


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1965 • 75 CENTS

# PLAYBOY

A woman with brown hair styled in a braid, wearing a white, draped dress, is shown from the back and side. She is smiling and holding a long, thin, dark object, possibly a pen or a stylus, which is positioned diagonally across her back and shoulder. The background is a solid yellow color.

**"THE MAN  
WITH THE  
GOLDEN GUN"**

**BEGINNING  
THE FINAL  
JAMES BOND  
ADVENTURE NOVEL  
BY IAN FLEMING**



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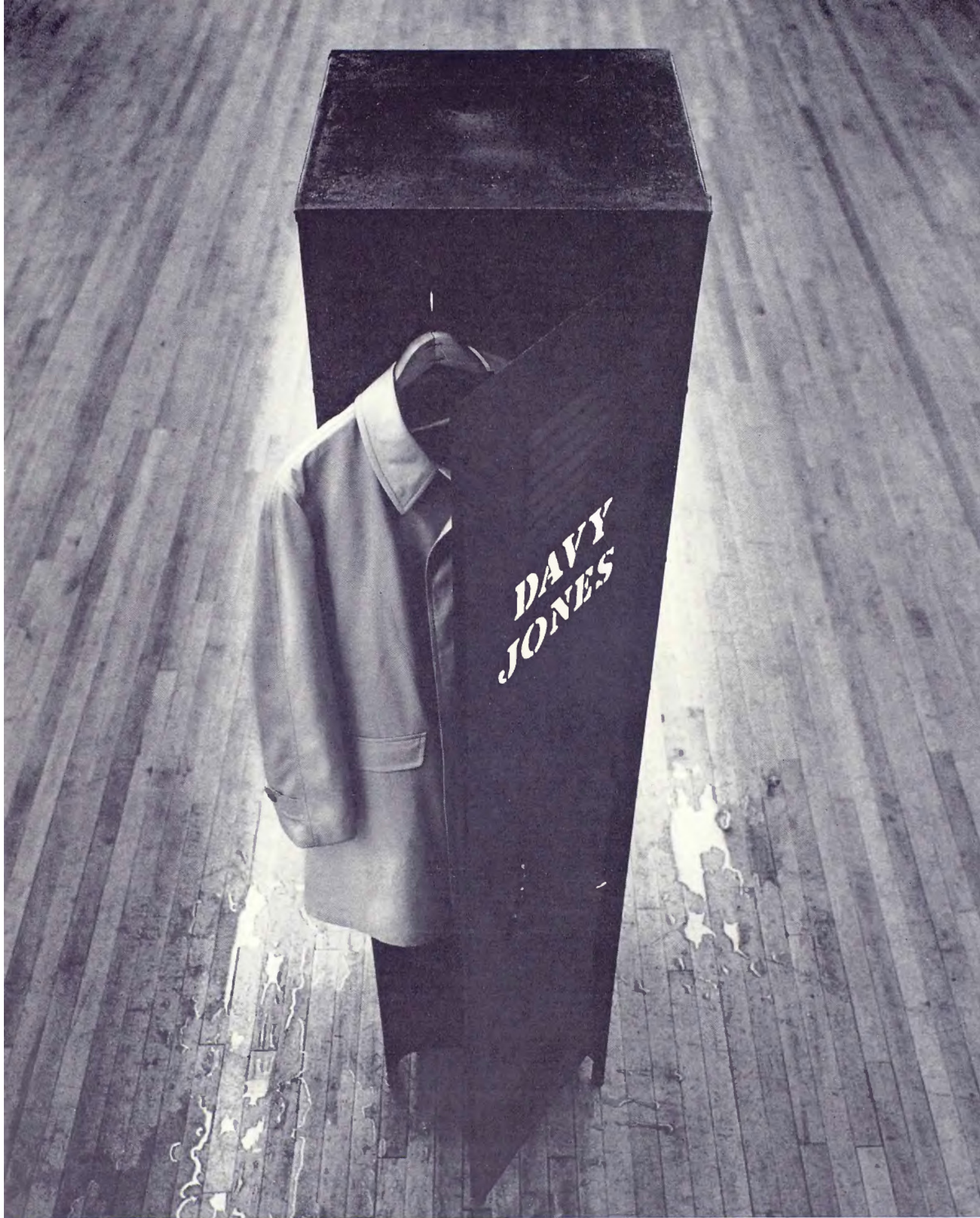
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**PLAYBILL** FOR THE THIRD APRIL in a row, we proudly present the exclusive prepublication of a James Bond novel. Our two previous serializations of the late Ian Fleming's masterspy works, *You Only Live Twice* (PLAYBOY, April-June, 1964) and *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (PLAYBOY, April-June, 1963), went on to become best sellers in hardcover and paperback, and will ultimately find their way to the screen—to become box-office smashes, we're confident. Starting in this issue is Fleming's final Bond book, *The Man with the Golden Gun*; much as we mourn its author's passing, we're glad to report—and feel certain you'll agree—that he was at the height of his inventive powers when he completed *Golden Gun* shortly before his death. Scaramanga, villainous wielder of the title weapon, will rank with Goldfinger as a marvelously murderous and Machiavellian monster; Bond, bent on vindication as well as victory, takes him on in his inimitably suave and lethal manner.

Shortly before his fatal heart attack, we received a warm letter from Ian Fleming saying, in part, "Please be sure that PLAYBOY will, as previously, receive preferential treatment from my pen and, for your ears only, I recently turned down an offer from [here Fleming named another American magazine, but we won't violate his confidence by repeating it] for the serialization of my next book on the grounds that I felt morally committed to you . . ." The "next book" was, of course, *The Man with the Golden Gun*, but the death of James Bond's creator made it necessary to negotiate purchase of the manuscript with his British representative, a man whose London phone number is, not coincidentally, 007.

This April's cover finds the ever-gallant Playboy Rabbit lending his ears to aid a young lady starting from scratch. When cover girl Lannie Balcom isn't itching to model for us, she delightfully decorates PLAYBOY's Chicago editorial offices as a receptionist. We know Lannie will receive a warm reception from PLAYBOY readers when she appears as a Playmate in the very near future.

Starting, too, in this issue, is one of PLAYBOY's most ambitious projects to date, *The History of Sex in Cinema*. From the first halting osculatory frames of *The Kiss* to the latest sequences of Cinemascope sex, chroniclers Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert will be turning their practiced eyes screenward for a definitive study of sex, sin, the cinema—and the ominously omnipresent censors. The Messrs. Knight and Alpert are uniquely suited for the task. Knight, longtime movie critic for the *Saturday Review*, authored *The Liveliest Art* and the motion-picture entries in both the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the Crowell-Collier encyclopedia, has taught film courses at both USC and UCLA; he has a television series, *Knight at the Movies*, in preparation, recently returned from participating in an Indian film festival which he attended at the request of famed director Satyajit Ray. Knight will also be remembered by PLAYBOY readers for *The Far Out Films* (April 1960) and *Cinema on a Shoestring* (April 1962). Hollis Alpert, also a film critic for the *Saturday Review*, is a former *New Yorker* editor and author of the recent best-selling biography *The Barrymores*; he has another biography and a novel in the hopper.

The subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, the Capitol Rotunda's rotund Rabelais, Art Buchwald, was interrogated by one of Washington's least-known political aspirants, Great Society reject Marvin Kitman. Still nursing wounds suffered in a highly unsuccessful campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination, Kitman has been busy writing *The Making of a Republican President*, "a gardening manual in which I rake up the past."

Jean Shepherd, confector of *Old Man Pulaski* and the infamous *Jawbreaker Blackmail*, a sugar-coated nostalgia nougat on the sweets of days gone by, swears that "the mere mention of penny candy still makes me break out in a cold sweat and causes my teeth to itch." Shepherd has just finished a play, *The Nature of the Enemy* (subtitled *A Love Story in Two Rounds*) which will be performed at Manhattan's Limelight club for presentation on nationwide TV.

PLAYBOY regular Herbert Gold, whose description of one of his favorite haunts, *The New Barbary Coast*, accompanies an eye-popping pictorial on San Francisco's current entertainment phenomenon, *Those Frisky Friscotheques*, tells us that the end of this month will find him in Saint-Raphaël, France, as part of the American delegation to the Formentor Conference, an international writers' group which awards the annual \$10,000 Formentor Prize. Anyone who calls men's hair stylist Jay Sebring (*Topping Off the Well-Groomed Man*) a barber, does so at his own peril—Jay's a karate expert. Identifying Sebring as a barber is as gauche as tagging Jascha Heifetz a fiddler. His Los Angeles tonsorium is a weekly mecca for a host of Hollywood's male stars who pay \$20 (\$30 for the initial styling) for the privilege of having Sebring find the correct key to their locks.

PLAYBOY's Fashion Director Robert L. Green, sartorial soothsayer of our *Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast*, has just completed 56 radio and TV appearances, is preparing a video men's fashion show to be taped in color by RCA at the New York World's Fair. Among April's sparkling fiction: Arthur C. Clarke's harrowing space tale, *Maelstrom II*; Jack Finney's weird fantasy, *Double Take*; P. G. Wodehouse's hilarious Bingo Little misadventure, *Stylish Stout*; and Ray Russell's cinematic satire, *Seduced—Sicilian Style*.

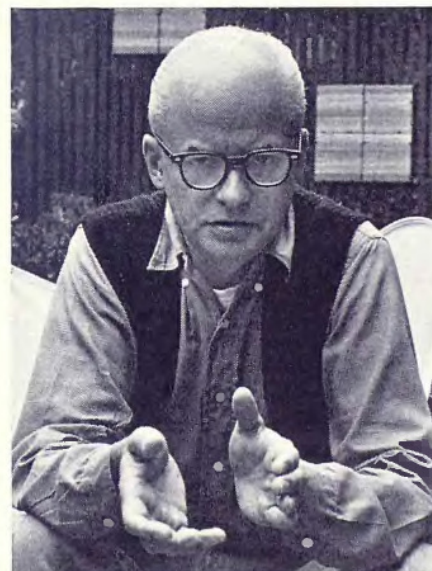
Also included in our April shower of goodies—visual and cerebral: J. Paul Getty's *The Force of Habit*, wherein PLAYBOY's Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, delineates the virtues and vices of establishing an executive regimen; *The Playboy Bed*, a words-and-pictures takeout on a wondrously electronic sleep center custom-made for Morpheus-in-the-round; and *Playmate Play-off*, offering a trio of ebon-tressed candidates for Playmate of the Year. Herein, then: an exhilarating tonic to set the tone for the revivifying swing into spring.



FLEMING



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# PLAYBOY



Frisky Friscothèques P. 71



James Bond P. 64



Playmate Play-off P. 115



Fashion Forecast P. 101

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## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	7
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	19
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	37
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel	PATRICK CHASE 41
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	43
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ART BUCHWALD—candid conversation	51
THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN—fiction	IAN FLEMING 64
THOSE FRISKY FRISCOTHÈQUES	71
THE NEW BARBARY COAST—article	HERBERT GOLD 73
THE NUDE DISCOTHÈQUE—pictorial	74
STYLISH STOUT—fiction	P. G. WODEHOUSE 77
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE—food	THOMAS MARIO 78
THE FORCE OF HABIT—article	J. PAUL GETTY 81
OLD MAN PULASKI—nostalgia	JEAN SHEPHERD 82
MAELSTROM II—fiction	ARTHUR C. CLARKE 84
SEDUCED—SICILIAN STYLE—satire	RAY RUSSELL 87
THE PLAYBOY BED—modern living	88
SWEET SUE—playboy's playmate of the month	92
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	98
PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN 101
DOUBLE TAKE—fiction	JACK FINNEY 111
PLAYMATE PLAY-OFF—pictorial	115
POMPOSITO REPAID BY A KNAVE—ribald classic	123
TOPPING OFF THE WELL-GROOMED MAN—article	JAY SEBRING 125
THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA—article	ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT 127
SEND ME NO TEEVEE JEEBIES—satire	SHEL SILVERSTEIN 134
THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY—humor	JIM BEAMAN 173

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### KING'S ROW

Although I have enjoyed many of your earlier *Playboy Interviews*, the one featuring Martin Luther King in the January issue was especially enlightening and inspiring to me. I believed that I knew all aspects of the American Negro's struggle for his rights: Dr. King articulated points new and profound. You are to be congratulated for this overdue presentation. Now I realize more fully why this gentleman received his recent high honor. Martin Luther King is a credit to all mankind.

C. Hauser  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

After reading the interview with Martin Luther King, I find that I must disagree with his solution to the unemployment problem. Mr. King twice says that it is the Government's function to "get jobs for all." At the risk of being called a right-winger, I have always believed that it is the responsibility of each person to find a job for himself based on his individual skills, knowledge and education.

Don Pagel  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Keep damn trash like Martin Luther King out of your magazine.

K. K. K.  
Carthage, Tennessee

You are indeed to be congratulated on the depth interview with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., published in the January issue of *PLAYBOY*. There is probably no more urgent need in America today than that for us in white America to *feel* the motivations underlying the still-developing momentum in the movement for racial equality in our society. Dr. King's eloquence effectively helps the reader feel that motivation in your interview.

When Southern lunch counters are rapidly desegregating but residential areas in Northern cities continue to grow even more intensely segregated, it is hard for the ordinary white person to sense what is happening to, and within the minds of, our Negro fellow citizens. Lacking ordinary contacts with Negroes comparable to those we have with near neigh-

bors and fellow workers, we tend to assume that all legitimate demands for full and equal membership in our society are being met, or, at least, will be in due course. This complacency can contribute to the destructiveness of the explosion we ought to anticipate from the dynamite of grievance that lives in our midst.

Only full knowledge of these real and legitimate grievances, which continue to grow even in the midst of our civil rights revolution, can galvanize our society into readiness to take the steps necessary to resolve them. And only with a vision such as Dr. King's, of the better society we could create, will we move to demand of ourselves that we live by our own, national, first principles: "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

John de J. Pemberton, Jr.,  
Executive Director  
American Civil Liberties Union  
New York, New York

### BULLY FOR TYNAN

The first sentence by Ken Tynan on bullfighting that I ever saw was when he described a certain matador's doing "a rebolera that was as flashy as a starlet's autograph." Since then, I've enjoyed his intellectual and scholarly approach to "*el Arte de Cuchares*" enormously, and his *Beatle in the Bull Ring* in your January issue was no exception.

Now if we could only somehow get El Cordobés to emulate Tynan's appreciation of the classics—classic taurine passes, that is—we might make him into a true *torero de época* instead of merely a talented, mopheaded acrobat.

Barnaby Conrad  
San Francisco, California

How obvious it is that our society is bleeding the life out of all the art forms. I won't go into all the obvious slaughters, but I do want to thank Mr. Tynan for his article *Beatle in the Bull Ring*. I have followed bullfighting as closely as possible; I've seen only *novilleros* in Mexico, but I have done much reading.

promise her  
anything...  
but give her

AR  
PR  
PE  
GE

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

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Manolete embodied the soul of the *corrida*. When he died, one of his *banderilleros* said, "They kept demanding more and more of him, and more was his life, so he gave it to them."

Mr. Tynan's article ended much of the feeling I have for the art with his clear, often bitter, account of the reign of El Cordobés. Long after the Beatles and this "fraud" have been forgotten, we will be left with the true art. But what a waste of time. ¡Qué lástima!

I wish to thank Mr. Tynan, for I do not find much written on bullfighting here in the States. The names, dates, places, etc., were all real and the authenticity is rare.

Lois Rosen  
 Brooklyn, New York

#### FUTURE TENSE

Your January issue was, even by the continuously high standards of your fine magazine, truly superlative. Sir Julian Huxley's eloquent analysis of the population explosion and Ray Bradbury's brilliant insight into the nature of man were particularly stimulating. Many thanks to PLAYBOY for the finest in reading entertainment.

T. J. Chryst  
 St. Louis, Missouri

Will you please give me permission to reproduce two of the articles appearing in the January PLAYBOY? *Remembrances of Things Future* by Ray Bradbury and *The Age of Overbreed* by Sir Julian Huxley are both about topics of interest to our Unitarian Church, and I would like to make copies of these two articles available for discussion. Distribution will be limited to the membership of the Huntsville Church. The variety and social significance of the material appearing in your publication continue to amaze me.

Thomas F. Snyder  
 Huntsville, Alabama  
*Permission granted.*

Speaking as a research biologist, I would like to say that the case presented for birth control as written by Sir Julian Huxley is the most concise and impassioned that I've ever encountered. However, Sir Julian fails to present the importance of educating the businessman to accept the concept of a stable income, rather than continually crying out for a "record year." This demand for a greater market may be one of the greatest inhibitors of a sane policy of population control.

James M. Vail  
 Hyattsville, Maryland

Congratulations on the superior article by Sir Julian Huxley regarding overpopulation as a threat to human survival on earth. The article is erudite, well presented and entirely convincing.



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The singular stress on public awareness may, however, leave many readers adequately "aware" but paralyzed as to what to do to translate this new awareness into constructive action.

It would seem equally significant to publish a sequel stating what the aware citizen can do. The article might include suggestions to:

(1) Check the public-health facilities in your own locality, to be sure that child spacing and birth control are offered as an integral part of the tax-supported maternity health program serving the underprivileged.

(2) Insist that birth control be included in all tax-supported health and welfare programs, be they local, national or in foreign aid.

(3) Promote organizations in the community that will invite experts on population as speakers, not only to speak about India and South America, but about the tragedy in our own backyard: birth-control services so readily available to middle- and upper-income families that are still being excluded from health services offered to the underprivileged.

Lonny Myers, M. D., Co-Chairman  
Citizens for the Extension of  
Birth Control Services  
Chicago, Illinois

Sir Julian Huxley's *The Age of Overbreed* is the most important article you have ever printed. The population explosion is by far the world's greatest problem, and the other great issues—racial strife, political tension and the likelihood of nuclear war—are directly affected by it. I hope more and more prominent people in religion, politics and science speak out and write about it, for every year that goes by without a massive attack on it will make it that much harder to control.

Bill Bunyan, Jr.  
Fowler, Kansas

*The Age of Overbreed* is one of the best and most informative articles on birth control and the population explosion that I have ever read. My thanks to Sir Julian.

How alarming it is that with birth-control pills, etc., available, our world is so backward and seemingly so unconcerned. I hope to see the day come when our society has as much common sense about preventing pregnancies as it has about preventing vitamin deficiencies. There is a higher probability within the typical American family of a daughter developing an unwanted pregnancy than there is of the same girl developing a vitamin deficiency, yet we pass out the vitamins when we should be passing out the birth-control pills.

Marilyn M. Scherphorn  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Huxley's chilling article on the population boom left me vaguely relieved that I won't be around to play piggyback with my neighbor in the relatively near future. May I suggest a slogan for the sponsors of the population implosion: Not by brood alone.

Barry D. Galman, M. D.  
Palo Alto, California

## RE RAY

May I express my profound joy upon reading Ray Bradbury's *Remembrances of Things Future* (PLAYBOY, January 1965), and my thanks to you for publishing it. It was one of the most beautiful affirmations and expressions of the divinity in humanity that I have ever read.

Robert M. McLaughlin  
Bloomington, Indiana

## BRONX CHEER

Now I am a new man. I can walk down the street without fear. I can speak to any young lady without fear. Why, you ask? Because my avenger is here—Hostileman [PLAYBOY, January 1965]. Yes, Hostileman—"avenger of the meek, the recalcitrant, the scared and the dubious; champion of the clumsy, wheel horse for the inept." Have Mr. Feiffer continue his good work so the sun will shine on many more "meek" lives.

Saul Weissberg  
Bronx, New York

## PLAYMATE PARTISANS

For Playmate of the Year I nominate China Lee (August), who is by far the most beautiful of the 1964 Playmates.

Phil Eisman  
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Playmate of the Year? No contest. December's Jo Collins by a smile.

Harvey Freeman  
Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year must—I repeat, must—be Astrid Schulz, your delectable *Dutch Treat* for September.

Thomas Anthony  
Bronx, New York

My vote for Playmate of the Year goes to Miss January, Sharon Rogers.

Fred J. Reichley  
Madison, Wisconsin

I would like to nominate China Lee, Miss August, for Playmate of the Year.

Karl R. Huseboe  
Lake Tahoe, California

Miss Lee, Miss Collins and Miss Schulz may be found elsewhere in this issue, fighting it out for Playmate of the Year.

## AYE FOR THE EYE

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MARSH'S—Huntington, L. I. • JULIUS LEWIS—Memphis • PORTER'S—New Orleans

your January issue with Vladimir Nabokov's *The Eye*. Now let me tell you something from a devoted, loyal and admiring reader of many years. Gentlemen, you are hypocrites. You make derogatory sport of commercials on TV, but you then do worse by serializing a totally serious, profound, mystically moving work by a prose master whose books are characterized by cohesive interior building. Part one of *The Eye* transported me to another world, a world of troubled dreams that vie with reality. Abruptly, I get to the end of the installment, not the end of *The Eye*—an unworthy cliff-hanger trick on your part, not the author's. TV commercials break the spell of dubious dramatic works for a matter of minutes. You break the dramatic Nabokov spell for a month at a time. Is this in the tradition of honest journalism?

Josef Schwann  
New York, New York

*Serializing a long work of fiction—or nonfiction, for that matter—has been standard magazine practice in America for over 100 years (Harper's began running serializations of Charles Dickens' works back in 1850). Rather than mutilate "The Eye" by condensation or excerpting, we presented it in installments—the only way we could bring to our readers this product of Nabokov's genius.*

#### INAUGURAL SPORT

During inauguration week, I sat in my Washington hotel room and read much of your magnificent January issue. But the night after the inauguration itself, on the train back home, I reread Budd Schulberg's eye-opening analysis of political conventions as folk festivals and national rituals. Everything he said about them is true, but even truer of inaugurals. I think Schulberg is unique in having shown us the ritual nature of the political spectacles that we think of as spontaneous expressions of democracy in action. The fact is—as Schulberg pinpointed—much of our political life is concocted like spectator sports. The only variation is that at conventions you can bet on the winner; at inaugurals, you know beforehand.

Paul Eisler  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

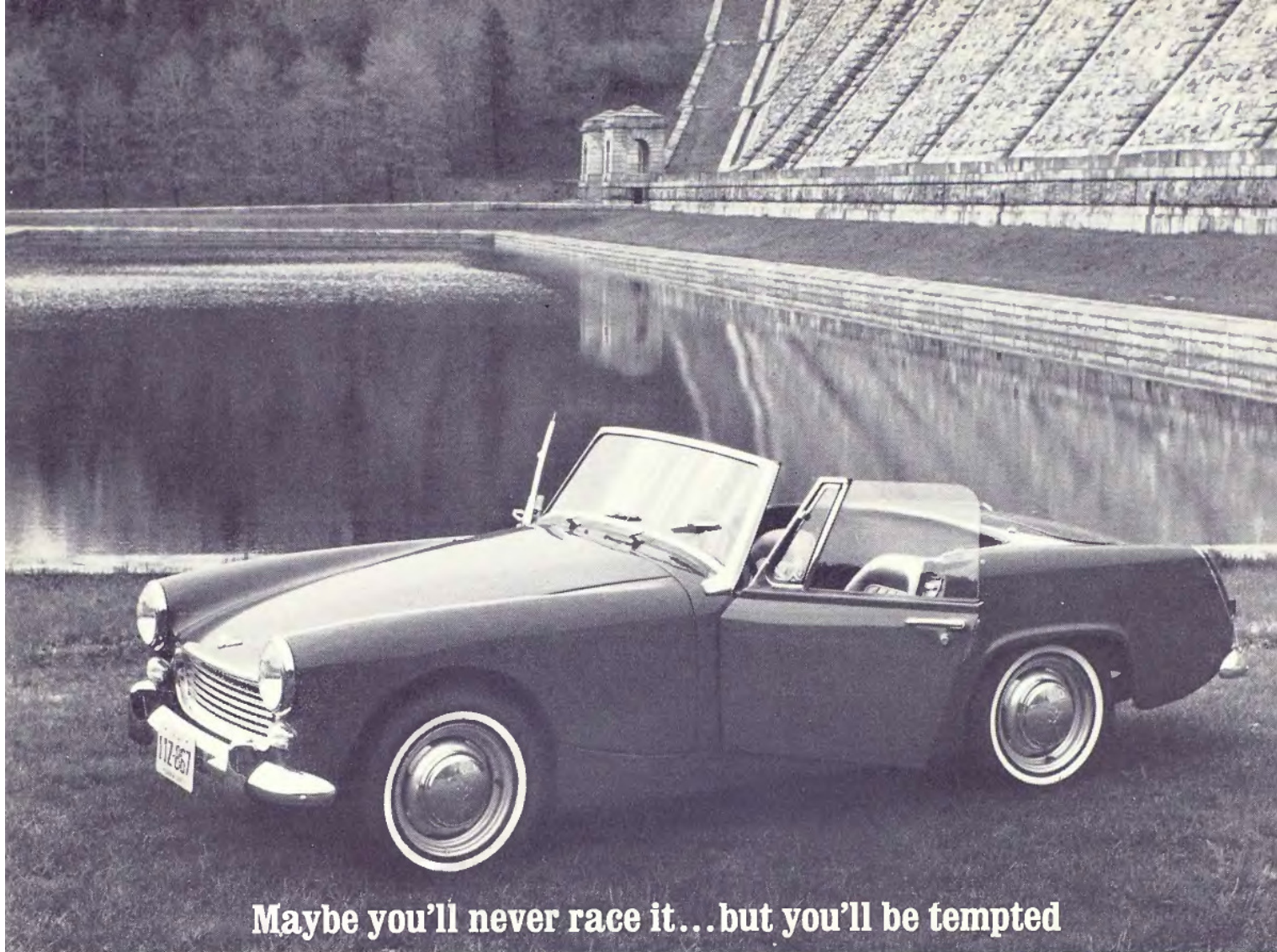
#### MEDIUM MIX-UP

I had to see Terry Southern's *Seeing Is Believing* (PLAYBOY, January) to believe what I was seeing: a word-and-picture medium plugging the superiority of movies. It was strange, luv, and as much a credit to you as to the author of *Strangelove*. Candydly, how do you account for having bombed your own biz?

Louis Gassner  
Miami, Florida

*But we didn't; there's room for all media, but—as Southern said—there's*





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Of course you'll be tempted!  
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no point in any one medium's doing what another can do better.

## PINTER'S POINT

I saw Harold Pinter's play *The Caretaker* and found it disturbing on two levels: It absorbed and horrified me, and I wasn't sure what he was trying to tell me. His story *Tea Party*, in your January issue, had the same dual effect, which is quite a feat to accomplish with prose alone. But I do wish I knew what it meant and would bet that I'm not alone in having no idea.

Thomas Judson

Locust Valley, New York

No bets. See next letter.

I am spokesman for six English majors, seniors all, who read Pinter's *Tea Party* and found it weirdly fascinating. However, four of us had conflicting opinions on its meaning and the other two considered it a prime example of "absurd" absence of any meaning whatever. We finally did agree that such disparity of interpretation was his aim.

Alec Kissinger

Berkeley, California

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Re Bennett Cerf's *Wag Dogs Tales* in your January issue: "Pun" spelled backward is "nup"—and a nup is a nup!

Ken Knudson

Madison, Wisconsin

## DINNER JACKET DENOUEMENT

Your Fashion Director doesn't mention where the progressive dinner party portrayed in the January issue is being given, but I guess we may assume that it is somewhere West of the Pecos. The idea that any gentleman, even a playboy, would appear "impeccable" at a black-tie occasion wearing an olive or blue dinner jacket taxes the belief of this Easterner.

Laurence O. McKinney

Cambridge, Massachusetts

*You and the penguins may stick to your basic black; most well-dressed young men—and all men's fashion authorities—have long since welcomed muted solid colors in dinner jackets for all formal occasions that don't call for tails, as we predicted eight years ago.*

## FIELDS' DAY

As a nurse, I was shocked to read the ignorant and bigoted views of a man in my own profession (I refer to the letter from Dr. E. R. Fields of Alabama in your January issue). I wish to thank you for your intelligent and pointed reply to him, although the regrettable fact is that few prejudiced people have their ideas changed by any amount of rational argument.

Jean Edwards

Montreal, Quebec





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Re that letter from Dr. Edward R. Fields in your January issue—I actually sat openmouthed and disbelieving after reading it. I read it again and still didn't believe it. I asked myself if there really were people in this country who considered the Negro a "jungle animal"—fit only for garbage hauling, cotton picking, etc. And then I remembered an incident out of the past in which the mother of five children was declared by the Superior Court of Arizona to be unfit (this happened in the spring of 1964) because of improper association with people of another race. What the court really meant was that the mother managed a supper club owned by a Negro which served anyone who came in as long as he behaved himself. And then, again, she "made" her children call a Chinaman "Uncle." Of course, this wasn't really her fault. You see, her mother had taught her to respect her elders and she passed this on to her children. But her mother forgot to tell her (and never would) that age is only to be respected if you're white, not Chinese or Negro. So, with all this against her, the custody was given to the father (a man who brags about his father's belonging to the Ku Klux Klan). Impossible, you say? No, I remember this case very clearly. I didn't believe that a woman could lose her children because of the fact that she was *not* prejudiced, but I know for a fact that it happened, because it happened to me.

Marjorie J. Moody  
Pacific Grove, California

#### HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

We would like to express our tribute to the makers of the world's best and most interesting magazine. Although we have only a few copies of PLAYBOY, we are sure this statement is true.

We are students of the Budapest Technical University and interested in American culture. We always ask for PLAYBOY from our American pen friends, and having received an issue, we get together and study it to the last page. So we have a special kind of PLAYBOY club. You cannot imagine how many students at our university read PLAYBOY and get a picture of life in your country—a picture that is pretty good.

To make clear how much we enjoy this magazine, it is enough to say that some of us, including myself, felt provoked to learn English in order to fully appreciate its wonderful articles.

We have great difficulties in getting PLAYBOY, as it is a special sort of American culture and no currency is given for spreading such a "nonsocialist" culture.

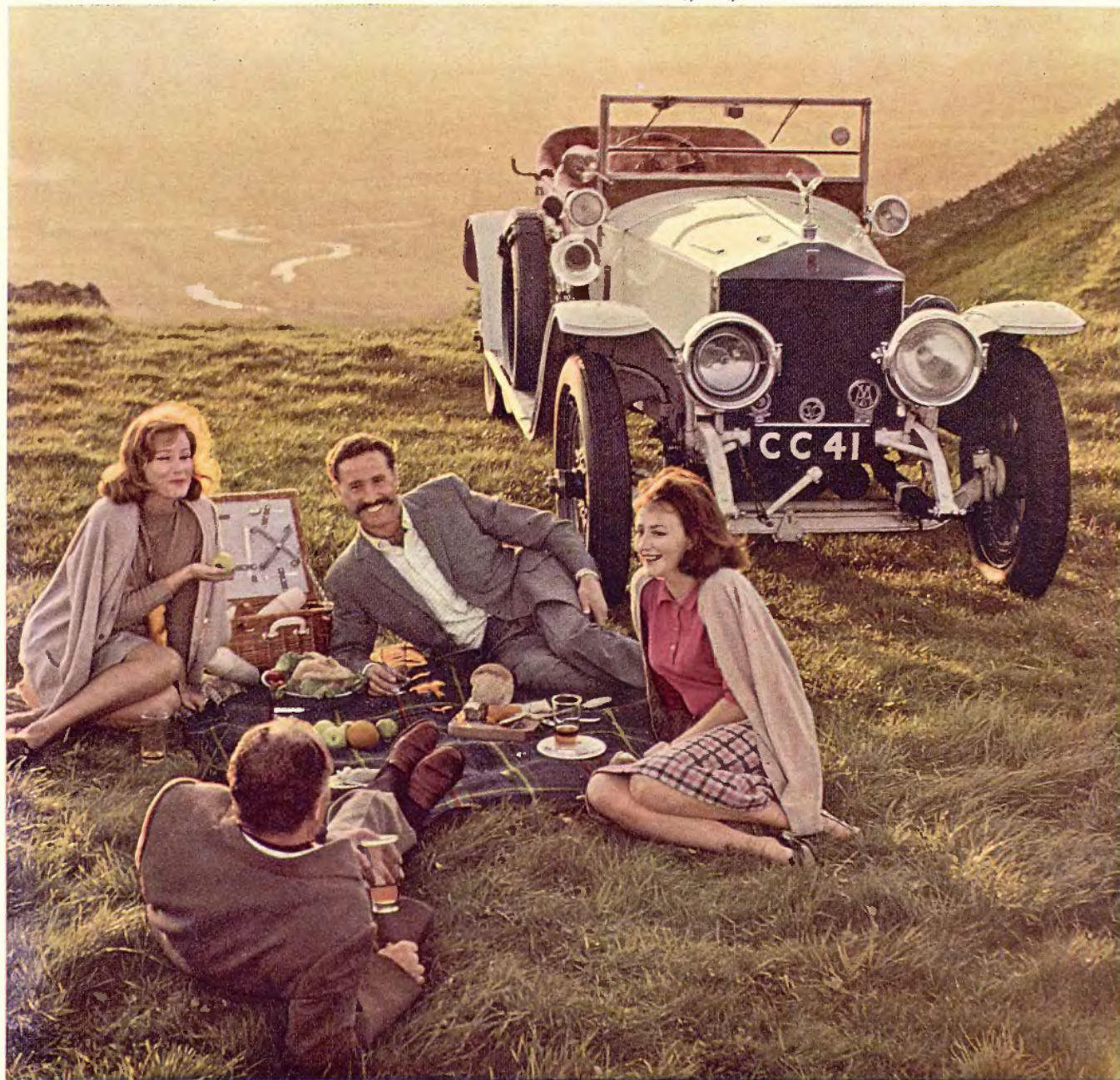
Attila Márton  
Budapest, Hungary





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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In this otherwise charming month, replete with the promise of all sorts of vernal delights, it seems typical, if not fitting, that the Feds should do their annual best to justify the late T. S. Eliot's assertion that "April is the cruellest month." Taxpayers, whose fevered brows even April showers can't quite cool, may derive a bit of envious solace from the following, however: a report on how a beleaguered citizen one-upped the IRS and saved a healthy hunk of hard-earned loot—simply by knowing his assessments from a hole in the ground.

The hero of this true tale (for news of whose joust with the Feds we are indebted to financial columnist Edwin Darby) is one John J. Sexton. Honest John has been in the garbage-dump dodge for some 30 years; he's also an excavating and dirt-moving contractor. Years ago, he first leased and subsequently purchased a tract of nonland, i.e., the site of a clay pit that was excavated to a depth of about 50 feet. He used this nonland for dumping, at a per-cubic-yard charge to his customers. Thus, the better his business was, the less of an asset he had in nothing; but the Feds didn't see it that way, which left John in a hole of another color—red. Not one to hole up and nurse his grievances, he took his case to court and his contention—that he paid \$150,000 for a hole in the ground and that only \$44,000 worth of hole was left—won the court's sympathy to the extent of a ruling that he could take full depreciation allowance on \$106,000. Our guess is that the defeated Feds went right out to look for a hole in the ground to stick their embarrassed heads into; as for John's lawyers, they deserve credit not only for their legal equivalent of a hole in one, but for their final hole-some comment that John's was, indeed, a landmark case.

Call of the Wild: An alert correspondent spotted the following eye-opening ad in the "Personal" column of Saskatchewan's *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*—"Single

Working Girls, you can't believe it until you've seen it! Call Mr. Morrison, 662-5891, for further information."

Plans are brewing on Madison Avenue, so help us, to market a new product called "Arf, the Dog Food Dogs Ask for by Name."

A Texas correspondent informs us that the state legislature, several sessions ago, debated an anti-Peeping Tom bill for which the lawmakers proposed three exceptions: one-eyed peepers, peepers over 50 years of age and members of the legislature.

Among the ground rules at a golf course in Nairobi, Kenya, we are told, is one stating that "a ball lying less than ten yards from a lion need not be played."

Aptly yclept hostelry located within five minutes' driving distance of Skidmore College, in New York's Saratoga Springs: The Playmore Motel, which advertises special "student rates" in the school newspaper.

To Milwaukee's county park commission go our congratulations for the novel interpretation of public service involved in its decision, a few months ago, to close all ice-skating rinks, ski tows and toboggan slides "because of cold weather."

Armchair students of Kraft-Ebing may find food for thought in the following ad from the "Wanted" column of Halifax, Nova Scotia's *Chronicle-Herald*: "Will pay cash for unfriendly watchdog, cane-sword and chastity belt, medium size. Box 2209, *Chronicle-Herald*."

Fruits of Technology, Peekaboo Division: An advertisement in *One*, a maga-

zine for homosexuals, offers nine-inch replicas of *The Sleeping Satyr*—classic Greek statue of a young chap snoozing *au naturel*. The ad tells us that the figure is a precise replica of the 2200-year-old original. "Only the magnetized, detachable fig leaf is new," adds the copywriter coyly.

We share the concern of the Army official who announced, according to *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, that "an alarming number of U.S. troops were not taking marijuana."

Note seen by a spy on a women's dormitory door at George Washington University: "Call me at seven A.M. It is necessary that I get up at seven. Keep knocking until I answer. Try again at ten."

Our Canadian listening post reports this latest entry from north of the border in the cigarettes-are-really-good-for-you sweepstakes. A Toronto firm candidly calling itself The More or Less Honest Manufacturing Company is issuing a new cig named "Less" with this captivating sales slogan: "It's worth more to get Less." Dedicated believers in competitive free enterprise, we suggest the prompt formation of another outfit called The Less and Less Honest Manufacturing Company, to produce a cigarette called "Least," with the rather obvious hard-sell slogan: "They give you a new Least on life."

Joy riders will be dismayed to learn that persons apprehended in Ohio with their feet sticking out of the window of a moving auto are subject to arrest.

The inexorable advance of the machine age was underscored for us recently by a book entitled *Computers: The Machines We Think With*, by D. S. Halacy, Jr., which begins with the observation that "While you are reading this





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Lots more Mr. Wrangler sportswear to choose from, too! Mr. Wrangler, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001.

sentence, an electronic computer is performing three million mathematical operations!" While not as assertive, its dust jacket informs us: "As you are reading this sentence, an electronic computer is performing four billion mathematical operations."

## THEATER

The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, while boasting that it is non-profit, has from the beginning had its eyes on the market place, and so far has succeeded in being neither artistic nor commercial. If that weren't enough, it has aired its internal squabbles in public, with everyone passing the buck. The group's first real accomplishment is, appropriately enough, the staging of the classic comedy about hypocrisy, Molière's *Tartuffe*—the last play of its second season. Those most responsible for the success are newcomers to the Repertory, expressly added for this production: translator Richard Wilbur, director William Ball and performers Sada Thompson, Joyce Ebert and, most importantly, Michael O'Sullivan. The translation is new but faithful—Wilbur rhymes, as Molière did. The direction is inventive without being frantic. Best of all, O'Sullivan, as Tartuffe, the double-dealing, woman-chasing, dirty old religious fraud, gives an outrageously comic performance, using every part of his strange anatomy, from his splayed feet to his pipe-cleaner fingers. His head resembles that of an apoplectic lion, with stringy hair, dewlapped lips and purple face, as if something is constantly choking him. "Cover that bosom, girl," he snips at a servant (Sada Thompson), and tucks a handkerchief delicately into her décolletage. He is a guest in Orgon's house, but for his host's wife (Salome Jens) he has hospitable intentions of his own. "I'm pious, but I'm human, too," he announces, smiting his concave chest and pursuing her around a table, unbuttoning as he runs. Tartuffe plays Orgon for a cuckold and a fool, which should make Orgon's predicament at least as ridiculous as Tartuffe's. The failing of this production—a minor failing, all things considered—is that Larry Gates' Orgon is not very funny, merely pitiable. It is all Tartuffe's show, and O'Sullivan, hell-bent on hell raising, makes the clownish most of it. At the ANTA Washington Square, 40 West 4th Street.

*Tiny Alice* is Edward Albee's attempt to write a big play. The sets are monumental: a cardinal's lushly overgrown garden, the enormous high-ceilinged rooms of a majestic castle. The actors include such elegant stylists as Sir John Gielgud and Irene Worth. The dialog is lofty and lyrical, more in the manner of

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Virginia Woolf than *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* And the awesome subject is man and his God. Give points to Albee for ambition, for imagination, for novelty, for stretching the limits of the theater and for considerable talent. But the problem remains that *Tiny Alice* is too big, or at least it conjures up more than it can cope with. Albee, alas, has tried to construct nothing less than a metaphysical melodrama. The melodrama, or mystery play, concerns a Miss Alice (Miss Worth), the richest lady in the world, and probably the most decadent, who offers to donate \$100,000,000 to the Church, on one condition. Julian (Sir John), an innocent, and a lay brother, must make the arrangements for the bequest—which means, in Miss Alice's wonderland, that she expects to swap the money for the man. The intricacies of the temptation of Julian comprise the mystery, and it is suspenseful even when confusing. The stage is chockablock with symbols. Part of the set itself is a symbol—a massive model of the castle, with strange things going on inside, such as smoke in the chapel. There is even the hint that there may be a tiny Alice inside the model (although, perhaps, not *the* Tiny Alice) and an even tinier castle inside that. Castles in castles and levels upon levels, but Albee leaves most of the riddles unsolved. At his most intelligible, he is saying there is no God, that Julian sacrifices his faith, and his life, for nothing. All is sham. In the end, Miss Alice and her strange allies, a butler named Butler and a satanic lawyer, are no longer mortals. They are merely the instruments of Julian's fate—perhaps the Fates themselves. But some of the melodramatics are misleading, and much of the metaphysics is murky—which makes *Tiny Alice* less an artistic success than a seasonal conversation piece. At the Billy Rose, 208 West 41st Street.

## MOVIES

*Sylvia* is a semisuspense picture that is semisuspenseful, in which Carroll Baker gets raped (somewhat less wildly than in *Something Wild*), waylaid, beaten and otherwise maltreated. George Maharis, a private eye in sunny Cal, is hired by rich Peter Lawford, looking lumpy, to get the facts on a poetess whom Lawford plans to marry but of whose background he knows nil. Maharis mouses out the info that she was a pro from Pittsburgh who wended and vended her way, after her stepfather "forced" her, from Mexico to Manhattan; but even on her back she always had her eyes on the stars. At last, through a little blackmail after she is black-and-blued by a customer, she invests her money wisely and retires to Eu-





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rope for culture, then to the Coast to grow roses and write poems. As those who remember *Laura* can predict, the detective falls for his subject, and the ending is woe-stained. Vivid bits are contributed by Viveca Lindfors, Edmond O'Brien and Ann Sothern, and in a brief appearance as a star stripper, Nancy Kovack simmers up more sex in minutes than the beauteous Miss Baker can convey in hours. Maharis is mahogany. The script by Sydney Boehm, out of E. V. Cunningham's novel, is a Twenties tear-jerker updated with pseudosexual candor. Gordon Douglas directs to suit, which is to say, unsuitably.

*Banana Peel* is the name of a race horse that has nothing to do with the plot—which sets the tone for this fast French farce of finagle with Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo. They are an ex-married pair who join forces to fleece a couple of fellows who robbed her father. This gives a vestige of vendetta to this otherwise highly immoral, hiply hilarious comedy of crookery. Sense is not its strong point; there is just enough logic to glue the story joints together as the pair proceed from a plot to sell the sand on an island off the Normandy coast to a race-track ruse that gives the horselaugh to a heavily loaded heavy. Based on a novel by the American Charles Williams, this gay Gallic gallop does what every light-fingered flick ought to do: It can't rely on character or content, so it keeps the pace peppy. Miss Moreau is more-aussé perfect. Belmondo, though not quite as skilled, holds his own admirably. Gert Frobe, better known as Goldfinger, madly fingers gold in this one, too, as a voracious victim of the pair. Marcel Ophuls has directed with a daffiness that suits this comedy of swindle: It's con but not forgotten.

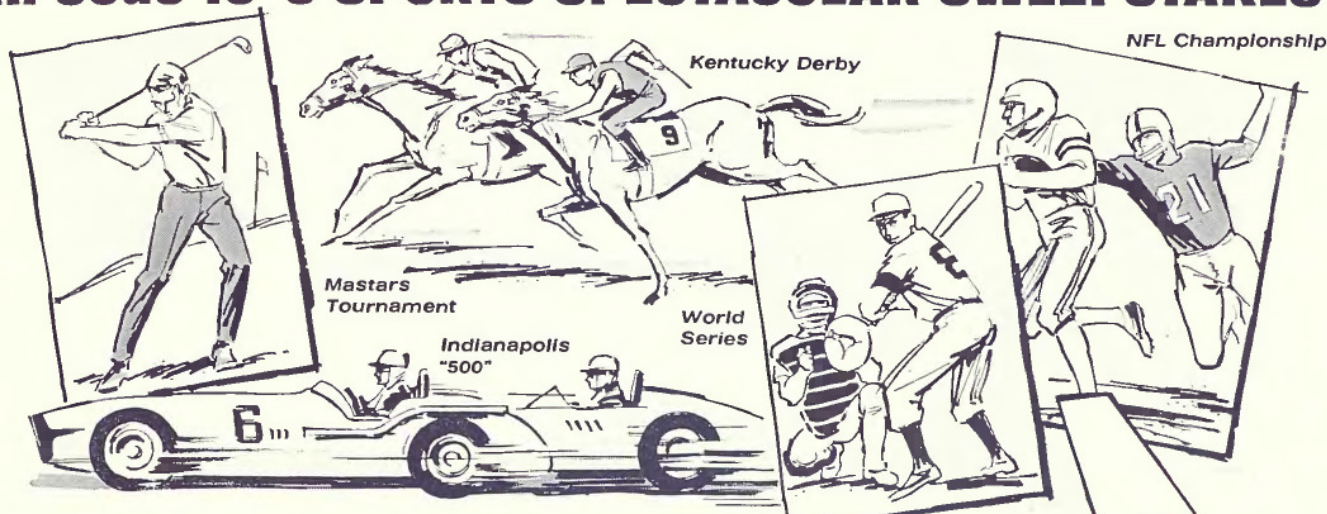
*A Rage to Live* deals with a dame who has a rage to love. In John O'Hara's big best seller, Grace Caldwell was a woman whose busy sex life reflected her vitality and life hunger, her society and its moral mood. In John T. Kelley's screenplay she is a girl who discovers a streak of nymphomania in herself, tries to conquer it, marries a man she loves, can't resist her impulses, and drives away her husband. Thus the novel's attempt to portray modern mores becomes a clinical case history, so that Grace may do a little illicit mingling without "offending" us. You needn't be a clinical psychologist in order to see that this version is N.G.—an obvious attempt to slip past the censor a tale about a babe who's busy in the boudoir because (wow!) she actually *likes* it. The story, like the heroine, is laid in O'Hara's Pennsylvania, which looks as artificially scrubbed as the plot. Suzanne Pleshette (Grace) is clearly being groomed and ungroomed as a new Liz Taylor; so far she doesn't shape up.



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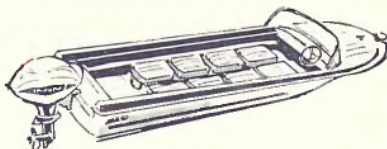
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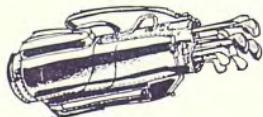
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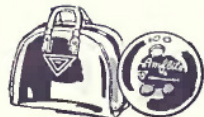
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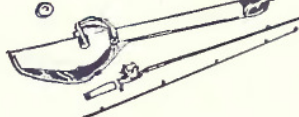
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As the husband, Bradford Dillman is a dullman, and Ben Gazzara, Mr. Illicit Love, has a phony part, which he fits. Director Walter Grauman either doesn't know what's credible or doesn't care. The only true touch is supplied by Beth-el Leslie as a wife who cheats herself by insisting that she's being cheated on.

*How to Murder Your Wife* proves that the old jokes are still very often the best ones. It's hard to imagine a vaudeville wheeze about the terrors of marriage that's been left unsaid in this pot-pourri of Technicolor sight gags and one-liners. But producer-writer George Axelrod knows his business and serves up all of the elderly japes with a style and relish that make this new Jack Lemmon farce one of the few really funny films to come out of Hollywood this year. Lemmon plays a top cartoon-strip artist, a buck-loaded bachelor, with a terrific Manhattan town house. He always acts out his hero's heroics—climbing fire escapes, etc.—while his manservant (Terry-Thomas) snaps pix which serve as models for drawing. When Jack goes to a boozy bachelor dinner, an Italian blonde dish (Virna Lisi) pops out of a huge cake. Smashed and smitten, he marries her that night, regrets it next morning. T-T walks out. Wife, walking in, loves to do two things all the time; the other one is to stuff Jack's paunch with pasta. Lemmon longs for his lost leanness and his valet. He has switched to a family strip that reflects his new life, and uses it to blow off steam. The strip hero murders the strip wife; and the real wife disappears. Lemmon is tried for murder in a sequence that gives Eddie Mayehoff, as Lemmon's lawyer, a chance to show off his fine talent for broad buffoonery. Jack, as always, makes comedy look easy, and Terry-Thomas is still an old English master. Italian newcomer Lisi is totally luscious; and when the camera isn't "starring" her up with soft-focus lens and inflated yens, she is also cutely comic.

Like many war films, *The Train* starts taut and true; but the further it goes, the more movie mishmash it picks up, until the trip becomes a fictional free-for-all. The train itself is made up of a string of French freight cars loaded with priceless paintings from Paris. In the very last days of the Occupation, a German colonel tries to get the paintings to Germany. His real reason is love of them; he gets official approval because he pleads their value. He has to fight the subtle sabotage of the French railroad workers who—despite the death penalty—have been nibbling at Nazi communications. RR official Burt Lancaster is head of a group of the Resistance who set to work to see that the train is delayed and rerouted until the Allies arrive. There is a clutch of clever ruses,



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and for the first of the two hours there is plenty of spine tingling. But nobody's spine can *keep* tingling when the plot becomes plotty and the adventures are tied on doggedly one after another. We become conscious of the fact that it's a big-budget film and they have to keep *The Train* running for two hours. As we might have known, it ends up with Burt the sole survivor of his group, saving the train singlehanded. And wounded in one leg, yet, Burt works as hard as ever; but Jeanne Moreau, in a couple of sequences as a hotelkeeper, shows the difference between effort and effect. Paul Scofield, English stage star, is coolly cruel as the colonel, and John Frankenheimer directs with lots of skill but little respect for reality and brevity.

*Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte* is another chilling killing for Bette Davis as she goes the way of all goose flesh. The question *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* was answered by *Dead Ringer*, which was more truth than poetry. But *H . . . H, SC* is the work of Robert Aldrich, who made *WEHTBJ?*, so BD comes out OK. This one, set in a mossy mansion in Louisiana bayou country, is about old nutty Bette who lives alone with her devoted servant without anyone ever dropping around to ask how's bayou? In the prolog we see her as a girl (with her face considerably shadowed), disappointed by the married lover who was to have run off with her. We see the lover separated from his right hand and his head by a meat cleaver. Through the whole film BD lives under the shadow of the crime, and the shadows deepen with the arrival of cousin Olivia de Havilland who, with Dr. Joseph Cotten, tries to get the nut out of her shell of a house because the state is planning to run a road through. The past keeps plaguing the present and there are several splendid scares, though Aldrich relies on low-key lighting (even on sunny days) to sustain the eerie atmosphere when the plot thins. Agnes Moorehead has a ball bawling around as a blowzy servant, and Mary Astor does a vignette as the chopped lover's weakening widow. The blood, the Greek revival and the ghosts make it all a pretty pattern of red, white and grue.

## BOOKS

Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* (Dial Press) is a private nightmare of murderous and suicidal movement, in which sex is viewed as armed combat. The Mailer-minded and -mannered hero is Stephen Richards Rojack, a rough-hewn half-Jewish Harvard grad, impulsive politician, existential psychologist and TV personality whose occupation has largely become his wife, the wealthy

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and willful heiress Deborah Caughlin Mangaravadi Kelly Rojack. It takes our hero only one chapter to kill her off (strangulation, and a shove from the window to simulate suicide). The narrative continues with Rojack's arrest and release and a Raskolnikovlike psychological fencing with the fuzz—except that Mailer's man always wins, whether in outwitting cops, beating up Negro studs armed with switchblades or banging women to near death on the battle bed. The book could appropriately be called *The Naked and the Dead*, for it is a war novel of sex. The hero-narrator reports with relish of his heiress wife that "Our marriage had been a war, fought by many rules, most of them broken if the prize to be gained was bright enough, but we had developed the cheerful respect of one enemy general for another." Pure battlefield, too, is his encounter, shortly after killing his wife, with the young German downstairs maid: "You're a Nazi!" I said to her out of I knew not what. 'Ja.' She shook her head. 'No, no,' she went on, 'ja, don't stop, ja.' There was a high private pleasure in plugging a Nazi . . ." The signal for his next sexual battle is given by his new opponent, a blonde night-club singer: "I'm feeling pretty mean myself," Cherry said. It was in that glow that we made ready to go to bed." Naturally our hero is weary after these wars, and at the end of the book he goes alone to Vegas where he takes to the gaming tables—and of course wins there, too. Then, without further adieu, he announces his intention to take off for Guatemala, where he has a "friend in the jungle," and from there "on to Yucatán." Although the book covers only 32 hours, Rojack has indubitably earned his rest and recuperation from the war bed, which, sad to say, has been more exhausting than exhilarating, both for the narrator and for the reader. Mailer's sex warrior gets plenty of fight from his women, but not much fun.

Herman Wouk's *Don't Stop the Carnival* (Doubleday) concerns an intemperate interlude in the life of Norman Paperman, a middle-aged Broadway press agent who has spent most of his career shuttling between Lindy's and Sardi's. Paperman is half Herzog, half Pal Joey: a brooder, a philanderer. In a moment of good-natured idiocy, prompted in part by a recent heart attack, Paperman gets off the Broadway treadmill, goes into hock and becomes the proprietor of a Caribbean island resort. There he wrestles with the inscrutable tropics. The island, Amerigo, has been "getting Americanized." The natives like the new holidays—Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, Presidents' birthdays, and the rest—added to the old British holidays and the numerous religious holidays. . . . To them it seems a new, harmless and apparently endless carnival." To Paper-





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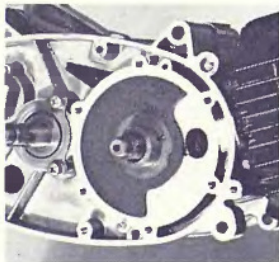
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man it is something of a nightmare. The reader will find it lighthearted and playful, which is fine, since all Wouk and no play has made Herman a dull boy of late. In his other novels, things are generally bad but not hopeless; in this book things are hopeless—but not bad. Paperman—harried by tropical earthquakes, enormous debts and his own bridled libido—remains a comic figure because we know he will survive. By not taking either Paperman or, for a change, himself too seriously, Herman Wouk has cast up a pleasant tropical bauble.

Recounting the barbarities of past ages, a social historian a century hence will tell of how the insane were chained to walls in the Middle Ages and of how drug addicts in 20th Century America were transformed into criminals. The latest addition to the increasing volume of volumes on the increasing problem of addiction, *The Addict in the Street* (Grove Press), is of singular value. Not sociological or literary or philosophical or scientific, the book presents instead the raw voices of the addicts themselves. Out of more than 100 hours of tape recordings by Ralph Telferteller of the Henry Street Settlement on New York's Lower East Side, reporter-novelist Jeremy Larner has selected a series of autobiographies that make vivid the despair, the lock-step rhythms and the "rigid isolation" of the junkie's life. On one level, the book contains considerable information about how drugs and money for drugs are obtained, about prison and hospital life, and about characteristic family patterns in the backgrounds of addicts. On a more visceral level, the book forces us to look directly at the lives that America's punitive approach to addiction has truncated. Eventually, this country will have to adopt the British system of treating addicts as medical patients. But in the meantime, we still have our 20th Century scapegoat, the junkie. And in *The Addict in the Street*, he again asks, with small hope of immediate response, that reason rather than the Puritan ethic be applied to his hang-up.

Some literary talents—Rimbaud, say—quit when they're more or less ahead; others, like Stephen Crane, are fortunate enough to die young. Then there's Irwin Shaw. Having not only survived but flourished since his dramatic appearance in the 1930s, Irwin's Shavian dilemma has been as follows: The further he has strayed from his fine, early short stories, the more money he's made. It's news, then, that he has left off spinning out mainstreamy liberal editorials-in-the-form-of-novels in favor of something closer to the real thing in *Voices of a Summer Day* (Delacorte Press). It isn't a successful voyage all the way, but it's a welcome remembrance of good fiction



past. Ben Federov—successful contractor, married, two kids—drives home to Long Island one hot Saturday and decides to watch a pickup baseball game at the local high school field. He sprawls in the sun among the mostly deserted benches, eyes his 13-year-old boy playing center field, and thinks back to his own ball-playing days at summer camp during the Depression. That starts it. He remembers other things, selected scenes dipped out of the flow of his life. A married woman, an attractive one, sits down next to him and watches *her* son goofing up in right field. She and Federov talk. They've been lovers, but now they're friends, they and their spouses. Their conversation is low-pitched, sophisticated, real. Which touches off Federov's memories of this old affair, then others. Then he goes home to dinner. Is that enough? Yes and no. No, because the baseball-game framework is prosaic, not stimulating enough to produce the kind of rich reverie we're presented with here: You can't help feeling that Federov would more likely have dropped off to sleep on his bench. This lends a forced quality to the introduction of each flashback, which ultimately defeats the book. But it *is* enough, for now, that Irwin Shaw has written an atmospheric, unplotted novel that takes him part of the way back to where he came from, to that sensitive depicter of mood and interacting feelings who has dazzled us with his short stories. Perhaps next time out he'll make it all the way home.

## RECORDINGS

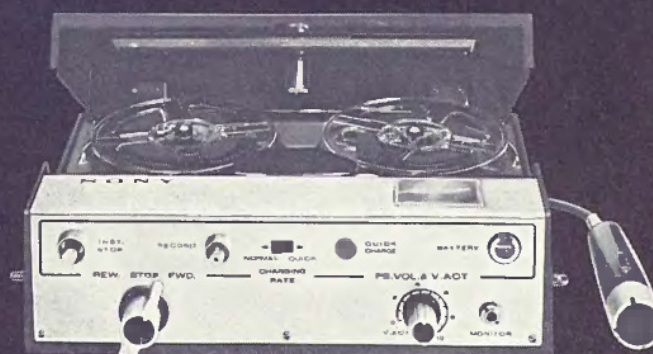
*"Who Can I Turn To" and Other Songs from "The Roar of the Greasepaint" / Anthony Newley* (Victor) features the ubiquitous Mr. Newley singing to a fare-thee-well the score he and Leslie Bricusse whipped up for their new show *The Roar of the Greasepaint—the Smell of the Crowd*. Newley's acting abilities stand him in good stead as he adds the theatrical dimension the unusual tunes demand.

*Jazz Impressions of Japan* (Columbia) finds the Dave Brubeck Quartet at the peak of its powers. Based on what the Quartet took away with it from its tour of Japan last spring, the album is an unqualified triumph, with Paul Desmond's alto as clarion as we've ever heard it.

*The Troublemaker* (Ava) has several things going for it. The sound track for the movie, which occupies all of side one, was composed by Cy Coleman and lives up to what we have come to expect from the tastefully inventive pen of the *Playboy's Penthouse* theme creator. Side two, containing music from other flicks, also has *Here I Go Again*, the love theme from *The Troublemaker*.

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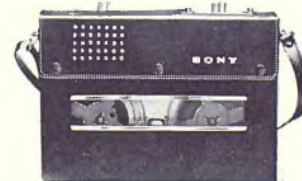
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given a dramatic reading by Bunny-Playmate China Lee, who makes her movie debut in the film. China's anatomical attributes are displayed to excellent advantage on the LP's cover.

