

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1963 SIXTY CENTS

PLAYBOY



THE BUNNIES—A 12-PAGE COLOR PORTFOLIO • 1984 AND BEYOND—PREDICTIONS
BY THE WORLD'S TOP SCIENCE FICTIONEERS • SMALL BOATS FOR FUN AFLOAT



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why there's a little of Loch Lomond in every bottle of Ballantine's

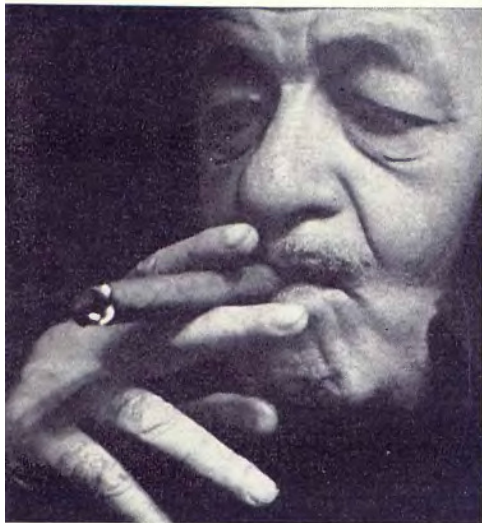
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HECHT

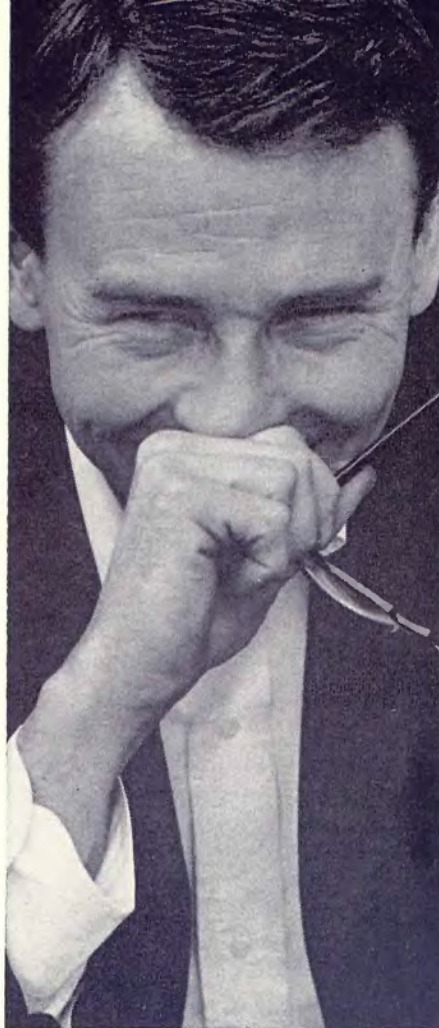
JULY, as the young lady on our cover reminds us, is a fine time to loll on the grass and lazily ponder the good things in life. And, since PLAYBOY and its readers share many of these good things, we offer the following statistics on Playboy Club Bunnies as worthy material for summertime musing:

There are, in the six Playboy Clubs around the country, a total of 24½ tons of Bunnies. Their collective chest measurement is 15,156 inches which is, roughly, a quarter of a mile of bustline. Their total waist span is 9472½ inches and their hip circumference is, in the aggregate, 14,777 inches. The Bunnies' combined age is a sprightly 9556 years and if all 421 of them were stacked (which they obviously are) head to toe, they would tower 2264 feet in the air.

For a more graphic indication of what these ample figures mean on an individual basis, we present this month *The Bunnies*, a 12-page pictorial tribute to our satin-eared hutch lovelies, along with the complete cottontale of who — and why — they are.

A clear-eyed view of the future is achieved herein by 12 of the world's most-renowned science-fiction authors participating in Part One of *The Playboy Panel: 1981 and Beyond*. Turning their minds toward the Orwellian year, they make bold to predict, among other things: the winner of the Cold War; the colonization of outer space; the probable forms of extra-terrestrial life; the production of food from inanimate sources; the likelihood of a nuclear holocaust; the consequences of overpopulation; advances in birth control and genetic manipulation; radical changes in sexual morality; and, for the moviegoer, three-dimensional "Feelies." The concluding installment will appear next month.

Beginning with this issue, we offer a new feature, *The Playboy Forum*, in which our readers are given an expanded opportunity to enter into dialog with us on the many topics that PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner has been discussing in *The Playboy Philosophy*. Forum will include arguments, pro and con, on various aspects of the American scene, as well as reader reports on present-day abridgments of our basic freedoms and is prompted by the overwhelming reader response to our continuing editorial series. This month, in Part Eight of *Philosophy*, Hefner examines the sometimes laughable, more often tragic, gaps between our



DENISON

author of — speak of the Devil — *The Case Against Satan* (*Playboy After Hours*, June 1962). Ray tells us that he's just finished the screenplay for the forthcoming multimillion-dollar *Genghis Khan* and a film adaptation of Jackson Stanley's recent novel, *The Florentine Ring*. He's also working on an autobiographical second novel, in addition to *Topic A*, a volume of dovetailed stories about Hollywood, of which *Byzantine Palace* is the first.

More fine fiction will be found in Ken W. Purdy's chilling *Change of Plan* and in the second and concluding portion of Jules Feiffer's first novel, *Harvy, the Rat with Women*, which will be available in hard cover (McGraw-Hill) shortly.

The fine illustrations for our nine-page portfolio on *Small Boats for Fun Afloat* were executed by Chicago artist Ben Denison, who was also responsible for renderings of *The Playboy Cars* in the March issue. Denison's association with PLAYBOY stretches back to the very first issue, to which he contributed a cartoon of a sophisticated chick writing in her diary, who asks of her roommate, "What's the past tense of virgin?" He is also the creator of the popular sports-car cartoons which became one of PLAYBOY's early continuing features.

While cruising aboard *Small Boats*, brace yourself with a tall, cool drink concocted by Food and Drink Editor Tom Mario this month in *Rum's the Word* and take cover in a *Cleopatra*-inspired beach robe as seen in Fashion Director Robert L. Green's *Two on the Nile*.

Ben Hecht is back with *Letitia*, another of his memorable memoirs, which are soon to be published in book form by Doubleday.

There's more in store, of course, including a tongue-in-check checklist from Shepherd Mead on *How to Select Your Second Wife*; a 50-mile hike with *Little Annie Fanny*; *The Road to Teevee Jebbies* by our comic highwayman, Shel Silverstein; and LeRoy Neiman's bold brush with the elegance of Air France in *Man at His Leisure*. We trust you are at yours.

PLAYBILL



RUSSELL

actual sexual practices and the false sex codes created by puritanical tradition and taboo. (The real and imagined excesses which motivated the Puritan war against sex are detailed in this issue in E. V. Griffith's account of *The Sabbats of Satan*.)

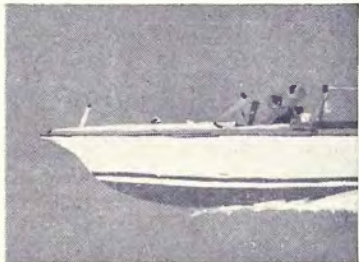
Diabolical is the word for the plotting and counterplotting that is rampant in *A Night in the Byzantine Palace*, this month's lead fiction by Ray Russell.

PLAYBOY



Summer Robes

P. 84



Small Boats

P. 61



Playboy Bunnies

P. 90



Byzantine Palace

P. 52

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It's a humdinger of an idea for a party!

Here's a switch. The classic Bacardi Party, as you know, is where the host supplies the mixings—as many as he can think of—and the *guests* bring the Bacardi. Dress is optional. Fun is guaranteed.

Well, *now* we're getting reports of Bacardi Parties where the host supplies both the mixings and the Bacardi, and everyone dresses to the nines! Like in the picture above. But why not?

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Y ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

STUDY IN BROWN

Although I have always been a PLAYBOY fan, never a playboy, I find the magazine nothing short of great, in every department—especially the interview section. April's *Playboy Interview: Helen Gurley Brown* was especially good.

Somehow I missed her book (and intend to rectify that mistake at the earliest possible moment) and wish to extend thanks to you for bringing her to light. I am amazed that a woman in these United States can be intelligent, sensible, logical, wealthy, straightforward, down-to-earth and beautiful at the same time.

Michael E. Knerr
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

The average man doesn't mind if the object of his affection is a little used but, man, this chick Helen Brown is shopworn.

Julio R. Gonzalez
Jersey City, New Jersey

Helen Gurley Brown's frankness is surpassed only by her apparent lack of warm, human emotion and moral integrity. Being a 23-year-old, unmarried male, I am no stranger to the extracurricular activities to which she constantly refers; however, when she speaks as lightly of abortion as one would of an appendectomy, without considering the essential meanings of conception and birth, her glib witticisms suddenly become repugnant.

Hooray for sex, three cheers for the single girl, and a question for Mrs. Brown: What does she think of the human race, from an outsider's point of view?

Jim Cerra
Fresno, California

Though I disagree with most of what Helen Gurley Brown has to say in her *Playboy Interview*, I was particularly incensed with her rather flip definition of Don Juanism. She says: "A Don Juan's sole aim . . . is to prove his masculinity, about which there may be a great deal of doubt in his mind. Most literature on the subject indicates that he really doesn't love women at all. He really loves himself."

Compare this with Camus' discussion in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, on the same

subject: "It is not through lack of love that Don Juan goes from woman to woman. It is ridiculous to represent him as a mystic in quest of total love. But it is indeed because he loves them with the same passion and each time with his whole self that he must repeat his gift and his profound quest. Whence each woman hopes to give him what no one has ever given him. Each time they are utterly wrong and merely manage to make him feel the need of that repetition. 'At last,' exclaims one of them, 'I have given you love.' Can we be surprised that Don Juan laughs at this? 'At last? No,' he says, 'but once more.' Why should it be essential to love rarely in order to love much?" *Touché, Mrs. Brown?*

Werner Liepolt
Schenectady, New York

I have been a faithful and thorough reader of your delightful and intelligent magazine ever since I gave my husband his subscription several years ago, and have never been motivated to write—you have always suited me to a T. Finding that we usually see eye to eye with you on your philosophy, your articles, your girls, and your humor, we have reacted with mild amusement to your critics.

However, you have finally outdone yourself in the realm of humor! I have never laughed so heartily at anything in PLAYBOY, or anywhere else, as I did at the *Playboy Interview* of Helen Gurley Brown. I would love to meet the perceptive, witty, and utterly clever man who probed and needled and plumbed the shallows of that silly, mixed-up mind. He must be a master of straight-faced humor, and how he kept from giggling as he solicited some of her hysterically contradictory comments is hard to imagine. We decided it must have been that he realized he was talking to such a "sexy, sophisticated, worldly, uninhibited, man's kind of woman." Then we started laughing all over again!

Lyn Defiebre
San Francisco, California

I hereby nominate Helen Gurley Brown for Playmate of the Month!

Robert P. Davis
Seaside, California

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MONSIEUR LANVIN

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Her figure of 12 to 18 hours per month as being the only possible conception time is just a wishful average. It can vary all over the lot, as any couple foolish enough to use the rhythm method can attest. Abortion is still a risky business even under ideal conditions. I would suggest Mrs. Brown see her doctor for a "checky-uppy-poo." She has either been very lucky or she is barren.

Eugene Lieb
Plainfield, New Jersey

BOND'S MEN

There are two things which I cannot put down once I pick them up. One is my monthly *PLAYBOY*, and the other is a novel by Ian Fleming.

Your material is always of the highest caliber and you certainly deserve credit for choosing this newest work by Mr. Fleming, i.e., *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, as a feature in the April issue. However, it is infuriating enough to have to wait a whole month between issues of *PLAYBOY*; and now, a James Bond story in three installments—how could you be so cruel?

Robert Hartman, Midshipman 3/c
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

You should be reported to SMERSH. Serializing our Leader is worse than the Bunny bylaws. Have drunk Vespers, been to Jamaica, and have two four-button suits with cuffs, but only single vents (bad form). Would you explain just what the hell is a baronet (a baroness' little boy)? And please, brandy and ginger ale?

Harry Bannerman
Westport, Connecticut

Baronet is ranked 'twixt a knight and a baron. And the brandy and ginger ale was part of Bond's guise as Sir Hilary Bray.

If James Bond reads *PLAYBOY*, his black-oxidized cigarette lighter will corrode when he learns on page 170 of your March 1963 issue (in which you claim you'll be the first to preview an Ian Fleming novel) that the *Argosy* preview of Fleming's *Thunderball* two years ago has been overlooked. Am I right?

Ken Hawbaker
Evansville, Indiana

Wrong. The "preview" of Ian Fleming's *"Thunderball"* that ran in *Argosy* was no preview at all. It appeared in their December 1961 issue, while *"Thunderball"* was published by Viking Press in April 1961. Also, what you saw in *Argosy* was a condensation of the novel. What you read in *PLAYBOY* was the full text of *"On Her Majesty's Secret Service,"* months in advance of hard-cover publication.

AUTO SHOW

I think that Ken Purdy's March arti-

cle on *The Playboy Cars* was most illuminating and the sketches excellent. However, I must add that this is the sort of thing that I rather expect from *PLAYBOY* because you seem to get better and better. I must say, I know which of the cars Ken reviewed I would take but, obviously, it would not be intelligent to say that here because the manufacturers do improve each year and what is the ultimate today is out of date tomorrow.

I would also like to compliment you on the fantastic interview that you printed with Frank Sinatra (February 1963). I have always been a fan of his—this showed me that I was not wrong.

Stirling Moss
London, England

I just finished reading Ken Purdy's fine article, *The Playboy Cars*, in the March issue. My natural pride in the product I sell being wounded, I would like to ask why he thinks a Ferrari Berlinetta is faster than a Corvette. In last year's SCCA National Championship races, the now-obsolete '62 Corvettes consistently beat the Berlinettas and won the "A" production championship.

I will admit that the GTO Ferrari (not a Berlinetta) will really outrun a Corvette, but to me this is not a production car. I understand the GTO has been declared illegal as a production car by FIA for the 1963 season as there are only a few in existence. Last year's FIA Manufacturers Trophy was won by the GTO Ferrari, not the Berlinetta.

Tom Swindell
Dawson Taylor Chevrolet
Detroit, Michigan

Ken Purdy's purpose was to state that the Ferrari is, generically, superior to the Corvette—not surprising in view of the price difference. This is an idea that may have occurred independently to spectators at the recent Sebring race, in which Ferrari cars finished 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th overall, the 1st-place car winning the Index of Performance as well, something that has not happened at Sebring since 1954. Ferraris also filled the 2nd, 3rd and 4th places in the Index.

The first Corvette to finish was in 16th place. The second was in 17th.

It is not true that the Ferrari GTO is "illegal." It has been specifically accepted by the world governing body, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, classified as an evolutionary development of the Berlinetta. It is also acceptable in at least one category of racing sponsored by the American local body, the SCCA.

Your magazine is always interesting, and I would like to thank you for the attention you paid to the Ferrari cars.

Enzo Ferrari
Modena, Italy

It's the bee's knees!



Back in the 20's, that remark was a laudatory expression that might be paraphrased in the vernacular of the 60's as — *the most!* These two modes of expression have nothing in common. But—20's or 60's—there's one cocktail that's common to the cognoscenti and connoisseurs of both eras. Today—as in bygone days—everybody's buzzing about that bonanza of the bar: The Stinger.

The Stinger: 1½ oz. brandy, 1½ oz. Cointreau White



Creme de Menthe. Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

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I thought *The Playboy Cars* by Ken Purdy was very good and found it informative, particularly on the foreign-car coverage. I do disagree with the statement that the rolling, pitching and bounce in the American cars is now a thing of the past. As far as I'm concerned this condition still exists in our present-day American cars. I usually remedy this condition on every new car I buy (two a year) by installing much stiffer action shock absorbers. This improves the condition as much as possible.

The chart listing the pertinent data on *The Playboy Cars* was very well done and certainly should give the reader a very good comparison of all cars.

Sam Hanks, Director of Racing
Indianapolis Motor Speedway
Corporation
Speedway, Indiana

THE GIRLS OF AFRICA

Thank you for the fine pictures of those truly beautiful women of Africa. I consider it within the realm of possibility that my son, or at least my grandson, as a man of the world, may well marry one of these beautiful women. What wonderful possibilities are suggested when all humans are free to crossbreed and enrich the human race—and it looks like such interesting work.

G. M. Whitney
Oneonta, New York

Although your magazine has always been among my favorites, especially in the photo department, you have finally gone too far with your pictorial display of African beauties in the April issue.

It saddens me to think the "New Frontier" approach has reached our own PLAYBOY. If one wishes to look at dark-skinned beauties, one may pick up a copy of *Ebony* or *Jet* for only a few cents. If this is a preview of what is to come in future PLAYBOYS, you will not find my name among the 1964 renewals.

D. Thomas
El Reno, Oklahoma

Sorry my first letter has to be one of complaint, but in my opinion your pictorial, *The Girls of Africa*, resembled a view from the front of the bus. I realize that the title left room for girls of any color or nationality, but by the same token I would not expect a pictorial on the girls of the United States to have all large pictures of colored girls and a few small ones of white girls, which would be the case if the percentages were kept equal in both articles. I have seen African girls photographed to better advantage in the *National Geographic*.

L. Sturdevant
Bethel, Connecticut

We have always wondered how such men as Dr. David Livingstone, Henry M.

Stanley, and Dr. Albert Schweitzer could bear living in the steaming, teeming jungles of the Dark Continent. Now, thanks to the miracle of color film and the skill of the PLAYBOY cameramen, we know.

William Adams, Robert Ewaskiewicz
Trenton, New Jersey

Re Miss Gillian Tanner, page 118, April 1963 PLAYBOY. We love her, we love her, we love her, we love her, we love her, we love her. More, please.

Don Coviello
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut

In your April 1963 issue on page 118, the magnificent picture of Gillian Tanner is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen in your marvelous publication. I trust appropriate steps are being taken to enable the world to share Miss Tanner's incredible facial beauty even more widely.

James A. Foltz
Greenwich, Connecticut

For more on Miss Tanner, gentlemen, check our August issue.

BRANDY IS DANDY

Confound you, sirs—I had just settled in my favorite chair, lit my pipe, and was enjoying the last of a bottle of excellent brandy. The night was one I wouldn't have sent a dog out in. It was snowing and the wind sounded like a mad banshee buffeting the side of the house. It was then I read the March *Brandy* article by Thomas Mario. I finished the article and the brandy at the same time, and thanks to the vivid description of the grape by Mr. Mario, I knew that no matter how fearful the storm, I had to have another bottle. So take heed, sirs. If my wife should turn ill from having ventured out on such a night, you shall hear from me. My compliments to Mr. Mario and PLAYBOY on an excellent article.

Robert Preville
Baltimore, Maryland

Upon reading your informative dissertation on brandy, I have realized how little I know about good liquors and how much I would like to know. May I suggest that in future issues you reveal more facts on other types of liquors with recipes for the utilization of these liquors.

It is said that one cannot appreciate until one has learned. I found that your article helped me to appreciate the elegant flavor of good brandy even more. Please continue my education.

William C. Noble
Springfield, Massachusetts





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Margarita

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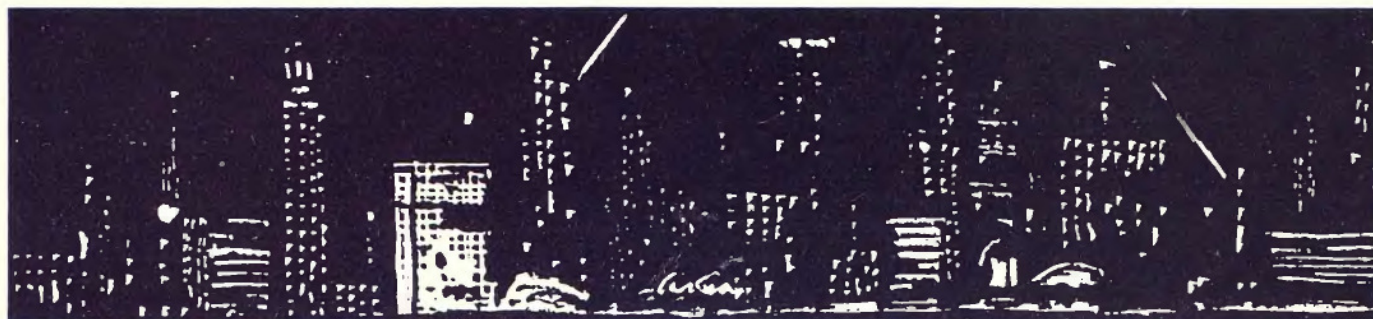
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Five years ago the Margarita Cocktail was known to only a few *aficionados* in the *cantinas* of Mexico. Today Margarita is insistently demanded in smart cafe-bars throughout America. Margarita is commended by bartenders who know... offered by hosts who care. And of course your Margarita is made with Jose Cuervo, the proud Mexican brand, unrivalled leader for four generations. To acquaint you better with this exotic liquor, try it in your favorite cocktail. Send for the Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in salt-rimmed glass. It's wonderful!*

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS/YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Recent dispatches from the Orient report the perfection of an operation which is worth a moment of sober reflection: Tokyo gynecologist Kohei Matsukubo has learned how to create an artificial hymen for blushing brides-to-be. This surgical subterfuge, called *jinko shoyo*, is performed either with plastic or human body tissue, and is available to interested girls (no virgins need apply) for \$60 in yen. We've decided that what bothers us about Dr. Matsukubo's exercise in Instant Innocence, even more than the deception involved, are the semantic problems that leap to mind: Can the doctor be called a flowerer of women? Can the doctor be accused of running a closed shop, or confusing the tissue? Might each of his operations be called an open-and-shut case and his appointment book dubbed an unscore card? And does each patient become, after the 20-minute operation, a risen woman? Is this, then, what is meant by the Inscrutable East? These questions aside, it would appear that we will never again be able to place complete trust in that hoary buy-line, Made in Japan.

Sign of the times seen on an Indianapolis marquee: "SPECIAL KIDDIE MATINEE — ANATOMY OF A MURDER."

From our front-line correspondent abroad, ominous news anent the battle of the sexes: The men of Dungeness, England, were recently defeated by the women of the village in the annual tug of war.

Expressions we can do without: "He's one of my favorite people," "What's this bit?", "Thanks a thousand," "I couldn't care less," "Don't do anything I wouldn't do," "Let's split this scene," "Well, it's

past my bedtime," "Be good, now," "I dig," "It's a gasser," "Strictly from hunger," "I need it like a hole in the head," "I like it, I like it," "I didn't catch the name" and "I didn't throw it," "Who needs it?", "You can say that again," "Like wow!", "This'll kill ya," "Har de har har," "And away we go," "Let's kick it around," "Likewise, I'm sure," "Don't mind if I do," "Cool it," "Get lost," "I'm hip," "Why not?", "Who writes your material?", "Get serious," "You know it," "little girls' room," "That's for sure," "posolutely," "absitively," "yes-siree," "okeydoke," "all righty," "any-hoo," "shite!", "bass ackwards," "the whole fam damly," "drinkie-poo," "chickie-baby," "wellsir," "beddybys," and "last, but not least," "Well, that's showbiz."

A campus informant passes along this novel observation on novelist Henry James from the term paper of a Radcliffe coed: "The female characters were always well-made, although he was rather weak in his male parts."

A 45-year-old Dallas man was recently arrested on a drunkenness charge for walking in a straight line — the center stripe on downtown Main Street.

A letter illustrating what a difference a "D" makes was received by the Springfield, Massachusetts, law department from a claimant accepting an offer of damages for a sidewalk fall. With rare candor, reports the *Chicago Sun-Times*, it said, "I would appreciate it greatly if you would advise me when the graft is ready so that I can pick it up at the law department office."

Kinsey Institute take note: The Vallejo, California, *Times Herald* reports

that the "sex ratio of the United States is 971 males per 1000 females of all ages in the population."

In London, reports New York's *Journal American*, actress Jennifer Jayne, discussing her relationship with pianist Art Fairbank, told reporters: "We started by being good friends, but that's all over now. We're going to be married."

To confound those critics who say we know nothing about country living, we offer the following morsel of esoteric information (the repetition of which, we have found, instantly marks the urban speaker as something of a Renaissance man, equally at ease in city abode or rustic retreat): If you count the number of cricket chirps that you can hear in 14 seconds and add this to 40, the result is the temperature in degrees Fahrenheit.

We were happy to learn the other day in the *Wall Street Journal* that the United States was still putting first things first in its technological efforts to outstrip the Soviet Union. A Commendation Medal (the Air Force's third-highest peacetime decoration) was awarded to a dauntless lieutenant for "unselfish devotion of time and energy above and beyond the line of duty." His medal was won for designing a cost-cutting camp swimming pool.

Our salute to the Italian judge, ruling on a case of indecent exposure, who noted neatly that the latest bikinis "have to be believed in to be seen."

When a fire broke out in a cottage at the Sunny Rest Nudist Lodge near Palmerton, Pennsylvania, not long ago, reports the *Detroit Free Press*, no less



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than 100 dauntless firemen raced to the scene, where their efforts to extinguish the blaze were witnessed by 25 unattired guests. The cottage burned to the ground.

BOOKS

Henry Miller began his writing life with a three-book salvo. *Black Spring* (Grove, \$5), written in 1936 between the two *Tropics*, reaches this country last. Perhaps because it's the weakest. Like the others, it celebrates Miller's escape from marriage and money-grubbing to Left Bankruptcy, skipping verbally between his love of France and of freedom and his hatred of everything in America but his Brooklyn boyhood. The first section, *The Fourteenth Ward*, is the best in the book — a splashy memory cascade of sights, smells, friends, and fights in the Williamsburg that was. But his pulsing proclamations that U.S.A. spells doom and that Europe means hope have not only grown tinny with time but have been given the horselaugh by history. The book has almost no narrative and its recollective rhapsody has a way of degenerating from dithyramb to rambling. There are poetic touches, even wisps of wit: "Tom Mollatt was a genuine aristocrat; he never questioned the price and he never paid his bills." But, whether you loved or loathed the *Tropics*, *Black Spring* is missable Miller.

A Literary Guide to Seduction (Stein & Day, \$7.50) has the promising sound of a How To manual, but this anthology of some 20 celebrated, not to mention dog-eared, scenes from Peter Abelard to Thomas Mann is more likely to drive the reader into voluntary celibacy. The collector, one Robert Meister, divides seduction into four categories: the passionate, the sporty, the social advance, and the revenge; but, whatever their motive, all his seducers approach their targets with the grimness of a man approaching impotence. Most of the scenes are drawn from French 18th and 19th Century classics — and anyone who still believes the French are formidable lovers need only read this book to be disabused. From Valmont of *Dangerous Acquaintances* to Julien Sorel of *The Red and the Black*, they rely on the tatty old strategy of flattery to open the proceedings and a promise of marriage to wind them up. The most novel thinking comes, surprisingly, from two British writers. The heroine of Matthew Lewis' novel, *The Monk*, who is in love with a saintly priest, first arranges for a portrait of the Madonna for which she posed to be given to him and then, when he has fallen in love with that, she dis-

guises herself as a novice, enters his monastery, flashes a breast at him — and curtain. The other enterprising seducer is the hero of Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay*, who buys a false beard and, thus masculinized, knocks off a bored suburban housewife. But, like most other seducers in Huxley's novels, he's sorry afterward. Except for one peerless duolog of high comedy by the 18th Century Frenchman, Crébillon, *filis*, this collection is a detumescent work whose moral appears to be that if a man enjoys the idea of seduction, he'd better keep away from women because if he doesn't make them, he'll be mortified and, if he does, he'll hate them. There may be a grain of truth in this, but "the great seduction scenes of Western literature" seem odd locales in which to discover it.

Vladimir Nabokov wrote *The Gift* (Putnam, \$5.95) in the mid-Thirties. "... the last book I wrote, or ever shall write, in Russian." Now this elegant farewell has finally been translated into English. The central character is a young Russian émigré writer, but its heroine, as Nabokov says, is less his girl Zina than Russian literature itself. *The Gift*, like *Pale Fire*, is a system of mirrors, conundrums, books within books, a chess player's imaginings. It recounts the narrator's preparation for writing a book — by evoking and then laying to rest the ghosts of his childhood, by piecing out the obsessive motifs of a dead writer's life. When all this is done, the book is finished, for the very struggle to clear its path has brought it alive. The path to the work becomes the work itself — the reflexive Gift of the title. In the process, the narrator has told of his life in Berlin in the Twenties; and of his chaste romance with his Zina. He is fascinated throughout by the same things that haunt Nabokov in most of his books: his childhood, his father, butterflies, chess, ingenious coincidences (planned by whom?), the making of poems, the mutual mimicry of life and art. A full quarter of the book is given to a history of the 19th Century writer Chernyshevski, and it seems in retrospect a sketch for Nabokov's later masterpiece on Gogol. The book glitters with Nabokov's cruel wit, phrases such as "lips like sealing wax on a letter in which there is nothing" and "a street beginning with a post office and ending with a church, like an epistolary novel." It is the wit of an exile — eyes fixed on things with distaste and apprehension, agonized intelligence trying to get on top of life — which dominates the book, makes it intricate, baroque, mysterious. Nabokov recalls a friend in Kiev who "would take out a library book in a language he didn't understand, make notes in it and leave it lying about... Happiness, sorrow — exclamations *en marge*, while the context is absolutely

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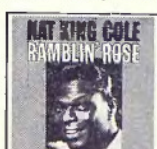
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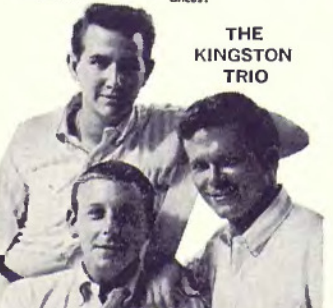
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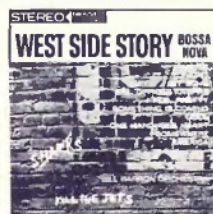
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unknown." *The Gift* seems just that, notes in the margin of a tantalizing, unknown text—elegiac, yearning, ludicrous, obsessive—but, who knows, perhaps in the end not so irrelevant after all.

MOVIES

A little child shall lead them . . . to an Academy Award. *Sundays and Cybele*, this year's Oscar-winning foreign film, is the story of a friendship between a 12-year-old girl and a man. He is an ex-war pilot who lost his memory when he crashed and killed a child and who now lives in a Paris suburb with his nurse-mistress. Every Sunday he takes the 12-year-old, who has been abandoned in a local orphanage, for a walk—posing as her father. Soon there's room for rumors, and the world comes whirling in-between them. The most interesting element in the film is that their relationship has a touch of *Lolita* without their really touching. Newcomer Serge Bourguignon directed delicately. Hardy Kruger plays the man, but Hardy is a softy. The real stars are the photographer, Henri Decae, who makes poems out of trees, and Patricia Gozzi, the child, who really rings *Cybele*.

The *Four Days of Naples* are from September 28 to October 1, 1943, when the Allies were approaching the city and the people of Naples arose to help drive out the Germans. Director Nanni Loy's film memorial to those memorable days is made up of several story strands from the fabric of the city's struggle: a refugee mother separated from her 10-year-old son; a young wife, cut off by street fighting from her home and caught in a partisan group with a former boyfriend; a gang of juvenile delinquents who break out of a reformatory by day to fight the Germans and go back at night; an Italian soldier, just discharged, conscripted by the Germans as soon as he hits home. Their lives and others combine to present a sweeping picture of a great city heaving and tossing to throw off its chains. The film stays this side of giant stature because some scenes are more trite than true, but much of it has the volcanic fire of Naples erupting like nearby Vesuvius.

The real star of Frank Sinatra's latest, *Come Blow Your Horn*, is the hero's apartment. This wild pad, designed to fill a wide screen with color, draws audience ahs and ohs even when the script (from the Broadway-London hit) snuggles down for a snooze now and then. Sinatra plays the 39-year-old bachelor son of Lee J. Cobb and Molly Picon, berated by his father as a "bum." (Definition:

"unmarried.") Frank induces his 21-year-old brother (Tony Bill) to leave their parents' bed and borscht: brother moves in with him and Frank quickly sharpens him into a gay blade. Both brothers work in Cobb's artificial-fruit business, from which perhaps some of the story gets its waxen look. But a melange of mix-ups, built around a trio of stacked stunners—Jill St. John, Barbara Rush and Phyllis McGuire—keeps the apartment and the picture busy if not brilliant. This saga of a wedding-shy wolf does better than OK by means of its self-satirically *luxe* settings, its good nature, and Frank's free-and-easy performance.

Landru, the Frenchman who was guillotined in the Twenties for murdering 10 women, was a man of iron nerve—proof that none but the brave dissect the fair. Françoise Sagan, the George Sand of the sandals set, has made a skillful screenplay of his life, and director Claude Chabrol, New Wave whiz, has turned it into a film that is gruesomely funny and sardonically serious. During the First War Landru, a Paris furniture dealer with wife and four kids, runs out of cash but has a way with cuties. He marries them, mules them, macerates them, then brings the loot home to his unsuspecting brood. There are macabre laughs in the hints of horror, but there's a grotesquely grave undertone about this man who takes, very literally, the cutthroat conditions of his time. Charles Denner, bald, bearded and baritone, makes Landru a sexy man of secrets. Among the fated *femmes* are Danielle Darrieux and Michèle Morgan. Only the Armistice saves Hildegard Neff's neck; Landru stops murdering when the world does. Sixteen years ago Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux* satirized the same story and tacked on a philosophizing finale. *Landru* has neither Charlie's great pantomime peaks nor his meat-handed message; but this film is both mordant and memorable.

In *Bye, Bye Birdie*, made from the Broadway musical, the Birdie is Conrad B., a guitar-slinging, pelvis-swinging idol of the Sweet Shoppe set. When this hip-loose hot-shot (Jesse Pearson) is tapped for military service, a big TV send-off is set up with a typical fan-club member in Ohio. A songwriter (Dick Van Dyke) plants a song on the TV show so that he can make enough money to marry his girl (Janet Leigh) and escape his mother (Maureen Stapleton). The typical Birdie fan (Ann-Margret) has trouble with her boyfriend (Bobby Rydell) because Birdie is going to kiss her coast-to-coast, but—hang on, now—her father (Paul Lynde) agrees to it because the songwriter is also a biochemist who has an invention Dad can use in his fertilizer business. See? Even if you don't—and the plot couldn't

matter less to anyone, including the scriptwriters — the result is a fast-moving film. There are even some bright gags. Miss Stapleton is asked what her husband does. Reply: "I don't know. He's dead." Which reminds us — Ed Sullivan puts in a brief appearance. The tunes are more breathless than deathless, but George Sidney, the director, heats the high spots: the color is kaleidoscope-crazy and the sheer energy of the thing keeps you with it.

RECORDINGS

Ella Sings Broadway (Verve) is both praiseworthy and puzzling. It rates an accolade for the incomparable Ella's etching of *Almost Like Being in Love*, *No Other Love* and *Whatever Lola Wants*; the puzzlement is over the inclusion in this set of such Broadway banalities as *Warm All Over*, *Dites-Moi*, *Show Me* and *Somebody Somewhere*. All too often Miss Fitz loses out to the misfits. And one gets the impression from the LP jacket and the liner notes that Ella is a *cappella* — an error of omission that does disservice to the anonymous orchestra providing the backdrops.

Bossa nova has shown surprising staying power on the jazz scene. Latest evidence of its vigor: *New Beat Bossa Nova/Vol. 2* (Colpix) on which Zoot Sims and his orchestra continue their Brazilian ways. The Simsmen profit from a large flute section and an outsized covey of percussionists providing richly flavored support for Sims' inventive tenor work. Smaller, but no less interesting, is the group on *Ole! Bossa Nova!* (Capitol). Guitarist and bossa-nova pioneer Laurindo Almeida is leader of a troupe that includes Shelly Manne, Don Fagerquist and Bob Cooper. The gentlemen divide their time between authentically Brazilian melodies and bossa-nova'd bits of Americana such as *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, *Fly Me to the Moon* and *Days of Wine and Roses*.

Musicdom's round man is happily with us once more on *"Five Feet of Soul"/Jimmy Rushing* (Colpix). Jimmy, and a fine jazz group blowing charts by Al Cohn, are imbued with an ebullient *joie de vivre*. Among the upbeat items — *Just Because*, *Oooh! Look-a-There Ain't She Pretty* and *My Bucket's Got a Hole in It* — all Jimmy-dandies.

A work of brooding eloquence is Béla Bartók's two-character opera, *Bluebeard's Castle* (Mercury), here sung in the original Hungarian by bass Mihaly Szekely

and soprano Olga Szonyi, with Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Dark sonorities fill Bartók's impressionistic treatment of the grisly legend — an all-pervasive air of malevolence and melancholy is made more so by the strange ring of the Magyar tongue and the deep resonance of Bluebeard Szekely's haunting bass.

Charlie Parker/Once There Was Bird (Parker Records) offers a second chance for jazz buffs who missed this recording landmark when the four numbers on the LP — *Hallelujah*, *Get Happy*, *Slam Slam Blues*, and *Congo Blues* — were originally issued in 1945 on two 78s. Here is bop in its swaddling clothes, with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie supplying the first intimations of a new musical school, while Red Norvo, Flip Phillips, Teddy Wilson, Slam Stewart and drummers J. C. Heard and Specs Powell carry over the sounds of an earlier frame of jazz reference. Although the LP is padded out with a batch of unused takes and incomplete fragments of the numbers finally issued, *Congo Blues* is the cream of a vintage crop that is still an exciting aural experience.

Nina's Choice (Colpix) is, unfortunately, a collection of tunes which, for the most part, we've heard her do before. She does them well, of course — *Memphis in June*, *Work Song*, *Forbidden Fruit*, *Rags and Old Iron* — but there surely must be other material, as yet unrecorded by Miss Simone, that would profit from her attentions.

A pair of handsome 3-LP jazz wrap-ups have passed our way. The first, *Jack Teagarden/King of the Blues Trombone* (Epic), picks up the career of Big T in 1928 with Jimmy McHugh's Bostonians and leaves him in 1940 with Bud Freeman and his Famous Chicagoans. Material from the intervening years finds him with his own aggregation, bands of dubious distinction and such topflight groups as Ben Pollack's orchestra, Benny Goodman's band and an outfit led by Frankie Trumbauer. No matter the quality of surroundings, the trenchant Teagarden trombone and leathery tonsils have remained, like Caesar's wife, beyond reproach. *Woody Herman/The Thundering Herds* (Columbia) encompasses Herds One and Two and the years 1945 to 1947 — a short but prolifically productive span. The First Herd (our own particular favorite) burned with white-heat intensity. Fanning the flames were such jazz luminaries as Sonny Berman, Bill Harris, Red Norvo, Dave Tough, Chubby Jackson and the Candoli brothers, Pete and Conte. Their drive on *Apple Honey*, *Caldonia*, *Northwest Passage*, *Bijou* and *Blowin' Up a Storm* is still a thing of

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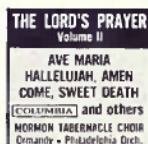
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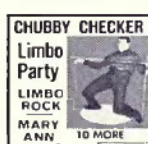
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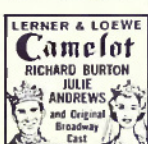
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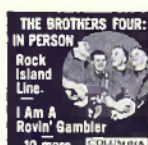
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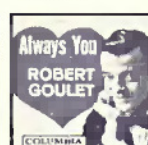
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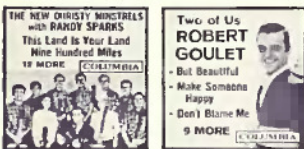
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breathless beauty. The softer, more cerebral sounds of the Four Brothers Herd had its own distinctive appeal and proved the launching pad for Stan Getz and Zoot Sims. The current status of the Herds' chartmakers—Ralph Burns, Neal Hefti and Shorty Rogers—gives some indication of the band's over-all quality.

A young lady whose night-club stint was much praised in this magazine (*Playboy After Hours*, January 1963), is equally rewarding on *The Barbra Streisand Album* (Columbia). Miss Streisand can belt, beguile, or carry a vocal torch with Olympian aplomb. A typical slice of her change-of-pace pie would include a rocking, deliberate-tempoed *Happy Days Are Here Again*; a Cole Porter eye-opener, *Come to the Supermarket*; and the Harold Arlen-Truman Capote honey, *A Sleepin' Bee*. Barbra's approach occasionally leans a little precariously toward the dramatic, but the over-all effect is stunning.

THEATER

The plays of Bertolt Brecht have been staged to increasing acclaim around the world, but until Jerome Robbins' production of *Mother Courage and Her Children*, not one of them had reached Broadway. *Mother Courage* not only Brechts the fast, it adds calories to a thin-gruel season. This masterfully chronicled play, adapted by Eric Bentley, with music by Paul Dessau, was written 34 years ago but its sting hasn't lessened. The timeless subject is the mindlessness of war, which Brecht demonstrates by lantern-sliding, in 12 scenes, the life during the Thirty Years' War of an old peddler called Mother Courage. From Sweden to Poland to Germany, she hauls her wagon of war wares—boots, belts, brandy—hawking to all buyers. On the Brechtian battlefield there are no friends and enemies, only the living and the dead. Mother Courage belongs thunderingly to the living. She loses three children and her business sags, but she never loses her rock-hard will to survive. One of her two sons is taken prisoner, and while she haggles over his ransom money, he is shot. She wails her anguish, then goes on selling. "These fellows may be good at dying/But cannot fight unless they feed," she snarls in her bitter theme song. Brecht's astringent assault on inhumanity is veined with irony. During a brief peace between wars, Mother Courage's older son is captured doing what he was paid to do in war—steal cattle; and without opportunity for ransom or appeal, he is executed for it. Brecht abjures all suspense in this scene, as in all scenes, by

announcing beforehand precisely what will take place. He is taking no chances that his audience will be moved by the drama. He wants a cool, intellectual response. But in spite of Brecht, and because of Anne Bancroft in the title role, the audience is not merely attentive, it is involved. Though the role is some 25 years to her disfavor, Miss Bancroft conjures up all the toughness, humor and single-mindedness of this earthly mother. Notable in lesser roles are Zohra Lampert and Barbara Harris (both former residents of Second City)—Miss Lampert as Mother Courage's mute daughter who sacrifices herself to warn a town of imminent invasion, and Miss Harris as a cheery tart who turns into a brassy strumpet. The rest of the camp followers and ragtag soldiers are not uniformly sure of themselves, and the direction is sometimes overly stolid. But the play is Brecht at his best, and that's quite enough. At the Martin Beck Theater, 302 West 45th Street.

Tammy Grimes' tall-standing, vanilla-colored hair caps her sprite-eyed face like a pile of cotton candy. Like her coiffure, Miss Grimes' new play, *Rattle of a Simple Man*, is spun sugar—wisp, fluffy and sweet. *Rattle* is a simple play, a three-character sex farce about two mismatched misfits (the third, the brother of the lady, is a walk-on). Cyrenne is an elfish London prostitute who entertains her gents in her walk-down apartment. She is a dreamer who can convince herself of anything—even that "I don't give a toot what anyone thinks. I have a damn good life." This good life is jolted one evening when she takes up with the reluctant Percy (Edward Woodward), a meek mill-worker who has emboldened himself with beer and has returned home with Cyrenne to win a wager from a buddy. Percy is 42 and as virtuous as Cyrenne is promiscuous. He likes cold milk, washing dishes and playing darts; he finds teatime exhilarating, and carries with him a rattle, a remnant of his evening's revels and a symbol of his own simplicity. Like his date, Percy hides behind blinders. He has been around, he insists, then drops his guard to inquire wide-eyed, "Do you have normal meals?" "No, they supply us with special food," snaps Cyrenne. He is no match for her sauciness. For three acts she leads and he follows. Miss Grimes is an airy fairy who is sexy when she isn't trying and a wonderful cartoon of sex when she is. Her trolly makes a neat contrast against Woodward's drollery. These two inventive actors launch Charles Dyer's slight comedy into a beguiling flight of fancy. At the Booth Theater, 222 West 45th.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How often does a man of 28 require sex? My husband makes love to me only once every 10 to 14 days and I think that two to three times a week is closer to normal. We've been married four years and I am now 21. He insists that I'm oversexed, that he's normal and that "married life isn't only sex." Which of us requires medical help? If it is he and he refuses to seek help, should I have an affair—which is against my beliefs—or should I seek a divorce? One thing more: he has gone out with other women and every time he does he later accuses me of having cheated, too. — J. N., Denver, Colorado.

Sexual frequency varies greatly from man to man and couple to couple, but two to three times a week is considered the average for couples in their 20s. Of course, marriage isn't all sex, as your husband says, but certainly you deserve all he has to offer in that area. Since this sort of dilemma is seldom one-sided, we suggest that both of you check with your friendly neighborhood marriage counselor.

During the summer months I like to wear short-sleeved dress shirts. This creates a problem, however; when I wear a sports jacket (which naturally has had its sleeve length tailored to show some shirt cuff) it looks like I've either outgrown the jacket or it's shrunk. Do I have to sacrifice comfort for looks? — D. B., Detroit, Michigan.

Although approximately 70 percent of summer shirts sold today are short-sleeved, you'll be more correctly garbed if you switch to long-sleeved dress shirts in featherweight warm-weather fabrics; a bare wrist poking out of a jacket sleeve is liable to give you an adolescent "my-how-that-boy-is-shooting-up" look.

Are there any disadvantages in putting your money in a savings-and-loan association rather than in a savings bank, since both are insured and savings-and-loan associations generally offer higher interest rates than savings banks? — L. K., San Diego, California.

The one disadvantage is in the type of insurance. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, covering savings-bank accounts, provides for immediate repayment or within a certain period upon demand; the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation's coverage doesn't go into effect until the association legally has been declared in default—a procedure which could take considerable time.

I'm now the owner of a Morgan Plus Four Super Sport, my first venture into sports-carsmanship. Could you fill me in on just what the Morgan would be going up against in terms of racing competition?—C. F., Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

You're stepping out in fast company. It's been put in Class C Production category for the 1963 racing season by the Contest Board of the Sports Car Club of America. Class C includes the Ace and Accca Bristols, the Jaguar 150s, the Lotus Elite and the new Alfa-Romeo 2600. Remember, however, that before you put a tire on a race course, you'll have to obtain a competition license from the SCCA.

What's the best way to light a pipe so that it stays lit for the duration of the smoke? I find myself running through a book of matches with each pipeful. — R. B., Las Vegas, Nevada.

There are a number of things you can do to prolong the life of your light. First, make sure that you've tamped the tobacco properly into the bowl. You're bucking house odds if it's packed in too loosely; you'll find yourself having to draw continuously to keep the pipe lit—pause momentarily and it will go out. To properly stoke your fire, we recommend wooden matches or lighters specifically designed for pipes—book matches burn too quickly, regular lighters cannot have their flames properly applied to a pipe bowl. When lighting up, hold the pipe bowl upright (tilting the bowl will result in an uneven light), apply the flame as close to the tobacco as possible and draw deeply. Circle the flame over the tobacco, making sure that you've covered the entire exposed tobacco surface. After a few tries, you should be able to settle down to some peaceful pipe smoking.

Is it considered in good taste to use a title such as Mr., Dr., or Prof., when signing one's name on checks, letters, etc.? — L. J., St. Louis, Missouri.

The ground rules for title usage are fairly simple. Mr. never precedes one's name on either checks or correspondence. In the case of a doctor, the name may be followed by M.D. (or whatever the correct initials of one's profession are), on business correspondence but not on checks. If a professor is a Ph.D., those initials may follow his name. If he's a prof without a doctorate, however, the abbreviation Prof. is perfectly proper preceding the name on business correspondence that requires emphasis of one's professional status.



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For the past year various members of our fraternity have been dating a very liberal-minded nymphomaniac. Now, one of our pledges is planning to marry her. Of the six men he has chosen for ushers, four have had affairs with the bride-to-be. Since we have no chance of stopping the bridegroom, we wonder if it would be socially acceptable to have these men in the wedding party? — R. C., Lakeland, Florida.

It would be socially acceptable — and highly desirable — for you, and other gossips around the fraternity house, to cease the sanctimonious snickering and let the couple choose their own entourage. Besides, this question of etiquette pales when compared to the problem of whether or not the groom is, at his callow age and station in life, mature enough to marry any girl. But that, too, is his business.

Is it ever permissible to wear any other color shoe than black for an evening on the town? Occasionally, I have to go on a date straight from the office and have a feeling my cordovans are not really right. — M. T., St. Louis, Missouri.

Your misgivings are well-founded; black is the only correct shoe color for an evening on the town. Anything else is definitely non-shoe, except in the tropics.

My girl and I were called "The Inseparables" until her parents, worried about our getting too serious, shipped her off to the University of Miami. She left with tears in her eyes and we exchanged love letters every day. But after two months, her letters grew cold and she started bragging about all the wild parties she was going to. Then she told me she was interested in another guy. During her recent vacation at home, I gave her the ultimatum — me or the other guy. She said she was mixed up and couldn't give me an answer. After that, things got pretty bitter and I took my troubles out on a bottle. The next day I opened up my sports car on the New York State Thru-way. The car was in Sebring condition when I started and now it is ready to be junked. A few days later I broke down and called her and we both apologized, but for the rest of the vacation I felt like I was dating a platonic pal. How can I get her back to the way she used to be? I have a chance to go to Miami for a couple of weeks soon. Would this be a mistake? — S. S., Brooklyn, New York.

Yes, unless you want to go schlepping around after this chick for the rest of your life. You've told her how you feel and there's little else you can do. Let her come to you now. If she doesn't, she's not your pigeon. (And, considering your bird-brained drinking and driving displays, we don't know why she should be.)

What is the difference between an ascot and a stock? I know the stock is worn with formal riding apparel; is it also OK to wear with hacking jacket? Is it ever worn except with riding clothes? Is it proper to wear a pin with either stock or ascot, and if so, what kind? — W. Q., Washington, D. C.

The ascot is a casual neck scarf worn inside a shirt, with sports clothes; the stock, a derivative of 17th Century neckwear, is worn today on the outside of the shirt as part of a formal riding habit. A stock-and-hacking-jacket combination is acceptable only if the jacket is worn by a professional horse trainer or breeder — if your hacking jacket is being worn in an unofficial capacity, the ascot should accompany it. A classic long pin in a horse motif is often worn with a stock, affixed just above the stock's center, though most astute dressers don't wear pins with their ascots.

Last year I was married for two weeks to a college girl in North Carolina. Our breakup occurred because she refused to move to the town where I work. Now I want to marry a French girl I met in Montreal, but I'm worried about telling her of my first marriage. Since it was such a short affair, should I just forget that it ever happened? — E. S., Long Branch, New Jersey.

Just why you're afraid to tell your new fiancée about that first marriage isn't clear. But we'll assume that it's because she might realize you're not ready for a second one. And for our money, you're not. Any guy who could get married without first discussing such obvious issues as residence, should have stood in the stag line. Now you seem prepared to make a no-questions-answered leap again. We suggest you hold off until you can tell the girl all the facts about yourself — including your first mistake. By the way, you are divorced, aren't you?

I was recently introduced to a wine I like very much. It is a German Rhine wine named Liebfraumilch. Could you tell me something about it? — T. C., Los Angeles, California.

Be glad to. It seems that in the German city of Worms there's a church, the Liebfrauenkirche (Church of Our Beloved Lady), with vineyards nearby called the Liebfrauenstift, Kirchenstück and Liebfrauenstift Klostergarten, and it's here that Liebfraumilch (Milk of the Blessed Virgin) was originally pressed from the grape. However, German authorities long ago ruled that the name might be applied to any Rhine wine of decent quality. When wine from the actual Liebfrauenkirche vineyards is bottled and shipped, the name of its particular vineyard rather than Liebfraumilch will appear on the label. Prost!

Is a corduroy suit too casual to wear to functions requiring the donning of a suit? — R. P., Sepulveda, California.

Sartorially, a corduroy suit is equivalent to a sports jacket and slacks. Any occasion calling for a suit makes corduroy unsuitable, even in Sepulveda.

In your January column, you advised a reader to give up a girl whose reputation was, to put it mildly, loose. I'd like to comment on that advice because my situation (despite a somewhat shorter list of lovers) is similar.

I am engaged to a wonderful guy who doesn't care about my past. Two months ago, he took a six-week overseas assignment to enable us to have a nest egg with which to make plans. Ignoring the jibes of the people whom I had known, he handed me the key to his apartment, said "I love you" and left. With that kind of faith felt for me, how could anyone doubt what my behavior would be while he was gone? But there were doubts — and bets and whispers. But as the weeks passed and I stayed alone, the doubters began to understand a little and became almost protective toward me. If I had had six more weeks, or six months, the end result would have been the same. And believe me, the homecoming was worth every lonesome minute of it. Now there are no more wisecracks when we arrive, whether we are together or not.

The point I am trying to make is that all girls who aren't chaste aren't necessarily lost causes. They need only the true understanding of a good man. I can't help thinking that the girl is better off than the man whom you advised to drop her, as her future with a man as narrow-minded as he describes himself wouldn't be worth the loss of her freedom.

Thanks for letting me expound. — B. B., Sunnyvale, California.

But we agree with you completely. In the case of the letter on which you comment, the writer was so upset by his love's lack of virginity and so afraid of public opinion, that we could give him no other advice except to break off with the girl — for her sake as well as his.

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 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



90 PROOF



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discussion THE PLAYBOY PANEL: 1984 AND BEYOND

one of a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene

PANELISTS

POUL ANDERSON, who abandoned a promising career in physics to become a science-fiction writer of wry humor and incisive intellect, has authored some 20 books (including two prize winners: a mystery novel, *Perish by the Sword*, and an s-f novelette, *The Longest Voyage*), and 200 shorter works of literary criticism, criminology, science fact and fiction.

ISAAC ASIMOV, ranked among the *doyens* of science fiction for 25 years, divides his considerable energies between an associate professorship in biochemistry at Boston University and prolific authorship of s-f novels and definitive texts on mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, geography, mythology, biology, chemistry, theology and nuclear physics.

JAMES BLISH, a Manhattan public-relations counselor with a scholarly knowledge of music, medicine and zoology, is the multifacile author of whodunits, westerns, historical novels, literary criticism, poetry, TV scripts and some 90 science-fiction works, including *A Case of Conscience*, named the best s-f novel of 1958.

RAY BRADBURY has received wider public and critical acclaim than any other writer of science fiction. A weaver of poetic parables (*The Martian Chronicles*) and grotesque fantasy (*The Illustrated Man*), he has also authored screenplays (*Moby Dick*) and evocative nostalgia (*Dandelion Wine*). One celebrated novel (*Fahrenheit 451*) and 11 of his haunting short stories have appeared in *PLAYBOY*.

ALGIS BUDRYS, at 32, is already considered one of the most skillful stylists in the science-fiction genre. He has been nominated for six national s-f awards while pursuing parallel careers as editor-in-chief of Regency Books, a paperback publisher, and as a free-lance writer on popular science, cars and political PR. **ARTHUR C. CLARKE** is a prophetic pioneer in the exploration of space as a subject for imaginative fiction (*Earthlight*) and knowledgeable nonfiction (*Prelude to Space*). He is also chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, and the author of a provocative *PLAYBOY* series on the future of science and society.

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, widely esteemed as the dean of American science fiction, has amassed many awards in 20 years of visionary voyages into man's future (*The Green Hills of Earth*, *The Puppet*

Masters). He has also authored movie, radio and TV scripts, and writes prolifically in the popular-science, mystery, editorial and technical fields.

FREDERIK POHL, a former meteorologist, authors' agent and advertising copywriter, was the long-time collaborator of the late C. M. Kornbluth, with whom he wrote *The Space Merchants*, an acknowledged classic of prophetic satire. He is the editor of *Galaxy* magazine and solo author of many short stories, including the eerie *Punch* (*PLAYBOY*, June 1961) and 46 books on s-f, history and biography.

ROD SERLING is the gifted creator, executive producer and occasional writer of *The Twilight Zone*, CBS' long-running series of imaginative excursions into the world of fantasy and science fiction. He is also the Emmy-winning playwright of *Patterns* and *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, and has participated in a previous *Playboy Panel*, "TV's Problems and Prospects."

THEODORE STURGEON, a sometime bulldozer driver, hotel manager and promotion writer, has devoted most of his professional career to first-rate fantasy and science fiction. The sensitive scrutiny of love, profane and perverse — explored in such tales as *Some of Your Blood* and *Venus Plus X*, on themes ranging from vampirism to bisexuality — is his literary forte.

WILLIAM TENN has earned his living as a TV actor, market researcher, croupier and tropical-fish pathologist; but his principal rewards have accrued from his skill as an s-f satirist of lethal wit and ironic iconoclasm. Among his many sardonic stories of future refinements in man's inhumanity to man: *Null-P*, *Child's Play*.

A. E. VAN VOGT is the Canadian-born creator of *Slan*, a recognized s-f classic on the theme of *Homo superior*; and a veteran specialist in epic melodramas of intergalactic adventure undertoned with political satire. He is also a lay psychologist and the author of *The Violent Man*, a non-sf novel exploring the origins of Red China's warmongering psychology.

PLAYBOY: When man took his first step into space on October 4, 1957 — a date which future encyclopedists may well rank above October 12, 1492 in the history of the Earth — there were perhaps four groups of people who were not astonished: the Russian scientists



CLARKE: *I can't see U.S. capitalism lasting any longer than U.S.S.R. state socialism. They'll pass each other about 1980, headed in opposite directions.*



TENN: *Human body styles, like clothing styles, will someday become outré or alamode as the genetic couturiers who designed them come into and out of vogue.*



ANDERSON: *Given hydrogen fusion as an energy source and given efficient chemosynthesis, it should be possible to make food from rock — from almost anything.*



HEINLEIN: *The time will come when we can put a pound into orbit for 10 cents. It will presently cost less to rocket to the Moon than it does now to fly to Australia.*



BRADBURY: *Because an extraterrestrial looks horrid, we must not lash out instinctively to destroy it; quite possibly it will find us no less repellent to behold.*



ASIMOV: *The so-called "unnatural" sex practices, both hetero- and homosexual, may someday become legal, ethical and — who knows — even patriotic.*



BLISH: *Oral contraceptives have been widely hailed, but it won't be long before the human organism can immunize itself against any fertility-suppressant drug.*



STURGEON: *Turn the overpopulation problem over to a computer. If an excess seemed inevitable, abortions or infanticide would have to be the answer.*

who launched Sputnik I, their chagrined counterparts at Cape Canaveral, their respective governments, and some quarter-million regular readers of science fiction. To the practitioners of this long-maligned literary form — traditionally dismissed as pulp fiction and juvenile-escapist literature — this epochal event came as a vindication of their life's work and vision, which, in the tradition of the remarkable science fantasies of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, had already prophesied a startling number of the major and minor facts of modern life. While these facts, along with public recognition, have since caught up with these visions of things to come — from Moon shots and communications satellites to color television and the electric toothbrush — these "wizards of a small planet," as one writer called them, have kept their prophetic gaze fixed on the horizon, and today ponder the possibilities and probabilities of George Orwell's *1984*, of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, and of still other worlds and times as yet unrealized. The general public, meanwhile, as *s-f* writer-editor Anthony Boucher wrote in an article for *PLAYBOY* in May 1958, "is beginning to look at us and wonder how much else we may know" about the world of the future. Astronaut John Glenn observed recently that "if we use our opportunity wisely, another decade of progress will produce a civilization so far beyond our present experience that it cannot yet be conceived in detail even by the most visionary minds." Well, gentlemen, you have all been eminent visionaries by profession for a number of years; and your collective dreams and nightmares have proven prophetic to a degree which testifies to your qualifications for challenging Colonel Glenn with a symposium of prognostications about the world of 1984 and beyond. Perhaps science fiction's most significant prophecy for the immediate future, Boucher suggested in his *PLAYBOY* article, is that "a species which has attained atomic power and space flight can no longer afford the luxury of national and racial rivalries, but must unite or perish." In 1951, Panelist Arthur C. Clarke wrote, "There will be no nationalities beyond the stratosphere." In view of subsequent events, do you agree with Boucher that "this may well prove to be the most tragically incorrect of all science fiction's prophecies"?

