried in an attaché case. Like all the receivers mentioned here, it is completely solid-state. The ADC Six Hundred (\$248) is the first piece of electronics from the Audio Dynamics Corporation, a company with an already-well-established reputation for

cartridges and speakers. The Six Hundred deliberately avoids multiplicity of controls in favor of trimly tailored appearance and ease of operation. But all the essentials are there and the unit delivers a beefy 60 watts of power. Proceeding up a notch brings us to more highly powered gear, such as the Bogen RT8000 (\$319.95), which puts out 70 watts and includes a speaker selector switch in its generous assortment of controls. The Bogen features a smooth counterbalanced flywheel knob which tunes in both AM and FM bands. Fisher's entry in this category is the new 440-T (\$329.50), an FM-only 50 watter featuring the company's automatic "Stereo Beacon" mono-stereo switching device. H. Scott is offering the 344-B (\$374.95), with an output of 85 watts from its direct-coupled silicon transistors.

You come to the cream of the receiver crop when you begin to talk about items such as Sherwood's Model S-8800 (\$359.50), which uses silicon transistors exclusively to produce an impressive set of specifications, including 100 watts of power output and an ultralow FM sensitivity rating of 1.6 microvolts. You'll also find all-silicon transistors in Altec's Model 711A 100-watt FM receiver (\$378). Interestingly enough, the top-priced receiver on today's market is a hybrid model-part tubes and part transistors-produced by the prestigious McIntosh. The MAC 1500 (\$499, with two-year service contract) employs miniature and regular-sized tubes in the tuner, silicon transistors in the preamp, and tubes again for the power amplifier.

For the audio perfectionist, there is still no substitute for separate tuners, preamps and power amplifiers. If you have the financial wherewithal, the requisite room and an ear for the ultimate in sound, by all means consider top-ofthe-line gear. In this lordly domain the transistor is still earning its spurs. Although all newly designed equipment from the Marantz Model 7T preamp (\$295) to the Mattes 200-watt power amplifier (\$375)—is coming through solid-state, the celebrated vacuum-tube stalwarts are still very much in the picture. Marantz, for example, continues to favor tube circuitry for its pace-setting Model 10B tuner (\$600), as does McIntosh for its rock-steady Model MC240 80-watt stereo power amplifier (\$288). Certainly worth investigation among the recent solid-state entries in this lofty category are three control amplifiers: the Acoustech VII (60 watts, \$219), the JBL Model SA 600 (80 watts, \$300) and the C/M Laboratories Model CC-50S (100 watts, \$387).

So much for electronics. We'll backtrack now to the program source and take a look at some of the new record players and tape decks. As far as automatic turntables are concerned, it's a

case of no news being good news. Changers have now reached a plateau of excellence beyond which only minor refinements seem possible. United Audio has upgraded its well-regarded Dual 1009 automatic turntable into the Dual 1019 (\$129.50), by adding direct-dial antiskating compensation and stick-shift cuing control to the already notable list of specifications. Garrard has introduced some slight modifications in its best-selling Lab 80 (\$99.50), but basically the automated equipment remains unchanged from last year. Somewhat more activity is apparent in the straight turntable category. From Switzerland comes a new Thorens player, the two-speed TD-150AB (\$99.50), which features a low-mass aluminum plug-in shell for the cartridge of your choice. Elpa, which imports the Thorens, has also brought the Perpetuum-Ebner 34 (\$72) over from Germany. A well-crafted four-speed model, the Perpetuum employs a combined drive (belt and idler wheel) for minimal rumble and incorporates a vernier speed control to permit fine pitch adjustments. And our old friend, the Acoustic Research turntable, is with us again in an even more stable model, the XA (\$78).

In the cartridge field, the 15-degree vertical tracking angle and elliptical stylus are now considered de rigueur, but otherwise there's a wide divergence of basic component design. Here, you'd do well to trust your ears rather than specifications. What sounds impeccable to one person may seem impossible to another. Recent models that bear investigation are the English Decca Mark 4 (\$80), with a direct-coupled stylus instead of the usual cantilevered coupling; the Stanton 581 (\$49.50), which incorporates a built-in brush for trapping dust and lint before it causes trouble; and the Grado Model BE (\$32.50), which eliminates conventional magnetic circuitry in favor of solid-state strain generators. New, improved cartridges are also being offered by Empire, Pickering and Shure.