*When the Feeling Hits You! / Sammy Davis Meets Sam Butera & The Witnesses* (Reprise) is a high-voltage hoedown from beginning to end. On an up-tempo number such as the opening title tune, the manic Butera men are hard pressed to keep up with a steam-heated Davis. When the pace changes to ballads and torch songs such as *Don't Cry Joe*, Davis and his new-found friends segue smoothly into the mood of the moment. A toast to the two Sams.

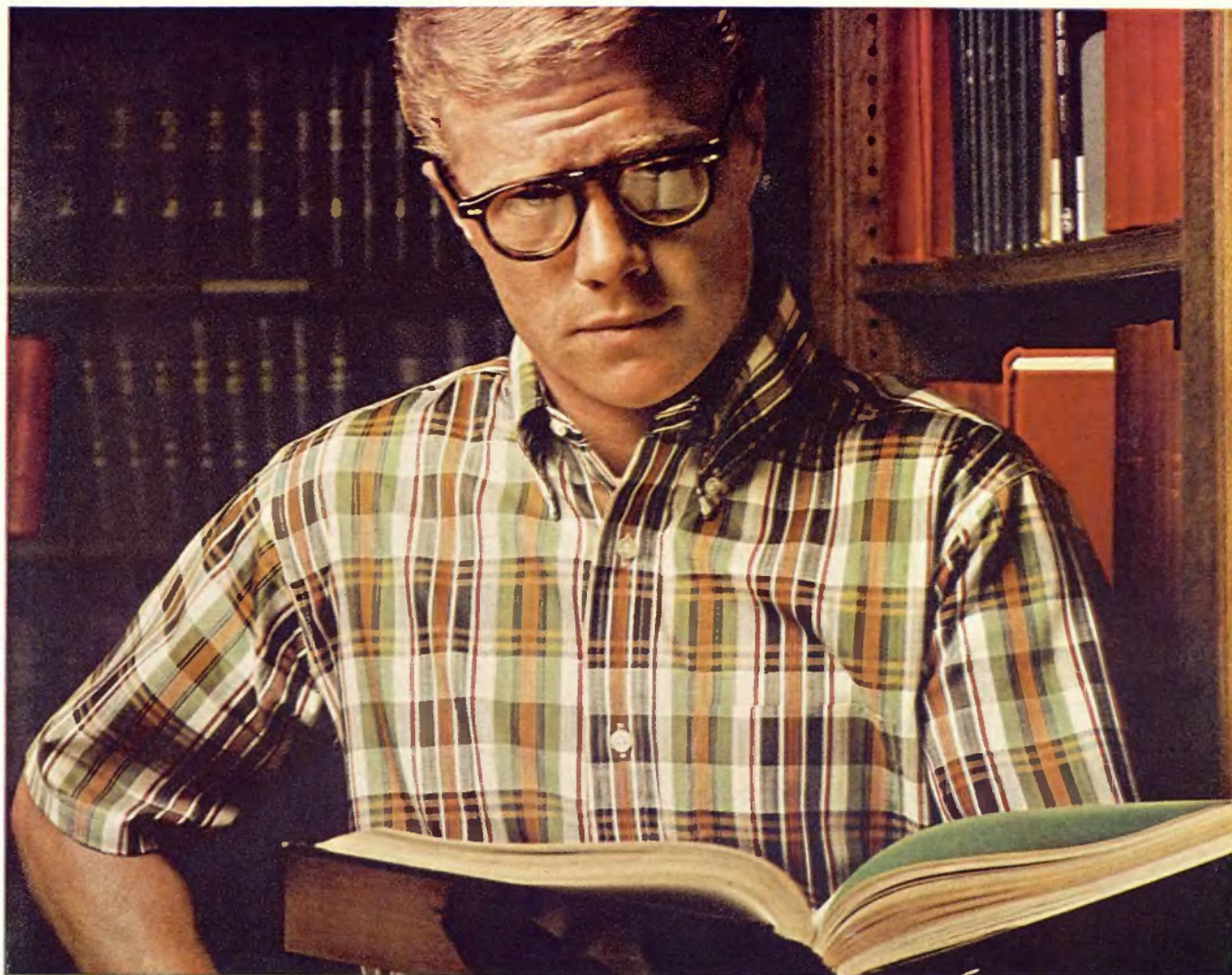
Another nifty from Nancy. *The Nancy Wilson Show!* (Capitol), vinylated at Hollywood's Cocoanut Grove, is electrically exciting. The in-person "feel" is apparent in every note as Nancy responds vocally to the audience's open adoration. On the bill: *The Saga of Bill Bailey*, *Don't Take Your Love from Me* and the Duke Ellington rouser *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. Whatever the number, Nancy strikes our fancy.

Bossa nova is obviously here to stay. The pseudo sounds have long since disappeared; what's left is generally a delight. *Softly / Luiz Bonfá and His Guitar* (Epic) is bossa nova at its quietly pervasive best. Bonfá, one of its pioneers, plays a dozen Brazilian ballads in estimable fashion. *The Sound of Ipanema / Paul Winter with Carlos Lyra* (Columbia) features the young American alto-sax ambassador teamed with Brazilian composer-guitarist-vocalist Lyra and a Rio rhythm section in a session recorded in Rio de Janeiro. The tunes are all Lyra's and all lyrical—a superb set. Unheralded but exciting is *The Boy from Ipanema Beach / Menescal* (Kapp), performed by a youthful Brazilian sextet (they range in age from 15 to 20) led by guitarist Roberto Menescal. The boys have infused the native rhythms with a funky American jazz sound which falls delightfully on the ear.

An ebullient brace of Buddy Greco albums provides a spectrum of splendid sound. *On Stage!* and *Modern Sounds of Hank Williams* (both on Epic) display the multifaceted Mr. Greco in diverse surroundings. The wildly rocking Ray Charlesian rendition of *Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah* is enough to make *On Stage!* a winner, but there are the additional delights of *She Loves Me*, *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* and *The Best Is Yet to Come* to give it the stamp of success. The country-and-western LP finds Buddy very much at home in that unusual bag. *You Win Again*, *Jambalaya* and *Your Cheatin' Heart* delivered sans twang are the high spots of a hip country outing.







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**Y**ou have no idea the amount of trouble PLAYBOY is causing me. It all started just about a year ago when my fiancée asked if she could see an issue of PLAYBOY I had in the house. I noticed no danger signs whatever and thought that she would enjoy the magazine, since she is a fun-loving girl who seems to enjoy everything life has to offer. Well, she hasn't been the same since. Not only has she decided that your entire magazine is filthy, but she put away her two-piece bathing suit, refused to see *The Prize* because of a low-cut dress shown in a preview, and is the only girl I know who did not enjoy *Tom Jones*. When we are alone together she approaches sex perfectly normally; however, should I but speak the magic word—"PLAYBOY"—I might as well get lost for at least a week. Perhaps most surprising is the fact that in two years of courting, no other differences of opinion have arisen between us. Just recently she discovered that I still read PLAYBOY despite her voiced disapproval, and she has now laid down the law that I must choose between her and PLAYBOY. This seems a bit absurd, but the hell of it is that she is serious. If nothing changes her mind, I will put PLAYBOY aside; but I keep wondering if there isn't some way of having my cake and eating it, too.—L. S., Wilmington, Ohio.

*Humble pie is what you'll be eating if you let this cookie dictate your reading tastes. Totally aside from whether she appreciates PLAYBOY or not, her high-handed dictum at this stage of the game should be taken as an omen of future problems—unless you make it crystal clear that the qualities you seek in a mate do not include those of a censor.*

**L**ately I've been picking up the local FM station on my stereo record player. Even though the sound is faint, it does interfere with the enjoyment of my records. The volume, balance and tone con-

trols don't seem to have any effect on it at all. Could you please explain this phenomenon and give me a solution?—J. B., Fontana, Wisconsin.

*The trouble is probably caused by alternating-current lines running parallel to, and too close to, your speaker leads or other unshielded cables. If you can't separate your leads from, or make them run at right angles to, your AC lines, use shielded wires, twist them together, and ground the shields. A common "cure" is reversing your amplifier's power-cord plug in the wall socket, but we put the word cure in quotes because it seldom works.*

**S**hel and I were married four years ago at the respective ages of 27 and 23. He had been in the Navy, worked two years, and was then a junior in medical school. My salary was our sole source of income for three years, and a necessary supplement during internship. He's now a resident, and is perfectly willing for me to give up my job, but he's far from willing to start a family. I think I could hound him into granting permission, but I don't know whether I should.

I love Shel very much, and we get along famously. We both fly his airplane, and have often decided on Friday afternoons to go to the Caribbean, New York, etc., without worrying about a baby sitter. Of course, I've enjoyed all this, too, but I want a baby. Shel thinks this would be an "unnecessary and expensive millstone." What do you think would happen if I just "forgot" a few pink pills and sprang a baby on him? Is it possible that he'd hate it and I'd have a little psychotic on my hands? Would this be any better or worse than making him angry and depressed with constant begging? Help!—Mrs. P. Z., Atlanta, Georgia.

*While we sympathize with your desire to be a mother, we can also understand your husband's wish not to be tied down, especially since he's recently completed the rigorous medical school grind. It would be unthinkable for you to have a baby without his consent. Not only might this action be harmful to the child, but its dishonesty would assuredly implant a seed of malignancy into what seems to be a healthy marriage. Ordinarily, we'd advise talking the problem out, but you've obviously had plenty of conversations on this subject. Why don't you drop it and wait a couple of years? (You'll still be under 30.) Let Shel enjoy his freedom for a while, and try to enjoy it with him. Relieved of your constant pressure, and in a more fluid financial position, he may then change his mind.*



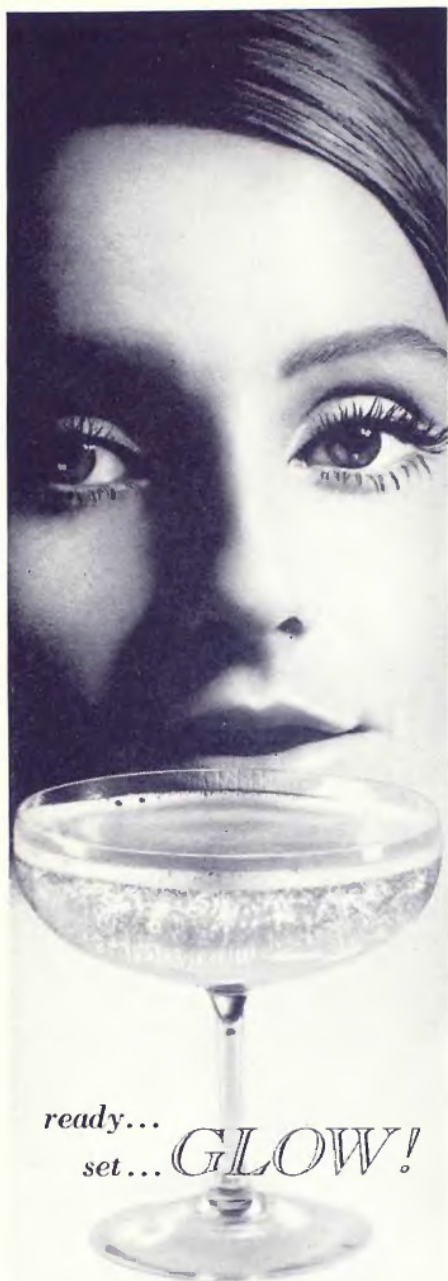
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I understand that a drink called "tiger's milk" is considered to be an excellent hangover cure. Have you the recipe?—I. H., Galion, Ohio.

Indeed we do: One teaspoonful sugar syrup, two ounces brandy or applejack, one egg white to each two drinks, one drop each of vanilla, orange, clove and cinnamon extracts. Beat the egg white into the sugar syrup and extracts, then shake with ice and brandy. Strain into a collins glass and fill glass with equal parts of sweet cider and milk, then dust with nutmeg.

At a class reunion, I became enamored of a charming young lady who has been going with one of my best college friends. She and I spent most of the evening dancing with each other and I got the definite impression that she would like to see me again. My problem is this: How might I best go about dating this adorable creature without offending a close friend?—P. W., Fairfield, Iowa.

One solution would be for you to decide which you value more, the girl or your friend. If the former, go ahead and date her; if the latter, forget her. Another solution would be to ask him how he'd feel about your dating the girl. He just might be on the verge of kissing her off, in which case you'd have the girl and your buddy's friendship.

My hitch in the service will soon be up, and I am in a quandary over which of two roads to take. Originally, I had intended to obtain a college education, but several of my buddies have suggested that I enroll in a trade school instead. They point out that I will save time and money this way and still be able to land a good job. What do you think?—S. D., Seattle, Washington.

A vocational education will prepare you for a specific trade where the starting salary may be relatively high but the future somewhat bleak. A college degree will open doors to a number of jobs with high potential—in terms of work satisfaction, wages and status. But the starting salary may be quite low. Since a college education increasingly is becoming a prerequisite to all but blue-collar jobs, we think that any man who has the aptitude should try to obtain a degree.

I will be moving from New York to Chicago, in connection with a new job, next July. Never having moved out of the state before, a couple of questions about the transportation of my household goods occur to me. First, how do I get the best price? (In New York intracity moving, some companies charge you by the hour, others give you a flat rate—it's not easy to decide which will come out better.) Next, I wonder whether to

tip the movers when the job is completed. If so, how much?—I. F., New York, New York.

We think it's a good idea to have at least three movers compete for your job. This way, you can best learn what is involved, and can decide which company seems most reliable. You'll find, however, that household moves across state lines are rigidly controlled by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Rates are based on weight and cannot legally vary among movers. Tipping, in this line of business (unlike many others), is not requisite; it's a plus for superior service. If that's what you've given, ten dollars a man would be decent for a long-distance move.

My roommate and I are both upper-classmen in college. Having lived together in the same dormitory for the past two and a half years, we have become more than casually fond of each other, and have, frankly, had physical contacts, even though we both continue to date the campus coeds. Knowing your broad-minded views on matters sexual, we would like to have your opinion on the following: Do you think a continuance of this clandestine relationship bodes ill for the future?—L. G. and B. W., Chadron, Nebraska.

Yes. If you fellows have already decided to continue swinging from the other side, nothing we say will deter you—although we certainly mean to try, since our broad views on matters sexual do not include the advocacy of homosexuality. If your minds are still open, we think you should consider Kinsey's well-known statistic that 37 percent of the male population experience homosexual activity at some time in their lives, without necessarily becoming lifetime homosexuals. You are probably going through a phase common to postadolescence, a period in which sexuality is high and during which the combination of affection and proximity in an all-male environment (your dormitory) often leads to sexual involvement. These factors, combined with the fact that you have already spent two and a half years together in the same room, indicate that you've been giving temptation the upper hand. We suggest that you nullify these conditions, first by changing roommates, then by accelerating your coed dating until you're both firmly convinced that girls are not just soft boys.

I have a problem that I'm sure isn't unusual, but it's perplexing. In about a month I'm going to be the best man at a wedding. What exactly are my responsibilities? While I'm glad to help my friend get married, I'm wondering if being best man will take all the fun out of it.—A. D., Charlottesville, Virginia.

On the contrary, you've got the best



seat in the house. You'll attend the bachelor party beforehand and the reception afterward; you'll get to be first with the champagne, and to enjoy such nuptial perquisites as kissing the bride—all without having to marry anybody. You will have many duties, however, and the success of the wedding may depend on how efficiently you dispatch them. First of all, you'll see that the ushers are suitably and uniformly dressed for the occasion (in accordance with the wishes of the bride's family) and are clearly instructed and rehearsed on their churchly functions. You'll make the arrangements for the bachelor dinner, too, if there is one. You will also be the one who helps the groom dress for the ceremony and reminds him to tuck the marriage license into a convenient pocket. Above all, you must get him to the church on time—at least half an hour before the ceremony—and while you're offering him last-minute moral support in the vestry, double-check your own pockets to make sure you've got the ring and the fee for the ceremony (in a plain envelope which you should slip discreetly to the officiating clergyman immediately after the vows). At the reception, though it isn't de rigueur, you'll want to help keep the champagne flowing and the reception line moving smoothly past the newlyweds. You'll be expected to arrange for such details of departure as plane tickets, car keys, and the like. And you'll be the man who stashes the bride's and groom's luggage safely in their getaway car, and takes care of the groom's postnuptial quick change into street clothes. If you're a first-drawer best man, you'll also see to it that there are a chilled bottle of bubbly and two glasses in the car—to which you will later clear a path for the bride and groom. And one last duty: Keep your mouth shut about where they're going to spend the night.

I've always been taught that if a fellow likes you enough he'll call first. Does this rule hold true even when a couple has had a heated argument?—Miss J.C., Buffalo, New York.

We think the rule you've been taught went out with jitterbugging; discard it. If the guy means something to you, pick up the phone and try to re-establish your connection.

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



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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THERE'S NO BETTER TIME to visit the Emerald Isle than in June, before the tourist flow begins and after the chill northern winter's gone, when the salmon and sea trout are begging to be taken and the classic Irish Derby is under way.

Headquarters for your visit should be Ireland's capital city, and you'll be treated in grand old style at Dublin's swank Gresham in the business area or at the charming Russell (which houses one of Ireland's most elegant dining rooms—blue trout a specialty) on St. Stephen's Green. Here you'll be only a short stroll along tree-lined streets from the city's pubs—Jammet's (also a superb restaurant), Davy Byrne's (a cosmopolitan prototype of the Irish pub), the Pearl and the Palace (both meeting places for Dublin's journalists and literati). Worthwhile restaurants—to name just a few—include the Red Bank (for seafood), the Dolphin Hotel (for steaks and grills) and the Georgian Room (for background music and dancing).

Although there are hardly any night clubs in Dublin, you'll be able to supplement your after-dark pub-crawling with visits to the Abbey Theater for drama and opera, the Gate for modern Irish plays and the Pike and Globe for experimental theater. A fascinating way to see the city would be to utilize Joyce's *Ulysses* as a Baedeker; but, lacking time, you can settle for some of Dublin's high points: golf at Portmarnock or the Royal Dublin; Grafton Street, for its unparalleled men's shops; Trinity College Library with its illuminated Eighth Century manuscripts; the homes of Shaw, Sheridan and Joyce; the General Post Office, site of the famed Easter Monday uprising; and Dublin Castle, where the Heraldic Museum will trace your family tree for a modest fee.

Not to be overlooked in Dublin are the flashing-eyed colleens who, like their Scandinavian counterparts, have lately shown a preference for American visitors. Irish girls are friendly and can often be met with a broad smile and a cheery hello; places where informal self-introductions are the custom include the Metropolitan Dance Hall and the various tearooms attached to movie houses. Here, singly and in pairs, the girls stop off after an afternoon or evening at the flicks and are rarely offended by the amiable approach of a visiting Yank.


For a taste of Ireland's country hospitality, allow time for dinner and an overnight stay at a rural inn—the superb Great Southern at Parknasilla on Kerry's windswept coast, or the Butler Arms at Waterville (in the heart of great hunting and fishing territory) for its country-

club atmosphere and superior kitchen. Visit the luxuriously restored castles at Ballynahinch and Cong. The latter (Ashford Castle), one of Ireland's finest, sits amid hundreds of acres of green lawns and lakes stocked with fish. If you're driving, be sure to visit the shadowed country of Galway, the Cliffs of Moher, and the Boyne Valley with its relics of early inhabitants.

On the Continent, a diverting week or two can be spent in the Swiss mountains. You'll be in the company of Europe's young nobility and the high-flying *femmes* of the international jet set if you stop at places such as Pontresina—for swimming in the Stazersee, golf at the 18-hole Engadine course, tennis, trout fishing and horseback riding along some 100 miles of mountain trails—or Lenzerheide, where music, dancing and *gemütlich* floorshows brighten evenings at the Grand Hôtel Kurhaus and the Schweizerhof.

Other luxurious accommodations include the Quellenhof in its huge park at Bad Ragaz, small but smart Chesa Grischna at Klosters, the superb Schloss-hotel at Pontresina, the Palace and Suvretta-House at Saint-Moritz with their complete sports facilities, the deluxe Waldhaus at Vulpera and the Kurhaus at Tarasp. There's modest gambling at most resorts, but for the greater challenge of high stakes, it's a short drive south to Lugano, followed by a ten-minute launch ride into the Italian enclave of Campione. Here *chemin de fer* and roulette are played with a \$500 maximum.

June provides perfect weather for a sun-baked visit to Mediterranean, Aegean and Adriatic seaports: a thoroughly enjoyable way to do it is on a cruise from Venice. Most of the traveling is done at night, with departures set late enough for a full measure of roistering evenings at seaside taverns and cafés. A typical 19-day jaunt calls at Corfu, Piraeus (with a side trip to Athens), the historically rich islands of Crete, Rhodes and Mykonos, Haifa (for a tour of Israel) and Dubrovnik, a magnificent Yugoslavian beach resort. Including rail transfer between Milan and Venice, and two days in the city of canals at each end of the cruise, the tab for the whole bit comes to less than \$400 on the Greek liner *Fiesta*. Other cruises run to Egypt and Lebanon by way of Greece and the Aegean Islands, or to Istanbul, Odessa (with an optional side trip to Moscow) and Yalta on the Black Sea.

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"*

## PASTOR'S PRAISE

Let me take this opportunity to express my appreciation for two items in the January 1965 issue of *PLAYBOY*. I think your interview with The Reverend Martin Luther King is one of the best that I have read. It gives insight to the problems being faced and issues a challenge to the future.

Your *Playboy Philosophy* Trialogue discussion with Father O'Connor, Reverend Gary and Rabbi Tanenbaum is something that needs to be read by more "church people." I thought it very good and stimulating. The philosophies expressed were greatly appreciated.

William Grunden, Pastor  
Friendship Methodist Church  
Providence, Rhode Island

## ATHEISM AND MORALITY

As a humanist-atheist, I appreciated the letter of William R. Birt in the January *Forum*. Atheism simply means that a person—after considering all the evidence—"considers the universe not to be the product of a deliberate intention" as E. C. Vanderlaan once stated. Morality is a completely separate subject—not the least dependent upon supernaturalism (religion). Mr. Hefner's perception of this and other matters makes *PLAYBOY* a most outstanding contribution to both society and the individual.

Anyone who feels that Hefner is merely obsessed with sex might remember that Freud, too, was considered thus by the traditionalists.

Mrs. Ann D. Robertson  
Reedville, Virginia

## HEFNER'S VIEW OF GOD

First let me say that I never cease to be impressed with the continuing increase in the breadth, depth and over-all quality of your publication. I especially appreciate your efforts in *The Playboy Philosophy* to help our society develop a rational, humanistic and responsible sexual ethic.

I have not read the earlier installments of the *Philosophy* and this may explain why I wish to better understand your views on the following matter. In the January installment of the *Philosophy* Hefner stated that "... God gave us reason to triumph over instinct and choice to triumph over conditioning." His approach to sex has been admirably

rational and I question whether his belief in God can be defended on equally rational terms. First, it would be helpful to know what kind of God he believes in. Is He omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent? Would He exist if no human existed, or is He only part of the wonder that is man? Would man have any reason or freedom of choice if He did not exist?

I am an agnostic—one who doubts the existence of God, but who does not rule out the possibility of His existence. I believe that a rational examination of the evidence at this time does not support the belief that anything resembling God exists. If I am wrong, I would appreciate the help of your reasoning to set me straight.

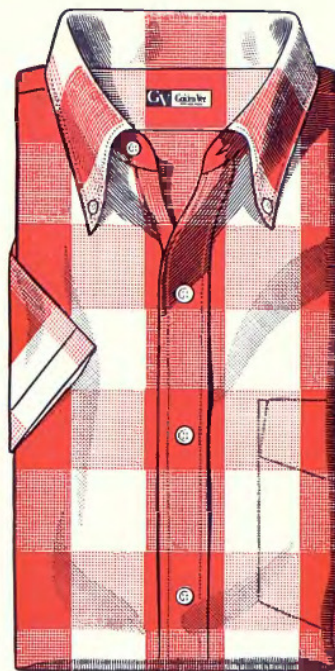
I realize that if Hefner were an admitted agnostic it would handicap his efforts to publicize a controversial viewpoint, as it would open him to even more vicious attacks than previously. Nevertheless, I am very much interested in knowing where he stands on this issue.

Dennis L. Albrecht  
Antioch College  
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Your lack of familiarity with earlier installments of "*Philosophy*" is undoubtedly the cause of your uncertainty, for Hefner has made it abundantly clear—on numerous occasions and despite his awareness of the predictable attacks you mention—that he believes in reason as opposed to superstition, open-ended scientific exploration as opposed to inflexible dogma. But "*The Playboy Philosophy*" is not concerned with the existence or nature of God *per se*; for it is not offered as any sort of substitute religion. Hefner has editorially opposed only those aspects of organized religion that have tended to be suppressive or attempted to exercise totalitarian and coercive controls over secular society; in Hefner's view, our democracy should afford equal freedom, protection and opportunity to men of every religious persuasion, be they Christian, Jewish, Zen Buddhist, agnostic or atheist.

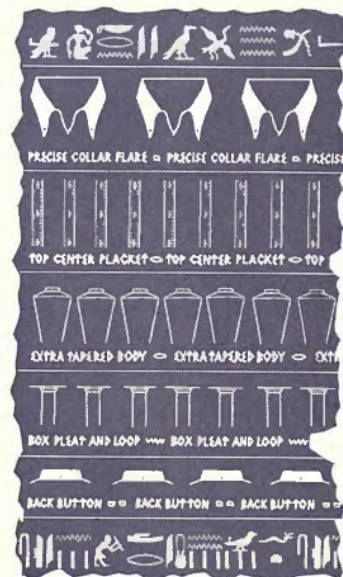
## THEOLOGIAN'S RESERVATIONS

I have been reading with a great deal of interest your *Philosophy*, *Forum*, interviews and articles. They have been like a breath of fresh air. I feel that your magazine is an asset to one in a profes-



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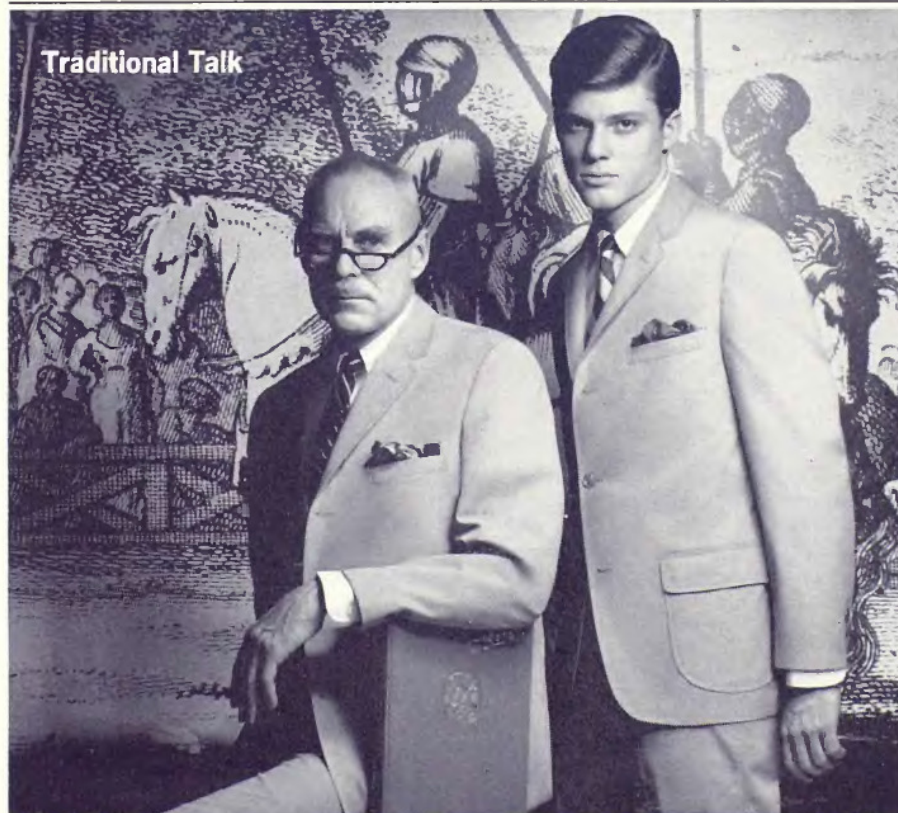
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sion surrounded by stuffy pietism. However, I have had some uneasiness coming from a feeling that eluded articulation. The feeling became focused while I read the 20th part of *The Playboy Philosophy* (January 1965). There seems to be an odor of dogmatism and self-righteousness exuding from "mecca" in Chicago. There seems to be an emerging cult, complete with a "lord" and a "code," written and unwritten. The "disciples" seem to be quite legalistic in harmonizing their "conduct" with the "code."

Perhaps I feel my breath of fresh air turning stale by a stuffy pietism in different garb.

Reverend Donald L. Hobson  
Santa Paula, California

*We cannot by any stretch of the imagination see how you can construe Hefner's words as either dogmatic or (in the conventional sense) pietistic. He has never suggested an absolute code of conduct or set of authoritative tenets—which means, according to our dictionary definition of the word, he can't be charged with dogmatism. And certainly he's not guilty of the affected religiosity which is generally associated with pietism.*

### EX-CHURCHMAN'S COMMENT

I have been reading *PLAYBOY* for several years and have admired the consistent high quality of its fiction, articles and panels. In recent months I have been very interested in *The Playboy Philosophy*, partly because it parallels my own thinking. Until April of last year I was a priest in the Episcopal Church. I left the priesthood and the church because my experience had convinced me that traditional Christianity has done and is doing more harm than good in my life and in the lives of people I was allegedly ordained to serve. I feel as Hefner does that the attitudes encouraged in and by the church are basically anticreative and antisexual, and therefore destructive to human life, especially under the pressures of society in this country.

My ministry had once seemed helpful to a number of people, but in a rather paradoxical way from my standpoint as a parish priest: The more whole their lives became, the less interest they had in the institutional church. When I left the ministry I opened a counseling office here in Atlanta, but I soon learned that my friends, professional and otherwise, were no longer as encouraging and helpful as they had indicated they would be. I had ceased to serve the accepted structures of church and society in an official capacity.

This letter is prompted by my appreciation for Hefner's point of view, and the role his *Philosophy* is playing in helping to free society from self-destructive presuppositions and illusions.

Ralph W. Richardson, Jr.  
Atlanta, Georgia



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## SERMON ON SEX

I am writing this letter to acquaint you with a sermon delivered by Reverend Dr. Frederic C. Wood, Jr., chaplain of Goucher College in Baltimore. The sermon was written up in the December 21, 1964, issue of *Newsweek*. I only wish that more people in the United States would embrace this intelligent viewpoint:

To relate to another person is to assume some responsibility for that person. And the magnitude of that responsibility is directly proportionate to the depth of the relationship. Insofar as the sexual act generally (and perhaps even universally) purports to express a deep relationship, then it also entails a high degree of responsibility to one's partner in that act.

I think that this quote may be of interest to the enlightened readers of *PLAYBOY*. Keep up the fine work. Yours is the only magazine in America that I can read from cover to cover with interest.

Sp/S Bruce H. Robinson  
Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri

Enclosed is an article from *Stars and Stripes* which expresses my views and those of countless others. The subject of the story, Reverend Frederic C. Wood, not only has intelligence, but common sense as well. If more clergymen had this attitude, there would be fewer dropouts in our churches.

## CHAPLAIN'S SERMON STIRS GOUCHER COLLEGE STUDENTS

Baltimore (AP)—An Episcopal chaplain's sermon at Goucher College on sex has been met with "surprised but enthusiastic approval," according to the campus newspaper of the school for girls.

In a sermon entitled "Sex Within the Created Order," the Reverend Frederic C. Wood told his congregation that the Bible says sexuality is good.

"There is nothing bad or dirty or perverted about it," he said. "It is simply good."

He said premarital sex "can be very beautiful," but he could never condone extramarital sex.

The *Goucher Weekly* said, "Surprised but enthusiastic approval swept the Goucher campus."

"Several students have expressed the belief that his words are the most relevant and worth while ever to have been spoken in the chapel," the paper said.

"Sex is fun," the chaplain said. "Because it is fun, it is not to be understood as something which we owe to anyone, whether that obligation is understood in terms of a debt to be paid after a certain num-

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ber of dates, or as conformity to the generalized expectations of a group."

The lesson of naturalness and humor of sex, he said, "is that we all ought to relax and stop feeling guilty about our sexual activities, thoughts or desires."

Married and the father of three children, Mr. Wood, 31, said that although premarital sex "can be very beautiful," it could also be irresponsible if "the two parties have not fully and openly assumed their responsibilities to one another."

"What I am calling for here is simply sex within the kind of relationship which marriage is intended to symbolize and to affirm," the chaplain said.

He said he would never condone extramarital sex, because it would be what he called a "violation of a covenant."

Mrs. J. H. Chilir  
Kaiserslautern, Germany

*Though Reverend Wood may think sex is good, it appears that his views are not necessarily shared by the administration of Goucher College. In a letter to Goucher alumnae, dated December 19, 1964, College President Otto F. Kraushaar "set the record straight" by declaring that Reverend Wood's sermon contained "unguarded" statements. While defending Reverend Wood as a "deeply religious, dedicated man," President Kraushaar lamented that press coverage of Wood's sermon had caused "painful . . . damage to the reputation of the College, its students, faculty and alumnae." It may be small consolation for President Kraushaar, but in PLAYBOY's view, the sermon raised Goucher's reputation to new heights.*

#### A HAPPY MARRIAGE

I have just begun to read the January 1965 issue of your excellent magazine, and am moved to write to you after finishing the letter from Nina Lindberg entitled "Sex in Sweden."

My views on sex can only be determined from a few personal facts:

1. My husband and I have never had to work at our marriage, which has been a happy one for three years.
2. We have a very happy, well-adjusted and lovable two-year-old.
3. Our love is complete in every way because we enjoy giving pleasure to each other.

What is so exceptional about this? Nothing—it's just that my husband and I began our sexual relationship three years before marriage, and when we did marry there was no trauma, no psychological adjustment, and no regrets! True, we were young and perhaps foolhardy, but if we had it to do again, it would be the same. My one disheartening thought is that I can't discuss my



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feelings without anonymity because our society is so hypocritical. One can hint at these topics with close friends; however, instead of being forthright, we are close-mouthed, afraid of social condemnation. I hope my son's generation will achieve a more honest system of sexual values.

(Name withheld by request)  
Elizabeth, New Jersey

#### ILLEGITIMACY

After reading *The Playboy Philosophy* in your December issue, I was left with the impression that one point was missing (or avoided) in Hefner's discussion. What about the illegitimate child? Won't the sexual revolution cause an increase in illegitimacy?

I am not attempting to blame PLAYBOY for the hundreds of unmarried women each year who find themselves pregnant in our society. However, any argument for premarital intercourse should include the answers to problems caused by its practice. The only answer I can find for illegitimacy is abstinence from premarital sexual intercourse. Do you have another?

Robert C. Wright  
Elgin, Illinois

Yes: Contraception.

#### SEXUAL SCAPEGOAT

In the *Los Angeles Times* recently, Professor Richard Campbell of Valley State College blamed the problem of unwed motherhood on the "half-baked ideas" of Hugh Hefner and Albert Ellis. In effect, Campbell provided a scapegoat as the simple answer to a problem of great complexity, the origins of which lie in social conditions extant long before PLAYBOY and Dr. Ellis began publishing.

It is unlikely that more than a handful of unwed mothers have read or even heard of Dr. Ellis, and, even if they have seen PLAYBOY, it's unlikely that they have read its erudite articles. Most of the blame for current illegitimacy must be placed on status-seeking parents and their status-seeking friends and neighbors, who insist that seventh-grade girls dress like adults; that ninth-graders "go steady"; that 14-year-olds smoke; that 16-year-olds learn to drive; and that 18-year-olds marry. Our society, blinded by status, has pushed youth into adulthood before it is equipped with the knowledge and responsibility to cope with adult problems.

Hickok M. Moon  
Los Angeles, California

#### FROM AN UNWED MOTHER

Hefner does an excellent job of presenting important questions in a very reasonable light, and of allowing his readers to debate these points. Too bad more females don't read PLAYBOY, since it helps in understanding and making

decisions about important issues, and helps one avoid making serious mistakes due to ignorance. I'm sorry I didn't read PLAYBOY sooner.

An unwed mother  
Omaha, Nebraska

#### SEX WITHOUT LOVE

The opinions expressed in Hefner's *Philosophy* interest me. I am disturbed, however, by his idea that the sexual act can be successfully divorced from deep emotional exchange. This would mean that emotional interaction is not a prerequisite for the fulfillment of physical desire. One should remember that there is a definite relation between physical desire and emotion—their separation quite detracts from the mutual effect.

George L. Stuhnenheim  
Troy, New York

*Hefner does not deny that the absence of emotional involvement can detract from a sexual relationship. However, he does think that emotional involvement need not be prerequisite to sexual satisfaction. While he believes that sex with love is preferable to sex without love, he also believes that sex without love is better than no sex at all.*

#### IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Please take note of the following statements which appear in *The Playboy Forum* for December 1964:

"Casual sex may not be the best sex, but it is better than no sex at all."

"What is wrong with passion? Sexual passion, that is. And what is wrong with one or both partners acting as a pleasure machine?"

As I understand it, when Mr. Hefner's sex utopia is reached—that is, when we've attained freedom from censorship, freedom from religious domination and freedom from ridiculous sex laws—the last step is to remove the necessity of love from the sex act.

When all this has happened, the following imaginary conversations might very well take place:

"You think you're having trouble with your children, Mabel—let me tell you—our 13-year-old, Debbie, has forgotten to check off the calendar again and she can't remember if she took her Enovid or not."

"Well, you ought to do what I do, Helen—I mean with our four daughters. I just had to find a solution to the problem. I just put the Enovid bottle on the breakfast table along with the vitamin pills."

Overheard on the Less Crumb Show: "I think the men of this world have to be protected. Newborn children should take their mother's family name. I mean: How can anyone tell for sure whose child it is anymore?"

Mary Hopkins  
Grosse Pointe, Michigan  
(continued on page 144)





# Playboy Club News



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SPECIAL EDITION

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APRIL 1965

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The multimillion-dollar Los Angeles Playboy Club premiered New Year's Day in the dramatic new Playboy West

Building at 8560 Sunset Boulevard. The L. A. Club, open seven days a week, features its own VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys) as Clubs do in New York and Chicago.

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By ordering your key today, you can take advantage of the \$25 Charter Rate that applies in Jamaica, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Boston, San Francisco and eight other Club cities (see Club Locations box), before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect. Once a Playboy Club opens, it has been the practice



Pert Bunny Mary serves up a tropical concoction to guest Dirk Ratcliff in our Jamaican Club Pool.

to raise the key fee to \$50, as it is now within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in Florida (and in Arizona beginning May 1st).

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For entry to all Playboy clubrooms anywhere in the world—mail the coupon today.



The Cables live it up in Playboy's Penthouse for Los Angeles first-nighters on New Year's Eve. Black-tie premiere benefited the Reiss-Davis Clinic.

### Phoenix Key Costs \$50 May 1st

PHOENIX (Special)—Beginning May 1st, the \$50 Resident Key Fee will go into effect in Arizona, as it has in Florida and Chicago. Only applications for key privileges postmarked before May 1st will be honored at the Charter Key Fee of \$25.

Your \$25 Charter Key Fee will show you all the abundant good times found in the clubrooms of every Playboy Club—gourmet food for the same price as a drink; man-sized drinks; entertainment from the largest talent roster in the world; a subscription to *VIP*, the Club's own magazine; luncheon and cocktail privileges for your playmate; twist parties, jam sessions and the best time in town; plus the always-present beautiful Bunnies, many of whom are Playmates from the gatefold of *PLAYBOY*.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ART BUCHWALD

*a candid conversation with washington's self-appointed secretary of satire*

Marvin Kitman, our interviewer this month, was himself the subject of a "Playboy Interview" of sorts when we buttonholed him briefly in our "After Hours" pages last July, at the climax of his tongue-in-cheek campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination. Back, like Barry, in private life, Kitman has become a contributing writer for The Saturday Evening Post, returned to his job as "News-Managing" Editor of *Monocle*, a monthly magazine of political and social satire, and is currently engaged in chronicling the saga of his ill-fated bid for the nation's highest office, soon to be published by Dial Press. Debuting as a PLAYBOY interviewer, he writes of his subject:

"The Art Buchwald I knew in Paris was an innocent kid. His idea of fun when he was a nobody was singing with Edith Piaf under the bridges of the Seine and dancing in the rain with Gene Kelly on the cobblestone streets of Montmartre. As a result, none of his friends thought he would amount to much in Paris. But I did. The night I first met him, in 1956, he was sitting in a quaint little French bistro called Maxim's eating dinner with Sophia Loren. I became convinced he was a real comer when I saw him walk out of Maxim's that night into Aristotle Onassis' waiting limousine.

"Still, we all felt sorry for Art in Europe. The syndicated column he had been writing in Paris for the New York

Herald Tribune since 1949 just wasn't getting anywhere. It only appeared in 125 papers in the United States, Europe, Africa and Asia. What Art never seemed to realize was that decent people weren't interested in a column that made fun of Americans abroad, the international set, showbiz celebrities and other sacred institutions.

"Years passed and nothing was heard from Buchwald. Then, unexpectedly, I received a letter from him in 1959, mailed from the Hotel Metropole in Moscow. Art had been touring Russia in a Chrysler Imperial to show the enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain what a bloated plutocratic capitalist really looked like. The envelope contained nothing but a tightly folded wad of paper the size of a postage stamp, which bore a single word: *HELP*. Not wishing to become involved, I didn't answer the letter.

"But it was I who first advised Art to come home from Europe. I also told him to collect his columns and make eight books out of them. And I was the one who suggested that he write a musical comedy called 'The Spy in G Flat' with Russ Baker of The New York Times. And I told him he should do stand-up comedy on a TV program called 'The Entertainers.' After 14 years in self-exile, he followed my advice, came home and did all the things I'd told him to. As I'd also predicted, his column began appearing in 225 newspapers. Suddenly, thanks

to me, Art Buchwald was the toast of America and the darling of the smart set.

"But when PLAYBOY asked me to interview Art, I thought twice about taking on the assignment. I was afraid that he might have gotten a swelled head from his fabulous overnight success—and I didn't want to see that. Overcoming my misgivings when PLAYBOY raised my price, however, I decided to accept the job. I found my 39-year-old subject sitting in a director's chair marked 'Big Daddy' by the edge of a swimming pool behind his \$150,000 French Provincial split-level in the Wesley Hills suburban-renewal section of our nation's capital. His three children were splashing happily in the pool. He said he didn't know them. 'I'm just working here as a life-guard,' he swore.

"To his credit, he seemed embarrassed by his new affluence. 'This isn't really our house,' he apologized. 'We live in that \$125,000 house next door. But the people who own this one lend it to us when we have visitors so we can impress them.' I was impressed.

"My old friend hadn't changed physically. One of his major assets as a humorist had always been his dashing appearance. James Thurber once remarked that Buchwald bore a striking resemblance to the late Rudolph Valentino. But Thurber's vision was failing even then. I always thought Art looked more like a pensive owl smoking a cigar. The physical characteristic you notice most



"Our bombs are big enough. The problem is that our targets are too small. To eliminate all this waste in overkill, I advocate the enlargement of existing targets to fit the existing bombs."



"My philosophy is the same as Hugh Hefner's. Whatever he says in his 'Philosophy' is my philosophy. I'm a hip urban male, and he's about my age. So how come I don't make out like he does?"



"There is something to be said in favor of recognizing Red China. If we admitted Red China to the UN, we could have her blackballed as an aggressor and thrown out for violating the UN charter."





IF SHE WAS MADE FOR DIAMONDS  
SHE WAS MEANT FOR

FAME



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about him is his bright eyes—especially at night.

"His attitude toward his old friends hadn't changed, either. He had always been a nice guy, particularly to other journalists. 'Here are the questions I expect you to ask me, fella,' he said, handing me a typed list. When I took out my own list, he threatened to throw me into the swimming pool. 'But that's news management,' I said. 'If you can't have censorship,' he explained, 'news management is the next best thing.' Appeased, I began asking the questions from his list. To all of them, however, he answered, 'No comment.' He then told several obvious lies about his past. 'I never promised to answer any of the questions honestly,' he said when I objected. 'If you're out to embarrass me, I'll call the editors of PLAYBOY and have them kill the interview. Then I'll ruin you personally.' 'May I quote you on that?' I inquired. 'Of course not,' he replied. We agreed to keep it off the record and proceeded with the interview."

**PLAYBOY:** As America's leading satirist...

**BUCHWALD:** Before you go any further, I'd like to modify that. I'm a great satirist, but I wouldn't say I was the leading one.

**PLAYBOY:** We were referring to Mort Sahl, as a matter of fact. But as long as you've mentioned yourself, do you agree with Sahl that these times of political heat and social unrest call for more biting commentary from our nation's humorists?

**BUCHWALD:** On the contrary, I think there's entirely too much humor going around. I'd like to see a lot less humor in this country. Even the President of the U. S. is trying to make jokes. A law ought to be passed requiring that only certain people be allowed to practice humor. I favor licensing humorists, like doctors or lawyers, so that no one else could make jokes. As a matter of fact, I would prefer to be the only one allowed to make jokes.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it annoy you when somebody else writes something funny?

**BUCHWALD:** Are you trying to be funny? Of course it annoys me. What am I supposed to do—laugh?

**PLAYBOY:** Let's not engage in personalities. Do you feel that satire plays a constructive and important role in our society?

**BUCHWALD:** I think satire is among the most powerful weapons we have. You can do more with it than with any other kind of writing. For example, before the Republican Convention last year, most humorists and satirists were making fun of Barry Goldwater. They really gave him a terrific lampooning. I'm convinced that if it hadn't been for them, Goldwater might have gotten the Republican nomination.

**PLAYBOY:** You may be right. But if you

think satire is such a powerful weapon, why isn't your column funny? Why don't you use the power of the press to poke fun at Congress, the State Department, the Pentagon and the White House?

**BUCHWALD:** I've been under a lot of pressure from well-meaning but cynical friends to do just that: to actually hold our most sacred institutions up to scorn and ridicule. But I've been strong. Being a good American comes before making a buck, in my book. For too many years now we've had irresponsible people making fun of our Government and our honest, hard-working politicians, and everyone in Washington is getting sick of it. Any country with a nine-billion-dollar annual deficit is no laughing matter. These smart-aleck satirical egghead beatniks who make light of the United States of America are playing into the hands of our enemy, godless communism. And that's the worst kind of communism.

**PLAYBOY:** We have here in our hand documentary evidence—one of your own columns—indicating that you may be lying in that reply. In it, you make fun of one of our nation's most beloved institutions, the FBI, and its revered director.

**BUCHWALD:** I only said there are so many FBI informers in the Communist Party that there aren't many Communists left, and that most of the dues being paid by the Party members, therefore, come from FBI funds. I also said that maybe someday soon J. Edgar Hoover will be elected chairman of the American Communist Party. What's so satirical about that?

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that inconsistent with your policy of not making fun of anybody?

**BUCHWALD:** Well, maybe a little bit, but you're allowed to make fun of the FBI, because they have such a good sense of humor. That's one thing about the FBI: They never get upset when you make fun of them. You may get a call from two FBI agents the morning after the column appears—at three o'clock in the morning—but it's always a friendly call. It's the one organization in Washington that doesn't mind being laughed at.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's see you laugh *this* off. It's been alleged, by highly placed sources whose names we're not at liberty to divulge, that you, Arthur Buchwald, are a conscious agent of the international Communist conspiracy. Your column, we've been informed, is regularly translated into Russian and published behind the Iron Curtain. Are you now, or have you ever been...

**BUCHWALD:** You're impugning my loyalty, and I'm afraid I can't stand for that. What I'm about to tell you is absolutely top secret, and I can't allow you to quote me on it, but my column is actually a code for CIA agents in Russia. Every third word in the column is a message to



one of our people. It was through my column, as a matter of fact—and this is strictly confidential—that our agents in Moscow got the word from Washington to have Khrushchev fired.

**PLAYBOY:** How long have you been a double agent for the *Herald Tribune* and the CIA?

**BUCHWALD:** Since my days in Paris. There my column was a code for messages from our agents in Paris—some of them in the Elysée itself—to CIA H. Q. in Washington. But keep that under your beret.

**PLAYBOY:** Check. When you first announced your decision to come home, you said you'd miss taking those long walks in the Bois de Boulogne with Brigitte Bardot, water-skiing with Princess Grace, playing baccarat with the Rothschilds, having candlelight dinners with Elizabeth Taylor, and swapping jokes with General Raoul Salan at Santé Prison. Well, we have the sworn testimony of all of these people that they've never even met you.

**BUCHWALD:** I never said I actually *did* any of those things. But I'm going to miss them anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** In any case, what made you decide to give up your purportedly exciting, madcap, wicked life in Paris and return to America?

**BUCHWALD:** It may sound "square" to you, but I returned to my homeland because I like to think of myself as a patriotic American. I happen to be old-fashioned enough to believe that the word "patriotism" is still a living truth. As soon as I found out that French taxes were going to be higher than American taxes, I decided to come back home to this great country of ours. Besides, I had helped out De Gaulle as much as I could, and I felt I was needed here.

**PLAYBOY:** By the CIA?

**BUCHWALD:** No, I was asked personally by Walter Lippmann, Arthur Krock and David Lawrence to come back and become the Dean of the Washington Press Corps. None of them wanted the title anymore, and they asked if I would head the thing up. It doesn't pay anything, of course, but I couldn't very well refuse a clear-cut mandate.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it your ambition to become the man at the White House press conferences who says, "Thank you, Mr. President"?

**BUCHWALD:** No, that's the job of Merriman Smith. My job is different. After Merriman says, "Thank you, Mr. President," I say, "Are you putting us on, Mr. President?"

**PLAYBOY:** Johnson is actually the second President you've given the benefit of your counsel, isn't he? We understand you played an important liaison role between the CIA and the White House at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion.

**BUCHWALD:** Thanks for the compliment, but I wasn't here then. I was in France

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helping De Gaulle lose Algeria at the time. But I did help out in Washington during the second Cuban crisis. The Government was split into the Doves and the Hawks, and I had a conciliatory third group going: the Chickens.

**PLAYBOY:** According to a reliable informant—yourself—you've had a high percentage of news beats since your return to Washington. You were the first newsman, for example, to reveal how President Johnson finally picked his running mate. "Up until convention time," you wrote exclusively, "the President still had no idea whom he wanted to give the job to. Then, on the third day of the convention, while he was eating lunch with Mrs. Johnson, she said to him, 'You know, Lyndon, we owe the Humphreys a dinner.' The President said, 'Ah don't have time to have dinner with the Humphreys, but ah tell you what, Lady Bird, ah'll make it up to them some way.'" How did you manage to get this historic scoop?

**BUCHWALD:** The most important element of my success as a reporter is that I don't talk to anybody. I think it's a very bad mistake for a columnist in Washington to speak to anybody, to solicit opinions, to muddle the issues by presenting two sides of the story. I have found on the couple of occasions when I've actually gone out and spoken to people, I've gotten very confused. So I've adopted the practice of establishing a tight security net around my office. I lock myself inside, pull down the shades, check the room for hidden microphones, and—you're not recording this, are you?

**PLAYBOY:** Of course not.

**BUCHWALD:** Good. I check out the room, then pick up my red telephone, dial a number known only to me, and ask them to send up all the Washington newspapers, which I spend the rest of the day reading. On the basis of this information—all of it inside stuff—I'm able to write my story.

**PLAYBOY:** Using that system, we'd like you to analyze the 1964 election results. To what do you attribute the Republicans' overwhelming defeat?

**BUCHWALD:** Lack of votes, I think. If they had had more votes than the Democrats, they'd probably have won. But this is just hindsight, you know—Monday-morning quarterbacking.

**PLAYBOY:** Some Republican Party leaders seem to think that the press, particularly the columnists and commentators, contributed to their defeat. What's your reaction to that charge?

**BUCHWALD:** As I see it, we columnists and commentators were victims of the white tongue-lash. But to tell you the truth, I was disappointed that the Democrats didn't attack us, too. Goldwater, Eisenhower, Nixon—they didn't let us down. They gave us the public recognition we've long so richly deserved. Many newsmen who were going to vote Demo-

cratic consequently voted Republican. As the election results indicated, the Democrats made a big mistake in being friendly toward us.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you really play a key role, as you've alleged in your column, in determining the candidates' campaign strategies?

**BUCHWALD:** Yes, during the campaign I advised both the President and Goldwater not to come out against violence in the streets. I was afraid they'd lose the violent vote, and it turned out that I was right. They both attacked violence in the streets and—well, you know the situation today where you don't have violence in the streets anymore. They're sorry they didn't take my advice.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you feel was the big issue that won for the Democrats?

**BUCHWALD:** It was the little things that had a great effect on this election. In Washington, for example, I had a Democratic friend who used to go around tipping taxi drivers a nickel and then saying, "Vote Republican." Another guy had a gimmick that he said worked miracles. He picked people's names out of the phone book and called them up at two A.M. and said, "Hi, there. I'm a volunteer for Goldwater-Miller. Would you have a few minutes to talk to me?" I know another Johnson man who helped out Goldwater by scattering Republican campaign literature on his neighbors' lawns. And there's this little old lady I know who put on tennis shoes and a Goldwater button and went around Georgetown insulting all the merchants.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you give as unselfishly of your own time during the campaign?

**BUCHWALD:** I tried to do my bit. My main contribution was to go around with a Goldwater button at parties making passes at all the independents' wives. And I like to think that my campaign slogan had some effect, too. I had a picture of Goldwater on a poster which read: "Would you want to buy a used bomb from this man?"

**PLAYBOY:** Because of the networks' competition to be first in predicting the outcome of the election, many people were concerned about the possibility of a band-wagon movement, or even an underdog psychology, among voters watching the early returns on television in the West. How do you feel about it?

**BUCHWALD:** Our whole system is in danger, in my opinion. We have a two-party, three-network system, and it must be preserved. We've seen a disastrous thing happen this year in which one network—NBC—completely dominated the other networks in its election-night coverage. Two men, Huntley and Brinkley—nice enough men on the surface, but very dangerous when they get that much power—singlehandedly put ABC and CBS in the shade. In other words, I think we should worry not about how

TV is affecting elections, but about how elections are affecting the TV industry, which is what most people care about.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about the role of the pollsters in influencing elections?

**BUCHWALD:** Insidious. I wrote a column about what would have happened if there had been pollsters just before the Revolutionary War. On the basis of talking to people all over the colonies, they would have come to the conclusion that only ten percent of the public wanted to break away from the British, and that the rest liked the *status quo*. So if we had listened to the pollsters, we'd still be part of England.

**PLAYBOY:** In the last election, there were many millions of Americans who didn't exercise their franchise. What can be done to overcome this apathy?

**BUCHWALD:** There has to be some patriotic incentive to make people vote: I'd give them Green Stamps. Another thing I would recommend is letting people drink on Election Day. That way you'd get a lot more people voting. You'd even have people voting twice or three times.

**PLAYBOY:** This next question is so personal we blush to ask it. We told the editors you wouldn't answer it. What did you think of the recent Presidential non-candidacy of Lincoln Republican Marvin Kitman?

**BUCHWALD:** It's funny you should mention his name, because I was just thinking that you look a lot like him. But to answer your question, American politics has always had to put up with nuts. I was against Kitman's candidacy from the start. He was reaching too high when he tried for the Presidency. I think he should have started by running for Senator from New York.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's change the subject. Many people were worried about what would have happened to this country if Goldwater had been elected. Were you?

**BUCHWALD:** No, I don't think anything would have happened—except maybe by January 21 or 22, we'd all have been dead. But outside of that, I wasn't worried.

**PLAYBOY:** You wrote during the campaign that Goldwater's 26,000,000 supporters had threatened to leave the country and emigrate to Canada if Johnson and Humphrey won. Do you know what's happened to them?

**BUCHWALD:** Yes, I do. At the request of the Canadian government, I inspired "Take a Loser to Lunch Week" following Goldwater's defeat. During that week I asked each and every Johnson man to take a Goldwater voter to lunch and explain to him where he was wrong. I'm happy to report that the plan was a success: Only 5,000,000 of the 26,000,000 Goldwater voters have actually emigrated to Canada. And some of them have already come back because they found it's too cold up there in tennis shoes.

**PLAYBOY:** Looking ahead to '68, what



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do you think the Republicans will need to win?

**BUCHWALD:** A miracle. But apart from that, I think they could use another war hero like Ike. I like to see war heroes as President. I don't like to see old soldiers just fading away. That's one of my great regrets about that grand old general, Barry Goldwater, not getting elected. I think we would have had a lot of war heroes if he had gotten within reach of the Pentagon panic buttons. This would have become a *country* of war heroes. With Goldwater gone, the only one we've got left is Francis Gary Powers. I haven't seen anybody since Powers who lives up to my ideal. He'd make a great President.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with Richard Nixon that Richard Nixon will be the man to unify the Republican Party?

**BUCHWALD:** I understand that Nixon's main interest now is the Pepsi-Cola Company, and I think he'll make a great contribution there. I've always felt that he should have been working for Pepsi instead of for the Government.

**PLAYBOY:** Nixon was once considered a crafty politician, but according to some critics, he seems to have played his cards all wrong during the campaign. Have you been advising him?

**BUCHWALD:** No, I've never offered to help Dick. I've always thought he was pretty funny *without* my help. It's nothing personal, you understand. I think he's a great American. But then, so are all the people I know: They're all great Americans.

**PLAYBOY:** While we're on the subject of name-calling, what was your reaction to all the mudslinging that took place during the recent campaign?

**BUCHWALD:** I enjoyed it. But you know, everybody in America seems to want to *label* everybody else. If you don't agree with the Democrats, you're a Bircher; if you don't agree with the Republicans, you're a Communist. You know, if everybody called a Bircher *was* a Bircher, this would be one hell of a dangerous country. And if everybody was a Commie who was called a Commie, we'd already be one of the satellite nations. I think name-calling is wrong. I don't call people who disagree with *me* Birchers or Commies. I call them extremists and lefties.

**PLAYBOY:** There was a lot of talk during the campaign about the Communist menace in this country. Do you think there are many Communists in the Supreme Court, for example?

**BUCHWALD:** According to the right wing, there are only nine. However, there is a Communist problem in this country. I've discovered since coming home that we have so many organizations to fight communism in every town, we don't really have enough Communists to go around. To help solve this problem, I've

advocated a redistribution of Communist Party members. Each town gets one, and he's kind of the resident Communist. He's paid by the town to be the threat there. They get to throw garbage on his lawn and break his windows and all that; but he doesn't care because he's on salary, and the breakage goes on the expense account. It's a hell of a way to make a living, but it helps solve this country's Communist problem. I've tried to get J. Edgar Hoover to approve this idea, but he hasn't answered my letter yet. Another suggestion I've made to help solve the Red menace is for everyone to become a card-carrying anti-Communist. Everyone would have to carry this Certificate of Anticommunism in his wallet. These would be issued by the FBI, which would run a check on your background before letting you have one. If it's discovered that you're a registered Democrat, you'd be asked to take a lie-detector test in which you'd be questioned on your feelings toward Social Security, TVA, civil rights, the United Nations, Medicare and foreign aid. If it were found that you supported any of these, your certificate would be withheld, and the scarlet letter "C"—or "CD" for Communist Dupe—would be stamped on the back of all your clothes.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about the extreme right-wing organization that calls itself the Minutemen?

