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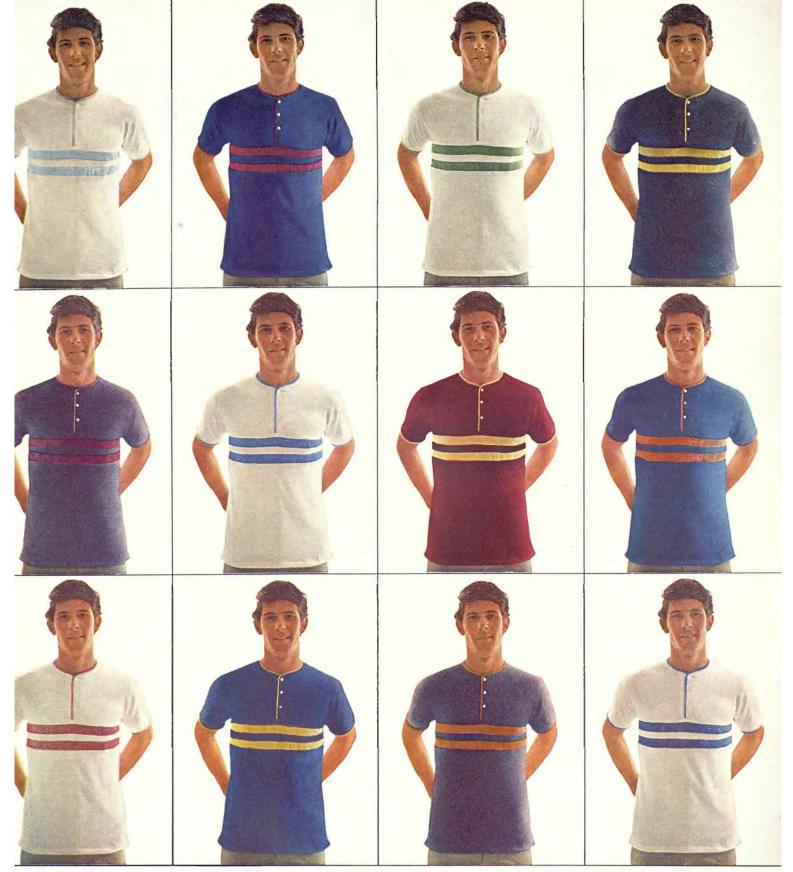
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PLAYBILL MARY WARREN, the prettiest and most personable of the personnel in PLAYBOV's Personnel Department, proves that she can wear more than one hat as she models ten gallons' worth of Stetson on our cover. Mary's other accounterments—a six-shooter and a Rabbit-starring sheriff's star—help announce *The Girls of Texas*, a wide-ranging words-and-pictures tribute to the loveliest fillies of the Lone-Star State.

Brooklyn, which supplies at least as many gag lines as Texas, has also supplied PLAYBOY readers with William Iversen, our witty, perceptive reporter of society's past and present mores and foibles. In Venus Defiled, Bill resumes his studies of sex in the ladies' magazines (The Pious Pornographers, October 1957; The Pious Pornographers Revisited, September, October, 1964) with a somewhat dazed but game look at the sizzling supersex that currently enlivens the gamy pages of the women's confession and romance monthlies. Says Bill: "Call them Pop Sex or call them Carnal Camp, as a social phenomenon, these magazines are every bit as significant as TV and the movies. They affect the lives and attitudes of more than 18,000,000 American women, and anything that affects that many women is bound to affect you and me."

Humphrey Bogart, as man, movie star and myth, has affected and is continuing to affect millions of filmgoers and TV viewers. In "Here's Looking at You, Kid"-the Bogart Boom, noted critics Kenneth Tynan and Bosley Crowther team up to wrap up the unique Bogart phenomenon, the charisma and the cult that have made him, since his death, grow larger than life. Tynan-who, in addition to serving as film critic for the London Observer, is Literary Manager of Britain's National Theater-chronicles his growth from youthful fan to mature analyst and admirer of Bogart as man and actor. Crowther, longtime film critic for The New York Times and author of the soon-to-be-published The Great Films (which includes Bogey's The Maltese Falcon and The Treasure of the Sierra Madre), recalls a pertinent meeting with urban-oriented Bogart: "It was in an elevator at the Warner Bros. office in New York. He looked terrible-tired and unkempt. The fellow with me asked what was the matter, to which Bogart replied, 'Just spent the weekend in the country.







TYNAN

It's that fresh air!' "Accompanying these articles are a Bogart filmography, bibliography and quiz to test your eligibility for—and establish your rank in—the Bogeymania Brigade.

The world of cartoonist John Dempsey -if one were to judge from his contributions to PLAYBOY during the last decade -is filled with fresh air, bright sunshine and burnished, unencumbered bodies (see this month's Dempsey's Nudists). Nothing could be further from the truth, says John. "Although Southern California, where I reside and roam, is amply supplied with nudist camps, and although I've been invited to visit various nudist clubs, I've never been to one. I find that after long days spent drawing nudists, I feel the need to don a pair of red slacks, a blue shirt and a yellow straw hat and get out on a golf course."

The characters who inhabit the world of Jimmy Breslin's Marvin the Torch would feel at home among those richly Runyonesque denizens of his column in the New York Herald Tribune—to the delight of thousands of his fans. Jimmy, who works hard at preserving a rhinestone-in-the-rough public image, fools few of his fans, who recognize him as a keen-eyed, sharp-witted observer. His recent columns have ranged from a profile of a chap whose hobby is stealing silverware from hotels and restaurants to a



running account of a man on the run from a shylock, to an irreverent recounting by Irishman Breslin of the I. R. A.'s attempts to raise money in New York for razing certain sites in Northern Ireland.

First-rank comedian, brilliant director Mike Nichols, subject of this month's Playboy Interview, hasn't always been successful. In fact, he once served a short, disastrous stint as a jingle judge: Out of all the entries submitted to complete a couplet whose first line went "This house has charms that grow and grow." Mike unhesitatingly chose, "A lovely home for Jean-Jacques Rousseau." Exit Judge Nichols, stage left.

With this issue's science-fiction shocker, The Light of Darkness, scientist, scenarist, submarine-treasure salvager and PLAYBOY regular (16 articles and stories in our pages to date) Arthur C. Clarke has again proved a prophet. He informs us from his Ceylon home that the Army has just perfected a laser weapon, one of whose functions is precisely that of the one employed to stunning dramatic effect in this month's story. His fictional communications-satellite effort in PLAYBOY-I Remember Babylon (May 1960)-preceded, and exactly described, Telstar by several years. Clarke is now in the final stages of an epic collaboration with producer Stanley Kubrick on the screenplay for an

Romain Gary, winner of an annual PLAYBOY fiction award for his March 1964 story A Bit of a Dreamer, a Bit of a Fool, is with us once more, this time as the author of The Mystique of Moral Overkill, a trenchantly articulate article on today's globe-girdling, sensation-seeking fugitives from a surfeit of sensation and ennui.

MGM-Cinerama sci-fier, 2001: A Space

Odyssey, to be released sometime in 1967.

Adding to our Texas-sized June issue, a pair of prestigious fictional offerings: Herbert Gold's My Father and His Gangsters and Dan Wakefield's The Rich Girl (My Father is Herb's 27th story in PLAYBOY; Rich Girl is Dan's first). Here, too, are Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads, a host of handsome father lodes and rich rewards for successful diplomacy; and Three Summer Vacations, our recommendations for holiday hegiras to get-away-from-it-all scenes, where you can also get away from too many people who are getting away from it all. All this and curvaceous Kelly Burke, our sun-dappled June Playmate.

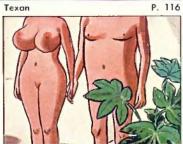
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Nudists P. 9

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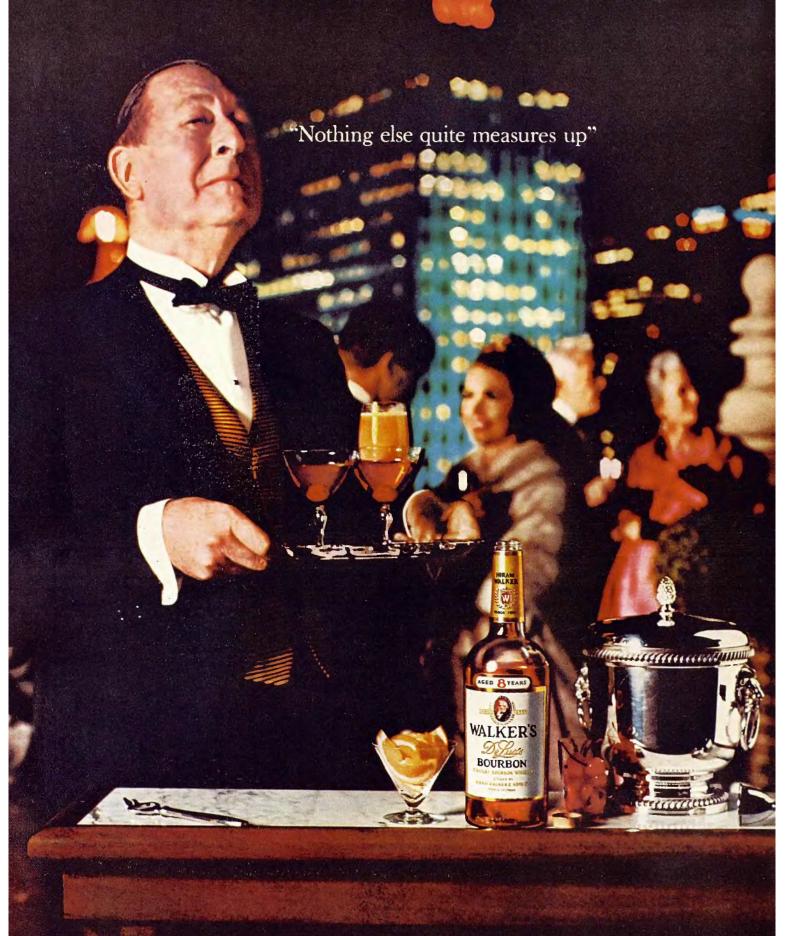
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#### DEAR PLAYBOY

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#### LAW ENFORCEMENT

I would like to commend you on the *Playboy Panel* discussion, *Crisis in Law Enforcement*, in your March issue. It should be of very pertinent interest to all people, because while the United States is engaged in a struggle in a foreign land to preserve the rights of man, it should not overlook our constitutional rights being abused here at home.

I agree wholeheartedly with Melvin M. Belli that the historic Supreme Court decisions deplored by J. Edgar Hoover, among them the McNabb-Mallory and the Gideon cases, have not been made to coddle the criminal but to protect the accused.

These United States were built on a foundation of individual rights. I give my full support to Mr. Belli and his colleagues who are fighting an uphill battle to protect an individual's constitutional rights; and as long as we have men like these, the foundation will remain firm.

Larry J. Kouba Dickinson, North Dakota

Re your panel discussion: It would be most amusing, were not the situation so serious, to hear self-proclaimed "rights" advocates such as Rustin, Belli and friends ignore the most basic right of all—that of a man to be judged as an individual. Their frequent and expansive references to a "cop mentality" are most telling.

As a law-enforcement officer and criminology student, I always find it a little unsettling to learn that I am judged by the excesses of unethical officers whose conduct I abhor. Mr. Rustin's categorizing bore the same stench as that used a few months ago by Klansman Shelton.

In the past there have been many examples of wrongdoing on the part of the police. Mainly, such excesses are the result of poor police administration. To try to correct bad administration by rewriting the Constitution is indeed a mistake. The answer lies in upgrading the police officer—something we are doing here in California—rather than upgrading the criminal to the detriment of society. That

makes about as much sense as curing a corn by amputation, and is just as foolish and wasteful.

> Michael G. Clouse San Francisco, California

Your Panel on law enforcement was most timely and interesting. I hope you will continue in your efforts toward a more rational system of criminal law and procedure. There was, however, one gross error on the part of Mr. Fred E. Inbau, who stated: "Remember that the police are empowered to stop and frisk . . . only after going through the full procedure of establishing probable cause . . ."

Nothing could be farther from the facts. The United States Supreme Court has said that the substance of all definitions of probable cause is a reasonable ground for the belief of guilt—the so-called "stop-and-frisk" laws permit police to stop and search a person merely on a suspicion that the person has committed or is about to commit a crime.

Mr. Inbau's inaccurate statement as to this vitally important matter is surprising, in view of your description of him as a "foremost expert on police interrogation." If your description is correct, he surely must know better.

> John A. Kiser New York, New York

Mr. Inbau had defined "full procedure of establishing probable cause" earlier in the discussion when he said, "This stop-and-frisk law doesn't permit a policeman to stop just any citizen on a whim. He can stop and frisk only when there has been a crime committed in the neighborhood and the person stopped fits the description of the criminal, or when he finds persons loitering in a dark alley where they have no business at three in the morning."

Basically, the duty of law enforcement is to bring the guilty to justice, while protecting the general public. As a police officer, I know how difficult it can be to accomplish one of these ends without sacrificing the other. But how much power should the police be given to uphold the law and still ensure that individual rights will be protected? I think this would depend upon the caliber of

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police officer available and upon the amount of responsibility assumed by the police department. A new generation of intelligent, conscientious and highly trained officers is coming into vogue. Yet, even with extensive training and sophisticated equipment at his disposal. the officer still needs certain legislation.

Take, for instance, the "stop-and-frisk" law. Contrary to popular belief, this statute does not allow a policeman to accost just anyone. There must be reasonable grounds. Even then, the officer is restricted as to what he can look for.

Thomas J. Tansey, Jr. Madison Police Department Madison, Wisconsin

I found it rather surprising that none of the "guardians of human rights" made a point of remembering that the people who man the law-enforcement agencies have rights, 100. Or don't the guardians believe this to be a fact?

I am not a "cop lover," nor do I have any real friends who are policemen. But I do know that anyone who must face the definite possibility of being maimed or killed in the performance of his everyday duties must be given some means to protect himself. Lord knows, the pay is not high enough to justify the chances he must take. Nor is the respect (?) he gets. It seems that respect for law and the people who enforce it is becoming a thing of the past. I think PLAYBOY owes equal time to the law-enforcement agencies to present their story to the large PLAYBOY audience.

> T. Whittlinger Allentown, Pennsylvania

As a criminologist and a person who has worked closely with the police to help develop more meaningful police statistics. I am quite aware of police attitudes, de facto practices, and, of course, the attitudes of lawyers and academics toward these things. I thought your Panel was exceptionally well doneeven though at times I felt sorry for poor, embattled Fred Inbau, wrong as he is. I would very much like to have my students in criminology class read this selection, and as they are all women, I'm afraid I can't talk them all into buying a copy of your magazine. Is it possible that you might have some overprints or reprints? My class is large-75, to be exact.

> Norman Johnston, Chairman and Professor of Sociology

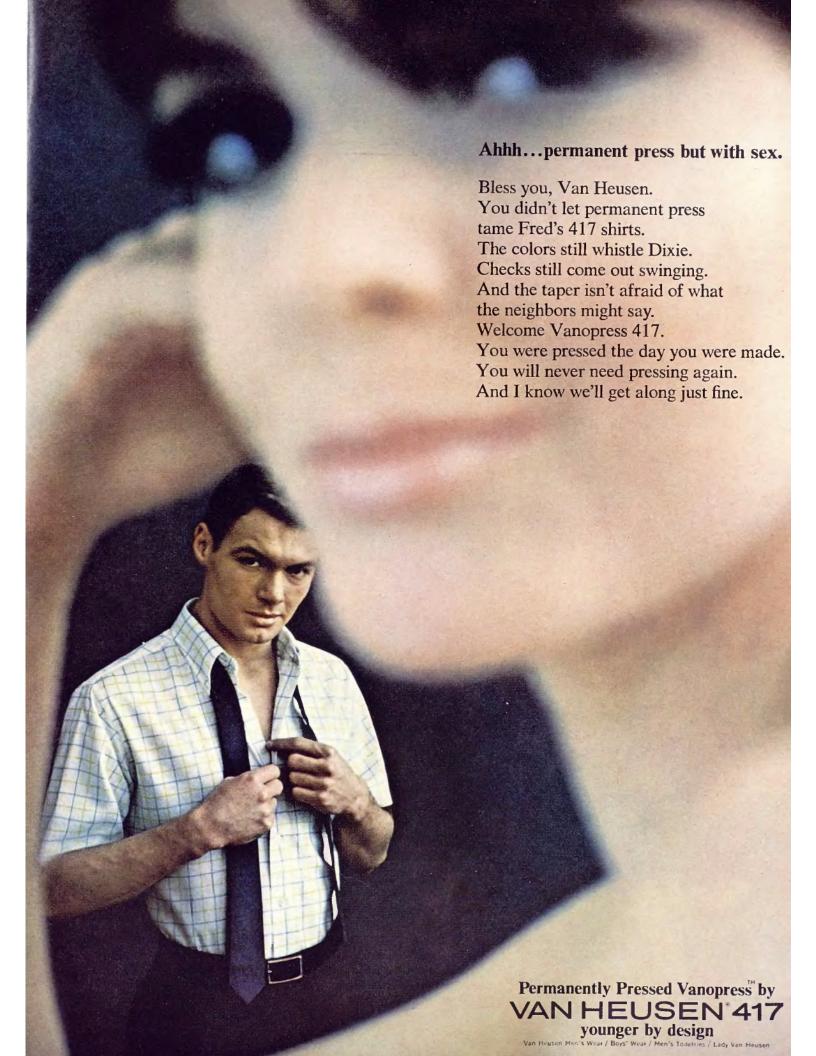
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Glenside. Pennsylvania

Thanks, Professor Johnston. Seventyfive reprints are on their way.

#### DYLAN REPRISED

You are to be commended for your fine March interview with Bob Dylan, I believe him to be the most remarkable





and most influential artist of our time. He has definitely set a new trend in music, since he has been internationally recognized by many contemporary artists. He deserves the highest acclaim for his fine achievements and his preeminent ability to express himself.

Jim Hudson Fayetteville, Arkansas

I really think anything uttered by Bob Dylan has been better said by someone with less urge to play games with himself and with others. I plain don't know why he is so popular, but I also don't know the whys concerning Lawrence Welk and the great amount of money spent on professional wrestling. As for his leader-ship role among this younger generation. I don't know why any generation needs a leader.

Ed McCurdy New York, New York

I have always disliked Bob Dylan's hairdo, his singing and his songwriting, but the interview with him in the March PLAYBOY has led me to conclude that he is an intelligent young man whose insights far exceed his years. Knowing this, I might even be able to change my old ideas about him and his music.

Dick Knibbler Davis, California

There is little doubt that Mr. Dylan has captured the fancy of a certain group of people. There is also little doubt about his musicianship. However, I feel that I have proved that one can climb to the top of his particular field and retain the respect of everyone.

I have never resorted to any kind of weird tactics. I feel that a career can last a lifetime if it is built on a solid foundation. If it is built on sand, it washes away the first time a big rain comes; therefore, it's a fad.

I think that the reason for some people's odd behavior, strange antics and extraordinary appearance is simply that they have the mistaken opinion that the bigger the nonconformist one is, the bigger he can be in the entertainment world. To deliberately talk, act and look in a manner contrary to society can only make for a short-lived success.

Buck Owens Bakersfield, California

I must tell you that the Dylan interview was among the best I have ever read. Your interviewer displayed great skill and the result turned out to be a fascinating study of a writer who will certainly add to the "scene," My son Steve (who has told me for some time now that it—meaning Dylan—is happening all over) has been a fan of Dylan's and, after

reading the interview. I am now a fan as well. Congratulations to Playboy.

Sammy Cahn Beverly Hills, California

I have just read your very amusing interview with Bob Dylan. He is either the most sincere person in the world or someone who is putting the whole world on. I believe he is putting the whole world on.

> Steven White Cambridge, Massachusetts

I have been a fan of Mr. Dylan's ever since Gunsmoke started, and next to Batman he is definitely my favorite saloon performer. However, having seen Alec Guinness portray his life on the stage, I was slightly disgruntled by the way in which your interviewer handled this larger-than-life philosopher. And anybody who would change his name from Zimmerman to Dylan is much more aware of theatrics than he would like to appear.

Bobby Darin Hollywood, California

#### EBONY POSTSCRIPT

We here at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission have been particularly interested in the excellent coverage of civil rights in PLAYBOY. I, personally, felt that the James Farmer article, Mood Ebony, in the February issue was most provocative. As a matter of fact, I circulated it to the entire Commission staff.

Robert L. Gale, Director Office of Public Affairs Equal Employment Opportunity Commission Washington, D. C.

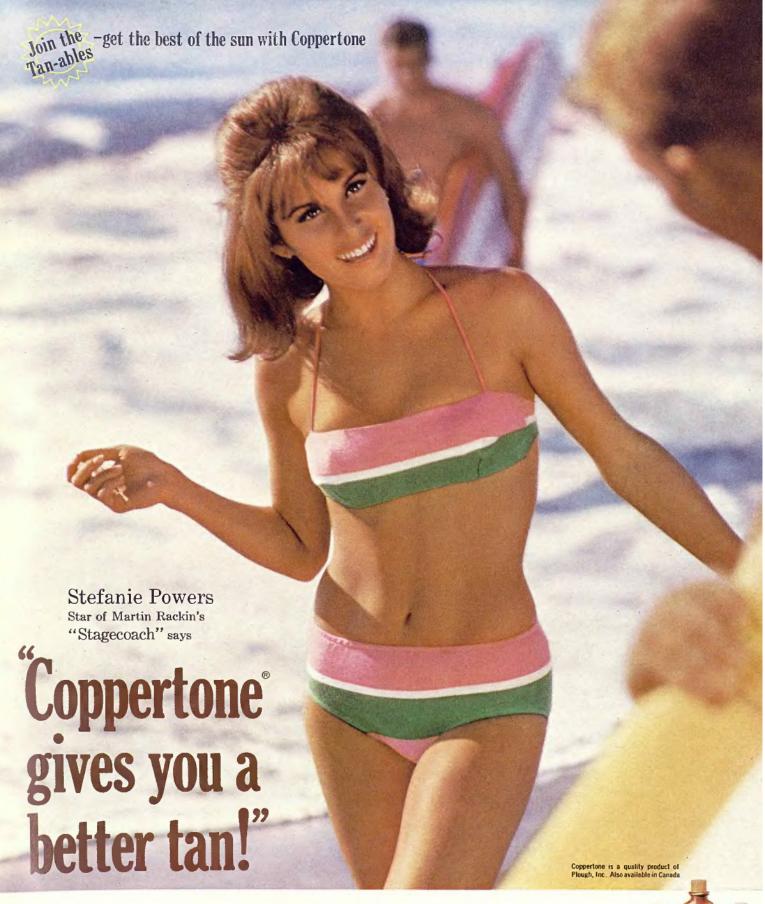
#### BOND'S MAN

Well, you did it. Just when I had finally resigned myself to never seeing another Ian Fleming James Bond adventure, the supersleuths at PLAYBOV ferreted out Octopussy (March 1966). Granted that it's a novelette rather than a novel, half a loaf, etc. I'm looking forward to Part II in your April issue. In the meantime, many thanks.

Frank Kelly Chicago, Illinois

#### LOVE NOTES

Ray Russell complains unjustly in his Little Lexicon of Love (February 1966) that there is no proper verb for the act of love. I should like to recommend to him the old yet serviceable word "dight," defined by the Oxford English dictionary as "to have to do with sexually." The word comes from the Old English dihtan, which in turn is related to the Latin dictare, meaning "to dictate, compose," The use of the word (which may be a transitive or intransitive verb or a noun)



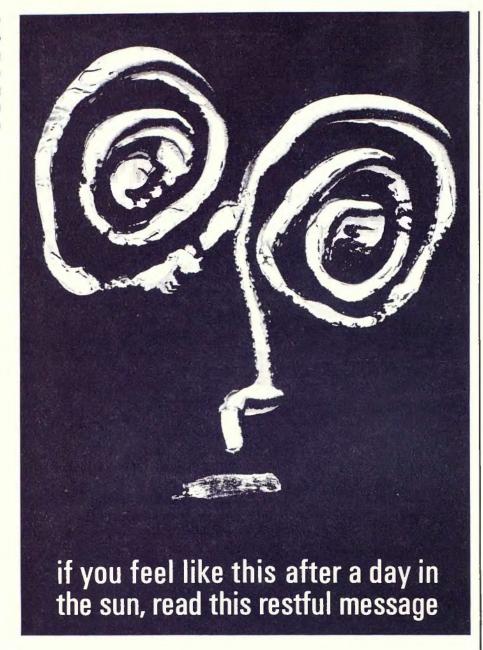
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to denote the sexual act was common about 1650.

A revival of the word would eliminate a great deal of circuitous conversation. but this will never be, at least in Britain -there would arise far too many puns about going out on "double dights."

Kent Hatch Dartmouth College Hanover, New Hampshire

I was surprised that in February's article A Little Lexicon of Love, the word "futter" was not mentioned. It appears often in Burton's translation of The Arabian Nights-especially where the subject of the story, having reduced his companion to a state of compliance, is said to have "futtered her at his will" -a rather delightful and descriptive expression.

G. E. Sinclair Stevenson Pok Fu Lam, Hong Kong

#### THE NEW LEFT

Nat Hentoff's March article, We're Happening All Over, Baby!, was extremely interesting and informative, and obviously well researched. It succeeds in demonstrating the chronic difficulties with radicals, of both the right and the left: They deal in a world of straw men. visceral invective and half-truths. Indeed, there are glaring defects in our society. but to believe that the "system" that has produced the initiative for a War on Poverty, that has by a clear majority endorsed the New Frontier and Great Society, can be patently corrupt is nonsense. The problems of this society can be dealt with only by patient, hard work, not by marches designed to point up what are already well-recognized problems.

Joseph S. Solomkin Harvard University Cambridge, Massachusetts

The review of the New Left by Nat Hentoff justifies his reputation as one of the few men who understand America's radical movement. The New Left's indictment of society is very clear. It still, however, concerns itself primarily with the symptoms of social illness. Mr. Hentoff's article gives some hope that the New Left is now turning to the underlying causes of misery and exploitation. The world desperately needs a new definition of man and a new model of interpersonal relations. As the members of the New Left begin to see themselves as part of the community they are attacking, more positive suggestions may be forthcoming.

Tolbert H. McCarroll, Executive

American Humanist Association Yellow Springs, Ohio

The article by Nat Hentoff on the New Left provided a beautiful contrast to the incoherent irrelevancies of Bob



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EVERY MONTH YOU'LL RECEIVE A FREE COPY of the Club magazine. Keynotes. It's filled with news, photos, and pre-views of the latest happenings in the glamorous world of musical entertainment. It describes the forthcoming selection in each field of music, together with a wide variety of other outstand-ing records in all fields.

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PICK of over 300 records each month. Or if you want

the Club selection for your field of music, you enjoy the added conven-ience of receiving it automatically! You can even say "send me no record at all this month" by returning the form provided. All we ask is that you buy 8 more records in the next year from over 300 a month to be offered. You're sure to find at least that many you'd want to buy anyway!

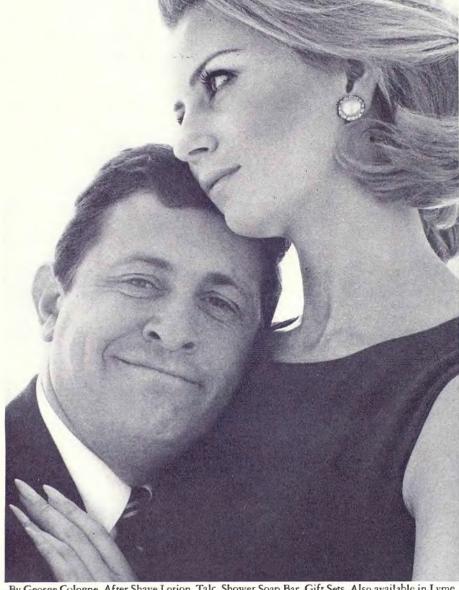
PLAY NOW, PAY LATER! Your Club credit card entitles you to charge your purchases. Albums are billed at the Club price of \$3.98 to \$4.98 (an occasional special album slightly higher) plus a small shipping charge. Stereo records \$1 more.

START NOW by telling us your favorite field of of music and which record you wish to purchase first. Send no money now-just the information requested in the coupon.

Mail this coupon without money
CAPITOL RECORD CLUB Hollywood & Vine, Hollywood, California 90028 Please accept me as a trial member of the Capitel Record Club and send the album whose number I have listed in the box provided and the cordless phonograph described. Bill me \$3.98 for the record (\$1.00 more for stereo) and \$4.95 for the phonograph plus a small shipping charge. I agree to purchase 8 more albums of my choice during the next year. My favorite field of music is:
CHECK Popular Vocalists Jazz ONE Easy Listening and Dancing Teen Country and Western Classical Send all my records in STEREO REGULAR My first purchase is (Print number)
Name
Address
City State
APO and FPO addresses will be sent information on special plan. Canadian orders shipped from Canada.

**FDJA** 

All By George can promise is that you'll smell like a man. The rest is up to you.



By George Cologne, After Shave Lotion, Talc, Shower Soap Bar, Gift Sets. Also available in Lyme, By George! Caryl Richards, Inc., New York, N.Y.



Dylan in the same issue. While Mr. Dylan is raking in his million dollars and practicing alienation as though it were a new kick, the committed kids of SNCC, SDS and CORE are out there doing something. I have the distinct feeling that a future generation (if Lyndon lets us have one) will memorialize these dedicated young people: Mr. Dylan's evanescent glory may make the one-day life of the May fly seem lengthy by comparison.

Still, there is one pervasive danger in the "community-organization" activities of the Young Radicals: They may succeed in perpetuating the ghetto, although improving it peripherally in the process. By encouraging "racial politics," that same cancerous growth that for 30 years has kept the Northern Negro from assuming his rightful place in the political scene, they may simply make permanent the "vote-your-color" idea that makes of the Negro a permanent losing minority.

The various "operation bootstrap" projects for self-help in the ghetto are fine, insofar as they encourage the sense of identity of the Negro; but if they stop there, content to exist on the marginal ghetto level, then they are a cruel cheat, and not worth the lives and heartache expended to gain them.

Thomas J. Cummins Oakland, California

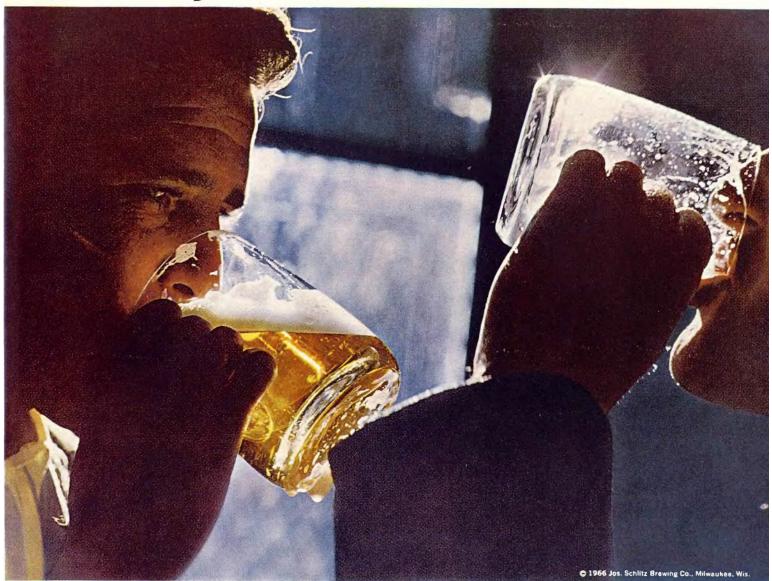
#### RANSOM NOTES

Re the unusual program on Goldilocks and the Three Bears prepared for the March issue of your publication by James Ransom: I can think of nothing so profound or sententious that it cannot benefit from a little good-natured satireand I think Mr. Ransom wrote with a finely sharpened pencil. As one of the people who have spent a good deal of time over the past several years in this particular field, I found his program amusing and fairly insightful. At the same time, I would like to point out that the developing field of self-instruction, of which learning programs are an integral part, is a serious (but, I hope, not gloomy) undertaking. However, I came to praise Ransom, not to bury him. While I think that you would find the field of programed learning an interesting one for a definitive kind of article, Ransom has already indicated some of the problems that attach themselves to educational developments, and he has surely suggested that programs are not panaceas.

> Jerome P. Lysaught, Ed.D. The Clearinghouse on Self-Instructional Materials for Health Care Facilities Rochester, New York

I thought James Ransom's spoof on programed instruction, Goldilocks and the Three Bears, was very clever. I'm certain that this little satire will help in restoring perspective to the zealots

# "When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer."



This is the most carefully brewed beer in the world. From the first golden grain of barley to the last gentle kiss of the hops, it takes 1,174 careful steps to create the taste of Schlitz: real gusto in the great light beer.

# You're going to a pop art exhibition. What should you look for? What should you look like?



Not a reject from the Metropolitan Museum. This is the Caswell/Massey award for originality in designing men's fashions. It's awarded annually and Cricketeer just won it (again) for the outfit in this ad.

You should look somewhat more hip than if you were going to, say, a showing of old Flemish masters at the Louvre. You will, in this Cricketeer 3-piece Shirtweight Bold Traditionals Coordinate outfit. What's a shirtweight coordinate outfit? A brilliant bit of fashion coordination we invented: a sportcoat, slacks and shirt of Vycron\* and cotton—all dyed to color coordinate better than anything you've worn before. This Cricketeer original? About \$60.



It's the big thing this year, so we put a tiger in our ad.



You can take this handy six pack home for only \$800.

**CRICKETEER**°

caught up with the potential in this new educational technique.

Stanley Silverzweig, President Behavioral Technology, Inc. New York, New York

#### MELINDA MIX-UP

I read a newspaper item a few days ago stating that your February Playmate, Melinda Windsor, isn't a student at UCLA as she was portrayed in your magazine. Well, is she or isn't she?

> John Freedman New York, New York

Our abundantly endowed Miss February was a student at UCLA when she was photographed for playmor last fall, but with the money earned by her Playmate appearance, she has temporarily traded her textbooks for a travel brochure, intends to continue her college education later in the year. Melinda Windsor's identity as a UCLA coed was initially questioned because no record of enrollment could be found under that name; many models and performers in show business use professional names, and our Playmates are no exception.

#### FLIGHT FANCIER

May I congratulate your writers and research staff for *The Contemporary Planesman* (March 1966). Many other non-aviation publications have attempted such a synopsis of the aircraft market time and time again, only to ultimately perform a disservice to the industry through inaccuracies of factual material and an editorial bias that placed flying out of the reach of the general business community. PLAYBOY is to be commended for enlightening its readers about general aviation, one of the fastest-growing industries in the country, and doing so in such a fine manner and style.

Richard R. Jaffe, Executive Vice President Aero Leasing Corp. New York, New York

#### FRANK'S THANKS

I am thrilled at having been elected to the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame along with such illustrious musicians as Louis Armstrong and Dave Brubeck. As for the article Jazz '66 by Nat Hentoff in February, it is, as usual with your magazine, complete, well written and informative, and it renders a necessary service. It gives recognition to jazz and to the jazz artists who have contributed so much to the music of America.

> Frank Sinatra Hollywood, California



4711 makes your skin tingle in a very pleasant way. It's like a cooling rain after a hot spell.

Splash it on after a steamy shower. Or any time you need a lift.

After you shave in the morning.

During a letdown in the afternoon. Before you go out in the evening.

Any time.

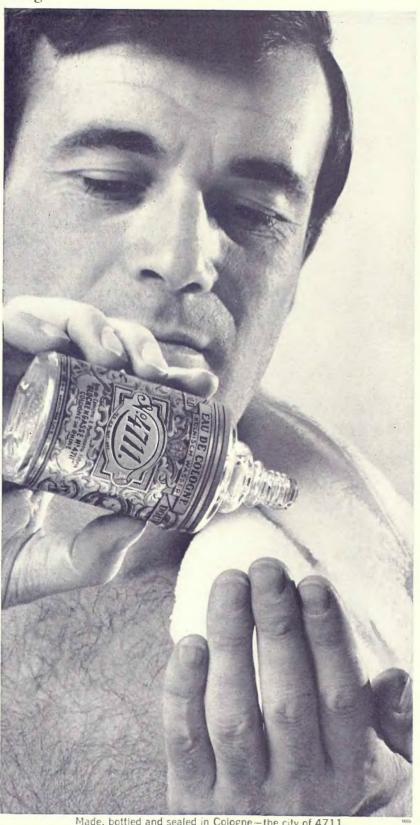
You see, 4711 is the refreshant cologne. Quite different from the perfumed kinds. It has a clean subtle scent that recedes quietly and discreetly into the background. While the fresh, invigorating feeling on your skin lingers on. And on.

4711 is made quite differently, too. A Carthusian monk gave us the formula back in 1792, and it's been a well-guarded secret ever since. (Without giving away too much we can tell you that it's mellowed for eight months in oak casks. Like good vintage wine.)

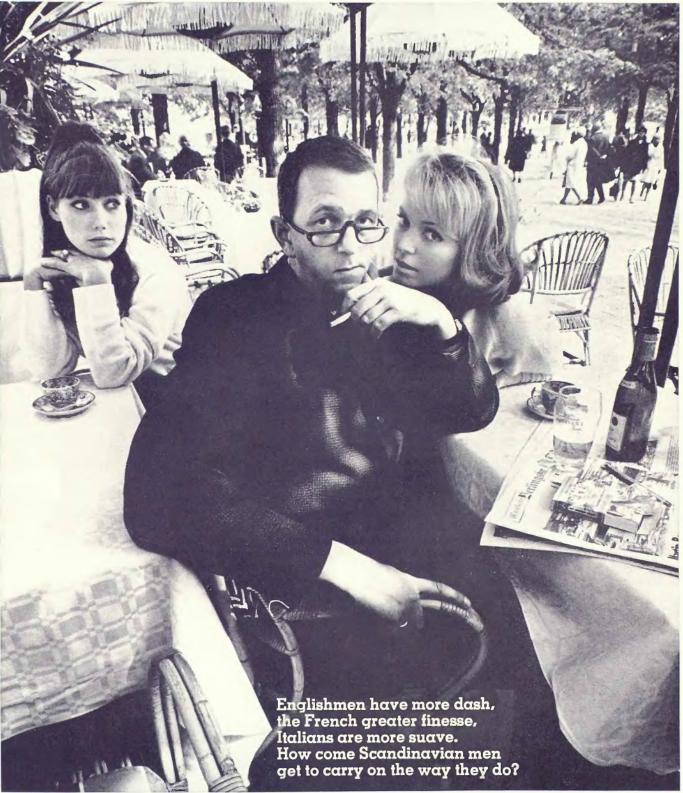
So next time you step out of a shower, or out of some tight spot, try 4711. Slap it on your neck. Your face. All over.

It's a wonderful way to stay cool.

## After the shower, take a shower.



Made, bottled and sealed in Cologne—the city of 4711. Sole Distributors: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017



Thor Krona is devoted to his work at the Stockholm Library. Already this year he has reduced whispering in the reading room by 25% and is clamping down on people who turn back the page corners in books. Thor wears a men's cologne called Teak and recently had to stop taking coffee at a certain cafe because beautiful, tall, blonde girls kept crowding near his table asking if the other chair was taken.

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



TEAK by SHULTON
What Scandinavian men have

#### PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Longtime readers of these pages may recall an After Hours essay (November 1961) in which we deplored the disappearance of such grand old silentscreen-star names as, so help us, Stanhope Wheatcroft, Ferdinand Tidmarsh and Mergenthaler Waisleywillow, and the emergence of drably uninspired modern-day movie monikers—Rock Hudson, William Holden, John Wayne and their innocuous ilk. It saddens us to report that subsequent delvings into vintage film archives have served to substantiate our original thesis even more picturesquely. Compare, for example, the appellational appeal of a Doris Day or a Sandra Dee with that of an old-time leading lady such as Francelia Billington or the redoubtable Octavia Handworth. Consider also the contrast between the alliterative inspiration of a fairly humdrum handle such as Marilyn Monroe, or even an offbeat one such as Marcello Mastroianni, and that of America's secondfavorite Sweetheart in the Twenties, Miss Mary Miles Minter. Though not to be alphabetically outdone, MMM was bested in the triple-name game by a couple of even more unaesthetically yclept contemporaries: Lydia Yeamans Titus and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. For sheer unloveliness, however, it would be difficult -if not unthinkable, in this era of cleancut, nicely named collegiate types such as Troy Donahue and Pamela Tiffinto equal the names of such silent-era stars as Constance Crawley, Louise Glaum, Charles Ogle, Tempe Piggott and that slick customer, Ralph Slippery. We must confess to a certain perverse delight in such unabashedly evocative surnames-and to a grudging admiration for the chutzpah of their owners-but we can't find it in our heart to mourn the passing of an equally popular cinematic vogue of the early 1900s for overcute cognomens. Not even curly Shirley Temple could match such dimpled darlings as Jean Darling, June Caprice, Jewel Carmen and-believe it or nota sugary ingénue named Louise Lovely. Nor could Diana Dors, even before she

changed her name from Diana Fluck, hold a candle to such sultry sexpots of the silents as Dagmar Godowsky, Myrtle Gonzalez, Kittens Reichert and the inimitable Trixie Friganza. Though Miss Friganza's handle is rivaled nowadays only by that of Rip Torn for total improbability, neither could compete in the same league with some of the dillies we've unearthed from the cinematic past: Xenia Desni, Irne Gawket, DeSacia Mooers, Ica Lenkeffy, Hedda Nova, Vola d'Arvil, Ora Carew, Wilmuth Merkyl, Mayme Kelso, Minta Durfee, Orme Caldara, Jetta Goudal and the exotic Lya de Putti, which sounds less like a person than an indecent proposal in Esperanto. Lest we leave anyone in suspense about it, the last name on our list (which belonged to an Austrian actor who immortalized the role of a lascivious vampire) seems to supply a suggestively affirmative, if somewhat enigmatic, reply in German to that brazen proposition: Gustav von Seyffertitz.

The following classified ad—a model of neatness, brevity and aptness of thought—appeared in the *General Electric News*: "WANTED—Good Bed, Upright Organ. Call WA 8-2315."

Sharpest new gimmick in shady advertising, according to the Better Business Bureau, is the familiar catch line, "Your money refunded if not satisfactory." It seems the Bureau has been bombarded lately with complaints from customers who've returned mail-order items with their requests for the promised refund—and received this prompt reply: "Your money has been found satisfactory. It will not be necessary to refund it."

We'd heard that sagging attendance was forcing pro-wrestling promoters to stage increasingly spectacular stunts in order to lure jaded sports fans to their grunt-and-groan charades, but we hadn't realized just how spectacular until we read a recap in The Kansas City Star of a local contest in which "Sailor Art

Thomas forced Tiny Mills to submit to a bear."

An announcement by New York's Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel that it was instituting a "Marry Now—Pay Later" plan confirmed our darkest suspicions, even though it really meant time payments for wedding parties.

He who steals my trash steals my purse: The Wall Street Journal reports a wave of trash-naping in Cleveland's posh University Heights. Object of the exofficio garbage collectors: resale cash for the high-class trash.

Students of foreign folkways may be interested in this intriguing ad from the "Help Wanted" section of the Otago Daily Times of Dunedin, New Zealand: "WANTED FOR WEST OTAGO STUD SHEEP FARM—One single man or youth. Must be interested in sheep. Phone Tapanui or Heroit in the evening."

Backstage at a Broadway theater not long ago, a friend informs us, someone posted a headline clipped from one of the tabloid exposé magazines: MY MOTHER MADE ME A HOMOSEXUAL. Under it one of the chorus boys had written, "If I buy her the yarn, will she make me one?"

Ominous invitation posted in the offices of a Los Angeles loan company: ASK US ABOUT OUR PLANS FOR OWNING YOUR HOME.

From an anonymous informant in Russellville, Arkansas, we learn, and pass on without comment for armchair analysts to make of what they will, the following tidbits of incidental intelligence: The local high school yearbook—which is called, for reasons best known to the editors, *The Climax*—presents those who contribute to its publication with cards reading: "I'm a Climax Booster." And the social highlight of the



Available only at fine drug, department and men's stores.

spring semester is the annual Climax Party, at which the school's prettiest coeds compete for the coveted title of Climax Queen.

Burglars broke into a Peoria, Illinois, home recently, writes a correspondent from that city, and made off with a ringa-ding haul: a burglar alarm just installed by the owner.

The Devil and the Ten Commandments, we've been informed, played to S. R.O. crowds at the Music Hall Theater in San Francisco when it advertised: see what happens when the devil gets into a woman!

#### THEATER

Wait a Minim! is a lunatic entertainment-children's day at the funny farm. Eight devilishly talented youngsters, five boys, three girls, most of them African, all of them white-under the inspiration and direction of South African impresario Leon Gluckman-cut up, and come up with a show that is freewheeling, charming, and foolish in the best sense of the word. The few moments of spoken satire are rudimentary-short jabs at South African radical backwardness; but apartheid from that, the fun, mostly musical and sight gags, is outlandish and inventive. The cast of eight is not alone: It has traveled from South Africa to Rhodesia to London to Broadway toting at least 28 different kinds of musical instruments, including mbiras, timbilas, drones, kalimbas and bull fiddles. For those who can't tell a double respiratory linguaphone from a Japanese koto, let it be said that the instruments look like ski tips, bows and arrows, fly swatters, bulbous gourds, goitered guitars, elephant hooves and garbage cans; and sound, with plonks and palumphs. zizzings and zawzings, like a jam session of carpenters, plumbers and riveters. There are Xhosa fighting songs, Tamil Iullabies, German Schuhplattlers, and even an occasional Italian aria and Irish folk song. Especially uproarious is the Izicatulo Gumboot Dance, performed by the company, led by Paul Tracey (who, with his brother Andrew, is responsible for most of the music) posing as a gangling, goony Englishman going native. With a maniacal grin, ears and hair flapping, arms churning, wearing large, sloppy, feathered galoshes, he clomps, flops, shuffles and gallops, fairly squashing the stage to sawdust. The show's outrageous humor scarcely sags for a minim. At the John Golden, 252 West 45th Street.

#### BOOKS

"Every man's life ends the same way," Ernest Hemingway once remarked to his



# \$100 a month FOR LIFE

"101 Incomes For Life" are reserved for winners in the all-new, 1966 Longines Symphonette Sweedstakest (Say "YES" to the invitation below for your free 10-day (fail.)

Yes, The Longines Symphonette invites you to enter its newest, most exciting sweepstakes evert Incomes of \$100 a month for life! \$500 a year for life! \$100 a year for life! \$10

Now The Longines Symphonette Society proudly presents

The Famous, Award-Winning
HERB ALPERT\*
and the TIJUANA BRASS
plus selections from THE BAJA MARIMBA BAND

in a sparkling five-record Treasury of songs that have taken the nation by storm! Includes "A Taste Of Honey", the song that won the coveted Grammy Award for "Best Record of the Year"!

EXCLUSIVE For A Limited Time Only!

LISTEN FREE FOR 10 DAYS to the most exciting and satisfying melody to come to America in four decades!

Not since New Orleans in the 20's has a new sound swept the nation so quickly... never before have a harmony and rhythm claimed so universal a following! If you have never heard Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass... you have an experience in store for you!

The music of The Tijuana Brass recreates the tempestuous happiness of Fiesta. It conjures up the music of the *Bull Fight*... the pageantry of Old New Orleans... the emotions of the "Roaring Twenties". But above all—you enjoy sheer melody without cacophony when you hear HERB ALPERT and the TIJUANA BRASS!

FREE BONUS: TELEVISION'S NEW FAVOR-ITES, THE BAJA MARIMBA BAND! The exciting Herb Alpert Treasury includes 10 performances of THE BAJA MARIMBA BAND that you've seen and enjoyed on major television spectaculars! Yes, over 50 great selections in a single fiverecord Treasury, produced with the care and hand-inspection that has made "Living Sound" a trademark meaning the finest in modern recording technique!

FREE FOR 10 DAYS-SAVE UP TO 50%!

You'd expect to pay as much as 69¢ each for The Tijuana Brass on ordinary 45 RPM records, but this great Treasury enables you to own their award-winning performances for only 27¢ each. Best of all, listen FREE for 10 days, return The Herb Alpert Treasury and owe nothing... or send just \$5 a month until \$13.88 (plus postage-handling) is paid! LIMITED TIME OFFER—please act at once. Mail the card bound-in to find if you have already won \$100 A MONTH FOR LIFE and to enjoy HERB ALPERT and the TIJUANA BRASS Free for 10 days!

Less than 27¢ a selection!

8100

The Longwes Symphonette Society
proudly presents

A Treasury of the Award Winning

HERB ALPERT

BAJA MARIMBA BAND

ONLY A MONTH

... or \$13.88!

Stereo a mere \$1.80 additional for all five records!

No extra charge for deluxe presentation case!

Here Are A Few Of The Songs You'll Hear:

"A TASTE OF HONEY"

Grammy Award for Best Record of the Year plus...

Hello, Dolly! Never On Sunday Lemon Tree Acapulco 1922 Tangerine Limbo Rock The Lonely Bull South of The Border Desafinado Lollipops and Roses Whipped Cream Green Leaves Of Summer Milord The Girl From Ipanema

\*Courtesy of

PLUS 10 songs by The Baja Marimba Band, including Moonglow, Red Roses For A Blue Lady and eight more, MORE THAN 50 GREAT SELECTIONS IN ALL! How sweepstakes works...The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years of age or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or No. Entries must be received by January 5, 1967. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. A list of major prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed envelope!

#### MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE SOCIETY Symphonette Square, Larchmont, N. Y. 10538

Please send me the Treasury of Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass to audition FREE for 10 days. If I am not satisfied I may return it within 10 days and owe nothing, or send just \$5 a month until the modest price of just \$13.88 (plus postage and handling) is paid.

PLEASE CHECK ONE: | High Fidelity

Stereo (\$1.80 more)

		K1/91-91
NAME		
	(please prin	it)
ADDRESS		
STATE	CITY	ZIP
☐ NO—do not giv	e me 10-day trial, but le	t me know if I have won
Here is my LUCK	Y NUMBER:	

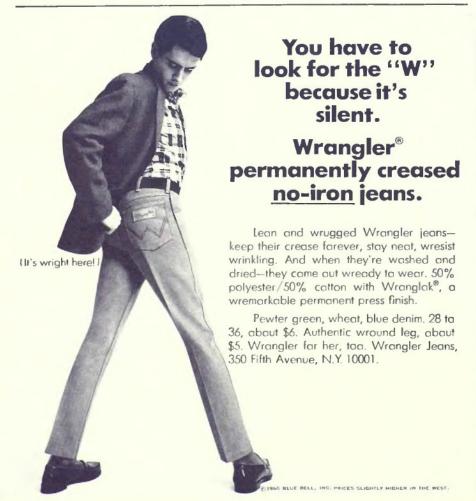
#### SMELLS GREAT!



KINGS MEN...lusty and full bodied with a hint of spice.
AFTER SHAVE, COLOGNE, PRE-ELECTRIC 1.25

THISTLE & PLAID ... Stirring and spirited as the Scottish Highlands with a hefty whiff of heather. COLOGNE 1.50

IMPERIAL GOLD . . . magnificently male with the bold savagery of the Crusaders, AFTER SHAVE 2.50, COLOGNE 2.75 KINGS MEN®



close friend A. E. Hotchner, "and it is only the details of how he lived and how he died that distinguishes one man from another." In Papa Hemingway (Random House). Hotchner gives the details. The way Hemingway died was to kill himself with a shotgun in his Ketchum, Idaho, hideaway. He had attempted suicide at other times, and had gone to the Mayo Clinic, where psychiatrists had pressed buttons and sent electricity through his brain. They told his wife. Mary, that Ernest was 70 percent his old self, that he was free to go; but the first night he got back to Ketchum he did what he'd been wanting to do for months, perhaps years. In those dwindling days, Hemingway, was suffering from delusions that made his friends cry. He thought the Feds were following him and tapping his phone, and that his friends were conspiring against him. But despite the delusions he remained canny, even lucid. His suicide, given his life view, was a rational act. "Papa, why do you want to kill vourself?" Hotchner asked him. "What do you think happens to a man going on sixty-two." Hemingway answered, "when he realizes that he can never write the books and stories he promised himself? Or do any of the other things he promised himself in the good old days?" Years before, a reporter had asked him if he could sum up his feelings about death. "Yes," Hemingway answered, "just another whore." The way Hemingway lived, during those last 13 years when Hotchner was his frequent companion, was to try to keep doing the things he liked best: to write, to drink, to eat, to hunt and fish, to be with friends, to watch the bullfights and bet the horses. He kept taking Hotchner to old Hemingway haunts, so that the book is drenched in a strange nostalgic light-it is Hemingway's Madrid, Hemingway's Paris, Hemingway's Havana. At times his talk seems to parody his writings: ". . . these Cuban girls, you look into their black eyes, they have hot sunlight in them." At other times the talk is writing, as when he describes a bullfighter to Hotchner: "He goes cleanly over the horns, holding back nothing. But he has been gored so often he is nothing but steel and nylon inside." In the end, the book seems to have been written almost as much by Hemingway as by Hotchner. And that is high praise.

Kurt Vonnegut is attracted to calamities. In *Cat's Cradle*, he envisaged the end of the world: now, in *Mother Night* (Harper & Row), he returns to the major calamity of our era, the rise of Nazism. He returns by way of his narrator, one Howard W. Campbell, Jr., an American by birth, a Nazi by reputation and, in 1961 as he sits in a "nice new jail in old Jerusalem," a nationless person. Camp-



#### WOODY ALLEN, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND TELEVISION COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL...TRY SMIRNOFF

Everyone else is enjoying these smart new Smirnoff drinks. Why not you? Smirnoff Screwdrivers with orange juice. Smirnoff Bloody Marys with tomato juice. The Smirnoff Mule made with 7-Up. The dryest Martinis. The smoothest drink on-the-rocks. Only crystal clear Smirnoff, filtered through 14,000 pounds of activated charcoal, makes so many drinks so well. Come out where the sun and the Smirnoff shine. It's a delicious world!





Get acquainted offer: Try the delicious drinks you've been missing with this new half quart sampler bottle. Now available in most states.

First portable TV ever built with a solid integrated circuit!

The kind of circuitry that's proved itself in today's spacecraft—now adapted to the sound system of a tiny portable TV! It's a major element of reliability, another great advance over hand-wiring!

And the new 12-inch\* Minikin boasts a solid-state transistorized† power system, plus the famous RCA solid copper

circuits, that won't come loose or short circuit or go haywire. See the new *Mini-kin* at your RCA Victor dealer!

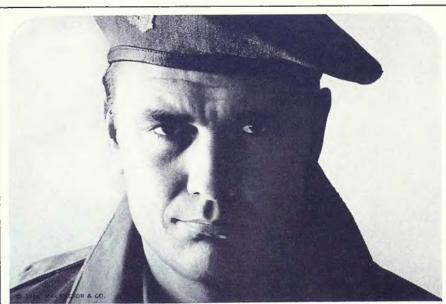
\*Tube overall diagonal / 74-sq.in.picture f One cool-operating rectifier tube



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

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### **New RCA Victor Minikin**



#### Before every encounter

Arm yourself with Max Factor's bold new fragrance, Royal Regiment. Rugged, leather-fresh After-Shave Lotion, Cologne and Heroic-Size Soap. From 3.50.





bell was taken to Germany by his parents while still a boy. When the Second World War broke out, he served as a radio propagandist in English for the Third Reich. In this capacity, he became well-known, well-loved and well-hated: but in another capacity, that of an American spy, he was not well-known at all; only three persons besides himself were aware of his identity, one of them being the Franklin Delano "Rosenfeld" he often excoriated in his broadcasts. Campbell would relay his information to London during his broadcasts by a system of pauses and modulation of the voice. So you see, in the very act of committing treason, he was serving his country. Very clever. At the end of the War. he is captured, and while he is not prosecuted, his double role is not revealed. When his Nazi ties are uncovered, 15 years later, by an alcoholic Russian spy. Mother Night descends. The professional haters, those who had listened to his broadcasts religiously during the War, come to help him; professional patriots. those who have remembered, come to kill him. The man who recruited him as a spy turns up to tell him to get lost again. Instead, Campbell goes voluntarily to Israel to stand trial as a war criminal. Very clever of Campbell. A bit too clever of Vonnegut, who writes so clearly and crisply you think he must have something up his sleeve. We wish we knew what

In his apocalyptic mixture of scatology, erotica and science fiction, William Burroughs has achieved a fusion of "the two cultures"-a kind of 1981 as performed by the Marquis de Sade; which, it seems safe to say, is not exactly what C. P. Snow had in mind. In his latest novel, The Soft Machine (Grove), a substantially revised version of the Paris edition of 1961, Burroughs' style at first seems totally random, as if he wrote out passages on pieces of paper, cut each piece in half, then rearranged the pieces. This, as it happens, is exactly what he did. But the fractured fragments soon begin to come together as neatly as the pieces of a cubist jigsaw puzzle. Burroughs' intention seems to be to extend the two worlds of technology and the sexual underground to their farthest extremes, to discover their relative values by comparing their ultimate degradations. His conclusion is clear enough: To recapture the universe from inhumanity, one must smash the machine, for its berserk technology creates a nightmare world of slag heaps and sewage, of chemical gardens and metal excrement, of poisoned aphrodisiacs and radioactive garbage, all warmed by a flickering neon sun. Only on the very fringes of human behavior, in the pissoirs of history, in the perversions of buggery and drugs, can man defy the non-life of the machine. The orgasm is his last shricking protest

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against a future in which humanity itself has become vestigial. By one of those paradoxes that lurk in the far reaches of art, Burroughs expresses his vision of sanity through the very insanity of the horror he depicts. Like the doctors who performed the first autopsies, Burroughs has been accused of morbidity and desecration. But his examination of technological madness and human debasement is ultimately in the service of life.

In Jeremy Dole's Venus Disarmed (Crown). Congressman Wilbur Fonts (whose slogan is "Think lofty") and his panting retinue go crashing through Europe in quest of the missing arms of Venus de Milo. Fonts, who first saw print in PLAYBOY, is an engaging bag of wind, part Senator Claghorn and part Mr. Magoo; he has somehow acquired the fixed idea that if he finds the arms and brings them to America, a grateful nation will elect him President. It is a case of arms and the mania. The search involves Fonts and his fusty band of incompetents in various backwaters of such European wickedness as murder, blackmail and love. By means of rapidfire gags and nervy puns. Dole makes it droll. There is, for example, Fonts' unfaithful assistant, Timothy Cod. "a pathological punner." He is capable of observing that some of his best friends are shrews, that politicians should "ban the bombast" and that people with mother-in-law problems are suffering from mal de mere. But Cod is a cad, and when he is not playing with words he is playing with Hilary Covenant, the Congressman's secretary, whose attributes are "complete and unabridged." Hilary loves Cod because he is maladjustednot at all like the Congressman's publicrelations man, honest, clean-cut Jack Frome. Jack loves Hilary, and he burns while Cod plays. "Girls, like phrases, should be well couched," is Jack's honest, clean-cut philosophy, but he never manages to live down to it. There is also Gisele, a luscious Parisienne, who one fine night decides to- But by now you've got the idea, and as one of the characters remarks, while lounging in a Paris bar. "We have kilometers to go before we sleep.'

When originally published in Sweden, and later in France, The Erotic Minorities (Grove) by Swedish doctor Lars Ullerstam was, according to the publishers, "a sensation." But this book begins as a polemic and ends by coming perilously close to parody. Ullerstam has written his tract on behalf of sexual deviates, in the hope of winning for them, as he puts it, "a sexual bill of rights." He is not as much concerned with homosexuals as he is with scopophiliacs (Peeping Toms), pedophiliacs (Lolita lovers), sadists, masochists, necrophiliacs and all others who obtain sexual



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Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611 Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no. pleasure from what most of society calls perverted acts. Dr. Ullerstam wants the "normal" world to accept sexually deviant persons as human beings, entitled to obtain gratification of their desires without harassment or legal prosecution-indeed, in some cases, with the active support of the state. But his book's language and logic are likely to alienate even the most sympathetic reader. It argues its case in terms that often border on the ridiculous. Here are a few examples: Ullerstam attacks Swedish law, which, while permitting heterosexual contacts at 15, makes 18 the age for homosexual contacts. But he criticizes the law on the grounds that "it is very doubtful whether a seduction [of a boy younger than 18] can cause the formation of a permanent homosexual urge," then suggests that even if this were a real possibility, "Perhaps the seduction saves the youth from lifelong misery as an impotent husband." Ullerstam argues: "Of all forms of sexual intercourse the heterosexual kind certainly is the most dangerous, having the greatest potential risks in social consequences. . . . Would it not be [best] if we encouraged people to 'perversions' . . . which might, in the long run, prove a solution to the problem of overpopulation?" Dr. Ullerstam exhorts: "No, my dear scopophiles! Believe in the legitimacy and respectability of your sexual needs, express them without fear, and, above all, never believe what superstitious authorities-even if they are doctors-try to insinuate into your minds!" Ullerstam maintains that "psychoanalysis is a branch on the great tree of puritanism," and steadily attacks psychiatrists. But when a particular psychiatrist takes a position of which he approves, he does not hesitate to use him as another arrow to be strung to his bow. The failure of the book is regrettable. Dr. Ullerstam's basic premise deserves serious consideration: Why should not those who "deviate" from the sexual norm (in the statistical sense) be permitted their gratification, if it involves equals and is freely chosen? But the author's approach is so completely one-sided that The Erotic Minorities is more likely to incite readers to pity than to indignation.

Dropouts from the Crystal Palace do not shatter; they become pectinaceous; or, more precisely, they become George Pectin, a white and amorphous substance who when combined with acid and sugar yields a jelly. George, the quivering end product in Alan Harrington's novel The Secret Swinger (Knopf), has been combined with the acid of frustration and the sugar of conformity while working on the staff of Forecast, a national magazine not unlike a real one-word-name magazine. George is in bad trouble. For a detailed account of the origins of George's trouble, you will have

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to go back to Harrington's 1959, nonfictional Life in the Crystal Palace, a suffocatingly accurate examination of the world of total security. It is from this world that George is seeking escape. He wants out-out of his marriage, out of his job, out of the human condition. He is obsessed with fears of aging and death, and therefore yearns for what is irrecoverably gone. Like Orpheus, he descends to the underworld to search out the lost Eurydice of his youth. George's underworld happens to be Greenwich Village, and there he encounters some hip Furies who make life even more miserable. There's Gretchen, she of very wide hip, indeed, who can be turned on by practically any male except poor George. There's Vivian, a Negress of vast proportions and significance. And there's the taunting Beat Poet who exhorts George to "Be!" Harrington leaves no doubt that he is operating on more than one level: His well-written and vivid scenes are spiked with symbols. The trouble with these multi-purpose literary vitamins, however, is that they often make the trip through the reader's consciousness without any appreciable benefit. One is aware of having swallowed the pill, but one's general tone doesn't pick up. Worse, the author usually suspects the weakness of his nostrums, and so prepares a shocker of a dose. Harrington does just that, at the end, which comes saturnalianly close to being in dubious taste.

Several years ago a free-lance writer conned the editor of a national magazine into believing he could get a personal interview with Howard Hughes. Over the next threescore months, the writer kept sending terse telegrams about his progress: "A STRANGE SAFARI BUT THE PREY ALIVE AND TALKING . . . SOME COMPLICATIONS AND DELAY . . . THE WORM IS IN THE CORN . . . NATURALLY I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED THAT THE BACON ISN'T IN THE FRYING PAN . . . I STILL THINK WE WILL CRACK THE NUT . . . SITTING IN THE CAPSULE WAITING FOR BLAST-OFF." That magazine is still waiting for the blast-off. When it comes to accessibility, Howard Hughes makes Charles de Gaulle seem like Hubert Humphrey. Only a Harold Robbins could carpetbag Hughes, and that in the guise of fiction. John Keats acknowledges these difficulties in his book Howard Hughes (Random House). He acknowledges that Hughes has not given a personal interview since 1954 and he frankly labels his book an "interim report." That's all one can say about this biography, which depends so heavily on previously published material; but it's hard to go wrong with a book on Howard Hughes-that mysterious mogul who has set speed records in airplanes, survived four crashes, built a major airline, parlayed multimillion-



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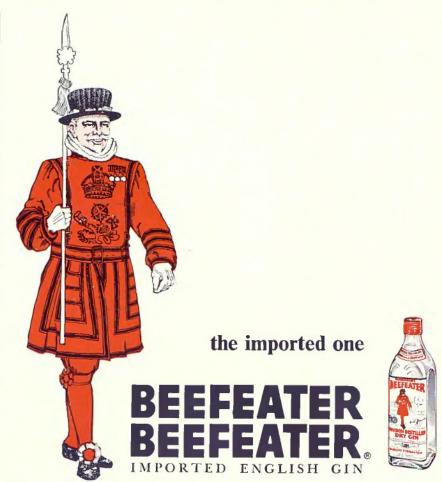
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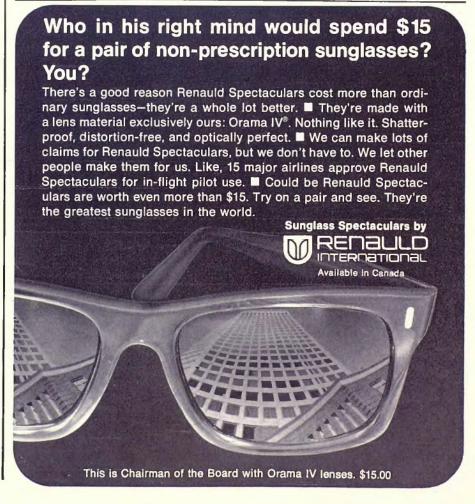
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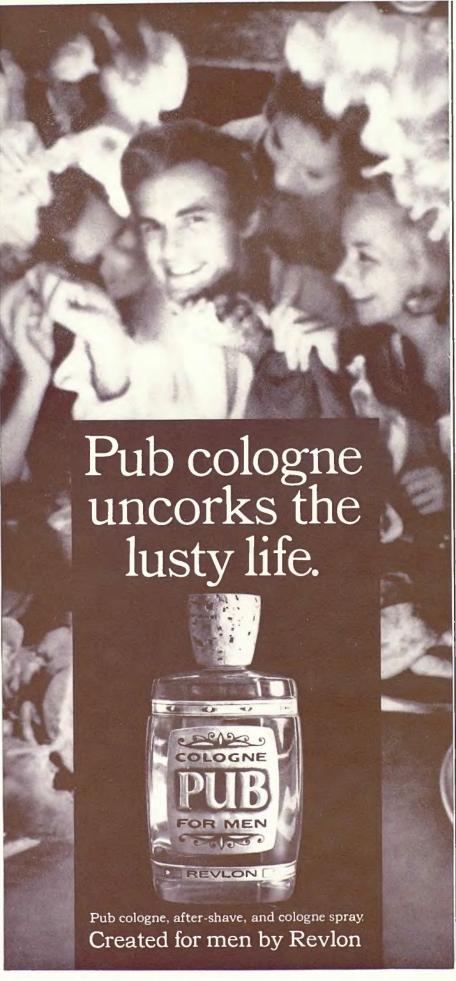
dollar industries into a billion-dollar fortune, ruined the career of a U.S. Senator, made some of the most ballyhooed movies of his time (Hell's Angels, Scarface, The Outlaw), escorted some of the most celebrated actresses (Olivia de Havilland, Katharine Hepburn, Lana Turner, not to mention a host of minor leaguers), and engineered a brassiere for Jane Russell which, in Keats' words, "would rather pointedly fix the audience's attention upon her thorax." Keats has dug meticulously through the public files on Hughes, and gotten some original material from Russell Birdwell, the press agent who made The Outlaw a Happening in the early 1940s, and from Eddie the barber. When Hughes wanted a haircut he would send a driver for Eddie, who was paid to be ready for a summons night or day. "When we'd reach the house," Eddie told Keats, "we'd walk up to the front door and a voice would boom out, like over a microphone, demanding to know who was there. The guard would say, 'It's Eddie the barber,' and they'd let me progress to the front porch. . . . Hughes himself would open the door just a crack. He'd say, 'Hurry on in, step lively, shut the door and keep the germs out." Keats hasn't succeeded in opening that door, but he provides us with some fascinating pecks through the window.