Unlike record players, new tape decks and recorders are being produced in abundance. The chief trend this year is using larger tape reels than the old seven-inch standard. The combination of oversize reels and the markedly superior fidelity now possible at a speed of 33/4 ips means that marathon tape recordists can keep working uninterruptedly for about five hours straight. These indefatigables should be more than content, we are sure, with the Revox G-36 (\$500), a mighty machine from the Swiss firm of Studer, now coming into the U.S. market for the first time. In addition to its 101/2-inch reels, the Revox features three Pabst Outer-Rotor motors with electrical speed change, as well as dual VU meters and solenoid-operated brakes, Other recorders with 101/2-inch reels are the Roberts Model 5000 (\$699.95), incorporating the company's patented Cross Field head, and the Crown SX700 (\$895), with a four-pound flywheel and other heavy-duty appurtenances typical of this professional manufacturer. Magnecord's Model 1020 (\$570) uses an oversize reel, 81/4 inches in diameter, which increases playing time by 50 percent over the 7-inch reel of the old version of the model.

Automatic tape reversal is another recent development now being offered by more and more manufacturers. You'll find such electronic excellences in Sony's Model 660 (\$575), a complete taperecorder system which encompasses a 50watt solid-state amplifier and four-way loudspeakers in addition to a remarkably well-accoutered deck; the Ampex 2000 series (deck model 2050, \$479, and speaker-equipped recorder model 2070, \$529), featuring automatic threading and three-speed operation; the whole Concertone 800 series, such as the Model 815 with 20-watt solid-state amplifier, in walnut cabinetry (\$599.95); and the full Concord Professional "R" series, led by the R-2000, a deck with three hysteresis motors, hyperbolic ground heads and remote solenoid controls (\$795).

If your tape requirements are less critical and you're willing to forgo oversize reels and automatic reversal, there's a flood of highly competent gear at irresistible prices. The awesome Ampex Corporation is staking out a claim in the mass market with its first under-\$300 equipment; the 800 series (deck model 850, \$269, or the speaker-equipped recorder model 860, \$289), which boasts three-speed operation and the expected Ampex quality and styling. Sony weighs in with its Model 350 (\$199.50), Uher with the Model 7000 (\$230) and Wollensak with the Model 5250 (\$189.95)-all solid-state and all capable of high-quality recording as well as playback. If portability comes high in your list of tape desirables, we'd counsel a look at some of the remarkably versatile battery-operated gear now on the market. Concord's Model 350 (\$199.95), with automatic reverse and built-in voice operation; Tandberg's Model II (\$595), with fourspeed motor powered by ten D batteries; and the Uher 4000-L (\$440), featuring rechargeable storage battery and keyboard controls, are all top-quality offerings.

Home video recorders have made their initial appearance this season and are fast capturing the admiring attention of movie and TV aficionados. A gadget as utterly new as this doesn't come along every year, so the excitement is natural. The Sony TCV (\$1250, with a built-in 9-inch receiver and clock timer), sends a half-inch tape past a rotating helical recording head at 71/2 ips, and provides an hour of continuous recording with a 7-inch reel. The clock timer starts the mechanism going at a preset hour and 189

permits you to record a TV program in absentia for later viewing at a convenient time. The Ampex HVR (\$1095, tape deck only, to be used with separate TV receiver) uses one-inch tape at a choice of 4.8 or 9.6 ips. With the slower speed and a 91/2-inch reel, you can record up to two hours without interruption. The faster speed cuts playing time to one hour, but gives better reproduction. When advanced circuitry comes along, you will be able to reproduce color at that speed. Any good serviceman should be able to adapt an ordinary TV receiver for hookup to the Ampex deck without undue strain.

Norelco makes an addition to the videorecorder field with a smooth-functioning push-button model that can be adapted to almost any TV receiver on the market.

For those who want their audio-visual entertainment now, the news is solidstate and color. Transistors seem to be taking over in all but the big, floorstanding console models, and color television is getting brighter, less bulky, and better every year, even if the programs are not always keeping pace. General Electric has expertly fitted its Porta Color model (\$249.95) into 24 pounds of lightweight styling to become the first of the really portable color sets available.

Among the larger models, the industry's quality leaders such as Admiral, Philco, RCA and Zenith are turning out sets in various sizes and shapes in their accustomed fine workmanship.

When shopping for loudspeakers, the personal element bulks large: One man's poetry may be another man's poison. You're really best off to sample sounds at your leisure in a well-equipped showroom. Nevertheless, we can observe that some correlation exists between speakers and the electronic gear that drives them. If you've decided on a low-power stereo system of up to 60 watts, you'll want to mate it with a pair of low-efficiency speakers. Lately, some admirable advances have been made in compact systems employing 8-inch woofers. Acoustic Research set the pace a year or so ago with its hefty-sounding AR-4 (\$57). Since then, several other deserving compacts have joined the procession: the Electro-Voice E-V Seven (\$65), with continuously variable tweeter control: the three-way University Ultra-D (\$99.50); the Utah twin-tweeter PRO2 (\$54.95): a new outfit, Cizek, has come out with an exciting shelf Model 201 (\$59.50): and the Wharfedale W30 (\$69.95), with "Acoustic Compensation Control" for both mid- and highfrequency ranges. An intriguing variant in small-speaker design comes from Circle-O-Phonic (Copenhagen Models, \$99), whose engineers seem to have solved the problem of effective sound dispersion by mounting the mid-high-range speaker 190 on a rotating shaft. When the system is turned on, a tiny electric motor starts the speaker whirling and radiates sound in all directions through an enclosure open on four sides.