**BUCHWALD:** I think those guys are really performing a great service. They keep their guns by their beds, and they're ready any minute to go out into the streets and start shooting. I'd be worried if loyal Americans like that weren't around, because I don't think the police, the Army or even SAC could prevent an invasion if the Russians really wanted to invade. Having Minutemen is the one thing we have that really worries the Russians. This is the one deterrent preventing them from attacking us right now. I would even like to see *more* guns distributed throughout the nation. I'd like to see teenagers get guns. I think anybody who's old enough to go out at night, who can drive a car, and roll a drunk, and fight for his country, should have a gun.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you regard that as a sound way to reduce the size of our standing Army?

**BUCHWALD:** Certainly. I'm 100 percent in favor of decreasing the size of our standing Army and increasing the size of our sitting Army. I think our boys deserve a rest.

**PLAYBOY:** From your previous remark about the inability of SAC to deter the Russians, you seem to be implying that Goldwater was right during the campaign about the alleged inadequacies of our retaliatory missile strength.

**BUCHWALD:** I don't know *who* was right about our missiles' accuracy, McNamara or Goldwater. But early in the



campaign I advocated a test that would have settled the matter. It consisted of seating Barry in a rowboat in the middle of the Pacific and having McNamara fire one of our missiles at him. Now, if our missiles are as unreliable as Goldwater claimed, it would have missed him, and McNamara would have had to apologize to Goldwater. But if it hit Goldwater, Barry would have had to withdraw from the Presidential race. McNamara was all for the idea, but Goldwater said he'd have to think it over. He still is, as far as I know.

**PLAYBOY:** In view of Goldwater's stated wish to serve his country, win or lose, do you think President Johnson should appoint him to a Cabinet post?

**BUCHWALD:** Certainly not. That would be wildly irresponsible. But we should find him *something* to do. Maybe he could be put in charge of our SAC bases. Just because he's not the commander in chief shouldn't prevent him from using SAC planes whenever he feels like attacking godless communism.

**PLAYBOY:** It seems to us that you're displaying a callous disregard for the dangers of nuclear destruction.

**BUCHWALD:** The real danger is not that there's going to be a nuclear holocaust, but that there *won't* be one, even if we want it. There are so many safeguards now that nobody's going to be able to push the button. The way it works is this: As I reported in a column called "Fail Peace," there's this WAVE in New York and a WAC in San Francisco. If the red alert is ever sounded, they'd have to meet in St. Louis and exchange keys. Then one goes to Nome, Alaska, and the other to New Orleans, where they give the keys to two lieutenants who then have to fly to Cape Kennedy. And then they both have to put the keys in the black box at the same time. The only hitch is there's just one lock, so they can *never* put the keys in simultaneously. So as it stands now, there's no possibility of setting off a war accidentally or otherwise. I understand the Russians have the same safeguards.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you pointed out this stalemate to the President?

**BUCHWALD:** I haven't been able to get an appointment with him yet. I've tried to contact him by letter and wire, but I guess he's been too busy to answer. So I leave notes under the White House gate. I've tried to get them to put up a suggestion box in front of the White House, but they haven't done it yet.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you at liberty to tell us about any other advice you've given the President?

**BUCHWALD:** Not all of it, of course, but I guess the security lid is off by now on my white paper to the President about economy in Government. One of the measures I proposed was to send our top-level communiqués to the Soviet Un-

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**PLAYBOY:** Would that be fast enough during an international crisis?

**BUCHWALD:** In such an emergency, we could send them a collect telegram; and if worst came to worst—say we'd launched an ICBM at Moscow by mistake—we could call them on the hot line, but after six P.M., when the rates go down. Another of my proposals, which is now being considered by the joint chiefs, is to make all SAC pilots fly tourist class. I might add that I also advocated turning out the lights in the White House long before L. B. J. suggested it.

**PLAYBOY:** From your intimate knowledge of the Washington scene, can you give us the inside story on what life is really like in the White House?

**BUCHWALD:** Well, nobody's ever proven it, but I hear there is *no* life in the White House.

**PLAYBOY:** Haven't the Johnsons asked you over for a barbecue or a frug party?

**BUCHWALD:** I've never been invited to the White House. But I harbor no bitterness about it. If he doesn't want to have me, that's his business. It's his house, after all. But I ask you: How much food could I eat? How much liquor could I drink? I don't even drink. But if he doesn't want to have me, I don't care. Let's change the subject.

**PLAYBOY:** But you used to be such a social climber; you've written that it's your favorite sport.

**BUCHWALD:** I climbed with the wrong people when I first came to Washington—the Massachusetts people, the Georgetown people, the New Frontier people. I didn't appreciate the importance of Texans. I won't make that mistake again. I'm already in with Bobby Baker's crowd.

**PLAYBOY:** We get the impression from your remarks that you feel the air of intellectual excitement, the receptivity to creative new ideas which characterized the New Frontier has not been transferred to the Johnson Administration. Are we right?

**BUCHWALD:** I'm afraid so, because most of the new ideas that I've suggested to President Johnson have been rejected.

**PLAYBOY:** In that case, would you care to use this interview as a platform to give the Administration and the nation the benefit of your counsel on some of our thorniest foreign and domestic problems?

**BUCHWALD:** Why not?

**PLAYBOY:** All right. What do you think should be done about the United Nations?

**BUCHWALD:** I believe we should get out of the United Nations. I think it should be made into an apartment house or the headquarters for a company like General Motors or A. T. & T. It galls me every time I go to New York and

think that building is being used for peaceful purposes.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about recognition of the Red Chinese?

**BUCHWALD:** I've always found it rather difficult myself. They all look alike to me.

**PLAYBOY:** We mean diplomatic recognition.

**BUCHWALD:** Oh. Well, I'm against it, personally. Red China has been giving us so much trouble in Southeast Asia that it's better to continue our present policy of pretending she doesn't exist. She's just trying to get attention, anyway. If we ignore her, the problem will go away. Besides, we all know that the will of China's 700,000,000 people is truly represented not by the Commie regime in Peking, but by Chiang Kai-shek and his 11,613,000 Nationalist Chinese on Formosa. In all fairness, though, I must admit that there is something to be said in favor of recognition. I don't want to say *I'm* in favor of recognition, because if I did I'd get in trouble with the John Birch Society and the Russian Communist Party. But if we *were* to recognize them, we'd be able to call them names; it's difficult to call anyone names whose existence is in doubt. Also, if we admitted Red China to the UN, we could have her blackballed as an aggressor and thrown out for violating the UN charter.

**PLAYBOY:** We hadn't thought of that possibility. But how would you resolve the problem of what to do about Nationalist China, which is already a UN member?

**BUCHWALD:** Simple. There should be a *third* China set up somewhere—maybe in Liechtenstein or Switzerland—which would have nothing to do with the other two Chinas. This would be Neutralist China, and this would be the one everybody would recognize. In this way we wouldn't have to hurt anybody's feelings by choosing between Communist China and Nationalist China. The more Chinas there are in the world, the happier everybody will be. Besides, if we had a third China to recognize, it would mean that we could line up with *two* Chinas against their one; in other words, we could choose two from Column A rather than one from Column B. The only trouble is that half an hour after recognizing the third China, we'd want to recognize another one.

**PLAYBOY:** In pursuing a course of intransigent independence from the U.S., France has chosen to recognize Red China. As an old France-hand and confidant of Charles de Gaulle, what policy would you advise the Administration to pursue in dealing with the imperious French President?

**BUCHWALD:** The Chuck de Gaulle I know is a regular fella. The trouble is, he's misunderstood in Washington. What they don't understand is that he's for a united Europe and against French

nationalism. He prefers to sacrifice the interests of France for the good of the free world. If you just sit down and chew the fat with him, you'll never have any problems.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you suggest an equally sound solution for the Cuba problem?

**BUCHWALD:** Yes. Our course is clear. We should do absolutely nothing about it. Two years ago, Cuba was 90 miles away from the U.S. But the other day a friend of mine discovered it is now 91 miles away. So the Cuban problem is getting farther and farther away. Pretty soon it will float out to sea, and that will solve the problem.

**PLAYBOY:** Your friends at the CIA tried to solve that problem somewhat differently at the Bay of Pigs. In view of such blunders, it's been suggested by some that the CIA's autonomous power in the field of espionage and intelligence be drastically curtailed. Do you agree?

**BUCHWALD:** No, I think we *need* an occasional blunder such as only the CIA is capable of, so that our allies and the neutral nations don't begin to hate us for being too perfect. If we make a mistake now and then, it makes us seem more *human* in the world's eyes. But I think it's unfair to blame the CIA for *everything* that goes wrong in foreign affairs. That's giving them too much credit. I think they should be required to print a list of their failures every year so they don't get blamed for somebody else's failures. The more Pentagon failures they get credited with, the more money they get from Congress. That's wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you share the view of ex-Senator Goldwater that we should put an end to foreign aid?

**BUCHWALD:** I like the sound of that.

**PLAYBOY:** Of what?

**BUCHWALD:** Ex-Senator Goldwater. Anyway, I certainly do not agree with him. I am a firm believer in foreign aid—economic and military, loans and grants. I think foreign governments should aid us to the very best of their ability.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the Peace Corps?

**BUCHWALD:** A great force for peace. Instead of enemies, it's been making friends for us everywhere. People have learned to love us. If that's what you're going for in a foreign policy, I guess the Peace Corps is all right. But I happen to think the Peace Corps is a very big mistake.

**PLAYBOY:** It's strange you should say that, for we are in possession of a dossier which shows that you once *volunteered* for the Peace Corps. What do you have to say about that?

**BUCHWALD:** I was carried away in the beginning. I volunteered to go to Monte Carlo, because I thought that's where they really needed aid. The people down there are walking around half naked, some without even shoes, and they need help. I offered to live the life



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they did, drink the native wines, eat and sleep with them, show them I'm no better than they are just because I'm lucky enough to come from the greatest country in the world. But they turned down my application. That's what made me realize they weren't really sincere in wanting to help the overprivileged nations. All they've set out to do is sabotage the cause of anti-Americanism among our allies.

**PLAYBOY:** How well have they succeeded?

**BUCHWALD:** You'll still run into it here and there—wherever you find American tourists. They're the most anti-American people I've ever met. They're always saying, "We want to go where those boorish Americans don't go."

**PLAYBOY:** U.S. participation in the nuclear arms race is another factor contributing to anti-Americanism abroad. How do you feel about it?

**BUCHWALD:** It must be ended before it's too late. Our bombs are already capable of annihilating five times the population of the world. The problem now is that our targets are too small. To eliminate all this waste in overkill, I advocate the enlargement of existing targets to fit the existing bombs. We've got to enlarge our cities so that the radius of the most powerful H-bomb will fall within them. That way we wouldn't have all this waste of fallout and heat—and worst of all, of defense expenditures.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't we be laying ourselves open to Russian attack?

**BUCHWALD:** On the contrary. The Russians would have no alternative but to follow suit. They couldn't afford to let our targets get bigger than theirs. It would be too much of a blow to their prestige.

**PLAYBOY:** On the domestic scene, civil rights is perhaps the most critical issue confronting the nation. At this point, where do you feel the Negro stands in his struggle for equality?

**BUCHWALD:** Now that the Civil Rights Bill has been passed, nobody has anything to complain about anymore. Look how things have changed in Harlem since the passage of that bill. It's an entirely different place. You wouldn't recognize it. No riots. No demonstrations. No slums. No unemployment. No police.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been personally involved in the civil rights movement here at all?

**BUCHWALD:** Well, I've tried to help desegregate restaurants. I think one of the reasons Negroes haven't eaten in many of the big restaurants in the South is that the food has been so bad. If they improved the food, Negroes would want to eat there without a fight. Because of desegregation, many Southern restaurants are upgrading the quality of their food. I've been working along those lines. I might mention in passing, although it's not generally known, that I had a lot to

do behind the scenes with pushing the Civil Rights Bill through Congress.

**PLAYBOY:** We didn't know you swung so much weight on Capitol Hill—figuratively speaking, of course.

**BUCHWALD:** Well, I don't like to toot my own horn, but I think I've got Senator Dirksen and Congressman Adam Clayton Powell in my pocket. Don't print that.

**PLAYBOY:** We won't—in return for a truthful answer to the next question.

**BUCHWALD:** Are you threatening me with blackmail?

**PLAYBOY:** No comment. We'll ask you anyway: Do you have any personal political ambitions?

**BUCHWALD:** No. If I did, I'd have satirists making fun of *me*, instead of the other way around. I couldn't stand that. No, I'd like to continue to be the force behind the Government. My big ambition is to grab all the power I can without getting caught at it. I wouldn't even mind getting my hands on a couple of those bombs. But this is what we're all striving for, isn't it?

**PLAYBOY:** Let's turn, naturally enough, to the "easy morals" issue brought up by Goldwater during last year's campaign. In the light of the Bobby Baker hearings, do you think it's true that sex makes strange bedfellows in Washington?

**BUCHWALD:** To tell you the truth, I've never seen any sex in Washington. I've heard about it—there've been a lot of rumblings—but I've never actually come across it. Newspapermen are very honorable and strait-laced and wouldn't fool around, of course. And, naturally, no Senator or Congressman would have anything to do with sex, because that would endanger the national security. There is the Supreme Court, though. Now I don't know about them. *They* might be fooling around.

**PLAYBOY:** You say your record is clean. Didn't you ever get in on any of the action at Bobby Baker's notorious Quorum Club?

**BUCHWALD:** No. When I read about it, I got very excited and rushed up there, but it was too late. I don't know where they went, but they moved. You're not the first to ask me about sex here. Whenever I travel outside of Washington, people ask me for the inside stuff on Bobby Baker. At first I was very modest and said I didn't know anything. They got very annoyed and stopped inviting me out to have dinner. So then I started reading *Time* and *Newsweek* and *Jack and Jill*, and pretty soon I began quoting them—in confidence, of course. People were impressed. "Gee," they said, "this guy really knows what's going on." So I try to keep up now with all the news so that I can speak with authority.

**PLAYBOY:** While we're talking about scandals: You've overheard the cloak-room talk about President Harding's

love letters. Do you think it was in the public interest to have them published?

**BUCHWALD:** I was very disappointed when those letters were published, because President Harding was my hero. A lot of guys are Lincoln men and others are Jefferson men, but I've always been a big Harding man. He was the President who did the most for our country.

**PLAYBOY:** What is it that you admired about him?

**BUCHWALD:** Well, I admired his stick. He always said we should talk softly and carry a big stick. That's what I admired most. But I also admired his willingness to free the slaves. And he kept us out of World War Two. The anti-Harding forces in this country just got worried that he would go down in history as one of our great Presidents, so they decided to smear him. I was sick and disgusted when I read those letters. I'm not even sure he wrote them. I just can't believe a guy of Harding's reputation would have had a mistress, and even if he did, would have written those dirty awful things. I was shattered, and so was my father.

**PLAYBOY:** We're surprised to hear your prudish stand on this question. In some of your written work you seem to favor free and open discussion of sex problems. If anything, you've been a crusader for sex reform in America.

**BUCHWALD:** You're right. I'm a do-gooder as far as sex is concerned. You're probably referring to my campaign to help alleviate the plight of the unwed father. There were a lot of people worrying about unwed mothers, but no one wanted to help unwed fathers. I advocated that two months before the baby was born, the unwed father should be sent to some resort where he wouldn't be known and he could vacation there and forget all the nastiness back home. Then, after the baby was born, he could come back and we'd give him some money to get started again. A lot of people got sore as hell at me for that. "Don't you have any daughters of your own?" they wanted to know. Well, I do. I happen to have two daughters. But I also have a son, and he could be an unwed father someday.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think is responsible for the sexual revolution that's taking place in America today?

**BUCHWALD:** You want me to say Hugh Hefner, don't you? But I've got to be honest. I think it was the release of the Harding love letters. If those letters hadn't been published, I don't think kids would be doing what they're doing today. Another reason for this sexual revolution is that everyone is against violence in the streets. If the authorities came out in favor of violence in the streets, the kids wouldn't dare go out in cars and park in those little lanes and things.

**PLAYBOY:** Psychologists report that even in the best families young people are



turning to crime, as well as to sex, for kicks. Why?

**BUCHWALD:** Because there's too much togetherness. We have too much of parents and kids doing things together. That enables the kids to get to know what their parents are really like; and that just makes the kids go into crime faster. They figure, "Why should I be different?" When I was a kid, fortunately, I never saw my father. Without an example to live down to, I just ran around the streets kicking cans, and consequently I missed out on a life of crime.

**PLAYBOY:** As a father, how are you going to cope with your own kids when they become teenagers?

**BUCHWALD:** I've talked them out of becoming teenagers. They've already given me their word. Of course, some money changed hands, but at least that solved the problem.

**PLAYBOY:** There has been a proposal that we lower the voting age to 18. Do you think this will help make teenagers more responsible citizens?

**BUCHWALD:** No. When the teenagers decide to take over the country, they're going to take it over whether they have the vote or not. At the moment, they feel they don't want the responsibility.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you expect a coup soon?

**BUCHWALD:** Not immediately. But the two minority pressure groups we'll have to be watching are the teenagers and the old folks. If they ever combine forces, we'll really be in trouble. Right now, fortunately, they don't agree on much.

**PLAYBOY:** One thing many teenagers and old folks seem to agree on is their opposition to the Supreme Court decision banning prayer in public schools. Where do you stand on this issue?

**BUCHWALD:** I think there should be a compromise on this prayer issue. Kids *should* be allowed to pray in school, but only before they have a test, or when they're late for school, or when they haven't done their homework.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you send your own kids to a public school?

**BUCHWALD:** I feel that every American parent should be proud to send his kids to a public school—if he doesn't have any money. We ran out of money three months ago, so our kids go to a public school.

**PLAYBOY:** Haven't you been able to save any money from the shady deals you're said to have made since coming to Washington?

**BUCHWALD:** I'd like to take this opportunity to quash that ugly and unfounded smear once and for all. I've known since the day I arrived that this town is riddled with that kind of corruption; I've heard all the stories about kickbacks from wheeler-dealers and under-the-counter payoffs from free-spending lobbyists. But I've made no deals nor have I accepted a penny of dirty money. That was one of the main attractions

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that brought me to Washington, but so far I haven't had any luck.

**PLAYBOY:** The American public feels it has the right to know the net worth of everyone who works in Washington. So what's yours? Remember, you're under oath.

**BUCHWALD:** I don't think it's fair to ask that question. What you really want to know is my net debt. I am in debt to the tune of \$135,000. That makes me a pretty substantial citizen, I think, even in Washington.

**PLAYBOY:** Fair. But how much have you got salted away in your wife's name?

**BUCHWALD:** If you must know, my wife's in debt even more than I am, but only because she has more time to work at it. I don't have too much time to get into debt because I'm away at the office all day.

**PLAYBOY:** When you first arrived in Washington, you announced you would be going back to Europe in two years. Your time is up, yet you're still here, and there's a grim rumor going around Washington that you intend to stay on indefinitely. Why have you gone back on your word?

**BUCHWALD:** I'm not allowed to leave. The bank has my passport. I've fallen so much in debt the last two years, I couldn't go back even if I wanted to. It should be like Russia here: They should keep your wife and kids, but they should let you go abroad.

**PLAYBOY:** Have the banks really given you trouble?

**BUCHWALD:** Only when I tried to repay a loan that wasn't due yet. They got very sore at me because you're not supposed to repay a loan, only borrow more. They've got a better system in France, where the banks never lend you money. Nobody likes to keep money in French banks. You go to a mattress company and they lend you money out of a mattress. People leave their mattresses with mattress companies and that's how they get interest on their savings.

**PLAYBOY:** You keep comparing America unfavorably with other countries. Isn't the U.S.A. good enough for you?

**BUCHWALD:** If it's good enough for Billie Sol Estes, it's good enough for me. The only reason I prefer Europe is that over there, if you get clipped, or people are nasty to you, you can always blame some foreigner. But when you get clipped or people are nasty to you here, there's no one to blame but a fellow American—and I love my country too much to stoop to that. And then there's the problem of keeping up with the Joneses here in America. There was nobody named Jones next door when I lived in Paris. But now we live next door to a family named Du Pont.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you implying that Americans are more materialistic than Europeans?

**BUCHWALD:** Not all of them. I've dis-

covered three groups of Americans who aren't interested in money at all, and because of that they're the ones who really control the country. I mean the plumbers, tree surgeons and electricians. You can offer them any kind of money and they still won't show up. I have tried to bribe these people to fix something, and they still wouldn't fix it. They just feel they're professionals, and they don't have to come if they don't want to. I respect that.

**PLAYBOY:** We have the feeling—not for the first time—that you're being insincere. Isn't anything sacred to you?

**BUCHWALD:** Only sex. That's the only thing people seem to hold dear here in America. So I never try to make fun of sex. I did a column once about sex that made people angry. It was about sex and the college boy. I took a survey to find out if college boys believe in premarital relations, and I found out they don't. I asked my six-year-old son how he felt about it—he's planning to go to college someday—and he told me he didn't believe in it. I extrapolated my results from this sampling. I should add that I don't happen to share his narrow-minded views. My own philosophy is the same as Hugh Hefner's. Whatever he says in his *Philosophy is my philosophy*. I'm a hip urban male, and he's about my age. So how come I don't make out like he does?

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe it's those cigars you smoke.

**BUCHWALD:** I don't think so. But until the Surgeon General's report came out, I might have been inclined to agree. Until then, I was treated like a leper. I was shunned by hostesses, pushed around by airline stewardesses, held in contempt by dogs and children, persecuted in my own home. It was a lonely life; like all cigar smokers, I had to choose between cigars and girlfriends. I chose cigars—they're cheaper, they last longer, and you can keep them fresh in a humidor. And then it happened: The Surgeon General's report came out, and all of a sudden I was *in* and all those suave cigarette smokers with tattoos on their hands were *out*. Overnight I became a social lion. Hostesses were introducing me by saying, "I'd like you to meet Mr. Buchwald. He smoked cigars *before* the Surgeon General's report came out." And ladies were asking me to offer them cigarillos.

**PLAYBOY:** And then?

**BUCHWALD:** Then they would ask me for a light and walk away. Do you think I should write a letter to *The Playboy Advisor*?

**PLAYBOY:** Try *Dear Abby*. We'd rather not get any further into your personal life, if you don't mind. But while we're on the subject of the Surgeon General's report, do you really think there's a link between cigarette smoking and cancer?

**BUCHWALD:** Probably so, but I think there's a much greater relationship between smoking and mental illness. If people can't smoke, they go crazy. I'm less concerned about people getting cancer than going nuts.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of going nuts, how did you begin as a humorist?

**BUCHWALD:** I think it began when I was born. When the doctor slapped me on my bottom, someone said I laughed instead of cried. The reason I laughed was if I hadn't, I would have cried. Ever since that thrashing, however, I've had this hostility boiling inside me. When I was a kid, we couldn't get switchblades so we told jokes instead. My first newspaper work was editing the family gossip when I was 11 years old. I was a foster child and I figured there weren't many foster children in the newspaper business, so I felt I was getting in on the ground floor.

**PLAYBOY:** When people asked you what you wanted to be when you grew up, what did you say?

**BUCHWALD:** I said I wanted to be a syndicated columnist for the *Herald Tribune* in Paris and Washington.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you finally get the job?

**BUCHWALD:** I went to the *Herald Tribune* one day and said, "When I was a kid I always dreamed that one day I would be a syndicated columnist for the *Herald Tribune* in Paris and Washington." The man who interviewed me said, "So be it."

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you've made it, how does it feel to be famous?

**BUCHWALD:** I like it. I think everybody should be famous. You get to see doctors you wouldn't ordinarily see. You get hotel rooms when there aren't supposed to be any left. Restaurant owners send over bottles of wine, and girls are constantly seeking you out. Of course, this never happens to me, but Bobby Baker says it happens to him all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Like Baker, do you feel you've left your mark on Washington?

**BUCHWALD:** You know, Pennsylvania Avenue was a dirt road when I arrived, and now it's a paved street. I like to think I had something to do with that, which is monument enough for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sure?

**BUCHWALD:** Well, I wouldn't mind getting the Nobel Prize in literature. That's what I'm working for at the moment.

**PLAYBOY:** When you've won it, what then?

**BUCHWALD:** Well, I hear they've discovered gold in California. I might go out there. But I have no real plans. By the way, everything I've said to you is strictly off the record.

**PLAYBOY:** Many thanks, Mr. Sahl—and rest assured we won't betray your confidence.





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



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# THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN

*there was little question about it:  
james bond was a sick man—yet there was a final,  
deadly mission for him to perform*

*Part One of the final novel*

**By IAN FLEMING**

THE SECRET SERVICE holds much that is kept secret even from very senior officers in the organization. Only M and his Chief of Staff know absolutely everything there is to know. The latter is responsible for keeping the Top Secret record known as *The War Book* so that, in the event of the death of both of them, the whole story, apart from what is available to individual Sections and Stations, would be available to their successors.

One thing that James Bond, for instance, didn't know, was the machinery at Headquarters for dealing with the public, whether friendly or otherwise—drunks, lunatics, bona fide applications to join the Service, and enemy agents with plans for penetration or even assassination.

On that cold, clear morning in November he was to see the careful cogwheels in motion.

The girl at the switchboard at the Ministry of Defense flicked the switch to HOLD and said to her neighbor, "It's another nut who says he's James Bond. Even knows his code number. Says he wants to speak to M personally."

The senior girl shrugged. The switchboard had had quite a few such calls since, a year before, James Bond's death on a mission to Japan had been announced in the press. There had even been one pestiferous woman who, at every full moon, passed on messages from Bond from Uranus where it seemed he had got stuck while awaiting entry into heaven. She said, "Put him through to Liaison, Pat."

The Liaison Section was the first cog in the machine, the first sieve. The operator got back on the line: "Just a moment, sir. I'll put you on to an officer who may be able to help you."

James Bond, sitting on the edge of his bed, said, "Thank you."

He had expected some delay before he could establish his identity. He had been warned to expect it by the charming "Colonel Boris" who had been in charge of him for the past few months after he had finished his treatment in the luxurious Institute on the Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad. A man's voice came on the line. "Captain Walker speaking. Can I help you?"

James Bond spoke slowly and clearly. "This is Commander James Bond speaking. Number 007. Would you put me through to M, or his secretary, Miss Money Penny. I want to make an appointment."

Captain Walker pressed two buttons on the side of his

They threw themselves on Bond and even as  
they seized him his head fell forward on his chest.









telephone. One of them switched on a tape recorder for the use of his department, the other alerted one of the duty officers in the Action Room of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard that he should listen to the conversation, trace the call, and at once put a tail on the caller. It was now up to Captain Walker, who was in fact an extremely bright ex-prisoner-of-war interrogator from Military Intelligence, to keep the subject talking for as near five minutes as possible. He said, "I'm afraid I don't know either of these two people. Are you sure you've got the right number?"

James Bond patiently repeated the Regent number which was the main outside line for the Secret Service. Together with so much else, he had forgotten it, but Colonel Boris had known it and had made him write it down among the small print on the front page of his forged British passport that said his name was Frank Westmacott, company director.

"Yes," said Captain Walker sympathetically. "We seem to have got that part of it right. But I'm afraid I can't place these people you want to talk to. Who exactly are they? This Mr. Emm, for instance. I don't think we've got anyone of that name at the Ministry."

"Do you want me to spell it out? You realize this is an open line?"

Captain Walker was rather impressed by the confidence in the speaker's voice. He pressed another button and, so that Bond would hear it, a telephone bell rang. He said, "Hang on a moment, would you? There's someone on my other line." Captain Walker got on to the head of his Section. "Sorry, sir. I've got a chap on who says he's James Bond and wants to talk to M. I know it sounds crazy and I've gone through the usual motions with the Special Branch, and so on, but would you mind listening for a minute? Thank you, sir."

Two rooms away a harassed man, who was the Chief Security Officer for the Secret Service, said "Blast!" and pressed a switch. A microphone on his desk came to life. The Chief Security Officer sat very still. He badly needed a cigarette, but his room was now "live" to Captain Walker and to the lunatic who called himself James Bond. Captain Walker's voice came over at full strength. "I'm so sorry. Now then. This man Mr. Emm you want to talk to. I'm sure we needn't worry about security. Could you be more specific?"

James Bond frowned. He didn't know that he had frowned and he wouldn't have been able to explain why he had done so. He said, and lowered his voice, again inexplicably, "Admiral Sir Miles Messervy. He is head of a department in your Ministry. The number of his room used to be twelve on the eighth floor. He used to have a secretary called Miss Money Penny. Good-looking girl. Brunette. Shall I give you the Chief of Staff's name? No? Well let's see, it's Wednesday. Shall I tell you what'll be the main dish on the menu in the canteen? It should be steak-and-kidney pudding."

The Chief Security Officer picked up the direct telephone to Captain Walker. Captain Walker said to James Bond, "Damn! There's the other telephone again. Shan't be a minute." He picked up the green telephone. "Yes, sir?"

"I don't like that bit about the steak-and-kidney pudding. Pass him on to the Hard Man. No. Cancel that. Make it the Soft. There was always something odd about 007's death. No body. No solid evidence. And the people on that Japanese island always seemed to me to be playing it pretty close to the chest. The stone-face act. It's just possible. Keep me informed, would you?"

Captain Walker got back to James Bond. "Sorry about that. It's being a busy day. Now then, this inquiry of yours. Afraid I can't help you myself. Not my part of the Ministry. The man you want is Major Townsend. He should be able to locate this man you want to see. Got a pencil? It's number forty-four Kensington Cloisters. Got that? Kensington double five, double five. Give me ten minutes and I'll have a word with him and see if he can help. All right?"

James Bond said dully, "That's very kind of you." He put down the telephone. He waited exactly ten minutes and picked up the receiver and asked for the number.

James Bond was staying at the Ritz Hotel. Colonel Boris had told him to do so. Bond's file in the K.G.B. Archive described him as a high liver, so, on arrival in London, he must stick to the K.G.B. image of the high life. Bond went down in the lift to the Arlington Street entrance. A man at the newsstand got a good profile of him with a buttonhole Minox. When Bond went down the shallow steps to the street and asked the commissionaire for a taxi, a Canonflex with a telescopic lens clicked away busily from a Red Roses laundry van at the neighboring goods entrance and, in due course, the same van followed Bond's taxi while a man inside the van reported briefly to the Action Room of the Special Branch.

Number 44 Kensington Cloisters was a dull Victorian mansion in grimy red brick. It had been chosen for its purpose because it had once been the headquarters of the Empire League for Noise Abatement, and its entrance still bore the brass plate of this long-defunct organization, the empty shell of which had been purchased by the Secret Service through the Commonwealth Relations Office. It also had a spacious old-fashioned basement, re-equipped as detention cells, and a rear exit into a quiet mews.

The Red Roses laundry van watched the front door shut behind James Bond and then moved off at a sedate speed to its garage not far from Scotland Yard while the process of develop-

Scaramanga got two  
bullets into the  
heart of his opponent  
before the latter  
could even fire a shot.







ing the Canonflex film went on in its interior.

"Appointment with Major Townsend," said Bond.

"Yes. He's expecting you, sir. Shall I take your raincoat?" The powerful-looking doorman put the coat on a coat hanger and hung it up on one of a row of hooks beside the door. As soon as Bond was safely closeted with Major Townsend, the coat would go swiftly to the laboratory on the first floor where its provenance would be established from an examination of the fabric. Pocket dust would be removed for more leisurely research. "Would you follow me, sir?"

It was a narrow corridor of freshly painted clapboard with a tall, single window which concealed the fluoroscope triggered automatically from beneath the ugly patterned carpet. The findings of its X-ray eye would be fed into the laboratory above the passage. The passage ended in two facing doors marked "A" and "B." The doorman knocked on room B and stood aside for Bond to enter.

It was a pleasant, very light room, close-carpeted in dove-gray Wilton. The military prints on the cream walls were expensively framed. A small, bright fire burned under an Adam mantelpiece which bore a number of silver trophies and two photographs in leather frames—one of a nice-looking woman and the other of three nice-looking children. There was a central table with a bowl of flowers and two comfortable club chairs on either side of the fire. No desk or filing cabinets, nothing official-looking. A tall man, as pleasant as the room, got up from the far chair, dropped *The Times* on the carpet beside it, and came forward with a welcoming smile. He held out a firm, dry hand.

This was the Soft Man.

"Come in. Come in. Take a pew. Cigarette? Not the ones I seem to remember you favor. Just the good old Senior Service."

Major Townsend had carefully prepared the loaded remark—a reference to Bond's liking for the Morland Specials with the three gold rings. He noted Bond's apparent lack of comprehension. Bond took a cigarette and accepted a light. They sat down facing each other. Major Townsend crossed his legs comfortably. Bond sat up straight. Major Townsend said, "Well, now. How can I help you?"

Across the corridor, in room A, a cold Office of Works cube with no furniture but a hissing gas fire, an ugly desk with two facing wooden chairs under the naked neon, Bond's reception by the Hard Man, the ex-police superintendent ("ex" because of a brutality case in Glasgow for which he had taken the rap) would have been very different. There, the man who went under the name of Mr. Robson would have given him the full intimidation treatment—harsh,

bullying interrogation, threats of imprisonment for false representation and God knows what else, and, perhaps, if he had shown signs of hostility or developing a nuisance value, a little judicious roughing-up in the basement.

Such was the ultimate sieve which sorted out the wheat from the chaff from those members of the public who desired access to "The Secret Service." There were other people in the building who dealt with the letters. Those written in pencil or in multicolored inks, and those enclosing a photograph, remained unanswered. Those that threatened or were litigious were referred to the Special Branch. The solid, serious ones were passed, with a comment from the best graphologist in the business, to the Liaison Section at Headquarters for "further action." Parcels went automatically, and fast, to the Bomb Disposal Squad at Knightsbridge Barracks. The eye of the needle was narrow. On the whole, it discriminated appropriately. It was an expensive setup, but it is the first duty of a Secret Service to remain not only secret but secure.

There was no reason why James Bond, who had always been on the operative side of the business, should know anything about the entrails of the Service, any more than he should have understood the mysteries of the plumbing or electricity supply of his flat in Chelsea, or the working of his own kidneys. Colonel Boris, however, had known the whole routine. The secret services of all the great powers know the public face of their opponents, and Colonel Boris had very accurately described the treatment that James Bond must expect before he was "cleared" and was allowed access to the office of his former Chief.

So now James Bond paused before he replied to Major Townsend's question about how he could be of help. He looked at the Soft Man and then into the fire. He added up the accuracy of the description he had been given of Major Townsend's appearance and, before he said what he had been told to say, he gave Colonel Boris 90 out of 100. The big, friendly face, the wide-apart, pale-brown eyes, bracketed by the wrinkles of a million smiles, the military mustache, the rimless monocle dangling from a thin black cord, the brushed-back, thinning sandy hair, the immaculate double-breasted blue suit, stiff white collar and brigade tie—it was all there. But what Colonel Boris hadn't said was that the friendly eyes were as cold and steady as gun barrels and that the lips were thin and scholarly.

James Bond said patiently: "It's really quite simple. I'm who I say I am. I'm doing what I naturally would do, and that's report back to M."

"Quite. But you must realize" (a sympathetic smile) "that you've been out of contact for nearly a year. You've been

officially posted as 'missing, believed killed.' Your obituary has even appeared in *The Times*. Have you any evidence of identity? I admit that you look very much like your photographs, but you must see that we have to be very sure before we pass you on up the ladder."

"A Miss Mary Goodnight was my secretary. She'd recognize me all right. So would dozens of other people at H.Q."

"Miss Goodnight's been posted abroad. Can you give me a brief description of H.Q., just the main geography?"

Bond did so.

"Right. Now, who was a Miss Maria Freudenstein?"

"Was?"

"Yes, she's dead."

"Thought she wouldn't last long. She was a double, working for K.G.B. Section One Hundred controlled her. I wouldn't get any thanks for telling you any more."

Major Townsend had been primed with this very top secret question. He had been given the answer, more or less as Bond had put it. This was the clincher. This *had* to be James Bond. "Well, we're getting on fine. Now, it only remains to find out where you've come from and where you've been all these months and I won't keep you any longer."

"Sorry. I can only tell that to M personally."

"I see." Major Townsend put on a thoughtful expression. "Well, just let me make a telephone call or two and I'll see what can be done." He got to his feet. "Seen today's *Times*?" He picked it up and handed it to Bond. It had been specially treated to give good prints. Bond took it. "Shan't be long."

Major Townsend shut the door behind him and went across the passage and through the door marked "A" where he knew that "Mr. Robson" would be alone. "Sorry to bother you, Fred. Can I use your scrambler?" The chunky man behind the desk grunted through the stem of his pipe and remained bent over the midday *Evening Standard* racing news.

Major Townsend picked up the green receiver and was put through to the Laboratory. "Major Townsend speaking. Any comment?" He listened carefully, said "Thank you," and got through to the Chief Security Officer at Headquarters. "Well, sir, I think it must be 007. Bit thinner than his photographs. I'll be giving you his prints as soon as he's gone. Wearing his usual rig—dark-blue single-breasted suit, white shirt, thin black knitted silk tie, black casuals—but they all look brand-new. Raincoat bought yesterday from Burberry's. Got the Freudenstein question right, but says he won't say anything about himself except to M personally. But whoever he is, I

(continued overleaf)





"I don't know—must be some sort of advertising gimmick!"



don't like it much. He fluffed on his special cigarettes. He's got an odd sort of glazed, sort of faraway look, and the scope shows that he's carrying a gun in his right-hand coat pocket—curious sort of contraption, doesn't seem to have got a butt to it. I'd say he's a sick man. I wouldn't personally recommend that M should see him, but I wouldn't know how we're to get him to talk unless he does." He paused. "Very good, sir. I'll stay by the telephone. I'm on Mr. Robson's extension."

There was silence in the room. The two men didn't get on well together. Major Townsend gazed into the gas fire, wondering about the man next door. The telephone burred. "Yes, sir? Very good, sir. Would your secretary send along a car from the pool? Thank you, sir."

Bond was sitting in the same upright posture, *The Times* still unopened in his hand. Major Townsend said cheerfully, "Well, that's fixed. Message from M that he's tremendously relieved you're all right and he'll be free in about half an hour. Car should be here in ten minutes or so. And the Chief of Staff says he hopes you'll be free for lunch afterward."

James Bond smiled for the first time. It was a thin smile that didn't light up his eyes. He said, "That's very kind of him. Would you tell him I'm afraid I shan't be free."

. . .

The Chief of Staff stood in front of M's desk and said firmly, "I really wouldn't do it, sir. I can see him, or someone else can. I don't like the smell of it at all. I think 007's round the bend. There's no doubt it's him all right. The prints have just been confirmed by Chief of Security. And the pictures are all right—and the recording of his voice. But there are too many things that don't add up. This forged passport we found in his room at the Ritz, for instance. All right. So he wanted to come back into the country quietly. But it's too good a job. Typical K.G.B. sample. And the last entry is West Germany, day before yesterday. Why didn't he report to Station B or W? Both those Heads of Station are friends of his, particularly 016 in Berlin. And why didn't he go and have a look at his flat? He's got some sort of a housekeeper there, Scots woman called May, who's always sworn he was still alive and has kept the place going on her savings. The Ritz is sort of 'stage' Bond. And these new clothes. Why did he have to bother? Doesn't matter what he was wearing when he came in through Dover. Normal thing, if he was in rags, would have been to give me a ring—he had my home number—and get me to fix him up. Have a few drinks and run over his story and then report here. Instead of that, we've got this typical penetration approach and Security worried as hell."

The Chief of Staff paused. He knew he wasn't getting through. As soon as he had begun, M had swiveled his chair sideways and had remained, occasionally sucking at an unlighted pipe, gazing moodily out through the window at the jagged sky line of London. Obstinate, the Chief of Staff concluded, "Do you think you could leave this one to me, sir? I can get hold of Sir James Molony in no time and have 007 put into The Park for observation and treatment. It'll all be done very gently. VIP handling, and so on. I can say you've been called to the Cabinet or something. Security says 007's looking a bit thin. Build him up. Convalescence, and all that. That can be the excuse. If he cuts up rough, we can always give him some dope. He's a good friend of mine. He won't hold it against us. He obviously needs to be got back in the groove—if we can do it, that is."

M slowly swiveled his chair round. He looked up at the tired, worried face that showed the strain of being the equivalent of Number Two in the Secret Service for ten years and more. M smiled. "Thank you, Chief of Staff. But I'm afraid it's not as easy as all that. I sent 007 out on his last job to shake him out of his domestic worries. You remember how it all came about. Well, we had no idea that what seemed a fairly peaceful mission was going to end up in a pitched battle with Blofeld. Or that 007 was going to vanish off the face of the earth for a year. Now we've got to know what happened during that year. And 007's quite right. I sent him out on that mission and he's got every right to report back to me personally. I know 007. He's a stubborn fellow. If he says he won't tell anyone else, he won't. Of course I want to hear what happened to him. You'll listen in. Have a couple of good men at hand. If he turns rough, come and get him. As for his gun"—M gestured vaguely at the ceiling—"I can look after that. Have you tested the damned thing?"

"Yes, sir. It works all right. But . . ."

M held up a hand. "Sorry, Chief of Staff. It's an order." A light winked on the intercom. "That'll be him. Send him straight in, would you?"

"Very good, sir." The Chief of Staff went out and closed the door.

James Bond was standing smiling vaguely down at Miss Money Penny. She looked distraught. When James Bond shifted his gaze and said "Hullo, Bill," he still wore the same distant smile. He didn't hold out his hand. Bill Tanner said, with a heartiness that rang with a terrible falsity in his ears, "Hullo, James. Long time no see." At the same time, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Miss Money Penny give a quick, emphatic shake of the head. He looked her straight in the eyes. "M would like to see 007 straightaway."

Miss Money Penny lied desperately: "You know M's got a Chiefs of Staff meeting at the Cabinet Office in five minutes?"

"Yes. He says you must somehow get him out of it." The Chief of Staff turned to James Bond. "OK, James. Go ahead. Sorry you can't manage lunch. Come and have a gossip after M's finished with you."

Bond said, "That'll be fine." He squared his shoulders and walked through the door over which the red light was already burning.

Miss Money Penny buried her face in her hands. "Oh, Bill!" she said desperately. "There's something wrong with him. I'm frightened."

Bill Tanner said, "Take it easy, Penny. I'm going to do what I can." He walked quickly into his office and shut the door. He went over to his desk and pressed a switch. M's voice came into the room: "Hullo, James. Wonderful to have you back. Take a seat and tell me all about it."

Bill Tanner picked up the office telephone and asked for Head of Security.

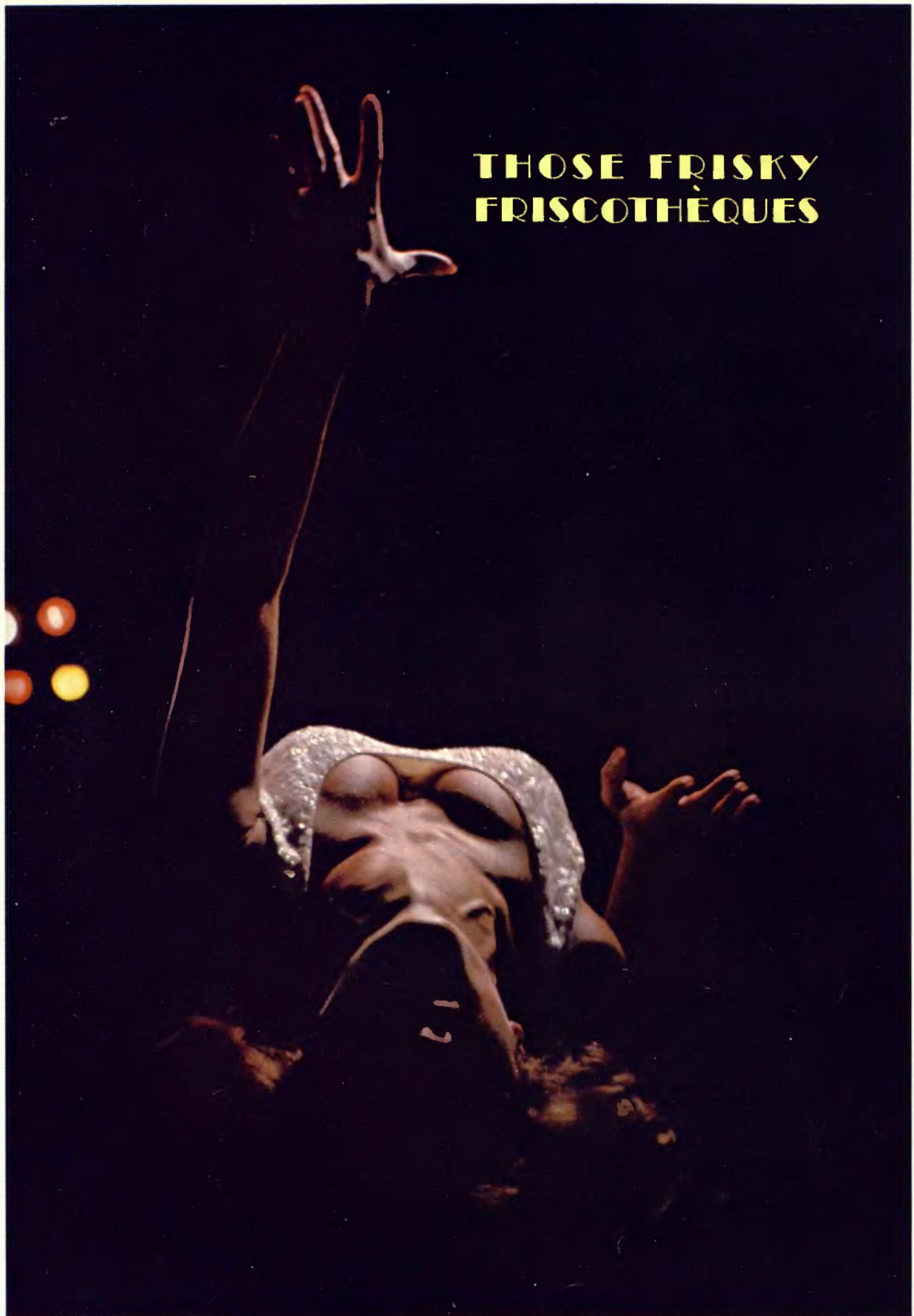
James Bond took his usual place across the desk from M. A storm of memories whirled through his consciousness like badly cut film on a projector that had gone crazy. Bond closed his mind to the storm. He must concentrate on what he had to say, and do, and on nothing else.

"I'm afraid there's a lot I still can't remember, sir. I got a bang on the head" (he touched his right temple) "somewhere along the line on that job you sent me to do in Japan. Then there's a blank until I got picked up by the police on the waterfront at Vladivostok. No idea how I got there. They roughed me up a bit and in the process I must have got another bang on the head, because suddenly I remembered who I was and that I wasn't a Japanese fisherman, which was what I thought I was. So then of course the police passed me on to the local branch of the K.G.B.—it's a big gray building on the Morskaya Ulitsa facing the harbor near the railway station, by the way—and when they belinographed my prints to Moscow there was a lot of excitement and they flew me there from the military airfield just north of the town at Vtoraya Rechka and spent weeks interrogating me—or trying to, rather, because I couldn't remember anything except when they prompted me with something they knew themselves and then I could give them a few hazy details to add to their knowledge. Very frustrating for them."

"Very," commented M. A small frown had gathered between his eyes. "And you told them everything you could? Wasn't that rather, er, generous of you?"

(continued on page 161)





**THOSE FRISKY  
FRISCO THÈQUES**

*san francisco's barbary coast boasts the undraped ultimate in discothèques*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EUGENE ANTHONY





Above: A visitor's-eye view of Broadway, main stem of North Beach's brightly neon Strip which features all manner of entertainment exotica. S.R.O. crowds of bearded Beats, Berkeley baccalaureates and boisterous butter-and-egg men are drawn to its espresso houses, poetry corners, swim clubs and high-decibel-caunt twistras. One of the latter, the Peppermint Tree, below, offers an industrious, skirt-hiking swimmer, minimally clad waitresses, a Beatle-mapped rock-'n'-roll group and a dance floor overflowing with dedicated devotees of the watusi and frug.





# THE NEW BARBARY COAST

article BY HERBERT GOLD

*baghdad-by-the-bay's booming bohemia boasts a long, lusty history of nonstop maverick exuberance*

ONCE UPON A TIME, runs the personal legend of every defrocked bohemian, there was my Greenwich Village, my Montmartre or St.-Germain-des-Prés, my Barbary Coast and North Beach in San Francisco. In those days art was liberated, the girls were also, food tasted good, the wine was cheap, and we whiled away the hours between burning and dying with eternal truth, beauty and rolls in the hay. What is your Charles Street today, your Latin Quarter, your Westminster Place, your Near North Side?

Mere commerce.

All gone.

The nymphs have flown, the artists love money, the tourists have moved in, and I eat Tums.

So goes one sad tale for every generation. The richer and more exciting the bohemian encampment, the richer and riper grieve the survivors as they shuffle back and forth before the fire. Those who mourn are indeed attuned to reality—their youth is fled, and Tums for the tummy. In San Francisco's North Beach and Barbary Coast—these two places are interpenetrated areas, overlapping states of mind—one sees, almost every day, the fading of some fine old beacon of bohemian culture. An Italian grocery store becomes a night club specializing in topless dancing; the Black Cat, one of the oldest fag bars in the Western Hemisphere, sweeps up its sawdust, its free lunch and its squeaking pants, and locks its swinging door forever (O where have all the flowers gone? Answer: Just down the street.); The Movie, showing art films, closes and then opens as The Movie, specializing in the new international cinema; Madame Pucci's Travatore, a traditional Italian neighborhood bar, becomes the Admiral Duncan, decorated with travel posters and the postcollege crowd; the (continued on page 76)



Top right: Waitress at the Strip's Off-Broadway club almost wears a net blouse sans bra while on duty during a lunch-hour fashion show that is more show than fashion and is heavily attended by San Francisco's executive echelons. Above right: The Strip's Mr. Wonderful club boosts a still borer advertisement—a nude model being sketched by artist Robert McClay. Subject-opproising patrons are less interested in the feats of McClay. Below and on opening page: Leggy Judy Mock, said to be the originator of the swim, demonstrates her specialty of D.J.'s.







## THE NUDE DISCOTHÈQUE

*san francisco's wild swim clubs—the current craze is an eye-filling, acrobatic, erotic indoor sport*

GRANTED THAT A LANDLOCKED LASS undulating in a topless (and often bottomless) swim suit is a far cry from rock-'n'-roll idol Chubby Checker mesmerizing adolescents with 1959's niftiest new dance, the twist; nevertheless, San Francisco's swim clubs owe their existence to twist pioneer Chubby's initial efforts. Not since the Twenties has any dance had the impact of the twist and its progeny (bug, frug, hully gully, pony, monkey, swim, watusi, et al.). The twist spent several post-Checker years as a teenage tribal rite before café society discovered Gotham's Peppermint Lounge, a somewhat raffish twist temple that overnight became ultra-in. The jet set took the twist to Europe, which soon came up with a "twist" of its own—the *discothèque*. An amalgam of deejay (*disquaire*) and dance floor, the *discothèque* was born in Paris where devotees of *le twist* made boîtes such as Chez Regine, New Jimmy's and the original Whisky à GoGo *de rigueur* for tourists. The GoGo's Hollywood namesake added glass-showcased, short-skirted watoosies, and a flock of facsimiles quickly appeared. Society has its own favorite watering holes—Le Club, L'Interdit, Il Mio and Shephard's in New York, The Id in Chicago. But it remained for San Francisco's roisterous Barbary Coast to provide the final fillip. Fashion designer Rudi Gernreich's sensational topless bathing suit supplied the costume gimmick that turned a multitude of Barbary Coast swim clubs into bare-bosom bistros. (The proliferating swim clubs proved the major attraction—outside of Goldwater & Co.—at last year's Republican Convention.) The twist and its exotic offshoots, prime targets for gloom-and-doom prophets, have been characterized as "neo-primitive dances of fear which foster segregation of the sexes," as "sick sex turned into a spectator sport" and as "symbols of a mad and often frightening era." Conversely, one sociologist has defended the practitioners of the pony and such as "a new generation, anxious to achieve its own independence and expression, adopting new sounds and gyrations as its red badge of courage."

Above: Conspicuously contilevered Carol Dodo, shown very much in the swim of things, is o pioneer held by West Coasters in equal esteem with Pike, Frémont, the Forty-Niners and Lily Longtry. Miss Dodo (39-26-36) was the very first of the swim girls to don designer Rudi Gernreich's topless bathing suit. No dumb Dodo, Carol knew o good thing when she didn't see it, has been o mojour ottraction of the Strip's Condor Club ever since. Her breast strokes have done more to popularize the latest swim suits than Eleanor Holm and Esther Williams combined.







Below: The near ultimate in air-conditioned swim suits glitters ephemerally on Toshko, the Glo Girl, the Strip's only Oriental swimmer. She undulates every hour on the hour of Big Al's, a pseudo speak-easy where Big Al himself—resplendent in a Gorgatvon-lopelled, double-breasted white suit—greetes the callipygia connoisseurs corralled by Toshko's stern wheeling. Toshko, in her renowned topless-bottomless suit, has been a big draw on the Barbary Coast for almost a year, proved to Republican Conventioneers the eye-filling virtues of terpsichorean extremism.





Coexistence Bagel Shop is now a fancy dress shop run by a tartly witty Assyrian model; the rows of girly wholesalers are now interior decorators' emporiums; and fine old antique shops have become swim-dancing clubs or nude-models-while-bearded-artist-sketches-to-jazz shops. . . . But what is going on here? Like the phoenix, tradition dies and is reborn—but next door. And burns brightly, old bohemian. The phoenix burns brightly.

To chart North Beach, which is, in fact, neither the northernmost part of San Francisco nor a beach, one needs the map of a condition of spirit, the compass of an intention about the world, and a persistent dream of both grace and lust just beyond the next blare of trumpet or whine of bouzouki. North Beach is a slanting hollow and a tipping bulge; it is a hill and it lies between the hills; it is a corner of the eternal kingdom of bohemia, here composed of an edge of elegant Telegraph Hill, a pinch of noisome Chinatown, a pastel and burlap swatch of the beat encampment of upper Grant, and the great binding of a traditional Italian settlement. (Basques and Filipinos squeeze in, too. And Mexicans. And White Anglo-Saxon Protestants.) The main streets of North Beach are Grant, Columbus and Broadway, and its passionate center is that frantic corner where these three streets come banging and sizzling together. If you stand in the center of the street, you might see Chinese groceries, Basque eateries, a French bar; swim dancers, callgirls, a mass of orthodontists on tour, a phalanx of female impersonators prancing to work at Finocchio's; Hube the Cube entering the Methedrine Palace, a cafeteria officially named the Hotdog Palace, but more renowned for the various stimulants and calmants said to be consumed by its clientele; the Condor, an energetic tavern which is known as the Gangster's Enrico's; and Enrico's Coffeehouse itself, which is as close to a Parisian sidewalk café as can be found west of Le Havre; and El Cid, a wilder but less woolly club which is known as the Tourist's Condor; a semi-all-night drugstore, selling aids to survival in a difficult time; Mike's Pool Hall, where the beat and the Italians and the society folk meet and the floorshow seems to consist of interracial couples eating *minestrone*; the City Lights Book Shop, which is the moral and metaphysical center of the beat movement and a late-night gathering place for both deep readers and those who want to meet deep readers; the Vesuvio Bar, whose motto is "We Are Itching to Get Away from Portland, Oregon," and it has booths for psychiatrists; La Bodega, a Spanish restaurant, and the Tosca, which has non-eight-bar music on its jukebox, and an all-night newsstand; and the traffic and the cries

of pleasure and the shriek of the sound track from the Chinese movie, and. And. And by this time, you had better have lived a full life, because you are dead in the traffic. You might as well move along in North Beach, because it does not stand still for anyone.

Just down the slope a little, there is a stretch of Pacific which was once properly called the Barbary Coast. There are still iron scaffoldings at both ends of this block, relics of the time when it was defended from the attacks of married women, vigilante committees, children and temperance societies, and there once were gates, guarded by private and sometimes by official policemen. The emplacements still stand as a hallowed memorial.

In France, at about the time of the Barbary Coast's first fine flowering in San Francisco, literary and aristocratic celebrities used to amuse themselves by the launching of deluxe courtesans, who were known as *horizontales*. These dandies rescued poor but dishonest young girls—those whose beauty merited rescuing—from the "vain, obsolete and immoral hope of marriage"; they launched them as stars in the music halls, et cetera, with emphasis on the et cetera. A sugary version of this activity is known in Greek as the myth of Pygmalion and in English as *My Fair Lady*. In San Francisco, the "pretty waiter girls" of Miss Piggott's, Shipwreck Kelly's or The Shanghai Chicken were not expected to know Zola or Flaubert personally, and the rain on the plain fell mainly on the miners and sailors who were doped, drugged, head-busted, or otherwise persuaded to acquiesce in the alchemic task of filtering cold money from hot bodies. Sometimes they were merely persuaded by love; a man long on the wet sea, long in the dusty gold fields, much values a lady's company. Ye Olde Whore Shoppe, as Madame Lucy named her establishment, gave good value and expected as much in return. Both fun and blood ran in the streets. The mulatto procuress, Mammy Pleasants, who treated both girls and clients generously, married well and lived long and so honorably that she managed to die poor.

Mainly the Barbary Coast was ruled by the Sydney Ducks, convicts from Australia who adopted the frontier custom of gallantry toward the "pretty waiter girls, but sometimes grew wroth and murdered their clients. In return, the stable citizens of San Francisco occasionally rose in their intolerance, formed a vigilance committee to string up a few of the Ducks, and then subsided with a sense of civic pride into a dignified promenading in the cleaned-up Barbary Coast. It revived. It filled an acute need. It tried to fill the acute needs of the former vigilantes, too.

A document of 1856 describes the sur-

render of James Casey and Charles Cora to the Vigilance Committee. Belle Cora said to her husband, "Goodbye, Charley, I've done all I could," and then he was taken off to be cannoned. The same document describes one of the murders committed by James Casey. He approached James King, asked if he was armed, said, "Prepare to defend yourself," and at the same time fired from within his cloak. Mr. King said, "Oh God! Oh God! I am shot!" The document adds, "He turned toward the Pacific Express, still uttering expressions of pain, and paying little or no attention to Casey, entered the Express Office." Presumably he wrote out his will and then died. The San Francisco *Morning Globe* does not commit itself on this point. After all, death is inevitable for all.

Tong wars, gang fights, race riots, fires and, of course, the famous earthquake of 1906 all contributed to the jauntiness of life on the Barbary Coast, and kept the population down.

As the years passed, tidal waves of reform swept over San Francisco: sometimes the payoff did not connect, and so brothels mutated into bars, into burlesque houses, into emporiums of the knockout drop; and sometimes the tide went out—back to brothels again; back and forth over the years. Finally, as a by-product of Puritanism and venereal disease, military pressure closed up the Barbary Coast during World War II. More or less. Almost. Remember the B-girl? Gone, gone.

But even now, the Pacific street looks a little like the old Barbary Coast in the watery sunlight of the San Francisco morning, as the elegant long-legged San Francisco secretary strolls to work. However, the Eureka Music Hall and Pincus and Magee's Seattle Saloon have given way to interior decorators, advertising agencies and theater-in-the-round, square dinner included. Some fading, faintly ribald murals still smile down upon the street; plaster cupids beckon to the shades of V-12 trainees, but Herman Miller chairs and Tiffany lamps offer themselves on the floors where once a pretty waiter girl gently clubbed a Far East or Around-the-Horn sailor in order to persuade him to share with her the benefits of world trade. Even today, the street is a mixture of styles. Its style is the carefree and empirical joke of styles—*grande luxe* and strict ceramics, Empire and Old West. Just inside the gates, one of San Francisco's most barbarously bohemian restaurants, the Brighton Express, run by a jolly and irascible couple, John and Joanna Draeger, still delights the cheap livers and the *flâneurs*. There, at early dinner, cocktail waitresses and writers, members of the Fair Employment Practice Committee and painters, performers and dead beats and guitarists,

(continued on page 184)





## STYLISH STOUT

*he had to acquire the fattest uncle in all the realm and his brain addled at the prospect*  
*fiction* By P. G. WODEHOUSE

"OH, MR. LITTLE," said H. C. Purkiss, proprietor of *Wee Tots*, that powerful organ that has done so much to mold thought in the nurseries of England.