BUDRYS: The human race is apparently frontier-prone. There's no escaping it. I think it is part of the human mechanism that you think in terms of "This is mine, this is what I will defend," and "That is beyond me, that belongs to somebody else." We always assume a "mine" and a "theirs." Even if we do venture into space as a group, even if we have no intramural frontiers, there

will always be a frontier between us and anybody else who tries to stake out a claim from some other direction. I think this is necessary to the function of the human being. I think the Russians will reach the Moon ahead of us — and soon, if everything else remains equal. And once there, they will claim the entire orb, and declare any landing by any other nation's hardware, manned or not, an invasion of territorial rights.

ANDERSON: Well, I think it's a tossup whether we or the Russians will get there first. But whoever it is, I don't believe it will be possible for any country to claim the Moon, or an entire planet, merely because one of its ships gets there first. Territorial claims will probably have to be restricted to those areas which are actually occupied and exploited. The Moon or Mars could be parceled out among several countries.

CLARKE: I agree. It is sheer megalomania for any single nation to imagine that it can dominate a land area 250 times as big as Earth — just taking this Solar System for a start. When I wrote *Prelude to Space* in 1947, I described a joint British-American lunar project. I stressed the necessity of international cooperation with the deliberate, if optimistic, intent of influencing events that way. In view of continuing attempts in the UN to denationalize space, I think that such an effort is still quite valid.

STURGEON: It looks to me as if we'll have to go along with the famous remark Wernher von Braun made years ago when asked what we'll find when we get to the Moon. "Russians," he said. But this cloud has its silver lining. It would be difficult to imagine humanity escaping into space at all without this friction.

CLARKE: Precisely, Ted. I raised this point when I was moderator of the A.R.S. Space Flight Report to the Nation at the New York Coliseum in October of 1962. I asked General Shriever, Von Braun and Dr. Hugh Dryden just how soon the U. S. and U. S. S. R. space programs could be effectively integrated. Their feeling, needless to say, was that this would be quite a long time, but Von Braun said that situations would arise which would *compel* cooperation to some extent — breakdowns, emergencies in space, etc. But they also recognized, as you suggest, that a certain amount of competition is *desirable*.

BLISH: The present competition to put a man on the Moon — which I, too, incidentally, think the U. S. S. R. is likely to win — is simply a question of higher boosts at the moment. But this is a very short-term contest, and it seems to me that no matter who wins, it is a clear case of putting last things first. What we need now on the Moon is instruments, not human observers plus the tons of life-supporting supplies and

equipment that they will need to take with them. For this reason, I can't rid myself of the suspicion that the nation landing the first man has really lost the competition, or at least has lost a substantial advantage.

ASIMOV: At the time the Americas were being colonized, the main squabble in Europe was not between the English or French or Dutch or Spanish; it was Catholicism *vs.* Protestantism. Today this great battle of ideologies, which cost many millions of lives, is forgotten. To see the future solely in terms of a capitalist-Communist fight to the death is being parochial in outlook. We *will* be taking frontiers into space, but who, at this point, can predict *which* frontiers?

POHL: At the present time it doesn't much matter who gets there first any more than it mattered what whaling ship first saw Antarctica. Consider the United States: America was discovered and explored independently by the French, the Spanish, the Italians, the Norse, the Dutch, perhaps even the Chinese. The English were quite late on the scene, but they were the ones to establish successful colonies. However, the English held America only briefly, and it was held finally by a *new* nationality who called themselves Americans. I don't know what nation will first colonize the Moon, but I know what nationality will hold it: It will be the Lunarians.

BRADBURY: I agree. If you'll forgive a reference to one of my own stories, I act out this point at the end of my *Million-Year Picnic* in *The Martian Chronicles*. Two Earth boys, stranded on Mars, keep pestering their father to show them the Martians. Finally the father takes them down to a canal and points down, saying, "There are the Martians." The boys look—and see their own reflections in the shimmering waters.

PLAYBOY: How soon do you estimate that manned bases—Russian or American—will be established on the Moon? And how long afterward on Mars and Venus?

CLARKE: The generally accepted time scale is: Moon, 1970; Mars and Venus by 1980. I'll be very much surprised if these figures are more than five years off. We'll be establishing temporary scientific bases on the Moon around 1975 for astronomical, geophysical and all sorts of other observations. I think we can visualize permanent bases around 1980. These will lead to permanent colonies as soon as we've perfected techniques for extracting air and water and possibly other essentials from the lunar rocks. As our techniques of planetary engineering with nuclear power improve, we may ultimately modify the entire Moon to make it habitable by unprotected humans—depending, of course, on the resources and opportunities we find there. I suggested in my book, *Prelude to Space*,

that the low lunar gravity may be invaluable for many forms of therapy—for heart trouble, muscular diseases and such. It may even be that men will live much longer under low gravity. If so, one can foresee quite a rush to the Moon.

PLAYBOY: How much will it cost to finance a lunar or interplanetary voyage?

CLARKE: Billions at first, while we continue to rely on liquid-propellant rockets using chemical fuels. It will drop to millions when nuclear-propulsion systems and ion or plasma jets are perfected.

HEINLEIN: The time will come when we can put a pound into orbit for 10 cents—by using cheap fuels like kerosene. We are going to be able to put people on the Moon so cheaply that it will presently cost less to rocket to the Moon than it is now to fly to Australia. It's a simpler engineering problem.

BUDRYS: Our children will doubtless be able to buy a ticket to the Moon on a civilian ship, and it's quite likely that before too long the process will be as simple and free of red tape as buying an airline seat today. The per-mile cost will likely be a fraction of present airline fares. Right now we're all very impressed with the hardware and the investment involved in extending our concept of what belongs to man, as if the Moon were the Seven Cities of Cibola rather than just another chunk of real estate. This awe will pass—at about the same time the lunar communities acquire tax assessors.

POHL: Whatever it will cost to get there, only one thing will be found on the Moon or anywhere else in space that is truly valuable in an exploitive sense. That commodity is knowledge, and this is valuable forever. It doesn't matter if you get it first or second; it still retains its value.

HEINLEIN: I don't disagree with you on finding knowledge there, but we are going to find something else that is more immediately important to the human race: We're going to find a lot of real estate—not very good real estate, the way it looks to us now, but nevertheless with approximately one horsepower of free power for every square meter, even with fairly inefficient devices for extracting it. And we're going to find an awful lot of raw materials. The human animal can live and create a high standard of living anywhere where he's got power and mass.

TENN: Well, with all that real estate and all that knowledge, another factor will come into human affairs which has been out of it for some time: Any outlawed sect or political minority, any discontented group which doesn't like the way things are done, will be able to pick itself up and go elsewhere in the Universe like the Mormons did in our West. **HEINLEIN:** I would like to amplify that. The human race is going to split off into



VAN VOGT: *The notion of breeding for quality is a fallacy. Our problem isn't to improve the race; it's to employ more meaningfully the attributes we have.*



POHL: *Right now we could build a machine which would be "alive," that is, capable of reproducing itself and evolving into a higher order of machine.*



SERLING: *I can only hope that the insidious drift toward emulation of the enemy is arrested before our national neurosis deepens into psychosis.*



BUDRYS: *The Russians will reach the Moon ahead of us, claim the entire orb and declare any landing by any other nation an invasion of territorial rights.*

a minority who travel into space — people who are smart, able, healthy and fast on their feet. The ordinary run of Joes will just stay where they are. And the human race is going to spread out through space with this Darwinian elite — a type of human being who probably won't even interbreed with those back on Earth.

BUDRYS: As has always been the case in the past, those who feel restricted and repressed within their cultures, those who find no peace at home will be those who go faring outward. For them, there is nothing to love at home, there is nothing to desire at home; what is at home has been found to be at best only tolerable, and most of the time intolerable. And so they go out. Yesterday they became seafarers; today they become spacefarers; tomorrow, starfarers. What will stay behind, as always, is the happy remnant, those who will be content to put their life cards in a slot and have their homes, jobs, mates and offspring delivered to them in a polystyrene package. In their little colonies of contentment, those back on Earth will cultivate the static arts. They will bring a great many crafts and entertainments to a high point of refinement. Those who leave, meanwhile, will have no victory except the contemplation of their next defeat — but they will be the winners. The contented ones — those who stay behind — will be the losers. We Earth-bound men have had it. The next century belongs to the spacefarers.

PLAYBOY: Though the possibility of encountering intelligent life within our Solar System is considered slim, most scientists concede the probability, if not the inevitability, of its existence elsewhere throughout the Universe. As mankind moves deeper and deeper into space, do you foresee the likelihood of contact with such alien races?

CLARKE: We may not need to venture beyond our own Solar System. Although — with the exception of Earth — it would seem to be inhospitable to all the forms of life that we can imagine, we shouldn't be too ready to write off even cold, giant planets like Jupiter and Saturn. Are they really cold, as a matter of fact? It's much more probable that, owing to strong gravitational pressure, there is some level in their atmospheres where it is hot enough for water to exist, and for the complex chemical reactions which animate life. Sheer pressure itself is no obstacle to life, as our own oceans demonstrate prolifically. The facts of astronomy have always turned out to be more surprising than anyone could have dreamed. So let's not sell the Solar System short. I don't think we can rule out the possibility of life — even intelligent life — on any of the planets, from Mercury to Pluto.

TENN: Well, suppose, while cruising out toward Mercury or Pluto, we actually

do bump into some alien civilization or other. Suddenly we'll find out for certain what we've been dreading and hoping and suspecting and speculating about for thousands of years: that we're not alone in the universe. Only then will governments begin to wonder frantically, "How are we going to handle this? What are they like? Get the sociologists, psychologists, anthropologists; now they're almost as important as nuclear physicists." So all these social scientists will be brought down to Washington with TOP SECRET stamped on their foreheads. And then, possibly, since they won't know too much about these aliens either, the Government may dig up a couple of grubby science-fiction writers and ask them, "How strange can these characters be?" At that point, we will run through the multitudinous permutations which science fiction has presented. We will suggest, "Well, whether they are collectivists or individualists may not be nearly as important as whether they are asexual, bisexual, trisexual or products of precision manufacture."

HEINLEIN: Any condition in chemistry, whether it's within our present scope or not, which allows the building of large molecules, provides a situation where life can exist — and inevitably will, I think.

STURGEON: Well, I operate on two adages. One of them is Sturgeon's Law, which says: Nothing is always absolutely so. The other adage states: Nature tries everything. I go further: Nature tries everything everywhere. And modify that to: Nature tries everything everywhere — where it is possible.

ANDERSON: Yes, but let's modify that just a little further down to: Nature tries everything that the laws of physics permit — which in turn includes just about everything we can imagine.

POHL: I think perhaps the laws of physics may subsume things we can't imagine.

STURGEON: That's a chilling thought when you think of some of the things we have been able to imagine. Bob Heinlein's Titans for example, in *The Puppet Masters* — intelligent slugs which could fasten on your back and thereafter control your thoughts and actions; or the creature in Hal Clement's *Needle*, which could ooze into and through your tissues and live there. And Stanley Weinbaum's silicon beast in *Martian Odyssey* — a creature which absorbed sand, grain by grain, very slowly extracting what it needed, and every year or so, laid a brick and then moved on a few inches. But I wouldn't doubt for a moment that nature can outimagine these trifles.

HEINLEIN: Writers like Jack Williamson and Fred Hoyle and Olaf Stapledon have suggested that stars and nebulae might themselves be forms of life.

ASIMOV: Or one might imagine organisms comprised of huge, fatlike molecules on very cold planets where the solvent

would be methane or liquid hydrogen. Or there might be huge silicon-based molecules on very hot planets where the solvent might be liquid silicones. One could also devise theoretical schemes in which fluorine, chlorine or sulphur vapors might take the place of oxygen; in which ammonia, sulphur dioxide, or even hydrogen cyanide might take the place of water. If and when we finally come across truly alien life, I suspect we will have a great deal of difficulty in recognizing it as living, and we will find that its chemical system is not one of those any science-fiction writer has ever speculated upon. Once we find out what it is, of course, everyone will say, "Of course. It's obvious."

POHL: We're not even sure that life has to be based on large-molecule chemistry, or even on chemistry, for that matter. Right now, if we choose to spend the time and money, we could build a machine which would be "alive," that is, capable of reproducing itself and indeed — with some added refinements — of evolving into a higher order of machine. This isn't a science-fiction dream. Such machines have been designed, at least in principle, and they could function out in space among the asteroids as well as on the surface of the Earth. These *can* exist; therefore, as Ted Sturgeon says, they probably *do* exist somewhere.

BUDRYS: We are certainly going to run into life as we don't know it — but we may even have run into it 3000 or 30,000 years ago and — as Dr. Asimov suggests — not recognized it as alive. We may be living with it at this moment and not know it. The obvious point being, you can't know what you don't know. Maybe it's totally neutral toward us, and so doesn't *have* to be accounted for. Maybe it's benign, and protects us from something which would otherwise be killing us off in our 30s, or maybe it's inimical and is all that stands between us and immortality. How can we know? Maybe the Rocky Mountains are alive — on some extremely long time scale. Maybe the Earth is inhabited by some life form so unlike ourselves that we don't recognize it as anything but a rock, a tree or a cloud; and so we formulate "Laws of Physics" to account for physical properties which may actually be behavior patterns.

TENN: Well, for the sake of such creatures as yet undiscovered, going about their inscrutable activities here on Earth or on worlds unknown, I find myself hoping that they will be so unlike life as we know it that we will ignore them completely. If they *are* life as we know it, if they can't hide in the shadow of our ignorance, then I say, on the basis of our record on this planet, Heaven help them. If there is a particle of the familiar about them, if they make even slightly intelligible cries when they are

hurt by us, we will certainly destroy them utterly. We may find that they make excellent domestic animals when spayed and castrated or that their flesh can be chopped up fine and allowed to ferment into a delicious condiment, or simply that it's glorious fun to hunt them down in great, bloody infernos of competitive sport.

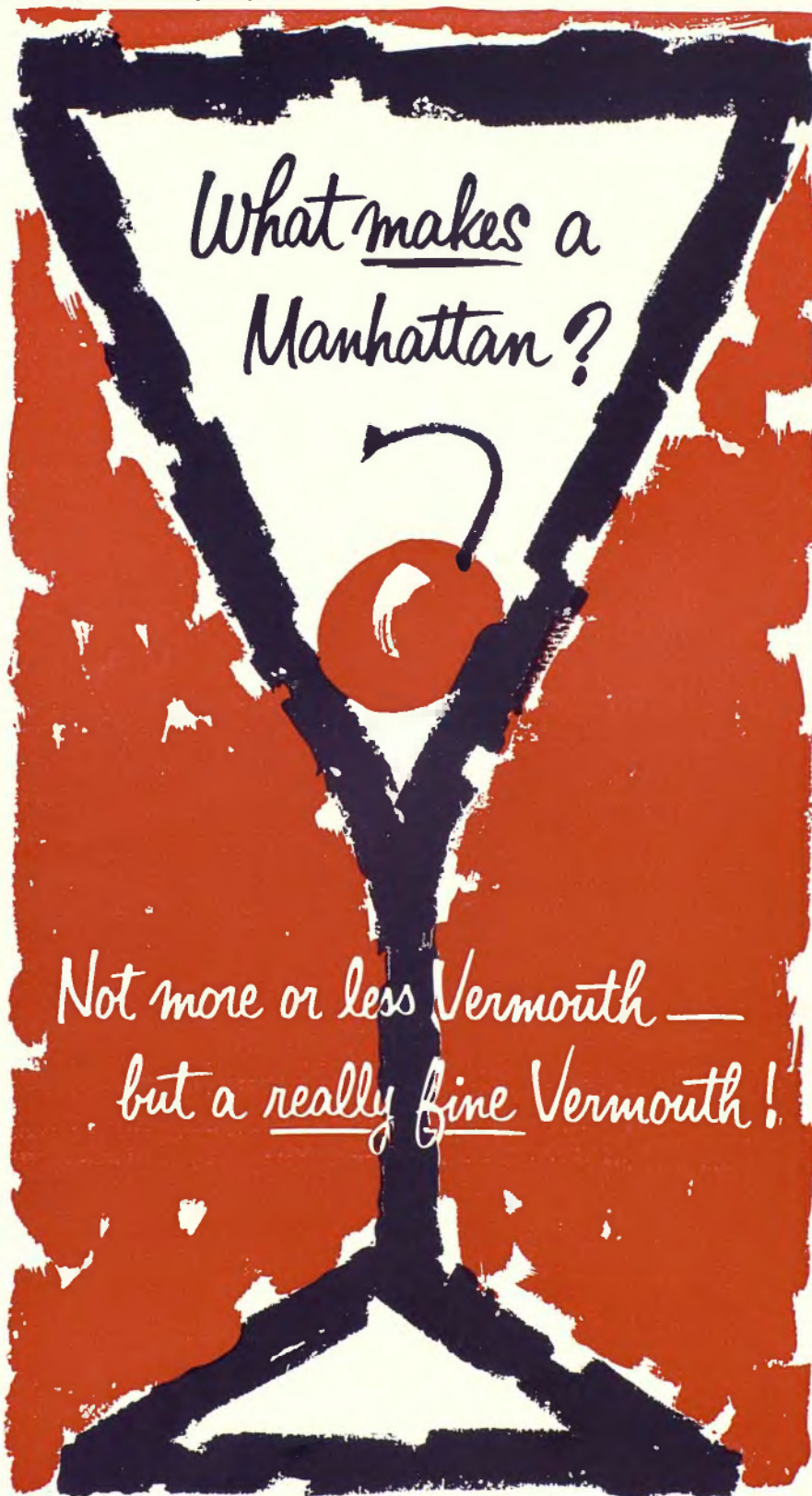
VAN VOGT: I'm inclined to agree. In science fiction we have dabbled harmlessly with countless alien characterizations, but when you consider that a standard novel about a Gentile marrying a Jew or a Negro sleeping with a white is still considered an inflammatory subject, you can gauge how far we've come in our social development.

BRADBURY: The study of aesthetics, I think, will be essential to the task of comprehending the bizarre life forms we are going to be encountering — just as aesthetics has a lot to do with the problem of assimilating the various colored races here on Earth, because we are not accustomed to them. We don't want to accommodate ourselves to new art forms. Hence the violent reactions of critics to new techniques, new uses of color. Every artist with any individuality has done things with color and shape that we can learn from. These are the lessons we can teach those who will be going into space, along with the lessons of psychology, sociology and all the other fields they are going to require in coping with alien contacts. We must say to them: Because a living thing looks horrid, because it has an unfamiliar color, because you do not like its odor or its texture, do not be afraid of it, do not lash out instinctively to destroy that thing; quite possibly it will find us no less repellent to behold.

BLISH: When you consider the vast variation in human behavior that we already know about, I think that any alien we might imagine would be far less likely to horrify humanity — or even surprise an anthropologist — than my confreres seem to assume. Bob Heinlein wrote *Stranger in a Strange Land*, in which the Martians practice ritual cannibalism, since they live in a desert climate and want to keep the organic compounds in circulation as much as possible. Now this is a rash and rather startling notion for a story, but that kind of practice actually prevails in many parts of Africa today, and I can think of rites even more startling. Among some of the Andean Indians, for example, when a child dies, the mothers of the tribe ritually cook and eat it as their form of mourning. It's not a question of their being short of protein — it's a religious ceremony. What I'm trying to say is that few aliens are apt to be more startling than man himself.

ANDERSON: This is true. The human race runs practically the entire spectrum of conceivable psychologies, say from St.

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Francis at one end of the spectrum to Hitler at the other. It seems to me that any reasonably imaginable nonhuman race would have no less individual diversity than man himself, and that even though the curve was skewed so that the normal distribution of their psychology had a median lying to one side of ours, there would be a great deal of overlap. There would always be a lot of things we had in common — conceivably even more than the things that set us apart.

TENN: No matter how far out in space they live, no matter what social system they or we are living under at the time, I think we will find that these civilized aliens *will* have one characteristic — however different they may be — in common with us humans. I don't think it will be our kind of intelligence — though intelligence of some sort will inevitably be present, of course. It will be imagination, the essential ingredient of culture. And as creatures with imagination, these aliens, like men, will dream of angels and day-dream of devils. And as a result, they, like men, will probably have a core of essential decency — buried beneath a substantial insulating wad of utter nastiness. The higher the culture, the larger the core and the denser the wad.

STURGEON: Well, not long ago I got a letter from a profoundly irritating friend of mine by the name of Robert Heinlein, in which he expressed a monstrous discontent with stories which said that the "intra-galactic confederation" will not accept humanity unless it turns out to be pacifist, or that we are too primitive to be accepted among these high-level people. Just suppose the aliens are *truly* alien — "unadulterated bastards," I recall he said. Supposing they kill all our women and children. What are we going to say then? That all races in the universe are created equal — except humanity, which is less?

ASIMOV: It's great fun speculating about whether these alien races will be benign or hostile, aesthetically pleasing or revolting, etc. But I suspect that's all it will ever be — speculation. I don't think there's any chance of running into another intelligent race — hostile or otherwise — in the foreseeable future. Oh, I grant there are other intelligences in the Galaxy, maybe even many. I have read estimates that one out of a million stars may have intelligent races in their planetary systems. But on the one planet whose life forms we've studied — our own — life continued for at least a billion years, possibly two, before a reasonable intelligence was formed. So although life formation may be inevitable on any planet with a suitable chemistry, intelligence formation isn't in the least inevitable. I don't think it has much survival value, in fact, or it would have been tried more often. Wings were developed four times independently, our type of eyes

three times at least. But big brains were tried only twice, in us and the cetaceans. And in only one case, us, has the brain become big enough in relation to the body and to environment to allow the development of a culture. And then it took a million years of culture formation to develop a science that could radically alter the environment. We've been sending out radio signals only 50 years, and if we have a nuclear war, any day now we may quit doing so forever. Now even if the universe were full of intelligences, what's the chance of reaching them — or them reaching us — just in the 50-year period when they and we happen to be at the radio-signal stage?

HEINLEIN: I am not saying that any one of these fictions of ours is true — science fiction is rarely accurate prophecy *in detail* — but I suggest that the more wildly imaginative a writer is on this point the more likely he is to be right. The Creator — if you will pardon an undefined word — is not limited by the local conditions you describe. We're not even certain that our "natural laws" are invariant throughout space-time; the idea is merely a convenient assumption for Earth-bound scientists.

SERLING: I, for one, would have to become a bit more theological than scientific here. My very uneducated guess would be that there must be many forms of intelligent extraterrestrial life, but my equally uneducated hope is that they would not be dissimilar to us beyond those differences dictated by the special conditions of their existence. I'm a subscriber to the mystique of man created in God's image, and somehow I always make an assumption that the people awaiting us out there will be not too unlike *Homo sapiens* of the biped variety. Considering our anthropocentric religions and our propensity for conformity and the *status quo*, God help us if they aren't.

PLAYBOY: Theologians have been pondering the spiritual implications of possible alien life for almost 500 years. What do you foresee would be the impact of extraterrestrial contact on such religious tenets as the belief in an anthropomorphic God and such concepts as the Soul, Salvation, Heaven and Hell?

CLARKE: I don't think that any existing religions will survive the impact of extraterrestrial contact in a form which we would recognize today. Some time ago I wrote that "The rash assertion that God made man in his own image is ticking like a time bomb at the foundations of Christianity." If you think over this statement — remembering that "image" has a spiritual rather than a physical meaning — you may agree with me. For what sort of God would an intelligent snake or insect conceive of? And these are our close relatives, compared to the entities we may encounter in space.

POHL: I don't take so melodramatic a

view. If we were to be threatened with a Martian invasion, would people really flood into the churches and pray, like they do in movies? It seems more likely that they would flood into their bomb shelters and huddle prayerfully near their television sets for the latest bulletins. I rather think that religion will continue to become more and more bland and generalized as we move out into space — until we reach a point where religious precepts will be so benignly all-encompassing that we'll be able to reconcile ourselves spiritually to the idea of co-existence in the universe with almost *any* extraterrestrial civilization — and without much more shock, soul-searching or agonizing reappraisal than that with which we now greet the possible prospect of a merger of all the Christian sects. I think the time is coming when individual preferences in religion — whether for Methodism or Zoroastrianism — will become a matter of no more special interest or comment than individual tastes in diet. And if our diets eventually boil down to mixtures of synthetics — which may well turn out to be the case — so may our religions; though I grant that there will always be a few sincere and devout practitioners of all faiths.

BUDRYS: Well, when we encounter our first intelligent aliens, I think orthodox religion *will* suffer — but among the agnostics, not among either true believers or nonbelievers. And as soon as orthodox doctrines are re-interpreted to fit newly observed facts, even the wavering agnostics will return to their traditional posture. Even if the Martians had a Messiah, this wouldn't really have much effect on Christians, who already have a perfectly fine Messiah of their own and are showing no signs of abandoning him for Mohammed. Or suppose the Martians happen to look like what we today accept as representations of angels — complete with flowing robes, harps, wings and immortality. There might well be quite a few cases of mistaken identity, and it would be quite a while before the furor died down, but this description of angels is not firmly rooted in any clear description given in the Bible, and in any case is not crucial to Christian belief. So that an angelic Martian, finally, would become more of a biological curiosity than a theological issue.

POHL: Imagine a race of aliens living on a watery planet somewhere off toward Tau Ceti. They hatch from eggs. Perhaps they reproduce like the sea slug, which lays hundreds of millions of eggs and then abandons them. If we established contact with such a totally alien race, I am sure there are humans who would immediately adopt their creeds. I can easily imagine a string of temples rising all through Southern California dedicated to "the Divine Sea-Slime," and

practicing the ethic of "Sit still and stay covered up; let the other fellow get eaten."

ANDERSON: That fantasy may not be as farfetched as you intended it to be, Fred. When we encounter other forms of intelligence—which may be quite soon—in our Solar System, or else further in the future around some other star, we may find ourselves *completely* transformed, not by any military conflicts or anything of that nature, but through a fascination with something in the cultural, philosophic or aesthetic line that we haven't thought of.

PLAYBOY: Some writers have suggested that such speculation about man's destiny in space is purely academic, since the human race, they are convinced, is likely to destroy itself before it reaches the Moon, let alone the other planets or the stars. At this stage of the Cold War, what do you feel is the likelihood of a nuclear holocaust?

HEINLEIN: World War III is going on now and has been for some time. It simply is not going to take the large, dramatic form of thermonuclear explosions and enormous bloodshed. Our opponents have an understandable preference for cheap victories. Their creed tells them that we will destroy ourselves internally, so they can afford to wait. I'm not saying that humans will not use H-bombs and worse on each other at some time in the future. They undoubtedly will. But not soon, and not under conditions in which winning is almost as disastrous as losing.

POHL: I'd like to think that's an accurate prediction of the future, but I have my doubts. If it turns out to be true, it will be no thanks to generals, admirals and Congressmen—most of whom seem to think of space as a kind of economy-size playground for ballistic missiles.

VAN VOGT: The violent type of male, as I observed and analyzed him in my book, *The Violent Man*, can and will justify nuclear war, because he has a death philosophy for himself which he can almost casually project outside of his skin as being what the world needs for its own good. We had no business dropping the atom bomb on Hiroshima, but since we did it without a visible qualm, except in remorseful retrospect, we can be sure that some future patriot—Russian, American, or perhaps Chinese—will manage to come up with enough rationalizations to persuade himself, and those in charge of the red button, that initiating a "preventive-defensive" attack with multimegaton H- or N-bombs is not merely unavoidable but also morally justifiable and somehow even humanitarian.

ANDERSON: All the evidence, however, is that the Soviet leaders themselves don't want this spectacular event to happen in the foreseeable future—unless, of course, they make some extraordinary break-

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through, perhaps in the development of either infallibly accurate long-range antimissile missiles or antimissile-missile-proof ICBMs. But the balance of terror is getting more and more complex, unstable and unmanageable, and my personal prediction is that one of these days it will literally blow up in our faces, with nobody really wanting it that way. I think, however, that civilization as we know it will survive, though recovery might take a long time. Of course, if the showdown is greatly prolonged, so that an enormous number of the most horrific weapons is widely distributed among different governments, then the effects will be correspondingly worse and survival will be less likely.

TENN: Lenin said somewhere that no ruling class has ever laid down power of its own free will, whether it be a managerial elite, a political clique, or a military junta. I'm afraid I foresee the day — and I name no names, I point no fingers — when X country and Y country, both of them incredibly decent and peace-loving, will have reached the point in a cold war or hot war or several different guerrilla wars where one is about to triumph completely over the other. At such a point, both countries will be represented by what remains of their ruling class in two deeply buried concrete bunkers. I cannot quite see the weaker of these ruling groups — knowing that the end of its world has come, that its power, its status and its ideology are about to be wiped out forever — I can't see it refraining from pushing the button which will destroy the world, along with what it regards as the most important segment of the human race: itself. And when that day comes, I hope to hell that there's a guerrilla war being fought on Mars, with a couple of human beings of reproductive capacity.

BUDRYS: After such a war, contrary to reassuring Civil Defense brochures, human civilization would never return to its pre-war level. Human civilization never returns — it advances in a slightly different direction. The Renaissance did not bring back the Caesars. But I don't think we're going to have such a war. Hitler, you'll remember, tried pushing the button; he named a successor and ordered his armies to fight on. But the armies were too busy surrendering to listen. Second only to stupidity, the outstanding characteristic of any society, fortunately, is the survival drive. If only because nuclear warfare is so overwhelming a horror that even societies as a whole can grasp its potentialities, I'm convinced that nuclear war will not occur in this or the next century. We may have a large-scale nuclear *accident*, but we'll have sense enough to treat it as such. We may then have a conventional-weapons war to determine whose fault the nuclear accident was — but as wars go, it will be

markedly polite. It will be fought with clean, precise weapons whose effects will be limited to military and industrial targets. This view may be less melodramatic than that popular nightmare fantasy wherein Mr. Khrushchev gets angry one night and presses the nuclear button in momentary rage; but a fantasy is still a fantasy no matter how many people believe in it.

BRADBURY: Against our own dark natures, it would seem that the specter of holocaust will drive us into fitful seizures of peace. In comparison to other ages, where one provocation on the scale of a Cuba or a Suez would have foundered the world, we live in a golden age of peace. And so, today, with profit rapidly vanishing from war, one can only hope that man will at last begin to seek the secondary if less exciting profits of peace.

PLAYBOY: In pursuing these secondary profits, the Russians have served notice that they intend to continue their non-violent ideological and economic competition with the West until they "bury" us. Do you think they will?

HEINLEIN: Well, the mystique of collectivism has seized upon the world. I'm not pointing with pride and I'm not viewing with alarm; I'm just trying to be realistic. Whether its nearly universal magnetism will endure and prevail, we just can't estimate now. I hope not — and I *think* not, in the long run.

BUDRYS: I feel there is a chance that if collectivization fails in the Soviet Union — which, after all, is not a country but a union of countries, of races and nations, many of which do not even speak the language spoken in Moscow, *hate* Moscow, as a matter of fact — if the cohesiveness dissipates, it is just possible that the space race, for a beginning, will slacken. But this competition is just one of a series of tactical maneuvers in what Mao Tse-tung calls a "protracted war" between the "People's Democracies" and Western "imperialism." What is far more important and immediate is the bloodless, or proportionately bloodless, struggle for power which might be called a Hundred Years' War between the Asian Communists and the European Communists, who have chosen to make America their bounty — and possibly their battleground. It seems to me that we ought to consider the possibility of our being caught in the middle of a war between Russia and China — a war that's been going on since the Khans — and not allow ourselves to be misled by preoccupation with short-term actualities like the space race.

BLISH: I don't think that's the real issue. I think the real issue for us is the doubtful and apparently diminishing hope of individual freedom in a high-energy society, which both the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. are presently trying to promulgate. Both are societies in which

everything has to go higher and faster; otherwise they feel they're not getting anywhere. More and more energy has to be expended, which means that society constantly becomes more complicated. We are getting ourselves involved more and more in projects which demand high expenditures of energy and money — as are the Russians — and I think it's an irreversible process at this juncture. The more intricately involved these crucial national decisions become in Russia or America, the less amenable they are to evaluation and judgment by a majority vote of laymen, no matter how well-educated and well-intentioned those laymen are. Now it seems to me that Russian communism accepts this condition of diminishing freedom — as the energy level of society rises — and tries to make a virtue of it. But in the United States our present political dilemma, especially on the far right, is that we're denying the danger exists at all. One can only hope that we undergo some sort of reappraisal — perhaps catalyzed by the excesses of a demagogue like McCarthy — which forces us to acknowledge the condition while we still possess the freedom of choice to do something about it.

SERLING: I couldn't agree more. One of the built-in tragedies of cold wars and hot wars is the fact that, historically, we find democracy tending to assume the very trappings of the enemy it engages. We conjure up all kinds of polemics to describe how much better freedom is than the Soviets' intellectual slavery — but in the same process we begin to peck away at our own freedoms. We seem to function out of fear. Even on college campuses — traditional bastions of thought, dissent and debate — we deny lecterns to people with unpopular beliefs. Why? Quite implicit in the denial of a public hearing to a Communist is the suggestion that there is something in his arguments which we cannot rebut, some point of view more desirable than our own. I can see censorship in the Soviet Union as a functional instrument of the monolithic Communist state, but since when is a democracy grudging of its freedoms? One chuckles at the childishness of the Russians' constant bleating about their firsts in every area of science, engineering and chemistry. But our own inferiority complex shows through most revealingly in our protestations of subversion in high places as the American response to Soviet space and technological victories. I can only hope that the insidious drift toward emulation of the enemy is arrested before our national neurosis deepens into psychosis.

STURGEON: By "the enemy," Rod, do you mean Russia in particular or communism in general? I agree with you in either case, of course; but I think we may be in

danger of equating one with the other in our conversation — and possibly in our thinking — as if they were ideological synonyms. If you will, go along with me in a fantasy about ourselves and the Soviet Union in the hypothetical future. Once upon a time, Nikita Khrushchev or one of his immediate successors wakes up and says to himself, "You know, this collective stuff makes good propaganda; the only thing is that people don't seem to be getting fed because the farmers won't go along with it. So I'll tell you what we're going to do. The Americans seem to feed their people pretty well; let's try giving private ownership back to the farmers." Well, the rest of the population doesn't hold still for that and they all start petitioning right away for their own shoe shops, hardware stores, factories, etc. — until Khrushchev has to give in completely. He says, "I guess you Americans have something there after all. At least you're living better than we've been living; we'll try it your way whole hog." Now the Soviet Union is a monstrous country with enormous resources, many of them untapped. So with all these resources it suddenly blossoms out into a full capitalist society and collectivization disappears. Do you think for one moment that we would be any safer in terms of world peace? Do you think that there would be any less of a space race or economic race than we have now? Do you think — along with our archconservative brethren — that Russia is our number-one enemy only because it's communistic?

CLARKE: I agree with the moral of your fantasy, Ted; but I can't see U. S. democratic capitalism lasting any longer than U.S.S.R. state socialism. They'll pass each other about 1980, heading in opposite directions.

BUDRYS: If I understand you correctly, you see us getting more socialistic while the U.S.S.R. becomes less so, to the point where we become redder than they are. Well, I don't think we will. It seems to be a fact of human nature that "planning" cannot win in the face of accumulated resistance by individual human beings. And this resistance usually accumulates to the point of stalemate within one or two generations. If the U. S. Government is finally compelled to abandon the entire concept of assistance to farmers, for example, it will be administering to the population at large a sizable dose of propaganda for individual enterprise in every area of the economy. Our Government will then find itself in exactly the same situation as the Soviet Premier of Ted's not-very-fantastic fantasy. Thus I think we may well pass each other around 1980, but I rather think we'll be going in the same direction. And when we do, we'll be talking about winning or losing the Individual Freedom Race.

PLAYBOY: Even if the threat of nuclear war were to be alleviated by a Russian-

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American *rapprochement*, the world will still be confronted by a peril which many economists regard as no less ominous a threat to the survival of civilization: the population explosion. Will our planet be capable of accommodating — let alone feeding, educating and employing — the global population of 6,000,000,000 recently prophesied for the year 2000 by the National Academy of Sciences?

HEINLEIN: For the past 10 years, I have been clipping every item I could find on population appreciation. All the experts use different formulas and different curves, but it comes out to about the same answer anyway. When I first started, the worldwide appreciation was 70,000 per day; four years ago, the daily appreciation had reached 135,000. Most of the curves call for doubling the population every 50 years — wars or not. The most conservative projection I have seen for this planet calls for 4,000,000,000 people by the end of this century, which is only 37 years away — and I can almost hold my breath that long. Today, as Ray Bradbury said, we're living in a golden age: We've got nothing to worry about but Cuba, hydrogen bombs, Billie Sol Estes, and things like that. But 50 years from now, 100 years from now, 200 years from now, we're going to be starving to death standing on each other's shoulders.

POHL: I recently did the arithmetic on what a population gain per annum similar to the present rate in Brazil or one of the new African countries might mean if protracted over a period of time. I found that if the population had begun to double at the time of the birth of Christ, by this year we would have a planet composed exclusively of human flesh. I don't mean just the surface; I mean every atom of the Earth, including the core, transformed into human bodies. There are something like 80 or 100 billion stars in our Galaxy, many of which have potentially colonizable planets, but there is a finite time in which the *whole Galaxy* would have to be composed of human flesh. And a further finite time in which the whole known or unknown universe would also be composed of human flesh. So at some point there has got to be a stop.

ANDERSON: I am not particularly optimistic, but I think we may be in some danger of taking this one conspicuous peril of the present time and extrapolating it further than it's actually going to go. There will be new economic and biological factors coming in as history moves on. A number of studies, for example, on the breeding habits of rats under highly crowded conditions indicate that there are natural forces which provide a certain check, that some kind of balance will be struck by nature. I don't think it necessarily has to be a balance of starvation; it might, but it doesn't have to be.

POHL: You're right, Poul: population doesn't multiply itself indefinitely, because natural checks do come into play eventually. But meanwhile we may find our grandchildren all going as loopy as the undoubtedly claustrophobic rats in that experiment you mentioned. Or we might find the population decimated by war, famine or pestilence. The point is that all these natural checks are decidedly unpleasant. Tiffany Thayer wrote a sort of science-fiction story in which the population just continued to increase — bodies slipping and sliding and crawling over each other, stacked 10 deep, all over the world: huge, floating islands of semiconscious men and women entwined together all over the land and in the oceans. To me this is a truly revolting thought: yet I don't know that it is really much worse than the natural *preventives* for this situation, such as seeing the bodies of starved infants along the streets in India, or living among whole populations which never have enough to eat and thus succumb to disease early in life. But all may not be lost: John Campbell, the editor of *Analog*, once proposed an artificial preventive which would provide a delightful alternative to all these problems: a contraceptive drug which would be both euphoric and mildly habit-forming.

CLARKE: This is surely the greatest problem of the near future, but I predict that birth control — though not, perhaps, via euphoric contraceptives — will undoubtedly be universal within a generation. Religious opposition will cease to exist, as it always has in the past to any necessary social development, usually after a bitter rear-guard action. Male sterilization, probably chemical, will become more and more common, after the present Indian pattern. Most men would probably be glad to be sterilized after they'd had the number of children they wanted, provided they could first make a deposit in the sperm bank in case they changed their minds later.

BLISH: Oral contraceptives have been widely hailed as an all-but-ideal solution to the birth-control problem. But I'm afraid I have my doubts. It seems to me that any drug which simply inhibits ovulation or spermatogenesis is not likely to remain effective for more than a few generations. If bacteria can find a way to neutralize a cell-wall-dissolving antibiotic like penicillin, it won't be too many generations before the human organism can immunize itself against any fertility-suppressant drug. I hope, therefore, that Arthur is right about our adopting sterilization as a social custom, because I don't see any prospect of a less-drastic solution.

ASIMOV: Everybody here is concerned about the population explosion and is full of proposals to circumvent it — and reasons why those proposals can't possibly

work. To the various contraceptive techniques suggested — mechanical, chemical and surgical — you might have added continence; but I suppose I may as well dismiss that quaint notion without inviting rebuttal. It strikes me, however, that not *all* forms of sexual activity necessarily lead to conception. As a matter of fact, there are a number of erotic practices which cannot *possibly* lead to conception. Under the pressures of geometric population growth, it may well be that such modes of sexual expression will actually be encouraged and come to be considered moral in a society which finds them useful, if not inescapable, as a solution. The so-called "unnatural" sex practices, both hetero- and homosexual, may perforce become legal, ethical — and who knows, even patriotic in years to come.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Clarke, you devoted a novel, *The Deep Range*, to the problem of feeding our mushrooming world population. Your solution was to extract food from the sea by plankton farming and whale ranching. Do you think this will ever be done on a worldwide scale?

CLARKE: Undoubtedly — especially the plankton. But beyond this there will come a time when chemical techniques are so perfected that food can be manufactured directly from the basic raw materials of air, soil and water, without the intervention of plants or animals.

POHL: I'll have to challenge your first suggestion. There simply isn't an unlimited resource of food in the sea. Although there are many fish in the sea uncaught, I doubt even if they were all caught that they could support more than double or triple the present population. As for marine plants, they are inherently less efficient than land plants as chemical factories.

CLARKE: On the contrary, marine plants are *more* efficient than the land variety, since they don't have to waste half their material for structural purposes; gravity doesn't bother them, so they can be almost 100-percent utilized as food.

POHL: And thus return little or nothing to enrich either the soil or the sea. What you are offering us, it seems to me, is a one-generation postponement of disaster, two generations at best.

ANDERSON: Theoretically at least, given hydrogen fusion as an energy source and given efficient chemosynthesis, I agree with Arthur that it should be possible to make food from rock, from almost *anything*, in fact. So the agricultural problems of providing for a large population may prove to be a completely unnecessary worry on our part. But of course a very dense population would have psychological effects as well. I like to get off into the mountains and away from people every now and then, and I would hate to live on a planet where you couldn't do this. I think the loss of privacy might well result in a variety of

claustrophobic neuroses, as Fred Pohl suggested a while ago.

TENN: You are all making it clear that my descendants, packed cheek-by-jowl in one vast coast-to-coast metropolis, will have the choice of growing baleenlike whales and dining on strained plankton, or of living in some sort of national vivarium and waiting for everybody else to digest his food so that the waste products can be reconstituted into edible form. In either case, I wish my descendants a heartier appetite than I enjoy.

ANDERSON: We will undoubtedly see increasing misery in many parts of the world, as populations multiply, but this doesn't mean we will necessarily have it at home. It is possible to envision a prolongation of what we have right now, where highly developed countries like the U.S., with a stable and balanced ratio between their rates of population growth and increase in food production, will remain on top simply because no high-density, underdeveloped nation will be able to get off the ground. On another aspect of the same subject, the Nobel Prize winner, Wendell Stanley, has recently been publicly concerned about the social effects of something Robert Heinlein wrote about 20 years ago: namely, genetic control and manipulation—not merely breeding people like cattle, but being able to select the very genes you want. Stanley now feels that this is definitely coming. We'd better start thinking right now about exactly what we want to do with it and about its implications—of which the public is still largely unaware—for the future of the human race and human society. Otherwise we may discover 50 years from now, to our great misfortune, that we were worrying about the wrong things back in 1963.

PLAYBOY: If and when it becomes possible to practice selective genetic control and manipulation on a worldwide basis, by what criteria do you anticipate the selections will be made, and who will be empowered to decide what individuals will be allowed to breed?

STURGEON: Mister Interlocutor, there's only one answer that makes sense to anyone on that subject: "Select *me*." I can suggest a step toward a better answer, though; and it may be the furthest step possible to us as a species. That is to turn the problem of overpopulation over to a computer. If the black box told us that so many, and no more, babies could be born in the next year—living space, food and deaths having been projected and computed—then it would be up to the law, that is, to mankind, to see to it that no more were born. If an excess seemed inevitable, abortions or even infanticide would have to be the answer. This is a horrible thought, but so is famine.

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TENN: Assuming hopefully for the moment that no dictator, self-righteous planning board or omnipotent black box is going to make genetic selections for the coming generation, then who or what is? Not parents, certainly. By the time genetic selection becomes a reality, any intelligent and well-read parent will know how foolish it is for a layman to tamper with such complex matters. Even if the parents are free to make their own choice, they won't dare make it; they'll take the problem to their friendly neighborhood Certified Gene Architect. It seems inevitable to me that there will also be competitive schools of genetic architecture, by which I mean not places to learn, but opposing bodies of opinion. From time to time, one or the other will become dominant: the Functionalists will persuade parents to produce babies fitted for the present needs of society; the Futurists will suggest children who will have a niche in the culture as it will have evolved in 20 years; the Romantics will insist that each child be bred with at least one outstanding talent; and the Naturalists will advise the production of individuals so balanced genetically as to be in almost perfect equilibrium. As a consequence of all this, people will discover that human body styles, like human clothing styles, will become *outré* or alamoed as the genetic *couturiers* who designed them come into and out of vogue.

POHL: If all this were to come up as a practical problem today, we could only give the same fallible, error-prone answer we give to such other large questions as who decides whether a murderer should be executed, or which young men should be put into uniform and sent off to die, and which left at home in peace. We turn the first question over to a jury, the second to a draft board, knowing that there will inevitably be mistakes. We do what we can to keep error to a minimum by framing rules under which the juries and draft boards operate, and that is what we would have to do in the case of genetic selection.

BLISH: I would say that the Government is going to have to pass enabling legislation for this kind of thing. Those who would administer such laws—as they do already to some extent—would be largely members of the medical profession, which in most countries is self-policing.

ASIMOV: The geneticists themselves are the only ones who will conceivably know enough about the whole subject to be placed in control of its application; if even *they* don't know enough to bear that responsibility with intelligence, then certainly, a fortiori, nobody else will.

BRADBURY: I think it will have to be a combination of scientific and religious

control. Many scientists are discovering that it is not enough to know the facts, that they need the moral judgment of a new ethic in order to make scientific judgments predicated on religious convictions, and spiritual judgments validated by scientific fact. What I foresee, then, is a communion between the hitherto alien philosophies of fact and faith—which together may justifiably presume to undertake the awesome responsibility of molding from the stuff of life the man-made destiny of the race.

PLAYBOY: Whatever supervisory agency is burdened with this responsibility, what qualities and characteristics do you foresee will be bred into and out of the race?

BLISH: I think one likely aim of genetic manipulation in coming years will be the elimination of diabetes. Now I'd hate to try to breed against this trait, since there is always the possibility that in doing so, I would be denying existence to a man like LaGuardia, who was a diabetic. Or take another example: the number of great men who have been epileptics is pretty startling; if some of our state laws specifying sterilization or nonmarriage for epileptics had been enforced worldwide, we'd all be a lot poorer for it. But if we could find the single gene which carries such a defect and then remove it either chemically or by microsurgery, then we might get a Dostoevsky without epilepsy.

ASIMOV: Another promising line of research would be to try to alter the genes that control the synthesis of amino acids or other substances in order to enable us to manufacture more of them from extremely simple foodstuffs; we would then be less dependent on balanced diets and rich, expensive foods; we could eat inferior proteins, subsist on a monotonous fare that is low in vitamins—only if necessary, of course. If the Russians, for example, could breed a race of human beings, not of astounding brains or muscles, but simply able to subsist on cabbage soup as their sole source of protein, the world would be theirs. Another line we might pursue, carrying on what Jim Blish suggested, would be to breed for natural resistance to disease, for the ability to form your own antibodies quickly and to retain them for a long time. We might begin by trying to breed out the tendency to cancer. Or here's another thought, for whatever it's worth: We might try to tone down the sex drive.

TENN: Speaking of the sex drive, Charles Galton Darwin, in his book, *The Next Million Years*, examines why contraception is practiced usually among people of high intellectual attainment and ignored by those who just swarm and fornicate because it feels good. To date, he points out, this has resulted in a population derived almost entirely from the second group. But he suggests that the time may come when the first group—the im-

portant achievers and major thinkers—will develop a *procreative* drive rather than a merely sexual urge. This would bring into being a superior type capable of reproducing itself; thus the best part of humanity would at last have acquired breeding responsibility. Either we are going to overpopulate the planet, Darwin believes, spill over the edges, stamp on our own flesh, do this over and over again; or we will eventually develop a human being who will breed for quality rather than quantity, who will breed deliberately and selectively and not accidentally.

VAN VOGT: The whole notion of breeding for quality, in my opinion, is based on a fallacy, because the so-called differentiation between people in terms of quality simply does not exist. The mind is a social phenomenon, and statistically, the members of any group that's provided with an advanced social environment will, in a generation or two, live up to it, become well-mannered and sensitive. The Chinese Reds probably executed millions of the "best" people in China, but as many great men will presently emerge in that country as ever lived there in the past. In any event, the science of biology is in too primitive a stage to do anything about genetic advancement. Until we transcend this state, we couldn't tell a genuinely valuable genetic characteristic from a hole in the ground. Our problem isn't to improve the race; it's to employ more meaningfully the qualities and attributes that we already have.

HEINLEIN: It seems to me that any system, no matter how objectively supervised and scientifically operated, that sets out to breed men the way we breed show dogs or mutated corn will inevitably produce slaves who are bred to suit their masters—masters who go right on breeding to suit themselves. Quite apart from my personal preferences—and I am against it whole hog—I think that control of genetics *will* be achieved, but I strongly doubt whether we have the wisdom to know what to select for. I think we'd be much better off taking our chances with the vagaries of natural selection than with the test-tube certainties of prefabricated genes.

PLAYBOY: If it is likely, as most of you seem to agree, that the regulation of family size and genetic traits will be denied to parents and entrusted to computing machines or supervisory agencies, what changes do you envision in the function and status of the family in the society of 1984?

POHL: The institution of marriage, which fulfills the function of providing a place for children to be raised, may no longer be necessary in concrete terms and therefore may no longer be a phenomenon of our lives in social terms. We will very likely find that it is unnecessary to have a mother and father in a household to raise

the children. The Russians are now in a position where children are not raised by parents but in State homes. So that marriage may no longer matter by 1984; it may no longer exist.

BRADBURY: Fred, you talk as if the institution of marriage was somehow *forced* on us. It seems to me that the nature of the creature, not of society, calls for the more or less permanent pairing off of man and woman, and for the raising of a family. With the cities and their machines fragmenting us so completely, the need is not for further fragmentation but for a renaissance of meaningful human relationships. While marriage may no longer be needed for religious, moral, social or economic reasons, I'm convinced that for reasons of sanity alone, we may even *demand* its continuance.

ANDERSON: I completely agree. Marriage fulfills a great many more needs than sex and reproduction. The majority of men and women get not only security but growth from such a prolonged and intimate partnership. A world without stable marriages would be a world of pretty shallow and lonely people.

POHL: I'm perfectly willing to grant that for those to whom marriage offers enduring satisfactions, the institution will probably survive. But let's not pretend that *all* marriages are enriching relationships. Many, I'm afraid, perform no constructive function at all, except perhaps to provide shelter for the young. When this function begins to lose its importance—and it soon will—such marriages will become as unnecessary, and therefore infrequent, as they are undesirable.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee any significant changes—apart from matrimonial—in the relationship between the sexes?

BUDRYS: I think each of us will be permitted to go to hell pretty much in his own hand-basket. The concept of a social or sexual norm will become nearly meaningless, but if we must think in this context, the norm will be one of total chaos from the viewpoint of anyone who tries to look for one; he will find straitlaced puritanism side by side with dedicated hedonism—often in the same person. Public morality will always differ sharply from private, but exactly what constitutes each will be very different for one social class as compared to another. Stag movies may well be publicly acceptable for one segment of the public. The "Feelies"—Huxley's tactile sensory communications medium, and it *will* be developed—may become a voluptuous diversion among the more privileged peer groups. In short, it will no longer be possible to characterize *anyone* or *anything* as jaded, decadent or immoral.

This is the first half of a two-part Playboy Panel on "1984 and Beyond." The conclusion will appear next month.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

No feature previously published by PLAYBOY has produced so much reaction and debate—both in and outside the pages of the magazine—as “The Playboy Philosophy” by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. To give readers a greater opportunity to respond—pro and con—to the subjects and issues raised in the editorial series, we are introducing this new section, “The Playboy Forum.” It will offer a place for extended dialog between readers and editors, and because we feel many of the subjects discussed in the “Philosophy” are among the most important facing our free society today, we will continue “The Playboy Forum” just as long as your letters of opinion warrant. So do write and express yourselves. It is every American’s right, and one too seldom exercised.

Address all mail regarding the “Philosophy” or other opinions voiced in the “Forum” itself to: *The Playboy Forum*, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

CONFORMITY

I have read your magazine since its inception and have always enjoyed it thoroughly—it is superb entertainment. I have frequently felt the twitching desire to write and commend you, but what finally got me up and to the typewriter is *The Playboy Philosophy*. Mr. Hefner’s prolific writings, which to me say, in summary, “Think for yourself, know yourself, trust in yourself,” are precisely the impetus required to move the new American Renaissance in the proper direction—away from lethargy and toward achievement.

I have spent the past several years in middle management positions in the electronics industry, whose men are far above the nation’s mean in terms of background, education and intellectual ability. It is appalling to me to recognize that these people, who should be, and in other times *would be*, the stimulus, the protagonists, who express the moving ideas of our generation, are so inculcated with the twin precepts of *security* (The “Don’t Make Waves” doctrine, also known as “Gray Flannel Suitism”; and “If everyone doesn’t love you, you’re a failure”), that their effect on our culture is negative rather than positive.

My hat is off to Mr. Hefner—he has taken a stand. Whether the rest of us agree or disagree, at least we have a position from which to start—a reference point to differ about.

I have a suggestion: Keep *Philosophy* as a permanent feature of PLAYBOY. When Mr. Hefner’s tonsils tire, request “philosophies” from readers. Open a forum, so the protagonists of our generation will have a platform from which to speak.

R. D. Root
Tarzana, California

Here it is.

Re *The Playboy Philosophy*, Part V (April 1963), you say that “no nation can be said to have true religious freedom unless it possesses not only freedom of, but also freedom from, religion.” Well then, if we are living in a “free democratic society,” as you say, shouldn’t we, as individuals, have the right to judge whether or not we want freedom of, but also freedom from: free love, Professor Leo Koch, anti-Blue Laws, and any book, magazine or movie?

John Parker
Bay Village, Ohio

We have a right to decide each of these questions for ourselves, John, but not for our neighbor; for he should be allowed the same right of self-determination. When we make our case for true religious freedom, we’re not expressing hostility toward any man’s belief, except to the extent that his beliefs (and the exercise of them) infringe upon the rights of others.

I must congratulate you on your wonderful editorial in the March 1963 issue of PLAYBOY. In spite of the great differences in our national origin, religious upbringing, educational background and financial status, I agree wholeheartedly with the views that you express.

I would like to see someone like PLAYBOY publish the many archaic laws now on the books. It has long been my contention that all laws should be under continuous review, so that each statute is reassessed on the basis of contemporary standards and, hopefully, increased knowledge and perception. The older and less applicable laws should then be revoked. It seems to me that laws on the books, but not enforced,

make a mockery of all laws, and should be eliminated, because they tend to breed disrespect for all laws. Some people seem to feel that mere antiquity makes laws useful or valid, but it seems to me that we should learn from the mistakes of our ancestors—not worship these mistakes.

Howard Irvine MacGregor
Swift Current, Saskatchewan

Apropos Mr. Hefner’s current *Playboy Philosophy* series are three revealing bits of contemporary masculine Americana:

By a David Susskind *Open End* television panelist, on the hypocritical climate of sexual mores: “The American males . . . who lie in church on Sunday, and on girls the rest of the week.”

Taken from Frank Sinatra’s *Playboy Interview*, a line of quiet, naked desperation: “I’m for anything that gets you through the night . . .”

And from my husband, Hal Markowitz, a protest against the creeping stultification of faceless conformity:

Where are the strong fat people who sing?
Broken herds of bison
Slowly being reduced
To life on another man’s
Reservation.

Audri Markowitz
Santa Monica, California

DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE

For the most part, I was delighted with this month’s installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. However, I cannot reconcile Mr. Hefner’s use of Italian divorce laws as an example of religious interference nor his subsequent condemnation of these laws as unjust. It is difficult for me to believe that Mr. Hefner, as an American, is qualified to pass judgment on laws of another country. How can he say they are unjust? He was not raised in the Italian culture; he doesn’t share its background, customs, attitudes or temperament.

Granted that Italian laws are influenced by the Roman Catholic Church, but what of it? Isn’t 90-plus percent of Italy Catholic? Italians are aware of the Catholic Church’s restrictions on granting divorce. They are not clamoring for “reform” of Church law or of the civil law.

The Italians emphasize the religious 39

aspects of marriage over the legal. To the Italian, marriage is a sacred bond. To break this bond is immoral and also illegal. This may seem unjust to the Italian non-Catholics, but they—as a minority—should not be allowed to change laws to suit themselves, as we allowed a minority of “do-gooders” in the 1920s to change ours with Prohibition.

Maybe I’ve gone off the deep end here myself. I’m not trying to defend nor approve of Italian law—I don’t think I have that right. My point is—neither does Mr. Hefner have the right to take the opposite position. We, as Americans, are not qualified, in most instances, to call unjust the laws or customs of another country.

Ron Bosettu

San Leandro, California

As a practical matter, we share your feeling that the people of every country have a right to determine their own laws and customs and please remember that we mentioned Italian law only in the context of discussing American divorce statutes. But we do not agree that it is improper to philosophically oppose any legislative dictum that curtails the personal freedom of any man, anywhere on earth. We don't have to have been born and raised in Cuba to oppose the lack of a free press in that country; we don't have to live in South Africa to oppose its lack of racial equality. We are against these philosophies as a part of our overall opposition to any governmental suppression of the spirit, mind and body of man.

We're not opposed to any religious law—in America, Italy, or anywhere else—but we do believe that all men should be free to accept or reject such religious directives without coercion from their governments. Nor does it matter whether any religious denomination is in the minority or the overwhelming majority: a free society is based upon more than the simple will of the majority—it requires the protection of the smallest minority as well; even if that minority is a single individual. This is the very essence of our concept of freedom. We must remain as fully on guard against totalitarianism in the name of God, as in the name of the state—not because we are opposed to the worship of the Almighty, but because history has proven that infamies can be perpetrated by men in His name as easily as in any other. And we will supply ample evidence of that truth in the next installment of “The Playboy Philosophy,” when we trace the history of religious sexual suppression from pre-Christian times up to the present.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

Allow me to salute your very pertinent comments on religious freedom.