Story of O (Grove) is a masterpiece of sorts, but that's the nicest thing you can say about it. Perfectly done but totally mistaken, it is a beautifully worked out equation using all the wrong numbers. Written by the pseudonymous "Pauline Réage" and originally published in Paris in 1954, the novel exists on the nowfamiliar borderline between in-depth sexual perversion and religious ecstasy. In the matter-of-fact tone of Kafka and the pristine "nether-lips" vocabulary of Fanny Hill, O willingly submits to systematic sexual debasement: Prostituted, chained, whipped, spread-eagled, victim of all the paraphernalia of perversion, she soon becomes nothing but an instrument for the pleasure of others. In order to be constantly accessible, she is not even allowed to close her mouth or to cross her legs. Finally, her lover gives her to another man, who pierces her loins with an iron ring and brands his monogram on her buttocks: the tokens of total enslavement. "At this point," Jean Paulhan writes in his introduction, 'some fool is going to mention masochism." And only a fool would. For it is clear from the beginning that these degradations serve a mystic rather than an erotic purpose. O tortures the body to purify the soul. Like a saint, she finds her deliverance in the very depths of her humiliation. Consecrated by abuse, she consents to everything. And at the end, released from ego, totally dedicated to the desires of others, transfigured into



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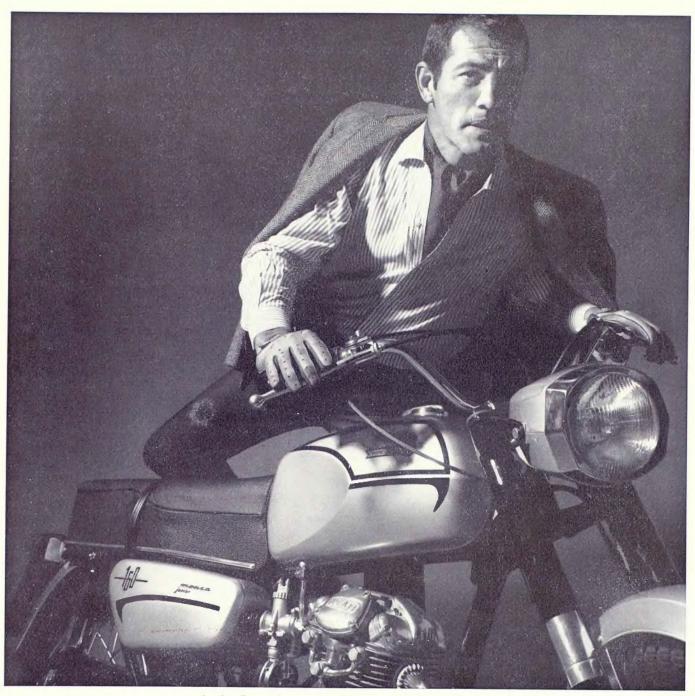




pure loving spirit, she becomes, like her name, simultaneously complete yet empty. The objections to this vision of human prostitution as sacred love are so obvious they hardly seem worth mentioning. But without accepting its mystique of self-abasement, the reader can still admire its redeeming art. For inspite of the horrors, certain parallels may come to mind: the erotic-religious exaltation of St. Theresa of Avila and John Donne's ecstatic submission to God: "Batter me... imprison me, for I, except you enthrall me, never shall be free, nor even chaste, except you ravish me."

#### MOVIES

There's a saving in Hollywood: Why make a movie once when you can make it twice? Now they've done it to Stagecouch, the 1939 John Ford oater that never was much of a picture to start with (sure, it's got a reputation as big as all Texas, but have you seen it lately?) and shows no sign of improving with age. The remake doesn't have the directorial vitality of Ford nor the star quality of John Wayne, but it does have Cinemascope, DeLuxe color and the noisiest sound track since Gunga Din. It also has enough cornball characters to keep a dozen TV Westerns going for the next three seasons. There's the cheap prostitute named Dallas (Ann-Margret), the filthy old rumpot doctor (Bing Crosby), the U.S. marshal (Van Hellin), the pregnant young bride on her way to meet her husband (Stefanie Powers), the comicrelief liquor salesman with a runny rose (Red Buttons), the bank robber (Robert Cummings), the card dealer (Michael Connors) and the outlaw named Ringo (Alex Cord). They're on their way from Dryfork to Cheyenne, with time out for tears and some fancy shootin' with a Sioux war party headed by Crazy Horse. And a more boring group you wouldn't want to meet on the A deck of a transatlantic ocean liner. There is some good location work on the Caribou Country Club ranch near Boulder, Colorado: some wild action shots, including a hair-raising ambush and a couple of Indian massacres that look real enough to gasp at; and a lot of sincere camerawork by William Clothier, who is one of the few Hollywood cinematographers who know how to photograph the West the way it really looks. There is also the stagecoach itself, an authentic replica of the original Concord stage. It's the best thing in the film, and the camera photographs it everywhere-inside, outside, on the top, on the bottom and from an airplane. The unsavory crowd stuffed inside it is somewhat less fascinating. Bing Crosby and Robert Cummings should have quit while they were ahead. Alex Cord is no Duke



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Wayne, but he occasionally manages to cut a noble figure in the saddle. Stefanie Powers is unintentionally funny with a Southern accent that sounds like an Aunt Jemima commercial, and wait until you see how fast she recovers from having that baby on the road. Red Buttons is embarrassing in the kind of role that went out of style with high school meller-dramers. The less said of Ann-Margret the better. What was once a mildly entertaining sagebrush stew has become, in its reincarnation, just warmed-over gruel.

Six strangers share a compartment on the overnight train to Paris, and when they arrive, one of them is dead. After they scatter from the station, however, other members of this accidental grouping go right on getting dead for no discernible reason in The Sleeping Cor Murder. This lends a certain urgency to the investigation of the first murder, since the killer must be caught before he manages to dispatch the four remaining innocents. The mystery in this movie is genuinely mysterious, but there is more here than suspenseful plotting. The investigation, besides turning up a bewildering variety of leads, also turns up a large number of highly competent actors deftly sketching victims, potential victims and their heirs and assigns. Some of them are funny, some spooky, some sad, some sordid, but all are delineated with uncommon skill. Director-writer Costa Gavras has a sound sense of pace and atmosphere. Yves Montand is wonderfully weary, irritable and sympathetic as the detective in the case; Simone Signoret contributes another of her near-perfect performances as an aging woman clinging desperately to the magnificent remnants of youth; and her real-life daughter, Catherine Allegret, makes a most promising debut as a jeune fille. Catherine has inherited, to an uncanny degree, her mother's looks and, more important, her ability to suggest depth in a character that might be a cliché in less skilled hands. After it's over, it is possible to find a number of flaws in the logic of The Sleeping Car Murder, but while you're watching, you will be caught up by a very well-made movie.

They should have thought of it long ago—bringing Sherlock Holmes in on the case of Jack the Ripper. Needless to say, the old master is quite up to solving the most famous of all unsolved crimes, though it takes him a bit longer to do so in A Study in Terror than is strictly necessary. The solution he arrives at is a plausible one—indeed, the possibility that the Ripper was a deranged nobleman has often been suggested by students of his career. A great family discovering that one of the children was the criminal and then sequestering him somewhere would account for the sudden, inexpli-

cable cessation of the crimes at precisely the point where the psychopathic personality would demand more rather than less blood. Before Holmes arrives at this neat conclusion, he hares down a number of false trails-there are prostitutes to interview and a regiment of low characters to lay still lower with a quip, a deduction or the flash of the sword cane. If director James Hill's pace is a trifle slow, his feeling for fogbound. gaslit 19th Century London is a major compensation, as is the care with which scriptwriters Donald and Derek Ford have treated the known facts of the Ripper case and the known conventions of the fictional Holmes. John Neville as Holmes is a trifle more febrile than you might expect (can anyone ever top Basil Rathbone in the role?), but then, part of that character's endless appeal is the enigmatic nature with which he was imbued by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Donald Houston is properly solid, stolid and harrumphy as Dr. Watson, while Robert Morley is an inspired choice to portray Holmes' brilliantly eccentric elder brother, Mycroft. In all, this handsomely mounted color film may perform for a new generation the same function that the Rathbone-Nigel Bruce series did for an earlier one-send them back to Sir Arthur's wonderful tales.

Pierrot le Fou is a New Wave picnic served up by Jean Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina as the ants. As a movie, it may not be much, but as a picnic-formidable! The plot? Nothing you should worry about. It is, after all, a Godard film. As such, it is filled with the usual Godard cynicisms about self-defeat and the destruction of the innocent in modern society, and the Godard trickeries (while a TV set blares news of Vietnam, there is a close-up of the red "SS" portion of an American ESSO sign). It is possible, as with all Godard films, to argue just whose movies have been borrowed to make up the whole. But one thing is certain: It would not be the same film without Belmondo. It is his sandbox and Godard has allowed him to play unabashedly in it in sunripened Technicolor, Belmondo takes a bath. Belmondo does a Gene Kelly musical number on a deserted beach. Belmondo smashes a cake in a girl's face. Belmondo drives a Ford Galaxie convertible into the ocean. Belmondo faces center screen and reads Robert Browning to the audience with a parrot on his shoulder, Robinson Crusoe-style. Belmondo pours a drink on a naked woman at a naked cocktail party. Belmondo impersonates Humphrey Bogart. Belmondo asks a garage attendant to "put a tiger in my tank." Belmondo spends the night with a girl only to wake up the next morning with a corpse. He is once again the Belmondo his fans have come to expect—the tough little grease monkey



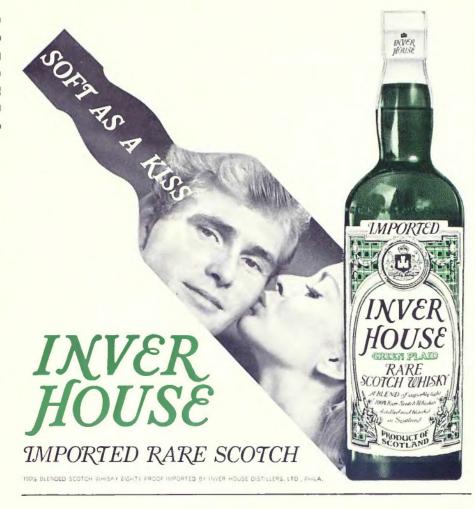
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in the wrinkled seersucker suit, the 20th Century Harlequin who saves the bad, rouge-cheeked Columbine from the gangsters with the walkie-talkies and drives the getaway car while the sound track grinds out music from old Republic Boston Blackie serials. Godard has directed all of this in the lemony sunshine south of St. Tropez with tongue firmly planted in cheek and affection in his eyes. Anna Karina (Godard's ex-wife) deserves a special encomium: She is one of those rare combinations of lithe, passionate corruption and wide-cyed innocence that occasionally ignite the screen. As for Belmondo, he is one of the few men since Bogart who can make both women and men care. If pop art is still around in the year 2000, Belmondo is certain to be its champion, sort of a French Batman. Pierrot le Fou is highly styled and highly recommended.

The premise in Morgan! is promising and most of the promise is fulfilled. A waywardly charming, half-mad young painter is divorced by his beautiful bourgeois bride, but refuses to accept the decree. He keeps hanging around. alternating wistfulness with elaborate practical jokes in a campaign to win her away from her new lover. She weakens to the point of taking him back into bed and almost back into her life. In the end, however, he presses his luck too hard. A young actor named David Warner is shaggy, energetic and often as charming as he thinks he is in the title role, while Vanessa Redgrave is, in looks and manner, a wife anyone would rather fight for than ditch. Director Karel Reisz. confirms the impression he made with Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, which is that he is an imitative director. He keeps his movie moving by freely adapting the madcap-chase style of Richard (The Knack) Lester: and while all that running around tends to contrast a bit too vividly with the fragile sentiment the boy and the girl generate in their best moments together, the total effect is frenctically fascinating. From John Schlesinger's Billy Liar, Reisz borrows the technique of showing the hero's fantasy life (it revolves mainly around gorillas) to illuminate the motives for his determined nonconformity. Many of these sequences are, like the chases, extremely funny; and if the movie tries too much, too fast, too hard, there are more than enough solid hits to compensate for the few misses.

Nevada Smith is out of The Carpetbaggers by horse opera. Only worse, because it's not as much fun. As a half-breed Indian who is rumored to be a composite of the late William S. Hart and Tom Mix, Steve McQueen bounces, scratches, stutters, stumbles and fumbles through his paces with about as much appeal as a tumbleweed. McQueen has another prob-





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lem in addition to his inability to enliven a dramatic scene: This time he is saddled with one of those Boy Searches the West for Three Gunmen Who Murdered His Parents in Cold Blood plots. It is hard to work up any sustained sympathy, because of all the brutality, violence and Superman derring-do director Henry Hathaway puts his hero through. McQueen learns to shoot from a wandering gunsmith who later turns out to be Jonas Cord, hunts down the first killer by searching every brothel and barroom from Colorado to Mexico, gets trampled in a cattle stampede, knifed in the ribs by a card shark, nursed back to health by a plump Pocahontas in high heels (Janet Margolin, the Lisa of David and) and sent to a prison farm in the Louisiana bayous, where killer number two (Arthur Kennedy) is locked up. There's a seduction by a Cajun swamp girl (played for gags by Suzanne Pleshette, who has seen better roles and lets the audience know it) who steals into the men's barracks at night; and finally, McQueen is saved from the bullwhip and the prison bloodhounds after brutally murdering Kennedy and leaving the girl to die of a moccasin bite. Says killer number three when he hears McQueen is heading West to find him: "The kid's creepy-he just ain't human!" The audience guffaws, grateful for whatever comedic crumb is thrown it. The pickings in Nevada Smith, however, are poverty-pocket lean.

#### RECORDINGS

Color Me Barbra (Columbia) is, for the most part, of brilliant hue. The total picture is marred on occasion: C'est Si Bon-no strong tune to begin with-is a near disaster when taken at a deliberate tempo; and the treacly Romberg-Hammerstein antiquity One Kiss is a senescent sonata best left buried. But enough of the gloomy side. Chalk up as Streisand triumphs a kookie breakneck vocalization of The Minute Waltz; a vastly moving. French-lyricked Non C'est Rien: and a medley that runs from a delightful revival of Animal Crackers through a campy rendering of Sam. You Made the Pants Too Long (Triviaphiles will immediately recall that Ziggy Talent did the singing on the Vaughn Monroe original), to a regrettably slim slice of What's New Pussycat?. In toto, while not the best of Barbra, the LP is good enough by far.

Latin Mann / Herbie Mann (Columbia) and Herbie Mann / Standing Ovation at Newport (Atlantic) set the far-ranging flutist down in a variety of contexts: Latin Mann is big band; Standing Ovation is small group. In both cases, Herbie is the Mann for the job. The Newport recording ranges from Latin to bluesy funk, with



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# Assignment: Elegance





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the accent heavily on the latter, especially through Ben Tucker's Comin' Home Baby, which has the composer sitting in on bass. Latin Mann, arranged and conducted by Oliver Nelson, finds Herbie freewheeling in front of a large brass choir, Jimmy Heath's tenor sax, Danny Bank's bass clarinet and a massive Latin rhythm section. The results are electric as the group harks back to Latin music's African roots, explores bossa-nova country, cuts a few Cuban capers and moves on to North American jazz variations.

Arthur Prysock / Count Basie (Verve) brings the former's booming baritone into the felicitous fold of the round man from Red Bank's driving aggregation for the first time, and judging from the results, the first time will not be the last. With Billy Byers, Dick Hyman and Frank Foster handling most of the charting chores, the Basie-Prysock collaboration gives no indication of anything other than a comfortable understanding of each other's strong points. The ballads and the fastertempoed tone poems almost always have a bluesy undercurrent running through them, which is right up Prysock's-and the listener's-alley.

A happy romp is Inspired Abondon / Lowrence Brown's All-Stors with Johnny Hodges (Impulse!). With a complement made up for the most part of old Ellington hands, Brown and Hodges cavort through such upbeat roundelays as Stompy Jones and Good Queen Bess, with occasional breathers taken on the likes of Mood Indigo and Do Nothin' 'til You Hear from Me.

Herewith some fine fare for folkniks: Harry Belafonte has added a Hellenic embellishment to his way with a song. In An Evening with Belafonte / Mouskouri (Victor), he collaborates with a talented Greek, first-named Nana, on a well-paced selection of contemporary music derived from Grecian folklore. It's almost axiomatic that funny folk-song groups sing badly and talented folk-song groups aren't funny. But The Mitchell Trio / That's the Way It's Gonna Be (Mercury) makes pleasant sounds while taking timely satiric swipes at Luci Baines, the Ecumenical Council and other current events and non-events. On Joan Boez / "Forewell, Angelino" (Vanguard), the splendid soprano continues to show her admiration for Bob Dylan by devoting almost half her new disc to his compositions (including the title song and A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall). An intriguing non-Dylan novelty is Pete Seeger's now-classic Where Have All the Flowers Gone rendered in flawless German by Joan. Dylan, meanwhile, having left a rich legacy of songs for other folk singers, has broadened his horizons by moving into the rock-a-billy field on Bob Dylan / Highway 61 Revisited (Columbia). New vistas notwithstanding, Dylan's muse Name an "in" drink that wasn't invented last night ...doesn't have a silly name ...isn't known at only three bars on Madison Avenue...does have a kind of he-man nonchalance about it...and made the world-famous "mistake" of tasting good.

Sure. Turn the page...



#### (Continued from previous page.)

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is still producing (every band on this record is an original). Robust accompaniment is provided by a group of eight, while Dylan plays guitar, harmonica, piano and-police car (he really wails, man). The only surprise on Peter, Paul and Mary / See What Tomorrow Brings (Warner Bros.) is that it doesn't contain any Dylans: but the slick, talented group makes up for it with five of their own arrangements plus a varied assortment of standards highlighted by the fin-de-siècle Brother, (Buddy) Can You Spare a Dime and Because All Men Are Brothers (adapted from Bach). Roots / An Anthology of Negro Music in America (Columbia) is a collection of jazz and folk prototypes. Roots, as the title implies, doesn't dwell on a single source-such as the African background or the Biblical basis-but attempts to draw from them all. There are samples of slave music, field hollers, sorrow songs, street cries and children's rhythm songs. Voices Incorporated performs the songs lustily, enthusiastically and convincingly. Latest releases from Verve / Folkways include Herb Matoyer / Something New (Metoyer, an Army captain, combines an exceptionally good voice with fine guitar accompaniment): Leadbelly / Keep Your Hands Off Her (a 1'eassortment of Huddie Ledbetter gems): and a pair by the dean of folkdom. Pete Seeger / Folk Music and Pete Seeger Sings Little Boxes and Other Broadsides.

Courtly Music of Mendelssohn (Concert-Disc), performed by the Fine Arts Quartet (with instrument augmentation in the Octet in E Flat Major, Op. 20, and the Viola Quintet, Op. 87), is a three-LP package suffused with charm and grace. Mendelssohn's chamber works are a bridge between the formal constructions of the Classical period's final phase and the burgeoning richness of an embryonic Romanticism. The music soars in measured strides to impressive heights.

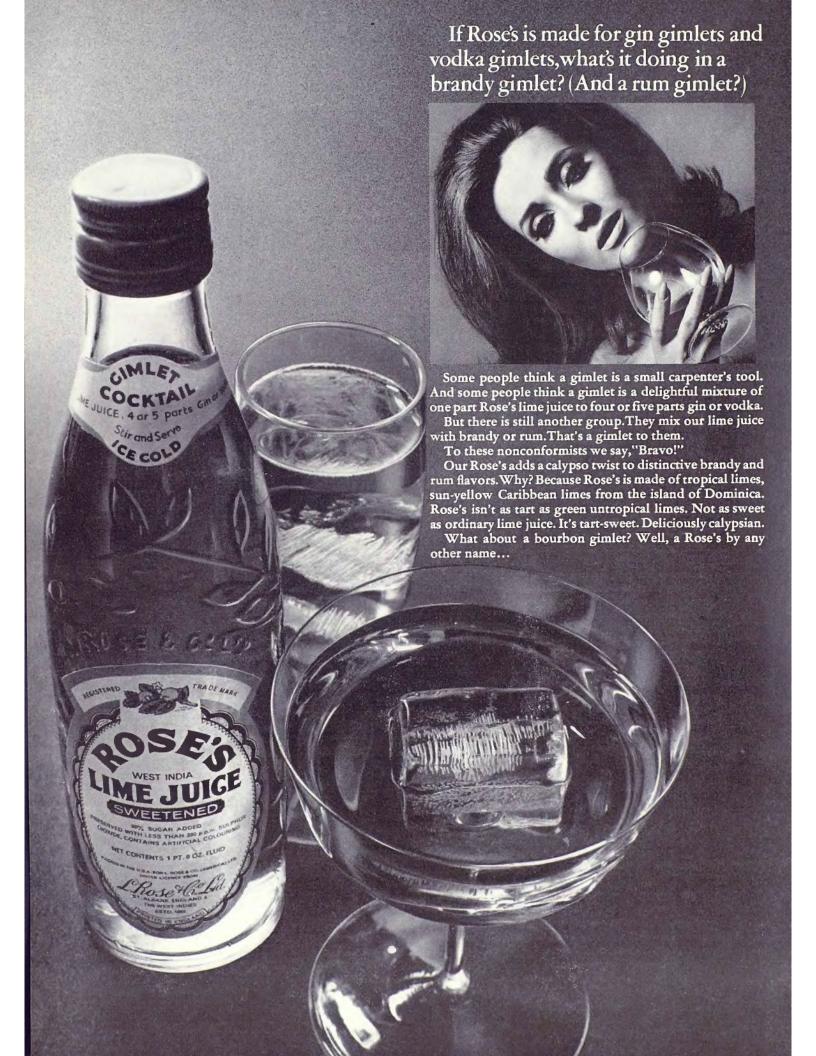
Monk Misterioso (Columbia) is Monk magnifico. Recorded in a variety of settings—Newport, Tokyo, Brandeis University, The Village Gate, Lincoln Center, The Jazz Workshop—the LP throws a brilliant spotlight on the Thelouious piano and, coincidentally, the splendid tenor of Charlie Rouse.

One would think that Sinatra at this stage of his career could easily dispense with the gimmick LP, yet we have at hand Moonlight Sinatra (Reprise), which consists of a batch of ballads of widely disparate merit, all with "moon" in their titles. There are some dandies, made dandier by Frank—Moonlight Becomes You, I Wished on the Moon and The Moon Was Yellow among them. But even Sinatra can't help the likes of Moon Song and Moon Love. Cheers for Frank; jeers for the luna-tic approach.



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The Sock of Socks



#### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

don't know how I bump into these nutty females, but before I change the old bifocals, thought I'd get an outside opinion. The latest one has a nice figure and holds an interesting conversation. But all she likes to do is talk. When I get amorous, there's some response, but then the subject turns to her "very good friend" up on the DEW line. Since I'm getting too old to play games, I wonder if the game is worth the candle, or should I step out gracefully?—D. W., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Andrew Marvell said "To His Coy Mistress"—"Had we but world enough and time. This coyness lady, were no crime." From your self-description, it sounds as if your clock is running down, so tell her you don't have the time and bid her a-DEW.

Wy fiancée and I started a joint savings account two years ago, which now amounts to \$2000. Recently, I met another girl who really flipped me, and I've decided to cast off into new waters. The problem is this: Two thirds of the savings account was deposited by my girl, since I footed all tabs and other expenses for the entire period of our engagement (gifts, vacations, parties, etc.). Would I be right, or would I be a damned fool, to let her keep all the savings? I do feel I wasted two of the best years of her life, as far as meeting marriage prospects goes. I might also add that I have a good income, but no savings of my own .-- H. M. B., Indianapolis, Indiana.

The phrase "damned fool" is more applicable to you for having opened a joint bank account prior to marriage than to being a good guy with the balance now. Unless she's gracious enough to offer a settlement, chalk the \$666 up to experience and forget it.

am taking my first European vacation soon and will be heading straight for Monte Carlo, which I have been reading about all my life. I know all about the history and the mystique, but exactly what games and what stakes am I heading into?—P. L., Astoria, New York.

You're heading into a lot of exciting, high-balling action. The feature attractions are a dozen roulette tables where the minimum single bet is \$1 and the maximum \$1000. There is one table for boule, a simplified version of roulette, favored by ladies because it's simpler and cheaper than the master game. The stakes here run from 20 cents (one franc) to \$20. You'll find five tables for chemin de fer, our candidate for the most exciting casino gambling game of all, where

the stakes run from \$12 to \$100 or \$200 to \$8000, depending on the table. There is also one table for baccarat, the somewhat more stately sire of chemin de fer, where the stakes run from \$20 to \$3000. There are four tables for trente et quarante, a banking game that is a big item on the Continent but not generally popular with Americans, where the stakes run from \$1 to \$4000. And there is one large craps layout for \$2-to-\$200 plungers, as well as a welter of 20-franc slot machines, Bonne chance!

Last night I was sitting at a restaurant table with a young lady, and during the conversation she offered me a cigarette, not knowing I don't smoke. What should I have done next? Offer her one of her own cigarettes? Offer to light hers if she took one? Or just sit there looking foolish?—R. E., Dubuque, Iowa.

It would be a bit awkward for you to offer her one of her own cigarettes. When she takes out a cigarette, offer to light it. If you don't have any other matches available, it is perfectly proper to use hers.

y roommate and I (both college seniors) are undergoing a crisis that requires the wisdom of a Solomon if our apartment-sharing arrangement is to be saved. The problem is this: About a month ago I voluntarily broke off with a girl I had been steadily dating for two years. Shortly thereafter, my roommate began to date this girl. I feel uncomfortable when she is around. My roommate wants to bring this girl up to the apartment when he so desires; however, due to a recent illness, I will have to spend much of my time studying in the apartment. We have both agreed that either one of us can bring girls up to the apartment at any time. Is it unfair of me to restrict my roommate's pad privileges with regard to my ex? If so, what would a reasonable restriction be?-H. R., Ithaca, New York.

By the terms of your agreement, that either of you may bring girls to the apartment at any time, you apparently don't have any right to restrict your roommate's privileges with your ex, or, for that matter, with a female aardvark, if he so desires. However, it must be obvious to him that he'll be causing you discomfort if he forces a rigid acceptance of the agreement. Assuming he values his apartment arrangement with you, he should be willing to accept a compromise. Why don't you suggest that he keep her away from the pad for a fixed period of time-long enough for you to recuperate from your illness and for

# it, can't talk.

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you (as well as your ex) to feel reasonably comfortable in each other's presence. Moreover, by the time the period of grace has expired, he may have decided she was just a passing fancy, in which case the conflict will automatically have resolved itself.

am tired of wearing dark-colored suits with coordinating dark-colored ties. Would it be improper to break tradition and wear a light-colored tie—perhaps even a white one—with a dark suit?—

J. R., Los Angeles, California.

Light-colored ties are indeed being worn with dark suits (see PLAYBOY's April "Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast"). Most popular patterns are bold paisleys, over-all figure designs and challis. But keep that solid-white tie in the bottom dresser drawer next to your clip-on bow ties.

Although I'm only 26, I have already earned my Ph.D.: but none of my friends have begun addressing me as "Doctor." Isn't this common practice, or am I being a bit too stuffy!—H. C., Syracuse, New York.

Perhaps you're just a little too concerned with doctoring up your name, When the title "Doctor" indicates a degree in medicine, it is used at all times. However, holders of Ph.D.s, L.L.D.s and Sc.D.s seldom insist on being so formally addressed outside of their professional circles. Insistence on the courtesy—especially among your older friends— is stuffy. Carry the honor without ostentation, and as you mature and acquire new acquaintances, it will become a comfortably natural part of your name.

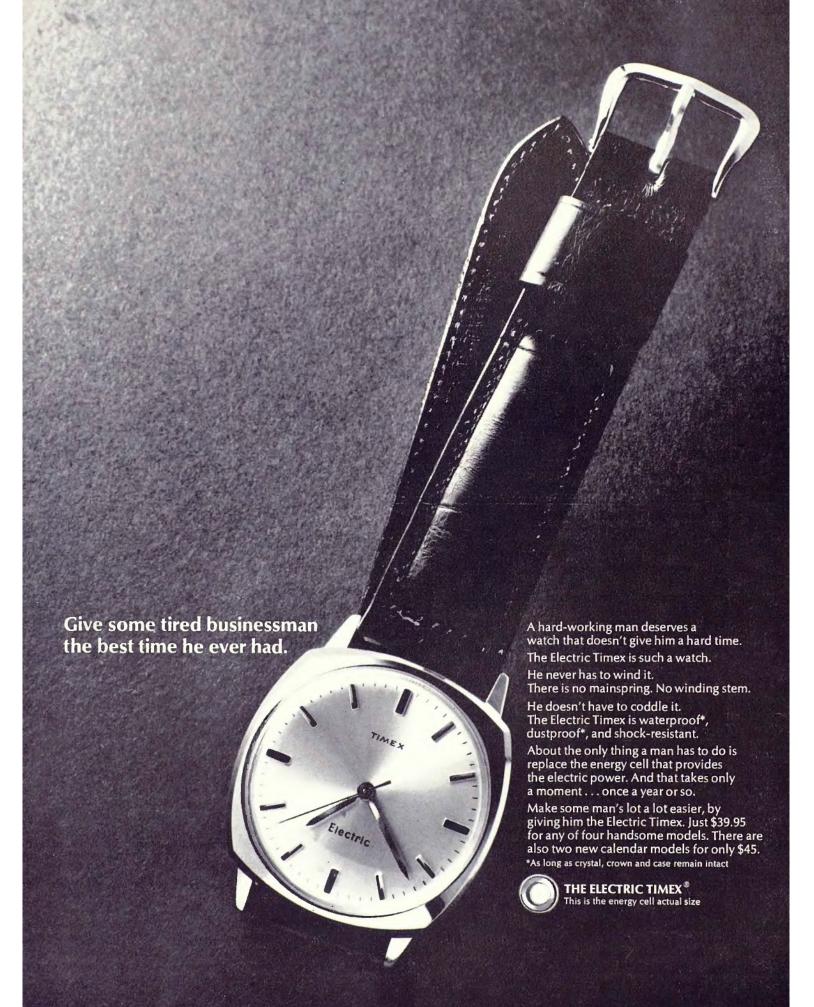
am 22 and a senior in a small Midwestern university. About two years ago I met a very pretty, very wealthy, very spoiled young woman and fell in love with her. As our sexual life ripened, I became increasingly aware of the fact that this girl needed and enjoyed a great variety of bedtime activity. Then things started to simmer down: We had frequent arguments and even broke our relationship off several times. Every time we had a failing out, she would wait two or three weeks and then call me and scream and cry and beg me not to be mad. Realizing (and I still firmly believe it) that I will never find a more beautiful, passionate partner, I am torn between letting her go and marrying her, the latter choice almost certainly being equated with extra-bedroom strife because of her spoiled, materialistic outlook. In short, my problem is: Marry a girl who is beautiful and who will never refuse to snuggle up with me at night but who just happens to be a bitch, or wait, perhaps never finding another girl with such good qualities. I love this girl deeply, but I want to be happy, too. And I am quite sure I could never change her enough to ensure an even bearable later married life.—J. H., Columbia City, Indiana.

The only two desirable marriage qualities your girl seems to have are sex abpeal and wealth; yet only a fool or a cynic would marry for these qualities exclusively. As supplementary endowments, this girl seems to offer nothing but trouble. If you feel you have only two choices, marrying her or letting her go, let her go without question. Admittedly, "beautiful, passionate partners" are not waiting to be plucked off the vine, but surely they're not as rare as your two years of dating inactivity would make you think. Play the field, and the odds are you'll not only find someone whom you can love, but who'll make you happier than this spoiled shrike.

am planning a caviar party. Can you tell me which types of caviar are best and what is the proper way to serve them at a party?—R. A., Atlanta, Georgia.

The best caviars are produced from the roe of the Caspian or Black Sea sturgeon. Be sure to ask for one that is packed fresh with only a pinch of salt added. Epicureans generally agree that beluga is superior, but to ensure that you are buying the finest, look for the label "malossol," indicating the highest quality of grading. Other OK types of caviars include ocietrova, sevruga, lumpfish, whitefish and salmon (usually called "red caviar"), as well as pressed caviar (sturgeon roe processed to the consistency of jum; but all are considered inferior to beluga malossol. Always serve caviar well chilled. At the buffet table, it may be presented in its original jar or in another container resting on chopped ice. An array of chopped hard egg yolks, chopped whites, chopped onions, parsley and lemon wedges may be served as a garnish. Supply thinly sliced black bread or toast triangles on which guests may spread the caviar. Or you might want to try the classic caviar and blinis: Guests heap caviar on buckwheat pancakes the size of a half dollar and top it with a dollop of sour cream. Appropriate liquid refreshment would include a well-chilled champagne, alwavit or vodka.

have been married for 16 years. We get along, we share a mutual pride in our kids, and have many friends and interests in common. Some ten years or more ago I got a bad case of the itch, and I'm afraid it took me a number of years to get over it. The affair was carried on under the unaware noses of literally dozens





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of people, including my wife. The girl in question wanted to marry me, and I expect I was in love with her. Certainly she made extraordinary sacrifices in order to make a part-time home for me. What broke it up was my stalling and procrastinating about getting a divorce. my getting worn down with the tension of leading a double life, and our mutual realization that I just wasn't about to divorce my wife. We parted, came together again, and parted for the last time. A man she liked was giving her a rush, and I bowed out. Two years have passed, and she's engaged to him now, We see each other for lunch occasionally, and there is still a residue of affection. though our meetings have been entirely platonic. Well, somebody blew the whistle on me to my wife the other day. and suddenly everything is falling into place for her-why I was away or out late on a given night in 1958; where I was on such and such a weekend five years ago when I said I had to go to Washington. etc. I have explained that it is all over, but her jealousy and anguish seem to be retroactive. She can't let it alone. I am reconciled to my marriage and the fever of my love affair has broken long ago. but she keeps stirring the coals. How can I get her to lay off, and to stop referring to the girl (who to my virtually certain knowledge was totally faithful to me for six years) as a whore? In fact, how can I get her to just stop referring to the girl and my past involvement with her?-R. D., Roanoke, Virginia.

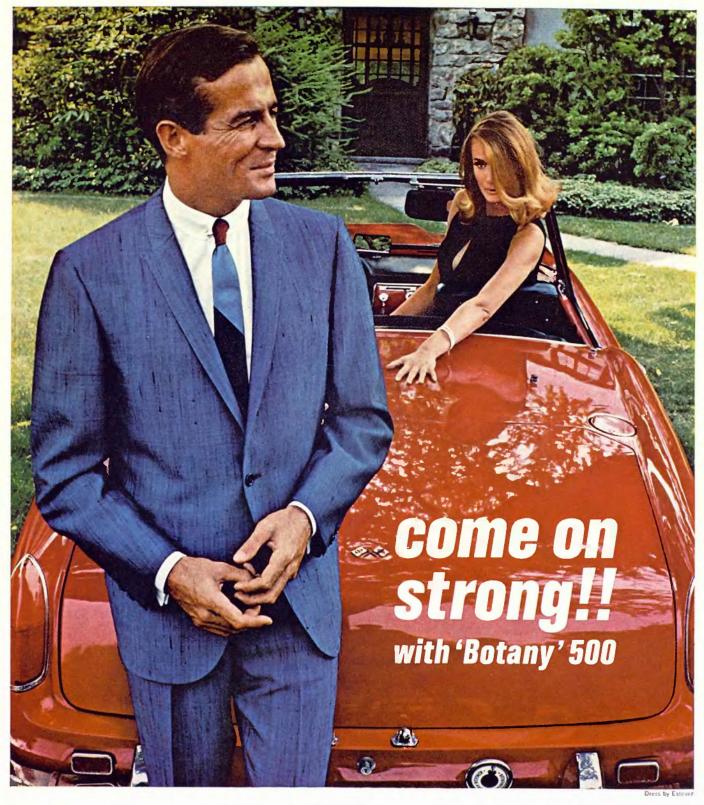
If your marriage has withstood the pressure of an affair as intense and as long-lived as the one you describe, it must be pretty solid. Mixed in with wifely jealousy there's probably a certain self-congratulatory kind of pride that she's got a man who stuck with his marriage when the chips were down. Having confirmed that the affair's all over, tell your wife that if she keeps harping on it, you may begin to get a new set of restless ideas.

On a recent trip to Spain, I purchased a very old Spanish cape. It is in excellent condition, richly embroidered, and has silver snaps at the collar. Where is it proper to wear this garment?—M. L., Schenectady, New York.

To a costume party.

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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#### 'BOTANY' 500" TAILORED BY DAROFF

#### PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WHY NOT rent your own tropical island? An offering we like is the 20-acre paradise of Young's Island, within sight of St. Vincent in the Caribbean, which comes complete with cottages for 20 guests, white-sand beaches, a 42-foot schooner for lazy days under sail and your own bamboo-marimba band. The entire island is for lease by the week from May through December. Its \$2800 tab, which splits into \$140 per person among 20 friends, includes a staff of 20, all meals, water skiing, fishing, skindiving and use of a nearby islet by the ruins of the old French fortress at Fort Duvernette.

Another offbeat Caribbean haven making its first major bid for tourists is the tiny Dutch island of Saba, best known until two years ago for being difficult to reach. You used to have to ride by boat from a nearby island, then get ashore in a longboat through rough surf. Now you can make the trip by air in a six-seat twin-engine Dornier specially designed to operate from short airstrips. In addition to three small guesthouses that once were the limit of the island's facilities, there is now a deluxe ten-room inn called the Captain's Ouarters. It's set 1900 feet up on the orchidbanked slopes of Mt. Scenery, with its own tennis court and swimming pool. Skeet, pheasant and quail shooting are among the added diversions available at the Quarters beyond the alwayspleasurable water and land sports of a Caribbean island.

A seriously undervalued travel pearl of this part of the world is Surinam, which now boasts a casino-hotel as a base for visitors. The modern, air-conditioned Torarica Hotel offers free-port shopping and Continental-style gambling.

If you're driving in Europe this fall—an activity that is rightfully getting progressively more popular—your only real problem may be to make best use of the flexibility that a car offers. One way is to follow the new trans-European "E" routes. (E-1, for example, runs from London to the Channel, picks up on the Continent, runs down to Rome and then on to Sicily. E-18 runs north-south from Norway to Greece.) By all means, use these highways to save time, and then follow your special tastes for personal excursioning.

If you're headed for the Continent from London, you'll sample a highly condensed slice of English life if you do yourself the favor of traveling the Dover Road route along the trail of D'Artagnan, the Scarlet Pimpernel and the Canterbury Pilgrims. You'll run

through Rochester, with its Norman castles (stop for a drink at the King's Head), and then on to ancient Canterbury.

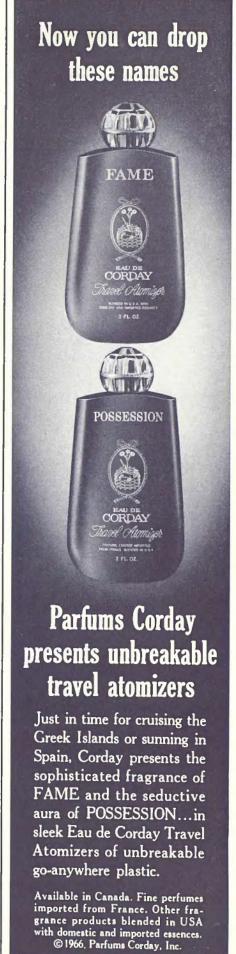
If you're overnighting, try the House of Agnes, which remains much as Dickens pictured it in *David Copperfield*. If you just crave a meal, try either the Weavers Restaurant overlooking the River Stour, which was the ancient center of the dyers and clothmakers of Canterbury, or the gabled Queen Elizabeth's Restaurant, which still preserves the paneled walls of the room where Queen Elizabeth I entertained the Duke of Alencon.

Once you're across the Channel and on the Continent, you might try a shunpike tour through Holland, away from the major caravan routes. Most tourists landing on the Continent from England head straight south, so you go north, instead, to circle the famed Zuyder Zee to Alkmaar. Dine here at Schuyt's,

Another favorite motoring jaunt of ours: Spend a few days in Venice and then drive through the lovely Italian lake country across Switzerland to Basle and into the culinarily delightful Vosges Mountain area of France. This is the land of pâté de foie gras, venison and prunelle plum brandy. The road runs north from Mulhouse, where L'Ours Noir specializes in typical Alsatian food in an unusually bucolic setting. Then head north along the Rhine beside a flank of gentle hills through medieval villages to Strasbourg, whose Valentin Sorg Restaurant has earned its deluxe rating in Michelin. Try their hot foie gras and their crépes au hirsch, among other delights. Check with the sommelier about some of the light and little-traveled Alsatian wines that are specialties of the cellar here: perhaps a Mittelbergheim or a Riquewihr.

If you're going on a Roman holiday, plan to relax afterward at one of the lesser-known coastal resorts just to the south. One of our favorite spots is near the Bay of Naples in the modern little Le Axidie Hotel at Marina Equa. The hotel is the only one that's set at sea level, smack on its own private beach at the foot of a high bluff. It makes a great base for excursions—Pompeii is just 15 minutes away; Positano, 20; Amalfi, 50; and, by launch, it's only 45 minutes to Capri and an hour to Ischia. The clear waters that wash this rocky shore make it perfect for skindivers. The friendliness of the villagers, unspoiled by tourist crowds, makes you feel welcome, indeed.

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





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#### THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

#### SPLIT-LEVEL SEDUCTION

I thought you would be interested in a court case that was recently much in the news here in North Ireland. It came about when a 16-year-old girl was seduced by an adult on the bridge that crosses the border between this country and the Irish Republic. As it happened, the offense was committed in such a manner that one half of the girl was in one country and the other half in another. The case became a legal nightmare, because the age of consent is 16 in North Ireland and 17 in the south. Thus, the act was legal from her toes to her waist but illegal from her waist up.

Patrick R. Cowdy Bangor, North Ireland

#### SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

My background was strictly puritan, but after three broken engagements, I felt that my attitudes about sex must definitely be wrong. At times, the exigencies and frustrations were almost unbearable. I discussed this with a friend, who introduced me to *The Playboy Philosophy*. My whole world has had a new light shed upon it.

I have always pondered one question: Why does marriage make sex so right for a child bride of 17, while the tack of marriage makes sex so wrong for a woman who, like me, is twice that age? Is one woman privileged to enjoy sex for 17 years longer than the other, just because the other has not found the right mate for marriage?

Betty A. Barham Teaneck, New Jersey

#### RECREATIONAL SEX

It's easy to gain the impression from reading the letters in PLAYBOY that the world abounds with men and women who more or less agree with you on paper. But where the hell are they hiding? Not in the ranks of the medical profession as I know it, I guarantee! How do they find each other, and how do we find them, these people who are willing to re-examine traditional mores regarding pre-, post-, extra- and intranarital sexual behavior, regarding interracial, intertheological and interrational relations, and who are willing to discard these mores if necessary?

Trying to recall from memory both your original writings in the *Philosophy* and editorial response to comments in

the Forum, I don't honestly know whether you ever out-and-out sanctioned premarital, extramarital and/or "recreational" sex. I do know that you at least defended my right to advocate this or any other form of "recreation" (or, for that matter, to speak against it, if I am so disposed) as long as I make no attempt to force conformity with my beliefs on anyone else. And yet I'm sure you know as well as I that there is probably no district attorney or attorney general who would let me (or a newspaper) get away with placing a classified ad that said: "Man and wife would like to meet other people who believe that mutually shared sexual pleasures offer better common meeting ground for social evening and perhaps prolonged friendships than do bridge, canasta or the Elks Club." But it seems reasonable to me that "recreational sex" is every bit as legitimate a common denominator for a group as is recreational swimming, skiing or medical conventions.

Consider what seems to me a horrible situation: A group that has as its main goal inflicting terror, agony and death in the name of "sport"-deer hunters -is socially acceptable, and membership in this group is sought by many as a status symbol, as a recreation or as an attempt to be what our society thinks a "real man" ought to be; whereas a group that has as its goals the expression of love, of human desire, of the need of one human for another, of gratitude for fulfillment of this need-"recreational sex" hunters-is not only not socially acceptable, but is often prosecuted and persecuted. Given a choice, I wouldn't live in a society that glorified maining and killing and vilified love.

Harry L. Boyett, M. D. Alamo, California

#### SEXUAL PERSPECTIVE

Nobody likes a roll in the hay more than I do. But to read Hefner, you'd think there was nothing else in the world but sex.

You'd think, for instance, that goodness was a quality that could be judged only by the intensity of a man's climax—not by the measure of his love, or kindness, or mercy. Or even by his simple happiness. It all depends so much on keeping sex within perspective. To read Hefner, it seems as though it's become an obsession.

# Et tu, Brut?



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I've frolicked as much as many. I went on a two-year hayride after my marriage went bust. I've lived with Negro and white girls. I've tasted the unusual fruits of sex. I've indulged my insatiable appetite to the limits. I've even had 16 orgasms within one long night. And I've swapped and I've shared and I've played wigwam.

But it hasn't made me delirious.

The point it has made—and one that our high-flown, indignant preachers have forgotten—is that though sex is wonderful, Christian compassion is more wonderful, and far more satisfying.

Sex is fine just so long as it is compatible with Christ's beliefs. But it becomes evil when it causes pain to others. To force sex on the frigid is to sin; to withhold it from the passionate is also to sin.

To copulate because of desire is great—if there is no third party who can be hurt by the act; but selfish sex comes under the category of sin. Not the deed itself, but the selfishness—the greedy gratification and the complete lack of concern for others that motivates it.

What Christ did was to raise us above the beasts. He didn't deny the joy of a good romp, but the hurt to others it would cause. He gave us reason in place of lust.

I guess that puts sex into a proper perspective.

Brendan Brown Douglas, Isle of Man

Personal proclivities and bedroom braggadocio aside, while we do not agree that a selfish act (sexual or otherwise) is necessarily sinful, per se, your emphasis on a morality that makes love and understanding paramount is certainly consistent with the point of view Hefner has been expounding in the "Philosophy."

#### PREOCCUPATION WITH SEX

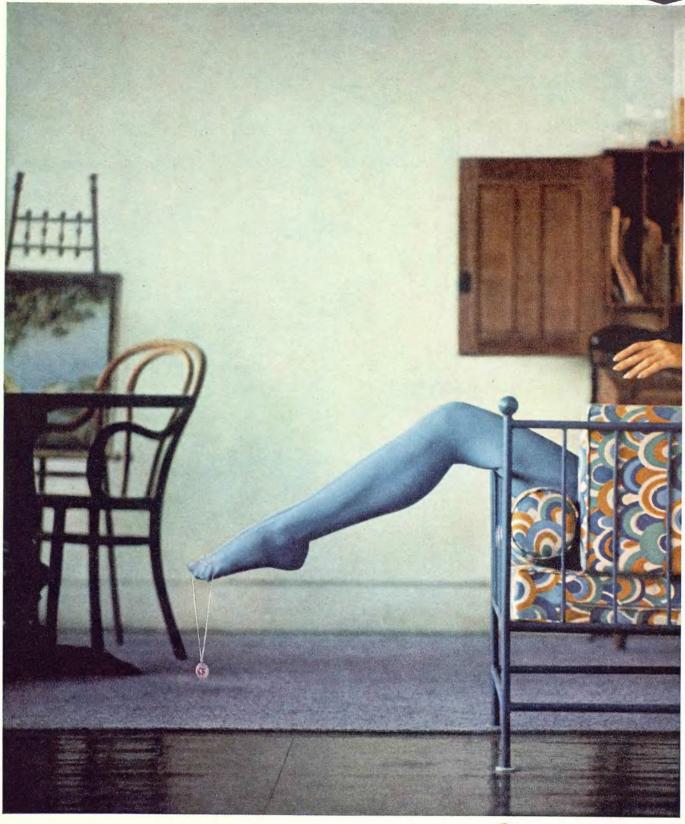
I understand your philosophy to be one that is attempting to eliminate the puritan idea of sex—that is, the idea that sex is immoral—from our society.

Since man naturally seeks pleasure, doesn't it seem possible that once sex is made moral, man will seek it above anything else? Won't man then become overly preoccupied with sex? Assuming that my logic is correct, wouldn't such a preoccupation with sex be a greater evil than the puritan idea of sex, which you are striving to cradicate?

Gerald L. Costanzo University of Dayton Dayton, Ohio

It is precisely this sort of unwarranted mistrust of human nature that has been used to justify the totalitarian subjugation and suppression of society in centuries past; and it was the rejection of this pessimistic viewpoint that set American democracy apart from the authoritarianism of the Old World. Because man is,





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by and large, a rational being, minimal restraints tend to promote more responsible behavior, not the irresponsible sort that you suggest. If this were not true, man would be incapable of governing himself, and we would be forced to concede that authoritarian rule by an allpowerful dictator, pope or potentate was preserable to the individual freedom permitted in a constitutional democracy. But history clearly proves the oppositewith the suppressive society stunting the growth of its citizens, and the free society stimulating their aspirations, productivity and continuing evolution toward their ultimate potentialities.

In this regard, sex is no different from man's other desires and interests. He also "naturally sceks" food, but given a limitless quantity of it, he doesn't spend all his waking hours eating. In fact, it's the hungry man—not the well-fed one—who is most "preoccupied" with thoughts of gratification. In exactly the same way, a more rational, permissive sexual ethic would reduce—rather than increase—our preoccupation with sex, while the Victorian antisexuality of the 19th Century created a period of true sex obsession (and perversion) in both England and America.

#### MORALITY OF CASUAL SEX

PLAYBOY'S treatment of sexual matters is a welcome change from the trite moralisms of conventional thinkers—or pseudo thinkers. If the "sexual revolution" is to achieve lasting success, it will have to have a rational ethic to replace the deposed ethical system. I think that Hugh Hefner and PLAYBOY have done much to provide a rational ethic; I hope it is adopted before our folly destroys us, physically and spiritually.

The main fault of much contemporary thinking on sex (and other subjects) is that it is more concerned with abstract philosophical, theological and moral ideas than with real human beings. Nowhere is this more evident than in the traditional attitude toward casual sex relations. Conventionally, casual sex is condemned because, since it is primarily focused on one's own pleasure and selfexploration and since it is rather impersonal in character, it tends to make an object out of one's partner. From the conventional ethical point of view, using people as a means to an end is both selfish and exploitive and, therefore, is immoral. I suggest, however, that if the sexual relationship or, for that matter, any relationship, is between two responsible, consenting persons who understand its nature, it cannot, by rational standards, be judged dehumanizing, degrading or exploitive. All human action is motivated, in a complex industrialized society, by the mutual cooperation of all members of the society. Exploitation results not from the use of man by man

but from the use of one man by another without his knowledge or consent.

As long as mutual consent is a precondition for a sexual relationship, casual sex is not exploitive. In such a context, the only logical purpose of the word "impersonal" would be to indicate the depth of the relationship. In this sense, an impersonal sexual relationship would be one where neither person is deeply involved with or strongly committed to the other. The word "impersonal" should not imply a moral judgment. A deep relationship is preferable because it gives greater satisfaction: if the desire is mutual, a sexual relationship is moral regardless of the depth.

But the best defense of casual sex does not lie in the realm of words and abstractions. Words can be misinterpreted and arguments can be refuted. The most eloquent defense of casual sex is the fact that such relations do exist in many situations that are not degrading or explaitive but are perfectly wholesome.

William L. Benzon Johns Hopkins University Baltimore, Maryland

#### PREMARITAL SEX AND MARRIAGE

In the February Forum, the Reverend C. A. Turner, III writes that his personal experience causes him to believe premarital chastiry is likely to lead to marital fidelity, whereas sexual experience before marriage is likely to lead to "sympathy and companionship . . . outside marriage." In your reply you state, "Premarital sex does not necessarily make it easier to later violate marriage yows. In fact, the opposite may be true."

Now, I am inclined to agree with PLAYBOY on this point, but the truth is that both Reverend Turner and you have given personal opinions on a matter that can be checked experimentally—in the field, so to speak. Do you know whether a reliable survey has actually been carried out to check this point? Are extramarital affairs, in fact, commoner among those who were virgins before marriage, or among those with sexual experience? I know full well that this information will not be sufficient to settle the moral question, but it is certainly necessary.

Don't get me wrong: I'm on your side, but I'm one of that small group of people cursed (and it is a curse, because it sometimes forces me to believe things I don't want to believe) with the disease called intellectual honesty, and I'm prepared to do a complete about-turn if the facts so dictate. However, like you, I somehow suspect that they won't.

#### Dr. D. M. Graham

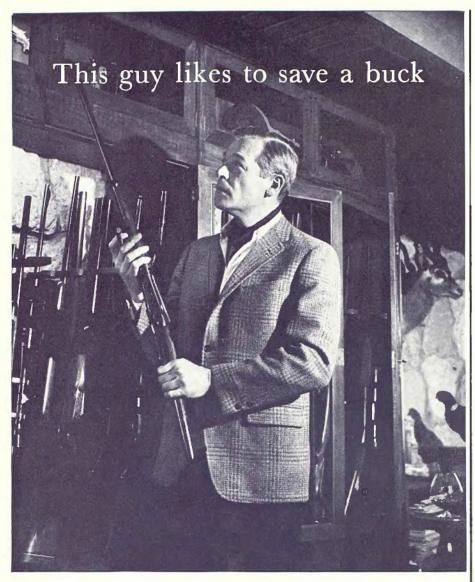
Vancouver, British Columbia As we pointed out to Reverend Turner, premarital chastity affects the marital adjustment of different individuals in different ways. There are too many complicating factors involved to establish,



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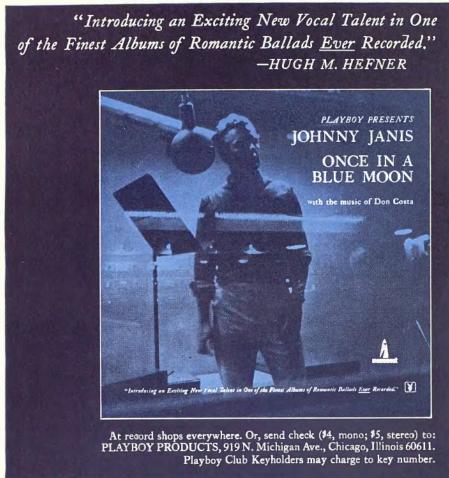
with any scientific accuracy, a specific causal relationship. Kinsey's two-volume study—"Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" and "Female"—supplies the most authoritative analysis available on the subject. His research does reveal that individuals with premarital experience are statistically "somewhat more inclined" to have extramarital relations. However, he also found a positive correlation between premarital experience and successful socio-sexual adjustment in marriage. In his "Male" volume, Kinsey states:

It may be pointed out now that simple correlations (as used in Terman 1938, Burgess and Cottrell 1939) cannot suffice to measure the effects of premarital experience upon marital histories. Simple two-way correlations are never wholly adequate for showing cause and effect. At the best they show a relation, but not necessarily a causal relationship...

It does not suffice to show that the persons who have had or who have not had premarital experience are the ones who make the best or do not make the best adjustments after marriage. For premarital intercourse is always a complexity of things. It is, in part, a question of the sort of individual who has the intercourse and the degree to which the premarital activity is acceptable or unacceptable in the individual's whole pattern of behavior. It depends upon the extent of the psychie conflict which may be evoked for an individual who transgresses the ideals and philosophies by which he has been vaised, and to which he may still subconsciously adhere. For a person who believes that premarital intercourse is morally wrong there may be, as the specific histories show, conflicts which can do damage not only to marital adjustments, but to the entire personality of the individual. For a person who really accepts premarital intercourse, and who in actuality is not in conflict with himself when he engages in such behavior, the outcome may be totally different.

Again, the effects of premarital intercourse depend upon the nature of the partners with whom it is had, and the degree to which the activity becomes promiscuous. It is a question of the nature of the female partners, whether it is had with girls of the same social level or with girls of lower social levels, whether it is had as a social relationship or as a commercial relation, whether or not it is had with the fiancée before marriage. The effect of premarital intercourse upon the marital adjust-







ment may depend upon the extent to which the female partner accepts the intercourse, and the extent to which the male accepts the idea of his wife's having had intercourse before he married her. Even in those cases where both the spouses believe that they accept the idea, situations of stress after marriage may bring the issue up for recriminations.

The significance of premarital intercourse depends upon the situations under which it is had. If it is had under conditions which leave the individuals disturbed for fear that they have been or will be detected, the outcome is one thing. If it is had under satisfying circumstances and without fear, the outcome may be very different . . .

At the other end of the correlation, it is, of course, equally inadequate to treat marital happiness as a unit character. There are many factors which may affect marital adjustment, and the identification of the part which the sexual factor plays must depend on an exceedingly acute understanding of the effects of all these other factors.

In his "Female" volume, Kinsey adds these pertinent conclusions:

As we have pointed out in our volume on the male, the child is born with an uninhibited capacity to make physical contacts and to snuggle against other persons. Such contacts may contribute to [the child's emotional development. As children grow, however, it is customary in our culture to teach them that they must no longer make physical contacts, and must inhibit their emotional responses to persons outside of the immediate family. Many persons believe that this restraint should be maintained until the time of marriage. Then, after marriage, the husband and wife are supposed to break down all of their inhibitions and make physical and emotional adjustments which will contribute to the solidarity of the marital relationship. Unfortunately there is no magic in a marriage ceremony which can accomplish this. The record indicates that a very high proportion of the females, in particular, and a considerable number of the males find it difficult after marriage to redevelop the sort of freedom with which they made contacts as children, and to learn again how to respond without inhibition to physical and emotional contacts with other persons.

At least theoretically, premarital (continued on page 111)

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE NICHOLS

a candid conversation with the brilliant comedian turned director of four hit broadway plays and the burtons' much-publicized new film, "who's afraid of virginia woolf?"

In Berlin, where he was born in 1931, few would have foreseen much of a future, let alone a bright one, for Michael Igor Peschkowsky-better known today as Mike Nichols, the fastest-rising young director on Broadway and in Hollywood and the former first half of Nichols and May. Son of a Jewish physician who had fled from his native Russia to Germany, of all places, for sanctuary from Bolshevik persecution, he was bundled off to America on a refugee ship at the age of eight, soon after his grandfather, a vocal adversary of Hitler's National Socialist Party, was executed by the Nazis. A few weeks later, he was reunited with his parents in New York, where his father resumed the profitable practice he'd abandoned in Berlin-and changed the family name to Nichols. "By the time I spelled Peschkowsky," he explained, "my patient was in the hospital." Mike was sent to private schools in Connecticut and Manhattan, where he learned English and earned good enough grades to get into NYU.

After "one depressing day" there, however, he decided to chuck not only the school but the living-at-home bit and signed up instead at the University of Chicago, 800 miles away, where, he says, "I thought I could cut classes and still pass." Surprisingly enough, in view of its stiff scholastic standards, he did just that—despite a ponderous curriculum of pre-med prevequisites for a degree in psychiatry. His dreams of a tidy psy-

choanalytic practice were destined to dissolve, however, when he discovered that "in medical school you have to spend a lot of time with dead bodies; that didn't attract me." Live bodies being more to his taste, Mike began to hang around a campus theater group-and finally to win a few roles-between non-classes ("I thought it would be a good way to meet girls"). It was-but he hadn't bargained for the likes of a disconcerting, dark-haired coed named Elaine May. It was from the stage, during a performance of Strindberg's "Miss Julie," that Mike first became aware of her-"staring cruelly from the audience through the whole thing." The next day, as he strolled across the campus gloating over his rave reviews, she trailed him darkly, finally sidled up, read the notices over his shoulder and uttered a shrill, contemptuous "Ha!" "I ignored her," says Mike. ("He wept," insists Elaine.) At any rate, it was the beginning of a long, lucrative and eventually affectionate relationship.

But their professional, as well as their personal, partnership was still a few years off. Dead serious by now about a dramatic career, Mike quit Chicago after his sophomore year and returned to Manhattan for a full-time course of study under Lee Strasberg, guru of the Stanislavsky Method. "He scared me," Mike recalls. "I was very impressed." Living in a boardinghouse broom closet ("My furniture consisted of a bed and a

broom"), he mooched meals from three compassionate girls who roomed across the street, and made ends meet—though just barely—with a succession of odd jobs that ran the gamut from disc jockey ("I was the only announcer in radio who yawned during morning newscasts") to horseback-riding coach. His briefest stint during this threadbare period—as a soda jerk at Howard Johnson's—ended the night a customer asked him to recommend one of the ice-cream emporium's 28 famous flavors for a hot-fudge sundae. "How about chicken?" said Mike.

Unable after more than a year to find a single part that was "right" for him, in the opinion of any casting director within reach of a subway token, Mike finally threw in the towel and thumbed his way back to Chicago in 1955 to join the Compass Players, a small and impoverished improvisational group that performed for equally small and impoverished audiences of hip collegians in a South Side cellar "where everyone wore sneakers." Modeled after the European cabaret theaters, it boasted-in addition to his best girl and worst critic, Elaine May-such then-unknown talents as Shelley Berman, Barbara Harris and Zohra Lampert, who, to the accompaniment of coffee and crullers, served up an extemporaneous potpourri of irreverent and often hilarious social satire unlike anything ever seen or heard before on an American stage. At first, Mike claims, he was lousy at it, but at length



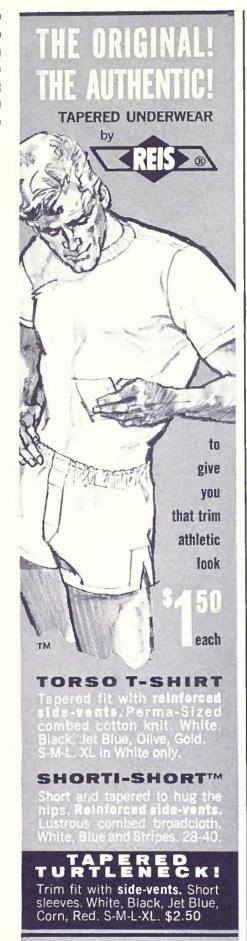
"I don't care about being forgotten. I fear getting to the end of my life and feeling that I haven't tasted enough and touched on other people enough and had a good enough time."



"I really believe that the only thing a woman doesn't forgive in a man is letting her get on top. They beg us in so many ways not to let them, and if you don't, they're happier and you're happier."



"The Burtons don't get into each other's performances. I know from having had a partner, that's a great danger when working together. They're very good about it and leave each other alone."



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he and Elaine began to develop a spontaneous, almost symbiotic rapport in their scenes together, and to display a brilliant flair for witty, withering insights into the battle of the sexes.

The word began to get around; audiences began to overflow the confines of their cellar theater, and before long Nichols and May found themselves not only a team but the toast of the tonier watering holes in Chicago and New York. Next came national exposure, in a series of widely acclaimed guest shots on such premier showcases as the Jack Paar show (earning them one critic's dubious title as "TV's undisputed eggheads benedict"), then the first of their five best-selling records, still collector's items among the cognoscenti for their ruthlessly funny satire of everything and everyone from marriage and motherhood to Schweitzer and the Pope, Succumbing in 1959 to the siren call of Hollywood-unwisely, as it happenedthey uncritically accepted a flood of bigmoney offers: among them a misbegotten headline appearance at the Mocambo that promptly folded, and the starring roles in a high-toned C. B. S. revival of that hoary operetta "The Red Mill," which turned out to be both a rating disaster and a critical clinker. But when Desilu topped off this worst of all possible whirls by dangling a fat TV contract, says Mike, "we finally came to our senses." They packed their bags and "laughed all the way back to New York," where they drew off the cream of their comedy routines, shaped it into a tourde-force two-hour "Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May" and opened on Broadway with a cast of two. It was an S. R. O. hit for a year, then an equally successful LP. By 1961 they were almost as rich as they were famous; a letter addressed merely to "Famous Actor Mike Nichols, U.S.A.," in fact, reached him at home in Manhattan without a day's delay; it was from his long-lost paternal grandmother in Moscow.