"Sir?" said Richard ("Bingo") Little, its up-and-coming young editor.

"You are no doubt familiar with the work of an American author named Kirk Rockaway. He wrote *Kootchy the Kitten*, *Peter the Pup* and *Hilda the Hen*. He is superb, just the circulation builder *Wee Tots* needs. He is visiting London and would like you to dine with him at Barribault's Hotel tonight to discuss things."

"Yes, Mr. Purkiss."

"By the way, he is a strict teetotaler, so if he offers you alcoholic refreshment it might be judicious to decline it."

"Oh?" said Bingo.

He spoke gloomily, but his gloom was not entirely due to the bleak prospect of a snortless meal with a man who wrote books about hens and kittens. At the moment when Mr. Purkiss had entered his office he had been thinking of the Fat Uncles Contest at the Drones Club, and whenever he did that, the iron entered into his soul.

The Fat Uncles Contest had come into

being some years previously when an intelligent Drone, himself the possessor of an extremely fat uncle, had noticed how many of his fellow members had fat uncles, too. From there to inaugurating a yearly tourney had been but a step. The mechanics of the thing were simple. You entered your uncle, others entered theirs, the names were shaken up in a hat and the punter drawing the name of the fattest uncle secured the jackpot. The judging was done by McGarry, the club bartender, who had the uncanny gift of being able to estimate to an ounce the (continued on page 152)









# FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

*how to take steppes in the right  
direction toward regal repasts*

*food* By THOMAS MARIO

CENTURIES AGO, long before Lenin introduced the lowest common denominator to Russia, status-seeking boyars, hungry for both food and culture, turned to France for the fine art of cooking. One of Peter the Great's most valuable souvenirs picked up during a trip to western Europe was a Parisian chef. However, when Frenchmen in large numbers went uninvited to Russia during the Napoleonic campaign, the Russians, as every schoolboy knows, taught them a lesson in deepfreezing. One of the exhibits in the object lesson was the eminent French chef Laguipière, who had been cooking for French Marshal Murat and who regrettably expired in the snowy reaches of Vilna without leaving a single recipe.

Two years later, in a friendlier era, Czar Alexander I, who had been dining at the Paris mansion of Monsieur de Talleyrand, ate so well that he asked if he, too, couldn't take back the chef as his souvenir. There was a little delay, but eventually Talleyrand fixed things up, and the great (continued on page 154)





"Jeez, did we ever goof!"



# THE FORCE OF HABIT

ON MOLOING EXECUTIVE PROCEDURES WHILE AVOIDING  
THE HAZARDS OF BEING A BY-THE-BOOK BUSINESSMAN

## ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

THERE WAS A TIME when I was a fairly heavy cigarette smoker. Then, several years ago, I was on a vacation and motoring through France. One day, after driving for hours through some particularly foul rainy weather, I stopped for the night at a hotel in a small town in the Auvergne.

Tired after the long and difficult drive, I had dinner and went up to my room. I undressed, got into bed and fell asleep almost immediately.

For some reason, I awoke about two A.M., acutely aware that I wanted a cigarette. Switching on the light, I reached for the cigarette package I'd placed on the nightstand before retiring. It proved to be empty.

Annoyed—but still wanting a cigarette—I got out of bed and searched the pockets of the clothes I had been wearing. The search proved fruitless, and I went on to grope through my luggage in hopes that I might have accidentally left a pack of cigarettes in one of my suitcases. Again I was disappointed.

I knew the hotel bar and restaurant had closed long before and guessed that it would be worse than useless to summon the crotchety night porter at such an hour. The only way I could hope to obtain any cigarettes was by dressing and then going to the railroad station, which was located at least six blocks away.

The prospect was not very pleasant. The rain still pelted down outside. My car was garaged a considerable distance from the hotel and, in any event, I had been warned the garage closed at midnight and did not reopen until six o'clock in the morning. The chances of getting a taxi were virtually nil.

All in all, it was clear that if I was to have the cigarette I wanted so badly, I would have to walk to the railroad station—and back—through the pouring rain. But the desire to smoke gnawed at me and, perversely, the more I contemplated the difficulties entailed in getting a cigarette, the more desperately I wanted to have one.

And so I took off my pajamas and started putting on my clothes. I was completely dressed and reaching for my raincoat when I abruptly stopped and began to laugh—at myself. It had suddenly struck me that my actions were illogical, even ludicrous.

There I stood, a supposedly intelligent human being, a supposedly responsible and fairly successful businessman who considered himself sensible enough to give other people orders. Yet I was ready to leave my comfortable hotel room in the middle of the night and slish a dozen blocks through a driving rainstorm for no other reason than that I wanted a cigarette—because I felt that I “had” to have one.

For the first time in my life, I was brought face to face with the realization that I had developed a habit so strong that I was willing—automatically and unthinkingly—to let myself in for a very great deal of personal discomfort merely to satisfy it.

Instead of simply enjoying the pleasure of an occasional smoke, I'd allowed myself to form a habit that had grown completely out of hand and was obviously operating contrary to my best interests, producing no commensurately beneficial results.

Suddenly sharply aware of this, I rebelled mentally. I needed only a moment to arrive at a decision. I considered it an excellent idea—and an ideal time and place—to rid myself of a habit that was certainly doing me no good.

Having made up my mind, I took the empty cigarette packet that still lay on the nightstand, crumpled it up and tossed it into the wastebasket. Then I undressed, once more put on my pajamas and got back into bed.

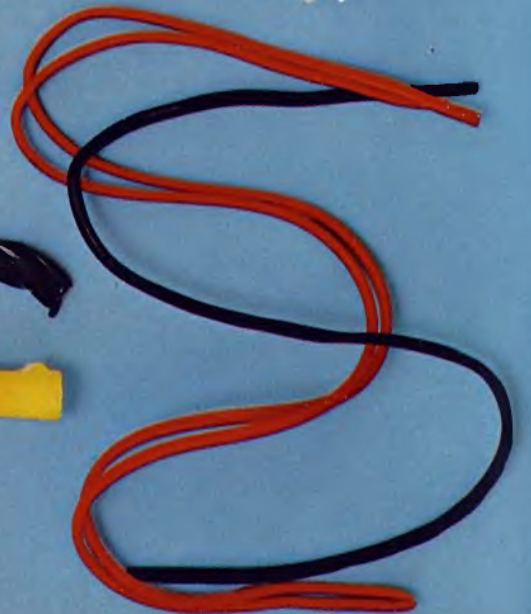
It was with a sense of relief—even of triumph—that I switched off the light, closed my eyes and listened to the rain beating against the windows of the room. In a few minutes, I drifted off into a sound and contented sleep. I haven't smoked a cigarette—nor have I felt any desire to smoke one—since that night.

Now, I do not intend any of this as an indictment of either cigarettes or smoking. I recount the anecdote solely to show how, in my own case, a habit got out of control to the extent that it controlled me, rather than the other way around.

*“Abeunt studia in mores”*—“Practices zealously pursued become habits,” Ovid wrote.

*“Magna est vis consuetudinis,”* declared Cicero. “Mighty is the (continued on page 100)







# OLD MAN PULASKI AND THE INFAMOUS JAWBREAKER BLACKMAIL

ANYONE who has ever experienced a first-degree, big-league, card-carrying, bone-shattering toothache in a major molar at three A.M. in the quiet solitude of night has stood at the very gates of hell itself. There are no words in the language that can adequately describe the ebbing and swelling, ebbing and swelling, then the rising to even greater heights, then again deceptively receding, only to turn again to the attack; the nagging, dragging, thudding, screaming ache of a tooth that has faced more than its share in a hard, rough-and-tumble lifetime of JuJu Babies, root beer barrels, jawbreakers, and countless other addictive confections devoured during the innocent days of childhood. Like all sinners, orgiasts of all stripes, we look back with tearful, bleary-eyed nostalgia upon the very thing that reduced us to shuddering, denture-ridden, cavity-wracked hulks. Everywhere, daily, dentists—cackling fiendishly—reap the harvests sown years ago in penny-candy stores across the land.

I remember well the pusher who sent me down that long rocky road that led finally to \$765 worth of silver alloy and various plastic compounds which I now carry in my skull as a mute reminder of past, fleeting pleasures.

One afternoon recently, while staring bleakly out of a dentist's waiting-room window, having wearied of ancient *National Geographics* and Currier & Ives prints, attempting to blot out of my consciousness the muffled moans and yelps of pain that were mingling with the Muzak, my tortured mind—perhaps out of some deep-hidden well of submerged masochism—plucked from my vast file of sinister life experiences and dredged to the surface: Old Man Pulaski and the Infamous Jawbreaker Blackmail. While waiting my turn on The Rack, I began to piece together the whole sordid tale.

. . .

Pulaski, a blue-jowled, gimletheaded native of the Midwest, operated a mercantile establishment that was the Indiana steel town's version of the candy store. Nobody ever called it by that name. It was just "Pulaski's." On the side of his red-brick, two-story store there was an enormous Bull Durham sign that showed this great dark-red, arrogant, fully equipped bull looking out into the middle distance toward Chicago, with

*longingly, the kids gazed at the king's ransom of penny candies—the juju babies, the root beer barrels, the mary janes, the licorice pipes—blissfully unaware that the laws of human chicanery were about to shatter their dreams of gustatory glory*



nostalgia

By JEAN SHEPHERD

the suggestive inscription "Her Hero."

It was under this sign that Old Man Pulaski dispensed JuJu Babies, licorice pipes, Mary Janes and jawbreakers, not to mention Navy Cut Chewing Tobacco, Mule Twist, Apple Plug, Eight Hour Day Rough Cut, Mail Pouch, Copenhagen Snuff and summer sausage, sliced thin.

Penny candy is just about the very first purchase that any kid actually makes himself—that very first buy which launches all of us on a lifelong career as consumers, leading finally to God knows where. Kids take to buying the way fleas take to beagle hounds. It comes naturally. You don't have to learn; somehow you know.

It doesn't take long for penny-candy buyers to begin that great weeding-out process of the slobbs versus the antislobbs. It is here that it starts. A discriminating penny-candy connoisseur knew what he was after, while the rest merely settled for anything that was big, lumpy, sticky and sweet. The JuJu Baby connoisseur today buys Porsches and fine wines, while his slack-jawed erstwhile friend continues to dig large, lumpy, sticky-sweet automobiles and syrupy beer that comes in pop-top six-packs. I pride myself, perhaps overly so, on having de-

veloped an exceedingly discriminating palate for the various vintages and châteaux of penny candy.

The genuine American penny-candy store bears no relationship to the present chichi ladies'-magazine reproductions that are popping up in Greenwich Village, the hipper sections of San Francisco and Old Town in Chicago. They were invariably dark, their musty windows filled with dog-eared cardboard placards advertising Old Dutch Cleanser, Kayo the Magic Chocolate Drink, Campbell's Pork & Beans, and the Hessville P.T.A. Penny Supper.

The candy itself was displayed in a high, oak-framed case with a curved glass front and sliding glass doors well out of reach of the sneakier purchasers. In the case were rows of grimy glass jars and metal trays containing The Stuff.

Penny candy was bought in lots for between two and four cents, and in extreme emergencies for one penny, but that was rare. Pulaski, bending high over the case, would peer down at us, looking unconcerned and bored while we made our decisions. Until finally:

"Fer Chrissake, I haven't got all day! D'ya want a licorice pipe or not?"

And the battle was on. Glaring down at the huddled band of well-heeled investors, many of whom were in advanced stages of the sour ball shakes, Pulaski played his cards coolly and well. He knew that he held the trump as the only neighborhood supplier of licorice whips and wax false teeth. He was the Man, the Connection. It was a seller's market.

The wax false teeth, by the way, played a part in a great second-grade drama, when suddenly and without warning wax false teeth became a maniacal fad that swept over Harding School like a tidal wave. I remember one historic afternoon when every last male member of my second-grade class showed up with a large set of wax false dentures clamped in his jaw to face Miss Shields and arithmetic. Little did we realize at the time that the wax false teeth were a foreshadowing of the real thing to come for many in that benighted academy of lower learning.

I should say at the outset that the wax dentures were larger than life, true pink gum color—gums suffering from a rare case of advanced pyorrhea. The teeth themselves (continued on page 124)





ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK BOZZO



**H**E WAS NOT THE FIRST MAN, Cliff Leyland told himself bitterly, to know the exact second and the precise manner of his death: times beyond number, condemned criminals had waited for their last dawn. Yet until the very end, they could have hoped for a reprieve; human judges can show mercy, but against the laws of nature there was no appeal.

And only six hours ago he had been whistling happily while he packed his ten kilos of personal baggage for the long fall home. He could still remember (even now, after all that had happened) how he had dreamed that Myra was already in his arms, that he was taking Brian and Sue on that promised cruise down the Nile. In a few minutes, as Earth rose above the horizon, he might see the Nile again; but memory alone could bring back the faces of his wife and children. And all because he had tried to save 950 sterling dollars by riding home on the freight catapult instead of the rocket shuttle.

He had expected the first 12 seconds of the trip to be rough, as the electric launcher whipped the capsule along its ten-mile track and shot him off the Moon. Even with the protection of the water bath in which he had floated during countdown, he had not looked forward to the 20 g of take-off. Yet when the acceleration had gripped the capsule, he had been hardly aware of the immense forces acting upon him. The only sound was a faint creaking from the metal walls; to anyone who had experienced the thunder of a rocket launch, the silence was uncanny. When the cabin speaker had announced "T plus five seconds—speed two thousand miles an hour" he could scarcely believe it.

Two thousand miles an hour in five seconds from a standing start—with seven seconds still to go as the generators smashed their thunderbolts of power into the launcher. He was riding the lightning across the face of the Moon; and at T plus seven seconds, the lightning failed.

Even in the womblike shelter of the tank, Cliff could sense that something had gone wrong. The water around him, until now frozen almost rigid by its weight, seemed suddenly to become alive. Though the capsule was still hurtling along the track, all acceleration had ceased and it was merely coasting under its own momentum.

He had no time to feel fear, or to wonder what had happened, for the power failure lasted little more than a second. Then, with a jolt that shook the capsule from end to end and set off a series of ominous, tinkling crashes, the field came on again.

When the acceleration faded for the last time, all weight vanished with it. Cliff needed no instrument but his stomach to tell that the capsule had left the end of the track and was rising away from the surface of the Moon. He waited impatiently until the automatic pumps had drained the tank and the hot-air driers had done their work; then he drifted across the control panel and pulled himself down into the bucket seat.

"Launch Control," he called urgently, as he drew the restraining straps around his waist. "What the devil happened?"

A brisk but worried voice answered at once.

"We're still checking—call you back in thirty seconds. Glad you're OK," it added belatedly.

While he was waiting, Cliff switched to forward vision. There was nothing ahead except stars—which was as it should be. At least he had taken off with most of his planned speed and there was no danger that he would crash back to the Moon's surface immediately. But he would crash back sooner or later, for he could not possibly have reached escape veloc-

ity. He must be rising out into space along a great ellipse—and, in a few hours, he would be back at his starting point.

"Hello, Cliff," said Launch Control suddenly. "We've found what happened. The circuit breakers tripped when you went through section five of the track, so your take-off speed was seven hundred miles an hour low. That will bring you back in just over five hours—but don't worry: your course-correction jets can boost you into a stable orbit. We'll tell you when to fire them; then all you have to do is sit tight until we can send someone to haul you down."

Slowly, Cliff allowed himself to relax. He had forgotten the capsule's vernier rockets; low-powered though they were, they could kick him into an orbit that would clear the Moon. Though he might fall back to within a few miles of the lunar surface, skimming over mountains and plains at a breath-taking speed, he would be perfectly safe.

Then he remembered those tinkling crashes from the control compartment, and his hopes dimmed again—for there were not many things that could break in a space vehicle without most unpleasant consequences.

He was facing those consequences, now that the final checks of the ignition circuits had been completed. Neither on manual nor on auto would the navigation rockets fire: the capsule's modest fuel reserves, which could have taken him to safety, were utterly useless. In five hours, he would complete his orbit—and return to his launching point.

I wonder if they'll name the new crater after me? thought Cliff. "Crater Leyland—diameter . . ." What diameter? Better not exaggerate—I don't suppose it will be more than a couple of hundred yards across. Hardly worth putting on the map.

Launch Control was still silent, but that was not surprising: there was little that one could say to a man already as good as dead. And yet, though he knew that nothing could alter his trajectory, even now he did not believe that he would soon be scattered over most of Farside. He was still soaring away from the Moon, snug and comfortable in his little cabin. The idea of death was utterly incongruous—as it is to all men until the final second.

And then, for a moment, Cliff forgot his own problem. The horizon ahead was no longer flat; something even more brilliant than the blazing lunar landscape was lifting against the stars. As the capsule curved round the edge of the Moon, it was creating the only kind of Earthrise that was possible—a man-made one. In a minute it was all over, such was his speed in orbit. By that time the Earth had leaped clear of the horizon and was climbing swiftly up the sky.

It was three quarters full and almost too bright to look upon. Here was a cosmic mirror made not of dull rocks and dusty plains, but of snow and cloud and sea. Indeed, it was almost all sea, for the Pacific was turned toward him, and the blinding reflection of the sun covered the Hawaiian Islands. The haze of the atmosphere—that soft blanket that should have cushioned his descent in a few hours' time—obliterated all geographical details; perhaps that darker patch emerging from night was New Guinea, but he could not be sure.

There was a bitter irony in the knowledge that he was heading straight toward that lovely, gleaming apparition. Another 700 miles an hour and he would have made it. Seven hundred miles an hour—that was all. He might as well ask for 7,000,000.

The sight of the rising Earth brought home to him, with irresistible force, the duty he feared but could postpone no

*trapped in a vortex, whirling toward his doom, he desperately launched himself against the stars*

*fiction* **By ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

## **MAELSTROM II**



longer. "Launch Control," he said, holding his voice steady with a great effort. "Please give me a circuit to Earth."

This was one of the strangest things he had ever done in his life—sitting here above the Moon, listening to the telephone ring in his own home a quarter of a million miles away. It must be near midnight down there in Africa and it would be some time before there would be any answer. Myra would stir sleepily—then, because she was a spaceman's wife, always alert for disaster, she would be instantly awake. But they had both hated to have a phone in the bedroom, and it would be at least 15 seconds before she could switch on the lights, close the nursery door to avoid disturbing the baby, get down the stairs and—

Her voice came clear and sweet across the emptiness of space. He would recognize it anywhere in the Universe, and he detected at once the undertone of anxiety.

"Mrs. Leyland?" said the Earthside operator. "I have a call from your husband. Please remember the two-second time lag."

Cliff wondered how many people were listening to this call, either on the Moon, the Earth or the relay satellites. It was hard to talk for the last time to your loved ones, not knowing how many eavesdroppers there might be. But as soon as he began to speak, no one else existed but Myra and himself.

"Darling," he began. "This is Cliff. I'm afraid I won't be coming home as I promised. There's been a—a technical slip. I'm quite all right at the moment, but I'm in big trouble."

He swallowed, trying to overcome the dryness in his mouth, then went on quickly before she could interrupt. As briefly as he could, he explained the situation. For his own sake as well as hers, he did not abandon all hope.

"Everyone's doing their best," he said. "Maybe they can get a ship up to me in time—but in case they can't—well, I wanted to speak to you and the children."

She took it well, as he had known she would. He felt pride as well as love when her answer came back from the dark side of Earth.

"Don't worry, Cliff. I'm sure they'll get you out and we'll have our holiday after all, exactly the way we planned."

"I think so, too," he lied. "But just in case—would you wake the children? Don't tell them that anything's wrong."

It was an endless half minute before he heard their sleepy yet excited voices. Cliff would willingly have given these last few hours of his life to have seen their faces once again, but the capsule was not equipped with such luxuries as phonevision. Perhaps it was just as well, for he could not have hidden the truth had he looked into their eyes. They

would know it soon enough, but not from him. He wanted to give them only happiness in these last moments together.

Yet it was hard to answer their questions, to tell them that he would soon be seeing them, to make promises that he could not keep. It needed all his self-control when Brian reminded him of the Moon dust he had forgotten once before—but had remembered this time.

"I've got it, Brian—it's in a jar right beside me—soon you'll be able to show it to your friends." (No: Soon it will be back on the world from which it came.) "And Susie—be a good girl and do everything that Mummy tells you. Your last school report wasn't too good, you know, especially those remarks about behavior . . . Yes, Brian, I have those photographs, and the piece of rock from Aristarchus—"

It was hard to die at 35; but it was hard, too, for a boy to lose his father at 10. How would Brian remember him in the years ahead? Perhaps as no more than a fading voice from space, for he had spent so little time on Earth. In these last few minutes, as he swung outward and then back to the Moon, there was little enough that he could do except project his love and his hope across the emptiness that he would never span again. The rest was up to Myra.

When the children had gone, happy but puzzled, there was work to do. Now was the time to keep one's head, to be businesslike and practical. Myra must face the future without him, but at least he could make the transition easier. Whatever happens to the individual, life goes on; and to modern man life involves mortgages and installments, insurance policies and joint bank accounts. Almost impersonally, as if they concerned someone else—which would soon be true enough—Cliff began to talk about these things. There was a time for the heart and a time for the brain. The heart would have its final say three hours from now, when he began his last approach to the surface of the Moon.

No one interrupted them; there must have been silent monitors maintaining the link between two worlds, but they might have been the only people alive. Sometimes, while he was speaking, Cliff's eyes would stray to the periscope and be dazzled by the glare of Earth—now more than halfway up the sky. It was impossible to believe that it was home for seven billion souls. Only three mattered to him now.

It should have been four, but with the best will in the world he could not put the baby on the same footing as the others. He had never seen his younger son; and now he never would.

At last, he could think of no more to say. For some things, a lifetime was not enough—but an hour could be too much.

He felt physically and emotionally exhausted, and the strain on Myra must have been equally great. He wanted to be alone with his thoughts and with the stars, to compose his mind and to make his peace with the Universe.

"I'd like to sign off for an hour or so, darling," he said. There was no need for explanations; they understood each other too well. "I'll call you back in—plenty of time. Goodbye for now."

He waited the two seconds for the answering goodbye from Earth; then he cut the circuit and stared blankly at the tiny control desk. Quite unexpectedly, without desire or volition, tears sprang into his eyes, and suddenly he was weeping like a child.

He wept for his loved ones and for himself. He wept for the future that might have been and the hopes that would soon be incandescent vapor, drifting between the stars. And he wept because there was nothing else to do.

After a while he felt much better. Indeed, he realized that he was extremely hungry; there was no point in dying on an empty stomach, and he began to rummage among the space rations in the closet-sized galley. While he was squeezing a tube of chicken-and-ham paste into his mouth, Launch Control called.

There was a new voice at the end of the line—a slow, steady and immensely competent voice that sounded as if it would brook no nonsense from inanimate machinery.

"This is Van Kessel, Chief of Maintenance, Space Vehicles Division. Listen carefully, Leyland—we think we've found a way out. It's a long shot—but it's the only chance you have."

Alternations of hope and despair are hard on the nervous system. Cliff felt a sudden dizziness; he might have fallen, had there been any direction in which to fall.

"Go ahead," he said faintly, when he had recovered. Then he listened to Van Kessel with an eagerness that slowly changed to incredulity.

"I don't believe it!" he said at last. "It just doesn't make sense!"

"You can't argue with the computers," answered Van Kessel. "They've checked the figures about twenty different ways. And it makes sense all right; you won't be moving so fast at apogee, and it doesn't need much of a kick then to change your orbit. I suppose you've never been in a deep-space rig before?"

"No, of course not."

"Pity—but never mind. If you follow instructions you can't go wrong. You'll find the suit in the locker at the end of the cabin. Break the seals and haul it out."

Cliff floated the full six feet from the control desk to the rear of the cabin, and pulled on the lever marked: EMERGENCY ONLY—TYPE 17 DEEP-SPACE SUIT.

(continued on page 90)



# SEDUCED-SICILIAN STYLE

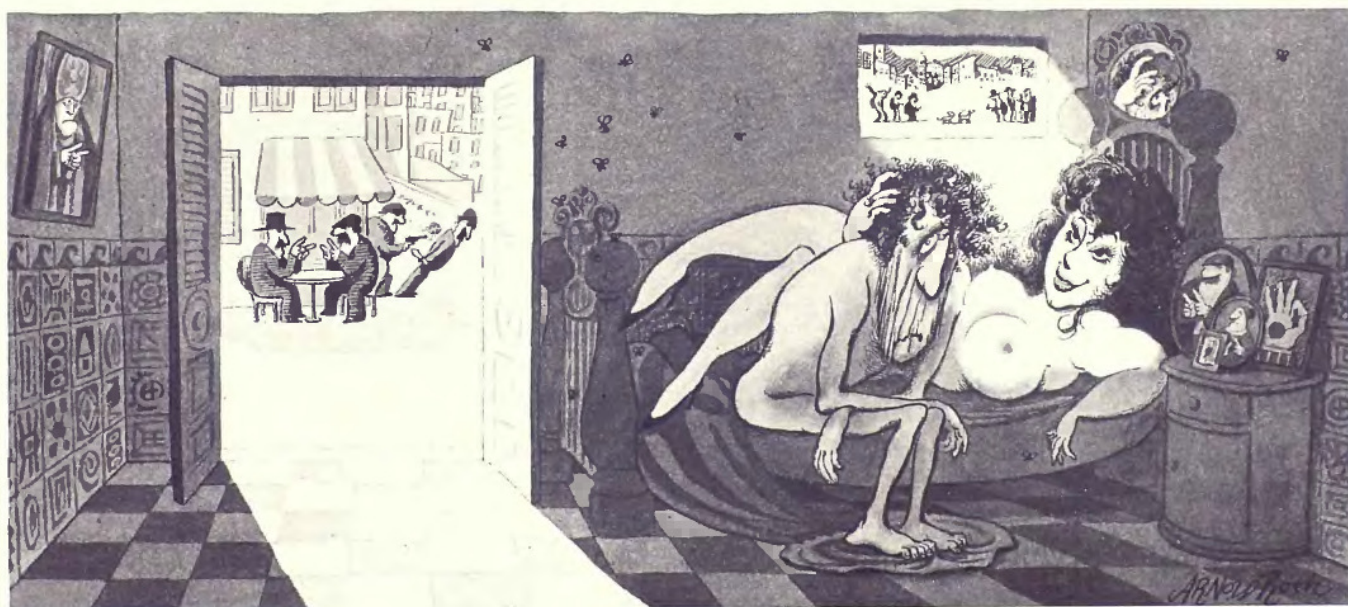


*a deliciously undoloroso screamplay takes  
off on those click italian flicks  
filled with passion and pasta, vita and vendettas*

satire **BY RAY RUSSELL** NOT SINCE *Cavalleria Rusticana*—that highly spiced operatic *antipasto* of Mascagni's—has the volatile island of Sicily enjoyed the kind of world attention it has been recently receiving.

A rash (that's exactly the word I want) of motion pictures has suddenly made us aware of Sicilian life and its dizzying tempo. *Divorce—Italian Style*, *Seduced and Abandoned*, *Mafioso* . . . all these have shown us a high-blood-pressure society of complex customs and puzzling pride. The cinematic Sicily, said one reviewer, "is getting to be like John Ford's Ireland—a mythical country populated by people in whom alleged national characteristics flourish with a preternatural purity. . . . Never, one would think, have fathers cared so for the virtue of their daughters; never have they fought so for the honor of their families."

But Sicilian honor, movie style, is a topsy-turvy, even bizarre concept, and it may not be long before we are treated to a film roughly resembling this . . .



FADE IN: A blinding, sun-baked square in the center of a small Sicilian village. Everything is bleached to wince-making whiteness—the buildings, the streets, the fountain, the endless stone stairs and several skinny stray dogs. Against this whiteness, the Sicilians stand out in bold relief, principally because they are all dressed in black—the men in black hats, black coats, black shoes and black pants; the women in black hats, black coats, black shoes and black pants. They all walk with their eyes firmly riveted in front of them and their arms hanging straight down at their sides.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO: A flyblown sidewalk café. Here, sipping cheap raisin

wine and watching the passing parade, are two townsmen: young BRUNO, a handsome hulk with the mind of an ox; and wizened, toothless, one-eyed MALOCCHIO, a dirty old man of about 95. MALOCCHIO spits and says:

MALOCCHIO: Pah! There goes Umberto—he is a cuckold! Ptoocy! Here comes Paluzzi's daughter—she is a strumpet! Ye-e-ech! Look at Malatesta—that filthy lecher! Ugh! If it isn't Rosalia—the adulteress! Arrrgh! Must we look upon little Peppino—the bastard? Bruno, my son—

BRUNO: Eh?

MALOCCHIO: This afternoon, when we visit the professional ladies of the Hotel

Boccaccio, remember—I, your father, will be first, then you.

BRUNO: But—

MALOCCHIO (hitting him across the mouth): *Silenzio!* You say "but" to your father? You shame our family with a "but"? You smear this filthy "but" across the noble name of Malocchio? *Bèstia! Traditore! Sciagurato!* I disown you! You are no son of mine! (Standing up and shouting): LISTEN, COMPARE! THIS BRUNO IS NO SON OF MINE!!!

BRUNO: Malocchio, the whole town knows I am no son of yours. I am the son of Mario (continued on page 158)





Above: The Playboy Bed is turned to face a double delight—a romantic miss and soft glow from the fire. When made up, the bed is perfect for ruminating in front of crackling embers. The Italian marble mantelpiece was imported especially for master quarters of the Playboy Mansion.



modern living

# THE PLAYBOY BED

*for the contemporary morpheus-in-the-round, a wondrously electronic, indolently sybaritic, ingeniously equipped sleep center*

WE HAVE ALWAYS maintained that a man should never stint when it comes to providing himself with proper bedding. The masterful combination of the cabinetmaker's art and the electronic engineer's skill pictured here is the Playboy Bed—our own personal manifestation of the ultimate in sleeping and sybaritic accommodation. Originally conceived as an artist's drawing in *The Playboy Town House* (May 1962), this bed was created especially for installation in the Playboy Mansion, where it now rests, blending the best in old-fashioned comfort with the latest in mechanical innovation within and surrounding its regal eight-and-a-half-foot diameter. At the touch of a finger it can be gently rotated a full 360 degrees in either direction to suit the occupant's whim. When the bed is aligned with its nine-foot arced stationary headboard, it is ready either for slumber or late-night TV viewing on the special screen suspended from a facing wall and operated by sonic remote control. Press the control button concealed between the two black-leather back rests and the bed is silently rotated to face the romantic glow softly emanating from an Italian marble fireplace, and becomes perfect for ruminating *à deux*. Another press of the button and the bed turns again on its six giant cushioned casters and faces the headboard, which offers a convenient expanse that can be utilized as a table for any-hour snacking, a private bar or even a work surface (concluded on page 184)

Left: The bed is now turned away from the fire and faces a conversation area on the other side of the room. The French mohair spread has been removed and the covers turned down. Note that while the larger section of the headboard is stationary, the control panel in the leather back rest moves with the bed. Right: Breakfast is served with the bed facing its own headboard. This immobile section, with its broad expanse, can triple in brass and be used as a desk, table or snack bar.





Above left: The clock radio is set for not too early in the morning and the hi-fi stereo headphones are ready for late-night listening. In the center, drinks are set behind two pairs of buttons that operate the turning mechanism which rotates the bed in either direction. The dials above control a three-motor vibrator system that can give either a gentle presleep massage or a wake-up shake. At right is the video taping unit, which allows you to watch one program while it records another one far future viewing.





The door opened and the shining silver fabric hung flaccid before him.

"Strip down to your underclothes and wriggle into it," said Van Kessel. "Don't bother about the biopack—you clamp that on later."

"I'm in," said Cliff presently. "What do I do now?"

"You wait twenty minutes—and then we'll give you the signal to open the air lock and jump."

The implications of that word "jump" suddenly penetrated. Cliff looked around the now familiar, comforting little cabin, and then thought of the lonely emptiness between the stars—the unreverberant abyss through which a man could fall until the end of time.

He had never been in free space; there was no reason why he should. He was just a farmer's boy with a master's degree in agronomy, seconded from the Sahara Reclamation Project and trying to grow crops on the Moon. Space was not for him; he belonged to the worlds of soil and rock, of Moon dust and vacuum-formed pumice.

"I can't do it," he whispered. "Isn't there any other way?"

"There's not," snapped Van Kessel. "We're doing our damndest to save you, and this is no time to get neurotic. Dozens of men have been in far worse situations—badly injured, trapped in wreckage a million miles from help. But you're not even scratched, and already you're squealing! Pull yourself together—or we'll sign off and leave you to stew in your own juice."

Cliff turned slowly red, and it was several seconds before he answered.

"I'm all right," he said at last. "Let's go through those instructions again."

"That's better," said Van Kessel approvingly. "Twenty minutes from now, when you're at apogee, you'll go into the air lock. From that point, we'll lose communication: Your suit radio has only a ten-mile range. But we'll be tracking you on radar and we'll be able to speak to you when you pass over us again. Now, about the controls on your suit . . ."

The 20 minutes went quickly enough; at the end of that time, Cliff knew exactly what he had to do. He had even come to believe that it might work.

"Time to bail out," said Van Kessel. "The capsule's correctly orientated—the air lock points the way you want to go. But direction isn't critical—*speed* is what matters. Put everything you've got into that jump—and good luck!"

"Thanks," said Cliff inadequately. "Sorry that I—"

"Forget it," interrupted Van Kessel. "Now get moving!"

For the last time, Cliff looked round the tiny cabin, wondering if there was anything that he had forgotten. All his

personal belongings would have to be abandoned, but they could be replaced easily enough. Then he remembered the little jar of Moon dust he had promised Brian; this time, he would not let the boy down. The minute mass of the sample—only a few ounces—would make no difference to his fate; he tied a piece of string round the neck of the jar and attached it to the harness of his suit.

The air lock was so small that there was literally no room to move; he stood sandwiched between inner and outer doors until the automatic pumping sequence was finished. Then the wall slowly opened away from him and he was facing the stars.

With his clumsy, gloved fingers, he hauled himself out of the air lock and stood upright on the steeply curving hull, bracing himself tightly against it with the safety line. The splendor of the scene held him almost paralyzed; he forgot all his fears of vertigo and insecurity as he gazed around him, no longer constrained by the narrow field of vision of the periscope.

The Moon was a gigantic crescent, the dividing line between night and day a jagged arc sweeping across a quarter of the sky. Down there the sun was setting, at the beginning of the long lunar night, but the summits of isolated peaks were still blazing with the last light of day, defying the darkness that had already encircled them.

That darkness was not complete. Though the sun was gone from the land below, the almost full Earth flooded it with glory. Cliff could see, faint but clear in the glimmering Earthlight, the outlines of seas and highlands, the dim stars of mountain peaks, the dark circles of craters. He was flying above a ghostly, sleeping land—a land which was trying to drag him to his death. For now he was poised at the highest point of his orbit, exactly on the line between Moon and Earth. It was time to go.

He bent his legs, crouching against the hull. Then, with all his force, he launched himself toward the stars, letting the safety line run out behind him.

The capsule receded with surprising speed, and as it did so, he felt a most unexpected sensation. He had anticipated terror or vertigo—but not this unmistakable, haunting sense of familiarity. All this had happened before; not to him, of course, but to someone else. He could not pinpoint the memory, and there was no time to hunt for it now.

He flashed a quick glance at Earth, Moon and receding spacecraft, and made his decision without conscious thought. The line whipped away as he snapped the quick release; now he was alone, 2000 miles above the Moon, a quarter of a million miles from Earth. He could do nothing but wait; it would

be two and a half hours before he would know if he could live—and if his own muscles had performed the task that the rockets had failed to do.

And then, as the stars slowly revolved around him, he suddenly knew the origin of that haunting memory. It had been many years since he had read Poe's short stories; but who could ever forget them?

He, too, was trapped in a maelstrom, being whirled down to his doom; he, too, hoped to escape by abandoning his vessel. Though the forces involved were totally different, the parallel was striking. Poe's fisherman had lashed himself to a barrel because stubby, cylindrical objects were being sucked down into the great whirlpool more slowly than his ship. It was a brilliant application of the laws of hydrodynamics; Cliff could only hope that his use of celestial mechanics would be equally inspired.

How fast had he jumped away from the capsule? At a good five miles an hour, surely. Trivial though that speed was by astronomical standards, it should be enough to inject him into a new orbit—one that, Van Kessel had promised him, would clear the Moon by several miles. That was not much of a margin, but it would be enough on this airless world, where there was no atmosphere to draw him down.

With a sudden spasm of guilt, Cliff realized that he had never made that second call to Myra. It was Van Kessel's fault; the engineer had kept him on the move, given him no time to brood over his own affairs. And Van Kessel was right: In a situation like this, a man could think only of himself. All his resources, mental and physical, must be concentrated on survival. This was no time or place for the distracting and weakening ties of love.

He was racing now toward the night side of the Moon, and the daylit crescent was shrinking even as he watched. The intolerable disk of the Sun, toward which he dared not look, was falling swiftly toward the curved horizon. The crescent moonscape dwindled to a burning line of light, a bow of fire set against the stars. Then the bow fragmented into a dozen shining beads, which one by one winked out as he shot into the shadow of the Moon.

With the going of the Sun, the Earthlight seemed more brilliant than ever, frosting his suit with silver as he rotated slowly along his orbit. It took him about ten seconds to make each revolution; there was nothing he could do to check his spin, and indeed he welcomed the constantly changing view. Now that his eyes were no longer distracted by occasional glimpses of the Sun, he could see the stars in thousands where there had been only hundreds before. The familiar constellations were drowned, and even

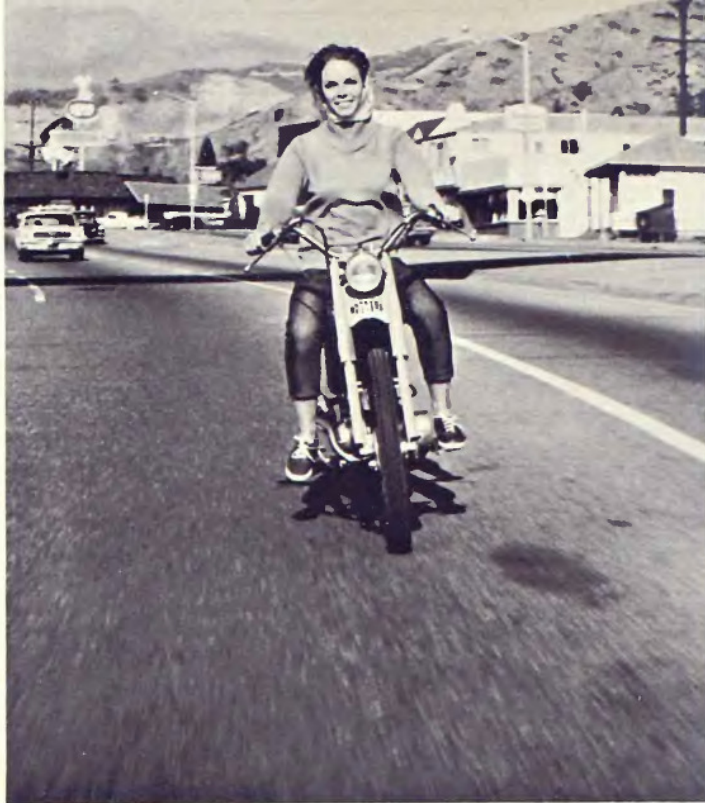
(continued on page 178)





*"He misspelled 'cuckold'!"*





Above left: Slumbering Sue is awakened by Saturday-morning call from friends, inviting her to meet them at softball diamond in Glendale's Verdugo Park. Above right: Our shortstopping sprite drives to the game on her new motorbike. "It was a graduation present from my reluctant but softhearted dad," explains Sue. "I convinced him that two wheels are better than none."



FOR THOSE WHO MAINTAIN that it's the little things in life that make the difference, April Playmate Sue Williams—a 4'11" blonde and blue-eyed native of the Golden State—will undoubtedly provide an attractive 98 pounds of added weight to their argument. Our most petite Playmate to date, Sue has spent the past 19 years blossoming in the healthy California clime. Born and raised in Glendale, where she graduated from high school last June, centerfolddom's shortest short subject now resides in her first bachelorette pad, conveniently located within walking distance of her job as secretary-receptionist for a Burbank film-processing firm. As Sue told us: "My parents wanted me to enroll at USC this year, but I decided I'd be better off getting out on my own for a while. I'm not full of academic aspirations at the moment, and I can't see going to a university just to get a degree. By earning my own keep and learning to solve my own problems, I think I'll learn a lot more about life than I would in any classroom." An ardent fan of the great outdoors, diminutive Miss April shows a marked proclivity for *la vie athlétique*. "I guess you could call me a latent tomboy," says Sue. "After work, I can't wait to switch into slacks and sneakers. Then, it's either down to the beach for some late-afternoon surfing, or out to Verdugo Park for a few innings of softball with the old gang from Glendale. On rainy days, I catch up on my one sedentary hobby—collecting old coins." Our outdoor miss also admits a feminine weakness for dining ("Cantonese food is my downfall") and dancing ("Anything from the frug to the fox trot is fine with me") with a date who's "well groomed, considerate, and not so tall that I have to strain my neck to see what he looks like." On dateless nights, her tastes run to Ian Fleming thrillers, stereophonic jazz ("Monk and Mingus are my favorites"), and late-late video film fare ("Where else can you see *Gunga Din* these days?"). Her pet peeve? "People who *talk big*."

***sweet sue*** *miss april is one of the small wonders of the modern world*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARD OELONG AND WILLIAM V. FIGGE





Left: Sue beams confidently (top) as she gets the upper hand in choosing up sides for the regular weekend game. At bat (center), our bantam slugger looks over three-and-two pitch ("When I stand in a crouch, most pitchers have trouble trying to find a strike zone that tiny"), then stares incredulously at the ump (bottom) as he calls her out. "It's really terrible, the way I love to bug umpires," she confides. "When I go to the Dodger games, I have so much fun razzing them, I often wind up hoarse."



Above: Our perky Playmate suggests that the man behind the plate could use a good optician. "Like most females," says Sue, "I try to get in the last word."





MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Above: After the game, Sue goes out on a limb (left) in search of new heights and gets a friendly hand (right) for her efforts. Below: Tired climbers relax before heading out for a cool dip in the Pacific. "Being a Playmate is the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me," says Sue. "I wasn't really sure I was the right type." We were.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**D**o you smoke after sex?" the gentleman asked.

"I really don't know," the sophisticated lady replied. "I've never looked to see."



The little white-haired spinster was rocking on her front porch with her tomcat at her feet when a good fairy suddenly appeared and offered her three wishes.

"Aw, go on," the little old lady said disbelievingly. "If you can grant wishes, let's see you turn this rocking chair into a pile of gold."

A wave of the good fairy's wand and the spinster found herself atop a pile of pure gold. Her face lighting up, she asked: "I get two more wishes?"

"Yes," the good fairy assured her. "Anything your heart desires."

"Then make me into a beautiful, voluptuous young girl," she ordered. Another wave of the wand and her wish was granted.

"Now," she said, "make my faithful old cat into a tall, dark and handsome young man."

The good fairy waved her wand and disappeared as the third wish came true and a muscular swain stood where the tomcat had just been sleeping.

The young man approached the once-old lady, took her in his arms and murmured gently: "Now aren't you sorry you sent me to the vet?"

**U**pon entering the taxi and noticing the driver was a woman, the young man decided to have a little fun: "Take me to the cheapest brothel in town," he said.

"Mister," the female cabbie replied, "you're in it!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *beatnik* as a person who's dropped the job but kept the coffee break.

**A** business executive on an out-of-town sales trip was about to check in at a hotel when he noticed a lusciously proportioned young woman smiling at him provocatively. Very casually he walked over to her and spoke a few inaudible words. He returned to the desk with her clinging to his arm and they registered as man and wife. After a two-day stay, he checked out and was handed a bill for \$750. "There's some mistake here," he protested. "I've only been here two days."

"Yes," the clerk explained, "but your wife has been here for two months."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *wolf* as a man with a strong will looking for a girl with a weak won't.

**D**uring the frantic rush hour on a New York subway train, a lecherous old man pressed close to a pretty young lady and whispered in her ear:

"You know, you're rather a tasty morsel."

"And do you know," she replied angrily, "that it's impolite to eat with your hands?"



**A** henpecked husband was heard to remark after his third martini, "Give my wife an inch and she thinks she's a ruler!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *vice versa* as dirty Italian poetry.

**We** know an insurance salesman who says his greatest successes are with young housewives who aren't adequately covered.



**I** nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me to pet," exclaimed the sweet young thing to her date.

"Really?" said the date. "Then you're gonna die when you hear what I have in mind."

*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.*





*"That's what I like about women. They're never satisfied!"*



force of habit." Practices do become habits—and the force of those habits can, indeed, be mighty. However, human beings have a considerable degree of latitude. They are, after all, endowed with the ability to form their own habits and to break or discard those which they find undesirable.

Nowhere do habit patterns count for as much, and nowhere does the force of habit demonstrate its might more emphatically than in the business world. A businessman's habits are among the most important factors that determine whether he will be a success—or a failure.

Whether an individual's habits can be chalked up on the plus or the minus side of the ledger is a matter that depends on many factors. Not the least of these are the individual himself, the nature of the habit and how, why, when and where he applies it. Needless to say, what may be a very good habit for one person may not be so good—or may even be extremely bad—for the next.

For example, it is certainly to a professional prize fighter's advantage if he acquires the habit of exercising strenuously every day. But a daily three-mile run and a two-hour workout in a gymnasium hardly constitute good habits for a middle-aged, paunchy, desk-bound executive with a weak heart.

A portrait painter will benefit from the habit of occasionally standing back from his work in order to obtain a better perspective of what he is doing. On the other hand, this is not a habit recommended for window cleaners or steeple jacks. The factors determining whether a habit is a good or a bad one can also be a matter of degree or of prevailing conditions.

For instance, it is a helpful habit for a businessman to be optimistic and enthusiastic. It will make his own work better and easier and will also serve to hearten and inspire his associates and subordinates. However, habitual optimism and enthusiasm can be carried to dangerous—and even disastrous—extremes of overestimation and overzealousness.

I recall the case of a brilliant and highly capable businessman—Bill Smith is as good a name for him as any—whose optimism helped him greatly in establishing and operating several manufacturing firms that showed good profits and great promise. Unfortunately, all of Bill Smith's business experience was obtained during a boom period. Consequently, his rosiest outlooks and hopes were always realized by developments in what was a steadily rising market.

Then, suddenly, there was a relatively mild economic recession. It was a time when seasoned businessmen pulled in their horns somewhat, did a little retrenching and proceeded cautiously while they waited for the business situa-

tion to become stabilized.

Bill Smith was totally unable to adjust to what, for him, were new and unfamiliar conditions. His habits of optimism and enthusiasm were too deeply ingrained. Instead of applying his brakes, he continued to move at full speed, supremely confident that everything would turn out fine.

Within a very short time, Smith had bitten off far more than he could chew under the business conditions that then prevailed. He overextended himself and his companies and eventually went bankrupt.

It is the widespread custom to say that people "develop" good habits and "fall into" bad ones. The implication, of course, is that the former are difficult to achieve, that the individual must make a constant conscious effort to form them, while he will slide easily and effortlessly into the latter. This is true—but needlessly so and almost solely because of the perversity of human nature.

Actually, a habit is a habit. There should be no valid reason why it is any more difficult to form good ones than bad.

For instance, I—along with a great many others—contend that promptness, or the lack of it, is largely a matter of habit. One either forms the good habit of being on time—or forms the bad habit of being chronically tardy.

It is to any individual's advantage and best interests to be prompt, whether it is in keeping an appointment, paying a debt, meeting an obligation or keeping a promise of any kind.

The habitually late dinner guest discommodates his hosts and the others who have been invited to the affair. He quickly becomes unpopular and, sooner or later, he is dropped from guest lists.

Habitual promptness is an especially valuable asset for any businessman. That ancient adage "Time is money" has always been valid and it is more valid today than ever before.

The pace and complexity of contemporary business place a premium on every hour and minute. Businessmen and executives must run their workdays on the tightest of schedules. They cannot afford to waste their productive time any more than they can afford to have needless stoppages on the production line.

Witness the constantly increasing number of corporations that operate their own aircraft so that they can move their executives from one place to another faster—to get them wherever they must go on time. There are more than 34,000 corporate aircraft in the United States today. General Motors, for example, maintains a fleet of 22 planes.

Montgomery Ward openly admits that the cost of flying its executives aboard its

own aircraft is a third more than it would be to send them to their destinations on regular scheduled airline flights. But the use of corporate planes saves nearly 60 percent of the company executives' traveling time—and Montgomery Ward, like so many other companies, understands that the time saved is well worth the additional cost.

In short, the man who is where he said he would be at the time he promised to be there is not only making an excellent impression, he is saving—and thereby making—money for himself or for his company.

The need for promptness extends to every phase of business. The businessmen and firms most likely to succeed are those that fill their orders, deliver their merchandise, provide their services, pay their bills and meet their notes and other obligations on time.

Customers who are made to wait for delivery on their orders beyond the promised time are likely to place their next orders elsewhere. Individuals and firms that pay their bills when they fall due establish good credit ratings—while those that lag behind soon find that it becomes extremely difficult or impossible for them to obtain credit anywhere.

Notwithstanding the countless advantages of habitual promptness, there are those who form the habit of being late regardless of the consequences. It is perversity, laziness and lack of foresight that cause an individual to form the habit of being tardy—just as it is these same factors that cause most people to form most of the habits that harm them and their business careers.

Thrift is another habit that can be formed—and that very often adds a deciding ingredient to any business success formula. Common sense should prove to any person that it is sound policy to economize wherever it is reasonably practicable to do so.

This holds true from the bottom up. Assume that a man wants to start in business for himself. In order to do this, he must have at least some capital, no matter what the business may be.

In most cases, there are only three avenues open to him for obtaining that capital. He can provide it from his own savings, get it by taking in a partner or partners, or borrow it.

If the money is his own from the start, the business, too, will be his own. If, however, he has to take in partners, he will own only part of the business and will have to share its profits. And, if he borrows money, the loan must be repaid—almost invariably with interest, which reduces the profits.

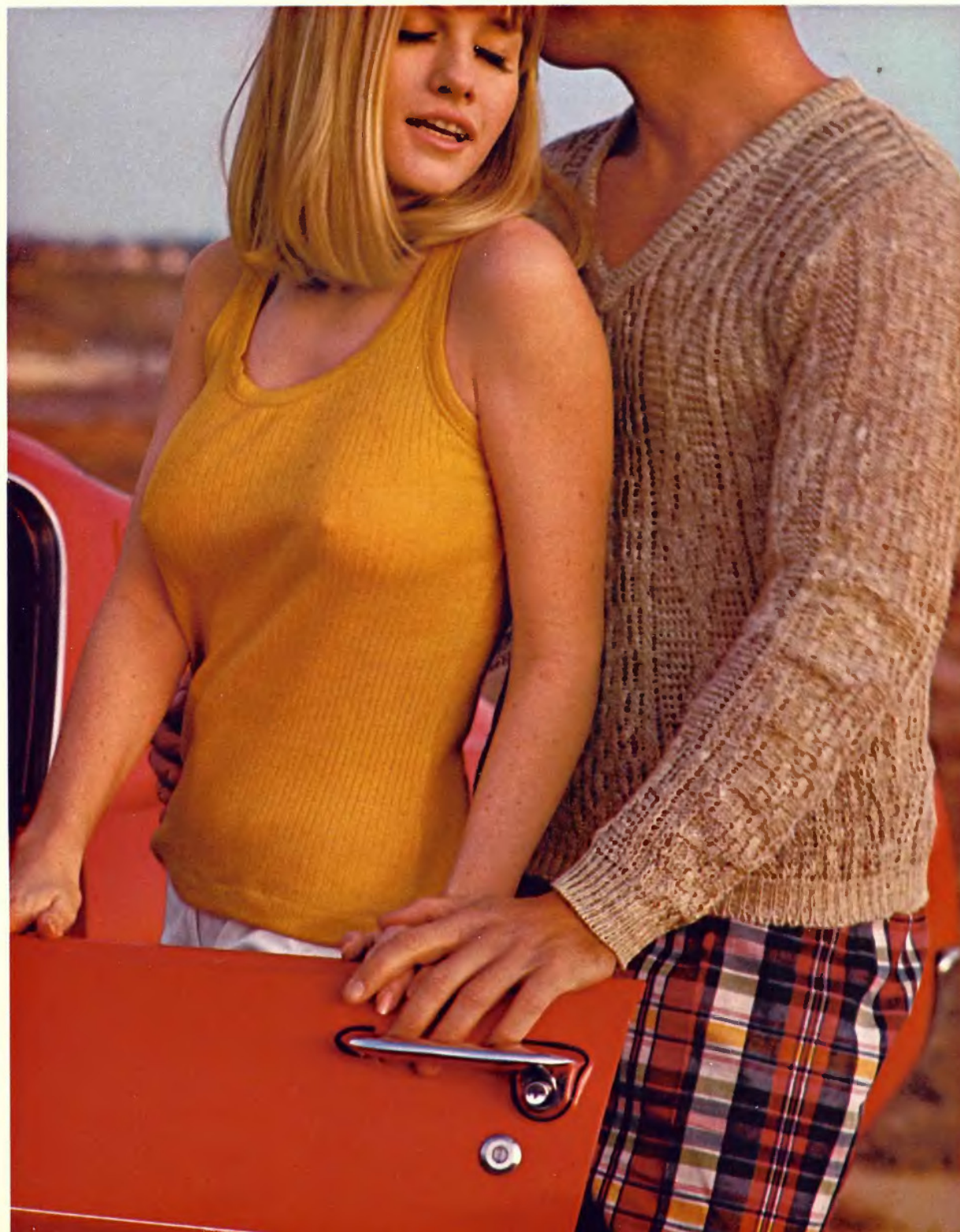
Once he has started a business, an individual who is naturally thrifty will have an infinitely greater chance for success than another of equal ability who does not possess this quality. The

(continued on page 168)



# Playboy's *Spring* & *Summer* Fashion Forecast

*the definitive statement on the coming trends in menswear and accessories*







*Preceding page: A colorful couple begins our warm-weather forecast dressed for an early-morning drive by the ocean. He is in a linen and rayon fisherman's-knit pullover, by Himalaya, \$13, and imported Indian cotton madras tailored swim trunks, by Kingswood, \$12. Above: A briefly clad twosome is ready for a dip. The fellow is set in a pace-setting black suit with white zip front and top pocket, by Kingswood, \$7. Right: A happy pairing legs it out of the briny and heads for an after-swim libation. Chap is decked out in a cotton-knit "bicycle" shirt, \$5, and matching stretch cotton-denim shorts with front web belt, \$7, both by Jantzen, topped with an Italian raffia hat, by Cap Crafters, \$4.*



attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

WHEN SOME nameless English bard sang that "sumer is icumen in," he was probably lucky if he could find a decent jerkin to wear at Runnymede for the signing of the Magna Charta. When warm weather begins to break on the scene these days, however, a man is often even luckier if he can pick his way through the sometimes bewildering array of new styles and costumery that is served up each year for every summertime activity from country-club dancing to keeping cool on the way to work.

To help our readers select a summer wardrobe that is stylishly correct and in keeping with today's active outdoor life, we herewith present the results of our labors—an item-by-item check list of predictions of the best in warm-weather fashions to come.

**SUITS:** We see two important new trends in suits coming up this season. The first is in subtle new uses of silk and imitation silk. The heavy-looking nubs of the past have been brought down to give these styles a smooth-textured appearance. While there will still be surface interest in the material, the tone will be soft and understated. Price tags on these suits will meander from the economy to the luxury class, but good fashion buys should be available in all ranges. The big colors will be natural-looking tans, grays and other light shades. A second direction we predict and endorse heartily is the revival of stripes for summer suits. The slightly formal-looking (*text continued on page 107*)



*Above right: The guy is handsomely protected in a one-way water fight with a coated-nylon zip-front parka, by Marshall Ray, \$12. Right: He plays it safe in a water-repellent cotton-velour suede pullover that should be popular, by Marshall Ray, \$15, and Dacron and poplin shorts, by H.I.S., \$6.*











*Above left: A perfect pairing for the fairways, with the golfer wearing an alpaca and wool links-stitch Arnold Palmer cardigan with modified bell sleeves, by Robert Bruce, \$22, over tapered Dacron and rayon slacks, by Contact, \$8, topped with a patched madras cloth hat, by Cap Crafters, \$6. Above right: After the match our two-some relaxes in casual comfort. He is in a three-button Arnel and cotton oxford-weave jacket, \$30, worn over tapered canary-colored slacks with coordinating regimental striped ribbon belt, \$13, both by Palm Beach, a buttondown oxford cotton shirt, by Van Heusen-417, \$5, and a paisley-patterned silk ascot, by Handcraft, \$6.*



*Left: Our gent, not at all disturbed by his surfeit of honeys, strikes a forward-looking fashion pose in a Dacron and wool hopsack jacket, by Worsted-Tex, \$45, toned with darker-olive tropical wool trousers, by Newman, \$28.50, and touched off with an imported line-plaid cotton buttondown shirt, by Wren, \$7, and silk ascot, by Handcraft, \$5. Right: A nautical flair for dry land is predicted with the guy's being properly admired in a denim-blue flax and rayon linen-weave one-button jacket, by Phoenix, \$40, contrasted with Dacron and cotton slacks, by Contact, \$8, a cotton broadcloth tapered shirt, by Truval, \$4, and imported ascot, by Sulka, \$6.50.*







*Left: Swinging in the rain: Our man in the foreground dons a Dacron and cotton classic trench coat, making a comeback, by London Fog, \$45. The lad in the rear is in a cotton poplin double-breasted trench coat with full leather-buckle belt and storm-closure collar, by Cortefiel, \$60. Right: A swain is nuzzled in a jumbo-pattern water-repellent cotton coat, by Alligator, \$30. His outfit is completed by a cotton oxford snap-tab-collar shirt, by Manhattan, \$5, and silk tie, by Wembley, \$2.50.*

thin stripe that had been the province of the fall and winter business suit now definitely belongs in your warm-weather wardrobe as well. These muted summer styles offer new possibilities for plain and fancy stripe combinations. You can contrast a thin-lined suit with a broad-striped colored shirt and add a close-striped tie to complete the coordination.

No matter how much of a traditionalist you've been in the past, try to relax and break out of the rigidity of "button-down living" this summer. Expand your wardrobe with the latest in menswear—the shaped suit. You will hear it referred to as "shaped," "fitted," "body-traced," or whatever else the local jargon whips up. Essentially, the style is another example of the revival of British-type tailoring we noted in our *European Fashion Dateline* (February 1965) now adapted for American warm-weather wear. It gives the appearance of custom tailoring without the tight sharpness of the old Continental styling.