Organized religion is, of course, one of the sacred cows of our society, and I fully realize that it took a certain measure of courage to criticize the clerics’ officious meddling.

Allen Strasburger

Red Bank, New Jersey

Your editorial in the April issue was excellent. The statement that true religious freedom requires not only freedom *of*, but freedom *from*, religion is a classic. It is precisely for this reason that I joined the Unitarian Church, so I could better contribute to this philosophy. I truly hope that you not only plan on continuing these editorials in forthcoming issues, but that they may become a permanent feature of the magazine. America needs precisely this kind of provocative prodding and stimulation of thought on important matters too often neglected today.

Walter J. Hoff

Union, New Jersey

For some months now, I have been following your series of editorials by Hugh Hefner under the banner, *The Playboy Philosophy*. Please let me say that I do not agree entirely with what has been written, but some of the comment and criticism has been downright brilliant. I am in particular accord with your very timely words on personal freedom in this country. Most Americans take for granted that we live in a free country and, as a rule, practice what we like to call democracy. Unfortunately, we here in the state of Washington are told pretty much what we can and cannot do.

Most recently our rather idiotic legislature attempted to “Save Sunday For the Family”—in spite of the fact that some of us may have wanted to save Saturday, or Tuesday, or one of the other days of the week. And, of course, those who don’t have families will have to be saved, too.

How can any American not agree with people like Lenny Bruce, when they raise their voices against the alignment of church and state? As a Catholic, I still must recognize the failings of my Church—and only hope that the Church, as operated by man, will improve. It will, but not by forcing people to agree under pain of legal penalty.

Since this country was founded, many men have fought and died on many battlefields for what we call the American way of life. Granted, there have been times when many of us weren’t exactly sure what it was, but once we reach the point where a majority of the people no longer feel obliged to tell their friends and neighbors what to think and do, we will have gone a long way toward establishing the kind of

country our founding fathers meant us to have.

Orchids to you for having the courage and audacity to speak up. These things needed to be said and I’m glad it was PLAYBOY that had the guts to say them.

L. K. Lassiter

Edmonds, Washington

I respect you for the stand you took regarding freedom *of* and *from* religion in *The Playboy Philosophy*. History speaks for the past. Our present state of affairs speaks for itself.

Time-honored systems of worship and government, that never have worked and never will work, have blocked progress for centuries. They have taken their toll in war, famine, suffering and discord of every nature. Jesus taught and demonstrated principles for solving human problems at all levels of thinking: “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”—John 8:32. Blinded by greed for power and prestige, ignorant of their ignorance, domineering forces still strive to bully human beings into believing without understanding. Man must remain free to progress toward his perfection, with the truths from all sources of knowledge available. We must, as individuals and as a civilization, maintain freedom of speech and press, and keep church and state separate.

Elizabeth Thorpe

North Miami, Florida

I must write to commend you for your excellent editorial, which I came across quite by accident, in the April issue of PLAYBOY. It expresses, with great clarity, views which I and a number of my fellow townspeople have had on the issue of religious freedom—in particular, as found in our schools.

Within the City of Stamford, a storm lately has been raging over a ruling, which our school board is attempting to make, prescribing the observation of Christmas in the public schools. A group calling itself “The Stamford Committee to Preserve the Celebration of the True Meaning of Christmas in Our Public Schools” (believe it or not) is haranguing our board (in a highly un-Christian manner). The goal of this group is adoption of a policy set forth by the statement, “Christmas should be observed in the Stamford public schools. A reasonable amount of time should be devoted to its observance.” The board would apparently prefer (if it were not under extreme pressure) to select a statement reading, “The Board of Education authorizes and approves the continuance of activities and programs based on Christmas, as well as other traditional holidays. However, only a reasonable amount of time may be given to such observances.” The latter statement is

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clearly non-mandatory, while the former would not be.

The school board is being subjected to pressures from this group which are unmatched in vehemence and hate by any previous issue, within memory, coming before the board. Visions of Cotton Mather rise before me as I think of these fervent and vitriolic souls.

At present this matter is still pending. The school board needs all the ammunition it can muster to counteract, with logic and clarity, the fanatic emotionalism of these people. Therefore, if reprints of your editorial are available, I'd greatly appreciate getting a dozen copies, which I could then distribute to the Board of Education members. The issue, as you state, is "freedom from religion," and this obvious point has been lost in all the milling and shouting.

Arthur Dormont
Stamford, Connecticut

Please inform me as to how I might be able to obtain copies of your fine series of editorials on *The Playboy Philosophy*. If these editorials are not available by themselves, please send me those issues of your magazine which carry them. The bill is to be made out to the Presbyterian Campus Ministry in Berkeley. We hope to use these articles for a study conference planned next fall for the fraternity students at the University.

Wallace T. Fukunaga
Presbyterian Campus Ministry
Berkeley, California

The reprints are on their way and we sincerely hope they help.

COMMUNISM AND SEX

Your intimation that to be anti-Communist is to also be antisex is far below you. For shame, PLAYBOY.

James D. Strieter
Washington, D. C.

You must be reading somebody else's philosophy, Jim—we never said any thing of the sort. We did cite a couple of examples in which would-be censors (Kathryn Granahan and Ira Latimer) called sex subversive and suggested that a liberalization of our sexual taboos was a part of the Communist conspiracy, but we clearly labeled this the prudish poppycock that it is; we also commented on a Connecticut war veterans organization that praised a Red Chinese book-burning campaign as a worthwhile example of sex suppression, during their own attempt at a book purge, thus unwittingly playing the Communists' game themselves. But we never said, suggested, hinted, or intimated that being anti-Communist was the same as being antisexual; we consider ourselves anti-Communist—for we oppose every form

of totalitarian control over the mind of man—and we certainly don't rate ourselves as being antisexual. Just the opposite connection is more likely: Communists, like most totalitarians, are antisexual; free societies welcome more-liberal sexual mores. Sexual suppression is too great a source of power for most dictatorships to resist, twisting it to their own ends; personal freedom of every kind (sex included) is more apt to thrive in a free society.

KATHRYN GRANAHAN

It gives me great pleasure to make the following correction to your editorial in the April issue: Kathryn Granahan is no longer a member of the House of Representatives representing the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Following the recent reapportionment in Philadelphia, she found herself without a district to represent. The former Congresswoman is now the Treasurer of the United States, a position in which I am confident that she will continue to protect our nation by keeping pornography off this country's currency.

Kenneth Gordon
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEMOCRACY AND CAPITALISM

Your "philosophy" reflects muddle-headedness. For example, you fail to distinguish between democracy and capitalism. Though they are not mutually exclusive concepts, "democracy" in no way whatsoever implies "capitalism," just as "capitalism" in no way whatsoever implies "democracy." Again you seem to think that productivity and consumption are ends in themselves. You fail to distinguish between useful and useless production and you fail to distinguish between consumption that is privately and/or publicly beneficial and consumption that is privately and/or publicly harmful. Your use of the term "philosophy" seems purely honorific.

Gerald Smuckler
Laurelton, New York

Capitalism and democracy are not, of course, synonymous; we never suggested they were. What we did say, however, was that the system of free enterprise, an economic system which we firmly espouse, can only flourish in a democracy, a political system in which we also strongly believe. Limiting or curtailing the rights of one cannot help but have a deleterious effect on the other. We believe in neither political nor economic anarchy. But womb-to-tomb economic security—with its accompanying restrictions on economic opportunity—is, in itself, an abridgment of freedom

and self-determination. The best safeguard against "useless" production, and all similar economic inefficiencies and waste, is the competitive nature of the free enterprise system, which is inherently more efficient than any non-competitive monopoly over production—whether it is privately or publicly held; the best safeguard against "useless" and "harmful" consumption is an enlightened and aware public exercising freedom of choice in a free economy.

OBSCENE WORDS

I have followed your *Playboy Philosophy* with growing interest and the April editorial is, in my opinion, one of the best of the series. Had I read the *Philosophy* and not turned next to the interview with Helen Gurley Brown, I would have been screaming "Bravo!" from the rafters (in a philosophical way, of course). However, upon reading the interview with Mrs. Brown, my enthusiasm for your magazine has dwindled to a mere pffhht! Yes, gentlemen, a mere pffhht! The cause of my state of pffhhtness (I wonder, should that be spelled with three h's or two? . . . Oh, never mind) is the glaring inconsistency between Mr. Hefner's commendable insight into the omnipresent "groveling . . . before the magic potency of a four-letter word . . ." and the contrasting "mealy-mouthism" (your word, not mine) by *someone* (I'm not pointing my finger, yet) in the *Playboy Interview* with Mrs. Brown.

To give you a more specific indication of what has prompted my present pffhhtness, I quote two honest, forthright statements from the April *Philosophy*, and by way of contrast, a section from the interview with Helen Gurley Brown.

Mr. Hefner says: "Can a single word or phrase—apart from its over-all meaning or intent—be considered obscene? Some people seemingly think so, despite the Supreme Court ruling that obscenity must be judged within the context of the total work in which it appears." And: "The very notion that a solitary word could be vile and harmful enough to warrant expurgating it from a book, a movie, or a play appears preposterous on the face of it."

Make no mistake—the above quotations are in perfect accord with my own attitudes on this subject. But wait, here comes the pffhht! Mrs. Brown is quoted as saying, in reference to difficulties with her publisher: "There was one line that they cut out in the last chapter. It was exhorting the single girl to be proud of herself, and I said: 'I think you should

(concluded on page 118)



Playboy Club News



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DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

JULY 1963

WHAT EVERY MODERN MAN SHOULD KNOW

Your key to the Playboy Club unlocks a new world of exciting entertainment. The Playboy Club offers keyholders the finest in cuisine, distinctively appointed showrooms to entertain guests and, of course, the famous Bunnies. Apply for *your* key privileges today with the convenient coupon at the bottom of the page.

Questions asked by prospective keyholders are answered below:

Do I need a separate Playboy Club key for each Club? No, you do not need separate keys. Your one Playboy

May I bring guests to the Club? By all means. Wives, friends, and business associates are all welcome to share the fun and *joie de vivre* of the Club as your guests. Your wife may also use your key for luncheon.

May I lend my key to a friend? Yes. Keyholders may permit friends to visit the Club as their guests by letting them borrow their keys. Guests must sign the keyholder's name on all checks and their own names beneath. But remember, they are your guests and you will be invoiced for all charges incurred by them. Lending one's key is a splendid way to entertain friends and out-of-town visitors graciously when you can't be there. They'll always remember your kindness.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.

Locations Set—Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Baltimore at 28 Light St.

Next in Line—Washington, Dallas, Boston, Pittsburgh.

Club key entitles you to full privileges at every Playboy Club no matter where in the world it may be.



Cool sounds in cool surroundings are the order of the day—or night—at The Playboy Club. Here, Kai Winding blows for Chicago keyholders.

BUNNIES SHOW CIVIC PRIDE

The life of a Playboy Club Bunny is not limited to the hours spent in the Club. Community projects are high on the list of extra-curricular activities for the Playboy Club's Bunnies. From New York to Phoenix, they are active in fund-raising campaigns, welfare programs and public service functions.

Bunnies from the New York Playboy Club aided the New

York City Cancer Committee by manning its booth in Grand Central Station during a recent fund drive. In St. Louis, the Society for Crippled Children received 18 dozen eggs and candy for their Easter Egg Hunt as a gift from the St. Louis Club's Bunnies.

A fashion show for the Hialeah unit of the Women's Corps of the Cancer Research Institute of Miami was held at the Miami Club with Bunnies as models. The Allied Gasoline Retailers' Association used Miami Bunnies to help promote the raising of money for the Crippled Children's Society.

Through the Foster Parents' Plan, the Bunnies of the Chicago Playboy Club have adopted 23 destitute children from countries around the world.

Attractive girls, 18 to 25, interested in an exciting career of community service while meeting top people in the business and entertainment field, can get a free copy of our brochure, *Be a Playboy Club Bunny*, by writing: Playboy Clubs International, Dept. 763A, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois.



Bunny Peggy and friend chat at the New York Cancer Committee booth.

Is business entertaining at the Club deductible? Yes. You may make income tax deductions for expenses incurred through bringing business associates to the Club. An Entertainment Expense Record Form and a detailed monthly statement are provided to help you maintain accurate records of your expense-account spending.

Is the Club open for lunch? Yes. All Playboy Clubs open for lunch on weekdays at 11:30 A.M. and remain open until legal closing time the following morning.

Are the Clubs available for private parties? Yes. Keyholders merely write or call the Catering Manager for information in the city where they wish to have a party. You may choose from a variety of plans.

May I give a Playboy Club key as a gift? Yes. Just send us the name of the recipient along with your check for the appropriate key fee, and we'll do the gifting—in your name—for birthdays, Christmas, etc.

To: Playboy Clubs International
c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Here is my application for Key Privileges to the Playboy Club. Enclosed is my check for \$_____. (Playboy Club keys are \$50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outside these areas.) I understand that if my application is accepted, my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others soon to go into operation in major cities throughout the U.S. and abroad. Minimum age for Key Privileges 21 years.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) AGE

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE COUNTY STATE DEPT. 236

☐ Check here if you wish only information about joining the Playboy Club.



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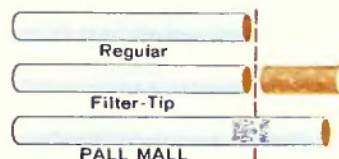


You can light either end!

***So smooth, so satisfying,
so downright smokeable!***

• For flavor and enjoyment you just can't beat Pall Mall's natural mildness. It's so good to your taste. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor . . . so friendly to your taste. ***Outstanding...and they are Mild!***

COMPARE ALL THREE!



Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best. Pall Mall's famous length travels the smoke naturally . . . over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. Makes it mild . . . but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

the eighth part of a statement in which playboy's editor-publisher spells out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo

MARK TWAIN expressed himself on America's oft seemingly schizophrenic sexual attitudes in his *Letters from the Earth*, long suppressed by his family and just recently published for the first time: A fallen angel visits earth and describes, with some incredulity, what he finds there to archangels St. Michael and St. Gabriel. "There is nothing about man that is not strange to an immortal. His heaven is like himself: strange, interesting, astonishing, grotesque. I give you my word, it has not a single feature in it that he *actually values*. It consists—utterly and entirely—of diversions that he cares next to nothing about, here on earth, yet is quite sure he will like in heaven. Isn't it curious? Isn't it interesting? You must not think I am exaggerating, for it is not so. I will give you details.

"The human being, like the immortals, naturally places sexual intercourse far and away above all other joys—yet he has left it out of his heaven! The very thought of it excites him; opportunity sets him wild; in this state he will risk life, reputation, everything—even his queer heaven itself—to make good that opportunity. Yet it is actually as I have said: it is not in their heaven; prayer takes its place."

Religious puritanism pervades every aspect of our sexual lives. We use it as a justification for suppressing freedom of thought, expression and, of course, personal behavior. By associating sex with sin, we have produced a society so guilt-ridden that it is almost impossible to view the subject objectively and we are able to rationalize the most outrageous acts against mankind in the name of God.

But what sort of God would have man deny his God-given sexual nature?

Some members of our society sincerely believe that sex has a single purpose: procreation. As such, sexual activity is logically limited to coitus within the bounds of marriage, since children benefit from the presence of both parents and a stable familial environment is best established within the bounds of wedlock. But life is more complex than that. To deny the true emotional and physical significance of sex in society is to turn our backs on all the knowledge about man that the sociological and psychological sciences have

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

given us. In suggesting that the sole purpose of sex is the perpetuation of the species, we reduce man to the level of the lower animals.

So intimately is sex interrelated with the rest of human experience that it is impossible to conceive of a society existing, as we know it, without benefit of the primal sex urge. Most certainly, if such a society did exist, it would be a very cold, totalitarian and barbarous one. The existence of two sexes, and their attraction for one another, must be considered the major civilizing influence in our world. As much as religion has done for the development and growth of society, sex has done more. The tendency in modern times to reduce the differences between the sexes and create the cultural illusion, if not the physical fact, of a single sex has grave implications for society and we shall explore them at length a bit later.

STIMULATION AND SUBLIMATION

Religiously inspired sexual suppression is harmful to society: It is never desirable to have a significant gap between the professed principles of a society and its actions; as with an individual, any serious conflict between beliefs and behavior produces emotional instability. When it is a normal physical drive that is being rejected, the resulting trauma is apt to be more severe; when an entire nation attempts to deny a basic urge, the results can be catastrophic. Human sexual behavior remains relatively unchanged generation after generation, but man's attitudes toward that behavior vary greatly.

As recently as 1959, in the preliminary report of the California State Subcommittee on Pornographic Literature, there appeared the following statement: "It is still the principle of our nation that premarital and extramarital sexual activity is an undesirable thing, and anything that incites or lures or glorifies premarital or extramarital activity is objectionable."

On such a premise, the censor and the prude are free to do their dirtiest deeds—ban our books, suppress our speech and take from us any semblance of free choice

in our most private affairs.

If the report of the California State Subcommittee is to be taken seriously, then the "pornographic literature," with which they were concerned, is only one small and relatively insignificant aspect of their problem. If they really considered objectionable "anything that incites or lures" men and women into premarital and extramarital intercourse, they would have to face up to the banning of all tight or revealing clothing, bathing suits, romantic music, dancing, liquor, perfume, make-up and—if those ads from Mad Ave are to be believed—most every deodorant, mouthwash, tooth paste and hair oil on the market. And even after that, their job would not be done.

Kinsey has listed a seemingly endless number of sources of erotic stimulation reported in preadolescent boys, including such nonsexual stimuli as taking a shower, punishment, fast elevator rides, skiing, sitting in church, boxing and wrestling, swimming, anger, being late to school, seeing a policeman, being alone at night, looking over edge of building, big fires, marching soldiers, seeing name in print, running away from home, fear of a big boy, long flights of stairs, motion of a car or bus, receiving report card and hearing the national anthem.

Kinsey has commented that preadolescent boys are sexually aroused by "a whole array of emotional situations, whether they be sexual or nonsexual." By his late teens the male has been so conditioned that he rarely responds erotically to anything except direct physical stimulation or to psychic situations that are for him specifically sexual; in the still older male even physical stimulation is rarely effective unless accompanied by the proper psychological atmosphere. The pattern is a continually contracting one in which a person responds initially to a wide variety of stimuli which then becomes more specific, through experience and conditioning, as he matures.

Kinsey stated: "For most males, whether single or married, there are ever-present erotic stimuli and sexual response is regular and high."

If any group like the California State Subcommittee on Pornographic Literature ever hoped to eliminate those "objec-



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Famous scenic photographer... Outdoorsman... Ale man. Here Ray climbs 300 feet to photograph Monument Valley, Arizona. A man who enjoys shooting unique pictures, Ray also enjoys the unique flavor of Ballantine Ale.

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tionable" sources of stimulation that might serve to "incite or lure" the unwary into premarital and extramarital sexual activity, they would be doomed to failure before they began. For even if they could successfully eliminate every anticipated source of erotic arousal, the potent human sex drive would simply affix itself to some other psychological and/or physical stimuli. And the danger of even attempting to eliminate the more direct heterosexual sources of stimulation in society is the obvious possibility that the sex urge will become conditioned to less socially desirable stimuli.

In *The Playboy Panel* on "Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts" (July 1961), Dr. Albert Ellis commented on the diversity of sexual stimuli thusly: "How can you ban desire? Some people go out on the street and look at a clothesline with drawers hanging on it and get aroused. Should we therefore censor clotheslines?"

Which reminded Publisher Barney Rosset, of Grove Press, of a book by the French new-wave author Robbe-Grillet, about a man who derives sexual stimulation from a piece of string. Rosset said: "He sees this piece of string throughout the book and concocts extremely erotic fantasies around it. He uses it in various ways; it might be a clothesline in one instance, and the next instance he is imagining tying a girl up with this piece of string. It gets down to almost anything being used as subject matter for an erotic fantasy."

Judge Thurman Arnold then warned about the danger of removing one source of sexual stimulation only to have it replaced by another more objectionable one: "Human beings can be trained like Pavlov's dog, so that they are stimulated by sights and sounds completely unrelated to the things they desire. A strict standard of obscenity contributes to such unhealthy training. Taking the pin-up girls away from American soldiers would not make their minds more pure. It would only mean that they would be aroused by some less healthy or attractive substitute. At the turn of the century the old *Police Gazette* had a nationwide pornographic appeal. A dance called the cancan in which the chorus girls kicked up their legs covered with black stockings was wicked and highly stimulating. Today a person with an appetite for pornography would not pay 10 cents to see either the magazine or the dance. This is how censorship makes material sexually stimulating which would not have any stimulation at all if that censorship did not exist. And that is why anything but the most tolerant standards creates an unhealthy psychology."

The possibility of conditioning a person to less healthy erotic stimuli is especially pronounced in the preadolescent period and we think about this whenever

anyone tells us, somewhat self-consciously, that he enjoys *PLAYBOY* himself, but he doesn't like to leave it around the house where his children might get hold of it and look at the pictures. We wonder just what sort of stimuli this parent would like his children to associate with sex instead of the beauty of the human body.

This attitude is prompted by the mistaken idea that the sex urge is only aroused by the more obvious erotic stimuli and that without them it would remain quiescent. But if a normal child is denied sexual stimulation by beautiful images he will be stimulated by ugly images; if a child is not stimulated by heterosexual sources, he will be stimulated by homosexual ones. And with any luck at all, the misguided parent will succeed in passing on his own feelings of guilt or shame to his offspring also.

A related misconception surrounds Freud's theory of sublimation. A great many people assume that the basic sex urge itself can be "sublimated," with the need for sexual fulfillment being redirected into other, more socially acceptable, activities. This is untrue. Dr. Theodor Reik has stressed that the primal sex drive, while easily satisfied, "is entirely incapable of being sublimated. . . . The satisfaction of this particular urge cannot be fulfilled by the substitution of another goal."

Reik points out that it would make as much sense to try to convince us that other natural urges, like thirst or hunger, could be redirected into the accomplishment of cultural achievements, as to suggest that man's basic sex drive could be put to such use. What can be used for cultural achievements is, rather, the energy of ego-drives, says Reik, of which love itself is one of the main ingredients, along with the need for social recognition, competitiveness, vanity and vainglory, its less popular relatives.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

Before Dr. Alfred Kinsey and his associates of the Institute for Sex Research, at Indiana University, published their first two volumes, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948) and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953), social scientists had at least a general knowledge of the extent of human sexual activity, but the public knew very little of the matter. There had been sex surveys published before, but never so extensive or so scientifically accurate. The first "Kinsey Report" hit the American people like a bombshell. Here was indisputable scientific evidence (though a great many tried to dispute it) that our entire society was living a lie. We were professing one set of standards and living quite another. In a moment, it became clear that all manner of sexual behavior previously considered abnormal by most was not only

normal, but commonplace. Hidden guilts over secret sexual indiscretions were now relieved through the knowledge that much of the rest of the chastity-loving American public was practicing the same indiscretions quite wantonly, while preaching a completely different set of standards. We had come to grips, at last, with the true sexual nature of man.

Sexual Behavior in the Human Male became an immediate best seller at \$6.50 a copy and the small scientific-book publisher that had produced the hefty 820-page volume was unable to keep up with the demand. Every major magazine in America reprinted, paraphrased or commented on it. Ordinary people, on buses, in offices, and over cocktails, were discussing frequency of sexual outlet, premarital, extramarital and homosexual activity, using words like orgasm and masturbation that were previously seldom used in polite company and fellatio, cunnilingus and pederasty, with which they had not even been acquainted before.

In a moment, it became clear that our commonly accepted sexual mores were woefully unrealistic and our sex laws totally unrelated to the facts of human behavior. Quite reasonably, one might have expected this revelation to have precipitated a complete re-evaluation of our sex standards and a thorough overhauling of our absurd sex statutes. No such thing occurred.

There is always a time lag between the acquisition of knowledge and the social and personal changes which might be expected to ensue; where deep-seated traditional beliefs and ingrained behavior are involved, the cultural lag is considerably prolonged. To be sure, a sexual revolution is taking place in the U. S., but 15 years after the publication of Kinsey's first book, we still suffer under much of the same social pressure and suppression as before.

What did Kinsey's two volumes on American sexual behavior reveal? Eighty-five percent of the total male population had had premarital intercourse. With extramarital intercourse, Kinsey's researchers found a greater tendency for cover-up or outright refusal to answer questions than in any other part of the study, especially among the older married males of better-than-average educational and social levels. Kinsey considered the social consequences attendant on the revelation of adultery to be the primary reason for the reluctance of many to contribute to his research and believed that this reservation also affected the statistics that were gathered, by perhaps as much as "10 to 20 percent." He wrote: ". . . allowing for the cover-up that has been involved, it is probably safe to suggest that about half [50 percent] of all married males have intercourse with women other than their wives, at some time while they are married."

Fifty-nine percent had had some heterosexual mouth-genital experience; 70 percent had had relations with prostitutes; 50 percent had had some homosexual contact and 37 percent had had homosexual contact to orgasm; 17 percent of all men raised on farms had had animal intercourse (the percentage of animal intercourse for the entire male population is much lower, because of the lack of opportunity for such contact among men raised in the city); 92 percent of the total male population had masturbated to orgasm and this figure jumped to 96 percent for male college graduates, when considered separately (Kinsey felt that if the tendency for cover-up were eliminated from the statistics, the percentage would have been closer to 98 for the total male population).

As to the sexual activities of American women, Kinsey and his staff found that 64 percent had "responded to orgasm" by one means or another prior to marriage. Forty-eight percent had had premarital intercourse; and among college graduates, this figure increased to 60 percent. Twenty-six percent admitted to extramarital intercourse; among college graduates, the number of wives who admitted to having had intercourse with a man other than their husband, while married, was 29 percent. Forty-three percent had had heterosexual mouth-genital experience; when the better educated of the youngest generation included in the female sample were considered by themselves, the figure was 62 percent. Twenty-eight percent had had homosexual experience and 13 percent had had homosexual contact to orgasm. Twenty-eight percent of the female sample, with only a grade-school education, had masturbated to orgasm; 59 percent of the females with a high-school education had reached orgasm through masturbation; the percentage is 57 for those females who graduated from college and 63 percent for those with a postgraduate education.

Kinsey found that educational background had a marked effect upon the sex lives of both men and women, with the lower educated male being less inhibited about ordinary coitus than his upper educated brother (98 percent of the lower educated men had had premarital intercourse) and the upper educated female being much freer than her less educated sister: the better educated of both sexes proved less inhibited in all sex behavior other than ordinary coitus, however (including variety of positions, mouth-genital contact and homosexual experience).

A NATION OF HYPOCRITES

If the vast majority of all American men and nearly half of all the women engage in premarital intercourse and one half of the married males and one quarter of the females have extramarital

intercourse, one might rightly wonder who the California State Subcommittee on Pornographic Literature had in mind, when they stated that Americans still find such activity objectionable. Who's objecting? Or are we really such a nation of hypocrites that we take exception to such behavior for anyone else, while engaging in it ourselves? In many ways, it appears that we are just such a nation of hypocrites. The sexual activity that we pompously preach about and protest against in public, we enthusiastically practice in private. We lie to one another about sex; we lie to our children about sex; and many of us undoubtedly lie to ourselves about sex. But we cannot forever escape the reality that a sexually hypocritical society is an unhealthy society that produces more than its share of perversion, neurosis, psychosis, unsuccessful marriage, divorce and suicide.

Nor can we accept the argument that it is some flaw in the nature of man, some weakness or devil in the flesh, that produces our sexual yearnings and behavior; we reject as totally without foundation the premise of the prude, who would have us believe that man would be healthier and happier if he were somehow able to curb these natural desires. Nor is it true, as some suggest, that those who indulge in early and frequent sexual experiences dull their capacity to enjoy and gain satisfaction from such experiences or invariably live to regret them.

Kinsey found that, contrary to popular prejudice, relatively few of the men and women in his study who had had premarital or extramarital intercourse reported regretting the experience. Nor is there any evidence that it harmed them. To the contrary, there is every indication that in most instances the experiences were beneficial. Kinsey reported that those who engaged in sexual experiences before marriage were more apt to indulge in extramarital activity after marriage, but he also found that premarital sex statistically increased a woman's chances of getting married and of making a success of her marriage. Kinsey wrote, in his *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, "... premarital socio-sexual experience, whether in petting or in coitus, should contribute to [the] development of emotional capacities. In this, as in other areas, learning at an early age may be more effective than learning at any later age after marriage." He also observed, "The record on our sample of married females shows that there was a marked, positive correlation between experience in orgasm obtained from premarital coitus and the capacity to reach orgasm after marriage."

On the relationship of sex to a successful marriage, Kinsey wrote: "Sexual adjustments are not the only problems involved in marriage, and often they are not even the most important factors

in marital adjustment. . . . Nevertheless, sexual maladjustments contribute in perhaps three quarters of the upper level marriages that end in separation or divorce, and in some smaller percentage of the lower level marriages that break up. . . ." Kinsey found "considerable evidence" that sexual experience prior to marriage contributed "to the effectiveness of the sexual relations after marriage."

The simple act of sex performed prior to marriage does not, per se, increase the chances of a successful marriage, of course. It is the attitudes that lead to the act that will determine how well a person adjusts both to sex and to marriage. There is a good deal more to sex than just the learned physical techniques (although the techniques themselves are largely underrated in our society and a majority of adults live out their lives with only the most rudimentary knowledge of this most vital of all human activities). Sex is often a profound emotional experience. No dearer, more intimate, more personal act is possible between two human beings. Sex is, at its best, an expression of love and adoration. But this is not to say that sex is, or should be, limited to love alone. Love and sex are certainly not synonymous, and while they may often be closely interrelated, the one is not necessarily dependent upon the other. Sex can be one of the most profound and rewarding elements in the adventure of living; if we recognize it as not necessarily limited to procreation, then we should also acknowledge openly that it is not necessarily limited to love either. Sex exists — with and without love — and in both forms it does far more good than harm. The attempts at its suppression, however, are almost universally harmful, both to the individuals involved and to society as a whole.

This is not an endorsement of promiscuity or an argument favoring loveless sex — being a rather romantic fellow, ourselves, we favor our sex mixed with emotion. But we recognize that sex without love exists; that it is not, in itself, evil; and that it may sometimes serve a definitely worthwhile end.

We are opposed to wholly selfish sex, but we are opposed to any human relationship that is entirely self-oriented — that takes all and gives nothing in return. We also believe that any such totally self-serving association is self-destructive. Only by remaining open, and vulnerable, can a person experience the full joy and satisfaction of human existence. That he must also, thereby, know some of the sorrow and pain of this world is without question, but that, too, is a part of the adventure of living. The alternative — closing oneself off from experience and sensation and knowledge — is to be only half alive. The ultimate invulnerability is death itself.

This is not at odds with what we have

previously expressed about the need for a greater *enlightened self-interest* in society. Too many people today live out their entire existence in a group, of a group and for a group — never attempting to explore their own individuality, never discovering who or what they are, or might be. Searching out one's own identity and purpose, taking real pleasure in being a person, establishing a basis for true self-respect — these are the essence of living.

We believe that life can be a greater pleasure if it is lived with some style and grace and comfort and beauty, but we do not believe that these are the all of it. It is possible to become so caught up in the trappings — both the form and the accouterments of living — that the real satisfactions become lost. Each man — and woman — should try to know himself, as well as the world around him, and take real pride in that knowledge.

The do-gooder, the prude, the bigot and the censor have no such self-knowledge and their concern is continually with the affairs of *others*. A concentrated interest in the affairs of others may produce some worthwhile ends, but it can also be the basis for the meddlesome disruption of other people's private lives. We have always been a little suspicious of those too aggressively concerned with the welfare of their fellow man. This is not to say that man should not be willing to aid those less fortunate than himself. He certainly should be — and that willingness to help the rest of humankind should know no boundaries of race, religion or country. But when you help a man, you also rob him of a measure of his self-reliance: if, however, you help him to help himself, you give him the means of establishing his own life in his own way. If we truly respect our fellow man — and if we truly respect ourselves, it is impossible not to respect our fellow man as well — we must respect his individuality, the things that make him different from us, that set him apart and make him a person. One of the things that sets man above the lower animals is the distinctly individual nature of each of us; we should be as proud of these differences as we are of the similarities that make us all members of the family of man.

What we believe in, first and foremost, is the individual — and in his right to *be* an individual.

If a man has a right to find God in his own way, he has a right to go to the Devil in his own way, also. It sometimes happens that the man most other men would agree is surely "going to the Devil" has, instead, discovered a new truth that is leading him away from established thought and tradition to a better way that, in time, other men will understand and follow. The Bible singles out the meek and the poor in spirit for special blessings. We'd like to add one of our

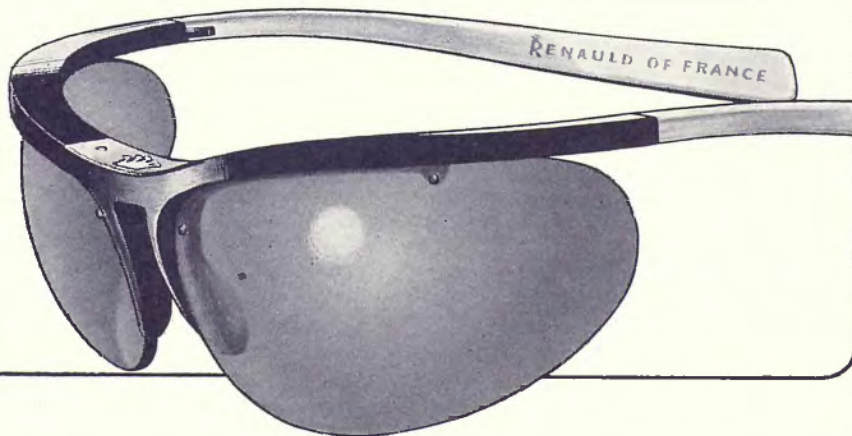
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own: Blessed is the rebel — without him there would be no progress.

RELIGION'S CHANGING MORALITY

We do not want to suggest that *all* organized religion is guilty of being anti-sexual. There is a growing awareness of the true sexual nature of man within the more-liberal elements of both the Christian and Jewish religions. Our quarrel is not, therefore, with the whole of organized religion, but only with that part of it that continues to deny man's sexual nature and pits man's body, mind and soul against one another.

It is, paradoxically enough, the Protestant side of Christendom — originally responsible for Puritanism and the strongest advocate of prudery and antisexualism — that is now forming a new, more-liberal religious view of sex. While the official Roman Catholic position still holds that the principal function of sex is procreation and that sex is not to be indulged in for pleasure alone (*Beginning Your Marriage*, a Catholic handbook, sums up the position of the Roman Church: "The reproductive processes have not been entrusted to man primarily for his pleasure, but rather for the continuation of the species. . . . Although the immediate result of sexual union is intensely pleasurable physical release and a sense of intimate unity, these are the accompanying affects of the act and not its primary purpose."), a great many members of the Protestant clergy now share the view expressed by fellow theologian Dr. Seward Hiltner, who believes that no conflict exists between the flesh and the spirit of man: Since man is a "whole or total being, sex is good if it serves the fulfillment of man as a total being."

In an article titled, *A 20th Century Philosophy of Sex*, Joseph Fletcher, teacher of social ethics at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, recently wrote: "The Christian churches must shoulder much of the blame for the confusion, ignorance and unhealthy guilt associations which surround sex in Western culture. . . . The Christian church from its earliest, primitive beginnings has been swayed by many puritanical people, both Catholic and Protestant, who have treated sexuality as inherently evil."

In *The Bible and the World of Dr. Kinsey*, William Graham Cole, professor of religion at Williams College, put it even more strongly: "There can be no quarrel with the secular world at this point. It is right and the church has been wrong. Sex is natural and good. . . . It is attitudes which are good and evil, never things. . . . Those who take the Bible seriously must stop apologizing for sex . . . they must begin with a concession to the secular mind, granting that sex is natural.

"In its efforts to prevent irresponsible procreation, Western civilization has used the device of what Freud called the walls of loathing, guilt and shame. On the whole this method of social control has worked reasonably well, but a price has been paid for its success — the price of sexual perversion, which is the product of fear and anxiety. . . . The method of moralism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, partly because it moves in the wrong direction and partly because it has based its case on fear."

In *Religion and Sex: A Changing Church View*, David Boroff wrote in the August 1961 issue of the now defunct *Coronet*, "Much of Protestantism no longer wishes to be identified with repression and Puritanism. 'In fact,' says Professor Roger Shinn, of New York's Union Theological Seminary, 'repression is a Christian heresy.' . . . In this country, Puritanism . . . has been hostile to the expression of sexual feeling. But in recent years, Protestant theologians have re-examined these concepts. They now argue that Puritanism, when it insists that sex is evil, is actually a distortion of Christian doctrine. These thinkers have been influenced not only by recent Biblical scholarship, but also by the findings of psychiatry — especially the revelation of the psychic damage that may be done by sexual repression."

England is undergoing a not-so-quiet Sexual Revolution of its own, as *Time* reported in its issue of March 22, 1963: ". . . the British are deeply concerned with their search for what some call 'a new morality' to fit the hushed-up facts of life. 'The popular morality is now a wasteland,' said Dr. George Morrison Carstairs, 46, professor of psychological medicine at Edinburgh University, in a recent BBC lecture. 'It is littered with the debris of broken convictions. A new concept is emerging, of sexual relations as a source of pleasure, but also as a mutual encountering of personalities, in which each explores the other and at the same time discovers new depths in himself or herself.'

"In a violently controversial report," reported *Time*, "a group of The Religious Society of Friends attacked the onus attached to 'a great increase in adolescent sexual intimacy' and premarital affairs. 'It is fairly common in both young men and women with high standards of conduct and integrity to have one or two love affairs, involving intercourse, before they find the person they will ultimately marry.' . . . This, concluded the report, is not such a sin. 'Where there is genuine tenderness, an openness to responsibility and the seed of commitment, God is surely not shut out.'"

The same month, Associated Press carried a story, date-lined London, which

reported that a Church of England pastor challenged religious taboos against extra-marital sex: "In a sermon delivered from the pulpit of Southwark Cathedral in London, Canon D. A. Rhymes declared the traditional moral code implied that sex is unavoidably tainted. 'Yet there is no trace of this teaching in the attitude of Christ,' he said. 'He does not exalt virginity over marriage, or marriage over virginity — He merely says in one place that some have chosen virginity to leave them free for the work of the kingdom.

"Nor does Christ ever suggest that sexuality, as such, is undesirable or that marriage is the only possible occasion of any expression of physical relationship."

". . . Canon Rhymes said the moral code of today is being ignored because it is outdated. 'We need to replace the traditional morality based upon a code with a morality which is related to the person and the needs of the person. . . .'" The pastor concluded that if we want to live full and healthful lives, "we must emphasize love," not an inflexible, impersonal and unfeeling morality.

THE OSTRICHES OF SEX

In the face of such a tide of reason and research from psychologists, psychotherapists, sociologists, mental-health experts and enlightened theologians, the firing of Biology Professor Leo F. Koch from the University of Illinois, as discussed in our fifth editorial (*The Playboy Philosophy*, April 1963), seems all the more incredible. For Professor Koch was removed from the faculty of the university for expressing substantially the same ideas, in a letter printed in the student newspaper, that the English pastor stated in a sermon from his pulpit. If anything, the Professor was somewhat more conservative in his views, noting that "there is no valid reason" why premarital sex should not be condoned "among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics." For this he was publicly vilified and fired.

The occurrence prompted Dr. Robert A. Harper, President-elect of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, to issue this statement: "As a veteran family life educator, marriage counselor, and writer and lecturer on premarital and marital topics, I should like to state flatly that the conventional moral code regarding premarital chastity does a great deal more harm than good in contemporary American society. This code not only leads some young people into firmly fixed pornographic attitudes and prudishly repressive sexual behavior (from which matrimonial ceremonies,

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WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man tagged for traveling in high style, the PLAYBOY reader is as apt to "live it up" in the City of Light as he is to take off for the pleasure playgrounds of the "in" out-islands. Decidedly in a class by himself, he can easily afford the time and space for world-roaming rewards. Facts: PLAYBOY leads *all* magazines in adult male readers per copy who travel by air. What's more, these jet-set readers take an average of 4.9 trips per year—pace setters by any standard. And when it comes to heading for haunts abroad, PLAYBOY again tops *all* magazines in percentage of male readers traveling to foreign countries in the last five years. PLAYBOY moves men on the move. Sell them on your line. (Source: 1963 Starch Consumer Magazine Report.)

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A NIGHT IN THE BYZANTINE PALACE

*the cruel diabolism of his scheme trapped
him in an unexpected change of roles*

fiction By RAY RUSSELL A monarch is dying. Today, a thin quiet man stands and watches through a gauze of dust as its faceless enemies pull it down—or, rather, begin to pull it down, for its splendor even now is too ranging for any foe to demolish in a single day. Immense, it resists with every ton of its mass, with every dome, with every wall and pier, every cornice and buttress, every pierced balcony, every apse and nave and arched recess. Each little corbel resists, each metal finial, each glass mosaic, each softly modulated moulding. Its entablature resists, its lacelike carving, the intricate decoration of its arcade spandrels. Stolid, it ignores its conquerors with the passivity of a captive barbarian prince



scornful and stoic under gross torture.

It has already been disemboweled, curretted, its inwards stripped away: all that tarnished gilt and worn velvet; those deep carpets that softened the sound of how-many-hundreds of feet on its far-reaching floors and wide winding stairs of veined marble; those *objets d'art* with which it had been cluttered — heroic sculptures of naked gods and goddesses, Romantic paintings in ormolu frames, colored lanterns, pillars writhing with dense adornment, great chandeliers of blinding crystal, vast tapestries and lush drapes, cumbrous mahogany tables, colossal chairs that made the thrones of most kings seem plain and mean

— all the interior gaudery has been scooped out and shipped off to auctioneers and dealers in miscellaneous junk, and now the huge empty husk echoes with the relentless boom of the swinging iron ball that cracks and sunders the stout walls, tumbling them into ignominious rubble.

The destruction was opposed. There were some who deplored the assassination of this eccentric architectural monarch. Preserve it, they said, make of it a school or a convent, a museum, a convention hall, subdivide it into apartments even, but let it stand. Such voices were called reactionary by those who worshiped the two-faced god of Progress, and the demolition went

ahead as ordered. Under other circumstances, the thin quiet man would have lent his voice to the small chorus of civic objectors, for in such things—the rape of the past in the pious name of the future—he has always been a confirmed conservative. But today as he stands in the hot sun and listens to the hard clangor and watches the giant edifice begin to fall, there is the faint quivering embryo of a smile upon his face . . .

On Vine Street, in Hollywood, there is a large market that never closes. It is open for business 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and to underscore this fact it displays a colossal clock, gone mad. The two hands whirl ceaselessly in opposite directions, as if to say, "Time doesn't exist." It is not a thing to see when very drunk and desirous of knowing the hour of the day or the night.

Horst Graustein, the film director, was not drunk, nor did he care to know the time, that evening as he drove past the market. Still, while his Jaguar sedan was stopped for a red light, he looked at the clock. As the gigantic hands spun crazily, he might have been thinking: You're a liar, clock. Time does exist. It exists in the absence of hair on my head; it exists in the lusterless eyes of this patient old woman next to me, *meine gnädige Frau*. But he was thinking none of these things, although he had thought them many times before at the sight of the clock. He was thinking, instead, of the man he would soon greet as his host, a man named Sidney J. Freemond.

On Laurel Canyon Road, which is a serpentine ribbon, the writer Clayton Horne was driving his red Corvair just a fraction too fast for the comfort of his pretty young wife. Clayton Horne, his eyes on the road, was thinking not of his wife but of Sidney J. Freemond. He stepped on the accelerator pedal. His wife closed her eyes and inaudibly muttered a Hail Mary.

The Rolls-Royce called attention to itself, even on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. For one thing, it was gold. For another thing, it was a convertible (rare in a Rolls) and the top was down. For yet a third thing, the stunning stimulatix at the wheel was Laura Benedict, blonde, firm-bosomed, thrice-married, thrice-divorced, once an Academy Award winner; and the man at her side, the dagger-cruel beauty of his profile slicing the air, was Norman Keith, 15 years a leading man, and currently the escort of Miss Benedict. The liaison had been dutifully recorded by Mike Connolly between casting news and a cryptic quote from Rilke: "La Benedict and Norm Keith are definitely in The Torrid Zone." At the present moment, both were temporarily isolated in their own Tepid Zones, and the

uppermost thought in the mind of each was a tight close-up, in Technicolor and Cinemascope, of Sidney J. Freemond.

The three cars arrived at Bel Air within minutes of one another. Each one, in its turn, took the slow, ascending curve of the Freemond driveway, past the famous approaches of suffocating greenery, baleful statues and xylophonic fountains, coming at length to a stop at the main entrance of the massive pile which a wag had once, not with precise accuracy, described as belonging to the Middle Dracula Period. Since the recent death of his wife, Sidney J. Freemond had lived alone here, with his domestic staff. Taxes feasted like ravening carnivores upon the immense mansion and grounds, but Freemond had never, not even for a moment, considered the possibility of moving out, despite the earnest counsel of lawyers and business managers.

Now, in the cavernous reception hall, a manservant quietly greeted the guests and collected the ladies' wraps. "Mr. Freemond will be down presently," he murmured.

"How are you, Peters?" said Graustein.

"Very well, Mr. Graustein, thank you."

"You're taking good care of our friend?"

"I do what I can to make Mr. Freemond comfortable, sir."

"That's fine. May we expect a good dinner tonight?"

"I think I might say, sir, that Mr. Freemond has planned a memorable weekend, and that tonight's dinner will be simple but excellent. But, Mr. Graustein . . ."

"Yes?"

The manservant's voice became a touch conspiratorial. "A word to the wise, sir. The salad dressing, if you don't mind my mentioning it, is made with anchovies: very delicious of course, but . . ."

Graustein chuckled. "You're thinking of my gout, eh? Quite right, anchovies are bad for me, I'll avoid the salad dressing. You're a good friend, Peters."

"Thank you, sir."

The manservant's lean form flickered out of visible range, to dispose of the wraps. Clayton Horne walked up to Graustein. "I couldn't help overhearing," he said.

"Hello, Clayton. About the dressing?"

"Yes. It suggests a script. A despot millionaire—misanthropic, hated, played by, oh, James Mason?—decides to murder a half dozen of his enemies and so he invites them to a lavish dinner. The salad dressing has been poisoned—but very discreetly, by the artful introduction of a botulism, let's say, and the millionaire, of course, will avoid it, while his guests will die

agonized deaths which the coroner will call food poisoning. His butler, Peter Sellers, who hates him, inadvertently learns of the scheme. Instead of calling the police, however, or overtly warning the victims, he has a more subtle revenge—he tells one guest that the dressing is bad for his gout, another that it's loaded with calories and no good for her figure, another that it's not kosher, another that it contains meat juices and it's Friday, and so on. The would-be murderer then has to sit and watch his whole plan slowly collapse as each of his guests politely declines the stuff. Not too bad is it, Horst?"

Graustein smiled and patted the younger man's arm. "It's a cinch for Hitchcock," he said. Then, as Peters reappeared with a tray of cocktails, he added, "But it needs a finish. The tables are only half turned on your millionaire. You must destroy him completely or you will leave your audience unsatisfied. Ah, thank you, Peters."

Laura Benedict joined the two men. "Talking shop so soon?"

"No, *Wunderschön*. Our young friend here suspects that Sidney plans to poison us tonight."

"All writers have nasty minds," drawled Laura, bestowing a casual kiss on Horne's cheek. "I read your novel, darling, it's a kick. But there's no part in it for me!"

"Don't worry, Laura, it won't make a film anyway. It's not that kind of novel."

"More fool you," said Norman Keith good-naturedly, walking up to them.

"Hello, Norman," Horne said. "I thought you'd be in Spain by now."

"Sidney's decided to fake it here. All this 'runaway production' talk intimidates him. If you ask me—"

But now their host was descending the marble stairs, silently, with portent, each step a production. All eyes were fixed upon him, and that was exactly the way he wanted it.

Sidney J. Freemond, at 65, was a squat, raniform man of emphatic ugliness. Sparse white hair was plastered patchily to his balding skull. The skin of his face, victim of rich diet and too many Palm Springs sojourns, had the folded, purple look of congealed lava. He reached the bottom step, stopped, and elaborately blinked. His eyes, under their heavy hoods, were as dark and as hard as carborundum. "Everybody here?" was his greeting. His voice was a croak from the swamp.

Graustein elected himself to answer. "All present or accounted for, Sidney. How are you?"

Freemond ignored the question. His eyes cursorily examined each guest, but sparkled with interest at the sight of Mrs. Horne. "I don't think I've had the pleasure," he said.

"Oh," Horne said, stepping forward,
(continued overleaf)



"Sid, this is my wife, Pat."

Pat Horne said, "Pleased to meet you at last, Mr. Freemond."

"She's very pretty, Horne. You're a lucky fella. Young lady, you're married to one hell of a writer."

Turning away from their smiles, he said, "Everybody got drinks?" Not waiting for an answer, he said to his manservant, "Pete, bring another round."

Norman Keith, nothing if not proper, inwardly winced at the name "Pete." Freemond's egalitarian discomfort at the man's full name, and his attempt at what he thought was a more democratic form of address, offended Keith in a way that only trivial things can offend. It nagged him, like a pebble in a shoe, and he was angry at himself for allowing it to nag him so.

Freemond, a glass of plain tonic water and lime in his hand, led the procession circuitously in the general direction of the dining room, passing through magniloquent chambers. Young Mrs. Horne was awed. "It's fantastic," she said.

"Built in the old days," Freemond said. "By Gilbert Rodolfo, the silent star. I bought it right after he was killed. It's very authentic. It's—" He glanced toward Graustein.

"Byzantine," said Graustein, who then added, with a tint of satire, "It's not true, Mrs. Horne, that the Xanadu sections of *Citizen Kane* were filmed here."

Missing the jocose intent, Freemond said, "No, that was all shot over at RKO. Desilu now."

They paused before an enormous oil portrait of a placid matron, her own simple beauty beclouded by flattering prettification. "My late wife," said Freemond, sanctimoniously. He took Mrs. Horne's arm and entered the dining room.

Dinner was unpretentious, straightforward, and very good. Turtle soup, duckling *aux cerises*, wild rice, a bracing salad (the dressing shunned by Graustein), Bavarian cream. Appropriate wines all the way. "Darling, really! Our waistlines!" Laura said to Freemond.

"Listen," he replied, "a square meal never hurt anyone."

Throughout dinner, Freemond disgorged his repertoire of jokes and stories, long and short, true and false, usually a bright cobalt blue. At one point, even Laura was obliged to say, "Please, darling, not while we're eating."

At meal's end, Freemond instructed Peters to serve coffee in his private theater. There, the versatile factotum assumed the role of projectionist, as Freemond and his guests, sunk in heavily upholstered seats, sipped coffee or brandy, smoked, and watched a rough cut of the latest Sidney J. Freemond production, *A Kiss in Time*, starring Laura and Norman, written by Horne, directed by Graustein. Photography had

been completed a few weeks before.

The film, a romantic comedy in Technicolor, still lacked credit titles, music and dubbing. Frequently, the screen was occupied by printed messages—INSERT MISSING, FADE OUT, FADE IN. Vertical editing marks often skittered across the image at the end of a scene, indicating a dissolve. Many exterior sequences, having been shot soundless, or "M.O.S.," were at this stage totally silent and the room was filled only with the soft whirr of the projector. During these sequences, Graustein would murmur, more or less to himself, comments such as, "Car door slamming. Maybe birds. Shoes on gravel." Or: "Big love theme right here."

"M.O.S.," said Laura at one point, "what does that mean exactly? I know it means filmed silent, but what do those letters mean?"

No one, apparently, knew, until Freemond tonelessly said, "It started as a joke, back in the old days, and it stuck. It means Mit Out Sound."

"Really?"

"I wouldn't kid you."

A Kiss in Time was overlong and in need of cutting. By the time it was finished, the members of the miniature audience—denizens of an early-to-bed town—were fatigued. Freemond therefore kept discussion of the film to a minimum and mercifully bade his guests goodnight. "Get a good sleep," he said. "I want to see you at breakfast bright and early." Then, smiling, he left them.

"I don't like it when he smiles like that," said Graustein to no one in particular. "I don't like it at all..."

• • •

Subtropical morning exploded cold and smogless. For a brief moment, the brilliance of the weather deceived Graustein and he thought he was in Majorca, but soon time and place clicked into position like jigsaw pieces and he remembered he was in Byzantium, U. S. A. If this were a weekday, he would probably arise, breakfast lightly, and drive to the studio before the glut of traffic, arriving ahead of the secretaries and messenger girls. He would part the drapes and raise the blinds of his office's north-facing window, and he would see the Hollywood Hills, flattened and blurred by a scrim of smog, the word HOLLYWOOD spelled out on them in giant white letters. He would see Griffith Observatory if he turned his head to the right; and if he turned it just a little to the left, he would see the cylindrical, stylus-topped Capitol Records Building. Much nearer, just down the street, he would see the neon sign of the restaurant where he often studied the handsome faces of easeful stars and nervous starlets, while incidentally eating lunch. Then he would sit down at his desk, open his script, and begin for the hundredth time to revise and refine his

penciled marginalia: memos to himself, crude sketches of shot composition, simplifying of thorny dialog.

This morning, however, he would be forced to breakfast grandly and look upon the smile of Freemond. With a groan of effort, he arose.

Down in the dining room, the sideboard glittered with the silver of trays and chafing dishes. On display was an English breakfast: eggs, kidneys, haddock, bacon, crumpets; a platoon of food, at the ready. Two by two, the guests assembled and were joined by their host.

A curious silence had entered with them. There were the usual murmurs of good morning, a few pleasantries, but these were delivered in a vacuum and fell dead as soon as they were uttered. The silence was a solid thing that sat at the table like an embarrassing guest, like Banquo. Before long, Freemond took in Norman and Laura in a single glance and said, "You two enjoy yourselves last night?"

Norman said, "Sure thing, Sidney. Great dinner. And I think we're going to have a really fine picture—"

"Dinner, picture. That's not what I mean. Laura knows what I mean, right, baby?"

Banquo's corpse, swelling with decay, grew and floated over the room, choking the air with the stink of silence. Finally, Laura said, "I'm not sure I do, darling."

"Oh, come on. Come on. Norman's a good-looking guy, you don't have to be ashamed."

Norman said, "Now look, Sidney, a joke's a joke, but —"

Freemond did not acknowledge the objection. He went on speaking to Laura. "They're all good-looking fellas now, ain't they?"

"Sidney," she said, "please..."

"Once, though, looks didn't matter with you, did they? Old guys, bald guys, fat guys. *Useful* guys, right?"

Horne attempted to restore civilization to the breakfast. "Sidney, don't you think you should —" But he stopped short, because Freemond suddenly had a book in his hand, a book Horne recognized.

Freemond said, "I shouldn't talk about Laura? Better I should talk about you? Sure. By you I'm an illiterate, right, Horne? A — what was it you called me? — a verbal cripple?"

"Sidney, I never —"

"You never, you never. You think I didn't see this novel you wrote, this pile of garbage? Where you talked about me? So you made me into a magazine editor and gave me an Irish name — you think I didn't know it was me? You think half this town didn't know it was me? *Here. Catch.*" Freemond threw the book at Horne. "Page 195. Where I marked an

(continued on page 60)



drink By THOMAS MARIO **RUM'S** THE WORD *cool new twists on the tropics' most delightful demon*

ONE OF THE MOST memorable qualities of rum is that it never lets you forget where it comes from. Bourbon, Scotch or gin drinkers don't necessarily associate corn-covered prairieland, peat bogs or verdant groves of juniper shrubs with their pet potatoes. But as soon as the first drop of rum is poured, tropical touches inevitably begin to appear—plump mangoes, passion fruit, ripe papayas, green limes, cool coconut milk and pineapples heavy and musky as the jungle itself. Even without such exotic persuasions, something in the sheer aroma of distilled molasses spurs every mix-master's imagination.

In the rum islands, there are descendants of Sir Henry Morgan who will only have their drink neat, unembellished even with ice. But summer in the States means tall icy rum

drinks that are just about the liveliest cooling systems available for the heat-wilted man.

The first step in matriculating as a rum specialist is to understand that rums vary from the light, almost-white distillates used in daiquiris to the deep-mahogany rums that rank with the rarest of old brandies. In the distilleries, the modern, very dry rums are usually started with a yeast culture. Heavy pungent rums are helped on their way by the slower wild yeast that pervades the tropic air. Like Scotches, all rums are blends. The youngest blend coming to this country now is at least three years old. Old velvety Jamaica rums are seven to ten years old. In proof, rums range from a light 80 all the way to the shattering 151-proof Demerara rum, distilled in British Guiana but aged

in Great Britain where the damp air favors the slow ripening of the rum's best qualities. Demerara, once the preferred hot grog of Canadian lumberjacks, is now used more and more in combination with lighter rums for tall summer drinks. In between these extremes are an infinite number of gradations on the rum spectrum. Virgin Islands rum is a happy medium between the light rums and the full-bodied Jamaican species. Gold rum is white rum with the addition of caramel, which not only provides a deeper color but a mite of sweetness and soft flavor. Some of the lesser known rums, like the Barrilito of Puerto Rico or the Barbancourt of Haiti, are not only glorious libations taken straight but are fine mixers with hot or iced coffee.

Certainly the most popular of all hot-weather cocktails is the classic daiquiri. It's the only rum drink in which the minor ingredient, lime juice, seems almost as important as the demon itself. In spite of the work-cutting inducements of bottled lime juice, plastic limes filled with juice, and frozen concentrated lime juice and sugar—all useful for emergency drinking sessions—the knowledgeable daiquiri man still insists on squeezing his lime juice fresh. The daiquiri which most rum men now favor—2 ounces very light rum, ½ ounce freshly squeezed lime juice and 1 bar spoon sugar—should be shaken with ice until the cocktail shaker almost burns the hands with cold. To be presented properly, it should *look* cold. To this end, you dip the rim of the chilled cocktail glass first in bottled white syrup and then in sugar, thus providing a frosty rim. In place of sugar for sweetening daiquiris, grenadine, orgeat or Falernum may be used. Grenadine is pomegranate syrup; orgeat is made from almonds; Falernum is a spicy West Indian syrup now bottled in the States. All three are delightful in tall drinks but tend to make the daiquiri less rum-centered than it would be otherwise.

If the daiquiri is the most representative of the light rum mixtures, planter's punch is the oldest, most renowned drink made with the dark pungent rums. One recipe for it is preserved in a shaggy bit of doggerel: one of sour, two of sweet, three of strong and four of weak—meaning one part lime juice, two of sugar, three of rum and four of ice and water. Actually, that formula simply proves that punch and poetry shouldn't be mixed. Most rum barons prefer one of sweet and two or three of sour. PLAYBOY's own planter's punch is assembled in a cocktail shaker with 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 ounce lime juice, 2 ounces Jamaica rum, 2 dashes bitters and 3 large ice cubes. After shaking, the contents are poured unstrained into a large high-

ball glass. The glass is filled with soda water and topped with a slice of lime.