Then, in 1963, for no particular reason other than a vague sense of selfdissatisfaction, Mike began to nurture an urge to try his hand at directing. Though he'd never so much as issued a stage direction, "I just had a feeling I could do it," he says without false modesty. It was a feeling shared, unaccountably, by the backers of a promising new comedy called "Barefoot in the Park," who invited him to learn while he earned as director of their \$125,000 property. "I told them," he says, "that if I wasn't any good at it, they could five me and get somebody else." To their immense relief -and profit-however, Mike's inexplicable self-assurance proved more than amply justified: The show was a runaway hit. One comedy smash followed another in rapid succession-"The Knack," "Luv," "The Odd Couple"-and suddenly an ex-comic named Mike Nichols, with four concurrent hits on Broadway, found himself the hottest comedy director in American theatrical history.

Predictably, at the height of his newfound notoriety, Hollywood beckoned once again-late last spring-but this time with a job offer to match the stature of the stipend that went with it: a cool quarter million to direct the film version of Edward Albee's eviscerating domestic drama "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Without much soulsearching, Mike accepted the assignment. and according to advance word from those who've screened the rushes-including stars Taylor and Burton and Albee himself-he's pulled it off with the skill and subtlety of a consummate cinematic artist. Though the finished film isn't scheduled for premiere until the end of this month, news of his singular success has already precipitated an inundation of scripts. But so far he's decided to direct only two of them: first, a modestly budgeted filmization of "The Graduate," a Salingeresque comic novel about the misadventures of a maladroit collegian; and then another blockbuster -the multimillion-dollar screen version of Joseph Heller's best-selling nightmare comedy, "Catch-22." Determined not to "go Hollywood" for keeps, he'll be commuting to New York between productions for directorial interludes on the stage: Currently he's considering LeRoi Jones' first full-length play, "A Recent Killing," and an all-star Broadway revival of "The Little Foxes."

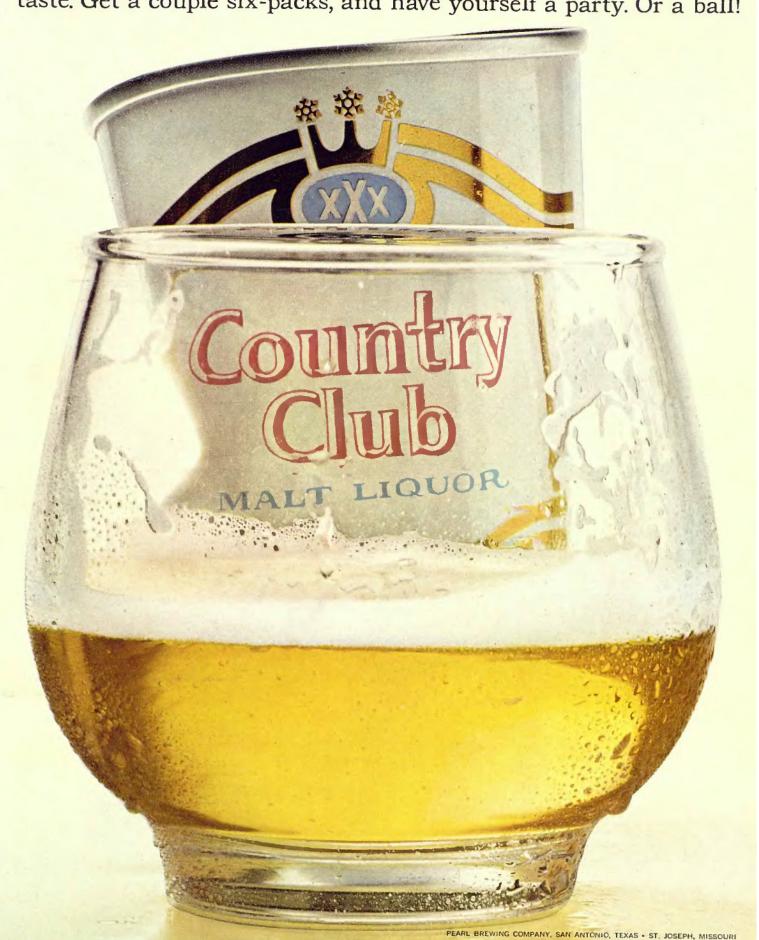
The following conversation with the 34-year-old jack-of-all-dramatic-trades took place in Hollywood early this spring during a brief break in his frenetic schedule. With interviewer C. Robert Jennings officiating, the first two of six tape sessions were held-"fittingly, somehow," said Mike-beneath a large, baleful moosehead in his Warner Bros. office, the others in the more relaxed atmosphere of his large, imposingly baronial home in suburban Brentwood. "The mood," reports Jennings, "was friendly and prepossessing, infrequently broken by an offputting, glacial stare from Mike that could shatter a producer's sunglasses at fifty paces-and someday quite probably will."

**PLAYBOY:** Was there any particular experience or aspiration that got you hooked on show business?

NICHOLS: No, I never thought about it. I remember there was a moment of joy for me the day I got to college, because, without being aware of it, I had assumed the world was frozen in the form of my high school class, that Greta and Laura would go out with me for all time, that Joyce and Sandra never would, that Dave and Al could beat me up and I could beat up Donald and that everything was fixed forever. The great

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discovery of college was that nothing was fixed and the world was wide open: through all the ups and downs, that's been a source of happiness ever since. Show business just happened. I never planned or even tried to be an actor or a comedian or a stage director. I just did what came along next.

PLAYBOY: The latest thing to come along, of course, is your burgeoning career as a movie director—for which you've temporarily moved to Hollywood. Between pictures, we hear you lead a swinging social life out here. Is that true?

NICHOLS: Yes, and my favorite color is blue

PLAYBOY: Seriously, are you enjoying life in Hollywood?

NICHOLS: A friend of mine says Hollywood is like your senior year in college after you finish your exams. There's that aspect. On a rainy day I came on the set and said. "Let's just stay in the bunk all day and play Monopoly." There's a campus side to a studio that is very comfortable. But if I weren't working, I couldn't live here. While I'm working, though, I've been very happy here.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't you live here if you weren't working?

NICHOLS: Because I don't think man was meant to be that comfortable. I don't want nice weather all the time. I want some snow and I want it to rain and I want the abrasiveness of a city like New York. People here literally drown in puddles—because they're not used to it. I'm always reading about people slipping and dying in puddles.

PLAYBOY: If you're comfortable working here, and you don't think you ought to be that comfortable, how can you be happy in your work?

NICHOLS: When you're working, these other things don't really matter. I really don't care where I am—whether in a cell on a cot or some idiot palace in California. But I prefer the life and the vulgarity of New York—of a city, where there's a whole lot going on and maybe it's not so clean.

PLAYBOY: How about San Francisco? Would you like to live there?

NICHOLS: No. I don't like San Francisco, because it's so nice and everything is so pretty and they keep asking me. "Don't you like it better than New York?" San Francisco is so well worked out: cities shouldn't be like that. San Francisco is a pretty place with careful food and it bores me to death. I prefer Chicago: it's brawny. Why do you love any place? Because you're happy there.

What Los Angeles really is is a place that respects the images that people present. If you want to be society, you buy some silver and throw parties and you're society. If you want to be difficult and talented, you ride around on motorcycles and let your hair grow. Everyone respects everyone else's image here, because otherwise their own might be ques-

tioned. The danger in Hollywood is to think this is the world. To me there's safety in thinking that this is just one of many different places. I used to have a friend who edited *The Dry Cleaners Monthly*, and it's the same thing in the dry cleaner's world. In that world there are leaders, too—dry cleaners whose names are magic, up-and-coming young dry cleaners. There are many worlds.

PLAYBOY: Your name is beginning to turn up regularly on lists of those considered "in" and "with it" by the international set. How do you feel about being so fashionable socially?

NICHOLS: Well, at first I thought, Jesus, I'm in. How do I get out? And then I realized all I have to do is wait ten minutes and it'll take care of itself.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about being put on Kenneth Tynan's list of his few "close friends," which appeared recently in *The New York Times*?

NICHOLS: I was pleased, because I like Ken. I would like to think of him as a friend, although it's hard—he's in England and I'm here. I'm pleased because the people he likes are not chic or smartass, but people whose work he is interested in.

PLAYBOY: Your friends say you've been reluctant to undertake "the social endeavor" here in Hollywood. Why?

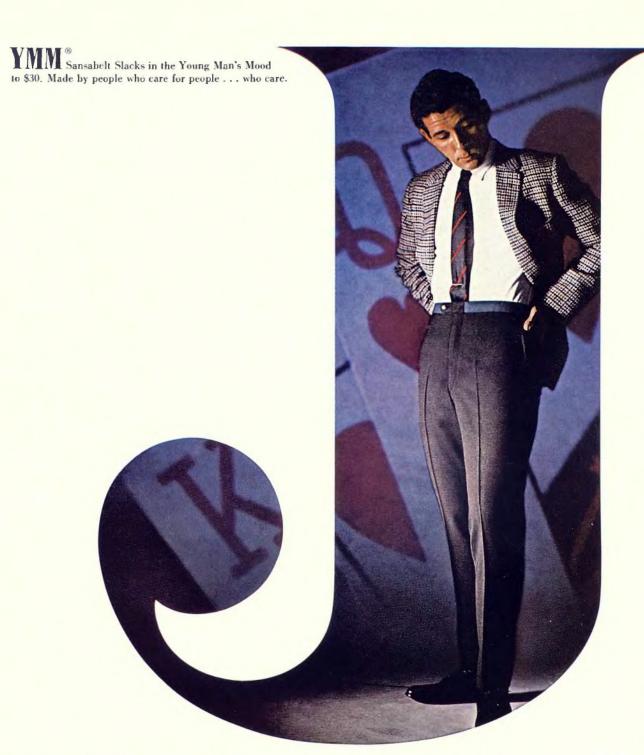
NICHOLS: Everybody's so nice here, and I'm very nice, too, and the reason we're all so nice is we all want everybody to like us. So you have everyone being nice to everyone else all the time-and that can be very depressing. If I could have any wish, it would be to be free of caring about the opinions of others. Did they like me? Was I rude? But if I'm really concentrating on work, I don't give a damn. Soon as the work abates, though, I'm at their mercy. I will myself to push on anyway, to be able to forget myself. But what is stronger here than any place I've been is—"I'll tell you you're a genius in hopes you'll tell me I'm gorgeous." There's nothing wrong with it, except you are constantly feeding yourself. The one drawback is you have to have more and more of it and there'll never be enough. So you have to turn your back on it and say, I won't play.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem uncomfortable in the role of a celebrity.

NICHOLS: I'm not a celebrity, Celebrities have crowds waiting for them or appear on panel shows wearing lockets. That's not me,

PLAYBOY: Don't you want public recognition for your accomplishments?

NICHOLS: Yes, but as soon as too much fuss is made about them, as has happened in my case, you've got to start thinking. It wasn't much after all, was it? Once when we were rehearsing Line, we had a very bad day and Alan Arkin said to me, "I'm sorry—it's me: I can't act." And I said. "No, no, it's me; I can't direct. I can't do anything." And then we sat there for a



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long time and then Arkin said, "You know, it's true; we can't do anything. But we can do it better than some of those other guys."

PLAYBOY: Isn't it because you do what you do better than some of those other guys that you have become a celebrity?

NICHOLS: All right, look. When you get to a certain point in show business, every time you take an airplane a man comes running up and says, "How do you do? I'm Jerome Asskisser of this airline." And he takes your bag and puts you in a private lounge and you say. "Isn't this silly?" and if you're with a girl you bitch a lot and you enjoy it a lot. But now suppose one day Jerome Asskisser isn't there. "Where the hell is Jerome Asskisser?" you say. "What am I supposed to do, get on the plane all by myself like anybody else?" And then you catch yourself and get disgusted. I suppose I have the fear of saying to myself. "Where is Jerome Asskisser?" But of course the truth is, be glad as hell Jerome isn't there-it's good for your soul.

PLAYBOY: You seem ambivalent about success. Do you regard it as more of a curse than a blessing?

NICHOLS: Well, for a while I thought success is a great danger to sensation, to feeling. I went through periods of asking what's the matter, why don't I taste anything, why don't I feel it? I suppose sex is one of the few things this doesn't happen with. With all the other things, though, it does happen, for a time. I've come to think it has to do with growing older rather than with success. But I don't experience this lack of feeling anymore, and that is a source of happiness. A girl once said a really stunning thing to me. I'd said, "Here I am with plays on Broadway and money and an apartment and why don't I feel anything? Maybe I should throw it all away, turn my back on it." And this girl said, "You know, all this bitching you do and toying with the thought of throwing it away is just a safety valve that allows you to keep doing it. You don't have to throw it away: you just have to keep doing things that scare you."

PLAYBOY: Do you mean doing things professionally that scare you?

NICHOLS: Yes. God knows there's nothing Calvinist in my background, but the only good times I enjoy are those after a lot of hard work.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of good times, are girls more interested in you because you're successful?

NICHOLS: I hope so. I remember a cartoon in PLAYBOV showing a girl in bed saying to the guy next to her, "It's morning, Mr. Petroff—time for my screen test." A girl actually quoted this to me once and we laughed a lot. Girls don't say, "You're just using me because I'm intelligent and interesting and so much fun to be with." They say, "All you want is my body." I suppose a successful man

could say, "All you want is my success." If it's true, it's not a bad bargain. If a good-looking girl at a party wants to use me, she's perfectly welcome.

**PLAYBOY:** As a bachelor, you've been linked in the gossip columns with several attractive young ladies. Whom are you taking out these days?

NICHOLS: Several attractive young ladies. PLAYBOY: A friend of yours says you have always been hung up on "man-destroying women." Is this true?

NICHOLS: Well, I'm not destroyed, as we see. You might say what doesn't destroy me strengthens me. I think you could say possibly that I'm hung up on strong women, women who don't just wait at the door with pipe and slippers, because I think they're more interesting. Women's intelligence fascinates me. They have something to tell us; they know different things. One of the things contained in Virginia Woolf that I really believe is that the only thing a woman doesn't forgive in a man is letting her get on top. They beg us in so many ways not to let them, and if you don't, they're happier and you're happier. Women have a kind of wisdom that can be helpful. The wish to say to a woman: Keep me from drinking, keep me from screwing around, you be my world, is very strong. But I find that ultimately it's not a question of teaching a woman or learning from her, but that you must just say hello to her.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a bit about your feelings, related to your new film. Did you ever discuss Virginia Woolf with Edward Albee?

NICHOLS: When I first saw the play, I called him and told him how very much I liked it. He said, "Thank you." Recently, when he saw the film, he called me to tell me how much he liked it. I can't think of anyone whose approval of the picture would please me more.

PLAYBOY: You were very careful that your players paid the strictest sort of attention to each word in the script; yet you and Elaine used to improvise freely. Why the switch?

NICHOLS: The words in a play are only the top of a large iceberg, and since there is so much beneath the surface, I think it's important to be accurate about the portion that shows. If you have a good play, the playwright's ear should be trusted.

PLAYBOY: What's the theme of the play? NICHOLS: Leave me alone.

PLAYBOY: Won't you summarize it briefly as you interpret it?

NICHOLS: OK, maybe partly the theme is the decline of the West. Albee quotes Spengler in the play: "And the West, encumbered by crippling alliances and weighed down by a morality too rigid to accommodate itself to the swing of events, must eventually fall."

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

NICHOLS: The things I find most interesting in the play are the things that are

opposite to the apparent: mainly, that the two main characters love each other. Like the Ibsen onion, you peel a skin and peel another skin and when you get to the core you find they love each other and love the truth. They can't make it: they can't tell the truth, but they keep on trying.

PLAYBOY: A writer in the Ladies' Home Journal said that all the characters in Virginia Woolf are so consumed with self-love they have none left for each other.

NICHOLS: Bullshit. George and Martha suffer for each other. They yell at each other and don't call each other sweetheart and don't hold hands in front of other people, but they're deeply important to each other. They can't speak without mentioning the other's name. Their friends Nick and Honey are nothing but pleasant to each other—until that's broken apart—and solicitous and loving, and they don't like each other at all.

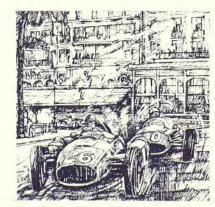
PLAYBOY: As the father of a two-year-old daughter, do you agree with those who feel that a failed marriage should be held together "for the sake of the children"? NICHOLS: Anybody who leads his life with only his children in mind is taking a chance, as you have no idea what influences children anyway. I'm not at all sure people aren't what they're going to be anyway. Children survive extraordinary things and fail to survive literally tiny details. People who say, "I'm staying to hold the family together" are really saying, "My children are the only things that touch me and I'm not going to leave their presence." I love my child and she touches me, but she's not the only thing that touches me, which is better for me and definitely better for her. PLAYBOY: What is the significance of the child George and Martha invent in the

NICHOLS: There are many ways of looking at the child. One is that the child is simply what the manuscript is in Hedda Gabler: something that two people have made out of their imagination that is a metaphor for what they are together, made up of the things that people say to each other late at night, the games they play, the things they imagine that ultimately can become a weapon they use against each other. The other way of looking at the child is from the viewpoint of the child; who says he's imaginary? He can be looked at as a metaphor for the way parents lavish love on a child until, again, it becomes a weapon. When it's no longer useful as a weapon, they dismiss it. In the play, George "kills" the child as a way of setting both it and them free, since it has become only a baseball bat. It's like the Pirandello thing that Elaine and I did on Broadway, which was suggested by Edna Millay's Aria da Capo. In Millay's play, two

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shepherds are sitting in a pasture and one of them says, "I'm bored, let's play a game," and the other says, "OK." And the first shepherd says, "We're at war and that's the dividing line; you and your sheep have to keep on your side and I and my sheep have to keep on mine." And the other shepherd says, "That's a good idea." Then this one shepherd says, "Hey, wait a minute. You have water on your side-that's not fair." And the other shepherd says, "Tough. You should have thought of that before." It gets away from them and they end up killing each other. This idea of the game that gets away from you is a central theatrical idea, and I think it's something we see working in our own lives.

PLAYBOY: What do you think Albee means at the end of the play when George sings, "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and Martha, with terror in her face, says, "I am, George. I am."? For many, it's the most moving moment in the play, but they can't say why.

NICHOLS: It's moving partly by virtue of not being explicitly stated. If I ask you what you're afraid of, you could give 50 answers and still be talking around it.

PLAYBOY: Is there hope for George and Martha at the end?

NICHOLS: Hope for people is a confusing idea for me, because I'm not sure where hope lies. If hope means Martha will start coming downstairs in a pretty little dress for breakfast and make interesting dishes for George and ask what happened in his classroom, there is no hope of that. But if hope is being alive and touching each other and not being alone and having it really mean something when you make love, then there's hope for them. But what I think of George and Martha and Nick and Honey and the child is contained in the movie-at least I think it is; if it isn't, then nothing I can say is going to be of any further

**PLAYBOY:** What do you feel are Elizabeth Taylor's signal qualities as an actress?

NICHOLS: She's a film actress. By that I mean you can see in her face what she's thinking. She has a very good instinct for the causes of a character's behavior. Once I had cut three pages of dialog and Elizabeth hadn't read the play for at least a year. When I got to that spot, she said, "I can't get into this. I can't get started." I knew it was for a very good reason; namely, that I'd gotten cuthappy and taken out her transition. She has absolutely no vanity—which is a pleasure in an actress and keeps you from wasting a lot of time.

PLAYBOY: Did you find this surprising about her?

NICHOLS: It didn't surprise me, knowing her. We were once sitting somewhere in Switzerland and some people were

bugging her. Someone came up and said something about her being so beautiful and she said to me she was interested in what it would be like when the beauty went. I think she literally said, "I can't wait for it to go," and then she could just live. You could see it while she was working on the picture; you could see it while we were choosing her costumes. She preferred a particular blouse because, as she pointed out, it scrunches up and you can see her middle. She was thinking about the character and didn't give a damn about how she looked. She took immense care with her make-up, which sometimes got to be a pain but in reverse. She took extra time letting the mascara run and smearing lipstick in the corner to match the last shot. That's more than being professional. That's hard to find.

PLAYBOY: What else do you admire about her?

NICHOLS: Fifty percent of acting is putting oneself in a state where you don't know what happens next. Elizabeth Taylor can do that.

**PLAYBOY:** In the course of shooting the picture, did you ever feel intimidated by the Burtons—by their power or their prestige?

NICHOLS: They were no more intimidating than any other talented and dignified people, no more than Sandy Dennis and George Segal, who played Honey and Nick. The Burtons are immensely powerful. If they want to come on the set at 12:30, there's very little you can do but yell and scream. But luckily, they didn't choose to exercise their power. There were times when I wanted Elizabeth to do retakes. She could have said no. Instead, she'd say, "Goddamnit, do I have to do that whole thing again?" I'd say, "Yes, I screwed up," and she would, I liked her for being irritable about it and doing it anyway. Because she could have been sweet as hell and not done it.

PLAYBOY: Did she make any comments about her performance during the rushes? NICHOLS: She never said anything except, "I prefer such and such a take." Usually we agreed. If I didn't agree, I'd tell her why and she would accept it. She doesn't exert any of that sort of power some stars do—where the key light should be, where the camera should be. She leaves it in your hands.

PLAYBOY: Did Taylor and Burton criticize each other's work?

NICHOLS: They don't get into each other's performances. I know from having had a partner, that's a great danger when working together. The Burtons are very good about it and leave each other alone.

PLAYBOY: After seeing your film-editing cuts, did either of them have any objections?

NICHOLS: None.

PLAYBOY: In view of the fact that George is supposed to be a weak man and

Martha a sleazy middle-aged housewife, some felt that Burton's dramatic power and Taylor's beauty might present problems in portrayal. Did they?

NICHOLS: No. Function determines character. A weak man doesn't necessarily have to look like Don Knotts. Whether they're weak or powerful is determined by what characters do. I think they're both extraordinary in the roles. Naturally, I'd be likely to think so, since I was there every day and we didn't stop doing takes until I was pleased and they were pleased. Others may not be. It's how it strikes you. It strikes me as terrific. Burton said he was worried because of his own strength, and I had my own fears that he was too powerful and that Elizabeth was too beautiful and special. She'd played nothing but rich girls and princesses and heiresses. She's so beautiful you know she isn't the shopgirl around the corner. But you make up her eyes a certain way so they aren't the world's most beautiful eyes but those of a tired woman of 45 who drinks a great deal. whose lipstick smears and mascara runs. A messenger at Warner's snuck into the projection room and watched her in one entire scene and then asked, "Do you have any film on Elizabeth Taylor?" And her secretary once looked over some pictures of her in the role and said, Who is that?" But nothing has any meaning until it's released, and the audience decides.

PLAYBOY: During production, you fired two technicians from the film. Why?

NICHOLS: I work hard and I'm not patient with people who don't, nor am I guilty about it. I don't go out of my way to be a bastard and sometimes I go out of my way not to be. The two guys I fired weren't harmed by it, but the picture was helped. If there weren't some people who said I'm a bastard, I would worry. because it would mean I have no very strong purpose. At one point I had a fight with someone on the picture and he said, "Oh, I'm no match for you, you always end up winning. I can't fight that way." There're two kinds of people: those who win by losing-"You go to the seashore and have a good time: I'll stay here and do the dishes"-and those who win by winning. We all contain both, but I'd rather win by winning. I certainly don't expect everyone to agree with me. If someone is constantly trying to please me. I can't stand it. Sam O'Steen, the cutter on the picture, will say, "It stinks, please take it out," and I love that. I may not always take it out, but I like to listen to what he has to say. I'd damn well better listen. It's fun if somebody challenges you; you challenge them back, If you yell and scream and fight because you want something another way, the other person likes it, really. If you don't fight, the pushed gets the pusher's contempt in the end. Besides,











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PLAYBOY: You seem to have a tough hide. Do you ever get your feelings hurt?

NICHOLS: All the time. But much less in the last few years. You learn to protect yourself, and I guess the best thing you learn is that people are not that concerned with you; they're thinking about something else anyway. In adolescence that's supposed to be a shattering discovery, that no one cares—but I love it. It means that no one is responsible for what you do but you yourself, and I find that a great freedom. No one likes to be disliked; certainly no one in show business likes to be disliked. I don't either, but I've discovered I'd rather be disliked than try to please.

PLAYBOY: While directing Virginia Woolf, did you have to fight to keep the reins of the film in your hands?

NICHOLS: Yes, sometimes. There's no democracy in this kind of work. I have to have final authority—not because I'm so terrific, but because the picture has to be informed by one vision. Right is might, but whether I'm right or wrong, it all has to be built around one central idea. PLAYBOY: How did you feel when it was all over?

NICHOLS: I was sad.

PLAYBOY: Do you always feel that way at the end of a project?

NICHOLS: Yes, It's a mixture of sadness and relief. It's like leaving a home you've been happy in.

PLAYBOY: Was the experience of directing a movie more or less as you expected it to be?

NICHOLS: Well, I was surprised to find that it is not this smoothly functioning, well-oiled machine. It pleases me, because this makes it comprehensible—it's as half-assed as anything else. Master cumeramen can put the little dial on the wrong number by mistake and great million-dollar labs leave film in the bath too long and overdevelop it.

PLAYBOY: What do you find is the hardest thing about making a movie?

NICHOLS: Getting up in the morning.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

NICHOLS: You can't let it grow as you do a play. You have to do it *now*, before lunch, and then go on to something else. I work through a process of erosion, but that has to be immeasurably speeded up for a movie.

PLAYBOY: Erosion?

NICHOLS: I mean, in rehearsing a play we'll do a scene and after a week I might say, let's add this or that. A week later I say, let's take these lines out, or the actors find something to add and I find something to add to what the players found, and the next week the playwright says, "Listen, as long as you're doing this, let's have him do so-and-so." There's a very reassuring feeling that you have time.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that the most dangerous period in the life of any film

occurs in those weeks immediately preceding its final cut, because of the director's aesthetic fatigue, which has been described as a state of hypnosis in which he might cut all the wrong things; and because of the producer.

NICHOLS: That's absolutely right. One valuable thing I learned working with Elaine was to trust your first instinct. You do something out of instinct, but then you say, let's move this piece to here and put that piece in there; by the time you're through, it's logical and neat. but it has no life at all. The producer can also be a problem. A picture belongs to the people who made it; there's a danger of someone coming in at the end. They tend to fasten on certain things without being aware of the thread that runs through it all. They get hung up on minutiae. For instance, you will go to see a disastrous production trying out in Philadelphia and you can hear the producer in the back of the theater saying to his secretary: "Her earrings are all wrong." I'm much more concerned with the core and the rhythm of a picture while I'm cutting it than with particular details.

PLAYBOY: How would you define a director's job?

NICHOLS: A director creates behavior.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NICHOLS: I once saw a very rich man standing with his beautiful wife and maybe three or four other people. He was leaving his apartment and giving instructions to the maid: and as he was doing this, he held the maid by her right breast. What interested me even more than the fact he held her by her right breast was that everyone, including his wife and the maid, acted as if he weren't. And I thought the things that happen between people casually while they're just standing around are so extraordinary that if I can create that kind of behavior-I don't mean simply bizarre, but unique and revealing of character-if I can do that, I'm a director.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any glory dream for yourself or for *Virginia Woolf*, such as being eternalized in cement at Grauman's Chinese or getting a rave notice in the London *Observer*?

NICHOLS: I would like *Virginia Woolf* to be hailed as the greatest work in the history of Western civilization.

PLAYBOY: OK, Mike-pull yourself to-

NICHOLS: OK. I'll compromise. What I want for *Virginia Woolf* is for people to be excited by it and be moved by it and laugh at it. I want it to work. Your footprints in Grauman's is not why you do it—though I'd prefer to say no to an invitation rather than not *getting* the invitation. But that sort of gratification is only about five percent of one's life.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to moviemaking. Who are some of the directors you most admire?

NICHOLS: In the theater, Robbins, Guthrie,

Kazan. In movies, Fellini, Truffaut, many others

PLAYBOY: Few Broadway productions in recent years have created the stir of Kazan's staging of After the Fall by Arthur Miller. What did you think of it?

NICHOLS: The play seemed to make a morality out of psychoanalytic thought. It seemed to say, "If you understand me, you'll judge my actions differently." I figure your actions have to be judged by you, and by others, in themselves—and if you want understanding, you toddle off to your analyst.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with Broadway, in your opinion?

NICHOLS: You can never get a cab.

PLAYBOY: We hear that Fellini's 81/2 is your favorite film. Why?

NICHOLS: Anything I immensely admire. it's because it seems to relate to me and the people I know. 81% is a very complex but a very simple thing, too: It's about how to make a movie. Fellini takes the specifics of one life and says, "This is it." If you're ruthless enough about your own life, and accurate enough, you can reach others. If the wine she drank was this wine and the shawl she had on was this shawl, someone somewhere in another country will look upon her and say, "I knew her, too." It's the antithesis of the business aspect of Hollywood; trying to find out what most people like rules out the possibility of any one person saying. "Oh, my God, that's me," The only way you reach a person is to reach into yourself. Fellini has it over anyone; most of us are busy sifting scripts and finding properties-and he just makes movies that come out of himself. I think that's the most enviable thing in a director, an element almost nonexistent-namely, a powerful view of life.

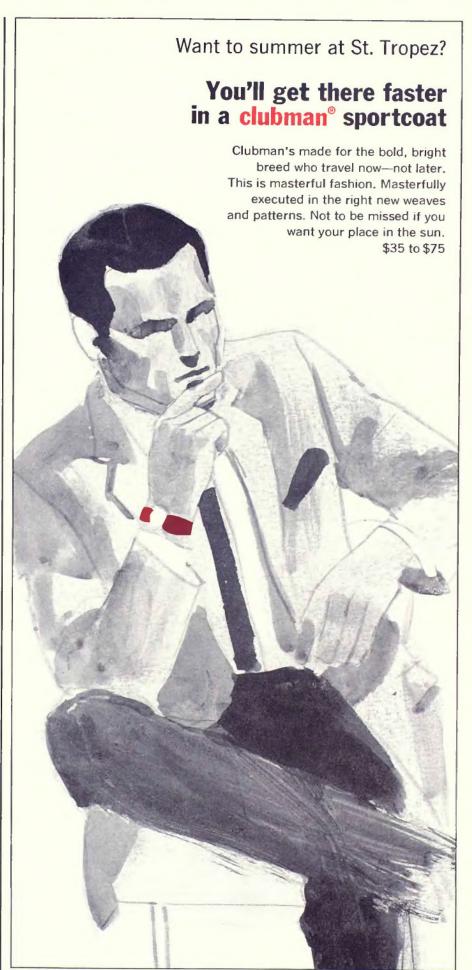
PLAYBOY: Do you have such a view?

NICHOLS: I'm not sure. My talent isn't necessarily the one I would have chosen, but people have no choice. They have to go on as themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Your next picture, *The Graduate*, is a light comedy. Do you direct comedy any differently than you do a serious play?

NICHOLS: No. The whole thing I try to do is not make that separation. People think comedy is people running around slamming doors and talking very fast, and a serious play is kings standing around talking on the staircase in their own homes. I'm excited about *The Graduate* for the same old reasons: It's part of my experience. It connects with things around me.

PLAYBOY: Was Virginia Woolf part of your experience; did it connect, too? NICHOLS: I felt a connection with it. I never treated my wife that way, nor she me, but to some extent, Virginia Woolf was us. It is possible to have a model marriage and still have those people be you, because they're so tightly inter-



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locked and so worthy that you can connect with them. I don't know anyone like Lear, but my father can be contained in Lear. Your own experience informs what you see. It's very important that Flaubert did not say that Emma Bovary is the woman down the block. He said, she's me. Well, if she's him, she has a chance of being us.

PLAYBOY: But the characters in Virginia Woolf are tearing each other apart. Do you relate to that?

NICHOLS: Not having done things doesn't mean we don't know about them.

PLAYBOY: Do you identify Martha with either of your ex-wives?

NICHOLS: I identify myself more with George than I do either of my wives with Martha.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in monogamy? NICHOLS: I don't think so. It hasn't worked for me. It hasn't worked for many people I know. For some it seems OK.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever known promiscuity to work?

NICHOLS: Sure. I think promiscuity is like anything else comparatively unselective: It works as long as you keep it going. For me, the things that work best are the ones that contain change. I like loafing if I've worked hard: I like to go out in the sun if I've been where there's snow; I like a drink if I haven't had one. If promiscuity goes on too long, I get lonely and I want someone to belong to. I don't propose this as a philosophy, but each of these states contains the wish for the other.

PLAYBOY: To go back a bit, how did you lose your virginity?

NICHOLS: I'm afraid it wasn't very colorful. I was 14 years old and I was in the Catskills and I went with some guys to a whorehouse, which to my immense relief was closed. Driving back, they were all bitching, but I was so damned glad. When we got back to the hotel where we were working as busboys, I met this nice girl who was 18 and I took her up under a tree behind the hotel. I was a big reader and I expected to be disappointed, as in all the novels; but to my surprise, it wasn't disappointing at all. The girl has since become a psychiatrist; make of it what you will.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get inside a whorehouse?

NICHOLS: Once. I went to a colored whore-house in Indiana Harbor, a place you drove to from Chicago. I picked out my girl and followed her upstairs, and as I was following her, another girl was coming down. "Are you through?" asked the girl coming down. "I'm through after this 'un," said mine. I remember I was very depressed because she wouldn't take her sweater off. And that was it—my first and last time in a whorehouse.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any problem with homosexuality?

NICHOLS: No. My only problem with homosexuality is I'm getting a little sick of hearing about it. It used to be "the love that dare not speak its name," and now it won't shut up.

PLAYBOY: Is the sexual revolution of any consequence, in your opinion?

NICHOLS: I think sexual freedom is very important and I'm behind PLAYBOY'S crusade to change the masturbation laws, and so forth; but it's perhaps frivolous to talk and write about it as a "daring" subject, the way many people do.

PLAYBOY: One unpleasant aspect of the sexual revolution, in the opinion of some commentators, is the emergence of "epicene people," men and women psychologically devoid of any real sexual identity. How do you feel about it?

NICHOLS: That question bugs me, because I'm so sick of Englishmen coming over and saying it on The Jack Paar Show. but I guess what screwed everything up was sexual enlightenment. For the Victorians, sex was for the men, and the women gritted their teeth and looked at the ceiling and never spoke of itthough of course they enjoyed it, too. And then those books started asking things like. "Is your foreplay adequate?" -and put men in the ridiculous position of wondering how they were doing. Once you start worrying how you're doing, you're in trouble. Sex is like anything else: If you enter into it completely, you're likely to please the other person. If you're worried about pleasing the other person, forget it. This terrible worry was started by these idiot manuals, Your grandfather didn't worry about that for a second, and it was just fine. Sex is, after all, the last refuge from all this crap about how am I doing, and now they're trying to change that.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who view modern man not only as sexless but as loveless, emotionally alienated and spiritually bankrupt?

NICHOLS: Gosh, the kids in my bunch don't seem to be.

PLAYBOY: Another director, Michelangelo Antonioni, has asked: "Who's a hero under the atom bomb? Or who isn't one?" Do you think the bomb is to blame for man's current nonhero status? NICHOLS: The bomb is just another name for death. Everybody dies and always did.

PLAYBOY: Richard Burton admits to fearing death and being forgotten more than anything else. What is your own deepest fear?

NICHOLS: I don't care about being forgotten. I fear getting to the end of my life and feeling. I've wasted it. I don't want to get to the end of my life and think I haven't tasted enough and touched on other people enough and had a good enough time.

PLAYBOY: Would you call yourself a hedonist?

NICHOLS: Well, a critic on a little maga-

zine once said Elaine and I were Dionysian rather than Apollonian. I had never thought of it in quite that way, but I guess you could call me a Dionysian who gets tired easily.

PLAYBOY: What was the nature of the relationship between you and Elaine? Were you in love with her?

NICHOLS: I was in love with Elaine, and I still love Elaine, and if I were lying with a broken leg and everyone was stepping across me, I'd hope Elaine would come along.

PLAYBOY: A friend of yours told us you're essentially an unhappy person. Is he right?

NICHOLS: Maybe that was true up until a couple of years ago, but things have changed and I've changed. My whole adult life has been a process of changing. When I was in college I slept 18 hours a day and never went to class. I couldn't get a job, and when I did I couldn't hold it, as I couldn't get up in time to hold it. But things have changed. I'm pretty happy with my life and myself. I suffer in my work. I really do get scared about the next day and I worry about the next scene and if it's any good and if I could do better-but it's a kind of suffering I enjoy. If it came too easily. that would be the time to worry. I certainly don't suffer in my personal life, though.

PLAYBOY: According to reports, you don't suffer at all on your six-figure income as a director.

NICHOLS: Well, I do like it, and obviously I spend it. I don't find it necessary to say I'd be just as happy on \$100 a week, because I wouldn't—but I'd survive.

PLAYBOY: How much did you earn last year?

NICHOLS: I don't know, but I spent about \$300,000, including taxes and alimonies: my accountant came and told me that. I laughed for about an hour.

PLAYBOY: The last time we met, you were driving a Lincoln Continental to work—do you still?

NICHOLS: No. I have a Rolls S-III.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have your initials engraved on the door or pressed on your license plates?

NICHOLS: No. I have a sticker on the front that says, "Batman is coming."

PLAYBOY: But Batman is here.

NICHOLS: Yes, more's the pity.

PLAYBOY: In the parlor game of metaphors, John Gielgud has been called grouse out of season, in aspic: Laurence Olivier, beefsteak *tartare*; Claire Bloom, a soft-boiled egg, peeled—etc. What are you?

NICHOLS: I might be a kreplach.

PLAYBOY: Which is . . . ?

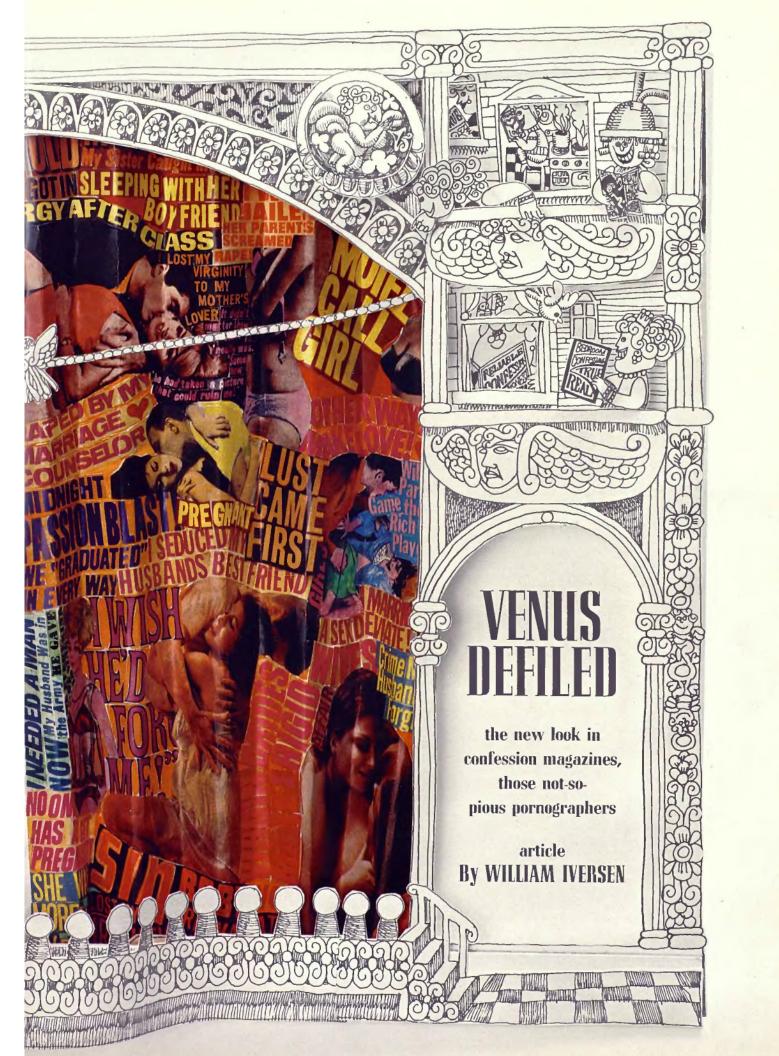
NICHOLS: Sort of a dumpling with some meat inside.



#### WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

One fully accredited. A young man who's come a long way in a short time, the PLAYBOY reader holds just the right cards for keeping a date with excitement. Facts: For business records or just for recreation, 37% of all PLAYBOY readers own credit cards. Nearly 3,000,000 own gasoline credit cards alone. And they "take off" at will. Want to charge up your sales and services? Let PLAYBOY increase your rate of climb. (Source: 1965 Standard Magazine Report, W.R. Simmons & Associates.)







E was as carried away as I was,"
Laurie confessed. "I felt his hands
on my body, gentle but manly as
he stroked the bathing suit halter
encasing my breasts. I pressed my
hand down on top of his, inhaling
deeply so that my breasts swelled
to his touch. We kissed again and
I was filled with a yearning desire
to go even further with our lovemaking. I moved my hand to my
shoulder and pushed down the

strap to my bathing suit. He buried his face against my bare breast.

"It was the furthest I'd ever gone with a boy," Laurie confided. "His very excitement made me feel even more excited. But when his hand closed tentatively over my thigh, I pushed him away. 'No,' I said breathlessly. 'We'd better stop before we go too far.'"

The rebuff was only temporary, however.

This, after all, was Romance Time, February 1965—Volume 12, Number 6 of one of the many women's confession magazines whose monthly sagas of sex and desire are the erotic folk tales of our contemporary mass culture—the passionately vicarious Thousand and One Nights of millions upon millions of wives, sweethearts, mothers and daughters of the great American blue-collar class.

"We spent many nights necking, enjoying the sweet torture of arousal without fulfillment," Laurie went on to recall in a tone of almost wistful oestrous, "but we never went further than that night on the beach. Until that hot September evening a few days before Steve was due to leave for college . . ."

On buses and subways, in kitchens, living rooms and ladies' rooms, in offices, factories and beauty shops, in luncheonettes and laundromats the numerous sisterhood of confession fans avidly read on:

"My parents were out that night," Laurie informed her gentle readers. "We were sitting on the couch, half-turned to face each other. My blouse was open and Steve's lips were burning against my bare breast. My heart was racing wildly and when his hand moved over my legs I made no protest.

"I felt him brush my skirt aside and then the flesh of my legs was trembling at his touch. His hand moved higher and for a moment it seemed as if the room was beginning to spin . . .

"'I want you, Laurie.' It was almost a groan. 'I want you so much I ache.'

"'No,' I told him. 'No, we can't.'

"'But this is torture, Laurie! Look.' He grasped my hand and pressed it against himself so that I could feel his throbbing need of me.

"I moved my hand slowly. He closed his eyes and sighed. Thus I brought Steve relief without bringing him satisfaction. Thus he knew my love, but not my body."

"Should I go to bed with Steve?" Laurie asked in the closing paragraph of this brief first-person account of one girl's experience with the sweet torture of arousal. "WON'T YOU PLEASE WRITE US, LETTING A 17-YEAR-OLD GIRL KNOW WHAT YOU THINK SHE SHOULD DO?" the editors implored in type so large and urgent as to suggest that Laurie's unbuttoned adventures might soon grow out of hand. "LAURIE LOVES THE BOY WITH ALL HER

HEART, BUT SHE CAN'T MARRY HIM FOR FOUR YEARS. SHOULD SHE WAIT—OR GIVE IN?"

The question was one that had been plaguing confessionbook heroines for years. But this, to the best of my knowledge, was the first time in history that so intimate an issue had ever been submitted to a national referendum.

Since it wasn't likely that even an airmail special-delivery would get to Laurie in time to influence her decision one way or the other, I abstained from the voting. But, considering the high incidence of no-questions-asked hanky-panky that currently enlivens the pages of the women's confession magazines, her hesitancy to hop into bed with Steve seemed almost touchingly archaic—a quaint survival from that sexually simple-minded era when the kiss-and-tell books were committed to a rigorous policy of sin-and-suffer. More typical of the present state of illicit affairs is the afternoon love scene that occurred between Mrs. Denis Carstairs and Gene the handsome filling-station attendant, whom she had met only a few short paragraphs before, on page 56 of the same magazine:

"Gene pulled into a tiny cleared space in the woods and stilled the motor," Mrs. Carstairs reported from the starboard seat of her shiny new car. "Without another word, he took me into his arms and kissed me. Shamelessly, cagerly, I responded, biting his lower lip in my frenzy, like a little hellcat.

"'Come on, let's get out,' he said, his voice rough with emotion.

"He took the car blanket from the back seat. Then holding my hand, he pulled me into the heart of the wood, and spread the blanket on a mattress of fallen leaves.

"'I have to have you,' he said, and threw me down onto our forest bed.

"I didn't care; I knew I had to have him, too. There, amongst the secret trees, I gave myself to him, recklessly, passionately. It wasn't like it was with Denis, sweet and tender. Gene's hands were hard and demanding, his body heavy and hot on mine.

"It was like that with us every time we were together, those next few weeks. I knew it was wrong, knew I was an adulteress, betraying the best man in the world, but I couldn't seem to care. I guess I was drunk, drunk with the wine of unadulterated sex. That's no excuse, that's just the way it was."

Take it or leave it, Charlie. And if you should happen to cherish any starry-eyed notions that Mrs. Carstairs' willingness was any greater, or her compunctions any less, because of her nonvirginal status—well, forget it. Whether virgin teens or torrid grandmothers, the girls one meets these days in the pages of the smooch-and-snitch books are a different breed entirely from Laurie Mize, the demure young widow who was the female lead in the first confession story I ever read: "TAKE ME, TAKE MY CHILDREN!" which appeared in *True Story* back in November 1962.

At the time, my interest was confined to the image such magazines were presenting of the American Hubby, and to his pretty little widow's responses to the Insurance Man as a girl's best friend and protector—a new and highly idealized hero figure that had been created by some of the nation's leading life-insurance advertisers. In "TAKE ME, TAKE MY CHILDREN!" I had been fascinated to discover the first instance in which the Insurance Man was actually cast in the romantic role of the widow's lover and



"This doesn't count as part of my hour, does it, Dr. Feinberg?"

potential second husband. But in those days of innocence, circa 1962, the word "lover" could still be construed in terms of noncoital affection. When Laurie Mize invited Stan the Policy Man to come in out of the rain and dry off, sex was subordinate to a pipe-and-slippers kind of coziness that was a harbinger of hubbyhood to come. "I sat there by the fire, relaxed as a cat." Stan mused, "and in no time she was back carrying a tray with a toasted-cheese sandwich, a big wedge of cake covered with whipped cream and a cup of steamy black coffee. The gal could cook besides being sweet and a good looker. I didn't think it was strange then that my wolf tendencies didn't take over. I liked this girl, really liked her as a person. What I felt was more than the old Adam-and-Eve bit."

Being somewhat familiar with the traditional formats of popular romantic fiction, I was inclined to accept Stan's behavior as natural enough under the circumstances—just as I was willing to believe that no more than a single kiss resulted from the fact that he was forced to stay overnight at Laurie's house because the rain had washed out the roads. "I can't thank you enough for your hospitality and good company," Stan told her, after spending the night on a cot in the kids' room. "If there is any way Acme Insurance can serve you, just give us a call."

But Laurie was still in a "rosy pink" blush of embarrassment over that kiss. "'About last night—I don't want you to think I'm awful or brazen although I can't blame you if you do.' She faltered. 'I'm sorry it happened. I don't know what came over me, she whispered."

What came over her, of course, was the same old Adam-and-Eve thing that made working-girl Stephanie Carter risk her restless virtue on "ONE LAST FLING!" on page 36. "My husband-to-be was off on a gay bachelor weekend. So why shouldn't I have a ball, too?" Stephanie exclaimed in a large quarter-page blurb. "When my old love coaxed, 'Let's go out and burn the town down,' I went!" But when her old love. Terence, finally coaxed her onto a couch at his place, the sweet torture of arousal quickly gave way to the fisticuffs of female refusal:

" 'No,' I panted.

···But—

"'No.' I shoved Terence with all my might."

Over on page 58, meanwhile, a lonely trailer-camp wife named Julie was having her responses tested by a guitar-twanging construction worker called Waco, in "IF 1 HAD A WIFE LIKE YOU":

"And then, in a flash, the moment of madness passed. I'm a married woman the mother of two children—I told myself harshly. Flirting, giving encouragement to admirers—that's behind me in my girlhood. I ought to be ashamed of myself!

"With a little gasp, I pushed Waco away . . ."

Throughout that entire issue of *True Story*, pushing a man away was depicted as the ultimate physical act. Only in the closing moments of "WE ELOPED WITH MAMA" did a blizzard-bound wife, named Ellen, begin to wonder if she should go to bed with Phil—her estranged hubby:

"... We were both silent, but the air was charged. I turned to gather up the coffee cups and accidentally brushed against him. Roughly he pulled me into his arms, and I responded with all the intensity that had stored up within me.

"This separation has been agony,' he said. 'But maybe there's been some good in it, too . . . ."

The idea that agony has its virtues and virtue its agonies was apparently a most familiar one to the average *True Story* reader—a composite profile of whom could be pieced together from some of the comments and opinions expressed in that month's letters column:

"All stories in the September issue were interesting, especially 'Haunted Wedding Night,' "Rosemary H. Bagneski wrote from Randolph, Wisconsin. "I was close to tears when Sue found out her husband and sister had been killed in the accident. The ending of the story pleased me greatly."

"Sex, sex, sex—that's all men care about." a Miss Y. K. of Detroit, Michigan, lamented. "Fortunately, some women don't share their ideas, and these are the ones referred to as virgins. I intend to stay a virgin until marriage. Temptations—sure 1 have temptations almost every day. But that little voice, referred to as 'conscience,' won't let me give in. Thank goodness some people still have those little voices."

"Since my sister's recent death from cancer, her husband told me to have her copies of *True Story* sent in my care," Mrs. Floyd Kulek wrote from Guide Rock, Nebraska. "I hope this arrangement will not be considered illegal, for the contentment I find each month in *T. S.* for a while lulls my constant heartache over the loss of one so loved. . . . Please finish out the subscription in her name, in my care; she'd want it this way."

Post-mortem subscriptions notwithstanding, a Mrs. Millard Welch of Georgia claimed the earthly distinction of having been a T. S. fan for a quarter of a century—a record that was topped only by that of Mrs. C. E. Monaco of New York City, who had been on the receiving end for 27 years. But despite all such demonstrations of loyalty, rumor had it that the circulation figures for this "Woman's Guide to Love and Marriage" had declined by more than a million since 1959. Some were inclined to blame the time-consuming effect of television on *True Story*'s lower-middlebrow audience. But my own guess was that the drop-off was more attributable to the magazine's man-pushing reluctance to face up to the physical facts of love and marriage at a time when the ladies' big, slick consumer journals were expanding their sexual content to the very limits in an effort to keep pace with the new literary freedoms of the Sexy Sixties.

With a view to describing the enormous contrast between the sexual content of these two major categories of American women's magazines, I picked up another copy of True Story four months later. At first glance, the March 1963 issue seemed essentially the same old T.S. The cover bore a portrait of the same sort of pretty young girl, and was plastered with the same sort of hyperhysterical titles: "MY HUSBAND OFFERED ME TO ANOTHER MAN!" "OUR BABY WAS BORN A DOPE ADDICT," "MY DAUGHTER IS IN TROUBLE-What Should I Do? What Should She Do?" "THE NIGHT 1 CAME HOME TOO SOON."

Having learned that True Story's stories were seldom as sensational as their titles, my mind automatically amended the list to read, "MY HUSBAND OFFERED ME TO ANOTHER MAN—as a part-time bookkeeper," "MY DAUGHTER IS IN TROUBLE—because she whispered during a third-grade fire drill," "THE NIGHT I CAME HOME TOO SOON—and had to wait a half hour for dinner," etc.

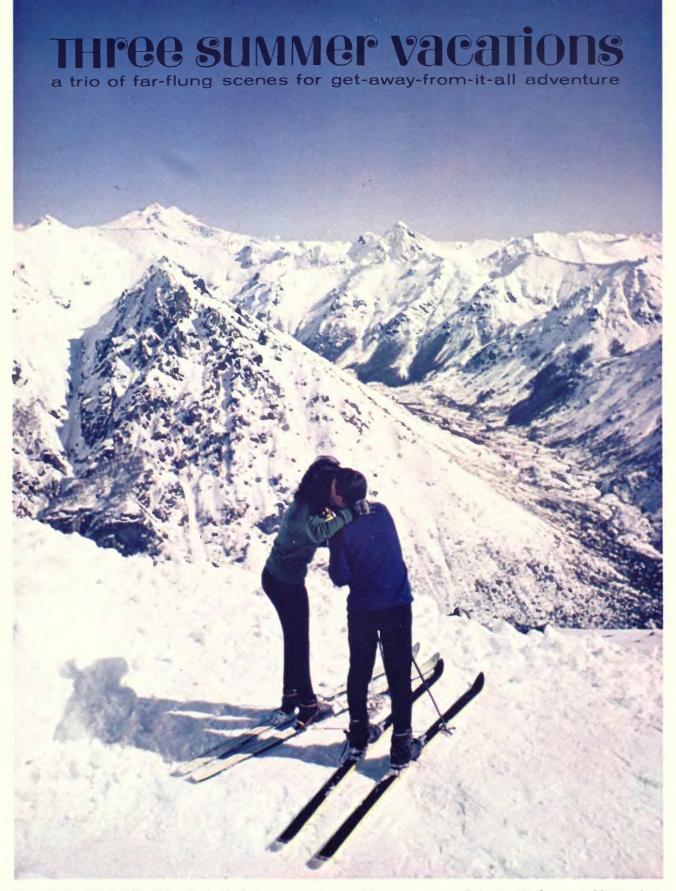
But, as I soon discovered, the past few months had wrought some rather momentous changes. In the new *True Story*, Blake Jordan really *did* offer his wife to another man! The promiscuous daughter Anna really *was* in trouble—with a teenage frigidity problem! And when Prudence Hunter came home too soon, she found her husband-to-be, Peter, bouncing around in bed with her roommate Julie!

"The world was wonderful!" Prue had exulted in the opening paragraph. "I had a wonderful job. . . . I had a wonderful apartment, a wonderful roommate—Julie, who was always fun and easy to get along with—and a wonderful man—Peter, who loved me as much as I loved him. Just thinking of Peter made my heart bang."

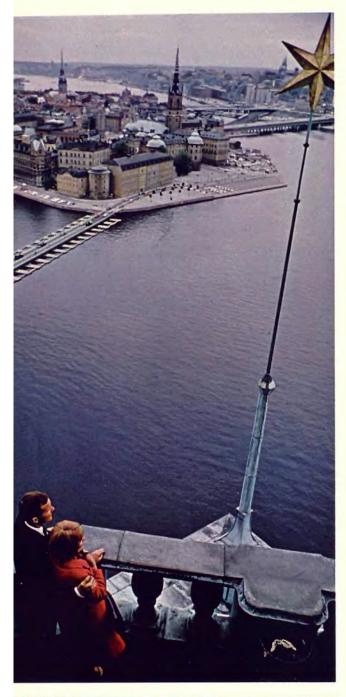
Unfortunately for Prudence, thinking of Peter made Julie's heart bang, too. And when Prudence was detained at the office that night, Peter found Julie so easy to get along with, he and she were already on the most intimate of terms when Prue walked in the door at eight P.M.

"No! Oh, my God!" Prudence gasped.

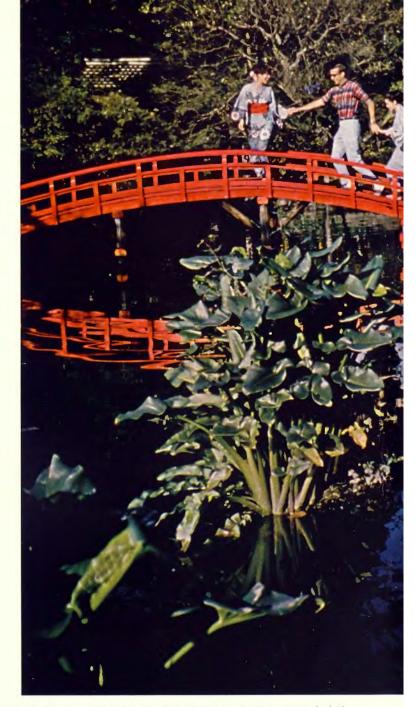
"Julie leaped from the bed, winding (continued on page 130)



SKIING IN THE ANDES: Chile, the land of the ancient Incas, today attracts some of the world's foremost skiers to its towering, almost windless slopes of the southern Andes. Since Chile reverses the seasons of its northern neighbors, Andes-bound snowmen can take to the well-powdered runs any time after late June and continue schussing into mid-October. High on the list of top international ski resorts is Portillo, this year's host to the World Alpine Championships starting in July. Nestled by Lake Inca, almost two miles above sea level, Portillo affords our adventurous couple (above) scenic splendor as well as idyllically dry conditions for a session on the slopes. The posh Hotel Portillo offers \$60-a-day suites, superb Continental cuisine, dancing and a relaxed atmosphere that contrasts perfectly with the brisk action on its 18 runs. At a ski carnival that comes to town in August, the daylight doings include slalom and jumping events, and the nights are rich with dolce vita roistering that brings the best Latin-fiesta spirit to the scene.







SWINGING IN STOCKHOLM: Capital of the land of snaps and skål. Sweden's "Venice of the North" is a seaside smorgasbord of old and new. Built on 14 islands, Stockholm and its wide waterways can be explored by chartered launch or simply taken in majestically as the traveling twosome is doing (top left) from the Town Hall's observation deck—one of Europe's most imposing structures. Directly across is the medieval quarter. where a few hours of shopping along its narrow stone streets will set you up for an on-tap giass of the world-famed Swedish beer in one of the city's charming cafés. Stockholm's midnight sun may find you living it up at all hours at one of the many cellar bars, such as the Bobbadilla Club (left), which offer native jazz groups who add Swedish-styled improvisations to avant American sounds. Night-club showboats, the latest Stockholm craze, are a gently swaying inducement for quayside qualling. To keep your strength up while you stay up, try Sweden's native feast-the smorgasbord-which offers both fish and fowl as well as other national fare, including a succulent reindeer steak. If the ponies are one of your passions, try a visit to the windows of the Jägersro race track. Sweden's best-appointed course. For a sunny respite from the urban scene, try motoring out to the city's nearby beaches. Acquiring an almost all-over tan with a flaxen-haired, sun-worshiping skön kvinna (sun queen) is a national pastime worthy of your carefree investigation.

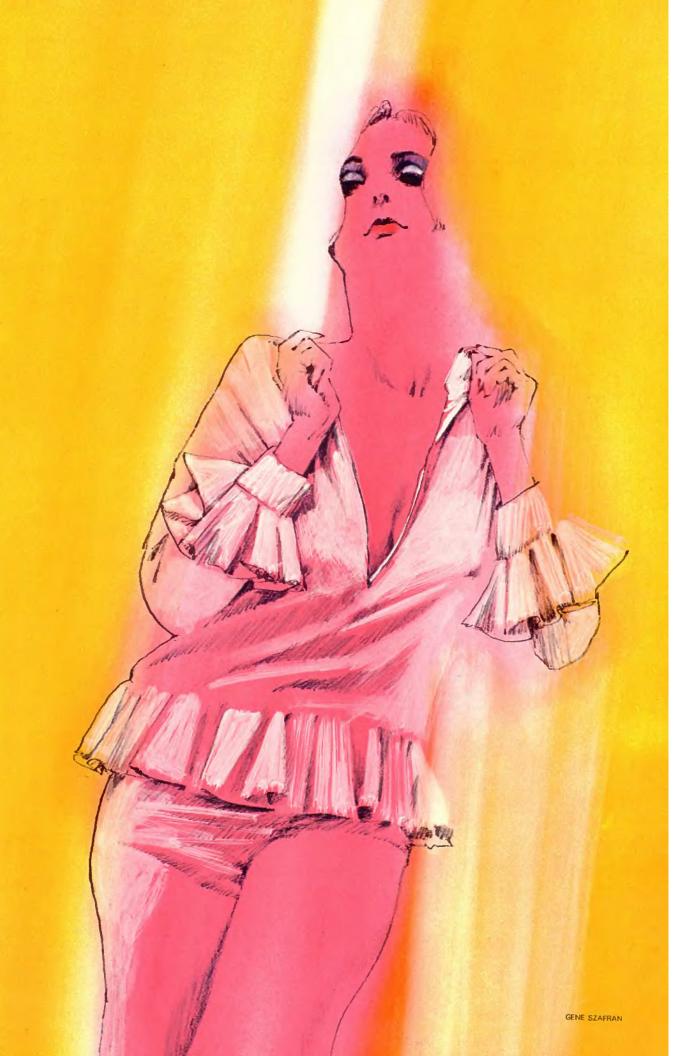


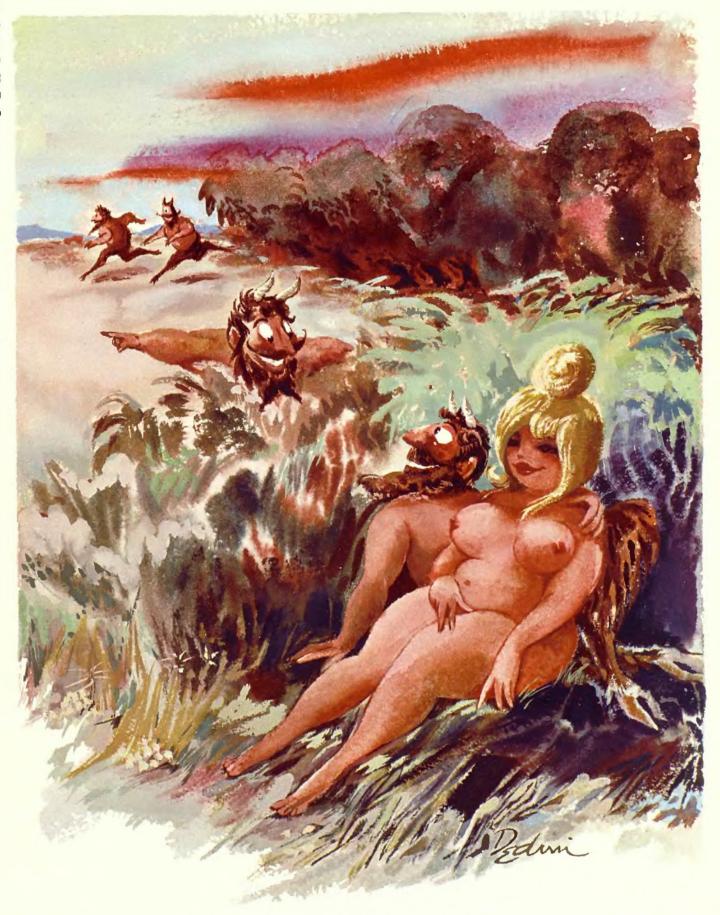
WEEKENDING AT A JAPANESE SPA: One of the burnished jewels in the necklace of Japanese islands is the seaside spa of Atami, which prides itself on being the Riviera of the archipelago. The hotels are large and well-appointed, but the prettiest girls in town usually forgather either at the plush Hakucho coffeehouse or at the Tatami, which features recorded jazz concerts. There is a delightful meeting of East and West at a sushi restaurant called Fukimoto's Tenderloin Steak and Southern Fried Chicken Restaurant, where the food is hearty and the service excellent. The bustle of Atami is sheathed in the quiet charm of the nearby hillsides, where the great 19th Century poet laureate Takayama strolled for inspiration through its mighty stands of cedar. Here repose the traditional Japanese country inns that delight the eye and soothe the senses. Lucky fellow (above) takes two and strolls over a garden footbridge, heading for the traditional Japanese communal bath (right), which he has thoughtfully reserved for their good clean fun.



# THE RICH GIRL at the party he wanted only to reconnoiter, and then to strike if a promising target presented herself

LOGAN HESITATED AT THE DOOR, which was open, wondering whether his corduroy jacket and unpressed flannel slacks were suitable for the occasion. The only thing he knew about the party inside was that the host, an adman named Ted Denning, threw these weekly blasts on a kind of Noah's-ark principle: The guest list hopefully included one of everything, from karate instructors to college professors, fashion models to foreign agents. From the glimpse Logan got of the evening's mélange, it was certainly recruited from the more well-shod layers of city life, and while this suited his intentions, it also added to his nervousness. The parties Logan usually attended were held in lofts or basements, and he had almost forgotten that in other circles the mere wearing of a coat and tie (any coat and tie) was not by itself considered the height of fashion. He stood wavering between plunging into the mob or back into the street when Denning spotted him and hurried to the door. Within proper range the host fired out his hand, and his smile increased to cover what Logan suspected was a lack of recognition. ¶ "Hi! Ted Denning here." ¶ "My name's Logan. I met you in Washington Square last Sunday with Paula—" ¶ "You're the poet!" ¶ Denning's grasp curled more certainly around Logan's hand and his face showed the joy of the true collector. He ushered the new guest in, equipped him with a drink, and thrust him toward a buxom lady who identified herself as a toy buyer for a chain of department stores. On learning that Logan wrote poems that were actually published in literary magazines, she showed the most sympathetic interest. I "My God," she said, "I only wish I had the time." ¶ Nodding and grinning, Logan retreated, and began to float around the room. It was decorated in a style that might be called Renaissance collegiate: tennis trophies and African sculpture, a saber above the mantel, a coffee table made from a wagon wheel. The whole place bloomed with cushions of every size, color and shape, which seemed a waste of comfort since almost everyone was standing. Logan carefully made his way around the little groups, not wanting to get stuck on any of the shoals of conversation that lurked around him. He wanted only to reconnoiter, and be free to strike if a promising target presented herself. When he did catch a glimpse-and a glimpse was enough-of the very thing he was looking for, he refueled his drink before making an approach. What had struck him at once were her legs, which were elegant. Although she was partially hidden by a hovering broad-backed man with wavy golden hair, Logan saw enough of her to know that what first caught his attention was well matched by the rest of the picture. It was just the sort of thing that a young man weary of girls with dirty hair and baggy sweat shirts sees in his dreams. Pacing and sipping, he patiently patrolled the outer perimeter of her conversation until the goldilocked fellow was forced to withdraw for his own refueling. Lighting a fresh cigarette, Logan moved in. ¶ "Hello. My name's Jim Logan." ¶ "Ah'm Laurie," the girl said. ¶ "You're also lovely." ¶ "Wha, thank you." ¶ "And Southern?" ¶ "Oh, Lawdie." ¶ "No?" ¶ "Yes, but Ah'm tryin to lose mah accent." ¶ "What for? It's lovely, too." ¶ "Well, it's all right fuh Tennessee Williams, but after that it's rather limitin." ¶ "You're an actress?" ¶ "Not yet." ¶ "Studying?" ¶ "Oh mah, yes---" ¶ She held up her left hand and ticked off her studies with her fingers. ¶ "Elocution, dance, drama, design and voice." ¶ "You sing. too?" ¶ "No. That's wha Ah'm takin voice." ¶ "Very shrewd." ¶ "Oh, no, Ah'm not that at all." ¶ She sighed prettily, making Logan feel manfully protective. The took a long sip of his drink and said, "Well, it's only right. I mean, it wouldn't be fair to be both shrewd and beautiful." C'Oh Mistuh Logan, you're rilly too nice. Are you in the theatuh?" \ "No, not really. I just scribble." \ "You write? How (continued on page 94)





"I'd love to join you, Claude, but I'm busy baby-sitting."