We can happily predict that natural-color suits will be showing up everywhere. This one-tone natural was an absolute must in a gentleman's wardrobe during the 1930s. Now it is a pleasure to put our own push behind its return

*Left: Dressed to suit the quiet mood, the chap sports a Dacron and cotton blazer, \$35, with coordinated slacks and ribbon belt, \$13, both by Palm Beach. The cotton buttondown shirt, by Eagle, \$6.50, is set off by an alpaca knit tie, by Taylor, \$3.50. Right: Young executive wears a Dacron and wool muted herringbone two-button suit, by Michaels-Stern, \$75, with buttondown cotton broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, \$9, silk tie, by Resilio, \$3.50, and poplin rain hat, by Cap Crafters, \$5.*







*Above: A flash of bright color frames a pensive miss. Her date is casually correct in an imported Indian hand-woven bleeding cotton madras three-button sports jacket we predict will be a big hit this season, by M. Wile, \$30.*

to the wardrobe fold. It is worn to best effect with a colored shirt and tie, a strong paisley or patterned pocket square and topped with a jaunty straw.

SPORTS JACKETS AND COLOR COORDINATES: The silken trend in suits will be carried over into sports clothes. But here the style comes off best using rough-texture silk tweeds, bold diagonals or large-scale herringbones. We also

*Left: A couple enjoys a quiet moment after the club dance. The gentleman dons a PLAYBOY-inspired country formal jacket of Dacron and cotton seersucker, \$55, over mohair and worsted evening trousers, \$40, pleated cotton shirt, \$8, all by After Six. Right: Our revels are softly ended as the fellow wears an Irish linen and rayon double-breasted jacket, by Stanley Blacker, \$45, over striped cord slacks, by Cracker Barrel, \$17, an oxford buttondown shirt, by Eagle, \$6.50, and a silk tie, by Fabiani, \$6.50.*







anticipate there will be a great many patternless solid-color jackets available in a new range of soft ice-cream shades such as lemon, lime, orange and blue. Like the Mississippi, madras just keeps rolling along and will hold its position as a summer classic. But denims and seersuckers will be strong again this year, with new patterns and large, bright stripes. The blazer is another warm-weather indestructible and will be seen this spring in a variety of materials from natural linen to the classic navy-blue hopsack. If you like to create an avant-garde effect, try the combination of a solid-color double-breasted blazer with checked slacks and white shoes.

The idea of a color coordinate, where the manufacturer makes an entirely complemented outfit of slacks and jacket designed to be sold together, is something we have been advocating for a long time. This season, we are pleased to report, there will be a great many excellent coordinates around in all colors and combinations.

**SLACKS AND SHORTS:** Slacks will certainly continue on in the slim, cuffless tradition. Many will be making the scene with coordinated self-belts of the same material as the trouser fabric.

Belted slacks in light, bright shades are better than par for golf. Moderately tapered slacks are best for country wear. Adjustable tab slacks in dark and medium shades are always appropriate for business or town wear. White cottons are still standard for boating and the shore. The range in slacks fabrics seems almost endless—hopsackings, sharkskins, flannels, worsteds, linens, homespuns, poplins and twills will all be readily available.

It figures that the best tailoring elements in slacks should carry over to walk shorts and offer such popular features as wide belt loops and fancy L-shaped pockets. Patch madras and madras plaids will continue in high favor with the walk-short set, along with stripes and checks. For the studied casual look of an upbeat beachcomber, there will be cutoff jeans in white and tan denim.

**SHIRTS AND SWEATERS:** The shirt jac, a casual style worn outside the trousers, is something we have boosted since its first appearance (*The Playboy Shirt-Jacket*, PLAYBOY, March 1963). This should be a big year for the jac, and the choice in fabrics, collar styles and patterns will be broad. There will also be some very handsome rough-textured models on the market, but you might do well to check before buying and be sure you are physically comfortable in them. Many are too heavy for warm-weather wear to suit our taste.

A vote for high honors among new jacs goes to a series of tricot styles in acetate and acetate-and-rayon blends. Tricot had a surge as a shirt fabric back in the early 1950s, but was plagued by an irksome tendency to cling, and practically disappeared. Since then there have been many improvements in the fabric. It tailors well and keeps the airy construction that first made it popular, but without sticking. We see tricot now getting the second chance it deserves.

Sports-minded knit shirts will again be very much part of the summer scene. The Henley shirt in striped textures, terrycloth, and even velour, will be around, as well as pullovers and button-front cardigan models.

Collared sport shirts will present a broad spectrum of weaves and yarn sizes. Among the best bets we see are a cotton that looks like linen, a pin dot and a lightweight Bedford cord. This year you will also begin to see a number of sport-shirt and cardigan-sweater combinations being sold.

The sweater has been pigeonholed for far too long as strictly something to keep you warm in cold weather. We have always believed that this versatile garment should be used as a fashion accessory in all seasons. This season, manufacturers have answered our call and will be turning out a number of excellent lightweight sweaters that can be worn in any weather and still be comfortable. The big news will be in textured fabrics, including bouclé, linen and synthetic blends, as well as subtle knitted cable effects. Alpaca has reached the classic stage by now. Particularly appropriate for golfing, it is good anywhere. In the less exotic materials, you will be able to take your choice of V necks, burly and nubby lightweight cottons, fisherman's knits, bantamweight wools and pastel-toned brushed-mohair blends. The newest sweater idea this spring is a velvety, lush-knit velour in cotton or synthetics, which we recommend highly for the club or beach.

In pullovers, we like the new scrambled links that give the sweater a handmade look. Cashmere, as always, will score well. But if your budget doesn't allow that luxury, you can settle for Orlon or lamb's wool. In many cases it takes a real pro to tell the difference. Take a look at some of the cardigans with sueded trim and bold stitching that give a flavor of elegance not often seen in men's woolen goods. If you can carry off the Continental flair of Italian-style knits, you will have a good selection this spring. The layered winter sweater that looks like a turtleneck under a pullover, but is actually one garment, has been adapted in lightweight yarns and will be

reappearing as casual summerwear.

**RAINCOATS AND OUTERWEAR:** History forgets the name of the World War I British officer who first fastened hand grenades to his raincoat and then wore the outfit into the trenches. But Humphrey Bogart certainly made the style stick, and now Sean Connery carries it on. Undoubtedly spurred by the adventurous doings of 007, we feel the trench coat coming back again stronger than ever under the cover of a rash of subtle variations. Some strive for the authentic look of the bulky British version with full shoulders and chest and plenty of flair below the belt line. These coats have all the bits and pieces of the traditional trench—full belt, back yoke, gun patch, epaulets, D rings, storm tab, et al. There will also be a number of slimmed-down versions which have eliminated many of the frills and are cut to a narrower silhouette. A single-breasted version is in the offing which technically isn't a trench coat at all, but retains the martial air of the original. Black, tan or natural, off-white and olive will be the big colors for the coat, and a few medium shades in muted patterns will be around to give you a wider choice.

You should also find some very good short raincoats, cut well above the knees. This style looks as if it has the makings of a real trend, so if you are in the market for new rainwear, check to be sure you are not buying a coat that might shortly become outdated.

A new trend in outerwear will be splashy linings that offer everything in the way of artwork from interesting abstract designs to full-scale paintings.

For the really informal occasion, be it a golfing date or a beach picnic, there will be a wide assortment of "pull-ons" available. One we like is a lightweight parka that comes in vinyl-coated fabrics and can double as foul-weather gear or as after-swimming wear for the sunniest of days. This style will be out in nylon taffeta, duck, chambray and madras, as well as a nylon that's printed to look like madras. It comes fitted with zippers and snap fasteners.

New, high-style cardigans that can be classed as jackets because of their laminated sleeves and backs with suede fronts, will be out this spring, along with corduroys and cotton suede leisure jackets in every style from button-front blouses to bush coats.

**SWIMWEAR:** In swimsuits you will be seeing some colorful adaptations of old school and club tie techniques. Professional competition stripes, which originated at the surfing clubs of Waikiki Beach, have been adapted and make for a striking appearance anywhere. This big swim short is a copy of the real  
(concluded on page 171)



# DOUBLE TAKE

*there on the old fifth avenue  
bus, enveloped by the mists  
of time, he fell in love with a  
hauntingly beautiful stranger  
fiction*

**By JACK FINNEY**

WHEN JESSICA WALKED into the club car, everyone knew with one startled glance that this was somebody special, someone important, and I sat watching their eyes and mouths pop open. Out of the world's three billion people there can't be more than, say, a hundred women like Jessica Maxwell. Her red-brown hair was thick and shining with health, her brown eyes magnificent, her complexion so flawless your fingers ached to touch it, her figure marvelous. But that doesn't tell you how beautiful she was; I can only say that if you were staggering toward a hospital with three bullets in your chest, you'd stop and turn to stare after Jessica if she walked past.

She said, "Hi, Jake," smiled so that an actual chill ran up my spine, and sat down beside me. People sat sipping drinks, glancing out windows, turning pages and sneaking looks, but I was pretty sure no one actually recognized her. She'd been in only two pictures, in small parts; on the screen less than a minute in one of them. But of course they knew she almost had to be in pictures; we were out of Los Angeles station only 20 minutes, and with looks like hers what else could she be?

We talked, I made a joke or so, she laughed delightedly, and every man in the car sat sizing me up, eyes narrowed, resentful, wondering who the hell I was to be with a girl like Jess. Well, I wondered, too. I work for the same studio, and was in love with Jessie or close to it, but who wasn't? I didn't even know her well—just through this one picture—and I'm only a dialog director. Eventually I'll be a director, maybe a very damn good one, but no one else knows that, and right now I'm not much in job or looks, either. I'm only average height, skinny, 26, name of Jake Pelman, and slightly homely. I freely admit I'd rather be





handsome, taller, heavier, the world's finest rumba dancer, and a master with foil and *épée*. But as things stood, I had to wonder why a girl like Jess had asked me, even urged me, to take the train with her. We were going to New York on location to make a few last scenes for the picture, most of which had already been filmed at the studio, and everyone else in the unit was flying, of course: it's a long trip. So with Jess and me alone, and nothing else to do but get better acquainted, my hopes were high.

"Jake, would you like to come back to my bedroom?" Jessie said after ten minutes or so, and I allowed as how I would, and stood up. A minute later she was unfasting her bag, handing me a script and explaining that three uninterrupted days on the train were a wonderful chance to get her New York scenes to perfection. Would I mind helping? Read through the scenes with her, and coach her? It was why she'd wanted me to come along, she explained innocently; at least I think it was innocently.

After a few stunned seconds in which I stood hooting with inaudible invisible jeering laughter at myself and my hopes, I said I'd be glad to, and we settled down to work on Jessie's scenes for most of the next three days. I didn't blame her; these final few scenes were the biggest of the picture for Jessie. One in particular—we worked on it through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and almost to Grand Central Station—was her chance to be noticed, and she knew it. Maybe every actor or actress has a part like this early in his or her career: the big one, the one that counts if only you recognize it. Jessie did: she understood instinctively that this particular scene in this particular picture was her first step, and one she had to take, toward stardom or oblivion.

We worked. We also had an occasional drink in the club car, ate our meals together, sat and talked or read, even played a little gin, and got to know each other. But mostly we worked on that scene. In the picture Jess was the daughter of a woman speak-easy owner in New York, played by the star; like most other studios these days, we were making a picture set in the 1920s. In her big scene, Jess was in love with a much older man, and was heartbroken when he left her. An hour and a half out of New York, Jessie laid her script on the seat beside her and said, "I'm not getting it, am I, Jake? I'm no closer than the day we started," and the truth was no; she wasn't getting it at all.

But I wasn't that truthful. I shrugged, looked thoughtful, then said, "It still needs work, Jess, but it'll come. Right now, though, let it alone; drop it. Forget it till you work out in New York with the actor. Ernie'll be there; he'll help."

Ernie Wyke was the director, a good one; I'd learned from him and would learn more. But I knew he wasn't going to be able to help Jessie.

I knew it because now I knew something else; that she didn't give a damn about me. She was a beautiful girl, and a nice one; I'd have liked Jess if she'd been homely. She had none of the arrogant defensiveness of so many very good-looking women. But now I knew she was selfish. Not in an unpleasant way; she liked me, she liked most of the people around her, out of her own naturally cheerful nature. But all she was really interested in was her own ambition and self. And why not? She was only 20; plenty of child in her yet. When she'd lived longer I was certain she'd change; she was warmhearted and there were reserves of sympathy and understanding still untouched in her. But before she changed, her career could be finished. Sometime tomorrow she'd have to seem before the camera what she might need years to become, and I knew she couldn't do it.

She wasn't getting this part because she didn't understand it. She couldn't feel what the character she was playing felt, which was love. She could play young love. On the screen with a young handsome man, all Jessie had to do was say she loved him and the audience believed her; they did her work for her. But now she had to show them that she was in love with a man more than old enough to be her father, be heartbroken when he left her, and make the audience believe every word and moment. And because this career-anxious girl had never let herself know what love was, she couldn't imagine or feel it now. Riding along beside the Hudson talking with Jessie, pretty sure I was in love with her now, I knew she was going to flop and that there was nothing to do about it. She didn't know, though; Ernie was going to show her how.

• • •

In New York, Al Berg, the unit manager, had booked Jessie for the Plaza, and had me miles away, at the Gramercy Park. Al had also found an empty two-story brownstone house just off lower Fifth Avenue, the street on which all our shooting would take place. He'd rented the house as a unit headquarters for our day of filming, so after I checked into the hotel and changed into wash slacks and a checked shirt, I walked over.

It was a fine spring night, temperature about 70. Passing Gramercy Park on the way to Fifth, I could smell cut grass and see the new green of the tree leaves in the light from the street lamps. Then, walking down the east side of Fifth toward Washington Square, I saw why we were filming down here. This part of Fifth Avenue hadn't really changed too

much since the Twenties. Some of it had changed, of course; there were big new apartment buildings. But the location department had found stretches of several blocks that still looked, so they said, very much as they had in the middle Twenties. It's a nice part of town, usually quiet and—it's always seemed to me—a little separate from the noisy, always-changing rest of New York.

Our headquarters, I saw when I got to the old house, would do very well for a short scene we had: Jessie walking down the front steps pulling on a pair of gloves. And I knew Al probably had a use for every room inside. In the living room he had some rented furniture, and four members of the unit were sitting around talking; the front door and all windows were wide open and, because there were no screens, the lights were out, though there was a fair amount of light from a street lamp just outside. Sitting there drinking coffee or soft drinks were Alice Weeks, Oscar Jorgensen, a girl I didn't know and a young guy in a T-shirt who was a camera assistant. I nodded at him and spoke to Alice, who was in charge of our costumes—a tall thin woman in her 40s wearing a summer dress. Oscar, who was in shirt sleeves, was our property man—thin, middle-aged, bald and permanently worried. He introduced me to the girl, who was sitting sideways on a window ledge, one of her feet up on the sill. She was wearing black stretch pants and a very loose hip-length blouse with big wide horizontal stripes. As I thought, she was an actress, an extra hired here in New York for a walk-on part.

I sat down, and took some kidding about having come to New York by train; this was mostly speculation over whether my reason was cowardice about flying, lechery for Jessie Maxwell, or both. This was the lull before the storm, and I sat enjoying having nothing to do. The following morning the rest of the unit would arrive and the work and confusion would begin. Some 30 to 40 people would be here: carpenters, electricians, grips and gaffers, a cameraman who did not operate the camera, camera operators and assistants who did, a sound mixer, boom man, recorder and cableman, make-up men, hairdressers, special-effects man, a check woman, script girl, and a dozen others including a couple of whistlers and wigwags, who are the guys who blow whistles and wave flags to keep people from walking onto sets after shooting starts. All these people with all their equipment, including a few hundred miles of cable, would begin getting in one another's way, apparently. Actually they'd be working together in that amazing cooperation of a hundred disparate skills that gets the little tiny pictures onto the little squares of film.

(continued overleaf)





*"... And the job actually combines the best parts of marriage and a career!"*



Oscar Jorgensen hadn't said much, and pretty soon he walked to one of the open windows and stood there, hands in pockets, staring out. The camera assistant, whose name, I remembered now, was Joe Lani, said, "Don't worry, Oscar; if we have to, we'll push it for you."

Oscar just said, "Yeah," without turning around.

I said, "What's the trouble?"

"He's worried about the bus."

"Didn't it get here?" For a moment I was panicky; we had to use this bus in our two biggest scenes.

"Oh, it got here all right," Oscar said.

"Is it OK?"

"Sure. We lashed it to a flatcar with cable, covered it with plastic sheeting and put a waterproof tarp over that. I saw to it myself; it got here OK."

I smiled, thinking about the bus. This was one of the old, blunt-nosed, green-and-cream Fifth Avenue buses with open-air seats up on a top deck that you reached by climbing a winding staircase at the back. For all I knew, this was the only one left in the world; they'd last used them in New York years ago. The studio had bought it then, directly from the bus company; it still had its original 1926 license plates. They'd shipped it 3000 miles to Hollywood and used it on an indoor street-set in a picture about New York of the time. Now, 30-odd years later, for a picture about that same but now-vanished New York, they shipped the bus back to be filmed on the streets. Hollywood has changed a lot, but in some ways it never disappoints you. I said, "Where is it now?"

"Half a block from here. There's a new apartment building near University Place, not quite finished, no tenants in yet. Al rented the garage in the basement, and it's in there. We trucked it over covered with the tarp, so we wouldn't get a crowd."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"It came a day late; less than two hours ago. I wanted to drive it, test it out in the railroad yard. It's got to work tomorrow morning for absolute sure." He shrugged, worriedly. "It's probably all right. I had it in perfect shape when we left; no reason it shouldn't be now."

"Couldn't you drive it now, Oscar? Around the block a couple times just to be certain?"

Alice said, "The cops, Jake, boy. They'd yak if it drew a crowd, and hand us a ticket for expired license plates."

I nodded. In most cities the police will let a movie company do almost anything: block off streets all day and paint the city hall in stripes. But movie companies are no novelty or joy to the New York cops, and if you mess up traffic by not following their orders, they'll throw you out. I said, "What about later tonight? There wouldn't be enough people out to get a crowd."

"I'd like to," Oscar said, turning around. "Hell, I've got to. You think it's OK, Jake?"

"Sure, if you wait till after midnight." I smiled with sudden pleasure. "And when you do, I want to ride along. That'll be a sight, an old double-decker trundling down Fifth again. You won't get a crowd, but a few people will see us and think they're out of their minds."

Everybody smiled, and Joe Lani said, "Hey, Alice; you brought uniforms, didn't you? Bus driver and conductor?"

"Of course."

"Well, if a couple of us put them on, that'd really be a sight!"

Even Oscar grinned, against his will, and the girl on the window sill said, "If my costume's here, too, can I come along?"

And that set us off. Everybody in the room was putting down his cup or pop bottle, then we all piled upstairs. Alice had her costumes in an empty bedroom, locked in their stenciled, olive-drab, heavy plywood shipping cases. Then, cautioning us, warning us what she'd do if we damaged or lost a thread of her costumes, cursing us out in advance, she handed them out: conductor's uniform and fare collector for Joe; a suit, white shirt, bow tie and black shoes for me; a pair of dresses, hats and purses of the Twenties for herself and the girl; and of course Oscar took the bus driver's uniform for himself; no one else was going to drive that bus. During this—I heard the cab door slam downstairs—Jessie arrived, heard us, came up, and we briefed her on what was going on, and of course she wanted to go, too.

Alice gave her, along with the full set of warnings she'd given us, one of the three costumes Jessie would wear during filming; then we all went to the dressing rooms—two bedrooms fitted out with portable make-up tables and lighted mirrors. My outfit was too big, and Joe's uniform too small, so we traded and I became the bus conductor. I was just as glad. The 1926 suit was authentic but not much different from Ivy League suits of today, and I thought I cut a more interesting figure as the conductor.

Downstairs we looked one another over. The women looked great. They wore the kind of costumes we've all become pretty familiar with lately: the short skirts, oddly placed hiplines, the tight-fitting felt hats. Jessie looked terrific; it's hard to believe that a fallible, mortal human being could be so beautiful. She has spectacularly handsome legs, and of course this outfit showed them off; I think that's one reason she got the part. Her dress and hat, which were powder blue, had been made especially for her, and in some way I don't understand they'd been subtly modernized. They were like the others, yet not quite,

so that Jess didn't really look strange or old-fashioned, but just magnificently beautiful. The other two—the girl in a peach-colored dress and Alice in tan—looked OK, and so did Joe. Oscar and I didn't look like much of anything in a couple of worn-looking blue uniforms and caps with shiny black peaks.

We had to wait for over an hour; Oscar wouldn't start till 12:30. So we sat around downstairs talking, excited, laughing a lot. Alice wouldn't let us smoke for fear of burning a hole in one of her costumes, and whenever one of us went to the kitchen and came back with coffee, she made him drink standing up and leaning forward so as not to spill a drop on her outfits.

At half past 12 we all walked half a block east and across the street to the new apartment building, then down a ramp of new white concrete, and through the entrance to the basement garage; it was high-ceilinged just here, designed so that a moving van could back right in and up to the doors of a service elevator. Oscar snapped on a light switch, and there she stood like a great square elephant covered by a big brown-canvas tarpaulin. Joe and I helped Oscar drag it off, then I stood smiling with pleasure. I'd been a little kid when I'd last seen one of these, but I remembered everything I saw now: the boxlike metal hood over the motor, surmounted by a radiator cap; the green metal-spoked wheels and hard-rubber tires; the upward-slanting sides, the rattly wood-framed windows; and way up on top, the metal-grilled wooden-railed fence enclosing the outdoor seats of varnished wood. They were fine old buses, a joy to ride, even if a shade less profitable than the miserable monsters they have now, and I was glad to see one again.

She started up quickly enough, Joe cranking the engine after Oscar showed him how. For maybe a minute Oscar idled the motor, then he smiled and beckoned us in. I told Joe to turn off the garage lights; he obeyed automatically, and while he was doing that I got into the bus and sat down next to Jessie. We smiled at each other, the garage lights went off and Oscar turned on his headlights. He shifted gears, Joe hopped on and Oscar pulled up the ramp in low. We drove west three quarters of a block to Fifth, Oscar listening to the engine with his head cocked. It sounded fine, the chain drive grinding away smoothly just as I remembered.

At Fifth Oscar stopped, and a very nice coincidence happened, one that pleased us all. A car drove past the front of the bus, and it was one of those magnificently restored old cars, a handsome square-topped sedan looking as good as the day it was new, which was probably

(continued on page 140)



# PLAYMATE PLAY-OFF

Jo Collins

China Lee

Astrid Schulz

*cast your vote for playmate of the year  
from among this trio of comely candidates*

FOR THE SECOND TIME in our 11 years of publishing, the editors of PLAYBOY have been unable to accomplish the pleasant task of selecting one Playmate of the Year from among the past annum's delightful dozen. After several recounts, the voting remained deadlocked in a three-way tie among the comely centerfold charmers whose names appear above. Turning, therefore, to a procedure established two years ago in a similarly contested race, we again ask our readers to cast the tie-breaking votes and choose the lucky miss who will be our reigning Playmate during the coming year. In return, we will present a pictorial uncoverage of the winner as soon as the final tally is in. The candidates: Top: Bright-eyed Jo Collins (Miss December), an aspiring actress, successful fashion and television model and amateur painter-photographer who, at 19, is rapidly adding new dimensions (36-24-36) to the Hollywood scene. At presstime, Jo was preparing for her first video role, signing a new TV modeling contract, and taking jazz-dancing lessons in her few remaining free hours. Center: Scrutable China Lee (Miss August) calls Chicago her home, but, at 22, has traveled all over the nation as a Playboy Club Training Bunny. An accomplished sportswoman and seasoned performer, with two film appearances plus an LP and a hit single to her recording credits, China's talented resources (35-22-35) will receive further recognition this year when she cuts several new vocal sides for Ava Records and plays a significant cinematic role in an upcoming 20th Century-Fox release. Bottom: Sultry Astrid Schulz (Miss September), a quadrilingual Hollandaise beauty with a European background in ballet, light opera and high fashion, also figures (36-23-36) as a strong contender for Playmate-of-the-Year honors. Since her arrival in this country, Astrid has landed parts in two films and made her TV debut on the *Kraft Suspense Theater*. Just back from a homecoming trip to the Netherlands, Astrid has been booked to do a Warner Brothers teleplay and a series of modeling assignments for French designer Georgette Trilere. As you can happily see, the members of this talented trio bear attractive similarities—dark hair, dark eyes and promising careers in the performing arts. Therefore, in order to clarify the issue, we have provided the following six pages of photo reportage on each candidate's qualifications, along with her personal campaign pitch. Gentlemen, we await your mandate.







## Jo Collins

*"Being elected Playmate of the Year would be the wildest thing that's ever happened to me. Not only would I get the chance to travel around the country representing America's greatest magazine—I'd be paid for the privilege, besides. I could use the bonus money to study dramatics, and the publicity would undoubtedly be a big help to my career. But to tell the truth, I want to win simply because it would be a gas!"*













## China Lee

*"A vote for me would serve notice to the entire world that the popular image of the shy and retiring Oriental female is long overdue for a change. Of course, the money and prizes would be a kick, and the fame would probably enhance the sales of my new records. But since I consider being a Bunny my main career, my purpose in winning would be to show every young Oriental girl how silly it is to hide her beauty for tradition's sake."*







## *Astrid Schulz*

*"I can think of no higher honor for a newcomer to this country than to be chosen Playmate of the Year. I think the whole idea of PLAYBOY and its Playmates is as American as apple pie and coffee, and winning this election would certainly be the finest example of American hospitality that I have ever experienced. Needless to say, my theatrical ambitions would also get a big boost out of it."*









*"Can anyone beat my pair?"*





## pomposity repaid by a knave



Ribald Classic  
from *Les Cent  
Nouvelles Nouvelles*

THERE ONCE LIVED in France a sly and diligent collector of dues who, after much tenacity and travail, obtained the attentions of the lusty wife of a pompous neighbor. Deft was the official's guidance of the liaison to a stage where the woman promised him that they would frolic merrily the first night her husband departed on a journey.

In good time their opportunity arrived. No sooner was the husband gone than the wife leaped nimbly into the bed of the jovial collector. Alongside stood a tray of spices and sweets laid to keep the gamesters nourished against the rigors of their games. Yet hardly had their play begun when loud knocks sounded on the door, followed by the strident voice of the husband, unexpectedly returned and demanding admittance.

Knowing that to delay his immediate entrance would arouse his suspicions (since the collector, in securing the friendship of the husband and, hence, of his spouse, had encouraged such frequent and unannounced visits), the superbly self-confident lover, bidding the terrified wife to conceal herself under the bedclothing, at once opened the door, then with speed returned to his bed.

"I had traveled but a short distance when I remembered a request I had intended to ask of you," said the husband, entering the bedroom. "It is that you watch over my wife while I am away. She is such a timid morsel, easily affrighted."

"Of course," answered the collector from his bed. "Had I a wife, you would do the same for me, I am sure."

Observing then the table laden high with exotic viands and noting the form of another in the bed, the husband broke into a short snicker and called the collector a philanderer.

"Little time you will have to watch over

my wife tonight!" said he. "Master seducer, you should at least show me the wench!"

Whereupon, candle in hand, he attempted to remove the bedclothing from his quivering wife, making such a plague of himself that the collector finally showed him not all the strumpet, but only her derriere. "What!" cried the husband. "If I were not certain my yokemate was at home, I would swear this was her backside before me."

"What little honor you ascribe to your faithful wife, sir," replied the collector indignantly, covering with a flourish the cheeks of his bedmate. "Return to your house and you will see her there."

"That I shall," replied the fool, "for if the truth be known, the sight of so comely a rump has made me greedy for certain pleasures which, unfortunately—and unlike you—I shall be forced to take with a mere wife." And, snickering still, he departed the house, leaving a chuckling collector and an almost hysterical spouse.

"Quick, my love!" whispered the seducer. "Go through the gate to your house. You will be there before he reaches it by the longer way around." While she gathered her apparel, he with speed instructed her in the manner in which she ought speak and act before the oaf—in accordance with a plan he was certain would further their liaison.

No sooner had the wife arrived home by the shorter route than she heard her husband's insistent blows upon the door.

"Who is it?" cried she in some heat.

"Your good husband."

"My husband! My husband has departed on a journey!"

"Open the door, wife!" bellowed the fool. "I cannot bear being away from your sweetness one night."

"Wicked whoremonger, whoever you are!" she returned. "I will not let you in here!" Whereupon she forced her spouse to spend the length of the night shivering upon the flagstones without their chamber door.


"Beast!" she screeched the following morning after allowing him to enter. "You feigned your departure in order to put me to a test! You are not worthy to be married to so chaste a woman as I!" On and on she raved, the very picture of outraged virtue, until her husband's fury, which had mounted during the night outside, was reduced, in order, to civility, appeasement, and then supplication.

"I realize my foolishness," the poor wretch moaned. "Last night I came from a place where there was much lechery, and I was not myself."

"I see!" the wanton raged. "Lecherous villain! Having satisfied your lust you come direct from a brothel to your chaste wife!"

"No, no," he whimpered. "In the name of heaven, let us not talk of it further."

Smiling to herself, the strumpet gradually ceased her tirade until, with a show of reluctance, she forgave him after he had promised at great length never again to give her any cause to suspect him of unfaithfulness. And thereafter she went often and without fear through the postern with a certain offering for the collector, for, as her sly lover had foreseen, from that day on her husband discovered many reasons why he should depart on many journeys from a wife who, strangely, was not sorely provoked by his absence.

—Retold by John D. Keefauver 



# OLD MAN PULASKI (continued from page 83)

were large, horsy and obscene, and a nine-year-old kid coming out of the gloom of half twilight grinning from ear to ear with a set of Pulaski's finest gleaming like nightmare fangs undoubtedly sent many a Friday-night pedestrian directly to the Salvation Army to take the pledge. We did not, however, frighten Miss Shields.

Surveying us, Miss Shields stood for a long moment beside her desk and then silently reached out her claw, palm upward, and said simply:

"Give them to me."

And one by one she defanged us, stashing the choppers in her lower-left-hand drawer along with 67 rubber daggers, 922 official Duncan competition yo-yos, 36 bird whistles, a round dozen Throw-UR-Voice ventriloquist gadgets purchased by mail from Johnson & Smith, 2 wax mice on a string, a lethal arsenal of water pistols, cap guns and carbide cannons—and 17 small, well-thumbed, smudgy volumes of pocket-size comic books picturing the clandestine adventures of Maggie and Jiggs. Miss Shields had seen a lot, and wax false teeth were just another wave in an endless sea of surrealistic nuttiness that she had fought all of her life.

Another wax specialty that had a certain illicit air about it was a small wax bottle filled with a colored, sickeningly sweet syrup, usually green or red in color, and a sure-fire appetite killer. These bottles had a vaguely illegal quality to them, since they had the unmistakable hint of jug hitting, and there was plenty of *that* on Saturday nights in our neighborhood. The bottles were *not* shaped in the form of milk containers; the kids were practicing to be grownups even then.

The wax itself was invariably chewed after the bottle had been drained or the false teeth had lost their charm, and had a distinctive, vaguely fragrant taste which even now I detect from time to time in coffee containers at ball games. An old wax eater never forgets.

Just before suppertime, Pulaski's would be packed with a jostling throng of customers. Guys from the open hearth wearing tin hats, buying next week's supply of weed: Old Virginia Licorice Twist, Honest Plug Tobacco, Dago Cigars and Peach Blossom Chewing Snuff. Short fat ladies haggling over soup meat. And kids making the big choice.

At this point, perhaps, I should describe the kaleidoscopic variety of penny candy that has become a classic substratum of Americana. No other country I know of has anything remotely like it.

JuJu Babies were exactly what they sound like—small, rubbery, symbolic fer-

tility figures of different colors—black, red, yellow—molded in the form of an archetypal infant. Sexless, the JuJu Baby represented all postnatal mankind, to be devoured by man himself—or, rather, boy. The JuJu Baby had a habit of getting stuck in the back teeth, and I remember a transparent yellow one that remained jammed immovably between two molars for the better part of three years. This was perhaps my first step in furthering the cause of dentistry.

There was also the root beer barrel, beloved of kids of slightly more advanced and subtle tastes. A small, compact item molded in the form of a tiny barrel, sprinkled over with sugar grains and tasting roughly like a fine blend of stale root beer and gritty cake icing. The root beer barrel had the extra advantage of being cheap. Since few kids bought them, they were roughly five to seven for a cent. Demand, never quality, always controls price.

For more frivolous eating, particularly for girl types, there was a tin pie plate about the size of a half dollar filled with a semisolid gloppy paste, usually pink, yellow or brown in color, that was dredged up with a tiny tin spoon. Many a tongue was split from end to end with the razorlike edge of this lethal instrument. The taste of these pies is not easy to define, since it had none other than a kind of electric, incisor-tingling, unidentifiable sweetness. There were no other flavors, despite the different colors.

Occasionally Pulaski would import a rarer item for his regular customers, exactly like the pie-tin-and-spoon combination except that the paste was in the shape of a tiny, tasteless but somehow subtly appetizing fried egg. I frankly admit I was a sucker for these fried eggs and had even developed a technique for eating them that I still follow today with the real article. Using my spoon to scoop out the brilliant orange "yolk," I would attack the white by quadrants and finally, after licking the pan, would throw it at the back of Zudock's head.

Licorice came in many forms and several distinct textures. There were, of course, the traditional smooth, shiny whips, red and black, which I hated. The only time I ever was cursed with these was when Aunt Clara, who to this day believes I am a nut on licorice, would bring a bag of them home to me. The licorice pipe, made of a more crumbly, bitter licorice, was more my style. A curving stem and upswept bowl of the classical calabash shape made the licorice barely palatable. Many an evening on my paper route, licorice pipe clamped in my square jaw, root beer barrel tucked next to the second-to-the-last molar on

the right, jawbreaker to the left, my tongue jet black, I sucked dextrose energy into the marrow of my bones while rotting the roots of my second teeth beyond repair as I delivered the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*.

There were other, lesser penny candies: those strips of white paper dotted with geometric rows of nasty little yellow, white, blue and red pellets of sugar, fit only for cretins and two-year-olds; those banana-oil-flavored, peanut-shaped obscenities so beloved of elderly ladies and girls with pimples; the jelly orange slices and other such sissified confections.

There were a few minor works that bear mention. The spearmint leaves, for instance, too subtle for ten-year-olds, are an acquired taste, like roquefort cheese, which must be grown into. The flat, coconut-flavored watermelon slices—blood-red, green-rinded, black-seeded, sprinkled evenly with sugar and flyspecks. Oh yes, and the candy ice-cream cones with cloyingly sweet pink-and-white-marshmallow "ice cream" covered with sugar. The tiny red cinnamon hearts that Old Man Pulaski sold by the scoopful from a minute wooden barrel—tongue-searing, ineradicable for days, and arrogantly unpleasant.

But it is the jawbreaker, when all is said and done, that represents the absolute pinnacle of the world of penny candy, lost and gone, but lingering on in countless root canals. The jawbreaker requires and actually deserves an entire treatise—which, of course, space does not permit here. But I will do my best to describe it briefly: The virgin, or unsucked, jawbreaker in its natural state was roughly a full inch in diameter and as hard and unyielding as obsidian. There were two basic jawbreakers which actually were divergent types of the same majestic, classic bicuspid buster. They were simply known as "red" and "black," the red being coated on the outside with a brilliant, flaming, gleaming, smooth candy enamel of pure carmine; and the black, stark, austere, yet somehow dignified in its glistening, pristine ebony shell, which has not yet been improved upon as a study in sheer geometric and aesthetic unity. Here was and is truly a masterwork in the penny-candy genre of creativity. Structurally, both jawbreakers were identical, but both represented opposing sides of the nature of man and his universe. Yin and yang. The red-jawbreaker man rarely touched the black, and the black-jawbreaker adherent knew what he wanted and would accept nothing else.

The jawbreaker was *never* chewed, but sucked over long periods of time—sometimes a couple of months, with breaks for meals—allowed to soak in the

(continued on page 181)





# Topping off the well-groomed man

article By JAY SEBRING

*the noted men's hair stylist presents a comprehensive guide to individualized haircuts and correct hair care*

FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS, I have been designing hair styles for men and offering them advice on grooming their hair. My base of operations is Hollywood, where an actor's career can rise and fall on the strength of his personal appearance. But actors aren't the only clientele at my three shops in West Hollywood, Palm Springs and Las Vegas. A potpourri of doctors, lawyers, politicians, teenagers and even construction workers have paid up to \$30 per visit for my services.

With such a wide cross section of customers, I've had ample opportunity to observe every variety of men's hair. My conclusions: The condition of most American men's hair is deplorable. Their heads are burdened with grease and oil. They favor totally unnatural hair styles. Most wear their hair too short and bristly. And more men than realize it wind up looking like the village idiot, their heads gummy with gook and grime, their haircuts completely out of keeping. By the time half of them reach 30, they've started to lose large quantities of hair and have difficulty understanding why.

The reason is simple: They are negligent. The majority don't know how to care for their hair, and those who do frequently lack the patience to do it. And yet American males spend roughly \$350,000,000 annually on a motley array of shampoos and hair dressings. They succeed only in loading down the scalp with more oil than it can naturally handle. Men with very fine-textured hair like mine are encouraged to anoint themselves with tonics, creams and elixirs. Their hair looks like a cat with water on its back. A man can have a good, full head of 350,000 hairs, but if it is very fine and he uses oil on it, the oil mats the hair down, and you can see right through to the scalp. If the hair is cut properly, there is no need for oils, since their only function is to keep the hair in place.

• • •

The prime conditioning factor in maintaining a healthy head of hair is a daily shampoo. So often, mainly through laziness, men forget—or can't be bothered—to wash their hair. This is hard to believe. I don't care if a man is riding a horse in Marlboro country; his hair should be well groomed and clean even if his head looks wild. When you come indoors from being out in



the sun, you are obliged to shower and wash away the suntan oil or the chlorine or the salt. It's just as simple to wash your hair with shampoo while you're taking a shower—instead of just running soap through it, which leaves a dulling film. The type of shampoo that should be used is critical. I recommend an extremely mild solution containing a built-in hair conditioner that gives the hair a natural sheen and also adds body, which most men need because their hair is cut so short. The conditioner coats each hair shaft and helps build body in fine hair as well as soften coarse hair. But one should never use an unmodified castile shampoo, which many consider the cure-all for hair ills. The fact is that if you don't have soft water, castile shampoo will leave a soapy film on the scalp—unless a water softener is built into the mixture. The film tends to leave the hair sticky and to clog the pores, and makes it difficult to get a comb through the hair.

There is no truth to old wives' tales warning that daily washing or frequent wetting of the hair precipitates hair loss. As a matter of fact, daily washing with a bland shampoo is the best thing you can do for your hair: It keeps the pores clean. This actually inhibits hair loss, and in 70 percent of cases can help arrest receding hairlines.

When washing your hair, it is only moderately effective to use your fingers for massaging the scalp, for this technique merely rubs the hair against the scalp. The fingers can't get right down to the scalp to remove that dead, scaly skin commonly known as dandruff. A scalp brush should be used instead, though it may tingle a bit at first if you're not conditioned to using it.

Brushing the hair after shampooing also has some value. Like washing, brushing should be done in a scrubbing motion rather than a stroking motion, to eliminate loose skin and scale. I recommend a plastic brush with wide-set teeth rather than one with bristles, which tend to flatten the hair. Brushing can also be helpful before washing the hair, maybe even the night before. The best time for washing is in the morning. The hair should then be combed into place, brushed once again when it's bone dry and then can be optionally topped with a fine mist of spray to set it into place. The spray is a substance I administer in place of oil to prevent hair from blowing around. It dries almost instantly and thus does not attract dirt like common grooming aids. It also contains a conditioner that coats the hair shafts and adds body. But many of my customers can get along perfectly well without it, since, with my methods, the hair is cut right into place.

In effective grooming, a styling comb, with thick teeth on one end and fine teeth on the other, is sometimes helpful. The only time I would consider employing it, however, would be for making a part—which can really be made just as well with a brush. I brush the hair down, all forward, and then I find the part with my fingers, split it, and brush it into place. If a comb is desired, however, I would favor a good hard-rubber styling comb.

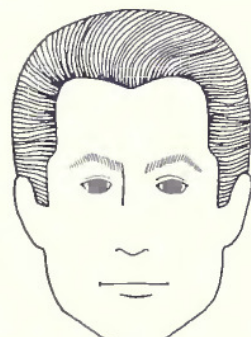
For conditioning the head, I favor periodic hot-oil treatments for the scalp, especially for the person with overactive sebaceous glands that tend to produce scales. The hot oil is applied, then the head is enclosed in a heat cap which enables the oil to get underneath the dead, flaky skin and lift it off easily and thoroughly. This is much safer than harsh scraping with a comb.

Dandruff—those layers of dead skin that accumulate over a period of time—is a natural condition with which everybody is afflicted now and then. In television commercials, there is a terrible onus placed on men who have dandruff. But people tend to disregard the fact that some dandruff is normal and even healthy. How to cope with it is another proposition altogether. The answer, again, is to make certain the hair is washed every day.

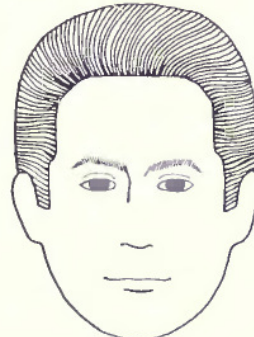
Absence of dandruff, oddly enough, often accompanies one of man's major grooming problems: the loss of hair. Men tend to feel they are falling apart when their hair begins to disappear beyond the normal loss of 1000 hairs per week, which are normally replaced by others. A young guy whose hairline has started to recede will automatically feel older. The fact is that approximately 25 percent of American males have noticed some hair loss by the age of 25. As they mature, the hairline naturally creeps back somewhat: but if the second line of defense is good, the hairline stops receding right there, reaching a point where it looks distinguished. In another, more dramatic kind of recession, the hair starts thinning out all (continued on page 172)



**OVAL FACE:** Hair should be medium length, sideburns aligned with cheekbone. Part should start (as with all face shapes) at point of maximum recession.



**SQUARE FACE:** Hair should be full on sides to offset fullness of face. Sideburns also should be full and should extend below cheekbone. Part is unnecessary.



**ROUND FACE:** To de-emphasize rotund jawline, hair should be worn full on top and sides. Sideburns should be as long as on square face. Part optional.



**LONG FACE:** Hair should lie fairly flat on top, but not short. Sides should be full. Length of sideburns should depend on length of face. Part is desirable.



*"THE KISS": To one Victorian critic, "the spectacle" of actress May Irwin and mustachioed John C. Rice "pasturing on each other's lips" in the screen's first kiss was "no more than a lyric of the Stock Yards"—but it became an S.R.O. sensation in the nickelodeons of 1896.*



*the*  
**HISTORY**  
*of*  
**SEX**  
*in*  
**CINEMA**

*born in an age in which a glimpse of stocking was shocking, the nickelodeon's racy peep shows unveiled everything from spooning couples to french nudes and egyptian belly dancers  
—and unleashed a new breed of sanctimonious censors*

*by*  
**Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert**



## Part One: *The Original Sin*



**FATIMA:** Smash hit of Chicago's Columbian Exposition in 1893 was an amply endowed belly dancer whose exotic name—Fatima—became a household name when her “dance of the veils” was immortalized on film for peep-show patrons in 1906. Soon after, however, she became the first victim of movie censorship when bluenose authorities superimposed stenciled picket fences over the “offending portions” of her undulating torso.



IN THE 70-YEAR HISTORY of the cinema—a medium which can claim with some truth that it has profoundly influenced, if not revolutionized, popular culture, morals and social customs throughout the world—perhaps its paramount dilemma has been the vexing question of what the surface of the silver screen may properly reflect to its myriad patrons. Hardly had the photographed image begun to move when objection to the manner and form of its movement became a kind of continuing counterpoint to its commercial and artistic progress. Early moviemakers were incessantly exhorted—and sometimes legally compelled—to conform to Victorian standards of conduct and content. Because the movies began as peep shows, they soon acquired the undeserved taint of the shady and the suggestive, and the new medium became fair game for smut-minded censors, opportunistic reformers and grandstanding legislators. Inevitably, it was the depiction of sex, explicit and implicit, that occasioned the most ire and anxiety among those already indignant about the moral state of their fellow men. Thus the history of sex in cinema takes on a social and psychological relevance that goes far beyond the medium itself, and this chronicle may be viewed, therefore, as a unique kind of psychosexual history, as well as an objective account, of the cinema's treatment of erotica and of the repression it has so often inspired.

The more things change, the more they remain the same in cinema, to paraphrase the old French saying. Today, as it was 60 years ago, the question of the questionableness of sex on the screen remains an agitating matter for the makers of motion pictures. But throughout the American film industry, once swathed in the wraps of its own pious Production Code, there seems to be a growing awareness that nudity need not be equated with pornography, nor love-making with lubricity. The tides of change are upon us at last; and caught up in that change are the official censor, with his prim “thou shalt nots,” and the unofficial reformer, with his thundered charges of moral corruption at any attempt to treat realistically, honestly and artistically what are generally called “the facts of life.” Legally, the Supreme Court, in a series of sweeping decisions over the past dozen years, has cut the ground out from under both of them. But more important, the ticket-buying public has indicated that it can absorb a frank portrayal of sex on the screen, as in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, without promptly staging a Roman orgy of its own. Our films are growing up, and our audiences with them. Only the censor lags behind.

This, however, has been the immemorial role of the censor. He is the watchdog of the past, the guilt-ridden guardian of a hypocritical moral *status quo* outmoded long before he takes up the cudgels in its—and secretly, his own—defense. Else why defend it so vigorously? The sharpening edge of the arts cuts deeply across traditions and conventions, producing new forms, new concepts that not merely challenge, but subvert the old. Those who regard sex not only as

**TITILLATION:** Typical of the attractions that scandalized—and mesmerized—the peep-show-going public were, at left, the uplifting tale of three dice-playing doxies caught in the act by the law's long arm; and, at right, a short but snappy course in gymnastics taught by a diaphanously draped damsel who obviously knew the ropes.







unclean but as reprehensible, those who are piously and often pathologically committed to a rigid and censorious interpretation of morality, sense the threat. With the righteous wrath and firm support of a handful of like-minded reformers, they rise to join battle, to wreck vengeance on society for their own obsessive prurience. For a time they can look for public approbation with some confidence; the entrenched authorities of state, press and churches will be behind them. But even these authorities are more responsive to the movement of history, the counsels of reason and the biological realities than are the censors. In the dynamic of society, the censors are perpetually fighting a repressive rear-guard action to protect their own sick set of moral standards, and to perpetuate a way of life that often has long since vanished—if it ever in actual fact existed.

Nowhere—except perhaps on network television, which lies beyond the scope of this chronicle—is this cultural and sexual lag among censors more glaring than in the field of motion pictures. Because the movies portray life in a realistic way—and also because they are produced for profit—they are particularly sensitive to shifts and changes in tastes and values. When *Pillow Talk*, to name a recent example, began to rack up unanticipated grosses all across the United States, every studio flew into production with frankly imitative efforts in which the heroine (Doris Day or a reasonably exact facsimile) strove successfully to protect her virginity against amusing but formidable odds, and in which the flippant dialog (written by Stanley Shapiro or a reasonably exact facsimile) was more flagrantly suggestive than anything ever before heard in American pictures since *The Moon Is Blue*. At this point, so many have appeared, with interchangeable casts and titles, that it is quite impossible to differentiate between a *Move Over, Darling* and a *Lover Come Back*. What all have in common, however, is their ready acceptance by American audiences—and B ratings ("Morally objectionable in part or all") from the Legion of Decency.

But the vagaries of the censorious mind are not the primary concern of this PLAYBOY series, psychiatrically intriguing though they be. Rather, because the censor represents an organized and articulate minority in any society, he becomes useful as a barometer for the temper of the times. What shocked the censors in the early 1900s often seems naïve, amusing, even charming in 1965. (And, incidentally, scenes in American pictures that may slip unscathed through the fingers of our own censors today are often ruthlessly eliminated by the censor boards of England or Sweden; and vice versa. Censorship, like morality, is a mat-

ter of time as well as of place and pathology.) This transiency, coupled with the vindictive intransigence of most censors, casts a very special light upon the films of an era and a nation, one that illuminates not merely the movies themselves, but the morals and mores that helped shape them.

In tracing a history of the treatment of sex in the cinema, therefore, the censors' censure is often more significant than the critics' approbation—or even the public's acceptance expressed in terms of box-office dollars. For the public can always be lured into a theater to purchase a ticket for a movie sight unseen, or barred from a theater by the watchdogs of decency and, still sight unseen, contribute to a film's commercial failure. But whether the censors' grip upon the medium be weak or firm at any given moment, their voices are always the loudest.

• • •

Censorial voices were loud at the very birth of the film medium. Terry Ramsaye, in a delightful book called *A Million and One Nights*, reprints at length an article by Herbert S. Stone, excoriating what was probably the movies' first kiss. The year was 1896. "In a recent play called *The Widow Jones*," wrote Mr. Stone, "you may remember a famous kiss which Miss May Irwin bestowed on a certain John C. Rice, and vice versa. Neither participant is physically attractive, and the spectacle of their prolonged pasturing on each other's lips was hard to bear. When only life size it was pronounced beastly. But that was nothing to the present sight. Magnified to Gargantuan proportions and repeated three times over it is absolutely disgusting. All delicacy or remnant of charm seems gone from Miss Irwin, and the performance comes near being indecent in its emphasized vulgarity. Such things call for police interference." And he went on to observe that "The Irwin kiss is no more than a lyric of the Stock Yards."

Interestingly enough, it was mainly the size of the kiss that Stone objected to, not its intensity or its duration. The enforced proximity of the motion-picture screen and its extreme magnification of the Rice-Irwin intimacies were acutely distressing to those proper Victorians who had been schooled to avert their eyes, if not their thoughts, from matters pleasant and unseemly. But in the darkened movie theater, with all light concentrated upon the silvered sheet, the shadowy images attract and hold the gaze like magnets. One may react to them with pleasure or indignation, but one cannot avoid them. This heightened, larger-than-life reality made even the most innocent of pictures suspect. For an age of prudery, they were just too real.

The conditions of their exhibition

were no less contributive. Born as peep shows, movies were first projected in vaudeville houses and wax museums, in amusement parks and itinerant fairs. And, despite such uplifting efforts as scenes from the Oberammergau Passion Play, or Joseph Jefferson's *Rip van Winkle*, most of the short pictures turned out prior to 1900 were frankly designed to captivate the fairground mentality. Apart from the incessant parades, and the express trains that set the crowds aghast by pounding down the track straight toward the camera, apart from the Sunday strollers photographed on the Fifth Avenues of the world, and scenic views of beaches and waterfalls, the early moviemakers put on celluloid the very attractions that brought the rubes to the fairs and music halls in the first place. Annie Oakley shot at clay pigeons for the benefit of the Edison camera. There were Chinese acrobats and German musclemen to exhibit their prowess. There were innumerable "re-enactments" of famous prize fights. And there was Fatima, hit of the 1893 Chicago Columbian Exposition, doing her notorious *danse du ventre*.

Fatima was an amply proportioned woman with no particular allure beyond the ability, shared by belly dancers everywhere, to undulate various portions of her anatomy at will and with considerable abandon. Apart from her bare midriff, across which dangled several chains of coins, she was fully, even self-consciously, attired. (This self-consciousness was reiterated in the fixed smile she wore throughout her brief performance.) But if Fatima was permitted to display her talents *in extenso* on the Columbian Exposition Midway, not so on the screens of the nation's nascent cinema. A generous and ingenious censor, instead of barring the film outright, created a stencil that resembled two New England fences, and placed these strategically over the offending portions of Fatima's anatomy in every frame of the negative. Movie censorship was under way.

During the movies' formative years, censorship had much to batten on. From the peep shows that immediately preceded screen-projected films came such innocently wicked titles as *How Bridget Served the Salad Undressed*, or *What the Bootblack Saw*. (What he saw, of course, was nothing more than a lady's well-shod ankle. The sight so unnerved him, however, that he mindlessly smeared boot polish all over the trousers of the gentleman he was working on.) As the novelty of motion pictures took hold, such subjects were extricated from the nickelodeon boxes and transferred to the big screen, there to be joined by hundreds of other little pictures, produced specifically for projection, that were no less provocatively titled and titillating. Particularly favored were films showing



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*"I wonder, Miss Potter, if you'd be interested in how you might be able to get away with atrocious typing such as this?"*



women in various stages of undress: *In the Dressing Room, In Her Boudoir, In My Lady's Boudoir, In a Massage Parlor, The Bridal Chamber*. At no time did the unveiling go beyond the chemise; but to an age in which a glimpse of stocking was shocking, a lady in her unmentionables was deemed downright indecent.

When, around 1903, pictures began to disappear from the vaudeville theaters and move into auditoriums of their own, they immediately became far more vulnerable to censor repression. Vaudeville at least enjoyed the sanction, if not precisely the blessing, of the middle class. Tony Pastor had by then reformed the medium into a family entertainment; he had made it respectable. Such respectability was precisely what the new store shows and nickelodeons lacked. As these "electric theaters," replete with gaudy posters hawking the wares within, fanned out into the poorer neighborhoods of the nation, they promptly acquired the status of the corner saloon. They were called "a cheap show for cheap people." Actually, movies and saloons were quite properly equated at that time: Both were primarily working-class entertainments; and movies, like beer, cost only a nickel. Proponents of the new medium argued that, at the very least, movies were better than liquor for the workingman. The reformers, of course, denied this.

What gave their denials point was the fact that, sensing the caliber of their audiences, the pioneer producers were pouring forth a flood of one-reelers calculated to appeal to the most primitive tastes and emotions. Apart from innumerable little cinematic parables illustrating the evils of drink, all very moral and reformist, the bulk of their output unabashedly relied on the age-old appeal of crime and sex. As early as *The Great Train Robbery* (1903), which inaugurated the nickelodeon era virtually singlehanded, these producers learned that crime did pay, and handsomely. Movie programs, consequently, were studded with subjects that recounted the exploits of criminals, both real and imagined. When these could be combined with sex—as in Biograph's re-enactment of the Stanford White-Harry K. Thaw shooting of June 25, 1906, staged only a few hours after the actual shooting had taken place—the result was invariably a box-office bonanza. And then as now, the producers looked to the box office to keep their signals straight—and the turnstiles twirling.

Actually, toward the end of the first decade of the century, the pioneers had an added incentive to inject sex into their pictures. The little nickelodeons had become so enormously successful that dozens of small firms, often operating with "bootleg" equipment brought

from abroad, tried to force their way into the profitable and proliferating field. To protect themselves, the firms that held basic patents on either camera or projection equipment—Edison, Biograph, Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, Essanay, Pathé, Kalem and Méliès, plus the importer and distributor, George S. Kleine—formed the Motion Picture Patents Company in December 1908. By all the standards of that first Roosevelt era, the company was a full-fledged "trust," organized as a monopoly for the specific purpose of restraint of trade. The Patents Company licensed the equipment, while its creature, the General Film Company, was set up to handle the pictures. Theater owners paid a weekly tribute of two dollars to the Patents Company merely for the privilege of running movies—plus, of course, paying the rental cost of the films. The view from the top, from the Motion Picture Patents Company's headquarters in New York's Flatiron Building, seemed perfect. Its members apparently controlled every phase of production and exhibition. Nothing, however, was further from the truth.

The independents, far from being ousted from the field, became more active than ever. And because, unlike their better-heeled brethren, for them every picture involved not only a financial, but even a considerable physical risk (the trust enforced its legal position with extralegal goon squads that were freely deployed to smash both bootleg cameras and their operators), these firms were particularly anxious to give the public what it wanted. Titles such as *Right of the Seigneur, Wages of Sin, An Old Man's Darling* and *Beware, My Husband Comes* began to decorate nickelodeon marquees. If the titles were often a good deal racier than the pictures themselves, nevertheless they set a tone that was soon to make the movies an easy mark for police and reformist action.

In addition, although actual nudity was rare in the American films of the time, it was far from absent from American screens. Early Italian one-reel "spectaculars"—most of them imported by the same George Kleine who played such an important role in the creation of the trust—used the pretext of historical pageantry to exhibit the undraped female form; while many of the French fantasy films then in vogue featured inspirational tableaux in the style of (and often with the ladies of) the Folies-Bergère. These, of course, were run cheek by jowl with the American product. There were no subtitles or transparent "dubbing" to enable the uninitiated to differentiate them from the home-grown commodity. And the reformers saw no reason to quibble over country of origin. By 1907,

in consequence, they were off in full cry against all movies.

• • •

In Europe, far from the inhibiting influences of the puritanical tradition, the early film makers lost no time in spicing cinema with sin. France's "official art" at the turn of the century, for example, was rampant with majestic, superbly fleshed nudes. Its popular music halls still featured the naughty can-can. Its theater and literature celebrated *la vie bohémienne*. And there were, even then, French postcards. The first French films derived a little from all of these, although it was several years before the producers were willing to venture so far as total nudity. The well-padded, popular music-hall artiste, Louise Milly, whose charms had already decorated many postcards, appeared in several striptease films before 1900, disrobing either for the bath or for bed, but always stopping discreetly short of the ultimate disclosure. (In one of them, she clutched her dressing gown in her teeth while wriggling into her nightie. The consequent acrobatics were sufficiently intriguing to make this one of the most popular subjects of its day. In Paris, it played over 300 times in three different halls.)

Similarly, in a *bonne bouche* called *The Flea*, Angèle Hérard, a star of the Casino de Paris, hunted that offending insect here and there amid the diaphanous folds of her gown, vouchsafing premeditated peeps at her shapely anatomy in the process, but never all of it at once. The early catalogs of the French companies listed literally hundreds of titles that implied some form of disrobing—*Le Déshabille du Modèle, Couché d'Yvette et Pierreuse, Le Couché de la Mariée* (repeated several times with different actresses), *Les Soubrettes Indiscrètes, Déshabilles Féminins*, and many more. The new century had hardly started, however, before these titbits were supplemented by utterly uninhibited strip films that followed the same formula, but actually delivered what their titles promised.

Perhaps the *salon* paintings then in vogue gave sanction to the switch. Certainly the French Academy saw nothing wrong in nudity; and painters such as Bouguereau, Bonnat, Rochegrosse and Garnier alternated between gigantic canvases crowded with classic nudes, and more intimate, artfully detailed scenes of domestic life illustrating love's awakening, assignations, infidelity unveiled, and the heartbreak of disillusion. Often absurdly sentimental, they nevertheless reflected the fashionable morality of their day. And since they represented, in the fullest sense, "official art," the French film makers could see no reason not to bring these highly representation-

(continued on page 136) 133



# SEND ME NO TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



*"You know, baby, you look sort of cute with that cork stuck in your eye!"*



*"Well, the real-estate agent did tell us it had outside plumbing . . .!"*



*"Uh—gee—I brought my pocket dictionary by mistake . . .!"*



*"Sure everybody cuts them, but not everybody saves them!"*



*"Now, understand . . . I'm just sayin' you can help me build her . . . I'm not sayin' you can see her afterward . . ."*



*"Now I know who he looks like! He looks like that trained ape we saw at the circus last year, and you kept saying how he looked almost human, and how cute he was, and we got separated in the crowd, and I couldn't find you for nearly an hour . . .!"*



*tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies*



*"Shave first!"*



*"There's something I have to tell you, Herbie . . . I'm not Jewish."*



*"So much, sir, for your detailed description of the mating habits of the aborigine of Pago Pago . . .!"*



*"I'm not quite sure, but we're either on the warpath or we're going to have one helluva rainstorm!"*



*"And you'll notice, Miss Wilcox, that I managed it without getting a single wrinkle in my suit . . ."*



*"Awright, Louie, we know you're under there!"*



## SEX in CINEMA (continued from page 133)

al pictures to glowing life. Their very subject matter seemed to invite it. Garnier's well-known *Flagrant Délit d'Adultère*, for example, depicts a lover held by the police while the husband rushes at him in a fury, while the unfaithful wife, nude, cowers in her boudoir. It took little imagination to transform this situation into a movie scene: the wife and her lover locked in amorous embrace, the entry of the outraged husband accompanied by the gendarmes, and Garnier's own melodramatic dénouement. The film included one little element that poetically befits the Gallic temperament, however: When the husband bursts in with his entourage, the lover, infuriated at this public humiliation of his inamorata, makes a lunge at him that is intercepted by the police. Whatever sympathies the scene generates are all for the lover and his instinctive gallantry.