Perhaps the best way to demonstrate the versatility of rum is to serve it at a party, without any preliminary fanfare or announcements, in the standard bar drinks. Rum highballs, rum sidecars, rum collinses, rum old fashioned, rum fizzes and rum rickeys are not only great cooling agents, but serve equally well as catalysts for warm comradeship.

Unless otherwise stated, the following PLAYBOY variations on the rum theme are for one drink.

PINEAPPLE RUM FRAPPÉ

- 1 large chilled pineapple
- ½ cup pineapple sherbet
- 6 ozs. light rum
- 3 ozs. orange juice
- 1½ ozs. lime juice
- ½ oz. maraschino liqueur

The pineapple should measure at least 7 in. from base to top of fruit, not including stem. Cut a cap off pineapple about ½ in. from top. Remove meat from pineapple. Cut a deep circle around edge of pineapple about ½ in. from rim, leaving a large cylinder of fruit which must then be gouged out. A very sharp boning knife is a good instrument for the job. Cut wedges of fruit loose by slicing diagonally toward rim of fruit. Use a grapefruit knife or large parisienne potato cutter to remove small pieces of fruit. The cavity of the pineapple should be large enough to hold 2 measuring cups of liquid. Test it for size. Cut hard core of fruit away, and discard it. Cut enough tender pineapple meat to make ½ cup fruit in small dice. Into the well of an electric blender put the ½ cup diced pineapple, sherbet, rum, orange juice, lime juice and maraschino liqueur. Blend 5 seconds. Pour into pineapple. Place pineapple in champagne bucket surrounded with finely shaved ice. Place 2 or 4 colored straws in the drink, allowing for 2 double or 4 single drinks.

CREAM OF COCONUT

- 1 coconut
- ½ cup ice, finely cracked
- 1 oz. coconut cream (coconut syrup, canned)
- 1½ ozs. anejo rum
- 1 oz. light sweet cream

Remove end of coconut opposite coconut eyes. The best procedure is to hold the base of the coconut firmly in the left hand. With a very heavy French knife or cleaver chop off top. Several whacks may be necessary. Avoid spilling coconut juice if possible. Pour out coconut juice and save it. Into the well of an electric blender pour ¼ cup coconut juice, ice, coconut cream, rum and cream. Blend 10 seconds. Pour into coconut shell. Place coconut shell in large dish surrounded

with finely shaved ice. Place a colored straw into coconut. There will usually be enough juice from one coconut for 3 or 4 drinks. Reserve drinks may be made up beforehand and poured into tall martini pitcher. Coconut shells may then be refilled when necessary. Keep the martini pitcher surrounded with ice, or keep in refrigerator.

MANGO DAIQUIRI

- 1½ ozs. light rum
- ¼ cup canned sliced mangoes, without juice
- ⅔ cup ice, finely cracked
- ½ oz. lime juice

Put all ingredients into the well of an electric blender. Blend 8 seconds. Pour into prechilled large-footed champagne glass or large sherbet glass. Serve with small colored straw.

GUAVA PUNCH

- 8 ozs. ice-cold guava nectar
- 2 ozs. light rum
- 2 teaspoons grenadine
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 brandied red cherry, pitted
- 1 slice lemon

Pour guava nectar, rum, grenadine and lemon juice into a 14-oz. highball glass. Add coarsely cracked ice to fill glass. Stir well. Float lemon slice on top. Place a tall straw into drink. Fasten the cherry onto a cocktail spear, and fit into straw.

ORANGE STINGER

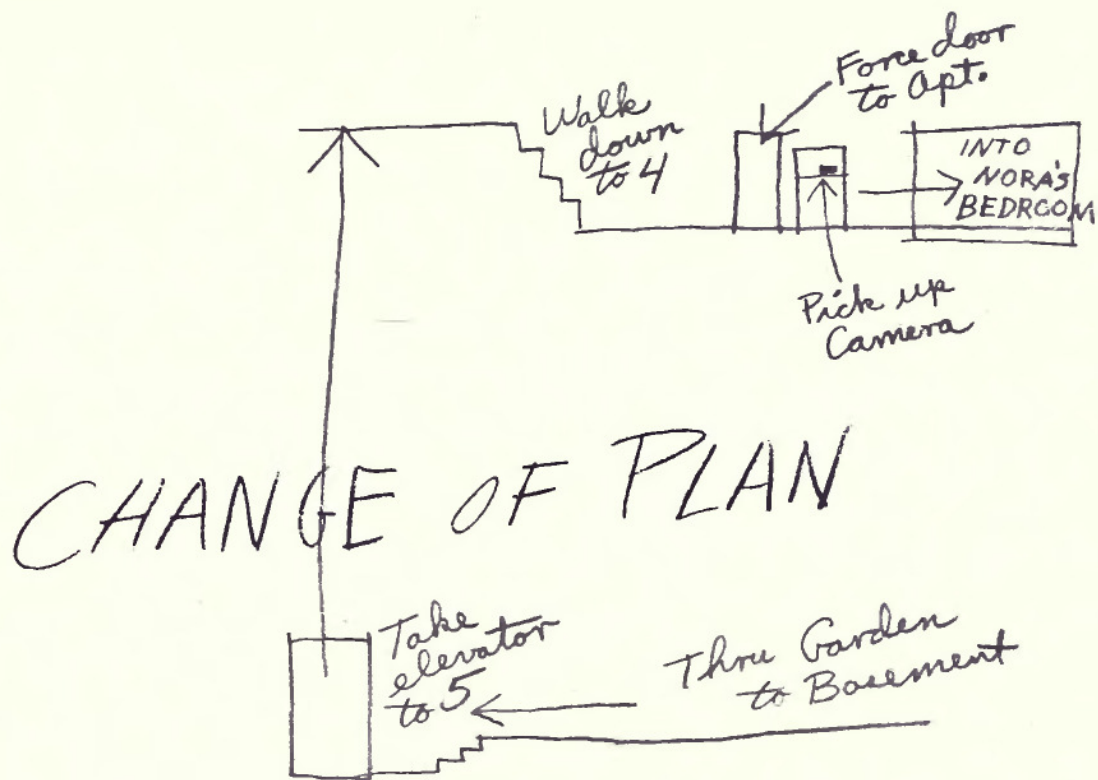
- 1 extra large California orange
- 1 oz. 151-proof Demerara rum
- ½ oz. orange curaçao
- ½ oz. lime juice
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 slice old-fashioned-cocktail orange in syrup

Cut a cap off top of orange about ½ in. from top. With a sharp grapefruit knife gouge out the meat, leaving the orange shell intact. Squeeze enough juice from the meat to make 1½ ozs. Put the 1½ ozs. orange juice, rum, curaçao, lime juice and sugar into a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into orange shell. Place the orange in a bowl or soup dish of about 7-in. diameter. Pack finely cracked ice around orange. Place a colored short straw into drink. Fasten the cocktail orange onto a cocktail spear, and fit into straw. Place a galox leaf, obtainable from florist shop, in the ice alongside orange.

PASSION FRUIT PUNCH

- 6 ozs. passion fruit nectar
- 1½ ozs. light rum
- 1 oz. golden rum
- 1 oz. gin
- ½ oz. lemon juice

(concluded on page 149)



fiction By KEN W. PURDY he had it all figured out—except what would happen in nora's bedroom

PETER RAND CAME TO THE TOP of the subway stairs and narrowed his eyes against the light of the sun, lowering now toward three o'clock, but still bright in the clear sky. Under his feet the sidewalk trembled as a train boomed through the station, threading the black, pipe-strung hole in the ground to dive beneath the sluggish river boundary into the city.

He walked briskly. Since noon, when he had learned that this October Tuesday would probably be the feared and hoped-for day, he had waited, vainly, for excitement to rise in him. He was not calm, but he was not frightened. He was euphoric, he breathed deeply and he felt the blood buzz in his brain, but he was not excited. When he crossed the tarry black leaf-drifted street that brought him to his own block, all 15- and 20-year-old apartment buildings five stories high of thick glazed brick, he slowed, thinking back to that other October, four Octobers gone, when he and Nora had walked hand in hand into the house for the first time, but the small pain the recollection brought soon passed. He turned into the garden that ran the whole block behind the houses. At the far end a fat-legged three-year-old staggered over the lawn in hopeful pursuit of a sparrow. A small wind, caged in the enclosed space, rustled the wax-leaf ivy on the walls, and faintly across the court he heard a radio: "Sur le pont . . ." He looked up at the windows, blank, masked, secret. He walked quickly along the path. Three steps down and he was in the basement. The elevator was down. He closed the door and punched the button.

The car began its slow climb to the fifth floor, whining softly, lurching a little on its greased slides. Nora's scent still drifted in the little car, although 45 minutes, he estimated, must have passed since she had left it. He reached out to touch the wall in the corner

where she always stood, where he remembered her being, the hundreds of times they had ridden up four flights, down four flights together. He left the elevator on the fifth floor and walked quietly down the stairs to his own door.

The key soundlessly lifted the pins in the tumblers, black with graphite, and the door turned on the heavy oil in its hinges. The chain lock was fastened. He reached to hold the anchor plate, extended the chain to its full length and pushed gently on the door. The four screws of the plate, held only by the putty in the oversize holes he had bored long ago, pulled out easily and he was in the hallway. He reached into the closet shelf for the little camera. He checked the settings: f:11, 1/100th. He slipped the flashbulb from its socket, touched the end with his tongue, replaced it. At the head of the hall he stood for a moment, listening, drawing breath, gathering himself. There was little sound from the bedroom, the sibilance of a whispered word or two, nothing more. Peter Rand touched the thing in his pocket once again; he stared down the hallway, remembering the carefully learned pattern of the boards that did not squeak: left, left, right, left, right, right. Like a diver, he leaned forward, he stepped out, and four seconds later he opened the door.

"Hello," he said.

They stared as the bulb blew, and in the afterimage, floating ghostily across the room, he could see again their white faces, eyes wide. It would be, of its revolting kind, a perfect picture. He tossed the camera carefully to the big chair in the corner. They had not spoken.

"All right, dear friend," he said. "The party's over. You may get up now."

"You pig," Tony said. "You would make a picture. I'll get up, all right. I'll get (concluded on page 142)

BYZANTINE PALACE (continued from page 56)

X. Start reading."

"Look, Sidney, I assure you —"

"You'll assure nothing, you'll just read, like I said. I'd read it myself but I'm a verbal cripple, it wouldn't sound so nice. *Read.*"

Horne, his voice quavering, read from the book. "There is a breed of creature which —"

"*Creature. Cripple.* Beautiful words, ain't they? Keep reading."

"— which apparently has never been told that words have definitions. They grope their way through language by connotations only; and there is nothing less precise than connotation, which changes from person to person and is based on associations, many of which are below the conscious level, in that place where Chaos reigns. Such a creature was Stanley Doran. Tap-tapping his way blindly through a piece of somebody else's writing, he would call certain words or phrases "stoppers." "It stopped me" he would say: to him, a damning accusation and reason enough to change the offending word. It would not have occurred to him that he may have been "stopped" because of his own ignorance of meaning or lack of familiarity with idiom. "I don't get the right feeling from this word," he would say, his unconscious associations darkly churning, and he would be hurt if he were gently told that it didn't *matter* what "feeling" he got from the word: the word meant one certain thing and that's *all* it meant and it did *not* mean all those amorphous things sloshing around in the damp cellar of his connotations..."

Horne looked up from the book. "Sidney," he said, but Freemond cut him dead with a cold eye and a rigid finger which pointed to the book. Horne read on:

"You would get nowhere telling this verbal cripple that ANOINT meant no more than to smear or rub over with oil or an unctuous substance: ANOINT was forbidden in anything but ecclesiastical contexts because it was "a religious-type word." Perhaps it might be suggested that this was no more than the single lovable chink, the tragic flaw in an otherwise noble soul. However —"

"That's enough," snapped Freemond. "That's plenty. Pretty smart, ain't you? You couldn't say that stuff to my face, so you shove it into a book and think you can get away with it. Writers!" He leaned forward. "Well, I got news for you, Mr. Writer. This *verbal cripple* is gonna cripple you with your own stinking words!"

"Sidney," Horne said, "what words?"

Freemond smiled. "Who knows? That's what we're here to find out. What you really think of me." He looked at Graustein. "And what you think." He

turned to Norman Keith. "And you." Finally, he looked Laura up and down. "And you too, baby. You too."

During the reading, Peters had materialized again and was standing discreetly in a corner. Freemond turned to him and said, "Get it, Pete." Peters left the room.

Freemond settled back in his chair. "Relax," he said. "Get comfortable. Eat your breakfast. We're gonna have a little entertainment." He chuckled, thickly. "A little show with an all-star cast." His own jape pleased him very much. "Nothing but the best, folks. Strictly Class-A. A real Sidney J. Freemond production."

Graustein sighed. It was an eloquent sound, with 50 centuries of resignation in it. "Sidney," he said softly, "whatever it is you've got up your sleeve — don't do it."

"You're giving orders, Graustein?"

"I'm asking. In the name of decency."

"What decency? What is it you think I'm going to do?"

Graustein shook his head. "I don't know, Sidney. But knowing you, and knowing that special tone in your voice, that special smile on your face, I know it must be something appalling."

Freemond laughed. "Remember that time in the commissary?" he said, gleefully.

"I remember, Sidney."

Everybody remembered. It had become a legend. It happened on Graustein's first day at the studio. Freemond welcomed the famous refugee into his office with expansive arms, with admiring words, with lambent promises, with costly cigars. Then he led him to the commissary for a ceremonial luncheon with the other studio executives. There was a short speech by Freemond, a brief murmur of thanks from Graustein, and then the great director sat down on a chair rigged to emit a slight electric shock and a very loud buzz. A harmless, childish trick, and everyone was puzzled at Graustein's outsized reaction to it. Everyone but Sid Freemond. He knew about Graustein's experiences with the Gestapo, about the days and nights of relentless interrogation to the calculated accompaniment of special electrical appliances.

"You should have seen the look on your face!" Freemond was saying now.

Graustein disregarded him. "Sid, I ask you now, and for the last time, whatever awful thing you have planned, *don't*. Not for my sake, not for Laura's sake or Norman's or Clayton's or our wives. For your sake, Sid. For your own good."

Freemond's palm came down upon the table with a jarring smack. "Nobody tells me what's for my own good! You, Graustein, you just be quiet." His eyes swept around the table. "Everybody be

quiet. And listen for a change." He blinked, once. "So smart, all of you. So stinking smart. But I'm smarter! I know what you say about me behind my back — and this time, I'm going to know it to my face. We're all going to know it. *Mit sound!* You begin to get the picture?"

"Oh no," Laura said in a whisper. "It's too dreadful. You wouldn't do a thing like that, Sidney."

"Wouldn't I, baby?"

Norman looked at Freemond, then at Laura, then back at Freemond again. "Sidney," he said, "you don't mean to say you —"

"That's right, pretty boy. I had your rooms bugged."

The word was unfamiliar to Mrs. Graustein. "Bugged?"

Freemond turned to her. "Wired for sound, Mrs. Graustein. Hidden mikes. Every word you said, all of you, after you went to your rooms last night. On tape, all of it." He smiled at her husband. "*Surprised?*" he said.

"Not really," said Graustein. "You're very good at wiring things."

Peters returned, carrying a tape machine and a large plastic reel packed to the rim with tape. Setting the machine on the floor, he plugged the cord into the nearest outlet and deployed the portable twin speakers so as to achieve the most effective stereophony. Freemond's guests dumbly watched his actions. The butler now began to thread the tape onto the empty reel.

"Pete," said Freemond, "you spliced all the tapes together?"

"Yes, Mr. Freemond. They're all on this spool, one right after the other."

"Good, good." Freemond's eyes glittered. To his guests, he said, "I ain't heard this stuff yet. Wouldn't have been polite not to wait for the rest of you. Right?"

Horne noted, with horror, that Freemond now actually licked his lips. What was he thinking, the writer wondered. Was the lip-licking relish caused by anticipation of the expected anti-Freemond remarks only? Or was he additionally looking forward to a bonus of connubial intimacies, extramarital dalliance, sexual deviation?

Horne, rising, spoke softly to his wife. "Come on, dear, let's go."

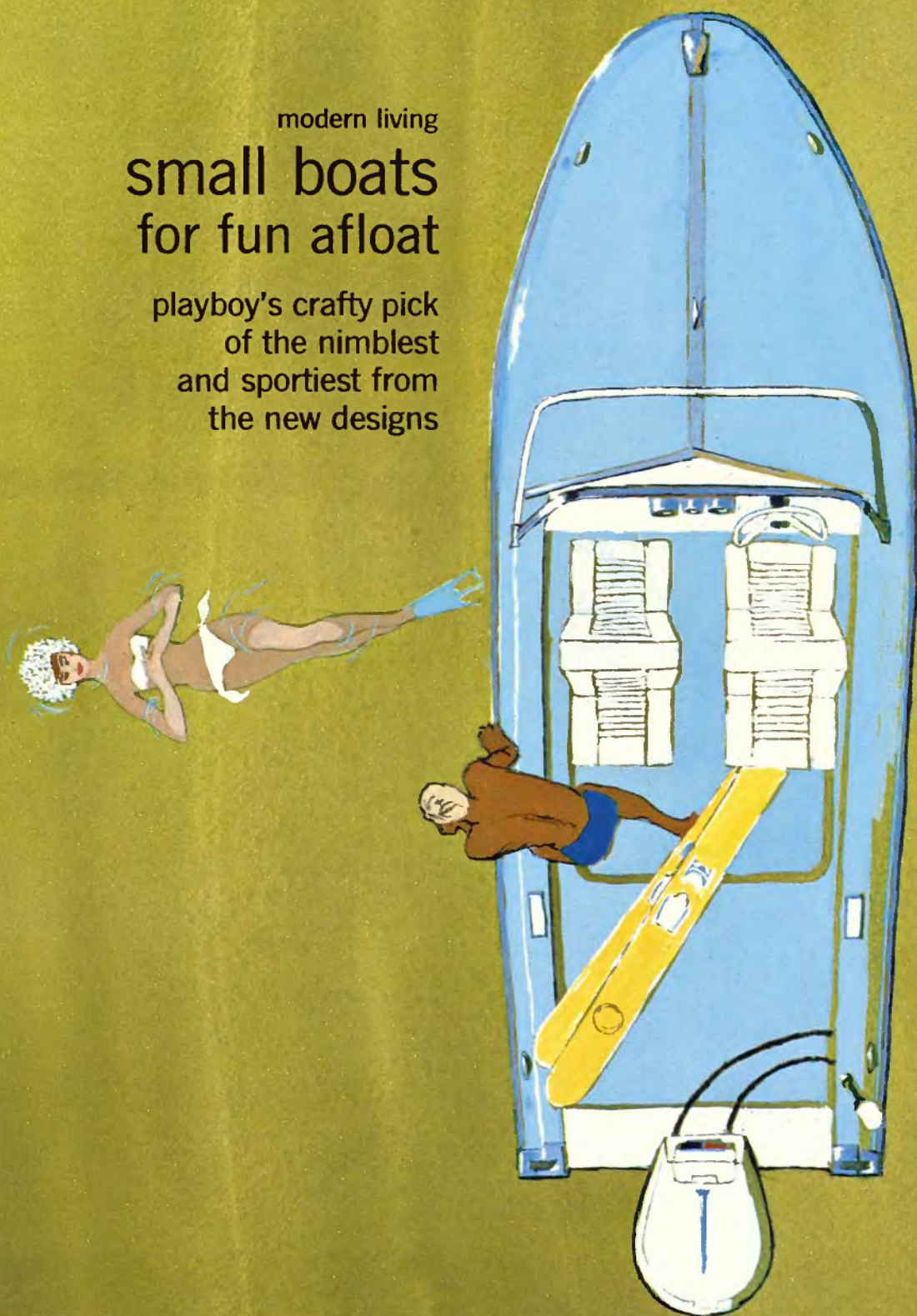
"Go?" The word sprang like a harpoon from Freemond's mouth. "You're going nowhere! You're staying! All of you are staying! You walk out that door and you never work in this town again! You heard of black lists? I'll give you black lists! *Sit down.*"

Horne sat. Freemond continued to fix him with his eye. He then looked at each of his other guests, in turn. At last, casually, he said, "All right, Pete, roll." The butler snapped on the machine.

There was a crackle and the gentle
(concluded on page 108)

modern living
small boats
for fun afloat

playboy's crafty pick
of the nimblest
and sportiest from
the new designs



DURATECH'S NEPTUNE—19' 9" ALUMINUM OUTBOARD



THE SMALL BOATS available to budding captains and seasoned skippers alike this year happily combine function with fun; as a result, American waters — both fresh and salt — will be more smartly populated than ever before. The ownership and operation of a small boat — and by that term we mean pleasure craft, sail or power, 25 feet or under — requires but modest wherewithal and only the basic skills; yet the dividends in relaxation and revelry are huge compared to the size of the investment and the size of the boat. The ever-increasing availability of good, sturdy, less-than-yacht-size craft means that every man can be captain of his own ship and enjoy a way of life that can include — depending on his nautical proclivities — the excitement of water-skiing or fishing, the adventurous world of skindiving or racing, or the easy sociability of just plain soaking up the sun while day-sailing with close friends.

Fortunately, the Detroit-inspired sea monsters of the last decade, which subordinated shipshape lines to something called "high style," have practically disappeared from the water, and function, an old-fashioned virtue that seemed in danger of being forgotten, has resumed its primary, and proper, place in boating design. As any old sea dog could have told the manufacturers, true nautical beauty is derived from utility. The sheer line of a Grand Banks dory, the raked masts of a Chesapeake bugeye, or the hull form of a Jersey sea skiff were determined by the tasks required of these boats. The well-designed modern craft also fits form to function, and its versatility beckons the boat buff to a wide variety of pleasures.

The most obvious yet most limited boating diversion is speed. Most beginners tire of it quickly and settle into more relaxing and rewarding pastimes — among them a secluded picnic on a distant beach. Many small boats have definite advantages in this regard: they're light enough and draw little enough water to be beached easily. Offshore fishing, with only the sea breezes and one's chosen sea mates for company, is distinctly more desirable than trying your luck on a

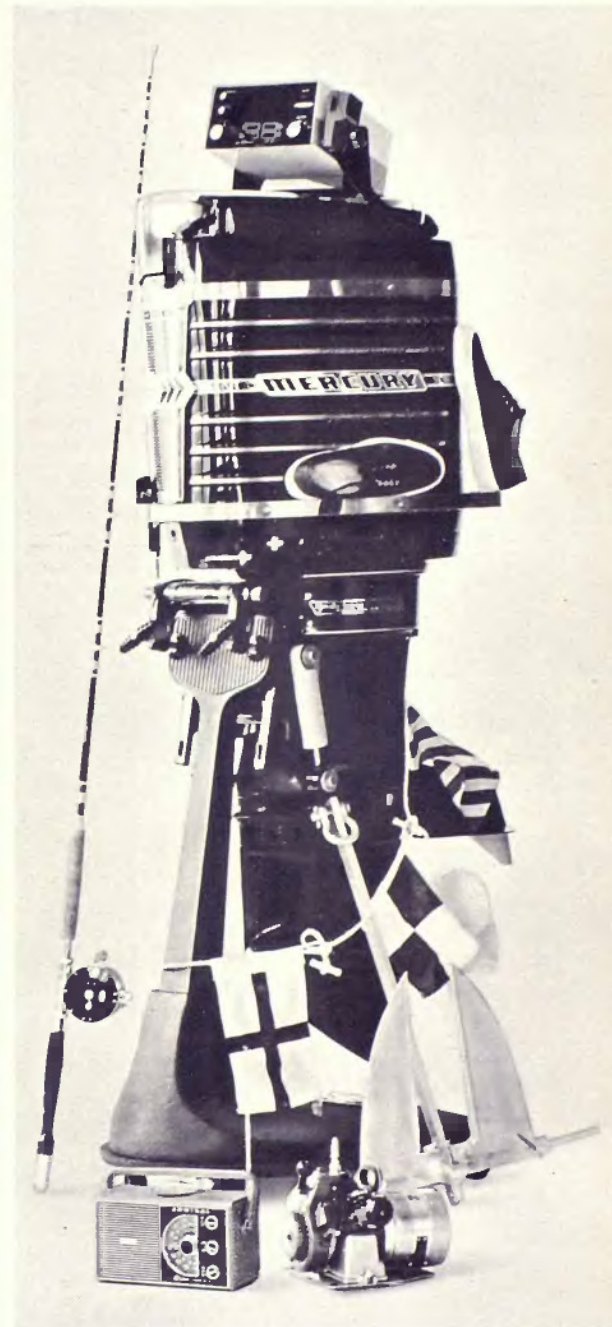
SAILSTAR'S ORION—19' FIBERGLASS SLOOP



PEARSON'S TIGER CAT—17' FIBERGLASS CATAMARAN SLOOP



FISHER-PIERCE'S BOSTON WHALER—16' 7" FIBERGLASS OUTBOARD



Clockwise from noon: Heathkit 25-watt, 4-channel radiotelephone, by Heath, \$189.95. Yacht shoes, with squeegee nonslip soles, by B. F. Goodrich, \$8.95. International Code signal flags, set of 40, with distance lines, ash toggles, by Annin, \$55. Claw anchor, stows flat, weighs 22 lbs., by Wilcox-Crittenden, \$32. Generator-motor, 2-cycle, $\frac{3}{4}$ -hp, produces 115 volts A.C., 12 volts D.C., weighs 12 lbs., by Gadco Electra, \$99.50. The Clipper 3-band all-transistor portable radio, by Admiral, \$99.95. Montague 20-oz. hollow fiberglass rod with stained ash butt, \$47.50; Ocean City sailfish reel with forged brass one-piece spool, bakelite side plates, \$25, both by True Temper. Merc 1000 outboard, 100-hp, 6 cylinders, electric or manual starting, has jet-prop exhaust, by Mercury, \$1225.

CHRIS-CRAFT'S CUSTOM SKI—17' MAHOGANY INBOARD



TURBOCRAFT'S QUEEN BEE—17' 10" FIBERGLASS INBOARD JET

BERTRAM'S MEDITERRANEAN—25' FIBERGLASS INBOARD





McCULLOCH'S HYDRO-SCOTT—15' FIBERGLASS OUTBOARD

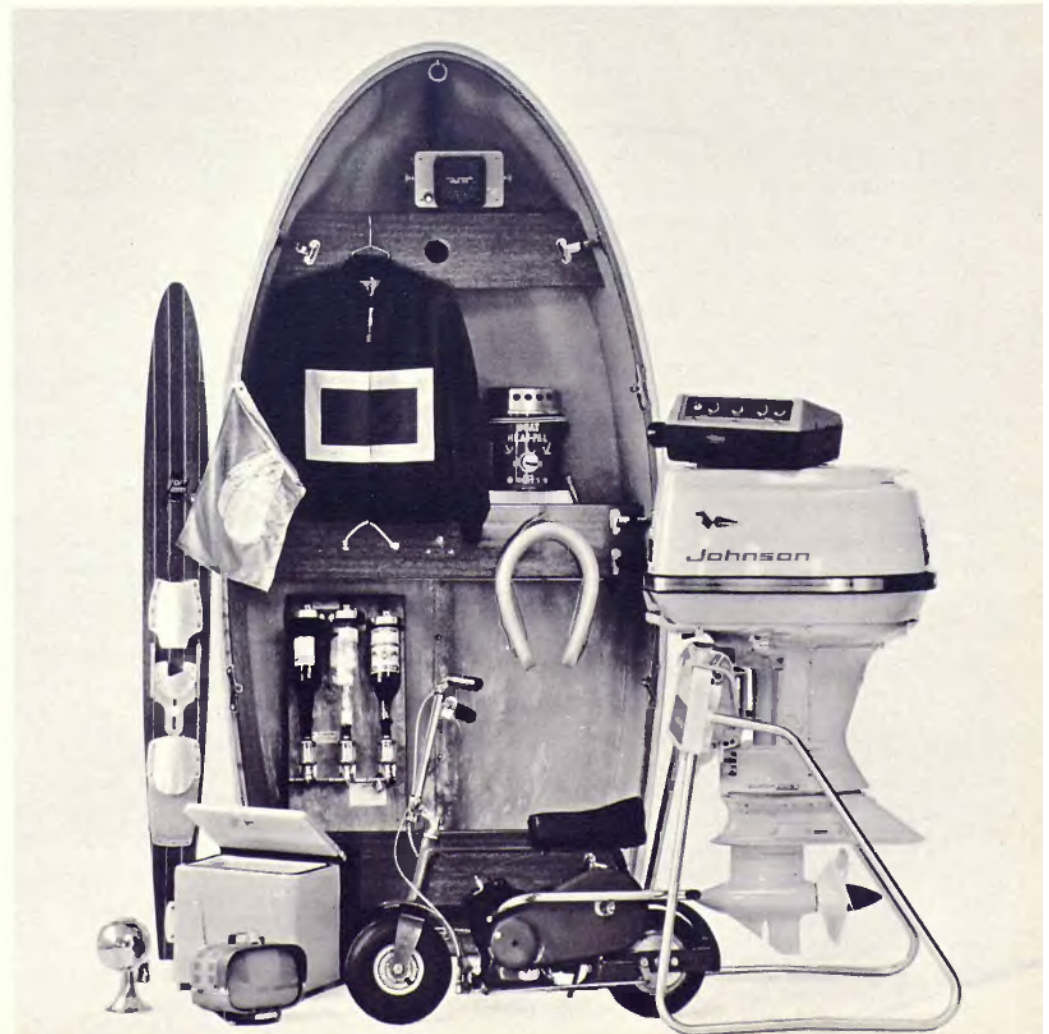
crowded pier. Water-skiing was specifically designed for the small power boat, and blessedly requires less skill while providing more excitement than any comparable sport. Skindiving can be as involved as the most elaborate scuba gear—but it needn't intimidate the neophyte, for it can also be as simple and unpretentious as a jump over the side with little more than a mask and flippers.

If some of this sounds too strenuous, even the most jaded night people can have their day with a small boat. Many craft are large enough to accommodate intimate parties, or, if more solitude is desired, a moonlight cruise for two is considerably more romantic and less energetic than the old canoe version.

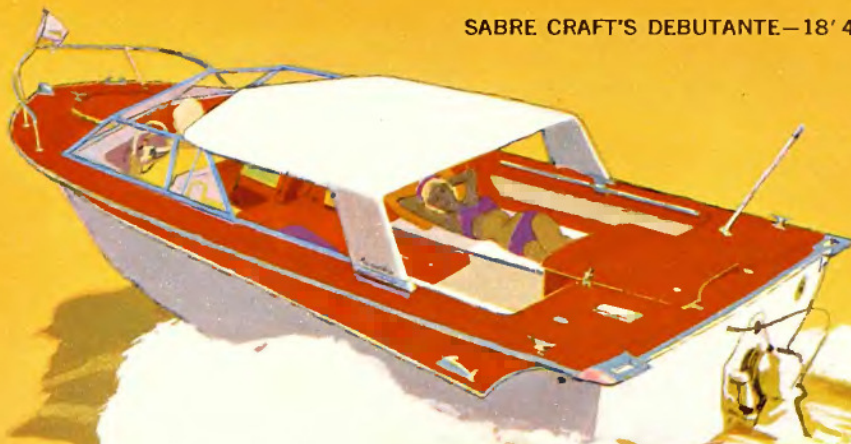
It's doubtful that any owner requires a boat for all these diversions. Yet he is secure in the knowledge that a well-designed, functional power craft is capable of performing well in any or all of them, and he knows that it will also contain sensible space for comfort and gear stowage, that equipment will perform, not adorn, and that the boat will be safe under the most adverse conditions.

The choice of the proper boat seems more bewildering at first than it really is. True, there is an immense variety of boating and climate conditions in this country, and the sport appears to have many perplexing facets. But once the basic questions are resolved—whether to choose sail or power (and what type of power) and what kind of construction to select (fiberglass, wood or metal)—the make, *(text continued on page 68)*

Clockwise from noon: Dyer Midget fiberglass sailing dhow, with oars, rigging, 35 sq. ft. sail (not shown), by The Anchorage, \$450. Cruise-Phone, ship-to-shore, broadcast reception, by RCA, \$249.95. Super Sea-Horse V-75 Electramatic outboard, by Johnson, \$1065. Motor scooter, 70 lbs., 2½-hp engine, by Projects Unlimited, \$149.50. Electric refrigerator, 12 volts, by Monitor, \$69.95. TV set, 13¼ lbs., A.C. or battery, earphone, by Sony, \$249.95. Marine Horn, by Electric Autolite, \$31.50. Banana Peel Slalom Ski, by Voit, \$35. Inside boat, clockwise from noon: Depth Indicator, 1 to 250 ft., by Sonar Radio, \$139.50. Boat Heat-Pal, of aluminum, brass, by Gloy's, \$24.95. Water Sports Belt, polyfoam, by Voit, \$3. Yardarm liquor unit, by Silent Partner, \$149.50. Siesta flag, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$5. Burgee Signal Jacket, poplin, by Mighty Mac, \$16.95.



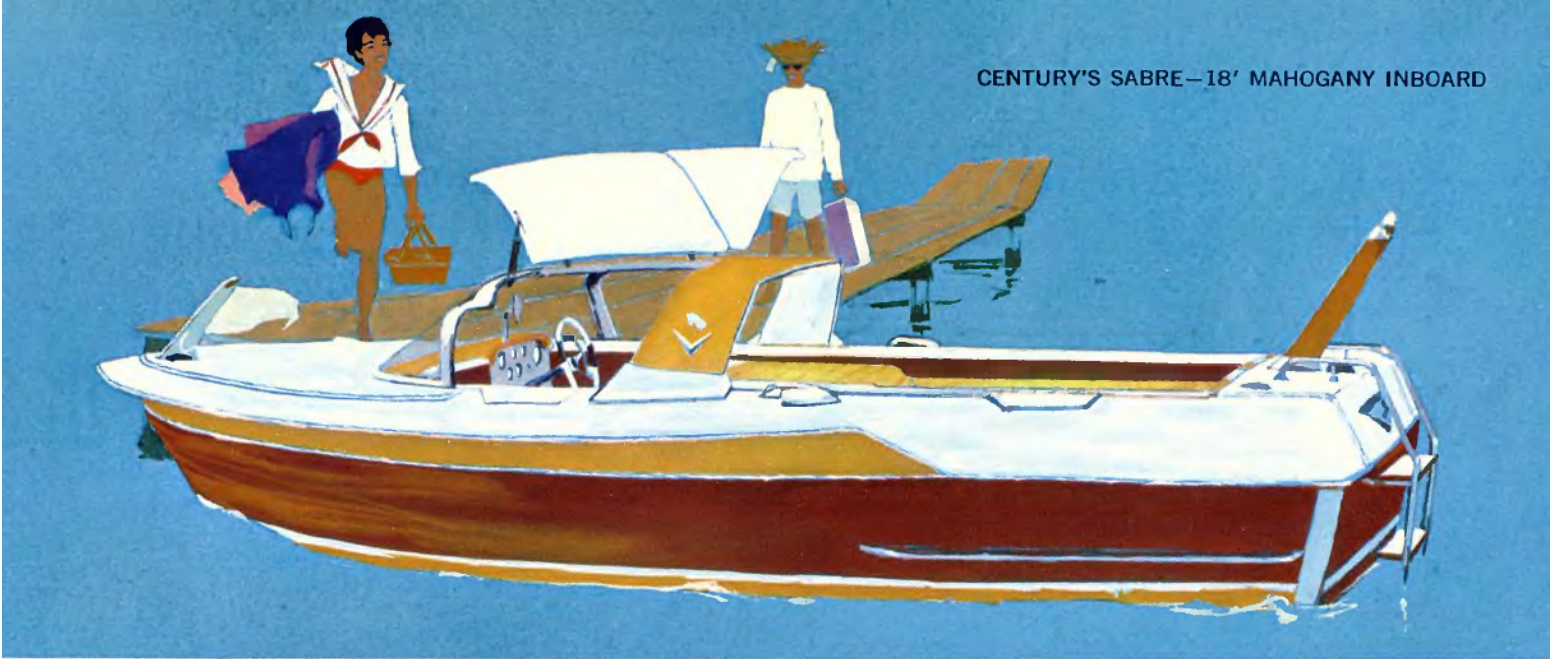
SABRE CRAFT'S DEBUTANTE—18' 4" FIBERGLASS INBOARD-OUTBOARD



OMC'S DUAL DELUXE—17' FIBERGLASS INBOARD-OUTBOARD



CENTURY'S SABRE—18' MAHOGANY INBOARD



Clockwise from noon: Fume detector, shuts off ignition, by Ravenswood, \$69.95. Christening champagne, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$4.95. Perseus clock, works off 12-volt system, by Industrial Timer, \$29.95. Hand compass, can be installed in carrying box, by Weems, \$37.50. Course Monitor, chrome, by Airguide, \$20. Binoculars, 8-power, with leather case, by Hensoldt, \$94. Yacht timer, waterproof, lanyard, wrist strap, by A. & F., \$49.50. Gyro-wind feather vane, from A. & F., \$5.95. Compa-scope sighting compass, handmade of brass and bronze, from A. & F., \$50. Navigator 410 portable direction finder, AM broadcast receiver, 8 transistors, battery-powered, by Bendix, \$99.95. Hailer, transistor powered, by Audio Equipment, \$99.50. UF-7 Cadmium horn, uses Freon-12, by Falcon Alarm, \$14.50. Center, left to right: Nylon jacket, drawstring hood and waist, by H.I.S., \$9.95. Speedometer, on rotating mounting base, 5 to 45 mph, by Airguide, \$16.95. Engine Power Meter, for 4-cycle inboard, by Airguide, \$15.95. Anemometer, measures wind 3 to 70 mph, by Simerl, \$32.



LYMAN'S RUNABOUT—21' MAHOGANY INBOARD-OUTBOARD





CRESTLINER'S CAPTAIN'S GIG—18' 2" FIBERGLASS INBOARD

model and other particulars are easily decided. First, the question of power *vs.* sail. A motor makes a boat considerably more versatile than a sailboat with no auxiliary power, for obvious reasons. Water-skiing is impossible with a sailboat. Fishing is more convenient with power than with sail, and the rudiments of operating a motor boat are more easily learned than the rudiments of sailing. Power will help you cover large stretches of water in short periods of time (the better to escape to that isolated anchorage), and you can generally chart your schedule quite reliably. A power craft accommodates more passengers than a sailboat in the same size range, and in spite of the fact that speed will only be one of the kicks that motoring gives you, there is no denying the thrill of zipping along the water with the wind and spray dashing in your face and the engine roaring urgently. The effect is way out of proportion to the actual mph, and for this reason water speed usually *feels* faster than it really is.

If you decide to take the power plunge, you'll have four choices: outboard, inboard, (text continued overleaf)



GLASSPAR'S SEA FAIR SEDAN—17' 6" FIBERGLASS INBOARD-OUTBOARD



PEARSON'S PACKET—18' FIBERGLASS INBOARD AUXILIARY DAYSAILER

inboard-outboard, or water jet.

The outboard is still supreme for the light, open, runabout class and is also valuable as an auxiliary motor for small sailboats. Unless a high degree of luxury is a key requirement in your plans, you'll find happiness with this very simple, very basic motor. It costs little to buy and install in the smaller horsepower ranges, and it supplies great power considering its relatively light weight. The outboard's placement allows full deck room for whatever useful (or, for that matter, trifling) equipment you find pleasurable, and its ease of operation and maintenance assure more leisure for the nonmechanical joys of boating. Its tip-up propeller and lack of fixed rudder make it simple to beach a boat with an outboard. Forget the notion that the outboard roars like an angry lion: modern manufacturing techniques have reduced its noise level to something resembling a loud purr. Some of the better-known outboard manufacturers include Evinrude, Johnson, Mercury and Scott. Evinrude, incidentally, recently introduced an unusual power wrinkle—a motor with push-button controls.

On the other hand, there's no gain-saying the trim, sleek beauty of a craft powered by a hidden inboard. Besides giving good fuel economy and weight distribution for certain designs, the inboard also offers one a wide choice of hull form and boat size, good control at low speeds and high power options. Its four-cycle operation is smooth and does not burn lube oil, and, most important, for the rugged fun of skindiving, water-skiing or certain types of fishing, the uncluttered after cockpit of the inboard is a definite advantage.

If the boat you choose is an intermediate size, about 16 to 20 feet, it's in a gray area where the advantages of the basic motor types overlap. If it's real speed you're after, for example, an outboard big enough to achieve it in this size range will put a strain on the boat by locating all the weight over the transom, and fuel and oil consumption will be high.

An inboard-outboard (I-O) combines some of the advantages of both types of motor. Its power plant is located just inside the transom, which means you retain the spacesaving benefits of an after motor and achieve good weight distribution. It also permits a movable rudder and propeller, provides extra horsepower and allows the choice of two- or four-cycle operation.

For those who like to whoosh along the water with a somewhat different sensation, the water jet should be considered. The jet's operation is unique: a stream of water pumped out of the boat's transom takes the place of a propeller, and the boat is steered by

manipulating the jet with baffles, thus eliminating the rudder. Not having underwater fittings is a safety factor and also a particular boon if you plan to do much swimming or skindiving near the boat, or if you relish exploring shallow inlets and beaches.

There are many boating enthusiasts, however, who regard any kind of motor as an extension of vile, land-based civilization. Sails to them are symbolic of the romance of the sea and represent a more complete break with terra firma. Sailing enthusiasts are usually of a philosophic bent. They love the water but do not worry about how much of it they can cover in a given period of time, unless, of course, they are racing enthusiasts. They regard the greater demands of sailing as a challenge, and are therefore more satisfied with its ultimately greater rewards.

Sailing can be the simplest kind of lazing along, or it can be developed into a highly complex skill. Its fascination never stales, and no one has ever admitted to knowing everything there is to know about it. With the help of an auxiliary motor, sailing need not be ruined by calms and adverse tides. And, comparatively, it is operationally inexpensive.

Once settled on your mode of movement—power, sail, or a combination—you'll want to decide which type of construction material is most adapted to your needs: plastic, metal or wood. While each boasts certain advantages, none clearly overshadows the others.

Fiberglass, the chief plastic, is especially adaptable to complex hull forms (which partly accounts for the rash of strange fins and curves that so startled traditionalists in the late 1950s) and, like aluminum, the most popular metal, has strong impact resistance and requires little maintenance. The chief drawback of both plastic and metal (albeit a slight one) is that they are both relative newcomers to the boating field and are still unknown quantities in certain respects. For example, even an expert cannot be sure how well-built a plastic or metal boat is merely by looking at it. However, the potential boat owner is in safe waters if he buys from a reputable manufacturer.

Wood is most desirable for those who want a known quantity as well as the look and feel of a traditional boat. It's easiest to work with, and many of the old maintenance problems have been reduced through improved paints and construction that no longer require calking. Today, you can even buy an unconventionally shaped wooden hull, if you choose carvel or strip planking, molded plywood or lapstrake.

Regardless of the construction material chosen, you'll not want to embark with a bare hull. A large variety of

optional equipment is available to make your voyages safe and pleasurable. The most important safety extra is the radio. Direction finders, depth sounders and radio telephones afford a sense of security and relaxed frame of mind, the first requisites of true enjoyment on the water. It is now possible to carry as much of this equipment as you like, even on a small boat, thanks to the perfection of the transistor.

Once the question of safety is disposed of, you can concentrate happily on the accouterments of fun. You can now enjoy commercial radio and TV, formerly a gross luxury and almost an impossibility on small craft. If fishing is your game, there are boats which are designed almost exclusively as angling platforms, and on which all the equipment is intended to enhance the sport. On the other hand, if you're only a casual fisherman, you can always stow a couple of rods and install a small locker for lures, swivels, sinkers and spare lines.

Another dividend is water-skiing, a rousing game that requires only three to play (one to drive, one to play look-out, and one to ski). For serious skiers, numerous variations, like trick, barefoot and slalom skiing, are made possible by specially equipped, high-powered boats. However, for normal skiing at about 15 mph you won't need more than 20 to 30 horsepower on a 13- to 16-foot vessel.

If swimming and light skindiving are your pleasure, it's no bother to carry enough bathing suits for as large a group as your boat will accommodate, and a couple of face masks, snorkel tubes and pairs of flippers can be stored aboard unobtrusively. If you plan to play the scuba bit all the way, however, you'll be interested in a specially built craft. You'll be able to find one with a particularly stable hull, a rear platform for easy access to the water, and extra stowage for tanks, suits and spears.

There's nothing more delightful after a strenuous afternoon of water-sporting than a relaxing martini, skillfully mixed, of course, and chilled to the proper degree. Foam-plastic ice chests are only one of the many items available to convert a boat into a floating living room. You can reverse purposes on these chests and use them to store hot provisions, too. And a wise planner can find room for a small solid-fuel stove and have his own galley. If cookie doesn't have to return to shore at the stroke of midnight, air mattresses, sleeping bags and foam-rubber cushions can be used to convert the boat for planned or impromptu overnighting. Many modern boats have convertible seats that can be used as bunks.

Little odds and ends that will add
(continued on page 143)



HARRY, THE RAT WITH WOMEN Conclusion of a novel by JULES FEIFFER

one morning he awoke and found that no semblance of the original Harry remained; where once he had been loved, now he was hated—and this, he discovered, was to be his eventual triumph

Synopsis: First as a child, later as a man, Harry just could not avoid being loved. Everyone has his own image of perfection and Harry fit them all. No one considered it strange that Harry thought only of himself since all those around him thought only of Harry. He made people want to stand there and watch; he made them want to salute. Sight-seeing buses could have made a fortune

driving around him.

At an early age it became clear that Harry was going to be something special. Because his parents were of modest means, other relatives—aunts and uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews—insisted on raising a monthly Harry Fund as an investment in his future. A governess was engaged, but she left somewhat suddenly after her attempts to seduce her

young charge were misinterpreted by Harry's father, who tried to seduce her. At this point Harry was sent off to Europe in the ripening hands of his 19-year-old cousin, Gloria, whose efforts to persuade him to surrender his virginity were innocently rejected. Harry returned from Europe alone, and Gloria, in subconscious retaliation, became subject to a recurring medical problem

every six months or so for the next three years, demanding emergency expenditures that depleted the Harry Fund to such an extent that its principal benefactor eventually found himself practically without financial resources. Harry moved to a rooming house in an industrial community and there met Rosalie Murchison From Macdon who had \$2500 in a savings account and who immediately began to give it to Harry in a hopeless attempt to detain him; but, Harry was restless and so one day, in a spasm of supreme self-sacrifice, Rosalie came home with a check for \$700 and an airline ticket to New York. It was the last of her savings. "Here," she said, handing him both check and ticket. "Hey, New York! That's a swell idea," said Harry, and he immediately began packing.

Harry entered his maturity looking more handsome than ever. He liked to present himself against various backgrounds: to see how he looked against a blonde, how a brunette complemented the color of his eyes, how a redhead set off the tone of his skin. He was also a narcotic in his way—for women had to have him; but, like a narcotic, once the effect wore off there followed a slicing emptiness and a nervous need for more. Indeed, he made many women quite punch-drunk, among them Georgette.

Georgette was a member of the Blue Belles, a smug and fashionable group of career women of talent, beauty, arrogance and spleen. Her colleagues: Belle Mankis, Naomi Peel, India Anderbull, Arlene Moon and Viola Strife. When Georgette and Harry met, they became lovers, but later their relationship degenerated to such an extent that the Blue Belles thought it wise to send Georgette away to a rest home when deep lines began to show in her face. They also reached another decision: that Harry was a rat and must go. To eliminate him they sent for Eugenie Vasch who was almost as beautiful—and as self-centered—as Harry himself.

Men were as helpless with Eugenie as women were with Harry; she had reduced to impotence movie stars, diplomats, heads of state, industrialists—men who afterward cursed her betrayal while wistfully cherishing the flaccid remains of their lost love.

On the day that Eugenie Vasch arrived from London to answer the summons of the Blue Belles, Harry lay around wondering what to do with himself. Listlessly, he decided to go to a party. There, by predesign of his foes, he met Eugenie. Four days later they were married. The Blue Belles were outraged.

HARRY AND EUGENIE found a large apartment in midtown with a mirrored lobby, a mirrored elevator and seven comfortable rooms with mirrors on every wall.

In the bedroom they installed a mirror on the ceiling that could be raised and lowered by pulleys. The mirrors in the dining room were angled around the table so that they could watch themselves eating from a variety of positions. The table itself had a mirrored surface. Though they usually dined alone, the table always seemed crowded. The largest of the bedroom mirrors had two hinged leaves that they liked to close around themselves; then with gluttonous eyes they revolved slowly. They spent their days looking into mirrors: they looked at themselves and at each other and at themselves looking at each other and at themselves pretending to look at each other while really still looking at themselves and at themselves making love.

In the beginning there was some difficulty with their love-making. Eugenie was reluctant to indulge; her only experience in its use was as a weapon.

"I don't think I can," she said.

"Sure you can," Harry assured her.

"How can I get excited? I know I won't get excited."

"Think of me."

"You're nice. But that won't do it."

"Well, what do you usually think of?"

"Hate. That's my problem. I always think of hate and it comes off very well. If I could only think of something else. Give me something that I can use. What do you think of?"

"Myself," said Harry.

"That's an idea."

She thought of herself and their first experience, though trying, was successful. After a while she became used to it, eventually finding that doing it with Harry was almost as much fun as doing it by herself.

They saw, felt, listened to and thought of nothing but themselves. They showed home movies to themselves of themselves and held hands while they screened them. They took albums of photographs of each other and once a day pored over them: Harry inspecting his pictures, Eugenie inspecting hers. Sometimes they danced, sometimes they talked. They hated to go out anywhere; Eugenie particularly hated to go to work. Each evening she'd rise quietly so as not to disturb Harry and slip off to business. During the hours she was gone, Harry felt restless and uncomfortable; a new feeling for him. It wasn't that he missed her; he missed himself when she was not there. He felt numb, erased, inexact; and with Eugenie it was the same.

"I'm no longer myself without you," she told him.

"Me too," agreed Harry.

"It's as if I'm pretending to be me. It may convince others but I know it's an act. I don't like having to act like myself. Imitations are always so sterile."

"I don't know what to do around this

darn place," said Harry.

"I can hardly work," said Eugenie. "I've come to hate my job. I do it mechanically. No more pleasure. It's increased my efficiency but there used to be pleasure."

"A job is a job," chastened Harry.

"Every minute without you is a minute without both of us," said Eugenie. They went to a mirror and embraced.

They moved through their days in a state of automatic rapture. They never quarreled, they never even bickered. Their voices were extensions of their beauty; each comment was the right one, each answer was perfectly matched to the question. There was less a relationship than an orchestration. One clean line flowed between them and when they were together its tightness took in the world.

"If it's one thing we are, it's everything," Eugenie once commented.

When they were apart the line unraveled and the world got away.

So they spent more time with each other. Eugenie went from taking occasional nights off to taking every second night off to taking every night off. They inhaled and exhaled only themselves and kept the windows shut tight so that no odor could escape. The perfume of their bodies lightened the air; it aided their breathing and improved their skin tones. They began to look luminous. Dusk was a favorite time of day; they delayed turning the lights on till the last of the day dwindled and their glowing outlines had ranged from a golden orange to a dark and burning blue. Their bodies held the color like live coals.

One day when Harry touched Eugenie his hand left a purple bruise that stayed for hours. Their skins had become too sensitive to touch. From then on they were careful not to come near each other.

"It's becoming harder and harder to look at myself," called Harry from the easy chair he had positioned in front of the bathroom mirror. "The glare is blinding."

"I know how you feel," answered Eugenie as she stared at her reflection in the coffee table. "We're becoming unreal."

"Godlike," said Harry.

"Goddesslike," corrected Eugenie.

Having re-established rapport, they returned to their work.

Conversation became a rarity. Several times a day, to confirm the other's closeness one of them would mumble a few words, wait for a reassuring return mumble and then drop back into silence.

Finally it was too much; it was over-indulgence. Both began to feel glutted and lazy; worn down by the unwavering singularity of their lives. But neither wished to commit himself to change. So

(continued on page 82)



"Gee, I'm awfully sorry!"

SUMMERTIME IDYL

july playmate carrie enwright is an unspoiled, happy homebody

WHILE IT MAY NOT NECESSARILY BE TRUE, as the song says, that happiness lies under the skies back in one's own back yard, there are occasions when back-yard life definitely has its attractions. Take, for example, a lazy July day, replete with wind-rippled greenery, fat bumblebees and warm, dappled sunlight, the type of day during which one may relax and observe at leisure the growing wonders of nature — such as Playmate Carrie Enwright, whom we here present at her simple but engaging back-yard pursuits. Like the best of mid-July days, Carrie seems to be destined expressly for the informal, easygoing pleasures of life, and is, as a consequence, a refreshingly unaffected companion. "I am," says she in thoughtful self-summation, "a very healthy, well-adjusted, fun-loving kind of girl." No close observer could quarrel with the buoyancy of her health: 5'5", 123 lbs., 39-24-36. Nor is there any disputing her natural enthusiasm for life, an upbeat attitude which can best be conveyed by quoting her own observations on the short, happy life of Carrie Enwright: "I am 19 years old and have lived in California all my life, the last 11 years in Hollywood, California, where I went through high school and where I have had at various times various not-so-odd jobs. For a while I was cashier at the Hollywood Paramount, which was my closest fling with the movie business. Then I worked as a salesgirl in a candy store. Trouble was, I have this terrible sweet tooth and pretty soon I was eating more candy than I sold. Right now I'm living with my mother and studying like mad



Stretching lazily in the grass, Carrie says, "Like these trees, my roots are here in West Hollywood. I'm happy here. But, of course, I haven't really been to very many other places."

to take my state boards in cosmetology. My most active hobby involves artwork, from making seed mosaics of Siamese cats to painting wild, wild oils. I get excited over my finished products — but then, I'm not critically minded. I'm crazy about progressive jazz, lasagna, and playing practical jokes on people I like. For instance, I have been known to secretly put in cold mashed potatoes as the bottom scoop of someone's root-beer float, which is a terrible thing to do, but fun. I am not the type who always has a book going. I rarely read novels, but occasionally I get on a self-improvement reading kick, the most recent of which was plowing through Hayakawa's *Language in Thought and Action*. In movies, I'm a sucker for anything romantic or touching — *The Miracle Worker* was just perfect for me. As for entertainers, I love Nina Simone, Miles Davis, Frank Sinatra, Jerry Lewis, Jonathan Winters, Victor Borge, Joan Sutherland — oh, so many more. I'm very congenial toward most performers, and I enjoy nearly all. That probably relates to my main shortcoming as a person — too much of the time I use my heart and not my head. I'm really a very gullible girl. I wish on first stars and believe in miracles. When I go out with a boy, it really doesn't make any difference what we do — for me it's a successful date if I get the feeling he appreciates being with me. If we like each other, I would just as soon run through the park in Levis as have a fancy dinner at Frascati's with the opera to follow. And I don't much care whether I eventually live in a mansion or in a tree house, so long as the man I'm married to is fun to be with. Of course it's a trite observation, but what I want most in life is happiness. What else is there?" Such an end in life can be persuasive — especially when pursued with the magnificent means apparent in our gatefold, where lush Playmate Carrie is shown sensibly doffing her duds prior to a swinging session in her secluded back-yard hammock.



Carrie describes a back-yard training session with her Alsatian, Nikki: "She knows I'm a lousy disciplinarian and therefore gets away with murder. Here, for example, I'm trying to teach her to lie down and play dead."



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JULY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL



Carrie prepares to feed the inner woman at Los Angeles' Farmer's Market. "I hate to admit that my tastes are so ordinary," she says, "but I get absolutely ravenous over cheeseburgers and fudge sundaes."



Our July Playmate philosophizes on board her hammock: "Any attractive girl who says her looks haven't been a benefit is a liar. The great danger is when she begins to depend too much on surface values alone."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that Christine Jorgensen's mother is writing a book entitled *My Son, the Daughter*.



As he approached the haberdashery counter of a large department store, a well-dressed gentleman was greeted by a shapely clerk.

"Good afternoon," she murmured softly, "and what is your desire?"

"My desire," he said, after giving her a long, appreciative look, "is to sweep you into my arms, rush you out of this store and up to my apartment, mix a pitcher of martinis, put on some soft music, and make mad, passionate love to you. But what I *need* is a pair of socks."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *singing stripteaser* as a skin diva.

Despite warnings from his guide, an American skiing in Switzerland got separated from his group and fell—uninjured—into a deep crevasse. Several hours later, a rescue party found the yawning pit and, to reassure the stranded skier, shouted down to him, "We're from the Red Cross!"

"Sorry," the imperturbable American echoed back, "I already gave at the office!"

In a whiskey it's age, in a cigarette it's taste, and in a sports car it's impossible.

The defense attorney was bearing down hard: "You say," he sneered, "that my client came at you with a broken bottle in his hand. But didn't *you* have something in *your* hand?"

"Yes," said the battered plaintiff, "his wife. Charming, of course, but not much good in a fight."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines the difference between *picnic* and *panic* as 28 days.

Silas, a self-made, illiterate millionaire, decided to thwart his ne'er-do-well son by leaving all his money to a small local college. But the son, banking on Silas' strait-laced attitude toward sex, wasn't ready to be counted out.

"Father," he said to the old man one day, "I hope you are aware that at that college—

the one you've willed your money to—the boys and girls *matriculate* together."

Silas' eyebrows shot up and the son pressed his advantage. "Not only that," he said, "but both boys and girls use the same *curriculum*."

With that the old codger's face darkened and his son leaned forward to whisper, "But worst of all, Father, before a girl can graduate she has to show her *thesis* to the dean."

"That settles it!" roared Silas. "That infernal school won't get a penny from me."

So he left all his money to Harvard.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cocktail party* as a gathering at which you meet people who drink so much you can't even remember their names.

Who says the dieting craze is wearing thin? We know a guy whose girlfriend told him that if it wasn't for Metrecal she wouldn't be able to get into her Toreador pants. So he's been drinking the stuff ever since.



Moving along a dimly lighted street, a friend of ours was suddenly approached by a stranger who had slipped from the shadows nearby.

"Please, sir," asked the stranger, "would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? All I have in the world is this gun."

Boasting Sam, one of the worst braggarts who ever bent a bar rail, was loudly lamenting that his doctor had ordered him to give up half of his sex life.

"Which half are you going to give up?" asked a weary listener. "Talking about it or thinking about it?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"You'll play the part of a simple country girl. Ted, here, will give you a ride in the country tomorrow."

with the windows shut tight and the air growing clammy they said the same things and they did the same things.

"What?" asked Eugenie after the silence of many hours.

"Never mind," said Harry. "I was about to say something but then I remembered having said it before."

"I feel that I've said everything before," said Eugenie.

"Let's try to say things nobody has ever said!"

"Grasnyk," said Eugenie.

"Frmpluh," answered Harry.

"Bzmpssrk," said Eugenie.

"Klmnx ogtpx," said Harry.

"Rplxtphrskprdnk Opsklmxe," said Eugenie.

After several days this too became tiresome.

"What can two people do with each other when neither of them is being destructive?" asked Eugenie one day in frustration.

"We can sit," offered Harry.

"I've had sitting. I'd rather lie than sit."

"Then we can lie," said Harry.