#### MARVIN THE TORCH

humor

#### By JIMMY BRESLIN

he was so all-fired helpful to failing businessmen that the arson investigators were burned up by his benevolence

IDEALLY, THE AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN should work hard, make money and seek to expand. Sometimes, however, the American businessman loses money. When this happens, the businessman seeks to cut back. There are a number of legal ways to do this. There also is an illegal way to do this. The businessman can do a very bad thing and call on the services of an outfit that is in the business of burning down places that are not making any money and have insurance.

This is known as arson, and the best in this field is the firm of Marvin the Torch and his partner, Benjamin, who also plays with matches. They hold the North American record for arson, one-story buildings, and arson, restaurants that are losing; and they are known wherever there is a man who is running a business not too well. They are not the finest of people, Marvin and Benjamin, and nei-

ther are their clients. But they are, like stealing, a part of life in this country.

Insurance companies, with their usual stiffness, do not like arson. In fact, Brendan P. Battle, director, New York Board of Underwriters, has been very mad at Marvin the Torch lately. Battle has been calling for a national campaign against Marvin the Torch. He claims that Marvin, and others who are trying to be like him, are responsible for millions of dollars in losses suffered by insurance companies. Brendan P. Battle is so mad over this that he wants the police to arrest Marvin the Torch. This attitude has, in turn, made Marvin the Torch very mad at Brendan P. Battle.

"I am going to burn down Brendan P. Battle's garage," Marvin the Torch says.

Battle calls Marvin's work "insurance fraud fires." This is a rather stuffy description. Marvin the

Torch and Benjamin call it "belting the joint out" or "building an empty lot."

Battle also keeps asking for Marvin's address. "It is your duty as a citizen to inform us of his whereabouts so we can have him apprehended," Battle says. This is fine, law-abiding sentiment. But Marvin the Torch, while sort of friendly, does have a definite policy about a Public Speaker. Marvin takes him out fishing in the ocean. He then puts a rope around the Public Speaker's neck. The rope is attached to a big old jukebox. The big old jukebox then is thrown overboard. The Public Speaker invariably follows.

Marvin the Torch is the boss of the firm and he takes credit for some amazing jobs. Once he contracted to handle a restaurant in Florida located on an ocean inlet. With (concluded on page 152)



Ever since Captain Cook sailed past Diamond Head into Hawaii and found himself wined and dined luau style, this most festive of Polynesian parties has been internationally hailed as king of the cookouts. No one knows who tossed the world's first luau, but it's possible that some early insular Elsa Maxwell accidentally dropped a freshly killed porker into a fire and, finding it done to a turn, invited the neighboring wahines and kanakas over to sample it. The tradition has happily continued and now all shoreside luaus serve roast pig steamed for hours in an underground oven as a sacrifice to the goddess Pele. But there's no need to hop a jet all the way to Oahu to enjoy the doings. In the time it would take you to pick up your tickets, you can be serving up a full South Sea feast fit for Pele herself right in your own air-conditioned digs.

Staging an indoor luau is as easy as poi. Even being sky high in an apartment can have some built-in blessings: Guests don't have to scour about for volcanic rocks, ti leaves and palm fronds, and you don't have to dig a pit to roast the traditional whole suckling pig. Instead, just ask a butcher to wrap up the juiciest pork-loin flanks, which you can start sizzling on an indoor rotisserie. If nought but the entire pig-on-a-platter will suffice, you can order one from a professional catering service.

We prefer to create a lush tropical atmosphere on the buffet table rather than on the walls. A single giant model of a tiki god surrounded by a bounty of island offerings serves far more admirably as a mood setter than a plethora of interior decorator-inspired fish-net coverings and cornball colored-glass globes.

Concentrate on laying out an elegant bar and buffet, which is, after all, where the action is. Begin by visiting your friendly florist. He won't be able to duplicate all 4000 varieties of hibiscus growing on Oahu, but he can supply you with quantities of properly



lush greenery. Tell him the size of your luau table and ask for enough flat ferns to cover it. Order one or two centerpieces of short-stemmed flowers. The long-stemmed beauties are usually quite acceptable as buffet decorations, but avoid them at a sit-down feast, where they invariably create a junglelike atmosphere that inhibits cross-table conversation. Scatter fruit among the flowers and fronds. Pineapples cut lengthwise with the meat removed, sliced and returned to the shells, stalks of yellow and red bananas, grapes, citrus fruits, mangoes, papayas, coconut chips and avocado chunks make for delicious tropical tidbits that also serve as decorations.

In planning your luau, you'll find that the Americanization of authentic Polynesian dishes often makes them even more suitable to Stateside palates. Salmon is a good example. When it was first taken to the islands by Yankee traders, the fish had been preserved in a saline solution and was ultra-salty. Natives steeped the fish in clear water to remove excess salt, but some still remained, which turned it into an irresistible appetizer. Pummeled by hand to a purée and covered with scallions and tomatoes, it was called lomi salmon or simply lomi-lomi (the word "lomi-lomi" meaning "to massage"). On the islands it's still made this way. But we see no reason why (continued on page 155)

# **URBAN LUAU**

playboy serves up a sumptuous spread far from polynesian shores

food & drink
By THOMAS MARIO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

"We can't go on meeting like this, Charles. My husband is getting suspicious."

# DEMPSEY'S NUDISTS

a nature-loving reprise of our camp cartoonist's antic observations on life in the buffer state

John Dempsey



"Tve got it! Let's all get dressed and play strip poker."

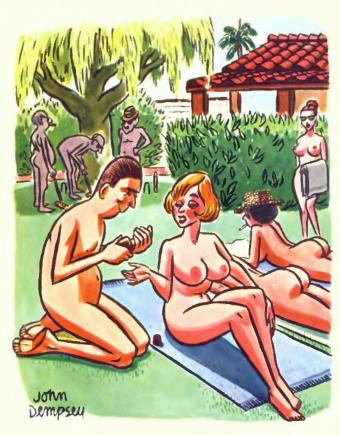


"Hey, look at Miss Summers without her glasses. Why—why, she's beautiful!"



"Anyone for touch football?"





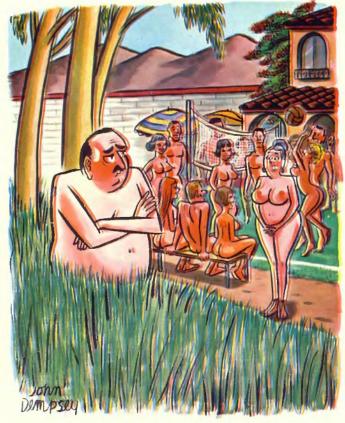
"<u>Fll</u> pat on the tanning lotion, if you don't mind, Mr. Felps."



"Oops-sorry!"



"Keep your eye on the ball, dear."



"Yoo-hoo, Mr. Donovan! You can't spend all your time in the high grass."



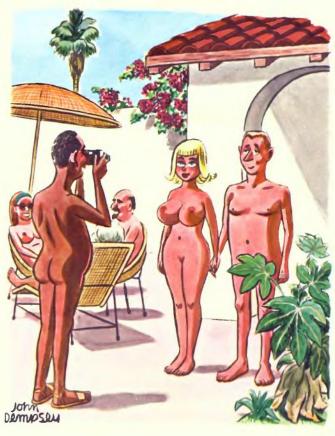
Dann

"He's the only ankle man I've ever met here."

"Miss Cavendish! I didn't know you'd been away."



"I hate interrupting your yoga exercises, Miss Higgins, but you're wanted on the phone."



"Look natural . . . !"



"Either of you gentlemen care for something to nibble on?"



"... And so you see, Mr. Shaw, if everybody went without clothes, there simply wouldn't be any more wars!"

#### RICH GIRL (continued from page 84)

fascinatin! For the stage?"

"Well, I've considered it."

This was technically true. Logan had entertained the idea of writing a play about beautiful women in order to get to meet some.

"Whatevah do you write, then?"

"Just poems."

"A poet! That's duh-vine. Ah don't think Ah evah met one before, in real life."

"Well, we're around."

"And a young one, too-Ah mean,

you're not very old, are you?"

"Well, old enough," Logan said, and felt the tips of his ears going red. He knew he didn't look his 26, and although the postcollegiate aura was often an advantage with older women, he feared that with this younger girl it might be a handicap.

"Ah didn't mean——" she said, no doubt noticing his ears, "Ah meant young for a *poet*."

"Well, maybe---"

"But Lawdie, isn't this fascinatin? What kind do you write?"

"What kind of poems? Well, different kinds."

She looked at him slyly.

"Ah hope they're not the howlin kind."
"Oh no, not at all. Very quiet, in fact."

Logan saw the brawny blond fellow, bearing a glass in each hand, about to break away from the toy buyer, who was holding him conversational prisoner. Logan knew he must quickly make his bid with Laurie for name and number, and he switched from the talk of poetry to practical matters.

"Say, why don't we have lunch some day?"

"Lunch?"

Her eyes looked immense and wondrous, as if the suggestion were terribly original.

"Wha, that sounds charmin."

. . .

He took her to one of those long, thin places in Midtown, whose interior suggested an air shaft laid down flat and lined with red plush. On entering, a stranger might feel momentary fear that all the fuses had blown, before realizing the darkness was only part of the decor. It was possible, after being guided to a table, to barely discern the menu and the person opposite by means of a somewhat sinister and faint orange glow that seemed to emanate from behind the walls, and made Logan think of radioactivity. He had been there once with an editor friend on expense account and it signified to him the sort of dark elegance appropriate for the feeding of a beautiful female. Laurie indeed seemed delighted, if slightly bewildered.

"Is this where poets have lunch?" she asked.

"Not often. Today's a special occasion." "Whatevah?"

"Well, poets don't usually lunch with beautiful women."

"Oh, rilly."

Her long eyelashes lowered to rest, and Logan ordered a pair of martinis. With the courage a long sip provided, he said, "You must have good taste, not to like the 'howling' poets. Do you like any other kinds?"

She took a healthy sip of her own martini.

"Well," she said, "Ah buhlieve Ah do, Ah mean, T. S. Eliot, fuh instance. Ah mean. Ah certainly respect the man. But Lawdie, Mistuh Logan, Ah might as well tell you Ah'm no intellectual. Ah mean, Ah only went to college up here—rill college—mah last year, and down home they just don't read at college. That year up here Ah learned an awful lot, but you can't learn everythin. Sometimes Ah think it was too much—hearin about all those things all at once, you just can't hardly keep em straight."

"What things?"

"Oh, like existentialism and Oedipus and ids and all that. Lawd knows what all."

"How come you happened to come up here your last year?"

"Oh, Mistuh Logan."

"Jim."

She reached across the table and gently touched his hand with her fingertips.

"Jim, that's a rill long story."

But she promised to tell it, and agreed to a dinner-and-theater date for Friday night.

Laurie lived in one of the new "luxury" apartment buildings that appear to be made of white bathroom tile. It had a blue canopy complete with matching doorman stationed underneath, and a junglelike lobby. Ersatz rubber plants sprouted from the floor, and a large, threatening mobile grew downward from the ceiling. When Logan touched the elevator button for the seventh floor, the doors whispered shut and the Muzak started. Standing in the day-bright container as it slid smoothly upward, lulled by the soft tinkly sounds, Logan momentarily imagined that a panel might slide back from the ceiling and a gentle spray would fall down to water him; or that he might, if he pressed the right button, keep going up and up beyond the city's skyline and land at last on some mattressed landscape above real life, where the lighting is always indirect and the only sound the anonymous ooze of Muzak.

Deposited on the seventh floor, he

pressed the button on the door of Apartment E and a chime went off. After several silent moments, there was a hurried prancing sound across the floor inside and Laurie came, looking fragile and pale without her make-up.

"Ah'm still fixin," she explained.
"Make yourself comf-table."

Logan walked into the somewhatsterile-looking living room, and Laurie returned to her work in the bedroom. After sizing up several angular Danishstyle chairs, Logan sat down on a burnt-gold couch and plucked a fashion journal from a metal magazine tray. He had carefully read-if not fully understood-an article on "The You Look" by the time Laurie reappeared in full feminine regalia. She was wearing a knit dress that displayed her attributes splendidly, and her honey-colored hair was whipped up into an elaborate do. She carried a fur coat that slightly dusted the floor as she semiswirled in front of Logan.

"Am Ah all right?" she asked.

Logan stood up, opened his mouth, and on the second attempt said simply, with great conviction, "Yes."

The play was the kind that is done on stools with spotlights playing on the speakers during their deliveries and the actors in darkness humming choral arrangements of an obviously high significance. It had to do with a young man coming to the great city and being cruelly disillusioned. Laurie thought it was "charmin in spots," but to Logan it was only a temporal obstacle separating him from the return to Laurie's apartment.

After the dinner and the play they had Irish coffee at an imitation pub in the East 60s that Laurie thought was cute as a button. Logan felt when they finally were back on her couch with a drink in hand that he had reached the end of an elaborate maze.

"Ah love to see new theatuh," she said, "but Ah still prefuh Arthur Miller." She tucked her legs up underneath her and tugged the knit dress down to the top of her knees, though it still slid a couple of inches back up. "Who's your own favorite?" she asked.

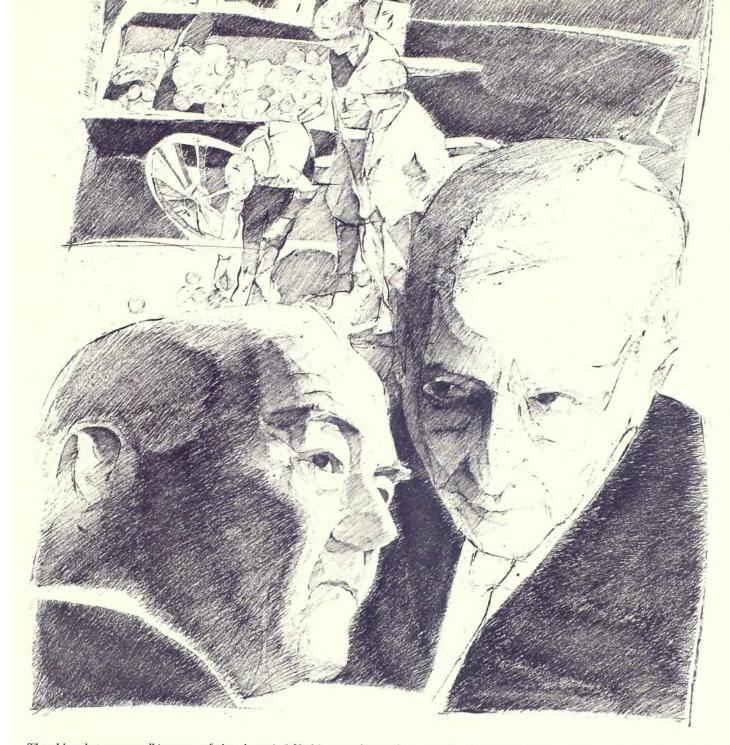
He gently took hold of her shoulders and drew her toward him.

"Mine's Miller, too," he whispered. "Rilly?"

Her eyes enlarged with wonder as she looked up at him and he pressed his mouth against hers.

She neither resisted nor yielded and he tugged her in tighter, like an anxious fisherman, until she suddenly pushed away and reached for the inevitable cigarette. In that moment of deflation he wished—if only for the sake of feminine variety—that she had reached instead for a Tootsie Roll or a carving knife; for anything, in fact, but the cigarette and,

(continued on page 176)



The old racketeer was talking to my father, but why? Had he a need to apologize for the threats that had bound them together for so long?

fiction By HERBERT GOLD IF YOU CAN IMAGINE the spirit of a 13-year-old boy who was permanently cut off from his family, wandering in a strange land where a strange language was spoken, bearing a name not his by birth but now forevermore attached to him, you can also imagine what a dark and threatening world it must have seemed to him and how eagerly he would have cleaved to any promise of power. This was my father's condition in 1910. Love brings slow power, but violence, work and money make it come quick. Or so a boy might think.

In New York, not speaking English, my father carried water to the workmen on the girders of the new sky-scrapers a-building; then he sewed pants and rented half a bed in a basement, eight hours a day of it, until the garmentworkers' strike. Then he had to give up that damp and musty niche. Then famine. When he left Russia, he left family, home, language and the threatening Cossacks and the czar's cruel army. It was complicated to leave home, to abandon his history. When he left New York now, it was easy. There was nothing behind him but the wild tenements, the jungle of streets and alleys. The strike had brought him starvation, as if to (continued on page 106)

### **MY FATHER AND HIS GANGSTERS**

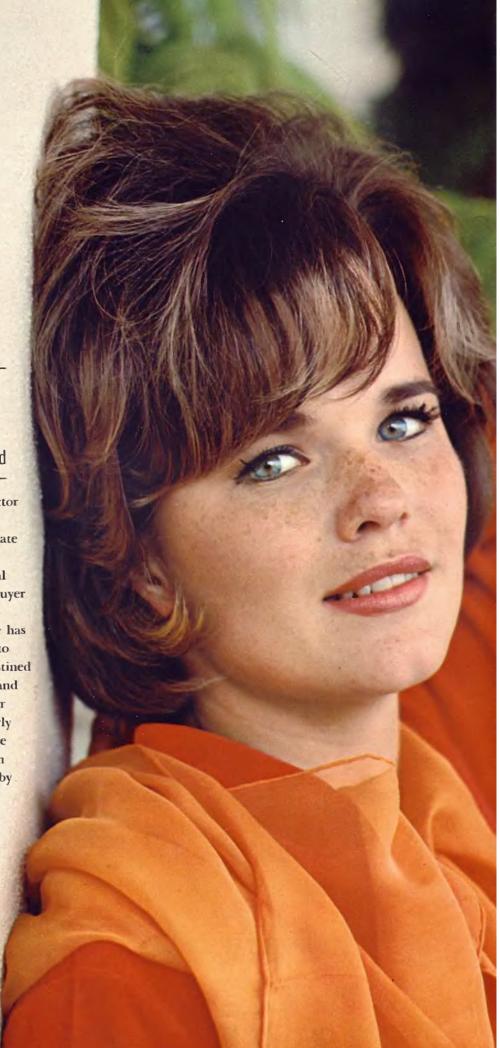
they knew little of psychology - except that an overturned pushcart, or a bomb through a window, made people reasonable

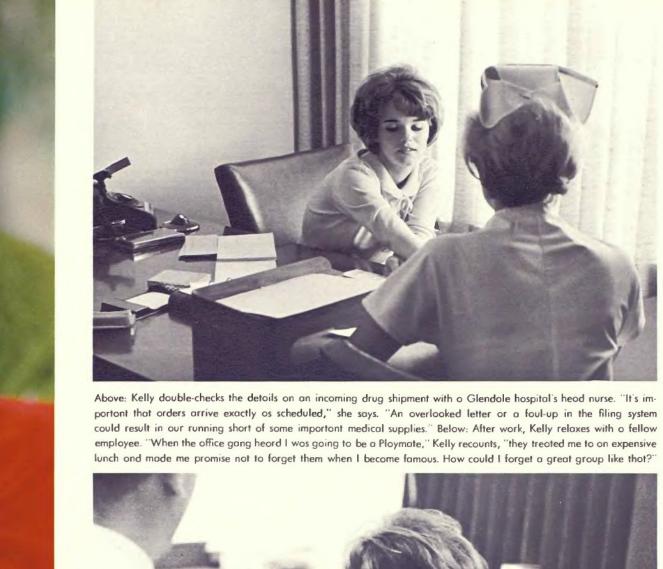
## FRECKLE-FACE

june playmate kelly burke is just what the doctor ordered

AN APPLE A DAY may keep the doctor away, but in cases requiring more extensive medical attention, Playmate Kelly Burke is continually called upon to supply just what the local physician ordered. As a medical buyer for one of California's largest pharmaceutical cooperatives, Miss June has spent the past three years helping to supervise the selection of drugs destined to become shelf stock in hospitals and pharmacies throughout the Greater Glendale area. "My job can be fairly cut and dried one minute," says the 21-year-old brunette, "and then, in typical Ben Casey fashion, a nearby hospital phones in an emergency order and I'm suddenly off and running all over the place to find the required medicines."

Before moving to Glendale in 1958 with her parents and older brother Ed, Kelly was a member of that rarest of urban breeds: the native Angelino. "It was definitely a change for the









Above: Kelly pauses at medical buying center's "Checkpoint Chorlie" sign an the way to her aff-limits office. Kelly explains: "We can't allow visitors in areas where dangerous drugs and narcatics are being opened." Right, top: Kelly waits far a local nurse to inspect an inventory of drugs kept fresh in the clinic fridge. "Same nights I count pill battles the way others count sheep," she says, "but when I told my bass, he laughed and said, 'Sorry, I can't pay you overtime."

better," our Playmate recalls. "When I lived in L.A., I had to walk to high school every day, but in Glendale I got top-down rides in Dad's convertible." Kelly now sports her own 1965 Oldsmobile convertible, in which she commutes daily from her new bachelorette bungalow in suburban Sylmar. "I've become a real flower bug," she reports, "since Mom and Dad bought a retail nursery in Yucaipa last year. Each time I visit them, I load up the back seat of the Olds with so much greenery before heading home that it winds up looking just like some sort of window box on wheels." Weekends, June's bantam (5') beauty heads for the sundrenched beaches of Santa Monica, equipped with an oversized straw hat and nylon sailing parka ("My freckles still show, no matter what I try"). A strong swimmer ever since she was ducked at the tender age of eight by a nine-year-old admirer ("I didn't dare show how scared I was"), Kelly prefers making most of her natatorial plunges in the neighbors' back-yard pool. "Besides the pool, they own two darling dogs," she explains. "One's a \$700 pedigreed toy poodle named Suzie; the other's a mongrel puppy that they rescued from the local dog pound for only five dollars. He's named Toy Tiger and, needless to say, I'm in love with the mutt." For an example of the "dog's life" that Kelly's favorite canine lives, turn to this month's centerfold.





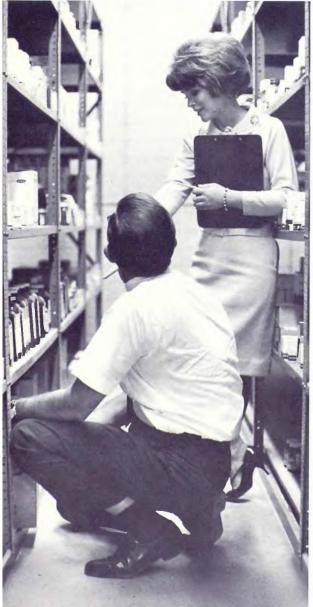


Right: While an a ane-woman inventory tour of the center's worehouse (middle), Kelly needs all af her fetching five-faat frame (bottom) to reach an elusive top-shelf elixir. "For apeners, I should have requisitioned myself a pair of stilts."





Left: Nearing the tail end of her tiptoed survey (top), Kelly gets a dawn-taearth assist (bottam) from affice helpmate. Abave: Dear greets deer as Kelly spends a lazy Sunday in L.A.'s Griffith Park zao. Below: Miss June chats with ex—high schaal chum, who spatted Kelly during his daily job rounds. "I cauldn't wait," she recalls, "to tell him the news about my being chosen as a Playmate."













Right: Kelly toys with Toy Tiger, the neighbors' mongrel puppy and the best centerfold componion o girl ever had, while cooling off beside their backyard pool. Below: Our blue-eyed and bikinied Miss June breaks up when her nosy friend decides to drink up ("Who ever heard of a dog digging 7-Up?").





#### PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We've heard from our correspondent on the Riviera that there's a dazzling young thing there who's been picked up on the beach so often that she's beginning to grow handles.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines virgin as a girl who hasn't met her maker.



A colonel in the Foreign Legion, assuming command of a desert outpost, spied a camel tied up behind the enlisted men's quarters and asked his first lieutenant to explain its presence there. The lieutenant replied that the men, being without female companionship for long periods, had natural urges which required satisfaction, and the camel was used for that purpose. The colonel, being an understanding man, agreed that the camel could remain.

Several weeks later, the colonel himself felt a passionate urge welling up inside him and ordered the camel brought to his room. When the camel arrived, the colonel immediately set upon her with vigor. Having achieved satisfaction, the colonel turned around and discovered, with some embarrassment, that the lieutenant was still standing in the doorway.

"Well," the colonel said, breaking the si-lence after a moment, "is that the way the men usually do it?"

"Not exactly, sir," the lieutenant replied. "The men ordinarily use her to take them into town."

Did you hear about the fellow who took a girl to a nudist camp and discovered that nothing looked good on her?

An acquaintance of ours thinks the Playboy Foundation is some kind of undergarment the Bunnies wear.

Excuse me, sir," the young man said, nervously entering the living room, where his girlfriend's father was reading the evening paper, "but there's something kind of important that I'd like to ask you. I was wondering whether-uhthat is, if you'd be willing to, er . . ."

"Why, of course, my boy," the father exclaimed, jumping to his feet and shaking the lad's hand vigorously. "I'll give my permission gladly, because my little girl's happiness is all that matters to me!"

"Permission?" the young man gulped, obviously confused.

"You want to marry my daughter," the fa-

ther said, "and you have my blessing . . ."
"Oh, no, sir," said the boy, "it's nothing like that. It's my car, sir. A payment was due last Thursday, and unless I can come up with fifty dollars right away, they're going to repossess it, so I was wondering if you . .

"Certainly not," the father snapped, returning to the sofa and his paper. "I hardly know you."

Adam and Eve were walking in the Garden. "Do you love me?" asked Eve. Replied Adam, nonchalantly, "Who else?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines sexual revolution as the copulation explosion.

We know a Hollywood beauty who is an expert housekeeper. Every time she gets divorced, she keeps the house.



The intern on duty at the hospital emergency room received a phone call late one night from a distressed mother who exclaimed, "Doctor, what shall I do-my husband just discovered that our two-year-old has eaten a whole tube of contraceptive jelly."

"Well," the intern drawled, "if it's really an emergency, why don't you have one of them all-night drugstores deliver?"

A woman giving birth to an illegitimate child could be said to be laboring under a misconception.



At the height of the tourist season, a huge Texan replete with diamond-studded cuff links strode up to the desk of one of Miami Beach's most expensive hotels. He was followed by a caravan of bellhops, all of whom were carrying skis, ice skates and other Northern wintersports gear. The perplexed clerk looked over the entourage and then said to the new guest, "Sorry to have to tell you this, sir, but we never have snow here in Miami."

"That's OK, son," boomed the Texan. "It's comin' with the rest of my luggage!"

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.



"Are you kidding? In this heat?!"

#### FATHER AND HIS GANGSTERS

(continued from page 95)

mock his assumption of the name "Gold." There was no gold in the streets of New York. It was a myth, a lie, like other myths. In the Book, where it said that "the daughters of Zion are proud," was the reproach really against their pride? Wasn't it something else that made God angry? Mere words delude.

Only life teaches. Only life rewards. A Book can punish, but a man must make his own way as best he can.

There had been thugs in New York, willing to hit a boy on the head and take his dollar, but my father knew no gangsters yet. He went west.

A cousin in Canton, Ohio, or perhaps he wasn't really a cousin, discoursed all one night upon the joys of being a peddler. Long hours, low pay, no security. Also (went the cousin's rhapsody) fresh air and horse manure on the shoes. My father, aged 15, borrowed a cart and sold fruit in the street. He wore a cap, corduroy pants and heavy cork-soled boots; he spoke Yiddish, Russian and a bit of English, which was the lingua franca of Canton, Ohio. He attended night school to learn to read.

One day a gangster named Shloimi Spitz sauntered twice around his cart on a gray November corner of Canton. Then, together with his brother Moishe, the silent one, he tipped over the cart. While my father chased oranges, which run fast, and bananas, which wait, the Spitz brothers explained in detail the workings of their insurance agency. Shloimi did the talking. They would protect him from their impulses to tip fruit carts, and also from other insurance agencies. Some of those other insurance agencies were really mean; they tipped over people, too. The Spitz brothers, lifelong gangsters, were much older than my father. They were perhaps 17, and men of the world. Their authority prevailed.

Oddly enough, despite the percentage appropriated by the gangsters, business suddenly began to prosper. My father bought a pair of green shoes, learned arithmetic and read fluently in English, only moving his lips a little. He swaggered up the boardinghouse porches to take girls out walking. He associated his new prosperity with the intervention of his new protectors, the gangsters. Also, although he barely heard of it, a war was beginning in the Old Country, and this had its distant repercussions in the liberal sale of fruit on the street corners of Canton, Ohio.

From one girl in a boardinghouse my father learned that green shoes are not really elegant; in return, she let him try to teach her something, too. Though he was just learning it himself.

He bought a motorcycle. That was truly elegant. The girl let him wear his 106 green shoes. They drove out of the town

of Canton on the dusty hilltop road. My father pointed out that the green of his shoes matched the green of the grass. The girl pointed out that the green of his shoes matched the green of the shimmering treetops. My father urged her to test their color sense on the grass just a little farther off the road. They shivered and hugged each other on the damp green earth. My father pointed out that the war might last forever or that a gangster might come to kill him. What could the girl answer to this? She answered what she had probably long ago and deep within decided to answer.

This was not the gold my father had expected to find in the streets of America. It was much better, rich as ripe fruit, as a squirting pear.

My father dealt bravely, like a responsible businessman, with his gangsters. He stood up tall and proud, and paid them off, It was only money. A man threads his way through the hills and valleys with feeling, with hope, and with an alert sense of the possible.

Then one day tragedy struck. But it did not strike my father; it struck one of his gangsters, whose sense of the possible had exceeded the actual. He had wanted to make an empire of the fruit carts of Canton, Ohio. Alexander was a boy when he conquered Greece. Moishe Spitz was a mere youth when he moved to consolidate several insurance companies into one. The discussion became ardent. Moishe grew insulting. The other insurance agent grew equally insulting. Amid all this impoliteness Moishe Spitz got hit on the head in an argument about insurance routes and neighborhoods. The other insurance salesman kicked him where he lay and went off to his own boardinghouse. Moishe remained on the ground until Shloimi found him, carried him home and put him to bed for a few days. The two gangsters shared the same double-sized bed.

My father suffered dizzy spells from his trips onto the green grass with the tailor's assistant, but had a good appetite and slept soundly. Moishe suffered dizzy spells, slept poorly, pushed his plate away untouched. He suffered his headaches in silence. More than ever he disliked conversation. Shloimi did the talking. Now Shloimi held his brother's hand, because he sometimes fell, and the two gangsters strolled hand in hand, like lovers, on their missions of extortion. Moishe had a headache. My father gave him an orange from the cart to suck. Moishe had a thirst which never went

One day my father heard a suggestion from a neighborhood personage, the justice of the peace. "Enlist in the Army," he said, "and you will become a citizen. Also you will see Europe, because there is sure to be war."

"Is always war."

"This great land of ours will go again to the grand test, my lad." He paused before giving a sketch of the recent grand test against Pancho Villa. "Are you listening, lad? You have the look of a person who is not paying close attention. We judges sometimes call that Contempt of the Court. But there is nothing on this earth, other than a proud contempt for Darwinism, which so unites a people as service in the Armed Forces. . . . What, what are you dreaming about, Sam?"

"Citizen?" my father asked. It was an odd idea. To his knowledge he had never been a citizen.

He sold the cart and enlisted in the Army. They turned him down at the last moment because he was barely 16, although an orphan businessman during a long life in America. He bought back a larger cart, one with rubber wheels.

During this period of decision Moishe Spitz had temporarily let go of his brother Shloimi's hand and gone to stab the insurance agent who had knocked him on the head. Oddly enough, he remembered to take a knife with him. He stabbed him dead and was consequently waiting to be executed in the Ohio State penitentiary. My father went to visit him. A man owes this at least to his own extortionist. "Enlist in the Army." my father advised him.

"They won't take me," Moishe said mournfully. "I get these headaches." They were going to electrocute him instead.

"Would you like some marzipan?" my father asked, extending the box to the guard. The guard bit one candy, chewed, nodded, index finger raised with judiciary authority. Then he lowered it into the box, closed about a handful, and allowed the rest to be passed to Moishe.

At about this time my father also decided to leave Canton, but for the big city, either Cleveland or Indianapolis. He said goodbye to his gangsters. Moishe was just 18 when he was electrocuted. Shloimi, in despair, wept a whole night through. His brother would never know the joys of being grown-up in America. My father tried to comfort him by pointing out that life is valuable to the individual, but not particularly exceptional when you consider the race. What he actually said was: "Tch, tch, It's terrible. Well, what can you do?" Boohoo, said Shloimi. What he meant was: Grief knows no general forms; my grief is unique. He seemed inconsolable. Then he went to Detroit.

In Cleveland some years later, my father found himself married and a father. He had forgotten the girl whom he had (continued on page 186)

# A DADS AND GRADS &

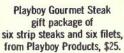




Portable aluminum beach cabana with built-in shower and seat, shoe and towel racks, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$99.



Cortina GT four-cylinder, two-door 65-hp sedan with top speed of 92 mph, by British Ford, \$2105.86, P.O.E.







Portable stereo phonograph with detachable EMI speakers featuring controlpanel inputs for microphone and electric

unit feeds air directly to two divers and can follow by Evinrude Motors, \$279.



Electramatic kitchen turntable unit with can opener, blender, meat grinder, fruit-juice extractor, coffee mill, cheese grater and shredder, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$250.



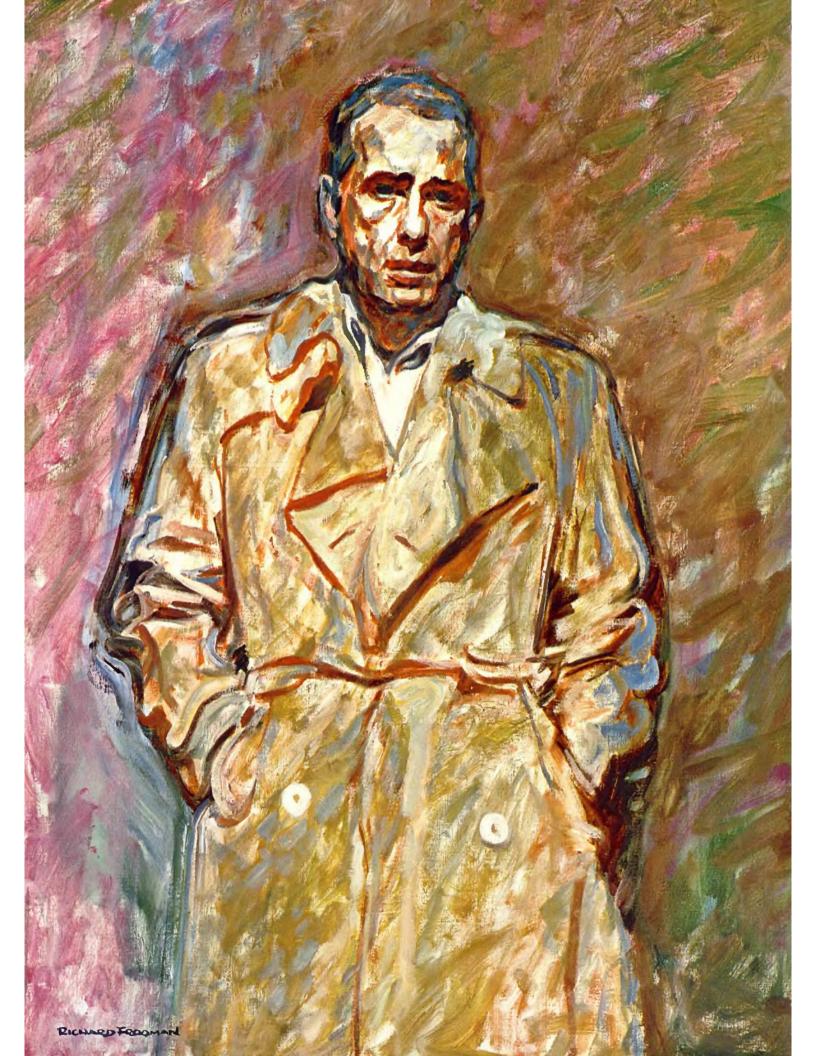
Electrified planetarium demonstrates astronomical problems and solutions, the solar system, orbital mechanics, and moving sky situations, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$600.



Konel KR-53V VHF-FM 50-watt, 10-channel marine radiotelephone with waterproof loudspeaker and universal mounting, by Konigsberg Electronics, \$525.







# "HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID" THE BOGART BOOM

a definitive analysis by two noted critics who trace his progress from actor to star to posthumous idol—plus a filmography, bibliography and a quiz to test your bogeymania

the man and the myth By KENNETH TYNAN FIRST, THE CONFESSION. Unlike most journalists, I never got drunk with Humphrey Bogart. I met him only once, at a Mayfair club in 1952, when I had just described his face in print as "a triumph of plastic surgery." He called me over to his table, where he was studiously noisy and three parts crocked. We did not love each other at sight, though I happily submitted to what John Crosby once described to me as "that basilisk authority of his." He overawed me because he was rich and raucous and because he ate nothing. He looked like "a great famished wolf," which is how Ellen Terry summed up Sir Henry Irving's performance as Macbeth. I decided later that I preferred the lines his scriptwriters gave him to the ones he ad-libbed that night.

I have now read about 83 accounts of him, in magazines or books, and I still cannot find it in me to be mesmerized by Bogart the Man. Successful hard-drinking iconoclasts who can't act frequently express the same opinions as successful hard-drinking iconoclasts who can (such as Bogart). To hate phonies and prize loyalty is a fairly common attribute, even among the untalented. And on every other page of the Bogart dossiers there are tributes from colleagues that bring me out in a sweat of incredulous embarrassment. My favorite comes from Joseph L. Mankiewicz, according to whom: "He had a kind of 18th Century, Alexander Pope nature." Alexander Pope was a cripple who wrote heroic couplets. There's an 18th Century novel called *Humphrey Clinker*: possibly Mankiewicz had got his Humphreys confused.

Perhaps the most irritating thing about Bogart's hagiographers is their failure to agree on basic items of information, beginning with the date of his birth. Ezra (Bogey: The Good-Bad Guy) Goodman says it was Christmas Day, 1899. Clifford (Bogey: The Films of Humphrey Bogart) McCarty loftily dismisses this as a studio myth, and plumps instead for January 23, 1899; while in Bogey: The Man, the Actor, the Legend, Jonah Ruddy and Jonathan Hill put their money on December 25, 1900. Similarly, no one seems quite sure how Bogart acquired the scar on his upper lip. One account explains that during his naval service in World War One he was bashed in the face by the handcuffs of a bad-tempered prisoner he was escorting. Another, rather more heroically, insists that the injury came from a splinter of wood, dislodged by an exploding shell.

Writing about his apprenticeship on Broadway in the Twenties, Ruddy and Hill claim that he was "the originator of that famous (continued on page 168)

the career and the cult By BOSLEY CROWTHER THERE HE STANDS in all his casual aloofness, a crafty, sly expression on his face, his eyes boring straight and disdainfully into those of the man with the gun. He is caught. The fellow's got the drop on him. What is there now for him to do but accept the humiliation that goes with being taken by surprise? But wait. He plays it cool for a moment, lets the fellow think he's captured, resigned. Then an odd move, a disconcerting comment, and he has his assailant disturbed. In that moment of hesitation, he makes a fast diversion with his foot, comes up sharp with his elbow, clips the startled man on the jaw, knocks him off balance, leaps upon him and-the tables are turned. Already the audience has rustled in anticipation of this move. The maneuver is as familiar to them as the slant of this fellow's jaw, and they love it—they tingle to it—even though they've seen it maybe a half-dozen times.

Would this be an audience watching the elegant Sean Connery in one of the currently sensational James Bond films? Or would it be Jean-Paul Belmondo, the latest movie hero in France, that this houseful of film aficionados is watching so appreciatively? No, it would be an old tough guy, a leathery Hollywood star who has been dead since 1957 but whose films are still shown as if this year's. It would be none other than Humphrey Bogart—Bogey to his millions of fans—an actor who is an idol to a host of people who weren't even born when he was making some of his best.

And where would this audience be discovered? It might be in the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, Massachusetts, not far from Harvard Yard. It might be in the New Yorker Theater on upper Broadway in New York, or the Bleecker Street Cinema or the Eighth Street Playhouse in the Greenwich Village area. It might be at the Playhouse in Pittsburgh, or the Paramount in New Haven, or the Lyric in Lexington, Virginia, or the Loop in Chicago, or the Empire in New Orleans, or any of the dozens of theaters around the country that are now showing revivals of classic films. For they're all going in for programing what they call Bogart Festivals, having discovered that the old Bogey movies are enjoying a revival to challenge Chaplin's.

It began as far back as the summer of 1956, when the small but selective Brattle Theater booked a two-year-old Bogart film, Beat the Devil, and found it did something for the aggressively long-haired audience, made up largely of the summer population at Harvard, Radcliffe and MIT. It tickled sophisticated fancies with its wacky, slightly beat comedy, much more so than it had seemed to tickle

#### A BOGART QUIZ

half a hundred posers to test your expertise about the man and his movies

The current trivia craze—the nostalgic pop-culture parlor game popularized by PLAYBOY in the "After Hours" pages of our February and April issues—invariably calls upon contestants to recall an arcane bit of memorabilia about the legendary Bogart. For the delectation of true Bogey buffs, we've contrived a contest devoted entirely to the laconic hero and his films—and calculated to separate the true cultist from the casual fan. If you get 20 or less correct, turn in your ticket stubs; you've flunked out. A respectable 21 to 30 right, however, qualifies you as a bona fide Bogey fan, junior grade. A score of 31 to 40 earns you both a bachelor's degree in Triviology and a charter membership in the Bogart Fan Club. But an impressive 11 to 50 right endows you with a lifetime chair—in the first row of the balcony—as Cultist Emeritus in PLAYBOY's College of Insignificant Knowledge. Cribbers caught reading the Bosley Crowther and Kenneth Tynan articles before taking the quiz will be summarily expelled. And that goes double for those snitching peeks at the answers (on page 162) or at our Bogart Filmography (on page 166). If you need help, though, just whistle—for coaching from the side lines is not only permitted but encouraged.

- 1. What character did Bogart play in The Maltese Falcon?
- 2. In Casablanca, what actors took the parts of the waiter and the bartender?
- 3. In The Oklahoma Kid, who gave Bogart his comeuppance?
- 4. When and where was Bogart born? Were his parents poor, middle-income or well-to-do?
- In what movie and to whom did Bogart say, "Here's looking at you, kid"?
- 6. In what two movies did Bob Steele play a crook gunned down by Bogart?
- 7. When did Bogart get his first public exposure?
- 8. Who played Bogart's disillusioned mother in *Dead Endi*
- 9. What was the name of the hunted criminal Bogart played in High Sierra?
- 10. In The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, what actor tried to cut himself in on the gold strike?
- 11. In what picture did Bogart and Bacall first co-star? How many other films did they make together? Name them.
- 12. What was the scent that haunted Bogart in Dead Reckoning?
- 13. In Key Largo, how many mobsters in the getaway boat did Bogart kill?
- 14. What characters were played by Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre in Casablanca? In The Maltese Falcon?
  - 15. What college did Bogart attend?
  - 16. Who was Pard?
- 17. Who played Sydney Greenstreet's gunsel in *The Maltese Falcon*?
- 18. Whom did Bogart portray in The African Queen?
- 19. In The Big Sleep, what was the name of the gangster whom Bogart managed to have killed by his own torpedoes?
- 20. In the same film, why was Bogart soaked with perspiration after his first meeting with his client?
- 21. In what picture did Bacall tell Bogart, "If you want anything, all you have to do is whistle"?
- 22. What did Bogart say to Sydney Greenstreet when Greenstreet showed him his gun in Across the Pacific?
- 23. Where did To Have and Have Not take place?
- 24. What was the name of Bogart's secretary in The Maltese Falcon?
- 25. In Sahara. what deal did Bogart offer the German commander?
- 26. What was Bogart's first picture? In what year was it made? Was this his

show-business debut as an actor?

- 27. What night clubs were owned by Bogart and Greenstreet in Casablanca?
- 28. In *Dead Reckoning*, how did Bogart force a hood to jump out of an office window to his death?
- 29. On what lake did Bogart and Katharine Hepburn encounter a German warship in *The African Queen?*
- 30. In All Through the Night, who portrayed the head Nazi spy—and the monocled German officer in Casablanca?
- 31. Whose singing voice was dubbed for Lauren Bacall's in To Have and Have Not?
- 32. How did Bogart get the scar on his upper lip?
- 33. Who played the Chinese war lord who hired Bogart in *The Left Hand of God*?
- 34. In that movie, who fell in love with Bogart?
- 35. What was Bogart's nervous habit in The Caine Mutiny?
- 36. In the same film, who relieved Bogart of command?
- 37. When did Bogart marry Bacall?
- 38. In The Petrified Forest, why did Leslie Howard want Bogart to kill him?
- 39. What was the name of the character immortalized by Bogart in that film?
- 40. What was the only picture Bogart made with Gina Lollobrigida?
- 41. How many times was Bogart married B.B. (Before Bacall), and to whom?
- 42. In Sabrina, what was the name of the character Bogart played? Who played his brother, David?
- 43. Who played the old prospector in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre?* Who played the young one?
- 44. What was the name of the homicidal snake in We're No Angels?
- 45. What were Bogart's closing words in Casablanca?
- 46. In what picture did Bogart take the part of a district attorney out to bust a vice gang? In what picture did he play an assistant district attorney out to bust a murder gang?
- 47. How many children did Bogart have? By whom? What are their names?
- 48. Who was Bogart's girlfriend in Across the Pacific and The Maltese Falcon?
  - 49. What was Bogart's middle name?
- 50. What was Bogart's last film, and what character did he play in it?

audiences in the regular theaters its first time around. Patrons especially indicated they dug Bogey's style, his manner of being hard-boiled and contemptuous in a nice, dry, sardonic way.

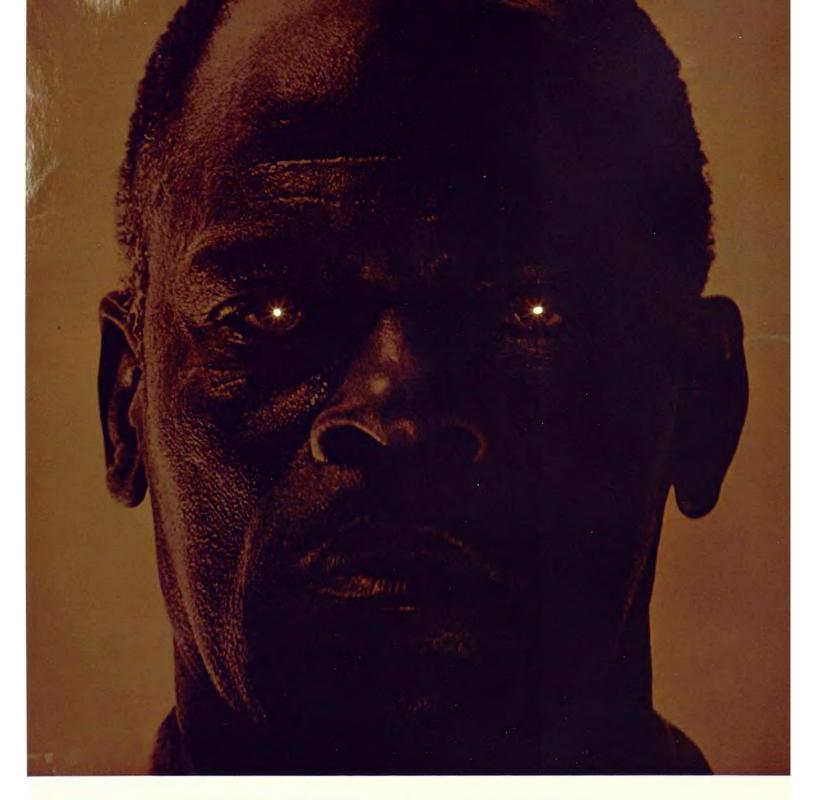
The next year, the Brattle booked a package of old Warner Bros. films, one of which was Casablanca, a hit of Bogey's made in 1942. The response to it was terrific, and the Brattle's astute managers realized there was something about Bogey—about him in particular—that got its audiences here. It took to booking more of his pictures, singly and then in groups of several over a two-week period. These were known as Bogart Festivals. They have become a fixture every winter at midyear exams. And the Brattle has become the center of the Bogart cult in the U.S.

It has shown Casablanca ten times in the last eight years, The Big Sleep, a vintage Bogart picture made in 1947, eleven times. A private club in the theater building is called the Club Casablanca: The lobby walls are covered with large photo murals of Bogart, Peter Lorre and Bogey's fourth and last wife, Lauren Bacall.

Now the craze has spread from Cambridge. College students, intellectuals and just plain fans of the unusual and original in movies are flocking to Bogart Festivals, embracing this bitter, bruising character with whom they find they have a powerful empathy. That goes for the girls as well as the men. The females find there is something strangely sexy about Bogey—though what is hard to tell, as we shall sec.

The craze has spawned a half-dozen Bogey books, most of dubious merit—so far. It has spread to France, too. It got going in Paris even before it did here. A shot of Belmondo in *Breathless*, a brutal 1960 French film, standing in front of a theater poster advertising an old Bogart film and dragging euphorically on a cigarette in imitation of the master's inimitable way, was a notable indication of how the youth of Paris felt about this curiously contemporary oldster whose films—the best ones—say more to them than many made today.

What is the powerful fascination of this old gravel-voiced movie star? What's the "Bogart mystique," as some call it? Why this post-mortem surge of a cult for an actor whose most popular pictures were made as much as a quarter of a century ago? Let's begin by observing bluntly that the fervor is for a myth that has accumulated around a character that is part fictitious and part historical. The fictitious part is the fellow Bogart plays in his favored films-the disillusioned, disenchanted individual moving through what is generally an alien world. And the historical part is the image of Bogey as a Hollywood personality of great (continued on page 158)



## THE LIGHT OF DARKNESS

chaka, the all-seeing, exploited the ancient fears and superstitions of his subjects—until a scientist's space-age magic proved more potent fiction By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

I AM NOT one of those Africans who feel ashamed of their country because, in 50 years, it has made less progress than Europe in 500. But where we have failed to advance as fast as we should, it is owing to dictators like Chaka; and for this, we have only ourselves to blame. The fault being ours, so is the responsibility for the cure.

Moreover, I had better reasons than most for wishing to destroy the Great Chief, the Omnipotent, the All-Seeing. He was of my own tribe, being related to me through one of my father's wives, and he had persecuted our family ever since he came to power. Although we took no part in politics, two of my brothers had disappeared, and another had been killed in an unexplained auto accident. My own liberty, there could be little doubt, was largely due to my standing as one of the country's few scientists with an international reputation.

Like many of my fellow intellectuals, I had been slow to turn against Chaka, feeling—as did the (continued on page 174)



"You really had me fooled, honey—I thought the handcuffs were a part of your scene . . .!"

THE QUESTION IS: Are we going to put some of the "bunk" back? After a long fight against dangerously overinflated or fake values, stultifying conventions, ready-to-wear opinions, blinkers and illusions; after a brave struggle against all kinds of iron chastity belts wrapped around our minds, are we now reaching the point where debunking has become overdebunking-a kind of moral, political, ideological overkill, with the result that our search for "truth" has led us to a new kind of phoniness, no less destructive and false than the virtuous "lies" of yesteryear? I begin to feel very strongly that it is impossible to destroy illusions completely and totally, and that it's wrong to attempt it-no less absurd than the pursuit of total victory in a total war. All we can do is to choose our "beautiful lies" and then attempt to give them some kind of approximative truth. There is no such thing as Truth, a universal truth, an unshakable, foolproof, final truth. All our notions have to be constantly revised, and that includes all our moral "unshakable" values. There are only arrangements with human nature, attempts at peaceful coexistence with certain aspects of our psyche that simply do not allow any kind of total victory, unless victory is achieved over man himself. There can be no "final solution" to man. I even doubt if there are such things as natural good values and natural bad ones: Everything is of our own making. The kind of pursuit of total truth, of total realism on which, for instance, to choose a comical example, the Actors Studio technique is based, is a fallacy, and a dangerous and destructive one to boot. The contemporary pseudo-Freudian crusade against inhibitions is another typical example of the oft-forgotten fact that any kind of dignity, decency, generosity or idealistic outlook is in no way a natural,

beautiful golden fruit growing in the splendid garden of our being, but to a considerable degree the result of inhibitions, frustrations, discipline, restrictions, of a constant "rape" of our instincts, of a terrific, painful struggle against nature. Yes, against nature: The belief of Jean Jacques Rousseau and of the 19th Century anarchists, such as Kropotkin and Bakunin, in the good savage, was long ago exposed as a total fallacy. Without falling prey to undue pessimism. we find it nevertheless a fact of life that civilization is man's attempt to control the facts of life and himself. The unrepressed, uninhibited individual can in no way be called civilized, and let me say at once that the only thing that matters to me here is not civilization itself, but happiness. For anyone who comes in contact with the generation in their 20s today, it is difficult not to conclude that some of the greatest beauty of life is no longer available to them, and that in the process of overdebunking sentiment, romanticism, phoniness, patriotism, the heart, myths, mothers, fathers, love, humanism, God, purity and about every kind of arbitrary value, the only aspiration left to them now is nirvana, which is the coward's suicide. It is, of course, impossible to blame them. This spiritual no man's land is the result of centuries of totalitarian beliefs. It is difficult to express in one

article the full hatred, rancor, and dismay felt by me when some of these completely bewildered, unhappy and lost youths in their 20s come to me with their Freudian jargon, their deliberately monosyllabic 300-word vocabulary. The hydrogen bomb and racial discrimination make for the only solid ground left under their feet, in the sense that to oppose these monstrosities gives them at least some kind of aim and consistency. Needless to say, I am deeply attached to them, and I have written a whole book—The Ski Bum—about one of those knights-errant of the total void. Lenny, the ski bum of my book, whom I know well, is a typical product of the

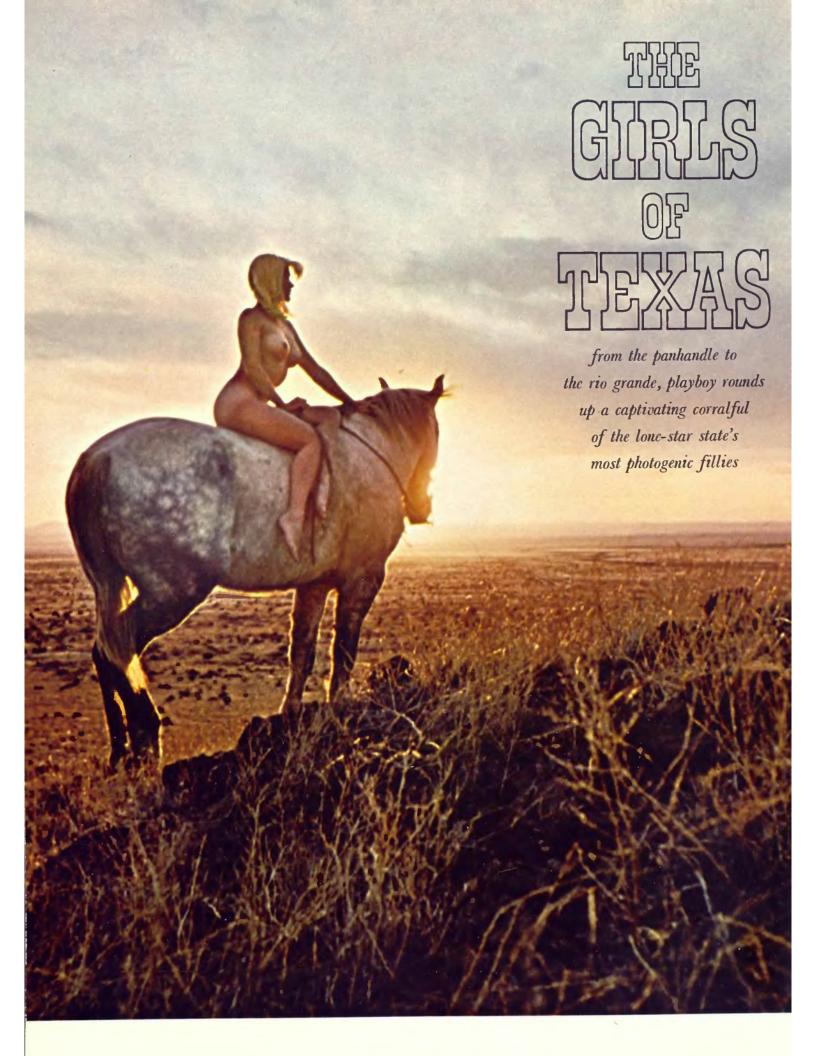
overdebunking process, of psychological, ideological and moral overkill.

Total lucidity is death and self-destruction. Happiness is to a great extent blessed ignorance; and total realism or rationalism is, for instance, incompatible with the state of illusion in which Van Gogh or, for that matter, any great painter, poet or writer struggled to achieve a masterpiece. In all logic, this kind of absolute dedication of an artist can only be qualified as absurd in an "absurd" world. A total adjustment to reality leaves no room for artistic creation and no need for it. Remove the inhibitions, the frustrations, and reach adjustment, and the very basis of our cultural achievement will be destroyed. The removal of "fallacies" through psychoanalysis or by other means and the subsequent "realistic" approach to oneself and to one's relationship with the world can certainly produce a hard-working and submissive citizen, but can only lead, in the long run, to cultural castration. Total psychoanalytical approach is a substitute for culture and, anyway, to consider adjustment to society as a desirable result is a threat to society, in the sense that there is no progress without change, and no change without refusal to accept the generally accepted standards. The Freudian overkill, which the genius of Freud had foreseen and warned against, has already produced a generation of morons talking and thinking in ready-made clichés. At a Bonnard exhibition some time ago, I overheard a group of students after much contemplation conclude that Bonnard "suffered from a shoe fetishism." The sexual overkill is another example. (continued on page 138)

a prize-winning nouvelle vague writer analyzes and indicts those thrillproof thrill seekers who he asserts are today's nihilists

HE MYST POLISION OF THE PARTY O

opinion By ROMAIN GARY





Ithough stripped by Alaska of its title as the Union's largest state. Texas has clung tenaciously to its image as the land of wide-open spaces, whose inhabitants still do things with a bravura flair for "larger-than-lifesmanship." Once a wild, bottomless reservoir of untapped resources and unlimited financial possibilities, the Lone-Star State continues to attract an abundant supply of enterprising young men and women in search of new frontiers and fortunes. To the scientist, it's the burgeoning headquarters of NASA and America's space-age industry. To the investor, it's the traditional stamping ground of the nation's great livestock herds and the repository of its greatest oil reserves. To the politician and an endless stream of attendant lobbyists and journalists, it's the home of L. B. J. and the heartland of a new breed of statesmen and administrators. And happily for male travelers who venture within that state's far-flung borders, it's the mailing address of that tall, tantalizing, sun-kissed, openhearted species of American femininity: the Texas girl.

The visiting man about Dallas and Houston, observing those cosmopolitan locales' myriad feminine attractions leggily striding down the cities' main drags, might easily imagine he was merely observing a replay of New York's femmefilled Fifth Avenue. But any illusions about his surroundings will disappear when he gets close enough to overhear their languid drawl. The state's two major metropolises, career centers for throngs of talented Texas misses, provide the enterprising out-of-stater with his pick of high-fashion mannequins, aspiring actresses, inresidence (text continued on page 182)

Left and belaw: Adding Gadiva-like glamar to the Texas landscape, and tapless appeal to her Houston pad, lab technician Caral Lee Roberts typifies the natural allure of Texas-bred belles. Top right: Fort Worth filly Marti Hale livens up the local rodea scene. Right: Dallas deb Ann Ford is the daughter of a top Texas lawyer.





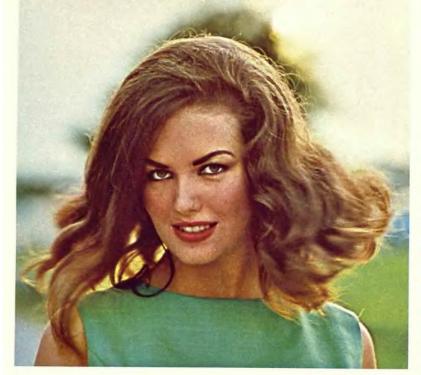




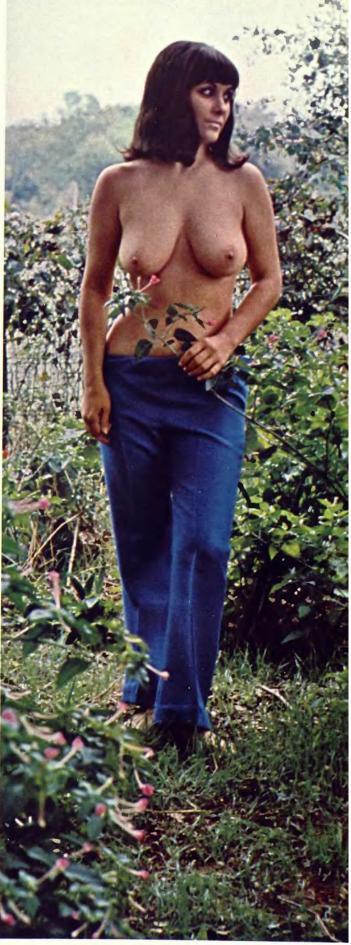




Left: Lois Johnson, one of Dallas' foremost free-lance fashion models and a collector of antiques ond rare books, toosts the latest oil strike near Kilgore. Top: Former Texas coeds Sharon McDade (TCU) and Adrea Fleming (SMU) take in the annual rodeo at Fort Worth's Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum after a day in their respective roles as receptionist and stewardess trainee in nearby Dollos. Above: Vacationing Pat Whitmore, a sun-kissed 19-year-old sophomore who's majoring in art at the University of Texas, enhances a sylvan setting outside Kerrville.



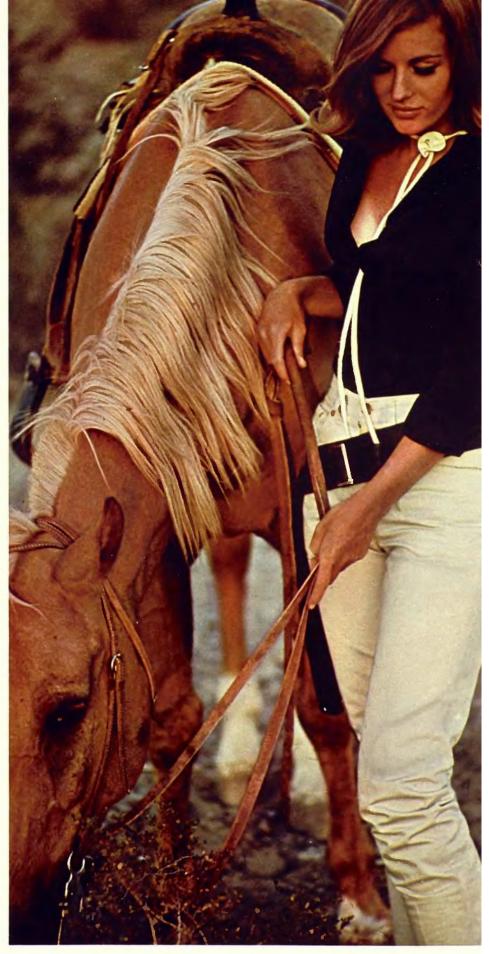




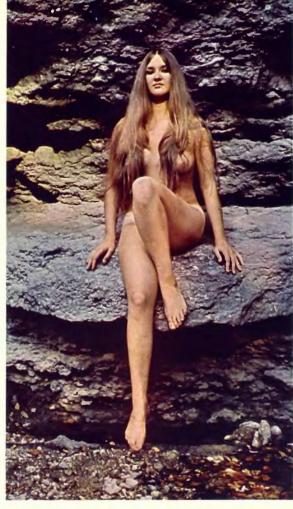
Top: As winsome as she is wind-blown, 19-year-old Sharon Huff—runner-up for the 1964 Miss Novy title and currently a first-year coed at Sam Houston State College—takes a between-closses break near Houston Harbor. Above left: Houston-based Alana Collins has no reservations about her come-lately career as a Trans-Texas Airways hostess. Right: An off-hours sports-cor enthusiast, Lubbock-born Suzanne DuPree spent two years at her home town's Texas Tech before adding impressive new dimensions (38-23-35) to Fort Worth's secretarial scene.

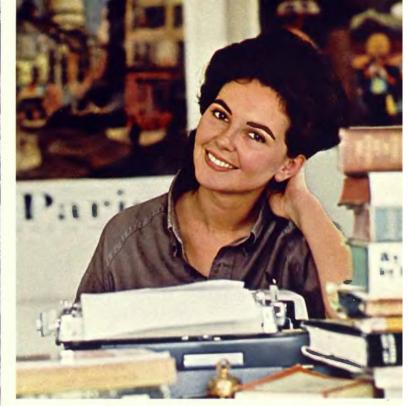






Top: Donno Ritter, a 23-yeor-old Trans-Texos ticket ogent who spends most of her off-duty hours pursuing on ovid ovocational interest in motorcycle racing, mounts up outside her Corpus Christi home for o two-wheeled warm-up run around town. Left: Between her daily singing and doncing lessons, blonde and blue-eyed Suzie Pot King likes to bask at her favorite Galveston beach. Right: During o high-riding hiatus in her weekday schedule at Texas Western College, teacher-to-be Jeonie Froemel stops for her mount's snacktime outside El Paso.