Paintings continued to inspire an entire genre of French film making throughout the first decade of the 20th Century—*Olympia* (after Manet), *The Birth of Venus* (after Botticelli) and *Awakening of Chrysis*, in which, according to the plot synopsis, "a Nègress attends her respectfully as languorously she raises from the couch her slumbrous body." But even more of the French films from this era owed their inspiration to the *tableaux vivants* then so popular in the casinos and music halls. Such scenes, with the artistes either in flesh-colored tights or no tights at all, could readily be incorporated into the primitive storytelling films that had begun to make their appearance. Particularly favored in the early 1900s were lively fantasies in which the camera conjured up visions of *Arabian Nights* palaces complete with seraglios and harem dances; voyages to impossible places, always with the same voluptuous houris standing about in awkward attendance on the local potentate; and films of magic in which the shapely victims were transformed into flowers, flora or furniture, or perhaps, with a wave of the magician's wand, given a wholly new dress—or in an instant, stripped to the buff. The pioneers Georges Méliès and Ferdinand Zecca were particularly adept at this last form of cinematic divertissement.

As the story film progressed, its plots became more complex. Typical—and also typically French—was a Pathé release of 1906, *The Age for Love*. According to the catalog: "She had married out of ignorance, or fear, or obedience, or indifference, as young girls do. He was an elderly general, gallant and covered with medals, decorations and glory . . . She was everything in the world to him, the one great love in the life of a man already growing old. Her days were long, meaningless and gay, filled up with

a round of engagements and visits where everyone ate and drank and laughed without knowing why. She had no child. She lived without cares, without hope, without anchorage. A young acquaintance of her husband's who came often to the house brought new interest into her life. She felt happy, suffused with a quick and radiant joy under the influence of a dawning sympathy for him. They went for walks together, talking as they strolled slowly side by side. She drank in his every word, gazing entranced as he spoke of things often disturbing to hear but delicious to listen to. He became her lover . . . How should it happen otherwise when two human beings are drawn together by a mutual love? The husband, warned by an anonymous letter, surprises them in a hunting lodge. Yet in his troubled soul, pity arises and, maybe, a realization of the helplessness of two such young and ardent lovers, and he turns against himself the weapon with which he had thought to reap revenge . . . 250 feet, price 170 francs." A far cry from the *Flagrant Délit d'Adultère*, and yet obviously a close relation.

For a brief period, from 1904 to 1906, several of the French studios produced, for general distribution, films of a frankly pornographic nature. Grouped in the catalogs under the heading *Les Sujets Grivois et d'une Caractère Piquant* ("Naughty Subjects of a Piquant Nature"), they opened on the bath and bedroom scenes, then moved swiftly on to an unhurried view of highly suggestive erotica. Girls in their tubs boldly displayed and fondled their charms, swam nude in garishly decorated tanks, or writhed sensuously in their beds in anticipation of a visit from the *Chevalier Vaseline*, an oily character who kept popping up in a series of "piquant" pastiches put out by Pathé. (Many of these titles are still in distribution, thanks to the tireless efforts of early "pirates" who duped prints and sold them all over the world.) Police action in 1905 curtailed production; but the major factor in driving such films underground was a new urge for respectability on the part of their two largest producers, Pathé and Gaumont. In the face of mounting protests from press and clergy, they prudently dropped the entire category from their catalogs in 1907.

Strange as it may seem today, French films dominated the screens of the world in the first decade of the 1900s. Pathé alone produced more pictures each year than all the American firms combined; and they were shown everywhere, inviting imitation. In Germany, which had little in the way of native production until shortly before World War I, the leading imitator was Oskar Messter, who

began his long career in 1902 with a *Salome* so erotic that it was banned almost everywhere but Germany. For the most part, however, Messter lingered in the bathrooms and bedrooms of his French contemporaries, his principal contribution being the addition of one or more on-screen spectators at contretemps that unpleasantly underlined the voyeuristic nature of his entertainments. For outright pornography, there was Venus Film in Berlin, as well as several small companies in Vienna; but their output was intended less for theatrical exhibition than for private soirees in places as far off as Russia, Japan and South America. Nevertheless, there were enough "piquant" productions in distribution in Germany to encourage the government, in May of 1908, to inaugurate its first censorship measures—measures which, as one might expect, did little to halt the flow.

The Italians, who began film production in 1905, promptly hit upon what still remains their favorite genre: the pseudohistorical spectacle, with its operatic crowds, its vast disasters (natural or man-made), its dashing heroes and its ever-imperiled heroines. Under the guise of history, all manner of atrocities were permitted—orgies, rapes, refinements of torture—which would have been frowned upon in more contemporary surroundings. Films such as *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Divine Comedy* (which dwelt most graphically upon the tortures of the damned in hell), *Lucrezia Borgia*, and a mounting tide of others, revealed what the French historian Ado Kyrou aptly identified as "the principal characteristics of the Italian cinema: lasciviousness, sumptuousness, a hysterical romanticism and exaggerated passions." The sumptuousness, at least in the early films, was largely a matter of gilt paint and potted palms; while the passions, enacted pantingly by corpulent principals, often produced a pachydermal romanticism that was hysterical in ways unanticipated by the producers. But the prurience was there, and a curious grandeur as well—particularly when contrasted with the films of other nations at the time. Until eclipsed by World War I, the Italian film was prized the world over for its lavishness, and for its zeal in bringing to life the more lurid aspects of dead (and hence defenseless) civilizations.

Such was the cinema in its swaddling clothes. Such were the films seen not only by Americans in their nickelodeons, but by the French in their *fêtes foraines*, the Germans in their *Ladenkinos*. The exchange of films was international. They knew no boundaries, ignored all borders. And their appeal, universally, was to the lowest common denominator—to which their makers and viewers instinctively gravitated. The workingman,



the illiterate, the immigrant—these were the film's first audiences; movies were the poor man's legitimate theater—for the most part, very poor indeed. As such, of course, they had to be protected—and policed—by the self-styled "better elements" of society. In this country, Chicago can claim the distinction of having enacted the first censorship ordinance. In 1907, because an automobile was stolen shortly after the appearance of a film titled *The Great Automobile Robbery*, the police were put in charge of previewing pictures—a responsibility which was immediately understood by them to encompass the defense not only of public property, but of public morals as well.

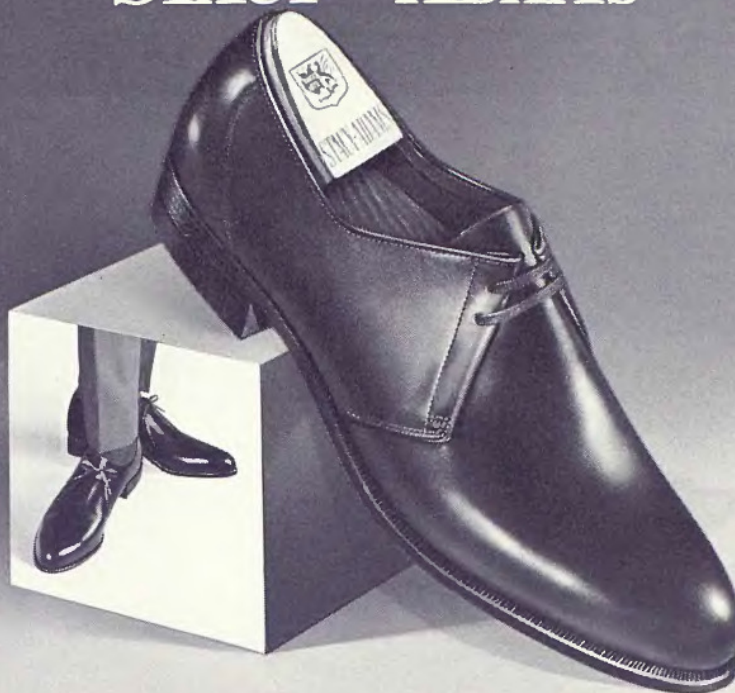
New York followed suit a year later when Mayor George B. McClellan held a hearing ostensibly to determine the physical safety of the movie houses, and whether they should be permitted to operate on Sundays. His decision: Effective immediately, all theaters in the Greater New York area were to be closed by the police until further notice. The hue and cry was immediate. Outraged producers and exhibitors called a special meeting to fight the ban, while a self-appointed watchdog committee, purportedly in the public's behalf, sprang into existence under the aegis of the People's Institute, a group of zealous liberal reformers. Organized as the National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures, it continues to function to this day as the National Board of Review. With reassurances from both sides, McClellan permitted the theaters to reopen, but only on the condition that they show only those pictures approved by the new Board.

The die was cast. The censors had achieved both official sanction and the promise of cooperation from the industry as well. And with this acceptance began a struggle that still shapes and colors the production and exhibition of movies in America—a continuing cold war on official morality fought on one flank by that sizable army of cinematic wheeler dealers who view the violation of established moral codes less as a crusade for freedom of expression than as a sure-fire shortcut to a fast buck, and on the other, by those anti-Establishmentarian artists—may their tribes increase—who sincerely strive to dramatize on film their own private visions of man, and of his good or evil.

*This is the first of a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema" which will be appearing in PLAYBOY in the coming months. In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert explore "The Rising Tide of Censorship" which engulfed the movies in a moralistic and legalistic quagmire during the reactionary decade that ended in 1919.*



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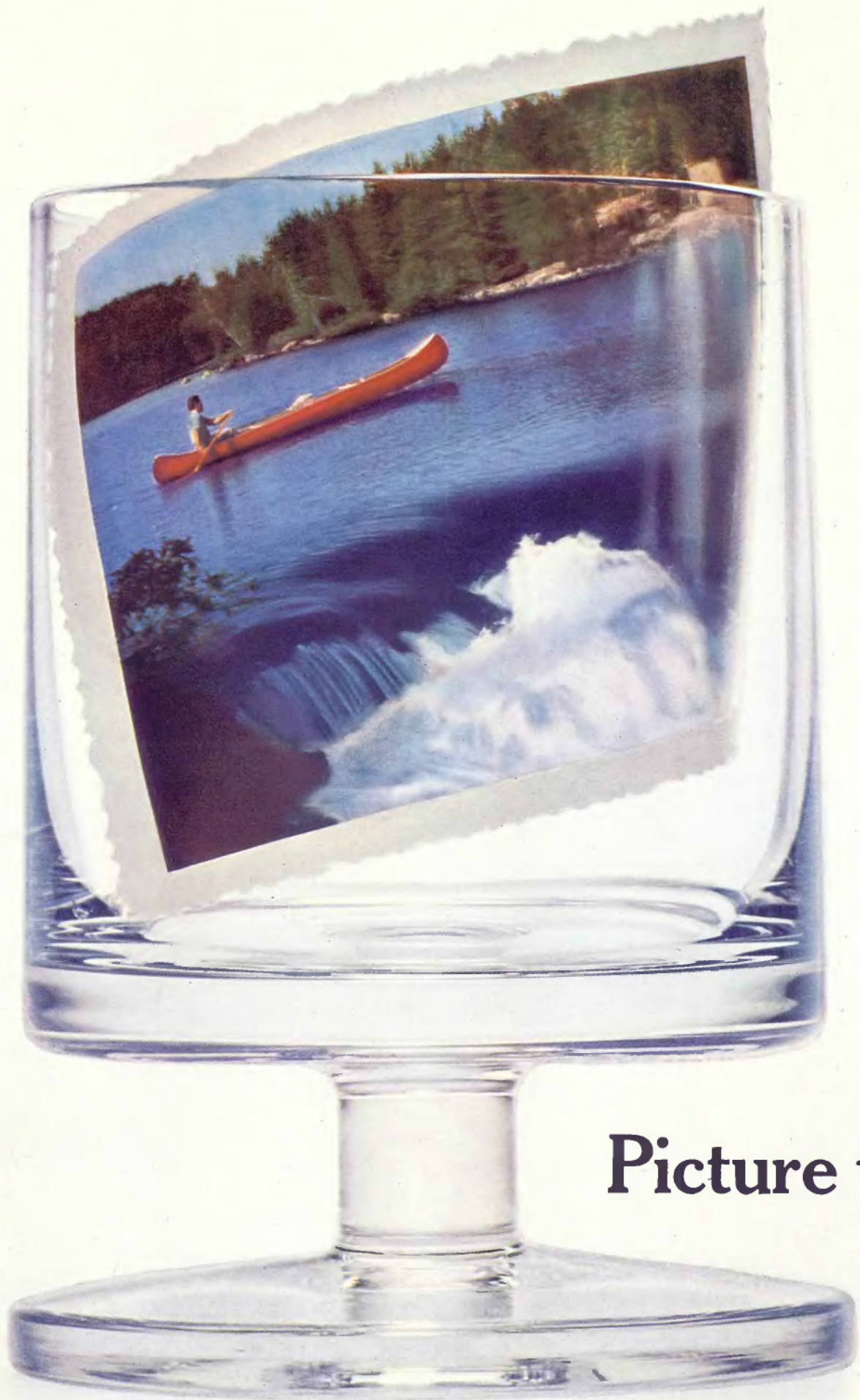
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Pour yourself some freshness.  
Have yourself a Hamm's.**



## DOUBLE TAKE (continued from page 114)

when this bus last rolled along Fifth, and we all smiled with pleasure. Then Oscar snapped on the inside lights and we all looked around: at the wooden seats, at one another in this strange environment, at the old advertisements above the windows. One was for Fels-Naptha, but it was for yellow bars of soap, not granules in a package; another showed a drawing of a handsome young dimple-chinned man wearing a high stiff Arrow collar.

Oscar shifted, let out the clutch and turned south onto Fifth Avenue, and there was not a soul in sight as far as we could see in either direction, and I felt a stab of disappointment. We wanted to startle a few people; we were out to play a joke. It wasn't a practical joke; to my mind that phrase means cruelty, a joke that is no joke but an embarrassment, annoyance, shock, or even injury to someone. We intended the opposite; I was entirely certain that to anyone seeing the incredible vision of this lighted old bus, our costumed selves inside it, wheeling slowly along Fifth Avenue in the middle of the night, it would be an astonishing sight and pleasure never forgotten.

We were disappointed as kids, and I'm sure that's why Oscar drove farther than he meant to; someone just *had* to see us. He drove through one block, then another and into a third, along the deserted late-at-night street, and we didn't see a person or a car. Then a woman walked out of a doorway with an Airedale on a leash. The dog stopped, the woman stood waiting, and as we rolled past she glanced up at us. There was no change of expression on her face, she showed absolutely no interest, and as her dog moved on, so did she without a backward glance. "She's from out of town," Joe said. "She thinks it's a regular bus."

Alice said, "Did you see her dress and hat? Hell, half the women in the country are wearing cloche hats and short dresses these days; we're no surprise to her, we're the latest style!"

Oscar was pulling to the curb; 50 feet ahead under a street light, two men frowning in conversation stood waiting for a bus, and he was going to oblige. He yelled, "On your feet, conductor!" and as I got up quickly and walked to the rear of the bus, Oscar slowed and stopped.

The two men stepped up onto the back platform without a break in the sound of the older man's voice, a gray-haired man of 60 in a wide-brimmed Panama hat and a snow-white suit. The younger man, who wore a gray business suit, stood listening, his eyes never leaving the older man's face. The man in white brought change from his pocket, and held out his hand, still talking. I lifted my fare collector, a little nickel-

plated contrivance with a slot in the top, and he turned just long enough to push two dimes, one after the other, into the slot, and a chime sounded each time. Then I reached overhead, tugged at a rope, a bell tinkled over Oscar's head, and he pulled out from the curb. Our two passengers stood where they were, on the back platform, and the older man's voice—urging, selling, persistent—never stopped once, and now I was aware of what he was saying.

I don't really know anything about stocks or the stock market, but I've taken a small flyer now and then. Sometimes I've made a little, more often I lose, but I'm always hoping for hot tips. Now I seemed to be hearing some, and I stood making an effort to remember them. "Buy any of them, Georgie," the older man was saying for at least the second time. "It doesn't matter which, I guarantee you can sell out at a profit in a month. You won't want to, though. You'll thank me, and ask to buy more. But right now, start small and convince yourself. Buy a hundred RCA at around forty-four for a starter. A little New York Central at one-thirty, and some General Motors at a hundred and forty-one." Listening to this money talk, watching those two anxious profiles, I knew they could have stepped onto a red-white-and-blue bus manned by a crew in clown suits without noticing it, and I glanced at the others, all looking back here anxiously to be noticed, and shrugged.

At the beginning of the next block Oscar pulled to the curb again, and a boy and girl got on. Neither was more than 19, and they climbed the narrow stairs to the next deck holding hands—no easy trick. I followed, my fare collector ready, and on the top deck they sat way up front in the first seat. The girl's head found the boy's shoulder, his arm went around her, and I dropped the fare collector in my pocket. I didn't bother wondering why they'd showed no surprise about the bus they'd boarded; they were aware of only themselves, and I stood there envying them. It was wonderful up here under the summer stars, the air balmy, and I wished Jessie and I were up here as they were. A buzzer sounded, the bus swung to the curb, and I looked downstairs to see the two men, the older one still talking, step off and walk away into the night, and I went downstairs again to sit next to Jessie.

Half a dozen yards from the Washington Square arch, Oscar slowed and stopped at the curb. He'd lived in New York once, and he remembered; this was where the old buses always waited for a few minutes before swinging in a half circle to head north again. "We're some big surprise to the natives, aren't we?" Joe said sarcastically; he and the girl were sitting together now, up near the

front of the bus.

She said irritably, "What's the matter with people, anyhow?"

"Well, what did you expect?" Alice Weeks said, across the aisle. "After all, this is New York. I once saw twenty-five elephants walking west on Fifty-seventh Street at three o'clock in the morning; absolutely silent, walking trunk to tail, on their way to Madison Square Garden where the circus began next day. And a guy on a street corner never stopped reading his paper. You can't surprise them; they don't believe what they see. They think we're advertising something."

"Or making a movie," Jessie said, smiling.

We sat waiting, not quite knowing why. Then, just as Oscar shifted gears and began pulling away, a man in a light summer suit came walking out from under the arch, saw the bus, ran for it, and I stood and walked up front; the conductor shouldn't be seen sitting next to a passenger. He hopped on, walked down the aisle, saw Jessie, and I was instantly sorry I'd stood.

Because he was a very handsome guy—lean-faced, blue-eyed, wavy black hair—and he stopped motionless, staring down at Jess. Then, slowly, not taking his eyes from that wonderful face, he sat down beside her, and something I've never before actually seen happened under my eyes. Jessie saw it, too; she turned and saw a man falling in love with her.

We've all heard love at first sight discussed; usually it's a debate about whether it's possible. But I think it happens all the time. A man and woman meet, and something often happens right then and there, for one or both of them. But usually weeks or months have to pass before they admit what it is. Meanwhile, that instantaneous burst of feeling is called most anything else. But the truth remains that people often fall in love in a single look; the only thing rare about it is people who recognize it.

Jessie did. She saw it in his face, but whether he knew it himself I don't know. I walked down the aisle and stood listening; I couldn't help it. His voice was low, meant only for Jessie, but I heard. With absolute simplicity he said, "Look, I don't know what to do. I'll never again see a girl like you as long as I live. I don't know what to say, but I can't just sit here and let you go. I've got to know your name and see you again, I've got to. You must know that?"

There was no mistaking the quiet passionate truth in his voice, and I hated to look Jessie full in the face for fear of what I'd see there, too. But I did, and I saw that she was pleased—not because he was handsome, I thought; she saw handsome men every day of her life—but because a response like his couldn't help but affect her or any other woman, I suppose. But she hadn't fallen in love with him; Jessie wasn't falling in love



with anyone just now. She smiled—pleasantly, sweetly; Jessie's a nice girl—and actually reached out and patted his hand. "No," she said kindly. "I don't live here; I'll be gone in a day or so."

"But where—"

"No," she repeated, still nicely but with an edge of finality, and turned away from him.

He sat staring at her; his mouth opened to speak once or twice; then he suddenly swung away, standing up, and walked fast down the aisle to the back of the bus, and hopped off. I was staring after him, so was Jess, so were the others; they hadn't heard what had been said, they were too far front, but they knew something had happened. Out on the street, dwindling behind us, he stood on the asphalt paving of Fifth Avenue in the summer night staring after us. Then he turned abruptly to the curb, stepped up, and was gone.

We drove straight back to the garage; the young couple on the top deck was gone when I checked. In the garage we covered the old bus with the tarp, then walked back to the house and changed to our own clothes. Nobody had much to say; our little joke hadn't really worked out. I was going to offer to take Jessie to her hotel, but when I came out of the dressing room she was gone.

• • •

Work started at eight sharp the next

morning, and Jessica's big scene was the first thing Ernie Wyke had scheduled. Until noon we had the two blocks we'd asked for on lower Fifth Avenue; barricaded at both ends and at the side-street entrances, a cop at each barrier detouring traffic and keeping spectators at bay. We had the two blocks again in the afternoon from two until four, then we had to be finished and off the street for good. Out of camera range stood a generator truck, a sound truck, a motorized camera dolly, a motorized sound-boom dolly, a sprouting of reflectors on stands and other odds and ends of equipment, and a scattering of people of the unit standing around or sitting on the curb. Out in the street stood three period cars Al Berg had located here and rented, and our bus. All four motors were running, costumed drivers at the wheels, and inside the bus sat half a dozen men and women in Twenties costume, including Jessie in the light-blue outfit she'd worn the previous night.

Before he began filming, Ernie sent them through the scene. On a street corner just beyond the waiting cars and bus, an actor stood waiting for his cue; he was a friend of Ernie's, a middle-aged New York actor who was in a play here, and who had occasionally played small picture roles. This was the man, in the story, whom Jessie was in love with; a man very nearly three times her age. In

the story he was important and frequently referred to, but he actually appeared only three times, each briefly, and it was really a small part. There'd been no need to bring anyone from Hollywood for it; any competent actor of his type and age could handle it, and I was seeing him now, waiting there on the corner, for the first time. My only criticism of him was that he looked like an actor: the plentiful crisp gray hair, at least part of which was probably an expensive hairpiece; the good but blurred profile; the not-too-portly figure, because he'd had to keep in reasonable shape to get work; the magnificent tailoring. He didn't look quite real.

Ernie said to him, "All right, Frank, let's go through it," and Frank began slowly pacing his street corner, glancing often at his watch. Ernie beckoned, and now the waiting automobiles drove past Frank one at a time, passing between him and the camera out in the middle of the street. The camera was centered on Frank, though it wasn't turning. A moment after the third car passed, the bus came along, drawing toward the curb, and it stopped at the street corner cutting Frank from view. Just behind the bus, and just out of the scene, the motorized camera dolly and sound-boom dolly had followed along. On the other side of the bus, just out of the previous shot, another camera was centered on Frank and

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*"It started as phone-pad doodling and got out of hand!"*



the rear exit of the bus, and I knew Frank was standing there, a gentle smile on his face, offering a hand to Jessie as she stepped off the bus.

I walked around the two dollies to watch the rest of the scene. Frank was speaking a phrase of greeting, Jessie smiling tremulously in response, and the bus was moving on up Fifth, still in the scene as Frank took Jessie's arm and they began to walk ahead. Now the two dollies in the street began to follow, keeping abreast, the microphone on its boom suspended over their heads just out of camera range—and the cars and bus, out of the scene now, U-turned and came back; the sounds of their motors as they passed would be picked up as appropriate street noise.

I won't repeat the dialog as they walked along those two blocks of Fifth Avenue, but the point of it was that Frank told Jessie he was not going to see her again, that he was too old for her. It went on longer than that, but that was the gist of his speech: He loved her and would never stop, but he was plainly too old for a young girl, it had to be recognized and he was doing so, even if she refused to face it.

Jessie argued with him, pleaded, and finally begged. But he could not be changed, and presently he left her, walking toward the side street just ahead, then turning the corner out of the scene. As he disappeared—and this was the big point of the scene, this *was* the scene, the climax—the camera turned full on Jessie's face, and her face had to show what she felt. This was tragedy, a truth to be accepted, as she knew, but the most sorrowful moment of her life. Jess had to show that. During the rest of the scene, her face filling the screen, she had to make the audience know it was true: that this young and beautiful girl genuinely loved this man so much that his leaving her life broke her heart.

And she showed nothing of the sort. With Ernie, I stood beside the camera watching her—and her hands rose as though to reach after him, her mouth opened as though to call, then her face assumed an expression of sorrow. And you didn't believe it, because neither did she. She couldn't show what she'd never felt herself.

Ernie said, "Fine, Jess, you're getting it. Let's try again." Frank came back around the corner, and Ernie took Jessie's arm and began to talk as we all walked back toward the beginning of the scene, trying to find a way to make her feel it.

It was the worst morning I ever went through; if I could have, I'd have just walked away, and kept on walking for a long time. I'd hoped Ernie would find the key for Jess, though I didn't think he would, and he couldn't. After a while he began filming; he had to get the scene in the can. If anything, Jessie got

worse; trying the scene in a variety of ways, as an actor who isn't getting it will sometimes do, hoping to somehow get it on film by accident.

At 11 o'clock Ernie told her that any of several versions we'd filmed were great, and it was time to go ahead with the rest of the schedule. Then he went on to clean up several short takes, including the one of Jessie leaving her house, coming down the front steps pulling on her gloves. We picked up on those again at 2 o'clock, and were finished by 3:15. Ernie looked at his watch. "All right," he called, keeping his voice calm, "as long as we have time, let's try the big scene once more. We'll take it from Jessie stepping off the bus."

Frank and Jessie walked to their street corner, the bus moving into position, and Ernie and I went along. This take, somehow, had to be at least acceptable; the others flatly would not do, and Ernie knew that. But he spoke quietly. He said, "Jess, Frank's an old-timer, he might have a thought for you while they're setting up." Then he left to give Frank a chance to say anything he could think of that might help. It was all Ernie had left to try; he'd said all he knew how to say, and by the time we shot this one last take, we'd have to pack up and clear the street.

Jessie looked at Frank. "Well?" she said sardonically; she knew as well as the rest of us how badly she was doing.

Frank wanted to help, but didn't know how, either. He quirked his mouth, annoyed at the situation, and said, "I don't know what to say," and for a reason I couldn't pin down, the words were familiar, and I saw Jessie's eyes widen as though she recognized them, too. For a moment she stared at Frank's face, then her eyes narrowed, studying it feature by feature, and I stepped over beside her and saw what she saw.

I have no explanation for this; I simply don't know how or why it happened. All I can say is that in a single instant of understanding I suddenly knew why a woman had stood with her dog at the curb the night before watching without interest as our bus drove past her. I knew why she wore a fringed knee-length dress and a felt hat like a helmet; and I understood why a young couple in their teens climbed to the upper outside deck of a Fifth Avenue bus as though they'd done it many times before. And that evening, in the New York Public Library, I proved by the flaking brown-edged back files of the *Times* what I already knew. Listed in the market quotations were the stocks the man in white had mentioned, and the prices he'd quoted were correct—not for today, but for June 15, 1926. In some way beyond explaining or understanding, the conditions for this were precisely right; and in our ancient two-decker bus with the 1926 plates, dressed as we were then, that is the time—that is

the lost June night and Fifth Avenue—that Oscar somehow drove into. And it was Frank, just outside Washington Square, who had stepped onto that bus and sat down next to Jessie.

I knew it now, and so did Jess as she stared at Frank's face—slashed with lines now, no longer lean and tight to the bones, and 38 years older—but the same face past all doubt. She said, "Frank? Did you ever get on a bus like this?"—she pointed to it at the curb beside them—"late one night in 1926? And see a girl like me, dressed as I am now? And you sat down beside her, and fell in love at that moment?"

He smiled, and with an old-style actor's gallantry, said, "No, because if I had, how could I ever forget it?" and there was no memory at all in his eyes.

Ernie called out, Jessie stepped onto the bus platform, the cameras turned, and they moved through the scene once again. At the street corner, just as he had in so many other takes, Frank turned to leave, saying, "I'm going. I won't come back. But I'll never forget you. Remember that; I'll never forget." And as Jess stared after him, her hands rose like claws toward her open mouth, and that beautiful face suddenly distorted into a grimace of terrible forsaken loneliness, and genuine tears streaked down through her make-up in a look that—real as her feelings were, Jessie's an actress and never forgets the camera—may damn well bring her next year's Oscar as best supporting actress.

It raised the hair on my neck, that long look after Frank, and for a moment I thought it was grief for the vanished young Frank who had once fallen in love with her. But it wasn't for him at all, and it wasn't grief. I think it was shock, I think it was fright. She was crying for herself because suddenly she understood that love will not wait. It cannot be postponed; it dies instead. She suddenly knew that she couldn't continue to deny it, and deny herself—fending love off till her career was established—and then hope to find it and her capacity for it still patiently waiting. Jessie had had a glimpse of the future, her own future in which she stood forgotten by the man—whoever he might still be—who could love her forever, given the chance.

She knew it then, standing before the turning camera, shocked at her own loneliness. And she knew it, the filming over, in the lounge of the Plaza having a drink with me. Because she said, "Are you going back by train, Jake?"

I said, "I don't know; why?"

"Because if you are, I'd like to go with you." And I knew that on the long leisurely trip back, whatever might have happened between us before and hadn't been allowed to, was going to have its chance.





## PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 48)

## FREE LOVE

In reply to a recent *Forum* letter by reader Bob Barrett, PLAYBOY stated that "we do not favor free love or any blind or irrational pursuit of pleasure—we have never suggested a pattern of behavior based on the premise: Live for the moment and let tomorrow take care of itself." You also said, "we do not advocate sex as simply a sport and we do not believe that any human conduct should be removed from its consequences."

Now, either the author of the *Philosophy* does not speak for PLAYBOY the magazine, or he is a hypocrite or lacking in perception, or both. It is readily apparent that many of the articles, jokes and cartoons at least condone, if not openly foster, the idea of free love. PLAYBOY exudes the "live for the moment and let tomorrow take care of itself" attitude. Please don't misconstrue my criticism: I heartily enjoy the magazine and delight in the cartoons and humor. However, just as Hefner agitates for enlightenment and for the abolition of puritanical sex codes, so should he abolish the inconsistency between the *Philosophy* and the magazine. Let's call a spade a spade, and free love free love!

Gary W. Mickles, U. S. N. R.  
U. S. S. Pulaski County  
F. P. O., New York, New York

*Free love suggests, to us at least, sexual promiscuity devoid of any responsibility; and as has been stated numerous times in "Philosophy," "Forum" and elsewhere in the magazine, we believe that man should be responsible for his actions—sexual and otherwise. The fact that the lighter entertainment portions of the publication tend to spoof and poke fun at every aspect of our society's sexual mores and behavior does not strike us as hypocritical or inconsistent with the above-stated belief.*

## VARIETY IN SEX

My wife and I have thought of writing to praise *The Playboy Philosophy* many times; at long last we are getting it done.

We have enjoyed the *Philosophy* very much and share Hefner's broad-minded views on variety in lovemaking—of which we are such avid devotees that we wish everyone could be so enlightened about the totally fulfilling pleasures possible when unleashed passions are allowed freedom of expression.

Emily Dickinson once wrote, "A woman should be assured that there is *nothing* in the fullest sweep of passion that is not compatible with her highest ideals of spiritual love, and that all mutual intimacy of behavior is right between husband and wife."

Havelock Ellis said years ago, "Taking sexual relationships in the widest sense, but still on the physical side, it is important always to bear in mind that 'what-ever gives satisfaction and relief to both parties is good and right and even in the best sense normal, provided (as is not likely to happen in sound and healthy persons) no injury is effected.' Fellatio and cunnilingus (the impulse to either of which frequently arises spontaneously in men and women who never heard of such practices) are perhaps the chief of these contacts."

"No sex play is psychologically taboo," Hamilton stated, while making certain reservations, of which the most important are that no injury to physical structure is involved and that there are no serious guilt reactions.

It is our sincere hope that your *Philosophy* will advance the sexual revolution in America and we shout, "More power to you!"

Gene and Mollie Miller  
Riverton, Iowa

## SEXUAL SPECTRUM

Having watched PLAYBOY's emergence from a leering, mediocre rag to an important magazine and one of the nation's foremost advocates of sexual freedom, my lover and I wish to congratulate Hefner. Count us among the growing number who encourage his efforts to present a reasoned guide to rational living.

But, and here it comes, I think that Hefner has a tendency to mince words, and I classify him as a conservative libertine—conclusions gleaned from answers to letters printed in the write-in departments, and from the *Philosophy* proper.

I herewith unequivocally list some of the activities which I believe are implicitly endorsed in *The Playboy Philosophy* so far delineated (activities, incidentally, in which my lover and I occasionally engage):

Sodomy, fellatio, cunnilingus, male and female homosexuality, incest, simple coitus (two persons), multiple coitus (three or more, naturally), masochism and sadism (of the minor, nonobsessive type—added for variety), auto/group masturbation, erotic zoophilia (otherwise known as bestiality, using large dogs and domestic monkeys, preferably of the family Cercopithecidae), nonfixated pygmalionism, undinism, voyeurism, gerontophilia, pornographic bibliophilia, sundry other interesting pastimes—enjoyed inside or outside the context of legal marriage (adultery by mutual consent) with another lover, or in small meetings of single and married couples, or in larger groups of orgy proportion (enjoyed, I qualify, by sober, informed, consenting adults who have proven their legal age and good standing as responsible citizens).

Need I say more? All right, I will:



"Well, we gambled and lost."



Anyone engaged in the uninhibited pursuit of enjoyment has no legitimate reason for leaving to the imagination the slightest trick in his (or her) exploration of the sexual spectrum.

Thana Courtney  
Bozeman, Montana

*With such an impressive sexual program, we marvel at your having found the time to write.*

#### SUPPLY AND DEMAND

Regarding the alleged American sexual revolution, one crucial point in all this seems to have been ignored: American women themselves.

After reading the transcript of the WINS broadcast in your Christmas issue, I am instantly struck by the immense irony of a gathering of articulate males examining the question of American, Anglo-American (Victorian-inspired) and Western European sexual attitudes.

What about women? Given the opportunity to air their views, what might they wish to offer on the subject? Do you suppose American females are generally in favor of free love—or freer love? Aren't you overlooking the obvious fact that American women have a vested interest in the perpetuity of the present restrictive code of behavior?

Let's take a brave and unhurried look at the way American women have benefited from the premium on sex. With so many women avoiding sex, those who do indulge are usually rewarded in a wide variety of ways: food, drink, entertainments, gifts, free rent, etc. Do you suppose that the majority of American females would be daft enough to chuck this cushy way of life?

A genuine American sexual revolution cannot be realized merely by hinting or asserting that it exists. And it certainly cannot be accomplished behind the backs of female America. I'm afraid you're indulging in a bit of wishful thinking. Trust to an American men's magazine to titillate its male readership with the myth of a sexual revolution.

How many mass-circulation women's magazines are conducting a similar propaganda campaign? Very few, I should imagine.

While the church has played its part in repressing sex, it is perhaps unfair to place the lion's share of the blame for antisex on organized religion. The true root cause in America has been the historical imbalance in the sex ratio. Attitudes between the sexes derive in large measure from the effects of supply and demand. In fact, since the demand is usually always present, we need only concern ourselves with the question of supply.

It was—and still is—the scarcity of single women in the marriageable age group that has caused the American

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male to build that pedestal for the fair sex. Only once within memory has there been a surfeit of young females in America. That was for a brief period during the Second World War. Those of us old enough to remember will recall how pragmatic women can become when the circumstances warrant it. After a year or so of male scarcity, with no one able to predict exactly when, if ever, the former ratio would be restored, significant changes in female attitudes occurred—unprecedented boldness; a frank and outspoken need for a man's affection. The mass media of those years merely reflected the mood, rather than having pointed the way.

With the end of the War and return of multitudes of ex-servicemen to civilian life came a resumption of the former attitudes. Prudery, abstinence, sexual frustration, frigidity, fear, guilt, etc.

Alas, the only sure way to trigger a true sexual revolution is altogether unlikely to occur: a massive influx of young female immigrants aged 18 to about 28—millions of them.

Edward Zuckerman  
London, England

*Your theories are interesting, Ed, but they run counter to the actual facts. It*

*is the female who has historically suffered the most from Western society's sexual traditions and who is now pressing for social and sexual equality. As for your suggestion re supply and demand, the scarcity of single women of marriageable age that you speak of simply does not exist. A definition of what constitutes "marriageable age" may be open to some disagreement, but the ratio of single women to single men for the entire U.S. population is approximately 5 to 4—with almost four million more unmarried American women than men.*

#### DOWN WITH WOMEN

In Hefner's advocacy of the so-called sexual revolution he speaks of the more truly heterosexual society which will happily result. Isn't this paradoxical? In all history the most truly heterosexual societies have been those that imposed the greatest strictures on the ladies. Witness the Latin countries even today—or the Japanese society of a bare 20 years ago. And contrast these with our notoriously competitive, unfemale American females—ladies who have been given their "freedom." By what logic does Mr. H deduce that the girls will become more girlish as the rules for their behav-

ior (which are too few now, I think) drop away?

B. Wiseman  
New York, New York

*Sorry to disagree, but in all history the most truly healthy and heterosexual societies have been those that imposed the least strictures on the ladies. There is a direct correlation between the sexual suppression and the low status of women to be found throughout the more than 2000 years of Western civilization; and it is the sexually suppressive society that also becomes the sexually sick and perverted one.*

*This would be more obvious to the casual observer were it not for the fact that societies making the greatest show of masculinity—and, therefore, presumed heterosexuality—are often, just as with individuals, overcompensating to hide a homosexual obsession or fear. G. Rattray Taylor lists the following primary characteristics for an extreme patriarchal society: Restrictive attitude toward sex; limitation of freedom for women; women held to be inferior, sinful; chastity more valued than welfare; politically authoritarian; conservative, against innovation; distrust of research and free inquiry; inhibition, fear of spontaneity; deep fear of homosexuality; sex differences maximized in clothing; asceticism, fear of pleasure.*

*The competitive, unfeminine American women to whom you refer are the victims of a serious identity problem that, admittedly, they would never have had to face if they had not been emancipated. It is to be hoped, however, that their search for a more satisfying, more human role in society will ultimately lead them to a new image of what it means to be a woman who is not only free, but also uncompetitive and truly feminine. Hefner intends to devote considerable attention to the problems of individual adjustment and identity in contemporary society in later installments of "The Playboy Philosophy."*

#### SEX IN PRISON

As a physician, I can't pretend to be shocked by the anonymous *Forum* letter from Cincinnati, Ohio (PLAYBOY, January 1965), entitled "A Parolee Speaks." I'm damned certain that there has been very little indeed written on the subject of sex in prison and the long-term effects of current American practices in this regard on the "rehabilitation" of convicts, either for the lay public or in the medical and psychiatric journals.

Alan E. Nourse, M.D.

North Bend, Washington

*For an appraisal of the work of one man in the area of Federal penology, see the next letter.*

#### PENAL REFORM

During the past summer, a friend employed in the Senate forwarded to me a



copy of *Of Prisons and Justice* by James V. Bennett, former director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which, on the event of his retirement, had been especially prepared for the Subcommittee on National Prisons.

In it were demonstrated the enlightened, compassionate feelings of an administrator—a man concerned with, and responsible for, the welfare and progress of a somewhat distasteful, though crucial, facet of our society—and I saw how in his 25-year tenure this one man had been the motivating force in changing the maximum security prison from an antiquated house of punishment into a rehabilitative institution. He was a tireless innovator, and his contributions were invaluable. One takes more than a small amount of pride in seeing his faith in the faithless, the seemingly "inexorably hardened" criminal.

And yet, when I read the letter headed "A Parolee Speaks" in the January *Forum*, it struck me that Bennett's efforts in the highest penal levels are being overshadowed by the heinous inadequacies in the lower echelons: the state and county penitentiaries. The conditions described in the letter were unspeakable, enough to inspire a very profound disgust.

Six new dungeons! To those who somehow *can* escape, such as the erudite penologist, it seems to be nothing more than an example of medieval brutality. Still, do we not remember when Mayor La Guardia had to personally chastise the New York police for excessive use of brutal third-degree methods in obtaining information, and sometimes confessions, from even the most minor offenders? The infliction of pain for punishment or coercion is still horrendously evident in our "advanced society." And the problem of prison sex life could most probably be better applied to the lower animals!

I have watched *PLAYBOY* grow in influence through the past ten years, and I am sure you will be receiving many letters such as this. This is most certainly a cause worthy of your protean efforts, and your readers will agree with me when I say you are highly qualified to cope with it. Personally, I would like to see "A Parolee Speaks," together with whatever proposed solution you may evolve, circulated to every newspaper in this country, and to every Federal and state legislator who would be in any way connected with this problem.

William Earl Sprackling, Jr.  
Washington, D.C.

#### ANTIATHEISM

Concerning the proposed amendment to the Civil Rights Bill [*The Playboy Forum*, *PLAYBOY*, November 1964] which would have discriminated against anyone guilty of "atheistic practices and beliefs," I would like to point out that

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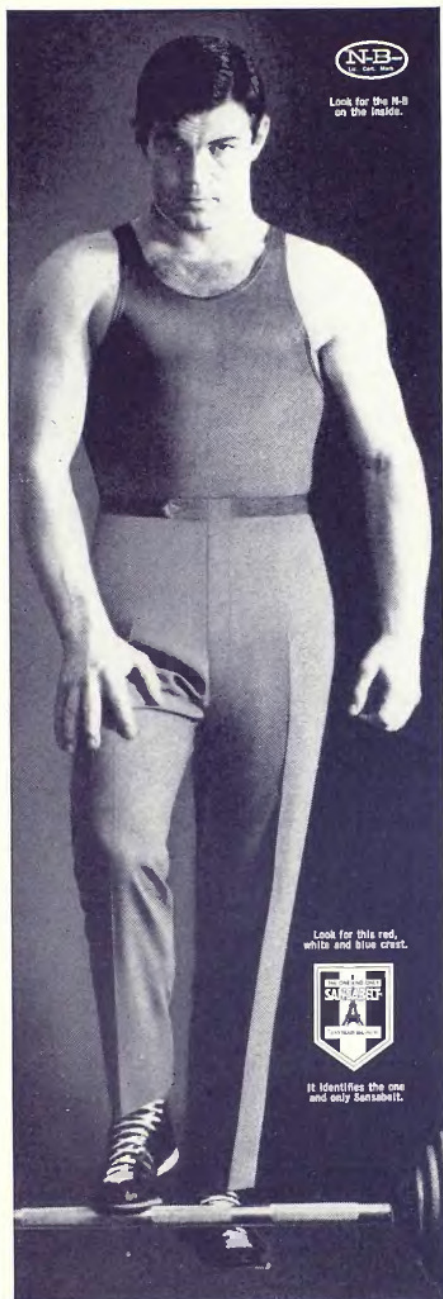
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Representative John Ashbrook introduced the amendment for the sole purpose of using it to defeat the bill. He later voted against the bill, as you stated, which was his original intention.

We may assume, however, that if the amendment had survived, our Supreme Court would have voided it.

Lloyd Koziol  
Butler University  
Indianapolis, Indiana

*Though legislators occasionally try to kill a bill they oppose by amending it in a manner that would alienate its supporters, this—according to Ashbrook himself—was not his goal in adding his antiatheism clause to an early draft of the 1964 Civil Rights Bill. (The amendment was subsequently stricken from the bill—which Ashbrook opposed.) He told us: "In adding this amendment, it was my intention that no one be forced to hire an atheist if he did not desire to do so." We agree with your assumption that the amendment, had it ever become law, would have been struck down by the Supreme Court. It is clearly a violation of First Amendment guarantees.*

### LIBERTY UNDER GOD

Most unfortunately, the Supreme Court succumbed to the multibillion-dollar orthodoxy, and the interpolation "under God" remains in the pledge of allegiance to the flag. This is an unspeakable perfidy. Now the noble pledge to liberty and justice lies prostrate at the feet of God.

What did God say on the subject of liberty? If we trust the Bible, this He said:

"Both thy Bondmen and Bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the Heathens round and about you: of them shall ye buy Bondmen and Bondmaids, moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families which are with you, which they begat in your land, and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you to inherit them for a possession. They shall be your Bondmen and Bondmaids forever."

What atrocious liberty under God! If God's will had been carried out—a chilly thought—whose ancestors were not of the Heathens?

There has never been any evidence of liberty or justice under any god: only the liberty to bow, kneel and cringe.

If we are to have liberty and justice for all, it must be secured not through faith, but through reason.

Sulen Drangen  
Montague, California

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January 1965 *Forum*, with your correspondent's views on the Becker Amendment—which would have permitted Bible reading and prayer in public schools. I have since learned that Congressman Becker voted against his own amendment, which, as you know, was defeated.

Algernon Black, minister of The First Ethical Society, New York, recently stated that school children's time might be better employed in memorizing and understanding the First Amendment to our Constitution.

We have existed successfully so far without a Becker Amendment, and I trust we will continue to get by without it.

Max Marshall

Omaha, Nebraska

*Though the Becker Amendment has sustained at least a temporary setback (and its author, Representative Frank Becker, did indeed vote against it), it most likely will reappear in another guise sooner or later. Credit for defeat of the amendment must go, in part, to persons like yourself and Algernon Black—who were sufficiently concerned about the threat it posed to speak publicly against it.*

#### IMMORALITY IN MISSOURI

I've been following *The Playboy Philosophy* with unalloyed pleasure and general accord these many months. (My subscription goes back to volume two, number one.) Your analysis of senseless and unenforceable laws governing sexual conduct is much to the point, but you missed a good statutory mess here in Missouri. Leaving aside the unquestionably reprehensible crime of forcible rape, this state carries two laws on the books under the chapter entitled "Offenses Against Persons." One of these (§559.260) classifies carnal knowledge of a female under age 16 as a crime without limitation (including death) as to punishment. The other (§559.300) establishes "carnal knowledge" of an unmarried female over 16 but under 18 of *previous chaste character* as a felony punishable by fine up to \$500 or imprisonment up to two years or both. Proof of previous chastity, fortunately, is upon the prosecution. The rape statute, by the way, like all Missouri felony laws, leaves the maximum punishment to the discretion of the jury, but the carnal knowledge statute is unique in that the punishment is left to the discretion of the trial judge.

This situation persisted almost since antiquity, until about 15 years ago, when our enlightened legislature added the following to the chapter entitled "Offenses Against Morals":

§563.00. Any person who in the presence of any minor, shall indulge in any degrading, lewd, immoral or



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vicious habits or practices; or who shall take indecent or improper liberties with such minor; or who shall publicly expose his or her person to such minor in an obscene or indecent manner; or who shall by language, sign or touching such minor, suggest or refer to any immoral, lewd, lascivious or indecent act, or who shall detain or divert such minor with intent to perpetrate any of the aforesaid acts, shall be considered as annoying or molesting said minor and shall upon conviction be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a period not exceeding five years, or be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for a period not exceeding one year, or be fined in a sum not to exceed five-hundred dollars or by both such fine and imprisonment.

A minor, of course, is anyone under 21. Mind you, no other "offense against morals" statute was repealed with the enactment of this new law, although we had and have an indecent exposure law, an "acts against nature" law, and all the others, good and bad. And note, too, that the punishment limits are higher in the new statute than they are for "carnal knowledge, 16-18," and, indeed, for vio-

lation of other older pronouncements. We are now blessed with the spectacle of any sexual conduct, even consensual, where one of the parties is under 21, being punishable by imprisonment up to five years, if some peeved or disappointed party just blows the whistle.

Perhaps you had better withhold my name if you print this, and let me continue to do my mite at the bar of justice in defense of lost causes, for a while longer.

(Attorney's name withheld by request)  
St. Joseph, Missouri

*While they strain the imagination, Missouri's sex statutes are typical of sex legislation in all 50 states. For a detailed discussion of individual state sex statutes, see "The Playboy Philosophy," February and April, 1964.*

#### LOCAL FORUMS

The subject of this letter has been on my mind since November. After reading Hefner's editorial in the January PLAYBOY, I decided that I should write to you and ask your opinion about the formulation of a forum discussion on the campus of the University of Toledo.

To be more specific, I am a writer for the *Collegian*, the campus paper. In one of my editorials I attempted to present a limited version of *The Playboy Philoso-*

*phy*. Unfortunately, the reaction to the presentation was violent.

*The Playboy Philosophy* is becoming a credo for many college students. In defense of your position, I am wondering if it is possible for you to hold a forum at the University of Toledo, and for that matter, at other universities?

I would appreciate hearing from you on this matter. I do not consider this idea foolish, but a further example of involvement in contemporary problems on the part of PLAYBOY's staff.

Richard Cohen  
University of Toledo  
Toledo, Ohio

*We wholeheartedly endorse the idea of organizing campus or community forums based upon "The Playboy Philosophy"—not to defend our position, but as a means of exchanging various viewpoints and stimulating positive thought on subjects covered in our editorial series. We have been informed of several forums of this kind that have already been organized by school, civic and church groups with considerable success. We will supply booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," at a special quantity discount rate, for use by such groups, but feel that the organization of these forums should remain in the hands of those most interested in participating in them in each community.*

#### PHILOSOPHY REPRINTS

During the recent months, my clergy-men friends have been referring with increasing frequency to various portions of *The Playboy Philosophy*, which, I understand, has been appearing in PLAYBOY magazine in installments over the past several years. The quotations and expressions of opinion are provocative in the extreme, producing reactions ranging all the way from rabid condemnation to wild enthusiasm.

I would be most eager to examine at length this body of writings which has evoked such a broad response, and I am wondering whether reprints of the entire series are available; or whether I might secure back issues including the series.

J. Thomas Leamon, Minister  
Westfield Congregational Church  
Danielson, Connecticut

*The first 18 installments of "The Playboy Philosophy" are available in three booklet reprints at \$1 per booklet.*

*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*



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# STYLISH STOUT (continued from page 77)

weight of anything, from a Pekingese to a Covent Garden soprano, just by looking at it.

This year an alteration had been made in the procedure. The sweepstake was to function as usual, but from now on £50 would be taken from the kitty and handed to the winning uncle's owner as prize money. And the reason why the iron entered into Bingo's soul when he mused on this was that he was convinced that if his Aunt Myrtle, widow of the late J. G. Beenstock, had only been an uncle, she would have won the event in a canter, for she was as well-nourished a woman as ever paled at the sight of a diet chart; and had she been eligible for competition he could have sold a piece of her to Oofy Prosser, the club millionaire, thus enabling him to pay the ten pounds which he owed a bookmaker who was rather fussy about being owed money. But the rules were rigid. Aunts could not compete. Only uncles.

At 7:30 that night he was in the lobby of Barribault's Hotel awaiting the coming of Kirk Rockaway, and eventually Kirk Rockaway appeared. And through Bingo's mind, as he saw him, there flitted those poignant lines of the poet Whittier—" . . . Of all sad words of tongue or pen/The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'" For here was the fattest man he had ever set eyes on, a man for a mere third of whom Oofy Prosser would gladly have paid as much as £20, and whoever's uncle he may have been, he was not Bingo's. In short, all that superb poundage was just going

to waste. However, he crushed down his vain regrets and they went off to the dining room.

It was quite a walk through the lobby, and by the time they had seated themselves Bingo's host was showing signs of strain. Beads of perspiration had begun to form on his forehead, and after about the fifth spoonful of soup he reached in his left breast pocket for his handkerchief. He pulled it out and with it came a cabinet-size photograph which shot through the air and fell in Bingo's plate. And as Bingo fished it out and started to dry it with his napkin, something familiar about it arrested his attention. It portrayed a woman of ample dimensions, and with amazement he recognized her as Mrs. J. G. Beenstock, the last person he would have expected to find in his soup.

"Hullo!" he said. "What on earth are you doing with my Aunt Myrtle's photograph next your heart?"

Kirk Rockaway stared at him, astounded.

"Is that divine woman your aunt?"

"Has been for years."

"I love her!" said Kirk Rockaway.

It was Bingo's turn to stare, astounded.

"You mean you and Aunt Myrtle are engaged?"

"Alas, no, not yet. I love her. I loved her the first time we met. But I can't seem to get up the nerve to propose to her."

A blinding light flashed upon Bingo. Mr. Purkiss' words rang in his ears. "He

is a strict teetotaler," Mr. Purkiss had said, and the whole thing became clear to him.

"Have you tried having a drink?"

"I've drunk a good deal of sarsaparilla, but it seems to have no effect."

"Sarsaparilla! What you need is stout and champagne."

"But that's alcohol, and I promised my late mother I would never drink alcohol."

"Well, I think if you would get in touch with her on the ouija board and explain the situation, she would skip the red tape and tell you to go to it. But that would take time. It might be hours before you got a connection. What you want is the stuff now. Then, when you feel nicely primed, we will drop in on my aunt. She has been away on one of those Mediterranean cruises, but she ought to be back by now. Waiter, bring us a bottle of Bollinger and all the stout you can carry."

It was some half hour later that Kirk Rockaway looked across the table with a new light in his eyes. They had become reddish and bulged a good deal. His diction, when he spoke, was a little slurred.

"You were right," he said. "I feel great. I feel strong and masterful. Bring on that aunt of yours!"

"She lives in Kensington."

"Then away we go there. And do you know what I shall do when I see her? I shall dominate her. The slightest disposition on her part to reject my addresses, and I shall haul off and punch her in the eye. Do you know what I used to be before I became an author? A cow-puncher, that's what I used to be. I've punched hundreds of cows. I had a beautiful punch in those days, straight and true and never traveling more than eight inches. No doubt the old skill still lingers."

It was a longish journey to Kensington, but Kirk Rockaway enlivened it with college yells remembered from happier days. He was halfway through a particularly loud one while Bingo was ringing his aunt's bell.

The door opened. Fotheringay, Mrs. Beenstock's butler, appeared. Kirk Rockaway tapped him authoritatively on the chest.

"Take me to your leader!"

"Sir?"

"I want the divine Beenstock."

"Mrs. Beenstock is not at home."

"You lie!" thundered Kirk Rockaway, continuing to tap the butler like a woodpecker. "There is a plot to keep her from me, and I may mention that I happen to know the ringleaders. If you do not instantly—"

He broke off, not because he had said his say but because at this point he overbalanced and fell down the steps. Bingo, who had entered the hall, thought he saw him bounce twice, but he was in a state of great mental perturbation and



*"In a case very similar to this on 'The Defenders' the jury found for the defendant."*



may have been mistaken. Fotheringay closed the front door, and Bingo wiped his forehead. His own forehead, not Fotheringay's.

"Isn't my aunt at home?" he asked.

"No, sir. She returns tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell the gentleman that?"

"I was averse to holding any communication with one so manifestly plastered. Hark at him now."

He was alluding to the fact that Kirk Rockaway was banging on the door with the knocker, at the same time shouting in a stentorian voice. Then abruptly the noise ceased, and Bingo, peering through the little window at the side of the front door, saw that his late host was being led away by a member of the constabulary.

The magistrate at Boshier Street Police Court next morning took a serious view of the case.

"Fourteen days," he said, and Bingo, who had attended the proceedings, tottered from the court, a broken man. He had been hoping that Kirk Rockaway, if dismissed with a caution, would have been in such a melting mood that it would have been the work of an instant to tap him for the ten he owed that bookie, from whom a letter had arrived that morning couched in threatening terms.

Only one ray of hope lightened his darkness. Fotheringay had said that his aunt would be back from her Mediterranean cruise today, and he had sometimes found her responsive to the touch, if tactfully approached. He hastened to her house and pressed the front doorbell.

"Good morning, Fotheringay. Is my aunt in?"

"No, sir. They have gone out to do some shopping."

"They?" said Bingo, surprised that the butler should have spoken of his employer, stout though she was, in the plural.

"Madam and Mr. Weatherbee, sir."

"Who on earth is Mr. Weatherbee?"

"Madam's husband, sir."

"What?"

"Yes, sir. It appears that they were shipmates on the cruise from which Madam has just returned. I understand that the wedding was solemnized by the vessel's captain."

"Well, I'll be blowed. You never know what's going to happen next in these chaotic times, do you?"

"No, sir."

"What sort of a bimbo is he?"

"Very stout, sir."

Bingo was electrified.

"How stout?"

"There is a photograph of Mr. Weather-

bee in Madam's boudoir, if you would care to see it."

"Let's go," said Bingo. He was conscious of a strange thrill, but at the same time he was telling himself that he must not raise his hopes too high. Probably, by Drones Club standards, this new uncle of his would prove to be nothing special.

A minute later he reeled and might have fallen had he not clutched at a passing armchair. He was looking, spell-bound, at the photograph of a man so vast, so like a captive balloon, that Kirk Rockaway seemed merely pleasantly plump in comparison.

A long sigh of ecstasy escaped him.

"I'm going to borrow this photograph, Fotheringay."

"Madam may be annoyed on discovering its absence, sir."

"Tell her she'll have it back this afternoon. I only want to show it to a man at the Drones," said Bingo.

He was thinking of his coming interview with Oofy Prosser. He did not need to be told that with this colossal uncle under his belt he was in a seller's market. If Oofy was prepared to meet his terms, he would let him have—say—25 percent of this certain winner, but he meant to drive a hard bargain.



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## FROM RUSSIA

(continued from page 79)

Marie Antoine Carême, founder of what we now know as classic French cooking, went to the court of St. Petersburg. Before he left France, however, Talleyrand briefed him well, and explained that during Carême's Russian sojourn he was to be a spy in chef's uniform. At the end of each of the czar's state banquets, the important items of conversation were in Carême's head, and were duly transmitted to France. In the light of his contributions to Russian cuisine, it was a small price to pay. Just to show the Russkies the subtleties of which he was capable, Carême created the light dessert of spongecake and cream known today as *charlotte russe*.

As time went by, the paws of the Russian bear seemed to have made as much of a lasting imprint on French cookery as the French made on the Russian. (Incidentally, grilled breaded bears' paws, served with a sweet-and-sour sauce, have always been a great Russian delicacy.) When the Count of Monte Cristo was able to feast in the manner to which he was accustomed, what did he order? Nothing less than a giant sturgeon from the Volga. Russian soups such as borsch, rassolnik and stchi are part of the repertoire of every eminent French chef. Beef Stroganoff seems to be scoring a commanding lead over beef bourguignon. The French *brochette d'agneau* is simply Russian shashlik, or lamb on a sword, a patio favorite all over the world.

The pinnacle of the Russian table, of course, is the regal roe of the sturgeon. The Russians call caviar their black jewels, and they resent outsiders who dishonor the jewels with onion or chopped hard-boiled egg. Caviar, not only in Russia but all over the world, shines as the highest badge of luxury eating. Along with chicken à la Kiev, borsch and piroshki, it proves that the one art that revolution never bullies is a fine cuisine.

In Chekhov's day a Russian would rather not entertain at all if he couldn't entertain lavishly. His *zakuskas* (appetizers) spread on a buffet table began with a vast sea of little fish—sardines, anchovies, sprats, smoked fish, jellied fish, fish in oil, in cream, in dill, in wine, in mustard, in onions—followed by smoked hams, game and *pâtés*, pickled vegetables, a whole galaxy of salads which in turn led to the hot *zakuskas* containing anything from blini with caviar to hot mushrooms in sour-cream sauce to tiny balls of lamb. A favorite Russian indoor sport was to watch non-Russians stuff themselves like force-fed geese, thinking they were enjoying a buffet dinner, only to be ushered from the *zakuska* table to the dining room where a 23-course repast awaited them. At this point the fun began in earnest for the Russian hosts,

who, following the best custom of the day, didn't eat with the guests but circulated among them, cajoling them to have one more rich piroshki with the soup, pleading with them to fill their glasses just one more time with champagne, begging them to have one last ladleful of *pashka*, a Brobdingnagian dessert made of cottage cheese, butter, whipped cream, sugar and candied fruit. Even today the lavish tradition goes on in crowded Russian apartments where couples band together for a giant communal feast, each supplying one of the festive courses.