So they went to bed and didn't get up for three weeks. They slept, they dozed, they daydreamed, they yawned, they played but did not listen to the radio, they got up for water, they twisted themselves in the sheets, they saw how close they could move to each other without touching, they shifted sides, they curled, stretched, turned over, made up songs; got depressed.

They tried games:

"Now close your eyes. Now which part of my body am I touching?"

"Your eyes."

"No."

"Your mouth."

"No."

"Is it upper, middle or lower region?"

"Middle."

"Is it upper middle, middle middle or lower middle?"

"Lower middle."

"The navel."

"That's not lower middle; that's middle middle."

For a time this game managed to keep them amused.

One day, Eugenie's stomach, for the first time in her memory, rumbled. The next day, for the first time in his life Harry hiccuped. The air closed in around them, pushing their breaths back into their bodies and out again every which way. Finally they were forced to open the windows.

"I know what's the matter with me," Eugenie decided; "I'm too white."

"You can't be too white," said Harry; "white is beautiful."

"I'm bored with white. I need a sun tan."

"Sun dries out the skin," said Harry. "I'll feel like a new woman with a sun tan," said Eugenie.

"I like me fine the way I am," grumbled Harry.

It was their first quarrel.

They both knew what was coming. They feared it as much as they welcomed it.

"We're going to die in here," Harry began.

"That's why I wanted to get out in the sun. Things change out in the sun."

"I don't feel like myself anymore," said Harry.

"I know what you mean."

"I don't even feel like the two of us," he added.

"Nothing. Blah. That's how I feel," Eugenie said.

"Blah; yes, blah," Harry agreed.

"When I walk it's not me, when I talk it's not me," said Eugenie.

"I feel that way," said Harry.

"I feel that a net has descended over me," continued Eugenie.

"I feel as if I'm in a slow-motion movie," said Harry.

"Or a beautiful, serene still photograph," said Eugenie.

"Paralyzed," lamented Harry.

"Dead."

"We're no good this way," said Harry.

"No good to ourselves," agreed Eugenie.

"I have to be alone for a while," said Harry.

"I've been offered a free-lance assignment in Acapulco—a head of state."

"Sounds wonderful for you," said Harry.

"That way I can get my sun tan and make some money at the same time. I don't think I can afford to turn it down."

"A job is a job," said Harry.

He helped her pack.

"You don't have to take me to the airport," said Eugenie.

"I'll say goodbye here," Harry said, carrying her bags to the elevator.

When he returned to the apartment he wandered through each room slowly and thoughtfully. After 15 minutes he began to whistle. Ten minutes later he began to talk: "Harry! Hello, Harry! How are you, Harry? What are you going to do today, Harry? Where have you been; it's been a long time, Harry!"

Then he showered, shaved, dressed very carefully and took himself to an expensive restaurant.

"Guess who's around town again?" Belle Mankis muttered to her colleagues after their escorts had been sent from the table for cigarettes. The Blue Belles made unpleasant noises.

"Don't I know," said Viola Strife. "I saw him last night at The Four Seasons

with Brenda Washburn."

"She's through," said Belle Mankis.

"I saw him at '21' with Lucretia Pyle," said Naomi Peel.

"She's through," said Belle Mankis.

"He was at La Fonda when I was there," said India Anderbull. "He was with Grace Ventricle."

"She's through," said Belle Mankis.

"We saw him at Le Pavillon with Alice Light," reported Arlene Moon. The table fell grimly silent.

"Who?" asked Georgette Wallender.

It was a new Georgette who had returned from the rest home. Her eyes shone, her hair sparkled, the deep lines in her face added a knowing strength to the naive strength that had been there before. Having been made to suffer, she had met suffering squarely and converted it to her needs as she had everything and everyone until Harry. Suffering, she realized, had cleansed her soul; pried open a heart that had been selfishly turned inward. She knew that she had used Harry, cunningly and mercilessly used him, confusing her determination for control for her determination to love. Learning this had been a bonus; a real plus. It added a number of new points to her character. She saw herself as warm where once she'd been cold; ready to give—to love—to not be loved in return—to suffer. She had made suffering work for her and knew its positive aspects. She was now suffering's partisan, its devoted defender, regretting only that so many shallow years had been wasted before learning its punishing truths. Why, she wondered, had she been allowed to come so far in a world whose depth was beyond her, whose painful beauty she had only minimally begun to understand? Had her glibness really been that effective; or was it that her friends were too bland to notice, too much like the old Georgette to be further trusted? She viewed them with growing suspicion.

Only Harry had gauged her correctly; by rejecting her he had proved the soundness of his taste. His incorruptible spirit had scented the sham in her lectures, the lies in her easy truisms. Harry had rejected her; and now she too had rejected her. Gone was the old Georgette; in her place stood *Georgette*! If only Harry could see her; how surprised he would be! His sharp eye would know her newness in a flash: that she no longer wanted to use him, that she had grown free of wanting to take, that now her life was all give. Give. Give. Give. Give.

"Oh, Georgette!" Harry cried in her dreams a thousand times a day, "you have crossed over the mountain and are mine!"

Sometimes she let him take her. Other times she turned away. "No, Harry, you are all love and I am cheap self-pity."

(continued on page 128)



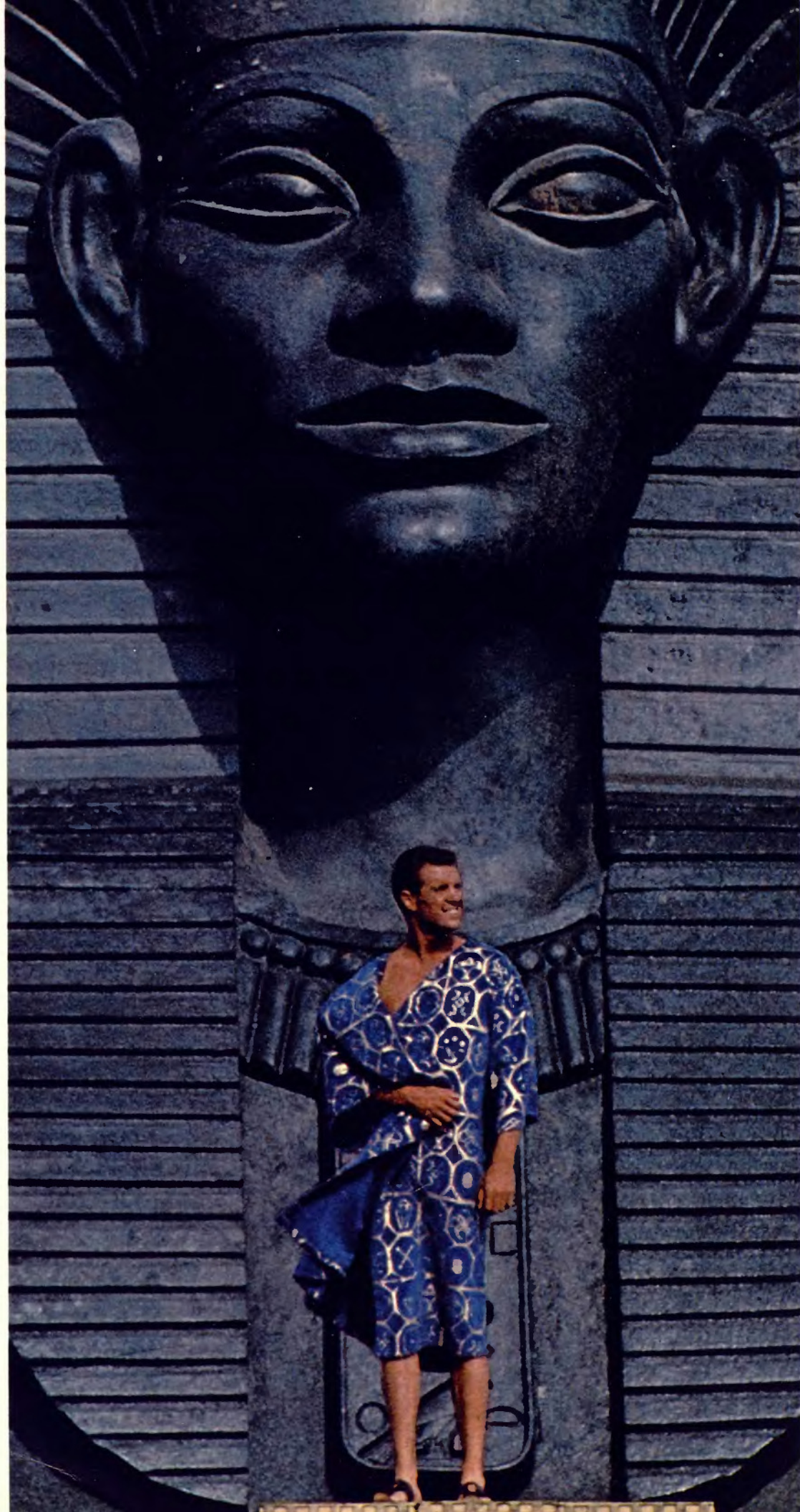
exploring the carnal covens of history's unholy sects
 article By E. V. GRIFFITH

THE COMELY YOUNG WOMAN, standing chained to an iron post in the center of the square at Würzburg, watched with horror as the executioner heaped dry twigs about her ankles. Then she began to sob and shriek hysterically as his assistants brought up yet other fuel for her funeral pyre.

Her face had transformed to a hideous mask; her arms and wrists bled from straining against her fetters. The piled tinder mounted waist high, and suddenly the black-hooded executioner thrust his torch among them; then stood back as the crackling tongues of flame began to eat at the dry wood.

The condemned woman was 24-year-old Hildur Loher, and the time, summer 1530. Her execution was typical of thousands that had already taken place, and of tens of thousands more that would follow during the next two centuries.

Her crime was the foulest imaginable: having sexual relations with the Devil. Among those present at her burning was her husband, Hans, who had been the chief witness against her at her trial a few days earlier. The court record is intact, and from it we can read his testimony. He was the son of a wealthy Würzburg merchant. He and Hildur had been wed for less than a year, and from the early days of their marriage he had suspected she was not being faithful to the marriage bed. Often he would wake at night to (continued on page 146)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON TRAEGER

inspired by the movie, imperial summer robes for cleopatrists steal the beach-cabana scene

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

Already making histrionic history with worldwide box-office records, Hollywood's mammoth magnum opus of the Nile Queen now promises to reap rich sartorial rewards as well—with a neoclassic look in summer robes designed along the flowing lines of the Roman toga. In the leonine lap of the Sphinx on Rome's "Cleopatra" set, sun worshipers sport modern mantles fit for a Caesar: signore at far left in sumptuous robe of royal blue and silver silk brocade with velvet lining, kimono sleeves, \$150; amico in ultracomfortable robe of red-striped cotton, \$85, both by Brioni of Rome.

TWO_{ON}
THE NILE



Intarlandi

"I like it. It's very Ivy League . . . !"

Letitia

in which a young reporter learns that a girl's bright smile can mask a silent scream

memoir By BEN HECHT

IN THOSE DAYS there were no experts on the newspapers; no specialized know-it-alls to bolster the publisher's editorial policy. The editorial writer had to do it all alone — a sole intellectual Hercules straightening out the errors of the world.

We had a religion editor and a society editor on the *Journal*. Heaven and Lake Shore Drive were considered out-of-bounds for the normal journalist, but all other fields were open for a reporter to become an expert in, given a week of concentrated effort.

Shortly after my 19th birthday, I was recognized (by Mr. Eddie Mahoney, our city editor) as the *Journal's* lunacy expert. My eminence was the result of a few accidental assignments, a popeyed reading of Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* and the noticing eye of Mr. Bunny Hare, our head photographer.

"Here's something in your line, professor," Mr. Mahoney used to say to me at seven A.M. "A honeymooning banker from Cedar Rapids has kept his nude bride chained to a bedpost in the Morrison Hotel for a week, feeding her only salted peanuts and whipping her hourly with a cat-o'-nine-tails. The zebra-striped bride is in Passavant Hospital unable to speak. But the groom is holding forth in Lieutenant Norton's office on the sanctity of marriage. See what you can dig up out of the financier's soul. And take Bunny Hare along."

Bunny and I had jointly covered another conjugal event a few weeks before. A West Side divine had agreed to forgive his unfaithful wife and take her back to his bosom, if she would prove her repentance by crawling around the block on her hands and knees to the door of his church, where he would stand magnanimously awaiting her arrival.

The lady did, Bunny Hare photographing her on her all-fours marathon, and I interviewed her on the home-stretch. I remember only one of her statements, "I hope every wife who has fallen into sin will be inspired by my example to crawl out of it." And Bunny Hare asking, "Can you give us a few tears now, madam, to help put over your fine message?"

The crawler paused and wept. Bunny fiddled with her skirt and added a well-shaped thigh to the portrait of repentance.

Bunny Hare: I bow to his shade, ghost camera in hand, slyly clicking



away wherever he is. There are few of his kind left on our side of the veil. Bunny had a *modus operandi* that marked the ace cameraman of his day — a combination of cynicism and mesmerism that bent tarts and archbishops, statesmen, embezzlers and sobbing widows to his whim.

I knew Bunny in his 40s — a bloodless, skeletonlike man of startling energy and vivid haberdashery. He wore a gray-and-pink-checked "dogfight" suit, with cap to match; a yellow tie, a white silk muffler with fringes like a prayer shawl, and dove-gray spats. With half a darkroom slung from his shoulders, Bunny had the look of a jaunty cadaver in quest of a revel.

It was Bunny Hare's noticing eye that started me off as a lunacy expert and thereby landed me in one of the most macabre amours of my youth. Yes, they were all a little green-lighted, these early gavottes with Venus. But there was small gain for the Devil in them. At least, so I think. Youthful sins are often more character-making than soul-destroying. And they leave only one regret in an honest man — that they were so few.

Bunny Hare entered a West Side flat while I was interviewing a suicide's widow. Her late husband had kissed his sleepy wife goodbye a half-hour before, stepped into the next room, stuck a gun in his mouth and blown off the top of his head. The dead husband, a carpenter in overalls, was lying on the parlor floor, waiting for the morgue wagon. The weeping widow, still in a filmy nightgown, was telling me how happily married they had been for five years. "Oh, he loved me and I loved him," she sobbed.

At this point Bunny Hare joined us. "I just had a look at the corpse," he said briskly. "That dead carpenter out there is a girl with big boobies. Come and I'll show you."

On the parlor floor I saw my first Lesbian, with part of her head missing but with her shapely breasts intact, sticking out of an unbuttoned shirt.

The "widow" now wailed the truth of their perverse marriage. Her Sapphic spouse had been unreasonably jealous of their neighbor, a retired steam fitter (male) who lived on the same floor. As the "widow" wept out her tale, Bunny Hare explained between flash-powder explosions, "There was something about the neck of that corpse that

didn't fit. Too small for such a big chest. So I took a closer look. No chest. A pair of big bazooms."

I sought out Dr. Frank Lydston, the only American medico mentioned in Krafft-Ebing's phosphorescent pages. As a result, my story offered the *Journal* readers a full course in Sapphic secrets.

"Here's something definitely in your line," said Mr. Mahoney, of another seven A.M. "The new doctor in charge of the Elgin insane asylum has discovered a method for curing lunatics. He's going to turn them all into artists. Which shouldn't be too hard. Take Bunny along and see what's going on in that loony house." Mr. Mahoney extended his hand and added solemnly, "I hope to see you back."

It was my first look at crazy people — behind walls. I walked beside the new doctor down a long corridor lively with scrub ladies on hands and knees, scrubbing away with brush, soap and rag on an already immaculate floor. They were part of the work-therapy program.

We went into a large room with no other furniture than a bench around its walls. Some 50 women were sitting, standing, and all silent. A few were partly bald, having torn the hair out of the sides of their heads before being thwarted by the guards. Quite a number seemed to be playing "living statues." They stood in contorted poses, an arm oddly raised, a head cocked as if listening, all rigidly immobile.

The doctor told me that these stiffened ones kept their postures unchanged for days at a time and had to be carried to their beds like wooden Indians. I wrote on a piece of copy paper, "They stand like sentinels on the threshold of nightmare, and watch warily the dark wonders of their minds."

We entered the asylum's "studio." A few men and a dozen women were painting and sculpting in clay. Of all the startling characters that must have been in that studio, I remember only one. A young woman, with snow-blond hair, was modeling a life-sized clay head of a girl. She worked slowly, her lips pulled down like the mouth of a tragedy mask. Tears kept rolling out of her eyes.

The sculpture she was finishing was the head of a girl with mouth opened wide in a burst of laughter. A Dionysian joy seemed to leap out of the clay, as its creator's tears continued to drip.

I took notes for the story I would write, "Name, Letitia Ekart. Twenty-three. Daughter of Rev. Oscar Ekart, Kenwood Avenue Church. . . . Letitia, called Letty — two suicide tries. Cut wrists with razor. Three months later turned on gas, stuck head in oven. Mother dead. Lives with Pa. Letty is artist, also fine dancer — member Rosina

Galli's ballet corps for Chicago Grand Opera Co. Doc says patient improving rapidly. No suicide try for seven months in asylum. Letty modeled 15 heads of laughing girl, all the same, while in bughouse."

Mr. Mahoney shied at my copy of the weeping beauty who kept fashioning joyous heads, until Bunny laid a dozen corroborative prints on his desk.

"I'll be damned," said Mr. Mahoney. "There are more things in the Elgin State Hospital for the Insane than are dreamed of in my philosophy. Although, come to think of it, your Miss Ekart is the most commonplace of females — a two-faced woman."

That was in the spring. Letty and her snowy mane stepped into my life again in November. To tell of her strangeness and sadness I must move my memory to another world into which I had drifted in my teens, a world unaware of doomed men and 4-11 fires; the world of the arts, of the *Little Review* magazine popping out of the Fine Arts Building on Michigan Avenue. Fifty pages of partly comprehensible prose and unrhymed poetry brave with dots in which the bourgeoisie took the count every month. Who were the bourgeoisie? Anybody who didn't read the *Little Review*. Since its circulation fluttered around 700, we had a large target. James Joyce's *Ulysses* was making its printed debut in it as a serial. Its editor was Margaret Anderson, aged 23 and as elegant and pretty a girl as ever walked our Avenue. She had already published a half-dozen of my first sorties into art — *Broken Necks*, *Dog Eat Dog*, among others. Our lovely and penniless editor sat in her cubbyhole office, a Dido in Carthage. Her approbation (with never an accompanying check) was Knighthood. Her rejection note, "You can sell this somewhere, I'm sure. There are hundreds of periodicals that will be eager to buy it," was a crusher for her art-fevered contributors.

Attendez! Here's a partial list of Margaret's knights — Ezra Pound, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Gertie Stein, Maxwell Bodenheim, T. S. Eliot, Djuna Barnes, Jane Heap, Wyndham Lewis, Amy Lowell, Jean Cocteau, e. e. cummings, Theodore Dreiser, etc., etc., and yours truly of the *Chicago Journal*.

What a world that was, dear money-smothered scriveners. Art on a high hill, looking down on the grubby streets of popularity. Youth full of Olympian hoots at its betters.

We considered success a loss of innocence, and fame a symptom of decay. Spake our sculptor, Stanislaus Szukalski (the World's Greatest and most unknown), "Art is the foolish business of making dancing slippers for monkeys."

Our philosophy — "To hell with the public!" Our battle cry — "No sales!" Our victory — "The mantle of loneliness which our enemies called 'egomania.'"

I'll make only one boast about us when we were unknown in Chicago — no one has taken our place.

I came out of the Fine Arts Building on a November afternoon, five copies of the *Little Review*, hot off the press, under my arm and paused in the waning daylight to reread my contribution — a tale called *The Yellow Goat*. I knew it almost by heart, but reading it in print was always a new thrill. In a like manner pretty girls keep looking into a mirror.

"Hello," a voice said beside me. It was Letty from the Elgin asylum. She wore an old raincoat and ballet slippers. Her snow-blond hair was almost invisible under a black beret — a tight ballerina coiffure anchored on her neck. She looked a bit freakish, even to my uncritical eyes. But I had forgotten to look at her face.

Radiant blue eyes, a wide, unpainted mouth; features all straight lines like a museum head with a glow of friendliness adding a luster to them.

"I read your story in the *Little Review* this afternoon," she said. Her voice had a shiver in it as if she were cold. "It's utterly beautiful. I adore its phrases." With which Letty's freakishness vanished to a great extent. "I've often wondered if I would run into you. I take dancing lessons here, Magdalene Pataiki's studio. Not classic dancing. Eurythmic exercises. Posture control. Miss Pataiki is a pupil of Gurdjieff." I knew him — a Russian who had prowled through Tibet and returned to the Occident full of salable mysticism. I'd interviewed him a year ago after watching his motionless ballet perform at the Blackstone Theater.

"Chicago," said Mr. Gurdjieff, "is a city of dead people turning slowly in their graves."

Letty went on, "I'm quite well now. But very lonely. When it gets dark, the streets look like orphans. So sad. Could I go with you wherever you're going?"

"I'm going way out on the South Side for dinner with some friends," I said; "I'll be glad if you come along."

Her hand took my arm gently. I was startled by a glimpse of her body under the raincoat. She was in black tights from neck to heel. "I ran out of Miss Pataiki's without changing my costume. I hope it isn't noticeable."

Today the female body, in or out of tights, has become socially commonplace. But in that November the cops were determinedly arresting young women who showed their legs in public and, so help me, females with jiggly bosoms who ventured uncorseted into the highways

(continued on page 124)





Bunnies Virginia, Ashlyn and Kiko

THE BUNNIES

*an appreciative salute
to playboy's cottontailed beauties*

BUGS BUNNY AND PETER RABBIT, you've had it. We're sorry, fellows, but nobody out of knee pants is apt to think of you anymore when Bunnies are mentioned — as they are, almost daily, from Iceland to India.

Overnight, it seems, the word "Bunny" (or "Boni," as they now say in Ecuador) has become an international synonym for any good-looking, lively young girl, and the Bunnies' tale has been chronicled in virtually every major newspaper and magazine.

"One of the more agreeable innovations of the Sixties," wrote McKenzie Porter in a recent issue of Canada's *MacLean's* magazine, "is the Bunny, a new species of cocktail-bar waitress. The Bunny was invented three years ago by Hugh Hefner, publisher of *Playboy*, an American magazine for both thwarted and jaded Lotharios. . . . Canadian Bunnies, who are employed by imitators of Hefner's policy, claim to be more decorous than the American originals." More decorous? Doubtful, and certainly not as *decorative*. Even our imitators know that their ersatz "Bunnies" (Bunkies, as we call them) are merely a grudging tribute to the original Playboy Bunny idea.

Not since the Ziegfeld Girl of the Twenties has the concept of the all-girl girl so completely captured the public eye and imagination. (And Flo, for all his dough, never had as many beauties on his payroll as we have now. Nor did Hollywood's starlet-strewn studios at their peak.) Bunnies have been contemplated in a dozen or so television documentaries, scores of cartoons, a way-off-Broadway musical comedy, at least two pop songs, countless jokes, and, incongruously, a pinball game



Bunny Lynn

Playmate-Bunny Lynn Karrol (December 1961), a spare-time aviatrix and sky-diving buff, elevates both herself and the decor at the New York Club. Accelerating their curves, Virginia Hirschfeld, Ashlyn Martin and Kika Morgan twist piano-topside in the Chicago Club.



Bunny Terry



Bunny Virginia

called "Slick Chick." They have been lauded, applauded, debated, berated, explained, evaluated, and even exposed.

Noisiest of the "exposés" came from *Show* magazine, which obliterated a large part of its handsome May cover with a too-too tasteful fluorescent orange banner screaming "THE BUNNIES TAILED: Our Girl in THE PLAYBOY CLUB." What appeared inside wasn't so noisy. (Sample: "Could a sneeze really break a costume? 'Sure' [the Club's wardrobe mistress] said, 'Girls with colds usually have to be replaced.'")

But *Show* was a latecomer to the Bunny-buster biz. Practically every Gotham news medium had sent their best-looking Lorelei into the Bunny hutch. Some of them came wistfully close to staying. Concluding her I-went-to-Bunny-School report on NBC's *Today* show, Bunny-costumed staff reporter Barbara Walters told Hugh Downs and several million viewers: "Later, when I left the Club, the doorman asked if I wasn't taking off early. 'Well,' I replied, very grandly, 'after all, I'm not a Bunny, I'm a reporter for the National Broadcasting Company.' 'Gee,' he said, 'you could have fooled me.' And you know something, Hugh, I must admit that secretly I think I was kind of pleased." Replied Downs, "You should be pleased. You make a very cute Bunny."

Overseas, enthusiasm for Bunnies has fallen only slightly short of idolatry. In Paris,



Bunny Pat

Candlelight, crystal and Continental Bunnies (like Latin lovely Terry Jennings) are all part of the elegant service in the New York Club's V.I.P. Room. In the Chicago Club's celebrity-filled Playmate Bar, Bunny Virginia Hirschfeld, a former Ice Follies skating star, cuts a fine figure as she curves past columnist Irv Kupcinet (left) and playwright Dore Schary to the table of comedian Joey Bishop. Backstage in the New Orleans Club, Bunny Pat Chavanel, a part-time model and movie hopeful, adjusts her satin ears a French-Quarter-of-an-inch before going "on set."



Bunny Terri



Bunny Gloria



Bunnies Judy and Edie



Bunnies Elka, Virginia and Bev



Bunny Sheila

Up from St. Louis, Terri Kimball tarries for a portrait while the glories of Gloria Price also attract spotlight attention. Judy Lewis compares her funny Bunny suit with Edie Winchester's rig after a New York judge ruled that Bunnies needn't don "middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fishermen's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats" just because a cabaret commissioner didn't dig their bunting. In New York, Elko Hellmann, Virginia Habel and Bev Grissom pose on the world's largest Robbit rug while Sheila Winters table-hops in Chicago.



Bunny Mother Sheralee



Bunny Peggy



Bunny Sophia



Bunny Sharon

She looks so young—and she is. But at 21, Sheralee Connors (our July 1961 Playmate and December 1962 cover girl) is both a highly paid television model and part-time Bunny Mother of our New York Club. Peggy Vidas swings low as she cottons to the twist at a wee-hours Celebrity Party in the Chicago Club's Playroom. As city lights flicker far below, Sophia Sipes (once a deejay) emcees a show in the Penthouse of Phoenix' skyscraping Playboy Club. Bright-eyed and bow-tied, Sharon Rogers, a former Seattle model, greets guests at the Chicago Club.



Bunny Jan



Bunnies Kelly, Kitty and Bea



Bunnies Kitty, Bea and Kelly

At Great Lakes Naval Hospital, Playmate-Bunny Jan Roberts (August 1962) distributes autographed copies of PLAYBOY and collects an appreciative smile in return. Models by day and Bunnies by night, Kitty Kavany, Bea Payton and Kelly Collins (all charter members of the Bunny brigade) met keyholders in St. Louis last winter at the opening of Playboy Club number four. Bea stayed on as the Club's Training Bunny, Kitty is now at the New York Club, and Kelly, cover girl of our April 1963 issue, was recently named Chief Training Bunny for all Playboy Clubs.



Bunny Bonnie



Bunny Nancy



Bunnies Geri, Sandy and Terri

Bonnie Jo Halpin, our October 1962 cover girl, keeps the bubbly flowing for keyholders on a Miami Club Bunny Hop flight. One of our original 31 Chicago Bunnies, Bonnie has table-hopped at nearly every Club in the Playboy key chain. Phoenix Bunny Nancy Dusina figures prettily in American International's *Operation Bikini* with Tab Hunter and Frankie Avalon. Backstage in the Chicago Club's Bunny Room, Geri Rock and Sandy Koye take ten to repair their hair while Terri Tucker, formerly an airline stewardess, nails down a fast polish job.



Bunny Sandy

when *Le Hérison* devoted a full page to the Bunny craze, predicting a Playboy Club for the City of Light, the paper's roving correspondent dreamily told suave Frenchmen, "If you have never seen one of the beautiful 'Playboy Playmates' from the Chicago Playboy Club twisting in her 'bunny' costume on a grand piano, I can tell you that you haven't yet lived."

In jaded Japan, considered by many Westerners to be the mecca for males, the editor of *Woman's Self*, a popular weekly magazine, enviously informed his readers that "A Playboy Club is a male dream world: imagine being surrounded by beautiful young, semi-nude 'Bunny' hostesses."

Other foreign reports have pointed up the one great difference between Ziegfeld's fillies and Playboy's Bunnies: "I want them beautiful but dumb," said Ziegfeld. In contrast, the Playboy Clubs want no dumb Bunnies.

"Bosoms, education and a good reputation," ex-



Bunnies Wanda and Geri

Sandy Lawrence seems all eyes as she checks the New York Club's celebrity-studded guest roster. Before becoming a Bunny, Sandy majored in English lit at Detroit's Wayne University, now studies voice and modern dance, and paints for a hobby. Getting into the swing of a Breakfast Jam Session at the Chicago Club, Wanda Owens and Geri Rock rock up a storm. Geri, a Chicago lass, attended Northwestern and worked as an executive secretary before hitting the Bunny trail. Wanda, who hails from Kennett, Missouri, used to teach dancing for Arthur Murray.

plained Hamburg's *Kristall*, "are what young ladies must have if they want to work as Playboy Club Bunnies."

Proclaimed *France-soir*: "A new institution in America has dethroned the myth of airline hostesses and has replaced it with that of the 'Bunnies' . . . endowed with exquisite shapes, peach complexions, faultless education and with a morality beyond question."

(Myths sometimes become reality: among the 421 Bunnies in our six Playboy Clubs, we now have 35 ex-airline stewardess — more than the total number of Bunnies we started with in the first Club three years ago.)

Back on the home court, Bunnies have been fair game for some very funny spoofs. In Weston, Connecticut, last summer, 14 top ad execs and their wives whopped up an S.R.O. musical farce called *Playboy of the Weston World*. The plot: Ladies of a suburban is-that-soing circle, worried about the lure of Gotham's glittering Playboy Club on their commuting hubbies, don satin ears

THE PLAYMATE-BUNNIES



Carrie Radison, who thinks thespic, made her Gotham stage debut at 13, has snagged a bagful of Broadway and movie credits since appearing as a Playmate in June 1957. Forever footloose, Carrie has Bunny-trailed to our Chicago, New Orleans, Phoenix and New York Clubs, and is looking forward to overseas assignment soon.



June Cochran, an obviously gifted Gift Shop Bunny of our Chicago establishment, reigned as Miss Indiana in both the Miss Universe and Miss World contests. A Playmate in our December 1962 issue, June is now on tour as the current Playmate of the Year.

Pam Gordon was listed by Canada's *Liberty* magazine as one of that country's celebrities of the year after becoming our first north-of-the-border Playmate in March 1962. Formerly a Vancouver receptionist, she's now a Bunny-ombassador in Chicago.



Foyce Nizzari serves up a bountiful buffet amid the elegance of Miami's Playboy Club. A *PLAYBOY* cover girl (July 1958), Playmate (December 1958) and Playmate of the Year, Joyce is currently on leave — and location — for her second big film with Frank Sinatra.

Linda Gamble, a chic Chicago Bunny and Playmate of our April 1960 issue, first caught our eye in a Pittsburgh antique shop. Linda still collects curios and compliments but, as the delightful photos above clearly indicate, she certainly isn't old-fashioned.

and sexy costumes to create a domestic Bunny Club of their own. The wild Weston show produced a \$2500 profit for the local P.T.A.

For wives who might actually worry about their mates falling into Bunny clutches in Playboy hutches, *Ladies Home Companion* served up in its May issue an open letter, *From an Eastern Bunny: The Playboy Club*, wrote the author, a New York Bunny, "has been designed with men and their wives, bachelors and their dates, in mind. . . . It's really a country club in the city."

Predictably, Bunnies have become the new dream girls of trend-conscious Tin-Pan Alley. Country-and-western singer Sandy Renda scooped the field in April with a twanging ditty titled *My Playboy Bunny* (sample lyric: "She's makin' money—my Playboy Bunny . . ."). A bit more imaginative is Todd Music Company's rock-'n'-roll entry, *I Fell in Love with a Bunny (at the Playboy Club)*, in which a Bunny-struck buck tries several heavy lines to rope a date, but fails. (continued on page 119)



Christa Speck, popular Playmate of our September 1961 issue and 1962 Playmate of the Year, admiringly discusses one of the many Neiman paintings gracing the Chicago Club. But her fellow art connoisseur seems more intent on his vista of Christa.

man at his leisure

*neiman captures
the air-borne elegance
of intercontinental jet travel*



Top, left: a pampered duo savor the *spécialités de l'avion*, faithfully rendered regional dishes and vintage wines of the French provinces. Left: a bottle-wielding steward propels his serving cart down the aisle, prepared to dispense delectable largess to the First Class passengers. Above: its journey almost over, an Air France Boeing 707 flashes over the City of Light en route to touch-down at Orly.

AIR FRANCE — a government-controlled company which traces its germination back to 1919 and the first international passenger flight (linking Paris and London) — is today both the world's largest airline and the most stylish exemplar of modern travel's *pièce de résistance*: the intercontinental jet flight. While no one jet trip can properly be labeled the most glamorous in aviation, many veteran travelers concur that making the transatlantic hop to Paris ensconced in the First Class section of an Air France jetliner carries with it an unexcelled cachet of elegance and *savoir-vivre*. On board a recent Paris-bound Air France flight — one of 56 which leap off North American runways each week during the summer months — was impressionist LeRoy Neiman, **PLAYBOY**'s ambassador-at-large to the



world's far-flung playgrounds, off in quest of fresh palette-pleasing material. "The most enjoyable aspect of a flight such as this," Neiman notes, "is its completely unhurried atmosphere. Although one is covering a great deal of distance at great speed, there is an easy, quite-social leisureliness on board. I was able to do full justice to a superb dinner featuring Poulet sauté au Champagne, not even aware of the fact that in the time required to sip a glass of Pouilly blanc fumé we had traveled 150 miles, or that 800 miles of the Atlantic separated my initial Parfait de Fois Gras and my concluding cognac." Here are Neiman's perceptive delineations of the pleasurable luxuries to be found in modern transoceanic air travel.

*"He loves it . . .
he loves it not . . .
he loves it . . ."*



Vargas

Ribald Classic

ONCE UPON A TIME a rich old farmer married a woman much younger than he. Whereas he was old, nearly impotent and faithful to her, she was youthful, passionate and fickle. All she had on her mind was handsome young men.

In the nearby village lived one of the kind she pined for. He made a living selling trinkets to gullible women and spent his money in bawdy houses and gambling dens. One day he knocked at the farmer's door and was pleased to find that the old man was not at home.

"Let me show you my wares," he said to the young wife.

"I shall be glad to view them," she replied, noting how well-endowed he was with the kind peddled by the God of Love.

In a short time, therefore, he had placed them all before her scrutiny—even those he normally kept hidden for special customers.

A little later the delighted wife said: "Since now I have enriched you with love's most excellent treasures, let me enrich you still further. My husband is a wealthy man, although too old to enjoy what money can buy. Let me relieve him of his money and together you and I can go to some fabulous city and spend a whole lifetime as we have spent this delightful afternoon."

"What a perfect idea!" said the salesman. "Meet me at the city gate at dawn with the money and we'll do what you suggest and live in complete felicity."

That night the old man's wife ransacked his house, put his gold in a chest, and at dawn was waiting impatiently at the city gate. By and by the salesman arrived, helped the woman to shoulder the trunk, and with her took the road leading away from home.

When they came to the waters of the Ganges, he said to himself: "What am I doing? Suppose her husband's people pursue us. I could get killed. And who is to say if she will not leave me for another, once the bloom has worn off our affair?"

Therefore he said to the woman: "The Ganges is wide. Let me go across with the trunk and hide it in a safe place under the far bank. Then I can return and carry you over without getting so much as the hem of your sari wet."

He hoisted the chest to his shoulder. Then he remarked on the excellence of her costume and said: "To keep the sari dry perhaps you had better take it off and let me carry it in the trunk. Give me your cloak, too, and your sandals."

Quickly the woman stripped, and the young man stepped into the water, but

the vision of her standing there naked and buxom had an effect upon him like strong wine.

"Better enrich me again with love's most excellent treasure," he said. "It will give me strength to swim the river."

The woman gladly bestowed the gift upon him with largess and smiled in contentment as he waded first and then swam away, holding the trunk well above the surface of the river.

But her smile faded as he waved farewell from the far shore and mounted the bank to disappear forever.

—Retold by J. A. Gato

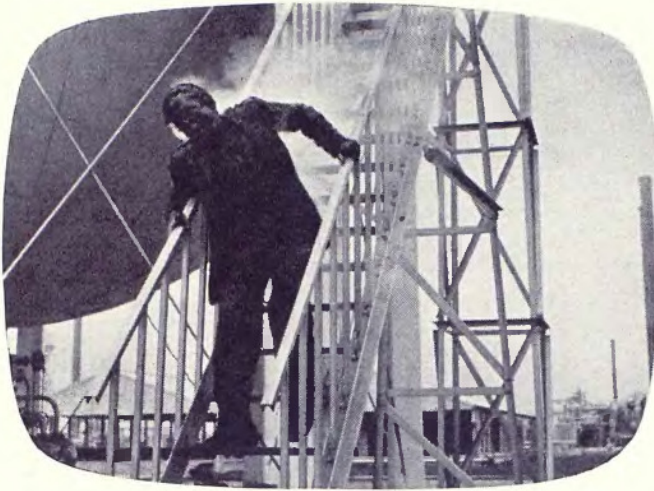


THE WAY OF A TRAVELING MAN

from the Hindu collection,
Panchatantra

THE ROAD TO TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"Guess I've had enough sun for today."



"Enema time, Mr. Hagerty..."



"OK, OK... I'll hire the handicapped!"



"All you have to do is tip me off to the 'Secret Word'!"



"Personally, I don't think you're going to make it at West Point!"



"Well, now that we've satisfied the Department of Internal Revenue — how the hell do I get home?!"

a fresh serving of do-it-yourself subtitles for television's late-night reruns



"OK, now, first you undo her belt buckle with your left hand..."



"One more gesture like that, Morrison, and you're up for court-martial!"



"Please, Waldo! Let's at least wait until after the reception!"



"It's for Mr. Clean. The contest winner named him 'Curly'!"



"On second thought, Mr. Thorndyke, I don't believe having your niece spend summer vacation with you is a particularly good idea after all..."



"Say, Charlie — I got an act here I want you t' see. Guy's great! He just ate three phonograph records and his tie... yeah! Now he's eating his glasses and he's about to start on some pieces of paper..."

BYZANTINE PALACE (continued from page 60)

hum of silent tape for a few moments. Then, an invisible door opened, and two pairs of unseen feet walked into the room. Breathing was heard. A throat was cleared. "Well," said the voice of Mrs. Graustein, "that was a very lovely dinner." The corporeal Mrs. Graustein started and reflexively put a hand to her lips.

"Sidney knows how to live well," replied Graustein's voice.

"Oi, I'm tired, Horst."

"So am I."

"We're not so young anymore, Liebling."

"Speak for yourself, old lady!" The two voices chuckled at each other. Graustein was heard to grunt, and a large shoe was dropped to the floor. "Actually," he said after a moment, "when you think about it, we shouldn't mind getting old."

"Not mind?"

"We ought to be thankful we were given the opportunity to grow old." The other shoe fell.

"Ja, Horst," his wife said, sleepily.

"Our friends, so many, were not as lucky. Klaus . . . Johanna . . . Nathan . . ."

"Werner and Lise . . ."

"Yes. Gone, every one. Almost, we went with them. Almost. But a hand reached out and saved us."

His wife's voice was muffled, as if her face were half-buried in her pillow. "The Hand of God, Horst."

"The hand of Sid Freemond. Some people say he helped us because it was a million dollars' worth of publicity for him. Maybe. But I don't care. To me, that man is the instrument of God . . ." Soon, the room was filled with the sound of slow, steady breathing.

Fremond's face was impenetrable. He did not look at Graustein. He watched the tape reel turn, as if hypnotized by the movement. Before long, the group around the table heard the voice of Clayton Horne:

"See what I mean about his stories?"

"You mean those jokes he told?" said his wife's voice. "Some of them were a little rough, don't you think?"

"Sure, but he's a rough-hewn guy. No, my point is, he has an *unerring* sense of drama. Each of his little stories is like a play in miniature. Vivid characters, clearly defined. A methodical build-up. An almost classic hint of foreboding — what theorists call 'the expected unexpected' — Sophocles had it, and Shakespeare. The calculated delays, to build suspense. The seeming digressions, each one with a purpose. And then, *pow!*"

"He certainly does hold your interest. Unhook me in back, will you?"

"There. You should see him in a story conference. He has an uncanny ability for putting his finger on the weak spots

in a script. Plot clinkers I've sweated over for days, characters who won't stay in character. He sits there, chewing on that cigar of his, and then he says, 'That girl wouldn't say that. What she'd say is *this* . . .' And, you know, he's right? Ninety-nine out of a hundred times, he's absolutely right."

"Doesn't it get annoying after a while? He being so right?"

"With somebody else, it could. But Sid is humble about it — no, don't laugh — Sid is really a very humble man. This one we saw tonight, you know that Sid is responsible for damn near half of that script? I told him: I said, 'Sid, I ought to share the screen credit with you.' You know, like Wilder and Diamond, Welles and Mankiewicz. But he just smiled. 'Don't be an idiot,' he said. A very generous guy . . ."

Fremond swallowed, visibly, audibly. His purple face seemed pale. The reels continued to turn, producing this time a long interval of high-heeled walking and feminine humming. Finally, there was a knock on the door. Laura Benedict's voice was heard to say, "Yes?" A male voice faintly replied, "It's Norman." The door opened. An exchange of dreary trivia followed, and then the sound of a bottle and glasses. At length, there was an embarrassing pause, after which Laura was heard to say, "No, Norman."

"What's with you?" said Keith's voice.

"Nothing. Just — not tonight."

"But I thought —"

"I'm sorry to be such a bore, darling, but tonight I would just feel . . . wrong."

"Wrong? This is Norman you're talking to. How come the cornball dialog all of a sudden?"

"I mean it, Norman. Please go back to your own room."

"Goddamnit, Laura —"

"Darling, this has nothing to do with you. It's just that . . ."

"Just what?"

"I couldn't. Not here. Not under his roof."

"Under his — !!"

"Don't you understand, darling? It would seem almost . . . callous. Unfeeling. And I'm not an unfeeling woman, Norman."

"Of course you're not, honey, but . . ."

"I love that man."

"Sid?"

"Sid."

"But I thought you and he — I mean I thought it was just —"

"I've always loved him. But I never let him know, not even when we were . . . together. I couldn't make him bear the weight of my love, it wouldn't have been fair, not while his wife was alive. And now it's too late. So I let him think what all the rest of you thought — that I was using him. The old casting couch bit.

But all the time, I loved him more than any other man I'd ever known. I still love him. I feel his presence in every room of this house, strong, masterful . . . but like a little boy underneath that gruff mask. You do understand, don't you, darling? That's why I . . . I mean, not in his own house . . . I couldn't . . ."

Sidney Freemond was weeping. His eyes were closed now, but tears glistened on his cheeks. Graustein stood up, slowly. To the others he very softly said, "I think perhaps we should go now." He turned to the butler. "Peters, would you kindly get the ladies' coats? We'll wait in the reception hall."

"Yes, Mr. Graustein."

They began to file out of the room. Graustein lagged behind for a moment. Bending over, he snapped off the recorder. Freemond's eyes had not opened; and now, his body shuddered with inaudible sobs. Gently, Graustein said, "You see, Sid? Why I asked you not to do this? For your own good?" Freemond did not reply. After a moment, Graustein left the room.

. . .

A roar resembling thunder went up as a great, mosaic-covered wall crumbled and crashed in a billowing of atomized plaster. The sound nourished Peters as he watched the demolition. Die, palace, he said to himself; I will not mourn you. Freemond himself was dead now for almost a year and a half. It was a little over two years ago that Peters had played those tapes at his command. And yet he remembered with sharp focus how he had brought the coats to the reception hall; how he had watched the Jaguar, the Corvair and the gold convertible Rolls drive off; how, returning to the dining room, he had delicately asked his master if he was in need of anything. Freemond, his eyes still closed, had shaken his head. Peters had walked upstairs to tend to the guest rooms, opening the windows, checking for any articles of clothing or other effects that might have been mistakenly left behind, and carefully removing the small white cards tied with string to the wall switches just inside the doors. He had torn the cards into tiny pieces and burned them in an ashtray. He had flushed the charred residue down a toilet. On each card had been typed: "A word to the wise. The walls have ears. A friend." Then he had poured himself three fingers of Sidney J. Freemond's finest brandy.

Chuckling at the memory, which sweetly alkalinized the acid memories of several hundred indignities borne and planned minor cruelties suffered silently in the name of service, Peters turned from the scene of destruction and, with a spring in his step, walked toward his parked and patiently waiting car.





satire By SHEPHERD MEAD

The second wife can be chosen differently.

how to select your second wife

further tips on succeeding with women without really trying

MEN ASK, "Should I replace my wife?" This is a callous attitude and one with which we have little sympathy.

A wife is not like an automobile, traded in yearly as later models appear. True, with cars a new bit of grillwork or a change in fender line can drive you quickly to the showrooms lest you become a laughingstock in the neighborhood. But luckily the models in women are rarely improved. The changes in so-called "fender lines" are slight, the chassis design remains almost constant, and mechanical improvements are conspicuous by their absence. With reasonable care a wife should last for years and years.

WEAR OUT YOUR WIFE

Never cast off a wife—*wear her out*.

To our pioneer forefathers, divorce and desertion were almost unheard of. In those days men simply wore out their wives, and it was rare indeed to find a man who had not worn out two or three of them. These were the days of busy, happy homes—and they *can* return.

How often, today, is the situation reversed! It is not uncommon for a woman to wear out two or three husbands. Careful students of our methods should see already how unnecessary this is.

A word of caution: it is best to wear

out a wife *evenly*. Keep her busy in a great variety of ways and she will develop a nice patina, so becoming to so many women. The woman worn out piecemeal takes on a spotty and irregular appearance, one of which you may not be proud.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN THE SECOND WIFE

Let us assume now that you are ready to select your second wife. What should you look for?

The qualities that make up the ideal first wife are seldom needed in the second. The first wife, as we have seen, must be well-muscled and vigorous, since she will be in a sense a maid of all work.

The second wife can be chosen differently. We can assume that by the time you are ready for her you will be older and more fastidious and, of course, far wealthier. You should be able to afford a staff of people to do the really rough work.

Briefly, the second wife is to the first wife as a Jaguar roadster is to a Ford station wagon. She will be a sports model. (It would be wise to point out at this juncture that you may be middle-aged when you select the second wife.

You will not be too keen for the outdoor life. Choose a girl who is good at indoor sports.)

She should have all the fun-loving qualities of the good fiancée. No need, however, for the bursts of strength or the ability to do without sleep. She will have ample time to rest.

She must be at least 18 years old—may indeed be as old as 25 or 26—and should have breath-taking beauty, both of face and figure.

No need to test for firmness. You are not seeking womanpower, only luxury and comfort. Find, if you can, a girl who has the consistency of an expensive foam-rubber sofa.

She should be physically lethargic. If not, her youth may lead her to great activity. This may take her far from the fireside, and from you.

Finally, she must be good-natured, understanding and tolerant, for as you advance in years, you will become grumpier and less manageable.

If she has all these qualities, you have found a pearl indeed. Treat her well. If properly cared for she will never wear out.

Keep her happy and she will repay you well.

NEXT MONTH: "CONCEIVING CAN BE FUN"

LEE BALTERMAN



CASSIUS CLAY *rhymers of the round*

THE BEST-PAID POET in the world today, to coin a couplet, is a heavyweight lad named Cassius Clay. Although he composes nothing but hymns of self-praise in a shaggy doggerel of trite (and not always true) rhymes, his last verse, a two-line gem, packed Madison Square Garden and 37 closed-circuit theaters, earned him \$30,000, and established him as boxing's biggest box-office news since Joe Louis. ("Louis?" says Clay, with characteristic modesty, "I could have decisioned him in his prime.") Nevertheless, Clay's March epigram—"Jones thinks he'll fight some more / But he's got to go in four"—nearly became his own epitaph when he was forced to go a full 10 rounds to snag a jeeringly unpopular decision over powerful, plodding Doug Jones. Until then it had been Clay's conceit to predict—in rhyme—the exact round in which he would deck his opponent. ("They all must fall in the round I call!") Incredibly, seven of Clay's pigeons (including ageless Archie Moore) shattered on schedule. Although he talks and acts as if he came down from Olympus, the 21-year-old, six-foot-three "Louisville Lip" actually came up from the 1960 Olympics where he won a gold medal. But it is not his 17 straight victories (over generally lackluster losers) that have molded Clay into a golden boy so fast; it is his own flamboyant ("Man, am I beautiful!") egotism. While most experts agree that Clay, though flashy and fast, still fights like an amateur, he may—on lip alone—talk his way into a big-money match with lethal Sonny Liston. But even incautious Cassius knows that it will take more than a jingle to jangle the champ.

ON THE SCENE



MARVIN KONER

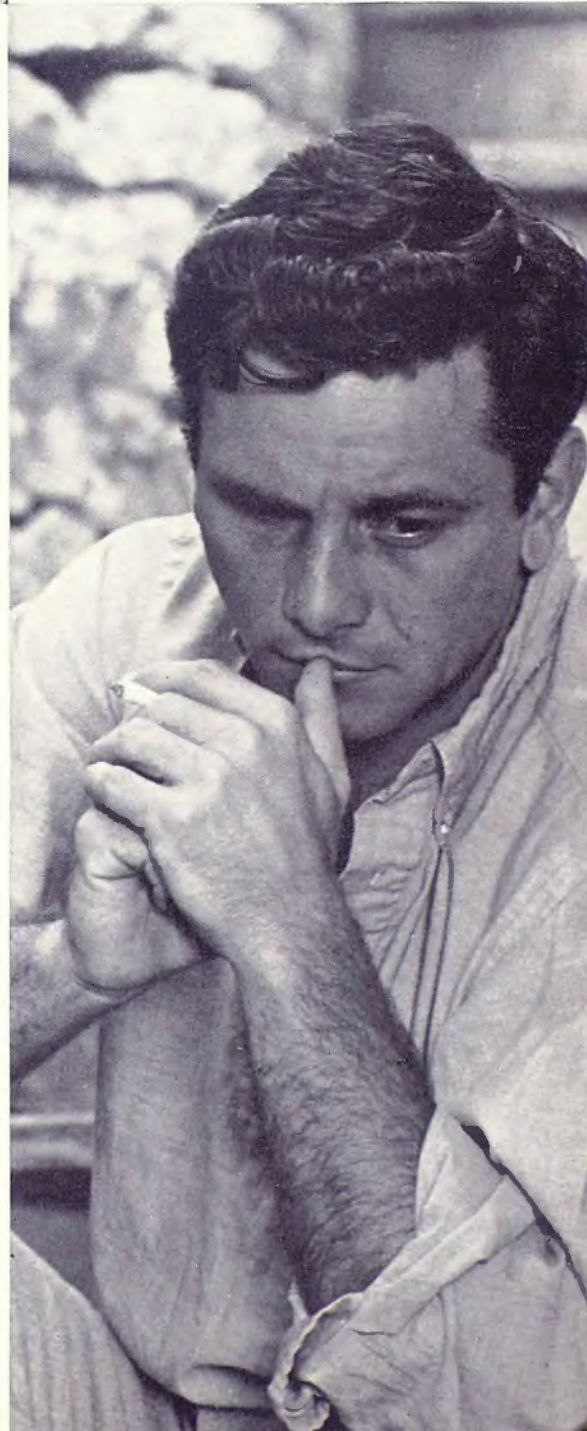
DON ORNITZ

EDWARD ALBEE *prophet of the absurd*

THE PLAYS OF EDWARD ALBEE, lean, 35-year-old dean of America's flourishing experimental theater, have been variously described as "chilling," "horrifying," "dirty and depressing." The author of this year's Critics' Award play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and four instantly successful off-Broadway one-acters does not agree. He maintains that his critics are put off by his refusal to "slop into sentimentality." Albee's neosurrealistic theater has also been called the Theater of the Absurd. The playwright boomerangs the term back to Broadway where, he says, the absurd aesthetic criteria are: "makes money—good play; loses money—bad play." Gently bred by affluent, adoptive parents, Albee worked aimlessly at a succession of menial jobs before, at age 30, he began writing his savage dialogs between emasculated males and emasculating females. Paradoxically, the predominant element in these spectacles is humor. Albee, not unconscious of the irony, insists, "Avant-garde theater is often free-swinging and wildly, wildly funny." American audiences may be in for a long paroxysm of diabolical laughter before Albee and his colleagues depart the scene.

PETER FALK *merchant of menace*

JUDGING BY THE EXPLOSIVE success of brooding-browed Peter Falk, the wages of cinematic sin run exceedingly high. Since his much-praised portrayal of the sinisterly *sotto voce* Abe Reles in the 1960 low-budget crime flick, *Murder, Inc.* (a part which brought him the honor of being the first actor ever nominated for an Oscar from a B movie), Peter's star—along with his pay scale—has been in the ascendant. He garnered another Oscar nomination the following year for his limning of the mobster in Frank Capra's *Pocketful of Miracles*, won an Emmy for his hard-boiled, soft-hearted trucker in the Dick Powell TVer *The Price of Tomatoes*, and clinched his reputation with a slew of hard-guy take-outs—including a stint as a tormentor of *Untouchables*. Falk, who spent his early years in nonacting pursuits (he worked as an efficiency expert for the state of Connecticut), is busy branching out in all acting directions, including roles as the officer in Genet's *The Balcony* and as a beset cab driver in Stanley Kramer's *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. Compared by some to Garfield or Cagney, the 35-year-old Falk has more pointedly been praised by astute critics as a man beholden to no one for his consummate characterizations.





smiley

"Uh — what are your other two wishes?"

alas, cannot free them), but it instills guilt feelings in countless other youth who proceed to violate the stupid premarital taboos.

"Fortunately, however, a growing number of young people have been able to perceive the false, superstitious basis of the outmoded sanctions against premarital coitus and are proceeding maturely, stably, wisely, and happily with wholesome and desirable premarital sexual relations which greatly aid them in their marital sexual adjustments . . ."

In an article in *Esquire* entitled, *Sex: The Quiet Revolution*, David Boroff stated: "Attitudes toward sex among those who grew up after World War II . . . are strikingly different from those of earlier generations. It can be summed up in this way: Sex is one of life's principal goods. The degree of pleasure one derives from it is a measure of one's self-realization. And since the old moral sanctions have lost much of their authority, there is far less reluctance about premarital sex. In fact, Dr. [Albert] Ellis reveals that when he lectures on sex before college students, there is almost invariably a wild cheer when he endorses premarital sex. Before World War II, to be a virgin was good; today, after a certain age, it is bad. The loss of chastity is no longer the fall from innocence; it is the fall upwards, so to speak, to maturity and self-fulfillment.

"Paul Goodman, the brilliant author of *Growing Up Absurd*, was recently asked his view of premarital sex by a college student. 'In sex, anything you get pleasure from is good,' he said peremptorily. 'And that's all there is to it.'"

But the ostriches remain. *The Realist*, Paul Krassner's impudent periodical of parody and social commentary, honored psychologist James E. Bender as "Unrealist of the Month" for his comment: "Anything more intense than a good-night kiss, which should be nothing more than a gentle brushing together of the lips, should be reserved until marriage or, at least, until there is a definite engagement."

And advice columnist Ann Landers, counselor of millions, still honors and promotes what she calls "white-flower girls" (virgins). What is more, in a recent syndicated column, she agreed with a reader that chaste girls should insist on chaste men for husbands. That such chastity before marriage is likely to promote sexual incompatibility after marriage is apparently less important than upholding the sex standards passed down from previous centuries, noted for their superstition, repression and perversion.

A horrified mother wrote to Miss Landers, because she had read a letter addressed to her son from his girlfriend and learned that the pair had been

sexually intimate: "I am so shocked at the contents of the letter," said the mother, "that I've been half sick ever since I read it. Both my son and the girl are 19. They have been intimate on several occasions. I can't understand how two young people who were reared in respectable, Christian homes could have gone over the line of moral decency."

Ann offered no word of wisdom to the suffering mother that might suggest that it was not abnormal for a 19-year-old boy and his 19-year-old girl to be sexually intimate; that this experience might be expected to heighten their chances of marital happiness, whether with one another or someone else; and that a majority of both men and women have similar sex experiences before they marry. Miss Landers counseled: "He [the son] should be told in plain language that the dangerous game he's playing can wreck the girl's life—and his as well. Countless teenagers have paid a devastating price for premarital experimenting. And they all thought it couldn't happen to them."

Never mind the "devastating price" that such prudery exacts from our marriages—the frigidity, the heartbreak, the frustration and divorce—that's another problem, perhaps to be answered in one of next year's columns.

This letter and response reminded us of a story in *Life* that we read many years ago, when we, ourselves, were an impressionable teenager. It told about a hapless young couple, who were in love, and whose parents would have been as deeply shocked as Miss Landers' correspondent if they had known that their children were being sexually intimate. The girl became pregnant, but they were both afraid to face the parental wrath that would follow either an admission of what had happened or a hasty wedding. And so, being a pair of foolish romantics, they decided to kill themselves. The girl read passages from *Romeo and Juliet* aloud to her boyfriend on the day they chose to carry out the suicide pact. The boy shot and killed her—and then lost his nerve and called the police. Both sets of parents stood by the boy during the trial and he was acquitted; the parents blamed themselves, but it was too late to make any difference. How long, we wonder, will it take for us to learn the devastating toll that such prudery produces?

Ann Landers expresses a point of view toward sex and chastity that is still common in America—and the heartache and havoc that it causes are incalculable. In an informative little booklet titled, *Necking and Petting—and How Far to Go*, Ann tells us: "Civilized people are expected to curb their 'natural instincts.' . . . Teenagers should realize that their sexual attitudes have a direct bearing on other people. It is not just a 'private'

affair. . . . Teenagers who get into trouble injure not only themselves but their families. . . . If necking is the evening's entertainment, something to do instead of going bowling or going to the movies, it is WRONG. . . . the basic rules for necking [are] . . . All hands should be on deck and accounted for. Four feet should be on the floor at all times. Count 'em.

"And now, what is petting? Petting is necking that has gone out of control. It is kissing and hugging, plus wandering hands, with one or both parties reclining, and getting altogether too comfortable for anyone's good. Petting is the forerunner of going all the way. THIS can lead to heartbreak, pregnancy, disgrace and a sudden, unenthusiastic marriage at an early age."

Is it any wonder America has spawned generations that are frigid, impotent and sexually maladjusted? Dr. Kinsey stated, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*: "A great deal has been written about the damage that may be done by premarital sexual activities, and particularly by petting; but relatively little has been said about the psychologic disturbances and subsequent marital difficulties which may develop when there is such condemnation and constant belaboring of any type of behavior which has become so nearly universal, and which is as likely to remain as universal, as petting is among American females and males."

SEX DIGESTED

The *Reader's Digest* is the most widely read magazine in the English language; with a monthly circulation of some 15,000,000, it is far and away the most influential in the entire world. This is all-the-more true, because it is so highly regarded by America's impressionable middle class and the magazine is given wide distribution in U. S. schools.