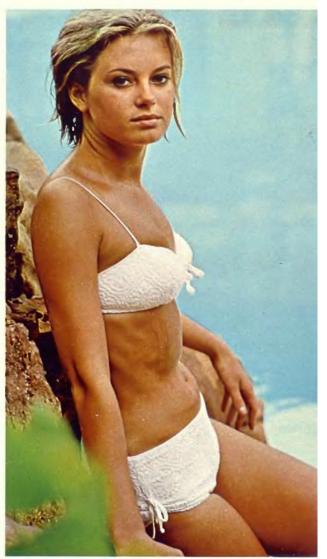


Top, I to r: Letting her hair down far from the conservative confines of her Fort Worth teller's cage, generously endowed (39-24-36) Myles Grant banks on an all-over tan beside the Trinity River. Back home from a recent round-the-world vacation her parents gave her for graduation, Judy Johnson—a former Miss Houston—plans postgrad study in political science. Above, I to r: Between cancert tours with the Serendipity Singers, folknik Diane Decker lives with parents in Pampa. Junoesque Joan Nichols measures up as Arlington realtor's ideal girl Friday.

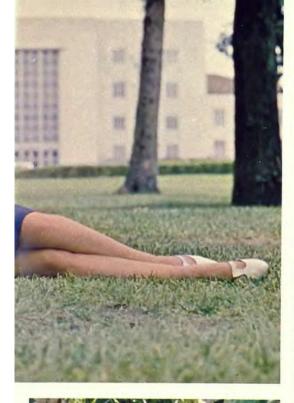




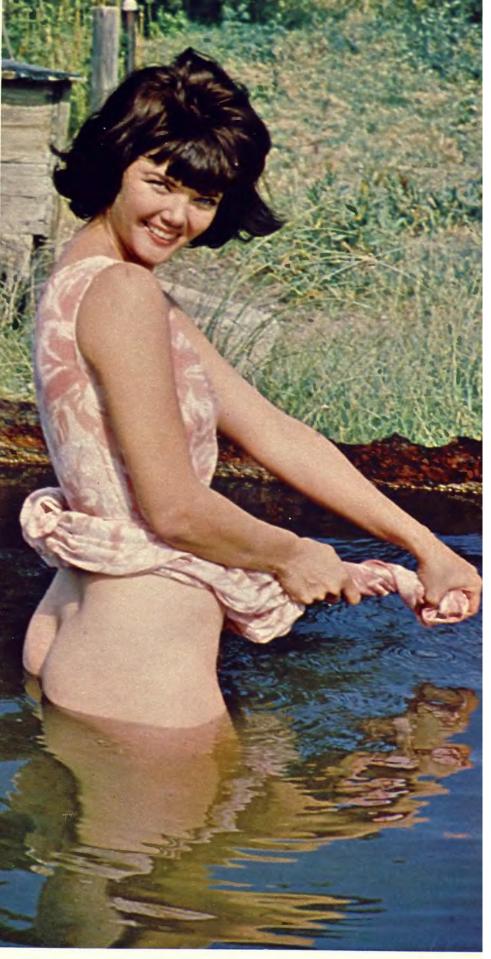




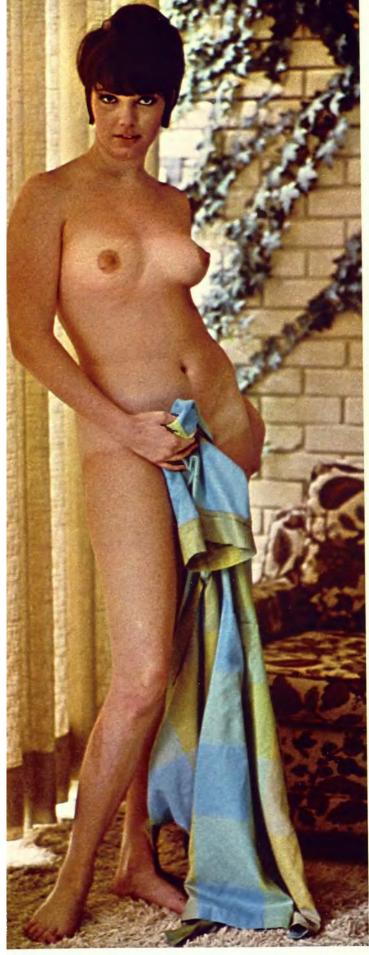
Top: Son Antonio sorcerer's opprentice Felicio Thomas hos keen eyes to follow in her magicion fother's footsteps and tour the Texos countryside with a professional prestidigitator's act of her own. Left: Dino Moor, currently an SMU senior and aspiring college drama instructress, heads for a Neiman-Morcus shapping spree in downtown Dallos. Right: Before a hord day's night as a discothèque dancer, Maggie Cowart—a 20-year-old tennis buff who hoils from New Hompshire—puts best poolside form forward outside Big-D bachelorette pad.







Top center: A rongy (5'10") newcomer to the University of Houston campus, Sharon Dione Horne hopes to carve out a postgraduate niche for herself as a sculptress. Above: Voted one of the best-dressed coeds on compus, Texas Western sophomore Trisha Adkins is majoring in speech therapy—with extracurricular interests in everything from sports cars to the type of men who own them. Right: Brownsville-bred Susan Cunningham tokes advantage of an afternoon off from her receptionist's job for a carefree wade in a secluded Texas creek.







Left: Fresh from on après-swim shower in her Dallos digs, Texarkono-born Linda Miller will soon forgo her Texos tenure—ond her doily duties as o teletype operator—for o Bunny-hopping stint of the Chicogo Playboy Club. Top: Nineteen-yeor-old Noncy Lynn Wolloin is o tronsplonted Californion who is currently dancing for her dinner in a downtown Dallos nightery. Above: Bantom beouty (5') Bobbi Ertel is o Dallos-bosed greeting-card designer who's drown up plans for o coreer in journalism when she's saved enough money to matriculate.

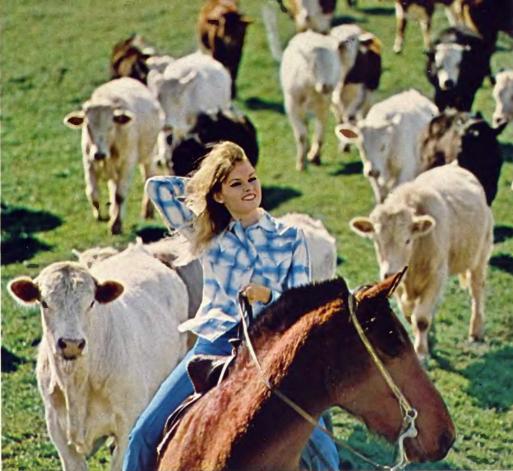






Top left: One of the comely crew of Astrodome usherettes who give Houston sports fans something worth shouting about, Wanda Walker makes the most of oway-game weekends by joining her colleagues for the water sports at Golveston Island. Top right: Twice-crowned Houston Rodeo Queen Solly Otis Lyman soddles up grand-champion Arabian stallion at a friend's breeding farm near Simonton during vacation from her job as Houston horse-show promoter. Above: Shannon O'Quinn scenically enhances the picture-window view of a Lake Houston lodge.









Top, left and right: Equally at ease behind the wheel of her new Corvette ar driving dogies to market astride a Texas quarter horse, SMU alumna Cathryn Lacey is a pretty partner in her father's Dallas cattle-buying brokerage. Above left: Linda Davis, a talented towhead with designs on a career in cammercial art, currently spends her warkday managing one of Big D's biggest apartment complexes. Above right: With lots of land at her disposal, Dallas realty saleswoman Stefani Cole can afford to indulge her yen for furs and foreign travel.



Right: One of Europe's orphoned millions of the end of World War Two, Berlin-born Heidi Jensen was odopted at the oge of three by a Texas oilmon and his wife and taken to live on their ranch outside Dallas. A product of one of the city's better-known dromatic workshops and on ospiring film octress with a bit part in Paramount's The Swinger olready to her credit, 20-year-old Heidi currently commutes between her Texas homesite and Hollywood costing studios in hopes of landing a supporting role that will serve her os a cinematic steppingstone.



THERE LIVED ONCE in Florence the cobbler Petruccio and the miller Augustino, who had between them a friendship knit of great depth and truth. Likewise, each had a woman wed-both young and of exceeding fine architecture-between whom there was also a bond beyond breaking. Nevertheless, it chanced that on a certain occasion the cobbler, longing for a change of pasture, decided that on the ladder of desire the comely Caterina, wife of Augustino, ranked a rung above his own spouse, Salvaggia the fair. Accordingly, at a time opportune, he made known his passion to her, receiving in an ambiguous reply neither denial nor encouragement.

No sooner had Petruccio retired to further his program for conquest, however, than Caterina made speed to relate to Salvaggia the nature of this rascal's proposal. The latter, penetrated by anger, nevertheless kept intact her wiles and wits and, after some thought, put forth a plan by which she might with one stroke have vengeance upon her husband yet keep intact the friendship of Caterina. Thus, following words of gratitude, she requested that Caterina, feigning acquiescence, give promise to Petruccio that on a certain night while Augustino toiled at the mill she would await his coming to her couch. "Not love's pleasure though will the villain there enjoy," said Salvaggia with heat. "For I, not you, my dear, shall await him, and he will receive a far different reception from me."

Thus it developed that Caterina, approached again by Petruccio, showed herself eager to join him in sport the following night. Then Caterina gave Salvaggia full intelligence of the program arranged, so that when in time Petruccio came to his wife, saying that he would travel forthwith to Policastro to purchase leather for his shop, Salvaggia, knowing full well whither he was in truth bound, replied, "Go. This time, perhaps you will find you have bought leather of your own, not skin possessed by another man." Petruccio, then making a show of departure, hid himself in a certain place in the village, tarrying there until the hour of assignation.

No sooner had the rogue made leave of their house than Salvaggia proceeded with high speed (for one of her comfortable construction) to the home of Caterina and, according to the program settled between them, took up abode for the night (while Caterina betook herself to the house of Salvaggia) to await the coming of her husband to what he believed would be the bed of another.

And so it went. Petruccio, at the appointed hour, strode with bold steps toward his neighbor's house. About to



enter therein, however, he observed with alarm that Augustino was making his way through the door, for all had forgotten that the night was the eye of All Souls' Day and the mill had closed. Palsied with fear, the cobbler stole back to his own house, unseen and unheard, and knocked at the door for his wife, Salvaggia, to let him enter. Caterina, inside and perceiving by his voice who was without, maintained a puzzled quiet. Petruccio, angered, rattled the door with such vigor that in short order he gained entry and strode into the dark bedroom. there compounding a fresh falsehood to explain his journey's abandonment, to which there was no reply. Then he lay abed with she whom he believed was his wife. Bethinking that since he had been denied the tilling of his neighbor's vineyard, he might well do a few strokes of work in his own, he gave Caterina valorous proof of his powers. She, in the first of it, bore his frolic with due show of pleasure and patience in order to give him no thought that she was not in truth his wife, while later she discovered in delight that a cobbler delivered his work with a miller's mettle.

Augustino, meanwhile, lay wearily down in darkness alongside she whom he believed was his wife, while Salvaggia, thinking him her husband, Petruccio, gave to him a silent welcome in order that she might not be mocked and befooled in the program she had undertaken. Augustino, although he felt more need of rest than skirmish, was with speed stirred by her vigor to take himself to work, and duly set into motion a mill not his own.

When their jousting ceased, Salvaggia,

according to plan, launched into her tirade, although in truth she was hard put to castigate a husband, disloyal though he be, who had performed so handsomely.

"Deceitful dog!" she cried. "Who is it you deem you hold in your arms, the wife of your truest friend? In whose field you thought this night to spend your labor?"

At this, the poor miller leapt from bed, bellowing his innocence with but a muddled understanding of the matter. Nightshirt flapping in a fury, he sped back to that asylum where he prayed he might find his own wife, leaving the wife of Petruccio to ponder the thought that her plans that night had gone awry.

Great was the bewilderment of the miller on arrival at the cobbler's house to observe him fast in snores beside Caterina. Quicker, though, was the mind of Petruccio, who, awakening forthwith, said with haste, "Good friend, there is assuredly no need to bring about a quarrel between us over this matter of mishap. Though fortune has shown herself in sympathy to the cunning of our wives. she ought not be allowed to vent her spite upon us by letting happen a deed that might lessen our friendship," appending that, in truth, the incident might be made to serve the common agreement and pleasure of them all.

And thus the whole affair on this eve became an issue of good will and charity, and in the matter of their wives no distinction was recognized between cobbler and miller—much to the joy of Caterina and Salvaggia, who learned with pleasure that an occasional change of stag in mid-hunt added to the sport.

-Retold by John H. Keefauver

#### VENUS DEFILED (continued from page 80)

the sheet about her. Peter sat up, pulling a corner of it over his naked body."

"No!" Prudence cried. "Oh, my God, no!"

"'Prue!' they chorused."

"Well, I'll be damned!" I soloed. It was an epoch-making, precedent-setting moment in the women's magazine field. Naked, unadulterated sex had come to True Story, and we were all a trifle distraught.

"I couldn't take my eyes off of them," Prudence confided, as the entire T. S. readership peered over her trembling prose shoulder. "I was riveted to the spot. Julie, with the sheet wound around her from her breasts to her thighs, looked like an alabaster nude. Peter, behind her, sitting up in bed, tousled, eyes still heavily lidded and not from sleep, clutching at the sheet that revealed more than it hid . . ."

It was a shocker, all right—and *True* Story had evidently had a photographer concealed in the room to snap a full-color photo illustration of Peter and Julie, just as they looked when Prue walked in and caught them in bed.

It was the same Johnny-on-the-spot lensman, perhaps, who provided the photo documentation for Mavis Marshall's candid confession, "I CHEATED TO STAY MARRIED," which appeared in the same pace-setting issue. To underscore the fact that Mavis wasn't just confessing to some minor chicanery at Chinese checkers, the editors ran a fulllength nude study of Mayis kneeling on a rumpled bed, with a purple robe draped over one shoulder to conceal the cleavage of her shapely derrière. "I stood trembling in the darkness, appalled at my own daring," she whispered in the sotto-voce white type of the caption. "But I had to wait here for this man-only he could solve my desperate problem!"

The desperate problem was that Mavis' marriage was in trouble because she couldn't have a baby because her hubby, Clint, had a secret sterility condition as a result of a severe case of testicular mumps which he had contracted in Korea.

In the high-line ladies' books, such as the Ladies' Home Journal, this all-toofamiliar dilemma would have inspired nothing more than a talky little medicine show on artificial insemination, starring Doctor Strangesex and his homologous hand pump. But in the more earthy biological boondocks of the new True Story, natural insemination was the preferred therapy, and Mavis was allowed to work out her own solution with the willing assistance of her husband's handsome young hired man, Bob Akers. If she wanted a baby so badly, she could always "take a roll in the hay with somebody else," Bob laughingly suggested.

Mavis professed to be horrified at such

a shocking proposal. "I'll get him fired," she thought. "I will. I will!" But when hubby Clint took off for Knoxville "to look at some new farm equipment," she found herself lying awake, waiting for Bob Akers to come home from his Friday-night date. "It was about 11 o'clock when I heard Bob's old car pull into the yard," she recollected. "Almost as though that were a signal I'd been waiting for, I got up, crept out into the hall and silently made my way to his bedroom. . . What I planned was bad, the lowest kind of cheating, but I had to do it. I had to cheat to stay married!

"I crept between the cold sheets of Bob's bed and lay there shaking. Then he was in the room. He sat down on the edge of the bed and I touched his back with my hand. He turned and grabbed it, bending over to stare at me in the darkness. Then he whispered, 'Mavis! Gosh, I—I never—-

"'Don't talk!' I begged. 'Don't say anything, Bob—you've already said it all! Just . . .'

"With a smothered exclamation, his arms encircled me, his mouth sought mine, hard and demanding." Mavis recalled, as she succumbed to his wordless passion—and Saturday night found her back in Bob's bed for an equally nonverbal repeat performance. But when Bob approached her on Sunday afternoon, she did her utmost to dissuade him: "Oh, please—please—just go away!" I begged. 'Clint could walk in any time. I don't want to have to face him with you here. Bob. I feel so guilty for what I've done.'

"'Let's see how guilty you feel if this time next month you're pregnant,' he whispered, pulling me into his arms. 'One more time together—it might make all the difference—' he went on urgently. I tried to fight him off, but it was a losing battle. But I wasn't thinking of him —or myself, as I surrendered to his embrace—only of the miracle of a baby in my arms."

No such lofty, long-range purpose prompted the passionate yearnings of Gloria Iordan, the sex-starved star of "MY HUSBAND OFFERED ME TO ANOTHER MAN!" on page 67, however. In Gloria's case, both the desire and the excuse to err came by way of an auto accident that left her hubby, Blake, paralyzed from the waist down. "He stared at his helpless legs and his hands knotted into fists. I used to be able to do a lot of things,' he said pointedly. 'Like holding you in my arms. Like showing you how much I loved you.' A flush darkened his face. You never talk about it and neither do I, Gloria. But I'm not a damned fool. I keep wondering how long you can go on this way. You're a young, healthy woman. How long can you live without sex?'

"It was my turn to flush," Gloria confided, "because there had been many nights when I'd tossed restlessly in bed unable to sleep."

As a solution, Blake thoughtfully suggested that she shine up to their good friend and neighbor, George, whose wife Penny had been conveniently killed off in the same auto accident that had left Blake "half a man": "'I wouldn't blame you if you did,' Blake said, 'As a matter of fact it would be the most natural thing in the world if you went for George in a big way. I wouldn't feel like you were cheating on me and I wouldn't be mad at George, if he went for you, too.'"

Like Mavis, Gloria professed to being shocked at the idea of giving herself to another man. But, since Blake was so darned insistent, she promoted a couple of clinches with George that made her nights more restless than ever. "I kept feeling his mouth on mine and the hardness of his body pressed against me and I wanted him, oh, how I wanted him," she confessed. Sleepless with desire, she finally pulled a robe on over her skimpy nightie and slipped next door to George's house. "Don't send me away," she pleaded. "Please let me come in."

"He opened the door wider and I went inside," she said, as an expectant hush fell over page 97. "I didn't wait for him to take me in his arms. I went to him. Clinging to him wildly, saying incoherent words, until with a groan he picked me up and carried me into the bedroom. He knelt by the side of the bed, caressing me, kissing me.

"You're so beautiful,' he kept saying. 'Oh, my God, you're so beautiful. I want to touch you and love you. I've thought about it so often.'

"'Love me,' I whispered. 'I want you.'"

What the virginal Miss Y. K. of Detroit, Michigan, thought of such goings on, or whether she wondered why George knelt by the bed in order to kiss and caress Gloria, I would not venture to guess. But considering the extraordinarily high guilt potential displayed by True Story's old-style heroines. Miss Y. K. was undoubtedly as astonished as I was when Gloria went on to reveal that "George was the one filled with guilt and remorse. And I had to try to comfort him." In the end, it was George who felt morally compelled to break off the affair by moving East to live-thus paving the way for yet another new and noteworthy switch: namely, that nobody suffered, that neither George nor Gloria was required to "pay" for their "sin." Unconvincing as it may sound, Gloria's affair with George was indeed presented as the basis for a happier, sex-free marriage with Blake.

Still clinging wildly to the same issue of *True Story*, I found that a remarkably (continued on page 189)

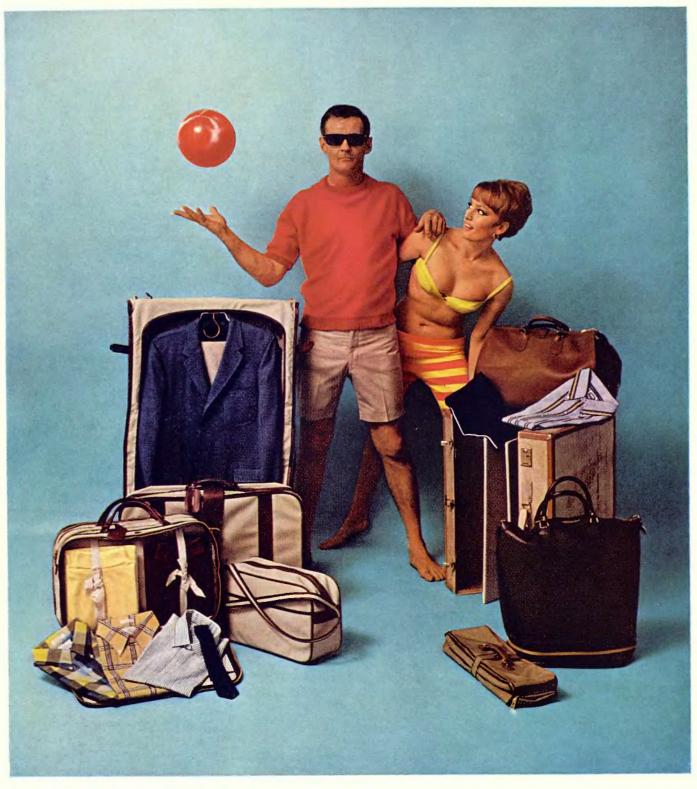


### attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

WHETHER YOU'RE a confirmed globegirdler who's always on the wing or just a man planning his annual twoweek vacation, you'll want to be well turned out no matter where you roam. The knack of how to arrive ready to get going and look fashionably correct with all your gear in top-drawer condition is quite simple--select well-coordinated, trouble-free wearables and then pack them properly.

When stocking a getaway grip, the

Dashing young exec departs in a wash-and-wear suit, by Sagner, \$50, aver permanent-press shirt, by Van Heusen, \$6, and silk tie, by Beau Brummel, \$3.50, topped by straw hat, by Adam, \$5. He halds vinyl attaché case, by Samsonite, \$25. At left, from the tap: Dacran and cattan raincoat, by London Fag, \$45. Dura-vinyl ane-suiter, \$47.50, and three-suiter, \$57.50, bath by Ventura. Lightweight two-suiter, \$45, and "Jetpak," \$25, both by Samsanite. Ties: Palka-dat, by Beau Brummel, \$3.50, patterned and diamand madels, \$3.50 each, bath by Mr. Jahn. Lamb's-waal pullaver, by Rabert Bruce, \$13. Fartrel and cattan shirt, by Excella, \$7. Pima cattan shirt, by Jaysan, \$5. At right: "Astrajet" Suiter, by American Taurister, \$37. Polyester and waol suit, by Trapi-Tex, \$65. Rep tie, by Reis, \$3.50. Warsted tie, by Resilia, \$3.50. Three-suiter, \$50, and ane-suiter, \$44, bath by American Taurister. Carryall bag, by Karl Seeger, \$152.50. Readi-Pak case, by T. Anthony, \$47.50, halding briefs, \$1.25, and shorts, \$1.50, bath by Reis. And from the top: Fartrel and cattan shirt, by Excella, \$B. Dacran and cattan shirt, by Eagle, \$9. Dacran and cattan pajamas, \$6, and a cottan permanent-press rabe, \$9, bath by Pleetway. 131



phrases to keep in mind are "permanent press" and "wash and wear": Clothing with these qualities requires a minimum of care, is crease resistant, lightweight, and takes to packing and unpacking with ease. In the old drip-dry days, these portable worthies used to come in one or two soggy, often unmanageable materials. Today, the choice of fabrics ranges from seersuckers and poplins to tropical worsted fabrics and blends.

Obviously, it's important to pack 132 enough clothes so that you'll be properly Gent having a ball sparts a cattan knit sweater, \$11, aver Dacran and cattan permanent-press sharts, \$8, bath by McGregar. At left, top to battom: Vinyl three-pauch garment bag, by Harrisan Leather Goads, \$80, holds palyester and waol basketweave sparts jacket, by Deansgate, \$55, and Dacran and waal trausers, by Carbin, \$27. Italian-made saft-style suitcase, \$35, three-sectioned carry-an model, \$37.50, and carryall model, \$15, all by Harrisan Leather Gaads. Clathes under straps: Shart- and lang-sleeved cattan turtleneck pullavers, \$2.50 and \$3, bath by Reis. In case, left ta right: Black plaid imparted cattan shirt, \$8, and imparted hamespun cattan shirt, \$8, bath by Wren. Dacran and cattan permanent-press shirt, by Jaysan, \$6. Wemlan polyester washable tie, by Sir Wembley, \$3.50. At right, tap ta battom: Folding bag with shae packet, fram Harrisan Leather Gaads, \$45. Vycran and cottan swim sharts with zip fly frant, by Rabert Bruce, \$5. Shart-sleeved hamespun cottan shirt with buttandawn collar, by Bentley, \$5. Jumba Faursome case in natural rawhide, by Hartmann Luggage, \$235. Expandable duffel bag, by Wings, \$27.50. Rayan and cattan falding suitcase with vinyl trim, by Mark Crass, \$17.50.



attired for any occasion. But there's no reason to look like a 15th Century Spanish grandee, who wouldn't have been caught dead going to Ferdinand and Isabella's for the weekend without the minimum requirements of a dozen trunks and a brace of peacocks. But today, even though the airlines have relaxed their allowable weight regulations, the smart traveler doesn't want to lug around a lot of needless impedimenta. So a little advance planning will let you pack a bag with clothing and accessories that

Sake sipper likes a worsted waal double-knit blozer, by Stanley Blacker, \$50, aver Dacran and cattan permanent-press trousers, by Contact, \$7, along with a batiste cattan permanentpress shirt, by Van Heusen, \$6, and silk foulard tie, by Resilia, \$3.50. Equipage, clockwise fram 11 o'clock: Tally Ho suitcase, by Hortmann, \$80. Pacemaker model carries six suits, by Wings, \$89.50. Large two-suiter, by Hartmann, \$55. Spart bag with pouch pocket, by Mutual Brief Case, \$22. Domestic "madros" ploid walk shorts, by Lee, \$6. Flight bag with partfolia packet, \$20, and Jumba Kit bag, \$13, bath by Mutual Brief Case. Alpaca and waal cardigan, by Rabert Bruce, \$22. Cattan axford buttondawn shirt and polyester and catton buttandown shirt, \$8 each, both by Wren. Black plaid cattan and linen shirt, by Wren, \$8. Arnel pullaver has crew neck, by McGregar, \$9. Orlan and wool flannel trausers, by Contact, \$12. Air carry-an case, by Karl Seeger, \$195. Washable Arnel pullover, by McGregar, \$9. Washable cottan knit pullaver, by Robert Bruce, \$6. Gladstone bag with strap on top, by Karl Seeger, \$210. Dacran and Orlan long-sleeved pullover, by McGregar, \$14. Pullman bag af vinyl-caated fabric, by Wings, \$85. 133 practically take care of themselves.

In setting up your travel wardrobe, particularly where space is a problem, choose clothes that coordinate smoothly. Stay away from boldly patterned suits or slacks. Solid-color styles that can be dressed up or toned down, depending on the occasion, are best. If you stick to one or two basic colors, you can carry a wide variety of accessories and let them add the colorful shadings to your vacation suitings. For example, by color-keying a navy-blue business suit, a navy raincoat and a lighter-blue sports jacket with correct shoes, ties and walk shorts, you'll be equipped with a far more versatile wardrobe than you'll get by selecting a lot of different-colored apparel items.

Shirts are not the travel problem they used to be. You can find almost any kind of collar style in wash-and-wear allcottons. Fortrels or Dacron-and-cottons. Permanent-press sport shirts are good timesavers and stay trim no matter what the weather may be.

The sweater is an important travel item. Take at least two: a lightweight pullover or cardigan with long sleeves and a warmer midweight model. Stick to traditionally styled sweaters rather than loading down your luggage with unusual ones, no matter how right they might be at home. When you pack, leave room for additional purchases or include a collapsible bag in your luggage that can fold out into a suitcase for the return trip.

Be sure to take along a lightweight raincoat. A dark-colored one is best; it can be worn at night as a topcoat. Choose a trim style that packs easily.

For any trip longer than a weekend sojourn, you should include at least two pairs of shoes-preferably threeto allow for comfortable changes. Alternate black slip-ons with hard-soled dress loafers. For your third pair, pick out one of the many new flexible models available, either in fabric or lightweight glove leather.

Avoid the inexperienced traveler's temptation to overpack. The 40-pound limit on plane baggage has been discontinued by most airlines on all but international flights. You can now fly with two bags (the first measuring a maximum of 62 inches around, the second measuring 55) at no additional cost. These two should be more than sufficient for anything this side of a pigsticking romp through Jaipur. Remember, practically every vacation area around the world has shops where you can replace almost anything that you've forgotten. Adding a kit full of extra gear is usually unnecessary. Try to operate on the principle that you should have no more luggage than you can manage personally, in case there is no one around to help you debark.

The following is our selection of a suitable basic wardrobe for a two-week 134 vacation:

 A dark business suit for daytime and evening wear. Skip the dinner jacket unless you know specifically that your hotel, ship or hostess is having a function at which you are expected to appear in black tie. The same goes for specialized sports gear such as hunt clothes. The suit you have on for the trip will serve as your backup.

· Three wash-and-wear business shirts (two white and one blue, preferably) in your favorite collar styles.

· Six handkerchiefs. · Six neckties.

· Wash-and-wear underwear, pajamas and a robe to meet your personal requirements.

· Two pairs of slacks color-coordinated with your sports jackets. One black-tobrown reversible belt.

· One sports jacket and one blazer. (Grav slacks and a blazer will do fine for almost any daytime occasion.)

· A pair of short-sleeved sport shirts and another pair of solid-color knit or Banlon polo shirts.

· Two or three sweaters—a lightweight, mid-weight and an optional full-weight, depending on where you're going.

· Six pairs of socks. The nylon and the knitted fabrics are easy to wash and

hold their shape well.

· Two or three pairs of shoes. Be sure one pair is right for tramping around the countryside. A flexible fabric pair can do double duty as beach clogs and casual shoes.

· One crushable hat and a lightweight, simply cut raincoat.

· Ascots and pocket squares as needed for color variations.

This list, of course, is basic and does not take into consideration your personal preferences in sports clothes. Tennis or golf attire should be included if those sports are on your schedule. Two pairs of swim trunks are a good idea. A couple of pairs of walk shorts, one solid and one patterned, are right for patio lunches or tanning in the morning and early afternoon. Color-key them to your sweaters and jackets.

There are plenty of tricks to use when packing a suitcase so you won't find your clothes badly wrinkled upon arriving at your holiday spa. In the compartmented, hanger-equipped B-4 bags and the two-, three- and four-suiters, packing problems are cut to a minimum. Hang coats and trousers (keep the coats buttoned) in the space provided and slow the rest of your wardrobe flat. In hangerless suitcases such as large Gladstones, we recommend the following:

Coats: Pull the collar up, then fold shoulders back until they touch, with the seams aligned. Take hold of both shoulders from inside and flip the jacket inside out. After checking to see that the sleeves are lying straight, fold the jacket over double to fit into your case.

Trousers: There are two ways. One is

to lay the slacks out smooth on a flat surface, lining up the trouser legs by the creases, and then rolling them up tightly. beginning with the cuff and pulling the seams out taut as you go. The other way is to fold them over some other garment, such as a jacket. Slipping a roll of tissue paper inside the fold helps avoid wrinkling.

Shirts: Pack them straight from the laundry, but first remove cardboard collar stuffers.

Ties and scarves: Roll them up tightly and tuck them into odd corners of your bag. They won't wrinkle if they're stretched tight.

Shoes: Use lightweight aluminum or plastic shoe trees to keep them in shape and still leave enough room for socks to fit inside. Put the shoes in a plastic bag to protect your other clothes. (This works in hanger-equipped suitcases also.)

When you're packing, put jackets and slacks in first, then shoes at either end for balanced weight, with the soles facing the sides of the case. Once you have the shoes and major items arranged, fill up the corners and odd spaces with your rolled ties, scarves, extra socks, underwear and other small items. If everything is folded and rolled, your clothes will stay more wrinkle-free in a tightly packed bag. Shirts go on top. The lightweight robe can be used to cover the inside of the case by tucking the ends around the

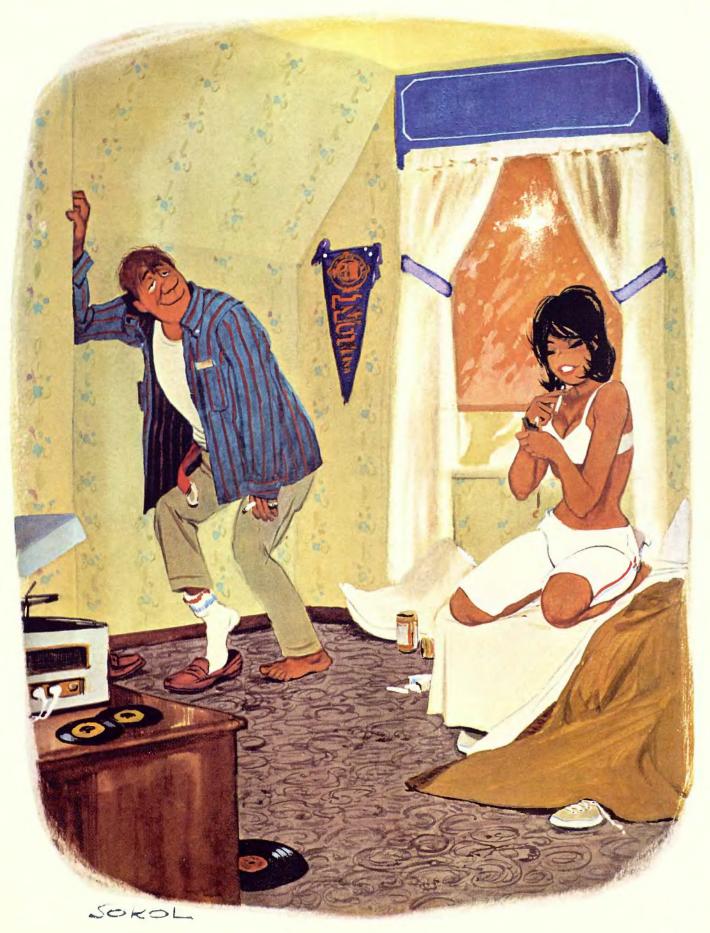
A good test of your packing knowhow is what you do when you reach your destination. If it's an overnight stop, take out only the items you need. If you're staying two days or longer, take out everything in your bag and give your belongings a chance to breathe.

We prefer the steam method for shedding unavoidable travel wrinkles: Put the clothes on hangers on the bathroom's shower-curtain rod; then turn on the hot water in the tub and let the steam rise through the clothes. All but the most insistent wrinkles will disappear after a few minutes.

In these days of mass-produced luggage, it is quite likely that other travelers will be toting the same type of grip as yours. To avoid picking up the wrong bag at busy hotels and terminals, attach an identification tag to the handle of your suitcase. Another trick is to stick a small strip of colored masking tape on the outside of each bag so that it can be spotted quickly at a crowded claim

One final reminder-comedian W. C. Fields used to advise the prudent traveler to always pack extra shorts and T-shirts because they were the perfect wrapping around gin bottles-to protect against breakage. It's still a good idea.

Bon voyage!



"I hope that makes up for not having kissed you on the first date."

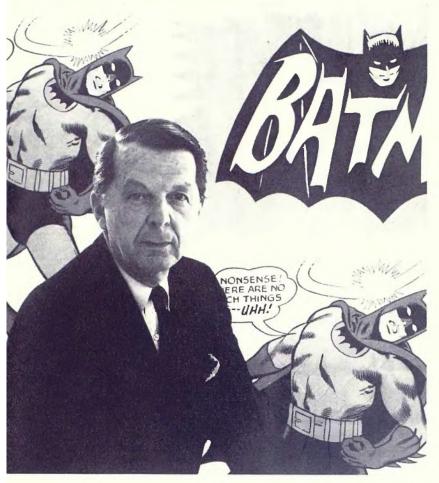


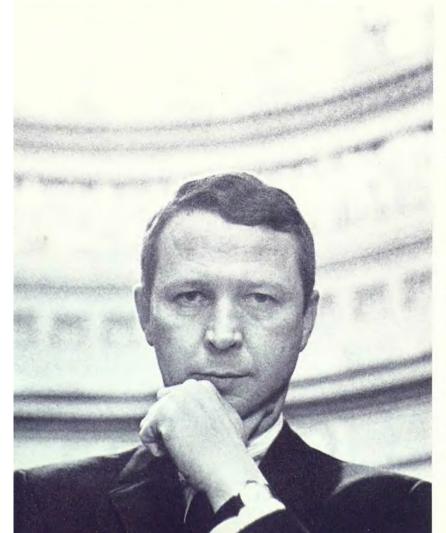
NONSENS THERE ARE SUCH THING AS-UHH.

#### BART LYTTON savings and loner

AMONG THE HIGH PRIESTS of California's temples of Savings and Loan, the biggest loner of them all is 53-year-old Bart Lytton, who marches in nobody's parade but his own. This attitude has built for Lytton a huge financial empire, a position of prominence in politics (once chairman of the Democratic State Finance Committee and twice a delegate to national conventions), substantial recognition as a philanthropist and patron of the arts, and a well-earned reputation as the most flamboyant figure in American finance. His spectacular promotions have included plastering his name on the back of almost every bus in Los Angeles, festooning his headquarters with \$450,000 in modern art ("Art is as fundamental to the conduct of business today as is central heating or plumbing"), and building a visual-arts center next door to a night club-and not far away from a Lytton loan office. Brash, bold and bullish, Lytton quite understandably is not overloved by his competitors. "Everyone has a cross to bear," a contemporary remarked recently, "and ours is Bart Lytton." This attitude bothers Lytton not a bit. "If you can't join them," he philosophizes, "lick them." Lytton served as a newspaper reporter, a press agent and a screenwriter (Hitler's Madmen, Bowery to Broadway) before entering the world of finance. In 1949 he came to the lucrative conclusion that, like any salable item, money could be merchandised, and on this premise established the first Lytton Company. A series of mergers has since resulted in the Lytton Financial Corporation, whose assets of \$700,000,000 rank it fifth in the nation. "Think of it," he says. "At the moment I control more than half a billion dollars. This staggers even me."







#### WILLIAM DOZIER "holy greenbacks!"

FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN, the Batphone in stately Wayne Manor emits an urgent beep: for Bill Dozier, the executive producer of the campy A.B.C.-TV series, it has a happy cash-register ring. As the president of Greenway Productions, Dozier summoned cartoonist Bob Kane's Dynamic Duo to the small screen last January; at this writing they are just shy of video Valhalla (Nielsen rated Batman number two in total viewers). To make sure that Batman retained his comic-book image. Dozier insisted that the Caped Crusader stick to deadpan do-goodisms ("Poor deluded girl"), while leaving the juvenile gee-whizzeries ("Holy Hotfoot!") to Robin, the Boy Wonder. In doing so, Dozier has touched off a Batman craze that, come summer, will explode to CinemaScope proportions with the release of a full-length, full-color Batman flick that will introduce the Batcopter and the Batboat. "The adults look for laughs," says Dozier, "but the kids really identify with their crime-fighting heroes." Identify the kids do-as they pick store shelves clean of Bat products, adding a multimillion-dollar fringe benefit to the already highly profitable undertaking. However, successful ventures are nothing new to Bill Dozier. A top executive for many years at Paramount and RKO studios. Dozier saw eye to eye with C.B.S. in 1951 and switched over to turning out such TV hits as Studio One, Danger, Perry Mason and Have Gun, Will Travel. Now, with Wednesday- and Thursday-night TV audiences safely tucked under Batman's wing. Dozier will splash next season's video screen with other reconstituted childhood characters. "The Green Hornet is scheduled for September," Dozier has announced, "and Wonder Woman won't be far behind," Zowie!

#### CHARLES WELTNER klan opener

THE VOICE in the U.S. House of Representatives had the honeysuckle tones of the Old South, but the words bespoke a new breed of Dixie legislator: "Those chosen to lead have failed to lead. Those whose task it is to speak out have stood mute. And in so doing, we have permitted the voice of the South to preach defiance and disorder. We have stood by leaving the field to reckless and violent men." Not one to stand by for long, 38-year-old Charles Longstreet Weltner, sophomore Democratic Congressman from Atlanta, Georgia, stood up on the House floor to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Ku Klux Klan by leading the demand for a full-fledged Congressional investigation into its sheet-shrouded activities. A member of the often malodorous House Committee on Un-American Activities, lawyer Weltner has brought a sense of juridical restraint to committee procedures without vitiating its investigative powers. The Weltner-inspired probe was credited with exposing resurgent Klan activities in the South and publicly pinning the responsibility for racial violence directly on K. K. K. leadership. As a result of the hearings, Klan Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton (Playboy Interview, August 1965 issue) is facing a court date this month to defend himself against a contempt-of-Congress charge. Weltner, a modern moderate with impeccable Southern credentials, including a great-grandfather slain at Fredericksburg, was the only Deep Southern Congressman to vote for the Civil Rights Bill of 1964. "I caught hell on that one," Weltner said afterward. But since then he has caught the interests of politicians on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line who clearly see Weltner as symbolizing the emergent new South. 137

#### MORAL OVERKILL (continued from page 115)

Sex is closely related to curiosity, to discovery, to imagination and to what used to be known as mystery. Overexposure can only lead to debunking. The number of things a man and woman can do together in bed is, after all, limited, and unless new and interesting organs are developed, the visual overkill resulting from the commercial tie-ins of sexy models and essentially nonsexual goods, in order to lend these products spurious mass appeal, can only help destroy the feeling of mystery and expectation. Nudist camps are notoriously the least erotic places in the world. The result is that the relationship between male and female today can no longer supply the basic motor of pursuit and energy in life, a situation that leads to a morose, matter-of-fact and depressed approach to life itself. Alcoholism and homosexuality are the obvious consequences, and what is alcoholism if not an artificial creation of a state of illusion? Can anyone deny that the spread of alcoholism or drug addiction is largely the result of the overdebunking process, of realistic overkill with a corresponding loss of illusions? How can one deny that the discarding of sentimental and romantic notions leaves us with a feeling of loss, of nonexistence, of drabness and banality-of reality, in fact? I shall probably repeat as long as I live that culture and civilization mean the deliberate, artificial and arbitrary creation of superstructures, and that there is no such thing as a natural culture or a natural civilization.

A great psychoanalyst recently told me that the next step in the field of psychology will probably be the creation of new myths, of worthwhile illusions and of deliberately achieved distortions, which will lead, or at least help, us to make man his own creation. The rational acceptance of what man actually is about can be pretty ghastly. On the other hand, no one in his right senses would plead for putting us back into the orbit of any of the "masterpieces" of human thought of the past 2000 years.

Our history has always been and still is dominated by the reign of individual kingdoms of human genius and a constant conflict among them, a struggle for the purpose of capturing allegiance of the mind, soul or spirit, and establishing a monopoly on culture. We have lived up to now-and are still livingtorn between the feudal kingdoms of the Christian masterpiece and the Marxist masterpiece: even the disciples of Freud show constantly the same totalitarian approach by their claim to a universal key to the human psyche. Within Christendom itself, other religious masterpieces were evolved as a result of religious conflicts; and even within the Catholic Church, throughout the ages, schisms and fratricidal struggles were common in the name of the true dogma, in the claim to the monopoly on God and His truth.

When the French Revolution destroyed the spiritual and material power of the Royal Absolute, the myth of the "people" became endowed with the same aura of final perfection, and claimed total love and allegiance. To this day, throughout the world, be it in China, Soviet Russia, France or America, the word "people" is pronounced with the same nauseating,

sanctimonious, pious and intolerably smug tone which used to be reserved for the masterpiece of God alone, but which now is granted to the infallible, beautiful perfection to be found in the masses, considered as sacred and untouchable. the holders of all truth. Any word against this masterpiece centered in the people is blasphemy. This new absolute and its untouchability gives me a nosebleed at the very mention of it, as do all the other claims to totalitarian monopoly on truth, beauty and infallibility. Thus, after generations of subservience to one of these feudal absolutes, each covered in blood and tears, the necessary debunking process called upon such a need to mobilize all our resources for the fight. that the result was not one of putting everything in proper perspective, but one of total destruction, an overkill, a fanatical eradication of good and bad alike in the tyrannical individual kingdom of thought, accompanied by a radical sway to the opposing masterpiece, and either a desperate clinging to a new belief, or nihilism. It is a kind of moral and psychological Silent Spring resulting from overkill-a process described so well by Rachel Carson. This is typical of the struggle between the Church and atheism, each becoming a dogma, a fortress of thought, of intolerance, blinkers and hate.

We are witnessing today the birth of a psychoanalytical culture that is not far from claiming to be the source of culture itself. Let me take as an example of psychoanalytical overkill an admirable statement from the American psychoanalyst Erich Fromm as quoted by Nabokov: The reason why Little Red Ridinghood's bonnet was red, in the opinion of Mr. Fromm, is that the color symbolized the little girl's coming menstruation. It is my contention that any moderately cultured human being, upon reading this piece of horseshit, cannot help turning red with anger and, in fact, become intolerant of the Freudian approach as a whole. Thus, the overkill acts both ways, and the necessary opposition to the totalitarian expansion of the Freudian masterpiece will result in the rejection of everything that is valid in Freud as well. Marxism is another case. It declares itself incompatible with everything but itself. All that can be valid in the Marxist analysis is therefore rejected in America, as Freud is rejected in Soviet Russia, simply because each intellectual kingdom lays a total claim to our minds. And yet, to totally reject Marx in the name of total capitalism, or vice versa, is as absurd and damaging from the point of view of culture as it would be to force science to choose between Euclid and Einstein, or to forbid teaching arithmetic in school in the name of Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy. Of course, with nuclear weapons handy, the conflict between the





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individual archmasterpieces has become infinitely more dangerous than ever before.

The ocean of culture as a whole, in which all the individual masterpieces merge, as opposed to the individual kingdoms of human genius and their totalitarian claims, is the only means at our disposal to stop the endless process of kill and overkill and the resulting spiritual no man's land of total realism, of sex, alcohol and a "no-shit" attitude where a new kind of human baboon desperately clings to the only certitude he can "experience realistically"—his phallus, or what is left of it.

A lot of the so-called "phony" illusions destroyed are the very soul of our culture, and by our culture. I mean the whole of humanity. They are known as myths. The kind of lobotomy that is practiced today in the name of Freud or Marx, of church or atheism, consists in the removal of those illusions and leads to a spiritual bareness that strongly reminds me of the bare red behinds of apes in a zoo, the most realistic thing I know. Thus, the mystery of the woman has been completely erased. Every modern novelist considers it his duty to debunk the illu-

sion of the female member of the species as being anything but a phallic complement. It is true that the nauseating romanticism of the 19th Century, the pink Victorian fig leaves placed by romantic literature on every spot of womanhood, needed some reduction to less inflated proportions, but the process went so far as to reduce woman in Western society to a kind of Marxist comrade-in-sex. The result of this overkill of an essential myth is an appalling impoverishment of literature and art: Any trace of poetry has vanished from a relationship that seems no longer to leave any room for anything except a kind of masturbation duct. The only passionate plays, or fiction full of hate but at least deeply emotive, are written by homosexuals, for the simple reason that the romantic relationship between man and man cannot be reduced to anything "normal": thus the homosexual brings his still-forbidden fruit to sex, evoking the kind of passion that sex alone cannot supply.

The Marxist dogma "Religion is the opiate of the masses" has been extended by its Western equivalent, realistic materialism, to every kind of "unreality," an unreality that is nothing but cultural

superstructures and, in fact, culture itself. Cultural values cannot be called realistic: they are myths, conventions and fiction, and are not compatible with total adjustment to the facts of life. To sit down and write a love poem is sublimation: abstract painting is turning your back on materialism and on the world as it is: the whole of Renaissance art was based on something that Marxism or atheism considers a fallacy. The unreasonable, irrational beliefs, myths and fantasies are at the source of our greatest achievements. It is impossible to reconcile Faust, Don Juan. Homer or Hamlet with awareness. Total awareness is cultural suicide and sometimes just plain suicide. I spent many months in the com-

pany of young people victim of the debunking overkill: They are irresistibly drawn toward acting, because this is the only permitted illusionism left in the adjustment to reality through which they can escape reality. In fact, the overdebunk and overkill is resulting in a most frightening, claustrophobic and depressing imprisonment behind the barbed wire of new conventions and new phoniness. Even the very movements of the body-gestures and facial expressionsare conditioned by what is "natural" and "uninhibited," with the resulting disappearance of style, reserve, courtesy and manners, and the substitution of an unformulated longing for a return to the Garden of Eden, where we could happily swing from the trees by our tails. The loss of self-respect is absolute, with the corresponding lack of respect for others. The cornerstone of this kind of realism was laid by Göring in his famous: "When I hear the word culture, I grab my gun." Let's play a bit with the slogans: "When I hear the word love, I grab my phallus"; "When I hear the word sentiment, I fart"; "When I hear the word romantic, I say 'Oh, shit!" "

Any reading of literary criticism of the last 20 years will show that the most damning ingredient a novelist can use is sentimentality. I must apologize here to the reader for showing so much restraint, out of respect for the English language, and for not using strong words to express my feelings about that realistic overdebunking by our highbrows and our lowbrows alike, wallowing in the same total adjustment to reality. I shall say here only two things. First, the taboo laid on Marxism by American society has resulted in the frustrated Marxist intellectuals' transfer to a no less totalitarian Freudianism. Secondly, a truly rational outlook, beautifully unsentimental to the problems of both hunger and overpopulation in India, would be to practice genocide on newborn babies and serve them to their famished parents for meals, as they are basically nothing but protein. I'm not joking: The over-



"Now, let's get this straight—is this the missile we send up to get the missile they sent up to get our missile we sent up to get theirs, or is this the one we send after the one they send up to get ours?"

debunking process can only result in man's being treated as meat and protein, in genocide, the use of nuclear weapons and the happy return to a fascist and Nazi kind of efficiency. The only thing that stands between man and murder, between civilized society and Auschwitz, between you and me, and Eichmann, is a refusal to submit to the basic facts of the human animal, a painful process of building illusions about ourselves through culture, or conforming to those illusions and myths.

Civilization is, has always been and will always be, a struggle against nature, against what we truly are, an effort to strike some kind of balance between reality and unreality. The development of man depends more on myths than on science-it is motivated by fear, frustration, inhibitions and anxiety. Culture is born out of neurosis. The cure of anxiety can only lead to the kind of acceptance of man by himself that leaves no room or chance for any kind of revolt against our "self." The final solution, of the type that was carried out by Eichmann, will always be tempting as long as we do not succeed in inventing an image or illusion that can only be defined as pure poetry, and the kind of romanticism that goes with the words "dignity," "nobility," "honor" and other kinds of similar "bunk." Nobility or dignity, in the light of mechanistic rationalism, is bunk, nothing but bunk, sheer cant, and, in fact, an almost stylistic, aesthetic approach to mankind. The debunking of idealism, of the ineffectual idealis, cannot be reconciled with culture. The term "idealist" has become an insult both in the Communist East and in the democratic West. Idealism has become synonymous with the lack of a practical, rigorous and rational approach to society: it means, at best, imprecision, nebulous good will, sentimentalism, cloudiness and a general hiding from facts under the smoke screen of elevated but meaningless noble aspiration. The term "beauty" itself has fallen under suspicion. In painting and literature, beauty can mean only escapism, for it can hardly be denied that it is incompatible with any truthful account of the world in which we live. In the light, for instance, of the Los Angeles riots, of the nuclear peril or of the fact that 60 percent of the world population is starving, beauty is becoming more and more an escapist never-never land, and it cannot be decently indulged in. The result is that a man such as Sartre angrily turns against literature itself as an intolerable luxury in a suffering world; and this sort of egomaniacal approach, in which a man's conscience is monstrously inflated so as to identify itself with the suffering of the whole world, is more and more apparent in the totalitarian and extremist approach to reality.

It can hardly be denied that a Jackson



"It's a forgery—and a recent one, too."

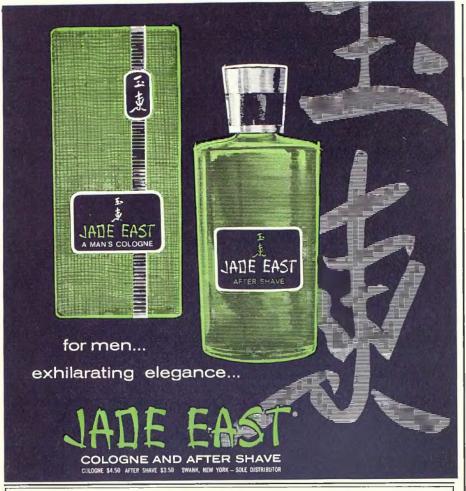
Pollock painting shows nothing but indifference to the situation, let's say, of Indian peasants in South America. This is an example of a cultural overreaction when escapism is condemned by a society. I am amazed that the effect of debunking has not yet reached that achieved by Savonarola in Florence, who, in the name of man's suffering, God and Christ, turned his righteous fires against all art, beauty and aesthetic delight. Aesthetic delight in our world can be only too easily represented as playing ostrich.

The overkill is perhaps more perceptible in America than anywhere else, and I think it's possible to bring the reasons into focus. Culturally speaking, the selfdestructive attitude is usually the result of a totalitarian dedication to one single masterpiece of the human genius, as opposed to culture as a whole. This situation occurs when one masterly "beacon of light," to use Baudelaire's words, attracts us and blinds us like moths on a dark night.

In an old culture like France, different intellectual kingdoms-from church to atheism, from monarchy to socialism. and literally dozens of others; from

Voltaire to Rousseau, from Montaigne to Bergson, from Descartes to Pascal-for centuries have fought for supremacy without ever achieving it. The end result is strong individual resistance and a strong margin of skepticism. The apparition of, let us say, a Freudian or Marxist masterpiece meets a kind of clastic reaction or sinks in without dislodging the partial influence of other historically absorbed and digested spiritual kingdoms. On such a psychological and intellectual ground, it is extremely difficult for an idea to obtain monopoly or domination. There will always be a particle of Voltaire reacting against a particle of Freud, a particle of Montaigne. Descrites or Pascal restraining the action of a particle of Marx. This typically French cultural cheese, made of centuries-old ferments and ingredients, has brought about a strongly protected individual mentality. with its accompanying social division. conflicts, total lack of unanimity, contradiction, egoism, nastiness and personal independence: but it makes it very hard to conquer a Frenchman's mind and soul.

This cultural, historical cheese, ex- 141



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cept among the clite, cannot be said to have fermented in the same general way in America, because of the briefness of America's history, with the consequence that the individual there is infinitely more exposed and vulnerable to the impact of any strongly presented masterpiece. The addiction, submission and monopoly is therefore infinitely easier to obtain. The impact of the Freudian masterpiece becomes staggering. The American democratic ideal becomes an absolute, for it can truly be described as a masterpiece of human genius and achievement, and therefore sacred; and so the American masses preach this type of Americanism to the world, just as the Russians preach their Marxist gospel. When this universal key suddenly fails to open the door to happiness, a reaction sets in, an indignant rejection of the key in the name of some other absolute solution-Marx, Freud or religious dogma-and the constant swinging of the pendulum between hope and disillusionment ends in cynicism and spiritual barrenness. For instance, it is no longer possible for a young man of our time to mention without a smirk such debunked values as honor, courage or heroism. There can be no more heroes: A hero is a psychopath, a neurotic or a victim of his ignorance of psychology.

Recently I saw a picture made from Joseph Conrad's Lord Jim and enjoyed it thoroughly as an interesting case of the destruction and vandalism of a work of art through the moviemaker's dedication to the genius of Freud. In the book, Lord Jim went to his death deliberately so as to redeem himself in his own eyes. Now, of course, the very notion of redemption can only bring a belch of scorn from a psychologist; and so the authors of the picture introduced Freud himself, under the guise of Mr. Stein, acted by Paul Lukas, made up as the spitting image of the Viennese master, who delivered long, realistic, psychoanalytical speeches to Lord Jim, trying to make him aware of his neurosis. Nothing is left of the romantic character so typical of the Polish tradition and of Conrad's glamorous, poetical, nostalgic longing for the value of honor, perhaps the most deeply representative of centuries and centuries of Polish dreams and beliefs. The book and the character are totally destroyed; the 20th Century psychoanalytical totalitarian gimmick reduces the 19th Century hero to idiocy.

There is no way of creating great literature without the kind of unrealistic approach of man to himself that leads in the end to the building of a new kind of reality. Moral and spiritual values are the pursuit of a dream, the dream of man about himself; civilization is mythology—it is invented, it is an artifice; it does not correspond to the basic facts of human nature, but is a result of escape from those facts. To gauge

how low we have fallen and how dangerously close we are to zero in the intellectual process of overkill, it's enough to remember that the most provoking statement made in Soviet Russia in recent years was expressed in the title of a novel: "Man does not live by bread alone." If this is a daring discovery made by a socalled progressive society in the mid-20th Century, then we are certainly due for either an agonizing reappraisal or just agony. We are the result of a competition with reality. We are a creation of our own imagination, a culturally evolved image to which we are trying to conform, a myth of dignity, decency, fraternity, generosity, humanity that is pure poetry. There can be no scientific approach to our nature-cultural man is an artistic creation.

In the last 25 years, both in the American West and in the Communist East, our myths, all the noble lies we sing about ourselves and then try to live up to, have been smashed one after the other. The results are vandalism, alcoholism, mechanization of sex, drug addiction and the constant riots of the motorcycling, black-leather-jacketed kids: They are normal consequences of realistic debunking, a kind of return to base; that is, a regression. The Watts riots in Los Angeles have been falsely represented in America as purely racial. I am not minimizing the racial aspect, but the same kind of riots occur in Russia, in Warsaw, on the English seaside, in Sweden, with the same hate, burning and killing. They are the consequence of nothingness, of vacuum, of overdebunk and overkill, of the destruction of myths. The cultural center of gravity is not inside us, it is a deliberately invented fallacy, a deliberately created artificial sun. an exalted belief of man in the existence of his soul. There is, of course, no longer such a thing as soul. It has been thoroughly debunked. All kinds of words are used: psyche, ego, self, id, mentality and a hundred other ways of avoiding something that sounds dangerously like pure poetry. And that is what it is: poetry, and romantic poetry to boot. No scientific process, no psychological doctrine, no Freud or Marx, no analytical genius can tell us anything at all about it; they can only analyze it out of existence. It has about as much factual presence, realism and authenticity as Romeo and Juliet, Don Quixote, Anna Karenina, Prince Mishkin or any other fabrications of our great "liars," "phonies," "fakes" and "illusionists."

I venture the opinion that within the next 30 years a strong distrust will be laid upon them in the name of the gospel of realism, of total truth and total adjustment to that truth. Yes, I believe the truly great days of rationalism are still ahead of us. For instance, it will soon be unthinkable that men should kill one another in a war and leave it at that. In



"Toffee, mea, or cilk?"

the light of the most elementary rational approach, this kind of waste of priceless proteins is barbaric. The more I think in terms of logic about wars, overpopulation and hunger, the more cannibalism seems to me a rational solution. All we need is a little more realism, a little more debunking of sentimentalism, romanticism and inhibition; in fact, a little more adjustment.

The endless swinging of the pendulum can end only when the feudalism of individual kingdoms of thought comes to an end, when Marxism, for instance, agrees to become part of culture instead of desperately and bitterly attempting to force all culture to become Marxist. It is quite possible that the universal fear of nuclear weapons and the ensuing stalemate of peaceful coexistence will slowly, with time, ensure this interpenetration, the sinking in of individual master thoughts within a new spiritual dimension, a cultural ocean from which a new civilization will evolve.

However, as long as individual beacons of human thought claim monopoly of light, there can be nothing but successions of flashes of light and of darkness, of faith and disillusionment, overbelief and overdebunking, fanaticism and withdrawal, bloody crusades followed by hatred for the very word "faith," total dedication and then total nausea, the kind of amoralism that comes from too rigid a morality and then again the kind of rigid morality that comes from too much amoralism.

Being by nature an optimist, I feel that, no matter what disasters and perils lie ahead, the next century or so will see the emergence of a universal spiritual power, quite possibly under the impact of some scientific discovery, that will be in part religious and in part artistic: and if this hope seems vague and unconvincing today, let me remind you of the conclusion of an Anatole France tale. Years after the Crucifixion, one of Pontius Pilate's secretaries, discussing some local riot, told his superior that it reminded him of a certain fellow who had given them some trouble in Judaea. "What was his name?" Pontius Pilate asked. "Jesus," the secretary answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." Pontius Pilate thought for a moment, then shook his head. "Jesus of Nazareth," he repeated. "It couldn't be very important. I don't recollect the name at all."

socio-sexual experience, whether in petting or in coitus, should contribute to this development of emotional capacities. In this, as in other areas, learning at an early age may be more effective than learning at any later age after marriage. But many persons believe that premarital experience cannot be as rich emotionally as marital experience, It is even insisted that premarital experience distinctly decreases a female's chance to make satisfactory sexual adjustments in marriage.

It is impossible, at this point, to attempt an over-all evaluation of the effects of premarital coitus on marriage, but we have been able to make correlations between the incidences and frequencies of the semale's premarital experience in orgasm, and her subsequent capacity to respond to the point of orgasm in her marital coitus. The record on our sample of married females shows that there was a marked, positive correlation between experience in orgasm obtained from premarital coitus, and the capacity to reach orgasm after marriage . . .

There is the further evidence that the failure to respond sexually is often the product of inhibitions which prevent an individual from entering a sexual relationship with the abandon which is necessary before orgasm can be achieved. Inhibitions represent the development of habits of behavior, patterns of negative response, or intellectual processes which interfere with the autonomic and involuntary functions on which satisfactory sexual relations most depend.

When there are long years of abstinence and restraint, and an avoidance of physical contacts and emotional responses before marriage, acquired inhibitions may do such damage to the capacity to respond that it may take some years to get rid of them after marriage, if. indeed, they are ever dissipated. While premarital experience in orgasm attained in masturbation and petting also shows a positive correlation, there is no sort of experience which shows a higher positive correlation with orgasmic success in marriage than coitus before marriage.



"Is 'hold up' one word?"

#### MENTAL PRICKINGS

The Playboy Philosophy has been most helpful to me in defining my own ideas. It has made me question my old beliefs, strengthening some and changing others. This is especially important because soon I will have to begin teaching my infant daughter morals, sexual and otherwise. While virginity is not necessarily a virtue. I must teach her that sex is an intensely personal experience and that she must be careful about when and with whom she experiences it and, above all, that it is not a game for children. With the help of PLAYBOY and its mental prickings. I feel sure I'll have the right answers and advice.

> Heather G. Jorgensen Portland, Oregon

#### CATHOLIC MASTURBATION

In the March Forum, A. Rathburn explained the reason the Catholic Church considers masturbation a mortal sin. This reasoning (that the spermatozoa killed because of masturbation are "murdered" just as aborted babies are murdered), which I have heard from several other Catholics, does not make sense. By this logic, all spermatozoa that are not allowed to fertilize eggs are "murdered." The human male produces several hundred million spermatozoa in each and every ejaculation, whether caused by masturbation, intercourse, sex play or nocturnal emissions. The "death toll" thus staggers the imagination!

Also, the human female produces more than 400 eggs in an average lifetime. Of these 400, at least 380 are destined to remain unfertilized, and must therefore die. Correspondingly, it could be claimed that the Church "murders" countless thousands of potential children each year by requiring its priests and nuns to remain celibate.

I realize that the above arguments are absurd, which is exactly my contention. The prevention (or tack) of conception is not murder, and I have ver to hear a rational argument to that effect.

Bruce P. Kirk Oxon Hill, Maryland

I'm so happy that A. Rathburn cleared up the question of "Catholic Masturbation" for mc. As I understand the explanation given to him by his priest, we girls may include in the practice all we like, since we "lose" no potential human beings in the process.

> Mrs. Eva M. Carlile Glendale. California

As an educated Catholic, I cannot let the drivel written by A. Rathburn concerning the Catholic Church's attitude toward masturbation pass uncorrected. He has evidently been seriously misin-



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formed by a poorly educated and probably immature priest—immature since he is unwilling to call a spade a spade and refer to masturbation by name. That he is uneducated should become apparent from the following considerations.

The Church's condemnation of masturbation does *not* derive from the view that "in ejaculation, many sperm that could have grown into human beings are killed, this being murder of the unborn as much as so-called 'therapeutic abortion.'" By the same reasoning, it would also be sinful for a woman ever to complete a menstrual cycle, for the loss of unfertilized ova "that could have grown into human beings" would again be "murder of the unborn."

The Church's attitude on masturbation derives from its traditional understanding of the nature of sex, dating from long before the time when the existence of sperm cells in semen was discovered or appreciated. Sex is fundamentally procreative, and the pleasure derived from sex must be coordinated with this underlying purpose, as it is in proper family life. To deny the procreative aspect of sex is to abuse sex. (The willful abuse of any human faculty is a sin, in the teaching of the Church. The proper use of any human faculty is never a sin.)

From this conception of sex follows logically the position of the Church on masturbation (whether by males or by females), homosexuality, Lesbianism, adultery, prostitution, fornication, bestiality, incest, petting to climax, coitus interruptus and contraception—all of which constitute abuses of sex. In a sense, masturbation and bestiality are less serious than the others, as only one person is involved; but in all of these, the same principle applies.

(Name withheld by request) Princeton Junction, New Jersey

To assess the reasonableness of the teaching of the Catholic Church concerning the morality of masturbation, it is necessary to see this teaching in the context of the Church's general approach to sexual morality, which is that sexuality is an interpersonal reality that finds its meaning in the context of true love. Upon this basis, it is possible to establish objective standards of sexual morality.

Masturbation as discussed here is the willful enjoyment of sexual pleasure, the willful excitation of the generative organs, by man alone or by woman alone. According to present psychological understanding, if sexuality is to be capable of reaching its human fulfillment, it de-

mands a social orientation of the personality, an other-centeredness both at the conscious and at the instinctive level. Growth toward this emotional maturity is constantly threatened with stagnation or regression. There is no way in which a person can, by himself, satisfy the need for intimacy and cut off the full driving power of loneliness. Masturbation, closing a person in upon himself, destroys the other-centeredness of sexuality.