The pungent Russian ballet with food tends to swirl around the sour rather than the sweet. No Russian chef would think of beginning his day's work without his *smetana*, or sour cream, just as no French chef could possibly operate without sweet cream. In rassolnik, the Russian gibellet soup, there are always sliced sour pickles to keep the zest flowing until the last spoonful. The herb dill, with its tart overtones, is everywhere. And there are seemingly limitless permutations on the cucumber theme. Crisp young cucumbers are in cold soup, in cucumber and turnip salad, with sour cream, in cucumber sauce. Many a Russian begins his day by eating cucumbers.

One of the most prodigal of Russian feast dishes is the Armenian mixed grill of fowl. Large and small birds—from geese to chicken to hazel hens—are split, brushed with oil and lemon, and slowly barbecued over a charcoal fire. The revolving electric spit with pan beneath is perfect for even cooking in this kind of gastronomic production. Naturally, the grilling time varies with the size of each bird. A quail will need only about 10 to 15 minutes. A grilled small duckling or baby turkey will want from 45 minutes to an hour. Tart cold fruit sauces are commendable comrades for grilled fowl.

A Russian legend tells how the Lord, after making the entire world, its mountains, oceans and rivers, asked the people if they were satisfied. Spokesmen for all nations hurried to say how pleased they were—all except the Russian, who, in all humility, stepped up and said, "Please, Lord, don't forget some vodka." Generally the Russian has two motives for drinking vodka. The first is to find as many excuses as possible for eating caviar, herring, anchovies and the myriad appetizers that always follow the downing of neat iced vodka. The second is to get roaring drunk. Daredevilry and drinking have been synonymous ever since Peter the Great founded his College of Drunkards, a club of irreverent drainpipes. Modern Russian blades at bachelor parties are always challenged to drink the name of the bride spelled out in glasses filled with vodka. If the girl happens to be an Ene Popov, the challenge is easily tossed off. But if she happens to be an Anastasia



Bogomolova, the session calls for long, hollow legs, indeed.

Russian gourmets these days tend to frown on their native vodka. The reason for their attitude is that Russian vodka seldom attains the finesse of the product now produced by American distillers. The acrid flavor of the 100-proof Russian vodka available in this country reminds one of raw grain spirits before they're disciplined by charcoal. A particularly scalp-raising variety of Russian vodka called *pertsovka* is flavored with hot chili peppers. An exception to the rule is the imported *zubrovka*; blended with the herb known as buffalo grass, it proves to be a subtle, smooth potion.

The recipes that follow—variations on those long hallowed by Volga gravy-boatmen—are tailor-made to suit the palate of the most urbane American commissar of cuisine.

#### EGGPLANT CAVIAR (Eight appetizer portions)

- 1 large eggplant
- 2 medium-size fresh tomatoes
- ¼ cup salad oil
- 2 medium-size onions, very small dice
- 1 small clove garlic, minced fine
- ½ green pepper, very small dice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons finely minced fresh dill
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Place eggplant in shallow pan in oven preheated at 450°. Bake 45 minutes, turning once to bake evenly. Remove from pan and cut in half lengthwise. With sharp paring knife or grapefruit knife, remove pulp from eggplant shell; avoid tearing shell. Cut pulp into very small dice and set aside. Set the eggplant shells aside. Lower tomatoes into a pot of rapidly boiling water for 20–30 seconds, then hold them under cold running water for a few seconds, peel off the skin and remove stem ends. Press tomatoes to squeeze out excess liquid, then cut them into very small dice. In a shallow saucepan heat oil. Add onion, garlic, green pepper, eggplant and tomatoes. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, ten minutes or until all vegetables are tender. Add lemon juice, dill, and salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Spoon cooked mixture into eggplant shells. Chill in refrigerator until ice cold.

#### ANCHOVY PIROSHKI (About 14 pieces)

- 2 unbaked pie shells, 9-in. diameter
- 1 small onion, minced fine
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ¾ cup mashed potatoes (without milk)
- 10 anchovy fillets, minced fine
- Salt, pepper
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 tablespoons milk

Preheat oven at 425°. Sauté onion in butter until onion turns yellow. Combine onion, potatoes and anchovies and

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*"I'll have to hang up now, but I'll call you  
back . . . in ten minutes at the most."*



season to taste. Place pie shells on floured board and cut each into 7 round pieces, using standard old fashioned glass, 3 in. in diameter across top, for cutting. On each piece of dough place about 2 teaspoons potato mixture. Lift one end of dough over potato mixture to make crescent-shaped turnovers. Press edges of dough with fingers, sealing tightly. Press again with tines of fork. Trim off any ragged edges. Combine egg and milk, mixing well. Brush each turnover with egg mixture and place on lightly greased cookie sheet or shallow pan. Bake 20 minutes or until well browned. Serve with soup.

#### ONION BORSCH (Serves four)

1 large Spanish onion  
4 tablespoons butter  
16-oz. can beets, cut julienne  
1 quart chicken broth or stock  
2 medium-size potatoes  
1/4 cup lemon juice  
1/4 cup red wine vinegar  
2 tablespoons sugar  
4 ozs. sliced boiled ham, small dice  
2 tablespoons cognac  
Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate  
Sour cream

Borsch is best made one day and served the next. Cut onion in half through stem end, then cut crosswise into thinnest possible strips. In soup pot sauté onion in 2 tablespoons butter until onion is limp and yellow, not brown. Add beets, together with their juice, and chicken broth. (Water and instant bouillon powder may be used in place of chicken broth.) Peel potatoes and cut into very thin slices. Cut slices into julienne strips the same thickness as the beets. Add potatoes to pot and simmer slowly until potatoes are tender. Add lemon juice, vinegar, sugar and ham. Simmer 10 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in remaining 2 tablespoons butter. Add cognac, salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Add more sugar or vinegar, if necessary, to taste. Serve topped with generous dollops of sour cream.

#### MUSHROOM DILL SOUP (Serves four)

Lamb bone from leg of lamb  
3 medium-size onions  
2 pieces celery  
2 carrots  
Salt, pepper  
1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, small dice  
2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
4 packets instant bouillon powder  
1/2 cup light cream  
3 tablespoons minced fresh dill  
Sour cream

The stock for this soup may be made from the leg of lamb used in the shashlik recipe below. Tell the butcher who bones the leg of lamb that you want the

meat from the shank end and any meat trimmings that might be useful for the soup pot. Place lamb bone in pot with 2 onions, 1 piece celery and 1 carrot. Add 2 quarts water and simmer slowly 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Season with salt and pepper. Skim excess fat and strain broth, discarding vegetables. Cut meat adhering to bone into small dice and set aside. Cut remaining 1 onion, 1 piece celery and 1 carrot into small dice. In another pot sauté diced mushrooms, onion, celery and carrot in butter until onion is yellow. Stir in flour, mixing well. Add strained stock. There should be 1 1/2 quarts liquid. Add water if necessary to make this quantity. Add bouillon powder and simmer slowly 1/2 hour. Add diced lamb, light cream and dill. Bring up to the boiling point but do not boil. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve topped with dollops of sour cream.

#### CHICKEN À LA KIEV (Serves six)

3 whole large chicken breasts  
Salt, white pepper  
1/2 lb. sweet butter  
1/2 cup flour  
1/4 cup milk  
1 egg  
Salad oil for frying  
1/4 lb. sliced mushrooms  
1 tablespoon minced shallots or spring onions  
1 cup light cream  
2 tablespoons bread crumbs

Have the chicken breasts boned and cut lengthwise in half. Put chicken breasts between two sheets of wax paper and, using a meat mallet or flat side of cleaver, pound meat as thin as in Italian-style veal cutlets, but avoid tearing flesh. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cut pieces of butter about 1 1/2 in. long and 1/2 in. thick, and place one on each chicken breast. Roll up breast from long side around butter. Fold in ends so that butter is well enclosed. Chill in refrigerator to harden butter. Put flour, milk, egg and 1/2 teaspoon salt in well of blender and blend until smooth. Heat oil to a depth of 1/2 in. in electric skillet preheated at 370°. Preheat oven at 425°. Dip rolled chicken in batter, coating thoroughly. Fry chicken until medium brown, turning when necessary. Transfer chicken to shallow pan. Bake in oven 5 to 8 minutes. Sauté mushrooms and shallots in remaining butter (there should be about 2 tablespoons) until mushrooms are tender. Add light cream, bread crumbs and salt and pepper to taste. Bring sauce up to boiling point. Pour sauce on serving platter and place chicken on sauce. Warn guests to avoid sputtering butter when cutting.

#### SHASHLIK WITH CUCUMBERS (Serves eight)

6- to 7-lb. leg of spring lamb  
1 cup salad oil

Juice of 1 lemon  
Salt, pepper  
4 large cucumbers  
1/2 cup vinegar  
2 medium-size onions, sliced  
4 large cloves garlic, smashed  
1/4 cup sweet butter at room temperature

Have butcher bone lamb and cut into cubes about 1 in. thick. (Lamb bone and meat attached to it may be used for soup stock.) Place lamb in large bowl with 1/2 cup salad oil and juice of 1 lemon. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Marinate overnight, turning meat several times to marinate completely. Peel cucumbers and cut in half lengthwise, then crosswise into slices about 3/4 in. thick. In separate bowl place cucumbers with remaining 1/2 cup oil, vinegar, onions and garlic. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Marinate overnight. Thread skewers alternately with lamb and cucumbers. Broil over charcoal or under very hot broiler flame until meat is well browned. Brush with butter.

#### COLD CHERRY SAUCE (Serves six)

19-oz. can sour pitted red cherries  
2 tablespoons cider vinegar  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/4 cup bread crumbs  
1/4 cup sour cream  
Dash garlic powder  
Dash Tabasco sauce

Drain cherries well, reserving 2 tablespoons juice. Place cherries in blender with the 2 tablespoons juice and remaining ingredients. Blend until smooth. Chill well in refrigerator. Serve with barbecued fowl or game.

#### APRICOT COMPOTE (Serves four)

12-oz. pkg. large dried apricots  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
1/2 cup heavy cream  
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar  
2 tablespoons kummel

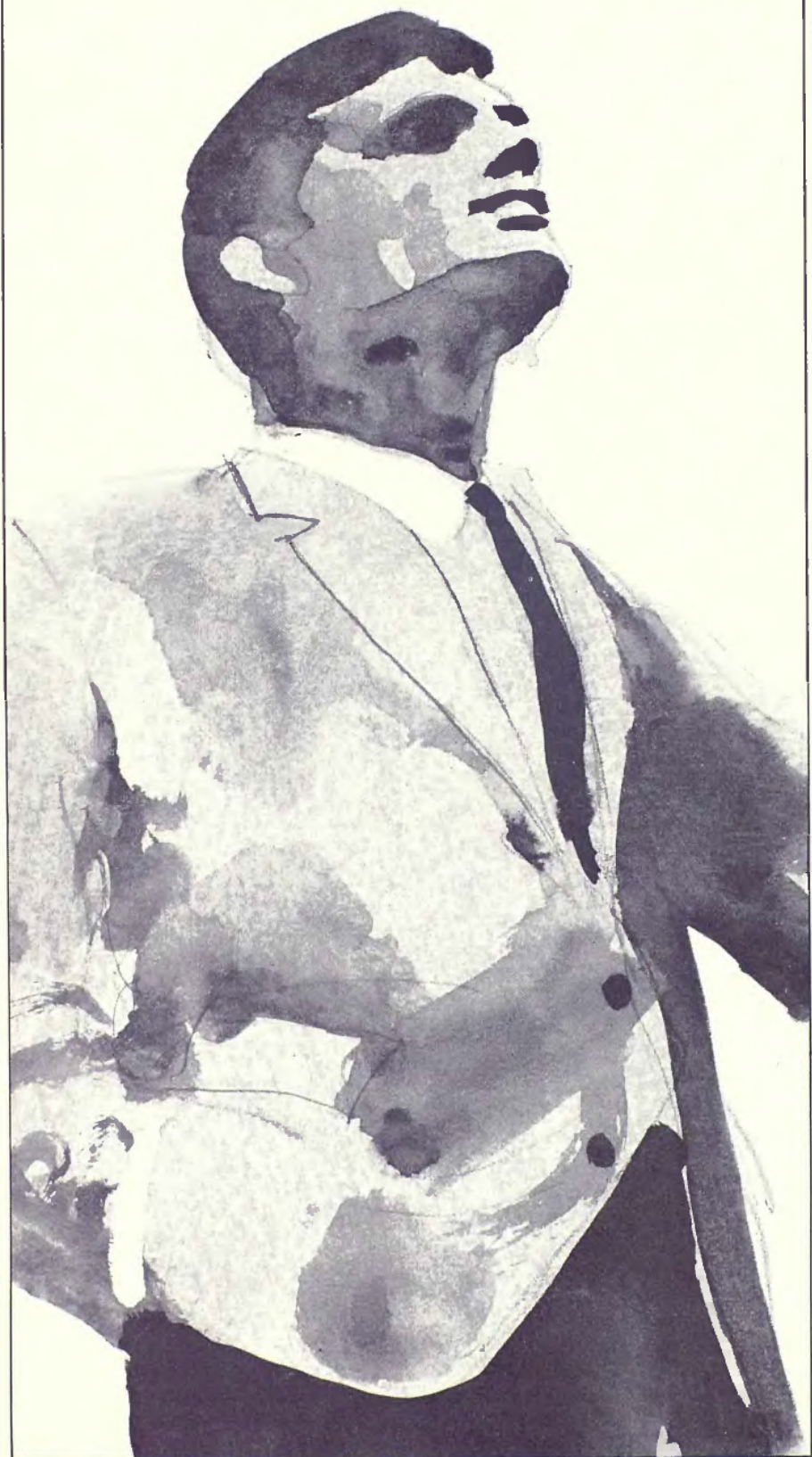
Place apricots in saucepan. Add water to pan so that top of fruit is covered by about 1 in. of water. Bring to boil; reduce flame and simmer very slowly about 10-12 minutes. Add sugar and simmer 5 minutes longer or until fruit is very tender. Remove pan from flame. Add vanilla. Chill well in refrigerator. In small narrow bowl beat cream until thick. Fold in confectioners' sugar and kummel. Serve apricot compote in glass dessert dishes or saucer champagne glasses. Spoon cream on top.

With the preceding recipes at your disposal, you won't have to set forth the classic 23-course Russian meal in order to make an impression on your guests. Their compliments, however, will be prodigious.





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## SEDUCED-SICILIAN STYLE

(continued from page 87)

and Maria Bruttamente, the cheese herders.

**MALOCCHIO** (*with growing menace*): In front of the town, in the ears of my *compares*, you say Malocchio is not your father? Who then, say who, spit it out, who am I, eh, Bruno, who am I?

**BRUNO**: I thought you knew. You are a dirty old man of about ninety-five.

**MALOCCHIO** (*smacking his own forehead*): *Si!* I forgot! Then, since I am not your father, you cannot go to the Hotel Boccaccio with me. It would not be decent.

**BRUNO**: That is true. But, Malocchio, my friend, could you lend me five thousand lire?

**MALOCCHIO** (*leering*): Aha, you will go to the Boccaccio yourself, eh? Very well, here is—

**BRUNO**: No, it is not that. I want to buy a black suit.

**MALOCCHIO**: You already have a black suit.

**BRUNO**: It is not black enough. I need a really *black black* suit—to get married in.

**MALOCCHIO** (*leaping up*): Hah! I knew it! The little Stefania—you have made her pregnant! *Bèstia! Traditore! Sciaurato!* I disown you! You are no son of—

**BRUNO**: Shhhh, sit down! You are wrong! The little Stefania, she is pure, innocent, a rose! Even though she has journeyed north and seen the great city of Rome, she is unspoiled. I tell you, Malocchio, I have not touched her. She is not pregnant!

**MALOCCHIO**: Not pregnant? Then why do you want to marry her?

**BRUNO**: Because I love her!

**MALOCCHIO** (*shaking his head sadly*): Bruno, Bruno, Bruno. I suppose you think you can just walk up to her father, ask for her hand, go to the church and get married. Eh? Is that what you think?

**BRUNO**: Yes . . . why not?

**MALOCCHIO**: *Stupido!* Do you forget? This is SICILY! It is not so simple! Now, if you really want to marry the little Stefania, listen to me . . .

*He leans across the table and whispers his advice, as we DISSOLVE TO:*

*A flyblown sitting room in STEFANIA'S house. An old horn phonograph is spewing a Sicilian folk song about love, olives, honor and cheap raisin wine. An electric fan whirs feebly, barely stirring the fetid air. On a couch, BRUNO has just untangled himself from the arms of the little STEFANIA, who looks up at him with languorous satisfaction. BRUNO has lost about 15 pounds since the previous scene, and his eyes are ringed with blue.*



BRUNO (*mopping his brow*): *Mamma mia!* You are much woman, Stefania!

STEFANIA: And you are much man!

BRUNO: I will not be much man much longer, if we go on like this!

STEFANIA (*pouting*): You do not like me anymore?

BRUNO: Oh, *cara mia*, I love you! But three times a day for the past four months??? A man is not made of iron!

STEFANIA: Bruno, my sweet one, it was your own idea. Remember the advice of Malocchio . . .

BRUNO: Malocchio, Schmalocchio! I am beginning to think—

STEFANIA (*purring*): Do not think, *caro*. Feel! Feel my pulse throbbing, my heart pounding with love!

BRUNO: *Ai, ai, Ai!* . . .

*As he is drawn into her arms again, we CUT TO a symbolic montage of opening buds, forks of lightning, neighing stallions, skinny stray dogs, etc., then back to the couch—*

STEFANIA: Bruno! My father, he is coming!

*Enter her father, DON MAFIA. Gross, cold-eyed, reptilian, he is the feared leader of P.A.S.T.A., the Protective Association of Sicilian Thieves & Assassins. Seeing BRUNO and his daughter, he recoils.*

DON MAFIA: You! Bruno! Get out!

BRUNO: Don Mafia, you do not understand. I love Stefania, and wish to marry her.

DON MAFIA (*pounding him on the head*): Marry my Stefania? You? Never!

BRUNO: Why not, *signore*?

DON MAFIA: I tell you why not! All the time you come to my house, eh? You make the *amore* with Stefania—three times a day for the past four months! And what happens? I tell you what happens. *Niente!* Nothing happens! My Stefania, she does not get pregnant!

BRUNO (*crestfallen*): I know this, Don Mafia, and I am ashamed. I try and I try, for four months I try . . . I do not know why nothing happens.

DON MAFIA: I tell you why! Because you, Bruno, are not a *man*! You do not have the red blood! You make a laughingstock of my daughter! The neighbors, they talk about her—"That Stefania! Not pregnant yet?" No! My daughter, she will not marry such a weakling!

BRUNO: Please, Don Mafia! Give me one more chance!

DON MAFIA: One more chance??? You have had . . . letta me see, three times a day, four months, thirty days hassa September . . . you have had *three hundred and sixty* chances! Out! Get out!

STEFANIA: Bruno . . . Poppa . . . perhaps I can explain. When I took the trip to the great city of Rome, I learned many wonderful things. I learned about

the air conditioning, the television, the Coca-Cola without the calories, and I learned about the marvelous new, how you say, "pills"?

BRUNO: Stefania! The pills of the *americani*? You have been taking them?

STEFANIA: Yes. So you see, Poppa, Bruno is not to blame.

DON MAFIA: Hmmm . . . yes . . . that is different. Bruno, my boy! Here, take this— (*Stuffs something into his hand*)

BRUNO: What is it?

DON MAFIA: Five thousand lire for a black-black suit. You don't want to get married in *light black*, like a peasant, do you?

*Swift montage of flyblown church bells, bridal veils, rice, wedding feast, gifts, black-black suits, etc., DISSOLVING INTO:*

*Night. Mandolins playing in the distance. The bedroom of the newlyweds. BRUNO shakes the rice out of his hair, turns tenderly to the little STEFANIA and*

*gently strokes her shoulder.*

STEFANIA: No, Bruno. Not tonight. I . . . have a headache.

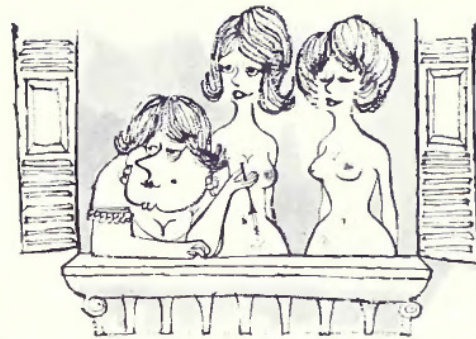
BRUNO: But, Stefania! This is our wedding night!

STEFANIA: Try to understand, Bruno. We must . . . control ourselves. You do not yet have a good job. We would not be able to support the little ones. We must wait . . .

BRUNO: Wait??? But what about the marvelous new, how you say, "pills"?

STEFANIA (*leaping up and striking him*): *Silenzio!* You say "pills" to a respectable married woman? You shame our home with this "pills"? *Bestia! Traditore! Sciaurato!* I disown you! You are no husband of—

*As he runs, cowering, from the volley of pots, pans and pills she is raining about his head, scampering desperately in the direction of the Hotel Boccaccio, we mercifully FADE OUT.*



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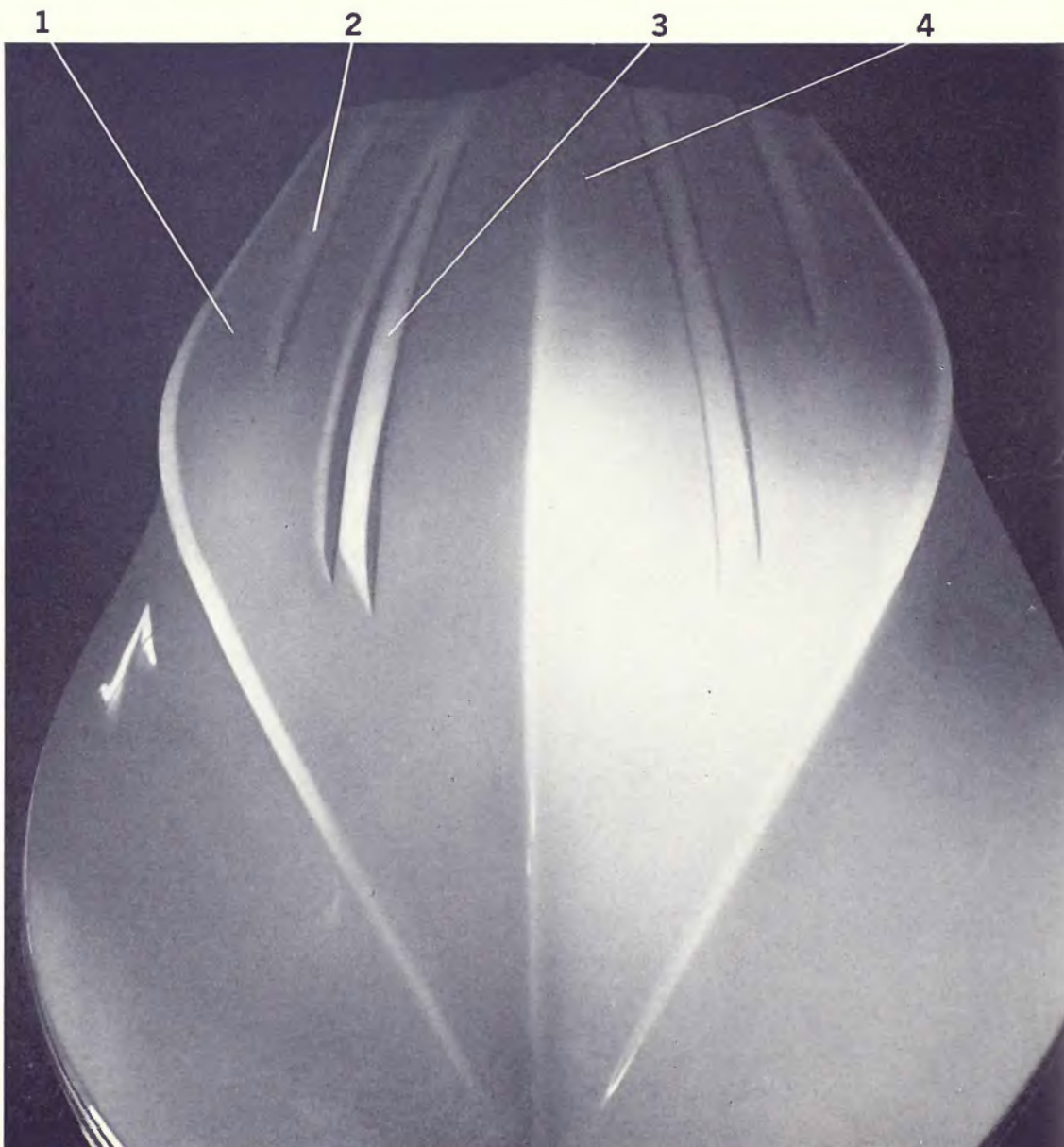
speed, there is so little water drag to hold you back, you move significantly faster than any other equally-powered pleasure boat on the market.

Although this writer works for Winner's advertising agency, he is nevertheless new to boating. He was ridden in several conventional hulls and

in a Quadralift hull, all in the same windy day. Conclusion: In addition to Quadralift's being the safest and fastest hull, it is also perceptibly smoother riding. Even to this landlubber.

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\*One knot = 1.15 m. p. h.



## THE GOLDEN GUN *(continued from page 70)*

"They were very nice to me in every way, sir. It seemed the least I could do. There was this Institute place in Leningrad. They gave me VIP treatment. Top brain specialists and everything. They didn't seem to hold it against me that I'd been working against them for most of my life. And other people came and talked to me very reasonably about the political situation, and so forth. The need for East and West to work together for world peace. They made clear a lot of things that hadn't occurred to me before. They quite convinced me." Bond looked obstinately across the table into the clear blue sailor's eyes that now held a red spark of anger. "I don't suppose you understand what I mean, sir. You've been making war against someone or other all your life. You're doing so at this moment. And for most of my adult life you've used me as a tool. Fortunately, that's all over now."

M said fiercely, "It certainly is. I suppose among other things you've forgotten is reading reports of our POWs in the Korean War who were brainwashed by the Chinese. If the Russians are so keen on peace, what do they need the K.G.B. for? At the last estimate, that was about one hundred thousand men and women 'making war,' as you call it, against us and other countries. This is the organization that was so charming to you in Leningrad. Did they happen to mention the murder of Horcher and Stutz in Munich last month?"

"Oh yes, sir." Bond's voice was patient, equable. "They have to defend themselves against the secret services of the West. If you would demobilize all this," Bond waved a hand, "they would be only too delighted to scrap the K.G.B. They were quite open about it all."

"And the same thing applies to their two hundred divisions and their U-boat fleet and their ICBMs, I suppose?" M's voice rasped.

"Of course, sir."

"Well, if you found these people so reasonable and charming, why didn't you stay there? Others have. Burgess is dead, but you could have chummed up with Maclean."

"We thought it more important that I should come back and fight for peace here, sir. You and your agents have taught me certain skills for use in the underground war. It was explained to me how these skills could be used in the cause of peace."

James Bond's hand moved nonchalantly to his right-hand coat pocket. M, with equal casualness, shifted his chair back from his desk. His left hand felt for the button under the arm of the chair.

"For instance?" said M quietly, knowing that death had walked into the room and was standing beside him and that

this was an invitation for death to take his place in the chair.

James Bond had become tense. There was a whiteness round his lips. The blue-gray eyes still stared blankly, almost unseeing at M. The words rang out harshly, as if forced out of him by some inner compulsion. "It would be a start if the warmongers could be eliminated, sir. This is for number one on the list."

The hand, snub-nosed with black metal, flashed out of the pocket, but, even as the poison hissed down the barrel of the bulb-butted pistol, the great sheet of armor-plate glass hurtled down from the baffled slit in the ceiling and, with a last sigh of hydraulics, braked to the floor. The jet of viscous brown fluid splashed harmlessly into its center and trickled slowly down, distorting M's face and the arm he had automatically thrown up for additional protection.

The Chief of Staff had burst into the room, followed by the Head of Security. They threw themselves on James Bond. Even as they seized his arms, his head fell forward on his chest and he would have slid from his chair to the floor if they hadn't supported him. They hauled him to his feet. He was in a dead faint. The Head of Security sniffed. "Cyanide," he said curtly. "We must all get out of here. And bloody quick!" (The emergency had snuffed out Headquarters "manners.") The pistol lay on the carpet where it had fallen. He kicked it away. He said to M, who had walked out from behind his glass shield, "Would you mind leaving the room, sir? Quickly. I'll

have this cleaned up during the lunch hour." It was an order. M went to the open door. Miss Moneybags stood with her clenched hand up to her mouth. She watched with horror as James Bond's supine body was hauled out and, the heels of his shoes leaving tracks on the carpet, taken into the Chief of Staff's room.

M said sharply, "Close that door, Miss Moneybags. Get the duty M.O. up right away. Come along, girl! Don't just stand there gawking! And not a word of this to anyone. Understood?"

Miss Moneybags pulled herself back from the edge of hysterics. She said an automatic "Yes, sir," pulled the door shut and reached for the interoffice telephone.

M walked across and into the Chief of Staff's office and closed the door. Head of Security was on his knees beside Bond. He had loosened his tie and collar button and was feeling his pulse. Bond's face was white and bathed in sweat. His breathing was a desperate rattle, as if he had just run a race. M looked briefly down at him and then, his face hidden from the others, at the wall beyond the body. He turned to the Chief of Staff. He said briskly, "Well, that's that. My predecessor died in that chair. Then it was a simple bullet, but from much the same sort of a crazed officer. One can't legislate against the lunatic. But the Office of Works certainly did a good job with that gadget. Now then, Chief of Staff. This is, of course, to go no further. Get Sir James Molony as soon as you can and have 007 taken down to The Park. Ambulance, surreptitious guard. I'll explain things to Sir James



*"Now then, Miss Frimley, suppose you tell me a little more about this 'friend of yours' who is in a bit of trouble . . ."*



this afternoon. Briefly, as you heard, the K.G.B. got hold of him. Brainwashed him. He was already a sick man. Amnesia of some kind. I'll tell you all I know later. Have his things collected from the Ritz and his bill paid. And put something out to the Press Association. Something on these lines: 'The Ministry of Defense is pleased,' no, say delighted, 'to announce that Commander James Bond, etc., who was posted as missing, believed killed while on a mission to Japan last November, has returned to this country after a hazardous journey across the Soviet Union which is expected to yield much valuable information. Commander Bond's health has inevitably suffered from his experiences and he is convalescing under medical supervision.' M smiled frostily. "That bit about information'll give no joy to Comrade Semichastny and his troops. And add a 'D' Notice to editors: 'It is particularly requested, for security reasons, that the minimum of speculation or comment be added to the above communiqué and that no attempts be made to trace Commander Bond's whereabouts.' All right?"

Bill Tanner had been writing furiously to keep up with M. He looked up from his scratch-pad, bewildered. "But aren't you going to make any charges, sir? After all, treason and attempted murder . . . I mean, not even a court martial?"

"Certainly not." M's voice was gruff. "007 was a sick man. Not responsible for his actions. If one can brainwash a man, presumably one can unbrainwash him. If anyone can, Sir James can. Put him back on half pay for the time being, in his old Section. And see he gets full back pay and allowances for the past year. If the K.G.B. has the nerve to throw one of my best men at me, I have the nerve to throw him back at them. 007 was a good agent once. There's no reason why he shouldn't be a good agent again. Within limits, that is. After lunch, give me the file on Scaramanga. If we can get him fit again, that's the right-sized target for 007."

The Chief of Staff protested, "But that's suicide, sir! Even 007 could never take him."

M said coldly, "What would 007 get for this morning's bit of work? Twenty years? As a minimum, I'd say. Better for him to fall on the battlefield. If he brings it off, he'll have won his spurs back again and we can all forget the past. Anyway, that's my decision."

There was a knock on the door and the duty Medical Officer came into the room. M bade him good afternoon and turned stiffly on his heel and walked out through the open door.

The Chief of Staff looked at the retreating back. He said, under his breath, "You coldhearted bastard!" Then, with his usual minute thoroughness and sense of duty, he set about the tasks he had

been given. His not to reason why!

• • •

At Blades, M ate his usual meager luncheon—a grilled Dover sole followed by the ripest spoonful he could gouge from the club stilton. And as usual he sat by himself in one of the window seats and barricaded himself behind *The Times*, occasionally turning a page to demonstrate that he was reading it, which, in fact, he wasn't. But Porterfield commented to the head waitress, Lily, a handsome, much-loved ornament of the club, that "there's something wrong with the old man today. Or maybe not exactly wrong, but there's something up with him." Porterfield prided himself on being something of an amateur psychologist. As headwaiter, and father-confessor to many of the members, he knew a lot about all of them and liked to think he knew everything, so that, in the tradition of incomparable servants, he could anticipate their wishes and their moods. Now, standing with Lily in a quiet moment behind the finest cold buffet on display at that date anywhere in the world, he explained himself. "You know that terrible stuff Sir Miles always drinks? That Algerian red wine that the wine committee won't even allow on the wine list. They only have it in the club to please Sir Miles. Well, he explained to me once that in the navy they used to call it 'The Infuriator,' because if you drank too much of it, it seems that it used to put you into a rage. Well now, in the ten years that I've had the pleasure of looking after Sir Miles, he's never ordered more than half a carafe of the stuff." Porterfield's benign, almost priestly countenance assumed an expression of theatrical solemnity as if he had read something really terrible in the tea leaves. "Then what happens today?" Lily clasped her hands tensely and bent her head fractionally closer to get the full impact of the news. "The old man says, 'Porterfield. A bottle of Infuriator. You understand? A full bottle!' So of course I didn't say anything but went off and brought it to him. But you mark my words, Lily," he noticed a lifted hand down the long room and moved off, "there's something hit Sir Miles hard this morning and no mistake."

M sent for his bill. As usual, he paid, whatever the amount of the bill, with a five-pound note for the pleasure of receiving in change crisp new pound notes, new silver and gleaming copper pennies, for it is the custom at Blades to give its members only freshly minted money. Porterfield pulled back his table and M walked quickly to the door, acknowledging the occasional greeting with a preoccupied nod and a brief lifting of the hand. It was two o'clock. The old black Phantom Rolls took him quietly and quickly northward through Berkeley Square, across Oxford Street and via Wigmore Street into Regent's

Park. M didn't look out at the passing scene. He sat stiffly in the back, his bowler set squarely on his head, and gazed unseeing at the back of the chauffeur's head with hooded, brooding eyes.

For the hundredth time since he had left his office that morning, he assured himself that his decision was right. If James Bond could be straightened out, and M was certain that that supreme neurologist, Sir James Molony, could bring it off, it would be ridiculous to reassign him to normal staff duties in the Double-O Section. The past could be forgiven, but not forgotten—except with the passage of time. It would be most irksome for those in the know to have Bond moving about Headquarters as if nothing had happened. It would be doubly embarrassing for M to have to face Bond across that desk. And James Bond, if aimed straight at a known target—M put it in the language of battleships—was a supremely effective firing piece. Well, the target was there and it desperately demanded destruction. Bond had accused M of using him as a tool. Naturally. Every officer in the Service was a tool for one secret purpose or another. The problem on hand could only be solved by a killing. James Bond would not possess the Double-O prefix if he had not high talents, frequently proved, as a gunman. So be it! In exchange for the happenings of that morning, in expiation of them, Bond must prove himself at his old skills. If he succeeded, he would have regained his previous status. If he failed, well, it would be a death for which he would be honored. Win or lose, the plan would solve a vast array of problems. M closed his mind once and for all on his decision. He got out of the car and went up in the lift to the eighth floor and along the corridor, smelling the smell of some unknown disinfectant more and more powerfully as he approached his office.

Instead of using his key to the private entrance at the end of the corridor, M turned right through Miss Money Penny's door. She was sitting in her usual place, typing away at the usual routine correspondence. She got to her feet.

"What's this dreadful stink, Miss Money Penny?"

"I don't know what it's called, sir. Head of Security brought along a squad from Chemical Warfare at the War Office. He says your office is all right to use again, but to keep the windows open for a while. So I've turned on the heating. Chief of Staff isn't back from lunch yet, but he told me to tell you that everything you wanted done is under way. Sir James is operating until four, but will expect your call after that. Here's the file you wanted, sir."

M took the brown folder with the red Top Secret star in its top right-hand corner. "How's 007? Did he come round?"

Miss Money Penny's face was expres-





Advt. for Falstaff Brewing Corp. of San Jose, Calif., in tribute to surf lovers who "hang ten" on their board and "hang five" on a great beer.





Gahan Wilson

*"Like to see what this baby can  
do when I open 'er up?"*



sionless. "I gather so, sir. The M.O. gave him a sedative of some kind and he was taken off on a stretcher during the lunch hour. He was covered up. They took him down in the service lift to the garage. I haven't had any inquiries."

"Good. Well, bring me in the signals, would you. There's been a lot of time wasted today on all these domestic excitements." Bearing the file, M went through the door into his office. Miss Money Penny brought in the signals and stood dutifully beside him while he went through them, occasionally dictating a comment or a query. She looked down at the bowed, iron-gray head with the bald patch polished for years by a succession of naval caps and wondered, as she had wondered so often over the past ten years, whether she loved or hated this man. One thing was certain. She respected him more than any man she had known or had read of.

M handed her the file. "Thank you. Now just give me a quarter of an hour, and then I'll see whoever wants me. The call to Sir James has priority, of course."

M opened the brown folder, reached for his pipe and began absent-mindedly filling it as he glanced through the list of subsidiary files to see if there was any other docket he immediately needed. Then he set a match to his pipe and settled back in his chair and read:

"FRANCISCO (PACO) 'PISTOLS' SCARAMANGA." And underneath, in lower-case type, "free-lance assassin mainly under K.G.B. control through D.S.S., Havana, Cuba, but often as an independent operator for other organizations, in the Caribbean and Central American states. Has caused widespread damage, particularly to the SS, but also to CIA and other friendly services, by murder and scientific maiming, since 1959, the year when Castro came to power and which seems also to have been the trigger for Scaramanga's operations. Is widely feared and admired in said territory throughout which he appears, despite police precautions, to have complete freedom of access. Has thus become something of a local myth and is known in his 'territory' as 'The Man with the Golden Gun'—a reference to his main weapon, which is a gold-plated, long-barreled, single-action Colt .45. He uses special bullets with a heavy, soft (24k) gold core jacketed with silver and crosscut at the tip, on the dum-dum principle, for maximum wounding effect. Himself loads and artifies this ammunition. Is responsible for the death of 267 (British Guiana), 398 (Trinidad), 943 (Jamaica) and 768 and 742 (Havana) and for the maiming and subsequent retirement from the SS of 098, Area Inspection Officer, by bullet wounds in both knees. (See above references in Central Records for Scaramanga's victims in Martinique, Haiti and Panama.)

"DESCRIPTION: Age about 35. Height 6

ft., 3 in. Slim and fit. Eyes, light brown. Hair reddish in a crewcut. Long sideburns. Gaunt, somber face with thin 'pencil' mustache, brownish. Ears very flat to the head. Ambidextrous. Hands very large and powerful and immaculately manicured. Distinguishing marks: a third nipple about two inches below his left breast. (N.B. In voodoo and allied local cults this is considered a sign of invulnerability and great sexual prowess.) Is an insatiable but indiscriminate womanizer who invariably has sexual intercourse shortly before a killing in the belief that it improves his 'eye.' (N.B. A belief shared by many professional lawn-tennis players, golfers, gun and rifle marksmen and others.)

"ORIGINS: A relative of the Catalan family of circus managers of the same name with whom he spent his youth. Self-educated. At the age of 16, after the incident described below, emigrated illegally to the United States where he lived a life of petty crime on the fringes of the gangs until he graduated as a full-time gunman for the 'Spangled Mob' in Nevada with the cover of pitboy in the casino of the Tiara Hotel in Las Vegas, where in fact he acted as executioner of cheats and other transgressors within and outside 'The Mob.' In 1958 was forced to flee the States as the result of a famous duel against his opposite number for the Detroit Purple Gang, a certain Ramon 'The Rod' Rodriguez, which took place by moonlight on the third green of the Thunderbird golf course at Las Vegas. (Scaramanga got two bullets into the heart of his opponent before the latter had fired a shot. Distance 20 paces.) Believed to have been compensated by 'The Mob' with \$100,000. Traveled the whole Caribbean area investing fugitive funds for various Las Vegas interests and later, as his reputation for keen and successful dealing in real estate and plantations became consolidated, for Trujillo of the Dominican Republic and Batista of Cuba. In 1959 settled in Havana and, seeing the way the wind blew, while remaining ostensibly a Batista man, began working undercover for the Castro party and, after the revolution, obtained an influential post as foreign 'enforcer' for the D.S.S. In this capacity, on behalf, that is, of the Cuban Secret Police, he undertook the assassinations mentioned above.

"PASSPORTS: Various, including Cuban diplomatic.

"DISGUISES: None. They are not necessary. The myth surrounding this man, the equivalent, let us say, of that surrounding the most famous film star, and the fact that he has no police record, have hitherto given him complete freedom of movement and indemnity from interference in 'his' territory. In most of the islands and mainland republics which constitute this territory, he has groups of admirers (cf. the Rastafari in

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*"They're not exactly consulting physicians, Miss Walters. As a matter of fact, they're just some fellows I play golf with."*

Jamaica) and commands powerful pressure groups who give him protection and succor when called upon to do so. Moreover, as the ostensible purchaser, and usually the legal front, for the 'hot money' properties mentioned above, he has legitimate access, frequently supported by his diplomatic status, to any part of his territory.

**"RESOURCES:** Considerable, but of unknown extent. Travels on various credit cards of the Diners' Club variety. Has a numbered account with the Union des Banques de Crédit, Zurich, and appears to have no difficulty in obtaining foreign currency from the slim resources of Cuba when he needs it.

**"MOTIVATION:** (Comment by C.C.)—"M refilled and relit his pipe, which had died. What had gone before was routine information which added nothing to his basic knowledge of the man. What followed would be of more interest. "C.C." covered the identity of a former Regius Professor of History at Oxford who lived a—to M—pampered existence at Headquarters in a small and, in M's opinion, overcomfortable office. In between, again in M's opinion, overluxurious and overlong meals at the Garrick Club, he wandered, at his ease, into Headquarters, examined such files as the present one, asked questions and had signals of inquiry sent, and then delivered his judgment. But M, for all his prejudices against the man—his haircut, the casualness of his clothes, what he knew of his way of life, and the apparently haphazard processes of his ratiocination—ap-

preciated the sharpness of the mind, the knowledge of the world, that C.C. brought to his task and, so often, the accuracy of his judgments. In short, M always enjoyed what C.C. had to say and he picked up the file again with relish.

"I am interested in this man," wrote C.C., "and I have caused inquiries to be made on a somewhat wider front than usual, since it is not common to be confronted with a secret agent who is at once so much of a public figure and yet appears to be infinitely successful in the difficult and dangerous field of his choice—that of being, in common parlance, 'a gun for hire.' I think I may have found the origin of this partiality for killing his fellow men in cold blood, men against whom he has no personal animosity but merely the reflected animosity of his employers, in the following bizarre anecdote from his youth. In the traveling circus of his father, Enrico Scaramanga, the boy had several roles. He was a most spectacular trick shot, he was a stand-in strong man in the acrobatic troupe, often taking the place of the usual artiste as bottom man in the 'human pyramid' act, and he was the mahout, in gorgeous turban, Indian robes, etc., who rode the leading elephant in a troupe of three. This elephant, by the name of Max, was a male and it is a peculiarity of the male elephant, which I have learned with much interest and verified with eminent zoologists, that, at intervals during the year, they go 'on heat' sexually. During these periods, a

mucous deposit forms behind the animals' ears and this needs to be scraped off, since otherwise it causes the elephant intense irritation. Max developed this symptom during a visit of the circus to Trieste, but, through an oversight, the condition was not noticed and given the necessary treatment. The 'Big Top' of the circus had been erected on the outskirts of the town adjacent to the coastal railway line and, on the night which was, in my opinion, to determine the future way of life of the young Scaramanga, Max went berserk, threw the youth and, screaming horrifically, trampled his way through the auditorium, causing many casualties, and charged off across the fairground and on to the railway line down which (a frightening spectacle under the full moon which, as newspaper cuttings record, was shining on that night) he galloped at full speed. The local carabinieri were alerted and set off in pursuit by car along the main road that flanks the railway line. In due course they caught up with the unfortunate monster, which, its frenzy expired, stood peacefully facing back the way it had come. Not realizing that the elephant, if approached by its handler, could now be led peacefully back to its stall, the police opened rapid fire and bullets from their carbines and revolvers wounded the animal in many places. Infuriated afresh, the miserable beast, now pursued by the police car from which the hail of fire continued, charged off again along the railway line. On arrival at the fairground, the elephant seemed to recognize its 'home,' the 'Big Top,' and, turning off the railway line, lumbered back through the fleeing spectators to the center of the deserted arena and there, weakened by loss of blood, pathetically continued with its interrupted act. Trumpeting dreadfully in its agony, the mortally wounded Max endeavored again and again to raise itself and stand upon one leg. Meanwhile, the young Scaramanga, now armed with his pistols, tried to throw a lariat over the animal's head while calling out the 'elephant talk' with which he usually controlled it. Max seems to have recognized the youth and—it must have been a truly pitiful sight—lowered its trunk to allow the youth to be hoist to his usual seat behind the elephant's head. But at this moment the police burst into the sawdust ring and their captain, approaching very close, emptied his revolver into the elephant's right eye at a range of a few feet, upon which Max fell dying to the ground. Upon this, the young Scaramanga who, according to the Press, had a deep devotion for his charge, drew one of his pistols and shot the policeman through the heart and fled off into the crowd of bystanders pursued by the other policemen, who could not fire because of the throng of people. He made good his escape, found his way south to Na-



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ples and thence, as noted above, stowed  
away to America.

"Now, I see in this dreadful experi-  
ence, a possible reason for the transfor-  
mation of Scaramanga into the most  
vicious gunman of recent years. In him  
was, I believe, born on that day a cold-  
blooded desire to avenge himself on all  
humanity. That the elephant had run  
amuck and trampled many innocent  
people, that the man truly responsible  
was his handler and that the police were  
only doing their duty, would be, psycho-  
pathologically, either forgotten or deli-  
berately suppressed by a youth of  
hot-blooded stock whose subconscious  
had been so deeply lacerated. At all  
events, Scaramanga's subsequent career  
requires some explanation, and I trust I  
am not being fanciful in offering my  
own prognosis from the known facts."

M rubbed the bowl of his pipe  
thoughtfully against his nose. Well, fair  
enough! He turned back to the file.

"I have comment," wrote C.C., "to  
make on this man's alleged sexual poten-  
cy when seen in relation to his profes-  
sion. It is a Freudian thesis, with which I  
am inclined to agree, that the pistol,  
whether in the hands of an amateur or  
of a professional gunman, has sig-  
nificance for the owner as a symbol of  
virility—an extension of the male organ  
—and that excessive interest in guns  
(e.g., gun collections and gun clubs) is a  
form of fetishism. The partiality of Scar-  
amanga for a particularly showy varia-  
tion of weapon, and his use of silver and  
gold bullets, clearly point, I think, to his  
being a slave to this fetish and, if I am  
right, I have doubts about his alleged  
sexual prowess, for the lack of which his  
gun fetish would be either a substitute  
or a compensation. I have also noted,  
from a 'profile' of this man in *Time*  
magazine, one fact which supports my  
thesis that Scaramanga may be sexually  
abnormal. In listing his accomplish-  
ments, *Time* notes, but does not com-  
ment upon, the fact that this man  
cannot whistle. Now it may only be  
myth, and it is certainly not medical  
science, but there is a popular theory  
that a man who cannot whistle has homo-  
sexual tendencies. (At this point, the  
reader may care to experiment and, from  
his self-knowledge, help to prove or dis-  
prove this item of folklore! C.C.)" (M  
hadn't whistled since he was a boy. Un-  
consciously his mouth pursed and a clear  
note was emitted. He uttered an impa-  
tient "Tchah!" and continued with his  
reading.) "So I would not be surprised  
to learn that Scaramanga is not the Casa-  
nova of popular fancy. Passing to the  
wider implications of gunmanship, we  
enter the realms of the Adlerian power  
urge as compensation for the inferiority  
complex, and here I will quote some  
well-turned phrases of a certain Mr.  
Harold L. Peterson in his preface to his



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finely illustrated *The Book of the Gun*, published by Paul Hamlyn. Mr. Peterson writes: "In the vast array of things man has invented to better his condition, few have fascinated him more than the gun. Its function is simple; as Oliver Winchester said, with 19th Century complacency, 'A gun is a machine for throwing balls.' But its ever-increasing efficiency in performing this task, and its awesome ability to strike home from long range, have given it tremendous psychological appeal.

"For possession of a gun and the skill to use it enormously augments the gunner's personal power, and extends the radius of his influence and effect a thousand times beyond his arm's length. And since strength resides in the gun, the man who wields it may be less than strong without being disadvantaged. The flashing sword, the couched lance, the bent longbow performed to the limit of the man who held it. The gun's power is inherent and needs only to be released. A steady eye and an accurate aim are enough. Wherever the muzzle points the bullet goes, bearing the gunner's wish or intention swiftly to the target . . . Perhaps more than any other implement, the gun has shaped the course of nations and the destiny of men."

C.C. commented: "In the Freudian thesis, 'his arm's length' would become the length of the masculine organ. But we need not linger over these esoterica. The support for my premise is well expressed in Mr. Peterson's sinewy prose

and, though I would substitute the printing press for the gun in his concluding paragraph, his points are well taken. The subject, Scaramanga, is, in my opinion, a paranoiac in subconscious revolt against the father figure (i.e., the figure of authority) and a sexual fetishist with possible homosexual tendencies. He has other qualities that are self-evident from the earlier testimony. In conclusion, and having regard to the damage he has already wrought upon the personnel of the SS, I conclude that his career should be terminated with the utmost dispatch—if necessary, by the means he himself employs, in the unlikely event an agent of equal courage and dexterity can be made available." Signed "C.C."

Beneath, at the end of the docket, the Head of the Caribbean and Central American Section had minuted "I concur," signed "C.A.," and the Chief of Staff had added, in red ink, "Noted. C.O.S."

M gazed into space for perhaps five minutes. Then he reached for his pen and, in green ink, scrawled the word "Action?" followed by the authoritative "M."

Then he sat very still for another five minutes and wondered if he had signed James Bond's death warrant.

*This is the first installment of Ian Fleming's final James Bond novel, "The Man with the Golden Gun." Part II will appear next month.*



## FORCE OF HABIT

(continued from page 100)

habitually thrifty person will be able to immediately recognize opportunities for lowering overhead and production costs—and in present-day, highly competitive markets even minor savings can mean a great deal and even represent the difference between a net profit and a net loss.

Beyond this, the person who has formed thrifty habits will always have a fluid reserve to meet contingencies, carry him through slack periods or make it possible for him to expand or make improvements without resorting to borrowing. Here again, the saving of interest charges represents an important factor.

The astute individual realizes that such habits as promptness and thrift can greatly help him achieve his goals. He practices promptness and thrift until they become second nature to him—and he reaps rewards from the beneficial force these habits exert on his career.

But these are by no means the only positive habits that can—and do—provide a powerful propellant to send a man to the top of the success ladder.

One of the most valuable habits any tyro businessman or executive can form is that of taking a last-minute pause to rapidly review his reasoning before he makes a decision. This final check-out may require only a few minutes or even a few seconds, but it pays large dividends. It provides the individual with one final—and priceless—opportunity to arrange his thoughts in logical order and to refresh his memory as to why and how he arrived at his decision.

This simple procedure greatly increases the individual's ability to instantly and convincingly counter any objections that may arise. It is, in a way, analogous to the habit formed by many of the world's finest actors who, although they may know their part in a play thoroughly, will nonetheless give the script or at least their lines a quick skimming over before the curtain goes up for a performance.

One of the most successful salesmen I have ever known—he is now a top sales executive in a giant corporation—maintains that he owes much of his success to having formed this habit early in his career.

"I even developed a sort of personal gimmick to form the habit," he told me. "When calling on an account, I invariably stopped off first to have a cup of coffee, get a shoeshine or do something of the sort. This gave me a final chance to mentally review my presentation before actually setting foot in the customer's office. It worked wonders. I sold



"That's no way to run an aquarium."



much more effectively and was always prepared to answer any questions or objections that arose."

There is no doubt about it—at least not in my mind. Whether or not one needs a gimmick to do so, it is an excellent idea to form the habit of taking a last-minute mental breathing spell to organize one's thoughts before making decisions.

Another—albeit much less simple—habit that should be acquired by any man who wants to get ahead rapidly in business is the habit of being relaxed. The successful businessman is usually the one who is always relaxed—even in the face of adversity. Now, I hardly intend to imply that he is apathetic, indolent and lethargic. What I mean is that he keeps his mind receptive and responsive—always ready to grasp and exploit new opportunities and to understand and cope with new problems. He is poised, but never rigid and unyielding, in the face of changing situations.

The seasoned businessman is relaxed in the same sense that a crack football player is relaxed. The football player who intercepts a pass does not freeze or panic because the ball has unexpectedly fallen into his hands. The new situation that has suddenly developed does not

leave him immobile. His reactions are flexible enough to grasp and cope—and he takes a firm grip on the ball and runs with it, still alert and yet relaxed enough to shift direction and avoid opposing tacklers.

A few—a very few—fledgling businessmen have an innate ability to assume this sort of relaxed attitude even under great stress. But the vast majority of men in business form the habit through years of experience.

"Always think of yourself as a man who has just fallen overboard in the middle of a lake," a veteran oilman advised me early in my business career. "If you keep your wits about you, you can always swim to shore or at least dog-paddle or float until someone fishes you out. But if you lose your head—if you panic—you're finished!"

I suppose that a man starting out in the business world is, in a way, like one who suddenly finds himself in the middle of a lake. If he remains calm, his chances of survival are high. If he doesn't, he'll most probably drown.

The tyro businessman and young executive should constantly bear this analogy in mind. It will do much to help them form the habit of being relaxed and thus able to handle themselves in any situation.

Obviously, it would be impossible to list every habit that is good or bad for every man in business. Far too much depends on the individual, his nature and personality, the particular field or type of business in which he is engaged and many other variable factors.

However, any individual—whether he is in business or not—can determine which habits are beneficial to him and which are harmful.

Habits that help an individual live and work better and achieve his goals are, of course, good ones—habits that the individual should try to acquire or form. Those that harm or hinder, interfere or obstruct, serve no practical purpose or offer no positive results should be avoided or, if already formed, should be broken as quickly as possible.

Executives and businessmen would do well to periodically make a careful inventory of the things they do in connection with their work with sufficient regularity for them to assume the character of habits. It is a good idea to list these on a piece of paper. Then it is up to the individual to make his own evaluations of the habits he has listed. If he is honest with himself, he will readily recognize some of them as being bad. These he will do his energetic best to

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# TRIUMPH

discard with a minimum of delay.

Next, there will be some habits that appear to fall into the "indifferent" or "undecided" category. These must be considered objectively to determine if they can be modified in order to make them positive.

For example, one executive I know had formed the habit of holding weekly staff meetings with all the employees in his department. Although the idea was basically sound, the meetings had been held for several months without producing any notably useful results.

The executive was almost convinced that he should discontinue the practice. Then, making a habit inventory, he gave considerable thought to the problem of why the meetings had been failures. Analyzing the matter, he finally hit upon the answer. He had been holding the staff meetings at 4:15 every Friday afternoon.

Human nature being what it is, the minds of the employees at that time each Friday were on going home for the weekend. They had little interest or enthusiasm for discussions of office matters 45 minutes before quitting time. The executive changed the time and the day of the week—and his habit of holding weekly office-staff meetings moved up into the good-habit category almost immediately. The meetings were thereafter productive of many ideas that improved output and efficiency and raised employee morale to a new high. But an indifferent habit that cannot be raised to the "good" category should be discarded, for if it is continued, it can only slide down into the "bad" classification.

As for those of his business habits that are clearly good, the astute businessman will strive to make them even more useful, advantageous and productive. For instance, if he can lay claim to being habitually thrifty, to being constantly on the alert for ways to cut costs and effect savings, he should determine to redouble his efforts—to find more ways of reducing expenses and thus increasing the company's profits.

It should be evident to every businessman and executive that there are many habits that are well worth forming. By the same token, they should also be able to recognize those habits that ought to be given a wide berth—and those that they already have and should discard.

The individual who wants to reach the top in business must appreciate the might of the force of habit—and must understand that practices are what create habits. He must be quick to break those habits that can break him—and hasten to adopt those practices that will become the habits that help him achieve the success he desires.





# Fashion Forecast

(continued from page 110)

surfing trunk, complete to a wax pocket and lacing in the waistband. Another version picks up the competition stripe running across the front and repeats it in either a matching surfing parka or shirt. This solid surfing trunk will be seen in duck, gabardine, stretch woolen, double-knit stretch nylon and Lastex. Zip-front parkas and pullovers made to match surfing and tailored trunks will be replacing the old cabana sets. And about time, too.

**BELTS:** The belt market has been hatching some of the freshest new ideas we have seen in a long time of fashion waist watching. The harness buckle remains the all-time favorite, but you're going to see more in the way of double-ring cinch buckles this spring. Leather is still the top material, but there will be an increase in reversibles. Textured belts will also be making an appearance with the use of water buffalo and the matte-finish oiled hides. We give very high marks to a number of striped ribbon belts.

**HATS:** The famous old Franklin Roosevelt "Campobello" shape-it-yourself hat looks to be in for a revival this season. There will also be a host of new fabrics in porkpies and side-dent styles—denims, patch madras, seersuckers, plus silky slubbed cloths. Combination straw and fabric brims will be very much on the scene and the planter's hat will again be big for the beach. Classic golf hats in coconut will be with us, as always.

The German student's beer-hall cap that has been around since the old *Student Prince* days has been updated and will show up again this year.

**SHOES AND SOCKS:** Sport shoes this year will be of soft, suedelike leather, as well as the familiar canvas styles, to add color to summertime comfort. In the smooth leathers it looks as if there will be a new emphasis on white, pale tan and walnut brown to go along with the standard jet black. The shaped suit demands a fuller shoe than we have been accustomed to in recent years. But, fortunately, the heavier-looking models coming out meet this requirement without actually increasing in weight. We also notice a strong return to the classic English styles for dressy shoes that blend well with any ensemble.

The tremendous success of over-the-calf stretch socks has resulted in a happy widening of the style range. New blends, various rib effects and neat fancies will be seen, but the colors will remain on the darker, more conservative side.

We see new shades of sweater-coordinated socks being big this spring. Mostly



they will be crew socks in shaggy and brushed textures, with yellow and blue as the favorite colors. Be sure to look at cushioned-sole crew socks for your active sportswear. They are particularly good for tennis and other running sports.

**TIES AND ASCOTS:** Rep stripes and twill will again be the leaders this season, but in brighter colors and grounds. Check the rich blues, browns and greens that will be around to set off the new natural shades in jackets and suits. And don't fall into the common mistake of assuming that because your shirt is striped you can only wear a solid-color tie. There are a variety of patterns, such as rep, paisley, challis and shaded iridescent panels, that can go very well with striped shirts.

Ascots continue to climb up the popularity ladder and this spring these handsome casualwear accessories will be seen in pure silks, cottons and blends, and varying from solid colors to paisleys, polka dots, batiks and abstracts.