In the July 1962 issue, the *Digest* reprinted an article which they first published in 1937 titled *The Case for Chastity* by Margaret Cushman Banning. The article was reprinted, the *Digest* said, because of the large number of requests for it from readers. In a brief introduction, the editors stated: "The problem it discusses is as acute as it was 25 years ago, and the sound advice contained in the article is, if anything, more pertinent."

We'll restrain the temptation to comment on a magazine that apparently believes sex has stood still in America over the last 25 years, and that any article written on sex attitudes in 1937 is as "pertinent" today as it was then, but because the article itself has reached such a very large audience and because it is filled with what we consider to be a great number of inaccurate and illogical statements, we feel a rather extended response is in order. Dr. Roger W. Wescott, of the African Language and Area Center in

East Lansing, Michigan, former Associate Professor of Social Science at Michigan State University and a Fellow of the American Anthropological Association, expressed a similar criticism of the article in a recent issue of *The Realist* and we'll refer to his comment at some points along the way.

In her opening paragraph, Miss Banning takes exception to "the frequent denial that any moral issue is involved in sex conduct." But the sexually liberal deny no such thing. They argue, rather, that chastity is just another word for repression; that repression is harmful; that anyone who knowingly inflicts harm on another—including himself—is cruel; and that cruelty is immoral. In other words, as Dr. Wescott expresses it, "What the sexual liberals advocate is not the abolition of sexual standards, but the substitution of humane and reasonable standards for inhumane and unreasonable ones."

Miss Banning next deplores the fact that young people "make up their minds

with insufficient knowledge" about sex. This statement is misleading, in that it implies that those holding to the more traditional ideas about sex generally have more knowledge on the subject than do the sexually liberal and that they are more willing to impart this knowledge to the younger generation. Just the opposite is the case. This is, in fact, one of the major issues between the sexual liberals and traditionalists—with the liberals favoring more sex education for the young and the traditionalists generally opposing it. And as Dr. Wescott observes, "What little sexual education the traditionalists do dispense—whether it be formal or informal—is usually calculated more to intimidate than inform the young."

Miss Banning then states, "We must remember that unchastity, common though it may be, is not the norm." Since Kinsey found that upward of 85 percent of the male and 60 percent of the female population have premarital intercourse, we wonder what this writer means by "norm."

In place of sex, Miss Banning suggests such "wholesome social activities" as "study, sports and domestic tasks," implying, of course, that sexual activity is not "wholesome." This suggests that the basic sex drive can be sublimated into more "worthwhile," socially acceptable activities—a point of view that, as we commented earlier, Dr. Theodor Reik has taken great pains to label fallacious. Dr. Wescott comments: "...insofar as 'wholesome' means 'healthy,' there is something paradoxical about the inference [that sexual activity is not wholesome]. For most psychologists and physiologists would define a healthy capacity or organ as one which has full and free scope for the exercise of its appropriate function. Miss Banning would presumably not deny that it is, before all else, walking which keeps the legs healthy. Yet she denies the implicit corollary that sexual inactivity can hardly lead to sexual health."

Miss Banning next claims that the sexually liberal are too "casual" about sex and announces: "But it is revealing that no reputable physician is equally casual. No psychologist who has seriously investigated the problems of sexual relations outside of marriage treats them as trivial." She thus suggests that the bulk of knowledgeable scientific opinion is on her side in this matter, when precisely the opposite is the case. And if, by "casual," she means that the sexually liberal wish to see people less nervous and more relaxed about sex, she is certainly correct in that and most knowing psychologists certainly favor just such a "casual" attitude.

And then, as we might expect, Miss Banning reaches down into her bag of tricks and produces that old scare pair—venereal disease and abortion. (Which rather confirms Dr. Wescott's earlier comment about traditional sex instruction being intended more to frighten than enlighten.) As Dr. Wescott points out, Margaret Banning neglects to mention that venereal disease and abortion are equally real dangers within marriage as without (over half of all illegal abortions are performed on married women) and thus hardly valid arguments against a lack of chastity outside marriage any more than inside of it. The only real answer to venereal disease is, of course, not chastity, but a greater public awareness about the diseases (since both syphilis and gonorrhea are easily recognized and cured—which was not true in 1937)—and we must again remind ourselves that it is the sexual traditionalists, for whom Miss Banning speaks, who traditionally thwart attempts at broader sex education.

Abortion, the second specter revealed to our already presumably cowering youth by the lovable Miss Banning, with its potential aftermath of trauma, steril-



"One of the men in the scouting party found it, sir —
I'm afraid it's an empty vodka bottle."

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ity or death, is again no argument against extramarital sex, but what Dr. Wescott calls an "indictment of a heartless and joyless social system." For it is the illegality of abortion that forces it to be performed under circumstances that are often less than ideal and sometimes dangerous.

Miss Banning also condemns petting (Can she be a distant relative of Miss Landers?) on the grounds that "Early and casual sex experience often inhibits and spoils mature experience . . ." and, because it "is apt to create habits which . . . unsuit a girl emotionally for marriage." ("The dean of a women's college" is the source of this second psychophysical observation.) The writer is too delicate to specify what these evil "habits" might be, but the reader can only infer that they are the techniques for achieving orgasm. And with this reasoning, of course, we are taken out of the 20th Century altogether and implicitly urged to revert to the Victorian view that women should regard sexual activity, not as their natural and joyously fulfilling birthright, but only as an unavoidable duty. Miss Banning's statements regarding the harm in petting, whether before or after marriage, are wholly false — though it is certainly preferable to continue such intimacy through to coitus.

Miss Banning then warns against the influence of drinking (we had a feeling

she would): "Alcohol inflames the senses, is an acknowledged aphrodisiac. . . ." In this, of course, the dear lady is scientifically incorrect. Alcohol, as Dr. Wescott explains, is an intoxicant, not an aphrodisiac (Dr. Wescott adds: "In the strict sense of the word, no aphrodisiac has yet been discovered.") and is incapable of inflaming the senses. What it does do, the Doctor goes on to explain, is dull the inhibitions and "permit more natural impulses to express themselves. There being few impulses more natural than the erotic, it is hardly surprising that alcohol therefore appears to sex-negators magically to magnify the sex urge."

Miss Banning next comments that a girl may carry "into early sexual experience a sense of sin," ignoring the obvious fact that it is those who would repress the natural sex urge who are responsible for promoting this notion of "sin"; and then: "The effect of unchastity on the nervous system is also serious." Exactly the opposite is the case in those fortunate enough to be free from the stultifying, unnatural taboos which imbue the young with sensations of guilt and fear concerning the expression of their natural impulses.

Miss Banning then wags a warning finger at young lovers with the admonition that the circumstances surrounding premarital sex are almost always secretive, ill-housed and uncomfortable. "Think," she says, "of the motels, the

cheap hotels, the back seats of cars as an environment for 'love.' Hurried, watchful, fearful . . ." Once again her observation amounts to an indictment of a society too uncharitable to grant proper privacy, comfort and understanding to its youth.

"The promiscuous woman is usually in doubt of her attractiveness," writes Miss Banning (who we are obliged to assume is chaste, but who we simply cannot picture as being very attractive), "and is seeking reassurance by repeated and varied experience with men. The fact of inferiority is also true of promiscuous men, who in such ways prove a virility which they secretly doubt. . . . Promiscuity makes people lose the greatest experience in life — love."

As Dr. Wescott points out, this statement is difficult to discuss until we know what is meant by all the terms in it, especially "promiscuity" and "love." "If 'promiscuity' is defined as 'wholly indiscriminate mating,'" notes the Doctor, "we can safely dismiss it as a pseudo-problem, since even [lower] animals show at least minimal discretion in mating. If, on the other hand, it is simply a slur-word for extramarital love, we may dismiss it as an antinomy since what it amounts to is a statement that love destroys love."

Any implication that extramarital sexual activity on the part of either the male or female, with one or a number of partners, presupposes a neurotic motivation is simply untrue. There is a little item called the basic sex drive that explains such behavior far more accurately. Miss Banning's banning pronouncements remind us of the PLAYBOY cartoon by Phil Interlandi in last January's issue, with two women marooned together on a desert island — one, young and voluptuous, exclaims to the other, who is elderly: "Look, do me a favor and stop saying, 'Who needs it?!'"

To Miss Margaret Culkin Banning, apparently, all sexual liberalism seems little more than a pose. "It is all very well," she writes, "to say, 'People look at these things differently today.' They may look at them differently, but they feel about the same." If this were true in the absolute way in which Miss Banning expresses it, then one could aver with equal validity that since people once worshiped the sun, the rain, fire, trees and rocks, they must still feel the same reverence for them. Such religious beliefs were undoubtedly of the utmost importance to our early ancestors, who fervently believed that society simply could not exist without them. Yet today most people not only feel no need to worship rocks, and rain, and fire, they seem to be free from even the nostalgia for such worship. Civilization moves onward and upward — the ostriches notwithstanding — and people do progress, and learn to



*"You sing along with Mitch and I'll
drink along with Barney!"*

look upon and feel about things in new ways—given time, experience and the opportunity for enlightenment.

Miss Banning warns us that, "We cannot ignore man's preference for a virgin as bride." To which Dr. Wescott replies, "True enough. But to acknowledge need not be to encourage. And the sexual liberal tries to show the determined virgin-hunter that his insistence on the magical virtue of the unruptured hymen is due to his implicit conception of women as property, and that it is far from flattering to 'the fair sex' to treat its members as salable commodities with only two possible labels—'used' or 'unused.'"

"It is," Miss Banning says, "as true now as ever that in sacrificing chastity a girl may be gambling away her later chances of lifelong married happiness." And Dr. Wescott responds: "Although happiness is, at best, an elusive and subjective concept, what few statistics there are on the subject of marital bliss are extremely melancholy. Even in the days of the pioneer German erotologist Iwan Bloch, prospects for betrothed virgins were bleak; and they seem to have declined since then. Virginity, in other words, seems to be a very poor passport to happiness.

"In fact, about the only prediction one can fairly make about the girl who is a physiological virgin before marriage is that she is more likely than her unchaste sister to remain an emotional virgin after marriage. In this case as in that of premarital petting, it seems that practice makes perfect. The sexual 'rules' are much the same as those for other vital functions: we must learn to walk before we can expect to run. And if we are not permitted to use, or even to mention, our legs, how can we learn to do either?"

Kinsey makes this strong point in his studies. It is especially true for upper-class males, who are far more "heterosexually restrained" in their early years than are lower-class males. Kinsey notes that after being thus repressed for 10 or 15 years, getting married does not transform them overnight into Don Juans. And the sexual adjustment with their new mates is, at best, quite often a difficult matter.

Summarizing Miss Banning's "case for chastity," we find that she attempts to threaten and frighten more than persuade with any reason and that she also creates or perpetuates several myths that science rejects as untrue or unsound: Among these is the notion that romantic love is more natural and wholesome than sexual arousal; that work is intrinsically healthier than play; that petting makes a girl unsuitable for marriage; that the problems of venereal disease and abortion are caused more by lack of chastity than society's prudery, and the resultant

suppression of knowledge in the case of VD and the legal use of that knowledge in the case of abortion; that alcohol is an aphrodisiac; that promiscuity robs one of the ability to love or be loved; that attitudes and feelings do not change with time and experience; that premarital chastity is more conducive to a successful marriage than unchastity; that chastity is the norm; and that exalting virginity is really healthful and good for society. Most experts in the field of sexual behavior would reject all of the foregoing assumptions or conclusions as fallacious.

For the future, we share with Dr. Wescott the hope that the general reading public will be offered "more substantial fare than these venerable clichés and that it will have ever-increasing opportunity to escape from those sex-Banning attitudes that have hitherto robbed its life and its love of so much joy."

Dr. Wescott also recognizes clearly the underlying significance of sexual freedom in a free society, as he states in conclusion: "Ultimately, of course, the case for sexual freedom is the same as the case for any other kind of freedom—political, social or religious: liberty releases and fulfills human potentialities, while restriction cramps and distorts them. Let us therefore no longer refuse free rein to that immense potential for good which resides, too often mute and unrealized [within each of us]."

We think it an apt conclusion, also,

for this installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Because of the considerable response to "The Playboy Philosophy," beginning with this issue PLAYBOY is introducing a new feature, "The Playboy Forum," in which readers may offer their comments—pro and con—on subjects and issues raised in this series of editorials. No previous feature published by this magazine has elicited so much reaction and so much debate—in and outside the pages of PLAYBOY—and since many of the subjects discussed are, we feel, among the most important facing our free society today, we will continue the "Forum" just as long as the letters from readers warrant.

A limited number of the first seven installments of "The Playboy Philosophy" have been reprinted and all seven may be had by sending a check or money order for \$1 to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

In the ninth part of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner traces the history of religious sexual suppression from pre-Christian times to the present; discusses the antifemale origin of the concepts of chastity and virginity considered as virtues; and where our notion of antisexual "romantic love" came from.



"If you think I'm abominable,
you ought to see my wife!"

have a quietly F--- You attitude about the whole thing."

I am plunged from exultation into despair. Someone "ain't practicin' what they're preachin'."

Now let us contemplate the term "someone." Here, perhaps, is the true cause of my pshhhtiness. Ah, but here the probing processes come to a halt. Who is the mealy-mouthed someone? Perhaps Mrs. Brown really did say, "F-dash-dash-dash." If so, then some doubt, in my mind at least, is cast upon the authenticity of her remarks. Maybe she, like most women (damnit, I know you will force me to say it — and men, too), is merely guilty of a divergence between principle and practice. But another black Monster of Possibility looms on the horizon. Could PLAYBOY have "tastefully" deleted the nasty little "uck" from the interview? No, it cannot be!! But it might be. I can see Hefner now, sitting in his rabbit-lined office, hollow-eyed, coatless, tie askew, nervously pulling at his 40th pipeful in two hours, muttering tensely to himself, "To uck or not to uck, that is the question." But no, it cannot be! I will put

it out of my mind; suspend judgment; refuse the option!! I'll simply Will to Exist in limbo until the light on high streams forth, filling my cup of knowledge.

To put it plainly, gentlemen, who is the hypocrite — you or Mrs. Brown?

Robert Hill
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

I find it rather paradoxical that your Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner can preach a critical sermon on the "bad word" mania of modern America (*Philosophy*, Part Five) and yet practice the very thing he condemns (*Playboy Interview*) . . . both in the same issue. Philosophies are valueless, Mr. Editor, unless you have the strength to live by them.

T. R. Hopkins
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

You miss the point, gentlemen. When we argue for the right to use all language freely, without restraint or censorship, we are not ourselves obligated to use any particular words or phrases in order to be consistent. By that logic,

when we argue the case for pornography (as we did in the May "Philosophy"), we should publish pornography. But PLAYBOY's editorial taste and sensitivity have never been based upon "whatever the law will allow" or "seeing how far we can go" — the magazine's content, form and style result from the considered judgment of its editors. When we exercise that judgment — as we must each month — we refer to both our own tastes and what we believe to be the tastes of the specific audience we are interested in reaching. Sometimes we err, but our overall batting average is quite good, we think — which in part explains the magazine's unusual rapport with the new generation.

In last month's editorial, Editor-Publisher Hefner commented that PLAYBOY probably wouldn't change very much in a censor-free society. It will change in time, of course, as the tastes and interests of that segment of society that constitutes our readership changes. Our job is to retain the rapport with our readers that has already been established.

When it gets down to a question of "to uck or not to uck," we suspect the matter could almost be decided by the flip of a coin — the more sophisticated portion of society, for which PLAYBOY is edited (and which we assume is several strides ahead of the general public in this, and most other matters), is approaching the point where the bugaboo of words no longer phases it. In other forms of communication, such as books and the small-circulation literary quarterlies, that point has already been reached; if we were making the same decision for either a book or a literary journal, we would allow ourselves greater editorial freedom; if we were making the decision for a movie or a television program, we would allow ourselves less leeway.

The important point is, and always should be, from whence the decision comes: it belongs in the hands of whoever is editorially responsible for the product — not in the hands of the censor, or any other outside party. Thus, Stephen Crane had a perfect right to write his war novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," without using a single obscene expression; and James Jones had a perfect right to write his war novel, "From Here to Eternity," and fill it with four-letter words. Both books were honestly written and both books were good.

As for the spelling of the phonetic expression "pshhht," we'd be inclined to the use of just one h and more f's, like so: "phffft!" But we confess to feeling even less strongly about that than we do about "uck."



"That's my son, the painter."

BUNNIES

(continued from page 101)

While Bunny tunes mint coin, reporters continue to mint phrases in an effort to describe what Bunnies really are. They have been labeled variously:

"Hugh Hefner's Peace Corps," "Something like Girl Scouts," "The mostest hostesses," "Just plain girls—if you take away their curves, beautiful faces and charming manners," "The best thing that's happened to girl watchers since Clara Bow," "The Untouchables," "Exiguously clad exaggerations," "Authentic American geishas," and (such are the contradictions of the press) "Definitely not geishas, whatever they are."

What they are is probably best defined by Hefner, who, like the Bunnies, has been served with a rabbit stew of catchy titles including "Brer Rabbit," "Head Hare," "Bucks Bunny," "Mr. MacGregor," "The Big Bunny," and, by the Variety Club of St. Louis after he opened Playboy Club number four there, "Showman of the Year."

"The Bunny," says Hefner, "is very much like our Playmate of the Month... beautiful, desirable, but with a fresh, girl-next-door quality. She may be sexy, but it's a clean, healthy sex. She is, at once, both wholesome and glamorous because, in our mind, those two qualities are inseparably related."

Letters from Playboy Club keyholders add still another dimension to the reality of the Bunny concept:

"Bunny Sandy was the most delightful combination of brains, beauty and personality that we have met in a long time." . . . "Bunny Pat's warm welcome and friendly nature make the New Orleans Playboy Club a constant joy." . . . "If I could find a girl as nice as any of your Bunnies outside the Club, I would soon cease to be a cynical bachelor." . . . "Bunny Shirley was thoroughly gracious and gave our party the best service we have ever experienced in any club in the country. She is a fine complement to your organization—and to mine."

To the keyholder, in short, the Bunny is a personal Girl Friday—warm and friendly, unobtrusively efficient, and a delight to behold. Obviously, to attract this special kind of girl, more than carrots are required.

"How," asked writer John Donovan in a recent nationally syndicated news feature on Bunnyism, "can a young girl turn down a job which offers big money, travel, the glamor of show business and a chance to mingle with headliners and top personalities?" His rhetorical answer: "She can't."

Small wonder when one considers Bunnyism's benefits:

Bunnies can easily earn from two to three times the salary of a well-paid secretary. Many of them take in more than

\$200 a week in tips alone.

With six Playboy Clubs now in operation and dozens more upcoming both here and abroad, becoming a Bunny can be a wonderful way to see the world.

Even if she remains in her hometown Club, a Bunny soon learns, the world will come to her. Girls who, as teenagers, may have collected photos of celebrities find the situation suddenly reversed when they become Bunnies; visiting big names (and it would be far easier to list the few celebrities who have *not* made the Club scene, than to mention those who have) are as eager as schoolkids to be pictured with buxom Bunnies. ("Playboy Clubs," to quote the Bunny brochure, "are more like show business than saloon business, and Bunnies are the stars.")

And, because they are stars, Bunnies are often on the guest lists of leading social events and are at home in the most elite circles. "It's as exciting as being in movies," said a starry-eyed newcomer a while ago, not knowing then that she and her sister Bunnies would actually be featured in Columbia's forthcoming Tony Curtis flick, *Playboy*, as well as in numerous TV studies of the PLAYBOY phenomenon. (One, a Canadian-produced film called *The Most* was awarded first prize for short documentaries in the prestigious San Francisco Film Festival.)

While other girls in lesser jobs may feel trapped by boredom and routine, Playboy Bunnies live a life of . . . well, Playboy Bunnies. Brought together from the four corners of the nation and many overseas areas, groups of them often share fine apartments, forming personal friendships that last a lifetime.

Although being a Playboy Club Bunny is a career in itself, many of the girls are also talented actresses, singers and dancers waiting for the big break—and studying for it during their off-hours. And, through their show-busy association with the Playboy Club, the break often comes faster. (Talent bookers and film agents, it seems, spend much more time in the Clubs than they do in drugstores.)

Pert Chicago Bunny Merle Pertile followed her background appearances on the *Playboy's Penthouse* TV series with a foreground revelation as a Playmate of the Month (January 1962), then went on to key parts in several network video productions, including the *Tab Hunter Show*, *77 Sunset Strip* and *Ensign O'Toole*.

Raven-haired Anna English was a headliner at The Underground in New York before becoming a Bunny and she's now on leave for another singing engagement.

New York Bunny Teddy Howard, who has appeared in episodes of TV's *Naked City*, *The Nurses* and *The Defenders*, is now studying an off-Broadway part, as is Bunny Betty Stanton, a veteran of both *The Threepenny Opera* and *L'il Abner*.

A full line of 10 New York Bunnies are

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professional dancers, all with credits from leading night clubs or Broadway musicals. Five of them — Dorrie Geoffrey, Patti Burns, Jonni Lynn, Pam Murphy and Walli Elmark — kicked at the Copa.

Playmate-Bunnies Delores Wells (June 1960) and Joyce Nizzari (December 1958) have had more TV and film credits than you can shake a contract at. Both now live in Los Angeles, but still enjoy the Bunny bit between acting engagements. Delores will soon appear in Paramount's *Beach Party* and Joyce appears in Frank Sinatra's latest, *Come Blow Your Horn*.

Many of the top-name comics on the Playboy Club circuit also like to work two or three Bunnies into their acts and the girls come on like troupers. "The Clubs are always willing to audition talented Bunnies as new acts," says comic Joe Conte, "but what Bunny would want to trade her money for mine?"

Modeling is still another career route that parallels the Bunny trail. Hundreds of requests for models come through the Clubs each year and are passed on to the girls. (Plans are underway now for a nationwide Playboy Modeling Agency and School as a training ground for future Bunnies and a model bureau for present ones.)

Because many Bunnies are pretty enough to become one of PLAYBOY's famed Playmates of the Month, many of them do. Thus far, six Playmates have been discovered in our own hutches and more than 30 of our Playmates have gone from the centerfold to the Bunny business.

Job mobility between departments is standard practice in the PLAYBOY organization, and several shapely secretaries from our offices have forsaken shorthand for long satin Bunny ears. Reversing that route, cover girl Cynthia Maddox (March

1963 and February 1962), bounded from the Chicago Club two years ago and is now our Assistant Cartoon Editor. Similarly, doe-eyed Bunny-Playmate Teddi Smith (July 1960) has switched to a receptionist's post at PLAYBOY and is now taking night courses in journalism and English lit for the avowed purpose of trying to crack our all-male editorial ranks.

Several alluring extras to Bunnydom are now in the works. Among them: big Bunny discounts on a national line of Playmate Apparel; special dramatic and dance training for interested Bunnies; a monthly Bunny newspaper; and a National sorority for Bunnies. Additionally, the Clubs are now conferring with several national cosmetics firms who propose to become the Bunnies' official hairdressers and make-up artists at little or no cost to the girls.

And, testing an idea that may later be used in other Club cities, the Chicago Club has established a handsomely furnished Bunny Dorm on the top floor of the Playboy Mansion. Designed as temporary quarters for new and transferring Bunnies, the Dorm offers many unique privileges, including use of the Mansion's indoor swimming pool, steam room and sun deck — all for a modest \$50 bunk fee a month.

At this point, if our calculations are correct, some 50,000 young women who have been peeking at their gentlemen's copies of PLAYBOY will ask, "Yes, but who can be a Bunny?"

The answer: Any girl between the ages of 18 and 26 who is attractive, personable, intelligent and of good character may qualify. Eligibility extends to single, married or divorced women, with or without dependents, and no girl is ever turned down for religious or racial reasons. (We

presently have more than 25 "Chocolate Bunnies" and our 11 Oriental Bunnies are particularly in the limelight this year which, according to the Chinese calendar, is "The Year of the Rabbit.")

Statistically, the average Playboy Club Bunny is five-feet-four, weighs 116 pounds, and tapes in at 36-22½-35. All Bunnies are high-school graduates and 41 percent of them have had some college study.

Once a Bunny applicant has been screened and accepted for training, she is sent to Bunny School, often referred to by the girls as "Bunny Boot Camp" — a week-long professional finishing course guided by an experienced Training Bunny.

On her first day in B. B. C. she is given a *Bunny Manual*, the bible of her business, and is checked on poise, posture, make-up and speech.

Home for an evening with the *Bunny Manual* the trainee learns, among other things, that she is far safer working in a Playboy Club than she was in whatever job she came from. If a keyholder gets overly affectionate with her, he stands to forfeit his Club key. She is not permitted to date Club keyholders or employees, or to give her last name or phone number to them — and outside personnel consultants periodically check to make sure that she doesn't. (The management isn't anti-romantic — we just want the Clubs to maintain their good reputation; and while at her job, a Bunny's concern is the welfare of every keyholder.)

On her second school day, the Bunny-to-be is introduced, probably for the first time in her life, to a fully laden service tray and quickly learns how *not* to carry it. (Very few Bunnies have had previous bar experience and the Clubs prefer it that way, since "old hands" generally must be broken of poor service habits picked up in wattle-you-have establishments.)

During the rest of the week, she practices every aspect of the specialized service techniques that make Playboy Club keyholders the most pampered patrons, and Bunnies the highest paid hostesses in night-club history. She learns, for instance:

How to light a guest's cigarette without obstructing his view of the lady at his table.

Where to go if her tail droops. (Section 521.7 of the *Bunny Manual* states: "The wardrobe mistress has a supply of cotton-tails, and will replace . . .")

Why Table Bunnies never have to ask that conversation-ruining question: "Now folks, who gets what here?" (Section 521.14.3, Paragraph A: "Enter each drink beginning with the guest to your immediate left and proceeding clockwise . . .")

What the Clubs think about green nail polish. (Section 521.8: "Avoid extremes in make-up styling. Do not use white lipstick, or gold, green and other far-out-colored nail polishes.")



"You may show in the union delegates now."

Why Bunnies may not drink water in front of Club guests. (Section 521.2.2: "Guests are unable to distinguish whether a girl is drinking lemonade or a tom collins . . . Bunnies may drink nonalcoholic beverages 'backstage.'")

How to garnish 20 types of fancy drinks. (Section 521.15, Paragraph B.: "Flamingo—Cherry, orange or pineapple, lime circle; tall straws. Sidecar—Rim glass with lime and frost with sugar.")

How to identify 143 bottled brands, including 31 Scotches, 16 bourbons, and 30 liqueurs. (Section 521.15, Paragraph A.: "In case your party asks for his drink by name, it is your job to know these liquors.")

Why there are so many rules in the *Bunny Manual*. (Section 521.2, Paragraph A.: "The rules and regulations in this booklet have been designed to make absolutely sure that Playboy Club Bunnies will always enjoy excellent reputations . . .")

Yes, Virginia, there's more than beauty to being a Bunny.

Finally, after written exams, fittings for her Bunny costume, a medical check-up, make-up and hair-styling appointments, the Bunny trainee is, at week's end, ready to make her first appearance in the Club.

She may start on straight salary as a Checkroom Bunny, Gift Shop Bunny, or Door Bunny. Or she may work as a Photo Bunny or Bumper Pool Bunny (if she knows the game). Or, if she is one of the Club's 67 foreign-born Bunnies, she may tend tables in the elegant V. I. P. Rooms (for Very Important Playboys) of the New York and Chicago Clubs.

While much has been said about the "Bunny image"—both by us and the press—anyone who has ever worked with Bunnies is immediately struck by their irrepressible individuality, as a look behind the following press clips on three Chicago Bunnies proves:

Item: "Shapely Chicago Bunny Carmita Carrion owns her own completely furnished home in her native city of Guayaquil, Ecuador. It was one of the prizes she won as 'Miss Ecuador.'"

Background: Carmita, 26, is the daughter of a well-to-do family and heiress to Bim, Bam, Boom. Guayaquil's answer to Coney Island. Educated by private tutors, she speaks Spanish, French and Italian. (More than a hundred Bunnies are multilingual.) Adventurous, she became a Bunny because "It was unlike anything I'd ever done."

Item: "One Chicago Bunny plans to retire at 30: she has already bought an \$80,000 apartment building on her tips."

Background: When she had to drop out of De Paul University for lack of funds, Sue Gin, 22, took two jobs—one as a secretary, one as a Bunny. She now owns not one, but three apartment buildings and looks forward to resuming her academic pursuits. She speaks and reads Spanish

and Chinese.

Item: "Most embarrassed guy we know is world's pocket billiard champ, Willie Mosconi. He was trounced five times by shapely Bunny Kathy Greenlee, champ of the Playboy Club's unusual bumper pool table set."

Background: Pretty, serious Kathy, 21, graduated tops in her class at Fort Mason, Iowa, became a Bunny to help put her twin sister Kelly through college, plans to take a degree in music later. Off duty, she manages a modern apartment house on Chicago's Near North Side, shares a unique bilevel pad with two other Bunnies. A voracious reader and chess buff, she learned pool for kicks during Bunny breaks, chalks up her incredible skill at the game to a "fault"—"I'm a chronic achiever."

Other Bunnies have equally varied backgrounds and interests.

Chicago Bunny Terri Tucker, 19, is trilingual (English, Spanish, Italian), was a professional singer, airline stewardess, model and nurse.

New Orleans Bunny Ruth Iwersen, 25, was born in Hamburg, Germany, attended the University of Hamburg for two years, is a former dental assistant.

In St. Louis, Bunny Sharon McCarty, 22, is a former department-store detective; and Bunny Vicky Quinton, 23, wrote a column for an Oklahoma weekly 10 years ago.

At the Phoenix Club, Bunny Nancy Dusina, 22, is a former head bank teller, and is appearing in American International's *Operation Bikini* with Tab Hunter and Frankie Avalon; Bunny Georgi Edwards, 22, a former airline stewardess, toured with a dance troupe for a year and was Miss New Mexico in the 1961 Miss Universe contest; and Bunny Sandy Ferguson, 25, has been a movie double for Barbara Stanwyck and Janet Leigh.

Among Miami Bunnies, 21-year-old Jean Cannon is a former Playmate (October 1961), acrobatic dance instructor, and professional dress designer; British-born Carole Collins, 24, was a professional swimmer and played the Pigalle Theater Restaurant in London for a year in her own underwater act; Judy Curry, 23, has one year to go on a teaching degree, is an expert sports-car mechanic; Nanci Lee Furnish, 22, is a former dancer, and "bid man" for a construction firm; and Rosemary Jones, 23, holds a B.A. from Leeds College, England, has traveled extensively, and worked on a *kibbutz* in Israel.

In the New York Club, Bunny Marta Anderson, a native of Norway, is part owner of a Long Island beauty salon, and previously worked as a traveling governess; Bunny Nancy Blair, 20, is a Dean's List junior at Barnard College; Bunny Sheralee Connors, 22, was a Playmate (July 1961) and *PLAYBOY* cover girl (December 1962), has taught modern

dance, plays classical piano, does TV modeling, was recently promoted to part-time Bunny Mother; Oriental Bunny Sienna Wong, 25, a graduate of Barry College, is a former actress, and a serious student of Yoga.

If our sampler makes Bunnies seem too good to be true, their quiet endeavors in the field of charity and social work seem even more so. To begin with, every Bunny contributes a dollar each week (plus a dollar for every night she earns more than \$50) to support 26 European and Asian orphans through the Foster Parent Plan. "They're like little kids about *their* little kids," observed Chicago Bunny Mother Adrienne Foote. "They pore over letters from or about these children, and now hope to bring some of the older ones over to the U. S."

Further, in every Club city, Playboy personnel are consistently 100-percent contributors to annual combined charity drives and donate freely of their time to fund-raising events held in the Clubs.

Individual examples of responsible social work abound among Bunnies. New York Bunny Marilyn Aguiar does volunteer work in Bellevue Hospital's psychiatric section; St. Louis Bunny Marilyn Shaw organized and runs a toys-for-tots project; Chicago Bunny Sheila Winters is a Junior Gray Lady with the Red Cross; New Orleans Bunny Pat Phillips works at St. Vincent's Infant Asylum in her spare time; Miami Bunny Juliet Buttita is an off-hours nurse's aide.

Considering all the remarkable attributes of Bunnies, both on and off the job, it is hard to believe that anyone could dislike them. Yet there are people who do. In fact, there are a few individuals who practically have made a career out of Bunny baiting.

Among them are a handful of sadly confused housewives who automatically equate youthful beauty with sin and whose complaints about those "lewd and obscene" Bunny costumes prove they are out of touch with modern fashions in beach and streetwear. Naturally, few of them have any firsthand knowledge of our "dens of iniquity."

Lamentably, there are also a few highly placed politicians who, in turn, equate the hue and cry of self-appointed watchdogs with the voice of the people. Their impulse is to vote blue—"noes" first, get the facts later.

As a result, the Clubs have been forced to institute a number of bothersome—but ultimately victorious—court actions to override licensing denials in Arizona, Maryland and New York. Also, not surprisingly, Bunnies, like books, have had the honor of being banned in Boston.

In the Boston case, members of the state's Alcoholic Beverage Commission—or most of them, at any rate—took one look at a costumed Bunny and down went their thumbs. One commission member

didn't even dare to look. Instead, he turned his chair around and stared at a wall during the presentation. But he voted against the Bunnies just the same.

It remained, however, for still another commissioner to make the classic statement on Playboy Clubs; they are, he said darkly, "definitely not a place to take children."

After plans were announced for a San Francisco Club, the local police chief, Thomas Cahill, came on like a Wild West sheriff of bygone days, warning the hombres at the Club to expect trouble in his town. "I'm concerned about a club with flimsily dressed girls operating behind closed doors," said Cahill. "The police couldn't get easy access to check the action."

To this, S.F. columnist Jim Elliott good-naturedly added: "Mr. Hefner says the police would not have to buy a key to get in. All they would have to do is identify themselves. So maybe Chief Cahill is not so worried about getting his officers in as he is about getting them back out again."

Fortunately, impartial judges, not Bunniphobes, have the last word on Club licenses. Thus, after Arizona's licensing commissioner vetoed a local decision to transfer a license to our Phoenix Club, Superior Court Justice Fred J. Hyder emphatically overruled the commissioner and ordered the license granted. "The public convenience," Judge Hyder opined, "does require and the best interests of the community would be served by the transfer of the license."

Similarly, when New York City's license commissioner refused to grant our Gotham Club a cabaret license because he objected to "its scantily clad waitresses" he was reversed by New York State Supreme Court Justice Arthur G. Klein. Declared the judge: "If the license commissioner, in his own mind, equates the Bunnies' work clothes with seminudity and . . . even progresses to the point where they become synonymous with nudity, that too, is at most merely unfortunate. To satisfy his personal moral code, it is not incumbent upon the petitioner to dress its female employees in middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fisherman's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats."

Interestingly, the innocence of the Bunny business has driven would-be exposé artists to resort to the "scandal switch," as it's called in the trade. Finding nothing evil or improper, the exposé writer simply pulls the switch and "exposes" the fact that there is nothing wrong. Hence, all the finger-pointing at our look-but-don't-touch policy concerning Bunnies—as if the finger pointers really would prefer our policy to be otherwise. Thus tsked *Cue* magazine of the New York Club: ". . . it stands as a

monument to peculiarly American fears and yearnings. Our ambivalence toward sex is accommodated in the acres of tantalizing flesh undulating before us, hardly a pinch away—but mustn't touch."

But what about those controversial Bunny costumes? Do they really leave too much to be desired? "Not as much," observed *Time*, "as the waitresses at Kansas City's prewar Chesterfield Club, who wore no clothes at all."

Far from being a Chesterfield coat of tan, the Bunny costume actually covers more square inches of decidedly unsquare femininity than would the average bathing suit. "On the French Riviera," quipped Dick Gregory, "they'd be considered Brooks Brothers." (In fact, Gregory, who got his start through the Playboy Clubs, sees the Bunny outfits as a devilish instrument of efficiency: "You see those cotton-tails on the southern end of the Bunnies? They're not there just to look cute. They keep the girls from sitting down on the job!")

More seriously intended, but equally far out, is the theory propounded by one unnamed psychologist who feels that Playboy Club guests are in real danger of confusing Bunnies with bunnies: "The girls are dressed symbolically as bunnies and it appeals to a kind of animalism lurking in the male. Unconsciously, there is a feeling that the girls are pets. . . ."

Top contemporary writers have also felt compelled to ponder the Bunny bunting. Nelson Algren, who devotes a chapter to criticizing the PLAYBOY concept in his new book *Who Lost an American?* viewed the costume with alarm: "Abstinence makes the heart contemptuous, and PLAYBOY combines both by pinning a tail on a girl's behind. This is not to make her cute, but to encourage contempt for her. . . . The force behind Hefner's image of woman is one of contempt born of deepest fear. What he is selling is Cotton Mather Puritanism in a bunny outfit."

Norman Mailer, writing in *Esquire*, disagrees. He also finds the Bunny suit suggestive, but in a harmless, magic sort of way: "The Bunnies went by in their costumes, electric-blue silk, Kelly-green, flame-pink, pinups from a magazine, faces painted into sweetmeats, flower tops, tame lynx, piggie, poodle, a queen or two from a beauty contest. They wore a Gay Nineties rig which exaggerated their hips, bound their waists in a *ceinture*, and lifted them into a phallic brassiere—each breast looked like the big bullet on the front bumper of a Cadillac. Long black stockings, long long stockings, up almost to the waist on each side, and to the back, on the curve of the can, as if ejected tenderly from the body, was a puff of chastity, a little white ball of a bunny's tail which bobbed as they walked . . . the Playboy Club was the place for magic. . . ."

PLAYBOY execs—and Bunnies—keep wondering why our friends and critics, in their search for the meaning of the Bunny outfit, always overlook the obvious: (1) PLAYBOY magazine's emblem is a sophisticated rabbit; (2) That's why Playboy Club hostesses are called Bunnies; (3) Their costumes were designed to follow through on the rabbit theme while serving as a figure-flattering and practical work suit. It's as simple as 1-2-3.

As for the peculiar complaint that the costume holds Bunnies up to contempt, anyone who has visited a Playboy Club may think otherwise. "The Bunny costume," says Hugh Hefner, "makes a plain girl look attractive and an attractive girl look beautiful." Bunnies agree.

Not that Bunnies aren't really attractive—and quite sexy—to start with. They are, of course, as their very vital statistics suggest. But there is as much difference between sex appeal and obscenity as there is between drinking and drunkenness. Neither extreme is permitted in any Playboy Club. In fact, the Bunny Dip, a graceful, back-bending style used by Table Bunnies when delivering drinks, was created to keep an interesting view from becoming a sensational one. As that martini-dry wit, Dick Haviland tells it to Playboy Club audiences: "These girls are so well-endowed that they have to be careful not to spill themselves all over the drinks."

Even without unsolicited plugs from license commissioners, the Bunny suit and matching satin ears comprise the most successful piece of image building in night-club history.

Hundreds of requests to borrow Bunny costumes are given a polite but blanket turnaround every year.

The New Orleans Club prudently locks away all extra costumes during Mardi Gras, yet scores of ingenious copies pop up in rollicking parades all the same.

On network television, Bunny outfits have replaced floorwalker cutaways as the funny costume for comedy skits, with everyone from real Bunnies to Jackie Gleason's entire male chorus appearing in ears.

Bunny-ear chapeaux, priced upward of \$75, sprouted like rabbitweed along Fifth Avenue after *The New Yorker* ran a full-page cartoon of two women eying a Bunny-eared bride. The caption: "He met her in some Chicago key club, I understand."

If published cartoons are a gauge of public awareness, the world must be hip to our hoppers. Without mention of the Clubs that gave rise to the image, *Punch*—the great grandsire of all humor magazines—recently devoted a full page to captionless cartoons of "Nightlife Bunnies." (Sample: An irate diner complaining about a Bunny ear in his soup.)

Elsewhere, *MacLean's* pictured a Playboy Bunny sitting waiting attention

in a veterinarian's office; *Look* had a dumpy matron in Bunny costume, carrying a martini, greeting her husband on the doorstep, at the end of the day, with "Welcome to your private key club!"; *Post* featured a switch on the classic errant daughter cartoon—a Playboy Club doorman sternly ordering a huge bunny rabbit and her brood out into the cold, cruel world; *Panic Button*, a Canadian satirical magazine, ran a well-known photo of Hefner, surrounded by Bunnies, saying matter-of-factly, "It's a living."; several PLAYBOY imitators have put Bunnies on the moon, Bunnies on *New York Times* subway ads, fat Bunnies in two-bit saloons, and little bunnies bouncing into, out of, and around Playboy Clubs.

Bunnies have also busted into political cartoons: A recent McNaught Syndicate sketch showed Europe as a Bunny locked behind the door to the "Common Market Key Club—Members Only." The Club's doorman, Charles DeGaulle, is shooing away non-member Harold Macmillan, saying, "Go get your own Bunnies."

The Bunnies have also made the funnies. The best: A Sunday strip of Miss Peach detailing the inside operation of malevolent Marcia's Kelly School Key Klub (Membership—5¢). When her fellow students discover that there is nothing inside the Klub but caged hamsters, Marcia snarls, "What didja expect for a lousy nickel—Bunnies?!"

If you've caught the 4:40 to Westport, or the show at the Playboy Club lately, you already know that Bunny jokes, of low and uncertain origin, have been multiplying at an alarming rate. Stop us if you've heard the one about:

The little Texan who wanted a bunny for his birthday, so his daddy bought him the franchise for the Dallas Playboy Club.

Or, Hugh Hefner's space race against the Russians: he's crossing a stereo set with a sports car and plans to shoot a Bunny to the moon in it.

Or, the definition of a buxom Bunny cleaning up a spilled drink: A flopsy, mopsy cottontail.

Or the Bunny who failed her rabbit test.

Or, the English Bunny who rolled her r's, but only when she wore high heels.

Gags aside, famed columnist Art Buchwald summed up the whole Bunny business pretty well: "Since it's all in good American fun and there is no hanky-panky permitted, Hefner has one of the most successful night-club operations in the U.S."

We'll stand on that. And so will the Bunnies.

Bunny applications may be obtained from Playboy Clubs International, Personnel Department, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.



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gives the big protection, stroke for stroke, you get with Brake. It's the big protection a big man needs.

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Letitia

(continued from page 88)

—vide Edna Kenton, an early Feminist in a Mother Hubbard who was nabbed by the police on Michigan Avenue.

The only female anatomy legally permitted in polite areas was that of Annette Kellermann. Miss Kellermann's delightful shape, every bulge accented by uncompromising tights, had held Chicago audiences spellbound, as if before an import from Mars.

It was an hour's streetcar ride to Marjy Curry's studio on Stony Island Avenue. We stood up all the way, pressed against each other by fellow standees, and talked. I told her about Marjy. She had been divorced recently from Floyd Dell, the novelist, who had certainly ruined himself as a writer by migrating to New York City. Everyone (the *Little Review*) knew that New York was a place where artists ended up wearing price tags for souls. Marjy ran a sort of salon where you could talk your head off and eat free.

"It sounds divine," Letty said. "I adore artists, writers most of all. They have to be clearheaded."

"Not necessarily," I said.

Letty looked at me intently. "You haven't asked me about my sickness. I mean my craziness. Why haven't you?"

"I'd forgotten about it," I said.

This was true. The weeping face modeling the laughing girl's head, the case history of two suicide tries, were no part of my streetcar companion.

"Will they know about me, the ones at Marjy's?"

I said I didn't think so. Artists (unknown ones) went for months without looking at a newspaper. Sherwood Anderson explained, "There's more honest information on a tomato-can label than in a week of newspapers." His name hadn't appeared yet in print.

Letty laughed. "I'm glad you've forgotten about how I was. Because I have, too. I'm all well now. Happy and healed inside. Look how clear my eyes are — without tears." She smiled merrily at me.

Letty's debut at Marjy's studio was an exciting event. We arrived early so there were only a few chop-suey fanciers on deck. Marjy always served chop suey out of a large pail, and department-store wine went with it.

A lumpy-faced man sat in a corner, humming and glaring at nothing. This was Theodore Dreiser who had published two novels that had been harpooned by censors and critics. Mrs. Dawson, literary critic of the *New York Globe*, had voiced the bruised feelings of New York's literary guardians — "Mr. Dreiser would do better if he confined his writing to toilet walls, a much more fitting place for his talent than the

pages of a book." I remember Mrs. Dawson's quote quite well, for a few years later she greeted my first novel, *Erik Dorn*, with the same pronouncement.

But Dreiser was glaring at no memory of Madam Dawson this evening. He had other troubles. There was a ring of boils on his neck, and beside him sat a pretty brunette whose father, a prominent Chicago jeweler, had vowed to have the toilet-wall Balzac up before a judge for corrupting his daughter.

At the other end of the large candlelit room sat my friend Swatty — Sherwood Anderson. Officially he was still a copywriter for the advertising firm of Taylor-Critchfield and Co. But he ignored this lowest of identities. Unpublished and unknown, he was still our Great Novelist. "We had the hang of him, long ere Rome rang of him"; and we understood (and shared) his disapproval of all published authors except, possibly, Dreiser. But Sherwood stuck to his guns about Dreiser. "The fellow can't write for sour apples," Sherwood had told me, "but everybody thinks he's a true artist because he doesn't believe in marriage." "Everybody" was the *Little Review*.

I have a grab bag of Sherwood Anderson memories but I'll write only of the Sherwood who participated in Letty's greenlit story. This was his lover's side. He was in his 30s, black-eyed, heavy featured, with a wiglike clump of black hair; not fat but soft-bodied. He looked like an Italian barber but he exuded ego like a royalist. It was no barber who spoke but a moony sort of Socrates. His voice was full of caress and the smack of infinite superiority. To what? To everyone who wasn't Sherwood Anderson. He held out a hand as he talked and fluttered it as if he were patting an infant on its head, the infant being his listener or, possibly, the world.

As a wooer of women, Sherwood was full of originality. He refused to open doors for them and allow them first entrance, or let them finish a sentence. "Women are at their best as receptacles." Dancing, roller skating, kissing, hugging, and kindred sexual preliminaries were not for him. "Boys fondle, men fornicate." As far as I could make out from watching a few of his courtships, Sherwood made no promises and paid no compliments. He explained that he scorned all sensual outposts and went after the soul of his quarry. And he didn't even do that. He permitted the lucky girl to see his soul and bask in its fine harmonies. Purring in the candlelight of his Cass Street hall bedroom, he offered himself as a man of mystery and genius. I was always surprised at the way girls fell into the vortex of his ego — without asking even for a word

of love or a free meal. "I dislike going to bed with burglars, however pretty they are."

The other Marjyguest who high-dived into Letty's story that night was my friend, poet Maxwell Bodenheim. Bogie, our cubistic nightingale, was 20, tall, blondish, pale eyes rolled up in a constant grimace of derision, several teeth already missing; but a handsome face that seemed to peer out of a lost land of poets. His clothes were unpressed and unchanged. He smoked a corn-cob pipe and favored a sewer-smelling tobacco that cost a nickel a pound. With seldom a coin in his pocket, he loped through the day half-starved, stalking hors d'oeuvres at soirees. And on the alert for female admirers.

Bogie carried a moldy brief case bulging with all the poems he had written (none of them yet sold) and a change of socks. Take my word for it, they were fine poems. "Her emotions were like dried fruit in a paper bag," "Your smile is my throne," "You draw my heart about you like a cloak," "The trees stand naked in the blue tomb of air," "We worship lightning and mimic fireflies." "Then there came, the ghost sword of your name," "Fear trembles and raises the shield of adoration," "The man, parting with his cornet in a pawn shop, walks away — a swindled Gabriel," "Dear Coquette, your eyes are filled with the sparkle of dead loves" . . .

Bogie's poems are part of Letty's story. They were to scamper around her like kittens for petting. But I have another reason, also, for quoting them. They were as much a part of my youth as the deeds of evil and despair I tracked down for Mr. Mahoney. Yes, they were fine poems, although few people were ever to think so to the day 40 years later when a nutty sailor with a gun put an end to the poetry-spawning wino of Greenwich Village — homeless, fameless Max Bodenheim.

But even in his pretty youth, Bogie was an irritant that earned him many a shiner and bloody nose. He had a catfist way of delivering rococo insults — clucking, stammering and screeching joyfully at his own wit. He also stamped his foot and slapped his thigh during his epic utterances. I don't deride them. They were good. I heard no brighter language in that time. To critic Burton Rascoe he said, "You erect ingenious pedestals for your blindness." To critic Llewellyn Jones he said, "You are a mental skeleton grinning at platitudes." To critic H. L. Mencken he said, "Your anesthetic of malice has put your own soul to sleep and set it to snoring in essay form."

But there was a larger reason for Bogie's unpopularity than his repartee. His tactics as a Romeo sent him sprawl-

ing out of innumerable doors.

Bogie began his courting usually by falling into a silence and staring knowingly at his quarry. If encouraged by a return look, the stare became a simper. I have never seen anyone who could distort his face into so maudlin and obscene an ogle. Any subsequent move by the girl to further their acquaintance was considered by Bogie an invitation to immediate cohabitation. He regarded the resistance that ensued as crude hypocrisy. A hundred lost wrestling matches failed to enlighten him. He continued to acquire shiners and bloody noses in his homage to such two-faced daughters of Venus.

But Bogie had another way of wooing. Stirred by a female sigh rather than by a stretch of stocking, he could change from rapist into troubadour, become as harmless as a guppy, chant and cluck his poems to his adored by the hour, and ask of her only the privilege of letting his heart break in her presence.

It was in front of a purring Sherwood Anderson and a cackling Maxwell Bodenheim that my companion removed her raincoat. From the silence that came upon my two friends I knew Letty had made the grade in our literary circle.

Letty in her skintight casing of black jersey was a shapely girl with larger breasts than are usually affixed to a dancer. I stared in silence as did the other two literateurs, and I could feel, embarrassedly, the sameness of our minds.

Confronted in a room with an uncovered female, the male response, young or old, seldom varies. His response is part of history and antedates his awe of kings. *Mons Veneris* preceded all other thrones. Beholding a woman bared, the male sees more than what he looks at. The promise of fine diversion harpoons him and he is halfway into the bedroom with his first look. But nudity is not only a door flung open. It is also a door forever closed. Beyond the contours of flesh is the magic interior out of which he is born, the womb-cathedral that converts pleasure into a human being. And what an ideal place for prayer.

Bogie pronounced as he bowed slowly, "Your body, Miss Ekart, is a closed fan."

Sherwood spoke in long robed words, "No matter how naked a girl is, she is never naked enough."

From the other end of the room came Dreiser's petulant voice. "I didn't know I'd been invited to a burlesque show."

Good Marjy with her schoolteacher face said, "A female body is no novelty to me. I've got one myself." It was partly true.

Letty's snow-blond hair and black-tighted shape sat down before a bowl of chop suey. Her eyes sparkled as she

looked at each of us. Then she laughed. Her opened mouth and the wild grimace of joy were the head she had modeled in the asylum.

. . .

Her laughter became part of my day. We met in hotel lobbies, police stations; in the *Little Review* office with its subway jam of poets and iconoclasts, nearly all of them young, and at loggerheads with the Universe. We prowled second-hand bookstores (Powner's) in search of stowaway first editions. With luck, *Tamertlane and Other Poems* by a Boston gentleman (E. A. Poe) could be bought for a dime and resold for \$5000. We sat in Szukalski's Wabash Avenue home where stood his marvelous statues, a loft void of food, heat and furniture. We ate buckets of Marjy's chop suey, and hacked away at the puritanical Age of Darkness in which we lived. We went to Orchestra Hall to watch Harold Lloyd on the screen falling out of windows. We foregathered in Sherwood's Cass Street bedroom to listen to chapters of his rejected manuscripts. We hung around the Auditorium's backstage during opera rehearsals. And in all these places Letty's laughter continued. "Wouldn't they be surprised to learn I'm a lunatic out of an asylum? And, even more, that I can

float out of windows, and strip people naked by thinking their clothes off?"

I read Letty my new contribution to the *Little Review* in the Blue Fountain room of the La Salle Hotel where a single meal meant bankruptcy—"Beware the hopelessly sane . . . Sanity is the social burlap bag into which we stick our heads . . . Freedom is fun but it means little. Often the artist who grows its wings becomes a mosquito nibbling on a billiard ball."

We went ice skating in Jackson Park at night. Japanese lanterns circled the frozen lagoon. A bonfire blazed on its edge. Near it, an accordion player wheezed out merry and nostalgic pieces.

Hands crossed, Letty and I skated together in a tangle of flitting figures. Here I became fretful and inquisitive. No word of love had been said between us, no intimacy attempted or dreamed of by me. We had shared only laughter and words. But suddenly I was invaded by longing and jealousy.

She answered my inquiries with amusement as we skated.

"Sherwood is wonderfully patient. When we're alone he reads me one of his *Winesburg, Ohio* stories the same way my father reads out of the *Gospels* to his Sunday congregation. After he finishes



"Oh, Mother! You're not showing him that old picture of me on the bearskin rug!"

his reading. Sherwood waits for me to fall into his arms. And when I don't he's a little sorry for me for missing so great an opportunity. And he talks to me in that gurgle of his about my soul. He doesn't think it's working right because I keep it under a blanket. Alone. He doesn't approve of girls sleeping alone."

"Has he joined you?"

"God no," Letty shivered. "I'd rather go to bed with a crocodile."

I was partially convinced.

"Bogie is much less boring," Letty said. "He calls on me at my home and always bows when he sees me. Way over, as if he were going to do an arabesque. My father finds him very interesting. He thinks Bogie looks like the Hofmann painting of Christ. He does, too."

"I imagine he behaves otherwise."

"He behaves beautifully," Letty said. "He holds my hand and recites new poems to me, and his eyes fill with tears."

"No grabbing?"

"No," Letty said. "he says he will never touch me until I say I love him."

"An ambushade," I said.

Letty's laughter brought grins to the other skaters. Mittened hands waved at her.

"Do you talk to Sherwood and Bogie as you do to me?" I asked.

"No," Letty said. "I don't say anything to them, except to praise them."

"Why don't you praise me sometime?" I asked.

"You don't need praise," Letty said. I had never heard a more flattering opinion. I felt like another Nietzsche, but my heartache, also, increased. I lay in bed that night pondering how one could make love to a girl who was always laughing. And how could one seduce a girl who had so high an opinion of one? There was another barrier, an odd one. I kept noticing the healed cut on her wrist. It was hard to kiss a girl so full of secrets.

A week later we shared an adventure. Bogie and I had been engaged by the Chicago Book and Play Club to debate a literary topic (of our own choosing) before its monthly gathering. We had each been given a \$100 check in advance.

Letty came with us to banker Loeb's South Side mansion where the city's finest had assembled to hear "two young modernists debate their startling literary theories" (read the Club's announcement). It was the same banker Loeb whose son later filled the headlines as Leopold's thrill-murder colleague.

Some 200 tuxedos and evening gowns occupied the little gilt chairs in the Loeb ballroom. Peeking at them from an anteroom, Bogie said, "Their look of tolerance is faintly nauseating even with \$100 as smelling salts." We were escorted to a small platform facing the gilt chairs.

Letty was first at bat. Her beauty

netted her a round of applause. She bowed and spoke:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Hecht and Mr. Bodenheim have chosen the following subject to debate—Resolved: People who attend literary debates are fools. Mr. Hecht will take the affirmative."

I stood up to a bit of confused hand-clapping, and studied the audience in silence for as long as I could. Finally, with a gesture at the Club, I turned to Bogie and said, "I rest my case."

Bogie stood up promptly and ogled the membership for a full minute. Then he turned to me and said, "You win."

The three of us fled the mansion as if we had been robbing an apple orchard. Letty laughing loudly and Bogie crying triumphantly. "Oh boy! Oh boy!" Clutching the bills in my pocket, I felt chiefly the glow of riches.

• • •

Letty and I sat under the crystal chandeliers of the Blackstone Hotel's main dining room. My \$100 fee as a debater had provided a week of high-toned diversion. I ordered the most expensive dishes on the menu, and a bottle of Chateau Yquem, a name I had encountered in George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*.

"Sherwood's going to join us," I said. "I didn't particularly want him but he insisted. He said he had something important to tell me." Letty's statue face remained voiceless. "What's the matter?" I asked. "You're as gloomy as the first plume on a hearse. You've been like that nearly all week."

"I'm sorry," Letty said.

The string orchestra started a Lanier waltz. Our ornamental waiter brought food. Another dashing fellow appeared with a wine bottle and a Bavarian accent. I felt on a stage in a play. Pretty music, waiters in braided green jackets, George Moore's Chateau Yquem, a tablecloth as white and impressive as a bridal gown—where was there a better scene in the world?

I looked at Letty and a line from Turgenev spoke. "The heart of another is always darkness." Her eyes were furtive.

"What is it?" I asked. "Drink your wine and tell me."

"There's nothing to tell."

A bellboy who knew me came to our table. "A telegram for you, sir." I rewarded the "sir" with a lordly dollar. The telegram said, FIND OUT YOURSELF ABOUT LETTIE. BUT BE CAREFUL. SHE'S A WINDOW-JUMPER. SHERWOOD.

"It's from Sherwood," I said, "apologizing for being unable to join us."

"I hate him," said Letty. "I threw one of his manuscripts into the fire. He burned his hands rescuing it."

"What else?"

"I broke a window, I think," Letty said.

A sly look came to her.

"Was he trying to make love to you?" I asked.

"That crocodile!" Letty said, and took my hand. Her eyes were tender and frightened. I thought of my childhood when I had been afraid of dark stairways and mirrors hung in lonely halls.

That night a famous blizzard began. I stood with Letty outside her Kenwood house and watched the ghostly storm. Covered with snow, we embraced. I tasted snow and tears when we kissed.

"Why are you crying?" I asked.

"It's not me who's crying," Letty answered.

"Is it like it was—before?" I asked.

"No, you're here," Letty said.

The turned-down tragedy mouth straightened.

"I love you," she said. "Look, we've almost disappeared in the snow. Nobody can see us. Look, the trees are all white and blooming with snow."

I said, "Yes, the snow paints ghostly summer on the trees."

"I love you," Letty said again. Her face was a vanishing light in the snow. "I'll phone you tomorrow at your office. We'll be together all day and all night."

I watched her run toward her front door. An apparition called to me in a faraway voice, "I'll phone you tomorrow, darling. Wait for me."

• • •

I sat motionless all the next day beside my silent typewriter and stared out of the *Journal's* windows at the thick snowfall. No call came from Letty. After two months of odd, impersonal comradeship I was suddenly pining for her voice. I was stranded without it. I thought of how her face had changed from the laughing one to the weeping one. To change it back, to change it back. Lunacy expert though I was, I thought only of the cure youth has for all ladies in distress—the magic of desire.

Mr. Mahoney and his staff, ulstered and muffled, drifted away. I remained, a casualty, in the gloomy, light-speckled room. In the darkness outside the windows, the blizzard shone like a permanent monument. I knew that Agnes was gone from her switchboard, and that no phone could ring until morning. But I still waited for her voice. And, lo, a miracle. A snow-bedecked Letty entered.

I ran to her, stood in front of her unable to speak, and piloted her speechlessly to Bunny Hare's darkroom on the fourth floor. It was a derelict of a floor beyond any human alarms. And I had noted an army cot in Bunny's lair.