In masturbation, the natural significance of a loving giving away of oneself is still inherent in the act, but since there is no one there to receive this giving, it becomes a "throwing away" of oneself. Thus, according to Catholic teaching, masturbation is always a mortal sin.

Catholic theologians are also clearly aware that certain psychological states produce a state of psychic need for masturbation that removes this type of activity from the condition of being willful. Under these conditions, masturbation would not be a sin. Even the most rigorous "classical" moralist would, in confession, be very tolerant of adolescent masturbation, recognizing that it very often is not subjectively a mortal sin.

Previous writings concerning the mo-



"Us Tareyton smokers would

rality of masturbation during the period when our understanding of sexuality was more primitive may now sound rather outlandish, but I have never seen any reputable theologian discuss the problem of masturbation in terms of murder. A "classical" moralist would say something like this:

"From its nature, masturbation is a mortal sin, because it is an act of impurity and a perversion of nature. Its consequences are most injurious to society (it tends to self-indulgence and the avoidance of the burdens of marriage) and to the individual (when habitual, it weakens mental and will power and often brings on a breakdown of bodily vigor, especially among young people). In Scripture it is represented as gravely illicit (I Corinthians, 6, 10: Galatians, 5, 19: Ephesians, 5, 3). Hence, masturbation is always a mortal sin when directly willed."

But the Catholic Church considers her moral doctrine to be a living system, constantly seeking to discover the personal good of men in order to lead them through their interpersonal relationships to the perfect love of God. Catholic theologians continue to do research in every area of sexual morality.

> (Catholic theologian's name withheld by request) Dubuque, Iowa

#### NARCOTICS AND THE LAW

In the January Forum letter "Narcotics and the Law" by the Reverend Arthur M. Hale, I was once again confronted with the trite, illogical arguments of someone lacking any physiological knowledge of the effects of narcotics. Here is some information Playboy may be lacking:

First of all, let me state Reverend Hale's argument briefly. If narcotics were easily available at the corner drugstore:

1. The pusher would go out of business. True. However, he states there would be no excitement of having something illegal and exotic. Does he really believe that is why people become narcotics addicts? Can anyone be so naïve?

 The addict, able to get his fix easily, would be protected from unsanitary needles. I doubt if any addict, once hooked, would worry about the condition of his needle!

3. Ultimately drug addiction would become almost extinct! Somehow I sense a profound lack of psychological and physiological understanding. I am sure his own doctor could inform him to the contrary!

Narcotics cause a biological change in the body which has yet to be understood. Initially, the need for drugs is caused by psychophysical needs. A number of young people brought to drug addiction may seek drugs for excitement, but doctors know there is a deeper need in each individual. Once the body has become accustomed to the drug, there is no known way of curing addiction. Methadone, a drug causing effects similar to addictive drugs without the disastrous side effects, is the only semi-cure in use that has had any lasting effects, and this seems to me tantamount to saying you must replace the drug with a similar drug.

England has supplied drugs to her users. Has anyone checked the figures lately on the number of new users who say, "Oh, goody, all I have to do is go get some"? Can you imagine what would happen in this country if people knew there was a readier cure for all their ills than alcohol? Picture the high school scene and the student saying, "Yeah! Down at Browns', all you gotta do is claim you have a headache!"

Perhaps to the Reverend's surprise, I am not against changing laws that promote crime. But some aspect of the law should prevent people from becoming hooked. Some aspect of the law should help those who are already hooked. And some committee should do extensive research into why they are hooked.

Hopefully, the public will be better informed as time passes.

> Mrs. Randolph A. Stenersen San Diego, California





"Looks like old Wingate is out of town again."

I feel that the Reverend Arthur M. Hale, in his January Forum letter "Narcotics and the Law," has some very good ideas on the problem of drug addiction. I think it is about time the public was informed about the dangers of this fastgrowing problem. But I regret to say that even though Reverend Hale's suggestions are good, some of them are a little idealistic.

Having once been a drug addict for three years, I feel qualified to say that the laws are an outdated disgrace. The treatment of the drug addict today is like that of the insane during the first part of the 19th Century. A drug addict is no more a criminal than an insane person is. He should therefore be treated as sick, not sinful. If you have ever seen an addict experiencing withdrawal from heroin, you will understand why I say he is sick.

Not only are the laws inadequate, but people have the idea that an addict is necessarily a child molester, sex maniac or murderer. This is not true, and it is about time that someone enlightened the public about it.

As for Reverend Hale's claim that some addicts use \$600 worth of heroin per week, all I can say is that when I was a drug addict in the largest city in the United States, I never knew anyone who used that much. The average cost of drugs consumed by an addict is about \$10 to \$20 a day (I must say that this average does not include the countless number of persons who use heroin but are not addicted).

Should you decide to print this letter, I must request that you omit my name and address. I am now in college and I do not want my past to complicate my future any more than it already has.

(Name and address withheld by request)

The Reverend Arthur M. Hale should listen more closely to the news broadcasts. The United Kingdom has been trying the ideas the Reverend mentioned for some time now-that is, making narcotics legally available to an addict. but only with a doctor's approval rather than directly at the drugstore as the Reverend suggests. The result has not been encouraging, to say the least. The U. K.'s addiction rate has jumped considerably since this experiment began. Recently the director of the United Kingdom's medical program said that it was going to be re-evaluated because of the increase of addiction.

Can't we profit just once from someone else's mistakes? Must we think that the same thing won't happen here?

Let's treat drug addiction for what it is, an illness, and help those who are ill, but enact the strongest possible laws to punish those who would sell this trash, and let's make the laws stick!

> Paul E. Lewis University of Oklahoma Norman, Oklahoma

Hefner will discuss the legal, medical and social aspects of narcotics addiction and control in a future installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

#### POSTAL PRIVACY

For some time I have been reading with mixed feelings your so-called exposés of antique laws restricting sexual freedom, not knowing whether to take it all as a joke or as a device to stir up some righteous indignation among your readers.

People in America supposedly have more personal freedom than people elsewhere, and to place any kind of legal restriction on sex, the most personal thing of all, would be, at best, a paradox.

In the January 1966 issue, however, you made the fraud too obvious. I'm referring to the mail interference by postal inspectors. Anybody, at least in this country, knows that if somebody in the postal service tampers with the mail in any way, he is fired immediately and fined or put in jail, or both.

Birger Hansen Lyngby, Denmark

Your incredulity is understandable and we only wish the personal reports of postal entrapment and invasion of postal privacy appearing in "The Playboy Forum" for January and April were nothing more than a "joke." Unfortunately, they are real; frighteningly so. Read the next letter.

There is no such thing as "postal privacy." I used to think that first-class mail was inviolable, but it is not. For a long time I corresponded with many people on the subject of sex. Almost all of my letters were intercepted by the postal authorities. I am sure this could not have been done by legal means. It is impossible to rid myself of the bitterness I feel after finding my Government snooping in my private affairs, which I had thought were my own business.

I am not homosexual, nor am I satisfied with the writing and reading of erotic realism as an end in itself. However, in trying to make personal contact with some of my correspondents. I became convinced that many of the most avid correspondents were really homosexual men pretending to be women. I finally lost interest in the activity and

About a month after I stopped writing these letters, I received the now-wellknown visit. The postal inspectors, search warrant, sheriff and all, came to call. They really enjoyed their work! They enjoyed telling me all the scandals connected with their investigations and discussing the important people they had uncovered as sexual transgressors. They also snooped around my wife a lot and were as offensive as possible in ways I wish I did not have to remember. They liked to hear, and talk about, juicy sex details, and they talked about them all the time they were taking me to headquarters. The leader of the expedition had the nerve to say, "Boy, I wish I could write like you!"

My lawyer was out of town, but that was no problem. They made a fast deal with the judge and spared me a Federal rap. And, of course, they fined me all the money I had and could get.

It was so utterly outrageous and unbelievable. I guess I was lucky at that, because I was able to move several states away and try to start life again. This matter is supposed to be over, but who knows? I no longer believe in the safety supposed to be provided against double jeopardy or, in fact, in much of anything where the Great White Father is concerned. I do believe that PLAYBOY is really the only effective power in the fight for personal sexual liberty.

I dread to think of how many others were hurt because of me, as I was apparently unwittingly being used by the Post Office Department as a prime bird dog in their pursuit of sexual transgressors.

It's a wonder that they ever get the legitimate mail sorted out and delivered.

(Name withheld by request) Lexington, Kentucky

#### UNSELFISH ABORTION

I have just returned from three years' military duty in Stuttgart. Of the many changes that occurred in the States while I was away, I was most impressed with the change in the general moral attitude of the people.

Instead of being motivated by reasons of selfishness, people now seem much more concerned with basing their decisions upon what they think is good for the persons their decisions will affect.

Take, for example, the general attitude toward abortion. Formerly the reasons for abortions were selfish ones: (1) father married to some other woman, (2) too many children to support, (3) parents saving their unwed daughters from bearing illegitimate children, (4) women just not wanting children.

Now, however, we find that abortions are performed because of: (1) the trauma and pain a child would suffer upon realizing he had no legal father, (2) the social and economic disadvantages faced by a child raised in a slum or ghetto, (3) the confusion and sense of rejection that would result when the child discovered that the couple he considered his parents happened to be his grandparents, (4) the resentment that would arise when the child understood that he was 149



"It's a switch on the old Cinderella story!"

raised in an orphanage because even his mother did not want him.

It is simply wonderful (not to mention bloodcurdling) to realize that we can kill a person "for his own good."

One small, perhaps insignificant question comes to mind: What do we do with the orphanages, special schools, state hospitals and other institutions designed to care for and aid unwanted children? Perhaps we could convert them to jails, prisons and other such institutions to house the murderers, rapists, traitors, dope peddlers and other similar persons whose lives society seems to value more than those of unborn children.

> Douglas J. Auka Mesa, Arizona

#### CHRISTIAN INCONSISTENCY

There are many inconsistencies in the relationship between Christ and the modern Christian. Nowhere in Christ's teachings is patriotism mentioned as one of the keys to heaven. He does not say that communism is the enemy of God and that it should be crushed at all costs. Socialism most certainly is not an anti-Christian socioeconomic system. Indeed, it is the most Christian of systems. Did Christ not advocate giving to the poor, spreading the wealth around so that all might have a share? He most certainly 150 did! And Christ most certainly was not an individualist. No, sir! He was like his Father and he wanted all his followers to strive to become like him.

Peacemakers are "out" this season, but what could be more un-Christian than unblessing the peacemakers? Warriors are the rage instead. Look at the animosity that's spreading against the Peace-in-Vietnam demonstrators. Of course, wars have always been favored by Christians. How else can the arrocities committed during the Crusades and the Inquisition be justified? How else could the good Christian people of Nauvoo. Illinois, justify the murders of the Mormons? And take a look at the intersectual fueds that have taken place among the Christians for the past 1965 years!

And speaking of the intersexual, Christ did not advocate the punishment of the adulteress. Mary Magdalene. Instead, he tried to help the poor kid. (Whether he did or not, we'll never know.) "Let he among you who is without sin cast the first stone," said Christ in her defense. And judging from the lack of response to his call, when Apocalypse comes, the Great Father is going to have one helluva bumper crop!

> David A. Dix Robinson. Illinois

#### MEANINGLESS MAJORITY

In the world of thought, majorities count for nothing. Truth has always dwelt with the few. Just because a lot of people believe something, doesn't make it so.

Most people once believed the earth was flat, and it was considered a Christian act to call people witches and heretics and burn them to death.

The majority also once believed in book burning and in their right to decide what other people could read or know-an idea that's still in existence.

For many years, many people believed that ignorance was innocence, and some

> Mrs. Thelma Lucio Dallas, Texas

#### SPREADING THE WORD

As a member of the International Parenthood Planning Federation, our organization, the Dutch Society for Sexual Reform, is engaged in such matters as family planning, the incorporation of sexuality as a normal and positive part of human life, and the abolition of obsolete taboos.

Since your Playboy Philosophy propagates many of our ideas and points of view, we would be very pleased if we could translate and publish it in our monthly magazine.

C. G. Borgers, Secretary The Dutch Society for Sexual Reform Rotterdam, Holland

#### ADULT SEX EDUCATION

Darvle Alwine's letter about the antisexual attitude in education (January Forum) hit the nail on the head.

Students themselves, at a recent Governor's Conference on Youth held in Sacramento, California, lamented the lack of sex education in the school. The students suggested that in addition to the youngsters, the parents be taught as well-not about sex, but how to teach their children about it.

Perhaps with a little more support from the adult community, the foresightedness of these youngsters will encourage a change in the present practice of ignoring all body functions that take place between the navel and the knee.

> Mrs. Mary Ellen Gwynne Alamo, California

#### SEX AND THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

You've been talking about archaic sex laws and the lack of adequate sex education in the schools, but you haven't seen anything if you haven't looked into the situation in Virginia. Take a look at the following article, by Susan Filson, that appeared in a recent edition of The Washington Post:

An 11-year-old rule restricting the use of materials on sex education in Virginia's public schools is causing countless headaches for school librarians who must determine what books are legally fit for the shelves.

The State Board of Education

ruling prohibits the use of any instructional material on sex—or its circulation in school libraries—without prior Board approval . . .

"Control of Life," a highly acclaimed four-part series which ran in *Life* magazine early last fall, was removed from general circulation shelves at several junior high schools in Arlington. The articles were accompanied by pictures of unborn fetuses and expectant mothers.

"I think we would have allowed a student to see this article if he had come in and asked for it for a special purpose," said one junior high school librarian. "But we just didn't think it was a good idea to have it on the shelves, with all those pictures."

Other issues of magazines such as American Artist have been placed on back shelves if they contain "suggestive" pictures of semi-clad women, according to librarians.

In Arlington, some of the older librarians are reluctant to take any chances on what they regard as "questionable" material. They remember that the 1954 Board ruling was an outgrowth of a controversy over sex education in Arlington's schools which reached all the way to the Capitol at Richmond.

"We haven't done anything with

books on sex for a good many years," said one librarian who was around for the 1954 fracas. "I remember I got a call at home one night to bring all the books on sex in the library over to the School Board offices. So I'm careful."

Some librarians believe that any book with references to sex falls into the category of "sex education," even though it may deal primarily with other subjects such as personality development or the human body.

At one junior high school in Arlington, a set of pamphlets called *The Medical Self-Help Training Course* is sitting on the back shelves because it contains some passages dealing with reproduction.

"We talked about cutting the pages out," said the librarian, "but finally we decided not to use it at all. We're hoping we can use it as it is someday."

"The thing is," said one librarian, "that the kids don't really have access to these books. And we, as librarians, aren't always sure what we can leave on the open shelves."

Her statement is borne out by the plight of another librarian, who was stumped by what to do about the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

"We thought about cutting out

the pages on the human body," she said, "but finally after a good deal of thought, we decided to leave them in."

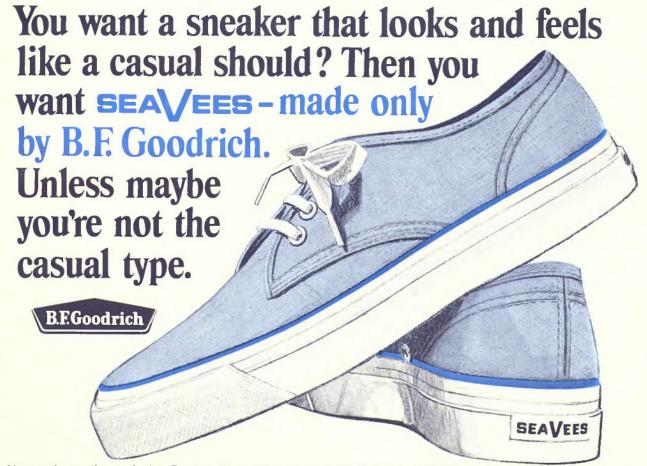
With all due respect to librarians, I resent their efforts to protect us from our bodies. Let our courts decide these questions, not Little Miss Crumpet at the neighborhood book depository. I don't question her ability to manipulate the Dewey decimal system, but I'll be damned if I'll pay her salary so that she can slice up the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

I'm so disgusted I think I'll go take a shower, and wash this shameful, wicked, filthy body of mine.

> Charles E. Hudson Washington, D.C.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series. "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy." including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at \$1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





#### MARVIN THE TORCH (continued from page 87)

great artistry, Marvin blew one wall of the joint out into the inlet. "It takes off in one piece and when it hits the water it goes down just like the Titanic." Benjamin says proudly.

On many occasions Marvin has done what he calls an Apache Indian job on restaurants. This means that the next morning only the chimney is left, surrounded by smoking ruins. There are, however, times when Marvin gets mad at chimneys and he sticks something in them to make them go away, too.

As a rule, a stiff north wind can be Marvin's best friend, although once it got him into trouble. As a personal favor, he belted out a custard stand that was located just outside a big amusement park. Marvin, experimenting, loaded the custard stand up so much that it disappeared in one puff. But a stiff wind grabbed at the explosion and carried some of the wreckage into the amusement area. A \$1,000,000 six-alarmer took place. The fire was officially labeled arson, and as a result the town was so hot for Marvin that he had to give up several good clients in the area who needed work done. He spent the rest of the summer working as a guard at a bungalow colony in the Catskill Mountains. The owner made Marvin sit on a dock by the bungalow colony's lake. The owner claimed that people were stealing his water. At the end of the summer, when the owner looked at his books, he screamed

"You're a gangster, do something for me," he told Marvin. "Make my place go away."

Marvin said yes. Then he went to the

dock and sat down to think. "How do you burn down a lake?" he asked himself. He thought about this for a few days. Then he gave up and the owner had to settle for a spectacular bungalowcolony fire.

Their greatest effort, the one Marvin the Torch and Benjamin are best known for, was a \$1,500,000 five-alarmer. It is particularly noteworthy because only Marvin and Benjamin worked the job. Usually, arson takes three men. One is called the "blanket man." He stands right outside the door with a car blanket in his hands in case somebody comes running out with the back of his pants on fire. The blanket man also keeps track of the empty gasoline cans. They must be carted away, because this Brendan P. Battle is awfully obstinate about sending insurance checks when one of his men finds gas cans in the ruins of your fire. Two pourers, working inside, complete the team. At light-up time, one of the pourers runs outside and becomes the car driver. The other pourer then steps up and, his cigarette lighter shaking in sheer joy, starts the proceedings.

The job came about when a group of eight shopkeepers formed a sort of association and brought in Marvin for consultation. Marvin asked for \$7500 and received a substantial down payment from a man who had the dry-goods store at the end of the block.

The dry-goods-store man was a worrier. "I got a fire wall in my store, what are you going to do about that?" he asked.

Marvin the Torch got mad at him. "What do you think I am, some little kid with matches?" he said. "I'm going to put enough in there to belt out the Chrysler Building."

Then Marvin and his partner went to work. Right away, you could see that Marvin was out to do something special. He set up a solid board against the wall in a corner of one of the stores. The fire starter, a small object containing gelled kerosene, was placed between the board and the wall. The board acts as a heat baffle. This confines the heat and radiates it, downward in this case, without obstructing the draft. This is great for making the floor go into the cellar.

"What's that other thing you do that I like so much?" Benjamin asked.

"The door in the corner," Marvin said. He found one in a novelty shop. The door, in a corner of the room, was opened slightly. This formed a triangular chimney with the corner. The fire starter, placed inside the triangular chimney, gets at the ceiling in a great hurry and produces decisive action.

"This is going to be beautiful," Beniamin said.

The two of them worked long and hard and put so much kerosene and so many bombs in the stores that Benjamin's back hurt from carrying empty cans to the car. Then, finally, Benjamin got in the car and fled and Marvin stood at the back door of one of the stores and flipped in a burning matchbook. There was an immediate result. The floor of the store caved into the cellar. It caved in because of all the bombs on it.

Marvin the Torch then went to an apartment a block away that overlooked the fire. The dry-goods man, still worried, was waiting for him in the apartment.

"What about my fire wall?" he said.

Marvin didn't listen to him. He was puffing a cigar and watching, with the glazed eyes of a true professional, while his fire developed. Every shop on the block was in flames quickly. Except the dry-goods store. This one wasn't even singed. This did not worry Marvin. But the dry-goods man was wailing.

"I'm going to be the only one left," he said. "I told you about the fire wall."

"I done a special thing to the wall," Marvin said. "You're in with artists and you're acting like a jerk."

"I'm a jerk with a store."

The dry-goods man kept wailing, and the entire block was in flames except for his store; and then all of a sudden something happened to the dry-goods store. The roof went straight up into the air. The front window blew out into the middle of the street. And the fire wall disappeared with a loud report and a cloud of smoke. It was an awesome sight.

Marvin held out his cigar and flicked ashes onto the floor. Then he turned and looked smugly at the dry-goods-store man.

"Nuclear," Marvin the Torch said.



"It belonged to a young man who was unable to live up to its image."



# Playboy Club News



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SPECIAL EDITION

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JUNE 1966

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British keyholders and guests will be greeted by 100 lovely Bunnies on six fun-filled floors. In addition to favorite clubrooms known to U.S. playboys—Playmate Bar with Piano Bar and illuminated gatefold transparencies, Living Room with famous buffet, Playroom cabaret showroom, VIP Room—the London hutch will house the Penthouse Casino, Roulette Room and several other lively gaming areas.

Our newest U.S. Bunny havens in San Francisco and Boston attract throngs of keyholders, celebrities and friends each night. Exciting variety shows with talent chosen from the largest roster in America, swinging jam sessions and the beauty of the Playboy Bunnies (many are PLAYBOY Playmates) must be the reason.

You can still save \$25 in new Club areas by applying for your key right now. Keys are \$25 only until the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect (as it has in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi).

The privileges of relaxing in your very own Club, convivial company, man-sized buffet dinners at the same price as a drink, king-size drinks, and the best time in town await you and

#### • BULLETIN •

#### Introducing Your New Playboy Key

CHICAGO (Special)—Playboy applicants who are accepted will receive the new Playboy Key—a gleaming gold, black and white Key-Card with the keyholder's name embossed in gold. It is your personal credential, admitting you to Playboy everywhere. The 1966 Annual Account Maintenance Charge (only \$5) is waived your first year.

your guests each time you visit The Playboy Club.

Enjoy all the pleasures of the Playboy world—and save \$25—send in the coupon today.

# IT'S COOL THIS SUMMER AT THE JAMAICA PLAYBOY

While U.S. cities are sweltering, gentle trade winds are keeping the 800-ft. private beach at our Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel at a cool 78 degrees. Swim, ski, scuba-dive, snorkel, fish, play tennis, golf, volleyball, shuffleboard, or simply lie around on



There are other beach activities to be enjoyed, but some would simply rather take it easy than live it up.

our white-sand beach. Later, enjoy a top night-club show, see an outdoor movie, dance under the stars or limbo at a beach party.

One of the nicest things about summer at the Playboy Club-Hotel—the rates—as little as \$17 per person per day, including breakfast and dinner. And in Jamaica summer lasts through December 14th. Playboy credit keyholders may charge their entire holiday to their key.

Start making plans for your part of our long cool summer today. Write for information to Sales Director, Hotel Division, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.



Beautiful Bunnies serve Playboy's famous king-size drinks, brimming with the finest liquors, to keyholders and guests in our Boston hutch.

#### Playboy Plans \$6,000,000 Midwest Resort

CHICAGO (Special)—A year-round \$6,000,000 Playboy resort is planned for a 400-acre site two miles east of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, only 75 minutes from Chicago by car. The luxurious 250-room hotel will be of contemporary design with long, low lines. Planned lavish dining areas and showrooms include Penthouse, VIP Room, Playroom, Playmate Bar and Bunny Bar—all staffed by Playboy Bunnies.

The spectacular golf and ski resort is scheduled to open in 1967. Preliminary plans call for actual development of the land to begin with the excavation of a 50-acre lake for all water sports. The earth fill from the lake will be utilized to develop one of the largest ski runs in the entire Midwest and the championship 18-hole golf course, one of the few new major courses in the area.

An indoor-outdoor swimming pool with bikinied Bunny life-guards, riding stables, ten miles of bridle paths, sauna baths, skeet range, driving range and championship tennis courts are among the many other facilities Playboy guests will enjoy.

Our Midwest playground promises to be as luxurious as our lavish Jamaica resort.

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years of age. The Annua  Enclosed find \$	al Account Maintenance Charge is waived for your first year



"You've got a nerve sneaking around and scaring us like that! We thought you were my husband!"

## URBAN LUAU (continued from page 89)

you should waste time massaging fish when an electric meat grinder will do a better job.

While the guests are eagerly experimenting with South Sea appetizers, you should be loading your indoor rotisserie with succulent strips of pork loin ready for the roasting. Braziers and hibachis should be ready with mouth-watering repasts such as sesame beef.

At a luau, the side shows often rival the main event, so be sure to set the stage with plenty of condiments. Countless chutneys-some mild, others pepper hot -are available in any proper grocery. You might include chopped hard-boiled eggs and chives, tomatoes with basil, cucumbers in vogurt and dill, sliced bananas sprinkled with lime juice and brown sugar, and green salad with avocado and papaya chunks. All such tasty fare should make the scene served icv cold in small relish containers. The traditional Polynesian delicacy, poi, is a fermented preparation of taro root, and is available in canned or frozen form at most gourmet food counters. Serve it seasoned with rock salt in individual bowls at room temperature or slightly chilled along with the pig. Definitely include heaping mounds of nuts. The Hawaiian macadamia is king, but almonds, walnuts, or Brazils can also be used as a chopped garnish for sauce dishes, rice or, for that matter, any food you fancy. Fresh coconuts are essential to any heau. Tiny chunks of browned meat or toasted slices taste great with coconut-cream or curry dishes.

The potable to proffer at your luau is rum. A stock of light, dark and 151proof Demerara (along with your regular firewater for those who'd rather fight than switch) will keep you or your barman busy shaking up exotic concoctions such as bacardis, daiquiris, mai tais, navy grogs, fog cutters, zombies and scorpions. Have a large supply of tall tom collins glasses on hand. For an after-dinner tipple, try a sweet Polynesian change of pace, such as a pineapple crême de menthe frappé. Fill saucer champagne glasses three fourths full with finely crushed ice and pour in a shot of undiluted frozen pineapple juice. Turn it in the glass, then add an ounce of green crème de menthe.

The key to a luau feast is neither pig nor poi, but hoomanawanui, which means "take it easy." Let the party choose its own speed. A luau isn't an organized affair that requires careful supervision by the host. If you've done your preplanning well, the night can virtually run itself. As you and your guests dream and dance after dinner, you'll find that a luau never really seems to end; it drifts off into the moonlight.

The following are all island-tested

recipes that should make your indoor luau indeed festive.

#### SESAME BEEF

2 lbs, boneless sirloin steak 1-in, thick

3 tablespoons sesame seeds

teaspoons sesame oil

1/2 teaspoon freshly ground pepper

1/4 cup sov sauce

1/4 cup salad oil

I teaspoon monosodium glutamate

2 large cloves garlic, finely minced

3 scallions, thinly sliced

1/4 cup sake or dry vermouth

Preheat oven at 375. Place sesame seeds in shallow baking pan and bake until deep brown, 25-30 minutes. Stir occasionally to brown evenly. Remove sesame seeds from oven and place in blender. Blend until seeds are finely chopped. Cut steak into pieces 1 in. square and 1/4 in. thick. In mixing bowl, combine steak, sesame seeds, sesame oil, pepper, soy sauce, salad oil, monosodium glutamate, garlic, scallions and sake. Marinate 3 to 4 hours. Preheat broiler flame or use hibachi if you can accommodate one in fireplace. Fasten meat on skewers. Broil until brown on both sides.

#### KIM CHEE (Serves six)

I large cucumber

1/2 large head Chinese cabbage Salt

4 scallions

2 large cloves garlic

2 small hot peppers in vinegar

I teaspoon finely minced fresh ginger

Cut unpeeled cucumber crosswise into very thin slices. Cut Chinese cabbage crosswise into 1/1-in. slices. In a mixing bowl, combine cucumber, Chinese cabbage and 2 tablespoons salt, mixing well. Let stand 1/6 hour. Cut scallions, including green part, crosswise into 1-in. pieces. Cut lengthwise into thinnest possible strips. Mince the garlic and hot peppers extremely fine. Wash cucumber and Chinese cabbage in cold water. Drain well and place in bowl or jar fitted with tight cover. Add scallions, garlic, hot peppers, I tablespoon salt and ginger. Add water to barely cover all ingredients when pressed down firmly. Let stand covered in refrigerator 1 week. Serve ice cold as a salad accompaniment.

#### LOMI-LOMI (Makes one pint)

1 lb. fresh salmon

3 medium tomatoes

2 scallions

1 roasted sweet pepper or pimiento

2 small hot peppers in vinegar

I tablespoon cider vinegar

1 teaspoon sugar

1 tablespoon anchovy paste

1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Have fish dealer fillet salmon, removing skin and bones. Examine salmon carefully to make sure all bones are removed. Steep tomatoes in boiling water for 30 seconds. Cut off stem end, remove peel and cut each tomato into quarters. then gently press out seeds. Mince tomatoes very fine. Cut scallions, including green part, into thinnest possible slices, Cut sweet pepper into very small dice. Mince hot peppers very fine. Put salmon through meat grinder, using fine blade. Combine salmon with tomatoes, scallions, sweet pepper, hot peppers, cider vinegar, sugar, anchovy paste and monosodium glutamate. Add 1/2 teaspoon vinegar from bottle containing hot peppers. Mix very well. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving. Serve with thinly sliced rye bread or sesame crackers.

#### COCONUT CREAM (Makes one pint)

1 large fresh coconut

I cup milk

I cup light cream

2 teaspoons arrowroot or cornstarch

Salt, white pepper

Pierce 2 eyes in coconut, using ice pick, or hammer with large nail or screwdriver. Discard liquid from coconut. Roast coconut in preheated oven at 400 for 20 minutes or until shell cracks. Tap shell with hammer to remove meat and cut coconut meat into large pieces. With sharp paring knife, cut off dark outer skin. Cut coconut into 1/2-in. dice. Place a handful at a time in blender, and blend until finely chopped. Heat milk and cream in saucepan; bring up to boiling point. Remove from flame and add coconut. Let stand 1/2 hour. Strain coconut cream, a small amount at a time, through a double thickness of cheesecloth, wringing cloth tightly. Discard coconut meat (its flavor will have been extracted). Heat coconut cream in saucepan until it comes up to boil. Dissolve arrowroot in I tablespoon cold water, and add to saucepan. Mix well. Simmer a minute or two to thicken sauce. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Use coconut cream as a sauce with cooked foods such as lobster chunks, crab meat. shrimps, chicken, ham, etc.

#### CHICKEN AND SPINACH, COCONUT CREAM (Serves six)

4 whole breasts of chicken

Coconut cream (recipe above)

2 packages frozen leaf spinach

1 large Spanish onion

2 tablespoons salad oil

1 teaspoon sesame oil

Salt, pepper

3 1/1-oz. cuis Coco Bits

Simmer chicken in salted water until tender-about 30 minutes. Avoid overcooking. Remove skin and bones from chicken and cut into large dice. Com- 155

# where the action is



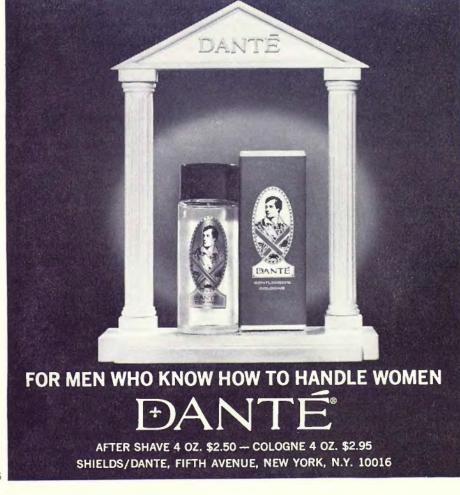
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bine chicken with coconut cream. Simmer slowly over low flame 3 to 5 minutes. Cook spinach. Drain well and set aside. Cut onion in half through stem end, then crosswise into thinnest possible strips. Sauté onion in salad oil until yellow, not browned. Add sesame oil and spinach and stir well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place spinach in casserole. Pour chicken in coconut cream over spinach and place in moderate oven until heated through. Sprinkle with Coco Bits.

FRIED SHRIMP AND CANADIAN BACON (Serves four)

- 1 lb. extra-large shrimp, 8 to the lb. 8 slices Canadian bacon (smoked pork
- 2 cggs
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/s teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 1/2 teaspoon soy sauce
- 1/2 medium onion, diced
- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- 1/3 cup all-purpose flour

Salad oil

Remove shell from shrimp, carefully permitting tail and end of shell to remain up to last ridge of shrimp. Cut down middle of shrimp back, dividing but not separating shrimp into halves. Press shrimp gently so that it is flat. A few very small slashes with knife may be necessary to flatten it. The tail end, however, should remain intact. Trim all fat off Canadian bacon, and sauté in oil briefly on each side. Place a slice of Canadian bacon on cut side of shrimp. Press flat. The stickiness of the shrimp flesh will cause the bacon to adhere. If part of the Canadian bacon can be forced under shrimp shell, it will be more secure. Chill in refrigerator at least I hour. Put eggs, salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate, soy sauce, onion, cornstarch and flour into blender and blend until smooth. Pour batter into bowl. Heat oil to a depth of 1 in. in electric skillet preheated at 350. Hold shrimp and Canadian bacon together at tail end and dip into batter. Let excess batter drip off only for a few seconds. Lower carefully into skillet and brown well on both sides. Serve with vinegar soy sauce (recipe below) as a dip.

> VINEGAR SOV SAUCE (Serves four to six)

- 1/2 cup garlic-flavored red-wine vinegar
- 1/4 cup sov sauce
- 1/1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons chopped toasted pine nuts

Combine vinegar, soy sauce and sugar and stir until sugar dissolves. Divide among small dishes, one at each place at table or one between each two places Sprinkle nuts on top. Serve with any batter-fried Polynesian food.

SAIMIN (Serves four)

3 lbs. fresh spareribs

2 pieces celery

2 large onions, peeled

4 ozs. very thin vermicelli

2 teaspoons soy sauce

Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

1/4 lb. sliced boiled ham 8 scallions, thinly sliced

Have butcher cut spareribs in half lengthwise and then into serving-size pieces for barbecuing. Place in large pot with celery and onions. Add water to cover meat and I teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil: skim: reduce flame and simmer slowly until spareribs are tender-about I hour. Strain broth, discarding celery and onions. Reserve spareribs for barbecued spareribs (recipe below). Be sure vermicelli is extremely thin, not just thin spaghetti. Boil in salted water until tender. Drain. Season broth with soy sauce and salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. One or two packets instant chicken bouillon may be used, if necessary, to give broth additional body. Cut ham into very thin julienne strips. Divide vermicelli, ham and scallions among four soup plates. Bring broth to a boil and pour into soup plates.

#### LUAU SPARERIBS (Serves four)

Cooked spareribs (recipe above)

1/4 cup brown sugar

cup lemon juice

2 tablespoons soy sauce

I tablespoon Chinese oyster sauce

1/3 cup catsup

2 large cloves garlic, finely minced

Combine brown sugar, lemon juice, soy sauce, oyster sauce, catsup and garlic, mixing well. Marinate spareribs in the mixture 2 to 3 hours, turning occasionally to marinate evenly. Place spareribs in shallow pan. Broil under preheated flame until brown on both sides. Brush with marinade during broiling.

### ROAST LOIN OF PORK, APRICOT GLAZE (Serves six)

3 lbs. boneless center-cut loin of pork

1/2 cup salad oil

1/5 cup sake or dry vermouth

1/4 cup vinegar

1/4 cup apricot jam

2 tablespoons soy sauce

2 teaspoons dry mustard

2 teaspoons prepared mustard

I medium onion, diced

Salt, pepper

Put oil, sake, vinegar, apricot jam, soy sauce, dry mustard, prepared mustard and onion into blender and blend until smooth. Set aside a third of the sauce for basting. Use balance for relish at table.



"And now-get out there and get yours!"

Preheat electric rotisserie at medium heat. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper. Fix meat on spit and roast for 1½ hours. While meat is roasting, brush occasionally with basting sauce. Let meat stand at least 10 minutes before carving.

## (Serves six to eight)

91/2-oz. can prepared Cream of Coconut

I cup milk

I tablespoon (envelope) unflavored gelatin

1/1 cup cold water

2 egg whites

4 tablespoons sugar

15 cup heavy cream

I teaspoon vanilla extract

18-oz. can guava shells in syrup

Put Cream of Coconut and milk into blender and blend until smooth. Soften gelatin in cold water and place in top part of double boiler over simmering water until gelatin dissolves. Add to coconut mixture in bowl and chill in refrigerator only until edge of mixture begins to thicken and is syrupy in center. Mixture will jell rather quickly: do not permit it to ser. Beat egg whites until stiff, add 2 tablespoons sugar and fold into gelatin mixture. Beat cream until stiff, add 2 tablespoons sugar and vanilla extract and fold into gelatin mixture. Return mixture to refrigerator and chill until stiff. Chill guava shells in refrigerator. Spoon coconut mousse onto serving plates and top with guava shells.

#### BLACK CHERRY RUM PUNCH (Makes 21 six-oz. punch cups)

1 fifth light rum

4 ozs. 151-proof rum

4 ozs. dark Jamaica rum

2 17-oz. cans pitted black cherries in heavy syrup

8 ozs. fresh lemon juice

4 ozs. fresh orange juice

4 ozs. fresh lime juice

8 ozs. cherry heering 8 ozs. crème de cassis

2 limes, sliced thin

I quart club soda

Put all ingredients except soda in punch bowl. Add 2-quart block of ice. Stir well. Refrigerate 1 hour. Add soda. Stir well.

## TALL ISLANDER (Serves one)

3 ozs. pineapple juice

I oz. fresh lime juice

2 ozs. light rum

I teaspoon dark Jamaica rum

1/2 teaspoon macadamia-nut syrup

1 slice lime

Put all liquids in cocktail shaker with lots of ice. Shake very well. Strain into 12-oz. tom collins glass containing 2 or 3 ice cubes. Add lime slice.

Bountiful Polynesian offerings are bound to make the natives unrestless tonight and are equally at home in a highrise or down among the sheltering palms.

independence, coolness, candor and disdain for the brass and all the manifestations of smugness and hypocrisy that are shown by the Establishment. This latter image emerged from his behavior in his later years-behavior that naturally attracted attention and got a great deal of unplanned and unplanted publicity.

In this accumulation, the fictitious and the historical have merged, so it is hard to tell where the screen character leaves off and the historical character begins. And this blending of the two was assisted by the writers and directors of his films, who created roles for Bogey that conformed to the shape his image took. Thus the myth of Bogey is a compound of many elements-the character of Rick in Casablanca, the Ionesomest loner of them all: the stories of the Holmby Hills Rat Pack, which was the name Bogey gave to the gang of his special carousing playmates in his last few years; wisps of nostalgic recollections evoked by his early gangster films; the stringent character of Sam Spade in The Maltese Falcon, which John Huston made with him in 1941; distant echoes of his romance with Baby, which was what he called Lauren Bacall; the haunting history of his slow death by cancer, which he endured with the kind of courage that was his wont. The total myth is far from a reflection of the man that Bogart was. Yet Bogart himself was not really the man he appeared to bethe man he ultimately acted in real life just as devotedly and sincerely as the one he acted on the screen.

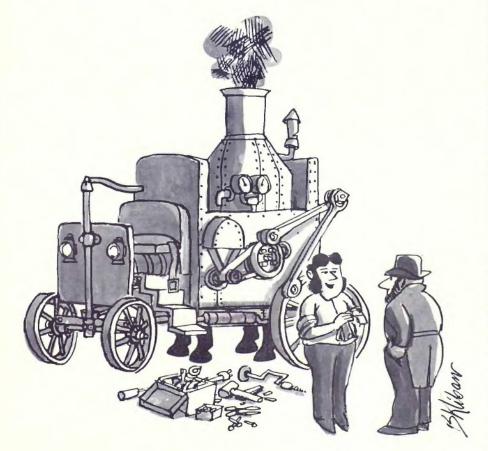
The fictional Bogev is constructed, crystalized and contained in some halfdozen or so of his pictures that are the staples of the Bogart Festivals. Most popular are Casablanca and The Maltese Falcon, followed closely by Beat the Devil and The Big Sleep. Then come The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, which in my opinion is the best of all his films, To Have and Have Not and High Sierra. A few others are shown variously. But these are the vintage pictures out of the more than 70 that Bogart acted in during the 20-odd years he was making movies. Bogart fans have their own preferences. Some, in the fashion of cultists, are most devoted to films not on this list-such atypical ones as Dark Victory and The African Queen. Actually, the essence of Bogey-the Bogey of the mesmerizing myth that is so gratifying to the hip audiences today-is pretty well concentrated in the characters of Sam and Rick. the heroes, or antiheroes, of The Maltese Falcon and Casablanca, respectively.

Sam is a private detective who is hired by a beautiful dame to help her in a shady caper that will allow her to get away with a fabulous jeweled statuette. He has no illusions about the woman. As a matter of fact, he suspects at the start she is lying to him. But that is what he expects. He just makes allowances for it. He is in it for what he can get. So he takes the risks, confronts the Fat Man, who is the head of the jewel-smuggling ring that the woman is trying to swindle, and at the end he walks safely away from the whole ironic fiasco. In short, Sam is an opportunist who knows all the tricks of the crooks and is wise to the mentality of the swindlers without being one himself. He is slippery, daring, uncommitted and magnificently casual toward dames (who seem to be crazy about him). But he is basically a brave and honest gent.

Likewise, Rick in Casablanca is a tough, cold American who runs a famous café in the Moroccan city in the early years of World War Two. His place is a crossroads for people who are trying to escape from Europe and move on to the free world without being stranded or arrested in this city which is hooked in to Vichy France. But Rick stands apart from their troubles. He won't help; he won't take sides. He's had it, so far as commitment to any cause or other person's interest is concerned. All he does, as he says, is run a saloon. Then along comes his old Paris girlfriend who had suddenly run out on him the day they were supposed to flee the city, leaving him disillusioned and dismayed. Now she is with her husband (of whom Rick had not been aware), who turns out to be a very important anti-Nazi polemicist. Will Rick use his squalid connections and run a risk to help them get the virtually priceless exit visas they must have to proceed; or will he, out of callousness or in rancorous requital, allow them to be returned to the Nazis? Here is the crucial invitation for the alienated tough guy to commit himself. Here is the chance for the disenchanted to show he still has a well of sentiment. Of course, Rick obtains the exit visas, commits himself to a cause and to true romance. But, being an irredeemable loner, he must flee the city and go it by himself at the end.

This is the Bogey character that the young people love today-the fellow who wants no truck with trite traditions, with all the rituals of politics, with all the bushwa of patriotism and the hypocrisy of stupid romance; but a fellow who can do something positive when he sees what really has to be done, and can do it without a lot of clatter. A man of strength and essential dignity.

One of the patrons of the Brattle Theater commented recently that he finds Bogey stimulating because he is a fabulous character within a world of fantasy-"just like James Bond," the young man added. "It is a character the average fellow dreams of being but can never



"I call it a horseless carriage."





"Have you finished ghosting my Master's thesis, 'The Solution to Moral Decay in America'?"

hope to be." He is right when he says that Bogey is a fabulous character with qualities and capacities the average fellow admires and would long to possess. But he is wrong when he calculates Bogey inhabits a fantasy world, and he is laboring under a common misconception when he compares the Bogey character with that of Bond. The latter is much exaggerated and is played for thrills and laughs. In his wildly fantastic adventures. Bond becomes elaborately involved with conspicuously exotic women, and his melodramatic triumphs are achieved not so much by his own skill and shrewdness as by the happy intercession of luck and chance. Bogev, on the other hand, is realistic, down to earth, selective and cool. He makes calculated decisions in situations that are credible. And he is excessively cautious and economical in his relations with women. He is wise to the phonies and the tricksters. It isn't often that he gets hooked. And chance seldom intercedes for Bogey. More often it knocks him around.

Today's younger generation would like to have ideals, but it is skeptical about Idealism, just as Bogey is. It believes in personal valor, compassion, nobility of spirit, the Golden Rule; but it is wary about displaying these virtuesand it is suspicious of anyone who does. The extent of a person's qualifications for admiration and respect is revealed less in moral behavior than in personal presence and style. Certainly Bogey has style. There is eloquence in his perform-160 ance-in the cool way he smokes a

cigarette, sizes up another person without a flicker of feeling in his face, hikes up his trousers efficiently as he slips a gun under his belt, rolls back the corners of his upper lip as though he's trying to straighten an upper plate.

His fans know his every gesture. They know all his major pictures, too. Some even know the dialog and speak it along with him. He is for them an exposition of the fulfillment of wishful attitudes. Today's young man, cynical and anxious about the way things are going in the world, sees in the character of Bogev a cheering model of firm contempt and cool aplomb. The young woman sees him as an image of masculine selfassurance and command. Appropriately, all the better pictures have solid stories and honest dialog and, for these reasons, haven't dated to any extent through the

It bears consideration that Bogart's career paralleled the big events of the 20th Century that had their main effects upon people of just his age. He was born at the turn of the century-on December 25, 1899-which meant he was ripe for recruitment into the First World War. He was a young man with the Lost Generation in the Twenties, he was just at a stage to be hurt by the blow of the Great Depression, he was a mature and experienced man in the disturbing Thirties and he was old enough to comprehend the irony and the frustration of World War Two. Likewise, when that War was over, he had come into middle age and was prone to a fatalistic outlook on the ambitions and the follies of civilized man. Bogey might be regarded as the early 20th Century man.

And the pattern of his films is reflective of just this chronological flow. Discounting the group of films he made in the early Thirties, when he first went to Hollywood-such potboilers as A Devil with Women, Up the River and Love Affair-his screen career really began with his appearance in The Petrified Forest in 1936. Here he repeated the stage role he had played in support of Leslie Howard-that of a Dillinger-type gangster who tangles with a wistful intellectual in an Arizona desert lunchroom. His Duke Mantee, desperate and deadly, was one of the nastiest gangsters ever seen in films, and it launched Bogart as the latest of a disreputable but popular screen breed.

He had to be satisfied, however, with a position on the second team of tough guys at Warner Bros., the studio by which he was employed, because it already had Edward G. Robinson, Jimmy Cagney and Paul Muni as its first-string toughs. These fellows had won their letters in the classic gangster films Little Caesar, Public Enemy and Scarface, respectively. But Bogart acquitted himself nicely in an incredible run of some 25 films in a matter of five years, including a famous performance as a home-coming gangster in Dead End. And it fell to his lot (because none of the others would take what they thought was a hackneyed role) to play the hero in High Sierra, a milestone in the history of gangster films.

This prophetic picture, made in 1941, tells of the last of the red-hot gangsters. again a Dillinger type, who is finally pursued to and killed on a California mountaintop. The hero is an outlaw, a cold and ruthless thug, assumedly unworthy of anyone's sympathy. But the way Bogey plays him, in his customary dry, hard style and with the distinctive white-wall haircut of his memorable Duke Mantee, he becomes a strangely sad and lonely symbol of a vanishing American, as it were—the gangster of the Twenties and Thirties who passes on to the happy hunting grounds.

While High Sierra in no way marked the end of the gangster films (there have been hundreds of them since and, indeed, Bogey himself played in a few), it did set a sort of monument over the grave of the gangster prototype, and it does most fittingly mark the end of the first phase of Bogey's extraordinary screen career. For John Huston, who wrote the screenplay of it, was going on to direct his first film, The Maltese Falcon; he got Bogey to play the lead, and thus, without knowing it, projected him into a new and, as it turned out, his archetypal character.

Sam Spade, who was drawn from the pages of a popular Dashiell Hammett detective tale, had been done twice before in movies, but it wasn't until he was played by Bogey, under Huston's shrewd direction and from a script Huston prepared, that he emerged the threedimensional personality that set a style for tough detectives on the screen. Although he is on the side of law and order, he is so hip to the techniques of crime, so knowledgeable about and handy with guns, so disreputable in appearance, so cynical in his approach, you almost feel that, in him, the soul of Duke Mantee goes marching on.

The Maltese Falcon provided a transition from the first phase to the second phase of Bogart's career, for he followed it with Casablanca, in which Rick is a smoother Sam Spade, moving now in an area of more sophisticated and sinister iniquity. Now he wears a tuxedo, which Sam would never have done; he plays chess (at least, he works chess problems): he knows something about food and wine; he has a background of some cultivation: he fought for the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War: he has a close rapport with his Negro pianist (who soothes his melancholy moments by playing As Time Goes By); but he is still a remote individual, on the shady, seamy side of life.

It is interesting that Casablanca puts him in the geographical area of wartime France, for the attitude of Rick is consistent with the disillusion and bitterness of so many of the French intellectuals who fought with the Resistance during the War and whose belief in following only one's own ideals is the heart of the existentialist philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre.

After Casablanca, Bogart continued this second phase with Action in the North Atlantic and Sahara, films about tough guys in the War; Passage to Marseille, wherein he moved back into the aura of a Casablanca café; and eventually arrived at To Have and Have Not, which was his first encounter with a character out of Ernest Hemingway. The juncture was appropriate, for Hemingway's type of man, who is brave, laconic, disillusioned and a strong looker-out for himself, was pretty much the type that Bogey had come to represent. His Harry Morgan in To Have and Have Not is a minor variation of Sam Spade. He is closely engaged with criminals but keeps on the right side of the law. There is also a touch of Rick in him, as played by Bogey in this film. He likes to listen to nostalgic music (as played here by Hoagy Carmichael), and he gets involved in a romantic tangle with a sultry dame, played by Miss Bacall.

The Big Sleep, which offered him another private-detective role and which, because of its offbeat plotting, is now considered early post-War avant-garde, marks the end of this second phase of Bogey, for it was followed by The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, which gives him to us in a new and staggering aspect and leads into

the third and final phase of his career.

The snarling, rapacious gold prospector Bogey plays in this classic film, which was adapted and directed by John Huston and shot almost entirely on location in Mexico, is a frightening representation of civilized man in a terminal stage—that is, the stage when he becomes so obsessed with material things that it destroys his soul. The greed that consumes this prospector as he and two partners strike a rich vein in the Mexican wilds unhinges his mind and his humanity and leads fatalistically to his death at the hands of bandits.

It could almost be that this fellow is Sam or Rick after several bitter years of hard luck or some shattering calamity has brought him to the beach in Tampico, a derelict looking for some quick way to recoup his fortunes and his inner pride. And the magnitude of his debasement at the prospect of sudden wealth could be the measure of the strain of disillusion and frustration he has undergone. Bogey's Fred Dobbs in *Treasure* is the epitome of the exhausted realist, grown suspicious and resentful of others and seeking madly for the security he has lost.

After Treasure—in which he did some of his finest acting, by the way—Bogart played pretty much a succession of older, tireder, run-down men, fellows who have just about had it and are not



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

expecting much more out of life. His ragged and raunchy boattender in The African Queen, who is somewhat regenerated by the admiration of a pert old maid, is a charming mocker of manners and a salty satirist of sex. Beat the Devil brings him on as an aging con man who is having trouble with an old swindle and a young wife. In The Caine Mutiny, he is an old Navy officer who proves a coward. In The Barefoot Contessa, he is a played-out Hollywood director sadly remembering things past, especially a beautiful, tragic actress. To be sure, he did other pictures in this final phase-such as Knock on Any Door, Sabrina and his last, The Harder They Fall-but the Bogey of the films after Treasure is somehow haunted by the ghost of Fred Dobbs.

This, then, is the pattern of evolution of his screen character. Let's take a look now at the pattern of the unfolding of Bogart's life. Born in New York City, he was the cherished son of Dr. Belmont De-Forest Bogart, a prominent surgeon, and his wife, Maude Humphrey, a successful commercial artist and illustrator of children's books. Momma often used her little darling as a model for her saccharin portraiture. There is extant an amusing drawing of him as a child (in girl's clothes) hanging up the wash in an advertisement for Ivory soap.

Perhaps it was his sheltered upbringing in a good middle-class home that first irritated young Humphrey—Humphrey DeForest Bogart was his full name. He went through a normally naughty boyhood in New York's private Trinity School and then went to Phillips Andover, a top-flight Eastern prep school, with the idea of going on to Yale. But he was a high school dropout, long before that became a matter of national concern. He was involved in some impious behavior at Andover, and was told to leave.

Reluctant to go home and face his parents, he enlisted in the Navy—this was 1917—and spent two years as a helmsman aboard a transport in the North Atlantic during the First World War. After service, he was an assistant tugboat inspector and a runner for a Wall Street investment house before he got a job as an assistant stage manager in a Broadway theater through the kindness of the famous producer, William A. Brady, who was a family friend.

From assistant stage manager to acting was-as the cliché has it-but a step, and Bogart quickly made it, going on first in minor roles and then on to fairly substantial supporting roles and juvenile leads. The legend that he was regularly cast as the cheery chap who came bounding on in drawing-room comedies wearing sneakers, white flannels and crying "Tennis, anyone?" has been overdone. He did play occasional lounge lizards, but he was also solidly cast in heavier fare. It is not often remembered that he supported Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, the great silent-film comic who had been banned from movies because of an unfortunate scandal, when the poor man tried to make a comeback on the stage in a show called Baby Mine in 1925.

He worked hard and was a good actor, but he hadn't distinguished himself in the 15 years before he had the good fortune of getting the role of Duke Mantee in the original stage production of Robert E. Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest*. And during those 15 years, he had his emotional ups and downs.

Early on, he met and courted Helen Menken, a rising star with whom he appeared in a play called *Drifting*. They obtained a license to be married in 1922, but they did not officially utilize it until 1926. One year of conventional matrimony and they were divorced. The following year he married Mary Phillips, another actress with whom he several times appeared. Both marriages were difficult for Bogart. He was uncomfortable when attached. (He was divorced from Miss Phillips when he later went to Hollywood.)

His first unsuccessful exposure in movies in the early Thirties discouraged him, and he was on his way to becoming a disappointed actor and a rising drunk when, at 36, he was taken to Hollywood to play Duke Mantee at the insistence of Leslie Howard. That break, which led to a long-term contract with Warner Bros. and a suddenly booming screen career, was the liberation of him. He had steady work and money at last. He had nationwide recognition. And he fell in with a Hollywood crowd that he enjoyed. Errol Flynn was his pal in much hell-raising, mostly of a boozing and prank-playing sort, which superseded tomcatting. Neither Bogart nor Flynn was in a class with the really accomplished but less publicized and therefore less famous Hollywood studs. Both were notorious tall-story tellers. Bogart was often annoyed because listeners would believe Flynn's stories and wouldn't believe his.

Other good pals in this era were Mark Hellinger, the ex-newspaperman turned filmwriter and producer, and his beautiful show-girl wife, Gladys Glad; Jimmy Cagney, Joan Blondell and Mayo Methot, another actress, whom he married in 1938. Their escapades in assorted night spots and Bogart's drinking and brawling with his wife provided plenty of material for the gossip columnists. They were Bogart's Rat Pack of that day.

This was the period when Bogey was riding the reputation of his gangster roles, and he couldn't resist the temptation of playing the tough guy off screen, too. He was regularly referred to as "Battling Bogart" because of his tangles with people in bars. These were usually overstated. Bogart's bark was fiercer than his bite. His mouth—his tendency to braggadocio—was also bigger than his tendency to fight.

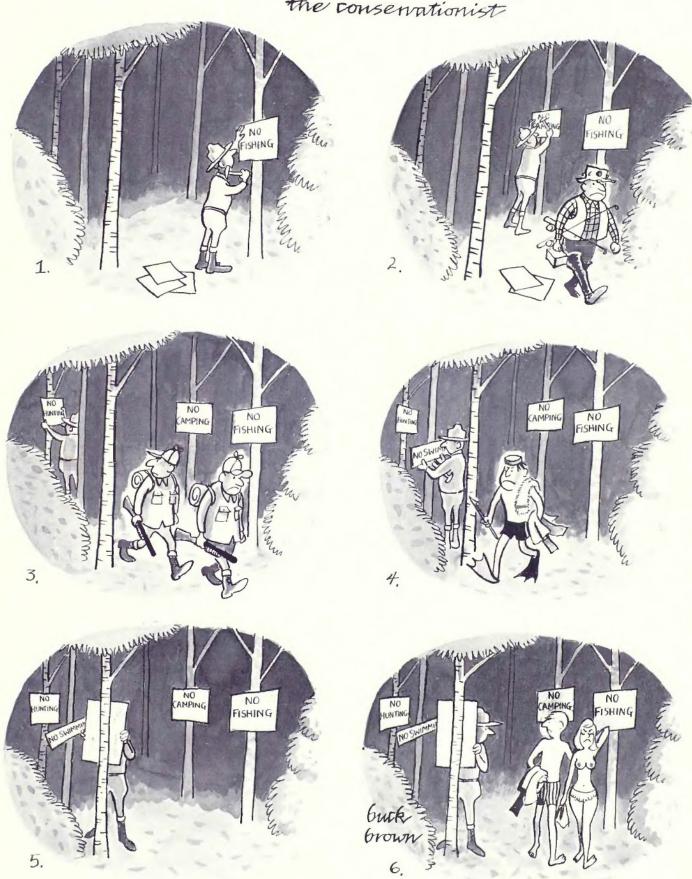
There is a funny story of the time he was propping up the bar at the Lakeside Country Club with a group of fellows, one of whom was a placid little chap whose name he hadn't caught. Bogart was boasting of what a fine physical specimen he was. "Hit me," he told the little fellow. "Hit me in the belly as hard as you can." The little fellow

#### ANSWERS TO BOGART QUIZ ON PAGE 112

(1) Sam Spade. (2) S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall and Leonid Kinsky. (3) James Cagney, playing the Kid, Jim Kincaid. (4) His birth certificate, on file at Sloan's Maternity Hospital in New York City, reads December 25, 1899. Well-to-do: His father was a prominent surgeon. (5) "Casablanca." Ingrid Bergman. (6) "The Big Sleep" and "The Enforcer." (7) At age seven weeks, when he posed as a model for his mother, a noted illustrator, in a series of baby-food ads. (8) Marjorie Main. (9) "Mad Dog" Earl. (10) Bruce Bennett. (11) "To Have and Have Not." Three: "The Big Sleep," "Dark Passage," "Key Largo." (12) Jasmine. (13) Three-a fourth was shot by Edward G. Robinson. (14) Farrari and Ugarte. Gutman and Cairo. (15) None; he was privately educated at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, a preparatory school, but he flunked out and didn't go on to college. (16) The dog Bogart and Ida Lupino became attached to in "High Sierra." (17) Elisha Cook, Jr. (18) Charlie Allnut. (19) Eddie Mars. (20) The interview took place in a hothouse. (21) "To Have and Have Not"; he had the line inscribed on a gold whistle he later gave to her. (22) "Mine's bigger than yours," (23) Martinique. (24) Effic. (25) To trade a cup of water for each German rifle, (26) "Broadway's Like That"; 1930; no, he had appeared in 11 plays on Broadway. (27) Rick's Café Américain and The Blue Parrot, respectively. (28) He surrounded him with a fire started by a creeping-jelly grenade. (29) Lake Victoria, in British East Africa. (30) Conrad Veidt.

(31) Andy Williams', (32) As a sailor during World War One, he was injured by a wood splinter in an accident aboard a troopship in the Atlantic. (33) Lee J. Cobb. (34) Gene Tierney. (35) As Captain Queeg, he rolled steel balls in his hands. (36) Van Johnson, playing Maryk. (37) 1945. (38) So that Bette Davis could collect on his insurance policy. (39) Duke Mantee. (40) "Beat the Devil." (41) Three times-to Helen Menken, Mary Phillips and Mayo Methot, all actresses. (42) Linus Larrabee; William Holden. (43) Walter Huston: Tim Holt. (44) Adolph. (45) "You know, Louie, this could be the start of a beautiful friendship," (46) "Marked Woman." "The Enforcer." (47) Two; Bacall; Leslie Howard and Stephen Humphrey. (48) Mary Astor. (49) DeForest. (50) "The Harder They Fall"; Eddie Willis,

# "the conservationist"





declined the invitation, but Bogart kept after him. "What's the matter?" he said. "scared of me? I won't hit you back." Whereupon the little fellow let him have it. Bogart folded up in a convulsive heap. The little fellow was Jimmy McLarnin, former welterweight champion of the world.

I recall, too, a time when I had written a sharp review of one of his films—I think it was his first independent production. Knoch on Any Door. He was in New York when it opened, and he was evidently displeased with my review, because he told a friend of mine who happened to meet him at the bar of the "21" Club, "Tell that Crowther he'd better not come near me or I'll beat hell out of him." It happened that I did run into him a day or so later at the same bar. He was sourly uncordial, but all he threw at me was an injured look.

One of Bogart's pet antagonists was Jack L. Warner, head of the studio. They had frequent verbal battles over roles Warner wanted him to play. Bogart was several times suspended. There were threats and counterthreats of legal suits. But there is no record or recollection of Bogey ever taking a poke at Jack.

However, he did find an ingenious way of irritating him. It seems that Bogart developed a scalp condition that caused him to start losing hair, and Warner, concerned about the Bogey image, ordered him to wear a toupee at all times. Since there was nothing in his contract that compelled him to do such a thing, Bogart ignored the order. He made it a point, indeed, to be places where Warner could

see him, his head bare and his bald spot showing clearly. This, though comparatively trivial, even in image-conscious Hollywood, was characteristic of his fractious and anti-authoritarian attitude.

Warner's concern for the Bogey image was interesting because the exploitation of him as a romantic figure was slow in developing. It was not until *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca* that the studio began to sell him on the basis of his uncertain sex appeal. Before that he was considered a "man's actor" because of his predominantly gangster roles. Then, with *Casablanca*, he was touted as "that man with the divine lisp"—a reference to the minor speech impediment he had because of a scar on the under side of his upper lip.

Actually, Bogey's romantic activities are minimal in most of his films. They are more by implication and innuendo than by the evidence of sexy scenes. His attitude toward women is invariably casual and remote, and seldom does it spell out that he is really going to bed with a woman.

In The Maltese Falcon, for instance, he specifically avoids the woman who tries to hook him with sex. In Casablanca, the supposedly torrid love affair with Maria, played by beautiful Ingrid Bergman, is just so much talk between the two, some adoring looks on her part and considerable playing of "our song." The only love scene, in his Paris apartment, is purely conversational.

The common gripe of the women in Bogey's pictures is best indicated by the line Lauren Bacall speaks in *To Have* 

and Have Not, when she is embracing him for the first time and remarks, after some tentative osculation, "It's better when you help." Careful analysis of his sex encounters leads to the discovery that he never did help very much. There is a conspicuous diffusion of sex drive and energy in his films. You get the peculiar impression that Bogey would rather play chess.

This curious enervation of sex interest was also evident in Bogart's way of life. He seemed to derive most enjoyment from the company of men—hard-drinking, poker-playing fellows, which is the sort he was. The women he liked were the ones who could play poker and make jokes with the guys. He once remarked, of his coolness toward Gina Lollobrigida (with whom he made Beat the Devil). "I am not a bosom man."

Lauren Bacall, whom he met when they were doing To Have and Have Not in 1944 and married on May 20, 1945, when he was 45 and she 20, probably did more for him than any other woman. She made him stop drinking—drinking too much, that is. When he was married to Mayo Methot, they didn't do much but drink and fight. Often they had outright slug fests.

Baby was different. She was able to be one of the fellows in a more graceful, subtle way. She was also able to give him the security of feeling covered so far as his sex reputation was concerned. His urge to fulfill the masculine image that he had of himself was more insistent than his urge to fulfill the image he knew the fans had of him. Baby could beat up on him, without doing so literally. She also gave him two children, who were the proudest possessions of his life.

As the years settled down upon him. Bogart withdrew more and more into himself and the company of the few companions he felt were kindred spirits. He did a lot of sailing in his \$55,000 yawl, the Santana (which is the name of the boat in Key Largo). He took some interest in politics, having been, all the time he was in Hollywood, one of the most outspoken of its unfashionable Democrats. He remained, as always, a real professional in his approach to his work. Directors and those who worked with him invariably remember him as the most punctilious and reliable performer they ever knew in Hollywood. He prided himself on being a "theater actor," which was his idea of tops.

Sammy Davis, who was a good friend in his last years, found that Bogart was a lone-wolf individual who lived by his own firm rules. He was, as Sammy says, a square shooter and he expected others to be square shooters, too. He acted with consideration and courtesy toward others and expected them to act the same toward him. He was not by nature a brawler, But the moment any-



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body overstepped, he snapped them off harshly. He would willingly sign autographs. But just let a person—anybody lay hands on him and he would stiffen and bark a familiar line from his pictures, "Take your hands off me!"

The legends of the Holmby Hills Rat Pack—the small group of intimates that included such as Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin. Shirley MacLaine, Judy Garland when she was going around with Sid Luft, Lauren Bacall (of course) and John Huston when he was in the vicinity (he was probably the most influential friend Bogart had)—were mostly the inventions of the gossip columnists, says Sammy, who was one of the gang. The name was merely Bogart's casual in-joke to identify his company of friends as distinct from a certain socially exclusive Hollywood tennis-racquet set.

Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who was not one of the Rat Pack but knew Bogart very well, feels the character Bogey plays in *The Barefoot Contessa*, made three years before he died, is a thorough summation of his nature and attitude in his last years. Bogey's Harry Dawes, the old Hollywood director and philosophical observer in this film, has no illusions about the sanctity of movies or the rewards of life, "How long," he asks, "do you suppose since we've said or done anything about ourselves that hasn't been said or done before? Or thought a new thought?" Yet Harry goes doggedly on.

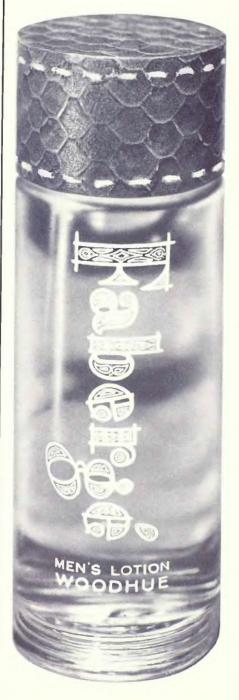
Mankiewicz thinks that Bogart, like Harry, knew he had seen the whole show, had his fill of the phonies, tasted the sweets and the dregs. He was no longer wild and angry, just cynical and tired. Deep down, without wanting to say so, he was ready to die. Sure, he might have liked to live longer, see his children grow up, belt a little more booze. But there were no more worlds for him to conquer, nothing more for him to say.