To do justice to one of the top-category power sources, vou'll need to get into the 12-inch-and-up woofer bracket, and the profusion of models here is even more lavish. Large bookshelf design is still dominated by the standard-setting AR-3 (\$225) and KLH Model Four (\$231). But, among this year's elegant new arrivals, you'd do well to investigate the Jensen PR-200 (\$179.50), UTC "Maximus 7" (\$189), University "Monitor" (\$159.75) and Fisher XP-9 (\$199.50) -all of them are three-way systems of wide range and smooth response, but with subtly varying characteristics to suit differing listening tastes. If you don't opt for the bookshelf approach, you'll find a growing assortment of floor-standing models. One such is the new KLH Model Twelve (\$249.95), a four-speaker acoustic-suspension floor unit that provides four different level controls for precision adjustment of each frequency range. Another is the JBL Lancer 101 (\$354), which offers a welcome departure from traditional speaker decor by inlaying a slab of marble on the top and employing hand-carved fretwork for the grille. Marbletop styling is also favored by Empire in an updated version of the cylindrical "Grenadier" Model 8000P (\$205), now featuring removable adjustments for bass response. If you fancy the fandango and go for Spanish furnishings, by all means take a look at University's "Mediterranean" (\$360), a heptagonal pedestal system with three separate level controls.

The confirmed fidelitist who happily finds himself lolling about in baronial digs and has a poke to match should settle for nothing less than the optimum in transducers. You can put the equivalent of Cinerama in your living room with a pair of Altec's "Voice of the Theater" systems, which now come ensconced in sturdy walnut cabinetry (Model A7-500W, \$495). Other magnificent monsters worthy of the most demanding ears include Bozak's Model B-4000 (\$495), Klipsch's "Klipschorn" (\$514 up), Electro-Voice's Patrician 800 (\$995) and JBL's massive Paragon D44000 (\$2250).

Midnight listeners will keep neighbors content by donning a pair of headphones. No hardship at all is involved with the new feather-light sets coming your way, and the sound can be spectacularly vivid. Among the latest arrivals in stereo headgear are the Sharpe HA-8 (\$24.50), from the Canadian outfit that pioneered liquid-filled ear seals; the Koss KO-727 (\$34.95), with removable cushions: and the Telex "Serenata" (\$59.95), which incorporates such refinements as adjustable ear-cup pressure, electronic tone control and detachable cord. A handy adjunct to a set of comfortable phones is the Shure "Solo/ Phone" amplifier (\$45), which packs all the requisite solid-state electronics into a remarkably trim walnut box, for yielding a power supply directly to your headphones and bypassing the regular am-

From all the foregoing it will be apparent that the 1966 crop of components is certain to satisfy a diversity of tastes. By mating individual pieces with reasonable care, a system can be tailored to fit the requirements of any listening situation. But if the embarrassment of component riches makes the choice seem too perilous, several of the major manufacturers have already done the assembling for you in the form of modular systemsa factory-packaged three-piece set consisting of record player, tuner and amplifier in one central module and two compatible speakers in matching cabinetry. The prototype of these packaged deals, KLH's Model Eleven in portable suitcase form, has now been updated to include FM and a new Garrard, and renamed Model Eleven-FM (\$279.95). The top of the KLH line is the Model Twenty Plus (\$525), which houses works and speakers in three oiled-walnut cabinets set on curved cast-aluminum pedestals. Harman-Kardon has recently joined the modular ranks with its Model SC-440 (\$399), comprising Garrard changer, AM/FM tuner, 36-watt amplifier and a pair of acoustic-suspension speakers with 10-inch woofers. If you prefer to choose your own speakers but like the convenience of one-unit construction for turntable/tuner/amplifier, the answer will be found in the Benjamin 200-FM (\$329.50) or Sylvania CS10W (\$359.50). Concertone adds an automatic-reverse tape deck to the changer/tuner/amplifier trio in its single-package "Audio Composium" Model 814 (\$799.95).

Our opening optimism with respect to the current audio situation has, we hope, been amply substantiated. Value received per dollar expended is at an all-time high in this 1966 high-fidelity market. Bear in mind that prices quoted here are list. Except for a few protected lines, goodly discounts are the general rule. The amount that's lopped off list price will usually move in inverse proportion to the amount of loving care the dealer is prepared to bestow on the merchandise once it leaves his shop. Our advice is to postpone final payment until delivery and installation-a gambit which provides reasonable insurance against the possibility of your receiving damaged equipment. If everything arrives in prime working order, it's likely to remain that way for a long time to come.



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