Inside the darkroom, I switched on the red developing lamp and helped Letty take off her coat. We kissed and carried on for a time, but her behavior confused me. It varied from ardent clinging to

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HARRY, THE RAT (continued from page 82)

Perhaps someday with even more suffering my selfishness will die and I will be ready to come to you. But for now —" and her dark figure slipped unseen into the night.

She had dreams where Harry followed her into hiding, bursting into the grimy, black closet, lit by a single candle, that had been her home for many years.

"I am old. What do you want with me?" she cried, covering her face with a threadbare shawl to hide the age that had grown there.

"We are both old," said Harry, removing her hands with his hands, a tear matching her tear running down his cheek. "It is time we went home."

She knew that none of this could ever be. Too much life had come between them. Harry was married and separated — she had heard that; now he was undoubtedly off on some new happiness. What right had she to intrude? Turn up like a bad penny? A forgotten page? With all her vaunted suffering was she still not his inferior? Was it her right to inflict her sin-scarred soul on his sinless one? No, she decided, there could be nothing in it but misery for both of them. The maturing woman in her advised her to remember Harry only as the experience that set her life free; to go on from there to new experiences, to new and final love. The suffering woman in her accepted the advice. She would never see Harry again.

She rang his downstairs bell to tell him.

Georgette was always articulate in moments of crisis. She spent the evening smoking lightly, crossing and uncrossing her legs in a relaxed manner and drinking hardly at all. She began by explaining to Harry why they must never see each other again. It seemed to go well. She listened to the even sound of her voice and remarked to herself, "My, it's going well. It's going awfully well."

Harry actually seemed to be paying attention. It took several hours and when she was through they went to bed.

The next morning she felt empty. Harry was gone, having left a note that said he was sorry they couldn't see each other anymore and that he had enjoyed their friendship. The tone of the note was wrong. She recalled the previous evening with embarrassment; it hadn't gone well at all. She had ended by giving a lecture, just as in the old days! How could she expect Harry to understand why they could no longer see each other unless she showed him the new Georgette he could no longer see? She waited till he came home to begin over again.

But it went just as badly. "Oh, God," she thought, "he's winding his watch!"

Harry was tired. She was tired. They went to bed.

She stayed three weeks trying to explain. She cleaned house, cooked dinner and, during the odd moments when Harry was there, talked about feeling and giving and communication and contact. The further away Harry drifted, the more she blamed herself. She was not getting through.

He was always polite. When he brought dates home he said, "Stick around if you want to." She always did, patiently waiting for the girl to go home so that she at last could properly tell him why they must never see each other again.

Each new morning she left his bed sated and defeated. She tried telling herself that this was another rich experience, another triumph of suffering. But she was not suffering and she knew it. She was eroding. Harry ignored her conversation completely; he barely noticed her in bed. That he satisfied her nonetheless had become degrading.

"There's only one way I can get my point across about how suffering has changed me, Harry."

"Terrific," said Harry.

"I am going to demonstrate to you that I'm not the selfish, compulsive, opportunistic Georgette you used to know."

Harry was thumbing through a men's fashion magazine and did not answer.

"I am going to prove that I'm not an egoist. I am going to kill myself."

But Harry was too involved selecting a fall wardrobe to respond. Later they went to bed.

The mature woman in Georgette told her that suicide was the only answer. Harry would certainly get her message if she killed herself. The sensitive soul she had failed to reveal would at last be made known to him. Her death would show what he might not have lost had she only found a way to present her facts more cogently.

"I am going to kill myself, Harry. It's the only way," she told him one morning. "I thought it out. Don't try to dissuade me."

"You're crazy!" Harry laughed. At moments like this he genuinely enjoyed her.

"I'm a failure."

"You're a crazy kid."

He played in bed with her all day. Talk like that charmed him thoroughly.

Her attempt to commit suicide was becoming as embarrassing as her attempts to leave Harry. Each morning she lay in bed with new ambition, Harry's warm body beside her, a further thrust to the completion of her plan. She was going to rise from bed and then she was going to do it; really do it. Her period of indecision was past. She was finally in the

mood. Very soon now she was going to rise from bed and then she was going to do it. By nightfall she was back in bed — waiting to see if Harry would come home. Would he be alone? Would he have a date? Would it be proper to tell him her plans while the date was there or should she wait for her to leave?

One night, while having nothing better to do, she wrote a suicide note:

Well, Harry, I told you and you didn't believe me. By the time you read this note I will be dead. I do not ask that you cry for me. I don't deserve your tears. I only ask that you absorb the lesson I am trying to teach: that I must die because I have failed to make contact. I have tried but I am not skilled enough to make you know my feelings. You have never really seen me, Harry. You have never looked. But it is not your fault, really. I was never there to be seen. I don't mean to criticize.

I have suffered but I cannot communicate my suffering. However I try it comes out self-pity. I wonder as I sit here if this is the way it is with all of us. There must be something more than words to express the emotions that the best of words don't seem able to. I do not know. I'm only asking.

What is almost as beautiful as you, Harry? A baby. And why? Because it is new. Because it is virginal and innocent and interested in nothing but itself. A newly minted anything has a beauty, and this is a baby's beauty. But the moment life begins to touch the baby it loses its look of newness; it loses its innocence. It grows away from perfection.

Life is an abrasive. The more you come in contact with it, the more it uglies you. To make contact is to uglify. To give is to leave yourself open, to leave yourself open is to be hurt. Love, true love, is the act of taking all these negative factors and turning them into gold. To make ugliness beauty; to make suffering joyous; to make giving receiving.

People who do not make contact do not live. They only exist. Existing isn't living, Harry. We must open our hearts to others if we are to live. I have tried and failed. If you are ever to be happy you must try and succeed. Give, Harry. Give, give, give — or die.

I kill myself to teach you this lesson. Do not try to read any other reason into my death. My career has never been as successful. My finances are in perfect order. I have many friends who love me. No, Harry, the reason I give my life is to help you to give yours.

I ask you not to feel sorry. I teach more by dying than I ever could by living. I suppose in my heart I have always been an educator.

*With feeling,
Georgette*

It was rough — but it was only a first draft.

By writing the note she knew she had crossed over a line. The myth had taken form; it was now quite clear she was going to do it. She even had a plan: she would take a room in a hotel (the shape of the room came alive before her), wait till it was early morning and the streets were deserted — and then she would jump. It was inexorable. The tug of tragedy sucked her toward her final future. She flushed with a sense of Greek drama and waited for Harry to tell him the news and read him her letter. While waiting, she corrected for spelling and punctuation and started on a final draft.

It was three in the morning when she finished; and Harry was still not home. She knew he would not be back at all. It left her the rest of the night with nothing to do. She reread her letter a number of times. The first dozen times she cried; the last few times it bored her. Her sense of purpose was diminishing. She tried television but there was nothing on. She made herself a sandwich. She paced. She searched the apartment for cigarettes.

After coffee she decided that if she was ever going to kill herself she had better do it now.

It was past four o'clock before Georgette found a decent hotel. She was shocked and annoyed: how must New York seem to out-of-town visitors? Sullen desk clerks, avaricious bellhops, dark, urine-colored corridors with colorless carpeting leading into colorless rooms; windows that opened on other windows; buildings so close to one another that had she jumped off one she couldn't have fallen — she would have had to slide. Disgraceful!

She had a clear idea of what she needed: a room that was not just a hotel room but a transition chamber. In it she would move from one world into another. That called for high ceilings with many curtains, powder blue walls, a crystal chandelier, Early American furniture (an old writing desk in the corner), exquisite hand-loomed rugs — and no television. She required a view of a park from wall-high windows that opened easily and did not make one stoop to climb out. She needed a comfortable ledge to balance on; she planned to balance for a long time and do nothing but stare out at the park and feel life rush at her, more vivid than it was because of her leaving it.

The room she finally settled on was a compromise: it looked out on Bryant Park and had traditional furniture. It had television but at Georgette's insistence the management agreed to remove it in the morning. Georgette said she didn't care about the morning, she wanted it out now. The night clerk said he had no one on hand to do the job and she would have to wait. Georgette said she would move it herself.

"Do as you like but you will be billed if there is any damage," said the night clerk. Then he asked if she had luggage. Georgette said no.

"Then I must ask you to pay in advance," said the night clerk with quiet satisfaction.

"How much?" asked Georgette.

"Twenty-five dollars," said the night clerk.

"But I'm not even going to use the room all night," said Georgette.

The night clerk stared patiently through her.

"I'll come back with luggage," she said. She was damned if she'd be taken advantage of.

One thing was certain: she couldn't return to Harry's for a suitcase. What if he were home? She wasn't sure she'd leave. Nor could she return to her own apartment. She hadn't been there in a month and to go now — to move through

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her rooms, go through her closets, feel her dresses, say goodbye to her jewelry — and then to find something out of order, something she had always meant to change, knowing she couldn't die without changing it, getting down to work and in the heat of activity letting this, her grandest moment, slip away; because a hem needed fixing, a waist needed taking in, or a seam needed stitching.

Enemies of her suicide lurked everywhere: the night clerk — her closets — herself. She was not going to truckle under. It had become a matter of principle. She would not go home and she would get into that damned hotel without paying. She would die without paying. Let the night clerk explain that to his superiors!

She called Belle Mankis.

"Georgette, darling! Where in the world have you been?"

"Belle, I'm sorry — did I wake you?"

"No, we're all here playing 'Lifeboat.' Get over here at once!"

"I can't, Belle. I have to ask you for a favor."

"Good God, darling; anything!"

"Can I borrow a suitcase?"

"Dear heart, are you all right?"

"Please, Belle, I can't explain but I need a suitcase right away and I just don't have the energy left to go over to your place and get it. I'd be desperately grateful if you'd bring it to me at the 42nd Street entrance of the Library. Please, Belle."

"Is this a new game? Sounds marvelous! Where in God's name have you been hiding?"

"Will you bring it, Belle? Please? Will you bring it?"

Belle Mankis and the Blue Belles descended on the Public Library in a squad of taxis; singing, laughing, having quite a time for themselves. They bounced Georgette between them; surrounded her in a wall of gossip, asked many pointless questions and demanded that she join them on the weekend for skiing.

"You must come Saturday," said Belle; "everybody you know! You will come. You must. You will. It's settled. Not another word. It's settled."

"Where is the suitcase?"

"Oh my God!" said Belle, "I knew you wanted something!"

At 5:30 in the morning, Georgette found a luggage shop on a darkened section of 39th Street. She hurled a brick through the window, grabbed a set of matched luggage and ran.

Fifteen minutes later she registered at the hotel and had her bags taken to her room. She gave the bellboy a dollar and he helped her carry the television set into the hall. The dawn was rising and it left her less time to dawdle than she wanted. She struggled over whether she should call Harry for a last goodbye. She dialed his number and got the answering service. They told her to wait for a

minute. Georgette hung up. She tried to think of other people to call. She couldn't. She went to the bathroom and washed her face and combed her hair.

By the time she stepped out on the ledge, it was morning. She looked across to Bryant Park, trying to choose a spot to fix her eye on when she jumped. She picked the clearing outline of an elm tree. It looked peaceful; it looked complete. As the sun rose, the tree's outline sharpened, staring at Georgette as hard as Georgette stared at it. She tried to make the tree look like Harry, so that it would be Harry she would be jumping toward. But the tree stayed a tree. She flirted with it, swaying toward the edge, then stopping short. She waited for the growing morning traffic to notice her. She waited for cries of "Stop! Stop! You have too much to live for!" She waited for the cops and the priest to crawl out on the ledge and talk to her; and she would say, "Bring Harry." And Harry would be brought awash in tears, pleading with her, begging her, crying — actually crying. "I read your note, Georgette. It was the most beautiful letter I've ever read. It made me understand everything. And it is more than just a letter! It is *literature*!"

She came back to life feeling ashamed. The morning wind chilled her. "I wish I knew what I really wanted to do," she moaned as a gust of wind whipped around the corner of the building and she let it lift her off the ledge.

Harry never read very much. Georgette's note lay around the apartment for a week before Gladys Friend, a girl he had over to clean, found it as she swept the litter from the breakfast table.

"Do you want this note, Harry?" she asked.

"What is it?"

"I don't know. Do you want it?"

Harry took the note from her hand and read it.

"Georgette," he remembered; "I guess I haven't heard from her in months."

"You've certainly heard from me, Harry," said Gladys Friend, picking the note from his hand. They went to bed and Harry forgot about the note until he found it raveled in the sheets the next morning.

"Crazy Georgette," he thought. For a few moments he almost felt guilty. "Crazy Georgette," he said fondly; "she said I couldn't make contact. I feel guilty, don't I? Well, isn't that contact?"

He congratulated himself on his refutation of her argument. If she had indeed killed herself to help him find emotion then she had not died in vain. Harry was pleased with himself for the rest of the day.

But mixed with the pleasure was a reaction he was unable to identify. It hid aloofly within him, resisting the surface;



"Not the James Bond!?"

a new feeling, familiar not because he had ever experienced it but because he had either read about it or been told about it or at some time been aware of its presence in others. It came and went; Harry could not focus on it and this angered him. It made him feel less than himself, as if that were possible. He felt doubt. And that, he suddenly realized, was the feeling! Doubt! Self-doubt! Insecurity!

Harry had always accepted the fact that everyone loved him; it was the cornerstone of his life. But would a person who truly loved him voluntarily remove herself from the scene? What if he had further use for her? Could anyone so casually dismiss his needs?

At last he saw the lie in Georgette's suicide. She hadn't done it for him. She had done it for herself. She hadn't given; she had taken. It was not a love-filled sacrifice but an act of petty selfishness, an act of vindictive egoism! She hadn't thought of Harry when she took gas or went out the window or did whatever it was she did: she had thought only of Georgette, of Georgette's wants, of Georgette's moods, of Georgette's problems! She was spoiled rotten! It made Harry sick to think of it.

If Georgette could kill herself, then so could any of the others. They could just pick themselves up and say to hell with Harry and go die! They could do what *they* wanted to do, not what Harry wanted them to do. And if that much were true, how could he be sure that anyone really cared for him at all? All those gifts, all those declarations, all that daily round of adoration took on a sour smell. He wasn't being given love! He was being robbed of love! Sucked dry! He stared hostilely at Gladys Friend as she slept smugly beside him. He was being *used*. Insecurity cracked like a whip through his body.

He studied the sleeping Gladys. What was she smiling at? What was she thinking? If she was a separate person, she had separate ideas. She had her own personality. She probably even came from a family. Harry tried to remember if Georgette had a family. Nothing came to him. He tried to remember her face. He couldn't. He had never looked at her. He turned away from Gladys and closed his eyes. What color hair did she have? Blonde, no, brunette, no—he checked. Her hair was brown. Well, he was close.

He felt like a lost child in a strange city. Who were these strangers out there who had talked of love and lied to him? How could he find out? He couldn't ask; he no longer trusted anyone to give an honest answer. He would have to be devious, indirect, learn as much as he could through other, less crucial questions. It was a job that required careful observation and evaluation; and it could be accomplished in only one way—

Georgette's way: he would have to make contact.

These thoughts did not come all at once. They struck in tortured droplets—a few each day. He tried to keep them in order, define them one by one and store them for further use. But he had no background to work with. Insights trickled through and toured unorganized through his awakening imagination.

He attempted to shift focus; to force his attention on the world outside him. But it held only for a moment and then snapped back like a spring. He thrilled Gladys Friend by asking her questions.

"Do you have a job or something?" He was determined to make a breakthrough.

"How wonderful of you to ask! I'm a writer, actually."

He'd do it little by little. Make contact at least once a day.

"Do you have a job or something?"

"Yes, a writer. I'm a writer."

He'd begin by pretending to an interest in people. The first week for two hours a day; the second week, four hours a day—in time perhaps it would become a habit.

"How long have you been working there?"

"Where? I work here. In the next room. You must have heard me type."

What did Gladys really feel? How could he get inside her? What was she out to get from him?

"Listen, what exactly do you do? Do you have a job or something?"

"I write, I'm a writer."

"Give," Georgette had written. "Give, give, give—or die." But to whom was he to give? The hornyhanded takers with their falsified love? Give to them openly what they had already stolen on the sly? His friendship, his company, his good will—well, why not? It seemed that they were going to get it anyway. Harry could not help smiling at that; at least he had kept his sense of humor.

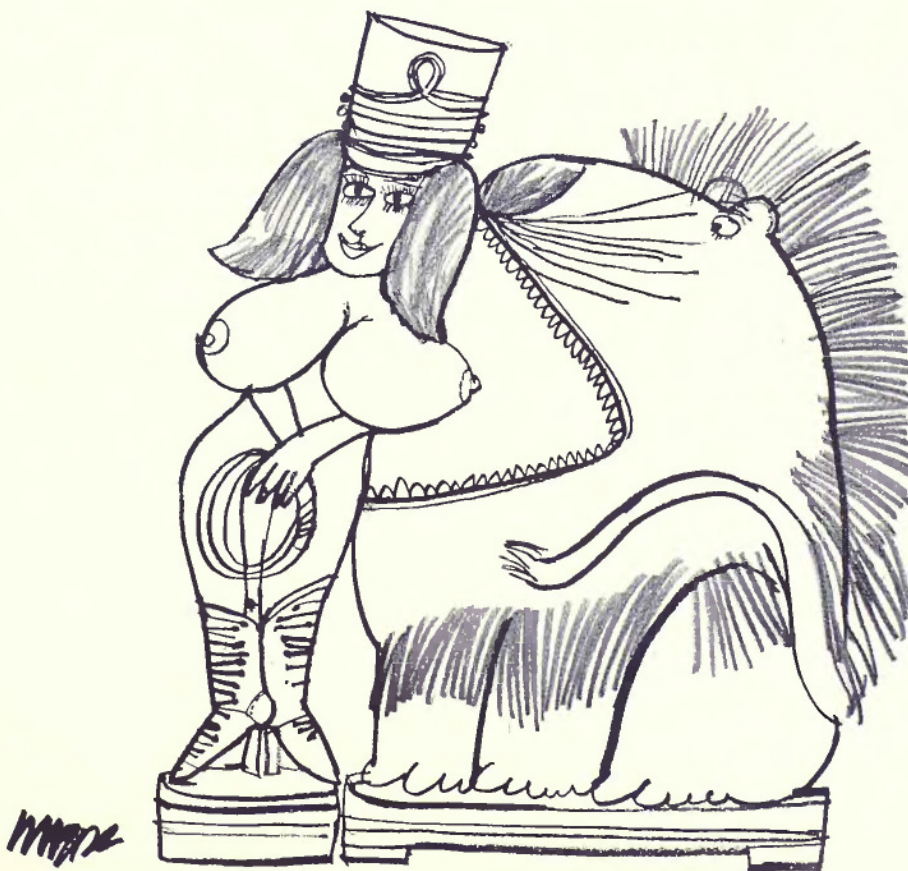
"I'm a writer. I'm a writer," said Gladys Friend.

The more he tried to make contact, the more confused his relations became. Gladys Friend turned wary; his other women acted shy. Those who once moved silkily toward him began to jerk, stumble, twitch and fall. No one knew what the trouble was; their faces drew tight with fear as they waited for Harry's next question.

And the results proved disappointing. He felt no more than he did before. In the past he had seen people as tools; now he saw them as strangers and enemies. He did not consider this progress.

In the midst of his gloom, a telegram came from Eugenie: ARRIVE SEVEN A.M. AT IDLEWILD. YOU NEEDN'T MEET ME.

Harry ran from the apartment. "Where's a flower shop? Where's a flower shop?" he asked the doorman to his building, and having the one next door indicated, he rushed in and ordered roses. With his arms full, he staggered back into the apartment and searched



all the closets for a vase. There wasn't one. He ran out again and found a store that sold him a dozen vases. He positioned the vases around the living room and in each one he placed a fistful of roses. He stung his fingers repeatedly. Only when the act was completed was he struck by the enormity of what he had done. He had bought his wife a present.

He had never given a present to anybody. A warm flush of shyness crept over him and then—joy. Joy in its full, familiar flavor but larger than he remembered it: brighter, more exciting, more true. Joy, and with it, the first tremor of a new beginning. Here, without effort or plan, Harry had given a room full of flowers. He had crossed a continent. He had *given*!

And it was just as Georgette had said: no feeling could rival this one. He stood in the center of the room and revolved slowly, letting his gaze sweep from vase to vase. He was one with the vases and one with the flowers inside them. Was this how it was with other people? This surrender to sudden communion? A shiver of ecstasy excited his toes and made him want to dance. He looked at the flowers and felt contact. The flowers made him think of giving and giving made him think of Eugenie to whom he had given and having given to Eugenie he saw that Eugenie would give to him and the two of them would give, give, give, to each other—Because in the end they were one. One with the flowers, one with the vases, one with each other. And there lay the secret: the beauty of giving was that it was always returned.

And though he did not feel love, he knew that too must come. He had taken the first step and had made contact. And making contact had taught him the meaning of communication: everybody giving all he had and taking all he could.

He stood in the center of the room whirling faster. The mirrors everywhere dozed his flashing image—flawless and beautiful—but Harry did not notice. He saw only the singing red circle of roses. He had given.

The next morning he woke up with a pimple on his nose.

It wasn't there. It wasn't there and even if it were there, it was bound to heal and disappear in a day. Or two days. Certainly no more than two days. He examined himself in the dark, lightly touching the part of him which, because of its discrepancy with the rest, was the center of all interest at the moment: the pimple. His hand, his warm, pliant, soft and beautiful hand with an outside like down and an inside like velvet, set to rest on his forehead (cool, noble, molded in perfection) and slid judiciously down across perfectly formed eyes, perfectly formed cheeks (smooth and hairless),

across to a firm, responsible chin, up to a mouth that sank deep, thrust forward, lay still, came alive, changed with the light of day or a turn of mood—and each change its own cameo of rightness, of justification for the whole—and swooping down toward the mouth, meeting it with an avenging passion: the villain nose. Perfect at its root, thrilling in its concourse and traitorous at its end: the pimpled tip. It saluted redly, becoming the starting point of Harry's body, the diameter of his circle, the point of purchase from which his past dropped away and his future clung despairingly.

Facts unpleasant to face are best faced by thorough avoidance—that was Harry's philosophy. There was no pimple. He would close his eyes and throw it away from his face. He whistled, hummed and chanted the nonexistent hump into nonexistence. Harry looked upon himself as a graced body, a metaphysical principle. He had floated aurally through his childhood without hives, his adolescence without acne, his summers without mosquito bites, his winters without chapped lips. Nothing—no mark, no bruise, no scab, no inflammation, no oiliness, no dryness, no dandruff, no whitehead, no blackhead, no ulcer, no chancre—nothing, until the pimple, had separated his body from its dogmatic perfection. In metaphysics there is no room for pimples.

He eliminated it from the present. It became a shameful episode in his past, not to be discussed, a black sheep in the family. Something—but who can remember what—was once awry, but that was long ago and now everything was fine again.

As much as possible he avoided his mirror. But he could not keep his hands from his face. And each touch gave the lie to his self-deception.

For a month after Eugenie left him, he remained indoors. He had no idea where the time disappeared. He would turn around and the morning was gone, sit down and the afternoon was over, muse about and it was bedtime. Had he or had he not eaten dinner? He often retired without knowing.

He didn't blame Eugenie; he blamed his stupid imperfection. Marriage was a contract and a violation of that contract—a sudden change in one of the partners—was ample reason for its cancellation. Eugenie had come home to him extraordinarily beautiful—thus fulfilling her part of the contract. Harry greeted her at the door with a handful of roses.

Eugenie ignored the roses, "Hold the elevator," she called at the operator who was wheeling out her luggage. "You've got a pimple on your nose, Harry."

"I'm dying to hear all about your trip," said Harry.

"A small, ugly, red pimple."

"I bet you have millions of stories to tell," said Harry.

"I think it's growing. Hold the elevator."

Harry shoved the roses at her. Eugenie recoiled.

"What the hell are these things—what am I supposed to do with them?"

"They're some kind of flower. I'm giving you a present."

Half the roses fell through his fingers to the floor.

Eugenie glared. "You never had to give me anything before. Hold the elevator!"

Harry reached for her arm. The rest of the roses fell.

"Can't we even talk?"

"You're whining, Harry. I never heard you whine before." An old look clicked into Eugenie's eyes. She turned toward the elevator.

Harry trailed after her, "When are you coming back?"

"I have a million things to do."

"Dinner? How about dinner?"

"Call me," she said, and stepped into the car.

"Where will you be?" Harry asked as the door started shut.

"I'm washing my hair," said Eugenie and the elevator went down.

"What time shall I call?" Harry asked the elevator door.

. . .

He was in limbo. His body could only hold so much; when life seeped in, his beauty seeped out. Now neither held possession, yet the direction of his descent was obvious—unless he did something to stop it. But there was nothing to do; his piqued curiosity was not to be unripped. The danger was incredible.

He cold-creamed his face vigorously, burning his skin with the rubbing force of his fingers. And perhaps this too was harmful. Perhaps in trying to help he had hurt; ruptured a membrane; given himself a rash; broken down the sensitive nerve endings so close to the surface of his skin. Perhaps his veins would begin to show. Harry became aware of an erratic rhythm in his head; a muted, painful throb—his first headache.

One thing was certain: he could not go on this way. Being alone, fingering his face, examining his body for new signs of decay was more than he could bear. Looking in the mirror was like baring a wound: if there could be no Harry to give peace to Harry, he had to find someone else. He was forced into the street, entering it awkwardly, reluctant to go but more reluctant to remain where he was. And on the street he was driven to look—at people. They were as strange as a foreign language. He couldn't understand what made them move, what made them walk in their graceless ways, carrying their bodies like

burdens, fighting themselves with every step, walking as if the act of standing were painful. Their arms fought their clothing; their legs beat out against their overhanging bodies, trying but failing to break away. Their faces showed passive regret.

Harry tried not to look. He had begun to see more than he wanted. He looked into eyes and they stared back grinning. But not from love; from lust. "There goes a great-looking man," grinned the comparison shoppers pricing him as he passed by. Their stares chipped away at him, knocking a piece off his shoulders, shortening his stride, changing the pace of his body. The tempo of other lives became tangled with his own. His walk was affected by whoever walked in front of him. He shuffled, he minced, he limped. "Are you making fun of me?" a shriveled man cried wretchedly at him. Harry discovered that he was. He was losing himself; he was becoming them. It was happening too fast and it had to stop. He could think of nothing else to do but talk to Phoebe Tigerman. She knew everything.

Harry had met Phoebe Tigerman as he had met and barely remembered so many others: various friends took him regularly to Fridays at Phoebe's, where they drank and dissected Thursdays at Tessa's. Phoebe, he remembered, sat like a small, watchful Buddha, taking little part in the conversations. But people said of her, "Phoebe knows everything" and their faith in her knowledge made them more open in front of her, as if her ability to see through them allowed them the freedom to be what she would see. Her guests sat at her feet, rooted there for the evening, except for those few occasions when Harry's appearance sent them sliding from her feet to his. Harry could not remember whether Phoebe slid with them. He really knew nothing about her except that she was ugly.

Phoebe Tigerman had been touched and hurt early in life and the hurt, once inside, burned outward, distorting her child's face with its complex pain: turning it grotesque in its mute desire to banish the suffering. And heard over the strident pounding from the inside were the blows of her mother from the outside: "Don't twist your face like that, you awful thing. It will grow that way!" Obediently her face followed Mother's advice and grew as she said it would: ugly. Each new attack, whether from inside or out, added a deeper hunger to the eyes and a profounder sadness to the mouth. Her body, too, was ugly: hard and cramped as a prize fighter's crouch, designed to present as small a target as possible and render harmless those blows that broke through. But by the time she was complete, no blow could. There came a day when she was still available

to be hurt but those who had the power were dead. After that, everyone who followed was like a lightweight. She blossomed in the knowledge of her safety. Other knowledge followed. She had a sure instinct for people, grown out of her childhood reconnaissance of them. In studying to find where the next blow would come from, she found, too, the vulnerable spots for her own blows and, knowing both, she knew everything. She knew people.

Her reputation developed quickly: "Phoebe knows everything." Pilgrimages were made to her thick-sandaled feet. Friends came to her like soldiers home from war: no further need to bluster or protest, just a warm fire and a soft bed. In visiting Phoebe they left their color outside: the spirit that made them loud or quiet, respected or hated. First they talked to each other and became one and then they listened to Phoebe and became anonymous.

Her face softened as her security grew. Age took away its rawness, consolidating each grotesque feature into a strikingly sculpted whole. A glow of beauty hung like a nimbus around her ugliness. She never married because she had no urge to destroy.

When Harry arrived at her apartment, having walked up the four flights with the thick smell of foreign cooking oversweetening the hall, he found the usual number of people at her feet—but this time they did not slide over to his. He was not surprised but he saw that Phoebe was, and for some reason this drew him to her.

"Get out," he said to her guests. He saw that he still had enough authority to make them go. They grinned as they left. Harry noticed in Phoebe's mirror that the face they grinned at was beginning to lose its hair.

"I used to be beautiful," said Harry. "This morning I woke up with bags under my eyes." He looked at her pleadingly. "Once all I had was me and that seemed enough. Now nothing seems enough."

"What do you want me to tell you?" asked Phoebe.

Harry had trouble getting the words out. "How do you learn to make contact?" he finally asked, feeling the utter inadequacy of the question.

Phoebe's eyes receded. "In the beginning," she began, "all living creatures were one-celled. All natural and sub-natural processes were provided for within themselves. They even reproduced within themselves. Not by eggs, not by spermatozoa, but by the fission of the body into two or more individuals. Of that I am fairly convinced."

Harry chuckled. "Even men and women?" He had her there.

"Out of whose rib was Eve created?"



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Phoebe asked. "Adam and Eve were one-celled organisms—the first of their kind to go against the laws of nature. Eve's sin was not deflowering the tree of knowledge but deflowering Adam. Eve's sin was incest. And you and I are her abnormal progeny."

"And how hard we have tried to find our way back to our original state. The record of history is the sum total of man's frustrated efforts to return to a state of oneness. We are maladjusted protozoa, Harry—one-celled animals raised in a society with a multicelled ethic. Man has forgotten his origins but historic memory sends him in a frenzied search for them. He cannot admit it because he does not know what it is that he is searching for—so he invents substitutes: he searches for the Messiah; he searches for the Holy Grail; he searches for Isolde, Eurydice, Juliet, the big money, the lost chord, the cure for cancer, world peace. All this empire building, all this love-making, all this meaningful relating going on around us is the hungry search to find a way back to what you have had all your life, Harry, and what I have now. One-celledness. That is why we are irresistible. We are seen as solid, secure, whole and complete—what others go to bed with each other for and still find lacking. Lovemaking is a lost search for the other half of one's self. The selection of a mate is the final surrender of that search."

"So, settling for frustration in his own life, man must destroy the lack of frustration in the lives of others. Children are born as one-celled as you and I; so the parents' first step is to reorder the child's concern for only itself into a guilty concern for only the parents. And once all reminder of oneness is destroyed in their children, they fall upon us—living, healthy, grown-up reminders. They sit at our feet because we are perfect but our perfection goads them. So they set out to destroy us in the only way they can justify their own lives: they must change our image to their image, they must change our values to theirs. They tell me to come out of my shell; yet it is to my shell they so willingly pay homage. They tell you to make contact with others while they strive only to make contact with themselves."

"Don't fall for their message, Harry. Don't believe a word they say. They do not know it but they are demons."

But, demons or not, they had him. He was sickened by the thought of it and fully aware of the horrible truth implicit in Phoebe's warning. But he could not resist the pull to the abyss; he had come too far to go back. He had even forgotten what it meant to go back. To what? That other life without pain? He was willing to try; but where would he begin?

He bought dark glasses to blot out other people and return his vision inward. But he cheated; he peered out of the corners. He became trapped in detail: why did some women whistle while they walked; why did people have to touch their bodies surreptitiously; why did most policemen look like furniture? He noticed with some surprise that the suits men wore were cut very much like his own. He noticed also that his own suit badly needed pressing. Other people were occupying his thoughts and he had no time for himself. The question was no longer where he wanted to go. He must go forward because he had lost the way back.

But in what condition was he for the journey? His eyes sank into hollows; his hair came loose in his comb. He was not perfect; he was not beautiful; he was now only handsome—and that, a dissonant handsomeness. His eyes, staring permanently outward, wore an uneasy look. If he were going to make contact, he had better do it quickly, while some semblance of his looks remained. Having only one direction in which to go, he wanted to get there still in a position to discuss terms.

But contact remained beyond him. He was not involved with life; he was involved with his involvement with life. He looked out at the world, but saw the world only after he had seen himself looking. His strong feelings were for the general: he learned to love crowds.

"I feel you crowds," he whispered to himself as he watched from behind a closed window. "I love you UN Plaza, I love you pigeons, I love you East River tugboats." But he could not particularize. His love failed with one person in the crowd, one tree in the park, one pigeon in the Plaza. To love the world meant to love nothing; but narrowing his range was equally frustrating.

He wanted to love women but he could not find a method that worked. Rejection didn't help; now with the disappearance of his looks he was rejected often; the only feeling it left him was a fondness for the girl and a revived faith in people. Rejection made him feel too good. It was obviously not enough; he would have to be more than rejected. He would have to be hurt. Hopefully Harry decided to make a stab at it.

But first another, more immediate crisis had to be solved. With his loss of looks went his source of income. His apartment was forfeited, his clothing redeemed, his checking accounts canceled. "What can I do?" he asked Phoebe, helplessly.

"I can't help you," she said, looking down at him. "I can't help anybody."

"Suggest something," Harry pleaded.

"Why don't you get a job?"

Harry had never thought of that.

He went through the want ads. Never

having done anything, there was nothing for which he was qualified; however, one ad caught his eye.

Tall, graceful yng. men to be trained as dance instructors. Experience not required. Excellent oppty. Kirby Mercer Dance Studios Inc. Founder of the Mercer-Quiver System.

The big, flat-faced receptionist handed Harry an application form. Her face was a sketch pad for cosmetics. Her eyebrows were two black pencil streaks, her eyes were purple circles with blackened lashes, her cheeks were reddened by a palette knife and her firm red lips seemed to have been glued on before drying.

Harry filled out the application and handed it back to her. "It's blank," the receptionist said; her nails were red blades; they dug into the paper accusingly.

"I haven't done very much," Harry admitted.

"At least list your Social Security number."

"List what?" asked Harry.

The receptionist stared at him; one of the pencil marks above her eyes rose questioningly. It occurred to Harry that people no longer grinned at him.

He returned to the Kirby Mercer Studios with a Social Security card and filled out a second application. The receptionist was joking with another applicant who was resting his elbows on her desk, making hand shadows on a sheet of typewriter paper. Harry saw a quick motion of the elbows and heard two grunted giggles.

"Boy, you'll never get this job," he heard the receptionist say. When he handed her his application, he saw that her face was crimson.

"What are you staring at, nosy? A free show? You two go through that orange door and wait in the next room."

Harry followed the other man. He was as tall as Harry, broad-shouldered and good-looking. He walked with a side-to-side motion; each step forward sending him in three other directions as well. The two of them sat with four others in a large waiting room with photographs and pictures of Kirby Mercer blotting out the walls: Kirby Mercer dancing with Bernice Oliver in his first starring film, *She-Devils of Broadway*; Kirby Mercer dancing with De De Fairfax in their wartime series, *Battleships on Parade*, *Dance, Marine, Dance* and *Rhythm Goes to Russia* (later retitled for television as *Rhythm Goes to Rome*), and a wall-length photograph of Kirby Mercer in straw hat, loafers and cane, taken from his final film, the film in which he died dancing—*Johnny Happiness*. A hidden phonograph piped an orchestral suite into the room: *The Legend of Kirby*

Mercer, melodies that he had made famous, now symphonically integrated, with the happy beat removed out of respect for the dead. While waiting, Harry browsed through an edition of the *Kirby Mercer Cook Book*, copies of which were spiced around the room.

Eventually an angular, attractive woman entered, looking quite severe. Little lines of tension stood out on her face. She stared at each applicant as if he were the one who put the lines there.

"Stand, please."

The applicants stood. She pointed to the man who was making shadows. "Walk across the room, please." The man slouched out of his chair and, smiling at the woman, shuffled indifferently across the room. Her color rose. "You," she motioned to Harry and pointed at him to follow. Harry walked across the room. The woman inspected the two men side by side.

"The rest of you can go," she said, and, signaling for Harry and the other man to follow, she opened the door to another room.

It was large and mostly empty, there being by way of decor only a number of fold-up chairs, a wall chart and two basketball nets bracketed to posts at either end of the room. Above one of the nets was the sign: THE KIRBY MERCER BASKETBALL SYSTEM. The sign above the wall chart read THE MERCER-QUIVER SYSTEM. A complicated diagram of the human body ran down the chart: sections were circled, arrows were drawn, blocks of color were laid in. The woman picked up a dangerous-looking pointer and brought it down on the chart with a loud slap. The pointer rested dead center on the body. "My name is Miss Brill." She pointed. She slid the pointer up an inch, leaving a gray scar on the diagram.

"I will be your instructor in the Mercer-Quiver System Method. A scientific approach to physical culture and social dancing. It is true, is it not, that neither of you boys can dance?"

The two men nodded. Harry tried to listen carefully.

"It is easier to teach the Mercer-Quiver System to nondancers than to have to break dancers of their old habits and retrain them.

"If you will observe the chart, you will see the human body."

"Damn right," grinned Harry's companion.

Miss Brill's pointer dipped and rose dangerously.

"As you may observe," she continued, "the diagram is broken down structurally into 15 separate units. These are known as the 15 basic quiver units. There are in addition to 15 basic quiver units, 35 corollary quiver units, but at this point it would be premature to concern ourselves with them."

Harry agreed. It all sounded fascinating.

"Each quiver unit has a life of its own and can gyrate or quiver at will. A quiver as defined by the Mercer-Quiver System is a series of one or more independent or interdependent muscular revolutions occurring at various strategic parts of the body via a self-induced, auto-regulated method of control. A quiver-reverse, which is a slightly more advanced technique, is a series of one or more reverse muscular revolutions stemming, however, from the selfsame quiver-control center as the quiver itself."

Harry tried to look interested. His mind was beginning to wander.

"During his period of instruction, Mercer-Quiver System teaches the student to operate all basic quiver units independently and interdependently. Once the student has mastered his basic quiver unit control, he is then ready to learn to dance. It will be your job to teach him."

Teach? Teach what? Harry couldn't remember a thing.

"All Mercer-Quiver System dance instructors are expert in all quiver-method dance steps. These include: 'The Mercer,' 'The Grapple,' 'The Conceit,' 'The Harass,' 'The Breach,' 'The Reproach,' 'The Release' and 'The Quiver.' All of these steps except 'The Quiver' require a partner. 'The Quiver' may be danced with or without a partner and, actually, in its purest form, is best done alone. Observe."

Miss Brill rested her pointer against the wall and proceeded to demonstrate. Her head shot back at a beat, her eyes disappeared in their sockets, her shoulders dropped away to the sound of finger snaps, her pelvis socked in and out like a plunger, her long legs rubbed up and down each other in quick spasmodic rhythm; a groan let loose from her belly and her dress changed color in front of them. She came out of the dance with a look of beauty and innocence. Her face was sleek with perspiration. Harry fell in love on the spot.

"The Mercer-Quiver System," she resumed lazily, "has in addition to dance



instruction proved valuable in weight control and loss of nervousness—she yawned—"tension. Mercer-Quiver offers the students a six-week 'Beginner's Course,' a 12-week 'Foundation Course,' a 26-week 'Advanced Course' and an 86-week 'Professional Course.'"

"As instructors in the Mercer-Quiver System it will be your job to interest the student in subscribing to as beneficial a program as possible. The 86-weeker is the student we can do the most with."

Harry stared into Claire Brill's shining eyes and saw contact there. Love! He knew it at last; he was in love! He waited until the end of the first day's instruction to approach her.

"You know what's happened, don't you?" he said, grinning happily. "I'll meet you outside as soon as I change."

The shine died in Claire Brill's eyes. "Social contact between supervisory personnel and student instructors is strictly forbidden." She walked coolly away, swaying her 15 basic quiver units. Harry counted them hungrily. It wasn't really a rejection, he decided. She was only fol-

lowing company rules. He felt confident that it would be no serious problem to find a way around them. He would use his charm.

During lessons he watched the sections of her body click on and off like lights in a house. He tried to imitate the action, follow the clicks to their source, but he had trouble learning. His body was too intent on her body to absorb the rules. Quiver control escaped him; he'd think he'd have it, he'd feel it coming, he'd close his eyes, he'd wait—and nothing happened.

"Quiver! For Christsakes, quiver!" Claire Brill cried out in frustration.

"Show me again," Harry invited, using his charm.

But each demonstration only sank him more deeply into love. He was incapable of the minimal concentration required to register a single decent quiver.

"You're hopeless," said Claire Brill, and she began spending more of her time with the other trainee, Guy Peck. Peck was a fast student; Claire Brill quivered

and Peck quivered quickly after her. From quiver unit to quiver unit she taught and he followed till a rising rhythm was established between them.

"Unit Fifteen," called out Claire Brill.

"Unit Fifteen," responded Guy Peck.

"Unit Seven," called out Claire Brill.

"Unit Seven," responded Guy Peck.

"Unit Nine."

"Unit Nine."

"Unit Four."

"Unit Four."

"Five."

"Five."

"Three, One and Two!"

"Three, One and Two!"

"Thirteen, Fourteen, Six and One!"

"Thirteen, Fourteen, Six and One!"

"Seven, Eleven, Twelve and Three!"

"Seven, Eleven, Twelve and Three!"

"Units One through Ten," Claire Brill keened.

"One through Ten," gasped Guy Peck, his quiver units beating like a band of pulses. The room shook with their vibration.

"Rest!" Claire Brill cried, and then dropped to the floor. Guy Peck dropped beside her. They stretched out panting heavily, a low rumble sounding in their stomachs, gurgling through them till it burst out: wild, intimate, sweaty laughter. Their bodies trembled across the floor. "Want to see my 16th basic quiver unit?" gasped Guy Peck. He rose to one knee and made an obscene body gesture. Claire Brill laughed herself against him.

Small clouds of dust settled in the air as they hysterically rolled across the unswept dance floor. Harry felt out of things.

He had always been the center; the center outside of whom all others stood waiting. Now it was he who stood outside and the center was Claire Brill. Each day she became more special, more beautiful; each day Harry felt a little further outside. Within her circle were Guy Peck and the receptionist, Florence Chrome. During rest periods the insinuating murmur of Peck's voice echoed from the corner where he staged his anecdotes across to the corner where Harry practiced, with little progress, the art of quiver control. How much easier it would have been to charm Claire Brill if his infatuation hadn't caused him to lose the feeling of his body. Love drove him to fight his own muscles; love cramped his arms and legs with overuse; love put the wrong words in his mouth and robbed him of the opportunity to say even those. Before, he had been filled with emptiness; now he was filled with love. He found that the two emotions were not altogether at variance. Guy Peck, without feeling love, was making out like a thief; Harry, immersed in a sea of the stuff, barely dared



"Cigars, cigarettes, birth-control pills . . ."

whisper for fear of making waves. Love, he now saw, was an obstacle that got in the way of lovemaking.

Still, he was confident that it was only a matter of time until he regained his stride. He composed himself with this knowledge, allowing it to drown out the echoing sound in the corner of Peck's voice outdistancing him. There were those moments when Claire Brill looked Harry's way and gave him his chance to stare warmly, inviting her with the sweep of his eyes to detach herself from the group and join him in what would be *their* corner. When she did not respond, Harry exercised his way over and loitered on the periphery of their circle. Guy Peck stepped aside and made room for him. Peck called him "Har" and was very friendly.

"No kidding, Har', you're not a bad-looking guy. You should make out," Peck told him at the end of a day's class.

"Don't worry about me," smiled Harry knowingly.

"Sure, sure, Har'. The girls are crazy for you. I know. It's only that you walk around too much like a dreamer. You know what I mean?"

"Don't worry about me," smiled Harry knowingly.

"You got to do more with your personality. You're too shy. Girls like to be *pushed around*. I knew a girl once who said she *hated* to be pushed around. She pushed around everybody but she hated it for herself. I came along and didn't let her push me around. I pushed *her* around. She never got over me.

"You know any dirty jokes, Har'?"

"A few," smiled Harry knowingly.

"The quickest way to make it with a girl is a lot of dirty jokes. Don't stop telling them. She says, 'Stop, stop'—you go on telling them. First she gets mad, then she blushes—then she starts to get *hot*. There's nothing like a lot of dirty jokes to work a girl up to the point you can love her, Har'."

"I have my own methods," smiled Harry.

Peck squeezed Harry's arm reassuringly. "Listen, why don't you take out Florence Chrome from the office? You can practice on her. She's a goodhearted kid."

Harry smiled.

"Listen, we could double-date. I and Claire. You and Florence. Why not?"

Harry stared blankly; it didn't register.

"I hate to go out the first time with a girl alone," Peck elaborated; "it gets too complicated, too *serious*. I run out of material." He paused and squeezed Harry's arm reassuringly. "So it's a date. Right, Har'?" He looked warmly into Harry's eyes and said, "I'd appreciate it, Har'." At which point Harry fell in love with him.

Love wasn't a happening; it was a

state, a condition, a porous vessel filling and emptying, filling and emptying. Claire Brill poured into the vessel, Guy Peck tumbled after—and who could be certain there wasn't room for more?

Peck grinned toothily at Harry. Harry, who had never used a toothy grin, grinned toothily back. "Will you be my friend?"

"Buddies, Har'. What do you say?"

"Anything for a buddy," Harry said, sounding very much like Guy Peck.

Peck laughed agreeably. Harry laughed agreeably. They walked down the street looking like twins. Peck taught him some dirty jokes.

Friends.

Harry disappeared; vanished into himself like an inverted stocking; turned inside out to become Guy Peck. He listened to Peck with wonder: what a man! He parroted his voice, his rolling gait, his sense of humor. He tried Peck's dirty jokes in class with Claire Brill, but his imitation failed; he was clumsy. He fumbled punch lines, lost his timing and, twice, had to let Claire finish the stories for him. She did so with great hauteur. Harry got the message; he was not Guy Peck. No, he wasn't; but he could be. And he would be. He watched Peck. He studied his technique in storytelling till he, one day, got Claire Brill to laugh.

"That's not bad," she said, with some surprise. But she didn't tell him one of her own as she would have with Peck.

He studied Peck's technique at quiver control.

"You're improving," said Claire Brill, again with surprise.

To joke like Peck, to move like Peck, to dress like Peck, to *become* Peck and then to have Peck's love because Peck would have to love Harry if Harry became Peck, and then—once being Peck, and having his love, gaining also the love of Claire Brill who would have to love Peck—any Peck, even Harry's Peck.

"So it's a date," Peck said, his arm on Harry's shoulder. "I and Claire, you and Florence. Right? It's a date?"

"Well, I don't know," said Harry. Florence was an outsider.

"You'll like Florence, Har'. She's a million laughs. Don't let on to Claire but I took her out once. She's perfect for a shy guy like you."

"Well, I don't know."

"See this bruise on my neck? She'll carry you off kicking and screaming."

Harry sulked. "I don't want Florence."

"Who do you want, Har'? Pick her out and she's yours. Anyone you want."

Harry bit his lip. "I want Claire."

Guy Peck looked amazed. He squeezed Harry's arm. "Look, Har', you don't want Claire. She's out of your league."

"I want Claire," repeated Harry,

studying his hands. He hoped Peck did not think badly of him.

"Look, Har'. You go double with me this once and I promise you once I'm through with her I'll make Claire go out with you."

Harry looked up gratefully. "You'll actually tell her she has to?"

"Why not? No skin off my ass, huh, Har'?"

It turned out that Florence was at least a million laughs. On the drive out to Claire's she ticked off several hundred and Guy Peck ticked off several hundred and they broke each other up. Following each seizure, Peck, whose eyes were not always on the road, straightened the car, reached across Florence's soft front and squeezed Harry's shoulder. "Huh, Har'? What did I tell you? All right?"

At Claire's house, Guy left Harry and Florence in the car. "We may as well shift to the back," said Harry.

"Three of us can fit in front," said Florence. "There's no reason for both of us to go."

Harry didn't reply.

"They'll be out any second. You'd better move," said Florence. Harry didn't. They sat in silence for a half hour. At last, Peck and Claire Brill came trotting out hand in hand.

"Aren't we awful?" Claire giggled at Florence.

Harry could not breathe; he had never seen anyone look so beautiful.

"Hey, you two! Somebody make room for the chauffeur!" joked Peck. Harry and Florence moved to the back. Florence's laugh average declined considerably.

She regained her stride in the bar, however. The four of them took a table in a booth, Peck squeezing next to Claire on one side, Florence and Harry pressed away from each other on their side.

"What's black and white and red all over?" snapped Florence.

"A newspaper!" screamed Peck. They wept with the fun of it.

They ordered a number of rounds of beer. Harry became conscious of his billowing paunch. Guy Peck drank beer often and had no paunch; Harry determined to learn how he did it. He concentrated on the paunch, feeling certain that it was the sight of it that turned the perceptive Claire away from him. Like Eugenie, she was hypersensitive: she could no more care for a man with a paunch than Eugenie could care for a man with a pimple on his nose. He would get rid of it, exercise harder, think it away. And, once removed, Claire would see him lean and paunchless and cry, "Oh, Harry. My own Harry!" and they would live to be old together, and Guy Peck would live with

them, upstairs, and Harry would tell jokes, many jokes, hilarious jokes, and the three of them would laugh and hold hands across the many years. He ordered another beer.

"I've got one!" cried Claire. "There was this Catholic, this colored guy and this Jew and—wait a minute—" she pondered. "And this Chinaman! And they were all in this lifeboat together—" At the end of the joke Harry roared with the others. He had to have her!

"Your problem, Har'." Guy Peck began to say, but forgot with the movement of Claire Brill's hand beneath the table what Harry's problem was. The lower half of their quiver units wrestled silently under the table.

"What are you doing in there?" grinned Peck, grabbing at an invisible hand.

"In where?" asked Claire.

"Naughty, naughty," beamed Peck and he caught the offending hand and squeezed tight.

"Ouch!" yelled Florence Chrome.

"See, Har', a million laughs! Wasn't I right?" Peck quickly said, and threw himself at Claire's neck before she could open her mouth. "The Werewolf of London strikes at midnight!"

"I'll die!" screamed Claire. "I swear I'll die!"

Harry grinned at her toothily.

"Your problem, Har'," Peck began again.

"Stop it, Guy!" Claire suddenly shouted.

"Your problem, Har'," Peck kept his face turned on Harry while his two arms squirmed under the table, "is that you listen to girls. The idea, I tell you, is not to listen."

"Guy, I mean it!" Claire's face darkened.

Harry grinned at her toothily.

"You see what I mean, Har'?" Guy continued.

"You put your hand up here and the girl says—"

"I swear to God, Guy, you want a slap?" Claire said.

"So you put your hand a little higher and the girl says—"

"You think you're so funny. You're not so funny, Guy. I'm serious!"

"So you go even a little higher and—"

"Guy! Oh, please dear God, make him stop!" Claire quivered.

"Say, listen, Guy—" Harry protested, still grinning. He thought his friend was going too far.

Claire gasped, turned white and then crimson.

"You rat!" she screamed, and threw herself at Guy, giggling shyly. Guy smiled at Harry, very pleased. Claire's head giggled into his protecting shoulder.

"What is it you do again?" Harry

asked quietly.

"Don't listen to him, Har'. He's crazy," mumbled Claire from Peck's shoulder.

"Try it, Har'. Florence won't mind. It's an experiment. Florence," Peck assured her. "Put your hand on her knee, Har'."

"Keep your hands off me, Har'," Florence said.

Harry looked hesitant.

"C'mon, Har'. We're separating the men from the boys," Peck said.

Claire guffawed into his shoulder. Peck looked down at her securely hidden head and reached across under the table. He took Harry's hand.

"Don't be afraid, Har'." He put it on Florence's knee.

"I'll lay you out, Har'," Florence said.

"See what I mean, Har'! The idea is not to listen," said Peck, his hand pushing Harry's hand up Florence's leg.

"I can't look! I can't look!" screamed Claire, not looking.

Florence, her lips pursed, leaned far over the table. Harry's hand was pushed still higher and then left behind while the other hand explored onward. Florence's heavy lips puckered into a smile. "I mean it, Har'," she intoned softly, "I really mean it, Har'."

Claire Brill lifted her head off Peck's shoulder, and Peck drew back. "See how easy it is, Har'?" Harry's hand rested where Peck had left it on Florence's leg. She flicked it off casually and shook with silent laughter. Harry's hand tingled with feeling; he felt the shock waves of Florence's large body vibrating against him. He dared not look at her because if he did he knew that her beauty would blind him; he would never have seen anyone look quite so beautiful.

He took Florence home and they trembled through their coats at each other. Here at last was love, real love: he opening to her; she opening to him. He kissed her large pliant mouth and felt her lips all over his; sucking away Claire Brill, swallowing Guy Peck, covering his body like a poultice. Here was completion; here was oneness; here was *giving*! He did not need to be hurt to feel; he was feeling now. Florence drew Harry's face away.

"Are we going to do this again?" she asked.

"Always," Harry said softly.

"Or do you want to come in and get everything over with tonight?"

"Tonight. Tomorrow night. What do we care?" Harry asked happily.

"Oh, does Guy want to do it again tomorrow?" she asked.

"What do we care about Guy?" cried Harry ecstatically.

Florence freed her body. "Look, you're a little overexcited now. Tell me at the office Monday when Guy wants to do it again. OK?"

"But I want to see you tomorrow," Harry said.

"Only with Guy," Florence said.

"But I want to marry you!" croaked Harry.

"Only with Guy."

Out on the street, Harry saw a crowd standing around an ambulance. He waited in the cold for an hour trying to find out what happened and then, remembering the fact of his desolation, he struggled home. In the elevator mirror he saw that the rest of his hair had fallen out.

So this was what it meant to be hurt. Love had been with him, betrayed him and run away. The hollow ghost of love stood in its place, breathing its emptiness before him.

Bald, pimpled, paunchy, hollow-eyed Harry went in to work on Monday and was immediately called aside by Miss Brill, who informed him that the Mercer-Quiver System no longer required his services. A very ordinary-looking girl, thought Harry.

"It's your own fault, Har'," Guy Peck told him. "You really let yourself go to hell." He playfully punched Harry's gut.

"Maybe we can go out sometime together again, Guy," Harry said hopefully.

"You know the way it is with jobs, Har'. People leave and you lose touch." Peck playfully slapped Harry's cheek.

Harry sucked his hurt like a bruise. His head drooped; his shoulders sagged. He limped to the outer office to say goodbye to Florence. How could she resist his broken soul? A girl like Florence couldn't. A girl like Florence would rise like a phoenix from the cold ashes of his hurt, take him in her broad arms, and say, "There, there, Har'. There, there."

"I've been fired, Florence," he said to the girl behind the receptionist's desk. The hurt in his voice shriveled the room.

"Florence isn't in today," said the girl behind the desk. "I think she'll be in tomorrow." Harry fled from the Kirby Mercer Dance Studios.

There was no further use pretending. He couldn't love, he couldn't be hurt, he couldn't communicate, he couldn't make contact, he couldn't do anything. He was a fake! "Maybe I should fingerprint the girls I fall in love with so I'll be sure I'll know them next time!" he cruelly told himself. He was a fake.

But he wasn't alone. He saw pretense everywhere. Life registered on him like a stamp: an overhead hypocrisy thickened his nose; a stare of smugness puffed his eyes; a glare of hostility acned his complexion. Lies, personal and impersonal, further bloated his belly; inconsistency rounded his shoulders;

indifference gave him a hacking cough. Little things, normal as street noise, left marks on his consciousness: suits disguising the bodies that wore them; the eerie odor of mass cosmetics; the faces of the aging glamorous, their surplus skin drawn taut with clips secured beneath their bulky wigs. His teeth yellowed. His chin dropped away. His Adam's apple stuck out like a pointing finger. The finger pointed inward, caught in his gullet and cried "Fake!"

He was a romantic fake. A woman who stared at him briefly and walked by became his goddess. Her disdain shone in his eyes like a beacon of eternal worthiness. He had a goddess of the week: dream relationships with ladies who walked quickly by. Their inadequacies blurred into adequacy and their adequacy turned into perfection.

They and no one else were perfect. Harry tried to find them again: looked everywhere; thrilled when the back of a head looked familiar; dropped into deep depression when he saw it was the wrong head; despaired for days until another woman passed, stared at him, and lifted his heart to a height he was sure it would never reach again. Up and down that heart went. He pretended to love, knew he pretended, but continued to pretend anyway. What better emotion was there for him? He let his dreams go high, go low and go high again: shortening the loop so they went faster; not full-length anymore, but short-hand fantasies: a beginning cut to middle, cut to end, cut to new beginning. The action whirled, the machine reeled and broke down. Harry was alone with himself again. There was nothing to get in the way of that terrible message: he was a fake.

He was a broke fake. He scarcely had money for food. He could not afford a laundry so he washed and ironed his two remaining suits. They shrank in the wash and Harry shrank to fit them. His nose turned red. Faint networks of blue veins traced across his cheeks, his forehead and his luminescent nose. He picked up odd jobs. He was fired from most of them. Those that did not fire him he assumed were going to, so after the first few days he left them. He scraped enough together to afford a room, sufficient food and, for those moments when his mind ran on unwillingly, a bottle of wine, to slow it. More than anything he wanted to lose the world and be one again. He wanted in; not out. But he found himself chiding little boys not to choke their dogs on the leash, warning vagrant garbage pickers about germs, giving nuns his seat on the subway, helping blind men home.

His soul was wide open. Light, blinding in its unpleasantness, threw deep shadows off the people he watched in

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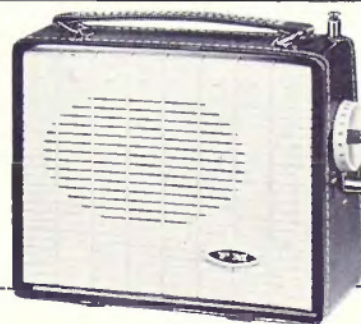


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the street. He saw, without wanting to, their pride, their cleverness, their pettiness, their confusion, their weaknesses. He placed no value on it; there were too many to choose from. The glare of a traffic light tear-stained his eyes. The whistle of a cop scraped against the walls of his ears. People stared at him and quickened their pace. Harry stared back and knew their histories.

But his knowledge was more than was bearable. He had learned nothing from experience. He had no strength to draw upon. Rather than absorb insights, he tried to deflect them off his surface. He saw them coming, and turned away as they smashed against him, scattering through the pores of his body. Their powdered grains pitted his face. One-celled? He had more cells than anybody.

He felt the triumph of simultaneous contact and detachment. Now, with clear, burning eyes he saw all of life at the very moment he was furthest apart from it. It was some kind of trick: a mirage; the closer he came the more distant were his feelings toward himself.

The people he stared at now contained more of him than he did. His leftover body puckered like a shriveling balloon. He became smaller as he walked.