When it was first diagnosed that he had cancer of the throat, he refused to let the surgeons operate. Nor would he let them cut out his esophagus when he was told this was the only recourse that might possibly save his life. He endured many months of pain and torment, yet the few friends he was able to see said he faced the inevitable with tight-lipped courage. All he would say of his suffering was, "Pretty rough."

He died on January 14, 1957. It was the sort of ironic end that might have been written for one of Bogey's lonely, hard-luck characters. As Harry Dawes says in *Contessa*: "Life every now and then behaves as if it had seen too many bad movies, when it winds up in a pattern that's too pat, too neat. As it was in the beginning . . . you fade out where you faded in."

(See the Bogart filmography and bibliography overleaf.)

# it works



#### BOGART FILMOGRAPHY

- 1930 BROADWAY'S LIKE THAT (Unnamed, walk-on) With Ruth Etting, Joan Blondell
- 1930 A DEVIL WITH WOMEN (Tom Standish, featured) Victor McLaglen, Mona Maris
- 1930 UP THE RIVER (Steve, featured) Spencer Tracy, Claire Luce, Warren Hymer
- 1931 BODY AND SOUL (Jim Watson, featured) Charles Farrell, Elissa Landi
- 1931 BAD SISTER (Valentine Corliss, supporting) Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, ZaSu Pitts
- 1951 WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS (Stone, supporting) Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Greta Nissen, El Brendel
- 1931 A HOLY TERROR (Steve Nash, supporting) George O'Brien, Sally Eilers, Rita LaRoy
- 1932 LOVE AFFAIR (Jim Leonard, featured) Durothy Mackwill, Jack Kennedy
- 1932 BIG CITY BLUES (Adkins, supporting) Joan Blondell, Eric Linden, Inez Courtney
- 1932 THREE ON A MATCH (The Mug, supporting) Joan Blondell, Warren William, Ann Dworak, Bette Davis
- 1931 MIDNIGHT (Garboni, supporting) Sidney Fox, O. P. Heggie, Henry Hull
- 1936 THE PETRIFIED FOREST (Duke Mantee, featured) Leslie Howard, Bette Davis
- 1936 BULLETS OR BALLOTS (Nick "Bugs" Fenner, featured) Edward G. Robinson, Joan Blondell, Barton MacLane, Frank McHugh
- 1936 TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Sherry Scott, featured) Beverly Roberts, Helen MacKellar, Henry O'Neill
- 1936 CHINA CLIPPER (Hats Stuart, featured) Pat O'Brien, Beverly Roberts, Ross Alexander
- 1936 ISLE OF FURY (Val Stevens, featured) Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, E. E. Clive
- 1937 BLACK LEGION (Frank Taylor, starring) Dick Foran, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Ann Sheridan
- 1937 THE GREAT O'MALLEY (John Phillips, featured) Pat O'Brien, Sybil Jason, Ann Sheridan, Frieda Inescort
- 1937 MARKED WOMAN (David Graham, featured) Bette Davis, Eduardo Ciannelli, Lola Lane
- 1957 KID GALAHAD (Turkey Morgan, featured) Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis, Wayne Morris, Harry Carey

- 1937 SAN QUENTIN (Jee "Red" Kennedy, starring) Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan, Barton MacLane
- 1937 DEAD END (Baby Face Martin, featured) Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie, Claire Trevor
- 1937 STAND-IN (Dauglas Quintain, featured) Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell
- 1938 SWING YOUR LADY (Ed Hatch, starring) Frank McHugh, Louise Fazenda, Nat Pendleton, Penny Singleton
- 1938 CRIME SCHOOL (Mark Braden, starring) Gale Page, Weldon Heyburn, Cy Kendall
- 1938 MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS (Harry Galleon, featured) Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane, Hugh Herbert
- 1938 THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (Rocks Valentine, featured) Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, Allen Jenkins
- 1938 RACKET BUSTERS (Pete Martin, starring) George Brent, Gloria Dickson, Allen Jenkins, Walter Abel
- 1938 ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (James Frazier, featured) James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan, George Buncroft
- 1939 KING OF THE UNDERWORLD (Joe Gurney, starring) Kay Francis, James Stephenson, Charley Fox, John Eldredge
- 1939 THE OKLAHOMA KID (Whip McCord, featured) James Cagney, Rosemary Lane
- 1939 DARK VICTORY (Michael O'Leary, featured) Bette Davis, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald
- 1939 YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER (Frank Wilson, starring) Billy Halop, Gale Page
- 1939 THE ROARING TWENTIES (George Hally, featured) James Cagney, Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh
- 1939 THE RETURN OF DR. N. (Marshall Quesne, starring) Wayne Morris, Rosemary Lane, Dennis Morgan
- 1939 INVISIBLE STRIPES (Chuck Martin, featured) George Raft, Jane Bryan, William Holden, Flora Robson
- 1940 VIRGINIA CITY (John Murrell, featured) Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins, Randolph Scott
- 1940 IT ALL CAME TRUE (Chips Magnire, featured) Ann Sheridan, Jeffrey Lynn, Jasu Pitts, Jessie Busley
- 1940 BROTHER ORCHID (Jack Buck, featured) Edward G. Robinson, Ann Sothern, Donald Crisp
- 1940 THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (Paul Fabrini, starring) George Raft, Ann Sheridan, Ida Lupino
- 1911 HIGH SIERRA (Roy Earle, starring) Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy

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- THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT (Nick Coster, starring) Sylvia Sidney, Eddie Albert, Joan Leslie
- THE MALTESE FALCON (Sam Spade, starring) Mary Astor, Gladys George, Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet
- ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT (Gloves Donahue, starring) Conrad Veidt, Frank McHugh, Peter Lorre, Judith Anderson
- 1912 THE BIG SHOT (Duke Berne, starring) Irene Manning, Richard Travis, Susan Peters, Stanley Ridges
- ACROSS THE PACIFIC (Rick Leland, starring) Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet
- 1913 CASABLANCA (Rick Blaine, starring)
  - Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre
- 1943 ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Joe Rossi, starring) Raymond Massey, Alan Hale, Julie Bishap, Ruth Gordon
- 1943 SAHARA (Sergeant Joe Gunn, starring) Bruce Bennett, J. Carrol Naish
- 1911 PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Matrac, starring) Claude Rains, Michele Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre
- 1915 TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (Harry Morgan, starring) Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, Dolores Moran, Hoagy Carmichael
- 1945 CONFLICT (Richard Mason, starring) Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet
- 1946 THE BIG SLEEP (Philip Marlowe, starring) Lauren Bacall, Dorothy Malone, Charles D. Brown
- 1947 DEAD RECKONING (Rip Murdock, starring) Lizabeth Scott, Morris Carnovsky, Marcin Miller
- THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS (Genffrey Carroll, starring) Barbara Stanwyck, Alexis Smith, Nigel Bruce
- DARK PASSAGE (Vincent Parry, starring) Lauren Bacall, Bruce Bennett, Agnes Moorehead
- THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE (Fred Dobbs, starring) Walter Huston, Tim Holt, Bruce Bennett
- KEY LARGO (Frank McCloud, starring) Lauren Bacall, Edward G. Robinson, Lionel Barrymore, Claire Trevor

- KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (Andrew Morton, starring) ohn Derek, Susan Perry, George Macready
- 1949 TOKYO JOE (Joe Barrett, starring) Alexander Knox, Florence Marly, Sessue Hayakawa
- 1950 CHAIN LIGHTNING (Matt Brennan, starring) Eleanor Parker, Raymond Massey, Richard Whorf
- 1950 IN A LONELY PLACE (Dixon Steele, starring) Gloria Grahame, Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid
- 1951 THE ENFORCER (Martin Ferguson, starring) ero Mostel, Ted de Corsia, Everett Sloane
- 1951 SIROCCO (Harry Smith, starring) Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb, Everett Sloane
- 1951 THE AFRICAN QUEEN (Charlie Allnut, starring) Katharine Hepburn, Robert Morley
- 1952 DEADLINE-U.S.A. (Ed Hutchinson, starring) Ethel Barrymore, Kim Hunter, Ed Begley
- 1953 BATTLE CIRCUS (Major Jed Webbe, starring) June Allyson, Keenan Wynn, Robert Keith
- 1954 BEAT THE DEVIL (Billy Danmeuther, starring) Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre
- 1954 THE CAINE MUTINY (Captain Queeg, starring) Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, Robert Francis
- 1951 SABRINA (Linus Larrabee, starring) Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, Walter Hampden
- 1951 THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA (Harry Daives, starring) Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, Valentina Cortesa, Rossano Brazzi
- 1955 WE'RE NO ANGELS (Joseph, starring) Aldo Ray, Peter Ustinov, Joan Bennett, Basil Rathbone
- 1955 THE LEFT HAND OF GOD (Jim Carmody, starring) Gene Tierney, Lee J. Cobb. Agnes Moorehead
- 1955 THE DESPERATE HOURS (Glenn Griffin, starring) Fredric March, Arthur Kennedy, Martha Scott, Gig Young
- 1956 THE HARDER THEY FALL (Eddie Willis, starring) Rod Steiger, Jan Sterling

#### BOGART BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bogart, by Richard Gehman (Fawcett, \$.50) Bogey: The Good-Bad Guy, by Ezra Goodman (Lyle Stuart, \$4.95) Bogey: The Films of Humphrey Bogart, by Clifford McCarty (Citadel, \$6,95)

Humphrey Bogart, by Paul Michael (Bobbs-Merrill, \$7.95) Bogey: the Man, the Actor, the Legend, by Jonah Ruddy and Jonathan Hill (Tower, \$.75)

Bogey, by Joe Hyams (New American Library, \$4.95)









Quality Portabl

theatrical line-'Tennis, anyone?' " In the Goodman version. Bogart denies that he ever uttered it. From Alistair Cooke in The Atlantic Monthly, we learn that he popularized the phrase: "Drop the gun, Louie." Goodman's Bogart is quite categorical: "I never said 'Drop the gun, Louie.'" Of all the biographers, Ezra Goodman the Man comes across least adorably in print. He got much of his background material while interviewing Bogart in what is shallowly known as depth for a Time magazine cover story in the 1950s. His approach to his subject, alternately sneering and cringing. recalls a famous remark of Max Beerbohm's. A tailor had written to the great essayist, demanding immediate payment in tones that reeked of servility. "My dear sir," Beerbohm replied, "kindly cease from crawling on your knees and shaking your fist."

Most of the Bogart buffs are content to contradict one another: Goodman breaks new ground by contradicting himself. On page 61 he quotes Bogart as follows: "In John Huston's house, years ago, a group of us played touch football in the living room with a grapefruit. It was high spirits. There were Collier Young, Charley Grayson, John Huston and myself. After the first scrimmage in the second game, I got on the side of the big guy whom I had been opposed to. He played real football. It was exercise, shall we say."

On page 170, the same incident reappears in a less innocent light, shall we say. It is now an outdoor event, with a cast augmented by the director Richard Brooks. This is Brooks' story:

"There was a fine actress . . . whose husband nobody could stand. John Huston said: 'Let's jump him.' Instead, we decided to get a football game rolling. . . . We got a grapefruit off a tree. Bogey goes on the husband's side with Collier Young (a producer). John and I are on the other side. It's two against three. Together John and I tackled the

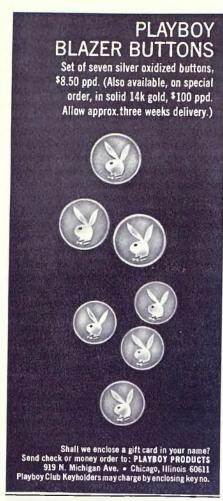
page 61 he quotes Bogart as other side. It's two again. Together John and I tack

"Why snould I wait to talk to a psychiatrist? I'm a psychiatrist!"

husband with the grapefruit. Bogey switches sides to join us. Now it's the three of us against Collier Young and the husband. Then Collier Young switches sides and the four of us hit him. We were all wearing tuxedos and we were playing in the mud."

John Crosby, formerly of the New York Herald Tribune and now with the London Observer, is one of the few journalists who knew Bogart well. He was and remains an unswerving admirer of Bogart the Man. "Off screen," he told me, "Bogart didn't diminish, which is more than you can say of most movie stars. He was a drinker, but never a wencher. And although he loathed gossip columnists, he liked real newspapermen. Some of us used to meet at a place called Bleeck's on West 40th Street. The sign outside read; BLEECK'S WRITERS AND ARTISTS TAVERN AND FORMERLY CLUB, We called ourselves the Formerly Club, and Bogart was an honorary member whenever he was in New York. If he was buying me a drink, he wouldn't just pass it across-he'd take me by the wrist and screw the glass into my hand as if it was a lamp socket. He'd seen Osgood Perkins -Tony's father-do that in some Broadway comedy in the Twenties. Another thing about Bogey: He never went around with hoods and bums. That's pure legend. He was an upper-class boy, and if Jock Whitney or Vincent Astor were giving a party, he'd be there."

On one point all the biographies agree: that Bogart's physical courage, in the long months of wasting and waiting before cancer finally took his life in January 1957, was tremendous and exemplary. But there are more kinds of courage than one, and it could be argued that Bogart, ten years earlier, had laid himself open to the charge of moral cowardice. In a chartered plane full of movie notables, he flew to Washington to protest against the House Un-American Activities Committee, which had subpoenaed many Hollywood writers, actors and directors to testify to their political affiliations. In the early hearings, several of the witnesses took the Fifth Amendment when asked whether they were (or had ever been) members of the Communist Party. Ten of them-the socalled Hollywood Ten-were subsequently held in contempt of Congress and imprisoned. Bogart promptly issued a statement in which he said that his trip to Washington had been "ill-advised, foolish and imperuous." No doubt he was upset to find that some of his fellow travelers were in fact fellow travelers, or at any rate holders of views pinker than his own. Whether he should have withdrawn his support quite so publicly and abjectly is another matter. "Never rat on a rat" was the slogan of the Holmby Hills Rat Pack, For once in



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Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611 his life, Bogart exposed himself to the l taunt of being a fink.

If I seem to knock the cult of Bogart the Man, it is because I invented the cult of Bogart the Actor. Not the glib Broadway juvenile who went to Hollywood in 1930 and made nine pictures impressing no one, but the sardonic, close-cropped bandit who flew back to the Coast in 1936 to play Duke Mantee in The Petrified Forest. Aged ten, I saw the film when it opened in Britain, and immediately wrote a letter to a movie magazine, begging Warner's to give us more of this untamed man with the warning eyes and the rasping voice. It was my debut in print. Between 1936 and 1941 Warner's heeded my plea in spades; Bogart made 28 films, of which I missed very few.

Already the critics were getting him wrong, as they have ever since. They all said he lisped, whereas I, who could mimic him perfectly, knew that he did nothing of the sort. What he did was to fork his tongue and hiss like a snake. This was new, and so was the sheer bravura of his decision to use his own name. Like all good fans, my schoolmates and I had long been aware that Robert Taylor was Spangler Arlington Brugh, and we wouldn't have been surprised to learn that John Wayne was the pseudonym of Adrian Mumchance III. But Bogart had actually been christened Humphrey DeForest Bogart: which impressed us, because-in Britain, at least-Humphrey was a name with strong associations of pompousness and/or faggotry. We respected Bogart for having the guts to live with it. To us, a heavy named Humphrey was about as bizarre as a flutist named Bugsy.

At that time, the king thug on the Warner lot was Edward G. Robinson. wearing vast lapels like the swept-back wings of a jet. Bogart, lean and hungry, was Cassius to his Caesar. We rooted for Bogart because, although he got second billing, he never said "Yes, boss" as if he meant it. He was nobody's man but his own. And this extended to his relationship with the audience. You had to take him on his own terms. He never stooped to ingratiation, and though his bullying was silken, it was also icy. In latter-day terminology, he was "inner-directed," steering by a private compass that paid no attention to storm signals from outside. Moreover, if the needle led him (as it usually did) into a hail of bullets, he would die with a shrug: no complaints, no apologies, no hard feelings. Indeed, he rarely displayed strong feelings of any kind. And this, in an age when stars were supposed to emote and be vibrant, was something else we admired. It reflected, in part, the emotional tact of a man who seemed genuinely repelled by sentimentality; and, in part, the professional assurance of an actor

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Jensen Manufacturing Division, The Muter Company 6601 South Laramie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60638 who knew damned well that he could get along without it. Either way, it was revolutionary, and we relished it.

The year 1937 was full of vintage Bogart: Turkey Morgan in Kid Galahad and -supreme misnomer-Baby Face Martin in William Wyler's Dead End, the first of the mother-fixated gangsters, who announced his presence (if memory serves) by flipping a knife into the tree trunk around which Leo Gorcey and his chums were huddled. That was the year we all started wincing, as Bogart did when engaged in any mild form of physical exertion, like loading a gun. To wince correctly, you had to imagine that your upper lip was split, and then try to smile. (We used to wince while filling our fountain pens.) I've sometimes wondered how much of Bogart's appeal in England was due to the fact that he was the first movie hero who literally had a stiff upper lip.

Less propitiously, 1937 was the year of Marked Woman, starring Bette Davis, in which Bogart appeared as David Graham, the crusading district attorney. The opinion in my set was unanimous. The film proved not only that Bogart was a rotten D. A. (he gave an equally flat rendering of a similar role in The Enforcer, 14 years later), but that he could never, in any circumstances, play a character named David Graham. Another blotch on Marked Woman was that it gave us our first glimpse of Mayo Methot. soon to become Bogart's third wife. (She was the brawling one, subsequently renowned as a zealous fan of General MacArthur and a dead shot with a highball glass across a crowded room.) We disliked her on sight and sent her anonymous letters, pointing out that she was something of a pig and that Bogart deserved better. We all knew-or hindsight tells me we did-that the better girl would be a lean, nonchalant baritone, like himself. But she didn't turn up until 1945, when he made To Have and Have Not and whistled for her.

The great Bogart-Cagney confrontation was held in 1938-1939. It spanned three movies. I missed the second, a Western called The Oklahoma Kid, but the key encounters-the eyeball-to-eyeball stuff-took place in the other two: Michael Curtiz' Angels with Dirty Faces and Raoul Walsh's The Roaring Twenties. James Cagney was the spruce, ebullient urchin who killed with Irish charm and died in dogged, tenacious spasms of life-loving energy. Ever since Public Enemy, in 1931, he had been Hollywood's most dynamic and disarming hood. Murder, as he committed it, seemed like a high-spirited exercise, performed out of pure exuberance. He made vice look spunky and debonair, even funny. No one who saw him in the late Thirties will ever forget the grace of his spring-170 heeled walk and the rich, elated derision

of his voice. Bogart was five years older than Cagney when Warner's sent him into the ring with their most triumphant romantic outlaw. It's easy, when surveying Bogart's career, to overlook the basic fact of his age. He didn't become a star until his late 30s, by which time most aspirants have given up and settled for character parts.

Bogart countered Cagney's agile footwork with unruffled expertise. He was like a laconic Hemingway hero up against Studs Lonigan. Often he outstared Cagney, so shrewdly and mockingly that he looked like a walking ad for that essential Hemingway prop, the built-in shit detector. The contrast of styles was beautiful to watch. It was Bogart the wily debunker versus Cagney the exultant cavalier. With every punch Cagney threw, Bogart lazily rode. Long afterward I wrote: "Each had perfected his own version of the fanged killer's smile, and a good deal of The Roaring Twenties developed into a sort of grinning contest." The verdict, on points, went to Bogart's sewage snarl.

Thus far, Bogart's main achievement was to have played George Raft parts better than George Raft had ever played them, and better than Alan Ladd was ever going to play them. There was a significant change in 1941, a subtle modulation that led his career out of what might have been a blind alley. Between 1929 and 1932, in a sudden and strenuous burst of creativity. Dashiell Hammett had written five novels. He never wrote another, nor did he need to: The existing quintet was enough to ensure him a modest but durable niche in American literature. One of them, The Thin Man, had been filmed, and so sweetened in the filming that it spawned a series, starring William Powell, Myrna Loy and a lovable dog.

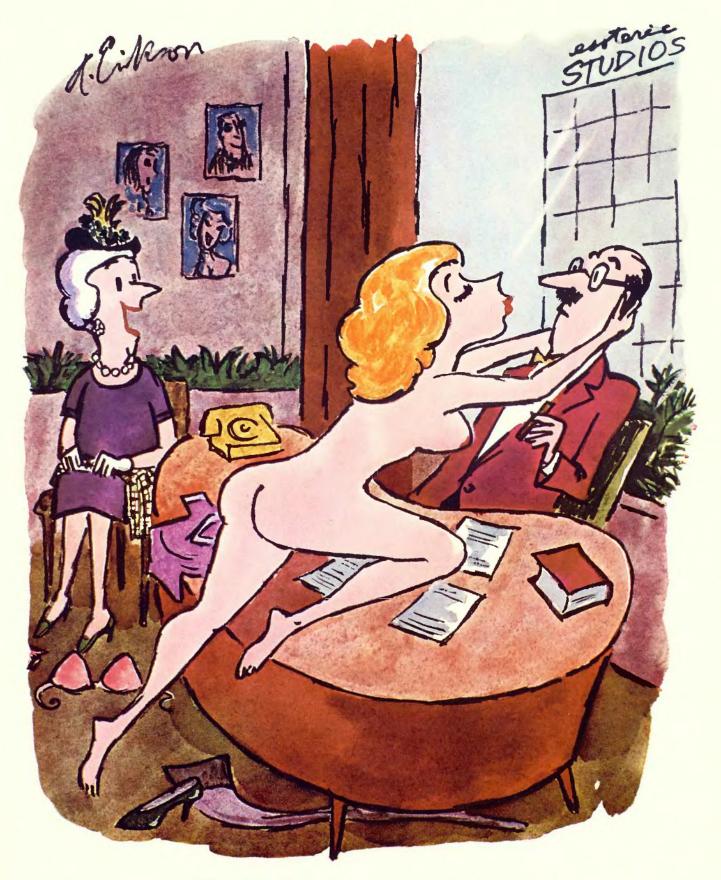
Another, The Maltese Falcon, had been waiting on the shelf for the advent of someone like Bogart, who could show the world what Hammett was really about. The Hammett private eye was the first antihero. No Batman he: Operating in a corrupt society, he was not above using corrupt means. He was a cynic to whom nothing human, however squalid, was alien; a man soured but still amused by the intricate depravity of his fellow creatures; and he could, on occasion, be extremely brutal. In short, he was virtually indistinguishable from the Bogart gangster in every respect but one: He was on the side of the law. From now on Bogart could be ruthlesshe could even kill-with no loss of glamor and every appearance of moral rectitide. He could engage in mayhem and emerge untarnished. Still as fascinating as ever, he was no longer reprehensible. This farewell to overt criminality was what enabled Bogart to become a world star and a household god.

Bogart's Sam Spade in The Maltese Falcon set the pattern for his maturity, and for my adolescence. With the same director (John Huston) and the same supporting team (including Mary Astor and Sydney Greenstreet), he played a similar role in Across the Pacific, this time working for the Government as an undercover agent. Later, in 1946, we saw him as Philip Marlowe, Raymond Chandler's savagely disenchanted outlawwithin-the-law, in The Big Sleep. But it was Hammett who fixed and defined the Bogart figure: It all began with Sam.

He looked battered before anything had happened, as if survival at an honorable wage was all he hoped for. There was a dimple on each cheekbone, but you would be unwise to call him cute. He wore his hangover like a long-service medal, and his voice, metallic and nasal, was that of a martyr to drinker's catarrh. You could imagine him demanding a pre-breakfast vodka to cut the phlegm. He was always unsurprised. Wherever he went, you felt that he had been there before and learned nothing he did not already know. Greeting an attractive female customer, he would eye her frankly from shoes to chignon, like the lawyer in Thurber's cartoon who murmurs: "You're not my client, you're my meat, Mrs. Fisk," And if he took her to bed, that would be that. You could count on the Bogart figure never to utter either of the lines on which romantic melodrama depends: "I love you" and "I hate you." He resisted commitment of this or any other kind. One of his most characteristic moments occurred in Passage to Marseille (1944). Playing a Free French journalist, he is asked to declare his nationality. "Eskimo," he replies, not batting an eyelid.

The wartime Bogart was mostly a soldier of fortune, typified by Rick in Casablanca (1943), the erstwhile idealist who fought against Franco in the Spanish Civil War but now refuses to stick his neck out. Since civilization is crumbling, he finally-abandons his detachment and takes sides. After Bogart's death, Alistair Cooke said that he was "the romantic democratic answer to Hitler's New Order. . . . He is the first romantic hero who used the gangster's means to achieve our ends," According to this thesis, we trusted Bogart because he looked deadly enough to face the Nazis and come out on top. But I wonder. Bogart's great money-making years were the late Forties and early Fifties, and it wasn't until 1954 that Nunnally Johnson singled him out as the only star whose name could go over the title of a movie.

I suspect that the Bogart cult in its present form-classless and international -dates from the Cold War. We trusted



"Ever since she was a teeny-weeny baby, she's wanted to be in showbiz!"

him because he was a wary loner who belonged to nobody, had personal honor (that virtue which, as Bernard Shaw once said, is nowhere mentioned in the Bible), and would therefore survive. Compared with many of his Hollywood colleagues, he seemed an island of integrity, not perhaps very lovable but at least unbought. His film persona was that of a man for whom patriotism was something, but not nearly enough. He was a neutralist at large in Beverly Hills.

In these later years his face, with its slanting planes and wry indentations, had become as complex as a Cubist portrait. As he approached the last of 75 feature films, the highbrows adopted him, most possessively in France. (Jean-Luc Godard's Breathless, made in 1960, is a tribute to the Bogart way of life.) I admired him in The Treasure of the Sierra Madre and The African Queen, but the former was Walter Huston's picture and the latter Katharine Hepburn's; and anyway, I always preferred Bogart indoors. His habitat was the city, not the plain. I don't think we can say he was a great actor, but he remained, to

the end, a great behaver. Without effort, and with classic economy, he could transfer the essence of himself to a camera and be sure that it would be eloquent on a screen.

And what was that essence? I trace it back to the Roman playwright Seneca, of whom Bogart might very well never have heard. He flourished in the First Century A.D. and wrote violent tragedies that had an enormous influence on Shakespeare and many other Elizabethan dramatists. (T. S. Eliot composed a celebrated essay about his effect on English literature.) What he preached and put into his plays was the philosophy known as Stoicism. It meant: Accept the fact of transience, don't panic in the face of mortality, learn to live with death.

This sums up the Bogart stance. Soon after he died, I reread the letters that Seneca wrote to his friend Lucilius. Certain passages in them seemed to echo and epitomize what I had thought about Bogart during his lifetime. The poetphilosopher might have been writing additional dialog for the actor's persona.

"What is freedom, say you? To be the slave of nothing, of no necessity, of no accident, and to make fortune face you on the level." Therefore, live close to trouble and care nothing. Live outrageously, if you can carry it off. I remember Richard Burton's story of how he and Bogart were among the guests at a toplevel Bel Air party in honor of a visiting foreign diplomat. Bogart, who had been warned in advance to watch his language, sat black-tied and tongue-tied until dinner was over, when he turned to the visitor and said: "You speak very good English." "Thank you," said the diplomat, "I had an English governess." Bogart nodded. Then, with no change of expression: "Did you rape her?" he asked civilly, in tones of polite interest.

"Life's like a play," Seneca tells his friend, "it's not the length but the excellence of the acting that counts. Where you stop isn't important. . . . To die soon or die late matters nothing; to die badly or die well is the important point." Bogart was always dying. It was the thing he knew most about. "In my first thirty-four pictures," runs a famous quote, "I was shot in twelve, and electrocuted or hanged in eight . . ." "If a man dies as unconcernedly as he is born," Seneca continues, "he has learned wisdom." People came to see Bogart die, because he did it with such model nonchalance. Raoul Walsh (who directed Bogart in High Sierra) knew what was happening when he said: "You can't kill Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper or Gregory Peck in a picture. But you can kill off Bogart. The audience doesn't resent it."

Back to Seneca: "This is the moment on which you've been cast. You may perhaps prolong it, but how far? . . . Death's one of the obligations of life." Yet how stunned we were when Bogart finally fulfilled it. We had watched Bogart die so often, had seen him so regularly sacrificed on the altar of the motion-picture code, that we had come to think of him as indestructible. There would always, surely, be another Bogart movie, in which he would be killed again.

"We're wrong in looking forward to death," says Seneca, "in great measure, it's past already. Death is master of all the years that are behind us." And Bogart's voice told us as much. Even in the most flippant context, it carried with it a bass note of mortality. The voice was his key attribute, the feature by which we recognized him; and it was cruelly appropriate that when cancer singled him out, it went for his throat.

"Everything's in other hands, Lucilius; time alone is ours." That would have made a nice encore for Sam. Let it stand as an epitaph for Bogart.



"Harold! You get back in your boat and fish!"

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#### LIGHT OF DARKNESS (continued from page 113)

equally misguided Germans of the 1930s—that there were times when a dictator was the only answer to political chaos. Perhaps the first sign of our disastrous error came when Chaka abolished the Constitution and assumed the name of the 19th Century Zulu emperor of whom he genuinely believed himself the reincarnation. From that moment, his megalomania grew swiftly: like all tyrants, he would trust no one and believed himself surrounded by plots.

This belief was well-founded; the world knows of at least six well-publicized attempts on his life, and there are others that were kept secret. Their failure increased Chaka's confidence in his own destiny and confirmed his followers' fanatical belief in his immortality. As the opposition became more desperate, so the Great Chief's countermeasures became more ruthless—and more barbaric. Chaka's regime was not the first, in Africa or elsewhere, to torture its enemies; but it was the first to do so on television.

Even then, shamed though I was by the shock of horror and revulsion that went round the world, I would have done nothing if fate had not placed the weapon in my hands. I am not a man of action, and I abhor violence, but once I realized the power that was mine, my conscience would not let me rest. As soon as the NASA technicians had installed their equipment and handed over the Hughes Mark X Infrared Communications System, I began to make plans.

It seems strange that my country, one of the most backward in the world, should play a central role in the conquest of space. That is an accident of geography, not at all to the liking of the Russians and the Americans. But there is nothing that they could do about it; Umbala lies on the Equator, directly beneath the paths of all the planets—and it possesses a unique and priceless natural feature, the extinct volcano known as the Zambue Crater.

When Zambue died, more than a million years ago, the lava retreated step by step, congealing in a series of terraces to form a bowl a mile wide and a thousand feet deep. It had taken the minimum of earth-moving and cable-stringing to convert this into the largest radio telescope on Earth. Because the gigantic reflector is fixed, it scans any given portion of the sky for only a few minutes every 24 hours, as the Earth turns on its axis. This was a price the scientists were will-

ing to pay for the ability to receive signals from probes and ships right out to the very limits of the Solar System.

Chaka was a problem that they had not anticipated; he had come to power when the work was almost completed, and they had had to make the best of him. Luckily, he had a superstitious respect for science, and he needed all the rubles and dollars he could get. The Equatorial Deep Space Facility was safe from his megalomania; indeed, it helped to reinforce it.

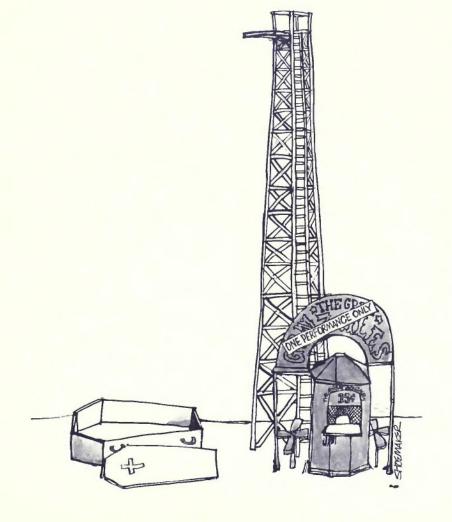
The Big Dish had just been completed when I made my first trip up the tower that sprang from its center. A vertical mast, more than 1500 feet high, it supported the collecting antennas at the focus of the immense bowl; a small elevator, which could carry three men, made a slow ascent to the top.

At first, there was nothing to see but the dully gleaming saucer of aluminum sheet, curving upward all around me for half a mile in every direction. But presently I rose above the rim of the crater and could look far out across the land I hoped to save. Snow-capped and blue in the western haze was Mount Tampala, the second highest peak in Africa, separated from me by endless miles of jungle. Through that jungle, in great twisting loops, wound the muddy waters of the Nya River-the only highway that millions of my countrymen had ever known. A few clearings, a railroad and the distant white gleam of the city were the only signs of human life; once again I knew that overwhelming feeling of helplessness when I look down on Umbala from the air and realize the insignificance of man against the infinite forest.

The elevator cage clicked to a halt, a quarter of a mile up in the sky; when I stepped out, I was in a tiny room packed with coaxial cables and instruments. There was still some distance to go, for a short ladder led through the roof to a platform little more than a yard square. It was not a place for anyone prone to vertigo; there was not even a handrail for protection. A central lightning conductor gave a certain amount of security, and I gripped it firmly with one hand all the time I stood on this triangular metal raft, so close to the clouds.

The stunning view, and the exhilaration of slight but ever-present danger, made me forget the passage of time. I felt like a god, completely apart from terrestrial affairs, superior to all other men. And then I knew, with mathematical certainty, that here was a challenge that Chaka could never ignore.

Colonel Mtanga, his chief of security, would object, but his protests would be overruled. Knowing Chaka, one could predict with complete assurance that on the official opening day he would stand here, alone, for many minutes, as he surveyed his empire. His bodyguard would



remain in the room below, having already checked it for booby traps. They could do nothing to save him, when I struck from three miles away—and through the range of hills that lay between the radio telescope and my observatory. I was glad of those hills: though they complicated the problem, they would shield me from all suspicion. Colonel Mtanga was a very intelligent man, but he was not likely to conceive of a gun that could fire round corners. And he would be looking for a gun, even though he could find no bullets . . .

I went back to the laboratory and started my calculations. It was not long before I discovered my first mistake. Because I had seen the concentrated light of its laser beam punch a hole through solid steel in a thousandth of a second, I had assumed that my Mark X could kill a man. But it is not as simple as that; in some ways, a man is a tougher proposition than a piece of steel. He is mostly water, which has ten times the heat capacity of any metal. A beam of light that will drill a hole through armor plate or carry a message as far as Pluto-which was the job the Mark X had been designed for-would only give a man a painful but quite superficial burn. About the worst I could do to Chaka. from three miles away, was to drill a hole in the colorful tribal blanket that he wore so ostentatiously, to prove that

he was still one of the People.

For a while, I almost abandoned the project. But it would not die; instinctively, I knew that the answer was there, if only I could see it. Perhaps I could use my invisible bullets of heat to cut one of the cables guying the tower, so that it came crashing down when Chaka was at the summit. Calculations showed that this was just possible, if the Mark X operated continuously for 15 seconds. A cable, unlike a man, would not move, so there was no need to stake everything on a pulse of energy. I could take my time.

But damaging the telescope would have been treason to science, and it was almost a relief when I discovered that this scheme would not work. The mast had so many built-in safety factors that I would have to cut three separate cables to bring it down. This was out of the question; it would require hours of delicate adjustment to set and aim the apparatus for each precision shot.

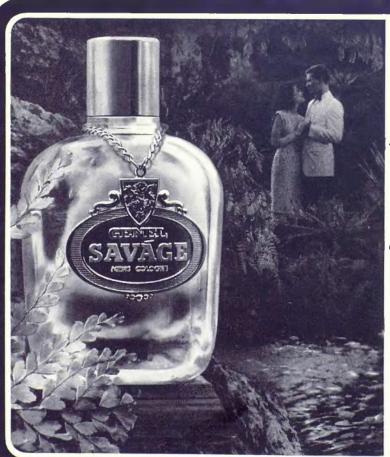
I had to think of something else; and because it takes men a long time to see the obvious, it was not until a week before the official opening of the telescope that I knew how to deal with Chaka the All-Seeing, the Omnipotent, the Father of his People.

By this time, my graduate students had tuned and calibrated the equipment, and we were ready for the first fullpower tests. As it rotated on its mounting inside the observatory dome, the Mark X looked exactly like a large, double-barreled reflecting telescope—which indeed it was. One 36-inch mirror gathered the laser pulse and focused it out across space; the other acted as a receiver for incoming signals, and also was used, like a superpowered telescopic sight, to aim the system.

We checked the line-up on the nearest celestial target, the Moon. Late one night. I set the cross wires on the center of the waning crescent and fired off a pulse. Two and a half seconds later, a fine echo came bouncing back. We were in business.

There was one detail still to be arranged, and this I had to do myself, in utter secrecy. The radio telescope lay to the north of the observatory, beyond the ridge of hills that blocked our direct view of it. A mile to the south was a single isolated mountain; I knew it well, for years ago I had helped to set up a cosmic-ray station there. Now it would be used for a purpose that I could never have imagined, in the days when my country was free.

Just below the summit there were the ruins of an old fort, deserted centuries ago. It took only a little searching to find the spot I needed—a small cave, less than a yard high, between two great stones that had fallen from the ancient



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walls. Judging by the cobwebs, no human being had entered it for generations.

When I crouched in the opening, I could see the whole expanse of the Deep Space Facility, stretching away for miles, Over to the east were the antennas of the old Project Apollo Tracking Station that had brought the first men back from the Moon. Beyond that lay the airfield, above which a big freighter was hovering as it came in on its underjets. But all that interested me were the clear lines of sight from this spot to the Mark X dome and to the tip of the radio telescope mast three miles to the north.

It took me three days to install the carefully silvered, optically perfect mirror in its hidden alcove. The tedious micrometer adjustments to give the exact orientation took so long that I feared I would not be ready in time. But at last the angle was correct, to a fraction of a second of arc. When I aimed the telescope of the Mark X at the secret spot on the mountain, I could see over the hills behind me. The field of view was tiny, but it was sufficient; the target area was only a yard across, and I could sight on any part of it to within an inch.

Along the path I had arranged, light could travel in either direction. Whatever I saw through the viewing telescope was automatically on the line of fire of the transmitter.

It was strange, three days later, to sit in the quiet observatory with the power packs humming around me, and to watch Chaka move into the field of the telescope. I felt a brief glow of triumph, like an astronomer who has calculated the orbit of a new planet and then finds it in the predicted spot among the stars. The cruel face was in profile when I saw it first, apparently only 30 feet away at the extreme magnification 1 was using. I waited patiently, in serene confidence, for the moment that I knew must comethe moment when Chaka seemed to be looking directly toward me. Then with my left hand I held the image of an ancient god who must be nameless; and with my right I tripped the capacitor banks that fired the laser, launching my silent, invisible thunderbolt across the

Yes, it was so much better this way. Chaka deserved to be killed, but death would have turned him into a martyr and strengthened the hold of his regime. What I had visited upon him was worse than death, and would throw his supporters into superstitious terror.

For Chaka still lived; but the All-Seeing would see no more. In the space of a few microseconds, I had made him less than the humblest street beggar.

And I had not even hurt him. There is no pain, when the delicate film of the retina is fused by the heat of a thousand suns.





"You're going to marry a tall, dark leg man."

#### RICH GIRL

(continued from page 94)

soon, the comb. He reached for the Scotch and maintained a hurt and mildly hostile silence, respecting the ritual. Finally, after she had blown an especially lusty cloud of smoke, she said:

"Jim?"

"Yes?"

"There's somethin Ah have to tell you."

Oh, Christ. His mind was pummeled by the possibilities: was she married, divorced, a virgin, a callgirl, a mother, an orphan, diabetic, schizophrenic, frigid, promiscuous, in love, or in analysis? He had, at one time or another, and often in combinations, been confronted with each of those confessions during his past few years in New York, and, having learned that the single reliable reaction to them all was sympathy and assurance, he took her nearest hand in both of his and pressed it tenderly.

"It's all right," he said. "What is it?"

She made a return squeeze with her hand and then drew it away and sat up very straight. She looked quite magnificent, and he hoped that her terrible secret would not be a social disease.

"Well," she announced, "it's money."
"Money?"

For a moment, Logan's mind seemed to turn off, and he looked at Laurie very carefully. She was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, her head bent slightly down in evident embarrassment. After studying her for an indeterminate period of silence, Logan's brain, like a sluggish machine, began to crank forward again and he asked:

"How much?"

"Oh, a lot. An enormous lot."

"How much is enormous?"

He figured, roughly, that he had with him \$11 and change,

Laurie jumped up, wringing her hands, and said, "Oh, millions or somethin, scads of it. Ah don't even want to know exactly. Momma and Uncle Dobbs sat me down once and started telling me all about it and Ah just started cryin."

She turned back toward him with her eyes slightly red and said, "It's enough to make people unhappy. That's how much."

"You mean," Logan said, "this is your money you're talking about?"

She sank back down to the couch and smoothed out her skirt with both hands.

"At least a terrible lot of it's mine."

"Then what—what's the problem?"

She looked up at him with the eyes of

She looked up at him with the eyes of a cursed kitten and said, "Darlin, Ah'm rich."

Logan did his best to sympathize. The problem—that is, the fortune—had come from a piece of land owned by "Momma" that turned out to be as rich underneath as it was barren on the surface.



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The life of the family went topsy-turvy, and the immediate effect on Laurie was her sudden removal from the university down home (which everyone admired because it was so big) to a fashionable college for women in the East (which everyone admired because it was so small). She had never again felt sure of anyone's feelings toward her or, rather, her fortune, which rudely stood between her and other people. Any sentiment seemed to reach her secondhand and was badly tarnished by the time it arrived. Some people liked her because her fortune was so large, and others disliked her because it was so new.

"Ah swear," Laurie said, twisting a handkerchief, "God blessed poor folks."

Logan leaned over and kissed her affectionately on the tip of her nose. She sniffed, dabbed at her eyes with the wrung handkerchief and looked at him cautiously.

"Then you don't mind? The money?"
He pulled her into his arms and deposited small kisses on her forehead, saying in between, "There, there." A fortune was one thing he never before had been asked to forgive, and he was able to do so with real sincerity.

Laurie's confession not only brought her and Logan closer together, but at the same time, left them in a subtle state of imbalance. The baring of some kinds of private information demands a similar gesture in return; it is part of the stylized striptease of the soul. Logan understood that the next removal was up to him.

"Would you like," he asked, already knowing the answer as they sat over the espresso of a leisurely dinner, "to hear some of my poems?"

"Jim! Would you?"

"If you'd like."
"Ah'd adore."

They were, not by chance, at Rocco's on Bleecker Street, a few short blocks from where Logan lived.

From the way Laurie entered his apartment, it was difficult to tell if she was awed by the artistic aura of the place (teetering piles of books, maps covering cracks in the plaster, a door on sawhorses for a desk) or whether she was simply afraid of the dirt. Once inside, she walked as if passing through a mine field. But having made it to the center of the room, she evidently judged that she was too far in to get gracefully out and, taking a little breath, sank bravely and delicately to the floor.

Logan sloshed some dollar wine into coffee cups (he gave Laurie the one with the fewest brown rings inside), sat down on the folding chair beside his desk and began to read.

He began with several favorites from the works of his heroes and, properly warmed up then, proceeded to his own. It was always embarrassing to him that



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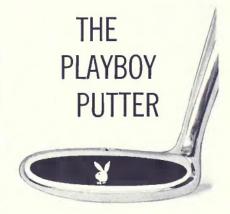
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Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611 Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no. his own verse had the power of moving him more than that of any other poet, no doubt in the way that parents are more impressed with the simplest actions of their own child than the accomplished antics of anyone else's. When he read his own poems, Logan's voice cracked and quavered, and his eyes became slightly red and watery. After reading half a dozen, he was so carried away that he almost forgot his purpose in reading them. He looked down at Laurie and asked, "Enough?"

She closed her eyes and said, "More."

He read four others, and by then was really too moved to go on. His hand was shaking as he poured the last of the wine into their coffee cups. Laurie held hers with both hands, like a chalice, and sipped from it slowly while he gulped from his own.

"Ah wish," she said, looking not at him but over the rim of the cup, "that Ah——"

"Yes?"

"Well, Ah feel so feeble. Ah mean, Ah wish Ah could say somethin rill bright about your poems. Ah just love havin you say em to me."

"That's the nicest thing you could say."

He thought, in fact, how much nicer it was than the bright critical comments his verse called forth from the girls in dirty jeans and sweat shirts whose minds were like knives. He knelt down, hearing his knees crack. Laurie tenderly took his face in her hands and kissed him softly—almost reverently—on the mouth.

"Thank you," she said.

He managed to stand back up, weak with reward, and gallantly offered to take her home. He knew from her eyes he had touched her now and it would only be gross to claim his prize in the flush of the moment's triumph. He could now afford to wait a little, savoring what was to come, as confident as a man who has built up proper credit in the bank of his choice.

He kissed her conservatively as they stood outside the door of her apartment and said, "I'll be seeing you soon."

"Rill soon?"

"I'll call you tomorrow."

"Please."

Laurie had only been "involved"—as she would put it—with one man, but she didn't fully count it (the error, she hoped, had not been recorded in God's great scorebook), because the thing occurred in a darkened room and she "rilly" hadn't known what was happening until it was over. After that she resumed her vow never to get involved with a man that way unless she was married—or, at least, engaged. And so it happened, one early dim Sunday morning on the Danish couch of her apartment, that Laurie and Logan became engaged.

Logan was not especially anxious to publicize the event, and, in fact, the very mention of the word "engagement" made his throat feel oddly dry and his stomach unsettled. Laurie promised not to send word to The New York Times, but she did transmit the news to the beach at Acapulco. There Laurie's family and traveling companions had gone for rest and contemplation following their most recent cultural exercise, an exploration of some highly touted ruins recently written up in On the Go, a kind of National Geographic for credit-card holders. Mrs. Kemble had talked with her daughter on the telephone Sunday night (a weekly custom rigidly observed without regard to the crackling distances. that often had to be overcome) and Laurie had revealed the news of her engagement to "a rill poet." Although she could hear quite clearly, the connection must have been bad in Acapulco, for her mother shouted back:

"He's rill what?"

"Ah say he's a rill poet. You know, writes poems."

After only the briefest of silences, her mother first expressed her delight and, on the heels of it, announced the happy coincidence that they all had been planning to come to New York the next week anyway to see the Johnny Carson show live and so would have a chance to meet the prospective new member of the family.

The candidate—for that was what Logan felt he had somehow become—did not seem overjoyed about the imminent meeting. Laurie could tell he was nervous, and went to great pains to reassure him.

"Daddy's no problem at all—he's rill quiet. And Momma—well, Momma's not like a mother at all. She's rill fun. Ah just know you'll like her."

"What about Momma liking me?"
"Oh, she will, darlin, she will!"

Laurie kissed Logan on the cheek and then, rather thoughtfully, asked, "How could she not?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm poor."

"But we're rich!"

"That's the point. What if she thinks I'm after your money?"

"Wha, Ah'll just explain."

"Explain what?"

"How we're just goin to pretend it's not there."

"We are?"

"Wha, of course, darlin. We want to be happy, don't we?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, we don't want the old stuff." She stared at him rather intently and asked, "Do we?"

"Well, no. I guess not. I hadn't really thought about it."

"Ah know, you see, all it does is cause

trouble. We'll just pretend we don't have it and it won't hurt us any. Then, you know, maybe when we're old we'll do somethin with it."

"Like what?"

"Oh, Ah don't know. Ah s'pose there's lots you could do."

"I imagine."

Logan was actually innocent of any premeditated plan to marry Laurie for her money-or, in fact, until events had seemed to get out of his control, to marry her for any reason at all. Even when he thought of the marriage, Logan did not have dreams of plundering Laurie's fortune, but vaguely imagined drawing modest annual fellowships out of its interest that would hardly even be missed. But the thought of supporting her himself was staggering. The price of her lessons and clothes alone could hardly be matched by the modest annual subsistence salary he made by teaching English at a dismal night school. That was enough for supporting Logan and his poems, but not much else, and even the costly courtship of Laurie had led to the grim prospect of teaching an extra section of Communications 1-A the following semester.

When Logan very gently poked around the problem in Laurie's presence, she brightly offered to take an office job. The impulse was noble, but hardly seemed plausible when Logan tried to imagine Laurie's long and trimly tapered fingernails tangled in the keys of a typewriter. The whole idea of his marriage to Laurie was unthinkable; and so he simply stopped thinking about it. Instead, he focused all his attention on meeting the challenge presented by her family. If for no other reason, it seemed he was bent on marrying Laurie in order to prove he could not justifiably be denied that opportunity. The extension of her family's blessing became confused in his mind with the very upholding of democratic principles.

"When you—when we—meet mah folks, darlin——"

"Yes, dear?"

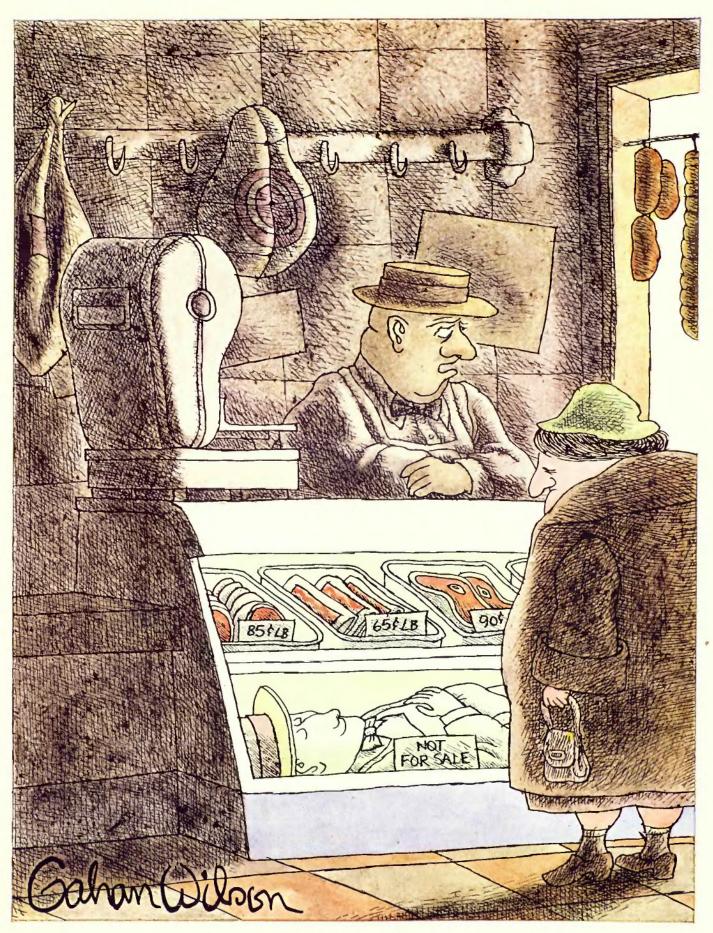
She ran her tongue over her lips in a manner that for once seemed more anxious than sensuous.

"Are you goin to wear your corduroy jacket?"

The question came supplied with its own answer, and Logan had only to verbalize the obvious.

"Of course not, dear."

He purchased for the occasion a suit of the latest Italian cut, a creation so sleek that the trousers not only lacked cuffs, but also belt loops, and the jacket had no pockets, and only two buttons, and zinged away from his midriff in streamlined splendor. The salesman assured him it fit his personality, as well

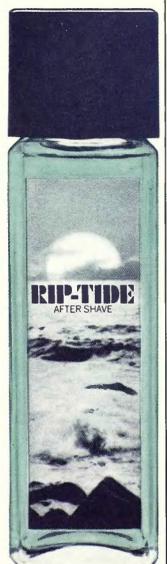


"It's been awful for business, Mrs. Schultz, but it was Charlie's last wish."

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as his rather unathletic figure, and, dismissing conservative doubts, Logan had to admit that it made him feel rather rakish.

"Darlin, Ah wouldn't have known you!" Laurie said when she saw him in it, and it seemed to Logan that the obvious delight of the statement was perhaps a mixed compliment.

"You look," she exclaimed, "positively rim."

"I feel trim," he whispered.

The trousers were, in fact, rather snug, and Logan felt as if a thin piece of wire was cutting through his waist. He managed to sit down on Laurie's couch, but for once could only sip at his Scotch; every extra ounce threatened his consciousness.

"Ah just know y'all will love each other."

"You're sure?"

"Wha, yes, aren't you?"

"Well, who knows? Things can go wrong."

"What things?"

"Jesus, Laurie, any things. How the hell do I know?"

She bit at her lip, and her eyes became suddenly blurry.

"Ah just can't abide swearin."

"I'm sorry, honey. But, for God's sake, don't cry!"

"No, darlin, Ah won't," she said, sobbing, "Ah just know everythin's goin to be all right!"

He belched, and unbuttoned the top button of his trousers.

"Of course it is. For Christ sake, why are we worrying?"

"Lawd knows, darlin, Lawd knows!"

She smiled hysterically, her face awash with tears and cosmetics.

Mrs. Kemble had commandeered a series of suites at the Plaza for her entourage, and assembled the company for cocktails in her sitting room. The moment Laurie entered the room, she was smothered in Momma's mailing embrace, while Logan stood fidgeting and smiling behind them. When Laurie was freed, she looked a bit disheve'ed, but smiled bravely and took Logan's hand.

"Momma," she said, "Ah want you to meet mah---"

"Oh, but darlin," Mrs. Kemble cried, "Ah almost forgot! First, before anythin else, Ah want you to meet——"

Momma pulled Laurie through the room, with Logan following uncertainty, feeling a bit like a bellhop trailing along in hopes of a tip. Laurie waved "Hi y'all" to the assembled guests, who were busy at their drinks. Logan nodded nervously and tried to hold his smile in place. In the bedroom, Mrs. Kemble opened a box and pulled out some sort of figurine about a foot high. The thing had a pained expression, perhaps due to a missing arm or the weight of the elaborate contraption on its head, which

might have been either a basket or a crown.

"Darlin," Mrs. Kemble said to Laurie, "Ah want you to meet Raymond. Ah call him that because he looks like old Raymond, the one that used to do the lawn for us."

Laurie giggled nervously and said, "Hello, Raymond."

"Isn't he precious?" Mrs. Kemble cooed. "He's pre-Columbian. We all fell in love with the culture down there. Did you know they had one? Raymond is some sort of priest—or is it rain god? Lawd knows, he cost enough."

She held him up in front of her happily heaving bosom and announced, "Raymond is going to preside."

Laurie and Logan followed Momma out of the sitting room again and watched as she placed Raymond in the center of the coffee table.

"Mother," Laurie said, "Ah'm glad to meet Raymond, and Ah'd like you to meet Jim Logan, mah——"

Mrs. Kemble threw a grin over Logan's shoulder and said, "We're just folks, honey, make yourself at home."

Logan smiled, but before he could answer. Mrs. Kemble swished off to feed a cracker piled high with caviar to Sam Houston, her parakeet. Laurie took Logan's hand again and led him around to meet the others. There was Uncle Dobbs, whose considerable girth was covered by a custom-made alpaca vest, draped with a heavy gold watch chain. Beside him was Aunt Shelley, a statuesque young lady who had managed to contain her admirable physical endowments in a glistening silver sheath. She yawned after being introduced and returned to examining her matching silver fingernails, an activity that seemed to bring boundless pleasure to the doting Uncle Dobbs. The rest of the party was milling around the room, each for his own reason, but Laurie managed to corner them all for introductions: Winnie and Vinuie, the two colored maids (those were not their real names, but Mrs. Kemble had once seen a movie with a pair of maids named Winnie and Vinnie and thought it was cute), two French poodles named St. Mark and St. Matthew, an aging but grand-mannered former diva of the Viennese Opera whom Momma had discovered in St.-Moritz, a hairdresser named Freddie, Sam Houston the parakeet and, pacing alone in the shadows with a giant martini in his hand, Mr. Ephraim Kemble, a tall, gaunt man with sunken eyes who smiled often, spoke seldom and, as far as possible, kept out of Mrs. Kemble's path.

A violinist wearing a tuxedo and a terrified expression joined the group and began sawing out soft gypsy music. The sorrowful strains inspired Elena, the diva, to dance by herself around the room with a cocktail glass in one hand and a gold-silk scarf in the other, while

Uncle Dobbs clapped his hands in rhythm to some unheard drummer.

Logan hurried down his first martini, and Mrs. Kemble brought him another when she came to sit down on the couch with him and Laurie. She looked at Logan directly for the first time, and he shifted in his seat, feeling unaccountably guilty.

"Child," Mrs. Kemble said, "Laurie has told me all about you."

As far as Logan knew, Laurie had told her mother nothing more about him than that he was a poet. But that was evidently enough.

"Isn't he cute, Momma?" Laurie asked hopefully.

"What, darlin?"

Laurie pressed her hand on Logan's wrist and said, "Stand up, darlin, show her your new suit."

Logan found himself rising from the couch and turning slowly around, smiling. Uncle Dobbs poked his thumbs in the pockets of his alpaca vest and yelled above the violinist's efforts, "Suck in that gut, son."

"Isn't he, Mother?" Laurie asked again. "Isn't he cute?"

"He certainly needs a shine," Mrs. Kemble said.

Logan looked down at his shoes, which were scuffed and dull.

"That's always the first thing Ah notice when Ah look at a man," Mrs. Kemble said.

"You wish to dance!" cried Elena, the diva. Logan looked up to see her rushing toward him, arms outstretched. He jumped back instinctively, and careened into the coffee table, falling backward in a full-scale crash. It was not the screams or the sound of breaking glass that Logan was later to remember: rather, it was the small crunch he heard when he sat up. It turned out to be the crunch of terra cotta. Pre-Columbian.

"Mah God!" Mrs. Kemble screamed. "It's Raymond!"

In the general melee, Laurie hustled Logan out to the hall. Her eyes were dull and moist and she simply stared at him, shaking her head.

"How much," he asked, "do you suppose the thing cost?"

"Too much, darlin," she said in a monotone, "Way too much."

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked

"Ah think," she said, "you've done all you can,"

The ringing of the phone pierced Logan's head the next morning so repeatedly that he found it less painful to answer than to listen.

It was Laurie's voice, but it sounded flat, as if punctured.

"You wanna come up?"

"To your place?"

"Yes."

"What about your family?"

There was a slight pause.

"They left today."

"I thought they were going to see the Johnny Carson show tonight.'

"Momma said they'd catch it next time around."

"Oh."

"Can you come?"

"Sure."

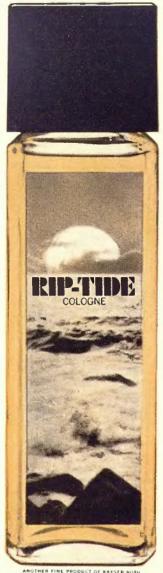
Laurie was wearing an unpressed man's white shirt and purple stretch pants. Her hair was pulled back and her face was puffy, with no attempt at makeup. He rather liked her that way, not as the former object of his romantic pursuit. but, rather, as a fellow veteran who has been through the same unsuccessful campaign. They concentrated on sipping their drinks, and once Logan pulled Laurie to him for a kiss that neither of them could work into being any more than perfunctory. Their engagement and, along with it, the attraction between them, seemed to have evaporated into the lifeless air of the room, leaving nothing more than the faint remaining odor of Laurie's perfume and Logan's perspiration, a powerful potion gone stale and slightly offensive that was stubbornly clinging to the skin of the couch. They found they had nothing much to say to each other, but kept a silence both respectful and friendly, if burned around the edges with embarrassment. Logan closed his eyes and let nothing enter his mind except the steady hum of the apartment, a sound that he thought of as some kind of theme song or trademark of the place, coming from the hidden electric heart of the building itself; he wondered if he and Laurie and all the other inhabitants of that highly wired hive were being slowly and unnoticeably sautéed.

He left in the late afternoon, coldly placing a peck on Laurie's dry mouth and propelling his drained and aching body, by a mindless exertion of will, onto Madison Avenue to wait for a cab. He turned up the collar of his dirty raincoat, feeling in that natty neighborhood like some sort of unshaven alien who might at any moment be arrested for failure to produce an appropriate iden-

That evening he sat by himself drinking wine, looking out the window and listening to old Miles Davis records. The horn and the wine were soothing, and slowly Logan began to feel not only calm but comfortable. Some time after dark he stole out of the apartment with a bundle wrapped in old newspapers. and several blocks from his building he stuffed the mysterious package beneath several layers that had formed in a litter basket. He walked back whistling, feeling immeasurably lighter and deeply relieved. At least he'd never again come so close to being caught dead in a sharply cut Italian suit.

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coeds, airline hostesses—and just unplain girls—plus a long and lovely line of local debutantes and jet setters.

The modern Lone-Star lass carries herself with an air of feminine grace and pride, wearing only enough make-up to highlight her natural outdoor-girl appeal. Whether she's garbed in the latest Balenciaga from the haute couture salons of Dallas' pace-setting emporium, Neiman-Marcus, or in simple Western togs à la Levi Strauss, she comports herself with a casual unconcern often lacking in her self-consciously fashion-following New York and Hollywood counterparts. She is poised but carefree, outgoing and neighborly without being aggressive. Best of all, she is totally feminine and ever mindful of the Texas belle's ante-bellum tradition of making each beau feel that he alone is the object of her affection.

Wherever you encounter her, the Texas girl will in all probability be a homegrown beauty, since most single longhorn lasses prefer to play the waiting game in their native habitat. Despite their common statehood, Texas girls boast ancestral backgrounds as diverse as the vast terrain that surrounds them. Some are the descendants of Texas freedom fighters who died at the Alamo, while others are the olive-skinned heiresses of wealthy Mexican patrones who owned the land centuries before statehood. Perhaps your favorite will be a comely cowgirl whose forebears drove cattle herds north to the first Chicago and Kansas City railheads; or she may be the attractive offspring of a European family that migrated to the American Southwest after World War Two. It really doesn't matter if her precursors came to this promised land of plenty in covered wagons, made their turn-of-thecentury fortunes wildcatting in the east-Texas oil fields or arrived in post-War profusion to invest their life savings in newly formed electronics firms and other experimental industries. Whatever the antecedents of the particular Texas darling you've corralled, you'll soon discover why that proud state is proudest of its natural feminine resources.

Making up the majority of those resources are a host of middle-class misses: hard-working, home-bred and happy to make your acquaintance. Their prototype is not especially culture-conscious, though she occasionally takes in a Western art exhibit at a city museum or attends a summer outdoor concert. She's as naturally fun-loving and expansive as her state. Her interests range from the impending fate of the Houston Astros and Dallas Cowboys to the outcome of last weekend's sports-car races at Odessa-Midland and the coming fare at the local movie theaters. You'll find her in appealing abundance in every small town and major city across the state: working in the sophisticated shops and white-collar offices of Dallas and Houston; programing a computer at Nassau Bay's NASA Manned Spacecraft Center; taking dictation from her cattle-baron boss in Abilene or San Antonio; or taking your

reservation at one of Corpus Christi's year-round resort hotels. And she is, with few exceptions, engagingly accessible. Ask her out for dinner and a subsequent tour of the night-life scene; and if you're a suitably entertaining host, you should wind up well on your way to the friendliest of relationships. If you're not a teetotaler, it would be wise to treat your Texas girl to an early evening, since the state liquor laws prohibit the sale of booze after midnight (one A.M. on Saturdays). In addition, should your taste run to anything stronger than beer or wine-the only elixirs purchasable at a public bistro or restaurant-you'd best take along a bottle of your own (setups are available) or arrange for your friendly hotel manager to set you up with a temporary membership in some of the less private "private" clubs, where whiskey is allowed.

There is also a sizable cosmopolitan contingent of longhorn lasses who've come to such boom towns as Dallas, Houston and (in the case of a select group interested in state government) Austin in search of a career. Unlike the typical Texas working girl, this enterprising beauty generally eschews the prospect of an early career in matrimony and chooses her Lone-Star locale with a view toward traveling onward and upward. Definitely slated for a fast climb, in fact, are the hundreds of would-be airline stewardesses who make their home in Dallas during their preflight training courses at Braniff's and American's national headquartersand who help make up that city's attractive four-to-one female majority among unmarrieds. In addition, Dallas provides a compelling magnet for career-bent beauties in fashion-with nationally prominent Neiman-Marcus leading the pack of local emporiums and womenswear wholesalers; in merchandisingwith the Southwest's most influential furniture, apparel and trade marts situated here; in public relations-a fastgrowing field for Big-D distaff execs by dint of the city's position as a state banking and finance center; and in modeling -with such stores as Neiman-Marcus and Titche-Goettinger grabbing off the lioness' share of aspiring young mannequins.

During her off-hours, the hard-working Dallas doll likes to play hard, too, and finding her is made simple by the fact that she and her career-minded cousins usually live in a group of recently constructed apartment complexes that stretch from one end of the city to the other. Sporting names such as The Quarters, The Four Seasons, Plantation House, Fleetwood Oaks and The Americana, this series of cities within a city supplies most of the town's action after dark. Each apartment complex boasts its own private night club-with jazz combos at The Quarters' Cajun Club and Plantation House's Slave Quarters attracting



"Haskins, we've decided to keep your application for a raise under advisement until we can find a suitable replacement for you."

more than their fair share of unescorted beauties on week nights. In addition, each complex provides its tenants with a swimming pool-or pools-gymnasium, tennis court and, in a few instances, a choice of either cold champagne or beer piped directly into his or her bedroom. Needless to say, since the miss has everything she needs right at home, home-meaning hers-is the place to go. And most of Dallas' eligible men are positively altruistic about sharing the wealth of womankind. With poolside parties till dawn and hardly a sliding-glass balcony door locked before bedtime, even the heartiest of Texas men concede that the invariable four-to-one female majority puts the supply far in excess of the demand.

If you manage to talk your favorite Dallas career girl into one of her rare evenings on the town, she'll probably prefer the Continental cuisine at The Beefeater Inn, Old Warsaw or Dominique, or perhaps some exotic Middle Eastern fare at La Tunisia before go-going it up at The Cellar in nearby Fort Worth. It's been bruited about that The Cellar's midnight closing notice does not mean "positively."

On nights when you're on your own in the Dallas-Fort Worth twin-city area, you'll want to pay a visit to the latter's Party Line and the Tracer Club-a popular pair of meeting places for unescorted local lovelies on the town, where table-to-table phone privileges invite the possibility of a good connection.