**FORMALWEAR:** For our money, one of the best new summer dinner jackets on the market this season is a "country for-

mal" we suggested to manufacturers a while back. A smartly patterned seersucker, which looks like classic glen and Urquhart plaids in black and white, this outfit strikes us as the answer to the need for dress clothes that are correct for the most formal occasion and yet swing with today's casual stylings.

There is a freedom in breaking with the traditional white or black formal dress in spring and summer that allows you to express yourself as you like, whether it be in gray-with-black-trim jackets, colorful paisleys or even a pastel shade in denim. If you have an active social life planned for this summer, add a couple of these extra jackets that can be worn as separates.

From head to toe, these are our predictions of the shape and style of things to come in the season of the summer solstice. Light and bright, the fashions of the upcoming months should prove to be a delight to the discerning eye, whether it be your own or that of your lady fair.





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



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## Q. Why doesn't Fran Jeffries wear long johns?

E/SE 4268



**A. 1. Because she has a warm inner glow. You can tell when she sings.**  
**2. Just look at the picture on her MGM album—and stop asking foolish questions.**



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## well-groomed man

(continued from page 126)

over, and a major hair loss is apparent. At the premature age of 30, a good half of this nation's men experience hair loss to some degree—and many of them to a large degree. By 40, about 30 percent of us discover that our hair is beyond redemption—and usually because of negligence.

Properly advised, however, we can nip recession in the bud and keep our hair many years longer. By keeping his scalp pores clean and allowing the sebaceous oils to flow freely, a man can do much to deter baldness.

If a major hair recession has already occurred, however, there are still several things you can do about it. Through modern haircutting techniques, hair loss can be camouflaged. I try to place the part as high on the head as possible so it isn't obvious that bare skin is being covered. If the hair is receding across the top of the head, I wouldn't make a very low part and allow the hair to grow long. This would only emphasize the combing of the hair from the side across the top. If a receding hairline exists and the hair is worn straight back, it's going to show the maximum amount of recession. Perhaps a high part will show that a man is a little thin on top, but it will also add another two inches of hairline that he wouldn't normally have. Then, of course, daily washing helps arrest further recession. By eliminating the use of oil, which merely clings and mats the hair, making it appear there is not nearly as much hair as there actually is, the appearance of the balding head is also enhanced.

Also, I don't think men with receding hairlines should wait until the last minute to adopt a high part. They should comb their hair into such a part as soon as it starts to recede. Hair tends to grow toward the front of the head. If it is parted and combed in the same direction or slightly off to the side, this can look very impressive. Certainly it looks far more natural than wearing the hair straight back without a part.

In the event of almost complete hair loss, the deliberate shaving of all the remaining hair, as Yul Brynner does, makes a great deal of sense. This can be quite attractive if the head is a good shape, for it gives the head a better balance and a very clean-looking line. The bare head, as a matter of fact, suggests the way I design hair: to make it appear, in a sense, as if a man has no hair at all. A man would look much better completely shaved than with a fringe of hair on the sides and nothing on the top. Shaving the head also makes the face look much fuller.

But most men will never be faced with the decision of shaving their heads. Their hair will be abundant, it will grow luxuriantly, and they will be obliged to get a proper and periodic haircut. But it should never look as if you have just gotten a haircut or as if you need one. To preserve this desirable middle ground, the male with a good head of hair should visit his barber twice a month. Those with fine-textured hair and slow-growing necklines can stay away for three weeks to a month. In any case, a weekly haircut is never necessary, for hair grows usually at the rate of one quarter inch each two weeks. It's almost impossible to snip off less than a quarter of an inch to make the hair even. It's just too intricate a job, unless the barber is working with a magnifying glass.

If it's done correctly, the haircut should be so much a part of the man that it's never conspicuous. You don't want women to say "Look at that guy's hair," even in admiration. Only "Look at that guy." The aim should always be to bring the face into a symmetrical, compact unit, so that from any angle it seems well balanced. No hair should be left on the head that isn't absolutely necessary for fullness or outline. And each time the hair is cut, every hair on the head should be cut. Don't sit still for a trim around the edges. Most barbers merely trim hair around the ears and the nape of the neck, then splash on something that smells nice and get you out of the chair. Few of them, as I do, take the time and consideration necessary for an attractive hair style.

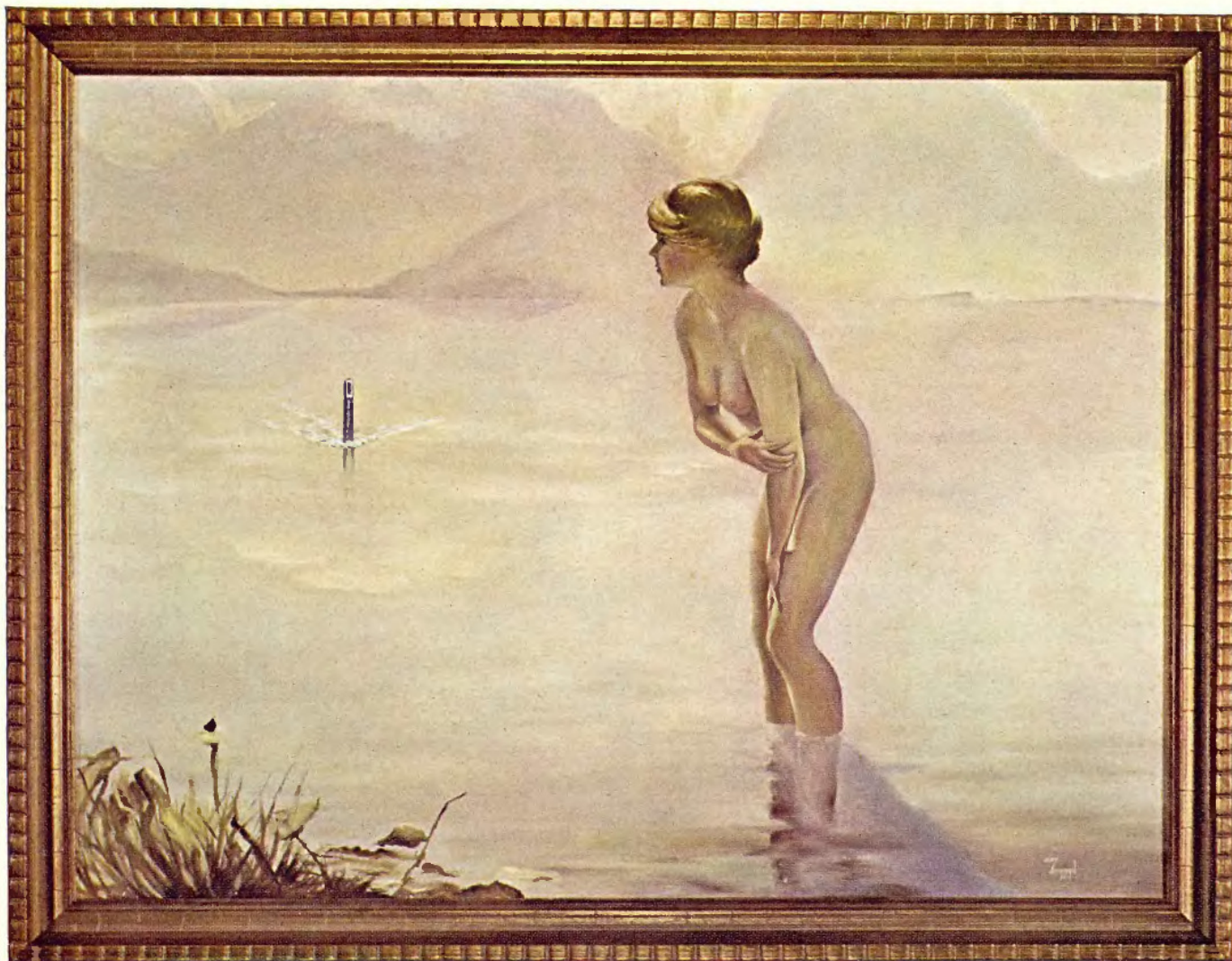
The first things I look at in cutting and designing the hair are the location of the cowlick, the structure of the hair, and the way it grows from the pores. These are considered only fleetingly by most barbers, but it's the only sensible way to cut hair. You can't just cut men's hair any way that seems fashionable, as you can with women. Somebody might go to his barber and say: "I want a haircut like Tony Curtis'." But if he doesn't have a head of hair like Tony Curtis', it just can't be done.

I try to get my customers to change their hair styles periodically, depending on what they're doing or how life is going at a particular time. Many men can wear their hair more than one way. Perhaps they should look more conservative or a little older. Or they can change their hair to suit the season, or their feelings, or a mood. I wear a convertible haircut myself: I like to part it when I'm wearing a suit, and when I'm informally dressed, driving my Cobra, then I just comb it back without a part and let it blow around.

One of the basic styles I design is the Fox Cut. It's kind of a sleek look, smooth and even, not too flamboyant but not too conservative, either. It's an even-length cut with fullness to it. And



# THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



SEPTEMBER MORN *By Jim Beaman*



it's a versatile cut: It can be parted, combed without a part, pushed straight back or worn forward. When I design a customer's hair for the first time, this is the way I generally cut his hair. Then I show him the different ways it can be combed. I tell him to experiment with it for the first two weeks, combing it in as many different ways as possible. During these first weeks he should also be grooming his hair properly. The next time it's cut, the customer then has a better idea of what he wants and what he can have, structurally speaking, while the hair grows in better shape for the cutting. It takes about three haircuts before the hair achieves a permanent design. And with one of my cuts, you'll need to comb your hair only once a day.

A second type of haircut I recommend is called the Free Form. Vic Damone is now wearing one. So are Gig Young and Henry Fonda. With this style, the hair is generally combed with a part and is much shorter than the Fox Cut. The Free Form would be best suited for either a receding hairline or an extremely curly head of hair like Damone's, whereas the Fox Cut would be desirable for a man with a full or square face with

a center cowlick on the back of his head. Steve McQueen's hair, for example, is a combination of both.

These are the two cuts I most often recommend. A style I denounce just as emphatically is the crewcut. Many American men wear crewcuts simply because they don't know what else to do with their hair. They can't control it at any other length, so they resign themselves to a cut they don't have to bother with. The crewcut eliminates the hair problem by getting rid of the hair. But it isn't attractive and actually requires about as much work as any other hair style. It must be pampered with pomades and butch wax to force the hair to stay up, against the way it grows. And a crewcut, exposing skin all over, isn't particularly healthy out of doors, where the sun beats right down on the scalp without any hair for protection. The heat tends to open pores on the scalp, which allows dirt to collect in them. Any hair style looks better on a man than a crewcut. Many of my customers formerly wore flattops and crewcuts through their own naïveté. College and high school kids can get away with them because of their youth, but I am more concerned

with adults. And I find that professional men such as lawyers and bankers, at least in the West, are abandoning this porcupine look.

President Kennedy did much to change people's ideas about hair. We no longer feel obliged to have our heads shaved up the sides with white sidewalls around the ears and bare necks bristling in the back in order to be considered well groomed. We can appear trim without having our hair cropped right down to the skin. More men are beginning to see that a longer look is a younger look. Many of us could take a cue from the Europeans; they wear their hair a little longer, which is much more flattering to the face. More hair is always more attractive—up to a point, of course.

• • •

There are several important factors to be considered before the haircut begins. Probably the most critical is the shape of the face. There are four basic types:

1. Long: The hair should be cut lower on the top than with other face shapes, but not necessarily shorter. A part is desirable for this shape of face. The sides should be full in order to make the top of the head seem lower. An oblong face is a problem because it can tend to look even longer if the sides are too short and a lot of hair is worn on the top. I try to bring the face down into more of a compact unit by lowering the sideburns and making them fuller. Many times a high forehead goes along with an oblong face. In this event, I try to bring some hair to the forehead by combing it flat down over the top of the forehead. This is the only way to proportion such a face.

2. Round: This is a very common shape, generally associated with a heavy person. The round face automatically has a compact appearance. With Jackie Gleason, I had to thin down the appearance of the face. The more hair on the sides as well as on the top, the thinner the face will appear. The sideburns should be lowered, not to the point where they will look ridiculous, like cowboy sideburns, but a little lower than normal, below the cheekbone—not long enough to be conspicuous, however. A part can easily be worn with this shape of face.

3. Square: This is very similar to a round face as far as the design is concerned. To thin down the appearance of the face, it is absolutely necessary that the hair be full on the sides. This also helps balance off the jowly look. The hair can also be full over the top, but the fullness is not as critical as on the sides. The sideburns should also be a little lower than normal. With a square face you can carry as much hair as you like. A part also can be worn. Vic Damone has a square face, but his hair is extremely curly, so I have to get the



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fullness and yet keep it short. This is accomplished by daily washing, and cutting the hair at the break of the first wave. The daily washing pulls out some of the wave and gives the hair fullness. It springs out and looks long and full even though it's short.

4. Triangular and Oval: You can do just about anything with these shapes that the hair will permit. You can comb it into a part or wear the hair without one. The sideburns should be normal in length, and should balance off with the cheekbone. Barry Goldwater has an oval face, but I would definitely suggest a high part in his case, because of recession in front. I would cut him "conservative"—close on the sides and on the top.

With all these shapes, I don't try to reshape the appearance of the face—just to bring the hair and the face into symmetrical harmony. The hair is basically a frame for the face, and the outline is the most important factor.

. . .

One of the hallmarks of "the Sebring look," if it can be called that, is the natural neckline. On all heads, the neckline should be as broad and massive as possible—even on a thick neck. At the bottom of the neck, the hair should meet the collarline. This creates a more masculine appearance and eliminates the stubble of new hairs coming in. Hair below the collarline should be removed; it's irritating to have your collar rubbing against your neck hairs. Men with long necks will find that their necks appear shorter with this natural look. A high neckline makes the neck look all the longer. For a thin neck, I would urge that the neckline be left as wide as possible, to make it appear more massive.

A prime virtue of the natural neckline is the elimination of unsightly neck stubble. Clippers should never be used, unless you want to have stubble showing two days later. I am against the use of clippers not only for what they do to the neck, but also because it is not particularly attractive to show a lot of skin at the nape of the neck. By pruning hair with clippers, you are only going to see skin. You might as well not have the hair there in the first place. If the neckline is cut with a scissors and it lies smooth and even, covering the skin, it produces a far more desirable look.

. . .

Sideburns are also important to the natural look. Most men make the mistake of lining up sideburns with their ears. If they are lined up with anything, it should be with the top of the cheekbone and the bottom of the eye socket. Furthermore, sideburns should be just a bit longer toward the front of the face than the rear, to go with the slant of the cheekbone and the line of the face. A

slant of one sixteenth of an inch would be perfect. On a longer face, I try to lower the sideburns, and on a fuller face I leave the sideburns a little fuller. On a thin face, the sideburns should not appear quite as full. If the face is long and thin, the sideburns should still be lower, but not as full.

For a man with protruding ears and a thin face, I advise wearing more hair on the sides and lowering the sideburns to compensate. Ears are something like toes: They are not considered notably attractive. I like to subdue them as much as possible. Above all, I never like skin to show between the top of the ear and the hairline, which serves only to emphasize the ears.

Large noses can also create problems. Since the hair profile from the side is just as important as the outline of the head, it makes sense to develop an overhang of hair on the forehead to balance off the nose. It's also wise to wear the hair a little fuller in the back; this helps draw attention away from the nose.

Prominent jaws and chins are handled in a similar manner. A strong, forward-thrust chin should be balanced with a protrusion of hair over the forehead.

The part in your hair should be started at the point of highest hair indentation on the forehead, where the hairline naturally recedes and then comes forward again. The part should be started at the apex of this almost triangular area and should continue back in the direction of hair growth. A part is actually a change of direction where the hair goes opposite ways. I try to design heads so there is no change of direction other than the part. The rest of the head should be perfectly smooth.

There are frequent exceptions to the normal placement of the part, of course. On men who have cowlicks, the part might have to be raised or lowered a bit according to the location of the cowlick. While parting, you must always be concerned with the cowlick in the back, on the crown of the head. If it's on the left side of the head and grows clockwise, there's no problem. The hair is merely parted on the left side of the head. If the cowlick is located on the left side of the head with the hair growing counterclockwise, there may be some difficulty in getting the left side to lie flat. The best procedure for flattening a cowlick located in the center of the head is to comb the hair without a part, face structure permitting. The hair can always be combed without a part, no matter how many cowlicks exist (some men have two or three) or where they're located.

A further consideration is the texture of the hair itself. If it's fine, it will lie closer to the head. Fine hair has a tendency to flatten out, but body can be built into it with a hair conditioner and a daily washing. The proper shampoo



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and hair conditioner will also soften  
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Many men have been going to the  
same barber for years, just as their fathers  
did. Often it is difficult to suggest new  
methods to this barber or to break away  
from him, even though he may be in-  
ferior. Machinery tends to make the hair-  
cut go faster for this man. Speed is his  
main consideration; but machines can-  
not accomplish satisfactory work. They  
are incapable of rounding the areas that  
a comb and scissors can. Machines also  
cause ingrown hairs and skin irritations  
on the necks of many men, but most  
barbers blithely continue using them.

Thinning scissors should not be used,  
either. This leaves stubble underneath  
that eventually grows and pushes up the  
other hair. Thus thinning scissors ac-  
complish nothing more than making the  
head feel lighter.

An increasing number of barbers also  
cut hair with razors, a technique some-  
times inappropriately known as "the  
Hollywood Cut." Razor cutting endeavors  
to slither, taper and thin the ends  
of the hair. On hair as short as a man's,  
the ends should not be tapered. It is al-  
most impossible to cut short hair with  
a razor and have it look like anything  
at all. It is a fast, haphazard and at best  
an irregular manner of cutting. When  
a razor cut grows back, it looks bulky in  
spots. Ends are likely to stick up indis-  
criminately due to the uneven lengths  
of hair. The hair will hold up a lot  
longer if it is blunt-cut with a pair of  
scissors.

In short, you should look for a barber  
who will provide a natural neckline and  
natural sideburns, and will use a comb  
and scissors rather than clippers or other  
machinery. If your barber doesn't wash  
hair, it would be advisable for you to  
wash your own hair before you go to the  
shop—and afterward. The hair should  
also be damp when cut. This keeps the  
comb from sticking in the hair and en-  
ables the barber to find the hair's  
natural placement.

The customer should also insist that  
the barber cut the hair all over instead  
of just in the back and on the sides. It  
should be cut evenly, with comb and  
scissors, to avoid creating crevices and  
potholes where the hair will suddenly  
drop off into nothingness. Probably as  
close as the local barber can come to a  
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the brightest of the planets were hard to find in that blaze of light.

The dark disk of the lunar nightland lay across the star field like an eclipsing shadow, and it was slowly growing as he fell toward it. At every instant some star, bright or faint, would pass behind its edge and wink out of existence. It was almost as if a hole were growing in space, eating up the heavens.

There was no other indication of his movement, or of the passage of time—except for his regular ten-second spin. When Cliff looked at his watch, he was astonished to see that he had left the capsule half an hour ago. He searched for it among the stars, without success. By now, it would be several miles behind—but presently it would draw ahead of him, as it moved on its lower orbit, and would be the first to reach the Moon.

Cliff was still puzzling over this paradox when the strain of the last few hours, combined with the euphoria of

weightlessness, produced a result he would hardly have believed possible. Lulled by the gentle susurrations of the air inlets, floating lighter than any feather as he turned beneath the stars, he fell into a dreamless sleep.

When he awoke at some prompting of his subconscious, the Earth was nearing the edge of the Moon. The sight almost brought on another wave of self-pity, and for a moment he had to fight for control of his emotions. This was the very last he might ever see of Earth, as his orbit took him back over Farside, into the land where the Earthlight never shone. The brilliant antarctic ice caps, the equatorial cloud belts, the scintillation of the Sun upon the Pacific—all were sinking swiftly behind the lunar mountains. Then they were gone; he had neither Sun nor Earth to light him now, and the invisible land below was so black that it hurt his eyes.

Unbelievably, a cluster of stars had appeared *inside* the darkened disk,

where no stars could possibly be. Cliff stared at them in astonishment for a few seconds, then realized he was passing above one of the Farside settlements. Down there beneath the pressure domes of their city, men were waiting out the lunar night—sleeping, working, loving, resting, quarreling . . . Did they know that he was speeding like an invisible meteor through their sky, racing above their heads at 4000 miles an hour? Almost certainly, for by now the whole Moon, and the whole Earth, must know of his predicament. Perhaps they were searching for him with radar and telescope, but they would have little time to find him. Within seconds, the unknown city had dropped out of sight, and he was once more alone above Farside.

It was impossible to judge his altitude above the blank emptiness speeding below, for there was no sense of scale or perspective. But he knew that he was still descending, and that at any moment one of the crater walls or mountain peaks that strained invisibly toward him might claw him from the sky.

For in the darkness somewhere ahead was the final obstacle—the hazard he feared most of all. Across the heart of Farside, spanning the equator from north to south in a wall more than a thousand miles long, lay the Soviet Range. He had been a boy when it was discovered, back in 1959, and could still remember his excitement when he had seen the first smudged photographs from Lunik III. He could never have dreamed that one day he would be flying toward those same mountains, waiting for them to decide his fate.

The first eruption of dawn took him completely by surprise. Light exploded ahead of him, leaping from peak to peak until the whole arc of the horizon was lined with flame. He was hurtling out of the lunar night, directly into the face of the Sun. At least he would not die in darkness, but the greatest danger was yet to come. For now he was almost back where he had started, nearing the lowest point of his orbit. He glanced at the suit chronometer, and saw that five full hours had now passed. Within minutes, he would have hit the Moon—or skimmed it and passed safely out into space.

As far as he could judge, he was less than 20 miles above the surface, and he was still descending, though very slowly now. Beneath him, the long shadows of the lunar dawn were daggers of darkness stabbing into the nightland. The steeply slanting sunlight exaggerated every rise in the ground, making even the smallest hills appear to be mountains. And now, unmistakably, the land ahead was rising, wrinkling into the foothills of







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*"Did you guys ever play King of the Mountain?"*

the Soviet Range. More than 100 miles away, but approaching at a mile a second, a wave of rock was climbing from the face of the Moon. There was nothing he could do to avoid it; his path was fixed and unalterable. All that could be done had already been done, two and a half hours ago.

It was not enough. He was not going to rise above these mountains; they were rising above him.

Now he regretted his failure to make that second call to the woman who was still waiting, a quarter of a million miles away. Yet perhaps it was just as well, for there had been nothing more to say.

Other voices were calling in the space around him, as he came once more within range of Launch Control. They waxed and waned as he flashed through the radio shadow of the mountains; they were talking about him, but the fact scarcely registered on his emotions. He listened with an impersonal interest, as

if to messages from some remote point of space or time, of no concern to him. Once he heard Van Kessel's voice say, quite distinctly: "Tell Callisto's skipper we'll give him an intercept orbit, as soon as we know that Leyland's past perigee. Rendezvous time should be one hour, five minutes from now." I hate to disappoint you, thought Cliff, but that's one appointment I'll never keep.

For now the wall of rock was only 50 miles away, and each time he spun helplessly in space it came 10 miles closer. There was no room for optimism now, as he sped more swiftly than a rifle bullet toward that implacable barrier. This was the end, and suddenly it became of great importance to know whether he would meet it face first, with open eyes, or with his back turned, like a coward.

No memories of his past life flashed through Cliff's mind as he counted the seconds that remained. The swiftly unrolling Moonscape rotated beneath him, every detail sharp and clear in the harsh

light of dawn. Now he was turned away from the onrushing mountains, looking back on the path he had traveled, the path that should have led to Earth. No more than three of his ten-second days were left to him.

And then the Moonscape exploded into silent flame. A light as fierce as that of the Sun banished the long shadows, struck fire from the peaks and craters spread below. It lasted for only a fraction of a second, and had faded completely before he had turned toward its source.

Directly ahead of him, only 20 miles away, a vast cloud of dust was expanding toward the stars. It was as if a volcano had erupted in the Soviet Range—but that, of course, was impossible. Equally absurd was Cliff's second thought—that by some fantastic feat of organization and logistics the Farside Engineering Division had blasted away the obstacle in his path.

For it was gone. A huge, crescent-shaped bite had been taken out of the approaching skyline; rocks and debris were still rising from a crater that had not existed five seconds ago. Only the energy of an atomic bomb, exploded at precisely the right moment in his path, could have wrought such a miracle. And Cliff did not believe in miracles.

He had made another complete revolution and was almost upon the mountains when he remembered that all this while there had been a cosmic bulldozer moving invisibly ahead of him. The kinetic energy of the abandoned capsule—a thousand tons, traveling at over a mile a second—was quite sufficient to have blasted the gap through which he was now racing. The impact of the man-made meteor must have jolted the whole of Farside.

His luck held to the very end. There was a brief pitter-patter of dust particles against his suit, and he caught a blurred glimpse of glowing rocks and swiftly dispersing smoke clouds flashing beneath him. (How strange to see a cloud upon the Moon!) Then he was through the mountains, with nothing ahead but blessed, empty sky.

Somewhere up there, an hour in the future along his second orbit, Callisto would be moving to meet him. But there was no hurry now; he had escaped from the maelstrom. For better or for worse, he had been granted the gift of life.

There was the launching track, a few miles to the right of his path; it looked like a hairline scribed across the face of the Moon. In a few moments he would be within radio range; now, with thankfulness and joy, he could make that second call to Earth, to the woman who was still waiting in the African night.





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## OLD MAN PULASKI

(continued from page 124)

salival juices, the lining of the mouth  
puckering and retreating as the succu-  
lent elixirs of layer upon layer of jaw-  
breaker established a whole range of  
attitudes of gustatorial appreciation. The  
jawbreaker revealed its endless subtleties  
layer by layer, holding back, suggesting,  
stating, until finally, the inner core, the  
pit, the mother lode was finally reached.

Each layer of a jawbreaker was slightly  
and subtly different in coloration from  
the one that preceded it. After the ini-  
tial black or red coating had been  
sucked away, the breaker would emerge  
dead white; and then a few moments lat-  
er it would change imperceptibly to a  
dull, mottled brown with overtones of  
green, followed by a rich brick-red vein.  
Next, perhaps, a mocking, impudent on-  
ion-yellow. Then white again! And  
then a somber, morose purplish-gray,  
and so on down, layer after layer, color  
after color, until finally, at about the size  
of a tiny French pea, it would crumble  
and reward the *aficionado* with a minute  
seed which crunched satisfyingly—and  
then disappeared. The jawbreaker, a  
fitting parable of life itself, infinitely  
varied, sweet, and always receding until,  
finally, only the seed is left; and then—  
crunch!

The black jawbreaker unquestionably  
was one of the major influences in the  
formative years, the cellophane-wrapper  
days of my budding youth. It was a black  
jawbreaker that taught me the lesson of  
man's inhumanity to man. The black  
jawbreaker got ahold of me the way  
hashish gets a strangle hold on a Leba-  
nese rug merchant in a Middle Eastern  
den of vice and degradation. Day after  
day, with every last cent I could scrape  
up, it was nothing but black jawbreakers.  
I became an evangelist, converting others  
—Schwartz, Flick, Bruner—until one day  
the inevitable finally happened.

The store was full of steelworkers and  
kids. Pulaski's screen door was banging  
continually. The flies were zooming in  
great formations around the light bulbs  
and clinging like tiny clusters of raisins  
to the spirals of flypaper that hung from  
the ceiling.

Old Man Pulaski was back of the  
hand-operated lunch-meat slicer, and a  
short, angry lady was leaning over the  
Toledo scale, fixing him with a beady  
eye. Pulaski was alone in the store that  
day, and the tide was coming in. For at  
least 45 minutes he battled the salami  
buyers and the guys who wanted work  
gloves. The flies hummed; the heat came  
in shimmering waves through the screen  
door.

At least eight of us milled around the  
glass case, jawbreaker fever hot on our  
brows. Pulaski ignored us as long as he

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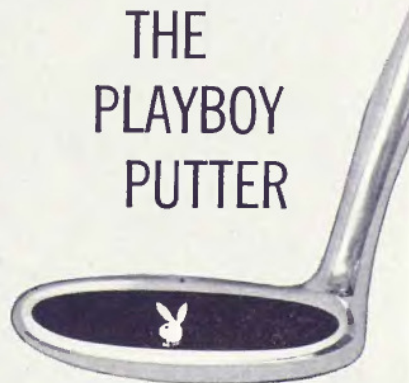
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could, until finally he sashayed over behind the case and opened negotiations. "All right, what do you want? Quick!"

Bruner led off: "Gimme some root beer barrels."

"How many do you want!"

"Four—and one Mary Jane."

Pulaski rushed back to the meat counter, filled a container with a pound of sauerkraut, weighed it up, shoved it across the counter to Mrs. Rutkowski, said, "I'll be right back," and hurled himself back into battle with us.

"Root beer barrels are six for a penny. Mary Janes are two for a penny. D'ya want Mary Janes or root beer barrels?"

"Gimme four barrels and one Mary Jane."

"Fer Chrissake!!"

Nine tin-mill workers came shambling in, hollering for beer. Mrs. Rutkowski, in broken English, said something about pickled pigs' feet.

Pulaski retreated and started handing out bottles of beer and Polish pickles. Bruner hollered out:

"I only want four barrels."

Pulaski, for the 63rd time that day, weighed his left thumb, the heaviest in northern Indiana, along with a couple of pork chops. Everything was on credit, anyway, so it really didn't make much difference. The Depression was like that.

The place was getting crowded. The flies hummed on and the screen door banged. Mrs. Rutkowski angrily yelled something that could have been Lithuanian, and Pulaski darted back to the candy counter. Looking right at me and completely ignoring Bruner, he said:

"Awright, what do you want?"

He knew what I wanted very well, and before I could even open my mouth, he rocked me with this thunderclap:

"No more black jawbreakers unless ya take one red one for every black."

They were two for a penny. I hated red jawbreakers.

"I'm gettin' stuck with too many red jawbreakers," said Pulaski.

This was the first time that the laws of economics and human chicanery had impinged on our tumbleweed, wind-blown lives. For a second we said nothing, stunned. Then:

"What?"

"I said, no jawbreakers unless you buy red and black." There wasn't a red-jawbreaker man in the crowd.

"Make up your mind. D'ya want 'em or not?"

We looked in through the curving glass case at that beautiful tray of magnificent jawbreakers, almost all red, the few remaining blacks spotted here and there like diamonds in a bank of South African clay. Flick said: "Red jawbreakers!"

Schwartz said: "I'd rather eat a rotten Tootsie Roll!"

I thought it over. For as long as I could remember, jawbreakers had been two for a penny—black jawbreakers. Now, in effect, the price had doubled. I thought about it. Finally Pulaski's face loomed over the counter, scowling down at all of us. I don't think he ever saw an individual kid. We were always just that jostling little knot of grubby little hands holding up hot, sweaty pennies.

"Awright, you guys. I don't have any more time to mess around. You want the black jawbreakers or not?"

The only other jawbreaker salesman in town was a good 12 blocks away. I was the first to sell out:

"Gimme a penny's worth of jawbreakers."

Pulaski reached into the case, carefully taking one red jawbreaker and one black jawbreaker, and handed them over to me, picking up my penny from the glass top of the case. One after the other we gave in, until finally there was only Bruner.

"Awright, what do you want?"

"Four root beer barrels and a Mary Jane."

"Fer Chrissake, awright!"

Pulaski grabbed a handful of root beer barrels and a Mary Jane and shoved them into Bruner's sticky hand. Mrs. Rutkowski was asking for spareribs, or something, in Croatian. More steelworkers surged through the door. The screen door slammed. Pulaski clanked shut the sliding panels of his candy counter, turned his back on us and scuttled back behind the meat counter.

It was the first jawbreaker blackmail caper. To get the gold you must also take the dross. The jawbreaker remained true to its spirit, a pure distillation of life itself: give and take, good and evil.

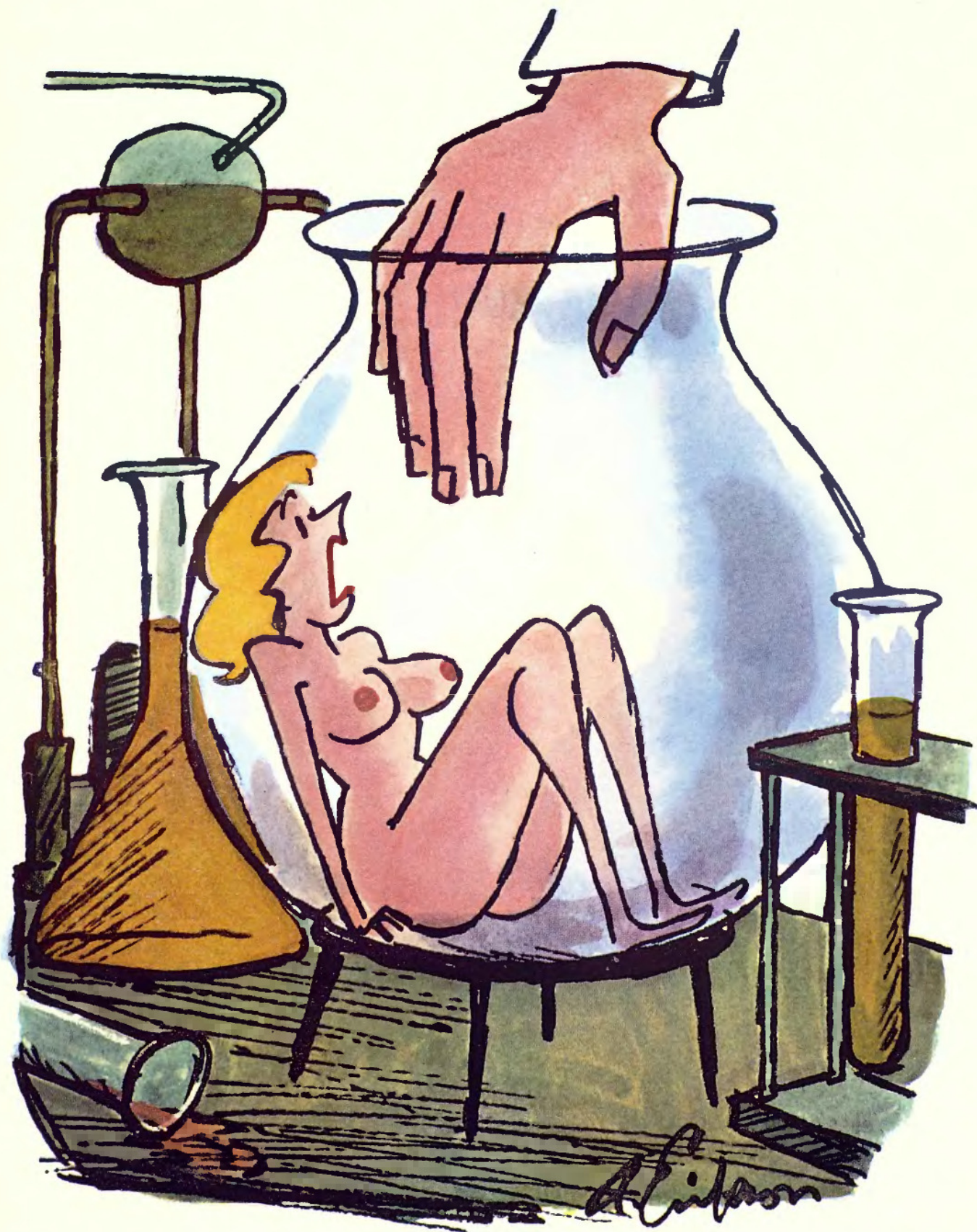
Out on the street I stuck my black beauty far back on the right side, right where my wisdom teeth would eventually impact. The red monster I shoved into the pocket of my Levi's. I'll give it to my kid brother, I figured. The great jawbreaker pushed out my cheek until the proper tension was reached, and the first soul-satisfying taste of that dark, rich, ebony masterpiece began to sink into my veins.

...

I stood at the dentist's window, looking out over the traffic-jammed metropolitan street, the burning coals of my aching tooth subsiding somewhat in the tepid bath of nostalgia. Only a steady, dull, thumping, subterranean pulse remained, down in the tangled depths of my root canals. I was still paying Pulaski. But it had been worth the price.







*"Professor Merton — you promised!!"*



## PLAYBOY BED

(continued from page 88)

for those briefcase chores more happily accomplished at ease than at the office. Another 90-degree turn and the bed faces a convenient couch on the south wall, transforming the space between into a conversation area.

Another set of buttons within the control panel operates an ingenious three-motor vibrator system that can be adjusted to one's pleasure. At low speed, the system sets off a gentle tremor that affords a relaxing massage. When the speed is changed, the bed vibrates to produce a pleasing soporific motion that hastens restful sleep. Its work as a mechanical sleeping draught finished, the bed can be preset to give a more vigorous shake in the morning, timed to coincide with a hi-fi serenade.

The headboard is itself a separate control center for a host of electronic exotics. Hinged into the cabinetry of the superstructure is a video taping component that offers an elite way around the frustrating tendency of rival television networks to put on their better shows in the same time slots. Attached to a single set, the taping device lets you enjoy a Woody Allen special while it silently records the sight and sound of a Shakespearean revival for later viewing. The joys of lounging abed listening to music have not been forgotten. The headboard is equipped with a headphone input connected to a high-fidelity stereo rig, which allows one rest-

less occupant to listen to the full range of broadcast or recorded sounds while his partner peacefully dozes. Should she awaken hungry, there is a small refrigerator in the back of the cabinet with room for a cold bird and a bottle of champagne for a midnight snack.

In a more businesslike vein, the headboard also features enough filing cabinets in tamboured walnut shelving to change the sleeping area into a home office. One built-in panel and telephone operates as a complete intercommunications system for the entire Mansion. For outside calls we have installed a Rapidial telephone system. With Rapidial, as many as 200 of the most-often-called names and numbers are recorded on a rotating file. To make a call, a reclining bedster need only turn to the desired name, push a button and the number is dialed automatically. Next to the phone system is a row of buttons that acts as the control unit for all lighting fixtures in the room.

Even the most beautiful jewel must have the right setting to bring it off properly. In our decor, we have adhered to an almost severely austere approach. The only other furniture in the room is the hi-fi stereo system, a luxuriant bear rug over deep-pile off-white wall-to-wall carpeting, a silent valet and a single brown couch. In this uncluttered scene, our bed, in a rounded, ribbed walnut frame that belies its great size, seems almost to float like an enticing island of indolent delight—truly a place for the sweetest of dreams.



## NEW BARBARY COAST

(continued from page 76)

all the best in a casual mode can be found eating the "special," the steak, or the lamb chops, and drinking the 25¢ house wine. There is a long table, known as "the lonely table," and a small but ill-chosen library for those who come to dine in privacy. And someone may sing the song that stands as well as any for the spirit of San Francisco's bohemia:

*The miners came in forty-nine,  
The whores in fifty-one;  
And when they got together  
They produced the Native Son.*

Those alone at the lonely table of the Brighton Express often go out together. Sometimes, less lonely, they must worry about a means to prevent the creation of another native son.

The above-cited ballad reveals an aspect of San Francisco high life and low life which provides one of the continuing special elements of both North Beach bohemia and Pacific Heights society—the peculiar phenomenon of San Francisco. Unlike most cities, San Francisco simply burst into existence with the gold rush around 1850. The primitive Spanish settlement of Yerba Buena—good herb—was as vague and evanescent as the good herbs on the shifting dunes for which the settlement was named. There was no steady growth of San Francisco. There was gold, and then *bang*—it was there. It also exploded out of being, with the great earthquake and fires, but the continual destruction and rebuilding helped preserve this improvisational character of the city. Along with the climate, which seems always to be April, and the gratifying slope of the hills, and the clement views of bay and ocean, the spirit of the city is based upon the fact that the gold seekers rushed across in caravans, eating one another at the Donner Pass only when absolutely necessary; the sailors, bringing supplies, deserted ship and built their houses of ravenously dismantled schooners; the Chinese were teased across en masse to work on the railroads; the French and the Spanish and the Jews and the Negroes and the Russians and everybody, almost everybody, arrived at almost the same time. The title of a book on the free-and-easy character of San Francisco street life should be: *Nobody Came First*. The vigilantes and the criminals were cousins, and both spoke with Irish brogues or in the rhyming slang of Australian convicts. The longshoremen have traditionally been among the most cultured of workers; and it often seems, as if to make a balance, that the girls who fill the society pages of the San Francisco Comical, as the *Chronicle* is sometimes irreverently described, have the souls of longshoremen. That is, they love backbreaking work.



"Little lunchie again tomorrow?"



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Thus, with the entire city a kind of loosely structured bohemia, North Beach became a miniature, a concentrated, an instant San Francisco—hard-working folks, fishermen and such, plus the free-living and high-spending scrapings from the gold fields or the high seas, plus the occasional writers who are the mild glory of San Francisco's history in the arts—Jack London, George Sterling, Joaquin Miller—and on to contemporary times, with such artists as William Saroyan, Benny Bufano, Barnaby Conrad, Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac briefly. The usual host of would-bes, sometimes-weres and might-have-beens give body to the mixture. North Beach may not have produced a Dostoevsky or a Modigliani, but it had its Paddy O'Sullivan, who wore velvet and gave great parties.

*Nobody Came First* would be one explanatory title. *Forever April* would be another. In other American climates, spring is the season that brings out young lovers and fresh vegetables, a surprised burgeoning of the senses, even in an epoch when vitamin pills and rapid interstate trucks, continual titillation and fertilizer tend to destroy the steady circularity of time. But in San Francisco, forever-April land, the place where it is always April, the restaurants of North Beach are continually stocked with crisp greens and fresh girls, hopeful men and languorous moods: the paperback library of the Brighton Express, the guitars of La Bodega, the open terrace at Enrico's.

Like San Francisco's great modern contribution to the art of the dance, the swim, San Francisco bohemia traditionally paddles a great deal, not getting too far, and does much hip-and-pelvis work, and pouts a bit, which does get it somewhere, psychically speaking. It charms. The swim passes; another dance takes its place, as the swim replaced Social Comment and Blabbermouth Night at the Anxious Asp. But there is a persistence in the tradition, and Enrico Banducci's hungry i, cradle to Mort Sahl, still has the sharpest traveling comics. A younger generation has created the Committee, a group doing social satire and jazz clowning at its highly fashionable locale on Broadway between a Greco-Turkish lunch counter and a recently defunct bookshop. One night the Committee's crew of wandering zanies might come up with a new organization, the Militant Boy Fascists for Christ, to delight an audience that loves to see another crack put in already-battered icons. Another night they may campaign against all-digit dialing, capital punishment, American policy toward Cuba and frigidity in women. What they sometimes miss in originality, they make up in energy and wacky enthusiasm. And anyway, who can discover a great new cause or philosophy nightly except Mondays on the stage of an improvisational theater? It is only the sour old sentiment-



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talist who thinks things were better with Aristophanes in the great days of Athens.

The graffiti on the walls of the Brighton Express tell this story of the traditional and the new, the artistic and the pretentious, the modest and the San Franciscan:

Long live Togliatti!  
All the World Who Is Anybody  
Loves William Saroyan!

This seems to be the product of an evening last year when Saroyan went in to discuss the casting of God in a new play with the owners, the other diners and the waiters.

Perversion is My Game.  
Pi equals 3.14159265.  
Happiness is an Empty Bladder.

And perhaps the most darkly mysterious, *Nouvelle Vague*, suggestive, cool and hip inscription of all:

The U. S. is OK.

As North Beach itself is OK, super-OK, necessary. At one time it seemed to be a haven for misfits, bounded by winos on the north, opium on the south and heroin and whiskey in between. Now the drug of choice is Methedrine, a deceptively dangerous stimulant which tends to cause brain damage in users who cannot necessarily spare much of their brains. Since it gets its effect by constricting the blood vessels, it also tends to cause impotence: the blood cannot go where it is needed. Impotence is a depressing condition. Most men may lead lives of quiet desperation, as Thoreau said, but impotence causes them to make noise. Under Methedrine the brain keeps on sending erotic signals, so that Methedrine users lean toward special fantasies. "If you freak out, man," explains one poet, "why, then your mighty brain just gives the blood a push. It's scientifically so, buddy. Wanna play?" Methedrine suits the period—a jumping, lazy, nervous, knockabout and frantic time in the career of North Beach. Like all violent ones, the Methheads seem to give their tone to the area; the quieter poets and the more contemplative painters show themselves as passers-by, while the girl who moves only in right angles—jerk-jerk, jerk-jerk—makes herself visible as she leaves the Hotdog Palace, propelled by chemistry, blinking, hilarious, feeling mighty. The middle-aged heroin peddler, Hube the Cube, has faded into legend; he still strolls like an honored relic with his latest recent graduate of Mills College, but she is more nurse than victim in 1965. And a strict eye is kept on everything.

The cops keep order, with clubs.

The sociologists and psychiatrists keep tabs, with foundation grants.

The journalists keep in touch, with quick surveys.

The cops keep order again.

An item from recent history can give a notion of the complexity of forces now at work in the cultural churning of North Beach. Allen Ginsberg, back from India, was making a sentimental visit to this turf which he, Jack Kerouac and others caused to become hallowed ground circa 1956–1958. Now the poet, forever youthful, was wearing a full beard, his hair down to his shoulders, blue jeans, T-shirt, tennis shoes, and his own natural sweetness compounded with the Hindu generosity acquired in the distant East. What was he thinking of? The beauties of the day, the ease of the air. But then he came upon a gang fight, a white gang against a Negro gang. Naturally, being a peace-loving soul, he leaped into the fray on the side of the Negroes. Soon the police arrived, swinging their clubs. Since they, too, love peace and justice, in the immemorial fashion of cops, they immediately swung their clubs upon the Negroes. It's not that they take sides unfairly; it's just that they have to swing their clubs at somebody.

Ginsberg leaped upon the biggest, brawniest sergeant and fell to kissing him on the cheeks and neck, saying, "You must try to love these colored boys. After all, they are lonesome in America." (Smack, smack; great wet kisses) "After all, these colored boys are lonesome in San Francisco and North Beach. When you hit them with your clubs, that doesn't ameliorate their lonesomeness. You must try to love them more."

The other brawlers split. Ginsberg stood alone, filling the air with kindness and kisses.

Without stopping to define the word "ameliorate," the cop threw Ginsberg into the patrol car; two others got in with him; they drove off toward the station. Silence for a moment. Then the cop spoke: "What's your name?"

"Allen Ginsberg."

Pause. It should be recalled here that the famous trial of *Howl* took place in San Francisco, and poetry won a mighty victory against the police censors.

"You the writer?"

"Yes," said Allen Ginsberg.

The cop looked at him pleadingly. "Aw. Aw. Listen, what's a nice Jewish boy like you running around needing a haircut?"

They stopped the car and let him go. Ginsberg stepped out of that black Ford. He was disconsolate. What is North Beach and the world coming to when Allen Ginsberg is no longer an outsider? Shortly after this distressing experience, he returned to less affable climes. North Beach now seems decadent to him. Afterward, word came that he had shaved off his beard and mailed it to Governor Rockefeller of New York as a love offering, together with an appeal to be more kindly to the lonesome arts.

It is true that many past epochs of North Beach and the Barbary Coast

have disappeared. The day of the Sydney Ducks and the vigilance committees, Australian toughs and mothers uprisen—and the days of their violence and murders—have faded. The day of the tong wars in nearby Chinatown has gone, though an occasional arrest for opium smoking still mars the steady progress of real-estate values; the Chinese businessman is engaged in the import-export business, not smuggling. The fine pot of the beat movement has gone to flower, though a few nearsighted beatniks still wander the Beach, not seeing that their former colleagues have exchanged their bongos for washer-driers. The cheap living in fishermen's shacks on the slopes of Telegraph Hill has given way to expensive living in those same fishermen's shacks, now called "view studios," or to upper-middle-income living in the new aluminum-glass-and-redwood apartments springing up where once red wine was guzzled by fierce, runny-eyed artists who would not compromise with conjunctivitis. A wonderful all-night Italian grocery yields its space to the Galaxie—swim dancers. The Chowder Shop and the Coney Island Red Hots give way to swim dancers. Poetry to jazz gives way to sick comedy, which gives way to the twist, which gives way to the swim.

But still, but still, each earlier time leaves its residue, marking North Beach with evidence for the amateur archaeologist. The environs of the Barbary Coast still nourish far-out bars, quiet and noisy ones, like Gold Street, where it is always New Year's Eve, or Scrooge's, where it is always Christmas Eve, eerie lighting from strung-around colored bulbs. (This led a Jewish schoolteacher to complain because there is no Yeshibah West, where it's Yom Kippur every night, and no drinking or smoking.) Plus the Montmartre (berets and Edith Piaf), and the Moulin Rouge (Patti White, the Uninhibited Schoolteacher, strips from her cap and gown and horn-rimmed glasses) and Mr. Wonderful ("Live Stereo Music"), and the Off Broadway (Deedee takes an actual shower while dancing—wears a purple bikini), and El Matador (the story of Barnaby Conrad's literary success is told in framed telegrams), and the Chi Chi ("Saucy Nevada Review"—why not?), and Carol Doda, swimming from a raised piano in her topless chinchilla suit, her protein tablets and her hormone injections, and the Hotsy Totsy and Big Al's (regular stick-ups in guaranteed Warner Brothers speak-easy mood), and the Red Garter (banjos, beer and community singing—feh), and the Red Balloon (the entrance is a child's slide into an adult Luna Park), and the Jazz Workshop, where Lenny Bruce explored the language and suffered the consequences of using hyphenated epithets, and the Roaring Twenties (the girls on



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the red-velvet swings take Dramamine against seasickness), and the just plain Admiral Duncan again, where ex-college boys hang out over former college girls, even if these college boys now work in the brokerage firms of Montgomery Street and the girls are not acquainted with their wives. Ben Franklin may have discovered electricity near Philadelphia, but the Galaxie invented the swim and still has wall-to-wall swim girls.

The beat world still survives in the Coffee Gallery (interracial chess, jazz, folk music, old movies), the City Lights Books, Coffee & Confusion, Clown Alley, the Vesuvio Bar, and the Anxious Asp, which periodically revives Blabbermouth Night, when anyone with a tongue in his head can make a speech on any subject before an audience that seeks both distraction and the Truth. The Jazz Workshop and Basin Street West still import the best jazz artists. The old Bohemia still makes it among the Italians of the Trieste Caffè or the Tosca Caffè, and on upper Grant, and in the park. The Italian and the Chinese children now play together in Washington Park, near St. Peter and Paul's Church, although until ten years ago, Broadway was a strict dividing line between the two nationality settlements; the beatniks helped break the barriers. The neighborhoods still have their separate identities, but there is an interfiltration, and the Negroes have arrived, giving a new uneasy liveliness to this world. The Japanese have arrived. So have the Mexicans. Everyone is there.

In other words, the old inevitably passes, but it ineluctably remains. There are still fishermen, piano tuners, pimps, thugs, gangsters, poets, painters, your little neighborhood frame maker, tailors (and a shop making leather clothes for leather-wearing men), gaslights, hitching posts, cafés, coffeehouses, Hawaiian bars, Japanese bars, Chinese bars (one with an entrance shaped like female genitalia, and it's dark inside), English pubs and steak-and-kidney-pie emporiums, a beat mission or two, pool halls, improvisational theaters, elegant Fitzgerald-epoch saloons like the Roaring Twenties, all spangles and garters and weaving, bow-tied tourists; there is almost everything that there has ever been, including the marvelous old Seawall warehouse on Sansome Street, which was built from the timbers of schooners that once rounded the Horn for the gold rush. The Seawall now houses Synanon, a method of curing narcotics addiction and other character disorders by setting up a new style of community life. Characteristic of the appeal of North Beach, this branch of Synanon is its center for the arts—jazz combos, painters and photographers, moviemakers, writers and dancers under these salty beams flung up 100 years ago by men determined to find their Valhalla in San Francisco, fresh

gold and immoral exhibitions, a new chance in the newest part of the New World. These men called each other Slim or Pardner because their old names did not matter.

In Synanon, too, a decayed style is discarded and the chance to make a new, free and better life is offered. The old remains; the new crowds in; the old endures.

*Whatever happened to the Barbary Coast?*

Ask the boys for hire, the girls for rent.

*Whatever happened to the old bohemia?*

Ask the sculptors of upper Grant, the wine-drinking poets who picnic in Washington Park, the roaring pranksters under the fig tree at the Old Spaghetti Factory Café & Coffee House.

*Whatever happened to the beat paradise?*

Ask the chicks who finger the books at the Discovery or City Lights, waiting for either true love, the connection, or something-to-do to come along.

In fact, what has happened is that one period of North Beach replaces another without actually replacing it, and in geological layers, all history exists simultaneously.

The cool yellow-gray sky of San Francisco, that aslant city, forever-April town, shelters everyone within its indulgent past and glittering future. "Nobody came first," as the philosopher said, and it also seems that nobody went away. At night, they can all be found taking the air of Broadway and Grant. If the epoch of nude modeling for painters succeeds the epoch of the swim, well, the Coast and the Beach will survive that, too. As long as there is good food in the family-style restaurants, good liquor in the family-style bars, and expensive food in the famous restaurants, expensive liquor in the famous bars, a bit of Emperor Norton's and Mark Twain's oddball San Francisco will survive.

In the spirit of the Barbary Coast is the ancient lady with a robust past, 87 years old now, who lives alone with a servant on an elegant slope of Nob Hill just up from the sunny hollow of North Beach. She is so old and grizzled by the years that they didn't want to let her down from the roof of Notre Dame last time she visited Paris. She has hemorrhoids which occasionally give her trouble. She asked the doctor to remove them. He demurred, stating that even a minor operation should be avoided at her age, and besides, with drugs and careful control of diet, she should have no trouble. "Ah," she cried, "but I want to be able to eat Chinese and pasta! I want to be perfect!"

At night, after two o'clock, when the bars close and the cocktail waitresses and swim dancers come off work, surely the

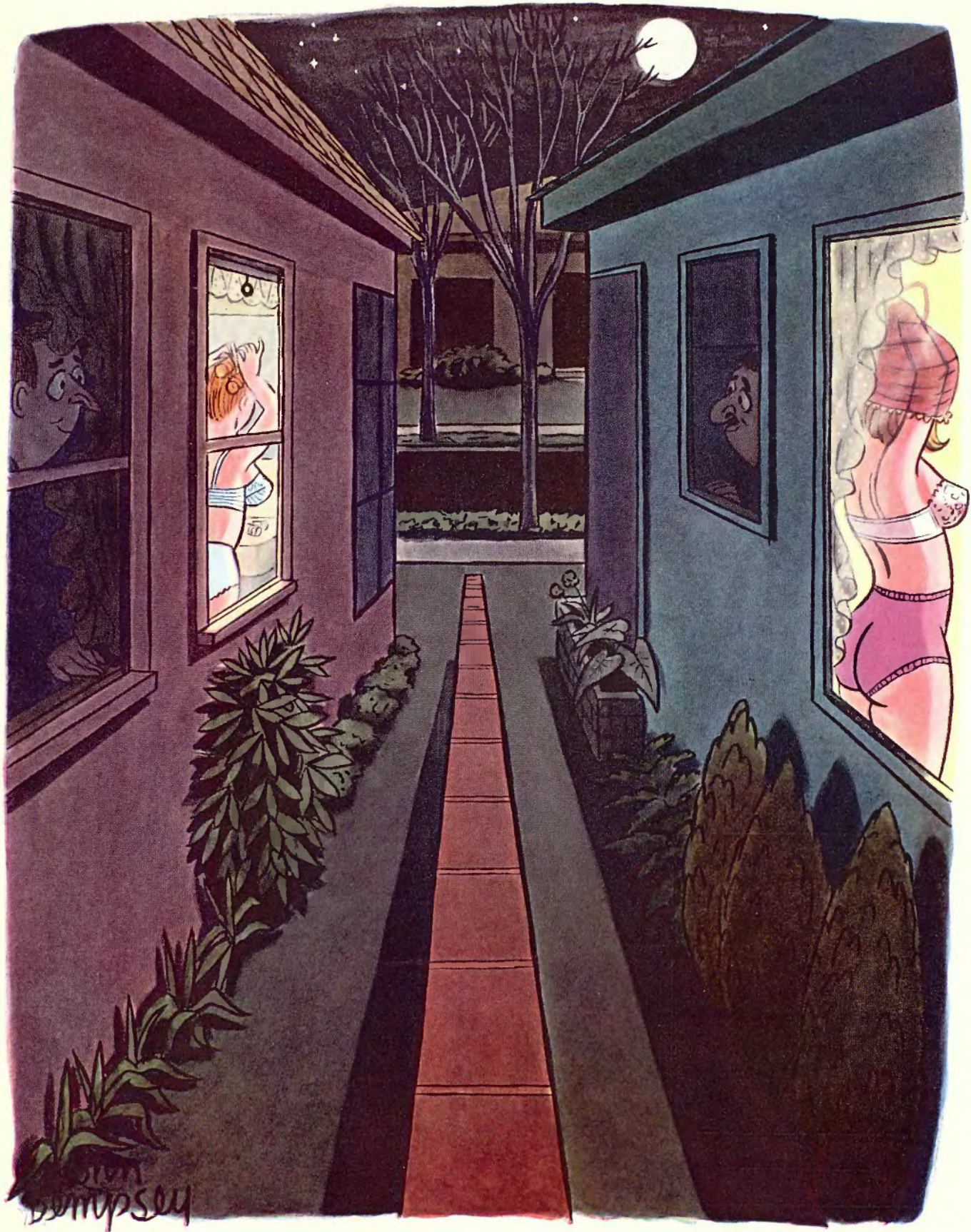
ghosts of the dear departed Sydney Ducks see their lovely pretty waiter girls tripping home in their net stockings, their piled-up hair and their hormone-increased curves, wanting to be perfect. The contemporary American need to consume bohemias, leisure and the perfections of art may force the curves a little, but there are those curves anyway. They get medical help, perhaps, but those girls do curve. Ogling and tumescence and the light fantastic remain in style. "Goodbye, Charley, I've done all I could," says Belle Cora. "Oh God! Oh God! I am shot!" says Mr. King. "I used to know a girl in exactly that spot, just that spot there," says Enrico Bاندucci, former concert violinist, surviving veteran of the beat revolution, honored founder of the hungry i and Enrico's Coffeehouse, honored owner of Mike's Pool Hall and over 20 berets, plus pieces of fighters and films, plus an airplane, a ranch, a meat-packing plant, and an investment in alimony for an indeterminate number of former wives. "Wonder whatever happened to that there girl?"

Tell you what happened, Bاندooch.

For the boys from across the Bay and from the Fillmore, for the boys from across the continent in the Midwest and New York, and for the boys merely itching to get away from Portland, Oregon, that girl lives. She is born every minute. North Beach is her domain. And for the girls who yearn for the salty, sloping, masculine grace of old-time San Francisco, there are the eternal lads searching through the hollow of pleasure bounded by Telegraph and Russian Hills, by Chinatown, by the Bay, by the limits of pride, lust and wallet. Those searchers want to be found. They seek to be reformed. They drink coffee in coffeehouses through the yellow-gray late afternoon of San Francisco. Then prayerfully, like Arabs at sundown, they turn their eyes upward, toward the bizarre blue dome of the Columbus Towers, once the headquarters for gangsters and panders, now an office building owned by the Kingston Trio. Not the muezzin peeks out from the sharp edge of the tower to chant at dusk, but rather, Ray Lopez, the hip barber, who offers his clients *The Hudson Review* and *Réalités*, comes to his window to offer a mild blessing to the worshipers gathered below. A blessing, a discussion of new trends in the theater of the absurd, and an expert haircut.

What has happened to the Barbary Coast is that the kaleidoscope turns, the colors swirl, age comes and goes—as does youth, as do time and history. Implausible, incredible, impractical, impossible, it offers but one incontrovertible bit of evidence for its existence. It survives, it is there.







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