One morning he awoke and was completely ugly. No semblance of Harry remained; he was another person. And he was hated. Waves of hate beat at the air he breathed. He carried it on his person and where he walked it spread like an epidemic, leaving him untouched as its carrier. The uglier he became the more he saw; the more he saw the more his judges felt themselves being judged. They hated him all the more for it.

But he did not judge. He could not. He could see but he could not touch. He could feel but he could not react.

Harry tried to hate but he could not. He worked on plans for hate, constructing intricate foundations that collapsed as soon as he tried to build on them. He could not give hate. He could not give love. It seemed pointless to continue experimenting to find out what other feelings he could not give. He decided to die.

He would die blankly. He would die uselessly. He would die, unlike George, for no instructive purpose. But he would die publicly. He would die before a mob. If he couldn't give anything else, he would at least give satisfaction. He went to a drugstore.

It was lunch hour. The store was crowded. Its three glass doors flapped in and out: blasts of automobile exhaust came in, blasts of perfumed deodorant went out. "Good afternoon!" said an amplified voice. "Today's specials are —"

Harry waited in line at the drug

counter, selecting from the stacks of decongestants and cold remedies, a common variety of aspirin. Then he waited in line at the lunch counter.

"The Breathing Betty Baby Doll," said the amplifier. "Special today. Actually breathes. Listen to the sound of the Breathing Betty breathe." Gasps of breath shot through the store. "Only \$9.95," said the amplifier.

A wide-hipped young woman squeezed off a stool and Harry took her place and waited for service. The customers on either side of him leaned away. The customers waiting for Harry's seat stood well behind him. Harry ordered three Coca-Colas. The waitress lined them up on the counter, punched a check and left it, getting wet, beside the Cokes. Harry took two aspirins with each swallow. At the end of the bottle he still felt normal. He took the check and left his stool, hearing the murmured mumbles of relief from people at the counter.

"Good afternoon!" said the amplifier.

Harry waited till he got the attention of the druggist and ordered another bottle of aspirin. On the way back to the lunch counter, he banged into a revolving rack of paperbacks and sent it spinning. The browsers followed the rack around, trying to find their places.

Harry waited patiently in line till he found himself another stool, this time from a fat man who quaffed the remains of his coffee with an eye nervously fixed on Harry. He left his wet napkin on the seat. Harry sat on it and waited for service. He ordered three Coca-Colas. The waitress lined them up and left a wet check. "I've only got two hands," she said to the woman next to Harry who had asked for a check, and with her wet hands served a wet sandwich to the man on the other side of him. The scent and clatter of lunchtime trade draped the counter like a mist. "I've only got two hands," Harry's waitress said to somebody near him who asked for a glass of water. No one noticed when he finished his second bottle of aspirin. Near his seat rose the smell of stale soda. "Listen to the sound of Betty breathe," said the amplifier. "Huuhh. Ahuuuhhh. Huuhh. Ahuuuhhh."

Harry waited for the pharmacist to complete the sale of an alarm clock and then he ordered a third bottle of aspirin. A heavily powdered woman knocked over a tray of cosmetics. It bounced past Harry, spraying "Persian melon," "Cherries-in-the-snow," "Butterfly pink." The woman glared at Harry as if he had done it. When Harry failed to pick up the cosmetics, the woman shook her head and exchanged glances with the pharmacist. Contempt became one of the smells in the store. People deliberately walked in front of Harry in order to stare away from him. He felt a faint dizziness as he

waited in line for a stool; but the feeling left as soon as he was seated.

"Three Coca-Colas," Harry said to the waitress, who was getting annoyed. She waited on three other people before lining up Harry's Cokes. "I've only got two hands," she explained to Harry, who said nothing. The lady next to him turned away and began polishing her fork and knife with a napkin. Thinking this last bottle might do, Harry felt around in his pocket for change. He left whatever he found on the counter to cover the cost of his drinks. He wanted to die giving.

He poured out the aspirin. Several missed his hand and burst like popcorn across the counter. "Hey!" he heard people say angrily. It was the last sound from the outside he heard.

His ears suddenly twitched to the far-off sound of himself. It was dim but if he stayed very quiet he could hear it. A half-dozen aspirins brought it closer. He heard the real Harry! The sound filled his head with its singular hum. Harry listened, trying to get his body in tune with it. It remained evasive. Other sounds competed with it. "Quiet," Harry commanded the outside world. The lunch counter fell silent, the amplifier died. An ancient memory flickered: Harry, the center, Harry the focus of everyone's life. But it held no more importance for him now than it did then. All that was important was that his eyes had turned inward and he saw Harry.

Harry looked at Harry and saw that he was neither beautiful nor ugly, but perfect. He lifted the final handful of aspirins to his mouth and every hand in the store lifted in silent imitation. He swallowed the last Coca-Cola. The raising and lowering of his arm was like a baton for the craning and settling of dozens of necks. He rose from his stool and the store rose with him. He was one and they were part of his one. He walked harmlessly to the street through a red sea of onlookers.

The store followed him. The street followed him. He sucked up life as he walked, leaving the sidewalks empty. It wasn't love that followed him. There was no love. It wasn't hate that followed him. There was no hate either. It was himself that followed him. The sound of Harry left his head and emptied the world in its cradle. And why shouldn't he be able to feel for everybody? He was everybody. When he was empty the world was empty; when he was full the world was full; when he triumphed everybody triumphed and when he died the world died.

Then Harry died.

This is the conclusion of a two-part serialization of Jules Feiffer's first novel, "Harry, the Rat with Women."





"I've decided we'd get more work done around here if we were one big unhappy family."

CHANGE OF PLAN (continued from page 59)

up and kick your face in."

"Please do," Peter said. "Disentangle yourself, as it were, and come here, and chastise me."

He was a big man, Tony Diskin, heavily muscled, hairy. He rose from Nora's body, red with fury and embarrassment, and at his second step away from the bed Peter dropped his left hand to the bookshelf, without looking, and threw the glass at Tony's bare feet, a big tumbler of thin crystal. It shattered and Tony knew then what he faced, and he set his teeth and came on, braced for the pain; but he couldn't help himself, instinct doubled him, and in a single, sweeping long-practiced motion Peter had the flat heavy blackjack out of his left inside jacket pocket, up and down. He caught Diskin high on the back of his head and the blow drove him to the floor. The muscles of his back rippled spasmodically. A rivulet of blood, a little red finger, ran out from under him.

Nora had not moved. She lay flat, one leg still bent at the knee. Her eyes were slitted, and two small red patches stood on her cheeks.

"Listen to me carefully," Peter said, "and I'll tell you what happened. I came home early, walked in and found you in bed with old Tony. He got up and tried to kill me with this sap of his. I got it away from him and hit him—once, only. In the fuss, the glass was broken. Neither of us said anything. No word was spoken by anyone. That's the story. Please repeat it."

Nora wet her lips. "It was *your* black-

jack." Her voice was a whisper.

"No, my dear," Peter said. "It was Tony's and the whole idea, my whole idea, came from it. If you think, you'll recall that three or four months ago when he was here one night, half tight, he showed it to us, and told us where he'd bought it, a little store in Dallas. I found it in one of the living-room chairs next morning. I remembered the name of the store, too. It's no problem. It was Tony's."

"You needn't have killed him," Nora said. "You caught us, that's enough, you didn't have to kill the poor man."

"I don't know yet that I have killed him," Peter said. "And I'm not concerned, at this moment. But I tried to kill him, all right. There he is. Not two minutes ago, he was in your arms, and in your body, warm, happy, full of life, and there he is now, bleeding on a pile of broken glass. He had no chance whatever. Think about that. Something very like this can happen to you. And will, if you say a wrong word, just one wrong word."

She didn't speak. She stared in terror.

"Tell me what happened, Nora," Peter said.

"You came home and found us in bed," she said. "Tony tried to hit you with his blackjack and you took it away from him and hit him with it. You didn't say anything and neither did he. The glass was broken while you were fighting over the blackjack."

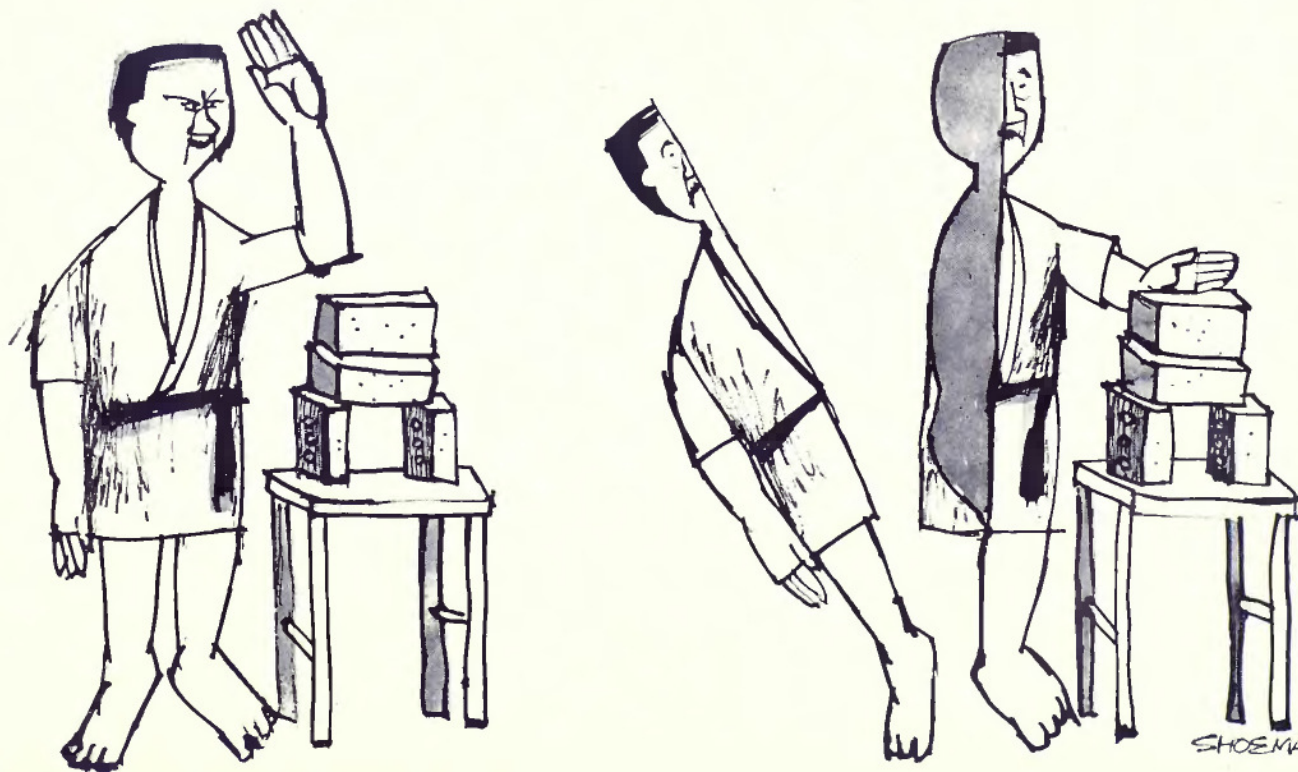
"Very good," Peter said. "And that's all you will say." He picked up the phone. "I'm going to call the police

now. You can cover yourself if you want to, if you're cold, but don't get up. I want the tableau exactly as it is."

She pulled the sheet to her chin, took the pillow from the floor. Her amber hair was loose, and her little face looked like a schoolgirl's. She might have been 14, dear and good. Peter had the phone in his hand, he dialed the memorized number of the nearest station house, and then he began to tremble. He looked about the room wildly. It was strange to him. For a sliver of time it seemed to him that the walls canted inward, the ceiling tipped, the floor lifted itself under his feet. He could not understand. He was a calm and rational man, but he was frightened. This well-known, well-loved room was suddenly foreign to him. Here was his wife, disgraced—but by whom, by whom?—still warm from her lover, waiting helplessly to be exhibited to gross strangers; here was this man, a pleasant enough man he had always seemed, humiliated and taunted in what he had foreseen, poor bastard, as ecstasy, and then struck down like a steer under the bloody-aproned killer's hammer; here *he* stood, planner, counterplotter, defender of the honor of the home, so-called; winner, murderer, whistling for the police, calling them to witness, to mark down the guilty . . .

The room swung again. "My God," he thought, "who *are* they coming for? What guilty? Who guilty?"

The phone clicked in his ear. "Thirty-fourth precinct," it said. "Patrolman McGranery."



small boats *(continued from page 70)*

enjoyment and convenience to your excursions include all varieties of plastic and paper tableware, light but powerful binoculars, weighted ashtrays, gimbaled drink holders, sheathed ice picks, first-aid kits and floats for ignition keys.

Now that we've briefly explored some of the considerations of small boating, let's apply them to specific craft and see what they look like and what they can do. The production line for 1963 offers thousands of models and while we have made no attempt to be arbiters of which are "best," we have tried to picture and describe a fairly representative selection of types. With trailering an accepted part of modern boating, all but a few models can be towed behind a passenger car.

Starting with outboards, the smallest one, McCulloch's Hydro-Scott, is also one of the speediest. This fiberglass 15-footer is called the "sports car of the outboards," no doubt because it is intended strictly for high speeds and flash. The peppy Hydro-Scott features a unitized conception, meaning it was designed exclusively for the company's own 75-hp Flying Scott motor, and this unity of planning seems to work well. Features that justify the Hydro-Scott's sports-car comparison include foam-rubber-padded bucket seats, console controls, instrumented dashboard and sports-car-type steering wheel. Speed? Up to 50 mph; tell your companion to bring a scarf for her hair.

The 19'9" aluminum Duratech Neptune, a boat in the \$800 class (less motor), can take up to 50 hp and fulfills a variety of functions. Her large cockpit makes her quite adaptable to skiing and snorkeling and her seat layout, with two seats facing aft, is convenient for the water-ski lookout. The deck is vinyl bond, abrasion-resistant and nonskid, which facilitates handling the anchor and moving about. Duratech hulls and interiors are painted with a vinyl coating and the extruded gunwales and spray rails are of anodized aluminum, designed for rugged treatment. This is a nifty craft with good looks, high performance, a well-planned layout and great versatility.

The styling of aluminum boats has improved greatly in recent years, and whispered tales about their noisy hulls and unsuitability to salt water have largely died out—simply because experience has shown them to be untrue. Other good examples of well-planned, functional aluminum craft include the Traveler's Sports Utility, Alumacraft's Queen Merrie, Crestliner's 14' C Scout, and Grumman's G-19 Sportster.

Fisher-Pierce's Boston Whaler is a very distinctive outboard. This craft,

designed by the ingenious New England naval architect, Ray Hunt, is a modern descendant (with refinements) of the sea-sled type of hull that was popular in the 1920s. Construction is of double-skin, foam-filled fiberglass, which means built-in flotation, and the hull is square-bowed with a modified catamaran form. The hull is fast, dry and able, and it features a great deal of room and stability. This makes the Boston Whaler neatly adaptable to fishing and skin diving and allows her to double as a utility launch. Very popular with the younger set today, she strongly dramatizes the importance of function over useless styling. Her junior size, 13'3", costs about \$595, and can take up to 40 hp, while the larger Whaler, which we picture, measures 16'7", has double the power capacity and costs upward of \$1200.

Outboard Marine Corporation, after years of manufacturing the familiar and highly dependable Evinrude and Johnson outboard motors, entered the "packaged boat" field and is now producing its own distinctive craft. Illustrated is OMC's Dual Deluxe, with a unique triple-hull design that provides roominess, stability, speed and riding comfort. The basic 17' hull is available in several versions. Power can be provided by an 88-hp, two-cycle OMC inboard-outboard motor that has automatically metered, independent oiling, or by a straight outboard job. One of OMC's variations is a camping model which converts into a full-headroom houseboat when the cockpit is covered by a hood. The Dual Deluxe is capable of 40 mph and has such refinements as power-tilt for the outdrives and windshield, dashboard instrumentation, and built-in stowage compartments. Specially built trailers are available in the complete OMC package.

Of somewhat similar design is the triple-hulled, fiberglass Custom-Craft 16. And in the \$1000 price range is a more conventional boat of the same size range, Penn Yan's 17' Tahiti. She can take up to 80 hp in outboard power and is constructed of Vulcanite-bonded plywood laps with vinyl upholstery; fiberglass covered decks assure easy maintenance.

Glaston's V-191 Sportsman is a fast, roomy fiberglass boat in the same size range, and she can take the largest outboard motor made—Mercury's hot and powerful 100-hp engine. As in many of the best-designed boats, easy access to the foredeck is available through the center section of the windshield, which can be raised.

The Thompson Company and Cruisers, Inc. feature wooden lapstrake boats designed for open-water performance

and rugged duty. They are favorites with offshore fishermen and combine speed and seaworthiness. Lapstrake construction and flared bows make Thompson boats very dry and able in rough water. The larger boats in both lines, such as Cruisers' Barnegat 25 and Thompson models from 17 feet up can use inboard-outboard power.

We are talking now of the size range in which inboard-outboard installations have become increasingly popular, and Sabre Craft's 18'4" fiberglass Debutante is tops in this class. She's a \$2000 boat with real flair and she has an interesting convertible hardtop. Shown covering the cockpit with the driver's seat in the sun, it slides to whatever position is desired. This convertibility is an increasingly important feature of small boats and the Debutante's use of it is ingenious. Outboard or I-O power (to 140 hp) is optional.

Glasspar, a company whose sound designs and sensible styles are largely responsible for the popularity of fiberglass in outboards, manufactures the Seafair 17'6" Sedan, as well as 18 other outboard and I-O powered boats. The Seafair, shown in its I-O version, will interest you if leisurely and gracious entertaining is high on your list. The spacious cockpit provides sufficient room for party supplies and comfortable moving about. This boat's distinctive styling, cabin V-berth and creditable performance in unsheltered waters have made her a popular choice in all areas.

The largest of the I-O's illustrated is Lyman's husky 21-footer. This craft is a good example of the versatility of lapstrake, a familiar hull construction that can be adapted to design innovations (such as inboard-outboard drive). The 21's large size and ruggedness make her comfortable for any kind of operation, including excursions in rough waters. She's roomy enough to carry plenty of supplies and she's especially good for short cruising, since she'll take a top and a marine toilet as optional equipment. Boats of this size are in the \$4000 class, depending upon power options. Lyman, incidentally, typifies an interesting trend. Formerly, this company manufactured only small runabouts, but it has been adding bigger boats to its line each year in order to keep the repeat customers who like the brand, but want something just a little bigger in that inevitable "next boat."

Similar in size, but made of fiberglass, is Sea Craft's 21-footer that features longitudinal steps in a deep V-hull adaptable to I-O power.

Turbocraft's 17'10" Queen Bee (about \$6500), shown streaking along under the impulse of water jets, is practically unique. Her powerful 230-hp inboard motor provides the Queen Bee with zip and zest, and her rugged fiber-



glass construction can take a lot of punishment. Because she lacks underwater fittings, she's extra safe for water sports and can virtually climb mountain rivers, laugh at sand bars and skim over wet grass (though we don't recommend you try it). Control is not as exact at slow speeds as with conventional propulsion and steering, but the water jet is an innovation that should interest any boat owner wanting to be jet-age modern.

Flashing across the Queen Bee's bow is a sporty Chris-Craft Custom Ski Boat (about \$3545). Her vigorous 185-hp motor and easy maneuverability fit her well for the demands of advanced water-skiing. Chris-Craft, known mainly for large cabin yachts, also makes several smartly styled, high-performance runabouts and open utility sea skiffs popular among day-boat enthusiasts.

One of the sharpest boats afloat is Century's 18' Sabre (about \$5540). This 240-hp, mahogany-planked, inboard runabout is designed strictly for fast company, both in performance (up to 50 mph) and looks. She's an unabashed showboat, and the man who likes something a little different, a little extra—in short, the man who likes to be *seen* boating—will flip for this beautifully finished and exquisitely styled craft. None of the passengers will chum for mackerel from the Sabre's upholstered cockpit (which features a unique Mercedes-Benz type of gull-wing canopy), but this is as it should be—she was planned as a looker, not a work horse.

On the other hand, for those wishing to pair usefulness with sleek appearance, a good example of the combination is Crestliner's 18'2" Captain's Gig (about \$4000). This fiberglass craft takes advantage of the best in traditional utility and modern styling. A roomy, well-designed cockpit surrounded by a trim rail enhances the boat's looks, and a direct-drive 100-hp inboard engine (top speed, 28 mph), together with a bottom designed for soft-entrance planing, assure a comfortable ride. Thanks to her high freeboard and lapstrake-style hull, the Captain's Gig handles quite well in open water.

Our final power selection is the large, rugged and dependable Bertram Mediterranean 25-footer. In one model, this craft is roomy enough to sleep four, although we show her as a sleek, speedy day boat. Her deep V-hull, with longitudinal steps, was designed by Ray Hunt, and in prototype form has been a sensation at various races. The unusual hull form, which other builders have tried desperately to copy, has several qualities that have been real breakthroughs in powerboat design. This was the first hull capable of maintaining high speeds in rough water for sustained periods, and it has also

proved to be stable, dry and maneuverable in a following sea. There are some flat-bottomed boats that can go a bit faster on a calm surface, but these V-hull jobs have so far proved untouchable in open water. The flashy craft shown ripping along at top speed of about 50 mph has a base price of \$8500, with a conventional 220-hp Mercruiser and stern drives. She can be fitted with bigger power options in I-O or inboard for those who are really serious about speed.

We'll only describe a small sampling of what's available in sailboats, since the choice is almost limitless—there are more than 200 different one-design classes in this country. (Boats in a one-design class are all built to the same specifications and can be raced against one another without handicapping.) Many of these can be utilized for racing or relaxing, while others, like the Stars, Flying Dutchmen, Lightnings, Comets, Penguins, and Moths are mainly for competition. Sailboat construction is usually of wood or fiberglass; aluminum has not yet achieved wide popularity.

Two Connecticut sailors, Al Bryant and Cort Heyniger, are largely responsible for the current popularity of the small sailing boardboat. The 11'7" plywood Sailfish was designed by these young men shortly after World War II, and before long, they had a thriving business. The Sailfish, merely a surfboard with a lateen rig, a dagger board and a detachable rudder, was simple and inexpensive enough for almost anyone to own, and shortly after its introduction, the boom was on.

Incorporating as "Alcort," Bryant and Heyniger next designed the Super Sailfish and then introduced the 13'10" Sunfish, illustrated here and available in wood or fiberglass. Today, there are more than 2000 of these boats afloat, and their low prices (\$268 for a wood kit; \$395 ready-made in wood; and \$447 in fiberglass) still assure this craft's popularity. The Sunfish, with a 75-square-foot Dacron lateen sail, performs well and is big enough to feel like a real sailboat. She is well out of the toy class, yet has a bathing-suit informality that is responsible for so much of this type of sailing's appeal. In all but the calmest weather, you're going to get wet on one of these boats, but you'll have fun doing it. The Sunfish is especially sporty on a broad reach when it rises up and planes on top of the water with a wing of spray shooting out on each side. Eight to ten mph on a Sunfish feels like 50 mph in a larger boat, and the water rushes invigoratingly close to the bare skin. The Sunfish's shallow cockpit is a plus for vessels this small, for it makes her comfortable and helps her crew stay aboard. Capsizing, however, is not a thing to be feared, for if you flip in

a Sunfish, which has a sealed, watertight hull, you simply stand on the dagger board until the boat pops up again, clamber aboard and sail off.

Just as the boardboat made use of the traditional surfboard form, so has another primitive boating concept been adapted to the most modern kind of sailboat—the catamaran (originally Polynesian). A good example is the 17' Pearson Tiger Cat (about \$2000), whose prototype popped eyes in a 1959 regatta by outsailing the fastest mono-hulled craft in competition. The Tiger Cat is 7' wide and carries 235 square feet of sail. Her broad deck, connecting the twin hulls, provides room for several passengers and makes her an excellent daysailer or camping boat.

The conventional 19' Orion fiberglass sloop, made by Sailstar Boats, is a good example of how careful planning can produce a boat with multiple uses. The Orion, costing \$3000–\$3500, is available as a straight centerboard model for shoal waters or with a combination keel-centerboard hull. Her beam is 6'9" and her 200 square feet of sail plus spinnaker adapt her well for one-design competition, or as a very comfortable daysailer and camping boat. A "Kickerpit," built into the hull aft, allows for the use of an outboard motor as an auxiliary, and there is room in the cuddy cabin for a marine toilet and a couple of bunks. A tent over the boom and a few air mattresses will enable her to accommodate additional overnights. The hull form is adequate for operation in exposed waters, yet this boat is small enough to be handled easily—a good combination of the qualities an owner demands in a sailing craft today.

An excellent compromise between sail and power is Pearson's 18' Packet, a fiberglass character boat that is the last word in modern construction methods. Adapted from the lines of a Hudson River packet, she can be used as a straight power launch with a 30-hp inboard, or she can be rigged as an auxiliary sloop with a 203-square-foot sliding gunter rig—not too common these days, but capital for easy handling. The Packet's compromise between sail and power means that she will not be a speedy performer in either department, but she is comfortable both ways and is ideal both as a utility boat and a lazy-days party boat. Her roominess also enables her to serve as a club launch, a tender for a large yacht or a committee boat.

There you have it. Whether you choose sail or power, inboard, inboard-outboard, or outboard, plastic, wood or metal will depend on your own conception of floating fun. But fun it will be, rest assured of that, and the varieties are virtually endless.



sabbats of satan (continued from page 83)

find her absent; she would come creeping back at dawn, "her body befouled and her hair atangle." Like many a cuckolded husband, Hans gave way to violence, but his threats and beatings did no good, for Hildur would neither tell him where she had been nor what she was up to.

Then one night he wakened to find her lying on the left side of their bed, writhing like a woman in passion, and moaning softly to herself. Misinterpreting her movements as an invitation to make love to her, Hans reached out to draw her to him. But when he touched her, she struck at him furiously, leaped out of bed, and ran out of the house, clad only in her nightgown.

Hans pulled his breeches on and ran after her as she hurried through the streets toward the edge of town and passed into the forest. Hans followed at a distance, hoping to discover at last with whom she had been keeping her nocturnal rendezvous.

Inside the trees was a clearing, and gathered there on this summer's night were a score of men and women, seated around a blazing bonfire. By the fire a "tall naked man, his body all hairy," was waiting. Hans stopped dead in his tracks, realizing with a surge of panic that what he had stumbled upon was the dread witches' sabbat.

Hildur, casting off her nightgown, plunged naked through the circle, and, as Hans reported at her trial later, "That man was the Devil, and it was him that she run to."

For many centuries after the birth of Christianity, harmless relics of paganism persisted in the country regions of Europe — veneration of the moon and of her goddesses, Diana, Luna, Hecate; night-time festivals in honor of Pan and Bacchus. But there was no malice in these beliefs and practices, no mockery of the Church. By the year 1100, however, the differences of language (Church Latin vs. the various vernaculars) had all but closed the Church against the serf; and the Church gave him no practical nor spiritual support against the terrible oppression of the feudal lords. Indeed, it was quite unmistakably on their side, and one of the chief tyrants.

It was during the 14th Century that the old pagan nocturnal rites became imbued with a fierce spirit of revolt, vengeance and despair. The Black Mass was born, the inversion of the holy sacrament, in which an altar was raised to Lucifer, the angel who had rebelled against authority. Christ — who had shown no power to work the miracle that would set men free — was challenged to strike the blasphemers down, if He could.

Throughout Europe for the next three centuries there existed covens of "witches"

— men and women who, renouncing Christianity and swearing the dark oath, "I cling to Satan," became, body and soul, the Devil's disciples. The word "coven" is a corruption of the Christian word "convent"; the Christian Sabbath became the Devil's "sabbat." The early covens were even limited to 13 persons, a mockery of Christ and His 12 Disciples. God's 10 commandments to Moses were perverted into 10 "Devil's Commandments," with the admonition "Thou shalt not" altered to "Thou shalt." The exact number of witches can only be estimated, but it is an irrefutable fact of history that during these three centuries more than 200,000 men, women and children went to the stake or gallows for covenanting with the Prince of Darkness and attending his unholy conclaves. Many of these, undeniably, were the victims of malicious accusations and false identifications, and not members of the secret Devil-worshipping societies at all. Yet the number of actual Devil-worshippers was astronomical, with covens in virtually every town and hamlet. In the increasingly frenzied attempts to eradicate them, some of the grimmest pages of history were written.

Of the sexual aspects of the Devil's sabbats a great deal is known, both from the documents of the period and from the confessions of the admitted participants. The sabbats were performed with the coven's leader, or "wizard," using the naked body of a young woman as an altar, and it was the wizard's amours with this same young woman which stimulated the others to wild debauchery. Hardly a sabbat was held that was not concluded in promiscuous lovemaking.

Many swore that it was not the wizard but the Devil himself who roistered with them, and many a woman, great with child, believed sincerely that the unborn life stirring within her womb was "Prince Satan's own gat."

The identity of most wizards was a strict secret even from their own memberships, but their power over the unholy congregations, in their role as the Devil's direct agents, was absolute. To prevent detection, the wizard wore a two-faced wooden mask, called an "ooser." The mask depicted on one side the face of the old god Janus, god of life's crossroads and controller of the sun and moon, and on the other, the head of a goat. The goat was regarded as the favored animal of Satan, and it was believed that it was this shape the Fiend most often took when materializing at the sabbats for some earthly hell-raising. Nearly every coven had its own black goat — a creature who was the Devil's substitute.

Once the declension to Satan was made, initiation into a coven was relatively simple. The new convert would

come before the other witches and in their presence renounce all allegiance to God, pledging himself wholly to the Prince of Darkness. The wizard would then place his hand on the convert's head, and in a "dry baptism" spoken through the goat-faced "ooser," intone the words: "All that is under my hand, body and soul, be the Devil's, at this moment and eternally." The wizard then pricked the finger of the new convert and, in his own blood, had him sign his name or make his mark in the *Book of Death*, a roster of the local membership that the wizard kept in his possession "for the Devil's reference." The new witch was given another name in keeping with his new calling — "Devil's Whelp," "Thief of Heaven," or something similar — by which he would be known to the coven. He then had to undergo a probationary period to prove his allegiance to "all things evil," performing various tasks assigned him by the wizard in the Devil's name. If he completed these satisfactorily, the newcomer was assigned a permanent place in the circle at the sabbats, and entrusted with the coven's secrets, including its private formula for "witch ointment."

Witch ointment, which supposedly made witches capable of flying, was an indispensable ingredient of the sabbats and of witchcraft in general. While the formulas for these foul-smelling unguents varied, nearly all included drugs whose soporific and excitant properties are well-known today. Properly compounded, they produced in the witches a hallucinatory state in which they could actually imagine themselves and their fellow witches air-borne. Belladonna, which produces hallucinations, was a chief ingredient, as were hemlock, producing excitement and paralysis, and mandragora, "that insane root which takes the reason prisoner" — plunging those who drink of its juices into a comatose, nightmare-haunted slumber. Castor, poppy, henbane and foxglove were other potent components; less potent but more obnoxious were such items as the brains of cats, powdered goat bones, menstrual blood, dogs' semen, female rats, the hair and fingernails of corpses, ants' eggs, bats' eyes, horse urine and soot.

Spread over the body "to the thickness of about two inches," after the flesh had been roughly scrubbed to open the pores properly, the unguent and its vapors quickly sent those attending the sabbat into a state of wild imaginings. Usually the anointing took place in the Devil-cultist's own home prior to departure for the meeting, though sometimes — particularly with new converts — it was applied at the sabbat itself.

On moonlit nights the cultists gathered at their meeting places — at a crossroads,

under a rotten tree or near a gallows. The nights for assembling varied from country to country and from century to century. French witches preferred Wednesdays and Sundays, English witches Mondays and Saturdays. Italian and Germanic witches, for some reason, favored Thursdays.

But wherever and whenever the sabbats took place, they followed a standard five-phase agenda. First the members of the coven assembled at the appointed spot, approaching from different directions and angles so that they would all meet in a circle about the blazing bonfire which the wizard had kindled. The last few steps were taken backwards, so that all the witches arrived facing away from the fire. The men carried wooden staffs and the women brooms, on the end of which they had affixed candles, which would later be lighted in the "hellfire" as part of the ceremony.

When all were present, the second phase took place: humbling oneself before Satan. This perverted adoration was directed toward the barn-foul goat which was the Devil's proxy and which stood in the center of the circle, sometimes on a raised dais. As the wizard read from his *Book of Death* the roster of witches, those present performed their unholy obeisance. The witches approached by "going backward like crabs," putting their hands out behind them to touch the goat in supplication. Once contact was made, the devotee turned around, lit his candle in the bonfire, and kissed the goat, as a 1580 account by French demonologist Jean Bodin puts it, "in that place which modesty forbids writing or mentioning." A Scottish witch, Agnes Sampson, less discreet than the learned Frenchman, described it more bluntly: "The Devil caused all the company to come and kiss his arse."

Once all had performed the infamous "kiss of shame," the witches had a banquet, consisting usually of black bread and ale, supplied by the participants, but sometimes given an added fillip with a "witch cake" supplied by the wizard. The witch cake, made of black millet, urine and certain herbs, produced a "light and airy state" in those partaking of it.

The "merrymaking" following the banquet consisted chiefly of dancing. One frenzied number was performed by the sabbat participants while straddling the staffs and brooms they had brought; hence our present-day Halloween picture of witches as hags who fly through the air on broomsticks. Another dance, the notorious "Witches' Round," was performed by couples dancing back to back, which was considered the height of lasciviousness in the 16th and 17th Centuries.

The wizard's "sermon," delivered over the naked female altar as the dance-wearied rested, was a mockery of Christian ritual, employing rosaries made of

bones and dice, and using the sign of the cross made from left to right rather than in the proper manner. The wizard led the witches in repeating the Lord's Prayer backward, and chanting, en masse, the Devil's Commandments. He also exhorted them to commit whatever evil acts they were able to perpetrate—to lie, cheat, steal and murder, and to be continuously on the lookout for prospective new converts to Satan.

The fifth and final phase of the sabbat was indiscriminate copulation. Drugged with their ointment, drunk with their ale, and worked to a froth by the wizard's wild, hypnotic sermonizing, the witches fell upon each other in orgiastic frenzy. The wizard, reversing his "ooser" so that the goat-face showed, initiated the woman who was his altar (a newcomer when one was available) into the unholy pleasures of the "Devil's Couch." Witch after witch believed it was the Devil performing the act in person, for in the eerie light of the fire it was quite possible to imagine that the randy goatlike creature rutting the naked woman was indeed Satan, and that the drunken, slaving partners of the other revelers were demons. Frequently the couples designated by the wizard to have intercourse were father and daughter, mother and son, brother and sister. It was far easier to believe that it was actually a devil who had temporarily assumed the shape of some loved one than to admit the fact of what was actually taking place.

The orgies continued as long as nature permitted, with frequent changes of partners, until, spent and exhausted, the witches dragged themselves home before cockcrow.

Widespread persecution of coven members commenced in 1184 when the Church moved to wipe out the witches once and for all. A papal bull issued by Pope Lucius III instructed the bishops to investigate heretics, forcing persons "found marked by suspicion alone" to prove their innocence or be punished. Officers of the law who did not cooperate were excommunicated. Slowly, coven by coven, the witches were unmasked, and the number of those put to death reached into the thousands. It is estimated, perhaps conservatively, that 200,000 "wizards, witches, sorcerers, sorceresses and heretics" had been executed by the time the persecution expended itself in the 1700s. In a single three-month period in 1515, for instance, 600 people were burned in the small bishopric of Bamberg, 900 in Würzburg, 500 in Geneva. In 1664, in the German community of Lindheim, whose inhabitants numbered only 600, 30 persons were burned. In 1589 at Quedlinburg in Saxony, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, 133 were burned in one day. In Toulouse the number burned in one day was 400.

It is disturbing to recall that when

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Protestantism emerged during this prolonged reign of terror, the more zealous inquisitors often treated deviants from Catholicism in the same manner as the Devil's disciples, so that thousands of God-fearing Protestants met death side by side with the acknowledged witches on the same general charges of heresy. It was flight from this kind of religious intolerance that led the Puritans, Quakers and other Protestant sects to Plymouth, Philadelphia and the other early settlements of the New World — where some of them exhibited considerable intolerance of their own, including the execution of New World witches.

The interest of the celibate clerical judges in the sexual side of the sabbats reached a fever pitch during the persecutions, and the ecclesiastics wrung from those they condemned to fire and gibbet every possible scrap of information. The "confessions" were often the products of thumbscrew and rack, and must be partially disallowed; yet enough is known of the covens' uninhibited sex habits that even the extorted admissions cast illuminating sidelights. And not all the confessions were painfully extracted — many were freely given by persons who knew full well that their shameful admissions were their death warrants.

"It is the Devil himself who comes to us," the confessing witches swore, stating that not only did Satan partake copiously of the sabbats' lewd pleasures; he also brought with him a horde of sexless younger devils who had the power to transform themselves into either men or women to cohabit with the human participants.

Practicing this quick-change artistry was, in fact, a favorite trick of the hellish visitors: often a man would be locked in amorous embrace with a succubus (a devil in female form) when the devil would transform himself to a male incubus, with attendant complications which the demon found hilarious. The reverse also took place, when the female witch, at the height of her abominable ravishment, found her hellish gallant had gone aglimmering, leaving her in the arms of a succubus.

It was soon apparent that the confessing witches found sleeping with the Devil a far from joyous experience. Henri Boguet, an eminent French lawyer, reported: "Nearly all the witches say such intercourse is by no means pleasurable to them because of the Devil's ugliness and deformity." Nicholas Remy (1530-1612), an inquisitor from Lorraine with 800 condemnations to his "credit" ("So good is my justice that last year there were no less than 16 killed themselves rather than pass through my hands"), wrote in his book *Demonolatrie*: "When they are laid by their demons, they can admit, only with the greatest pain, what are reputed their tools. . . .

Nearly all the women complain they are very unwilling to be embraced by their demons, but that it is useless to struggle against them."

The Devil, both insatiable and sadistic, demanded intercourse "sometimes 50 and 60 times a night," making his consorts "to cry out like women in travail with child." He also whimsically used the quick-change artistry of the lesser demons with practiced ease, starting his love play in the shape of a handsome, stalwart youth but transforming at midpoint to a goat, dog or tiger.

However their other accounts varied, witches from all parts of Europe were unanimous on one point: that the Devil's sex organ was extremely cold. Isobel Gowdie, a Scottish witch burned in 1662, described Satan as "a mickle, black, rough man, very cold, so that I found even his 'nature' as cold within me as spring well water." Sixteen-year-old Adelaide Harwell, tried in London in 1708, was "commonly visited by the Devil once a day, in the shape of a very handsome young man." But she, too, reported: "His touches were as cold as ice or snow."

The "explanation" which the clerics formulated for the Devil's iciness was, if nothing else can be said for it, at least ingenious: it was that, "having no semen of his own, he gathers up that of mortal men wasted in their nightmares or masturbations, storing it up in his own abhorred body for later usage."

A more accurate accounting for the coldness comes from the confessions of condemned wizards who told of a cold douche given to chill, sterilize and prevent pregnancy. The instrument was "cold, hard, very slender, a little longer than a finger — part of it metal, the other part flexible." This device, which the drugged witches undoubtedly mistook for part of their demon's anatomy, enabled the wizards of the latter-day covens to boast with reasonable honesty, "No woman need fear leaving a sabbat heavier than she came."

Occasionally a witch reported giving birth to some monstrosity as the result of Satanic couplings, but such accounts were not frequent. Angela de Labarthe, the first woman known to have been burned for having sex with the Devil (Toulouse, 1275), allegedly bore a demon with a wolf's head and a snake's tail, but "the Devil took his son away with him" before anyone else saw it. A scattering of other witches claimed that the Satanic stud service spawned in them such offspring as tapeworms, serpents, bats and children "crippled and hairy."

According to the witches' confessions, the sexual activities of the Devil and of the incubi and succubi were by no means confined strictly to the sabbats. The Devil, who was "Prince of the Air" as well as of the Darkness, could make

himself *invisible* and in this guise have intercourse with his converts before the very eyes of the godly, the Christian souls being none the wiser. If a woman was a witch and her husband was not, she and her demon lover could copulate in the very bedroom she was sharing with her earthly mate "and never waken him, provided that they do keep it to the left side of the bed."

Some of the witches testified that the female demons doubled as prostitutes between sabbats for want of any better amusement. A brothel keeper at Bologna was condemned in 1468 for keeping a house staffed exclusively with succubi. He was sentenced to have his flesh "torn from his bones by red-hot pincers," after which he was burned and his ashes "spat upon."

Male incubi likewise roistered outside the sabbat circle, pursuing those they lusted after even into the cloisters. The confessions of many "possessed" nuns deal with lecherous assaults by demons within the supposedly protective walls of the convents themselves. At Louviers, in Normandy, the incubi "assumed the shape of young priests," or of dogs and even cats.

The Louviers trials shocked all Europe with their sensational revelations, especially when it was learned that the nuns' bewitchment stemmed not from some outside wizard, but from Father Mathurin Picard, former chaplain at the convent. The particular sect, the Franciscan Tertiaries, believed that those filled with the Holy Ghost could commit no sin, and that nakedness, in the manner of Adam, was the epitome of holiness. According to Sister Madeline Bavent, who left a long autobiography, holy communion was received with the penitents "stripped to the waist, with breasts exposed."

Father Picard began celebrating Black Masses from above a naked altar, reading to the nuns from "a paper of blasphemy," and summoning various demons to cohabit with them "in the manner of himself."

These orgies continued for several years, but it was not until after Father Picard's death in 1642 that they came to light. Sister Madeline, who confessed the whole business, was accused by the Church of being "in her wantonness" an instrument of her sisters' downfall. She was arrested on a variety of charges, among them "sorcery, attending unholy sabbats, and copulating with Devils." She was expelled from her order and sentenced to life imprisonment in a dungeon "with bread and water three days a week to be her only sustenance." Here she wrote her lengthy confession, and made several unsuccessful attempts at suicide. A deep resignation succeeded, but there is no further record of her fate.

The judges had to content themselves

with punishing Father Picard posthumously; he was ordered excommunicated, after which his body was exhumed and thrown on the fire which consumed the living body of his successor, Father Thomas Boullé, in 1647.

Two other cases of priest-turned-wizard and nun-turned-witch rocked France in the same century—at Loudun, where Sister Catherine Cadière accused Father Urbain Grandier of having contracted with the Devil; and at Aix-en-Provence, where Sister Madeline de la Palud charged that, spurred on by Father Louis Gaufridi, she had attended sabbats “every day, beginning at 11 of the clock at night and continuing until three of the clock after midnight.” This Sister Madeline, petitioning for release from her holy vows, said that at these sabbats she and her sisters were violated by a total of 6661 devils, among them such first lieutenants of Satan as Beelzebub, Leviathan, Asmodeus and Astoroth. Beelzebub they were particularly reluctant to couple with, for when he made love to them, “he did cause our bones to crack and grate against one another.”

Demons who indulged in such activities were not only hard to discourage, but could prove spiteful and vindictive if the partners in their amours wanted to break off the relationships. At Pavia, one incubus, spurned by his consort who had married a soldier, avenged himself by gathering up all the stones in a field and building a wall around the marriage bed “so high that the couple were unable to leave it without using a ladder.”

Certain charms could be employed to drive the demons away, but these worked only for those who had not signed the Devil’s document. Prayer and calling upon God for assistance were infallible charms in all instances, but it was believed that those whose souls the Devil held in thrall were incapable of speaking any holy words. Medicinal herbs were sometimes used to counteract the witches’ ointment; yet they were compounded of similar stimulants and aphrodisiacs, including sweet flag, ginger, cloves, mace, cinnamon, aloe wood and cardamom. These were boiled in brandy and water to make a potion one quaffed when he felt the demon approaching. Such a concoction would seem conducive to inviting, rather than repelling, carnal assault. Once the Devil took hold, there was little retreating: madness and death were the rewards he offered. To a witch in trouble the Devil offered no succor, unless it was to encourage her to commit suicide.

But Satanism, which flourished for so many centuries, did not die with the Middle Ages. The arcane powers of blackness still hold their unnatural fascination: as long as this is true, Belial will find his malevolent recruits.



RUM’S THE WORD

(continued from page 58)

- 1 oz. orange juice
- 2 tall sprigs of mint

Into a cocktail shaker with ice pour the passion fruit nectar, light rum, golden rum, gin, lemon juice and orange juice. Shake very well. Strain into a prechilled 14-oz. highball glass. Add enough coarsely cracked ice or ice cubes to fill glass. Decorate with sprigs of mint.

RUM LYCHEE

- 2 ozs. light rum
- ½ oz. dry vermouth
- 1 lychee (canned fruit in syrup)
- 1 piece cucumber peel, 1 in. long

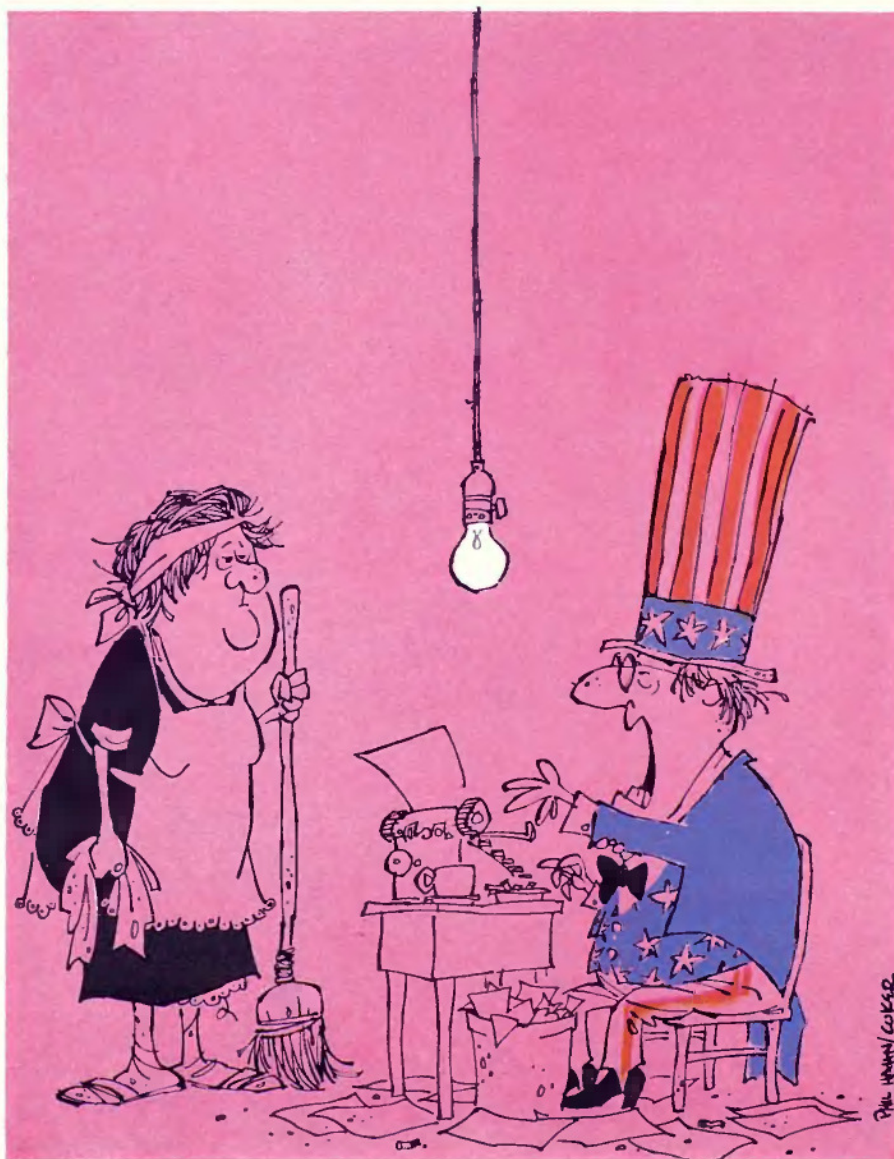
Pour rum and vermouth into mixing glass with ice. Mix very well. Strain into prechilled martini glass. Add lychee and cucumber peel. Let drink stand a minute or two for the cucumber aroma to ripen.

JAMAICA GINGER

- 1½ ozs. light rum
- ½ oz. dark Jamaica rum
- ½ oz. 151-proof Demerara rum
- ½ oz. Falernum
- ½ oz. lime juice
- Iced ginger beer
- ½ slice pineapple in creme de menthe
- 1 medium-size cube preserved ginger in syrup

Pour the three kinds of rum, Falernum and lime juice into a 14-oz. prechilled highball glass. Add several large pieces of coarsely cracked ice or ice cubes. Fill glass with ginger beer. Stir well. Place pineapple on ice. Fasten ginger onto a cocktail spear. Fit spear into tall straw in drink.

Byron once said that nothing calmed the spirit so much as rum. The balmy beneficence of the preceding recipes, we aver, will bear out that astute poet to the fullest.



“What does it look like I’m doing? I’m writing the Great American Novel, that’s what I’m doing!”

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

IT'S TIME TO THINK ABOUT PHYSICAL FITNESS, WASHINGTON TELLS US... WHICH IS WHY THIS CHAPTER SEES ANNIE OFF ON A 50-MILE HIKE. AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE READYING FOR YOUR OWN FORCED MARCH, IT MIGHT BE WELL TO REMEMBER THE PRESIDENTIAL AIDE, WHO, ON REGARDING THE FIFTY-MILE HIKE, UTTERED THESE RINGING WORDS: "I MAY BE PLUCKY, BUT I'M NOT STUPID." —PIERRE SALINGER, 1963

OH, RUTHIE... AFTER A WORKOUT LIKE THIS, I FEEL SO POSITIVELY HEALTHY! I JUST LOVE IT!



IF NOT FOR RALPHIE TOWZER, I'D NEVER THINK ABOUT EXERCISE, BUT EVER SINCE THE PRESIDENT STARTED IN WITH THAT PHYSICAL FITNESS BUSINESS, RALPHIE TELLS ME I'M IN BAD SHAPE!... BENTON, SOLLY AND RICHIE THINK MY SHAPE IS FINE, BUT RALPHIE TURNS EVERYTHING AROUND—

"—WHAT I MEAN IS, WITH RALPHIE, WHEN HE ASKS ME TO COME EXERCISE AND ENJOY NATURE AND BIRDS AND BEES... IT MEANS HE WANTS ME TO JUMP OUT OF BED AND RUN THROUGH THE FIELDS!— BUT WITH BENTON, SOLLY AND RICHIE—"

"I KNOW, ANNIE, HONEY... IT MEANS THEY WANT YOU TO RUN THROUGH THE APARTMENT AND JUMP INTO BED!"

"RIGHT! SO THE NEXT THING I KNOW... I'M ON THIS FIFTY-MILE HIKE—"



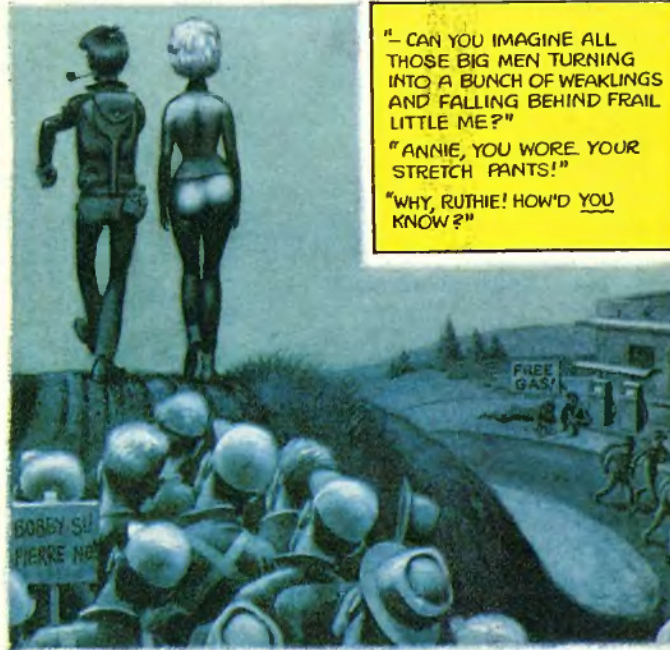
"—RALPHIE SAYS WE'RE SURROUNDED WITH SO MUCH LUXURY AND MACHINERY... AMERICA IS GETTING WEAK AND FLABBY AND SHOULD GET BACK TO LIVING WITH NATURE. ANYWAY... THERE WE WERE, OUT IN THE COUNTRY WITH THIS HIKING CLUB, AND LISTEN... IN NO TIME AT ALL, WE'D GOTTEN AHEAD OF EVERYBODY—"



"—CAN YOU IMAGINE ALL THOSE BIG MEN TURNING INTO A BUNCH OF WEAKLINGS AND FALLING BEHIND FRAIL LITTLE ME?"

"ANNIE, YOU WORE YOUR STRETCH PANTS!"

"WHY, RUTHIE! HOW'D YOU KNOW?"



"—WELL, WE WALKED AND WE WALKED AND WE WALKED TILL MY FEET WERE FALLING OFF— AND PRETTY SOON I WAS READY TO SETTLE FOR SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE IN A BIG, SOFT, DOUBLE BED —"

"—WHICH GAVE RALPHIE IDEAS, BECAUSE WHAT DO YOU IMAGINE HE SUGGESTED THAT WE DO WHEN I MENTIONED 'DOUBLE BED'?"

"I CAN'T IMAGINE."

"HE SUGGESTED THAT WE DOUBLE-TIME!"

"RIGHT THEN AND THERE, I'D HAD IT... AND WHAT SHOULD I SEE UP AHEAD BUT A BIG, SOFT, HAYSTACK!"

"—A DOUBLE HAYSTACK!"

"WELL, GEE WHIZ, RUTHIE, MY FEET WERE REALLY FALLING OFF —"



"—SO THERE I WAS, LIMP AND HELPLESS IN THE HAY— AND YOU KNOW RALPHIE— EVEN THOUGH HE'S FILLED WITH AFFECTION, HE NEVER LIKES TO SHOW IT, BUT LAYING THERE TOGETHER BY OURSELVES LIKE THAT— YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT RALPHIE DID —"

"LET ME CONCENTRATE! — WAIT! WAIT! IT'S COMING TO ME! — HE MADE PHYSICAL OVERTURES —"

—PHYSICAL OVERTURES? LEAPIN' LIZARDS, RUTHIE— WHEN YOU HIKE 50 MILES, YOU JUST FEEL NAUSEOUS AND ACHE ALL OVER! WHO FEELS LIKE MAKING PHYSICAL OVERTURES?! RALPHIE DOUBLE-TIMED TO A GAS-STATION FOR LINIMENT AND BAND-AIDS FOR MY BLISTERS. THAT'S REAL AFFECTION!

—BUT WE'VE ALL GOT TO KEEP EXERCISING BECAUSE, LIKE RALPHIE SAYS— AMERICA IS GETTING WEAK AND FLABBY WITH TV, AIR CONDITIONERS, WASHING MACHINES, DRYING MACHINES—



—YES, INDEED, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PHYSICAL EXERCISE TO KEEP A BODY FIT AND REALLY GET YOU BACK TO THE SIMPLE, UNCOMPLICATED JOYS OF NATURE AND LIKE THAT!



END

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK


BY PATRICK CHASE

SEPTEMBER IN IRELAND, when the mists are light over the fields of Donegal and the lakes of the River Shannon, is the time of the hunter. One sure-fire source of the better game birds—wild duck and geese, snipe and woodcock—is the area about Woodhill Guest House, Ardara, County Donegal, a rustically simple inn where competent guides and dogs are available for about \$2 per diem. More luxurious quarters for the gamester may be found at Cashel Palace Hotel, Cahir, County Tipperary, an elegant little village hostelry (13 rooms, \$10 a day) and a fine base for those who want to try their hand at coursing, a favorite sport in the country districts. An ancestor of greyhound racing dating back to the Second Century, coursing entails the pursuit of a live hare across open country either on horseback or on foot, depending on the hunt you pick (if the call is to horse, the secretary of the hunt will tell you where to hire a well-trained steed). The 85 recognized packs—eight of which are active in the Dublin area alone—include some which specialize in tracking stags or otters.

Newspaper headlines notwithstanding, outlanders will find that most of Africa remains a tranquil and receptive area to visit, especially during September's pleasant weather. We recommend making your entry by plane from Rome by way of Malta, Tripoli and Benghazi: Malta proffers reasonable hotels, excellent shopping bargains, and sightseeing-worthy battlements of the Crusade era, while Tripoli and Benghazi both contain swarming native markets and fine sparsely populated beaches on the North African coast; in addition, Tripoli boasts a thriving casino.

Another way to do the Dark Continent is to board a cruise boat at Cairo for a leisurely inspection of the snaking Nile. But for our money—and perhaps for yours—the most scenically rewarding section of Africa lies south of the Pyramids of Giza and the Valley of the Kings, from Addis Ababa to Zanzibar. The choicest base of operations in this untamed terrain is William Holden's Mt. Kenya Safari Club, an astonishingly sumptuous hideaway deep in mountain-side forest, where one may hunt and fish and climb mountains, splash in Africa's largest swimming pool, or enjoy such country-club amenities as horseback riding, golf, tennis and skeet shooting. Rates range from \$35 a day for a room with bath and fireplace (evenings are nippy at the 6000-foot level of massive Mt. Kenya) to a regal \$200 a day in a bungalow built for four. The tariff includes meals prepared by the Club's Viennese chef, as well as transportation to and from Nairobi in the Club's private plane or in a Rolls upholstered in zebra skin.

At home, one of the best deals in the burgeoning business of packaged weekends may be enjoyed under the auspices of the Treadway Inn at Canandaigua, New York. Pleasures covered in their \$34.50 tariff include boating in the holly-covered Finger Lakes area, hunting or fishing excursions, a sumptuous game dinner, a trip to a nearby winery, and, perhaps most appealing of all, the chance to revitalize body and spirits in the crisp, clean air of autumn in New York—State, that is.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. 

NEXT MONTH:

"SILVERSTEIN IN A NUDIST CAMP"—OUR PERIPATETIC BARD UNCOVERS A NEW FACET OF HIS ART—BY **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

"ENGLAND'S FAVORITE SON"—STIRLING MOSS EPITOMIZES THE VERY MODEL OF A MODEL BRITISH HERO—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

"PLAYBOY'S PATIO-TERRACE"—HIGH ABOVE THE CITY OR TUCKED AWAY BEHIND A TOWN HOUSE, A SHANGRI-LA FOR URBAN LIVING

GILLIAN TANNER—BY POPULAR DEMAND, A PICTORIAL RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF THE READERS' FAVORITE FROM "THE GIRLS OF AFRICA"

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rough taste...for the mildest taste of all!*

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TASTE

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Gordon's & Tonic: English invention for coping with the noonday sun.

A retired English colonel, vividly recalling the heat of India, created the first Gin & Tonic nearly 75 years ago. Did he use Gordon's? Undoubtedly. For Gordon's had already been a favoured English gin for over a century. Since then, gin-drinkers have found Gordon's & Tonic refreshing as a sun-downer, too. And they have found that Gordon's is the indispensable ingredient in a host of summer drinks, from Tom Collinses to Orange Blossoms. Not to mention the cocktail-for-all-seasons, the glorious Gordon's Martini. Hot enough for you? Tell the man "Gordon's", the biggest-selling gin in England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U. S. A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF, GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.