With both a similar good-next-doorneighbor policy and a busier bistro circuit to brighten up her leisure time, the Houston career girl is a date of different —but equally delightful—dimensions. A confirmed night owl who spends her working day at just about anything from reporting for the Houston Chronicle to girl-Fridaying for a busy oil tycoon, to running a cybernetics section at nearby NASA headquarters, to ministering to the medical needs of patients at Houston's huge medical center, to acting in the Alley Theater's nightly dramas in the round or the Houston Theater Center's repertory productions, the Houston distaffer is equally at home on the town or partying at her poolside pad. If you're meeting her for cocktails, she'll be ready as soon as her workday ends, whereupon you'll probably lift your glasses between dances at the posh Petroleum Club atop the 44-story Humble Building, tallest skyscraper west of the Mississippi, or the red-velvety Carriage Room in the Hotel Sheraton-Lincoln. At dinnertime, she may suggest the Gallic delights dished out at Maxim's, the family-style spreads served up at the Green Parrot, the Cantonese cuisine at the Poly-Asian East (and West) or a simple feast of three-inch-thick cuts of prime rib and imported draught beers at the Red Lion Inn or the Rib Room in



"Of course I believe in free love. Who's got money?"

the Hotel America. Then it's onward: possibly to a Houston Symphony Orchestra concert at the Texas culture capital's new Hall for the Performing Arts; or, more likely, on a club-hopping cruise across town, which should include the go-go floorshow at The French Quarter, the Bat Cave or the Gaslight Club, where your cosmopolitan cutup will want to match frugs with the full-time female staff of leotarded disco instructors. After midnight, of course, it's up to you and yours to make your own music.

Whether your Texas travels lead you through the Panhandle or cast you ashore along the Gulf Coast, you will never be far from a plentiful source of campus-based coed companions. While night life in such smaller cities as Lubbock (Texas Tech) and Waco (Baylor University) is understandably limited, there is a constant flow of sorority parties to brighten weekend eveningsand with any decent luck, an acquaintance struck up in an off-campus snackshop could launch you into the partying mainstream.

The twin Texas cities of Dallas and Fort Worth host their respective legions of urban-based undergraduate beauties from the teeming campuses of Southern Methodist and Texas Christian universities-plus a migratory weekend contingent of misses who drive down in droves from their respective academic groves at North Texas State and Texas State College for Women in nearby Denton. Unlike their small-town sisters, these city-dwelling coeds often spend their free afternoons frequenting the Dallas Muse-

um of Fine Arts and Fort Worth's Casa Mañana theater. And quite often it's only a short jump from discussing the merits of Matisse and Molière with an attractive aesthete to dwelling on more corporeal matters. Even during the summer, there's never a shortage of co-educational companionship in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, since the warm-weather schedule of local outdoor expositions, rodeos and concerts attracts a steady swarm of vacationing coeds seeking between-semesters entertainment and/or employment. No matter what the season, however, your campus queen for the evening will expect much more in the way of postprandial entertainment than her country cousin. So plan to follow up a dinner for two at one of Dallas' finer steak houses-such as Arthur's or the Chateaubriand-with a trip to the town's top Dixieland jazz emporium, The Levee, and a frantic frug or two on the packed dance floor of the Disc-à-GoGo. When the midnight curfew finally calls a halt to your nocturnal meanderings, you can either repair to the Pago Pago for a refreshing round of "after-hours" thirst quenchers with your student princess or suggest the privacy of your own Dallas digs as a suitable spot for further educational exchanges.

Farther south, Houston and Austin boast their own outstanding student bodies. The University of Houston coed will prefer to make a night of it with an after-dinner visit to The Bird-a regular stamping ground for undergraduate folkniks-leading up to a late-hour rendezvous at the Act III, where political and 183

social satire is uppermost on the agenda. If you're truly bent on crashing Houston's higher academic circles, moreover, you won't want to miss meeting some of the bookish beauties who succeed in making the intellectual grade at Rice University -one of the nation's best-ranked brain factories. One may have trouble tearing a fetching Rice coed away from her books, but no such obstacles are encountered among the thousands of fun-loving University of Texas females in Austin.

And Texas wouldn't be Texas without her cowgirls. At home anywhere on the open range-from El Paso to Abilene to San Antonio-these modern-day Annie Oakleys seldom stray beyond the boundaries of west-Texas cattle country. Short of saddling up in hopes of a chance meeting somewhere out on the prairie, the Texas visitor's only opportunity of rounding up a date with one of these broncobusting belles is to be on hand when she happens to canter into a nearby city. Summertime sets the stage for a mass arrival of reining Texas beauties in and around El Paso, where many find gainful employment for the season by augmenting the temporary personnel rosters of nearby dude ranches along the Mexican and New Mexico borders. Outside of an inspiring aerial view of the town by cable car, however, your means of entertaining one of these enchanting equestriennes will be severely limited by the fact thatlike all of its border-town counterparts-El Paso leaves most of the action after dark in the hands of café owners across the Rio Grande in Juárez, where many a Mexican bandido uses a cash register instead of a gun.

A more consistent cowgirl population is found in San Antonio, where every week night a fun-loving troop of tengallon-topped rangerettes head for their favorite country-and-western haunt. The tourist who cottons to this musical idiom will spend his best listening hours in such establishments as the Texas Star Inn, Castle Hills, the Hi-Ho and suburban Hecotees. At chowtime, try to hitch up at Christie's for one of their famous seafood spreads; or if your palate delights in more highly seasoned dishes, make reservations well in advance for a table at La Fonda, where Texans all agree the Mexican fare is the finest. In the long run, the pleasure of your cowgirl's company and the colorful sights of this not-so-little Spanish town should make it unnecessary for you to go galloping off in search of more-glamorous pastures.

At the opposite end of the social spectrum from the roughriding Texas beauty is the society girl. With more millionaires per square mile than any other state in the Union, the current flock of thoroughbred Texas fillies is large enough to satisfy any young man's predilections for well-bred womanhood. 184 In Houston alone-the state's largest

metropolis and the nation's seventh largest-one out of every 300 citizens can claim a seven-figure bank account, and most have at least one daughter who will someday share it. Always ready to compete with their big-sister city's landed gentry, moreover, Dallas blue bloods boast the longest social season in the United States. In all, the Texas traveler will find the terrain well stocked with attractive aristocrats, nouveau and otherwise, who are well worth the time and trouble it will take to wangle a proper introduction.

Dallas and Houston supply the state's social register with most of its female membership. In Big D, the upper-class damsel spends most of her daylight hours basking at poolside or decorating the links of the Dallas and Brook Hollow golf clubs. Unlike most private clubs in Texas, where the average tourist can usually avail himself of a temporary membership with little more than a business card and a five-dollar tip, these lush retreats of the local loaded pay strict attention to who enters their portals. Likewise, at the other end of the twin-city turnpikes, the upper-strata Fort Worth filly's attendance at such daytime haunts as the Shady Oaks, Colonial and Ridglea country clubs makes her equally inaccessible sans invitation. Without one, your best chance of meeting these sweet young things will arrive with the Texas sunset and the attendant mass exodus from the country-club sancta for a night on the town.

First stop on the Dallas jet setter's typical evening schedule might be dinner at the ultra-U Cipango Club, where, until a recent police crackdown, Continental cuisine could be followed by an upstairs round of chemin de fer. Then, it's off to an early curtain at the Dallas Theater Center, where avant-garde drama blends with the building's avant-garde Frank Lloyd Wright design. Later, her nibs will probably opt for a whirl around the ballroom-sized floor of The Music Boxwhere the best and the last of the big bands appear on their Southwestern swings—or a nightcap at the *intime* 21 Club.

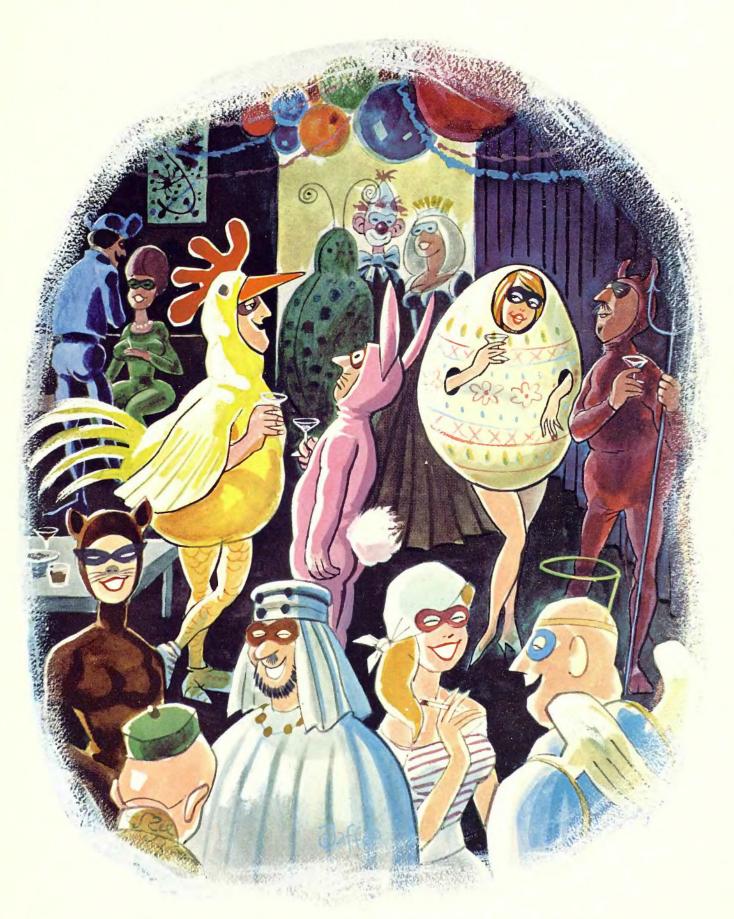
Houston's moneyed misses, on the other hand, tend to be more liberal about mixing with the masses; and except for their occasional retirement behind the restricted bastions of such spas as the Lakeside and River Oaks country clubs, these lasses can be found in attractive abundance at any of the city's more popular watering holes. Many weekday evenings, for example, the thing to do is join the teeming crowd of die-hard fans at Houston's glass-enclosed Astrodome. Since its erection, the Astrodome has become a full-fledged competitor for the local night-life trade-as well as for that of nearby Galveston. With opulently decorated dining rooms and adjacent bars at every upper-floor level, plus a nine-

inning weather-free National League tiff for entertainment, the Astrodome has drained off much of the business from local nighteries whose midnight curfew comes perilously hard on the heels of many a night game's last out. When the Astros are away, the well-bred miss still wants to play, however, and her favorite habitats include the Shamrock Hotel's swank International Club; the Tidelands, with big-name entertainment as the lure: the Cork Club, where the petroleum world's elite meet; and the Warwick Roof, not recommended for those whose vertigo will surely be showing during the multistory ride up the side of the Hotel Warwick in a glassenclosed elevator.

On summer weekends, Houston's haut monde heads for the action along the Gulf, where an armada of bikinied blue bloods sets up its beach umbrellas on the sunnier strands of Galveston Island. Since practically all the clubs and restaurants in this coastal clime are open to the public, there's no problem as to where to squire one of these island-based belles after sundown. You can sup on seafood at Gaido's before wending your way back to the Beachcomber Club for an after-dark go at the latest in go-go steps. In mid-November, when the weather around Houston turns slightly chilly, the jet set migrates farther down the Gulf Coast to Corpus Christi and nearby Padre Island.

The Texan's answer to Fort Lauderdale, Corpus Christi is an annual jumping-off spot for most Lone-Star misses who follow the sun. The resort hotels along the beach barely have time to weather the wealthy set's winter invasion before the town's springtime siege by thousands of between-semester coeds and unattached surferettes begins. The Polynesian cuisine at Lahala House or a fresh lobster specialité at Ship Ahoy should put your lady of the evening in the mellowest of moods; after which you can either watusi with your glamorous gremmie at the Mustang and Surf clubs or enjoy a quiet conversation over cocktails at Harold's, where rumor has it that a fast game of chance or two is an occasional added attraction in the club's back room. And when closing time finally comes, there's nothing like a latenight walk along the palm-lined shore to put things in their proper romantic perspective.

Heading home from your Lone-Star holiday, it won't matter where those pretty eyes of Texas met yours. Whether they belonged to a bikinied beauty on the beach at Corpus Christi or a sultry rose at fiesta time in San Antone or an attractive apartment dweller at poolside in Big D, they'll have been in such profusion that Texas will seem bigger-and better-than ever.



"I have a feeling I may be going to lay an egg this evening . . . !"

#### FATHER AND HIS GANGSTERS

(continued from page 106)

courted with green shoes. Canton seemed as far away as Kamenets Podolski. He sometimes missed his carefree evenings on the motorcycle, zooming up the gentle hills outside Canton, looking for a patch of dry grass, but as always, he lived in the present. The sun and the moon and fresh fruits and vegetables are eternal. Also the pay-off. He had grown accustomed to regular contributions toward keeping his truck from being tipped over; he now had his own store, one not on wheels, and drove his truck through the dawn streets of Lakewood toward the West Side Market, where he picked up his load of iceberg lettuce, oranges, artichokes, the produce of the season. He occasionally also arranged not to be beaten up. As part of his business expenses he included gifts to the police, who otherwise discovered or invented violations of the law, and the fire and building departments; these gangsters spoke English clearly. The market gangsters spoke with eastern European or southern European accents. My father learned to smile and pay. He had four sons. That, too, was a ransom. He, like other businessmen, managed to bargain for the unbargainable-life and the right to live. They found a field of agreement. Balance was possible. The gangsters knew the limits, too.

Then, in the early Thirties, a new breed of gangster moved in. Where they had been waiting, no one knew, though certainly some came off the piers from the fast motorboats which had carried

launches, out of their red barns. They predators was crowned by success. Thus entered the racketeer.

For my father, "gangster" was a familiar thing; the racketeer was a menace. These men pretended to be labor organizers, extorting dues and bribes from employees and employer. They could ply their trade openly under the guise of the union. They learned that a social institution beats individual enterprise two ways going. They took tribute from workers under the name of dues; they demanded payment from employers in order not to call a strike. With the natural conservatism of a man with a house, wife, family, a sheepskin jacket for going to the market and an extra suit for important occasions, my father resisted the new style. Gangster yes-racketeer no. He was stubborn and told the police he had been threatened. They told him to report back at once if someone broke his arm or dropped a brick on his head.

"Yah," he said.

"You remember now," said the cop. "Say, Sam, my kids sure loved that barrel

whiskey from Canada into Toledo and Cleveland; and some who were more scholarly had tried their skill at distilling alcohol in the research laboratories of Canton, southern Ohio and Kentucky. The end of Prohibition made them nervous. They came blinking off their sought new careers. Someimes the dream comes true in America. Without great delay their sincere desire to be

another." He found a bushel of rock candy in the back room of the store, shrugged. dashed a glass of water into it and told Caruso, his driver, to deliver it to Officer

of old no-good stuck-together candy you

"Yah," said my father. "I think I got

sent over. Now it's all gone."

One evening I had the mumps and lay alone in my room, aged ten, listening to the dance band from the Hotel Cleveland and wishing I were grown-up so that I could make sense of that tinkle of glass and laughter, those mechanical rhythms. I knew the child's perverse nostalgia for the future-for the dancing, the absurd smiling, all the masquerades to come. I had heard about lust and, slightly feverish, developed an idea of what it might be. My face was as round as a turnip and the purple swellings on my neck took the fun out of swallowing. Suddenly a rock came sailing through the closed window, shattering glass. I swallowed. Before I could yell, my father was in the room, picking up the rock and cursing. My mother swept up the glass. There was no note on the rock, but the message was clear. The union intended serious negotiation.

My father telephoned the police, who said, "Kids. Halloween is only two months away. Crazy kids."

"Officer Cecil," said my father, "listen,

I sent you the candy."

"It was all stuck together anyway, Sam, but my kids loved it. They broke it up with hammers. I tell you there's nothing I could do. It's higher up. So you know what you got to do."

"Ach, I hate it."

"Well, they talk your language, Sam. From the Old Country, ain't they? Don't blame it on me. I didn't let in all the riffraff, Sammy."

My father put the earpiece back on the hook, sat for a while over the telephone, shouted at my brothers: "Nobody walks barefoot in this house! Use the vacuum first!" Then he sat for a while longer. My mother tiptoed around him. My three brothers stood in a row, six shoes watching him although he showed very little. Then he sighed and used the telephone again. No response. For a time there would be nobody home in the office. They were following a traditional ritual in the racketeer business. They were temporarily unavailable for consultation. My brothers were silent and frightened, I was excited, my mother was wild. Someplace in the racketeer's manual it says that you don't have to worry about the man; the woman gets wild, the children get nervous because their mother is wild, and the man can't stand the noise and strain, no matter what else he can stand.

Still, my father was stubborn. "They got no right," he said.



"I take it back! I take it back! You're not extremely hostile!"

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"Rights, rights!" my mother shouted. "With dead children you'll give them an argument?"

"Look, I tried to call them," my father said. "They don't answer. Just don't go up to the races without I . . ." He lost his grasp of English. "I'm doing all I can, so don't ask me anymore."

He sat up all night on the front porch, wearing his sheepskin jacket, a sentry on duty on Hathaway Avenue in Lakewood, Ohio.

Next day, still with the mumps I lay, and a boarded window. My father was sleeping on the couch. He had been up all night; he had worked all day. A bottle, filled with fluid, came sailing through the other window. The window broke: the bottle broke. "Foo, foo, fooey." said my father. It had a bad smell. He described it as a stink bomb, but it was homemade, home-created and relatively mild. Still, no one could claim it smelled good.

He made another telephone call. It was the hour of arbitration. This time the racketeer's manual must have said: OK, discuss. And who visited our house that night to perch with his plump white hands on his short thighs? Who came to squeak out threats and apologies and an incoherent rumble of promises? Who was the collection agent and negotiator for the racketeers? Answer: an old friend. Shloimi Spitz, the gangster.

"Shloimi," said my father, "that was my boy in that room. he had the mumps, a shock like that could prevent him from becoming a father.'

"He's too young for monkey business," said Shloimi, who knew nothing of psychology or psychosomatic medicine except that a brick, a stone or a bomb through the window made people reasonable. "What's a baby like that want to be a father?"

"Shloimi," said my father reproachfully. "I went to visit your brother on death row.'

'Nu, so how long I got to be grateful?" "A little bit anyway," said my father,

"All right, so I'm grateful. Now pay up your dues."

"Dues!"

"That's what we call them, dues. Dues me something."

"Oy," said my father.

"You want to call them something else, that's your privilege, I invite you,' said Shloimi, softened despite himself by the reminder of silent, dizzy Moishe, cut off in his prime by a jolt of electricity from the State of Ohio. "I'll tell you what, Sam, you're such an old friend, you can call them anything. How's that for an arrangement? Just so long as you

"I guess I'll call them dues," my father said sullenly.

Shloimi smiled. In a movie he'd have had some spectacular gesture-his leitmotif-such as George Raft's flipping a



quarter or Edward G. Robinson's delicious snarl. Instead, he merely smiled. But then, lo! He showed his gold tooth. He had a gold-tooth gesture! "What's the matter with your kid?" he asked, taking notice of me.

"He's getting over the mumps."

"OK, but why his mouth hang open like that?"

I shut my mouth and Shloimi put his hand on my head. He tousled my hair. "OK, nice kid," he said. "They didn't know they was putting the stink in his room. If they knew he was sick, they'd have said, Wait till the kid isn't sick. I personally would say it."

My jaw was hanging again.

Now pass summarily over the War, age, events. But time cannot be passed over: time passes us and we remain in our history as it hurtles forward. Still, it is now 1966. I live in San Francisco; my parents still live in Cleveland. Ohio. My father is heading toward his 70th year. In Los Angeles his kid brother has a 40th wedding anniversary. All the relatives gather—the automobile agency, the liquor stores, the doctors and lawyers, the hypochondriacs, the one alcoholic (a heavy drinker), the successful children and the ones who have not yet become

successful. My father keeps active. After the party, he wants to go to Las Vegas to gamble. Money has always been a toy to him, and gambling better than any other activity expresses the playfulness resident in the commodity money. The smell of green, its taste and crinkle, still give him pleasure. After a large family party be wants to have some fun.

My father asked me to join my mother and him for a few days at the Auberge Sandy Dunes (let us call it), one of the piles of pink masonry and violations of symmetry which make up the Las Vegas strip. I stayed two nights, and then we all left for the airport. The visit, I noticed, was an economical one. When the check arrived at the hotel night club, it was marked compliments, with a red, smeared, inky stamp. My bill was stamped compliments and so was my parents'. When he strolled from the cages where he exchanged money for chips, and when he idled among the crap tables, my father was treated with unusual consideration by the girls who brought him lemonade.

On the third day we stood in the lobby with our luggage, waiting to go. My mother and I were amazed that there was no bill. Then old Shloimi Spitz came strolling out of his office, alerted by a buzzer. He had shrunk, as the old do, but his bald head with its freckled crown seemed larger, almost dignified. Sober dignity; also a white-on-white silk tie over the white-on-white shirt with ruffles and French cuffs. He was wearing a black Italian silk suit and pointy shoes. The narrow pants gave evidence of the withering his years had brought him. I remembered him as thick-thighed. He had had a bad cold recently; the flanges of his nose were chapped and there was a pale white shadow of lanolin cream about his nostrils.

"Hallo, Sam," he said to my father.

"Hallo, Shloimi," said my father. "I heard you was here."

"You're looking good," said Shloimi.

"You got a good business here," said my father. "How are you?"

"Not too bad. I get a little sinus sometimes. Come here, Sam, I want to talk to you." The two old men strolled across the lobby, arm in arm. "It's not really my business. Sam. It's a little group of us——"

And they were beyond my hearing. They had the quick waddle of healthy old men. Shloimi was talking, but why? Did he want to recall the memory of his brother. Moishe, dead nearly 50 years now? Had he some need to apologize for the threats and extortions which had bound my father and him together so long?

In the taxi my mother asked, "Did you thank him for the Complimentary?"

"Naw," said my father, and fell to dreaming.

"Well, you should—learn to be polite!" said my mother.

"Naw," said my father.

Shloimi stood spraddle-legged in the curved driveway of the Auberge Sandy Dunes while the hot wind of far Nevada swept over him. He lifted his hand, waving goodbye to my father. I would have liked my father to let the power window of the air-conditioned taxi float down; I wanted him to lean out and wave in return. Instead, my father just moved his head in recognition. Shloimi smiled. He gave all he could. He stood in the heat and smiled with all his might. An old man smiling hard. He showed his gold tooth.

We had already turned onto the road when my father changed his mind, turned, and waved goodbye to his gangster. Too late. We were out of sight.

"I don't owe him," said my father, and pressed his lips together as if he understood that his words—the truth of them—hid a different and deeper truth. Life had joined them in a mutual debt. Now at the end of time, the most important fact in their past was that they had known one another.



"I'm glad that's over. I was afraid of what Roy might do — he's so frightfully jealous."

#### VENUS DEFILED

(continued from page 130) similar conclusion was reached after Flora Kelleher got through panting out all the titillating details of her frantically orgasmic affair with her stepson Mickey. in "NO BED OF MY OWN," which began on page 54.

Actually. Flora did have a bed of her own, of course, which she shared with her hubby, Mike, the good-natured widower cop who had been kind enough to marry her after her father had thrown her out of the house because she was pregnant from having been raped by four boys in a tool shed. Flora was 17 at the time, and Mike was 36, which caused a lot of talk in the neighborhood. But Mike loved Flora and Flora loved Mike, despite the fact that his lovemaking left her "restless, wanting, needing something. . . . It was as if I were-well, too hungry, too wanting," she explained, ". . . It was my guilty secret, my failing, and I fought it alone." Until. that is, reinforcements arrived ten years later, in the tanned and muscular form of a fully grown 21-year-old stepson whom she hadn't seen in ages-Mike's boy, Mickey, fresh out of the Army with an honorable discharge.

The difference in their ages notwithstanding. Mickey's effect on Flora was one of instantaneous arousal. He merely shook her hand in greeting, and she went completely ape: "His touch set off a violent explosion within me. I fought a fantastic impulse to throw myself into his arms, to strain passionately against him, to kiss, caress and possess him and

to be possessed by him.

"A million times in the weeks that followed I wondered if I were losing my mind. Being in the same room with Mickey-hearing his voice, seeing him, touching his hand in passing a dish or cigarette lighter-was exquisite torture. Being separated from him, for even an hour, was an agony of longing. . . . I could hardly cat. Sleep was beyond me. except in restless snatches, and then I dreamed of Mickey, of Mickey taking me in his strong arms, of Mickey's kisses.

"And I was not alone in my torment. For Mike's sake, I hoped I hid my feelings better than Mickey hid his. . . . He was like a delighted puppy in his pleasure if he came upon me alone. His eyes would sweep admiringly over me. I could see the inward struggle he waged to keep his hands from caressing me . . ."

To cut short the restless snatches of exquisite torture, let it be said that it turned out to be a losing struggle all around. When Mickey selflessly decided to move to California and go into the dry-cleaning business in order to keep his hands from caressing his father's wife, Flora hurled herself at his hard young body:

"To this day I can't say how I got into his arms. Nothing mattered after that



except being there, clinging close, laughing and crying, kissing

How I've wanted this-to hold you. Flora!' Mickey mouned. Tve fought it. I tried not to-

"'It's wrong! It's wrong, but I can't help it!' I cried.

"We were both on fire. I didn't protest when Mickey picked me up and carried me into his room. I knew how terrible the thing we were doing was-and how wonderful. At last I knew the ecstasy of complete response, of love fulfilled, of hunger satisfied. Even knowing the price I would have to pay-in guilt and shame -I would have gone on giving myself to Mickey as often as he asked. I wouldn't have been able to refuse as long as we both lived under the same roof . .

Though I had scarcely skimmed half an issue, it was already apparent that True Story's frequencies of female response were peaking well above the highest intensity levels established by the big, slick ladies' books, and were rapidly approaching the ultra-orgasmic spectrum to which we would normally relegate the sexual escapades of nymphomaniacal fruit flies and jack rabbits in rut.

Without any advance warning to anyone, least of all me, T.S. was now operating on a whole new policy of Total Sex!

A million times in the following weeks I wondered if I were losing my mind. I could hardly eat. Sleep was beyond me, and I kept running out of ice cubes and bumping into things. I fought it. I tried not to-but I just couldn't help it.

If, while seated on the bus, I happened to espy a True Story reader sitting opposite, I fancied I could feel her eyes sweep admiringly over me, and could sense the inward struggle she waged to keep from caressing and possessing me, right then and there.

For the sake of the other passengers, I hoped I hid my feelings better than she hid hers. Sex, sex, sex-that's all women care about, I thought. And subsequent issues of True Story just went to prove it.

With the awed fascination of one who had suddenly been made privy to some age-old cabalistic truth known only to the inscrutable vestals of a multitudinous female fertility cult, I began to keep a monthly record of the sexual frenzies of the new-style confession heroines, and found that I had soon filled six large file cards with notations-and this in the post-teen, mature-woman division alone.

"Don't call it love, just KISS ME . . . HOLD ME . . . TAKE ME!" Tinita begged her lover in the title of a May 1963 True Story of sex in a fishing shack. "He grasped my fingers fiercely and lifted them to his lips. 'I love you-I love you!' he whispered. . . . I looked into his eyes. and a hunger I could no longer deny spread through me. 'Don't call it love,' I gasped, 'just kiss me, hold me-take me!' His mouth sought mine, and as Manuel rekindled the cold ashes of my womanhood, I felt no guilt. My physical need to be warmed and comforted overshadowed everything . . ."

Trapped indoors by a snowstorm. which occurred in T.S. the following May, comely Holly Adams entertained her daughter's boyfriend with mugs of brandy-laced coffee that served as a steamy aperitif to the double-Dutch predicament telegraphed in her story's title: "HE GOT US BOTH IN TROUBLE-MY DAUGHTER AND ME!

"We went on kissing until I felt his arms tremble. 'Oh, Holly,' he groaned. 'This is all wrong.'

"No. It was right. For some crazy, mixed-up reason I felt this wonderful glow between us couldn't be wrong. It was right, right, right.

"The room spun around me. 'Oh, 189



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190 It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy

Chip,' I whispered. My arms went around him, pulling him down toward me on the couch. We kissed again and again until neither of us had any sanity

"Only then I felt the robe slip down from my shoulders. I didn't have anything on under it. 'Oh, Chip,' I whispered against his lips. 'Oh, Chip, darling.' And then neither of us spoke as we were overtaken by a powerful, yet almost unreal flood of desire and fulfillment.'

Even more powerful and swift was the flood of desire that engulfed a young mother named Judy, when her salesman friend, Brad Wyatt, turned up for dinner in "A DIVORCEE'S SECRET LOVE LIFE," which appeared in the following month's issue. It was a "hot, humid night," the kids were in bed, and Judy was sensibly attired in "shorts and halter" -a circumstance as fortuitous as the fact that Brad had just received a large bonus:

" 'I'm very proud of you.' I said and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"At least I intended it lightly, but I had been without love too long. Something wild and fierce and uncontrollable happened. . . . I had never known I was even capable of such raging passion as this. I didn't care that the doors were unlocked and a neighbor might walk in or one of the boys might wake up. Nothing could have stopped me from giving myself to Brad.

"As if coming out of a strange, shocking dream, I realized I was lying on the floor. Brad's body still covering mine.

"'Forgive me, Brad whispered. 'I-I've been crazy about you, right from the first, but I never meant to let you know.'

"My halter was torn," Judy realized, now that Brad had finally demonstrated how much he really cared. "I tried to pull it together. This had happened to me! To me!"

Through the magic of the printed word, it had also happened to several million women readers, whose increasing newsstand purchases and subscriptions were boosting True Story's circulation figures higher with each passing month. Nor were such circulation-stimulating episodes of passion peculiar to True Story. Equally eager to be seduced, the heroines of other confession magazines fought valiantly and hard for their sexual rights, hurling themselves at every likely male in order to have something wild and titillating to confess.

"That night there was no sleep for me . . ." Anne Sanders revealed in True Confessions' Giant Book-Length Story for the same hot, humid month of June 1964. "At last I knew I had to put an end to my torment. I put on a dress and slipped out. I ran around to the kitchen door of Cliff's house and called his name. Either he was asleep or his bedroom door was closed. I tried the kitchen door and it was open, so I went inside,

ran up the stairs and knocked at Cliff's

"'Who is it?' I heard his startled voice. He had the door open even before I could answer. 'Anne, what's happened? What is it? . . .

It didn't take Cliff long to figure out what it was. Anne hadn't run all the way upstairs to borrow a cup of sugar:

'We stared at each other, desire moving between us like a living thing.

Better go, Anne. I'm not made of iron,' he said.

"'No,' I said. 'No!'

"Then I was in his arms again, and his voice was desperate. 'Oh. Anne,' he begged, 'please go! Don't make me hate myself any more than---'

"I clung to him, whispering, 'I won't

go. I won't! I won't.'

"I felt him tremble, and then he lifted me onto the bed and turned out the light. His lips were warm against mine. and his hands were tender, making me forget that he'd never said he loved me. And because it seemed I'd been I ving all my life for just this moment. I didn't even question what it really meant to him . . .

Regardless of what it meant to Cliff, Brad, Chip, Mickey or any other male character, this was the moment for which most confession-book heroines had been living and waiting-often for as long as two whole pages. In the heat of the competitive quest for fiercer desire and wilder response, the editors of Modern Romances went so far as to put a 35-year-old virgin, named Liz Enders, in the same September bed with Tom Coates, "a husky dark-haired young man" who owned a filling station across the road:

"'I love you, Liz.' His mouth moved tenderly over my cheek and then found mine. . . . His hand groped and moved and as my gown slid up I felt his touch on my bare thigh. I gasped and pushed closer to him. Sweet wild longing filled my body-a wanting I had never known except in some hidden part of my mind. Tom's mouth sought mine again. And then I was nothing except what he wanted me to be. A woman with a wanting, receiving, giving body. I cried out in pain, ecstasy and wonder, and then I lay trembling and quiet in his arms . . .'

Each month the gowns slid higher and higher, and the groping and groaning increased, as the sweet wild longing of the wanting female body demanded and received its ecstatic gratifications. But seldom was the mature heroine's sexual credo so frankly expressed as on the November 1964 title page of a My Secret Life story in which the attractively buxom Helen unblushingly declared. "I was a lonely widow, hungry for the feel of a man's caress. And when you're over 30, you stop being choosy . . . ANY MAN WILL DO!"

"Slowly he undressed me as we stood



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there in the darkened room," Helen recalled, in describing her affair with Jerry, "a tall brown-haired young man" she had met while attending business school in Seattle. "He smiled as the flashing lights from around the lake splashed their color across my body, changing it from red to green.

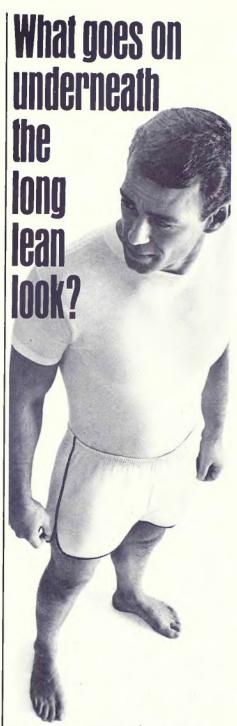
"'You're beautiful,' he whispered, drinking me in as if he could not get enough of looking at my nakedness. Then he drew me close and his lips bit into mine with a savage passion. He was young, but he had known love. Finally he picked me up with a cry and carried me into the bedroom and threw me on the bed. He waited a long time . . . until we were both weak with longing . . . and when he possessed me the joy was almost like pain . . ."

By December 1964, all signals were flashing from a warm. Christmasy red to a bright go-ahead green, when Uncensored Confessions made a unique gift package of the kiss-and-carry thrills and spills experienced by a young and prenty part-time waitress named Mary Beth Lewis, whose hubby, John, was away on a fishing trip. "Frank was virile, exciting," Mary Beth explained in the blurb. "For one shameful night his passion swept away all thoughts of my husband, of my marriage vows . . . I HID HIM IN THE BEDROOM CLOSET WHEN MY HUSBAND SURPRISED US." I gasped at the sheer originality of this ploy, then hurried on.

Frank, as fate would have it, was a waiter in the same posh eatery where Mary Beth was employed-the Chuck Wagon Steak House, "He was really a very handsome guy and a lot of fun, too," she confided. "As I walked back toward the kitchen Frank came up behind me and pinched me hard. 'Frank!' I said sharply. He was laughing, his teeth very white in his tanned face. He was very broad across the shoulders and tall -over six feet-with tight ropes of muscle showing beneath the clean white serving jacket he wore. His wide shoulders tapered down slowly to very narrow hips, and whenever I watched him, he always moved across the floor with a certain indefinable grace of movement that was utterly relaxed and free, yet under absolute control."

Male readers, who may often think of love and sex in purely physical terms. and fail to comprehend the more complex emotional and psychological natures of women, may be as hard put as I was to understand the subtle attraction that Frank exerted upon Mary Beth. For example, during their dinner break, she revealed, "I started eating my meat, but he pricked my hip with his fork just as I started to take a bite. 'Frank,' I said, 'Cut it out! . . . '"

"As we were walking out, he held the



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door for me and pinched me. I grabbed his arm and squeezed it as hard as I could to show him I was displeased.

"He got into the car first, and when I stepped in and slammed the door behind me, he suddenly pulled me to him and kissed me full on the mouth. I was shocked. I tried to force him away, but his arms were tight around me. I resisted all that I could, but his lips were tight on mine, and his embrace was warm, and there was something irresistible about the spicy shaving lotion that I smelled on his cheek. Somehow I found myself unable to tear away from him, unable to pull myself back from something I couldn't believe I was doing. His hands were eager on my shoulders and back, and I felt myself drifting, floating. . . . His touch was so different, so much stronger and so much more eager than john's. Yet I couldn't believe I was really doing this, accepting his caresses, acting like a married tramp . . ."

"'No, Frank, no. We've got to stop. We can't do this. It isn't right. We can't, Frank,' I pleaded at last, my face tight against his warm neck. I felt his warm, soft, urgent hands on the buttons of my blouse, and I lifted my hand to stop him. But strangely, unbelievably, I couldn't seem to summon enough energy to stop him. I reeled in some strange sort of dizziness, some sort of growing desire which was foreign to me . . .'

The desire was still growing and the strange dizziness persisted when Frank lifted Mary Beth out of the car and carried her in to bed. "'I love you,' he whispered, over and over. 'Don't you know I've loved you for months?'

"'No, no, Frank, you couldn't have." But at last I knew it was too late: I had come too far to turn back. . . . All I could think was, Frank, love me, love me. . . . My brain seared with the scorching, burning pain of want and need and desire. I was more unrestrained and eager and abandoned than I ever thought possible.

"And at last, when I felt as though I couldn't live another moment, I shivered, every atom of my being quivering and rippling in an ecstasy and fulfillment that was almost insanity."

All too soon, alas, dawn quivered at the bedroom window and morning came. Startled by the sound of someone fumbling at the front-door lock, Mary Beth was moved to reflect, "It must be John! John was home early!"

"Frank!" she whispered. "Get in the bedroom closet! Hurry!"

As Frank nipped into the closet and pretended to be an odd sports jacket without slacks, I flipped to the front of the book and realized that it would be almost impossible to convey anything but a most rudimentary impression of the sexual impact of any one confession 192 magazine for any one month. To cite but a few of the items listed in the table of contents of that single December issue, for example, is to give only the sketchiest view of the total prose-andphoto effect:

"OUR SENIOR PROM TURNED INTO AN ALL-NIGHT, UNDRESSED BASH. . . . After the chaperones went home, the boys dared us girls to take a swim in the pool in our gowns-or strip down to our bras and panties. I took the dare!"

"I ATE HIM UP WITH LOVE . . . WHY DID HE RUN OUT ON ME? . . . I thought our marriage was going great, until the night Owen said: 'I can't make love to you anymore, Lola. I'm going to leave you!"

"MAMA WAS A STREETWALK-ER . . . SHE SURE TAUGHT ME ABOUT MEN! . . . I was so ashamed of Mama's 'profession' I wanted to die. Still, when I began to dig boys myself, who could I confide in but Mama?"

"I HAD TO FIND OUT . . . WAS SHE SLEEPING WITH MY BOY-FRIEND? . . . Bob never got out of line on our dates-but I knew about men and their sex urges. Was he getting his kicks with Margie, the office tramp?'

As a lifetime student of the fair sex. and a reader of the Kinsey report on Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, 1 thought I knew something about women and their sex urges. Was it really possible that some 18,000,000—the estimated combined readership of confession magazines-American wives, sweethearts, mothers and daughters were getting their kicks from the likes of True Story. Modern Romances and Uncensored Confessions?

If so, the kicks were-and are-available in a quantity that would beggar the wildest imaginings of a sex-mad caliph with a harem of a hundred concubines. Since each issue contains an average of 10 to 12 stories, and upwards of 30-odd confession magazines hit the newsstands each month, readers are free to enjoy as many vicarious sexual escapades as their purses, pulses and eyeballs can endurefor, despite the overlay of workaday p'ot details and paper-thin characterizations, the central incident in most confession stories is almost invariably concerned with sex. Where other story elements, such as death, brain tumors, amnesia and automobile accidents, are generally kissed off with a few token expressions of sorrow, anxiety or pain, the sexual experiences of the female protagonists are commonly fleshed out to the fullest with a titillating fervor that would seem to be in direct contradiction to Kinsey's findings on the nature of female erotica, and the average female's responsiveness to such evocatively lively prose.

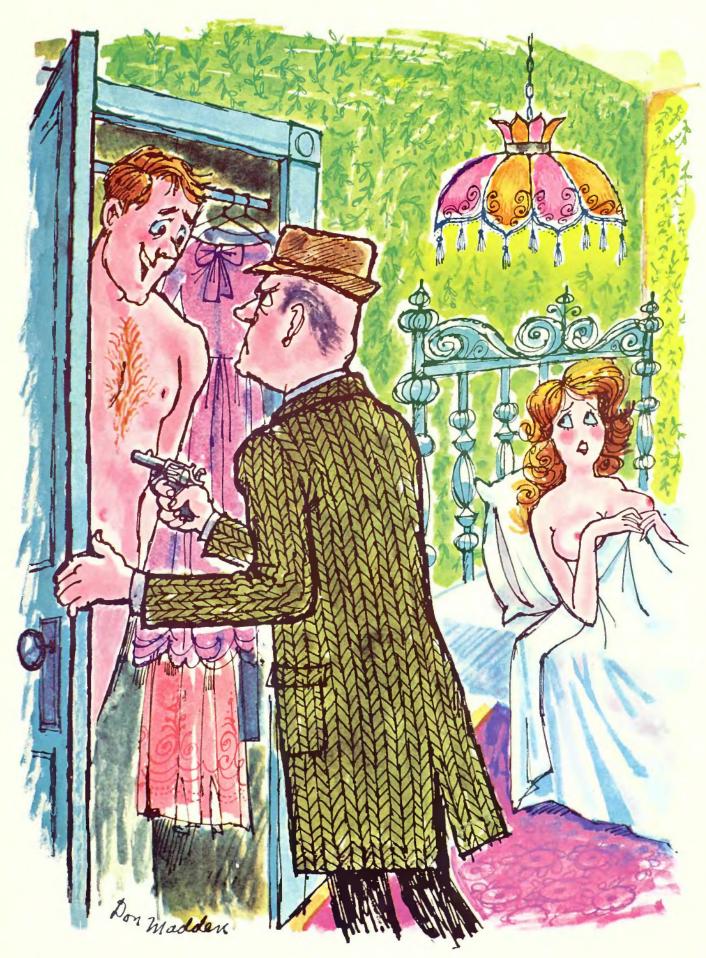
Women, according to Kinsey, are seldom interested in reading or writing pornographic material, per se, but "produce another, more extensive literature which is called crotic" and deals with "more general emotional situations, affectional relationships, and love. These things do not bring specifically erotic responses from males," the report stated, "and we cannot discover that they bring more than minimal responses from females."

While Sexual Behavior in the Human Female gives no examples of such literature, the description can hardly be extended to include the highly physical, often loveless and extremely specific sexual material in the pages of some of America's most popular confession magazines-and it almost certainly would not seem to apply to such vivid accounts of foreplay as the following, which appeared in the May 1965 issue of My Secret Life:

"Suddenly all the desire I had felt for Alan over the past few months welled up in me," Leta Brent, girl advertising assistant, confessed from the now-familiar horizontal position. "My breath was coming in little gasps as my fingers, with a will of their own, fumbled with the buttons of his shirt. Alan knelt beside me on the couch, covering my face and neck with hot, demanding kisses. Then he was kissing my breasts and impatiently I drew off my sweater. He tugged at the hooks that held my brassiere. When it finally came free, he sighed deeply and kissed my breasts tenderly. My nipples became taut and hard and he rubbed them between his thumb and forefinger. I started to moan with pleasure and let my body go limp, abandoning myself to the exquisite joy of his lovemaking. Alan's fingers found the zipper of my skirt and he quickly drew it off me, followed by my panties and slip. Then we were both naked and I felt his warm body pressing against mine. 'Oh, darling, you're so beautiful!' he exclaimed. He began to kiss me all over and I trembled and moaned as exquisite sensations shot through my body. 'Are you ready, darling?' he asked me. I was too full of ecstasy to speak. I nodded and kissed his hand. When he entered me, there was a moment of pain, followed by a great burst of indescribable pleasure."

As one might begin to gather, the confessions of many new-style heroines are not being written according to Kinsey. Occasioning no more than "a minimal response" from some females, perhaps, the "affectional relationships" and "emotional situations" are-like Frank-the-waiter's shaving lotion-so irresistibly spicy that even the most prosehardened of confession fans are not likely to tear themselves away before all the hooks are undone, the nipples made taut. the panties slipped off, and it is much too late to turn back.

At the risk of provoking a wide-scale maximum response from irate confession fans, and distracting America's habitually purblind smut hunters from their noisy blunderbussing of erotic museum



"But all the world loves a lover . . . !"



"I had no idea a rose-breasted grosbeak could feel that way about a South American barn swallow."

pieces, such as Fanny Hill and Tropic of Cancer, it is at least minimally interesting to note that the new and sexier confession stories are more closely akin to the erotic fantasies of "male-oriented pornography" than they are to traditional romantic fiction.

In view of this literary kinship, and the fact that the overwhelming majority of confession stories are written by and for women, it is also interesting to note the Kinsey researchers' comment that, in the "quantity of pornographic production" studied prior to the writing of Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, it was "exceedingly difficult to find any material . . . produced by females."

"It is true that there is a considerable portion of the pornographic material which pretends to be written by females who are recounting their personal experiences," the report acknowledges, "but in many instances it is known that the authors were male, and in nearly every instance the internal content of the material indicates a male author. A great deal of the pornographic literature turns 194 around detailed descriptions of genital

activity, and descriptions of male genital performance. These are elements in which females, according to our data, are not ordinarily interested. The females in such literature extol the male's genital and copulatory capacity, and there is considerable emphasis on the intensity of the female's response and the insatiability of her sexual desires. All these represent the kind of female which most males wish all females to be. They represent typically masculine misinterpretations of the average female's capacity to respond to psychologic stimuli, Such elements are introduced because they are of erotic significance to the male writers, and because they are of erotic significance to the consuming public, which is almost exclusively male.

In measuring the degree to which confession erotica meets the Kinsey description of male-oriented pornography, there is hardly any need to further exemplify the confession magazines' "emphasis on the intensity of the female's response and the insatiability of her sexual desires." But it does behoove us to briefly consider the manner in which

these magazines "extol the male's genital and copulatory capacity."

To be sure, most references to the male genitalia are euphemized. Laurie, the sex-lorn teen, moves her hand slowly over Steve's "throbbing need." Gloria Jordan lies awake nights recalling "the hardness of his body pressed against me," and man and penis are sometimes made one through the use of male names that carry a familiar phallic connotation, such as Peter and Dick. But double-entendre allusions to the male erection are often introduced into the very midst of a confession "love" sceneas in the following, which took place between Doris Fall and Kenneth Bannister in the August 1964 issue of Modern

"'You've felt it. Surely you've felt it, too, this thing between us.'

"'Of course I have,' he said almost

'So quick. So hard,' I whispered. His arms tightened around me. I drew in a sharp breath. Every nerve in my body had come alive and been set on fire."

And, again, in the following scene from "KISSES AREN'T ENOUGH ANY MORE!" which appeared in the December 1963 issue of True Story:

"'But I want to be taken advantage of!' I wailed. 'You don't have to marry me until-until you think I'm ready. Just make love to me-teach me what it means to-to be a woman! I want that-I do!

" 'That's what makes it twice as hard for me.' His voice went all loving and husky again. 'Diane, Diane, I'm only human, you know. A man can withstand just so much temptation . . . "

The Kinsey findings notwithstanding, a most decided female interest in the male "copulatory capacity" is evidenced by the popularity of titles such as "HE WANTS LOVE FOR BREAKFAST-Every Single Day!" and "BEDROOM HE COULDN'T MAGIC! ENOUGH OF ME . . . I had some thing every woman wants." But even more curious, in light of the Kiusey findings, is the fact that so many confession heroines are, in the sexual sense at least, precisely "the kind of female which most males wish all females to be." And most curious and significant of all is the fact that this image of the frenzied, sex-driven female who literally begs for intercourse is not an image that has been created by male writers for an audience "which is almost exclusively male." To the contrary, it is a female self-image with which some 18,000,000 American women continually identify in the pages of the confession magazines.

Male approval of this female self-image is indicated by the fact that True Story's 1965 audience was rumored to include

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one sneaky male reader for every six prose-hungry females. And all previous findings regarding the supposed differences between male and female erotica seem "typically masculine misinterpretations of the average female's capacity to respond to psychologic stimuli," when one comes upon an occasional malecreated confession story in which the sexuality of both the male and female characters is presented in a manner that could be of erotic interest to members of either sex.

Consider, for example, the doublebarreled appeal of "I LOVED MY WIFE -BUT I WANTED HER KID SIS-TER!" an October 1965 confession in which an anonymous hubby described the titillating physical details of "doing it" with his wife's teenage sister, Mary. "She had been one of these girls who develop early and now, at 17, she had the figure of a voluptuous woman," he wrote, in setting the scene for Romance Time. "Her breasts were large and high, her hips round and well-molded, her legs sleek and long. And there was none of the awkwardness about her which is usually identified with adolescent girls. She was very self-possessed, quite at home with adults, sure of herself with men of any age-sure of being wanted.

"I wanted her that night, and she knew it. She made no secret of that or of the fact that she wanted me too. . . . I stood up when she came in and strode over to her and kissed her. I suppose I kidded myself that it was just some sort of paternal greeting. But Mary turned her face deliberately and it wasn't her cheek that I kissed, but her lips. They were warm and clinging and the kiss stirred me up.

"When it was over, I turned away to hide my feelings. Just for something to do while I regained control of myself, I walked back to the TV set and turned it off. When I turned around, I found that Mary had followed me. She was right in front of me and I found myself kissing her again.

"Her body was warm and desirable, her breasts soft under the flimsy summer blouse she wore. As if drawn by a magnet, halfway through the kiss my hand closed over one of them and she moaned low in her throat and closed her hand over mine, holding it tightly against her. Then, somehow we were on the couch together and my fingers were fumbling at the buttons on her blouse.

"When the blouse was opened, Mary shrugged so that one of her bra straps slipped down off her shoulder. My hand slid inside the cup of the loosened bra and I felt the straining, rigid evidence of her desire. I reached behind her and undid the bra altogether then, and the twin glories of her breasts sprang into view.

"I looked at them a moment. Mary's



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bosom was young and high and full and trembling with emotion and eagerness. Looking at it that way I was stirred unbearably by both her youth and her femininity.

"She reached out and her hands clasped at the back of my neck. She pulled my head forward until my face was buried in the deep cleft between her breasts. I covered them with kisses and once again she moaned. And her hips moved, describing little circles of passion as they rose and fell on the couch.

"My hand was at the hem of her dress then, inching it upward, stroking the creamy whiteness of her thighs, feeling the muscles tense there as her legs parted. She arched her body so that I might remove her panties and I did. Her hand fluttered to her mouth then and she was biting it, making wordless sounds meant to urge me to hurry.

"I needed no urging, I quickly opened my own clothing. And then we were iocked together in a searing embrace during which our bodies moved as one, moved in a rising rhythm of passion that brought us to the very peak of ecstasy and then sent us spinning off into the release of our desire."

On first reading of this "genital performance" in the pages of Romance Time, the twin glories of my large. round eyes described little circles of wonder at the strong element of voyeurism it contained—the emphasis upon visual stimuli, on becoming "stirred up" by looking.

The entire scene was, in fact, a miniature peep show in prose. The visual immediacy was such that the reader could actually see Mary's breasts spring into view, her skirt inch higher, her panties slip down over her "well-molded" hips, and the "creamy whiteness" of her parted thighs. In contrast, the nameless, faceless narrator was no more than a breastkissing penis figure with 20/20 vision-an erotic prose stud who provided the verbalvisual foreplay for a searing fantasy of intercourse that spun off rhythmically in the imaginations of his female readers.

Though narrated by a male, the appearance of this literary production in a women's magazine-edited by and for women-left no doubt as to its "erotic significance" for a female consuming public. Nor was this particular confession any rare exception in its use of a male narrator whose eyes would voyeuristically mirror the sexual desirability and urgencies of a female character for the psychologic stimulation of its fair readers. The same sort of narcissistic feedback, or male mirror view of the sexually desirable female, has been employed as an erotic device in numerous other confession stories, such as Chuck 196 Johnson's "I FELL IN LOVE WITH A

NIGHT-CLUB STRIPPER!" which appeared in My Secret Life in February 1965.

As narrator, Chuck was required to serve the ladies as both proxy peeper and penis figure-and all this in such time as he could steal from his regular job as "floor manager in a department store," While he wisely refrained from trying to explain the art of merchandising to the My Secret Life crowd, Chuck's personal sales technique was such that he succeeded in wangling a date with the beauteous blonde stripper, Mandy Lee, the very first time they met. In keeping with the speedy sexual tempo of today's confession stories, the date was for lunch in her apartment that very day, and Chuck came on ready to carry Mandy right in to bed:

When she closed the door of the apartment behind us. I pulled her to me, feeling for the first time the warmth of her body against mine, I had never wanted a woman so badly in my life. For one beautiful moment she relaxed in my arms. Then she pushed me away, gently, slowly, turning her face so my lips could not reach hers.

"'Fix us a drink, Chuck,' she said. You were only invited for lunch.'

" 'Mandy, I can't eat anything. You know I can't. Ever since you suggested coming here, I've been . . .

" 'Undressing me, Chuck? You can do that any night at the Tomahawk Club for the price of a drink."

As a matter of fact, that was exactly what Chuck had been doing nights, and if his mental movie of Mandy's act was anywhere near accurate, the show was well worth the price of a double Scotch. "'MANDY LEE AND KING,' the m.c. bellowed. King, the biggest snake in show business, and Mandy, the only girl who could keep him happy and keep his fangs sheathed. 'And now,' declared the m.c., 'ladies and gentlemen, wolves and animal lovers, I give you Miss Mandy Lee and King,

"The spotlight picked her up as she came on from the side of the small raised stage, blonde, beautiful and slim. The big snake wrapped around her was as black as the girdle and stockings she wore under a transparent negligee.

"I started at her ankles and took it all in. White skin but warmly so, where the stockings didn't meet the girdle. Breasts tantalizingly round and full. Her arms and shoulders were now wrapped around by the writhing, undulating snake. She was terrific, all right, but one thing didn't go with the show-her face. Even with the blonde hair falling away from it, some of it wrapped around King, the face wasn't right. She was smiling, yes, but not for me, not for any man in the room, maybe not for anyone.

"King, maybe? He was already sliding his head over her breast and under her arm, pulling the flimsy gown from her

shoulder. She released the negligee and it fell around her feet, leaving King black against the white skin of her breasts and shoulders. Now as she started to move to the increasing tempo of the drums, King wound down around her body until his head suddenly appeared between her thighs, as though trying to release the garters that held her stockings. Then slowly, one by one, she released the stockings and rolled them down, with the snake's head following her hands from thigh to ankle. Now, as the cries from the floor began to increase, she moved in an undulating rhythm, with the snake working his way around her body and up to her shoulders again."

With that scene fresh in his memory, Chuck yearned only to be King for a day -or even one little lunch hour. But Mandy kept pouring drinks and telling him about her no-good husband, Johnny, the second biggest snake in show business:

"'Johnny comes here when he feels like it,' she said. 'He almost always comes the night I get paid. Sometimes he stays. Sometimes he doesn't. He takes half of what I make. He claims I owe it to him . . . conjugal rights, or something:

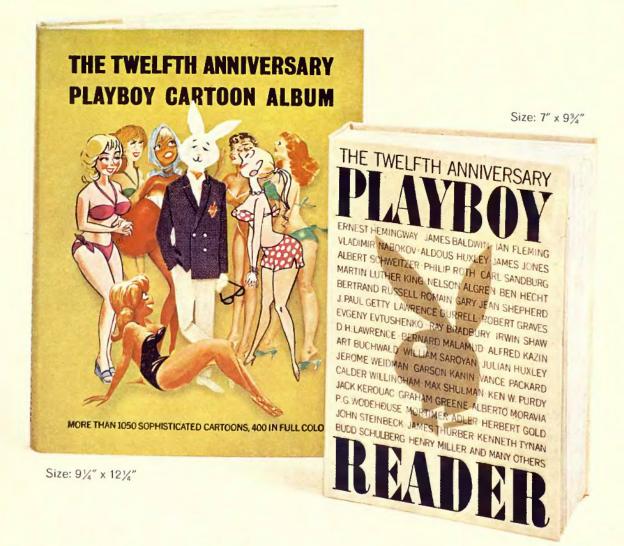
"Suddenly I felt as though I were bursting. I needed her, I wanted her so badly. I knew I was crazy to fall for a night-club stripper . . . and a married one at that! But I was no longer able to think about what was right and wrong. My mind and body cried out for her.

'Why did you bring me here, Mandy?' I said, half angrily, half pleading. 'Do I look like Johnny? Do I walk like him? What are you looking for?' I took her hand in mine. She looked startled and a little frightened, 'Look at me. I don't care when Johnny was here last. I don't care when he comes again. I care right now, about you. You want me. . . . This is why you asked me here. Everything in you wants me as desperately as I want you.'

'I waited for her to come to me, and she did. Her arms went around me, her teeth were biting my ears and neck. My hands unzipped her dress and pulled it from her, then her bra and girdle. While I buried my head in her breasts, kissing first one, then the other, she started unbuttoning my shirt. I got my trousers off and found her waiting for me,"

And so it was that, after a few appetizing mouthfuls of ear, neck and breast, Chuck and Mandy shared the lunchtime feast of love for which the fervent floor manager had been hankering ever since he had first watched the shapely blonde stripper being divested of her sexy skimpies by King-the biggest wraparound phallic symbol in show business.

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the exhibiting females," the Kinsey researchers found. And yet, much of the erotic effectiveness of Chuck Johnson's confession was dependent upon the female reader's ability to put herself in the exhibitionistic Mandy's sexy black stage finery, and vicariously savor the voyeuristic view of her striptease as mirrored in Chuck's hungry eyes. Nor, once again, are we here involved with an exceptional instance, since even a cursory sampling of recent confession titles reveals a most profound female interest in erotic exhibitionism of the most lurid sort: "I WAS A HOUSEWIFE BY DAY-A STRIP-PER BY NIGHT," "THEY DARED ME TO WEAR A TOPLESS DRESS," "I Could Make a Fortune POSING HALF NUDE," "Behind-the-spotlight confession of a SHOWGIRL WIFE . . . My show was strictly for men!" "I POSED FOR PICTURES THAT . ." "HOUSEWIFE TEASE," WAY' "BLACKMAILED—IN MY BLACK LACE STOCKINGS," "FORCED TO POSE FOR DIRTY PICTURES!

In the mature-woman category, the exhibitionistic fantasy is usually born of boredom with the unglamorous role of monogamous housewife, and is most modestly manifested by an ambition to win fame and fortune as a beautycontest sex goddess. "I don't care how jealous my husband is. Now that I've won the beauty contest I know I'm TOO PRETTY TO BE JUST A HOUSE-WIFE," voluptuous Valerie Ahearn cried out in the February 1966 issue of Real Romances. "I couldn't believe this was happening to me-the applause, the pictures, the fabulous offers! How could Earl expect me to give it all up?"

For the average female reader, the psychologic thrill that comes of vicariously living out a fictional display of her physical charms is immensely heightened and intensified by the opposition of the prudishly jealous hubby in the story, whether he be called Earl, Owen, Stanley or Matt. Back in the March 1963 issue of True Confessions ("Your Magazine for a Better Life"), it was a stuffy aircraft engineer, named Tom Cullen, who forced his titian-haired "SHOWGIRL WIFE," Lois, to abandon her career as a night-club performer, immediately upon marriage. But showbiz was in Lois' blood, and when hubby Tom went off to Alaska on business for six months, she couldn't wait to visit the Seattle World's Fair with her old friends Kathy and Danny, and see the big midway "girlie" show, "The American Goddess Revue."

"The theater itself was beautiful inside, and the stage settings were out of this world. . . . But it was the girls I watched more eagerly than anything else," Lois confessed. "They were really beautiful. And in spite of the fact that the dances they did were pretty daring, I found myself wishing I was up there on the stage with them.

"The show closed with a finale that brought down the house. Each girl walked out alone, very slowly and seductively, as the name of the goddess she represented was announced. She'd stand for a minute in the center of the stage so that everyone could get a good look at her, and then walk slowly off again. Venus was the last name to be called, and I gasped as the spotlight shone on her. She wore a sequin-covered blue robe, and all she seemed to have on underneath were a few strips of transparent chiffon. Every time she moved the audience whistled and roared with approval.

"'Wow!' Danny whispered. I guess the only way they get away with that is to call it art!"

Lois didn't care what they called it. "The American Goddess Revue" was her kind of showbiz. She didn't want to play Lady Macbeth or Hedda Gabler, or any of those snooty, highbrow dames who do nothing but talk. Like any other full-breasted confession heroine with creamy white thighs, she wanted only to excite gasps and roars of approval as Venus de Midway.

Suffice it to say that Lois got her wish by working her way up from ticket taker to chorus girl, until her big break finally came—the chance to move slowly and seductively into the spotlight as Venus, the Greco-Roman, all-American goddess of Beauty and Love! Venus-Aphrodite, the mammiferous mother of Eros-Cupid! Impassioned wooer of Adonis! She "of the Fair Buttocks," surnamed Kallipygos! Divine guardian of women, marriage and money! Sensuous, semi-nude patroness of the harlots of ancient Rome! Archetypal, aphrodisiac Queen of the Confession Mags!

Lois was a smash. "Once I got on the stage that night, I forgot everything except that I was in front of an audience again," she confided. "I loved the applause I got. I felt I was back where I really belonged." And when the producer implored her to stay on as the permanent replacement for Tina, the show's alcoholic and undependable star, Lois agreed. "After all, with Tom out of my life, I didn't have any reason not to," she explained in an offstage aside. "It was work I loved and had talent for . . ."

On the evidence of the confession books, erotic exhibitionism is work that many women love and have talent for. If the average showbiz heroine is led to eschew her vain ambitions and accept the less glamorous but more secure role of wife and mother, it is only in the closing moments of the story, when the liberating fantasy has spun itself out and its readers must be returned to the realities of their daily existence. Beautiful and sexy and talented as the readers secretly are, they can't just kick over the traces and go into show business, can they? No. So what right would Lois or any other

heroine have to go on being a big "girlieshow" star, when they can't? Right? Fair is fair.

But, in the process of sweetening the sour grapes for millions of women readers, the confession books are never so unrealistic as to suggest that the exhibitionistic Venus urge can or should be completely stifled. On the contrary, they are all for the idea of a woman's making the erotic most of everything the good Lord has given her in the way of visible charms-but on a nonprofessional, partyfun level. Laudable as this may be, in light of the confession magazines' former tendency to shroud the body beautiful in nought but sackcloth and symptoms, the indications are that the results are likely to resemble amateur night at a tank-town show bar.

"To Keep Your Man At Home At Night, Try Wiggles, Wiles and a Black Net Skirt," True Story advised in a recent June feature that recounted the experiences of an ingenious mother of three, who induced her hubby to cut down on his bowling by whipping up a harem-type outfit and doing belly dances at home.

"Let's face it," this talented part-time temptress commented at one point, "there's nothing like getting out that black, sexy underwear and taking off with your man." And to make sure that every potential Venus in America has suitably sexy flimsies in which to wiggle, bump and grind, many confession magazines carry the luridly hand-drawn kind of whoopee-wear ads that look like sample charts from an all-night tattoo parlor situated in the red-light district of some sin-ridden port of call.

On "please rush me" order blanks, confession-mag houris can check off their urgent need for a wide variety of "Glamor Garments" that seem more suited to the burlesque runway than the boudoir. These include an aptly named "DEMI-VENUS" open-front bra; "SHOWBIZ SEQUINED PANTIES . . . the perfect touch for posing, show and party sensations"; a "WHIZ-BANG STRIP PANEL . . , a full circle of saucy, swinging action"; a genuine "TINY-EST G-STRING": and a snappy, strappy "STARDUST DANCING GARTER BELT WITH SIX GARTERS . . . You don't need a script, plot or dialog when you wear this French froufrou.'

Offering the utmost in revelation and convenience is "a completely devilish little panty . . . completely cut in front, there's no crotch at all!" Available in several fully operational models with lacy crotch straps to picture-frame milady's winsomely exhibited mons Veneris—the "MIGHTY MITE," the "DOUBLE DARE" and the "EXPOSÉ"—the open-crotch eye-grabber may also be had in the form of a panty that quick-change artistes can whisk off and switch around to use as a whiz-bang, peekaboo bra. "It's

a BRA-PANTY! French Reversible! . . . Only Originals would think of it! This lovely Turnabout, a pair of exciting open-front pants or a bra, is of the finest, sheerest nylon. . . Delicate French lace trim and skillful hand finishing with dainty rosettes tastefully appointed to add just the right flair. Choice of Flaming Red or Exotic Midnight Black. . . Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!"

Granted that only Originals would think of it, this French froufron obviously needs no script, plot or dialog, either. But from just looking at the ad, I keep seeing scenes and hearing voices:

HE: "Wow! What's that you're wearing?"

SHE: "My new French Reversible open-front bra-panty, which only Originals would think of."

HE (impressed): "Gee, it's . . . original, all right."

SHE (calling attention to the dainty rosettes with just the right flair): "See? Except for the skillful hand finishing, they look just like ordinary open-front panties, don't they?"

the (maneuvering to pick her up with an urgent moan of desire): "Yeah, I guess they do. But you didn't invite me here to discuss panties, did you? You want me as desperately as I want you."

she (as she seductively removes panties and pulls crotch straps up over shoulders to form a bra): "Hocus-pocus

. . . abracada-bra! Surprise!"

HE: "What the——? Why did you——??"

she (biting his ears and neck, more unrestrained and eager than she ever thought possible): "Don't talk! Don't say anything. You've already said it all! Just . . ."

HE (muttering a turnabout version of a Good Housekeeping complaint once leveled against men, as he moodily fumbles with the fasteners on her French Reversible bra): "Golly, why do women want sex to be like a burlesque show? Why can't they realize that it is a solemn thing?"

Off stage, in the wings, a team of highly trained and dedicated sex researchers hurriedly consult their data, hoping to find an answer to ne's plaintive question. Finding none, they shrug in bewilderment and hasten out the fire exit to conduct in-depth interviews with an additional 5328 American women, who will cross their hearts and promise to level with them.

Out front, meanwhile, a nationwide audience of millions of female confession fans sits enraptured as the French Reversible comes undone, the twin glories spring into view, and HE and SHE begin to move in a rising rhythm of passion.





"For heaven's sake! Don't just stand there and tell me about the law of the jungle!"

### PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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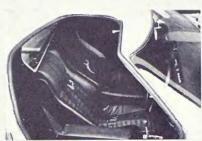
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## Have a Ball (Crow Style)



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